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Softer,
Smother
Skin
with just One Cake of Camay!

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III BOSTON

"Your complexion counts—in romance," says this lovely bride. "Try Camay... see if your first cake doesn't make your skin ever so much softer, fresher-looking too... as it did mine."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild

It's exciting... to see the lovely new softness, the new smoothness that comes to your skin... with just one cake of Camay! Change today, from improper cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions... on skin like yours. And with the first cake of Camay, most complexions fairly bloomed! Looked softer, fresher and clearer!

...it cleanses without irritation

These tests gave proof of Camay's mildness... proof it can benefit skin. Said the doctors, "Camay is really mild... it cleansed without irritation." So do try this helpful care on your skin... see the softer beauty that comes with just one cake of Camay!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

One minute—night and morning—does the trick. You simply cream Camay’s mild lather over your face—nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you have oily skin, add a C-O-L-D S-P-L-A-S-H. That's all! But watch, day by day, as that one cake of Camay makes your skin really lovelier.

Please—make each cake of Camay last, as long as possible. Precious war materials go into making soap.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

A radiant smile holds a world of charm!

Help keep your smile bright and sparkling. Start now with Ipana and Massage!

Reach for a star, plain girl. You can find happiness, fun—without being beautiful.

Take a look at other girls who stir up excitement. Proof, most of them, that good times don’t go just to the prettiest. Proof that you can be singled out by your smile.

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a mere shadow of a smile, but one of radiant charm—the kind men can’t resist. Remember, though, a smile like that needs sound teeth—sparkling teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation speeds up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

For brighter teeth, firmer gums, a smile that really sparkles, start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Eyes Light Up at the sight of the girl with a bright, shining smile. Let Ipana Tooth Paste and massage help you keep your smile sparkling and attractive!
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ON THE COVER—Marie Roznahl, Hour of Charm contest winner—color portrait
by Salvatore Consentino, Snellin Studios (Dress, courtesy of Saks, Fifth Avenue, New York)
In an emergency A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND

There's nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid...how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts, scratches and abrasions that you grew up on?

And, of course, you simply can't overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
WHAT’S NEW
from Coast to Coast

Eddie Cantor is proud of his 22-year-old orchestra leader, Leonard Sues, on his Time to Smile show.

Radio’s a real chummy business. Ever notice how many husband-and-wife teams there are on the air? Beginning way back in the 1920’s with Julia Sanderson and the late Frank Crumit, look at the famous couples—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Jim and Marian Jordan—Fibber McGee and Molly to you—Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and, now, Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll.

Something for the Boys—NBC’s announced a swell idea. Members and former members of the Armed Forces are going to have a chance to show what they can do in the radio line. NBC has started a series of Welcome Home Auditions, for men and women who want to be musicians, vocalists, announcers, commentators, actors and script writers.

It’s a big thing NBC has planned. These auditions will not necessarily lead to jobs for applicants. They will serve, however, to create a sort of pool of talent for the network in the postwar period. After each audition, applicants will receive a certificate attesting to the individual’s audition and NBC will also forward a file card of the judgment of a staff of experts on the result of each audition to network stations near the contestant’s home. In this way a file of future talent can be on hand, comes demobilization. Besides, recordings made during the auditions will be available to station managers on request.

Applications for the auditions may be mailed or filed in person. Mail should be addressed to Welcome Home Auditions, National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. The auditions are held every Saturday from 9:30 in the morning until noon.

Good luck—

You always have to learn something new. We had to learn how to show our appreciation and pleasure in a—for us—fantastic way, the other day. At a For The Record broadcast, the audience was asked not to applaud, or whistle or stomp, because it would creep into the recording made for service men. So there we were, at the end of a number, wildly shouting with our hands—waving them madly in the air. And not making a sound.

If you heard the Truth or Consequences show some time ago on which Ralph Edwards asked a contestant whether she would like a pearl and got the natural answer, “I sure would,” you might like to know the aftermar. The lady got her pearl, all right, but not until she had gone through seven of nine barrels of oysters which the T. or C. emcee had shipped to her New York hotel room.

Mrs. Elizabeth McMahon is eighty-five years old, but the bobby sox brigades can take a lesson in hero worship from her. Fred Waring is Mrs. McMahon’s special passion. She’s never missed a Waring program in six years. She owns a copy of every phonograph record he’s ever made. She has a more complete file of pictures and press notices about Waring than the one owned by Fred’s press agent. She attends all broadcasts in person, both the first broadcast at 7:00 P. M. and the repeat performance, which goes on a few hours later for the benefit of Pacific Coast listeners.

Such devotion deserves a reward. Mrs. McMahon got one—a beautiful blue orchid from the hands of Fred himself.

When the girls hand out bouquets to a girl—that’s one for the record. Not to be outdone by all the boys choosing pin-up girls and handing out titles, the WACs at Camp Swift, Texas, voted Evelyn Knight their favorite radio thrush. So far as we know, this is the first time such a thing has happened.

He’s been back a long time, now, but

“Duffy ain’t here!” That’s what Archie says every week on NBC’s Duffy’s Tavern Friday evenings.
Jack Benny's still running up a terrific phone bill and loading the U.S. mails, relaying messages for the boys he met in the Pacific battle area this summer. Jack's determined not to let down one of the boys who asked him to say hello to his family back home. And there were hundreds of G.I.'s who made Jack their messenger.

Have you noticed that you never see Cliff Edwards without a hat? Cliff claims he hasn't had his picture taken without a hat since 1929 and that includes 103 movies in which he's worked in that time. He claims it—but he doesn't explain it.

Funny how some things get started. Way back in 1931, Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—now famous, as Lum and Abner—organized a show to raise funds for the victims of a flood. Their campaign was so successful that the two men were invited to appear on radio station KTHS—that's in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Chet and Norris were doing a blackface act then. When they got to the studio they discovered that another blackface act was one that radio could very well get along without. Practically on the spur of the moment—that awful dead moment before going on the air, too—Chet and Norris decided to change themselves into characters from the Ozarks. And Lum and Abner they've been ever since.

Talk about France's spirit and love of freedom—Dinah Shore said that one of the biggest thrills she got was singing the "Marseillaise" with a bunch of French kids. The thing that made Dinah's throat go all off a lump was the fact that the children had been born during the war, during the German occupation—but they all knew the words of their national anthem.

You get used to hearing people on the radio and, somehow, you begin to think of them as permanent features on the air and almost nothing else. Stars like James Melton and Alec Templeton, however, lead very active—in fact scrambling—lives off the air. They're both continually hopping on and off planes and trains to keep their concert dates all over the country on weekdays and rushing back to New York on weekends for their Sunday broadcasts.

---

**-this One Complete Cream is all you need!**

Tireless war worker—busy film maker—is dazzling Dorothy Lamour, like many other Hollywood stars. Lucky for their loveliness, they've discovered that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream does everything for skin beauty... takes just seconds!

Dorothy Lamour soon to be seen in "ROAD TO UTOPIA," a Paramount Picture

**See** this satiny cream help your skin look film-star lovely as it gives complete care: Cleanses. Softens, smooths. Holds powder. Helps erase tiny dry-skin lines. And Stericin, exclusive ingredient, works constantly right in the jar to purify the cream, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Tonight and every night take the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars: First, cleanse with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream—then, use as a night cream for extra softening. Use for daytime clean-ups, too.

Jars 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury COMPLETE BEAUTY CREAM

Formerly Called Cold Cream. Cleanses as thoroughly—does so much more besides
In spite of his heavy schedule, Alec Templeton finds time to have become one of the most ardent radio fans in the country. When he's at home, he keeps three radios turned on different stations simultaneously—and he manages by some miraculous extra talent to hear every show. Alec even listens to soap operas—and can tell you who's doing what in the scripts.

Beulah Karney, who can tell you What's Cookin' in everything culinary, couldn't possibly have become anything but a home economics expert. Her minister-father, before his ordination, spent several years as cook on a world cruising ship and served up tales about exotic foods instead of nursery rhymes to his young daughter.

Beulah also spent a lot of time in the family kitchen as a child and, when she was in her last year at high school, she won top honors in a city-wide contest, surpassing experienced housewives with her perfect meal of baked fish.

Beulah wanted to be a newspaper woman. Her father wanted her to be a home economist. They compromised and Beulah was graduated from Occidental College with a Bachelor of Arts degree in journalism and a minor in home economics. After graduate work at the University of California, she got a job as a reporter on the Los Angeles Times. Then she became editor of the women's page and a writer, doing a syndicated column on nutrition, menus and family problems.

Beulah went on to conduct cooking schools for the Kansas City (Missouri) Star and then to work for the government, supervising 10,000 employees at canning centers. She broke into radio in 1933 in a fifteen-minute home economics broadcast over KMBZ in Kansas City. That led to her being made women's program director for the station. Later she went to Chicago in 1941 to work for the Blue Network.

With all her menus and recipes—Beulah's favorite dish is, of all things, spaghetti.

A unique honor has fallen on Sammy Kaye. The Library of Congress has accepted a collection of musical Americana from him. The collection includes original manuscripts and arrangements made famous by the swing and swing band—numbers like "Avalon," "Melancholy Baby," "Remember Pearl Harbor" and "Is You Is." Accepting the collection, the chief of the music division of the Library said that it would form the basis for the compilation of orchestrations to portray a development in popular music, which the average citizen has enjoyed in theaters, over the air and on records.

Every time you're tired and don't feel that you can do another thing, think of Betty Philson, who plays gavel and gong at the Woman of America. Betty's sixteen. She's a student at the Friends Central School in Overbrook, Pa. She commutes to Radio City in New York from her home in Broomall—that's a suburb of Philadelphia—to do her stint in the radio show. She has homework, of course. She has some living to do. In spite of all this, she finds time to work regularly as a nurse's aide in a Philadelphia hospital.

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . Anniversaries—Hour of Charm has been around on the air lanes for ten years. The National Barn Dance show is eleven years old now. p.m. for telling the story. Every Sloane is playing the part of Borth in the Broadway production of "A Bell For Adano" . . . James Melton is the owner of eighty antique automobiles. . . . Kate Smith is the gal chosen unanimously by song pluggers to guarantee that a new number will be a hit. They claim that almost every song she ever introduced became a money maker. . . . Ted Malone, the voice of those new dramatic war features from Europe, is an editor of Good Housekeeping Magazine as well as a foreign correspondent. . . . The first Television program ever to be given for credit toward a university degree has been started at Columbia U. . . . Changes are taking place—advertising executives are now willing to let commercials be "kidded" on the air. In the past this practice was forbidden. We think it's a big relief. . . . At a dinner in New York, sponsored by the cast of Can You Top This? Hildebrand and throughout the worst story of the year. . . . Good listening until next month.
Soft, endearing hands. They're part of every love story...
part of your love story, too.

So be sure your hands stay romantic... even though you're busier than ever before. It's easy with Trushay to help you.

Before your everyday tasks, smooth on this rich, fragrant, "beforehand" lotion. It's the new idea in hand care.

Trushay guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water...helps keep them smooth and thrilling! Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-LYITERS
She decided it by going over the next day after school to call on Mrs. Bennett, the singing teacher. She sang for Mrs. Bennett—and then suggested that to pay for her lessons, she do housework and marketing. Mrs. Bennett, who had listened in amazement to the blonde girl’s lovely voice, agreed at once—and for the next three years Marie went to high school until three o’clock every afternoon, took singing lessons for an hour after that, and spent the rest of the day doing housework for her teacher.

At the end of that time, she had graduated from high school, and she had also won a scholarship to the University of Oregon. Here she continued her Cinderella existence—studying hard at her college courses, taking singing lessons from the University’s music professor Sigurd Nilssen, and earning her food, room, and clothes by ringing the cash register at a local department store, and working in the college library. It was Mr. Nilssen who gave her the first gentle push toward the American limelight, one cloudy afternoon in the music department rooms at the University.

“Marie,” he told her, “I think it is time for you to try out in a country-wide competition for singing. I will take you to Portland for the audition.”

“What audition?” said Marie, astounded.

“For the Hour of Charm program with Phil Spitalny’s all-girl orchestra,” said Mr. Nilssen firmly. “Pack your bags, my girl, and at once!”

Things developed fast from then on for her, as fast as they had for the original Cindie of the glass slippers. Marie didn’t know it, but nine thousand, eight hundred and thirteen girls all over the country had tried out for the prized position—and out of all of them, she was to be the winner!

She was rushed East. Then, during her next 13 weeks as soloist on the Hour of Charm, she gave attention to the great city of New York, which delighted her as much as the glamorous ball had delighted the first Cinderella. She took an apartment with another Oregon girl who had come East to study voice; and the two girls wandered up and down Fifth Avenue staring at all they had just arrived from Mars. But the height of excitement came to them with the opening of the Metropolitan Opera Season, when Marie felt as if she’d truly come to the ball!

When her thirteen weeks with the Hour of Charm were up, Phil Spitalny wanted her to continue singing indefinitely with his orchestra. But Marie had another decision to make, and she made it... she returned to the University of Oregon for another year of college. Then she’ll put a further year of voice study. Then, at last, she’ll try her professional wings on the singing world in all earnestness.

The Princess? Well, Marie doesn’t know for sure just who he is yet... he may be clad in Army khaki or Navy blue—instead of velvet knee-britches! But then Marie Rogndahl, the 1944 Cinderella, is dressed in sweaters and skirts instead of rags—and it certainly looks to all bystanders as if she’s truly going to be a Princess of Song.
**FACING the MUSIC**

By KEN ALDEN

DINAH SHORE, target of the worst set of ugly rumors in years, plans to do a number of her NBC Open House shows from Army camps this year. Dinah is deliriously happy with her husband, Corporal George Montgomery, and they make one of Hollywood's nicest pairs.

I saw Dinah when she came back from her successful U.S.O. overseas jaunt. Dinah was the first girl singer to sing for our boys on liberated French soil. While over there she also sang for the Nazis as a V-1 propaganda weapon. The songs she selected had a slightly ominous ring for them, "I'll Be Seeing You" and "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Town of Berlin."

Dinah told me she got a real kick out of getting a hair-do in the original Antoine of Paris. But because the famous beauty shoppe had no electricity the embarrassed operator had to substitute bandanas. The nail polish was of ersatz material and wouldn't dry. Dinah brought back French toys for her nieces and nephews and a captured German pistol for George.

That's Matty Malneck's orchestra you hear on Duffy's Tavern although he isn't billed. Another sponsor won't let Matty get billing on the Ed Gardner show.

Tommy Dorsey's scuffle with Jon Hall may cost him a radio commercial.

Raymond Scott's CBS band which is a radical departure from the quintette which first brought him fame, is becoming quite a favorite with the G.I.'s. The Office of War Information has heeded the requests of service men and has Ray doing a daily broadcast for the troops.

A certain young radio star is not winning any friends by his exaggerated tales of his service record when he was in uniform.

Composer Johnny Green and statuesque screen star Bunny Waters have a new baby daughter, Jennifer.

By the time you read this The Andrews Sisters will have their own sponsored air show.

Look for Lawrence Tibbett to head up a big time radio show for an insurance company.

Benny Goodman's brother Jerry was killed in a plane crash. He was completing his training course as a bomber pilot.

Bobby Hackett, one of the country's truly great trumpet exponents, has joined the Casa Loma orchestra.

Fred Waring's swell new Blue Network show getting everything but listeners. His listener rating is a big disappointment.

Phil Spitalny is doing such a tremendous business in the light concert field that he may keep his "All Girl" orchestra out of theater and movie work indefinitely.

Boyd Raeburn is dissatisfied with his present band and is junking it to start out all over again.

Hal McIntyre will be heard again over CBS when he brings his band into New York's Hotel Commodore.

**ACTIVE DUTY**

Lovely Evelyn Knight and Jerry Wayne sing and romance on comedian Ed Wynn's new radio program, Happy Island, heard on Friday nights over the Blue network. Below, Bing Crosby is back on "K.M.H." He's been overseas, entertaining American G. I. Joes.

**FACING the MUSIC**

When you're home curled up with a book it doesn't matter if your hair slips its moorings...But when the party's in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

So anchor it, for keeps, with DeLong Bob Pins...They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit. They'll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour-puss of the party.

**Stronger Grip**

Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

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Artie Shaw hasn't changed a bit. He's reportedly asking $12,500 a week for a theater engagement with his new band.

The reason you don't hear much about Richard Himber these days is that the perpetually moving maestro is busy producing a Broadway musical show called "Abracadabra." His friend, Orson Welles, is helping him stage it.

The Gene Krupa-Carol Bruce romance is just a memory.

The Jerry Waynes are on again and off again with their friends hoping they'll patch up their differences amicably.

How would you like to be married to Ozzie Nelson? He has a habit of writing his comedy material late at night and then waking up wife Harriet Hilliard for a three A.M. reading.

Radio wiseacres blame miscast comedy material for shortening the life span of the once popular Lower Basin Street show.

* * *

**MAN BEHIND THE BANDSTAND: An aspiring radio bandleader may have the natural musical talents of a Bix Beiderbecke or Bunny Berigan but if he lacks the Initiative of a Sammy Kaye, the cooperative spirit of a Harry James or the business acumen of a Rudy Vallee, he'll never reach the charmed circle of big-time, all-time popular musical greats. Take that bit of advice from one of the shrewdest buyers of dance bands in America. He's soft-spoken, affable Robert K. Christenberry, President of the famous Hotel Astor in New York. In the decade this Tennessee-born Marine veteran of World War One has been hiring orchestras, he has two shock-proof barometers: customers and cash registers."

"I've seen them all, the good musician with the bad business approach and the mediocre musician with the financial wizardry of Bernard Baruch, and it's the latter lad who'll reap a harvest for himself."

Christenberry admits he's no musical critic but his ability to pick a band when it's hot gives him a right to judge the values of our various bandmen. Such world famous bands as Harry James, the Dorsey's, Tommy Tucker, Sammy Kaye, Rudy Vallee, and Abe Lyman have worked for him.

"Show me a successful bandleader and I'll show you a good business man," Christenberry told me. "In my opinion Rudy Vallee and Guy Lombardo are the shrewdest of the maestros. You'll never hear about Rudy or Guy investing in fly-by-night operations or making a foolhardy decision."

Perhaps the most important decision a bandleader must make is the selection of proper hotel sites.

"The hotel is the showcase even if it doesn't directly bring the bandleader great profits," Christenberry continued. "In the proper setting a band takes advantage of the powerful radio broadcast time. It gives ballroom operators, theater, radio and movie scouts a place to catch the band. But if the hotel is not the right location, the result can often be disastrous."

Many will recall the time Wayne King, the erstwhile Waltz King brought his dreamy music to New York and settled in the swank Waldorf-Astoria. His music, so vastly popular with the radio listeners, failed to woo the society trade. Yet such leaders as Eddy Duchin and Xavier Cugat break box office records at the Waldorf.

Bandleaders must also keep an eagle eye and ear on changing musical tastes of the dancing public. Several years ago Hawaiian music was the rage. Now it's the South American tempsos.

Christenberry never has any trouble with orchestra leaders. He has a simple rule. Those who don't measure up never get a second booking.

I asked Christenberry to set down four basic rules for astute bandleaders. Here they are:

1. Look as pleased as the people are.

Bandleaders with deadpan expressions don't even get plaudits from the bus boys.

2. Give the customers surprises. Tommy Dorsey is always up to some trick like switching instruments with drummer Buddy Rich, or trumpeter Ziggy Talent.

3. If the crowd is "hot" stay with them. Harry James never lets down a minute and often plays his trumpet to the exhaustion point.

4. Be considerate. The crowd loves request numbers, anniversary and birthday tributes, menus that are autographed. Don't get a big head.

Better than the rules is a little story Christenberry told me about Harry James, Betty Grable, and four young American eagles.

It was a hot summer night. Christenberry noticed four wounded officers of the Air Corp come into the room. Two were on crutches.

"Can I help you boys?" he asked.

"Gosh, yes," replied the leader of the group. "Can you get us a table where we can look at Betty Grable? We understand she's here every night with her husband. We promise not to bother her. All we want to do is look at her."

Christenberry led them to a choice table hard by the bandstand and the beautiful blonde. Then he told Harry and Betty about the boy's request.

"Between every set Harry and Betty sat with those flyers and took care of their every request. It was one of the nicest gestures I've ever seen."

"FULL SPEED AHEAD"
ahead of him to success, can be doubted by not even the most skeptical these days. For in less than a year the 28-year-old singer, who recently stepped into the singing role on Ed Wynn’s new Blue Network show, Happy Island, has created a reputation that practically no one, including Sinatra, can afford to ignore.

It was less than a year ago that the young man, who had planned nothing more glamorous in his life than a career in dentistry, inaugurated his night club career with an appearance at the Coconut Grove of the Park Central hotel in New York City—an engagement which will live long in the memories of his fans. That appearance broke all previous attendance records at the Grove, a sensation which was recapitulated with his ensuing success at La Martinique.

As a result of Jerry Wayne’s night club “victories,” B. P. Shulberg signed him for the leading romantic role in the musical comedy, “Marianne.” Jerry’s role as emcee and singer on the U. S. Maritime Service radio program, Full Speed Ahead, a patriotic service which earned him a government citation; his starring on Mutual’s program The Songs of Jerry Wayne, and on NBC’s All Time Hit Parade; his appearances in theaters throughout the country, further solidified the tremendous impression he has made.

JERRY’S beginnings were as small as the next man’s. Born in Buffalo, N. Y., where he attended public school, Jerry had no notion of what his natural gift of a more-than-pleasant baritone might bring. He attended the University of Buffalo and Ohio State University where he devoted most of his attention to sports and dramatics. On both campuses he was a varsity swimmer and boxer, and at Ohio he held the Junior tennis championship.

He spent much of his time in school dramatic productions acting, directing, and just plain moving the scenery. He studied dentistry, meanwhile, but his heart was in the highlands a-chasin’ a stage career while he drilled away at molars. Consequently when he was graduated he began to work in summer stock companies back home.

At the time that mature decisions had to be made as to what he intended to do, Jerry knew it was the stage or nothing. So he came off to the big town to haunt the producers’ offices. He met with nothing but cold shoulders at agents’ doors, and at the broadcasting companies he was rewarded with only a few small roles. So he turned his eyes to the west and Hollywood. Here the pickings were even smaller, but Jerry was convinced that he had the goods, and he began taking dramatic lessons.

The discovery of his singing voice was the most dramatic thing the lessons accomplished. Local radio programs occasioned such favorable notice that he soon began to travel along in those seven-league boots which have since taken him great distances in record time.

He worked as vocalist with several dance bands on the Coast, at the same time learning to tap dance, write songs, and play several musical instruments. And so to New York, and the rest is history. Now the only mustard seed crooner in the big-time, one of his lesser distinctions as he himself admits, Jerry can safely assert, what with the Ed Wynn show, movie and stage offers, personal appearances, etc., that New York has indeed proved a “Happy Island” for him.

“O Rarely Soft, * the touches of her hands, As drowsy zephyrs in enchanted lands”

—“Love Lyrics,” James Whitcomb Riley

* Are your hands “O Rarely Soft,” or Really Rough as a January Nor’easter?

Don’t let Winter make your hands look OLD

“Drowsy zephyrs,” did you say, Sir Poet! Wake up!—Mr. Riley—this is January. And a brutally workaday world. Don’t you think there should be a footnote to your lovely lyric to lovely hands? Something like…”If you want ‘em, use Pacquins Hand Cream!”

Because work and weather chap, roughen, redden, ruin a woman’s hands, often make them look older than her actual years. And Pacquins Hand Cream says “pooh” to work and weather—hands keep smooth, white, youthful-looking. Snowy-white, non-greasy. As delightful to use as the results are to see. Get Pacquins now!
Do you think her dancing position—

☐ Is smooth and relaxed
☐ Helps a tall girl look shorter
☐ Looks affected

Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably... for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch... because Kotex stays soft while wearing.

Would you entertain a mixed crowd with—

☐ Your snapshot album
☐ A radio concert
☐ A Valentine party

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy mot-tos (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a carefree hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—pressed flat, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.

What medal is he wearing?

☐ Sharpshooter
☐ Purple Heart
☐ Congressional Medal

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the sharpshooter medal above tells you. Being sure saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety plus.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together.
Christmas always brought bitterness to Doris. But this one was worst of all, because it had given promise of being so wonderful. She had found Tom, only to lose him!

I

ER

K new how the fire started. One minute I was sitting there in the darkened movie theater with my date—Jake Bristol, who worked in the same store with me—watching a war film. And the next, a sheet of red flame swept across the screen blotting out everything. At the same instance, black smoke began belching out over the audience. A woman screamed shrilly. There was a hideous shout of "Fire!" And then panic broke loose like a wave of thunder.

You go blind with terror in a moment like that. Struggling with all your might, trying to fight your way out as if you were a trapped animal. I didn't know where Jake had disappeared to. I was not conscious of anything but being swallowed up by that frenzied mob... Of being brought to my knees, choking, gasping...

Then a long arm reached out and caught me. A voice close to my ear said, "Steady there! You're all right now." A cool, assured voice that seemed to make a little island of safety for us in that inferno. His G.I. coat was rough, good against my cheek. He held me as he might have a child. I heard him directing other soldiers in the audience in handling the situation, by some miracle bringing it under control. You could feel the people responding to the authority in that voice, quieting... Streams of them poured through the exits in something like order. Before long I felt the raw cold of the December night on my own face and knew that we were safe.

That was how I met Sergeant Tom Driscoll—at a fire in a movie theater two days before Christmas.

"You're still trembling," he said. "Let's get some hot coffee over at that drugstore." We sat in a booth, and a smile came into his eyes. Gray eyes, they were. He looked crisp and hardly fit, and brown as if he had just come out of tropical sunshine instead of sleety cold. He looked nice.

"You've got spunk," he grinned and it was a funny little one-sided grin. "The way you took that mauling by the mob!"

"I'd probably be all in pieces by now if it hadn't been for you!" I said feelingly. "How did you ever manage to get things under control like that?"

"It's the sergeant in me!" We both laughed. Without warning, my heart

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by "If The Shoe Fits" by Mildred Hark and Noel McQueen, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, CBS
began to pound thickly and I couldn't look away. We talked. There
was suddenly so much to say, to find out about each other. He was
stationed at the camp below town. Had just been sent back there
from Africa for a six-weeks' special gunnery course. He was un-
married, not even engaged... “You know,” he leaned forward on
his elbows, “I was blaming my luck tonight. I'm on a three-day
pass and it's not enough time to go home for Christmas. So here
I am in a town where I don't know anyone!”

“You know me!” I said.

He pretended to consider that seriously. “Let’s see—I know you’d
fit very nicely into some lucky man's Christmas stocking. I know
you have hair the color of the wheat back on our farm, and brown
eyes and a look of going places. But I don't know your name!”

“Oh that,” I laughed. “It's Doris Reynolds.” Just a name. A name
I had taken from a magazine three years before when I ran away
from home. A new name that would help me forget all the hurt.
I had been sixteen then...

Excitement was mounting in me like fever. “If you're free, sup-
posing we plan the holiday together. Would you like that?”

“More than anything else!” Tom said with eagerness.

I lay awake most of the night thinking about it. My room in the
boarding house was dismally cold. But I was warmed by an emo-
tion I had never experienced before. Certainly not in connection
with this season of the year which I had come to hate. The forced
good-will-among-men which lasted for twenty-four hours only and
had never brought me anything. The static smile of department
store Santa Clauses. All the gushing and silly, sentimental trappings...
I had loathed everything about Christmas. And now I was ac-
tually looking forward to this one!

At the store the next morning, Regina, who was one of my best
friends, looked at me speculatively. “My, you look happy! New
man?” she guessed. We were putting out trays of perfume, pre-
paring for the day's rush, and I smiled at her over a whole row of
“Toujours Amour.” “Oh Regina, he's wonderful.”

“They always are!” she chuckled. Regina was a dear really, but

The children were watching me eagerly—and then I saw
in the doorway a familiar figure that made my breath catch.
old-fashioned in her ideas. I thought of her as hopelessly "settled," almost old—twenty-six. When her husband went overseas she and their two children had moved in with her parents, and she had taken this job in the store.

"What about Jake?" she asked. Jake was supposed to be a matrimonial prize. He was an assistant buyer and a nephew of Mr. Bristol, the president of the store.

"Oh, I'll handle him," I said airily. He had called me early that morning to find out what had happened to me. It seems he had spent hours searching for me long after the fire was extinguished.

Regina was taking a doll out of a bag. A doll dressed like a WAC officer. "For Bunny, my youngest," she said. "Isn't it cute?"

I held it for a moment and black memories rushed in on me. "She'll love it," I said. "... Every year I used to start praying for a doll a whole month before Christmas. But I never got it."

ONCE, my mother had tried to fashion a doll for me. But Steve burned it. On Christmas Eve before I had a chance to play with it at all. Steve was my stepfather. Big, rough, with a brute quality about him that made our home a nightmare. My mother, a sweet, timid soul, had re-married when I was five, and Steve had hated me from the start. I reminded him too much of my own father, who had died when I was two. Steve could not bear the thought that my mother had belonged to another man, had been terribly happy with that other man. Shortly after her second marriage she became an invalid. We were entirely dependent on my stepfather. There was not another human being we could turn to... And Steve became almost sadistic in his treatment of me... I had tried so desperately to blot all that out. When I ran away from home after mother's death I even changed my name. There was very little of the shy, sensitive girl who had been Jean Adams in the woman who was now Doris Reynolds!

Some of the bitterness of those memories must have showed in my face because Regina put her hand on my arm. "I think a girl has to grow a bit hard outside when she's as soft and sweet inside as you are, Doris," she said gently. "It's a (Continued on page 49)
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(Continued on page 49)
MY MOTHER was one of the strict kind. She always had been. As far back as I can remember, there were things that I wanted very badly to do, and wasn’t allowed to do. I couldn’t play outdoors with the other children under the arc light on summer evenings. I couldn’t stay with a girl friend over night. I couldn’t have a permanent until I was through high school, although Esther Findley, who lived next door, had one when she was twelve. I had to come straight home from school—no playing with the other children on the school lot after three; no lingering in the coke shop when I reached high school.

They sound like little things, don’t they? Petty little restrictions that you laugh at when you’re grown up. But they’re important—terribly important, especially when you get to be sixteen and a junior in high school, and find yourself completely cut off from the crowd, without a share in the interests of other people of your own age, without, actually, any friends.

I don’t mean that I was disliked at school. There were plenty of girls—and boys, too—who came up to me when I entered history class—because they hadn’t done their home work, and I had done mine. At class meetings I was elected to committees—but they were the uninteresting jobs, like doing research on the costumes for the French Club play. I wouldn’t be in the play itself. Even if anyone had thought to ask me, I would have had to refuse because rehearsals were held after school. I walked from class alone, or with another “odd” girl—like fat little Julia Knight, who was going to be a science teacher and who always had her nose in a book, or with poor Prudence Kenney, whose mother was even stricter than mine, and who wore her hair in a thick braid with a butterfly bow at the back of her neck, a fashion twenty-five years old.

I had scarcely a word to say to the girls I’d grown up with, like Esther Findley and Marian Nelson. I saw them in the halls—arms linked, faces laughing and animated, and always with a boy or two in eager attendance—and they went by me as oblivious to my existence as if I’d been a part of the wall. They were the prettiest and the most popular girls in the junior class. They were the vibrant center of the group that gathered outside of study hall in the morning, talking about things I’d only heard of—movies seen with a boy friend the night before, the Sunlight dances held in the gymnasium after school, of picnics and parties.

There wasn’t any use trying to explain this set-apartness of mine to Mother. "Parties?" she would say. "There’ll be time enough for you to go to parties when you’re older, Joyce. Why don’t you invite your friends to the house—perhaps from eight to ten-thirty on Saturday night? Your father will drive them home."

It wasn’t any use. Mother meant to help me, but she just didn’t understand. How did you go about inviting people you never spoke to except in regard to a history lesson? And if I did invite them, and if they should accept—and I was sure they wouldn’t—what would we do? The living room wasn’t big enough for dancing, and as for games—perhaps girls like Esther and Marian would think games childish. I didn’t know them well enough to be sure.

And ten-thirty! Esther and Marian stayed out until twelve on Saturday nights. I knew. I often heard Walter Daniel’s car when he brought them home. I heard them calling pay good-nights when I’d been in bed for hours.

The bitterest loneliness of all came on the walk home from school in the afternoon. I had to pass Markham’s Confectionery on the way—Markham’s where the crowd gathered between the hours of three and four. At Markham’s everything that went on at school was talked over; plans were made for football parties; candidates were decided upon, unofficially, for class elections and parts in the class play. Markham’s was terribly important to any upper classman, and I had to walk straight past it, trying not to see the boys scuffling for places beside Marian and Esther in a booth, trying not to see the little group at the soda fountain, their heads together in serious discussion of some party or outing that I would only hear about. It was enough to make me completely despondent, not only about the present, but about the future. I saw myself getting to be a senior, and being still left out, still never a part of things.

And then one December afternoon
Tommy swung in beside me. "Where've you been lately?" he asked casually.
I was no longer alone. I'd just passed Markham's when a car rattled up beside me and a voice called, "Hey, what's the rush?"

I kept on walking. It couldn't be anyone I knew. None of the boys at school—and certainly none who owned cars—would look twice at me.

"Tea-cher!" called the voice, and then I did look around. It was Tommy Davis, a new boy at school. He'd started late in October, and I'd helped him sometimes before history class with lessons he'd missed. I stopped, went toward him. I couldn't think of anything to say but, "I don't like to be called teacher."

He grinned. "I don't know why not. You're smart enough. Hop in, and I'll take you home."

I hesitated, not at all sure what my mother would say. Then I thanked him and got in.

Maybe it doesn't sound like a triumph to you—to ride in an ancient rattling open car on a cold winter day, in a car all painted over with cartoons and nicknames, and so noisy you had to shout to be heard. But it was thrilling to me, so much so that it was all I could do to seem casual and natural.

"How come," Tommy shouted, "that you're not at Markham's? I thought all you girls hung around there in the afternoons."

"We do," I lied boldly—and it didn't seem so untruthful when I said "we."

"I just don't feel like it sometimes."

He nodded. "I see what you mean. It gets to be a waste of time after a while."

"Yes," I said, "it is, when you stop to think about it. Why, you can spend just hours over a coke."

"Sure, you can. It's silly. What I can't understand is why those guys on the football and basketball teams hang around there. You'd think an athlete would know better."

I stole a glance at his broad shoulders, his pugnacious jaw. "Aren't you an athlete?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I was. Played a lot of sophomore football last year. But I'm not sure I'll go out for it again. It's kid stuff, in a way."

Right then and there, perhaps, I should have known that Tommy was doing just what I was doing—putting up a front, pretending to be a little ahead of the other students, when actually we would have given anything to be with them. It would have been easy enough to guess the reason. It was hard for a new boy to break into organized athletics late in the year. But Tommy's varsity teams were already formed; football was out until spring. He might not make the football team at all, no matter how good he was, because competition was stiff, and he was from out of town, and his record wasn't known. Tommy was as much out of his side of school activities as I was out of mine. But I didn't realize it at the time. It was hard enough for me to catch the literal meaning of what he said without stopping to hunt for a deeper one.

The ride home was all too short. When the car stopped before my house, all of my happy excitement stopped with it. I was home again, and Mother would ask why I was earlier than usual, and when I told her, she probably wouldn't approve. I thanked Tommy, and he said casually, "Think nothing of it. I'll see you tomorrow."

My heart skipped a beat. Did he mean that he would take me home the next day? And then I told myself not to think of it. Probably he meant that he would see me in history class, and even if he should offer me another ride, I might have to refuse.

But luck was with me that week. Mother was downtown, Christmas shopping, every afternoon, and every afternoon Tommy was waiting at the door when school was out. There were no more lonely walks home; in school, Tommy's close-cropped, curly head was bent attentively toward mine as we walked from history to math. Tommy lingered at the lunch room door to walk out with me after I'd had lunch with Julia and Prudence.

I didn't tell my mother about Tommy's taking me home. After the first day I forgot about the possibility of her objecting. And it never entered Mother's head that I was coming home any way but the way I'd always come—on foot, and alone. Her mind was full of her shopping, and we were busy in the evenings, wrapping packages, making out cards, and the subject of Tommy never came up.

On Monday of the next week Tommy brought me home as usual. I waved
goodbye to him as his old car rattled away, and ran into the house—to find Mother in the living room, standing by the window. She turned as I entered, and her eyes were alert and questioning. "Who drove you home, Joyce?" she asked.

My heart dropped. This was the end; I knew it surely. The end of the rides, the laughter and the nonsense shouted over the noise of the engine, the end of all the fun and friendship that had come to me. Mother obviously didn't approve of the gaudily painted car; the cold winter wind wouldn't, to her way of thinking, excuse the fact that I'd been sitting close to Tommy. I'd done nothing wrong, nothing that the nicest girls in school didn't do every day; yet my voice thickened guiltily as I answered, "Tommy Rhoades."

Her eyebrows rose. "Tommy—? I don't believe I've heard you mention him. Who is he, dear?"

"He's new in town. His family moved here in October."

"I see. How long— Has he driven you home before today?"

"A few times," I admitted.

"A few—" Her brows lowered, knit in a frown. "He lives in the neighborhood, I suppose?"

"No, he lives over on Park Place."

"Park Place! Do you mean that he's been coming over here to Irving Avenue, and then driving all the way back to Park Place?" She shook her head. "You mustn't ride with him any more, Joyce."

Here it was again—something I wanted very much, something everyone else took for granted, was being refused me. I was close to tears, and I wasn't crying just for this time, but for all of the other times I'd been denied. "But, Mother," I cried, "why can't I ride home with Tommy? Walter Daniels drives Esther and Marian home every single day."

"That's different, dear. Walter and Esther and Marian all live around here. It's perfectly natural and friendly that he should drive them. But when Tommy, who lives way over on Park Place, drives you—it amounts to a date, don't you see? And you know you're not old enough to have dates. You're not old enough to have a boy show so much interest in you that he goes out of his way on your account—"

"But—"

She shook her head, and she spoke slowly, distinctly, as she would to a very small, disobedient child. "I know what's best for you, Joyce. Believe me, I do. Just tell Tommy that you can't ride with him again, and if it's too cold to walk, I can come after you, or Walter Daniels will be glad to drive you."

I hated myself for crying, but I couldn't help it. The mention of Walter only piled frustration on frustration. "I can't ask Walter," I wailed. "Don't you see—Walter always stops at Markham's with the rest. You've never let me stop anywhere after school, and Walter wouldn't come straight home just to drive me—"

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dear. Walter is a very nice boy, and I'm sure that if you asked him, he'd—"
I gave up. I couldn't make her see. Mother also didn't ask favors of anyone who was barely an acquaintance, but she was suggesting that I do just that. All she saw was that Walter had lived near us for years, that I'd gone all through school with him; what she would not see were the invisible—but oh, so strong—ties that separated me from him. The argument ended as arguments with Mother always ended—with my running upstairs to cry myself out in my own room, while Mother calmly went out to the kitchen to start dinner.

The next day, when I saw Tommy in history class, I tried to act as though nothing had happened. But I avoided him at noon, and at the close of school I left hastily, by the rear door. The day after that Tommy didn't wait outside for me, and he didn't wait at noon. It was all done very casually, simply as if it didn't matter. I knew something important on his mind and had no time at the moment for me, but I knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that for some reason I no longer wanted to see him, and he wasn't going to give me a chance to tell him so to his face. I was hurt, and I sat beside Tommy things right with him, but I didn't know how, and he gave me no opportunity. Each day he came into history after I'd sat down at my desk, and at the end of class he was out of the room before I'd gathered my books together. At the end of the day he seemed to disappear into thin air. What was worse, now that I no longer saw him, I began to think much more about him. I realized how handsome he was, and how much fun, and how sweet. I began to think—yes, that I was in love with him. It was such a big word, love, and I didn't expect to know the meaning of it for years to come, but it must be what I was feeling now. Otherwise, why should there be this empty feeling inside me, this lump in my throat whenever I saw his curly head in the hall? And surely, Tommy was in love with me. Mother herself had said he was showing a great deal of interest in me. What could such interest be, but love? My heart ached when I thought how much I must have hurt him by ignoring him, and I also hated my mother. She had done this to us. She had separated us. I would never again care for anyone as I cared for Tommy—

And then, just then I was thinking that I would never again have a word with Tommy, I turned—face to face with the car, and I started to cry. It was a bitter cold day, and he was standing in front of his car, trying to crank it. My eyes watered in the wind, and I was aware of him before I saw him. He glanced up at the sound of my footsteps, and I gave him such a bleak, cold look that he straightened a little on the windshield. "Gosh all everything!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just cold and wind-blown." The temerity in my voice could have been caused by the cold.

"We'll fix that in a minute, and I'll give you a ride."

THIS time I didn't hesitate. I knew what Mother would say, but I felt so wronged that I didn't care. I got into the car, and in a moment the motor started, and Tommy swung in beside me.

"Where've you been lately?" he asked casually.

"Around," I said vaguely. Not for anything would I have told him that Mother had forbidden me to ride with him. It didn't occur to me that it might hurt him to feel that really kept me from telling him was a certain "kid stuff." Having to have your mother's permission for a little thing like a ride home would seem "kid stuff" indeed!

"Sure," he said. "I know what you mean. I've been busy, myself. I've been sticking pretty close to the books."

Tactily, in those casual remarks, Tommy as much as said that he understood that I no longer wished to avoid him, and he agreed not to inquire into my reasons for so doing in the first place. Tactily, by getting into the car, I'd said that our relationship was again on its old friendly basis. There was the same laughter, the same nonsense exchanged over the roar of the motor, in which each of us misunderstood—and sometimes only pretended to misunderstand—what the other was saying. I could hear him saying to himself, "She wouldn't only permit me to ride with Tommy; she would take steps to prevent it. She might even pick me up at school herself."

Two blocks from the house I shouted to Tommy, "You can stop right here."

"What did you say?" he yelled back, and then he saw that I was serious. The car slowed to a crawl.

"I want to get out here," I said. "I've got an errand."

Tommy said, "Oh." That was all, but the syllable spoke volumes, and there was surprise and concern in the quick, penetrating glance Tommy sent me. The car didn't stop, and I started to get out. "Will I see you tomorrow?"

Tommy asked.

My hand froze on the door, and for a moment it seemed that everything within me stopped. It wasn't a casual question; Tommy's expression showed pluck and thought. I was too surprised to him that he see me again. "I—I suppose so," I answered.

"That's good," His eyes were grave, and he, too, seemed to have some trouble with his speech. "I missed you last week, Joyce. And—I—well, I never thought I'd miss a girl so much—"

The blood stirred in my veins again, and it pulsed now with a new and deeper rhythm. "I missed you, too."

I was horrified that the words came out in a squeaky whisper, but Tommy seemed satisfied. He smiled, and it was the same smile he had given me sweeter than the way I'd seen him smile before.

"Tomorrow, then. I'll meet you at the front door, as usual."

I nodded, and as he started the motor, I remembered to walk down Twelfth Street, trying to look as if I really had no idea what he understood. He didn't go down the street past our house to make the turn, as he might naturally have done. He made a U-turn right where he was and drove off, whistling, in the opposite direction.

Slowly I rounded the block, slowly approached the house. I wasn't afraid of Tom, but I was sure that I'd deceived her smoothly, and that I was justified in doing so. But I wanted to be by myself for a while, wanted to get used to the wonderful, incredible change that had taken place in my life. I hadn't just imagined that the room had been cleansed, that we really did care. It was a dream come true—and it was all the more wonderful because it was a dream I'd only half-known I'd had.

THE next afternoon, Tommy was waiting for me at the school steps, but we didn't go directly to his car. Instead, he guided me across the street to the Westown Pharmacy. "I thought," he said, "we might stop for a coke. We've got time."

I understood what he meant. Twenty minutes for a coke, and a ten-minute ride. We could add up to the time it ordinarily took me to walk. He'd guessed that my mother, not I, had put a stop to my riding with him, and he was making sure that it wouldn't happen again.

I went into the Westown with him. There were all my beloved Markham's in the window. The stones boys frequented it, boasted—"I don't know how truly—that the proprietors would sell them liquor. The girls I saw were among the few school girls I had seen, the artifically blonde, whose lips were over-painted, who wore high heels and smoked cigarettes. For the first time in my life I (Continued on page 72)
"Never forget yourself, Hilda," her mother told her. "Those college boys are not for you. You're like me—born for work, not play."

YOU ARE bread, Hilda, not cake," Olga, my mother, always said to me. "Remember they must be eaten separately—you can't sandwich life in between them."

But Joe says that Olga, with her fair hair and her strong, white teeth, is mistaken—and that I am like the Swedish limpa she bakes—that I can be compared to her Swedish molasses bread which is the staff of life but tastes like cake. And, perhaps, Joe is right. Because I am not content to be only strong and plain and necessary like my mother, anymore than I want to be soft and frivolous and light the way my father was. I think Joe is right—I think I really did inherit the strength of my mother but a desire for gaiety from my father, too.

Until Joe came along, until I fell in love with him and decided to run away from home with him, no one ever knew about that "dreamer" side of me. No one suspected that romantic streak in me, because I look so much like my practical mother. "Little Olga" the college boys always called me when they crowded into Olga's Place for smorgasbord. They couldn't see that streak of imagination I got from my father—my father, who couldn't understand Olga's strength and independence anymore than she could understand the pictures he painted. I often wonder what would have happened if he hadn't died when I was two, if he hadn't gone away and left Olga, his strong young wife, his mother's former Swedish maid, to care for his child and hers.

In Joe's eyes I read what he was going to say, before he could even speak the words.
It was like Olga never to appeal to her husband's parents for help. Naturally, they had disapproved of the marriage—had ignored it and Olga and me. And so she had left it that way—had moved after her husband's death to the university town where year after year her smorgasbord attracted college students to her scrubbed little house with its immaculate table loaded with simple, delicious food.

All of the time I was growing up the young boyish faces which crowded into our small home were part of my life, and at the same time, something quite outside of it, too. Olga kept it that way.

"You must be nice to them," she used to tell me, "but always remember that they're out of our class."

Once when I was about fifteen and she was talking like that, she must have sensed from my expression that I didn't like to think of the college boys as belonging to a station out of my reach. Because her eyes were kind as she promised me a happy future. "You'll know a nice boy some day who looks at life the way we do. It's better that way," she said.

She thought she was making me happy with her picture of a hard-working young man so different from the exciting boys who filled our home with fun and laughter. But the kind of person she mentally selected for my husband didn't interest me at all, while the college students fascinated me completely.

To my mother, those bright-eyed boys stood for coal in the furnace and a new roof on the house and a warm cape and hood for me, but to me they meant gaiety and brilliance and life, itself. All during each long summer vacation, I looked forward to the time when the boys would be back again—when the bells would peal on Chapel Hill—when our little house would bulge with laughter and noise and boys.

I suppose I was about seventeen when Mother first noticed that the boys meant more to me than just money in the bank. Yes, I know I was seventeen, because that was just after I graduated from high school and started to business college. It was then that Olga began really to worry about the male customers who came to eat her delightful Swedish dishes. Anyway, that was when she began to remind me all of the time about the difference between them and me.

"Never forget yourself, Hilda," she would say time and time again, "you're not like them. You're like me—born for work, not play." And her sky-blue eyes would cloud with misty remembrance, and I knew she was thinking of her marriage "out of her class" so long ago. She was remembering the problems in her life when she was married to a wealthy artistic boy who never understood her desire to let their marriage stand alone, without the financial help of his parents. She was thinking of that talented, impractical young husband whom she had never understood even though she bore him a child. And she was resolving never to let me tangle myself emotionally in that same kind of misunderstanding.

"But, Mother, these boys work," I argued. "Don't they have to work in school?"

"Work," she would say, smiling and shrugging, too. "Do they look like they're working to you?" And I had to admit that they didn't—not those gay laughing students who clamored at our door for food and warmth.

I wonder sometimes if Olga ever knew how much her Swedish food influenced our lives. Oh, of course, she realized that it paid for our living—but I wonder if she ever thought that it was the food and its novelty which attracted Joe Donalds to our house in the first place.
mas Eve, I helped my mother in the kitchen as she prepared for the next day's business. And that's where Joe and Marsha found us.

Every instant of that first visit is stamped indelibly in my memory like the beginning paragraphs of a very exciting story. I remember that I was dipping a hot rosette iron, a pinwheel one, into the Swedish rosette batter, when Joe came in.

MARSHA preceded him, but I didn't notice her especially. I suppose that it was because, with her soft fur coat and her brushed shoulder-length hair, and her cared-for look, she was just like all the other "dates" who came to Olga's Place. But Joe was different.

I knew that from his serious, intense face even before he first asked Olga about the interview.

"I work on the college paper," he explained, "and we were thinking—well, Olga's Place—that's about like Vespers on Sunday afternoon to the boys here at school. I wonder if you'd let me write a feature story about you for tomorrow's paper."

Olga's modesty wouldn't let her accept. Anyway, she was busy and she simply shook her head negatively, even when Joe argued that the publicity would mean more business for her.

"But I can't handle any more business," she said sincerely. "I haven't any room to take care of what I've got."

That was true. Until we could build on that extra room we had planned for so long, we couldn't take care of any more business. Carefully, I dropped a wafer-thin rosette on to the absorbent paper towel, and I smiled as I thought of the money the rosettes would bring—money I intended to spend for that extra room for Olga. And then I felt the boy watching me. His voice was excited as he pled with Olga.

"But all of this—the warmth and the little cakes and your pretty daughter—all of it would make such a wonderful story."

I don't know why I wanted Mother to let him write the story. It wasn't because I wanted our names in the paper. No, I wanted Joe Donalds to have his way in this argument because
It was Christmas Eve when Joe first came—out of the twilight with Marsha. I remember how cold and still and beautiful it was outside, how warm and fragrant and clear in our kitchen when Olga and I were preparing for the Christmas rush. You see, Christmas was the busiest day of all. Every year, the boys who couldn’t get home for the holidays started coming in right after church for Flattar (Swedish pancakes) and sour cream waffles. And they threshed in again at noon for great croquettes and smoked salmon and egg bread and all of the rest of Mother’s famous dishes. And so, from the time I was just a little yellow-haired girl, instead of hanging up my stocking or decorating a tree on Christmas Eve, I helped my mother in the kitchen as she prepared for the next day’s business. And that’s where Joe and Marsha found us.

Every instant of that first visit is stamped indelibly in my memory like the beginning paragraphs of a very exciting story. I remember that I was digging a hot rosette iron, a pinwheel one, into the Swedish rosette batter, when Joe came in.

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“But all of this—the warmth and the little cakes and your pretty daughter—all of it would make such a wonderful story.”

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I was excited by his lean face—because I was more attracted to him than I had ever been to any boy who had come to our house before.

"You'd be doing the school a favor, too," the boy argued. "All of the boys—even the ones who've gone away—would like to read about you."

The girl, Marsha, interrupted him then.

"Oh, Joe, don't be silly," she said. "Can't you see they'll never do it for nothing—they want to get paid for it!"

HOT angry blood flooded my cheeks and I wanted to lash out at this haughty girl. And then I looked into her eyes. They were gray, blue eyes which weren't angry, but which said mutely, "You see, Hilda, they don't understand us—can't you see what they think?"

And then I looked at Joe and knew that he was ashamed—ashamed of the girl when to any boy with her dark hair he'd rush. Suddenly, he turned to his "Marsha, you go outside and wait."

I expected her to defy him, but she didn't. She seemed to sense his power, his purpose, and to know that she must obey him. With a little shrug, she turned and went out "I'll come and get you," Hilda said, shrugging, "Why should I?

"Oh, Mother, I think you should," I urged. "That's one way to thank the school for the business they've given us all these years."

The boy smiled, frankly appreciative, as Mother nodded slowly and said, "I suppose that's right. What do you want to do?"

The interview didn't take very long. He asked just simple questions like, "When did you come over from Sweden?" and "Did you learn how to cook these dishes over there?" and "When did you first come to this town?"

"And what does the college mean to you?"

"Hungry boys," Mother said to that one, and Joe laughed as he scribbled on his creased yellow paper, before he went away with Marsha.

I'll never, never forget Christmas that year because it's all mixed up with Joe's red face and Joe's letters from college and Christmas and good food.

I read it aloud to Olga, and I had to stop for a minute when I got to the third paragraph. Joe's description of the strong Swedish woman with her smooth fair hair and her clear skin and his story of what she meant to her "hungry boys" blurred in front of my eyes. I didn't look at Olga, but I knew that she was moved. For the first time in her long years at the college, she was taking time out to consider what the food she served meant to boys away from home.

All of that day sparkled like a diamond in my memory—that Christmas card Christmas outside—a day inside as full of surprise as a gay, ribboned package under a tinsel fir tree.

The boys charged in all morning bringing simple gifts for Olga, glamorized by publicity. In the early hours they clambered for pancakes and waffles. And at noon they almost burst the walls with their exuberance as they crowded around the smorgasbord table.

"Lutefisk is better than turkey any day," one senior insisted as he gobbled the light yellow fish which shimmered like lemon jello.

"And this cheese—no one has cheese like Olga's," said another bright-eyed youth.

"Why, Mother," I whispered proudly, "they love you the way they love Flunk Day, and the Aspen Creek and Green Lake and all of it."

And then the boys were swarming around me, buying Yule Cakes and Swedish rosettes to mail home to their parents. And I took their money happily in exchange for my pastries, thinking of the extra room I could build for Joe.

"Hilda made the rosettes this year," Olga announced proudly as I packaged the paper-thin delicacies. "And the cakes, too."

"Our sons will thank you for teaching Hilda to cook," one boy said, smiling at me. "She'll be making cakes for them some day."

AND, suddenly, the bright day clouded, and I was afraid. I didn't want to carry on in Olga's shoes, cooking for university students year after year. I knew a kind of life—life that belonged to me, not to the unborn sons of these students who filled the room. And that's when I looked up and saw Joe.

"I hope that you're nearly through, because I've come to take you skating if you'll go," he said quietly.

"Well—" the words trailed off in disappointment.

"I'll ask her," he suggested quickly.

I could hear every word they said but I didn't look at them. I just waited breathlessly, and I could hardly believe my ears when I heard Olga (an Olga flushed at me). "She'll be making cakes for them some day."

Scarcely more than an hour that somehow stretched into three—a sparkling interval in my life—as jewel-like as little Green Lake, gleaming at the foot of Joe's slants. Using the dimly glistening patch of frozen water was dotted with laughing college students, but on this day—our day, I think of it now—the lake was deserted except for us. As we glided smoothly onto the ice, our clasped hands (even through our heavy mittens) seemed to unify us into one being. The wind whirled around us as we cut swiftly through its interference. I shall never forget the feeling I had. It was as if we two—this boy and I—were alone in the world battling the forces of nature. We were joined together as one, fighting the bitter wind against life, itself. We skated well together, and I remember thinking that this was somehow right, that this boy and I were right for each other, that we—that we matched.

We didn't speak. Words were unnecessary. We just glided along, content in being together on this little familiar Green Lake, strangely purple today under the winter sky. Around and around the glistening circle we drifted, filling our lungs with clean, sharp air, bending our bodies with natural rhythm. Neither of us minded the cold because we were comparing the numbing quality of it, rising above it through our combined exertion.

I don't know which of us thought of the time first. Somehow, it seemed to come to both of us at the same time, as if our minds were in perfect accord. But Joe spoke first—"Your mother's going to be worried, Hilda. I hate to go, but we'd better." He put his mittened hands to his waist, and guided me smoothly to shore.

Joe knelt to take off my skates, and it was then that we looked directly into each other's eyes. As if we were being left we left the little house. And in Joe's eyes I read what he was going to say, before he could speak the words.

There is no silence quite so still as the outdoor silence of a snow-blanketed world. And into that stillness Joe spoke, the words that gave my world waits breathlessly all her life to hear—gently, quietly, for my ears alone, yet thunderously and magnificently in all that silence, as if he would be proud for the whole world to hear. "Hilda—Hilda, I love you. It seems strange in a short while, but it's as true as anything in the world, and as wonderful I love you."

He got up slowly, never taking his dark, serious eyes from my face. And then he kissed me, deliberately. His lips were clean and firm and cool when they first touched mine, like the clean cooling of the snow, and then they warmed. And the warmth spread and filled us, until we were one again, not battling against the wind and cold now, but safe and secure in our love for each other.

"You love me, too, don't you." He wasn't asking a question.

THERE was nothing foolish or childish left in me to make me protest or feel shy. I simply told the truth. "Yes, Joe." And we turned and walked quietly toward the little house, and Olga.

With silent perfection, happy silence nearly to the house, until I remembered. Somehow I knew that his answer would be perfectly satisfactory, but I had to ask. "Joe—what about that other girl, who came with you last night?"

He was honestly puzzled, and then he laughed. "Marsha? Oh, Hilda—she's just my roommate's sister. She doesn't matter."

And I was sure that he was telling me the truth.

As we turned into the path before the little house, he asked, "What time will you be through? Shall we go to a show tonight?"

And I know that he was completely surprised at my refusal—at my explana- (Continued on page 67)
JILL (played by Lorna Lynn) is the eleven-year-old member of the Bartlett household. She thinks her sister Linda is glamorous, but Penny, too casual. Her father is her hero—the man who really counts in her life. Having spent eleven years getting around him, she is so proficient at it that she usually gets what she wants. Jill can sell more tickets to benefits and collect more scrap than most kids her age.

My Best Girls—heard Wednesdays at 8:30 P.M., EWT, over the Blue Network
LINDA, the oldest of the three Bartlett girls, is eighteen and a sophomore at Brentwood College. Her interest in things artistic gives her a certain sense of superiority that is occasionally quite irksome to the more practical members of her family. Linda is restless—she doesn't quite know what she wants from life. Though she doesn't particularly like to do it, she runs the household, but she feels it is something that must be suffered until she is finally released to Art. With Jill, whom she loves deeply, she is the little mother. With Penny she is the superior, older sister; with Father, the confidante and helper.

(Linda Bartlett is played by Mary Shipp)
PENNY, at fifteen, is an alert, positive character— a go-getter. She is practical, sniffs at Linda's artistic bent and feels that it's a pose and insincere. She loves her father and family and would cheerfully lie down in the road before an onrushing truck if circumstances demanded it. Penny is the one who gets things done and is the one who preserves the balance of power between art and temperament in the Bartlett household. She gets along with boys like another boy, a fact which disturbs Linda. Though she can't compete with Linda when it comes to glamour, Penny knows she has her own charm.

(Penny Bartlett is played by Mary Mason)
JILL and PAUL RAUCH (one of Jill's boyfriends) are only interested in good things to eat. When Jill's not listening to her sisters' phone conversations, you'll usually find her raiding the pantry shelf.

LINDA and DAVE TAYLOR (above) enjoy a musical evening. Dave is the son of the editor of the Brentwood paper. He's crazy about Linda and takes a lot of punishment when she gets temperamental.

RUSSELL BARTLET, 44, moderately successful architect, owns his house, his car, has a modest summer place and a little money in the bank. He has worked out a fine and pleasant system for rearing his motherless daughters. He believes in letting his girls work out their own problems. He would rather laugh with them at their errors of judgment or behavior than scold them for it. He is the symbol of every young American boy's or girl's Dad.
(Played by Roland Winters)

PENNY AND TOMMY ACKERMAN think they are in love, and nothing anyone says will convince them that this is just the puppy stage. The Bartletts and Ackermans have been neighbors for years.
They started going together because there was no one else around. But there was a moon, and the sound of lapping water—and they found they were in love!

By HARRIET HILLIARD

On the eve of the premiere of our new radio series, The adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, over CBS last October, Ozzie and I gave a party. The papers made no mention of the affair. There were no photographers present. There were no guests present—just the two of us—but it was a gala affair just the same.

More elaborate festivities, the sort which always attend the opening of a new radio show, were to come off the next night, after the opening, when, as is traditional in radio, Ozzie and I were to entertain the other members of the cast, the band, and the writing and production staffs.

But on October eighth, the night before the big night, Ozzie and I had a double reason for celebrating—all alone. It was not only that we were about to see the realization of the most ambitious dreams and plans of our ten years of working together professionally—a radio show of our own. More important still to us was another significance of October eighth, 1944—it was our ninth wedding anniversary.

So, after we put David and Eric to bed, we opened a bottle of champagne and drank a toast “to the Nelsons, all four of them.” (It really was ginger-ale, but champagne sounds gayer.) Then we slipped off to a quiet, out of the way restaurant where we could be just another young couple out for a Saturday night date, and lingered happily over dinner until almost twelve o’clock.

“I’m so glad,” I sighed happily over my third small black coffee, “that you changed your mind.”

“What are you so glad about?” Ozzie asked, bridling a little, for he prides himself on his consistency.
arrangements,

I was remembering our first conversation, in 1934, when Ozzie came to see me with an offer of the job of girl vocalist with his band. He had seen me in a Paramount short, and decided I was just the girl he was looking for.

Even then, Ozzie was experimenting with the patter song, which have since become his musical trademark, and he wanted to try out a girl and boy team in front of the band. It was a revolutionary idea at the time.

The offer was very appealing to me, but I had to confess to Ozzie that I had never sung a note in my life.

It didn't matter, he said. He could teach me to sing; what he wanted was someone who could read comedy lines, and my work in the Paramount short had convinced him I could do that.

"It will be easy," he said encouragingly, and then he added, "and if you are worrying about working those hours—with all those guys—don't. I'll see to it that everything is strictly business!"

It was, too, at first.

Ozzie was pretty busy—the band business, he thought then, was just a necessary evil—a way to get hold of enough money to pay his way through law school. When his father died suddenly the year before, when Ozzie was a senior at Rutgers, chances had seemed to fade for the law career Ozzie had been working toward. But he worked hard at his music, and paid out the profits in tuition at the New Jersey Law school. When I met him he was attending classes in the daytime, leading the band until one o'clock every morning—studying, the Lord only knows when. He had to take a night off from Glen Island Casino, where the band was appearing, to graduate.

From that point, his program was cut out for him. He thought. He would stick to the band business until he had saved $10,000. Then he would hang out his shingle.

But two factors intervened to change his plans. In the first place, Ozzie's band was catching on. The crowd of young Westchester kids who patronize the Casino liked his soft, romantic style of music, and they came in droves to hear the band. He also landed the band spot on the Joe Penner radio show, then the most popular series on the air. This happened so soon after I joined the band that Ozzie told me I was his lucky star. In any event, Ozzie was finding out that music was more than a means to an end. It was fun.

The second factor was me.

We started going out together because there was no one else for either of us to go out with. No nice girl is going to wait up until one o'clock every night for a date with a guy, even if he is as nice as Ozzie, and certainly no man worth his salt was going to wait around until I was through work for the pleasure of driving all the way from Glen Island to my home in New York.

So, innocently enough, we began stopping off together after work for supper at the Glen Island hangout, the Bean Wagon. Our conversations at first were, as he had promised, "strictly business." But Glen Island is a very romantic place on the shores of Long Island sound. It is pretty hard to stick to chatter about song arrangements in a place like this, with a big moon hanging low in the sky, and the soft sound of water lapping at the piers making faint music in the background.

Even in that setting, it took Ozzie and me a year and a half to really realize that we were in love. I liked him very much and he liked me, too. (Let me say right here I think that's the best foundation for marriage a young couple can have.)

But it wasn't until the fall of 1935 that Ozzie got around to proposing. It was late at night, we were on a train, rushing through Texas, in the throngs of a killing series of one-night stands which was to culminate with a long run at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

Suddenly Ozzie, who had been sitting in a frowning silence, turned to me and said, "How about getting married?"

I suppose that doesn't sound like a very romantic proposal—but I knew what Ozzie meant. His father's death had left him with the entire responsibility for his mother's security, and that of his baby brother. Another brother had been killed in a street battle through a dental school. He didn't feel that he had a right to ask me to marry him until he was sure he had a future to offer me. I understood, and loved him more for it.

We planned to be married as soon as we could get back to New York from our run at the Coconut Grove. Then RKO messed up all our plans by offering me a part in the Rogers and Astaire picture, "Follow the Fleet."

I honestly didn't want to accept it. For one thing I was too young to know what a wonderful opportunity the picture was.

Ozzie had more sense. He insisted that I make the picture. I insisted that I'd rather be married. So we compromised and I did both.

We rushed home to New Jersey from Los Angeles, and were married—quietly, as just the family presided—at Ozzie's mother's home in Hackensack. Ozzie's brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Nelson, were our only attendants. I splurged on a Nettie Rosenberg gown of plum and blue, and Ozzie splurged on orchids.

Ozzie and I had a dreadful time trying to convince ourselves that the ceremony was real. I suppose all people feel that sense of unreality at all the dramatic moments of their lives. But there we were—we felt as though we were the principals playing the second act curtain of a comedy drama. When Alfred couldn't find the wedding ring—it was one of the chain rings so popular then, and it collapsed in his pocket—and when Ozzie, once it was produced, had to struggle to get it on my finger, it seemed more like a play than ever.

There we were, legally married—and three days later I had to be in California. What were a bride and groom to do in an emergency like that? Ozzie and I settled the question by going to a movie at Loew's state! I'm afraid I don't remember what we saw. The second and final night of our honeymoon, Ozzie's band opened its winter season at the Lexington Silver Grill. I appeared for my usual numbers and the band and the kids who were there to dance gave me a wonderful send off.

That very morning Ozzie popped me in a plane for California, trying to be cheerful for he knew I didn't want to go.

"Keep your chin up and your breakfast down," he urged me, trying to smile.

"I don't want to go," I bawled, and I didn't even try to look happy.

I guess I gave them a pretty rough time at RKO the three months I worked on the picture. I was homesick and lonesome—a combination easily mistaken for temperament. Joe Nolan, then vice-president of the studio, telephoned Ozzie frantically from time to time.

"Ozzie," he'd say, "we're having trouble with her again." And then Ozzie would get on the phone and tell me to be good and do what I was told. I got through it somehow and flew home to Ozzie. There followed for three years one of the happiest periods of our lives.

The band alternated for three seasons at the Lexington and Hotel New Yorker. Ozzie and I lived in a suite in the hotel—no cares or worries, except to be sure that we showed up for our stint at the hotel every night and our radio program on Sundays. We had no household problems at all. Ozzie, finally, rid of the bugaboo of insecurity, stopped talking about hanging out his shingle and relaxed and enjoyed himself. We worked hard, but we loved it, and we played by and as just as happily. Many a morning, we came home with the milkman. It was a wonderful life.

Then, in October, 1936, our David was born. Our lives didn't change appreciably at first—although we did give up our hotel suite for an apartment in Davy Jones. (Continued on page 85)
LOOKING back on it, you could say it happened the minute I saw him. Right there at the railroad station on the day that Emily and Carter came back to Lauderdam to live—that seemed to be the beginning of it. That seemed to start all the pain of longing and the tortured sweetness. I can remember every detail of that meeting as if I were re-living it now: the way I ran along beside the train toward their Pullman car, so happy and excited at seeing Emily again for the first time in years, the way she waved and held out her arms to me, the happiness with which she tugged at Carter's sleeve and said, "Darling, here's Laurie..." And then Carter turning around from tipping the porter and looking down at me and saying in that half-laughing voice of his, "So this is little sister." He stooped and kissed me on the cheek, I remember, and I just stood and stared at him, unable to say a word, forgetful of Emily and the curious bystanders alike, while my heart turned over and something inside me cried insistently, "This is it. This is what you've been waiting for and dreaming of all the twenty years of your life."

That was the way it happened, suddenly and all of a piece, without any questions. And you could say it was at that moment that I fell in love with my sister's husband.

But I think, in all honesty, you'd be wrong if you said that. Because I believe it really started long ago—years ago—before I'd ever seen Carter Mayfield or knew anything about him except what the town said.

Of course, the town said plenty. They always had. I imagine the worst trouble about living in a tiny place like Lauderdam is that you can never forget anything that happens. You're never allowed to. If it happens to you, you live through it and pass it and put it where it belongs in your life. But there's always someone—a thousand someones, it seems—to remind you of it, to bring it alive again just by saying, "Why, I remember just as if it were yesterday..." or "I'll never forget what people said at the time..." And the worst of it is half the time they're saying that behind your back, and you can feel the whispering gossip and the furtive words dragging it back into your life where it doesn't belong anymore. I guess there's always one person or one family that people choose to talk about more than any other. In Lauderdam, it was the Mayfields.

They lived in a big old house where Mayfields had lived for years, set back from the street and shadowed by trees and heavy shrubs. There were rumors that once, years and years ago, Mr. Mayfield had shot and killed a man in a quarrel over a loose woman. I don't know about that. Nothing was

Emily's Husband

"There must be lots of girls like you, Laurie," Paul told her. "Heaven help the men who fall in love with them!"
ever proved and it all happened long before I was born anyway. But that's the kind of thing people whispered. Nobody liked Mrs. Mayfield because she was from the city and had always held herself aloof. Carter was the only child, and I remember when I was very small hearing people say that he was "wild." "Just like his father," they said, "It's in the Mayfield blood—" And then when Carter was about twenty, they seemed to be right because he ran away with Amy Talbot, a girl from the wrong side of Lauderdam.

That really caused a scandal. Mr. Mayfield refused to have anything more to do with Carter and forbade him ever to come home again as long as he was married to that woman. And Carter never did. There were rumors that he and Amy had had a child, then that they had been divorced, but nobody knew for sure because they lived a long way off and the Mayfields never mentioned Carter's name again as far as anybody knew. After a while Mrs. Mayfield died—of a broken heart, people said—and old Mr. Mayfield continued to live on alone in the old house which the trees and shrubs made more shuttered every year and where nobody ever went.

You can see what an air of mystery and romance that story would have for a lonely child like me. Emily, who was seven years older than I, and I were orphans. We lived with a spinster sister of my mother's—Aunt Agnes, who was a good woman according to her lights but who didn't understand children. She was too strict with us. When Emily was in her early twenties, she rebelled against Aunt Agnes' harshness and the lack of opportunity for a young girl in Lauderdam, and left home to go to the city and study to be a nurse. That made me lonelier than ever. I used to dream of the day when I could go live with her, as she'd promised. And because when you're young and lonely and eager for things to happen and nothing ever does, you just make up things for yourself, I used to dream up all kinds of nonsense about the life I'd have when I could escape Aunt Agnes and a humdrum town. I'd walk by the Mayfield house, and remember how Carter had defied the world for love and envision him as the most romantic man in the world. That was the kind of man I wanted, that was the kind of love.

And then Emily wrote she had met Carter Mayfield, by accident, in the city. "He was divorced several years ago," she wrote. "It was all a youthful, foolish mistake. He's terribly nice, Laurie—you'd like him." A few months later she wrote they were going to be married.

Well, that news really did stand the town on its head. The old scandal was raked up and hashed over, and everybody wondered how Aunt Agnes and Mr. Mayfield (Continued on page 53)
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And then Carter turning around from tipping the porter and looking down at me and saying in that half-laughing wave of his, "So this is little sister." He stopped and kissed me on the cheek, I remember, and I just stood and stared at him, unable to say a word, forgetful of Emily and the curious bystanders alike, while my heart turned over and something in me became very, very loud. "This is it," I told myself, "I've been waiting for this, and dreaming of all the twenty years of your life.

That was the way it happened, suddenly and all of a piece, without any questions. And you could say it was at that moment that I fell in love with my sister's husband. But I think, in all honesty, you'd be wrong if you said that. Because I believe it really started long ago—years ago—before I'd ever seen Carter Mayfield or knew anything about him except what the town said.

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And the worst of it is that I'm telling you story on this part of the train..."

I was a long time ago. Then I was an older man, and I remember when I was very small being frightened by the way men would talk and say things that were very, very wrong. I was very small hearing people say that he was "wild." "Just like his father," they said. "It's in the Mayfield blood..."

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That was the kind of man I wanted. That was the kind of love.

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Well, that news really did stand the town on its head. The old scandal was raked up and hashed over, and everybody wondered how Aunt Agnes and Mr. Mayfield (Continued on page 53)
The only thing that was alive was the feeling of my heart so close to his.

Love to Penny was just one of those silly,
heart. As always, something that was proud and self-contained came from that coolly-dissaline face to soothe and help me.

Grandmother Stevens was on my side. The firm, fastidious lips seemed to say to me: "You are a Stevens. Remember your forefathers built this town, that we were the first family on the 'Hill.' It is your right and your duty to go back there—where you belong." How she would have hated it, if she were alive, to see us living down here in this little back-street house, check-a-jowl with Jensen, the plumber, on one side and a beauty shop on the other.

Even that wouldn't have mattered so much—where we lived—we would still be welcome anywhere because of my dead Father's name, if only Mother wanted to remind people of it. But she went her blithe way, as if in moving here she had escaped the "Hill" and some intolerable burden connected with it.

Why—why couldn't she be like other mothers? I was dimly aware that in her own way she was a rare and wonderful person, but I wanted just a real, ordinary mother—someone who would flutter over me and worry about me and sympathize with me. Someone who would understand why I wanted to marry Sydney Jones and pull strings, like other mothers did, so that I would have a chance to meet him on his own home grounds.

All that maneuvering I'd had to do myself. My heart hardened as thought of all the planning that had finally resulted in the dinner invitation for tonight.

I know how mercenary that was. But it was something else, too—the desperate, passionate desire for security in a life that was always topsy-turvy. It was the need I'd felt as a child for some kind of stability in my life; that meals would be on time; that there was a lap to climb onto and a mother's arms to shield me from the little hurts and the big fears.

Even now I could remember with a heart-breaking pang how, as a child, I had come home one day to find Mother had given my old teddy-bear away to another little girl. She was right—in her way. I was too old for it and she felt it was silly to store things away in tissue paper and ribbons when someone else might enjoy them. But for me it was like parting with a dearly-beloved friend, almost a part of my tiny self. It was my first glimpse that nothing in our lives would ever be permanent—unless I made them so.

It is painful for a teen-age girl to learn that other people considered her mother "different." That she didn't care a hoot for the things that mattered so much to them; that she much preferred playing tennis with the Garvey twins to joining the Ladies' Bridge Club.

**OF COURSE**, there were others in town who admired Mother, and there were some who worshipped the ground she walked on.

I knew she loved me, but hers was a "sink or swim" philosophy—no pampering, no coddling. I felt that I stood alone in a shifting, insecure, changing world. Is it any wonder I looked to the other extreme, to wealth and position, for the anchor I wanted?

I wanted a well-ordered life in the old Stevens red-brick Georgian house on the "Hill." I wanted thick, monogrammed towels and polished-mirror floors and deep rugs and heavy, embossed silver and quiet, well-trained servants. I wanted to be invited to homes where my father, Judge Stevens, had once been a welcome guest. And since I couldn't have any of these without him, I wanted to marry Sydney Jones. Love, to me, was just one of those silly, impractical things that happened to people who didn't know what they wanted.

Grandmother's eyes, so very like my own through their fringed lashes, seemed to be glittering approvingly. Only where hers had been a steely blue, my own were almost a topaz. Our hair was the same—her coppery waves piled high in a pompadour, mine shining and softly-curly to my shoulders.

We both had faint shadows under high delicate cheekbones. I wished my chin were like hers, so firmly jutting, but I had to be satisfied that we both had the same slim, erect carriage.

It was only underneath, sometimes treacherously close to the surface, that there was hidden the same bubbling, gay laughter as Mother's and the same crazy, cock-eyed way of looking at life.

Once she explained it to me. "Your father and his family were sweet, Penny, but they smothered me. It was always duty—duty—responsibility—"never put off till tomorrow—""never give anything away," "improve each shining hour." The trouble was they were so busy improving there never were any "shining hours." So when your father died and I found there was only a tiny income I decided I'd never worry about money again.

"I'd do just the things I wanted and only see people I liked. I'd work where I pleased—" this was when she had gone to work in the Jones' defense factory—"and buy mad, crazy hats and see the latest shows and help other people—without playing Lady Bountiful. But I'm afraid it's been hard on you, pet. I forgot that you were a Stevens, too."

I was still thinking about it when Mother and I clattered up the "Hill" that night in her old jalopy.

It had been hard. But it had been fun, too. Our house had been the gathering-place for all the kids in town and they loved to come because no one cared if the floors got scuffed or if things got broken. It had been fun—even if few of the parents ever came near us and even if they didn't approve of our having the Scandinis there.

Well, maybe—after tonight—all this would be changed. This invitation for dinner with Sydney and his father must mean that Sydney had hinted to Harvey Jones how he felt about me. I shivered in anticipation and with sharp, desperate desire. Old Harvey Jones must like me, must approve of Mother. Because no matter how much he wanted me, Sydney would never do anything without his father's consent.

impractical things—until Jerry showed her a glimpse of heaven and then snatched it away!
As we were admitted into the broad, oak-panelled hall there was a rigid tension in my body and a creeping ache at the base of my head. Please, please, Mother—I prayed silently—for once be proper and dignified. This is our only chance! For I was thinking about her, too, and that she could have everything she wanted.

Dinner was a nightmare. I couldn’t tell whether things were going smoothly or not. Once I realized, in horror, that Mother was upbraiding Mr. Jones for his lack of interest in the War Bond Rally! But strangely enough, he seemed pleased at her interest and he listened attentively, ignoring us, his massive white head bent towards her—his piercing eyes fastened in eager admiration on her vivid face.

AFTERWARD, in the gloomy, book-lined library, Sydney told me in jubilation that everything was swell. "What? Honestly, Penelope, I must confess. I was worried—Father likes everything just so. I was afraid your Mother might kick over the apple-cart—but he's taken a tremendous fancy to her."

His patronizing words stung my pride. "Why shouldn't he? She's lovely—and she's charming—" "Don't sputter, darling. So are you lovely and charming. The most beautiful girl I've ever known." Behind his thick glasses his eyes glinted with an unaccustomed warmth. He would pick his own time and place to propose, but I knew then that it was settled—I was going to be Mrs. Sydney Jones!

The glow of triumph was still in me the next day as I hurried home from my violin lesson. Snow falling in driving white flakes couldn’t chill the nervous excitement that thrummed in my blood, and I could hardly control my steps as I hastened over the icy sidewalks. I had done it!

Not even Mother’s quiet “Are you sure that’s what you want, Penny?” as we had returned home last night could spoil the success of the dinner. Of course it was what I wanted! I had worked for that success, slowly building up the picture of Sydney’s regard of me as Judge Steven’s daughter, so that he would see me as someone fit to take my place as his wife.

Suddenly I felt myself lunging forward into space. The dreams crowding my thoughts had kept me from seeing the high curb and I lunged over it, skidding awkwardly, sideways, over the hard-packed icy ruts of the street. Snow blinded me. The violin flew out of my hand, I dimly heard the screeching brakes and the frightened, blaring honking of a car, then something rudely snatched me backwards—and I was flying through space.

It seemed ages later that I picked my trembling self up gingerly, slowly, out of the snow bank piled against the curb. I was so shaken I could hardly hear the strong voice shooing away the curious onlookers or the face that bent above mine.

Slowly the face resolved itself into two smiling black eyes, checks that were flat-planed and tanned, a stubborn chin, and a sensitive, chiseled mouth that was made for—

What was I thinking of? I must be dizzier than I knew or I surely wouldn’t be thinking of the feel of that mouth—or kisses—when I looked at this complete stranger in his cocky soldier’s overseas cap.

"My violin!" I exclaimed, desperately. "No—that’s all wrong," he replied with a crooked grin, as he handed me the snow-covered violin case. "The first thing all girls say when they’re rescued is ‘Where am I?’ and then they open their big, beautiful—by the way, I’ve always wondered what color your eyes really were, Penny, ever since you were a kid. Amber? Golden?"

By this time we had started walking, his hand firmly under my elbow. "I’m awfully sorry—do I know you? You’ve saved my life, but the uniform changes people sometimes—"

"You wouldn’t remember. I’m Jerry Scandini. With eight of us Scandinis, it’s no wonder you couldn’t place me—I’m the oldest. But I should have thought you’d remember I kissed you under the mistletoe once."

Remember! I’d never forgotten the dark, intense boy who had so shyly kissed me that long-ago Christmas. So that was why my memory had linked the thought of his mouth pressing on mine—even though this tall, good-looking soldier had changed so much from the thin, girl-shy Scandini boy. For
prayed silently, “For once be proper and dignified.”

one thing, he certainly was no longer shy.
I had never felt this close awareness and at-oneness with any man before. Perhaps it had something to do with his hand so masculinely strong holding my arm, pressing my still-trembling body close to his as we walked slowly along.
Or maybe it was because I didn’t have to put on an act with him as I did with Sydney. Jerry Scandini couldn’t give me anything. Instead I found myself wanting to do something for him—some little thing to bring the swift smile to his face and the twinkle to his eyes.
“You’ve no idea, Penny, how good it is to be home for ten whole days,” he was saying.
“And then you go back?” trying hard to remember if I’d ever heard where he’d been stationed.
“To the Pacific? No. They’re sending a bunch of us who’ve been out there for some time and who’ve learned something about fighting Japs to camps here in this country to teach the new guys. Don’t ask me if it was tough out there—it was. I used to think a lot about walking down Center Street like this and how good it would be to feel snow underfoot.” He smiled down at me. “And we all thought about girls we knew. Do you mind very much, Penny, if I thought about you? I even had a machine gun that had a funny little sputter just like yours when you got mad. It was a good gun—right on the beam. So I called it ‘Penny’.”
Quick tears rose to my eyes. That

he should have remembered me!
In the days that followed I tried to tell myself that I was only soothing my conscience by seeing so much of Jerry. After all, he was a soldier on leave and I had never even written him a friendly note when he was out there, fighting. And Sydney was up to his neck in work at the factory. Mother’s words must have had some effect because Mr. Jones had ordered Sydney to spend his spare time working on the Bond Rally.
And Mother, herself, was mysteriously absent evening after evening, coming in late and looking flustered and guilty. Perhaps if it had just been my time that was so taken up, I might have wondered what she was up to and what made that tremulous catch in her voice when she answered the telephone and what put those radiant stars in her eyes.
But my heart was involved, too. It was learning strange lessons, a new, exciting tempo everytime it heard a certain step crunching over our frost-covered porch, and it would beat madly, crazily when his hands touched mine, the pulses sending tiny little thrill messages through my whole body.
I tried to keep a distance between me and Jerry. But he seemed to take a delight in brushing it aside, bringing out everything that was gay and frivolous in me.
It was happening too fast. I’d never known what love was. I didn’t want to know. Anyway, not this frightening sensation that was robbing me of my power of think. This had no part in my plans for a safe, secure, unemotional life as Mrs. Sydney Jones.
I wouldn’t let it happen!

BUT then we’d be skating swiftly over the Little Pond, steel blades clicking rhythmically under the white stars in the black night, the blood racing madly in my veins, and Jerry would bend his dark head over mine and whisper tenderly, “Are you happy, Penny? Shall we go on and on and never stop? . . . and I would answer, breathlessly—
“Yes . . . oh, yes, Jerry!”
Or we would be making hot chocolate in the kitchen and he would stop and press my hand for a second against his long, smooth cheek—a tantalizing pressure that held a promise of untold delight.
It was all I could do to keep up any semblance of interest when Sydney called, as he did every morning.
Friday morning I knew it was something special from the studied way he spoke.
“Penelope! This is Sydney. Listen carefully, dear.” He gave an embarrassed little cough. “Father’s giving a small party after the Rally tomorrow night. I think that’s as good a time as any to announce our engagement. I know it’s sudden, but in these times—What do you say, dear?”
I must have said something, but the sick feeling inside weakened my voice to a whisper.
I don’t know what else he said but somehow I made the right answers.
With careful (Continued on page 70)
Here is a new arrangement of an old ballad, by radio's popular singer of folk songs—you can hear it on CBS' Country Journal

BLACK IS THE COLOR

SLOWLY LYRICAL

Burl Ives Arrangement

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair.

Her lips are something wondrous fair, The purest eyes and the daintiest hands, I love the grass on where she stands.

Copyright 1944 by Leeds Music Corp., RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York, N. Y.
BURL IVES says, “I just like to sing. That’s all.” This big, blue-eyed Mid-westerner left his home town of Newton, Illinois, with fifteen cents in his pocket and his banjo under his arm, and toured the country from coast to coast, learning the native songs of the villages, the plains and the hills. He is proud of the ballads he has collected in his wanderings—songs refreshing in their originality and humor and rich in Americana. He’s currently being featured in Broadway’s Theater Guild production, “Sing Out Sweet Land,” and when he can get away from his radio commitments, he lives on a quaint, little barge on Long Island Sound—and spends time on his hobby of sketching. (Burl Ives sings on the Country Journal, Saturdays at 9:30 A.M., EWT, over CBS.)
REVEREND RICHARD GAYLORD succeeded Dr. John Ruthledge last February 25th in the pastorate of the Community Church of Five Points, a crowded slum section. He is an easterner, and came with his family—his wife and sixteen-year-old twins, Peggy and Dick—from Connecticut. Mr. Gaylord is attempting to put into practice at Five Points his own simple interpretation of the Bible's "love one another" teachings—that loving one's fellow man can be a thing of small kindnesses, daily thoughtfulness, and genuine neighborliness. The Guiding Light is heard daily at 2:00 P.M., EWT, on NBC.  
(Reverend Gaylord is played by John A. Barclay)
That Brotherhood of Man is more than a Biblical precept, is the belief of the kindly minister of The Guiding Light. It is a way of life to make our world safe for free-thinking men and women.

By RICHARD GAYLORD

one of these names, behind each one 'an an integrated part of each ideal, lies the Brotherhood of Man. Without a deep and vast love for our fellow men, none of these is possible.

The Brotherhood of Man is a very simple concept. And, because it is so simple, because it is so sensible, very often it is taken for granted. Everyone believes in it as an ideal preached by Jesus Christ. Not everyone realizes that loving one's fellow man can be a thing of small kindnesses, daily thoughtfulness, genuine neighborliness.

It is very easy to devote oneself to large and abstract ideals. Such devotion calls for very little more than occasional lip service. It can be disposed of very nicely on Sundays and then forgotten. This may serve to still the conscience, but it is not very satisfying to the soul. It does not lead to happiness. It does not lead to the secure feeling that one has done his best. Most of all, it does not make life interesting, full of new activities, new people, new ideas.

These are days for working together. The men in our Armed Forces have learned to work together. No victory would be possible without the greatest, most trusting, most selfless cooperation on their part. We at home can do no less than our fighting men.

For some of the finest examples of the kind of cooperation I mean, we have only to look at the youth of this great country of ours. Over a million and a half boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty are members of some 75,000 virtually autonomous 4-H Clubs. These clubs are active in every State and in Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska. Last year, these million and a half boys and girls, by working together in the individual clubs, grew five million bushels of Victory Garden products and twelve million pounds of peanuts, soybeans and green. In 1943 their pledge was "I will feed a fighter!" They kept that pledge by producing and marketing nine million poultry birds and six hundred thousand heads of livestock. For 1944 they enlarged their pledge. It grew into, "I will feed a fighter and more in 1944!" In addition to increasing their farm output, these rural teen-agers canned fifteen million jars of food, collected over 300 million pounds of scrap, purchased and sold more than thirty million dollars' worth of War Bonds and Stamps.

These are children, yet they have an important lesson to teach all of us. They are putting into action things which many of us all too often merely talk about. To them, Democracy is not just a word. It is a living thing which they understand, which they practice toward each other and toward other people, so much a part of them that they have no need to speak of it all the time. To these boys and girls, the Brotherhood of Man is more than an abstract ideal—again—so much a part of their lives that they probably never need to mention it. If you were to ask one of them what does the world do, he would probably answer, "I like to do it," or, "It's fun," or, as one boy to whom I spoke said, "Well, Mr. Gaylord, it's like this. You kind of get tired of fooling around. It's swell to be doing something that gets some place. It's sort of good to know that you're being some use to somebody. And I get a kick out of knowing that I'm doing my part for the war. My brother's overseas, now. I feel like it's right I should do as much as I can. Besides, we're picking up all kinds of things—you know, how to do things, what makes the tick—that'll come in handy later on."

Of course, not all of you can see your way clearly to such selfless devotion to others. There is so much for all of you to do, just to keep things going. You have homes to run and families to care for and jobs to hold down. The fact is that by looking about you, by lending a hand to others on occasion, by combining forces with others like yourselves, busy, tied down, overburdened, you can lighten your own tasks.

For instance, did you know what has been done (Continued on page 86)
Suddenly, with the chiming of that old watch, she went back into her past—into the horror that was her life before she met Howard. Now Mildred Abbot knew who and what she was.

THE STORY:

I WAS young; I was in love. Surely that combination is enough to make any girl happy. But I wasn't. Because there was a shadow over my life, a question that filled all of my days and my nights, a fear that came, tangible as a wall, between Howard Coles, whom I loved so dearly, and me. This was the substance of my fears: I did not know who I was. I knew my name—Mildred Abbot—and that I was a secretary, and that I was young, and wore clothes that were smart but not expensive. But all of those things I had learned from clues I found in my room. It had happened this way—one morning I awoke, and I found that I could not remember one single thing about my past. I learned that I had been in an automobile accident the day before, that I had been brought home by Howard Coles, the man whose car had struck me. From my ration book, in my purse, I found my name. My clothes were in the closet. And that was all, except for a picture that I discovered in my dresser drawer—a picture of a man who was a stranger to this new me who had no memory. This stranger's face attracted me and repelled me at once. Howard Coles was more than kind; he gave me a job, took me out, made me forget my troubles for a while. But I couldn't bring myself to tell him that I had lost my memory, nor could I make myself go to a doctor. Somehow, I thought, I would remember; someday it would all come back to me, if I would only wait, and be patient, and not try to force myself. But suddenly things came to a head. I received a letter from a firm of lawyers, speaking of the "matter which I had discussed with them." And I dreamed of the man in the picture—a dream so terrifying that I could no longer keep my troubles to myself. I told Howard all that had happened to me, and he told me that I must go to a doctor. But before we could get to one, the telephone rang—a call from a man, Edwin Anthony, who said he was my uncle, and who wanted to know what was wrong between me and my husband! My husband—the man in the picture! Uncle Edwin came to see me, told me of Chuck, my husband. The husband whom I had said I wanted to divorce in a note I'd left for Uncle Edwin before the accident wiped out my memory. And still I did not remember—I only knew that I was married to one man, who was like a stranger to me now, and in love with another. And then Uncle Edwin took out his watch, and my mind started sharply. That watch—I was beginning to remember.

IT WAS as if, suddenly released from too-much pressure, my whole life was unreeled before me—beginning way, way back, as far as I could remember. I began to talk. Words rushed out, incoherently at first, as small incidents tumbled over each other in their rise to the surface of my mind.

The watch—I could remember as a tiny child sitting in my father's lap and bearing its sweet chimes. He used to press it against that sounded them, to amuse or quiet me. And that small, silvery tune they played brought back all the childish sense of safety and protection that my father had meant. In the circle of his arms, nothing could harm me, none of the frightening things that came in the darkness of the night could reach me.

Then my father had died, and Mother had given the watch to Uncle Edwin. But it was still in my life. On the rare occasions when my uncle came to see us, I remembered I always asked to be allowed to hold the watch and hear the chimes. And it brought back all the sweet closeness that had existed between Mother and me, left alone by Father's death. Gradually, of course, as I got older, I completely forgot about the watch—or thought I did. But it had remained all this time in my unconscious mind as a symbol.

We hadn't had much money, Mother and I. But enough to get along on. And we'd been great friends, closer than most mothers and daughters usually are. Uncle Edwin probably was right when he said she'd spoiled and overprotected me. Always she was there to take the brunt of whatever childish hurt happened to me, to make everything come right.

I'd grown up in the small city of Ruxton, going to school and then to high school. I began going to parties and having fun and dates as other girls my age did, but it was always a sheltered kind of fun. Always Mother was there, watchful and protective, to guard against any harm or hurt—to guard me against life itself. I was very innocent—dangerously so—and very ignorant.

After high school I went to business school. Mother was against that but it was the one time I held out against her wishes; I wanted to learn to earn my living, to free her of the whole financial responsibility with her small income; and I wanted the independence that a job would offer. And it was then, just before my mother's last illness, that I met Chuck Abbot.

Chuck was, actually, five years older than I but he could have been any age. He'd been batting around the country, as he said, since he was fourteen. He'd worked on tramp steamers, he'd driven cross-country trucks, he'd ridden the rails when he had no money and lived
in first-class hotels when he had a lot. One of the fascinating things about Chuck to me was the sense of mystery and adventure. It was hard to pin him down to where he came from or who his parents were. He didn't really avoid those questions; he just, somehow, subtly dodged them and it wasn't until afterwards that you realized he'd talked a lot but hadn't answered a thing. And he was terribly good-looking in an aggressive, vital sort of way. He'd worked for a while for a building contractor and when a distant relative died and left him some money, he'd decided to go into that business for himself. He'd come to Ruxton, opened a small office, and started entering bids for buildings. He was good at his job, he knew how to handle the men working for him, he knew all about costs, and it wasn't long before he was under-bidding older contractors and making a success of his business. There was something truly irresistible about Chuck—when he really set his mind on getting something from you, he got it. I guess the secret of that was his vital charm.

From the very first, he wanted me. And I—well, I'd never seen anybody like Chuck Abbot in the whole of my protected life. The very first night I had a date with him, I found myself letting him kiss me—possessively and passionately. That shocked me—I'd been strictly brought up and I'd never let a boy kiss me on the first date before. And never had anyone kissed me like that. The feelings he stirred in me I'd only dimly guessed at.

And I found, to my shocked amazement, that I could no more resist those kisses than I could stop breathing. Each time I was (Continued on page 60)
Nic'e n' Spicy

Since the very first Christmas, the holidays have always been a time for fragrant, rich desserts, like this Mock Mince Pie.

FROM the first Christmas when frankincense and myrrh ranked with gold as worthy of presentation to the Christ Child, spices have played an integral part in Yuletide festivities. Memories of our first Christmas tree, a pungent cedar or pine, gay with lights and ornaments, of a stocking crammed with oranges and nuts, bring back so vividly the fragrance of cinnamon and cloves, mace, nutmeg and allspice, that even now we cannot imagine a Christmas without them. Luckily, we do not have to imagine such a thing, for although we cannot experience again the thrill of our first Christmas, we can, by using this month's recipes, enjoy desserts as temptingly spicy as those which made it so memorable.

Cranberry Mock Mince Pie

2 tart cooking apples
1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup water
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. allspice
1/2 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. salt
2 cups cranberries
1 tbl. lemon juice
4 tbls. margarine

Cube apples small. Mix sugar, salt and spices and add, with apples and raisins, to water. Bring to slow boil, add cranberries and boil without stirring for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice and margarine. Allow to cool, then pour into unbaked pie shell. Arrange pastry strips in lattice over top. Bake in 400-degree oven 30 to 35 minutes.

Cranberry Chiffon Pie

1 cup jelled cranberry sauce
1/4 cup sugar
4 eggs
1/4 tsp. powdered cloves
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tbl. lemon juice

In top of double boiler, mix cranberry sauce, 1/4 the sugar and the egg yolks and cook over hot water until mixture reaches custard consistency, about 8 minutes. Add gelatin, which has been dissolved in cold water, salt and lemon juice, then allow to cool. When mixture starts to congeal, beat egg whites until stiff, then add cloves and remaining sugar and continue beating until mixture forms a stiff meringue. Fold egg whites into cranberry mixture, turn into baked pie shell and chill until firm.

Spice Cake

1/4 cup margarine
1 cup light brown sugar
3 egg yolks
1/4 cup maple syrup or molasses
2 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. allspice
Pinch salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. ground cloves
1/2 tsp. nutmeg

3/4 cups sour milk
1 tsp. vanilla extract
1 egg white, beaten stiff
Cream margarine, add sugar and cream together. Beat eggs, beat in syrup and blend with margarine mixture. Sift together dry ingredients and add, alternately with sour milk, to creamed mixture, beating smooth. Add flavoring and egg white which has been beaten stiff, pour into greased layer pans (2 9-inch layers) and bake in 350 to 360 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to cool before putting together with frosting.

Frosting

2 cups granulated sugar
Small pinch cream of tartar
7 tbls. water
2 egg whites
1/3 tsp. cream of tartar
1/4 cup nut meats

Place ingredients in top of double boiler and cook over boiling water, beating constantly, until mixture will form peaks when beater is removed (about 7 minutes). Remove from heat and continue beating until thick enough to frost between layers, top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with nutmeats.

Stoned Fig Pudding

1/2 cup dried ground figs
1/2 cup margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup fruit juice or milk
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. allspice
1 tsp. mace
1 tsp. vanilla

Remove stems from figs, wash and dry them before grinding. Cream margarine, add sugar and cream together thoroughly. Beat eggs and add to creamed mixture. Stir in ground figs. Sift together dry ingredients and add, alternately with fruit juice (or milk) and blend in vanilla. Pour into greased mold, filling slightly over half full so there will be room for pudding to expand, and steam over water until done (1 1/2 to 2 hours) or steam over water in individual custard cups about 45 minutes. Serve with any desired sauce. Leftover pudding may be re-heated for another meal.

Tidbits for the children are essential at Christmas time, and fruit balls and popcorn men will be popular with the grown-ups, too.

(Continued on page 59)

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7:00EWT.
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<thead>
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<th>Time</th>
<th>Eastern War Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: News</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Blue: News</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: Organ Recital</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS: Columbia Ensemble</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpist</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: New of The World</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>Blue: Correspondents at Home and Abroad</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBS: E. Power Biggs</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Blue: White Rabbit Line</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS: Commando Mary</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>NBC String Quartet</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS: New Voices In Song</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>CBS: Church of The Air</td>
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<td>7:00</td>
<td>NBC: Highlights of the Bible</td>
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<td>CBS: Winer Over Jordan</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>Blue: Southerners</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Blue: Songs and Serenity</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: Pauline Alpert</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>Blue: AAF Symphonic Flight Orchestra</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: Jack Dempsey</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>NBC: Radio Chapel</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>NBC: Symphony</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>NBC: Invitation to Learning</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC: Marion Laverdure</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>CBS: News from Europe</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>CBS: The Eternal Light</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>NBC: Josephine Houston, Soprano</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Blue: Bill Lathaire, Paul Lavalle</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>Blue: Transatlantic Call</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>CBS: The David Farmer</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>Blue: John B. Kennedy</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>Blue: George Hicks From Europe</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch.</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>Blue: Heritage Round Table</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>CBS: Matinee Theater, Victor Jory</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>CBS: We Love You, America</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>Blue: Chaplin, Jim, U. S. A.</td>
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<td>4:15</td>
<td>CBS: World News Today</td>
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<td>4:45</td>
<td>Blue: The Girls From College Gardens</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>CBS: National Vesper Services</td>
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<td>5:15</td>
<td>CBS: New York Philharmonic Symphony</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>Blue: Twilight Time</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>Blue: Charlotte Greenwood Show</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>CBS: We Love Him, Canada</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>CBS: The Shadow</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>Blue: L. B. Milton, Inc.</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>Blue: Darts for Dough</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>CBS: World of Song</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>Blue: Portland Shakes</td>
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<td>Blue: Music America Loves</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>CBS Symphony</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Blue: Sam Moskow and His Orchestra</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
<td>CBS: First Nighter</td>
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<td>9:45</td>
<td>CBS: Fannie Brice</td>
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<td>Blue: The Great Gildersleeve</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>CBS: Caruso</td>
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<td>10:45</td>
<td>CBS: Jack Benny</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>CBS: Bill Caskelle</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>CBS: Don Gardiner, News</td>
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<td>12:15</td>
<td>CBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>CBS: Fitch Bawgun</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>CBS: The Forum Board</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: Blaine</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>CBS: Murray, Yorktown's Hero</td>
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<td>2:45</td>
<td>CBS: Dorothy Thompson, News</td>
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<td>3:15</td>
<td>CBS: Joe. E. Brown</td>
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<td>3:45</td>
<td>CBS: One Man's Family</td>
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| 4:15 | CBS: Four Yeats of the Year...
| 4:45 | CBS: Heatator |
| 5:15 | CBS: Yak Trount |
| 5:45 | CBS: Radio Readers Digest |
| 6:15 | Blue: The New Review |
| 6:45 | Blue: Walter Winchell |
| 7:15 | NBC: National Hour-Go-Round |
| 7:45 | CBS: Hollywood Mystery Tune |
| 8:15 | CBS: Tunes at the Star Theater, James Melton |
| 8:45 | CBS: Bing Crosby |
| 9:15 | CBS: Jimmy Fiddler |
| 9:45 | CBS: American Album of Familiar Music |
| 10:15| CBS: Call of the Wild |
| 10:45| CBS: Life of Riley |
| 11:15| CBS: Goodwill Hour |
| 11:45| CBS: Winkie Theater, Harold Lloyd |
| 12:15| CBS: Keep Up With the World |
| 12:45| CBS: We The People |
| 1:15 | CBS: Maria Kurekne |
| 1:45 | CBS: Ernie Busch |
| 2:15 | CBS: Pacific Story |
| 2:45 | CBS: The Jack Pepper Show |

**MONDAY**

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: News</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>Blue: Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>NBC: Mirth and Madness</td>
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<td>CBS: America's Air</td>
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<td>CBS: This Life is Mine</td>
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<td>CBS: Valiant Lady</td>
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<td>CBS: My Alibi</td>
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<td>CBS: Alexis Cornell</td>
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<td>NBC: The World of Light</td>
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<td>CBS: This Is the World</td>
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<td>CBS: Cliff Edwards</td>
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<td>CBS: Baby Lester's Children</td>
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<td>CBS: My Little Boy</td>
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<td>CBS: Honeymoon Hill</td>
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<td>CBS: Road of Life</td>
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<td>CBS: Hot House and Rosamary</td>
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<td>Blue: Gilbert Martyn</td>
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<td>CBS: Glamour Maner</td>
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<td>CBS: Romance of Helen Trent</td>
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<td>CBS: The Gay Mailman</td>
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<td>CBS: Make Ends Meet</td>
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<td>CBS: Far East Affairs</td>
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<td>CBS: Farm and Home Makers</td>
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<td>CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
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<td>CBS: Fiddle and Fillmore</td>
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<td>CBS: Secret Hearts</td>
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<td>CBS: Woman in White</td>
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**LORD HENRY — IN PERSON**

Husky, blue-eyed, towheaded Karl Swen- don plays Lord Henry Br throttle, the hero in Our Cal Sunday, heard over the CBS stations Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M. E.W.T. Now in his eighth year as Lord Henry, Karl looks just the dashing, glamorous sort of fellow most people think of when they think of an actor. Actually, he's a very serious gentleman who works very hard at his job and raises bees on his eighty-one acre farm in Goshen, N. Y.

This winter, because of transportation difficulties, Karl shut up his house in the country and brought his “whole gang” into New York. The “gang” is his wife, the former Virginia Hanscom, and four sons, Peter, eight; David, five; Steven, three, and John one, all of whom are towheaded and look like their dad.

The children aren't the least bit puzzled or confused when they hear their father acting on the radio. They're always playing themselves and carry on amazingly complicated home-spun plots that go on and on and are continued tomorrow. "Radio," says eight-year-old Peter, "is the same thing, only you get money for it."

Such practicality runs in the Swendon family. When Karl bought his farm he knew that he wouldn't have too much time to devote to working it. So, very practically, he set up several colonies of bees, which he has proved has been necessary in this one. When farmer grew scarce, he had a complete carpentry shop with electric equipment installed in his home and turns out all the necessary woodwork around the place himself.

Karl's hobby is photography, but he finds that it takes much more time than he has to give to it. He also likes trotting races, but has always been too busy to attend the famous Hamblonian classic which is held every year right near his home.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1908, Karl says he came up the hard way, but didn't have to take too many knocks before he clicked. The hard way is the way of little theaters, stock companies, summer theaters, minor parts in Broadway flops and one or two successes and then, if you're lucky, a real break with a real part. Karl hopes his sons get the acting all out of their systems while they're young. His advice to almost everyone who has acting ambitions is, "Stay out of it, if you can."

Of course, if Karl had felt that way a few years ago, there would be someone else playing Lord Henry.
MADAME MENACE... 

She might be cast as a gangster's moll, a murderess, a look-out on a stick up job, or an actress in an Eastern War Time production. But she's never been a menace. In four years, Edith Arnold has appeared as the female "heavy" in practically every broadcast of radio. Even when Edith was heard on the Great Sunday evenings at 8:30. Just that job alone adds up to some 200 assorted playlets of violence.

Edith is being nasty and mean. Perhaps that's because really she isn't lowbrow, sly, and tough. In fact, in her off-radio moments, she's quiet, given to reading, and prefers to be involved with the loveliness and theoretical studies to fiction. She won her Master of Arts degree in Philosophy and her thesis was on Far Eastern thought. She was a far cry from the work of being the gun moll in the business. Radio business.

Right from the beginning, Edith Arnold started out as a "bad girl." At sixteen, she appeared in a California performance of the Passion Play, in which she had the role of the Woman Taken in Adultery. With such a start, she just couldn't go right—at least, not as far as her acting career was concerned. And she didn't, with one unhappy exception. Misadvisedly, Edith accepted the part of the ingénue in "June Moon" and literally suffered from her own sweetness and, as she calls it, stickiness, until the end of the run of that play. Since then, she has avoided the sweet parts.

She worked as a showgirl for some years, appearing in successes like "The Barker," "Jarmegan" and "Kind Lady." In this last play, she did the part of a half-wit so well that she carried it on Hollywood's play of the part of a half wit in Columbia's "Crime and Punishment."

While Edith was out in the film capital, she met Max Marcin, who was quick to recognize her value to the radio shows he was doing. Mr. Marcin is by way of being a specialist in crime stories for the radio. Even when Edith had to return to New York, she knew there would be work for her on Mr. Marcin's Perfect Crime series. There was more than work—there was radio stardom.

Most actress rebel against "type casting." They all want to try their talents on all sorts of parts. They all claim they're good at everything. But Edith insists on playing the same type of part again and again. Not Edith. She doesn't get bored with being a menace. She likes it, finds something new and different in each part and gets a great deal of fun out of being wicked on the radio.

She does have plans for her future. But that's all for the time when she really gets a break—"above the line." Her one real ambition is to get back to her ranch in the San Fernando Valley and take a hand in raising oranges, limes and walnuts.
Grimm's Fairy Tale...

Once upon a time there was a little ten-year-old girl named Kay Lorraine Grimm. This little girl sang very beautifully even then and grew up to become a real professional singer whose voice was familiar to just about everyone who listened to the radio throughout the country. It sounds very much like a fairy tale and to Kay it almost seemed like one.

You know her now as Kay Lorraine and you've heard her on millions of coast to coast programs. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, just twenty-five years ago. She wasn't exactly a Shirley Temple, but she did begin to sing at a very early age and when she was ten made her first public appearance in the chorus of the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Just about then, too, she began to study the piano with vague notions of becoming a concert pianist. However, there was school to go to and some growing up to do before careers could even be thought of seriously.

It wasn't until Kay was seventeen that she really made her professional debut—which means sang for money. That was when she began to sing with camp bands for dances in and around St. Louis.

These engagements led to a sustaining spot on station KMOX in St. Louis. They also drove all ideas about becoming a concert pianist from her mind. She still plays a little but, as she tells it, "it's strictly off the elbow and for my own chagrin." Then, Kay landed a job singing with Al Roth's band and made a series of appearances on a program called The Hit Parade, which won her an invitation to come to New York and sing as a guest artist on the Hit Parade. That was back in 1939. For forty weeks after that Kay was kept busy without a let up also doing her bit for the boys, sandwiching in major programs as 99 Men and a Girl, the Ford Summer Hour, Vaudeville Theater, Song of Your Life and the Pursuit of Happiness. Not did she miss out on all those programs! The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street.

This year, like so many other radio stars, Kay had her chance in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new radio feature, Screen Test, and acquitted herself nobly. And why shouldn't she? She's lovely, a tallish, slender, green-eyed blonde with a voice, talent and experience. Now, she's heard regularly on a transcribed series called Musical Showcase, besides which, under the name of Kay Stevens, she sings on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer program. Bloom, Dodgers, no mean assignment, since it goes on the air every day, Monday through Friday, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M. over the New York station WHN. She's also served her apprenticeship in night clubs, appearing in the swanky Stork Club. Naturally and inevitably, because she's a nice gal, she's been picked up by the hospital crowd, charging many benefit performances at hospitals and the Stage Door Canteen between her heavy broadcast duties.
SOMETHING new has been added to the world—famous Hollywood Canteen. The new ingredient arrived in the very ample person of Maybelle Marr, wife of Eddy Marr (I’ll Tell You What I’m Gonna Do) Marr, radio and film comic. Mrs. Marr arrived in Hollywood with her husband in 1937, ostensibly to rest. With ten or more years of radio experience behind her, Maybelle thought that, except for writing gags for her husband’s guest appearances, she really had a rest coming.

But people like Maybelle Marr can’t relax for long. Like other dynamic radio figures, Maybelle had to do something more. That’s why she volunteered to do what she could to help out at the Canteen.

Maybelle started as a Senior Hostess, and as such was able to do a lot for the boys. But as her work stretched into the months she became aware that the boys weren’t able to get into enough radio shows to cheer their favorites.

Maybelle saw her friends in the various stations and soon she was slipping the lads blocks of tickets to the Jack Benny, Bob Hope and other programs. She spread the word among the network shows and personalities that from then on, Thursday nights at the Canteen were to be Radio Nights, and to rally to her call.

Well, they rallied all right. From that date until now Maybelle has been directly responsible for the greatest parade of talent ever assembled before mikes.

Here's a partial list of the shows and people who responded to Maybelle's appeal:

Take It or Leave It, Judy Canova, What’s My Name?, Ed Gardner and Dennis Morgan, the Al Pearce show, Arlene Harris, Martha Mansfield, Cliff Arquette, Martha Tilton, Maybelle’s husband Eddy Marr who brought in his whole Pitchman’s act with people like Mel Blanc, Arthur Q. Bryan, Shirley Mitchell, Dale Evans from the Jack Carson show, Ransom Sherman, The Smart Set, Paul Weston, John Scott Trotter, Cooky Fairchild, Arthur Treacher, the Camp Song Chariteers, the Town Cryers, Hoagy Carmichael, Joe Stafford from Johnny Mercer’s Music Shop, Bobby Armanbury, Blondie and Dagwood, Chef Milan, Faye McKenzie, Sara Berner, who is Ruby Johnson on the Jack Benny show and—well, that gives you a rough idea.

According to her friend Bette Davis, President of the Hollywood Canteen, Maybelle Marr is the unsung hero of that worthy institution.

"Maybelle is doing a whole lot of help at the Canteen." Miss Davis says, "And getting precious little credit for it. She’s a tireless worker for the boys in the service and, single-handedly has brought a world of joy to the lads who throng the Canteen each week. She’s a wonder, that girl."

Maybelle started in radio in her home town of Cleveland by helping to get up the very early NBC station of WTAM, when mikes were simply old-fashioned stand-up telephones with the mouthpiece removed. She then spent three years as assistant to the president of WJAY, then joined WLWL, New York, as publicity and promotion aide.

Next stop for Maybelle was in Philadelphia on WPEN of the Atlantic Sea-board network, then back to New York where she helped set up the first foreign language station in the country, WFAB.

For five years Mrs. Marr edited New York Amusements, besides doing a column for Cue under the name of Maybelle Austin. That was about the time she decided to rest awhile, so she and her husband went to Hollywood.

But the real joy of Maybelle’s life, outside of Eddy, to whom she married thirteen years, is the Hollywood Canteen and her Thursday Radio Nights. We sort of agree with Bette Davis. "She’s a wonder, that girl."

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**Hollywood Canteen**

According to Canteen President Bette Davis, Maybelle Marr brings a world of pleasure to service men
Lost Christmas
Continued from page 15
defense against the world.”
And because I could not stand any-
one’s sympathy, I said sharply, “All I
want is fun. And I’m getting it.”
At noon I met Tom for lunch. That
was the first date on our holiday pro-
gram. We had to duck our heads
against the icy wind—but it might
have been a soft April breeze the way
I felt! It was an hour touched with
moon-madness right in the middle of
the day. Unbelievably lovely. “We
can’t know each other so well in so
short a time!” I said once.
“But we do. Didn’t you know? We’ve
known each other forever.” Tom’s
voice held a deep assurance.
As I went back to work I tried to
cautions myself: I was doing exactly
what I’d always said I never would do
—caring too much for one person.
It didn’t pay. A girl had to be smart and
keep her heart free.
Just the same there was a singing
inside me when I thought of Tom.
The afternoon was a bedlam with
customers demanding to know if “Al-
lure” was all right for a high school
girl, and if somebody’s grandmother
might like “Black Magic.” I answered
thousands of questions like a good
little robot, my mind entirely else-
where. Regina stopped long enough
once to smile and whisper, “Who lit
the candles in your eyes?”

DURING my fifteen-minute rest pe-
riod, I hurried to another counter
at the farther end of the store. I knew
exactly what I wanted to get Tom.
A beautiful outfitted kit. Much more
expensive than I could afford!
The day came to an end at last.
Six o’clock—and the doors closed. Time
for the store’s Christmas Eve party to
begin. Time for my second date with
Tom! I put a bright clip on my black
work dress and pinned a glowing red
Poinsettia in my hair. Soldiers wanted
girls to be gay and fun—nothing
serious. I knew that. I been out with
dozens of them from the Camp, danced
with hundreds more at the U.S.O. They
wanted a good time after all that
rugged training and grind. Well, I
was going to try to make this the gay-
est holiday Tom Driscoll ever had!
He was waiting for me at the em-
ployees’ entrance. Very tall, with that
powerful panther-smooth look to him,
and his face ruddy with cold.
“Hello,” he said. “Hello, little Christmas star!”
My heart gave a silly lurch and for a
moment I couldn’t seem to speak. Then
we were going up to the auditorium
where the party was to be held.
It was a gay party. Mr. Bristol was
an exceptional boss and he did himself
proud on such occasions. There was
talk of his retiring soon, and of Jake
succeeding him. I wondered if Jake
would carry out this store tradition.
Somwhere I didn’t think so. He was
a smart business man with no nonsense
about him. Some day—perhaps—I
would marry Jake. But I didn’t want
to think about that tonight.
The other girls were looking at Tom
with open admiration. Regina came up
and I introduced them. “I see what
you mean!” she whispered. “He is
wonderful.” Pride in him swept over
me. Pride, and that new feeling that
made me all hollow inside, and yet
was like heaven too. Thrillingly sweet.
We danced the old-fashioned square

SAN FRANCISCO...
the day your ship came in

We shopped in Chinatown. Such gorgeous embroideries! “Not half so exciting
as your hands,” you said. (And me with a war job that takes the natural
softeners from my skin! But—then—I use Jergens Lotion.)

We tea’d on “Top of the Mark”. “Your hands are so sweet,” you said. Girls
who use Jergens Lotion do have sweet-to-touch hands!

Exciting Hollywood Stars use
Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1
Help protect hands against rough-
ness so surely with Jergens. Encourage
even neglected hands to soft smooth-
ness with 2 ingredients in Jergens
Lotion, so “special” that many doctors
use them. Lovley! Easy! No
stickiness! Just be sure and
always use Jergens Lotion.

For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION
It was Christmas morning. White, with a pale sunshine glistening on the snow. Tom was off to his office, but I stared at my rubber eyes and smashed them against the mirror. Before I could believe it. A small Christmas tree stood on my bureau. A real one, with fancy decorations. And there, in the little black box on the mantel, was the kind you buy for kids. And a big package done up with silver stars and red ribbon. I scarcely breathed. I used to dream of something like this happening to me!

There was a note—from Tom. "To my Christmas star, with my love."

He had bought the tree, and the packages. This sweet thing was the last straw. I went to my room. With trembling fingers I opened the package. It was a musical powder-box—two little ballerinas who danced to the music. It was the loveliest thing I had ever owned.

In the stocking were candy, nuts, a miniature fakery, and things. There I was, in a real waddy-attitudes—and a bright red scarf. I wore the scarf with my gray tuxedo coat and hat when I went to Tom's office. Tom, with a glance down my throat, hiding the pulse that beat there so hard and fast. A smile lit up his whole face when he saw it. Then he stroked my cheek.

"Oh Tom, darling, how did you know?"

"Know what?"

"Know what?"

"Know what?"

"Know how much this all would mean to me?"

For answer, he kissed me again. For a long, ecstatic moment.

Oh, there never was such a morning! After breakfast, at a little Italian restaurant there which we were newlyweds and kept beaming at us, we walked through the park. Arm-in-arm. Children—people passing by smiled brightly and said, "Merry Christmas!" We didn't know them, but that genial good-will was everywhere.

We were to meet Lou Ann and Victor on Fifty-second Street. The girls lived in boarding-houses like myself, and renting a cabin at the lake for the holiday had seemed like a good idea. I had met them at G.I. dances. Somehow, I'd taken for granted that they would be with soldiers now. Instead, they were with the U.S. Signal Corps. It seemed nice enough and kept up a merry banter all the way out to Crystal Lake. Tom joined in with them good humoredly. They seemed to be getting off to a fine start.

When we reached the cabin, the men lit a roaring fire in the grate. I found out that they had been out the day before to stock the place with provisions.

"Let's go dog-sledding first!" Ann crowed, and I got a sled around the cabin. The trees were heavy with snow, and you could see the lake below, all frozen over. It was a perfect winter scene. The boys made the hill laughing and breathless. Then there was the swift rush of descent, Down... down... And we were plunging over the little embankment and onto the lake...
the lake. The sled made a dizzy spin and spilled us over the side. "That's enough for me," said the man with Lou Ann.

So we went back to the cabin. And almost immediately things started to go wrong. The place took on the atmosphere of a barroom and Lou Ann and Vivian acted as if I'd never seen them—or anyone—act before. When I'd been out with them other times they had never behaved like this. The men kept pouring drinks and pulling the girls, shrieking with laughter, onto their laps. One of them caught my arm—but at Tom's expression he let go again. "See what I got Doris?" he shouted at me. And held up a set of intimate black lace things. Vivian squealed hysterically and tried to get them away from him. In the resulting brawl they fell over a stool together.

It was all sickeningly cheap. I felt Tom's eyes on me and knew what he was thinking. These were supposed to be my friends. . . . This was the wonderful day I had planned for us! He was getting the wrong impression of me—and there was nothing I could do about it. It drove me into a kind of frenzy. I danced a crazy dance to the boogie-woogie music from the radio. I sang crazy songs. Anything to keep up some pretense of gaiety. But it fell flat. Flat and dull, and I couldn't fight the ugly thing that had crept into the room with us. Something sordid. It was as if dirt had been thrown, spoiling the most decent thing I had ever known—Tom's love for me.

He came over and stood behind me. "Here's your coat," he said. "We're going out."

The clean, crisp air was a God-send after the cabin. "I'm sorry, Tom," I said weakly. He turned—and I froze at his look. He began to speak. Words that were like knife-thrusts. He told me a few basic truths about what a man wants to find when he comes back from the hell they call war. And the thing Christmas stands for was one of them. Something warm and real and good. Something shining, clean, to draw men back from all the bitterness.

"You had me fooled for a while, Doris. I thought I had found what I was looking for."

"And you know differently now?"

"Yes." From the sharp, ragged edge to his voice I knew how deeply he had been hurt. I had done that to him.

He walked off alone to the bus station, miles distant. And I let him go. Because I was powerless to stop him. Powerless to tell him all that I felt. For years I had built up this hard little wall, and I could not break through.

I stood there watching his figure grow smaller and smaller, knowing that he was lost to me. And in that moment I knew too that I loved him for all time. With all my heart. Loved him so keenly it was consuming me, burning through that brittle shell I'd made for myself. . . .

I started to run after him. And stumbled. I lay there sobbing helplessly.

How could I ever make him understand the queer, twisted pattern of my life? I'd had to become hard in order to survive. Steve had loved my tears. So I'd learned to cry in secret. Even when I was six. I had to keep everything from Mother because she would only have suffered more. She used to ask about the bruises on my arms and back and I'd lie to her. Once Steve nearly broke my arm when I spilled his coffee. I told Mother I had fallen.

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But I wore a sling for weeks.

There were no children to play with.

That was forbidden. They made noise that disturbed my father's drunken sleep. I used to watch them with an aching heart.

It was always worse at Christmas-time. How I envied the others who could pretend they had no nightmares. I was now twenty-fifth of December. On my calendar you simply skipped from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-sixth. On the twenty-fifth, I caught a kitten. Once. A beautiful, soft little thing. Steve went down to the creek and drowned it.

So when my dear died I walked out of the house. And never went back.

But I was mortally afraid of him, of what he could do to me before I was of age. I had left a little girl in town, cleaved across from where I was brought up, and changed my name. It would be difficult for him to find Doris Reynolds when he was looking for little Jeannie. I did not even pretend there were nightmares in which I discovered me.

And I'd wake up clammy with terror, hearing his voice again, You devil's brat. You're fit for nothing good.

A THIN, gray mist had crept across Crystal Lake. The snow crunched with foreboding. Three times I told myself the last thing in the world I wanted to do was go back to that cabin. So, slipping and stumbling most of the way, I finally reached the crossway and caught a ride back to town.

Christmas. I thought bitterly. The same drudgery for me, the Lost Day on the calendar. Only this one was worse, because it had been promised of being the most wonderful.

"Doris, there's something I want to tell you." Regina and I were alone in the parlor room at the store the next morning, and I could not avoid her eyes. She stood in front of me determinedly, blocking escape. Tom came in after he left yesterday. He didn't say much. He didn't need to. I think he loves you, Doris. But men are stupid sometimes."

"Don't you ever snap out of it the way he does," I said thickly. "I don't blame him. But I never want to see him again.

"Your mind doesn't make sense." Regina's voice was sharp for the first time since I had known her. "Listen to me, Doris. Pride has no place when you're in love. Buy it or forget it. And for heaven's sake, stop trying to be a flash-and-glitter girl. A hard, calculating little minx. Oh Doris, don't you see what you are doing to yourself?"

I stared at her. "I only know that some people get all the tough breaks. And I'm one of them."

She turned then, and walked away swiftly. I feared she might see the wet glint in her eyes.

The days that followed were vague, befogged. Jake Bristol told me he acted like a person walking in her sleep.

"Why don't you snap out of it?" he demanded. I asked him warily how he would suggest I do that. He surprised me then. You could marry me, Jake. I might have said Yes. A week ago he—and his prospects—figured largely in my future. That safe, secured future I was forced to imagine in which was going to insulate my heart!

But now I shook my head. "You don't want to marry me, Jake. I'm not right for you." He caught my shoulders roughly and pressed me against him. "I'll show you about that! His fury was almost uncontrollable. He was still under it, unfeeling. After a long moment he let me go. There was black fury in his face. "It's that sergeant.

You must stay out of it."

"I'm not seeing him. I never expect to again." I walked away, leaving him standing there under the hall light.

But Regina came into her room, and spoke. She was crying. "I had invited her over to my house. She had invited me often before but this was the first time I had gone. Her children were friendly as puppies.

And I did not often work night while they were going through my pockets for candy, Regina looked up over her knitting and said quietly, "I did something today, Doris, that I have been wanting to do for some time. We had a great time doing it."

I called the camp and asked for Tom Driscoll. But I was too late. He has been transferred already.

"I have been so afraid of myself I must have been hoping he would call for now a bleak chill swept over me.

It was that night that I made my decision. It was an important thing, very important with my life, something that really counted. Two days later, on my twentieth birthday, I enlisted in the American Army. I was one of the youngest of allegiance. A warm pride filled my heart, as if I were standing shoulder to shoulder with Tom now, working along beside the expert that was infinitely bigger than ourselves.

Pt. Des Moines. Women working together in a way I had never thought possible. Work was heavy work. I had had to enlist under my right name, naturally. I was Jean Adams again. But I was no longer afraid. Not of him. I did not care. I was part of a great, rolling, victorious juggernaut, the American Army. I applied for overseas' duty—and I had my corporal's stripes when we sailed.

Now, the difference in our destinaton. I hoped it would be Africa. Funny, after so many months, the way I kept remembering little things about the South. His eyes first before it touched his lips. His kindness. His voice, taking command that night of the theater fire—and the way he said maybe we came back. "Maybe we expect too much when we come back," he had said. "Out there a man does a hell of a lot of thinking. His values change. Superficial things don't matter anymore. Only the big things. And he comes back hopping—but I guess you wouldn't be interested."

MY heart cried out at that. I understood now what he meant. A man comes back hoping to find a girl who has grown apart with him, who can no longer understand the man he met looking for something fine and real.

I stood at the rail of the ship, looking down at the gray sea, and it was at that point I thought I could have a flicker foolish little Doris Reynolds forever.

England! Cold and misty, with a kind of story-book charm. My unit was stationed almost immediately at a base. We were told that far away was a shelter for a group of small refugees from London. Tenement kids with pale, drawn faces, who could not love their own country. But a flier of Kids who trailed you with a wistful "Can I have a piece of gum, chum?"

Shortly after our arrival, the commanding officer posted a bulletin: Our unit was giving a Christmas party for our small neighbors. Christmas again. They were all so young, and I just put into everything I had, because somehow the faces of those children reminded me of another small friend I had. A shawl in a giant yule log and we were lucky.

I'll never forget the expressions of those kids when they saw that array of American G.I. food on the table. One of them there, looking with a tentative finger and asked, "Is it real?"

They hadn't seen oranges in years. They ate so that even our mess sergeant was surprised. I think I worked like a fiend preparing everything.

Later, I was running a puppet show in the corner, surrounded by eager-eyed kids, when I caught a glimpse of an officer standing in the doorway. A tall officer with a familiar look that made my breath catch... He had that look of Tom. He glanced at me, and I think he could see. But of course it couldn't be. I was always imagining things like this.

The puppets became entangled at the touch of my finger, and I was expert with them, and I was trying vainly to straighten them out when someone reached over my shoulder and took them. "Don't think you do it this way," said a voice in my ear.

WE could only stand and look at each other, with the children pressing around us, begging for more. Tom here beside me. I couldn't believe it. He was a lieutenant now, with a D.S.C. pinned on his tunic. And a silver bullet. I... I had to close my eyes swiftly for a moment. I heard him say to the children, "Okay, kids, one more. What'll it be?"

"The little Brown Bear!" they chorused. And we were bonded with laughter when Tom began manipulating the Papa Bear with deep, convincing growls. His eyes, meeting mine, were tender yet still like something that made my heart leap... Later, much later, we managed a moment alone in the outside office. We leaned against the door while we and we clung together in an ecstasy that was beyond all time. "But Tom, how did you know I was here?" I said breathlessly, lifting my face. "Regina—God bless her," he said. "She managed to get my address and wrote me about everything you were doing. How could I know?"

To save us from our base in Dorchester. He drew my face to his again. "Oh my dearest, what a blind fool I was... What a stupid, blind fool I was..."

"Tom, you've found what you were looking for—that first time?"

As long as I live I'll never forget the dear man's voice when he answered, "I've found more than I ever dreamed of, my darling, right here!" And our kiss was a pledge.
Emily's Husband
(Continued from page 33)

were going to take it. Nobody ever found out about him because he refused to talk about it, as he had always refused even to mention Carter's name.

But Aunt Agnes certainly made her feelings clear. Emily had always been headstrong, she said, and now she was throwing herself away on a worthless scoundrel and as far as she was concerned, she washed her hands of the whole thing. She wouldn't let me go to the city for the wedding, as Emily begged her to do, and she would never let me go and visit them afterwards. People said Emily would live to regret that marriage. . . . That's what I mean about a small town never forgetting.

But to me, of course, what people said only made it all more romantic. And when Carter's employers sent him to South America and Emily went with him, I envied her from the bottom of my heart.

And then one day old Mr. Mayfield was found dead in his bed of a heart attack. Carter and Emily couldn't get home for the funeral of course, but when the will was opened, it was found that the old man had left the house, his hardware store and everything he owned to "my son, Carter, who is, after all, a Mayfield."

EMILY wrote then they were coming back to Lauderdam, to live. "It's always been home to both of us in spite of unhappy memories," she wrote.

"And now with the war coming closer to us all, Carter thinks it's best anyway. We want you to live with us, Laurie dear. . . ."

So you can imagine how thrilled I was waiting for them to arrive. It not only meant seeing my beloved sister again, but it meant freedom. And then when I saw Carter, that thrill deepened and became something else.

At first, I refused to recognize it. After all, he was Emily's husband. He was twelve years older than I, and he looked on me as little Laurie, his twenty-year-old sister. But I'll never forget that first night we three spent in the Mayfield house.

We'd spent the day moving into it, going from room to room while Emily planned how to make it homey and livable instead of shuttered and withdrawn. Re-painting the dark woodwork white, transplanting the heavy shrubs to give more light and air, maybe adding a sunporch. And all during the day people had dropped in—to welcome them home, they said, but really out of curiosity.

We were all very tired so we went to bed right after dinner. Carter and Emily had his parents' old room, with the big, old-fashioned double bed and marble topped dresser, and I had the room that had been Carter's as a boy. I'd just finished undressing when there was a tap at the door. It was Emily.

"I just wanted to see if you had everything you needed, dear," she said. "And to tell you again how wonderful it is to have you with us."

Carter came out of their room and joined us. He was wearing a dark red robe over his pajamas, and the color made him look darker and handsomer than ever. He put his arm around both of us. "I certainly married into a good-looking family," he laughed. "I can't tell which of you girls is the prettiest." Then he stooped and kissed me on the cheek. "Goodnight, honey."

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THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
I stood there and watched them go into their room. His arm was still around Emily, and she was smiling up at him with affection and intimacy and something more than that. Then the door closed behind them, and I could hear their murmur voices. I got into bed and touched my cheek where he had kissed me. And suddenly I was jealous—I hated the space and the togetherness they shared there in that closed room across the hall, jealous of the years she’d had with Carter, of everything she had been through.

And so it went during those weeks we lived together. On the surface, everything was fine. I went on working, thinking that in order, Carter getting himself used to being back in Lauderdale and Lauderdale used to having him back and re-establishing his father’s business. But underneath there ran through my life, through my every moment, the bright but frightening thread of my response to Carter.

I LOVED Emily and thought she was a wonderful person, but I began to feel strangely about her. The way the paper slid from her hands, the way the fog drifted from her hair. The way she moved, her gestures, the way she smiled at him. How can she sit there so prosaically knitting with Carter in the room? Doesn’t she feel any romance, any excitement? What is it I feel that I didn’t feel before? And when unimportant, inevitable little disagreements flared between us, I’d always take his side. “She doesn’t appreciate you,” I’d think. “If he were my husband...”

Always I made excuses to be near Carter, to touch his hand as I passed him the toast at breakfast, to sit beside him in the car. And the small intimacies of living in the same house were like heavy, sweet wine to me. One midnight there was a terrific windstorm, and a tree outside my window fell with a terrific crash. Carter came hurrying into my room. He shone his flashlight out the window and gave a low whistle. “It’s a good thing it fell the way it did,” he said. “Otherwise we’d have to have a new roof. You okay, Laurie?”

I was up in bed, trembling. “I’m scared,” I said.

“No wonder—that crash was enough to scare anybody.” He came over to the bed and put his arm around me. Through the thin silk of my nightgown, I felt his hand warm against my shoulder. Suddenly I longed with everything in him to his arms, to feel his lips against mine. I moved closer to him, and it was no longer fright that made my heart thud.

“Is everything all right?” Emily called from across the hall.

“Nothing except Laurie,” he called back cheerfully. “The poor child got scared half to death.” And he patted my shoulder once more and was gone.

I lay back in bed. Poor child. That’s the way he thought of me—a child, a little sister to be protected and loved but never to be ‘grown up’. He hadn’t even noticed my sudden, instinctive movement toward him; his touch had remained as impersonal as ever. If only I’d told him how right he was. I’d thought, perhaps he—would have noticed. As long as she was there claiming his attention, being his wife, posses- sions, he paid no attention to his little poor child. Meanwhile my heart was being consumed with hopeless longing... I turned and wept into my pillow in regret for my sister and pity for myself.

It was the next day that Emily said casually, “Why don’t you give poor Joe Stewart any more dates, Laurie?”

I’d got him! I’d got Joe Stewart and had had casual dates with him ever since. “Oh, I don’t know,” I said. He’s so—young.

She was probably just twenty-three, isn’t he? How old do you think you are, Miss Muthesial?”

“I like older men,” I said slyly. “Men will never help you and—nothing. There’s nothing romantic or exciting about Joe.”

She looked at me seriously. “But you ought to go out, honey. I think you ought to have fun with people your own age instead of just poking around the house with Carter and me all the time. And, that kind of romance—thinking about doesn’t exist except in foolish books and movies. Believe me, dear, it doesn’t.”

I felt a sudden, unreasoning anger. “You just say that because you don’t have it with Carter,” I cried. “You just have a humdrum marriage full of business and housekeeping and things like that. There’s nothing romantic about love—real love.” Driven by the humiliating frustration of last night, I felt the need to strike out, to hurt him in his pride. “He had it with Amy Talbot!”

It was an unforgivable, a cruel thing, to say. I was sorry the minute the words were out of my mouth. But, oddly, Emily didn’t get angry. She only looked at me with something very close to pity.

“Poor little Laurie,” she said at last. “How very young you are and how very ignorant. Carter and Amy Talbot never brought anything to each other but tragic heartache. Do you think it’s any more wonderful than the love of some- body just because you’ve been sup- pressed too much by too-strait parents, and then discover that you aren’t in love at all, that you’ve nothing in common, and that you’ve messed up your life at twenty-one? Do you call that romance? Well, Carter could tell you nothing but war stories, because he’s always afraid of everybody. He was terrified of a horrid mistake it was. Why don’t you ask him?”

I was still angry, and I didn’t believe her. But she was right, because she was older than I. If it weren’t for Emily, I thought, I was sure I could make Carter love me in the same way. I’d always dreamed of, because I loved him in that way. That was what I told myself and what I believed. But I never mentioned Amy Talbot to him. His face was set and his eyes were closed, and there, of course, never in so many words. But the town had never forgiven Carter for Amy Talbot. Or rather, for being wild and unruly, and fashion- ing back and turning out to be a de- cent, upright, fine person after all. The town kept expecting the “bad blood” of the Mayfords to show itself and when it didn’t they, somehow, disappointed. But it was hard on Emily and Carter. They tried to become a model Lauderdale couple, but it was quite succeeded. Lauderdale was too suspicious and too mindful of the past. All this I sensed, but Carter was the only one I was sorry for. He was the only one who had counted the world well lost for love.

And then something happened that changed all our lives—all the lives, I guess, of everybody in America, may- be in the world.

Carter had joined the National Guard when he came to Lauderdale, and he went and the other men of his unit were in the first to go. He was the handsomest thing in his uniform I’d ever seen. And “Captain Mayfield” had such a commanding way, and over and over to myself I fell asleep every night during those weeks he was at camp. I used to write him long letters with many secret thoughts and answered with little notes enclosed in his letters to Emily... “Dear Laurie, thanks for the swell letter. You have no idea how much I admire...” Things like that, and into each one of them I’d try to read some special, personal message.

EMILY kept herself busy with the house and the Red Cross and war committees. But I kept on with my job and neglected and spent all my time thinking about Carter. Boys of my own age, even in uniform, didn’t interest me. I was so very fond of him as a person from home as he had when he was there.

Then he came home on leave, and we all knew it was his last one before going over to stop going to the office, just to be with Carter more, but Emily wouldn’t let me. “We’ve got to keep things going in their regular way,” she said. “It will make the goodbye easier for him if he can remember us going on with our lives just as if he were here. So I kept on working, but I kept on thinking of him, of him, worked, and felt—horrible as. It was horrible to be happy.

Then came that awful afternoon when Aunt Agnes telephoned me at the office. “Come home at once, Laurie,” she said.

And when I got to the big old house,
Aunt Agnes was there and neighbors were there, and Emily was sitting in the living room in the chair Carter used to like, with the whitest face I've ever seen, and tearless eyes. In her hands she held a crumpled telegram and read it. I could hear by their faces what it said. I didn't need Aunt Agnes' broken whisper, "Carter has been killed in action, dear."

I saw Emily reach out as if to take me in her arms, to share her grief or to comfort me in mine. But she never completed the gesture. For, suddenly, wildly, I burst into hysterical weeping.

Shocked, they hurried me from the room. "Hush, Laurie, hush," Aunt Agnes kept saying. "You must control yourself. You must think of Emily now." But I couldn't. I could think only of Carter—Carter whom I would never see again.

Lauderdam forgot Amy Talbot then, for the first time. It forgot everything except that Carter Mayfield had given his life for his country, as many of its sons and husbands and sweethearts might have before the war was over.

Yes, Lauderdam really rallied around. But it was for Emily, not for me. After all, I was only Carter's sister-in-law. Emily was his wife. And I used to think bitterly that I had loved him too, but I had to bear my grief in secret. I could say to no one: "The man I love is dead. My life is over."

I CLUNG to my grief. Even after that awful first period of numbing shock and loss was past, I kept on shutting myself off from the world. Every evening I spent in my darkened room, remembering, mourning what had never been and yearning for what never was to be. And I felt Emily was being false to the memory of Carter because, for her, life could reassert itself. She could go on with her daily routine, now that time had eased the first pain, she could talk of ordinary things, she could stifle her tears instead of dedicating her life to them. She could even try to get me to act as she was acting.

"But you must make the effort. You're young—you ought to have pleasure. It's not normal just to sit home every night like this, not even reading or anything."

"Pleasure! How can I find pleasure any more in anything?" I cried, and hurried from the room. "Why couldn't she leave me alone? How could she talk of pleasure when the very fact of having to go on living without Carter was almost more than I could bear? My love had been too great. She'd never understand, because she'd never felt as I had."

A strain grew between Emily and me. It was a strange, my innermost thoughts and feelings and would always be. And so I shut off from her more and more, enclosing myself in a white mask, giving it up to it.

One day when I came home from work, Emily said she'd been out to the new war plant that had been started in Lauderdam. "I've got a job out there," she said happily. "I'm going to start in on Monday."

"A job! You're going to take a job!" I was shocked. "But you don't need to go to work. With—with Carter's insurance and all—"

"It isn't the money. I'll put my pay into War Bonds. But I've got to keep busy. I've got to be useful. Everybody does now, to win the war, but especially those of us who have lost someone. We—somehow, we owe it to them."

"I should think those of us who've lost someone had done enough!" I cried. "Oh, my dear, don't you understand?

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I'm doing it for Carter. It's what he would have wanted me to do. I knew him, I knew his heart—" her eyes took on that stilled and inner look they had held the day she'd seen him off at the station for the last time, the look that was as if she were remembering a place where only she and Carter had ever been, a place where no one else would ever be. "—and I know he would have hated it if my life had stopped because his did. He would have felt I had let him down.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. Suddenly, oddly, I was remembering the night of the storm. When she called out from her room and, somehow, had claimed him so that he did not notice me. I felt the same way now.

AND so we said no more about it. But Emily knew I disapproved of what she was doing. When she would come home at night and try to tell me about her work, or about the people she was working with, I wasn't interested. I thought it was terrible that she could go out among strangers and be a part of them, so soon after Carter's death. And when she'd been working about three weeks, she came home jubilant. "Guess who I ran into at the plant today—Paul Matthews, a boy Carter and I knew before we went to South America! He used to be in the factory of Carter's firm and now he's been sent here for war work because he can't handle service—leg or something. I've asked him to dinner tonight." She paused on her way upstairs and smiled down at me. "Put on your prettiest dress, honey. Paul's a terribly nice boy."

When Paul Matthews came, I liked him in spite of myself. He wasn't a bit good-looking. There was no humor and intelligence written in his face. He was only a few inches taller than I, which isn't tall for a man, and he lacked the lean litheness of my boy, but he was well and strongly built and his close-cropped blond hair gave him the look of wearing a burnished helmet.

Dinner was the gayest meal we'd had in a long time. There was a good laugh- ing at Paul's stories as I hadn't laughed since Carter went away. When finally he got up to go he took both our hands.

"Gosh," he said, "what a good-looking family. I can't tell which of you is the prettier."

All the laughter fell away and was forgotten. It was as if a knife turned in my heart. Those were exactly the words Carter had used. I withdrew my hand quickly from Paul's. Remembrance flickered in Emily's eyes, too, but she kept her smile steady.

"Come back to see us, Paul," she said, warmly. "Come often!"

"You just try and keep me away!" He was looking at me when he said it but I wouldn't meet his gaze. I was suddenly restless, giddy, feeling-how could we have sat there laughing, with Carter gone?

"Well," Emily said as we were going upstairs, "how did you like him?"

"He's all right," I said indifferently. "But nothing out of the ordinary. I don't see why you wanted to talk about him."

She gave me a sharp glance. "Don't judge too much by surface appearances, Laurie. A man doesn't have to be handsome and be attractive. . . . I thought you liked him—at first, anyway. He liked you, I'm sure."

I thought about him as I was going to sleep that night, the way he'd looked at me, there at the end, the way he'd talked to me during the evening. In spite of myself, I kept thinking about it. And when Emily told me the next day that Paul wanted to come see us Saturday night, I found I was really looking forward to seeing him again.

When he came, he brought with him the very book we'd talked about the day before. "There's a good movie tonight at the Bijou," he said. "How would you like to go?"

"Sure," Laurie go," Emily said hastily. "I'm tired. Really I am."

I TURNED to Paul, expecting him to ask me to go along with him. But he was looking at Emily. "No," he said, "We won't go unless you do. If you're tired, we'll all stay here."

I felt an unreasoning stab of disappointment. It was just as I wanted to go to the movie. It was just that . . . I didn't know who it was.

"I don't want to go either," I said hurriedly. "I don't feel like going out."

"Well, then," Emily said, "I'll go make some coffee. You and Laurie get something on the radio, Paul."

As she left the room, he turned to me. "She's won't be long. She's got a sewing to do," he said. "I was always crazy about Carter and Emily—they were the nicest couple I'd ever known. But now—" He shook his head in admiration—the way she's taken Carter's going, the way she's gone on as if he were still here—

"She goes on as if nothing had happened!" I said with swift bitterness. "I don't see how she can. I can't!"

My voice broke. "Nobody will ever understand how much his death meant to me. Nobody!"

He looked at me, startled at my vehemence. "I can understand how fond you were of him. I've been to his funeral, you know."

I said quietly. "He was a swell person. And how fond he must have been of you, Laurie. He—"

"Don't talk about it," I burst out. "You could never really understand a man like Carter. You're too different from him."

He gave me a long, strange look. "I see," he said at last. Then he went over and began fiddling with the radio. And when Emily came back, he began talking about the weather.

Paul never talked about Carter directly to me again during any of the times he came. And he came often. Nearly always alone with him; nearly always, the three of us were together, fixing dinner in our big old-fashioned kitchen, taking long afternoon walks as the weather got better, just sitting and talking. But underneath the pleasant companionship we three had, I felt something disturbing. Nearly every time it was the same. We'd all be having a good time one day. Then suddenly it would be just Emily and Paul having the good time and I'd be remembering. That memory was like a string tied to me that no one had the right to intrude with forgetfulness for a single moment.

Sometimes I'd look at them and think, 'They never asked about Carter, they'd never be able to look at another man even if he is younger than she and just a good friend!' Then I wondered if she and Paul were just good friends? They were obviously fond of each other but the way he kept coming back all the time, always insisting that Emily to all appearances, they left me alone with him—wouldn't that mean more than just fondness?

"That thought, once imbedded, was like a poison. It kept sending its evil through me. And the disturbing tension grew and grew.

Until one evening it came to a head. I came home from work to find Emily in her room, sitting on the bed. "Get into your evening dress, dear," she called out. "The plant is having a dance tonight for all the employees on the day shift, and Paul's taking us."

SOMETHING in her manner was like an affront to me. Why should she just take it for granted that I'd want to go, that I could go, when my heart was still heavy with grief? But I didn't say anything. I went on to my room and began to dress.

When I came downstairs, Emily was in the living room, waiting. At the door I got into your evening dress, dear," she called out. "The plant is having a dance tonight for all the employees on the day shift, and Paul's taking us."

SOMETHING in her manner was like an affront to me. Why should she just take it for granted that I'd want to go, that I could go, when my heart was still heavy with grief? But I didn't say anything. I went on to my room and began to dress.

When I came downstairs, Emily was in the living room, waiting. At the door I
It's terrible the way you can laugh and
have fun all the time with Paul,
and now even to think of going to a
dance with him when Carter—"
She just looked at me, without an-
swering. In her eyes was an expres-
sion I couldn't read. Finally she said,
very gently, "Don't you think it would
be fairer to us all if you stopped griev-
ing so openly for Carter now, Laurie?
He loved life more than anyone I've
ever known. He wouldn't have wanted
you to stop living it, as you have been
doing—" her voice trembled and broke
—"because he had to."
"I'll never stop grieving," I cried.
"Never, as long as I live. And if you
can, then it's because you never loved
him as much as I did!"
There. It was out.

For a moment she looked as if I'd
struck her. Her face went perfectly
white, and she swayed backwards. Then
she steadied herself against the table,
and her words, when they came, were
weighted with the deepest emotion I
have ever heard.
"You've thought yourself in love
with my husband ever since the be-
ginning, haven't you, Laurie? I've seen
it—anybody would have seen it, except
a man like Carter was. If it had been
an honest, grown-up love, it would
have hurt me deeply—for you. Because
he and I were in love in a way that few
people are lucky enough to have—a
depth, rich, enduring way that was built
on understanding and sharing and each
making a spiritual home in the other.
But yours wasn't a real love. You
loved the idea of Carter—not the man
himself. You fell in love with his good
looks, with all you thought was the
'romance' of his youth that was really
a tragic mistake, with everything that
wasn't Carter at all. You never
saw his fineness or his worth. You saw
him as the hero of some moonlight
story, and yourself as the heroine. And
now that he's gone, you're still being
the heroine, shutting yourself off from
everything and everybody, dramatiz-
ing your grief until it isn't an honest grief
at all. If it had been honest, you and I
could have shared it. But you wouldn't
have that. You had to shut yourself in
with your selfish, 'romantic' grief—"
"It's not true! It's not true, what
you're saying. If you'd loved him like
that you wouldn't see Paul so much."
"Paul!" There was real shock in her
voice. "If I've turned to him, it's been
as a friend and as someone who knew
Carter as he was, whom I could talk
with about him, who could make him
—come alive for me just by talking.
And I also hoped that you'd like Paul
and he'd like you. I hoped—"
"Maybe Paul had better speak for
himself," said a voice from the door.
We both whirled. Paul was standing
there, looking at us. His face was grim.
"I'm sorry," he said. "The front door
was open and I just walked in."
I stared at him in horror. Emily
sagged wearily back against the table.
All the strength seemed drained from
her body. "I'm sorry, too," she said,
"that you had to overhear all this. I—
oh, please, just leave me alone. Both of
you! Leave me alone!" And she
turned and hurried from the room.
Something in me wanted to rush after
her, to throw my arms around her. But
pain at what she'd said kept me from it.
Paul watched her go. Then he turned
back to me. "You'd better go upstairs to
her," he said quietly. "And get down
on your knees and ask her pardon for
the way you've been behaving."
"You would take her side!" I said
angrily. "You're—you're probably in
love with her."

"In love with Emily?" He gave a
short, bitter laugh and came closer.
"Listen to me, Laurie," he said after
a long moment in which his eyes
seemed to be trying to see what was in
back of mine. "You don't understand,
do you? You don't understand any-
thing at all—anything of what Emily
feels, or anything of what I feel."
"You?—?" I repeated. "What have
you to do with what either Emily or I
may feel about Carter? What right—"
Paul smiled at me, and it was the
smile an adult gives a child. "What
right, Laurie? The very best and
greatest of all rights in the world. Oh
Laurie, don't you know, haven't you
seen, that I'm in love with you? That
I've been in love with you from the
moment I first saw you?"

I'm in love with you. . . . The words
seemed to hang in air, to repeat them-
selves, without meaning, like something
spoken in a foreign tongue, and over
and over in my ears. I stared up at him
incredulously. And when I saw what
was in his eyes, some barrier deep in-
side me seemed to snap. "In love with
me? But Paul—"

Oh, I've never said anything, never
tried to let you know. I haven't
dared. Oh, I've tried not to be in love
with you, and cursed myself for a fool
because I couldn't help it. Because you
don't know what love is all about;
Laurie, you wouldn't understand if I
tried to tell you how I felt about you.
You think that love is moonlight and roses, and whispers in the dark, and it isn’t that at all. It’s the very fibre of which human beings are made—all the pain and fear as well as all the joy and happiness. But you wouldn’t understand—you haven’t grown up yet, and maybe you never will. A man is a fool ever to fall in love with a girl like you.

I STEPPED back as if he had slapped me across the face. “How dare you say I don’t know anything about love—all the pain and the fear of it. I’ve been in love—wretchedly, miserably.

“Yes, with Carter. I didn’t need to hear what Emily said tonight to know that. I’ve seen the way you look every time he’s used the bathroom. Nobody had the right to mention it or think about him or mourn him but you. The words were a cruel echo of those Emily had used and I winced under them. “Understand this, Laurie. Carter Mayfield was an ideal of mine. I looked up to him and wanted to be like him. I wanted a marriage like he and Emily had, with everything. But you wouldn’t know about that. You’re too selfish to know what that kind of love is. You’re so wrapped up in your own emotions, you can’t see what anybody else is feeling.”

“That’s not true!”

“It is true. Look at what you’ve done to your sister. She did the bravest thing a woman could do, the way she went out and got a job and kept from inflicting her sorrow on anybody. She loved him more than life itself; she loved him enough to be what he’d want her to be and do what he’d want her to do. But you—you couldn’t see that. You made it a thousand times harder for her when you should have been making it easier. You have to know about generosity before you can know about love. And you don’t know about either. I guess there’s lots like you, Laurie, who don’t know what it’s all about. Heaven help the men who fall in love with them!”

“If you loved me, you couldn’t talk like this!”

He gave a wry grin. “That’s what you think. Oh, Laurie—Laurie! Look my dear—will you go upstairs to your sister and behave like a grown-up?”

“No! I can’t. I can’t!” I shrieked back at his urging.

“I was afraid you’d say that. Well—” he stopped, and his face was taut with pain. “I hoped, but—I guess that’s what you were thinking about upstairs.”

“Paul—where are you going?”

“To take Emily to the dance,” he said over his shoulder.

I sank down on the couch. He loved me and yet he could talk to me as if he did. And he could expect now to go off to the dance if nothing had happened. How could he love me?

In a little while they came downstairs. Emily had her coat on and she looked pale but composed. She stopped in the doorway. “Laurie,” she said, “what was said here tonight had to be said, sometime. It had to come out. We couldn’t have gone on living together if it hadn’t. Now that it has, now that we’ve cleared the air between us—will you come to the dance with Paul and me? Will you, dear?”

“How can you even think of going?” I cried. “Of course I won’t go. I can’t!”

They looked at me for a long moment. Then Paul took Emily’s arm. “Let’s go,” he said.

They walked out and left me as if I had been a disobedient child, alone in the big, old house, alone with thoughts that refused to come clear. I huddled up on the lawn alone, with the shame and humiliation to think. First at Emily, then at Paul. Most at Paul. How could he have stood there and said I was his, and I loved him, and then—

—I who had suffered silently all this time with aching love, who had never made the slightest gesture to reach out to him. How could he have left me here and gone with Emily, when he said he loved me?

Paul loved me. That was the thing that hurt. He had given more than all the rest, finally shearing away all the rest, until it alone remained and brought the past—my whole past—into the present. I was—

I REMEMBER how much I’d been drawn to him at first. And then how I’d resented him because his presence made the memory of Carter unclear, I thought how my wish. Every since I’d grown and the way I wouldn’t let myself admit it when he’d seemed to want to be with Emily as much as me—how that jealousy turn me back and more to Carter. As a flash of summer lightning, came the truth: I was in love with Paul. I had been all along. That was why I’d felt as though I was myself that I was jealous of Emily because she had had Carter and could forget him with another man. And it was more than that. I’d made myself love him as a brother and had seen only the picture, never the real man. And when he had died—

again, I’d refused through me, leaving no place for the anger of the humiliation. Only deep and searing shame as I remembered Emily when the news came, how she, she’d been and how sitting here in this room I could reach her and she had reached out to share her pain with me and— I had let her down. I’d been so full of self-pity I had been too afraid to meet her. I had grown so much greater than mine—in mourning for the false one.

Heaven help the men who love girls like me.

I’d clung to a memory of a man who never was a man, who existed only as the figment of my imagination. And I’d hurt both men. Only the two people dearest in all the world to me. Paul had given me the chance to be alone for it when he’d asked me to go together and make up the quarrel with Emily. And I’d refused. She had given me another chance when she’d begged me to come with them. And, again, I’d refused.

You have to know about generosity before you can know about love.

WORTH FIGHTING FOR—WORTH SAVING FOR!

It’s the money you don’t spend that counts these days. Every dollar that you save means a dollar you don’t spend, and it’s spending that causes inflation, our greatest enemy at home.

Inflation is simply a general rise in prices—when we have too much money and not enough things to spend it on, the things that are left to buy go up in price. It isn’t selfish to keep your money tight—it’s selfish to spend, generous to save.

What will you save for? It costs money to have a child, and to raise one—save for a baby. It costs money to send that child, when older, to college—save for schooling for your children. You’ll want and need a trip when the rush of these trying days is done—save for a vacation. When the war is over, you’ll be able to build that dream-house you’ve planned, if you have the money—save for a home. Social security will take care of bare necessities in your older years, but savings will bring little luxuries—save for the advancing years. Times are good, now, but they haven’t always been, and unless we control inflation, they can be bad again—save for security. When our boys come home, they’ll want the kind of world they’ve fought for—save for a safe America.

How can we save for a safe America—keep America safe from the insecurity that comes with inflation? By buying only what we really need; by paying no more than ceiling prices, and buying rationed goods only in exchange for ration points; by not taking advantage of war conditions; by asking for higher wages or selling goods at higher prices; by saving—buying and keeping all the war bonds we can afford!
It's never too late for a wife to learn
these intimate physical facts!

Is something "lacking" in your marriage? Is your husband growing "indifferent" lately? Then don't sit home and brood about it. Do something about it! The fault often lies with the wife herself—her carelessness and neglect of proper intimate feminine "cleanliness"—her ignorance of what to put in her douche.

Many wives "think" they know and foolishly use old-fashioned, weak, homemade mixtures of their mothers' and grandmothers' time—or over-strong solutions of harmful poisons which may burn, severely irritate and damage delicate tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands.

If only you'd use this newer scientific method of douching with modern Zonite—how much happier your life might be!

Discovery of a World Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

Your Own Doctor will probably tell you no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as Zonite—discovery of a world-famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist.

Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances; it helps guard against infection—it instantly kills all germs it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No germicide kills germs any faster or more thoroughly than Zonite! It kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is absolutely safe to delicate tissues. Zonite is one antiseptic germicide you can buy today that is positively non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-irritating, non-burning. Use Zonite often as you want without the slightest danger.

Buy a bottle of Zonite today from your drugstore—enjoy the advantages of this newer feminine hygiene. Follow label directions.

FREE!

For Frank Intimate Facts of Newer Feminine Hygiene mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 506-C, 3701 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

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All this I was pouring out to Howard and to Uncle Edwin. But mostly to Howard. He had to know me as I really was, everything about me. Everything. It was difficult to tell parts of my story, but I forced it out. "And then," I said, to my two intent listeners, "then Mother died."

"And you were left completely alone," Howard said grimly, "with no one to turn to but Chuck Abbot."

"But I wanted you to come to me," Uncle Edwin explained. "Don't you remember, when I came for the funeral how I tried to persuade you—"

"I know," I said in a low, shamed voice. "I wanted to come—after all, he made me so much—with part of me. But Chuck wouldn't let me..."

"Wouldn't let you!" Uncle Edwin said incredulously.

"I mean—he talked me out of it. He said I'd nearly finished my business course, and I could get a job and support myself and be independent to everybody. He said it was the time I stopped being a child and grew up. I felt he was right, in a way. But the thing that really kept me there in Ruxton was because I knew I wouldn't see him if I left. And I had to see him. He—he was like a fever in my blood or something. Oh, if only I could make you understand!"

"I understand," Howard said quietly.

"I understand a lot. Go on."

I went on. Hard though it was, it was like getting things of my mind. I moved to a rooming house and found a job in an office. I was seeing Chuck more and more.

I knew he was crazy about me—but I also knew, in his language that didn't mean marriage. And somewhere deep down in the core of what I was, I found the strength to resist him in that one thing. Whatever else could be removed, I would do because I couldn't help it. But I would not give myself completely to Charles Abbot or to any man without marriage.

And so, at last, he asked me to marry him. It was not a romantic proposal. It was, looking back on it, almost a shameful thing.

It was one night when we'd driven out on one of those lonely roads I'd come to know so well. His kisses had grown more ardent, more demanding than ever. And I began to cry. He let me go with a gesture almost of impatience and sat staring moodily ahead into the darkness.

"All right," he said at last, and there was something brutal in the way he said it, "let's get married. I always swore I never would—but you win. Don't say I didn't warn you, though.

I won't be a very good husband." "Oh, yes you will!" I cried. "We'll be happy—you'll see!"

Fool that I was, really believed that. I thought I could change Chuck and I really believed something right between us and I would lose that strange sense of compulsion toward something wrong, once we were truly married.

We were married three days later in the office of a justice of the peace. Chuck wanted it that way. "Why have a lot of fuss?" I said. I gave in, as always, relinquishing my dreams of a real wedding dress and being married by a minister. And it wasn't long afterwards that the slow, painful realization began—the knowledge that it was only the physical me that Chuck wanted, not the real, inner me at all.

At first I rebelled against that knowledge. I tried to fool myself into believing it was in all ways we loved each other. But deep down inside myself, I knew that was a lie. For Chuck treated me as some one he had bought, something bought and paid for. Never like another human being. Oh, he wasn't cruel in any obvious sense. He gave me plenty of room and leisure. I could do plenty, and he liked to see me well-dressed and owning nice things. He never actually mistreated me. But he was well aware of the power of his own aggressive virility, and he used it. Whatever he wanted, he got—regardless of what I wanted. And whenever I resisted, he'd go at me in a certain way, half-mockingly, and take me in his arms—and my willpower dissolved.

There was no one I could talk about it. After all, that sort of thing has hard to put into words when, on the surface, Chuck appeared to be an honest, upstanding, successful young man—a little selfish perhaps, but oh, who isn't? How could I tell anybody that he had only to enter the room, only to make me feel his presence—and something in me sagged and allowed every- thing in me went out to him? I was miserable. But I could do nothing about it. He was stronger than I.

It wasn't long before I began to know Chuck was unfaithful to me. On those business trips to Ft. McGuiere. He had won a government contract to build some big barracks as America entered the war, and that necessitated frequent trips to the camp. I don't know how I knew he was having affairs with other women, but I did have that inner, heart-sick certainty. I tried to keep it to myself. I tried to think it was only my imagination. I had no proof—it was only a feeling.

Finally I accused him of it. He only laughed. "What a lot of fool ideas women can get!" he said. The trouble with that, Chuck, was that I didn't get enough to do. You sit around the house all the time I'm gone and cook up these things out of your imagination."

"That's not what I said. When you started going out of town so much, I wanted to get a job and you wouldn't let me. Besides, that has nothing to do with this. I can't stand it, Chuck. I won't stand it!"
For a moment he looked angry. Then he gave his easy smile and came over to me. His arms slipped around me, ignoring my resistance, and he pulled me close to him. "You know I'm crazy about you, Milly," he murmured softly. "What would I want another girl for? Forget it, honey . . . ."

"But—"

"Hush, honey." And he stopped my protests with a kiss.

As always with his arms holding me close and his lips on mine, I had to forget it. I always had to forget anything but him when he was near. I had to believe what he told me because I wanted so desperately to believe it. He was my husband, he was all I had—he had to love me and me alone. And so, for a little while, I let his words, his touch, persuade me.

But afterwards—afterwards the awful certainty came back. He had not denied anything. He had only dodged the question by playing on my emotions. With that, equally strong, came the certainty of my own weakness whenever Chuck was concerned. And so began the torture in my soul. For, believe me, there is no torture like that when love condemns you to trust someone you know, in the honest, innermost depths of yourself, is not trustworthy.

As time went on, it was as if he sensed this in me. He became more openly inconsiderate. And though he never admitted the presence in his life of other women, the knowledge was always there between us, unspoken and corrupt. Twice more I was driven to confront him with it. The last time he didn't bother to fight down his anger. "You're the kind of wife who drives a man to other women," he lashed out.

"You've got no proof at all of what you're saying, and yet you can stand there and accuse me?"

"I don't need proof," I said as quietly as I could. "I just know. And I know, too, you never really loved me. You just—wanted me. I want a divorce, Chuck . . . ."

"Now look here, Milly—we're married and we're going to stay married. I told you I wouldn't make a good husband, that it would be hard for me to settle down. You still wanted to go ahead with it. You've made a bargain and you've got to stick to it. You're the one who's causing your own unhappiness—with all this nagging and accusing." And then, very sure of himself, very sure of his power over me, his manner changed and he became persuasive as only he could. "Milly, what are we fighting for? I'm crazy about you—honest. I am suffering, punishing yourself and being unfair to me when you say you 'know' I'd even look at another woman. Come on, honey—give me a kiss . . . ."

And again it ended with his arms around me and my torturing self-doubt.

But there was one thing I could do, to still the terrible humiliation I felt in my soul and to bolster up my self-respect. I could get a job. I would take no more money from Chuck.

And so I went back to work. Somewhere I found the strength to do it over my husband's bitter protests. I told him I had to do it because he was away so much I got bored with nothing to do. But in my heart I knew I was doing it to keep from being kept. I had never really been a wife to Chuck Abbot. He had married me because it was the only way he could get me. Now he would not let me go and I could not free myself of this strange bondage. But
at least I could support myself.

Chuck exerted all his charm—and ventured all his anger—to make me give up that job. But that one small victory was mine. That one tiny seed of self-respecting independence I could keep alive. Our marriage became a kind of grotesque imitation of what a marriage ought to be. Outwardly, we were together, we were husband and wife; we lived in the same house, we shared the same room. But inwardly, it was as if Chuck Abbot owned me and would not let go. He threatened me, he struck me, he said something that had become unendurable. Don’t you see?”

I sat silent, thinking it over, knowing he was right.

“But one thing I don’t understand,” Uncle Edwin said, “is why, when Charles returned and found you gone, he didn’t come to touch with me immediately. Why, anything could have happened to you—foul play, something terrible—"

“Then I raised my eyes and looked at Howard for the first time. “What am I to do now?” I cried.

Uncle Edwin took my hand. “You just stay here and take it easy. I’ll go to Charles and talk with him, man to man. I’ll explain—"

“Don’t! That’s my voice cut in, respectfully but firmly. “That way, Mildred would still be running away. She has to go back to Chuck herself!”

This was the end, then. This was the final parting. He didn’t love me now that he knew me. He didn’t want me any more . . . . Of all the bleak moments in my life, this was the bleakest. I knew only too well what was in store for tears or protests. I closed my eyes and let the pain take hold of me.

“Wait, Mildred! Don’t look like that.” Howard was at my side now, forcing me to look at him. “I don’t mean go back to him as his wife—great God, no! I mean go to him yourself and tell him you aren’t his wife any more.”

“But I can’t,” I moaned. “You don’t know what he’s like. He won’t let me go—he can do anything with me he wants to. Anything!”

Howard took my shoulders and gave me a gentle shake. “If you weren’t sick, I swear I’d spank you! Look, my darling—look at me. Nobody is going to do anything to you you don’t think is right. Nobody. You’re not a weakening or a coward. You were over-protected when you were growing up, and when your mother’s death left you alone you had the bad luck to have no one but this—this heel to turn to. But you yourself are strong, my darling.

“How can you know? I mean, after what I’ve just told you—"

“Because I knew you when you didn’t know your past; when you weren’t overshadowed by the memory of past mistakes or weaknesses! I saw you take a terrible shock—the shock of realizing ‘You didn’t know who you were, but you were living in a vacuum —and not whimper or get panicry about it. Steadily and courageously, I saw you build up a new life, a new personality out of nothing. That took courage, believe me!”

“But it was a wrong personality. It wasn’t me. The girl I pictured Mildred Abbot to be wasn’t the real girl at all—"
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FOR a MERRY CHRISTMAS—
Buy WAR BONDS and STAMPS

"She was. That girl was the real Mildred Abbot. She’d just never had
a chance to emerge before. Don’t you see?"

"That might be true if it weren’t for one thing," I said slowly. "One thing
maybe you don’t know." What I was going to say took the last ounce of
bravery that I had left. "I became what
I did because—I was in love
with you. Because I wanted you to
be in love with me. Without that love
I’ll just go back to being what I was...."

"Without that love—" Howard stared
at me incredulously for a moment and
then his face softened. Simply and
naturally, oblivious to Uncle Edwin, he
took me into his arms. "My darling,
precious idiot, did you think I’d stopped
loving you? Do you honestly think I
ever will? I love you more than ever
for what you’ve told me—and the
honest way you told it, making no ex-
cuses for yourself. Listen, my sweet—it wasn’t our love that made you what
you are. You already were that. It just
took love—and shaking off the past—
to bring it out."

They were the most beautiful words
anybody ever said. They spread balm
and joy and healing through me. They
were like life itself. I looked at him
with shining eyes.

"I’ll go see Chuck," I whispered. "I’ll
go do anything—if only you’ll go with
me. I can’t do it unless you’re there.
But with you—"

"I’ll go anywhere with you, Mildred.
Any time," he said quietly.

And dimly, through my haze of hap-
iness, I was aware of Uncle Edwin
up-tooing from the room....

FORT LEWIS was a huge, sprawling
camp with new barracks going up
for almost as far as the eye could see.
Howard and I walked along one of the
temporary streets, looking for the
contractor’s office.

We had taken an early morning train
and had traveled all day to get here. I
hadn’t let Chuck know we were coming.
"Better have the advantage of sur-
prise," Uncle Edwin had advised.

Uncle Edwin had been wonderful,
ever since that scene in my room two
days ago. He understood now and
agreed with everything—especially my
love for Howard. "I knew, my dear,"
hed told me, "when I heard the way he
talked to you there at the end that
Howard Coles was a man in a million.
I hope you’ll be able to marry him—
you two deserve to be together. And
rest assured, I’ll do everything I can to
help with the divorce. But Howard was
tight—you must see Charles alone."

All the way up on the train, the old
trepidation had been growing in me. If
it hadn’t been for Howard there be-
side me, I felt, I still wouldn’t have
found the strength to face Chuck. I
was still afraid. "You won’t leave me
alone with him, Howard?" I’d begged.

"I know it will be terrible for you, dar-
ing—but I need your presence. I need
to feel you there, giving me support. I
wouldn’t ask it—you know that—ex-
cept that I know how Chuck is. I know
how strong he is." And I shuddered.

"I’ll be there," Howard promised. And
I knew he would. I knew I could count
on him. Yet I sensed something in his
manner, some reservation as if the
were something he wanted to say to
me but couldn’t find the words to say
it. But steeling myself for the coming
interview with Chuck drove all else from my mind.

As we walked through the camp together, I said, tremendously, "If it weren't for you here now, darling, I think I'd never be able to go through with it."

"But I am here, Mildred," Howard said evenly. "You needn't be afraid." But again I sensed that curious flat tone in his voice.

A workman directed us to the contractor's office. It was a temporary wooden building, just two rooms. In the outer office, a fable was worked on. No sign of Chuck. Howard asked where he could be found.

The men looked at us. One of them shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't heard. If you'll go in the private office and wait, I'll send somebody to get him."

We walked on into the inner office and sat down.

Somehow there was a constraint between us. We were both too tense, too silent. I looked at Howard. He was sitting there, turning his hat over and over in his hands.

This is all wrong.

I thought, the words, came suddenly into my head. But I knew it as surely as I knew anything. And I knew, too, what was wrong. I got up and went over to Howard.

"Please notify me," I said hurriedly. "Please go and wait for me at the entrance to the camp." He looked up, startled, as if in protest. I rushed on. "No, please do as I say. I have to see Chuck. It won't be worth anything if I can't do this by myself. If you're here to fight my battles for me, then it won't be my victory, over him and over myself. And it's got to be, my darling!

He got up then and his eyes were shining. All the constraint, the tension, the indescribable thing that separated us was gone. He just stood there looking down at me. And then he said, very simply and with more happiness than I have ever heard in a human voice: "Good girl!"

Then he was gone.

I didn't have to wait much longer. Chuck came swinging into the office, and said with a smile of delight: "Well!"

For just a second, he looked disconcerted. And then the old assurance reasserted itself. He slung his hat on the desk and let the door swing shut behind him.

"So you decided to come back?"

There was a hint of triumph in his voice. I don't say anything that separated us was gone. He just stood there looking down at me. And then he said, very simply and with more happiness than I have ever heard in a human voice: "Good girl!"

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Two In Harmony

Continued from page 30

David was born troup- ing—I was singing at the Paramount theater in New York two months before he was born, and I remember well that he used to punctuate the high falsetto note with which I ended “Here I Am But Where Are You,” my featured song, with a good sound kick in the stomach. There he was all right.

He was conditioned before birth to the wandering life of a musician, and consequently thrived on the routine of one-night-stands, theater and dance hall engagements on which he—and his nurse—accompanied his fawning parents.

By the time Eric came along in 1940, we all were a little tired of troup ing. We forsok the road in favor of a respectable—and for us uneventful—life in Hollywood.

We built a lovely Williamsburg Colonial house, with plenty of room for the boys to grow up, on the hills overlooking the town. We concentrated on radio—first with Peg Murray, and then for three years with Red Skelton, and dreamed about having a show of our own.

NOW our dreams have come true. Ozzie is chief writer and of course musical director, as well as playing himself on the radio. We both feel that we have had many wonderful breaks and most of all have had the pleasure of making so many sincere and lovable friends. And here I’m going to let you in on a little secret. Ozzie is what I call an “artistic perfectionist.” Which is probably why we’ll never be real wealthy, but we’ll always be happy. I’ll tell you what I mean... Ozzie wrote our audition radio show all by himself, but for our weekly program he signed up two of radio’s most competent writers, Jack Douglas and John P. Medbury, just in case he “ran out of ideas.” When we held our first orchestra rehearsal Ozzie heard the musical interludes and they were not exactly what he wanted so he hired an entire string section in addition to his dance band which includes seven brass, two clarinets and a xylophone. A certain type voice was needed for a one line gag so Ozzie hired actor Wally Maher, just to read the one line exactly as he visualized it. “See what I mean?”

FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR
ON SALE

Wednesday, January 10th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. To help lighten the burden, RADIO MIRROR will be on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for February will go on sale Wednesday, January 10th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!
about the laundry problem over at the big housing project near the plant outside of town? Those houses were built in a hurry to take care of all the workers' families that came from all over the country. There wasn't time to equip those buildings with modern appliances. Besides, many of the appliances that came with the washing machines were very scarce. The women who brought washing machines with them from their old homes thought they would just use them as they had done back home, but they didn't. All the washing machines and irons and mangles were set up in a common laundry room, open to the use of all the women in the project. And the women who thus gave up their exclusive rights to their own equipment have never regretted it.

**YOu know,** one woman told me, **"before Mrs. Perry had her idea and called us all together—all of us that had machines—we gave us this idea to set up a community laundry—she called it that—we mostly did our work alone. And anybody that's doing fighting especially like my husband's greasy clothes, knows how tired and grumpy you can get—even with a machine to help you. And when together, if you don't have a machine to make it easier for you, you're practically not fit to talk to afterwards. Sometimes—anyway, in the house, you'd hear some of the ladies snapping at each other and even getting real nasty—and all it was, was that some of us were so tired we couldn't have lived with them since the kitchen was out of the peace. Now, it's lots better. There's real friendliness out here and we have more time for doing other things besides just slaving away at home."

Then, the other day, I heard of something that's being done over in a neighboring town. Down in the most crowded portion of the town, the families were forced to double up in apartments and houses because of the shortage of living space, a delegation of women approached the superintendent of schools. One of their problems was recreation. It was difficult for many of the men to get any relaxation in the evening because they were too crowded, sometimes because different members of the families worked different shifts and there was always someone sleeping. So the rest of the family had to be quiet. Their suggestion—one which has since been carried out—was that the school building might be made available to adults after school hours. Now, men and women use the schools in the evenings for all kinds of neighborhood activities. I understand this has been done in many other communities, too. In some places, the schools have even been put to their original use by the adults. Classrooms have been turned over to workers and their wives. In Maryland, this idea has been carried even further. The University of Maryland has established a night school for adults called a night college. There are courses on a wide range of subjects, from science to art. And the teachers are all volunteers from the community. This is a great idea. It allows people to learn in their own time, and it also provides a way for people to earn money while they are still working. And the schools are able to keep their buildings in use, which is very important.
Out of Reach
Continued from page 24

tion that Olga wouldn’t let me go that night, or any night, with one of the college boys. “She doesn’t think I have any business running around with the boys from the—you know—they’re rich, and out of my class, and—and—” “Rich!” He whooped with laughter. “Tell her she doesn’t have to blame me!” And then he told me how he had no money for school—how he was working his way through the journalism school by talking up space, by writing up the campus news for the university radio station, by grading freshmen English papers at night. And he told me, then, too, about his ambitions. How he wanted to graduate from college and buy a little country newspaper somewhere and live in a little town like the one he’d grown up in. And I forgot about anything feeling about the university students then and thought everything was going to be all right—thought so until I saw Olga’s face.

She wasn’t sentimental and soft now; she was stern and perhaps a little afraid, but not because we were almost two hours late. I hurried to get Joe out of the house, after he had apologized and explained again and again, without influence, though I thought that I could talk to her, make her understand. But the more I talked, the more I could see that all the talking in the world would be useless.

“Hilda, you’re young yet. You don’t understand these things. He’s what they call ‘kidding you.’ Her voice was low, and I was sure that those boys and listened to them all these years for nothing. I know what they think about, how they like to fool around without meaning anything.

“But Joe isn’t fooling around, Olga. He means what he says.”

She shook her head. “Nay, Hilda—think a little. Haven’t you heard them talking about you at all? The things they say to the girls they bring here sometimes? It’s ‘darling’ here and ‘honey’ there, and ‘I love you, sweetheart’ to some girl they met just minutes ago. Only they don’t mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too. That’s the difference, Hilda. Those girls are their own kind, they understand that those boys are only fooling. Why, if that Joe of yours had stayed here a whole last night with that girl in the fancy fur coat and given her just five minutes ago. Only they don’t mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too. That’s the difference, Hilda. Those girls are their own kind, they understand that those boys are only fooling. Why, if that Joe of yours had stayed here a whole last night with that girl in the fancy fur coat and given her just five minutes ago. Only they don’t mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too. That’s the difference, Hilda. Those girls are their own kind, they understand that those boys are only fooling. Why, if that Joe of yours had stayed here a whole last night with that girl in the fancy fur coat and given her just five minutes ago. Only they don’t mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too. That’s the difference, Hilda. Those girls are their own kind, they understand that those boys are only fooling. Why, if that Joe of yours had stayed here a whole last night with that girl in the fancy fur coat and given her just five minutes ago. Only they don’t mean a thing by it, and the girls know it too.

“Why, mother,” I protested triumphantly, “she’s nothing to him. She’s just his roommate’s sister.”

Olga said, “hmm” and looked at me squarely. For the second time that day, a pair of eyes sent a message straight to my heart. And it was easy to believe Olga and a little comforted, a little less lonely. I looked back at Marsha, who was watching us, but even before he spoke I knew that Joe’s being with her was just to show that he cared. It was more for the slim, dark girl than I did for the boys who thronged around our table at home.

“Let’s go somewhere where we can talk,” Joe urged, slipping his hand under my elbow. “Marsha won’t mind—and she comes down weekends to be with her brother, and he pushes her off and away.”
on, but she understands. I tutor her brother in English, you know—that's how I come to know people like that.

All of a sudden, as we walked along, that wonderful feeling of oneness came to me again, and I sensed that it had come to Joe, too. Our steps matched, our breaths mingled. I assumed our minds worked as one. Without speaking we turned into the Campus Drug, and walked back to a booth in the corner. Joe slid beside me at the table, and helped me off with my coat.

The waiter came, and Joe ordered. He could tutor—sure he would. He shook his head, and I knew, too, that we would be together now in spite of Olga.

"We'll have to talk to your mother," Joe said at last. "We'll have to tell her that we love each other, and must see each other—that we'll be married as soon as we can."

I shook my head. "It won't work, Joe. You don't know Olga as I do. She won't listen to us," I insisted. "You see, Olga is sure that with you I am headed for trouble. I suppose she found herself when she was my age. Olga married a rich boy, who had a much better education than she, and—"

"But I don't want to go through this with us," Joe interrupted impatiently. "He died," I went on. "But they weren't happy before that. He wanted to live one of his own. I think he was mad. He didn't like to work, and didn't see why he should. And of course Olga couldn't understand that—and neither could I. I understand—"

"I believe you, Joe," she said. "I believe, as I do, that you have to work for what you get in the world. And she believes that you can never be happy unless you can make someone who's different from you—"

"I believe those things, too," he said. "I work hard—I'm not rich, goodness knows. I've worked for everything I've had. But I wish I were. I wish I were rich," he added, "and then I could marry you right now, and we could go anywhere together."

The blood began to pound at my wrists and in my throat. We could go away—Joe and I, together! I pressed my fingers tightly over his hand and he leaned forward to kiss me swiftly.

"Shall we, Hilda? Shall we go away? I know where I can get a job, maybe, or a little every day. I'll try to—"

"Whatever you want to do, I want to do, too," I told him breathlessly.

Then he frowned, and pulled himself away from me, little kiddish as we could be. It was wonderful, Hilda—but it's not right. Darling—we can make your mother understand somehow. I should stay, and graduate this spring, and then get a job. The great thing is that I want to buy some day. That's the right way.

It was the right way—yes. But it wouldn't work. Joe didn't know what was going on in Olga's mind. "She'll never give in," I told him. "She's so strong. So much stronger than you or I, or neither. If I marry someone let me marry you—it might as well be now that we marry against her wishes instead of later."

"But darling—it takes money to go away. We'd have to pay our train fare, and have enough to live on until my first paycheck, and—oh, darling, don't you see that we can't do it?"

I knew that, but I knew how we could. I remembered my rosette money. I knew now that the money wasn't going to go to build an extra house, to make a trip to Europe, going to buy happiness for Joe and me, instead. And I told him about it.

But Joe, in his way, as is so stubborn, as is so my way, I thought that starting my marriage on my wife's money," he said over and over. "That's not right—not for me, anyway."

"You're not giving you money! I'm loaning it to you. You can pay me back, when you get your paycheck. It's perfectly honorable to borrow for something that's justifiable. Isn't it justifiable for it to make for a good start on our lives together, as soon as ever we can?"

He kissed me then, not caring whether anyone was looking or not, and he said yes. In that kiss I could feel his need for me, as he must have sensed mine for him. It was a kiss of promise—perhaps for two people so very much in love!

"When shall we go?" he whispered.

"Let's think about it tonight, and don't say anything to anyone—let's. Meet here again, tomorrow."

That night I lay in the dark a long time, before I could go to sleep. I thought of myself and Joe as a star-filled night, thinking of living with Joe, thinking of loving him forever, being forever happy with him. I thought of how I was going to tell Hilda, thinking of being happy, and the way she would feel about my running away.

Then again, the next afternoon, in the back booth of Campus Drug I had to wait over one more. Your right, Hilda? Hilda, that's thinking of her,

"It's not fair to her," he told me. "It's not fair to her, I SHOOK my head. 'But Joe, she isn't being fair to us, either. She's only trying to do what's right, according to the way she thinks, but she can't know what's right for us.'

He looked at me swiftly then, and I knew it was all right—that Joe and I were going away together, and that we were going to use the money I had made from snaps.

And so we decided to leave the following Thursday—one week and one day later. One week and one day that I shall never forget as long as I live—eight days in which I experienced every emotion in the world. I would be sitting close beside Joe thinking of our lives together. Suddenly I would think of Olga, alone in the little shingled house and I would be afraid. And, then, I would be sitting with Joe, thinking about how much I thought of Joe, and my longing for him would be so intense that I would begin counting the hours until our wedding day. And then the boys filled the dining room too full, I would think of the extra room I'd been saving to build on to the house, and I would have to be using the money for something else.

It was an upsetting week for Joe, too. Each day he met me in a different mood, until it was after the little daily snatch of time with each other for fear of finding him unhappy.

One day Joe would talk of nothing but our love for each other, our future..."
the way it is when you see two persons you love pit their strength against each other. It hurts so much to see them hurt each other.

"So you were going away?" Olga's voice was sad.

"We didn't want to, Mother, really we didn't," I said, choking, "but we didn't know what to do—what we want to be together so much."

"Where were you going?" she asked.

"Joe has a job on a newspaper in a little town," I hesitated, looking straight at her.

"I wouldn't take money that belonged to you."

"The rosette money, Mother," I explained. "I was going to use that and when Joe found out about that extra room, he's going to build it, he wouldn't let me."

Olga smiled then, and her smile was like the sunshine after days of rain.

"I'm going to wake up," she said simply. She looked at Joe with new admiration. "I want to beg your pardon—you aren't the way I thought you were at all."

"I was one of nine kids—I didn't have much chance to get spoiled." "I've been a stupid old woman," Olga smiled and we all laughed thinking how far from old this was this strong handsome Swedish woman. "Why, I nearly wrecked your lives—and mine, too," she added softly.

So ended the warmth of the little familiar house crept around us as the two persons I loved best in all the world learned to understand and respect each other. I knew that everything was going to be all right—that I was going to have Joe without losing Olga at all. And that's the way it's working out.

Joe and I don't have to run away—that all seems silly and far-away now that Olga's helping us with our new, shining plans for the future. Oh, we're going to be married—right next week, in the little church right down the street where I've gone to Sunday School. Joe said he had a little red sofa chair in the kindergarten department a long time ago. And, then, we're not going away until after Joe finishes school.

"We've always needed a man around here," Olga tells him often, laughing. "Someone to fix the furnace and shovel the walk."

So Joe and I are going to live with Olga the rest of this year, and we're going to see that she has that extra room and a good waitress to help her when I'm gone. And then, next summer when school's out, Joe and I will go to Mr. Branton's town where Joe will have his job. But we aren't going to stop there. Someday Joe's going to have my own weekly newspaper in a little American town. Olga says she knows it will be an honest paper, and I know that Joe is kind of a man.

Sometimes, when I sit with Joe in Olga's warm home filled with the odor of good, home cooking, I am completely happy—and then I know that Olga and I are very much alike. Both of us love the joy of simple living—plus a life of service. Olga's will always be a life of work in college—while mine will be with Joe in a small American town. But, even apart, Olga and I will be following the same pattern—just living—we'll be doing what we want to do, serving our little piece of America the best way we know how.
shaking hands I replaced the telephone receiver.

I sank down on the straight-backed chair by the telephone stand. This was what I had worked so hard for. I had given away anything if he hadn't said those words, if I had not time to think. Announce our engagement.

How could I go through with it? How could I marry Jerry when I felt the way I did about Jerry? Yes, what I felt for Jerry was a desire to fulfill the first delicate growth of love.

And if I did love Jerry, what a cheat and a liar I would be to marry another man! My hand moved back to the telephone. I called Sydney and tell him the truth—that it was a mistake and I was going to be Mrs. Jerry Scandini.

Scandini. Mrs. Jerry Scandini! The very thought of that name suddenly sent the old, old fear pulsing into my throat, and my hand, clammy with terror, drifted from the telephone. What had happened to me that I could be so wrapped up in thoughts of Jerry that I could forget he was also a Scandini?

As long as I could remember, the Scandinis had represented everything to me that was shiftless, happy-go-lucky and sheer, careless poverty. This was why I was so devoted to each other, working when they felt like it but always ready to drop their work to play or go to a dance or have a party.

True, Jerry could have been a celebration and Papa Scandini would pour thick, dime-store glasses full of his own home-made ruby-red wine, singing the praises of the native land, toasting one and all in beaming pleasure. Mama Scandini, shapeless, fat, was adored by her children for her great good-nature and her famous spaghetti a L'asta.

Spaghetti was cheap. Wine was cheap. And there was no price for the happiness I showed through their ramshackle house.

But there was another side to it. There was the way people looked when they mentioned the Scandinis, and the way they reacted when the children playing with them. There were pride and self-respect.

True, Jerry had left home when he was already branch manager of a grocery store in nearby Junction City before he had enlisted in the Army. He had always sent money home regularly. But how could I balance this against the fact that he worshipped his family and that when he was home he was the gayest of them all and the leader in their crazy, joyous parties?

I had worked so hard to make people like me and admire me. I wanted so much to be someone of my own, a place in the community. How could I give up this tiny footing I had struggled for—to sink down into the warm, haphazard embrace of the Scandini family, where there was no privacy, no order, no ambition?

Pride rose in my throat and choked me. A Stevens—marrying a Stevens! No, I would not marry and it was my grandmother and all the others who stood for something in the town. Oh, Jerry, this traitorous, dawning love of ours! What would it get us but pain and unhappiness?

You'd hate budgets, Jerry. You'd call my ambitions for you 'nagging.' And I'd know again the panic of being carried along on a merry-go-round where this strange ring beckoned always just beyond my reach.

You're afraid, a voice inside me that seemed an echo of Mother's, jeered. Jerry has his accent, his lack of backbone. I was afraid of being tied to a Scandini, a Jerry who would never want the same things I wanted.

I could be happy, but I could forget him. Someday I would forget the strength of Jerry's arms around my shoulders and the tenderness in his black eyes.

There was no tenderness there when I told Jerry that night that I couldn't see him again because I was marrying Sydney Jones. There was only bitter contempt, that I was marrying, Sydney Jones. There was only bitter contempt, that I was marrying her.

"You know what you want, don't you? And you'll get it no matter whose heart you trample on to get there!" He flung the words at me and stalked off.

The ticking of the clock on the mantel echoed the frantic beating of my heart. Jerry was shocked and his face was white. He had tried to help me and he couldn't get any farther than that I was marrying for money, and lots of it.

"Jerry—that's not true. I'm marrying you, he said, as he urged me to find a way of life that's important to me. I don't expect you to understand—I don't want to talk about it!"

"I Rigby," he moved close to me.

"We won't talk about it. But see if you'll ever forget this!" I clenched my teeth against the feel of his arms around me, pulling me roughly towards him. I thanked who this could be. I had planned my life never knowing what love was really like.

When he lifted his head I clung to him for a second, and I thought what I had discovered, but he pushed me away, savagely.

"You're hard, Penny—but not hard enough. That will give you something to talk about when you marry your precious Sydney."
There was smothered laughter in the hall, as people thought of the Scandins, but he went doggedly on. "They taught me the value of work and I wouldn't have time to worry about the little fears. I got over being afraid of death because I was never afraid of life. But I got what happened to me of the others. They'd get a letter from their families about how were they going to pay the interest on the mortgage or how were they going to raise the losing weight in the house. Now mean the neighbors were to his wife or how his girl was having too good a time with someone else—and believe me, that's like sending a man into a fight with his hands tied behind his back."

There was silence... thoughtfulness... in the hall now. Something else was slipping out. A feeling of fear and helplessness came from that figure on the stage, flowing in to the hearts of his listeners, shaming their trivial, fretful worries.

And in my own heart the hard core of stubbornness melted. Fear dropped away. Jerry Scandini wasn't a name to bring tears to my eyes; his prowling about was something I could understand. The only fault I found in him was the way he used to tell those stories of what he'd seen, but I didn't wait. From our front-row seats, away from Syd- ney's blank, questioning look, I walked out of the hall on unsteady feet.

I was surprised to find me in surprise as I walked up the aisle. But as I reached the door, an arm slipped around my waist and Mother's tiny figure was so comforting and the hundreds of paining eyes.

"Will you ask Jerry to see me—and tell Sydney I can't go through with it?" I whispered.

There was no question in her look, only a kind of glad understanding.

I walked home through a world that was beautiful and perfect. It wasn't just Jerry's words that had changed everything, it was knowing you couldn't hedge yourself around so your friend had to keep you safe. Wars could come, death could come, you could lose all those things, the way Father had been wiped out in the stock market in just one day. Nothing was sure except love and happiness—and if you had those what did the others matter?

This, then, was what Mother had always tried to show me—that life wasn't made up of possessions but of people.

Jerry came at last and when I opened the door he hooked me into his arms without a word. In the comforting strength of his embrace I knew that never again would I be afraid. Here was my peace and my sanctuary, and why weep over, or whisper to our hair, our hair would build a fortress nothing could shake.

We sat for hours before the fire, his long legs spread out on the cheerful blaze, my head resting against his knees as I curled up on the hearth rug, while Jerry told me about the camp where he'd spent the war. He told me of his first love, how he said it, and found a place for us. And then, on his next furlough, we could be married.

Suddenly I raised my head. It was one of the many things she had taught me. My folks taught me never to worry about little things.
ing so queerly. Poor Mother, she must have had a ghastly time trying to explain the missing fiancée to Sydney and Mr. Jones. After all, that was supposed to be my engagement party!

“Any regrets?” Jerry asked, smiling. Then we both heard the door opening at that same moment.

Molly stood in the arch-way, looking at us with a demure, half-smile on her lips. I had expected to find her drawn and exhausted after her ordeal with Sydney, but Molly, with Sydney, breathed out one word for her then . . . blossoming.

“Was it awful, Mother? It was meant of me to ask you to make my excuses.”

She turned away from hanging up her coat. “Sydney was a little angry, but it was mostly his pride and he’ll get over it. I suppose it is. I’ve made so much in love with you as he was in love with your looks. No, as a matter of fact, it wasn’t a horrible party at all. It was one of the loveliest parties I’ve ever gone to. A lovely engagement party.”

“Engagement party!” I exclaimed. “Why, yes.” Now her eyes were twinkling and her own peculiar, little-girl smile was playing on her lips. “You asked me to straighten things out for you, Penny, so I felt I’d better get a substitute.”

Jerry had been watching her face with dawning comprehension in his eyes. He stopped her short. “You—Ciss, and Harvey Jones! So that’s the reason for all the sneaking out in the evenings and not telling us where you’d been—”

It was a bombshell. Incredulous disbelief, and yes, jealousy suffused me. What right had she—that was to have been my party! And after the way she had acted! It wasn’t right for me to try to marry Sydney, but it was all right for her to marry his father. Where were all those fine preachings about not wanting money, when she got the first rich man that came along?

Something of what I felt must have showed in my face, because she was pleading, begging for my trust.

“I—I who had dreamed my lonely thoughts about the house on the “Hill” was going to have a room somewhere near the camp. But I had Jerry. As I watched Jerry and Mother walking crazily around the room to the tune of the “Wedding March”, such happiness as I had never known before overwhelmed me. So close I had come to losing him, all his tender warmth, his steel—spring strength, the joyousness and gayety that so much a part of him—and I shuddered. I wouldn’t trade him for all the comfort that awaited me on the “Hill.” Mother would be happy there because she loved Harvey so much. There would be no monogrammed towels or engraved silver or Waterford china where I was going. I knew something else that wouldn’t be going with me.

I wasn’t going to take the oval—framed picture of Grandmother Stevens.

Sixteen

Continued from page 20
we danced, something in the way he looked at me across the table, that made my heart quicken. Several times I tried to say something and stopped, and finally the orchestra took an intermission and we had a longer time than usual at the table, he got it out. He leaned across the table, his young face intent and earnest, his young voice suddenly husky. "Joyce," he said, "will you be my girl? I mean, will you promise not to be anybody but me?"

How do you answer a question like that? How do you frame one simple word—yes—so that a boy will know how deliciously happy he has made you by asking it?

I didn't have a chance to answer. A large party came into the room and there was so much going on that I was too embarrassed to be happening to me, and up until the last moment I was terribly afraid that something would go wrong. Driving to town with Father was too easy-going to terrify me, but I could never think of nothing but how Tommy would look when he saw me in it.

I had a date with Tommy, and my father thought I was too good to be happening to me, and up until the last moment I was terribly afraid that something would go wrong. Driving to town with Father was too easy-going to terrify me, but I could never think of nothing but how Tommy would look when he saw me in it.


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down the aisle to the coat room. "Get your wrap," he whispered, "and get out to the car, quick. I'll settle the check and be right out."

I somehow got my coat, stumbled across the parking lot to the car. I sat there shaking, my teeth against the haze that swept over me, drinking deep, desperate lungfuls of the fresh air. It couldn't have been more than a few minutes before Tommy came out, but it seemed ages. You all right, Tommy?"

"I— I guess so," I answered shakily. "Thanks, Tommy, for what you did." "Don't thank me. It was my fault. I was the one who brought you here."

I didn't say anything. I was still too frightened and too revolted to care to talk. I still felt the heavy hands pawing at me. But I knew that it wasn't Tommy's fault they'd gone to the Oaks, even though he'd suggested it. It was mine—because all the while I'd been lying to my parents, I'd been lying to Tommy. I'd told him I was going there on a date with my friend Sue, and nowhere else. Sue was the kind of girl who'd often gone to places like the Oaks.

We drove back to the Athena Club. I didn't want to go; I wanted only to be home, hiding from my shame and revulsion—but obviously we had to be there. They'd all come to pick me up. We got back just in time for the grand march, and it was simple enough to fall in line with the others, quite as if we'd been there all evening.

Suddenly it was wonderful and safe to swing along with the others in the measure. It was proud and familiar. All about me were only people I had known for a long time, or strangers who were hardly strangers at all but were just the same kind of people as my friends, as I. Here were no hard eyes, or thickened voices, no hands stretched out in anything but gaiety and friendliness. The band was playing "Let Me Go, I'm a-Loving You," and the girls in the canopy were practically singing it. Don't look at us all wistful now. His eyes were shining, and I knew that he'd had every bit as good a time as did to me. "Are you going to Marian's tomorrow?"

In my present exalted state of lapping myself over to me that I wouldn't be allowed to go. "Of course," I said. "Call me—"

There wasn't time to say anything more, because I was going up into the canopy. He didn't look at all wistful now. His eyes were shining, and I knew that he'd had every bit as good a time as did to me. "Are you going to Marian's tomorrow?"

I woke late the next morning, with a queer, flat feeling. I couldn't understand it, because the night before had been marvelous, the wonderful last half of it. I began to go over the events of the night before one by one, beginning with the sweet excitement I had known when I left home there in the Athena Club. The ride out to the Oaks. The wonderful together-ness of sitting across the little table from Tommy, the things we'd said to each other, that unfinished conversation when Tommy had asked—

Then I slumped back against the pillows, knowing at last why I felt so strange, so lost. That conversation
SLOWLY I went downstairs, feeling more despondent with every step. Mother had moved to the kitchen. She set my breakfast on the table, and she was stirring something in a bowl. She smiled at me, asked brightly, "How was your football game?"

"Lovely," I said. Her smile faded a little, and she gave me a long, intent look, but I hardly noticed. The old air of expectancy was crowding up in me and a new determination. I would ask her about Marian’s party right now. I would make her see that I had to go. I was a big boy now. I had begun, and I knew that I couldn’t ask. She was almost sure to refuse to let me go to two parties in a row, and I couldn’t bear to give up all that right away. I'd wait until Marian called, and then I'd ask.

"Yes, Joyce?" Again the bright smile. "What is it?"

"Nothing," I said. "What are you making?"

"Christmas cookies. Want to help?" I baked cookies all afternoon—the longest afternoon that I ever expected. The cookies went into and came out of the oven, and hours passed, and the telephone didn’t ring. At five o’clock, when the sun turned the windows blue, I was in despair. Perhaps Marian didn’t mean to call me, after all, and if she did, Mother surely would let me go out late... and then the telephone rang. I leaped to answer and skipped a beat, as Tommy’s voice came over the wire. "Joyce?" he said. "This is Tommy. I’m over at Marian’s."

My heart slowed. "I’ve been talking football with Wallace. He wants me to come out for spring practice."

"That’s—that’s fine," I tried. I couldn’t match the happiness in his voice. "I’m kind of glad about it. Look, Joyce, what about—well, suppose you could come over for a little while? I’ll come after you—"

He wanted me along! He—And then my joy fell flat. But I couldn’t go.

"What is it, Joyce?" Mother asked. I put my hand over the mouthpiece.

"There’s a party at Marian’s. Tommy wants me to come over."

And then I didn’t believe my own ears. "I know," she said. "Why, I think that would be very nice, dear. Tell him yes if you want to."

Dazedly, I told Tommy to pick me up in half an hour. Dazedly I hung up the phone. Mother, not only giving permission, but actually encouraging me—! I stared at her, and a spot of color came into her cheeks. Her chin dropped, her eyes seemed to melt. "Yes, dear," she said, "your father has been telling me for some time that I’ve been too strict with you. This morning he had a letter from the man that you went to that tavern last night he was sure of it."

At the tavern—the match. Father knew—and Mother said.

Mother hurried on, as if she were anxious to leave her words behind her. "A salesman in your father’s office——" I think in the very party you joined. He didn’t know who you were, of course, but after—that man annoyed you, he called by your name from one of the men. He told your father about it this morning—"

I felt the blood drain from my body, felt limp and sick. Mother crossed over to me, put her arms around me. "Don’t, Joyce. It wasn’t your fault, nor Tommy’s. It was mine. Your father made me see that. He made me see that you’re too young, too much, and that I haven’t been preparing you for the time when I’ll no longer be able to protect you. He made me see that if you’re going out with the boys and girls at school, you’d never have gone to a place like the Oaks, and that only by getting out will you learn yourself."

I was crying. When I stammered, trying to find words, Mother kissed me quickly, smoothed back my hair. She was at the Oaks last night. I think, I’m thinking, I’m thinking," she murmured. "I’ll be all right from now on. Now run upstairs and get ready to go to Marian’s."

It’s hard for a mother to know how much a child needs a sixteen-year-old daughter. Should she be allowed to go to dances occasionally? Should she be allowed to go to the movies on Saturday night with a boy friend? Should her father pick her up after school affairs, or should she be allowed to come home with her friends? My mother thinks that she should—if the girl is level-headed, and if her friends are the kind a mother wants for her daughter, and if she talks over her problems with her mother, as talk things over with my mother. My mother isn’t one of the strict kind any more. She isn’t uncaring, either, like the mothers of the girls who hang around the Weston Pharmacy. She’s just right.
“All right, I am no Hedy Lamarr. But I get around. Every woman can do the same thing…” says Joan Davis, radio’s leading comedienne.

BE YOURSELF!

BY PAULINE SWANSON

THIS page is woman-talk. A piece of straight-from-the-shoulder advice for girls who want to be attractive to men, and don’t know how to go about it—from one who has found out the secret.

If men cluster around you like flies, don’t bother to read further. But if the man of your dreams still eludes your grasp, listen for a moment to Hollywood’s most unconventional glamour expert, Miss Joan Davis, radio’s “Queen of Comedy,” and star of one of the most riotous shows on the air, heard Thursday nights on NBC.

You think you’d rather ask Hedy Lamarr how to be beautiful? All right, but as Joan sees it, it isn’t beauty you’re after—it’s the right man. She doesn’t care if you throw away your make-up box, and cancel your subscriptions to all the fashion magazines. You can practice her glamour methods without them. But let her tell it:

“All right, I am no Hedy Lamarr. But I get around. I married the man I wanted—twelve years ago—and hung onto him, in the teeth of Hollywood. You can do the same thing—and I don’t care what your face is like—if you are willing to forget about how you look for awhile, and relax and have fun!”

The girls who spend hours in beauty shops trying to make their hair look like Betty Grable’s, or fiddle in public with lipstick brushes trying to emulate Joan Crawford’s mouth on the wrong track, Joan says.

Nine chances out of ten they won’t look like Betty or Joan after they’ve gone to all the trouble. What’s worse, they won’t look like themselves. No man’s going to fall in love with a girl who is a pale imitation of one movie star one week, and of another movie star the next…he wants a girl with gumption enough to be herself!

No, Joan says, that a girl shouldn’t make the most of what she has….

“I keep my hair brushed and set,” she admits “and I do as good a job as I can with my make-up before I leave the house. But once I’ve finished it, I forget it.”

Boredom has ruined more romances than smeared lipstick, Joan believes—and she challenges any beauty consultant to match her file of case histories. Joan has been watching people fall in—and out—of love since she went on the stage at the age of three. At seven, when she first made the Pantages circuit, she was sophisticated enough about the whole business to assure her mother that one backstage romance on which she had been evesdropping wouldn’t last.

“She talks about herself all the time,” little Joan told mama, revealing herself a child prodigy in understanding what makes a man stick around.

Any man worth wanting will take the plainest girl in town, if she’s amusing and fun, in preference to the “beautiful and bored,” Joan believes. She has no use whatever for the B and B’s of the world—you’ve seen them,” she says, “sitting around in cocktail bars in their handsome Adrian clothes, their expensive John Frederics hats, their Antoine hair-dos, and their nasty, selfish faces.”

Men will take it once or twice, for the sake of being seen with someone decorative, Joan says, and then they will run away screaming. That’s why so many of the B and B’s are never the Big B’s—Brides!

“My eleven-year-old daughter, Beverly, is turning into a beauty—heaven help her,” Joan moans. “Cy and I are doing all we can to keep this terrible fact from her.” (Cy is Cy Wills, Joan’s former vaudeville partner, now one of the writers of her radio show—and most importantly, her husband.)

“We figure if we can keep her interested in people and things—make her think that life is more than going to the movies, and doing her hikes with the Girl Scouts, her dancing classes, her swimming, are more important than her clothes and how she looks in them, we will have given her a good start.

“By the time she finds out that she’s a ‘looker,’ she will be much too absorbed in living to care.”

But how do you get absorbed in life? Absorbed in whom? In what? These will be questions to trouble girls who have approached the business of glamour from this angle.

Joan thinks there are a million answers. She is absorbed in her job. She grants that some jobs aren’t as glamorous as hers, don’t make such useful dinner-table talk or warm-up-the-strangers-anecdotes. Then, she says, concentrate on your hobbies.

Joan didn’t have time for hobbies as long as she was “on the road.” Traveling took up all of her spare time, but she did develop an interest in Cy’s hobbies—golf and fishing, and going to the prizefights. And she learned how to talk intelligently about them. When her career settled down to radio—with its advantages of permanence and leisure—Joan developed hobbies of her own—golf, fishing, and going to the prizefights.

“If you want to know the secret of the success of our marriage,” Joan says, “you’ve got it right there. We have the same interests—the same work, and the same fun.”

And if the man in your life hasn’t arrived on the scene as yet, Joan advises, dig up some hobbies on your own! Many a girl has met her future husband on the golf links, or in photography class, or even—if she was the intellectual type—in the public library!

So put down that mirror, girls, and get a move on. There’s work to be done.
Change Your Nails into Brilliant Jewels

WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

Chen Yu long lasting nail lacquer... newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant... dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels.

Oh so flattering to your hands! Very possibly, very probably it's time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two and a free trial size bottle of Chen Yu lacquerol base coat (it's that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

*Note especially "Pink Sapphire", "Oriental Sapphire", "Black Sapphire", and remember any Chen Yu shade just hates to chip!

CHEN YU
made in U.S.A.
LONG LASTING NAIL LACQUER

SEND COUPON FOR TWO SHADES

Important: This special coupon offer
FILLED FROM CHICAGO OFFICE ONLY
ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC., 30 W. Hubbard Street, Dept. MFW-5, Chicago 10, Ill.
Send me two sample size flacons of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a FREE bottle of Lacquerol base. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.
(For an additional twenty-five cents I will receive two trial size Chen Yu lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.)

Lacquer shades here:

Mark X if you desire harmonizing lipsticks

Name
Address
City State

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More doctors advise Ivory
than all other brands put together!

That's why I use it...

That's why SHE uses it...

WE have that Ivory Look...

Here's how you can have softer, smoother skin, too

There's a way for you to have a smoother, softer complexion—starting today! A way to have that glowing Ivory Look yourself. An easy way—too. Just listen to baby's beauty hint, and change from careless skin care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory.

Ivory Soap contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate tender skin. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together! Do you need a better reason to try it—now? 99¾% pure
In Color! Exciting Pictures of Stella Dallas and Portia Faces Life
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I adore dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller... older... and not my brother!

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a smile, for instance!


CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't always the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—

CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for every girl in the country:

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl... that "pink" is a sign that you'd better see your dentist right away. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth... and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

IPANA AND MASSAGE

For the Smile of Beauty
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ON THE COVER—Penny Singleton and daughter, Dorothy Grace—Natural Color Photograph by Tom Kelley—Sweaters, courtesy Lang of Hollywood

"Personally, I consider Fleer’s the best investment."

for finer flavor FLEER’S

SOMETIMES SCARCE

ALWAYS ENJOYABLE

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. • ESTABLISHED 1885
Did You Know?

More... High in importance on the list of things coming back into the market are innerspring mattresses. By now there are a few ready for eager purchasers, and more will be made as rapidly as the manufacturers can get good burlap and ticking... Plenty of protein-high nuts can be found in the stores these days. Record crops of walnuts and pecans have taken these two out of the where-can-I-get-them category, and almonds and filberts are also plentiful. Don't look for Brazil nuts, however... There's plenty of paint for all your needs. You may find it hard to buy clear greens and yellows, but you can have these too if you'll tint your own white paint or add a bit of color or a bit of white to a paint that you buy that is near the tone you're looking for. There's very little of the quick-drying variety on the market, however—that's still needed for battleships and landing boats... All restrictions on neoprene have been lifted, and you'll soon be able to buy anklets for children with this synthetic rubber in their tops.

Less... Your share of butter is somewhat less than a quarter of a pound per week—there's less butter per person than there has been in fifty years. You may have to take less cream, too, and you'll want to cooperate with your dealer in helping to conserve milk... The zippers and snap fasteners that appeared as a happy surprise on the shelves of stores these past months are rapidly disappearing, and there won't be replacements for some time. Reason—jungle uniforms and flying suits have taken up almost the full supply.

New... When you go to buy clothing after the war, you'll find a fascinating variety of new fabrics: a corduroy that washes without destroying the nap; a wool that absolutely will not shrink; a wide variety of fabrics that you can wash and dry and put right on to wear, skipping the ironing process completely; table linens made from aluminum yarn.

Five little, false little words: "I never perspire in Winter!"

IT'S A MISTAKE so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. How wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be sure? Just remember, your bath only washes away past perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come.

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Gentele Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.

Product of Bristol-Meyers

Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

Radiolarian MUM, used as a tranquilizer and hypnotic, is well known to psychotherapists. It is especially helpful in cases of insomnia, nightmares, worries, and nervousness. It is the ultimate sleep inducer and will put you to sleep within five minutes. Its effects will vary with the individual. For those who cannot sleep, give a small dose of MUM by itself or with a small teaspoon of water. For those who sleep too deeply, take a small dose of MUM before retiring. MUM is real, it works. It is recognized in the medical profession as a sleep-inducing and tranquilizing preparation.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration
Pretty Dinah Shore is star and mistress of ceremonies of her own variety show, Thursdays, CBS.

Dick Haymes, guiding star of NBC’s Everything for the Boys, made things interesting when lovely Betty Rhodes rehearsed for her guest date on the show, heard Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M., EWT.

FRANK SINATRA got such a pleasant taste of politics during the presidential campaign (the swooner donated $5,000 for FDR’s cause) that intimates report the Jersey singer may pursue this art when his warbling days are over.

I had a haircut with Harry James in Hollywood the other day and trumpeter upset the serenity of the tonsorial parlor by tuning in the racing results. He is one of the biggest sports fans on the west coast.

Freddy Martin got a deferment from Uncle Sam. Ticker Freeman, Dinah Shore’s brilliant pianist and accompanist, returned home from his overseas USO jaunt to learn that his brother had been killed in action. Harriet Clark, Charlie Barnett’s ex-wife, is now an airline hostess.

Ted Strayer and his orchestra have wowed the film set. Kate Smith’s former accompanist is playing in the swank Mocambo on the famed Strip and just got a six-months’ renewal. One of the smartest things Ted does is to play tunes associated with the stars when they trip the light fantastic. The night I visited the Mocambo Don Loper was dancing with Ginger Rogers. Ted gave the downbeat for a tune from Ginger’s “Lady in the Dark.” When Judy Garland whirled around the floor on the arm of a Navy officer, Ted switched tunes for a medley of Judy Garland hits.

Friends are trying to patch up the Gracie Barrie-Dick Stablee fare-up. All radio row waiting breathlessly for Artie Shaw’s new band, said to be his greatest. Ina Ray Hutton, forced to disband her orchestra due to nervous exhaustion, has fully recovered and is reorganizing. The Sinatra egg-shelling incident at the Paramount was said to be a publicity stunt. Kay Kyser will have a new sponsor by the time you read this. Don’t be surprised if Phil Harris and Alice Faye head their own comedy-musical radio show.

Eddy Howard is the latest of the bandleaders who were acclaimed by midwesterners before achieving nationwide recognition. Eddy is currently starring on his new NBC program. The Californian was a successful composer, before organizing his own band, scoring with “Careless” and “My Last Goodbye.” Eddy started to sing professionally after leaving Stanford University. He first came to prominence singing with Dick Jurgens’ band in Chicago. Eddy is married and is the father of a two-year-old daughter.

Now that the king of the cowboys, Roy Rogers, has his own Mutual network show, his sponsor is trying to make him known as a singer of western songs rather than a cowboy. Says it ain’t dignified.

GEE EYEFUL
A hot summer’s day in France. Beside a narrow, dusty lane, a slim girl in O. D.’s leans against a tree, pushes back her helmet and cheerfully mops her brow. The girl waits while a rider tinkers with the motor of a jeep.

Dinah Shore is in France and the sound of a battle can be heard dimly. Several weeks before she had stood up in an LCI which was landing on a crowded Normandy beach and shouted, “Hi-yah, fellas!”—a greeting which now is the signature of her NBC show. One of the G.I.’s looked up, did a military double take and cried, “Jeepers, it’s Dinah—Dinah Shore!” Quickly his buddies gathered around and Dinah gave her first European “command per—Continued on page 6
AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

Better Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Prompt antiseptic action may help ‘nip trouble in the bud’ . . . attack threatening Secondary Invaders before they attack you

Many doctors believe that some kind of a virus often starts a cold, and that a threatening group of germs called the "Secondary Invaders," frequently complicates it and is responsible for much of its misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes their work easier.

Obviously, the time to fight a cold is in the early stages, and effort should be directed against these "Secondary Invaders" before they penetrate the tissue.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, chill, cough, or sniffl—when you feel a cold coming on—by all means, get started early with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Bacteria
This wonderful germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . helps guard against a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues.

In repeated tests, bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces, ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, have been noted. And even an hour after the gargle, reductions up to 80% have been noted.

Fewer Colds—Tests Showed
Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic has backed up its laboratory performance with an impressive record on human "guinea pigs" observed in tests conducted over a period of twelve years. Please note the result:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle, and fewer sore throats.

Take the word of outstanding medical men—a cold is nothing to fool with. At the very first symptom take this sensible precaution—the Listerine Antiseptic gargle—in the early stages. Prompt precautions may head off an unpleasant and miserable siege of illness.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
Nazi a 1917, new I stocky can't says her. She slept on the ground, ate K rations, bounced in a jeep, exchanged jokes with Generals Patton and Bradley, and saw a sharp-eyed sergeant pick off a Nazi sniper as she started to sing. As she sat and languidly fanned herself, a stocky M.P. came up and joined her. They exchanged greetings. Dinah noticed the soldier was downcast.

"You look pretty grim, soldier."

"Yeah," the boy nodded, "A guy gets out here and gives everything he's got. He fights. He sees hell all around him. Maybe he gets killed. Well, so what are the people back home doing about it? Sittin' on their fannies and grumbling about rationing and taxes. Sort of takes the heart out of you."

Dinah's Dixie eyes blazed. She forgot she was tired. She suddenly realized there was a lot more she could do for these fighting men besides singing their favorite songs.

"That's not true, soldier," she bristled, "for every guy that's shirking his duty, there are thousands who are doing all they can."

The soldier grinned sheepishly.

"Sorry, Dinah. Guess I'm sorta tired." Dinah could understand that.

He looked down the gritty road.

"See how it is. I haven't seen my wife in two years. I'm lonely for her, for my home. Sometimes I can't see straight."

And Dinah could understand that, too. No effort could prevent the tears from welling in her eyes. She had a guy back home, whom she was missing. Every song she sang for the boys here she was singing for her own particular G.I., Corporal George Montgomery.

There were those ugly rumors, Stork Club snippings at her romance, beauty parlor whispers that re-echoed loudly. Dinah and George were too completely happy, too much in love for the cynics to believe it. Dinah's success story had no blots and the wise guys were doing their best to make them up. And what a success story it was. The little girl from the South who used to haunt the Broadway lunch counters and music publishers in a worn little trench coat was now the G.I. Eyeful, Queen of the Jukes, and the deliriously happy wife of one of Hollywood's handsomest men. Their Nevada elopement had left the film colony gasping.

But the war had interrupted their married life. George was in the Army, assigned to Captain Ronald Reagan's First Motion Picture unit, and Dinah was doing her bit with a USO jaunt that made her the first female star to perform on liberated French soil.

Dinah was born in Winchester, Tennessee, in 1917, attended Vanderbilt University where she received a B.S. in sociology. But her early success as a singer made her abandon her original course.

"You know I'm awfully glad I didn't pursue my sociology studies. I feel that I can do much more in these trying days entertaining the boys."

In 1938 Dinah hit the big time and soon Eddie Cantor was featuring the slim golden-red haired girl with the big blue eyes, expansive smile and mellow voice.

Dinah and George (when he's home on furlough) live in a lovely Georgian colonial house in Beverly Hills. They built it slowly. For months after they moved in, they had practically no furniture, waiting for what they liked to achieve a perfect blend of taste and comfort. Friend Fanny Brice, who dabbles in interior decorating, counseled Dinah. Unlike most west coast homes the Montgomery's has no bar. They converted that space into a photographic dark room. Both George and Dinah are camera enthusiasts.

The couple shun night clubs, prefer intimate gatherings that usually include their friends, Marilyn Maxwell and John Conte.

Late spring, Dinah's radio show was something less than a smash hit. The program's orchestral groups almost sank the simple singer. Even today her closest friends, like her accompanist Ticker Freeman, winces when there is a tendency to give Dinah too elaborate a song presentation.

"Look," he says wisely, "Dinah stresses the melody. She sings to those G.I.'s like she was the girl back home."

This year things are different. The show is informal and down to earth. The new policy has been justified. Dinah's program is among the nation's most popular.

Dinah is a very busy girl these days. In addition to her own show (rehearsals start at 8 a.m.), Dinah is usually making a recording for overseas short wave distribution, or acting as a hostess in the Hollywood canteen, or working on a new film. She's also a prolific V-mail writer.

When the radio show goes off for the summer, Dinah plans a strenuous tour of the Pacific fighting zones, singing for our soldiers, for victory, and for George.
“Hello, dream girl,” he whispers. And you’re glad you’re looking lovely... glad you’ve kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay’s the “beforehand” idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on before household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps prevent roughness and dryness...guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.
A JOKE'S a joke—only sometimes, it turns out to be a Frankenstein. Like the Mr. Wickel gag on the Truth or Consequences show. As a result of the gag, which was having our small fry yelping "Where's Wickel?" for months, and which reached a climax when an honest-to-goodness Mr. Wickel was persuaded by his friends to attend a broadcast of the zany show, the city of Holyoke, Mass., is going to have a new park.

It seems that things got a little out of hand. The irrepressible Mr. Edwards let his imagination run away with him a bit. He had tucked away in his pocket a will and a map, all ready in case someone should answer his persistent question, "Is there a Mr. Wickel in the house?" When Mr. Wickel did appear, Ralph Edwards lost his composure sufficiently to become just a bit flustered and while giving Mr. Wickel the map that would show him where there was buried treasure to be found, he also revealed the location of the buried treasure to a few thousand residents of Holyoke, Mass.

There was something rather like a stampede and a gold rush a few minutes after the broadcast, when the worthy citizens of Holyoke threw on their coats and grabbed their tools and went to work on the corner of Prospect and Walnut Streets.

Mr. Wickel, a resident of Verona, New Jersey, was still on a train headed for Holyoke, when two local boys located the $1,000 in coins. Under law, buried treasure belongs to the finder. Mr. Wickel got there too late.

Ralph Edwards heard from Mr. Wickel, of course, and had to think up a consolation prize. Mr. Edwards also heard from the Mayor of Holyoke and, one thing leading to another, Holyoke is getting a new park named Wickel Park, to cover up the territory dug up by the treasure hunters.

Still not satisfied or chastened, Ralph Edwards didn't give Mr. Wickel a prize without any strings attached. Mr. Wickel now has a check for a thousand dollars. In some bank, somewhere in the United States, there is a thousand dollars to cover that check. The only trouble with it all is that Mr. Wickel's check doesn't bear the name of the bank against which it is drawn.

We hope he finds the bank. Ourselves, we have enough trouble with checking accounts, even when all the information is staring us in the face.

The housing shortage is pretty desperate. Doubling up in apartments is a common thing. But Elaine Kent, radio lovely, has a new one. Her landlord decided that she had too much room, what with two floors in her duplex apartment. So, he calmly informed her that, henceforth, she had only one floor and proceeded to build a ceiling over the stairwell and staircase. Elaine isn't so upset about having to convey her meals from a kitchen unit down the hall on a teawagon, since her upstairs kitchen has been cut off, as she is about the old friends who come to see her and unwittingly run up the stairs to powder their noses and run smack into the ceiling.

Have you heard "My Christmas Song For You"? Deserves some bouquets. The lyrics were sent to Hoagy Carmichael from the Ansen Rest Home at Tucson, Arizona, last fall. Ordinarily, when a songwriter gets a lyric by mail from an unknown, the chances are a thousand to one that the lyric is lame, halt or blind or all three. This one, however, set tunes ringing in Hoagy's head and the song came out
and caught Kay Kyser's fancy. All of which is very nice for Furniss Peterson, the veteran newsmen recuperating at the Tucson Rest Home.

The more you hear about the work of people in the Underground, the more your back straightens up. There's no end to the fortitude and courage of people when they are fighting and working for what they think is right.

Imagine being in momentary danger of your life and still finding ways and means to carry on the activities which would help to liberate your country. Artists in the French Underground never gave up their work for a solitary minute, while France was occupied by the Nazis. Michelle Trudel, who broadcasts in French every day from NBC International, recently received some of the posters turned out by these French artists. They're five color printing jobs and beautiful in conception and design. Several of them have been exhibited by the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Fred Waring is branching out a good bit these days. Or maybe it's just that Broadway showmen are taking a serious listen to radio—their great so-called rival—and don't want to let the airwaves have anything they haven't got.

Anyway, two Broadway musicals, Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts" and the new Olsen and Johnson frenzy, "Laughing Room Only," are sporting smart singing choruses trained by none other than Fred Waring.

Singing choruses have been made something special by Waring. He's been training large choirs for more than twenty years, and he's reaped rich rewards. So have professional chorus singers, who have a union, now, and command large salaries. Fred Waring also owns a flourishing music publishing concern, Words and Music, Inc., which specializes in arrangements for large singing organizations. You might say Waring has almost cornered the chorus market, which is all right by us as long as he produces the smooth, colorful music that he does.

Quiz Kid Harve Fischman has kept a daily diary since he first appeared on

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**Are you in the know?**

**Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—**

- [ ] A Private
- [ ] A Captain
- [ ] A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented flat tapered ends that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable comfort of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex stays soft while wearing!

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**If your writing runs uphill, are you—**

- [ ] Moody
- [ ] Indifferent to people
- [ ] An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an optimist, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not keep that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that 4-ply safety center keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection plus—when you use Kotex.

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**Will lip rouge linger longer if you—**

- [ ] Moisten the lips first
- [ ] Apply it over powder
- [ ] Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick stick—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge over powder, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your confidence can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.
Yes—

YOU CAN BE
MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up miracle awaits you in the new duo-tone Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—kids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:
• Apply rouge before powdering.
• Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises.
• Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of o > pointing toward the nose.
• Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
• Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
• Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—
Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! However you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today. $1.25c, 10c

the air three years ago. Some of the entries give one to think and wonder. One of our favorites is this one—“The Hollywood Cartoon looks like a girl in slacks—pretty from the front, awful from the rear.”

Jerry Jerome, we would say, deserves some sort of distinction for the degree to which he got sidetracked. The musical director of the Finders Keepers show certainly stepped a long way off his originally chosen path. He put in seven years studying medicine at the Universities of Alabama and Michigan, and then his funds ran out. So he organized an orchestra to earn the tuition to finish his course—and then got so interested in music he never went back to college.

We, personally, like Yank, The Army Weekly, as a radio show. Maybe that’s because it’s as strictly GI as the letters we get from the various fronts and we like the idea that no officer can write or dictate as to the formula for the show, any more than is possible for the paper. This is something really of the boys, for the boys and by the boys.

Have you registered with Betty Crocker to become a member of her “Home Legion”? Not a bad idea, this—to give homemakers some sort of recognition for what isn’t always the most highly recognized and rewarded work. Miss Crocker has the right slant when she says that the women, who are creating and maintaining the kind of homes to which our men overseas are dreaming about returning, ought to have some encouragement and credit.

What would you expect three worthy gentlemen like Jay Jostyn (Mr. District Attorney), Raymond Johnson (Raymond of “Inner Sanctum”) and David Gothard (The Thin Man) to discuss when they get together? Murder—crime—horror and terror? A likely thing, indeed. The other day we spotted the three of them having cakes in a Radio City drugstore, and sidled up to hear what they were putting their heads together about. We heard—a serious argument about what they were going to plant in their Victory Gardens this year!

We hear from Sgt. Henry “Red” Stewart—former entertainer with the Grand Ole Opry show, who’s now in New Guinea, that the name Minnie Pearl is getting around in the Army. The boys in the Army are using the name of Grand Ole Opry’s girl reporter on the Grinder’s Switch Gazette on munitions trucks. “MINNIE PEARL, SHE’S DYNAMITE,” the signs painted on the trucks read.

The response to NBC’s Welcome Home Auditions idea has been so terrific and so successful that the network has had to set aside a second audition day every week to take care of all the applicants. Now, ex-servicemen and women can get a hearing on Wednesdays from nine A.M. to noon, as well as on Saturdays. According to reports, one out of every three veterans interviewed thus far has been found worthy of professional employment—a pretty good showing considering that in general auditions about one percent of the applicants pass.

Marion Loveridge is growing up in a big way. Any day now she’ll appear as a full-fledged glamour girl. Sweet sixteen—she’s been elected the official Sweetheart by the members of the Military Order of the Purple Heart and officiated as the Queen at their annual ball not long ago. This would seem to be a fine enough start for any glamour girl.

The picture painted by Ted Malone of some of the ways our boys have of amusing themselves overseas has been bothering us on off nights a bit. We keep thinking about those strange haircuts Ted described—the paratrooper with his head shaved except for a two-inch wide strip down the center from front to back, and the other one

Not even Gertrude Niessen can steal Trigger's heart from Roy Rogers, but she tried hard when they met on the Blue's Hall of Fame.
with his head shaved bald except for a fluffy fringe around the edges and the other weirdies. The toupee and wig makers will have a picnic if these boys get themselves with victory on their hands before their hair grows back in. We keep thinking of how their girl friends back home would feel the first look they got at them.

* * *

We liked Robert Magidoff's story about Pavel the Camel, the perambulating beast of burden attached to the Red Army in East Prussia and the first of his species in that Army to set his feet on the "Holy Soil of the Reich." We liked the story and kind of envied the camel.

In case you didn't hear, Pavel the Camel is quite a character. He's become bald in the service because of the change from his normal climate in Adzakazakhstan. He's followed in the wake of the retreating Herrenvolk through the Volga Steppes and White Russian marshes. He hates enemy shells and morts and snarls to show it. He knows about tucking his long legs and yellow hide into the nearest shell hole when the going gets rough. He gets homesick sometimes and his driver sings love songs to him to make him feel better.

According to Magidoff, Pavel is only one of 900,000 camels listed in the Russian census of military animals.

* * *

It's an old and friendly custom in theatrical circles for one performer to try, on special occasions like the last night of a show or something like that, to "break up," as they say, another performer. "Breakup" meaning, in this instance, make a performer laugh so hard he—or she—can't go on with the show. Some stars have such a good hold on themselves and their poise that this is very hard to do.

Kate Smith is one such star. In 14 years in the radio, Kate has never come near breaking up—not enough to ripple the nerves of the producer with his eyes on the stop watch and air time limits. That's what made it so funny when Shirley Booth, without even trying deliberately, burst into song and had Kate laughing so hard she could barely catch her breath when it was time for her to go into her next musical number. But then, Shirley Booth is funny enough for our money to break up anyone at any time.

* * *

After hearing countless stories about how hard it has been for how many actors, singers, musicians and sundry artists to break into the fields that later brought them success, we have a great respect for James Melton. There was one boy who wasn't to be deterred by refusals, closed doors, or no-saying secretaries.

Back in the very beginning, when he first came to New York, Jimmy tried to get an audition with Roxy Rothafel, the owner of the Roxy Theatre. He tried six times and couldn't get past the stony-faced secretary. The seventh time, he stormed past the secretary, almost knocking her over, stuck his foot in the door to keep it from being slammed and sang at the top of his lungs out in the hall. He made a lusty enough racket to bring Roxy running out of her office to see what was the matter.

Result—one contract, the very first, in Mr. Melton's pocket.

—"Endymion," John Keats

"Touching with dazzled lips her
Starlight Hand"

"A lovely line—but remember, no one's lips are "dazzled" by Scullery Skin"

It takes a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer and closer... But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather... to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they need an effective cream.

Not sticky... not greasy. Pacquins is creamy-smooth, fragrant. Try it today.

Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubblings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
Of course you know about MIDOL—but have you tried it?

Before you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try MIDOL!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in three different ways—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

Barry Wood by no means rests on his laurels. He's long been associated with the Treasury Department and active in all the Bond Sales. Now, he's really come forth as a first class and working citizen. He's been elected Justice of the Peace in East Haddam, Conn., where he has an 85-acre farm.

Charita Bauer's work and physical self are in New York, but her heart's back in California. The young actress had to leave her husband, Lt. Robert Crawford, USN, after a very short honeymoon, because of her radio commitments.

The Great Gildersleeve is enlarging his activities. You'll never guess how. Hal Peary, Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve on the air, has recorded the age-old stories of Jack and the Beanstalk and other children's tales for Capitol Records. They're out in an album and the kids should like them. Peary is an accomplished dialectician and character actor, although he's most familiar to radio audiences as Gildersleeve.

Alec Templeton's wonderful sense of satire reaches even as far as naming his pet. Alec has a beautiful cat, coal black and sleek, which he has named "Louis Armstrong." The cat's favorite perch is Alec's lap and Alec is so used to him he says he can't get started on a new composition unless Louis Armstrong is purring away on his knees.

At one time Hildegarde was one of the fixtures in Paris. So much so that not long ago, although she hasn't appeared in Paris for several years, and rumor has it that "memory is short," a Free French sailor spotted the chanteuse at a supper club and rushed over to her table. In very excited French he told her how much she was missed in the City of Light and almost lost his power of speech entirely—with delight—when Hildegarde told him that she might be going back to France in May, to appear at Les Ambassadeurs.

These surveys turn up some amazing things once in a while. You'll never guess the name of the radio personality who boasts the most female listeners per radio set, according to the latest Hoover reports. It's not Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Herbert Marshall, Victor Jory or Bob Hope. Seems that by the figures, Sammy Kaye has more female ears per set glued to his "Sunday Serenade" than any other air show.

The time we like Guy Lombardo's orchestra the best is when it isn't broad-
Barbara Luddy is celebrating her thirteenth year in radio. Luckily, she's not superstitious, or she would never have reached this kind of maturity on the air. She started 13 years ago on November 13th and her first job was certainly a tough enough one to discourage a less hardy and determined soul. She played six days a week in a program that went on the air at 7:30 A.M.—at a salary of precisely nothing. Times have changed for Barbara.

Gracie Allen has discovered that it doesn't pay to brag about her prowess at gin rummy. Her claims of a previous night's success were taken up by Bill Goodwin, announcer on the George Burns and Gracie Allen show, and he casually suggested a game. Gracie fell into Bill's trap. By the time they were ready to go on the air, Gracie had not only gone through her dinner money, but she had found it necessary to go through husband George Burns' wallet as well. The evils of gambling...

Singer Helen Forrest has a story she likes to tell, about her recent Army hospital tour. On one occasion she had dinner with the GIs in the mess hall, and watched with awed admiration while a young soldier speared his fifth pork chop and his seventh baked potato.

"Bud, you sure like your chow, don't you?" exclaimed the man next to him.

"Not particularly," answered the GI.

"It just happens that I'm crazy about bicarbonate of soda."

The Aldrich Family celebrated its 300th broadcast in December. Three hundred escapades for Henry; and he's still getting into as interesting and exciting trouble as ever.

Dinah Shore has become so expert with her camera that she has been asked by a national magazine to "shoot" a layout for them. Dinah has been given the night clubs as her beat, and her job will be to take candid pictures of all the stars she runs into during her evening rounds.

It was at the Quick as a Flash program that two sailors spotted one another—it had been three years since they were buddies together, in boot camp, and the ends of the earth and the battles of Naples and Saipan had separated them since. They sped each other at the same moment, shortly before the show went on, and raced to meet in the center of the theater. Each held the hand of a recently-acquired bride. For the remaining ten minutes before show time, they talked fast and furiously of their respective engagements in the Pacific and European Mediterranean theaters of war, and planned to spend the remainder of their furloughs together.

Paul Douglas is a down-to-earth

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft—Dependably Strong

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

YOUR NOSE KNOWS—THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX
"Our husband belongs to us again!"

Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He’s mine—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it’s true, darling—except you mean he’s OURS. It’s US he’s in love with, this time! I’m your smarter self... remember? I’m the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when you wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That’s a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your... our marriage when he explained about the “one neglect”.

Julie: But I never even dreamed that a wife can lose her husband’s love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on that—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. “An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes”—that’s what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I’ve found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And...

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND...

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I’ll say it: Our husband belongs to us again!

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution. Its low “surface tension” means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Noncaustic—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful—Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Clearly odor—disappears after use. Deodorizes effectively. Lasting—keeps full strength even when uncorked.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE USE

Susan Douglas, of the CBS Big Sister show, is a Czech—three years ago she spoke no English.
Jack Benny's gravel-throated Rochester tells a new story which is making the rounds.

It seems that Sam Jones was sitting weeping at his fireside one night when a neighbor of his, attracted by the sounds of woe, peeked in. "What's ailing you, man?" he asked. "What's wrong?"

"It's terrible, terrible," sobbed Sam. "Tom Jackson's wife done died."

"Well," said Sam's neighbor, "what's that to you? She's no relation of yours."

"I know that," wailed Sam, "but it looks like everybody's getting a change but me."

Gossip and stuff... It's hard to believe, listening to him, that Larry Stevens, the new Jack Benny vocalist, has never had any previous professional experience... Kay Kyser had a whacky contract with his old sponsor which gives the sponsor the right to "recapture" the program from anybody who owns it. Which could be too bad, maybe...

... Mary Small, radio singer, and her husband, songwriter Vic Mizzy, who is now in service, are celebrating the arrival of a baby girl... The surprise response to the Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard comedy show leads us to believe that the rumors that Ozzie has kissed his baton goodbye are true...

Although Jack Benny is leading Kate Smith in the listener ratings, it's Kate who still draws the heaviest studio audience of any air program.

At the program I attended not long ago I counted well over a hundred standees...

Did you ever notice that Sammy Kaye never uses a baton when leading his band, although he's given away thousands of batons on his "So You Want To Lead A Band"... Dick Brown, recently seen testing seems to be that way about Candy Jones, the Conover model... Good luck to Jimmy Wallington, who had to give up his announcing stunts and move to the West Coast for his health. We'll miss him... Phil Spitalny and his Hour of Charm girls have been busy in Hollywood, working in the new Abbott and Costello picture, "The Co-Eds Are Coming"... Bing Crosby will soon be on his way to the South Pacific... Good listening until next time!

Commentator Morgan Beatty daily interprets news from the nation's capital on NBC.

My one cream instantly beautifies your skin—and the Patch Test proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just say that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I prove it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off completely. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

What happens to that one patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Make the Patch Test Tonight!

See with your own eyes the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and compare!
Frances Langford, of the NBC Bob Hope Show, has traveled nearly 100,000 miles entertaining troops, knows how the soldiers like their girls.

**THEY DREAM OF HOME**

And the GI's dream of the girls back home, too—beautiful girls who wear feminine clothes and smell sweetly of perfumed soaps and cosmetics.

As every feminine psychologist, every beauty expert, and every fashion designer knows, women make themselves beautiful for one reason: to please their men.

Today, when so many of those men are thousands of miles away—in the Philippines, in Germany and Italy, or even farther afield—these same psychologists, experts and designers are in a serious quandary. What, they wonder, do men want their girls to look like?

They needn't look farther for an answer than to Miss Frances Langford, of NBC's Bob Hope show, who—after travelling nearly 100,000 miles to entertain troops in the South Pacific, the Aleutians, North Africa, and Italy, England and other way-stations of the war—is an undisputed authority on what the American G. I. wants in his women folk.

"Our boys, thinking of their girls back home, aren't longing for mere chic," Frances reports. "They are remembering how clean and scrubbed American girls are, how sweet they smell—how healthy they are. They have been shocked and appalled, seeing the poverty and filth and malnutrition which have denied women in the war zones even a chance of beauty. They will never believe again that beauty comes out of a make-up box."

The inconveniences that Frances ex-

**BY PAULINE SWANSON**

By Pauline Swanson

trusted were many. Limited in her baggage, she couldn't take many of the "necessities" with which beauty-conscious women travel. She washed her hair with pieces of bar soap and dried it in the sun. She took showers in wash-rooms that had to be cleared and have a sentry out front. In Algiers her hotel was bombed. She went through several shows with artillery fire in the background. She had to sing loudly many times to drown out the roar of planes above which were acting as a protective umbrella. She narrowly escaped injury when a piece of flak fell near her.

There were a lot of such "extra" performances that Frances and the men gave. They were the times that Frances would call on her unusually large repertoire that began even before Rudy Vallee discovered her about 1930. The men not unstrangely asked for the old favorites—Night and Day, and Star Dust and You Made Me Love You. But on a regularly scheduled performance too, Frances sang You Made Me Love You, Night and Day (or Black Magic—whatever her mood of the moment), Tangerine, Embraceable You and As Time Goes By. "Always As Time Goes By. It was the favorite then. Next to singing, Frances' willingness to act as an emissary endeared her to the men. They were anxious to contact their loved ones at home and they pilled Frances with personal messages and mementoes to take to them. The personal, unwritten messages usually went: "Tell her I love her and that I am well." And there were notes written on five franc bills, on pieces of clothing, on odd scraps of paper. Captain Richard Headrick of Pasadena, Calif, once loaned her a pair of his G. I. trousers to wear for a performance. (The wind was so terrific that Frances always wore slacks at outdoor shows, but this was an unscheduled one and she had on a dress.) He sent them home to his mother by her. A colonel sent his watch back for repairs. A lieutenant gave her $50 to deposit for him in a Phoenix, Arizona bank. A soldier gave her a champagne cork to give to his wife. "We had champagne at our wedding reception," he explained.

Frances hasn't been to France as yet, although she is looking forward to a trip in that direction very soon. But she knows how pleased and touched American (Continued on page 54)
Do you remember—?

TEN years ago, a voice familiar to NBC listeners was that of Ethel Hague Rea. She was a soloist on a number of big shows in those days. What’s become of her? Several years before the war she left radio, but when World War II blew up in America’s face, Miss Rea decided that all she was then entertaining at heart, and that she must come out of retirement and serve. She was one of the first American Red Cross hospital recreational workers slated for overseas duty. In those early days of the war, October 1941, she was prepared for a land with no supplies or recreational facilities, a land of blowing gales and tense troops waiting for action from the enemy.

“How much equipment will I be allowed to take?” she asked, and was told that there was plenty of room. So aboard the ship bound for Iceland she came, with three trunks and fourteen pieces of hand luggage. In those well-stuffed bags were a radio, a phonograph, 250 records, an ironing board, a folding chair, a bedside chest of drawers filled with woolen clothing, recreational games of all sorts and shapes, song sheets, even 25 dollars’ worth of crepe paper brought for wounded men to fashion into artificial flowers, but used for decorations.

Primitive life in the nissen huts on the outskirts of Reykjavik was the daily fare. Sidewalks were completely non-existent. For showers the American Red Cross workers had to walk a block through the snow.

They learned what waiting means! Until May they tried to find suitable club rooms. During that time they traveled by jeep, twenty or thirty miles in a day, to lonely outposts to put on special shows. Finally four rooms of a school building were rented and made homelike by chintz curtains, billiard and ping pong tables, piano, and a snack bar for doughnuts and coffee. The dances for the G.I.’s were aptly called “Rat Races.”

After 21 months in the cold climate of Iceland, Miss Rea was transferred back to the States and for a few weeks assisted in the orientation course for American Red Cross trainees in Washington, D. C. Then overseas again! This time from the cold to the tropics. She sailed from San Francisco in November 1943, for the South Sea Islands.

A month of travel and waiting in Australia, and a delay in New Caledonia because of a hurricane, slowed up the next assignment in New Zealand. Continuing her luck of novel jobs, she was offered a position in Rotorua, a thermal region much like a miniature Yellowstone National Park.

In this region where sulphur steam pushes up out of the earth and dark-skinned Maoris live in huts, washing their clothes and cooking their food in the pools, she and her staff entertained thousands of curious visiting service men. All sports from fishing in the many lakes to wild boar hunting in the bush were available. And the Maoris gave unique poi dances and sang their beautiful native songs.

With the recent reduction of New Zealand Red Cross programs due to the northward movement of the war, Miss Rea recently headed for new adventures along the road to the Philippines.

**Film-Finish Powder**

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and you! For that screen-glamour—look you cherish!

New five-way blending creates stay-fresh shades, smoother new texture that clings, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty.

Choose from eight film-star shades!

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE** David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in “I’ll BE SEEING YOU.” Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

**YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1**...Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your glamorous shades of matching lipstick and rouge...at no extra cost. No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new “Film-Finish.”

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax

Woodbury Film Finish Powder
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you’re washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight... don’t put it off ... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre ... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Unmanageable hair ... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.
WHAT is there to believe in if you can't believe your own heart? What is left for a woman in this crazy, mixed-up, war-torn world, if there is nothing steadfast in her own emotions? What do you do when you are torn between an old love and a new?

I didn't believe that it could happen to me. The love between Chet and me had been such a perfect thing, so whole, so—unassailable. We had met when I'd come West to work in the huge ordnance plant in the coast city where Chet was stationed with the Army, and we had known instantly, finally, that we belonged to each other. Nothing else mattered, not the little time we had together, nor long separation before us, nor the uncertainties and anxieties that came to everyone in war time. Our love was the only certainty we needed. We were married after we'd known each other only a week, and we rented a little house near the plant. When, less than a month later, Chet was shipped out, we weren't really separated. We still belonged to each other. We always would.

It was that way even after the black day when the telegram came, saying that Chet was missing. After the first shock, I went on living as if there had been no telegram, as if at any time I could expect Chet to come home. I kept my job at the plant; I kept the little house that held the shining memory of our happiness, and my heart was a fortress-city, where everything that was my husband's was locked away from the world, safe and inviolate until he came to claim it.

Because he would come back. I believed that—not desperately, because I had to believe it, but simply because it seemed to be true. If Chet had been killed, my heart would have known it.

I was so sure... How then, could a stranger walk into my life, into my thoughts, to shatter the safe structure of my love and leave me exposed and vulnerable?

It happened on the most brisk and business-like of days, on Monday morning. The plant had advertised for workers in the Sunday paper, and I was busy taking the names of the applicants, filtering them through to Personnel. The feeling that I was being stared at made me look up and around the room. One of the men was gazing at me intently. He looked quickly away as our eyes met, and I turned back to my appointment book, but not before I'd had a good look at his face—a nice face (Continued on page 94)
Perhaps you, like Betty, have waited all your life for the fulfillment of a dream. Perhaps, when your wish comes true, it will come to you strangely, as Betty's did. Will you have her courage in facing it?

SOMETIMES, now, when I'm hoping for something terribly important—something connected with Ted and me—I remember that dreams have a funny way of coming true without bringing pleasure at all. The facts will all be there just the way you dreamed them—you get the invitation or the man or the dress—and then after you have everything you prayed for, you realize that you didn't want it this way at all. When that happens, I lash out at Fate—I cry wildly inside of me, "All right, maybe I did ask for this—maybe I did want these things—but I didn't know you'd mix everything all up like this. I didn't want it this way."

Those are the words that were bottled up inside of me the night Ted took me to the Full Moon Club's bobbled party. Here was my answer to the silent prayer which had filled me for months—the secret hope I knew every time I sat with Ted as he waited in our little front parlor while Ellen finished dressing upstairs. I would be talking to him about his new job at Lee's Store, or the fishing trip he'd just come back from, or any of the impersonal things men talk about to girls they never think about falling in love with, when the wish would spring up in me. I would stare silently at his lean, handsome face and think, "If he would take me some place just once—if I could walk into this little room and see his face light up the way it does when Ellen comes in—if we could leave together for a Full Moon Club party the way he and my sister are going to, do tonight, that's all I'd ask of life, ever."

But Ted had no thought for me. I had always known that it was Ellen he loved. I knew it again, now, as we sat casually talking, from the way he watched the stairs down which, in a moment, she would come—from the way he broke off in the middle of a word as he heard her steps. Knew it, above everything, as I watched while Ellen told him she couldn't go with him to the party.

I had known about it, of course—had wondered, as I sat talking with him, if I should make his disappointment easier by hinting some way that I had heard Ellen on the telephone the week before, accepting Dick Cooper's invitation for tonight. But Ellen, smiling, confident, lovely, came in before I could frame the words, and told him herself.

I have to be fair to Ellen. I have to be honest and say that she wasn't mean, or even consciously selfish. But she just never seemed to see how people feel about things. Maybe if you've never been hurt, you can't understand how anyone feels when he is hurt. If she had loved Ted she would have known that she was going to hurt him, as I knew; but she didn't love him. I think she was really surprised when
Ellen hesitated. I knew why it was, and so did Ted. I could tell from the way his body grew tense beside me.

I'll always be fond of Dick, of course. If he hadn't fallen in love with Ellen, I probably never would have had a date with Ted in my life, because Ellen would have gone with Ted to the Full Moon Club's bobsled party. But I wasn't fond of him at that moment, as I watched Ted's disappointment. I sat there, unnoticed, crying inside myself the way you do when someone you love is terribly hurt.

"I don't want another date, Ellen," Ted said stubbornly. "The Full Moon Club doesn't mean anything to me without you. But I guess it's my own fault—I should have asked you for this party long ago. Only we've always gone to them together. I thought we always would."

That part was true. Ellen had gone with other boys to movies and dances and parties—but never to the Full Moon Club parties. Those dates belonged to Ted.

She looked worried now and a little frightened. I think she was realizing then that Ted was going to be hurt. And it isn't fun to hurt someone you've been awfully fond of. That's when she looked at me and suggested the idea which excited and frightened me all at the same time, "Ted, take Betty, why don't you? She loves parties and the outdoors, too. She'd have a wonderful time on a sleighride. And you and Betty are such good friends."

Ted smiled wryly. "She's putting you out in the cold, too, Betty. But do you want to go?"

And so, you see, there was the climax . . . the fulfillment of my secret dream.

One time, many many years ago, when Ellen was a little girl, she gave me a cloth doll I had worshipped for years. And I loved that doll dearly even if it was a cast-off—that part didn't matter. Ellen's beautiful doll was mine. She had given it to me—the way she gave me her coats and mittens and skirts which never showed that they had been worn at all. But you can't give a man away the way you can give away a coat you've outgrown or a doll you're too old for. Not a man like Ted, you can't—a man made from flesh and blood, not sawdust—a man whose heart still beats for the girl in his dream. But Ellen didn't see that, not because she was selfish, really, but because she simply couldn't understand anyone as intense as Ted.

If ever I have a little girl, I'll never make the same mistake with her that my mother and father made with me. I suppose they didn't know they were being unkind. They loved me—I know that now. But I was a slim, wiry little girl with pigtales, and Ellen was so pretty—so soft and smooth-skinned, her blonde hair curling so perfectly—the kind of little girl who couldn't stand in the sun when she was very tiny. Naturally, a child like that makes an active little kid with freckles brushed across the bridge of her plain little nose seem just—well, ordinary. That's the way I did feel, and that's where I blame my parents a little bit. They should have made...
Perhaps you, like Betty, have waited all your life for the fulfillment of a dream. Perhaps, when your wish comes true, it will come to you strangely, as Betty’s did. Will you have her courage in facing it?

SOMETIMES, now, when I’m hoping for something terribly important—something connected with Ted and me—I remember that dreams have a funny way of coming true without bringing pleasure at all. The facts will all be there, just the way you dreamed them—you get the invitation or the man or the dress—and then, after you have everything you prayed for, you realize that you didn’t want it that way at all. When that happens, I lash out at Fate—I cry wildly inside of me. “All right, maybe I did ask for this—maybe I did want these things—but I didn’t know it was all up like this. I didn’t want it this way.”

These are the words that were bottled up inside of me the night Ted took me to the Full Moon Club’s belted party. Here was my answer to the silent prayer which had filled me for months—the secret hope I knew every time I sat with Ted as he waited in our little front parlor while Ellen finished dressing upstairs. I would be talking to him about his new job at Lee’s Store, or the fishing trip he’d just come back from, or any of the impersonal things men talk about to girls they never think about falling in love with, when, with the wish would spring up in me. I would stare silently at his lean, handsome face and think, “If he would take me some place just once—if I could walk into this little room and see his face light up the way it does when Ellen comes in—if we could leave together for a Full Moon Club party this way I’m going to do tonight, that’s all I’d ask of life ever.”

But I had no thought for me. I had always known that it was Ellen he loved. I was sure of it. I was sure—and I was afraid to think. The way he watched the stairs down which, in a moment, she would come—from the way he broke off in the middle of a word as he heard her steps. Knew it.

above everything, as I watched while Ellen told him she couldn’t go with him to the party.

I had known about it, of course—I had wondered, as I sat talking with him, if I should make his disappoin-
tment easier by hinting some way that I didn’t think it was a good idea. Maybe if you’ve never been hurt, you can’t understand how anyone feels when he is hurt. If she had loved Ted she would have known that she was going to hurt him as I knew; but she didn’t love him. I think she was really surprised when she saw his face. And then she put the responsibility on him, the way girls always do.

“Don’t ask me, Ted. And this is Saturday.”

“Did I have to ask, Ellen?” I knew he was trying, but he couldn’t keep a faint reproach out of his voice. “You knew I would. We’ve never missed a Full Moon party together.”

She began to sound a little apologetic, a little hesitant, then. “But Dick Cooper asked me long ago—last week. You can get another date, Ted, even this late.” And she might have said instead, “You can get another date, Ted.” Because, whether she knew it or not, she was turning away from him. I don’t know if Ted realized it then, but I did. I had been convinced ever since Ellen had her first date with Dick Cooper the night before that she was more interested in him than she had ever been in anyone.
me realize my good points, too. They should have reminded me that my thick, black hair was pretty even if it wasn't curly like Ellen's. They should have complimented me for my good sportsmanship in the games we played—for the better-than-passing marks I got in school. But they didn't bother about that, and I grew up in Ellen's shadow, always believing that she was destined to reach for the stars—that I must be content with lesser things.

That kind of man asking me to a Full Moon Club party was silly, and, in my saner moments, I knew it.

Everyone in Watertown knew about the Full Moon Club—they grew up knowing about it, as much a part of our town as the cannon in the court house square. The club was organized when my father was a boy—formed by a dozen older boys just out of City High. Right from the first they called it the Full Moon Club—because they had their parties only when there was a full moon. The parties didn't change much through the years. In the summer, there were moonlight picnics by Stockwell's Bridge, or canoe trips on the Cedar, or hayrides. In the winter there were parties in private homes. A long time ago they stood around the piano and sang, and now they dance to the radio, but the invitation means just as much. Why, a Full Moon Club weiner roast means more to a girl in Watertown than a bid to the fanciest ball in New York means to a debutante.

I remember the first time Ellen went to a Full Moon Club party. It was Commencement night and she was graduating and I was a high school junior. She sang a song that night wearing her long, white dress, and she looked like an angel. I sat watching her, thinking to myself, "A year from tonight I'll be graduating, and probably I'll be going on to a Full Moon Club open air dance afterward with someone like Ted Donaldson." And then, when I looked at Ellen again and noticed her soft, appealing wistfulness, I was afraid that I never could be Ted—that no one like Ted ever would ask me to go anywhere. I became frightened that life would pass me by.

All of my senior year when Ellen was going to business college, the fear persisted. It wasn't that I wasn't well-liked by my classmates. I went to all the school parties and basketball games and picnics. It was just when I compared myself with Ellen that I was dissatisfied. It wasn't anything she did—it was something that she was. And the boys who brought her home from downtown, and asked her for dates, and called her on the telephone, were so much more adult than the kids who walked home from school with me. The boys who looked at her as if she were a starry-eyed princess already had jobs—good jobs like the one Ted had in the shoe department of Lee's Dry Goods Store.

It was that year when I first began being afraid that I was doomed to a life of loneliness that I began making up the dream—that I withdrew to a kinder world of Make Believe. I chose Ted Donaldson from Ellen's admirers to play the part of the romantic hero I would make believe was mine. If I would make believe that I was going with him to a Full Moon roller-skating party or a picnic in the woods. In my daydreams, tall, rangy, handsome Ted devoured me hungrily with his dark, intense eyes the way he looked at Ellen. And, sometimes, my mind would whirl, and I would whisper, "I love you, Betty." But I knew that dream couldn't come true—even as I clung to it all that spring and summer and fall.

I SUPPOSE a psychologist who knows all about your mind and your emotions and your personality would say that I was subconsciously jealous of Ellen and didn't know it. You see, there was nothing about her to dislike. That was the trouble—everything about her was just right. Uncle Tom and Aunt Bertha favored her because she never forgot to say please and thank you. Mother and Dad were delighted with her because she always kept her room so neat, and because their friends admired her prettiness and her nice singing voice. And men fell in love with her because her hair was beautiful and her smile was sweet and her skin so soft and smooth.

I was terribly proud of being her sister. But maybe I was jealous, too. (You can be, you know, of someone you love.) I suppose I envied the things she had—adoration, beauty, popularity—things I wanted desperately but was afraid I never could have. I wanted friends like her friends—a man in my life like Ted. And yet when Ellen turned from Ted to Dick Cooper, I was sorry for the man who had had first place in her heart. It was I, Betty, who loved him, who wanted Ellen to love him, too, so that he wouldn't be hurt.

I'll never forget that first date with Ted, nor any part of that sleighride planned for gay, lighthearted young people intent only upon having fun. Every time I see red-faced Joe Carlson in town I remember the night when he guided his hay-filled sleigh through a still, beautiful, star-filled winter wonderland. And I think of how I hud-
dled in that circle of warmth under the heavy blankets, completely miserable on my first date with a man I had loved for a year. And I remember, too, that fist-sized star I noticed in the dark sky and how I looked at it and chanted under my breath:

"Star bright—star light
First star I see tonight.
Wish I may—wish I might
And love will be mine tonight."

And I wished a silly, girlish wish which I would have been embarrassed to confess to anyone but the star, gleaming impersonally in the sky above.

"Please let him kiss me tonight," I whispered under my breath as I felt the strength of him beside me in the circle of young people. And, then, when that wish came true, that didn't mean anything, either.

Johnny James was the clown in the gang, and he was acting silly and fell off the sleigh. Joe Carlson slowed the horses down, but Johnny kept slipping and sliding on the ice behind us. I remember how Mary Milton giggled and said, "Don't let him in—he'll just tickle me some more," and I remember how he did get in and Mary's shrill squeals in the night. And then, suddenly, the way it happens in a crowd sometimes, the beauty of the night pressed around us, and the mood changed suddenly. The laughter ceased, and we were quiet as we slipped through a world of enchantment, and then one of the boys said, "Ellen, sing, will you? You haven't sung tonight."

And Dick Cooper said, "Go on, Ellen."

I wanted to tell him that I did kno
Sing, I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire."

Ellen hesitated. I knew why and so did Ted. I could tell he knew from the way his body grew tense beside me.

The song was their song—Ellen's and Ted's. He whistled it every time he came in our squeaking front gate. And Dad used to kid him about it and say, "You won't set it on fire much—if you spend all your time on our front porch."

That's what I was remembering and that was the reason for Ellen's hesitation and Ted's stiff quietness. But the gang persisted, "Go on, Ellen—sing that one!"

And then she was singing. At first her voice had kind of a wistful, remembering note in it, and I knew she was considering Ted—and what this was doing to him. And then her voice changed and I knew that Dick had kissed her. We didn't see him, but the friendly, nostalgic note went out of her voice, and the song was heavy with a new emotion. That must have been when Ted realized for the first time that he was losing Ellen forever. It must have come over him right then that his love for Ellen was something he would have to fight. Because her heart was being won by Dick Cooper—Dick, who had grown up with all of us in Watertown and who would live out his life in this quiet little river town.

And right then is when I got my answer to that wish I made on the star. Ted kissed me. He just turned suddenly and hurt my lips with hard, hungry excitement—kissed me violently and left me weak and a little frightened. And, then, he seemed to realize that I was Betty, Ellen's sister—and not the kind of girl he could turn to for a temporary answer to his pent-up emotion—not the kind of girl a man could go to for a little while to erase his bitterness and loneliness and disillusionment.

"I'm sorry, Betty—forgive me," he said and turned away toward the night.

We dropped Ellen and Dick off at our house, and Ted and I went on with the gang to Charlie's Place for chili. But we didn't sit at the big central table with the rest of them. We sat alone in the back booth—away from the circle of noisy gaiety in the middle of the restaurant.

"I'm losing her, Betty," Ted told me as we waited. "You know it and I know it." He hesitated then. "And I don't see how I can take it. You see, Betty, she's everything I've 'dreamed of. The roses and the moon and my grandchildren." He smiled at me. "Some day you'll know what that can mean, Betty."

I wanted to tell him then that I did know—that he was all those things to me—but I didn't because he shifted quickly into another mood.

"This is terrible for you, Betty," he said, forcing a smile. "Your first Full Moon party, and this kind of an evening." He looked into my eyes with extreme kindness. "They tell me all the girls look forward to their first Full Moon party. Did you?"

I was afraid the tears that dimmed my eyes would spill out on my cheeks and give away my secret, but I controlled them as I nodded slowly.

He touched my hand on the table and his fingers were gentle.

"I'm sorry your first party was a flop. But next time you'll have fun."

I looked at him quickly, wondering if he meant that he planned to take me again. But he smiled the way Uncle Tom does when he looks at Ellen.

"Some nice fellow is going to fall hard for you some day," he said sincerely. "You're pretty, and you're a nice girl, too."

If Ted had wanted to hurt me, he'd tried deliberately to show me once and for all the hopelessness of my feeling for him, he'd had just the right words. But I knew that he hadn't tried. And his veiled unconsciousness was a more bitter hurt. I was a nice girl, a pleasant, friendly, unexciting companion, a girl who would understand that the moment in the sleigh, when his lips bruised mine and his arms tightened round me, didn't exist for him. I knew how he felt about it, and I tried hard to forget about it, too, because if he didn't remember it, I didn't want it to have any meaning for me either. He had been kissing Ellen, I told myself; but still the memory of his closeness sent my heart wildly pounding. I wanted that kiss to have been given to me, to Betty—not to an Ellen who had turned from him, whom he could not stop loving. But I didn't (Continued on page 65)
I wanted to tell him that I did know that he was all those things to me. But I didn’t have the courage to do it.

The song was their song—Ellen’s and Ted’s. He whistled it every time he came in our squeezing front gate. And Dad used to kid him about it and say, “You won’t set it on fire much—if you spend all your time on our front porch.”

That’s what I was remembering and that was the reason for Ellen’s hesitancy and Ted’s stiff quietness. But the gang persisted, “Go on, Ellen—sing it down tonight.”

And then she was singing. At first voice her kind of kind of a wistful, remembering note in it, and I knew she was considering Ted and what this was doing to him. And then her voice changed and I knew that Ted had kissed her. We didn’t see him, but the way his body grew tense beside me.

I suspected a psychologist who knew all about your mind and your emotions would say it was all an illusion. It didn’t mean anything, either.

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And Dick Cooper said, “Go on, Ellen, I don’t want to set the world on fire.”

Ellen hesitated. I knew why and so did Ted. I could tell he knew from the way his body grew tense beside me.

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That’s what I was remembering and that was the reason for Ellen’s hesitancy and Ted’s stiff quietness. But the gang persisted, “Go on, Ellen—sing it down tonight.”

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One doesn't erase overnight the carelessness of years.

There was a time when I thought I hated Margaret Haldane. We had been friends until the thing happened which made my husband Jay want to divorce me, made him want to marry Margaret—that was what hurt. When I thought that happened, I turned on Margaret with such loathing as only a woman can experience who feels herself betrayed by another.

To me, in the moment of revulsion when it seemed to me that Jay loved Margaret, she became a “bad” woman—a woman who was willfully and wickedly trying to break up my home. No one could have convinced me then that she was anything better.

It seems strange in the light of what happened later that Jay and I started seeing Margaret because we were sorry for her. She was a new secretary in the advertising firm for which Jay worked. Although she worked at her job with enthusiasm and good cheer—or perhaps because she was so cheerful—everyone in the office felt that there was something pathetic about her. Her husband, they knew, hadn't been home in two years—he was in the South Pacific aboard a Coast Guard destroyer escort. And she seemed to have no other family, and no friends at all. Jay told me about her while we were sitting talking one evening before dinner.

“She's desperately lonesome,” he said. “You can tell by the way she works. She's always there first in the morning, hard at it, and she stays late at night—works hours after everyone else has gone.”

“Maybe she's just ambitious,” I said.

“No pretty young girl is ambitious enough to want to spend every evening of her life all alone in an office typing stacks of dull reports,” Jay replied. “I think she's sick and tired of looking at the four walls of a hotel room, and works because there is nothing else to do.”

“Hotel room?” I gasped. “Hasn't the girl any home?”

“She's just come to Cleveland,” Jay said. “Hasn't been able to find an apartment. Her family's all down south somewhere—Tennessee, I think.”

The picture Jay painted of this lonely girl's life made me suddenly...
I don't have to act a part to hold Jay, Janet told herself. I've been a good companion, a good wife—he likes me just the way I am now. Besides, Jay has never looked at another woman . . .

very ashamed. The war hadn't touched us at all. Oh, we had put up with the usual rationing problems—I stood in line for butter and bacon, and then sometimes didn't get it, but what is that in a period when millions of people all over the world are starving? We had curtailed our week-end trips when the gasoline shortage became acute. We had bought War Bonds, and paid higher taxes—but what is that, when other people are fighting and dying far away from home?

Jay, called early in the war for his draft physical, had been rejected—he would never have to be away from me, or in danger. We had our home, our friends, our pleasures—just as always. Surely, my conscience told me, we could share our happiness with a girl who had been asked to give up so much.

I had been silent for several minutes, deep in thought, and Jay turned to the sports page of his evening newspaper. He was a little startled when I ran across the room to him and with a note of urgency in my voice begged him to telephone Margaret Haldane, and ask her to dinner with us.

"Tonight?" he asked, with surprise.

"Yes, tonight," I said. "Call her right away. She's probably still at the office."

"But will dinner keep?" he asked, frowning. Jay's routine had fallen, in the seven years of our marriage, into such a pattern (home from the office at six, out in the garden for a little spading just for exercise, then—coat off, easy slippers on—a few moments with the newspaper or the radio, then a quiet dinner) that any such unexpected departure from the schedule upset him. He felt sorry for Margaret Haldane, too, but it hadn't occurred to him that we could do anything about her problems—certainly not on the spur of the moment.

I assured him that dinner could wait long enough for our guest to arrive. "I haven't even beaten the eggs for the Yorkshire pudding," I said, "and the roast will keep warm for another hour. Call her up," I prodded him again.

Groaning a little, Jay phoned the office. Margaret was still working. She would be delighted to come for dinner, she said. She'd come right out.

JAY was still frowning. He wasn't at all sure that he liked this sudden change in program. He was used to relaxing when he came home. Now, I supposed, he thought he was in for an evening of shop talk. Resignedly he put back on his coat, and sat down to wait. The doorbell rang almost before he was settled in the chair. Jay ushered Margaret Haldane into our living room.

"My wife," Jay began tactlessly, "thought you might be lonely."

"Nothing of the sort," I said hurriedly. "I've wanted to meet you, Mrs. Haldane, ever since Jay told me you had joined the firm—and tonight seemed as good a time as any. We're so glad you weren't busy."

"I'm never busy," she said, and laughed frankly. "And I was lonely—it was good of you to ask me."

Her dark, rather brooding eyes seemed to fill with light when she smiled, and I realized, with some surprise, that she was beautiful.

I suppose all non-working wives have the tendency I used to have to consider all women in their husband's offices as efficient, sometimes handsome machines . . . handsome, but never beautiful.

Margaret Haldane had seemed merely handsome when she walked into the room. Her dark hair was demurely neat in a low knot on her neck, and her quiet grey suit was not designed for glamour. But her smile changed one's whole impression.

Once the mold of the machine was broken it was easy to see that she was lovely—even the businesslike suit couldn't hide the feminine contours of her figure, and that smile did something to her face.

I was aware of a sudden uneasiness. I was prepared to entertain a machine. But this girl was a person. Jay, too, seemed suddenly speechless.

"Well, Jay," I said, "aren't you going to take Mrs. Haldane's hat?"

The mundane question broke the tension, and Jay rushed about stowing away our guest's hat and gloves, finding a chair for her, and talking to her about the office.

I slipped away to the kitchen to look at the roast, relieved somehow to be away from Margaret's well-groomed presence. I felt suddenly shabby in my old jersey dress, and peered anxiously in the kitchen mirror, wishing I had done something about my hair.

By the time dinner was ready, Jay and Margaret were chatting like old friends. My roast was withered but Margaret ate hungrily. Her appetite was really flattering.

"I haven't had a home-cooked meal for so long," she said, half-apologizing. "And your Yorkshire pudding is wonderful—just like my mother's."

She talked animatedly and well. Jay laughed delightedly over her stories.
of her struggles with the clients. This was shop talk, all right, but it was amusing—and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He was still laughing to himself, long after Margaret left.

"She's a clever girl," he said once, yawning.

I should have heard right then the faint rumbles of approaching trouble.

It was something we had weathered those early storms because we were so dependent on one another, so interested in one another, and so passionately in love. Even if I had remembered, I suppose, I would have shrugged off the thought.

It's different now. I would have admitted. But why shouldn't it be? We're older. And, besides, Jay had never looked at another woman....

We saw Margaret Haldane frequently after that. Jay asked her to lunch one day and she read him excerpts from her husband's letters, which she carried in her purse. And she told Jay, with tears in her eyes, how much she missed her Bob—and her family, too, and all her friends. When Jay wondered aloud why she had left the South—when her family and friends, and her husband's friends, were there—she dodged the question.

Oh, she said vaguely, she guessed she was restless. Jay didn't press the question. But he somehow felt sorrier for her than ever. He phoned me frequently from the office after that to ask if he could bring Margaret home for dinner. We took her along when we went to the movies. We introduced her to all our friends.

Margaret seemed genuinely grateful. She tried in a thousand ways that I realized later were pathetic, to make me like her. She would bring me flowers. When we talked, I could feel a little of the pressure, and I could feel the little note of thanks after a happy evening with us at a theatre or a dance. I enjoyed being with her. Having an extra woman on our hands was not awkward—every hostess expects extra women in war-time. I missed her as the copy, intimate talks I had had with Jay when we had more time to ourselves, but I honestly was not jealous.

It was blind of me not to be jealous, or at least on guard, for Jay was changing. And if I hadn't been so smugly sure of him, I would have realized that it was Margaret's constant presence in our lives which was responsible for the change.

That change was apparent in just little things at first. When Margaret was expected for dinner, Jay would find time to shave and put on a clean white shirt before he arrived. If we were dining alone, Jay preferred to spend his leisure moments catching up on the news, or listening to the radio. At those times, one shave, one shirt were enough for any one day.

When Margaret was with us, Jay found it easy to stay up half the night. He wasn't tired, he would complain when I pleaded exhaustion after a long evening of dancing or cards. But when we spent an evening alone, on the other hand, Jay was ready enough to drag off to his bed at ten o'clock.

I still didn't understand. Or, rather, I was satisfied that Jay could let down—be himself, I thought—when he was alone with me. I was as unprepared for the blow as though there had been no handwriting on the wall.

For several summers, Jay and I had spent our annual two-weeks' vacation in northern Minnesota, camping and fishing in the lake country. It was a change for Jay—then he liked getting into old clothes, escaping the telephone and business pressure for a few days. We both looked forward to our July "break" all through the year.

The summer after Margaret Haldane came to Cleveland, I made plans as usual to close up the house for two weeks, turn my back on my household chores, and play. There wasn't much planning to do, of course, it was pretty much a routine—just deciding when we would go, deciding what old clothes would still be usable, leaving a note for the milkman and the paper-boy, and going. But I started early in June because I knew from experience that it took a long time to get Jay to make these little bothersome decisions.

This time, though, it seemed impossible to get him to think about our plans at all. "Plenty of time, plenty of time," he said whenever I brought it up.

I called him up one morning to find out what he wanted to do about his broken-down old suitcase. "It's pretty bad, you know," I reminded him, as I had last year and the year before. "Don't you think you could stand a new one? It might fall apart right in the middle of the street!

His voice came hesitantly over the wire. "I'm—pretty busy. Let's talk about it when I get home—I can look at it then."

I hung up with a sigh. No use waiting for Jay to "talk about it." Apparently he was just going to put it off until there was no time left at all! There was only one way to get him to make up his mind—I would make it up for him. I went downtown that afternoon and came home, just in time to get dinner, with a sturdy new suitcase for him, one that I was sure he would like because it was almost a duplicate of the ancient worn-out one.

After dinner I led him upstairs and produced it with a flourish. He stared at it for a moment in silence, and when he turned to me I suddenly realized that, for some peculiar reason, he was embarrassed. I laughed in surprise. "Well—can't I buy my husband a gift after all these years?" I teased. "And a nice one too, if I may say so."

"Yes," Jay said slowly, "it is a nice one. Too nice for me—you ought to use it."

I fastened the straps and tested the
I know now that I was blind, but even then I was not too blind to realize that Jay was changing.

lock. "No doubt I will have to put a few odds and ends into it, but it's all yours," I told him firmly.

Jay shook his head, still with the odd embarrassment that was beginning to puzzle me. "You ought to take it and go off to some nice hotel and have yourself a real vacation," he insisted.

"Nice hotels aren't any fun—you know that. Too many people, and having to put on a different outfit for breakfast, lunch and dinner—I'd much rather just lie around in old slacks and go fishing. Wouldn't you?"

"Well... as a matter of fact..." Jay said, and stopped. "I kind of think I'd like to play a little golf this year, instead. You know—just for a change?"

There was a silence, while I tried to decide whether I was annoyed or just disappointed. More annoyed, I thought. Jay knew perfectly well that I didn't play golf—what in the world would he do for two weeks? I said it aloud, my annoyance clear in my tone. "Is that what you call a change, sitting around for two weeks while you play golf?"

"You don't understand," Jay said, hastily. "You can still go fishing—or... well, the point is, it's a sort of stag affair. Just a few of us at the office, just men—we thought it might be fun to go down to this little town in Kentucky and just do nothing but golf for a couple of weeks. Get our minds off..." his apologetic voice trailed into silence.

So this was what had been bothering him. I understood his embarrassment now, but that was all I understood. I didn't want to take my vacation without Jay—I couldn't imagine why he should make such a suggestion. I couldn't think of any reason for this strange upsetting of an arrangement I had taken for granted. "Was it something you couldn't get out of—is that it?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Well, yes and no," Jay answered; then suddenly he looked at me for the first time and his tone became more deliberate, as if he at last had found the words he had needed. "No. Not really. I think perhaps it's a good thing for married people to take some time off now and then. Get away from one another once in a while. You get a better... perspective... on things."

I made no further protests, but I was hurt... bitterly hurt. I didn't then associate Jay's wish to be alone with Margaret Haldane. The possibility didn't yet occur to me that he wanted to be alone with her. That additional knife-stab came later.

After Jay had packed his bags and gone off "with the gang," I wandered about our house like a lost soul. All the rooms looked strange and unfamiliar to me. I didn't know how to live in that house, alone.

Jay had urged me to go somewhere—to go visit my parents, or an old school friend. Anywhere, it seemed to me, just so I'd get the sick look off my face and get off his conscience. But I had nowhere to go. There was nowhere I wanted to go—or be—without Jay.

After a day or two of utter misery—I went to the movies once, and left before the feature was half through; I tried going to bed early but Ilay awake tossing all night—I knew I had to see someone, to talk to someone, or go crazy.

I DECIDED to telephone Margaret Haldane, to invite her to lunch. I called her hotel. Mrs. Haldane was out of the city.

"When will she be back?" I asked.

"Not until the first of August," the clerk replied.

"Oh," I said, and an ugly thought began to knock at the back of my mind. "Do you know where she's gone?"

"To her home in Tennessee, I think," the clerk said. "We are forwarding her mail there, in care of her parents."

"Thank you," I said, and hung up the receiver.

Now, I realized, I knew.

Tennessee. And Jay had gone to Kentucky. That was why he had decided not to go fishing this year. That was why he didn't want me to go with him. It was Margaret. He wanted to be near Margaret.

For the remainder of the two weeks Jay was away I lived in such torment as I would never wish for another human soul. I tried writing to Jay, but tore up the letters. I knew the searing, angry words would drive him away from me forever, and I wanted him to come back. I would suffer an humiliation, I thought, pretend not to see, not to notice, if only he would come back. For I loved Jay. No matter why he was away from me, I loved him. And I hated Margaret Haldane.

I had very little energy left after my aching, and hating, and loving. A last ounce of wisdom whispered that I must make myself attractive for Jay's homecoming, that I must do something if I wanted him to come home to stay—but I was too spent from anger and tears to make the necessary effort.

And last have been shocked when I met him at the door when he arrived, wearing a wrinkled house-dress and no make-up. My neglected hair pulled into a tight roll. He looked at me for a moment as though he didn't know me. (Continued on page 81)
of her struggles with the clients. This was shop talk, all right, but it was amusing—and he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

He was still laughingly to himself, long after Margaret left.

"She's a clever girl," he said, yawnning.

I should have heard right then the faint rumbles of approaching trouble. But I was sleepy, too.

And I was so ridiculously sure of Jay. We had been married for seven years—our whole relationship was a pleasant, lazy habit.

I SCARCELY could remember now the struggles of our early years of marriage. Jay hadn't had his good job then. Sometimes, indeed, he had had no job at all. We had lived in a one-room and kitchenette apartment, and to scrape for the rent many a time at that. But we had been happy, just the same. I didn't realize—for I didn't remember—that we had weathered these early storms because we were so dependent on another, so interested in another, so passionately in love. Even if I had remembered, I suppose, I would have shrunk from the thought.

It's different now. I would have admitted. Why shouldn't it?

We're older. And, besides, Jay had never looked at another woman.

We saw Margaret Haldane frequently after that. Jay asked her to lunch one day and she read him exquisitely from her husband's letters, which she carried in a bundle in her purse. As a matter of fact, she told Jay, with tears in her eyes, how much she missed her Rob—and her family, too, and all her friends. When Jay wondered aloud why she had left the South—when her household and her friends, and her husband's friends, were there—she dodged the question.

Oh, she said vaguely, she guessed she was restless, Jay didn't press the question, he was too much interested in "he somewhere felt safer. Wherever she went, she went along with us. We introduced her to all our friends.

Margaret seemed genuinely grateful. She tried in a thousand and one ways to realize later was pathetical, to make me like her. I suppose she was thinking about her family. She was so busy, her hands were off, her mind was off.

I introduced her to all our friends.

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PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Stella Dallas

These are the friends you have made, sharing their joys and problems as you listen each day to this exciting story of a woman's loving sacrifice.

LAUREL GROSVENOR, Stella Dallas' daughter, lives in Washington. After her young husband Dick was sent overseas, Laurel felt that she must learn to face the separation in the way that other young American women were courageously facing separations from their loved ones. She knew that she must have the fortitude Stella expected her to have, so Laurel bravely tested herself and taught herself confidence and a new fortitude. For the past few months she has held a confidential position in the War Department.

(Played by Vivian Smolen)

Stella Dallas, based on the famous novel of that name by Olive Higgins Prouty, is written by Anne Hummert and heard Mondays through Fridays, at 4:15 PM EWT, on NBC.
STELLA DALLAS, whose faith, courage and understanding are a never-failing source of strength to her loved ones, works in a large munitions plant in Boston. Her common sense and very human philosophy often play a tremendous part in the destiny of others. But Stella's deepest love is for her daughter Laurel. When Laurel married into wealth and society, Stella realized the difference in their tastes and worlds and quietly took herself out of her daughter's life. But war has brought many changes. Though Laurel and her little daughter live in Washington with her mother-in-law, Stella has been with them in heart and spirit since Laurel's husband, Dick Grosvenor, enlisted in the Air Corps. (Played by Anne Elstner)
DICK GROSVENOR, now a Captain, handsome, wealthy, socially prominent, is Laurel’s husband. Unlike his mother, Dick always had a tender feeling for Stella, and deep understanding has grown between them. Dick was shot down over Germany and taken prisoner. He escaped, and is now in an Army hospital recovering from plastic surgery operations. (Played by George Lambert)

MRS. GROSVENOR, Dick’s mother, has shared her Washington home with Laurel, to whom she has been devoted since Dick first fell in love with her. At one time Mrs. Grosvenor bitterly resented Stella, but her life and point of view have been deeply affected by the war. In the past few months she has learned to lean on Stella for strength and faith. (Played by Jane Houston)

 STELLA LOUISE, Dick’s and Laurel’s daughter, played happily in her grandmother’s Washington home, unmindful of the crisis in her parents’ lives—Dick refused to see Laurel until his facial operations proved successful.
MINNIE GRADY, lovable, Irish, is Stella's closest friend. She and her husband Gus have a cottage near the munitions plant where Stella works. Minnie, though warm of heart and always ready to help those in trouble, has a caustic tongue. She uses it on Stella when she thinks that Stella is giving too much of her time and strength to helping others. She can't understand Stella's refusal to marry wealthy Philip Baxter, for Min's one desire in life is to see Stella rich and comfortably settled as Phil's wife. (Played by Grace Valentine)

PHILIP BAXTER has been one of Boston's most attractive and richest widowers for years. Unhappy in his daughter-in-law's home, he took a job at the munitions plant, where he met Stella and almost at once determined to marry her. Philip received enthusiastic encouragement from Minnie, who unknowingly put Stella in a difficult position by convincing Phil that there was hope for him as far as Stella was concerned. Now Phil understands that he and Stella can only be friends, but he values her friendship. (Played by Bill Smith)
Do you know what it is like to be afraid of the man you love? Mary knew, but her love was not afraid that he would do violence to her directly, but that he would harm someone else, and so destroy both himself and you. You love him; your love is a chain that binds you to him, and you cannot break it. All you can do is stay with him and watch and wait and pray that somehow, someway, the inevitable may not happen.

We were so different, Ted and I, of such different backgrounds—his full of struggle and hardship, without any softening influences, and mine peaceful and sheltered, with all of the loving guidance that wise and understanding parents can give. We both worked at Skyview Airlines, where Ted was a transport pilot and I was secretary to the airport manager. I saw him several times before we actually met, but only at a distance, when he came into the outer office to turn in his log. Even at a distance he was something to make a woman's heart turn—very tall, with a reckless thrust to his chin, and vigorous movements, and a quick, brilliant smile that made you think, somehow, that he had never found a great deal to smile about and must enjoy what he did find with double intensity.

The other girls laughed at me when I looked up from my typing to watch him until he had left the room. "You'll never get anywhere with Ted Jordan, Mary," they told me. "He's too wrapped up in his brother to know that women exist. Better not get any ideas."
was an unbreakable chain, binding her to him.

I'd seen Ted's brother, Billy, a slim, handsome boy, as fair as Ted was dark, with Ted's piercing gray eyes. He went to high school in town, but he'd just got his private license, and he was at the field every afternoon when school was out, whether it was his day to fly or not. I liked Ted all the more for his devotion to his brother, and I didn't try to explain to the girls that I didn't particularly want to "get anywhere" with him—that I was contented at home with my parents, with my work, with an occasional date with Wade McCrary, one of the instructors at the field. Ted simply added a little extra brilliance to life. I thought that he was a splendid person; the glimpses I caught of him were pleasantly exciting, and he figured vaguely, with a kind of hazy brightness, in my dreams.

Then one night, abruptly, rudely, he came into sharper focus.

I had worked late at the office, and I had a half-hour's wait for the next bus into town. I was tired and hungry, and I stopped at the airport lunchroom for a snack. I had finished my sandwich and was drinking my coffee slowly, trying to use up my half-hour's wait, when Ted Jordan came in. He looked tired; his mouth was straight and tight with fatigue, and I guessed that he must have been on one of the special runs that were ordered so often these days. He didn't see me at all; he swung himself onto a stool and said wearily to the counter girl, "Hot ham sandwich."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, noticing how bold and strongly cut his profile was, how crisp and dark his hair. I wanted to touch it, to smooth it—and I pulled my thoughts up short, telling myself that it was fortunate that I seldom saw him up close.

The girl set a plate before him and he sat back to eat, and I looked quickly at my own plate. A second later I jumped as a voice snapped, "Hey, this isn't what I ordered! I didn't ask for gravy."

The counter girl left off cleaning the coffee urns and turned languidly toward him. "You said a hot ham sandwich. Hot ham always comes with gravy."

"Not for me, it doesn't," Ted said. "You ought to know that by now."

"Your mouth tightened. "I can't remember everything you fellows like and don't like. You got the regular—"

"Never mind that! Take this back and give me the same without the gravy."

"There isn't any more. You got the last ham in the place. Unless you want something else—"

Ted picked up the plate, turned on the stool, and dropped the plate to the floor. His water glass, his bread and butter plate went crashing after it.

The girl leaned across the counter to peer at the mess. "Now look what you've done!" she complained tearfully. "I'll have to pay for those dishes—"

Ted took a bill from his pocket, and laid it on the counter. He was walking out when I heard my own voice cry sharply, "You come back and clean up that mess!"

He spun around, came over to me. For a moment, from the look in his eyes, I was afraid that he was going to pick me up and do with me as he'd done with the dishes. But he laughed. "Well, listen to the cricket giving orders! Who's going to clean it up?"

"You are," I said firmly. "Every little bit of it."

"Inside, I was shaking. I could have wept with anger and disappointment. It had been such a disgraceful performance by the man I'd admired so much that I could no more keep down my hurt than I could have kept from speaking my mind."

He looked at me for a moment, and then he stooped and began to pick up the pieces of crockery. He did a good job of it, too, even wiping up the floor with a damp cloth the counter girl handed him. Unwillingly, I felt my former liking for him coming back. It was disarming of him, after his display of bad temper, to give in so gracefully.

Before he was quite through I paid my check and went out.
Do you know what it is like to be afraid of the man you love? Mary knew, but her love was an unbreakable chain, binding her to him.

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It was touching to see how proud Ted was of his young brother Bill.
Their one perfect day has stretched into years of happiness for the Westropes—and they owe it all to a sly old horse named Meanie

By NAN GREY

No one ever heard of inviting a horse to a wedding, but if I had had a smattering of proper gratitude I would have invited a certain horse to mine.

For it was a horse, Meanie, a mare of no particular beauty or fame, but a good horse nonetheless, who introduced me to Jackie Westrope—when I was twelve and he was fifteen—and who conspired with Jackie to make that meeting so memorable that I married the man five years later, almost to the day.

It has been a very unusual romance, I think. I've played the part of Kathy Foster in NBC's radio serial Those We Love for the past five years, and in all that time I know we have never unfolded a stranger love story than Jackie's and mine has been. But I can vouch that every word of it is true.

It was on a beautiful spring day in 1933 when Meanie, and Jackie Westrope, entered my life. My parents, as a special treat, had taken me to Epsom Downs, in Houston, for my first look at a race track. My father had agreed that I might spend my entire week's allowance—one dollar—in a bet on one race. I could pick the entry myself.

For the first five or six races, I sat quietly, clutching my dollar bill, and listened to the adults' conversation.

Everyone, it seemed, was talking about a jockey named Jackie Westrope. Jackie was still just a kid, but that year he had become the No. 1 American rider—with 301 winners in a single season.

Bookmakers all over America had gone broke, to hear the grown-ups tell it, because so many people had stopped picking their horses on points and simply bet on every Westrope mount to win.

Jackie was to ride in the seventh race, and my father was uncertain whether to bet on Jackie, and a horse he had never heard of, or on Fairhead, the favorite.

It was time, I decided, for me to go straight to the horse's mouth. I found a girl friend, and took her with me to the paddock. We looked over the horses first. Fairhead certainly looked a better horse—to my twelve-year-old eyes—than Meanie. But Meanie looked at me knowingly as though urging me to think twice.

"Remember," those big eyes seemed to say, "Westrope is riding me."

On an impulse I called out to one of the grooms and asked where I could find Jackie Westrope.

"You can't talk to him, girlie," the groom warned me, "but if you just want to look at him—why, that's him over there leaning out the jockey room window."

I called out to Jackie, scorning the groom's warning. I didn't know jockeys weren't allowed to discuss the impending race.

"Hey, Jackie," I called, "are you going to win the next race?"
He didn't answer, of course. He knew the rules. But he smiled broadly. I smiled frankly back. I felt very grown up. I was only twelve, but a man—a very famous man—was flirting with me!

At that moment, Jackie's valet leaned out the window, winked at me, and said, "Sure, he's going to win. Jacqueline is the best woman here."

That was enough for me. Grabbing my girl friend by the hand, I rushed for the betting windows. There, with my dollar, and another my friend was hoarding for her big plunge, we bet $2 on the nose on Meanie.

We hurried back to the stands, trembling with excitement. Our conservative fathers both had bet on Fairhead, and laughed condescendingly when we reported our choice.

"Wait and see," I said hotly, "Westrope will win!" Because, I thought, he had promised me he would. Almost.

Westrope did win, in a spine-curling last-second dash which would have called for a photo-finish if that modern technique had been invented at the time. Our $2 ticket paid off $20.20—more money than I had ever seen in my life.

I felt I had to go back to the pad-dock to thank Jackie for winning for me, and I thought it equally proper to invite the amazing young man whose wizardry had made me suddenly rich to "come up and see me some time."

I was surprised, and awfully pleased, when my parents were just as surprised. They thought I was a little young to be entertaining young men—no matter how benevolent the young man happened to be. They couldn't know then that ten years later Jackie and I would be a respectable old married couple with two beautiful daughters.

But they liked Jackie enormously and were as sorry as I was when his commitments took him away from Houston shortly after that, first to Dallas for a meet, then on to Chicago and eastern tracks.

We left Houston ourselves soon after to spend—we thought—a short vacation in Hollywood.

The first person we called on in the film colony was a woman who had been my mother's agent when she had appeared in silent films. She startled both mother and me with a firm announcement that I should be in pictures.

"But she's just thirteen," mother said.

"She looks sixteen," the agent replied. Two weeks later I was under contract to Warner brothers.

I have been in Hollywood most of the time since—six years in pictures, at Warners and Universal, and, since 1938, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in "Three We Love," on NBC.

Fortunately for me—and for Minnie's hunch—Jackie frequented Hollywood often, too, riding at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Often enough to confirm my conviction that I had fallen in love with him at first sight and long enough for him to find out that I meant business, and that he might as well propose to me and get it over with!

The first time he came to the West Coast after I had moved there, I wrote him a note, signing my real name, Eschol Miller, urging him, if he remembered me, to meet me after the last race. He remembered.

We met after many last races, after that, until 1938. Then, when he came to town unexpectedly once, I broke a date with Alfred Vanderbilt to see him—begging off on the grounds (a fib) that I had a sore throat. That did it. Jackie was overwhelmed.

"Any girl who will turn down a millionaire to go out with me," he said, "is crazy or in love." And then he added softly, "I guess I'll have to marry you."

"I guess you will," I said.

That was in the fall of 1938. I was just seventeen. We planned to be married at once—but it was impossible to find a date when both of our schedules would permit a honeymoon.

We postponed the ceremony three times, then finally set the date for May 4, in the spring of 1939. Universal had promised me two weeks' vacation at that time, and Jackie was about to move east, after the close of the Hollywood season, to marry his girl, who had been married in Phoenix, go on to visit with father in Dallas for a few days, and then to squander the rest of our two precious weeks together in New York.

The first section of the plan worked beautifully.

We drove to Phoenix with mother, my stand-in, Josephine Kamm, and Jackie's agent, Bill Gillespie. We arranged with Dr. Merrill to be married in the First Methodist Church. We had planned a quiet ceremony, with just the six of us present, but somehow twelve hour planes were announced in advance over the radio. When we arrived at the church, we found it packed with people we had never seen before in our lives.

I had not been nervous until then. I had worried about Jackie—I was an actress. I would keep my equilibrium—but Jack had had the jitters. At rehearsal that morning I had reminded him, "Remember, dear, you're supposed to kiss me after the minister pronounces us man and wife."

As the real ceremony proceeded I could hear mother weeping. I don't know why the mothers always weep at weddings, but they do.

When Dr. Merrill said, "Then I pronounce you man and wife," I could think of nothing except to get to mother quickly to console her. I turned toward her, my own eyes spilling over with tears.

"Mother," I choked.

"Hey, honey," Jackie whispered, dragging me back to the altar, "don't forget you're supposed to kiss me."

It was a lovely wedding, for all the tears. I wore a street-length powder-blue chiffon dress, with slippers and a hair bow to match. I carried my white parasol, and a beautiful bouquet of orchids.

Every year, on the anniversary of our wedding, I would get that exquisite blue dress out of the cedar closet, where I kept it safely hung away throughout the rest of the year, and wear it once more, for the sake of sentiment.

On every May fourth, that is, except the fourth of May last year. Then our anniversary fell just four days before the arrival of our second daughter. Jackie and I had been married 1 day in the hospital wearing a nightgown and bedjacket instead—and very proudly and happily, too.

We were married on Thursday, and that night we took a plane to Dallas, where my father met us at the airport.

Jackie and I had planned to spend Friday and Saturday with Dad, and then the girls and me together on Sunday, for New York. Friday and part of Saturday went according to schedule. Then I had a wire from Dan Kelley, who was head of the talent department at Universal Pictures—which ordered me to report to work in Hollywood the following Monday morning at eight o'clock.

There went our plans. No honeymoon in New York for Jackie and me. It was a terrible blow, especially since we had postponed our marriage for nine months, waiting for that "one perfect day"—the day when we could begin the wonderful, leisurely, perfect honeymoon we had both dreamed of and planned for so long.

Jackie and I were a desolate pair when we waited together at the airport that Sunday night. I was to take a 1:50 A.M. plane for Hollywood, and Jackie had reservations on the 2:10 for New York.

That parting seemed to be an omen of what the years of our marriage would be like—brief months or even short weeks of being together, with long, long stretches of separation in between.

And yet, except for these periods of separation, our life together has been a very good one.

"Even our luck" year, 1942, was only bad in a way. And very good in another. That was the year when so many race tracks were closed, and Jackie could find nothing to do. I went on a sympathy strike, I guess, because I was too ill to do either my work in pictures or on the radio. In spite of all the penny-pinching we had to do, it was a good year for the Westrope's. We weren't working much at the time, and so our work didn't keep us apart—we were able to be together almost all of the time.

Pamela's arrival on April 14 made 1943 a banner year for the Westrope's too. And Jan Anna, who arrived the eighth of last May, spilled out 1944 in red letters for us.

All in all, I think that Minnie would be very well satisfied with the romance she started that lovely, sunny day at Epsom Downs, if she could see Jackie and me today. I don't. And I'm still sorry I didn't invite her to the wedding. She deserved to be an honor guest.
Nan's parents were surprised when fifteen-year-old Jackie Westrope came calling on their twelve-year-old daughter. They couldn't know that ten brief years later Nan and Jackie would be an old married pair with wonderful daughters of their own—Pamela, almost two, and Jan Anna, almost one.
Moodily, rebelliously, I gave the scoop-shaped sundae dishes a last emphatic rinsing and deposited them alongside the other wet and gleaming glassware to dry. The fountain shone. The big mirror in back was spotless. I had spent the morning spring-cleaning the drug store, in a desperate effort to work off some of my unhappiness. It was no use ... but it was the only outlet I had.

At home—just the thought of Mother and Dad moving around within those quiet walls like ghosts, heart-broken and grief-stricken—and I could feel my spirits shrivel. What right did I have to be alive and vibrantly young—when Bill was dead?

There was a sharp catch in my throat as I busied myself making a pyramid of glasses on the mirror shelf.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall—who is the fairest one of all? And will the princess mind fixing me a malt? Chocolate, if you please." There was only one person to whom that mocking, self-assured voice could belong and that was Jules Saybrook. I turned around. And was struck, once again, with his resemblance to a painting I had seen of a swashbuckling pirate. Same arrogant, humorous mouth; same cool, unruffled eye—which could change so quickly from laughter to deadly threat. Same slim, dark, handsome jauntiness.

"Aren't you slipping a little—going in for malts? I thought you were strictly a drinking man, Jules," marvelling a little at my daring. Usually I reserved a very prim "hello" for the notorious Jules Saybrook, the "bad boy" of Four Points. He was only a few years older than I, but I'd heard whispers of his exploits and the mysterious circles in which he moved.

I knew that he was surprised, too, at my olive branch. I could see one of his dark, pointed eyebrows scale upward in amused surprise.

"Well, you see—Lee—it's a shameful weakness known only to me and your father—and now to you. It's my sweet tooth. Up till now I've been careful to go 'round the back so your dad could slip me a sundae at night, when the darkness could cover my shame. But today, my weakness overpowered me ... and here I am." It was nonsense and not especially funny, but I was laughing—giggling. And I was shocked at the strange sound of my own laughter ... it had been so long.

"Just think what it would do to your reputation, if the news ever got out that Jules Saybrook had a yen for banana splits!" I retorted, and was pleased to see him grin in return.

He reached for a paper napkin, rose, and then stood leaning against the counter. His face had suddenly sobered.

"I was sorry to hear about your brother. He was one of the best. It must have been a terrible shock to your folks—but I hear they're taking it very well, with their chins up." There was an odd note in his voice and I wondered—wondered if Jules' keen eyes hadn't seen the truth ... that beyond that proud, rigid...
tearless facade my parents were two broken, stricken people, crushed by their tragedy. "Is that Bill's picture—behind you?" he went on, indicating the tiny snapshot propped on a tray.

I picked it up and gave it to him. I couldn't speak.

"You look a lot like him, Lee. Same twinkle in your eyes, same supercharged vitality." Perhaps he saw the quick tears rising to my eyes, because he changed the subject immediately. "Who's the rugged-looking guy with him? Friend of yours?"

"No. That is, he's Jimmy Whitney, a friend of Bill's. But he may be coming here on furlough. He was with Bill when—when Bill was killed—and he hasn't any family of his own so he's kind of adopted us." It sounded casual enough, saying it like that.

But you couldn't say—to Jules—"That's Jimmy Whitney and I've never met him, but I think I'm in love with him. With a picture of a man who has big shoulders braced against the wind, and grey eyes that are steady and tender, and a square jaw that is strong and so intensely masculine." No, I couldn't tell anyone that Jimmy was special—a dream locked away. Nor that my heart stood on tiptoe when I looked at his picture, poised in wonder, shaken with a sweet, startled delight. I longed for his coming... and I was sure, from his letters, that he wasn't thinking of me only as Bill's little sister.

Sometimes, too, I wondered—desperately, hopefully—if his coming might not ease the dark suffering that so piteously shadowed those two at home.

Jules handed back the snapshot. "Speaking of reputations—do you think yours would be permanently ruined if you came to a party with me tonight?" I think he must have been as surprised as I, when the words were out.

I almost refused. Automatically the polite rebuff rose to my lips—but then I remembered the lonely, silent, ghost-ridden house where I had spent every evening for the past month. I couldn't face them—my parents or that house! I had to get away, if only for a few hours. 

"I—I'd love to go, Jules," stammering, "I'll be through work by seven."

"I'll pick you up here!" The grimness in his voice told me he knew well that Jules Saybrook wasn't welcomed by the more respectable, parents of Four Points.

After he had gone—with my promise to be waiting for him—I realized with a shock what I had done. To go to a party with Jules Saybrook! Two months ago—a week ago—I wouldn't have dreamed of accepting his invitation. Even now I hesitated. I could still break the date.

And if I went—what would Mother and Dad think? Would they be shocked? Or would they just look at me and through me with that distant, shut-off, tragic incomprehension as if they couldn't believe there were still people who could go to parties—and laugh—

We had been such a closely united family. So happy, so sure that nothing
Lee asked only happiness of life—but how could she know where happiness lay? With Jules, who gave her laughter, or with Jimmy, who gave her tears?

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I almost refused. Automatically the polite rebuke ran to my lips—but then I remembered the lonely, silent, ghostridden house where I had spent every evening for the past month. I couldn't face them—my parents or that house! I had to get away, if only for a few hours. "I'd love to go, Jules," stammering. "I'll be through work by seven."

"I'll pick you up here!" The gaminess in his voice told me he knew well that Jules Saybrook wasn't welcomed by the more respectable parents of Four Points.

After he had gone—with my promise to be waiting for him—I realized with a shock what I had done. To go to a party with Jules Saybrook! Two months ago—a week ago—I wouldn't have dreamed of accepting his invitation. Even now I hesitated. I could still break the date.

And if I went—what would Mother and Dad think? Would they be shocked? Or would they just look at me and through me with that distant, shut-off, tragic incomprehension as if they couldn't believe there were still people who could go to parties—and laugh.

We had been such a closely united family. So happy, so sure that nothing
could ever disturb that happiness. Even when Bill, left for the Army we talked about him as though he had just left for a short trip and would be back soon. He was so wonderful, so much above the average: brilliant, talented, yet with an almost-unbelievable steady balance

I think that was partly why the blow had been so crushing for Mother and Dad. Bill wasn't just ordinary. They'd built such plans and hopes for him! He was the triumph of their own love for each other. And so great was their pain that now, after that first incredulous moment of realizing that they'd received the official telegram, they had not even turned to each other for comfort. Mother was wrapped up in her own shell of grief, and Dad—just to see him, still so straight, so erect, but with eyes stricken and defenceless! It was more than I could bear to look at them so, day after day.

How could I, just an average girl—pretty enough, bright enough—but with none of Bill's favored-of-fortune personality—ever hope to make up their loss, to fill his place?

There was nothing I could do for them, except to restrain my own youth and health and vitality as much as possible so it wouldn't be a constant reminder of Bill. My own sorrow had been wild and tearing and passionate. But it had spent itself gradually in the very violence of its torrents; the sharp cutting edge of grief had gradually blurred, leaving me with only lovely memories of my brother to fill that void, that aching spot in my heart.

It had been over two months now. And I was beginning to feel frightened and hurt. Would nothing happen to comfort Mother and Dad? Weren't they ever going to remember there was ambition and work ahead of them, and kind friends who wanted to help share their burdens, and laughter and tears to make them feel again? And a daughter who needed them?

The tears that filled my eyes weren't from self-pity. They simply needed me, too. We could help each other, if only they would let me try. I picked up that snapshot of Jimmy Whitney.

"What am I going to do, Jimmy?" I whispered to him. "You haven't even answered my last letter. Is it wrong of me to wish you live and be happy again? I feel so lost and insecure. I used to think that Mother and Dad were so strong; that they would never change—and now I'm scared. If there were only something I could do!" His eyes in the picture seemed to have a trick of changing. Now they were tender and com moning and tearful; what were they trying to tell me?

But it was only a picture, after all. And when I put it back on the tray I knew, suddenly, that I was going to keep that date with Jules. Because I was lonely and starved for companionship and cheer.

He was there, at seven, when I turned around after locking the drug store. Something tightened inside me, on guard.

But his smile was merely friendly.

"Hungry?" he asked, as we moved away down the twilight-shaded street. Spring was here, reflected in the brave little shoots of green sprouting on the lawns, and in the tiny, dirty puddles that had collected in every earth-hollow. "I know a little place—notthing fancy, but the food's good. The only thing is, it's quite a walk from here to that part of town."

"I'd like to walk. It feels good to be outside and warm, after all the snow we've had." Strangely shy, I could think of nothing better to talk about than the weather.

But I couldn't stay shy for long. Jules, himself, was so completely at ease, so sure of himself, so much the master of any situation. The "little place" he spoke of turned out to be an Italian restaurant and Jules was evidently very well known there because the proprietor, Monetti, came waddling from his kitchen to welcome us and see that we were well taken care of. And such food! "Oh—I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner more!" I exclaimed, shaking my head as Jules suggested more. "Why didn't I ever know about this place before?"

"Wrong side of the tracks, maybe. Monetti's isn't on the route your gang travels. Me, I was born right in the next block and Monetti used to feed me and give me jobs after my folks died." There was something about the way he said it that refused pity. Jules would have just cocked an eyebrow and smiled, at any hint that he wasn't sufficient unto himself. "But—speaking of your gang—how come you're not out for the evening with them?

"Well"—how could I explain that Mother and Dad, unintentionally, had chilled and embarrassed those of my friends who had timidly ventured to call on me?—"I guess they want to give me time—leave me alone—for awhile. And I don't feel very natural around them anymore."

He shook his head, almost irritably. "Moping won't get you anywhere. When it comes you have to take it on the chin. I know."

That was our only serious moment. The rest of the evening was a blur, strange and unreal and bewildering—and yet, somehow, exhilarating.

The party was in full swing when we climbed breathlessly up the two steep flights of stairs that led to a big, gaudily-decorated apartment. A large living-room, but cramped with so many restless people in it, heavy with smoke. Music blared from the radio. Shouts greeted our arrival and faces, flushed and excited, pressed in upon us. Someone took my coat. Someone else ushered me to the sofa where I found myself crowded in between two men whom everyone called "Slim" and "Mac."

They set about entertaining me, amusing themselves watching my bewildernent at their swift, wise-cracking patter. I knew they were laughing a little at my naiveté, but I didn't care. I was grateful to them for making me laugh.

Jules paid little attention to me. Obviously he expected me to adapt myself to his friends. But, oddly enough,
icy tentacles of fear around my heart, because it was Jules Saybrook speaking! But when he saw me standing there, his expression changed instantly to his usual half-smiling, half-mocking friendliness. Perhaps—had I imagined the other?

Just before we left, one of the women wandered into the bedroom where I was putting on my coat.

"Have you known Jules long?" and when I shook my head, she went on, "I didn't think so. I just wanted to warn you—don't ask him why he's not in the Army. He nearly broke his neck trying to get in and when they turned him down because of typhoid he'd had as a kid—well, it nearly broke him up. I just thought I'd let you know." I smiled my gratitude at her.

Whether it was that—or whether I'd been affected by the others' admiration for him—I found myself looking at Jules with different eyes, as we strolled homewards, almost without speaking.

His own code might be peculiar, but he was no coward, not a person to be lightly treated or easily forgotten.

At the picket gate he paused.

"You're a good sport, Lee." His lean, dark face was intent. "I played a dirty trick on you—I wanted to give you a taste of my kind of life. I'm sorry, because you deserve better than that. That was a pretty rough crowd, tonight, but you took them right in your stride. Next time—well, I do have some nice friends. I won't let you in for anything like that again."

"I don't think—I'm afraid there won't be a next time, Jules," I told him as gently as I could. "I don't think I fit into your life very well. But thank you for the party—it helped me forget my troubles for a while. And the dinner was wonderful."

"Just as you say. But I'll be in the store tomorrow. If you change your mind—let me know." And he was gone. I walked reluctantly into the house.

"Is that you, Lee?" The gentle voice came from the living-room. Through the arch I could see Mother's head resting against the white doily on the back of her chair. Opposite her Dad's brooding eyes were on the fire, his unread book slipping from his lap. "You're late, dear." Her voice stirred Dad from his apathy and he looked up at me with a small ghost of a smile.

"Yes—I—" did I dare? The mention of Jules' name would shock them! Would it be cruel—or would it be a good thing—? I plunged in—"I had a date with Jules Saybrook. We went to visit some of his friends." I held my breath.

Dad's smile remained on his face, as meaningless, as kindly abstracted as before. The name had meant nothing! Was this the same hearty, robust man who had so lovingly busied himself with my affairs since my pigtails days?

Mother's smile was a pathetic effort.

"I hope you (Continued on page 72)
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But his smile was merely friendly.

"Hungry?" he asked, as we moved away down the twilight-shaded street. Sleeping dogs and little shots of green spraying on the lawn. In the tiny, dirty pug, I could smell something earth-hollow. "I don't think the little place—nothing fancy. But it's the best I know a little—nothing fancy. But it's the best I can do. I think it's, it's quite a walk from here to that part of town.

I wouldn't stay out of long, Jules, myself. It was so completly at the bottom of it. I mean, the master of any situation. The "little place" he spoke of turned out to be a large, high ceiling and Jules was evidently very well there because people came and went from out of his kitchen to welcome us and see that we were well taken care of.

Oh—don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner more!" I exclaimed, shaking my head as Jules suggested more. "Why didn't I ever know about this place before?"

"Wrong side of the tracks, maybe. Monetist isn't on the route you, get there. Me, I was right in the next block and Monetist used to go after his folks died."

"There was something about the way he said it that convinced you. Jules would have just cocked an eyebrow and smiled, at any hint that he wasn't sufficently himself. "But—speak—of your—c—how come you're not out for the evening with them?"

"Well—how could I explain that Mother and Dad, unintentionally, had chilled and embarrassed those of my friends who had timidly ventured to call on me?—I guess they want to give me—leave me alone—for awhile. And I don't feel very natural around—"

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"Jules paid little attention to me. Obvi-

ously he expected me to adapt my-

self to his friends. But, oddly enough,
GRACIE FIELDS, who started singing for pennies in the streets of her native Lancashire town when she was so young that a truant officer waited for her round every corner ... who, years later, raised her comically plaintive soprano so piercingly above the din of the cottonmill where she worked that fellow employees were comatose, and she was fired ... whose brilliant mimicsry and broad Lancashire accent have made her one of the most beloved of English comedienesses ... who has sung herself through two World Wars into the hearts of two generations of men in uniform. Americans, too, have found her irresistible as she sings old, new, funnier-than-ever songs on her own Blue network starring show, heard Tuesdays at 9:00 PM, EWT.
**WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY?**

You'll have almost as much fun singing this yourself as you will when you hear Gracie Fields do it on her new show, Tuesdays, over the Blue.

Chorus

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WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY, if you can't have what you like? What's the good of a handkerchief if you can't eat till you're sick?
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A BIRTHDAY, if you can't have his pick?
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Music by Harry Sosnick

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to a fellow who wants a hike?
if a fellow can't have his pick?

They gave me a brush
They told me I'd be
to clean my teeth,
a P.I.G.

and a tube of paste
and they said I'd
as well.
best beware.

It isn't the paste
I said, P.I.G.'s are
with the peppermint-taste,
happier than me,

it's a nasty car—
so why should I
bolicky smell;
So I squeezed all the paste on the carpet for fun
jolly well care?
Then I crept to the larder and guess what I got?

I stamped on the tooth-brush, so that present's done.
A tin of sardines and I ate all the lot.

I won't use the hanky—
Then I showed them if I

I'll just let it run.
could be sick or not.
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Copyright 1944, by Gracie Fields and Monty Banks
Paying our way

Just as a wise housekeeper does, Uncle Sam budgets for his big family—and radio’s famous young woman lawyer explains just how and why he exacts from each member of that family a just share of the household expenses

By PORTIA BLAKE

This is a big house—a big house with 130 million people living in it. This is a big house with vast gardens in which grow the fruits to nourish its family. Joining the gardens are thousands of ribboning roads and gleaming steel rails, threading over high mountains and down through deep and wide green valleys. Here and there, the gardens are studded with monuments, monuments of steel and glass and stone, thrusting upward toward the sky like man’s dreams for tomorrow. And in other parts of the gardens are barns and tool sheds and smithies and mills of gigantic size, big enough to fill the needs of this vast family—and more.

This is the way I think of America. As a big house, I think of the way it is run—efficiently, so smoothly sometimes that many of the people living in it are hardly aware of all the effort and thought and care that goes into keeping them secure. I think of all the offices in Washington and throughout the rest of the country, staffed with the most expert workers in their fields, keeping records, filing information, giving directions. I think of the laboratories where selfless scientists work constantly and alertly to insure as high a health standard as possible for the whole country. I think of the schools where men and women are trained in the ways to protect the lives and property of our citizens. And, in the past few years, I think of the planning, the work, the men and women and the materials that have gone into the bigger job of protecting all of us from the most hateful enemies in the world.

I’m not being romantic when I think of these things. I’m being very practical, as befits a woman and a lawyer. I’m sure that every housewife who has had to struggle with a budget, and worry about making ends meet, will think just as practically and realistically. It costs money to run a house. The larger the house, the more money it takes. The larger the family, the more money it takes.

In a home, getting the money is

fairly simple. The man of the house—sometimes now, it is the woman of the house—brings home the pay envelope. If there are sons and daughters of a working age, they bring home their pay envelopes. The budgeter—mother, father, or whoever runs the house—collects the money, gives each of the contributors his or her share for the week or month and then apportions the rest for household expenses. So much for rent, so much for food, so much for this and that and the other.

In a house as large as the United States, it is done very much the same way, on a much larger scale. Every year a budget is made out. The cost of running the administrative, legislative and judicial branches of the government is estimated, the needs of the entire nation—whether in peace or in war—are carefully calculated and axes are levied. Some of these axes take the form of Income Tax, Which brings us to the subject at hand.

I know perfectly well that March 15th has come to be a black, nerve-wracking and ominous day for nearly everybody. Unfortunately, there are people among us who don’t think the taxes are fair. Among such people there are some who merely grumble, some who spend a great deal of time and money looking for loopholes in the tax laws and others who spend time and money trying to fight the tax laws and get them revised before the next March 15th rolls around. Everyone knows of such people.

Most Americans, however, understand the necessity for supporting the government financially, as well as in spirit and in work. To these millions, March 15th means a bit of confusion, a bit of terror in the face of what seem to be incredibly obscure instructions and forms, a bit of worry about percentages and normal taxes and surtaxes and a good deal of nervousness about whether they have figured their taxes correctly and filled out the forms properly.

This year, March 15th need not be a day of nerves and chaos. Because most of us—including the government officials who formerly were many more in number—have so many very important things to do to speed the winning of the war, the payment of Income Taxes and their collection has been simplified to such an extent that we can all go sailing through the day, almost without being aware that we’re paying our taxes.

For one thing, workers who have been paying a Withholding Tax for the past year and whose income has been less than $5,000 won’t have to compute their tax, at all. It will be done for them by the Collector of Internal Revenue Office. Such workers have nothing to do but fill out a very small and very simple form called a Withholding Receipt, getting part of their information from their employers. On the first page of the receipt, workers will find the Employer’s name and address, the Employee’s name and address, the total wages earned during the year, the total taxes withheld during the year and a very simple test for making sure that this form is all the worker need file. On the second page of the form is space for information concerning the worker’s exemptions and a place for his signature. And that is all there is to it. This form is to be mailed to the Collector of Internal Revenue and, if the tax withheld during the year has been too much, a refund will be mailed to the worker; if too little the worker will receive a bill for the balance.

Probably, by next year, even part of this work will have been eliminated. To help bring this about, this year, employees will be required to file a Withholding Exemption Certificate with their employers. The Withholding Exemption Certificate is a very simple form on which you claim the number of exemptions allowed to you under the new tax law. This will enable (Continued on page 71)
PORTIA BLAKE is particularly equipped to understand and explain the problems of the nation's taxes, which are really the problems of any home budget on a larger and more complicated scale. Portia is not only a successful lawyer, but a successful and conscientious mother and housewife as well. She manages to fit into her busy days a sensible balance of time between her work and her duties to her household, making sure always that she gives her young son the companionship and guidance that she knows is every mother's first duty. Portia Faces Life is heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 PM, EWT, NBC. Portia Blake is played by Lucille Wall.
**When did I lose you?**

Home was only a house to Myra—

for she didn’t know, until her happiness lay

in ruins, that her real home was in Walter’s arms

*A Stars Over Hollywood Story*
It seemed to be a place without hope—this house in which I was to live for Heaven knew how long!

trio, trudging along the grimy streets. After a little we stopped and asked directions—and then, when it became apparent that the directions given us were wrong, we asked again. But most of the people here seemed to be like ourselves, people who had come to Laurel Park to work in the big munitions factory, and who knew little about the town. Finally we found what seemed to be the town's lone policeman.

"North Street? North Street!" he snorted. "You don't mean North Street, lady. Why, that's way off in the Polish district!"

Walter and I looked at each other. His face was haggard. I must have looked dreadful myself, for he tried to smile to comfort me. But there was no mistake. We were looking for North Street.

And at last we found it. And I stood very still and closed my eyes.
very tightly, and hoped that it wouldn’t be there when I opened them again. I think I even prayed a little. Don’t let it be this one... let there be some mistake... please don’t let it be this one!

I felt the touch of Walter’s hand on my arm, and I had to open my eyes. Yes, there it was, in all its ugliness, the place where we were going to live. Not a place, like our home in Scarsmount, which cried an invitation to enter, but a place which seemed to say, Go away. Don’t come in—just leave me alone to die in peace!

“Well, here we are,” Ginny cried, tossing back her blonde curls and mopping her face with her handkerchief. “Let’s go in and have the butter serve dinner and the maid draw hot baths all around, and...” But her voice faded away. Even her exuberant spirits were dampened in the face of this.

“Yes, here we are,” Walter echoed. “Come on, honey.” His hand on my arm led me up the creaking walk. Tears blinded me. On the porch, Walter fumbled for the key that had been mailed to us by the real estate agent who had sold us this monstrosity. Then we were inside.

“It looks like—like the houses in horror movies,” Ginny said, breaking the silence with a high, hysterical little giggle.

It did. The furnishings were nothing more than broken-down junk. Drab mohair, the moths had been feeding on for twenty years, mouse-colored and sagging wearily in every spring. A rickety table... a threadbare rug...

I moved slowly, as if in a dream, out to the kitchen. Might as well see it all at once. Might as well get the whole shock over with. It was an oversized closet, that kitchen. There was a three-burner stove with no oven, a couple of wobbly chairs and a kitchen table with a cracked enamel top, some mis-matched dime store dishes, chipped and cracked.

Was this what I had come five hundred miles for? Was this why I had rented my lovely little house to strangers, left my old friends? Was it for this that Walter had given up his pleasant peace-time job?

And it was only the beginning. There was only an old broom for cleaning. I couldn’t bake without an oven—-in fact, I could barely cook on that uncertain stove without burning everything, myself included. So this was what taking a war job, doing your part, meant!

There were no baths that first night, tired and dirty as we were. We discovered that heating the water was a slow process. It took all night to get enough hot water for Walter’s bath in the morning. By noon the next day there was enough for me. By supper-time it was Ginny’s turn.

Even now I hate to talk about those first few weeks, going away early in the morning, coming home late almost every night. I, wandering like a lost soul around the house, not quite sure where to begin, taking almost all day to prepare the simplest meal. Ginny and I practically camping out so that this would be ready and comfortable for Walter after a hard day’s work at the plant. The work was new to him, and it took time to adjust from his simple, peace-time job as manager of Marshall’s sporting goods store back home to his new training to be a foreman at the plant. Then he’d been a white-collar boy.

Now he came home smelling of grease and oil, his hands filthy, his work clothes too black for me ever to get really clean. Even if I had had a washer, that is. But the wash tub was in the kitchen, and wash day was also “no bath days—there wasn’t enough hot water for both.”

And to make matters worse, it rained—how it rained! The very skies seemed to be sympathizing, crying along with me the way I was crying inside myself every moment of those days. Ginny and I soon found that the patching on my ragged roof didn’t do their work too well. As soon as the first of those showers came tattooing down, I heard Ginny cry, from the kitchen, “Mummy—the roof leaks in the corner by the window!” Before I could get out there, I heard her adding, “And over the stove—and in the—”

After that, Ginny and I raced around emptying pans as fast as they filled up. Later in the afternoon, while Ginny made the rounds of the livingroom and bedroom, I remembered that there must be dinner for Walter when he got home, and I started down cellar after potatoes. And then I knew that those leaks in the roof were nothing. It seemed as if all the angry waters of that storm had gathered in our basement.

For a moment I stood, half-way down the stairs, stunned, looking at the water trickling down the walls—-the things I loved so much—the things from home!

I had rented my house furnished, but there were some things I could not bear to part with—some bric-a-brac, a few pictures, lamps, my lovely blue porcelain vase I treasured so much, some odds and ends with which I intended to make the strange place we were going to into a home. I hadn’t known, then, that the place we were going into didn’t want to try to make home-like. The things had arrived by freight, along with my winter clothes, and I had had everything put down in the cellar, not wanting even to look at them, and be reminded of the little white house in Scarsmount. And now there they were, immersed in the lazily-moving flood in the cellar! My treasures—the few things I cherished most in the world!

I sat down then, on the cellar steps, burying my face in my hands. I didn’t know that I was crying until my fingers touched my wet cheeks, and even so it didn’t seem strange—I had cried so much, had had so much to cry about, lately. It seemed to me that I just wanted to sit there forever, never uncover my eyes again, never again have to face that house up above me, the dreadful mess in the cellar below. And so I sat, bitterly my tears, thinking of the lovely life that seemed lost for good, until I heard Ginny’s light steps in the kitchen above, her voice from the top of the stairs.

“Mother—are you there? Whatever is the matter?” I didn’t answer. I couldn’t.

Ginny came down the stairs and looked past me at the water, at the disintegrating cardboard cartons floating in it, spilling out their sodden contents.

“Well, that’s a pretty mess, isn’t it?”

Still I swallowed tears, unable to answer. She looked at me sharply in the half-gloom, and said a strange thing to me. “Stop it, Mother—you’re better in the world’s worst war!”

Her tone was half-bantering, but I could hear a genuine concern, a genuine rebuke, behind it. She edged past me, and down the stairs to the water line, and then turned back to look up at me. I stared back, too apathetic even to be angry at her.

“It doesn’t do any good to sit and cry, Mummy darling. That doesn’t make things better. You have to pitch in and fix things, when they go wrong. Things could be a lot worse, you know!”

That stung me to reply, at last. “Worse! How could they be worse? This may be fun for you, Ginny, this camping-out life, but it’s not for me. I’m not a child any more—I don’t think things like this are funny. I don’t think it’s funny to have to give up all your hobbies. For all your life—well, the things you’ve done to make a house into a home, and come to live like this—to live like a—-a pig! How could things be any worse, I’d like to know?”

Ginny smiled a little, and all of a sudden she seemed more grown-up to me than she ever had before. “I’m not such a child, Mother. I guess we’re all growing up fast, nowadays. And I know it isn’t fun, or funny. It isn’t fun

Inspired by “Mrs. Miniver Jones,” by Mildred Hark and Noel McQueen, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M., over CBS
The mention of Jimmy brought the tears to my eyes once more. "I'm glad," I cried childishly, "I'm glad that your brother's in the army, so he doesn't have to live in this shoebox, too! At least he's safe and warm and taken care of. He'll never have to go overseas. The war'll be over before he's through training, and—"

Ginny looked at me steadily. "I wouldn't be too sure of that, Mother. Then she deliberately turned her back, took off her stockings and shoes, pulled her skirts up out of harm's way, and waded into the water. In a moment, she was back with an armful of salvaged things which she put on the steps. After a little, the steps were covered. Most of the things were ruined—dresses shrunk to child size, pictures sodden, draperies water-stained beyond repair. But we managed to rescue a few things, and among them was my lovely blue porcelain vase.

I don't know what I would have done if that had been broken. It was an inexpensive thing, but to me it was simply priceless. Walter had given it to me on our first anniversary, and in my mind it had become the symbol of our married happiness. I hugged the vase to me, and took it upstairs myself.

Walter came home tired and hungry—perversely on time, on this of all days. And supper wasn't ready. He fiddled with his newspaper, but I could see that he was restless.

"You'll just have to wait," I told him.

"All right, darling, all right." He smiled patiently. "What's this Ginny's been telling me—have a flood?"

I turned on him. "Yes we did—but it's all over now, and it didn't bother you, did it? Nothing about this place bothers you, because you don't have to stay in this little crackerbox day in and day out. You don't have to try to make something out of nothing, and cook on a stove that came over in the Ark, and you're in a nice, dry factory all day long, working hard, but at least having the proper things to work with! You—"

Walter threw down his paper and got up quickly. "Myra, for the love of—Myra, darling, what's got into you lately? Ever since we moved to Laurel Park you've—" (Continued on page 86)
THE next time you find yourself struggling to make your meat ration stamps and your family's taste preferences and vitamin requirements add up to a satisfying meal, consider a one-dish dinner. There is almost no end to the ways of varying these meat and vegetable casserole combinations which, with a fruit or vegetable juice appetizer, salad or simple dessert make up a complete, well-balanced meal. Further good news about them is that many of them call for no rationed foods whatever and many offer new answers to the problem of leftovers. Best of all, though, they are, all of them, in the good-to-eat class, whether they are the quickly prepared corned beef hash casserole or the more elaborate chicken casserole.

**Corned Beef Hash Casserole**

1 medium onion, chopped fine  
1 green pepper, chopped fine  
3 tbls. drippings  
1 lb. corned beef hash, canned or frozen  
2 eggs, 2 tomatoes

Sauté onion and green pepper in 2 tbls. drippings, stir into corned beef hash. Turn into buttered casserole and cook in 350 degree oven until hash is piping hot—20 to 30 minutes. Take from oven, make six indentations in surface. Break eggs carefully into two indentations and place a tomato half (cut tomatoes crosswise) in each of the remaining ones, cut side up. Brush tomatoes with remaining drippings, sprinkle salt and pepper over eggs and tomatoes and continue cooking until tomatoes are tender and eggs firm—about 15 minutes.

**Oyster and Celery Pie**

1 doz. oysters with liquor  
1/2 cup milk  
2 tbls. margarine  
4 tbls. cracker crumbs  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 pinch each paprika and nutmeg  
1/4 tsp. curry powder (optional)  
1 cup celery, chopped  
1 tbl. parsley, minced  
1 hard-cooked egg, mashed  
1 biscuit dough

Drain oysters and arrange in buttered casserole. Add to oyster liquor sufficient milk to make 1 cup liquid. Add margarine, cracker crumbs, seasonings and celery and simmer over low flame 5 minutes. Stir in parsley and hard-cooked egg and pour over oysters. Top with biscuit crust made by mixing 1 cup of prepared biscuit mix with sufficient milk to make soft, but not sticky, dough. Slash dough or prick with fork to allow steam to escape and bake in 375 degree oven about 30 minutes, or until the dough is crisply browned and the oyster mixture thoroughly heated. Serve with green salad.

**Oyster and Spinach Casserole**

1 doz. oysters with liquor  
4 cups cooked, drained spinach  
1 tbl. minced onion  
1 tsp. margarine  
1/8 tsp. salt  
1 pinch pepper  
1 tbl. top milk  
1 egg  
1 lb. cooked noodles  
1/2 cup buttered crumbs  
(Chop two or three oysters and scald together with whole oysters, in their own liquor. Chop spinach fine, stir in onion, margarine, salt, pepper, milk, oysters and egg, which has been well beaten. Place half the noodles in buttered casserole, cover with half the oyster-spinach mixture. Repeat layers, top with buttered crumbs and bake in 350 degree oven until mixture is firm and piping hot—about 30 minutes.)

**Frankfurter One-Dish Dinner**

2 cups cooked rice  
4 to 6 frankfurters  
1 cup whole kernel corn, drained  
1 cup cooked or canned string beans, drained  
1 tbl. margarine or drippings  
Salt and pepper to taste

Place rice in buttered casserole and arrange frankfurters ends toward center of dish in pinwheel fashion. Fill openings between frankfurters alternately with string beans and corn. Dot with margarine or drippings, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook in 350 degree oven about 30 minutes. If mixture gets too dry, baste with a little of the liquor drained from the canned corn or the string beans.

(Continued on page 64)
## PINT SIZE—BUT POWERFUL...

Unique is the word for Johnny. Johnny is radio's only vocal trademark. Johnny is the only holder of a life-time contract in the history of radio. Johnny is only 47 inches high and weighs only 50 pounds. Johnny is the only name he goes by—and to millions of Americans. That's right—Johnny is the lad who three times a week gives his famous call over two of our major networks.

For a little man, Johnny isn't doing badly. His job pays him $20,000 a year, plus a good deal of fame. The audition which netted him all this was just as unique as his career.

Johnny was a bellhop in a New York hotel. Eleven years ago, a certain Milton Bloom—advertising man and genius of a sort—passed through the hotel and got an idea. He had Johnny page a non-existent Mr. Philip Morris. Of course, Johnny pagied Mr. Morris without results, but when he reported his failure to Mr. Blow—he found it turned into phenomenal success. He got the contract for the copyright account, which Mr. Blow handles.

Like all celebrities, Johnny has had to make personal appearances. These turned out to be so successful that the demands for him at a big radio depot and the agency was forced to hire a whole corps of "stand- ins" for Johnny. They're called "Johnny Juniors" and are all trained by Johnny himself. Before they're sent out as substitutes for the one and only original. Probably the most outstanding of Johnny's under-studies is the Johnny Jr. who, each Monday night, steps before the Hollywood microphone to introduce the Glenn Simmons Program.

Each Friday and Sunday night Johnny himself—in person and really—has to introduce It Pays to be Ignorant and The Crime Doctor.

Johnny lives in Brooklyn, his exact address being a carefully guarded secret. Like most of his fellow-dwellers in that borough, Johnny's a rabid Dodger fan. All the members of Johnny's family, except for himself, are of normal size.

One of Johnny's main concerns is his health, especially the health of his throat. He loves hot dogs and hamburgers and never has any trouble with his digestion. He's never been seriously ill in his life and, during the past eleven years on the air, he has never missed more than one broadcast each year. He worries most about colds and sore throats and guards against them by loading himself with vitamin pills.

Johnny may be small, but there are probably very few big men who can look forward to a guaranteed job that lasts for life. It must be a nice thing to have—and we wish for Johnny that he will be paying Philip Morris for many years to come.
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### NO TIME ON HER HANDS . . .

So young—and so pretty—that no one would blame her if she just wanted to have fun, Beryl Vaughn is a young lady who wastes no time. "What's more, she hasn't wasted much time since she was twelve. That's when her career started.

Beryl, whom you hear as Norma Starr on Bachelor's Children over CBS, Monday through Saturday at 7:30 A.M., was born in Detroit. What she did to keep herself busy before she was twelve is somewhat of a mystery, but after that, her life's an open radio switch. She made her radio debut on the "Lone Ranger," originating from the automobile metropolis. That wasn't enough for very long, however, and soon she took over the assistant director's chores on WXYX's Children's Theatre of the Air. For this, and her young associates won the Variety Showmanship award in 1938. The next year, she lined up with WJW and became its Children's Director.

In 1940, she went to Hollywood, which was to be expected, and was signed for a leading role in Columbia's "Girls Under 21," where she says was a female version of the "Dead End Kids." After that she did a small part in RKO's "Let's Make Music!." While in Hollywood, Beryl took dancing at the theatre, too, and learned how to play cello. "Every Man For Himself," and travelled east to the Guild Theatre in New York with the show. Unfortunately, the play had a whirlwind visit on Broadway and in a very short time Beryl found herself back in Hollywood and in front of a microphone.

Most radio actors and actresses find that the theatre, strange and irresistible fascination, Beryl is no exception. She could have gone on and on working on the Lux and Screen Guild shows on the air from ideas in her head, she's very likely to realize all three of these—and then will probably assign herself a few more.
PRINCESS PAT

No matter how you look at it, Patrice Munsell is a remarkable girl. She's very young—nineteen to be exact—very attractive and alive and bright and she has a voice like a dream. At nineteen, she's the star of a big radio program, the Sunday afternoon Family Hour. At eighteen, she was the youngest star ever to have been signed by the Metropolitan Opera Association. And she has already signed a Hollywood contract to appear in musical films in the near future.

Oddly enough, Patrice's musical career began with lessons in "rhythmic whistling"—an odd sort of thing at first. When Patrice was twelve, however, her teacher discovered her singing voice and whistling lessons became a thing of the past. Patrice found singing lessons and music lessons much more interesting, so much so that two years later she was appearing at a summer music school concert and Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, the conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, introduced her after the concert as "a little fourteen-year-old girl who has the most beautiful voice I have ever heard in a singer so young." That made music the serious business of Patrice's life.

In 1940, Patrice and her mother arrived in New York so Patrice could study with the Opera. They dropped their bags at their hotel and went straight to the Metropolitan, to stand for four hours in the top gallery listening to Flagstad and Melchior in "Parisifal"—Patrice's first Metropolitan opera.

It took only four years for Patrice to get from that top gallery down to the stage—and into the hearts of millions of Americans. They weren't easy years. They were filled with a tough and steady program of vocal, foreign language and dramatic lessons and hours and hours of practicing and rehearsing. But Patrice was rewarded for her hard work by winning one of the awards of the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air and then making her debut on the gold-curtained stage in the role of Philine in "Mignon."

Soon after her first opera season, Patrice set off on an extensive concert tour, making her home town of Spokane, Washington, the first stop. She wanted to make her concert debut there. She also wanted to see her father, a successful and busy dentist, whom she had only glimpsed for a few days at a time during four years of rigorous training.

Patrice is really an American singer, through and through. Many, many others, she has had all her training here and is proof that music has come of age in the United States. Not that the old seats of culture have been snubbed—Patrice would be the last to think that thing.

This year, Patrice will again fit a heavy concert schedule into her commitments to the Metropolitan Opera and her regular Sunday afternoon appearances on the Family Hour. She's planning to appear in the major cities in the United States and Canada. Her accompanist at the concerts will be the well known pianist Stuart Ross.
Frances, on her trips, wanted to try everything. This time it was the cockpit of a plane at an air base in North Africa.
It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is so lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown... rich, glossy hair... and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth, high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and loved it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!"

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to respect Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin really clean and really smooth!"

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off. "My double Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give your face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the big jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious big jar!

Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin
You can have

Glamorous Hair

*OVERNIGHT*

Try Glover's Famous

3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll see and feel the difference! One application will convince you. Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparkingly high-lighted, with added lusterliness, no matter what style hair do you like best. Try all three Glover's preparations—Glover's Mango Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send coupon for
all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special cordon, with complete instructions for the 3-way overnight treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

FAY MCKENZIE
young star of Pictures and Radio who just appeared in "The Stealing Nerve."

Here's the whole Bob White family at home—from left to right, Bradley, 12; Bob himself; Betsy; Evan, 7; and Bob Junior, 15.

DEADLINE

EVERYONE who listens to Bob White's "Deadline Dramas" on Sunday night on the Blue Network asks "How does he do it?" It is a little flabbergasting to hear Bob and his company present a ten minute playlet, complete with dialogue and sound effects, after a two minute consideration of some twenty word theme presented by someone in their studio audience.

It has taken years of hard work, which Bob for the most part has thoroughly enjoyed, and an early apprenticeship served at the justly famous Hedgerow Theater to make Bob so sensationally able.

He reached New York, after leaving Hedgerow, determined to make his stand on Broadway. He undoubtedly would have done this too, with less happy results perhaps, if Betsy hadn't come along...

Although he was broke when a friend, directing a road company of "Three Wise Fools," offered him the lead he turned it down cold. "I'm bound to stay in New York and play Broadway," he explained. However, as a favor, he agreed to read the part at rehearsal the next day. The producer was to be there and it was important there be a full company.

Bob paused outside of a church in the Forties. Rehearsal was to be held here, in the basement. Betsy came up behind him. "Could you tell me," she asked. "if this is where they're rehearsing Three Wise Fools?" They went in together, as if that were sufficient introduction for anyone.

When the rehearsal was over that day Bob said to the director "What does this job pay anyway? I might be interested. And don't ask me what made me change my mind!"

Five members of the company, including Betsy sitting in front beside Bob, travelled by car. Their luggage was strapped on the running-board and on the rear. To reach the next town they were to play they often started driving before dawn. They drove through spring rains and were tramped in the mud of thawing roads.

In Iowa they were so badly bogged that Bob had to hire a team of horses to pull the car out and draw it up an incline.

"Would anyone prefer to get out and take the train?" he asked.

All of his passengers, except Betsy, decided the train would be best.

"I'm staying," she said. To prove it she settled herself more comfortably beside him.

All night they drove to make up the hours they had been trapped in the mud. "You'll have to drink coffee," Betsy told him. "Otherwise you'll never keep awake."

He never had liked coffee but he took her advice. He pulled up at the next diner, his eyes red from the strain of so much driving and his face grey.

"Know what I wish," he said, "I wish you'd marry me..."" Betsy smiled and shook her head. "We don't know each other... "

"I know you," he protested. "You're the kind that sticks, that can take it—smiling! Anything else I might learn about you wouldn't be so important—comparatively!"

"Let's wait," Betty told him, and see if you feel the same way tomorrow—when you have worked off your coffee jag..."

They reached the next theater on their schedule eight hours and fifty-five minutes late. But the audience had waited. And a local critic commented especially on the love scenes.

At Grinnel, Iowa, the whole town turned out to see Betsy. After the theater Doctor Evan Evans, who had brought her up, gave a big party.

"I'm going to marry Betsy," Bob told him.

"I'm not" (Continued on page 58)
NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT

2. STANDARD MODESS

GOOD! I CAN KEEP RIGHT ON GETTING MY "STANDARD" SOFTER, SAFER MODESS!

Here's Modess with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Taped out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer Modess—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

49,701 women stated that they switched to Modess because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of Modess cost the same. But—to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be sure to ask for Modess!

I'M DELIGHTED I CAN GET MY MODESS WITH A DEODORANT SEALED RIGHT IN IT!

*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.

2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.

3. Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.

4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.

TODAY... Ask for MODESS

STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT
(Continued from page 56)
worried about it at all," the doctor said. "For I don't think you are. There were a couple of other fellows who had the same idea."

Nothing discouraged Bob, however. By the time they reached McCook, Nebraska—because Betsy wasn't quite as definite when she said "No," and because her attitude when he took her in his arms seemed to indicate "Yes"—Bob was in such a glow that he made a wrong turn. During the two hours and more it took him to travel thirty miles in the wrong direction and find his way back again three hundred and twenty dollars' worth of audience waited for the management in New York, hearing of this, was not amused. "Get another actor to play Gordon Schuyler," they wired. "He's sure he can drive a car and also read a road map."

Bob was given his notice. He and Betsy had little time left together.

Autumn was late that year, 1927. The trees, touched by frost one October night, shone scarlet and gold in a warm Irish summer haze. Under the golden canopy of a river-bank, Bob and Betsy stretched out in the sun all one morning. He read to her from the book he had carried in his pocket, frequently interrupting the author to warn Betsy that unless she married him so he could go his way and get other work and send for her to join him, he would follow The Three Wisefools' company and embarrass her to no end, since it wouldn't be long before he would be starving and threadbare. But she still said no.

Back at the hotel he threw himself down on his bed to devise ways and means. The time left them together was so short it frightened him. He could not and he would not, he told himself, leave without her promise. His telephone rang. It was a local paper. Betsy, he discovered, had suggested they call and arrange to photograph him. "Stay in your office until I can get down to see you," he told the editor. "With your help I'll be able to give you a real story, I hope—front page stuff—with photographs."

Within the same half hour he was in the editor's office telling his story.

The editor was enthusiastic. "If you could get her to the State Capitol in New York, of which she is in charge, and the pretense of looking at our fine murals it would be simple enough to arrange for a license," he said.

Bob was off like a shot. At the hotel he hurried to find Betsy.

"I want you to come down to the State Capitol with me right away," he said. "The murals are magnificent."

It was easy enough for Betsy to see that Bob had more than the murals on his mind.

Surely all this hurry and excitement has more than murals behind it," she said. "What else do you do at the State Capitol?"

"You get a wedding license," he said. "She refused to budge. "I've told you—a hundred times—that I'm not marrying you."

"You have no confidence in me, that's it," Bob said. "I've been fired. I'm broke. You're afraid, aren't you? Afraid to take a chance?"

"You can't say that to me," she insisted. "She began brushing her hair and powdering her nose and rouging her lips and adjusting her hat. He was afraid, for the first few minutes, to believe she actually was going for a license with him.

They were married on the stage of the Apollo Theater that night, a Presbyterain. It was Hallowe'en. Following the ceremony, flashlight bulbs popped and reporters and sob sisters besieged them for every detail of their romance. And later, when the excitement was over for the evening performance, the orchestra played the wedding march and the audience, informed of what had happened, applauded loud and long.

A few days later Bob went his own way, towards Chicago. "As soon as I land a job I'll send for you," he told Betsy, who continued south with The Three Wisefools. He did, too. And she played Pete, the child of Nature, in the road company of "Shepherd of the Hills" in which he starred, until it became evident she was not a child but a woman approaching maturity.

Doctor Evan Evans, back in Iowa, brought their first son, Bob Junior, fifteen now, into the world. Three years later Bradley arrived, when Bob was doing radio work in Chicago. And within another four years Evan, named after Betsy's guardian but never called anything but Skipper, joined them.

Some of their years have been rich. Some of their years have been lean. But Bob has never been a year, a month, a week, or a day in which Bob and Betsy haven't been glad that she finally said yes.

---

Use lipstick brush for nearer, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.

Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blocks away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)

Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux*) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.

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

Can six dates lead to a lasting marriage? TUNE IN "MY TRUE STORY"

If you like True Story Magazine ... you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

BLUE NETWORK STATIONS
YOU MAY WIN LOVELIER SKIN
THE ACTIVE-LATHER WAY!

Tests show these Beauty Facials really make skin softer, smoother!

MERLE OBERON

In recent tests of Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time! Lovely Merle Oberon tells you, "My Lux Soap beauty facials really make skin lovelier—leave it feeling wonderfully smooth and soft—looking so fresh!"

You want the loveliness that wins romance. So take Hollywood's tip—give your skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care!

*** FIGHT WASTE ***
Use your Lux Toilet Soap wisely, for soap contains material vital to the war effort. Never waste it.

Now try the kind that's easy to use!

*I never dreamed there could be such a difference in tampons... that any tampon could be so easy to use... until I first tried Fibs Tampons!*

Instantly YOU will appreciate this difference between Fibs and ordinary tampons. For only Fibs of all leading brands have gently rounded ends—tapered to make insertion easy.

And only Fibs are "quilted" to give you greater comfort, greater safety.

So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!

**Fibs Tampons have rounded ends to make insertion easy!**

---

**Afraid—!**

Continued from page 34

I was expecting you." I turned to Ted. "Some other night," I began, but Ted was marching off the porch, down the walk to his car. I stepped into the house and shut the door.

"I balled things up for you," Wade said after a keen glance at me. "Why didn't you go out with him if you wanted to?"

I shook my head. "You didn't do anything. It was Ted himself and the way he took charge of things. He has to learn to get along with people—"

"I'd say he gets along pretty well," said Wade mildly. "Everybody at the field likes him. Of course, he's a bit hot tempered, but that's just youth and high spirits. He'll get over it—"

"Let's not talk about it," I said shortly. "Let's just have a good time."

But we didn't have a very good time that evening. We went to one of my favorite restaurants, and Wade danced more than his share of the music, to please me, and he brought out the best stories he knew to keep me entertained. Still, I wasn't dancing with Wade at all, but with a tall young man with a quick smile and a big, strong face; I didn't hear half of what Wade was saying. "It isn't any good, is it, Mary?" he said finally.

I looked up at him. "I'm sorry, Wade." "Don't worry about me," he said cheerfully. "And don't worry about Ted, either. Are you afraid he's not going to speak to you again?"

"No," I answered, but I lied. I was terribly afraid that I'd lost Ted as quickly as I'd forced him, terribly afraid that he'd taken offense and wouldn't come near me again. And I wanted to see him—in spite of knowing that I was right and that he'd been wrong and rude and childish. And, thinking ahead, dreaming of future meetings, I was glad that Mother and Dad hadn't been at home to see him. I had the evening off the porch that evening, and they were out, so that Wade would have a good impression of him...

My feelings must have shown, because Wade gave me a wave. He'll be around tomorrow, and he'll do his best to make up with you. He flares up fast, but he cools off in a hurry, too.

Wade was right to the letter. Ted was waiting at my desk when I came in the next morning, hours before he had to be at the field. He was smiling, but the brightness in his eyes wasn't laughter—it was a kind of pleading. "Mary," he said, "I'm sorry. I guess I'll never learn. And, contrarily, I was defending him. "I don't see why you shouldn't," I said snapishly to cover up the racket my heart was making. "You're old enough to have a little common sense—"

He shook his head, and his smile widened. I couldn't fool him; he knew me quite well. He sometimes that stemmed from without you, Cricket. I told you you'd have to stick around and chirp at me. Will you try it for a while, and see if I improve?"

What could I say? What could I do, but agree to try it for a while—knowing in my heart that it would be for always?

I could tell you about the weeks that followed. I remember every detail of them, every place Ted and I went, every conversation word for word—but they are the minute, personal memories that are important only to those who have lived them. It was just another commonplace evening at a movie, the most casual exchange of information—about a new dress I'd bought, about Ted's daily run—were exciting and wonder ful to us. Sometimes when we went out, Billy went with us, but not often, because Billy was in his last year of high school, and he was taken up with school affairs and with his real love—flying. Billy would never be an Army flier, as he wanted to be—an old in just that he was determined to be the best civilian pilot there was. It was touching to see how proud Ted was of Billy, of his marks at school, of the blunt, sincere words of praise Wade McCrary gave him. He's a natural, Ted," Wade would say. "He'll go on to the really fancy stuff, while you and I still plug along on the broad-and-butter starve."

And Ted's dark face would glow, and he would look happy—yes, happier in a way than when I was with him. I couldn't be hurt about it. Billy was not only a beloved brother to him, Billy was living the kind of life that had been beyond Ted's reach when he was Billy's age. There was no drudgery for Billy; when his serious work was done, he had the dates and the dancing and the girls that Ted had missed. And, too, he loved Billy—because he was a gentler replica of Ted, for his own charm and his good nature—even if he did sometimes call me, affectionately and embarrassingly, "Sis."

In Billy's mind it was settled that I was going to marry his brother. It was settled in Ted's mind also. Every date ended with an argument over my putting him off, ended with my evading his arms.

Oh, I was sure that I loved him. I'd been sure that I could love him from the first day, that, when I came to the office; I'd begun to love him the moment we had stood together on the gravel path outside the airport lunchroom. And, of course, when I was cutting Ted out of my life would have been like cutting off part of myself. He had a changed great deal since I'd known him. I had no idea that he had to pass every car on the road; he no longer took offense at imagined slights; he no longer felt that he had to repay in kind the smallest injury. Still, I wasn't convinced that the change was final. The years that had gone into making him the fighting, tempestuous man he was when I first met him had been long; the week we had been together were short; and I was afraid sometimes that he was—well, on good behavior. I couldn't dis miss his temper lightly as Wade had dismissed it by crediting it to youth and high spirits. I sensed that it was something more than that, something that stemmed from a defensive, intensely personal view of life that had once been necessary to him for his survival. I had seen him react violently in small things; how would he face the big disappoint ments that life brings to everyone?

It was Billy who finally decided me. He came to the house one evening that when Ted was on a night flight. His face was very sober; he sat uncomfortably on the edge of the couch, an-
swearing with difficulty the questions Mother and Dad put to him. Yes, he was going to the graduation dance, he told Mother, and yes, the school year had gone well. "Too well," he added, almost inaudibly. Then he said in a strained voice, "Mary, I wanted to ask you something—"

Mother picked up her book and looked at Dad, and they went out through the dining room to that old-fashioned blessing, the old-fashioned back parlor.

"What is it, Billy?" I asked.

"This." He handed me a folded sheet of paper.

It was beautifully engraved; it looked like an invitation, and it was couched in such dignified and scholarly language that I read it twice before I got the sense of it. It was an invitation—a scholarship to one of the most famous scientific schools in the East.

"Why, Billy, that's wonderful!" I cried. "I didn't dream you were working for anything like this!"

"I didn't dream I'd get it," he said soberly, but with a tinge of awe, as if his own accomplishment overwhelmed him. "I didn't even tell Ted I'd entered competition—because what that school has to offer seemed beyond me. It isn't just aeronautics—I'll get everything, including all of the new stuff, like electronics."

I wasn't smiling. I asked incredulously, "Aren't you pleased about it?"

"I'm proud of it," he said briefly.

"But how is Ted going to feel?"

I just stared at him, thinking of all that Ted had hoped for his brother; he'd never imagined anything as good as this. "He'll be so proud—"

"Sure he'll be proud," said Billy. "But how's he going to feel otherwise? I mean, this is intensive stuff, and I've got to crack down to keep the scholarship. There won't be any long vacations for me. I don't know whether to tell him about it or not."

"Not tell him! You mean that you may not accept it? That's foolish—"

"It isn't," said Billy painfully. "You know he's counted on my working along with him when I got through school. We had it planned that I'd take some business courses at the University—but I'd be a pilot for a few years anyway, like him. He didn't expect anything else, and I didn't want anything else, until this came along."

I began to see what he was trying to tell me. Billy would be separated from Ted not only for the school years, but for the years after, as well. His future was being taken out of Ted's hands, was being moulded into something very different from Ted's. Billy's life would be in laboratories and offices, and Ted's would be very much as it was now, where he was happy. I thought of Ted, flying at this moment somewhere high above us, and I felt closer to him than even Billy could be, sure of him suddenly, as I'd never been sure before.

"Of course you'll tell him," I said quietly. "Ted will be glad, Billy—glad clear through. Even if you were on the other side of the world from him, he'd still have an interest in everything you did, every achievement of yours would be an achievement of his. You'll be letting him down if you don't take it, as much as you'll be letting yourself down."

"Do you really believe that, Mary?"

"I believe it with all my heart."

He leaned forward and kissed me quickly, shyly. "Thanks," he said.

"Wot a Soap!"

"Wot mildness . . . wot speed . . . it's soap-erlative!"

Young man, you took the words right out of our mouth—except that you didn't say, "It's Fels-Naptha!"

But that almost goes without saying, if letters from Fels-Naptha users are proof. These women tell us that golden Fels-Naptha is the best laundry soap they ever used. That it gives them whiter washes. With less hard work. In less time. That it saves wear and tear on fine fabrics.

N.B.—Since so many experienced housekeepers agree about Fels-Naptha Soap, why don't you try it yourself?
This higher type of
Intimate Feminine
Hygiene
Widely Used In U. S. Among
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GREASELESS SUPPOSITORY GIVES
HOURS OF CONTINUOUS MEDICATION

Zonitors are very popular among high-ly intelligent and exacting women who for a long time have wanted a higher standard of antisepctic feminine cleanliness—easier, daintier, more convenient—powerfully germicidal yet harmless.

Thanks to Zonitors—these women no longer use wax, homemade mixtures or overstrong harmful poisons.

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NO BURN—NO SMART

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow white vaginal suppositories. When inserted, they instantly begin to release their powerful germicidal properties and continue to do so for hours! Yet they are safe to most delicate tissues. Non-irritating, non- poisonous!

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor and immediately kill every germ they touch. Of course it’s not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No other germicide kills reachable germs any faster or more thoroughly. Follow easy directions.

IMPORTANT: Zonitors have the advantage of being easily removed by a plain water douche without leaving any greasy, sticky residue.

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Trouble brews again at Glamour Manor, but proprietor Cliff Arquette remains unperturbed. The Blue network show is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at noon, EDT.

HAPPINESS? Do you know what happiness means to me—the kind of happiness that is fresh and new and unscarred, untroubled by life? It is the splash of morning sunlight on a linoleum floor, the smell of bacon mingling with a spring breeze, and nauturisms nodding in the window box. Ted and I bought a house near the airport, and Billy moved in with us in the small home that he had left for school. In spite of Ted’s objections, I kept my job—it was silly not to, so long as he was on a daytime plane which came together in the afternoons. Billy was at the field day and night, putting in as many hours of flying time as possible before he settled down to books in the fall. There were many happenings in the house overlooking the green fields and the airport. There was Billy’s teasing, “Okay, Mom,” when I called him, Ted’s pointing out that we were certainly lucky to be starting married life with one boy full-grown, and years ahead of us to raise a second family. There was passion in the soft summer nights, and times when I lay awake, listing to Ted’s breathing, watching the curtains move whitely in the moonlight, hearing the sound of a plane overhead, and I would want to cry suddenly, because life was so rich and so beautiful and so full.

July passed, and August, the tempo of our lives quickened. Billy was going East at the end of September, and Ted and I were going with him. There was to be a leave after the trip, and I could imagine a happier honeymoon than we had had right there at home, but it was fun to plan the trip.

We stayed up late to talk about those plans one evening when Billy was on a training flight. We were trying to de-
I never found out what it was we were going to do. The telephone rang, and Ted went out to the hall to answer.

I sat absorbed in the travel folders. There was the New York skyline, New York at night. I became aware, presently, that I couldn't hear Ted's voice in the hall, that the house was silent, ominously silent. I looked up, saw Ted standing in the living room doorway, his face a gray stone mask. He looked like a dead man, and his voice was a dead man's voice.

"Bill crashed," he said. "The gas tank exploded and McCrary bailed out and left him crash." Then, as if the words had stung him to action, he turned and vanished into the hall. I heard him running, outside.

I didn't think. My mind was paralyzed, but my body acted instinctively. I tore out of the house, down the walk, flung myself into the car just as Ted put it in gear.

He drove like a man possessed, disregarding other cars, racing through stop lights, flinging the car around turns, across intersections. If I could have thought, I would have prayed for another car to strike us—for anything that would stop our mad race to a greater destruction. But I couldn't think, couldn't feel. Inside me there was only a torn feeling that said that Billy was dead, and terror obliterated it. Terror of my husband and of what he was going to do.

We turned into a street marked "Quiet—Hospital Zone," and the car jerked to a stop. Ted flung himself out, and I ran after him down a walk, up a flight of steps, calling "Ted! Stop—stop!" hardly knowing that I called.

He did stop, briefly, to ask a question of the startled nurse in the main hall of the hospital; then he brushed past her down the corridor.

Wade McCrary was sitting up in bed, bandages on his arms. He lifted an unguished hand eagerly to Ted. Then, as nothing was invisible, I could do, Ted, Nothing—" And his voice closed off as Ted's hands went round his throat.

I threw myself at Ted, beating his arms, battering him with my shoulders as one batters a locked door, crying out, trying to pierce his madness.

Something reached him. Somehow, something made him stop. McCrary fell back, gasping, on the pillow, and Ted stepped away from him, stood with his arms dangling, stood with the look of a man who has wakened from a nightmare to a more terrible reality. I drew a deep, gulping breath. Wade was unhurt, after all, and Ted was safe, safe. Then I heard a voice, rasping, hardly human, unrecognizable as Ted's voice, and I knew that we would never in the world be safe again.

"I can't kill you now, McCrary," the voice said. "I should—because you're helpless now as Bill was helpless. But I'll wait until you're on your feet, and then I'll come after you, and you'll die as he died—trapped... Oh, my God, my brother!"

There it is again—the terrible, ungovernable anger that sweeps over Ted, that threatens his marriage to Mary. Can he, with Mary's help, learn to conquer it, or is their marriage doomed to failure? Read the conclusion of this exciting story in March Radio Mirror, on sale February 14.
Quick Work!
Continued from page 50

Pork Chop Casserole
2 small onions, sliced thin
4 potatoes, sliced thin
4 carrots, diced
4 pork chops
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
Pinch sage
1/4 cup milk
Place layer of sliced onions in buttered casserole, cover with potato layer, then with layer of carrots. Trim fat from chops and arrange on top. Add seasonings to milk and pour over.
Bake, covered, in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour, adding a little more milk if dish gets too dry, when potatoes should be tender and chops cooked through. Remove cover and continue cooking until brown, or brown under broiler flame.

Chicken Casserole
1 4-lb. stewing chicken, disjointed
4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
4 tbls. drippings
1 small clove garlic
2 cups liquid
4 cups mixed vegetables
Rub chicken with salt and pepper. Sauté garlic in melted drippings, remove garlic and brown chicken slowly in flavored drippings. Turn into casserole, pour in liquid (boiling water, stock or consomme) and cook, covered, in 350 degree oven until chicken is tender—2 to 3 hours depending on the age of the fowl. Add vegetables—any desired combination of potato balls, small whole onions, diced carrots or chopped celery—and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. There should be enough gravy to coat vegetables well, thickened, if desired, with a tablespoon of flour. For additional flavor, substitute tomato paste or tomato soup for part of the liquid and add minced green pepper and 1/2 tsp. paprika.

Shrimp and Beef Casserole
3 cups cooked rice
2 small onions, sliced thin
2 green peppers, cut in lengthwise strips
2 tbls. drippings
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. curry powder (optional)
1 cup cooked beef, cubed
1 cup cooked shrimp
2 cups cooked or canned peas, drained
The rice should be cooked so that the grains are separate, not a sticky consistency. Sauté onions in drippings. Combine all ingredients and turn into buttered casserole. Bake in 375 degree oven for 30 minutes. A little of the liquor from canned peas may be added to prevent dryness, but there should be no excess liquid when the dish is ready for serving. Half a cup of mushroom may be added if desired and a few slices of spicy sausage will provide additional flavor.

For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION
Moon of Fulfillment
Continued from page 23

see him for weeks after the party, and my small hope died—the hope that he might at least turn to me for help as Ellen drifted from him into Dick Cooper's arms. He had decided to try to forget her in other ways, ways I could only imagine until one night Dad told me about it. Dad's voice was grim—he liked Ted a lot, and I could tell he was worried about him. "I don't know what's got into that boy—Jim told me he didn't show up for work at all last Friday."

"Maybe he was sick," I said, immediately on the defensive.

"Sick nothing," Dad said sharply. "You can't tear around all night and be any good at work the next day."

"I wonder what's the matter with him," I said, more to make conversation than anything else. Because I knew what was the matter with him. I knew that he was trying to escape from the ache of a love that he could not push out of his life, and that his new wildness was simply a release from emotion too terrible to bear. And I was afraid for Ted—afraid that in his desperation, he would cut himself off forever from the friends in Watertown who had always meant so much to him. I was afraid, too, that he might marry one of the noisy, reckless girls in the new crowd he was going with.

I wanted to call Ted—to talk to him on the telephone—to hear his voice and encourage him with my warmth and friendliness, even if he did not want my love. But I was afraid to—frightened that my connection with that past he was trying to forget would make him resent me, too.

Once I thought of telling Ellen that this was her responsibility—that you can't let a man like Ted fall in love with you and then let him struggle forever to drown your memory. But Ellen was busy with her own dreams—dreams of her future with Dick.

It was two months after the bobsled party that Ellen announced her engagement—and on that same day I saw Ted, Ellen and I were just leaving Aunt Bertha's house, where we'd had the party, when we met Ted....met him almost face to face. I mean, Ted and Ellen met face to face. He didn't see me at first at all.

Ellen was flushed and smiling and a little breathless. "Hello, Ted," she said, genuinely glad to see him, "come to see us sometime. We miss you."

Ted's eyes were as bitter as his laugh. "I'll just bet you do," he said. "I can imagine that you miss me a lot."

And then, looking at him, seeing the new, remote expression in eyes that used to be so honest and eager and gay, I had to say something. In a little voice, I said, "I do, Ted—I miss you."

And then he noticed me and his face wasn't bitter any more—just thoughtful and kind, with a big-brother kindness. "Why, thank you, Betty," he said with a kind of tenderness.

"Come tonight," I insisted. "We're all going to be there—the whole family."

Ellen's pretty lips parted and she started to speak—but something stopped her. I was relieved, because I thought that she might tell him thoughtlessly that there was to be no one at home that night but me.

I don't wonder at her being amazed at the he I told Ted. I wasn't surprised when she mentioned it to me that night.

Q. How does that girl rate such kisses?
A. Her skin's smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.
A. Oh—this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream especially helps dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Gives smooth-skin care so complete—it's like a daily treatment. For every type of skin. Faithful use helps prevent dry skin. Just use this new Jergens Face Cream all the time:

1. for Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for a Foundation
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A skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. So many lovely girls already use Jergens Face Cream. Beauty-wisdom—use this new cream, yourself. It's the only cream you need.

JERGENS
FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
The choice of more women than all other cuticle removers combined

I HEARD Ted's steps on the porch and had the door open before he had stamped the snow from his feet that night.

He was a trifle embarrassed and watched me questioningly as we walked together through the narrow front hall into the small parlor where he had waited so often for Ellen. And then, because Ellen was away, he wasn't unlike a child. He obviously weren't at home and Ted was puzzled by their absence, I tried to explain the lie I had told that afternoon. "Ted," I said. "Words in my embarrassment. "The folks aren't here—neither is Ellen—they all went to Coopers for dinner."

He sat forward on his chair, and I thought he was going to leave, but he didn't. He just let me go on talking as he watched me curiously.

"Ted, I'm worried about you—all of us are—"

And then he interrupted me. "So you planned this little meeting so that you could reform me? He laughed, a brittle, tight laugh. "I thought that before."

I was frightened, then, that anything I might say would anger him. But I had to go on. My love for him was so strong that I couldn't sit by and let him destroy himself. I had to try to make him detour from this new path he was following which could only lead to unhappiness for all the rest of his life.

"Mr. Lee told Dad you weren't paying any attention to your job," I blurted. "What are you doing this for—why are you acting this way?"

"Betty," he said softly. "I'm burying a dream."

"You aren't the only one watching a dream die," I told him sadly. "He looked at me, suddenly, in much the same way Ellen had looked at me earlier in the evening. I could sense the change in him. He was looking at me—no, watching me as a woman—not just as Ellen's sister."

"Betty," he said. "You mustn't be silly... you mustn't get hurt, Ted. Don't tangle yourself up in that."

"But I am tangled up in it," I said. "I'm not interfering out of affection for my sister, or desire to straighten out an old friend—I'm doing it because I can't stop myself. Oh, Ted, don't you see—I'm doing it because you're hurt and bitter and unhappy I am, too, because everything you've done and everything that happens to you is part of my life too."

I couldn't look into his eyes but I sensed his shock, his bewilderment—perhaps his dismay—from the way his hands clenched on the arms of his chair. I stammered on. "I love you, Ted. You've been my dream, as Ellen has been yours. You can't help it, I know, and I don't want you to worry about it at all, but I don't want you to spoil it either. I don't want to be disappointed in you!

His face was oddly muffled when he finally spoke. "Disappointed, Betty?"

"You're being selfish, and childish, and foolish," I said steadily. I had no fear of him. I knew exactly what I wanted to say, and I could only pray the words would reach him. You think you're the only person to have got hurt? You want everything to go your way, to be as you think it should... when it happens differently you just try to spoil it. You're going to throw away a toy that doesn't please him."

He threw back his head and looked at me. "My love for Ellen wasn't a dream."

"You're not thinking of Ellen any more," I said swiftly. "You're thinking of yourself, and how abused you are, and how nobody cares what happens to you anymore."

It was my turn to speak in a half-whisper. "Oh, Ted, it isn't true—people do care. I care—so much."

I slipped, afraid of the way he was staring at me. He stood up slowly and walked out into the hall. As I watched him put on his hat and coat, I felt suddenly that he wouldn't let me help me for being the one to make him look at himself honestly—to force him to admit to himself how foolish he had been. I knew that his job was one that he would once again be the old Ted, facing life and trouble eagerly, unafraid as he had been before. But I was too much against me would keep him forever from me. I had lost him completely.
Shirley Temple says:

"FOR YOUR Real-Life Romance

A LANE CEDAR HOPE CHEST IS THE

Sweetest Valentine of All!"

No romance so thrilling as your own real-life romance. No gift for the girl of your heart’s choice so eloquent to express your devotion as the perfect love gift itself . . . a Lane Cedar Hope Chest. Sanctuary for her treasured possessions, it is the ever-present symbol of your dreams and hers . . . the gift that starts the home. Claim your Valentine now with a Lane, the glorious gift with many practical advantages for the girl you love.

LANE is the only chest with all these
MOTH PROTECTION features

Built of 3/4-inch Aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, LANE Cedar Hope Chests combine an age-old romantic tradition with nature’s own moth destroyer . . . the aroma of Red Cedar.

No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses the power of Red Cedar to destroy moths. LANE Hope Chests are the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight Red Cedar chests in the world. That’s why Lane moth protection is sure. That’s why it is guaranteed by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world’s largest insurance companies.

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Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be had in many styles and woods.

To Men and Women in the Armed Services—If you don’t know the Lane dealer’s name in the town where you want a chest sent, write to us. It will be delivered in accordance with your wishes.
Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In Your and Every Girl's Hair!

Those enchantingly lovely Powers Models—the epitome of beauty and charm—must take exceptional care in washing their hair.

And these stunning girls are advised to use only Kreml Shampoo! Beautifying Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp spanking-clean. It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves the hair silken-soft—so much easier to set—sparkling with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre that lasts for days.

So take a tip from some of the world’s most beautiful girls and give your hair a ‘glamour-bath’ with Kreml Shampoo. It takes only 10 minutes—right at home. Excellent for every color and every type of hair whether oily or dry. All drug and department stores.

No Better Shampoo For Children’s Hair

If your child’s hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-lookingeither oily or dry—“glamour-bathe” it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And you’ll take pride in the way your child’s hair looks.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Cover Girl

Penny Singleton, the girl who refused to be typed in “bad girl” parts a few years ago, has been so thoroughly typed in the good girl part of “Blondie” for the past six years that nobody can tell them apart. Penny has practically become Blondie—with three Blondie radio shows a week; three Blondie pictures a year; two children born almost the minute that “Alexander” and “Cookie” were born in the comic strip... and finally, with Chic Young, the author of the comic strip, moving in across the street.

What’s more, she looks almost exactly like the Blondie of the funnies—she’s the possessor of curly blonde hair, very blue eyes, and such a tiny waist that you could put your two hands around it. And she rushes around her tiny, compact house in the Tolucca Lake district in San Fernando Valley exactly the way Blondie rushes around hers in the newspapers—even wearing (on hot days) shorts with a billowing apron, at her chores! Only Mr. Blondie, in real life, is out of step. For Penny’s husband, Major Robert Sparks of the U. S. Marines, is quiet, intellectual, and well-organized. In civilian life, he was a motion picture producer; he produced the Blondie pictures!

Penny’s days, between broadcasts and pictures, are the direct opposite of most actresses’ days, and the absolute carbon-copy of most young American wives. At 6:30 she’s up for the day, dressed in a pinafare or tennis shorts—and she’s eating her first breakfast of orange juice, coffee-cake, and coffee. The next three hours are dizzying ones in which she wakes her two daughters, Dorothy Grace, called Deegee (aged 9) and Robin Susan (aged a year and a half), and feeds them, and gets a lot of housework done. By 9:30 she’s ready for her whopping second breakfast—2 eggs, bacon, fried potatoes with onions, stewed fruit, and milk. Then comes marketing and more housework; and at noon she sits down to lunch with her two children, eating just what they eat: a baked potato, a chop, a vegetable, and junket. Dinner is light, unless her husband is home on leave, and before she goes to bed she eats a handful of candies. (What we want to know is, how does she keep that figure?)

Naturally, with this housebound day, Penny’s friends are the ones within yoo-hooing distance. May Vargo, who lives down the block and whose husband is in the real estate business, and Evelyn Delbel, who also lives on the block and whose husband runs a filling station; the Chic Youngs and Mrs. Richard Arlen, both of whom live across the street. Only when Major Sparks is in town does Penny get together with
Jeanette MacDonald and Captain Gene Raymond, Loretta Young and her husband, Lt.-Colonel Tom Lewis. But Penny frankly likes domestic life, and when asked about it she says in surprise, "But domestic life is life. That's reality."

She means it, too. Perhaps one reason for it is her very different earlier background—she was a musical comedy dancer named Dorothy McNulty during her teens; and she came to Hollywood, after playing the sultry Ton-delayo in "White Cargo" on the stage, to play a wicked fascinator in After the Thin Man. (We might add that she flew West from New York City on one hour's notice, wearing the same tweed suit she'd been dressed in when she ran into a fast-talking Holly-wood talent scout—with no baggage of any kind! She was met at the airport, rushed to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, still in the tweeds, and given a screen test at once. She got the part, and eventually got her baggage sent West, California for a home. Robert Sparks for a husband, two children!)

But now, in the house her husband calls "Penny's Folly" she is completely happy. In her closet she has only two formal evening gowns—the rest of her clothes are what she really uses, a collection smart enough to gain for her one of the coveted "Best-dressed Women of 1943" titles—suits and simple dresses, for her trips to Hollywood. Every night she gets warily into bed at eight o'clock and reads. Her pet comic strip is Blondie, and then she looks for Dick Tracy. You can always discuss the latest book with her because she's always just read it.

The future? Well, Penny thinks, rather mournfully, that her daughters may wind up acting. In the end, she herself would like to go back on the stage—right here in California. But meanwhile, she's living happily on the $25 a week her business manager allows her; and the minute she drives away from her radio programs or studio sets, she drives right out of the make-believe world and into a normal life. Into the life led by Blondie—both in the comic strip and all over America!
The Thrill your eyes will prize forever...

Deanna in TECHNICOLOR for the first time!
The Miracle Melodies of JEROME KERN!

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"More and More", "California", "Any Moment Now" and others!

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Directed by FRANK RYAN Produced by FELIX JACKSON Assoc. Producer FRANK SHAW Music by JEROME KERN Lyrics by E.Y. HARBURG

Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN - Story by John Klarer and Leo Townsend - Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warschowsky • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
WELCOME HOME!

The OPA is busy making provisions to meet the special needs of war veterans returning to a civilian life which includes rationing, rent control, and price ceilings. Already adopted are plans governing the sale of gasoline which gives information for how to open a filling station. Lunch wagon, or any business dealing in rationed goods; what ceiling price to pay when he buys back the car, truck or taxicab will take when he went into service. Or how to get tires for it. As the boys come back in greater numbers, the OPA will have larger sources of information ready for them to tap in the effort to bridge the gap between the war front and the home front.

Should your family status change during the earning year, you will have to file a new certificate and bring your employer up to date. This means in cases of marriage, divorce, the birth of a new baby, the death of a dependent through death or the increased earning power, the number of your exemptions and your employer has to be notified so he can tell whether to withhold more or, less, of your Income Tax.

The new laws change other things besides the rules regarding dependents. It helps to bring the Withholding Tax much closer to the actual entire Income Tax you will have to pay for the year. More precise wage-bracket tables have been worked out. For example, in the case of a single person with no dependents, the tax withheld on a weekly wage of $30 was formerly the same as that withheld on a wage of $39. Now, under the new tables, the tax withheld on weekly wages up to $60 changes with each dollar of the wages. People earning less than $5,000 a year must file their returns on Form 1040. This form, too, has been simplified drastically and the Tax Table, for those who don’t want to figure out the percentage, is in a separate schedule. With Form 1040 comes an instruction sheet, explaining in detail how to make out the return and printed in such a way that you can place each set of instructions alongside the corresponding items on the form for easy reference. The instructions are clear and not all legalistic in their wording.

There is no question that the matter of filling out and filing Income Tax Returns has been made as simple as possible. What things are simple to some people is why they should pay their Income Tax.

I WONDER how these same people would feel, if in their own homes they had a son, or daughter—let’s say—who took advantage of the protection provided by the work and care of the rest of the family and refused to contribute some share of his or her salary to the household? Actually, this is what you are doing when you pay your Income Tax, contributing your just share to the maintenance of the bigger house—upon the safety, the efficiency and the progress of which, the very existence of your smaller, more intimate, personal home depends.

And this is a big house—this America!
Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

Meds' fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself to individual requirements.
the tavern seemed deserted. The booth we slid into had a dim, shaded, soft lamp-light, and the juke box played a dreamy waltz for our nickel. Jules had beer and ordered a soft drink for me. We talked, mostly about high school days when he and Bill had played football together and I had been a jumping-up-and-down screeching freshman on the side-lines.

This was a different Jules from the one last night. He seemed younger, somehow, without the watchful hard-ness that had rarely left his eyes at the party. I remarked about it.

His hand came down lightly and covered mine. "Perhaps it's the com-pany. There's something very sweet and very—gallant—about you, Lee. I don't like people who wring their hands in public, and I don't like people who whine for help. I get too much of that in my business. Or maybe it's because, even though I know you're at least eighteen, you still say 'Oh, jeep-ers!' just like a kid. Or maybe it's because you're a good little girl with a cute little curl down your forehead.' "What is your business, Jules?" I asked, timidly.

His eyebrows went up in that familiar derisive gesture. "I'm a gambler, honey. I live by my brains and luck—and other people's lack of them."

It didn't shock me very much, I had half suspected it. And the role suited Jules—with his restless, careless, volatile nature. But surely not all gamblers were as nice as he—or perhaps there were unpleasant things about him that he took pains to hide from me.

IF THERE were, I saw little sign of them in the week that followed. I couldn't approve of the casual, un-thinking way he tossed his money around, and I tried to shut my eyes to the knowledge of where that money came from. I didn't like his friends, except for a very few.

But it was only when I was with Jules that I felt secure and wanted. Jimmy still hadn't answered my last letter and with his silence had gone my last comforting prop. It hurt terribly—in a new way, that left my heart bruised and sore. It was only when I was with Jules that I could forget about Jimmy for a little while—and call myself a fool for falling in love with a man I'd never seen. It was only with Jules that I could escape the horrible depressions and the empty lost feeling and the neurotic moods that descended upon me at home. Being with him was like looking into the face of a challenge—and throwing that challenge back into his laughter. See, Jules, I'm not a child. I don't shirk from adventure. I'm not a cry-baby.

But I knew, instinctively, that I would never have dared to see so much of him if his attitude toward me had not subtly altered since that first night. Where it had been a defiant "Come with me at your own risk" invitation he had tossed me that day in the drug store, now I was aware of his growing protectiveness . . . and tenderness. I knew, because we sometimes bumped into them, that there were friends of his to whom he wouldn't introduce me.

There was a fineness in Jules, honesty that would not compromise with his own standards. He warned me one evening. We had started out for a dance, but he had abruptly changed
thought in any hoped, wink, chapped-skin WEATHER opened moment WIND

They cost smile he heavier tall, won't

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It's Campana-lovely!

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Original Campana Balm is the richer, heavier Campana lotion that thousands change to in chapped-skin weather. Ask for Original Campana Balm in the green and white package. 25¢, 50¢ and $1.

his mind, and brought me home, early.

"I think it's time we called this quits, Lee."

Moving around with people like me—might rub some of that bloom off your cheeks. I don't mind your getting a peep at how the parasite had lived, but don't go too closely or your eyes may turn hard and wise like theirs. I think you've had some fun and it's shaken you out of the dumps. I'd like to see you once in a while—but it's time you went back to your own kind." His voice had wavered a little, but he kept his airy half-smile.

Real regret touched me. But I knew he was right. I could go back now, braced and fortified by Jules' friendship. And maybe some of his philosophy would show me how to help Mother and Dad. Lately, it had seemed to me, they had improved a little.

"You've been wonderful. The words we've hard to say—I won't forget this—and I won't say goodbye, Jules."

We were standing, again, at the gate, and with a smile he leaned down, brushed my lips gently with his, and pushed me inside. I heard his lonesome whistle fading away down the street.

Lights were blazing in the living room as I opened the door. I had only a moment to wonder before I saw him—a tall, bulky-shouldered figure in his uniform, grey eyes glowing in a tanned face... standing by the fireplace... the smile... the same smile as in the picture! Jimmy—Jimmy Whitney was here!

My heart spun in a breathless, catching wonder. The dreams I'd had, the childish hero-worship I'd indulged in, the romantic pictures I'd woven—all with this soldier as the central figure—rose up to confound me now and send the blushes flooding my forehead to the roots of my hair. Jimmy was here—and suddenly the world seemed to revolve and everything was in its rightful place!

With a slow, confident stride he had moved toward me, his hands outstretched. And impulsively I reached mine for his clasp.

"So you're Lee." His eyes were tender and lingering on my face. He looked at me as I had dreamed he would. "I'd have known you any place. You have Bill's—eyes—that same honey-brown. But you're prettier than your picture."

"Thank you, Jimmy," demurely—and then—overcome by the delight of his being there—"I'm so glad you're here! When you didn't answer my last letter I wondered—"

"I was kind of afraid you might not want me to visit you—" his drawl was pure Texan—"so I thought I'd just come and then you'd have to be polite and not bite me."

He turned, with a wink, to Mother and Dad who were sitting side by side on the sofa in front of a table with hot chocolate and sandwiches and the old, tattered scrapbook with Bill's name on it. They looked more interested, more animated than they had in a long time. And I hoped, with something like a prayer, that Jimmy would bring them the comfort they wanted.

Dad cleared his throat, tremulously.

"You'll be welcome here, son, anytime!" The "son" had slipped out—I saw the fleeting pain it cost him, in his face.

Jimmy pulled me down beside him on the old bearskin rug before the hearth. He did it with the same complete naturalness that my brother
would have used. The grin he gave me was a companionable one.

But behind it—suddenly, without question, I knew—that behind this easy, friendly relationship he offered me now, there was waiting a more intimate, a closer one. And it would wait—Jimmy would wait—until we were both ready. But the promise was there—in the pressure of his hand on mine, in the tenseness of his shoulder when it touched mine.

I felt dizzy and gloriously, skyrocketingly happy. Sitting there next to him, hearing his slow, down-deep masculine voice, hearing his laugh—and knowing this secret between us. I hardly paid any attention to his words. He was telling us about some funny little incident that had happened to him on the train.

"... and there I was with knapsacks piled all over me and the porter scratching his head, and for all I know those sailors never did come back!" he finished with a rueful grin.

Mother smiled. "Bill always liked boats. There's a picture of him here, in the scrapbook, when he was ten and wearing a sailor suit. He looked so handsome. I don't think I showed you that one, Jimmy." Her plump little hands fluttered over the pages.

JIMMY took it gently out of her hands. He found the picture she meant and studied it, smiling. "He didn't like big boats so well. Bill was seasick all the way over to England and mad as a hatter about it, too. Then, when we got there—"

Mother interrupted him. It was an unspoken rule in our house that we seldom discussed anything of Bill's movements since he had left this country. Here he seemed familiar, but over there he was lost, remote. And it hurt Mother, who had a suspicion of anything "foreign," to mention it. She was saying now, hurriedly, "Bill and another boy—that Randy Miller, it was—they fixed up a raft one year and they tried to float it down the creek, but it sank. My, we were frightened. And when we found them—"

Jimmy wasn't listening. He was staring, frowning at the scrapbook. The three of us, Mother, Dad and I, watched him, with a queer, growing tenseness. He was thumbing through those last blank pages of the book, and then coming back with a puzzled frown to the front. At last, as if suddenly aware of our regard, he looked up.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Boyd. I was looking for some of the pictures Bill sent you from England—some of the two of us and the other guys. I wanted to tell you about them."

Mother looked wistful. "I put them all away, Jimmy. It isn't that I'm not interested—and maybe we're just a couple of old fogies, but in a place like that and with people we didn't know—he seemed like a stranger to us. And the old pictures seemed the best. After all, those were the happiest days of Bill's life." And you, I wanted to say—but I checked the words.

"Then that's why you've kept his room upstairs the way it was when he was a kid. I wondered why I didn't see anything military about it. You have his Purple Heart, though, haven't you?" ... steel in his voice.

I could hardly believe it. That was an unforgivable thing to say!

Dad's head came up proudly, angrily. "We have, sir. But we don't parade it around the streets. People here know what Bill was like and they re-
I've solved the Baby Powder mystery!

Ps-s-t, read this inside story-

"I used to think baby powders were all alike, but look at these differences...

- Most baby specialists all over the country say that Mennen is the best baby powder...
- Comparing 3 leading baby powders... microscopic tests show that Mennen is smoothest of all! (No wonder, 'cause a special Mennen process makes this powder satin-smooth)...
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"So, Mom, ple-e-e-e-zee help protect my delicate skin against painful chafing, prickly heat, scalded buttocks and other skin troubles—with the best baby powder, and I do mean Mennen! It makes me smell so sweet, too!"

"Mom, buy me the best Mennen!"

Also... 4 times as many doctors prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other baby oil or lotion.*

Well, I'm here and I'm going to make you face it. I'm going to take you across that ocean and make you know everything he did and be proud that you had a son like Bill."

My hands were clenched so tightly the fingernails bit into my flesh. Was this the comfort I had hoped for all the time he would bring? All the terrible grief I had known at Bill's death rose up and swept over me in a drowning wave. Why must Jimmy say these things? Why couldn't he let us decently forget? We had our own memories of Bill—we didn't want these others!

A burning log split in two and the crackling noise it made shattered the awful silence. Jimmy went on.

"Yes, and happy, too. People over there were crazy about him. He was so swell, so decent, always talking about what a family he had and how brave you were. You're going to hear about the time he helped pull an old woman out of a house that was hit by a robot bomb. Yes, and the fellows he held around with and the girl he met over there that he liked and might have married if—"

"Never!" Mother was sitting bolt upright, two spots of color burning in her cheeks. It was the first time in months I'd seen that snap in her eyes and her lips so firmly pressed. "He wouldn't—why, he was as good as engaged to Margie Hill! And a prettier, sweeter girl he couldn't have found anywhere—and—" The tears came then, the first I'd seen her shed, and she pressed her hands to her face, rocking back and forth on the couch. Dad moved closer, his arm going around her shoulders. He raised a face that had grown suddenly tired.

"I think—you're right, Jimmy. Maybe we have shut ourselves away. Maybe if we could listen—we
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts... for her delightful entertaining at home... and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says.

"It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up... so easy and so effective!"

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Slather a fragrant, pearly-white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your cheeks, chin, forehead—everything but eyes. Leave this creamy-cool Mask on your face for one full minute. Then tissue it off.

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Smoothing... protective... non-greasy.

 Takes make-up beautifully!

Get the luscious BIG jar!
CHAPPED HANDS

SOOTHED INSTANTLY
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Richer, heavier, concentrated—this lotion, designed specifically for protection against raw, biting winds and for instant relief from chapping. Even cracked . . . smarting . . . painfully chapped skins show wonderful improvement overnight. Even extra dry, extra sensitive skins respond instantly to this soothing, softening lotion. Get your Original Campana Balm today—see why thousands of women and children depend on this richer lotion for real protection against raw winds and bitter cold.

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JUST OVER 30 . . .
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You can imagine my discouragement! And then my beauty operator whispered "ETERNOL" in my ear. What a revelation! My hair's restored to its natural-looking color . . . but so much lovelier, I'm breathless! All silken-soft . . . and gleaming with highlights. And in one simple treatment! ETERNOL's exclusive color-controlled action is so swift, pleasant and sure, its sheer nonsense to put up with gray hair!

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Tints, reconditions, cleanses in one simple operation

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...If you want me, Jules—" I was shaking. "Only—please—let's go tonight. Let's get married right away." So I won't change my mind!

"My car's right around the block. We can drive to Jackson, across the state line, by midnight." His arm was under my elbow, lifting me out of the booth, ushering me out to the street. I could sense the restrained, the mounting excitement in his voice.

He drove fast, for once unmindful of speed laws or the wartime rules, that so often chafed his dare-devil moods.

"We can afford to be reckless—I know every cop and if any of them stop us, we'll just invite them to the wedding." He smiled gently at me, huddled in the far corner of the seat.

"Cold, honey?" he asked, touching my wet cheek. Mutely I shook my head. I was cool—but it had nothing to do with the weather.

And, like a man slowly, painfully, coming out of a dream, he withdrew behind the wheel, his face changing into a hard, set mask. I trembled. What had I done—to Jules and to myself? How could I have so rashly promised marriage to this man whose inner life would always remain strange and fearful to me?

The tears coursed down my cheeks. I was afraid to reach for a handkerchief because I didn't want Jules to know I was crying. I was grateful to the dark because I could keep my head bent and he might not see. But I couldn't still the ceaseless remorse that was beginning to gnaw at my heart.

I was going to hurt Mother and Dad—hadn't they been hurt enough? And Jimmy? I hadn't thought I'd care any longer about his feelings, but I did, desperately.

"So your hero came home and you found out he played too rough for you!" The voice startled me—it was so harsh, so unlike the tone Jules always used to me.

"That's not true—Jimmy is fine—" I stung by his words, I rushed to Jimmy's defense—and then stopped. I had the uncomfortable feeling that Jules had deliberately trapped me into saying it. "Sure, you told him off! And stuck up for your folks, like a good little girl." His scorn whipped me like a flail. "Only it sounds to me like your friend Jimmy had the right idea. Making them realize that your brother knew what he was doing and why.

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TODAY

Paper restrictions make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to go around these days. The best way to make sure that you get every issue is to buy your copy from the same newsdealer each month and tell him to be sure to save RADIO MIRROR for you. Place a standing order with your dealer—don't risk disappointment.
Filling up the gaps for them so they could see their Bill as a soldier, not just a kid around the house." By this time my emotions were so brusied, so sore, that I could just dully resent his roughness—but underneath it, dimly, slowly, I began to see that he was right. Jimmy had tried to jar them, shock them out of the half-world they lived in, tried to make them see they could be proud and happy and richer for having had a son like Bill. I was the one who couldn't take it.

Outside the night was damp and raw. From the car windows I could catch glimpses of black night and far-away telephone poles etched against the murky sky. The car rushed on, flashing through towns in its dizzy pace, eating up the miles with a frightening, horrifying inevitability. Jules drove as though a demon rode on his shoulder, and his profile was cruel in its utter detachment from me.

Suddenly he braked, in front of an all-night filling station.

"I won't be long. I have a phone call to make. Business," he informed me brusquely.

When he was gone I could no longer hold back my tears. Never had I felt so alone, so terrifyingly alone. Now I didn't even have my dream of Jimmy—

There were voices outside and the service station door banged. Jules was coming back.

He slid in under the wheel. For a long time he sat silent, motionless. Then slowly he turned. His hand, big and warm, closed over mine.

"COME here, honey. And stop crying. Nothing's that bad—nothing's worth your crying about it. I told you once I'd take care of you, so stop worrying."

I remember his pulling me close to him. I remember how grateful I was for his gentleness, for the hidden of his strong arm around my shoulders. I remember, queerly, how nice and cool and smooth his trenchcoat felt under my hot cheeks. And then I must have slept, my nerves exhausted and worn out by the ordeal of the past few hours.

I awoke when the car stopped. For a moment I stayed there, quiet and relaxed. Then, with a rush, I realized where we were. I was going to get married—to Jules Saybrook!

At my wild start his arm tightened, holding me back.

"We're home, honey," he said quietly. And when I looked at him, bewildered, he nodded. I looked around me slowly—at a familiar white fence and gate and brown-shingled little house set in neatly-trimmed shrubs. Never had they seemed so dear—so safe. It was my home—Dawn had come, but that light still burned in the hall and in the living-room.

Questions rushed to my lips but he checked them. It would have been a big mistake, Lee. You and I—" and his voice was light with the old self-mockery, the old banter—"we weren't meant for each other. I was bound to do one good deed sometime in my life, and maybe this is it. You'd have tried hard, honey, but I can't see you as the wife of a gambler. And there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, anything, that is, but reform." He was laughing at me, at himself—but behind his laughter there was pain.

His hand was under my chin and I turned slightly so that my lips brushed his fingers. It was the only payment I could make.

Neither of us heard the footsteps on
the pavement, but we were both suddenly aware of the tall figure looming outside the car door. For a moment no one spoke. Jimmy’s hand was on the car door, but Jules forestalled him. With a quick movement he leaned over me, opened the door, and pushed me out. He would have immediately driven off but Jimmy’s hand was in the way, outstretched. I could see Jules’ momentary pause, then their hands met. Gears dashed. And, with a violent burst of speed, Jules was gone.

We stood watching until the red, winking tail-light disappeared. Then Jimmy was looking down at me, his face showing signs of strain, but his eyes as warmly steadfast as ever.

“Come here, you little idiot.” His voice was tender, under its surface roughness. “You’ve had us nearly crazy. It was all my fault, but I thought you understood what I was trying to do. You told me, in your letters, how hard your Dad and Mother had been hit and how they had withdrawn from the world—”

“Mother!” My conscience hurt me. “I’d better go in and tell her I’m all right—”

But Jimmy shook his head. “They’ve had all the telling they can take for one evening. Your Dad repeated some of the things Jules said to him over the telephone—so that was his business call—about their obligations to their daughter, for one thing. It shook them up. They hadn’t stopped loving you, but they had forgotten that you needed a little attention, too. It got their minds off Bill—which is a good thing. And Jules said he was going to ride you around for a while and then bring you home. He sounds like a nice guy.”

SO Jules hadn’t told them we had planned to be married!

“Lee—” Jimmy’s fingers were gripping my shoulders. “Lee—is it all right between us? Your Mother and Dad are okay now. It may take a little time but they’re coming out of it. But I came here to see you, Lee. And when you walked into that room tonight I had the feeling that everything was settled between us—and you knew it, too. Is it still that way? Do you want me to stay—and fall in love with you, Lee?”

“Please stay, Jimmy—as long as you can,” I answered softly. I had never wanted anything so much!

His mouth came down on mine, gently, tentatively. And my cold lips warmed under his and came alive. He held me to him, closely, for a brief moment and then he let me go.

And that was right, too. Jimmy would give me time—time to let our love grow slowly and fully—time for the thought that was stealing into my heart to heal me and make me my own self again. We walked with lingering steps into the house. And my heart was beating with happiness because of his nearness and because I knew my dream was coming true! Someday I would run my fingers through that crisp, blond hair; someday I would know his arms around me in the fullness of his love.

But before that happened I must grow and be ready. I must leave behind me the twisted thoughts and feelings.

There was only one thought—one person I could not forget. Because I knew that no matter how completely and deeply I loved Jimmy, there would always be a tiny, secret place in my heart for the memory of a tall, dashing, gallant wastrel—for Jules.
"Why, Janet," he gasped, "have you been ill?"

"No," I said, and I knew I sounded petulant, but I didn't care. "I've just been lonesome."

Jay, as though just for dramatic contrast, was bawling with good health and good spirits. He was fanned from his golf, and looked rested. I resented his looking so well. I wanted him to look as ill, and to be as unhappy, as I "I guess you didn't miss me."

"YOU need cheering up," he laughed. "What on earth have you been doing these two weeks?"

"What," I asked, my voice breaking, "was there for me to do?"

Jay looked honestly startled at the note of tears in my voice.

"Why, honey," he said with surprise, "I didn't think you'd be so—why, I thought you must have a hundred things you'd been wanting to do once you could get away from your routine for awhile... like I did..."

But, I thought, Jay's routine was work—mine was making a home for him, the only thing in the world I wanted to do. He wanted to get away from me, I thought bitterly—it wasn't routine he was running away from. And I was as sure as if I'd seen them go off together, that he wanted to be away from me to be with Margaret Haldane.

My bitter thoughts must have been reflected in my face, for Jay put an arm around me and said earnestly, "I can see one thing. You've been alone too long. You need to get out of this house. Run along now and put on your prettiest dress and we'll go out on the town—have dinner somewhere, see a show..."

No, I thought sullenly, you can't blind me with kindness. I know where you've been, what you've been doing. But aloud, all I said was, "No, thank you—dinner is in the oven."

"Turn off the oven," he urged. "We can eat whatever is cooking tomorrow."

"After I went to all the trouble to fix it?" I asked sharply. I knew I was being stupid. I wanted Jay back—no matter what he had done, or where he had been, or with whom—and I knew, deep inside me, that my sullen rejection of his enthusiasm and his plans would only drive him farther away. But I was driven by a desire to thwart him, to hurt him, as he had hurt me—and his simplest request evoked the strongest urge in me to deny him.

JAY was silent for a moment, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, have it your own way," he said, "but I was only trying to cheer you up... look honey," he tried again, "you need to be gay, to shake off these dumps—whatever they're about—you need to see people..."

"I have it," he added, as though on an impulse, "we'll call upon somebody. How about calling Margaret?"

Margaret! How did he dare? I began to protest, my face reddening, but Jay was already at the telephone.

"She just got back from her vacation, too," he said to me, turning from the phone after he dialed the number. A mere coincidence, I thought angrily.

Margaret was home, she would be delighted to join us, Jay reported cheerfully. My heart sank. Now I knew I couldn't avoid the scene I had been dreading. I knew if I saw them together I would speak out—and I knew, too, though powerless to stop it, that whatever ugly things I might say when the crisis came and my fury burst out of control would hurt, not Jay, but Margaret, but me. It was I who had everything to lose—not they.

I sank into a chair, trembling. "Be quiet," my last ounce of good judgment told me. "Listen to them. Watch them. But be quiet. Pretend you don't know, and perhaps she will go away—don't drive Jay away with her. Be quiet."

Margaret arrived, looking beautifully cool and crisp in a starched white pique suit, and, like Jay, refreshed and tanned from her vacation. I was aware of the dramatic contrast between her bubbling good humor and my sullen silence. So, I am sure, was Jay. But if he had a moment's annoyance when I refused to budge from my chair to welcome Margaret he soon forgot it as the two of them exchanged gay stories about their vacation experiences.

His eyes were on Margaret. She was
young and vital and happy. It was easy to forget, with Margaret in the room, about me and my "dumps."
I wanted to cry. Without their even noticing I fled to the kitchen and dabbed at wet eyes with a crinkled handkerchief.
I got through dinner somehow. I pretended to be busy—to be fussing with the salad dressing, whipping cream for the dessert, so Margaret and Jay would not try to include me in their conversation. I didn't want to talk. I didn't dare talk.
I gave them their coffee and dessert, poured a cup of strong, black coffee for myself. "Only an hour or two more," I thought, "let them talk. I'll be quiet. I won't make a scene." I was surer of myself now.

But a chance remark of Margaret's caught me off guard.
"You should have run over to our place for a day or two, Jay," she said, after describing a progressive party in her honor which began with breakfast at one house, and ended at dawn the next morning with a second breakfast at a plantation twenty miles out of town. "After all, it was only a stone's throw from where you and the boys were staying last, and we could have shown you some real Southern hospitality... a lot more fun than a stuffy game of golf."

It was brazen deceit, I thought, my cheeks blasing. And they believed they were fooling me.
"Don't bother to spin these fairy tales for me, Margaret," I said, in a choked voice. "I know Jay wasn't playing golf."
A moment before they had been all laughter and relaxation—one merry anecdote following another as they recounted the adventures of their two weeks away from Cleveland. Now it was as if I had thrown icy water in their faces. Margaret looked at Jay, and then at me. Jay's eyes were blasing, and they, too, were burning straight into mine.
Their silence was a question. I was traped—I had to go on. I tried to regain some self-control, but my anger and my fury blazed up so that I trembled from head to foot and my voice was unrecognizable.
"Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I don't realize what you can sit there—lying, laughing at me?"
Jay's voice cut across my hysteria.
"What are you talking about, Janet?"
I jumped up and pushed back my chair. "You should know better than me," I cried, "with your lies and your plans and your deceit... perhaps I shouldn't have realized what's going on if the two of you had been more careful. Do you think I don't know how close together Tennessee and Kentucky are? Or maybe you don't even care whether I know or not. Maybe you just want to flaunt yourselves brazenly—"

I GLIMPSED the shocked unbelief on Jay's face before he turned from me and spoke to Margaret. "Let me take you home, Margaret," he said urgently. "Janet and I will have to talk, and there's no reason for you to be upset like this."
"There's every reason," I said furiously. "She's done exactly as she pleased and she can pay for it by listening to how I feel about it!"
Margaret nodded. "Yes," she agreed, "I have to stay. This does concern me."

There was an unexpected note of bitterness in her voice. Her dark eyes, which just a few moments before had been bright with laughter, now were troubled.
"You think Jay and I... that I have tried to take Jay away from you? She be- longs to you."
"Nonsense," Jay broke in angrily, "Janet's hysterical. She's making up things... let me take you home."
"Oh, no. I want her to understand," Margaret insisted.

THERE'S nothing to understand," Jay protested, "and, any minute now, I'll be trying to control his mounting anger.
What an irony that he should be angry with me, when it was he—if my surprise were right—who had been making light of our marriage vows. Margaret, with her soft words, Jay with his throttled anger, were putting me on the defensive. Wasn't it they who should be defending themselves? I struggled for words—I longed to strike out at them physically. No words I could summon seemed ugly enough, cruel enough to punish them for what they had done to me.
"Why don't you go home, Margaret?"
I blazed. And you, too, Jay, why don't you go with her? You prefer her, don't you?"
I couldn't go on; tears choked me. I buried my head in my arms. "Oh, I'm a hysterical nonsense..."
It was Jay's voice, thick with irritation, that I heard.
"Jay," Margaret's soft voice replied, "I'm writing a book... I want to talk alone with Janet."
"What a homecoming," Jay answered bitterly, but he went off, as she
asked him. I could hear his heavy tread, going up the stairs. A door slammed above, and it was very quiet in the room.

After a moment, I felt Margaret's hands grip my shoulders. "Look at me, Janet," she commanded. "I want to talk to you."

I didn't want to talk to her, I thought. I didn't want to look at her. I didn't want to see her again. Somehow, her cool, emotionless response to my tears and accusations was harder to bear than the angry denials I had expected. I could have laughed at denials—they would have fed my anger. But this quiet, kind, soft-voiced Margaret made me feel shaken and ashamed.

When I raised my head, she was standing above me, looking straight into my eyes.

"I know what you've been thinking," she began. "you think that I lured Jay south, that we saw one another there—that I'm trying to take him away from you."

"What else is there to think?" I asked. "You scarcely tried to hide it from me."

As I watched, her face set in tired lines, the bubbling Margaret who had chatted of good times in the south over the dinner table disappeared, and in her place I saw a woman who was older, and very sad.

"I know what you're thinking," she repeated, "because I have been through all this before. I don't want your husband," she said, and for the first time there was a sharper note in her voice, "I don't want anybody's husband . . . but my own. I am Bob's wife . . . no matter how many miles away he is . . . and no matter how many years he has to stay away from me!"

"You didn't see Jay when you were home?" I was incredulous.

"I have never seen Jay . . . except right here in this room or somewhere when you were alone . . . or at the office . . . oh, yes, and once when he took me to lunch. I like him. I like you. But I want you as friends . . . I need friends." There was no mistaking the ringing sincerity of her words.

All at once I felt sorry for her again, sorry in the same way I had felt the night Jay first told me about the lonely girl who had come to work at his office.

And I believed her. All of the misery and suspicion of the past weeks seemed an ugly dream, and slipped from me as easily as a dream will. I believed her—and I knew how shamefully I had wronged her.

"I can't say anything, except to beg your pardon," I almost whispered. She took my hand with a smile, and suddenly her kindness reminded me that there was still a fear prodding at me, that all was not yet well. I remembered Jay—his strangeness lately, his wanting to go off without me—and I told Margaret about it. "That was part of the reason for my being so certain about you—because Jay never wanted to go away without me until you came along," I tried to explain, And I told her about the little things I had noticed, how Jay seemed gayer when Margaret was around, more alive. How, when we were alone together, he seemed bored and tired. How he had suggested, when I objected to his vacation plans, that it was good for married people to get away from one another now and then.

"What was wrong?" I asked Margaret, sure somehow that this quiet, sad-eyed girl would know the answer. "Why did he change?"

"Maybe he didn't change," she said. "Maybe you did."

"I?" I was stunned.

"Janet," she said, "I'm going to tell you something I vowed I would never tell anyone. I'm going to tell you why I left my home town."

I listened, as though hypnotized, as she told me her story—a story which was to change my whole life.

She had come North, not impulsively as she had told Jay before, but because she had no choice. She left her good job; left her home and family, and all the familiar faces of her friends, because of a man, and his wife, and his wife's jealousy.

"I went to work because I was restless. Your husband has never been away from you for months on end, Janet," she said, "so you don't know what it means—having energy to burn. Nothing to do but play bridge or gossip, no contact with any real relationship except through letters."

"I was good at my job, because I worked so hard at it. That was a pity," she added, with a touch of mockery in her voice, "because it made my boss notice me."

He began giving Margaret the choice jobs, finally promoted her. Someone in the office gossiped about that, said that he "had a crush" on the new girl, and the gossip got back to his wife.

I winced as Margaret described that wife.

She was the sort of woman who was beginning to feel insecure in her marriage, and was looking for someone or...
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something to blame besides herself... her husband was bored with her, preferred playing poker with the boys to coming home to her. If she had taken one look in the mirror, or made a record of her conversation for one evening when her husband was home, she would have known why he was tired of her... she had changed, not he. He kept up with the world, through his work—all she could talk about were the indiscretions of her friends and her dull household tasks. He had stayed young—she had allowed herself to grow old and unattractive. She knew her hold on him was slipping, but she refused to face the reasons for it.

"The gossip about her husband and me was an escape for her. She could accuse me of stealing her husband—and not have to admit that she had lost him through her own carelessness."

"Do you mean," I asked, humbly now, "that Jay is losing interest in me because I am like that woman?" I shrank from an affirmative answer. Margaret didn't reply with a direct "yes," but her words meant the same thing.

"I mean," she said, "that a woman's responsibility for making herself attractive to her man doesn't end with their marriage. A man has to stay young and alive—his business demands it. But so often his wife—safe and secure behind the four walls of her home—finds it so much easier just to let go. And if she isn't careful there soon is a huge gap between them.

I'm trying to stay the way Bob left me," she said, "because I don't want to see shock and disappointment in his eyes when he comes home to me. But you don't know how hard it is sometimes—just to keep on trying—when there is no one around to care."

"I remembered Jay's story the other night, when I had met him at the door. He had looked shocked and disappointed. Had I failed him somehow? Had I started to change?"

There was one gap in the story Margaret had told me.

"Why did you feel you had to leave?" I asked her. "Surely you didn't run away from gossip—when not a word of it was true."

Margaret sat silent a moment before she answered. Then she measured each word.

"My boss had never looked at me—that way—until his wife put ideas into his head. Then he decided that maybe I was the reason he was no longer interested in his wife—or in his home. He asked me to divorce Bob and marry him.

"Has Jay?" I faltered.

"Jay has never spoken one personal word to me," she replied firmly. "I hope he never will."

"Now that you know all this," she said, "moving toward the door, "I'd better go. You run upstairs and make peace with Jay—before it's too late."

I watched her at the mirror, adorning her hat, my heart bursting with gratitude.

"Margaret..." I began, groping for words to tell her how I felt.

"Don't talk to me," she said, almost sharply. "Talk to Jay." And she was gone.

I turned from the door and went slowly up the stairs, trying to think my way to understanding. Oh, I understood the meaning of what Margaret had told me, and I understood the warning behind her words—but it was so strange, almost incredible to think that I had failed my husband. I, who
considered myself as good a wife as could be found anywhere, who had taken it so for granted that my husband, too, thought of me that way—I had failed completely. It required more thinking than I had time for before I closed the bedroom door behind me and leaned against it, facing Jay.

He spoke first, after a long silence. "I thought of leaving," he said, "but I couldn't go. You're my wife, Janet; there must be some way for us to understand each other again. These horrible false ideas you've gotten—"

I couldn't answer for a moment over the hard knot of tears in my throat. Finally I whispered, "Jay—darling—I want you to stay..."

There were no words to say that I knew now that my laziness, my careless taking-for-granted of the happiness we had had together—happiness I should have cherished and fed instead of accepting so complacently—had caused all the trouble. My outstretched hand was imprisoned for a moment between Jay's, and then his arms were around me, and my tears spilled over, burning away the bitterness and fear of the past weeks.

Jay let me cry for a long time, smoothing my hair, not saying anything. Then he tipped my head back and looked at me, a deep, questioning look. "Is it all right, Janet?" he asked. "Will you be my wife again? Can we work this out?"

I LOOKED back at him, hoping he would see in my eyes all the things I couldn't say. "I do love you—I know now how much," I said steadily. "We can work it out, together."

It hasn't been quite as easy as that, of course. One doesn't erase overnight the habits, the attitudes, the carelessness of years. They become the whole pattern of one's life, and to change that pattern is like making oneself over into an entirely new person. Perhaps not a new person, in my case—

all I wanted was to make myself once again the alert, attractive, stimulating comrade my husband had married.

And I realized now that the change was going to reach into dozens of details and habits, both mental and physical, that had become so much a part of me that I no longer realized they existed. They would have to be searched out and uprooted, and the re-making of myself would be difficult and painful.

But I haven't had to do it alone. I've had help: Jay's help, the wonderful help of his love and understanding. And I've had Margaret Haldane to help me, too. Not actually—she left Jay's office a few days after that horrible night; I have never seen her since. But I've had her wisdom and her spirit always to counsel me; and her faith that her love was worth fighting for has taught me that mine is, too.

I was never able to tell her the things I had learned. But some day I'll see her again, and thank her for my second chance. No woman ever gave another woman a greater gift.

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When Did I Lose You

Continued from page 49

"Yes," I cried bitterly, "ever since we moved here! Why didn't we stay where we belong? We don't belong here, and you know it! Living in this horrible place, when we have a nice home of our own—associating with neighbors who stare at us as if we were freaks! Why, half of them can't even speak English.

They're mostly Polish around here," Walter answered mildly. "They have their difficulties with this language—this is a new country for them. You have to be patient, honey.

"Oh, patient, patient! That's all I hear!

Walter shrugged. "Where's Ginny gone off to?" he asked, obviously wanting to change the subject. "Isn't she going to have dinner with us?"

But it only served to remind me of another grievance. "That's another thing, Walter Jones! She's running around with a boy whose name I can't even pronounce.

Walter laughed softly. "You have as much trouble with their language as they do with yours, eh? I know the boy you mean, Myra. His name is Stanislaw Katowicz, and his father works under me at the plant. Mike has been telling me about his son and our Ginny. I know the boy, and if he isn't as fine as they make them, I miss my guess."

HE stood there, grinning at me. I don't know whether it was his laughter, or his suppurative confidence in his looks. But all at once I couldn't stand it—not another moment! The house, the town, the neighbors—none of it! I took off my apron and threw it on the floor. "You can laugh," I lashed out at him. "You may think it's funny, but I'm going home. And I'm taking Ginny with me!

It was just then that the door opened, and Ginny came in. She was too full of some inner excitement to notice the tension in the air. "Dad—Dad, may I go to the factory with Stan—and may I have a quarter—"

Before Walter could speak, I broke in. "No—no, Ginny. Come with me—pack your things. We're going home, Ginny—we're going home!"

"But Mother—"

"Myra!" Walter wasn't laughing now. "Myra, you're acting like a baby! No, of course you haven't all the comforts we had at home! Do you think Jimmy has it any better at camp? Don't you think he'd rather go home, too? But he can't! Don't you think I'd rather be doing a clean job at Marshall's than a dirty one here at the plant? But I can't, either—because science won't let me! We're doing a big job out there, and I'm proud to be part of it, and the fact that my hands probably won't be completely clean for the duration of the war isn't going to make me quit. I'm proud that I have sense enough to quit a soft job for a hard one, and get something here where I'd do the most good. Not the most pay, but for my country. For Jimmy, and all the others like him—for all the sons of all the families who want their boys to come safely and quickly back home again!"

For a minute I didn't say anything. This afternoon Ginny, and now Walter. Jimmy, your first child. Eighteen, and a soldier! I wanted to say something, to tell Walter and Ginny that I knew
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I was a coward, but that I couldn't help it—that they didn't understand. But I couldn't find anything to say, except to whisper, "All right, Ginny, dear. You run along. Here's your quarter. Go to the station..."

Walter and I were alone, when she left, as we had not been alone together, it seemed, for years. Our eyes met, too full for words. Then all at once I was in his arms safe in his arms, which were my real home, after all, crying, sobbing his name over and over—"Walter, Walter, Walter darling"—feeling the gentleness of his hands on my shoulders, his arms comfortably around me, hearing him say, very gently, "It's hard, honey—it's awfully hard. I understand—it's terribly hard for you...

For a while after that, things were a little better. Walter finally got a man to come and fix the roof, and to patch up the places where water leaked into the cellar. I bought a little top-of-the-range oven, and it was, too, even, sometimes, to scheme and plan to cook five things on three burners. I tried to sing at work, as I used to do, and sometimes I succeeded. But there was little enough to sing about. Fall had come, and the wind whistled through the slapped-together little house until I thought it would carry us away. But I put up with that. What I couldn't seem to get used to was the way Ginny and the neighbor's boy, Stan, were going around together all the time. He seemed nice enough, I had to admit—a tall, strong-looking towhead, with friendly blue eyes. But try as I would, I couldn't picture myself as his mother-in-law. Or not of a lot of those—however you pronounced their names! —for dinner. And I felt and prayed that the war would be over soon, and that we could go home again to the friends we missed and the places we loved, and the normal life in which we'd all been so happy. Where was all that leading us—Jimmy so far away, Ginny running around with that strange foreign boy, Walter so busy, so tired when he came home from work, that he could hardly talk to me, much less go anywhere—if there were any place to go? No, I was sure that something terrible would happen to my family if the war did not end quickly, now!

I HAD thought the summer, with its hot sun, its sweat-laden breezes, its sudden thunder showers, trying enough, but now the dark fall days help it up. The house was cold. The heating plant in the basement was very old and obsolete, and only Walter could make it work—neither Ginny nor I could master its intricacies. Either we had to let the fire go out—and make another trying job for Walter who came home already too tired—or depend upon Stan, Ginny's friend, to stop in at noon and on his way home from school with her, to fire the thing. I didn't like it, but better than freezing and making work for Walter.

And then, right in the midst of all this, Jimmy got his first furlough. He was coming home, he wrote. Home? To this I could not bring myself to write for a long, long time. I didn't want to be hasty this time, to let the heat of anger and argument color my judgment. But I was sure that he was right—Jimmy couldn't come home to this. It was too much. He had a right to expect home to be home, after the Army. I would not have my son spend his brief leave in this place. I wanted him to have

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something to remember, to carry back with him—his old home, the kind of welcome he deserved from his family!

When Walter came home that evening, he found Ginny and me packing. He must have seen all of it in my eyes, for he said, "Myra, dearest, what do you think you're doing," and it wasn't a question.

"I know what I'm doing," I told him, and I showed him the letter from Jimmy. "I can't let Jimmy spend his furlough—perhaps the last time we'll see him for a long while—in this place. Walter, I wasn't going this time, just desperately, dead serious. "Please don't try to stop us, Walter. We're going home.

Suddenly, as if she'd been thinking about it a long time, and had finally made her decision, Ginny laid down the stack of clothing that was in her arms. "Mother—I'm not going. Please don't be angry, but I can't. You can take care of Jimmy—I'll stay here and take care of Dad. We can't just leave him this way. I'm not going," she repeated.

Once more anger flooded me. Last time, they had been against me, both of them, but separately, at least. Now they were together. "Are you sure it's your father you're worrying about, Ginny?" I asked sharply. "Are you sure it isn't that Stanislaw boy? If you think for a minute I'm going let you stay here to run around heaven knows where with him, you're—"

I had never heard quite the tone in Walter's voice as there was now. "Just a moment, Myra. Why do you pronounce that boy's name in that ridiculous way, as if we weren't important enough for you to pronounce it correctly? And don't you think it's rather a reflection on you, if you can't trust your daughter to behave properly?"

"Ginny isn't old enough—"

"She's sixteen. It's time she was allowed to choose her own friends. If I remember correctly, you and I were going together before we were that age—"

Ginny's hand crept into her father's. Ginny and Walter—against me, defying me. My little girl—and Walter, my dearest, whom I loved so much. Standing there like—I turned away, not able to bear letting them see my tears. I seemed to be always crying, now—Ginny was right about that. But it would be better when I was home, even alone! My eyes caught the blue vase, sitting on a little table. I must remember to take that with me. It must go back where it belonged, in the house where I belonged.

"Ginny—for the last time, are you coming with me, or not?"

She seemed to shrink against her father. "Myummy—I want to be with you, but I want to stay here, too. I ought to stay here—"

"Never mind, Ginny." I turned away from them again, but this time not swiftly enough to hide the burning tears. "It's all right, Ginny. I—"

She flew across the room to me, her firm young arms tightening swiftly around me. "Mummy—don't go. Please don't go. We love you so—we want you here with us. We can't be a family without you—not without you and Jimmy. We want to see it too, Daddy and I. And have you here, with us, where you belong."

In the face of that, how could I tell them that I didn't belong here, that I could never make myself feel that I did?
Walter came across the room, too, and held the two of us tightly in his arms. His head was buried in my hair, and his husky whisper was for my ears alone. “Stay with me, Myra—don’t leave me. Don’t ever leave me! I need you so—we all do.”

And so, of course, I stayed. And Jimmy came and went, and—it was a funny thing. He said he had a wonderful time, far better than he thought he had at home. The knowledge that his family was willing to sacrifice some comfort, willing to bear some of the burden that had been put on his shoulders, made him feel less lonely, less afraid of what might be ahead, he said.

The look and the nod that Walter gave me then were full of understanding. And for the first time, I, too, got a little glimmer of what all the things that Walter and Ginny had said really meant.

After Jimmy went away, I tried hard to become part of the life around me. I remembered what he had told me of the boys he had met in the Army—boys from all classes and creeds, from every corner of the country—and how much he liked them. If he could meet people, the kind of people he had never known before, and learn to like them, so could I, I told myself. Besides, I was lonely. I missed the things I did, the first aid classes, the club meetings, the Red Cross. And so I attempted, at last, to know and understand my neighbors. I tried to organize first aid meetings, sewing bees—anything to help me make friends with them. But the neighborhood was almost completely foreign—many of the women did not speak English at all, or knew only the simplest phrases. I met only with rebuffs and misunderstandings. They had no time for fancy sewing, they said—they were glad if they could find the time to patch their husbands’ work pants! As for first aid meetings—well, there were nurses and doctors and hospitals whose business was that. Things like that were for educated people, they said, not for poor Poles who were trying to make a living in the factories. There is simply no common ground for us to meet on, these people and me, I told myself wearily.

As a last resort, I went to see Stan’s mother—I had never met her. She was a round little woman with apple cheeks and snowy hair. Her smile was quick and honest. I was a little abashed. She was more like my Aunt Polly than the grim, pioneerish foreign woman I had expected. I began to let myself like Stan more, now that I had met his mother.

She invited me in when I introduced myself, and I was embarrassed when I tried to pronounce her name. But she only laughed. “You call me Katey, Mrs. Jones. Everyone does.” Her eyes twinkled with interest. “What do they call you?”

I hesitated, a little surprised at this quick familiarity. Then I smiled—I couldn’t help it, and the smile warmed me. “They call me Myra.”

Her little house, no bigger than our own, was neat as a pin. The furnishings had been cheerfully kept up, with bright, inexpensive covers, and the whole thing had an air of being lived in warmly, without regrets. I envied Katey.

We had tea in what she explained was the Polish way, breaking off lump sugar in the mouth instead of stirring it in the tea. Then I told her I’d come to ask her help in organizing a first aid class, explaining that I could handle it, above) starts to work and keeps on working for hours to bring grand relief. It invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Remember this, Mother . . .

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**NOXZEMA**

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*Plus Tax.*
You had been a volunteer nurse at home. She looked at me with puzzled eyes, as if she could not believe that I was serious.

"Myra," she said, with her nice, funny little accent that made my name sound strange, but friendly in my ears, "you are not joking. You think that we people have time on our hands to make meetings and—and things like that?" She shook her white head. "I'm working at the plant, Myra. I'm making supper for my Mike, and then I'm putting in my time at work. Daytimes I get to sleep some, and take care of my kids. We are all like this—all without extra time for things, now, until after the war, maybe. So I just got to get on to my work now, and leave the fancy things for the fancy people. You excusen me, Myra, like you. If you please to come again?"

I left that house furious. Fancy things for fancy people, indeed! As if I were not like rich women who sit around all day and do nothing. My face felt flushed and hot, and I hated Stan all over again. I must have been mistaken about his mother—she must be as ignorant as the rest. Well, everything went wrong that day. It was cold—snow in the air. Stan had been kept after school, Ginny reported, and the furnace had gone out. Walter worked overtime, and forgot to tell me—his supper was cold by the time he got home, and had to be warmed over. Even that was a disappointment. He began to whistle in his cheerful, off-key way while he waited. I couldn't see anything to be so cheerful about. Fancy people. There was nothing fancy about this house, or my life! And there was Walter, with no more to be happy about than I, whistling merrily.

I turned on him fiercely. "Walter, for goodness sake stop that! Read your paper—do anything. Only keep quiet!"

He came across the room and put his hands on my shoulders, his grey eyes full of surprise and hurt. "Why, honey—what's the matter?"

I pulled angrily away. "What isn't the matter? You try running this house. You try providing for these people. You try getting supper on a three-burner stove—you'll soon find out what's the matter!"

"Honey," he said again, "honey, I'm truly sorry. Tell you what—let's get on some decent clothes and eat downtown for a change. I'm really not very tired. They say Johnson's restaurant is awfully good, and there's a cheap suvy place if you'd like that better."

If he'd only been angry, mean, as I was. If he'd only matched my bitter, rebellious mood! But Walter was too good, too kind, for that. And his kindness only made me angrier, only made me cry out shrewishly, "I don't want to go. I've had supper again, so I could eat with your daughter before she went gallivanting off with that boy somewhere! And besides, I haven't any decent clothes. My things are ruined when the cellar flooded, remember?"

I turned back to the stove angrily, snatching for a pot, threatening to burn. For once in my life I forgot the potholder. I screamed and let go automatically. And there was half of Walt's supper on the floor.

He came running to me, and when he saw my hand he went to the icebox for lard to put on it. Not a word of reproach, not a suggestion that it was my own fault. I was weeping silent...
tears, not because my hand hurt so much, but because my heart hurt more. Walt murmured gently as he found bandages and dressed my hands, as you speak to a hurt, bewildered child. Then he had it bandaged, and stepped back. "There, that better?"

In some way—I must have bruised my hand across it—I had left a long black smudge down my forehead and over my nose. As Walter looked up at me, saw that my hand no longer hurt, his eyes began to twinkle. Then the crowning injury of that whole dreadful day: Walter was laughing at me.

I could feel my face go white, my eyes icy. The way I looked must have spoken for me. Walt stopped laughing.

"Darling, I'm so sorry—forgive me. But you looked so cute with that smudge on your face—like a little girl. Myra—Myra darling, I love you so much!"

"I don't feel like a little girl. I feel like an old, old woman!"

He drew me close to him. "I know, honey—it's hard. And then, all at once, he was laughing again.

That was too much. I snatched off my apron and handed it to him. "I'm through for the day, Walter. You can get the rest of your supper yourself." I hurried out of the room.

Here—wait, honey!—I heard him follow me into the living room, but I didn't turn. And then there was a bump, and a crash. He had blundered into the little table, and he knocked over a turned-over blue vase, my lovely blue vase, the symbol of my married happiness, lay in a hundred pieces.

I STARED at Walter, feeling sick dizziness creeping over me. The symbol of my married happiness... broken, shattered, just as my marriage was. I heard his voice, deep and far away, like the voice of a stranger. "This is the end of us, Walter. I'm through. I'm going away, and nothing can stop me this time. Nothing."

"Myra—Myra, dearest. Happiness isn't things like a blue vase, or a fine place or a bad one to live in. Happiness is 15—"

I don't know what else he might have said, but I don't think it would have mattered. The doorbell rang, then, and he stopped to answer it. Walt turned to look at the living room, and he heard him—only enough to know that something had happened, that they wanted Walter to come back right away.

He came back into the room for a moment, taking my hand and holding it tightly against my desire to be free. "Myra—twenty years is a long time for two people to live together, love together. Twenty years of happiness can't be ruined by the breaking of a ten-dollar vase. Oh, Myra—think! This is about it before you go. I don't want to come back here tonight and find this place—my life—empty!"

He went away, then, and in a kind of despair I began to pack. It was as if my heart and my mind were frozen, suspended, so that I did everything automatically, remotely. A half hour before a while—I have no idea how long—and I sent her out to find me a cab. I must have looked very strange, for she didn't question me, she just looked about the ticked past. A half hour stretched into an hour, and still no Ginny. Then, at last, she came, running breathlessly up to the front porch.

"Mother—"

"Ginny, couldn't you find a cab?"
No, Mother. But listen, something seems to be happening at the plant. Something awfully funny. Everyone's going out there—all the men, I mean—and everyone looks so worried. I stopped a couple of them to ask what the trouble was, but they just brushed me aside, as if I wasn't there.

And then it happened, sweeping her words away. A sound so loud it seemed paradoxically like the let-out breath of a giant. air of air could have lighted the sky up that way, have shaken the houses, have made the very dishes rattle on their shelves, and somehow shake and crack in their casings!

"That was—and the plant!" Ginny whispered the words on an in-drawn sigh. "Come on, without waiting for me she bounded away, and I heard her cry, "Daddy's there!" as she went.

Daddy's there... I stood, trapped by that dull lethargy in which things had no meaning, through which I had worked since Walter left tonight. Daddy's there... there, in that place that had shaken earth a moment ago?—that was even now making noises like a wounded animal, and sending up little jets of flame to enunciate the lightning strike in blackest when they died away. Walter's there... Walter, whom I had been going to leave forever. Walter, who had broken my blue nose, without the symbol of our happiness together. Who had, I thought, destroyed the reality of that happiness, too. Walter, somewhere in that hell that was slowly turning the night into day now. My husband, who loved me so, whom I loved so much, in whose arms was the only safety, the only warmth, the only reality, in all of the world.

AND still I stood there, held to the old, sagging porch steps by some strange, terrifying immobility. "Myra!" My name, sharply spoken, woke me to life, made my eyes see again. "Myra—oh, Myra, I'm so glad I've found you!"

It was Katey, Stan's mother, her white hair disheveled, a shawl dragged carelessly across her shoulders. And behind her, a sea of frightened women's faces, eyes staring, lighted up in all their sick anguish by the red glow in the sky behind them... behind them, at the bottom of all.

"Please Myra—my Mike, your Walter, all our men—we are needing you so terribly bad. Oh, please—the first aid things you've taught us. Show us—please! Whatever you say we will do. Be quick—oh, please!"

She was pleading like a child, and then I saw her as she was once, like a child, too. And I knew what she meant. I knew that this was at once an apology and a harsh demand. It was an answer to my pride! All at once, I found the power to move, to think, once more. "Run," I cried. "Run!"

And we ran, together, so terribly bound together by a common need and a common fear, toward the plant. I had no time to look for Walter in the confusion of the makeshift ward that had been set up in an untouched building. Men were brought in on a steady stream, some hurt, some suffering from fright and shock. Men were talked to, some patched up well enough to help in searching for the others, some on stretchers to the hospitals in the nearby towns. Some... some, dead.

I think I died a little each time a...
stretcher came in, each time a stretcher was borne out. I lived again only when I had assured myself that the still face beneath the sheet was a stranger's. My hands felt, doing carefull-y but swiftly the things I knew so well how to do, but my mind was far apart from my hands, saying over and over, ceaselessly, Walter! Walter! Walter, and each repetition of his name a prayer. Walter, be safe! Dear God, dear, kind, forgiving God, let Walter be safe!

The hours lagged. Added to the fear and the terror came the horrible, dragging weariness. The going from one man to the next... let it not be Walter—I need him so! We worked frantically; the women quickly learned to help, following directions carefully. And stoically they took the good news with the bad. It was life. It was war. It was part of keeping the freedom that they, who knew what lack of freedom was, cherished so highly.

I hardly noticed the man who walked in at last—he might have been any of a long line of the less seriously injured, come to have a cut disinfected, or a burned hand bandaged. Hatless, disheveled, he marched grimly down the ward, a typed list of names in one blackened hand.

"Who's in charge here?" he demanded. "I'm trying to check this list of missing—"

He stopped as I moved swiftly toward him. I hadn't recognized that begrimed face, but there was no other voice in the world like that to me. "Walter!"

He came to me, through the rows of improvised beds, step by slow step. "Myra? Myra, what are you doing here?"

"I'm doing—we're all doing—what we can, what has to be done, Walter."

"You—you didn't go."

I looked squarely up at him; I had to be honest now. "I wanted to, Walter. But I couldn't get a cab, and then the explosion came. I wanted to go—but now I don't. I want to stay here. With you."

The black hands came down hard on my shoulders, the grimy face creased in an uncertain smile that grew sure as he looked deeply into my eyes.

I pressed close to him, wanting to feel sure of his really being there, wanting to still forever the last flicker of fear in him. "I've changed, Walter. I never knew it was possible to change so much in a few hours."

"A few hours can be a lifetime, sometimes, Myra. Hours when you think there's nothing, but emptiness at the end of them. Hours when you hope, and dare not hope but hope again—oh, Myra, I love you so much! "I've been thinking, all this time since I left you at the house. Thinking how hard it's been for you here. It's been so lonesome... maybe you should go back to our old home town, and wait for me."

It was more than I desired, to see the weary, hurt puzzlement fade from Walter's eyes, change into unbelievable happiness, as I shook my head. "I don't want to wait for you—Walter—I want to be with you. I've found out that it isn't a house or a street that matters—wherever you are is my home. If I'm there with you, I won't be lonely. And besides, I've got my friends..." My hand swept out to indicate Katey, and the others. "I don't have to go home, Walter, I am home."

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Our Love Was New

Continued from page 19

young and tanned, but with something strained and drawn in it, something old about the eyes. I went on writing down names, directing the men to wait until Personnel was ready for them, and then it was the turn of the man who had stared at me.

He rose rather stiffly from his chair, came toward my desk. A veteran," I thought. Many of the men who had come to work at the plant lately were veterans. I'd learned to spot them fairly accurately. There was something about them, something about the way they wore their civilian clothes, as if they were determined not to trade upon their recent service, that gave me the feeling. "You've come about a job?" I asked.

"—yes," he said. "I'd like a job."

He had a deep, pleasant, but unremarkable voice. There was no reason why it should have made me feel that a finger had been placed on my heart, holding it back a beat, but it did. My own voice shifted oddly as I asked his name.

His gaze shifted to my hair, and it was almost as if he had touched the shining brown waves, touched the narrow velvet ribbon that bound them back. "Rule," he said. "Rule Stevens."

I wrote "Stevens, Rule," in the appointment book. "You are applying in what capacity?"

"I've—had engineering experience."

I SMILED up at him then, warming him to his instantly. Chet had been an engineer in civil life, and to my mind there was a kind of glory cast over everyone in that profession. I didn't wait for a personnel officer to fail to tell me to let another man through. I called them, and they said that they were ready to interview another applicant when that door was closed. In the right."

I told Rule Stevens, "and then take the elevator to the fifth floor."

He thanked me and went through the door, and I thought that that was the end of it.

But it wasn't. An hour or so later, he came back. I was on the telephone, and he stopped my hand and waited until I had finished talking. "I got a job," he said. "I wanted to thank you."

I had to laugh at that, "I didn't do anything," I told him. "This is a big place, and I don't even know anyone in Personnel, except over the phone."

"Maybe," he said, "but I notice I didn't have to wait, like some of the other fellows. Maybe sometime I can take you to dinner and show my appreciation."

I stiffened, even while I realized that I'd brought the invitation upon myself. My manner to him had certainly been more cordial than it usually was to strangers, "I can't possibly go out with you," I said abruptly, "I'm married."

He smiled, a wry little smile that was something else. But his words were light. "That's all right; I'm married, too. My wife and I are separated. Anyway, you can tell me your name."

"Ann Levering," I wished that he would go. He was growing more likeable by the minute, and there was no room in my life for likeable young men. And I believed what he had said about being separated from his wife, although coming from anyone
else it would have been just the stock glib explanation.

"Ann Levering," he repeated the syllables as if they were poetry. "Goodbye, Ann, I'll see you again." From the beginning there was no way of ignoring him. He passed my desk when he came in the morning, and when he went to lunch at noon, and when he went home at night. He always stopped and talked for a minute or two, in a way that would have been only friendly and casual if it had not been for his eyes. His eyes said that he was waiting, for something more, and that these impersonal little chats were a concession to my foolish feminine scruples. In between, during the day, he had occasion to call the front desk often. He'd been put in charge of an experimental production department, and many of the men who came to see the supplies and equipment had to see him. He was invariably business-like over the telephone, but his voice alone, out of the dozens of voices I heard every day, had personality for me.

Then one Saturday afternoon, the second week Rule had been at the plant, he called me later than usual, when I was getting ready to go home. I didn't see him come out of the main office—I had my mirror propped on the file behind my desk and was looking at myself at the time when I turned around, he was there. "I have tickets for the concert at City Center tonight," he said directly. "Would you like to go with me?"

I heard myself accepting. I didn't mean to accept, but I was caught off guard. Not five minutes before, I had been sitting at my desk, staring out at the blue winter twilight and thinking of other Saturday nights, when Chet had taken me to concerts at City Center. This time I only had to say yes. I had nothing else to do, so I said yes. I was going to an empty house, to an endless, empty evening.

THE concert was the beginning. At first, it was simply fun. Having taken the initial revolutionary step in making the date, I felt free and young and excited as I hadn't been excited over anything in months. It was an event just to have Rule call me: the little attentions, like his helping me into and out of the car, his complimenting me on my dress, were as momentous as a very young girl out on my first date. Then there was the concert hall, the talk and laughter of the crowd, the familiar smell of popcorn and heavy carpets, the glittering glass chandelier in the high vaulted bowl of the ceiling, the golden glow of the footlights—the glow that is the promise, always, of wonderful things to come.

We had time, after we were settled in our seats and before the concert started, to look over the program and to exchange opinions and curiosity about Debussy. "All the better," Rule said that he didn't like Debussy, and I said that I didn't either—that it made me feel sad. "You mean subdued," he corrected me, and I smiled with pleasure and said that subdued was exactly what I did mean.

He leaned forward a little to look into my face, like that again, Ann," he said. "It becomes you."

I was startled, and my laughter faded. "Like what?" I asked.

"As if you meant it," he said. "As if you were really glad to be here, with me."

I said, "Please, Rule!" sharply, and he asked quietly, but almost angrily,
“Why shouldn’t I say things like that? How long is it since you’ve seen your husband?”

“Nearly three years.”

“And how long is it since . . . ?”

“A year and two months.

Rule knew about Chet being missing, of course. I hadn’t told him, but the girl who worked with me as relief receptionist had. I was sorry that he knew. Now he would start telling me what my husband and I plant often told me—that I ought not go on hoping blindly after so long, that I ought to go out once in a while, find new interests.

But he had no chance to say anything. The house lights dimmed, and the conductor came out on the platform, and whatever Rule had been about to say was lost in a spatter of applause. A hush fell as the conductor raised his baton, poised it for a second, and then the first sighing notes of music filled the house. I relaxed with a long sigh of contentment. I’d forgotten how wonderful the concerts were, I told myself. I should have come even though I’d have had to come alone.

. . . I forgot everything but the music. The violins and the full string section sounded in, and the woodwinds and the brasses, and the heavy drums. Those violins sang in my heart, and the drums throbbed deep inside me, sent my blood coursing to my restless rhythm. And I knew I was alive again, free to love and to be loved again, and I knew warmth and tenderness and understanding, not the cold tension of waiting. I was with Chet.

I SAT moveless when the house lights went on, when everyone else was applauding. The people around me were stirring, and someone was shaking my arm, gently, insistently. I turned my head and blinked dazedly up at—Rule. It was Rule who sat beside me, after all. Rule’s hand that I’d clung to.

“Ann,” he was saying, “it’s intermission. Don’t you want to go out for a few minutes?”

I nodded and stumbled to my feet. He took my arm and guided me out to the lobby. The lights there seemed very bright, but the people were noisy, I thought, and they bumped against me. I tried to look back into the auditorium, where for a little while Chet had been, tried to imagine what had happened to him. He had been there; I had felt his presence. I couldn’t have been wrong. It had been unmistakable, the feeling of belonging. I was sure he had been with the one person who, out of all the world, was my other self.

Then I knew it wasn’t possible, that it had been only illusion, and I felt weak and empty and afraid. “Rule,” I said, “do you mind if we don’t stay for the second half? I don’t think it will be—too—too painful.”

He looked down at me strangely. “I was thinking the same thing. I’ll take you home.”

I was glad that he didn’t want to stay, didn’t suggest going anywhere else. I wasn’t up to even ordinary conversation. Rule seemed to understand. He took me straight home, and we didn’t say a word on the way.

At my door, he didn’t say any of the conventional things; he just took my key and opened the door for me, saying, as a chauffeur does, I guess, “You’ll be all right?”
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weekend drew near, it seemed very bleak without an invitation from Rule.

On Friday afternoon I called to his office to announce a salesman who wanted to see him. He smiled and said, "Send him in, Mrs. Levering," and I said, "Yes, Mr. Stevens," and was about to hang up when he stopped me. "And, Mrs. Levering," he added, "there's a very good horror picture at the Strand this evening."

I very nearly dropped the telephone. Horror movies! Chet had loved them—less for themselves, I think, than for my somewhat uncalled-for reaction to them. I'd always clutched my arm frantically during the scary parts, and I was ready, as the theater greeted a half-dozen times before the picture came to an end, and could never bring myself to the point of actually leaving.

"Suppose we get straight from work," Rule suggested. "Then we can have dinner, and still make the first show." He spoke as if there was no question of accepting—and this time, there wasn't.

That evening was in part a repetition of the evening of the concert. First—everything that first night having been dinner at a restaurant, and the light talk, and the laughter. And then, in the darkness of the theater, the same inexplicable revulsion that Charter's nearness came over me. It was Charter's arm I clutched in the scary parts of the film, Charter who laughed teasingly and asked if I wanted to leave. I shook my head without a word, convinced that if I did look I would see Charter's face above a khaki collar.

But this time I thought that I knew how to explain. It was really simple—just that I wanted so much to be with Charter, and because I wanted it, it was so, briefly, in these places where we were together. It was really only wishful thinking.

I WAS sure I was right when the picture was over and we left the theater, and the conviction was gone. Rule was the only one who was fun to be with and fun to talk with, but not Charter. He was someone who was instead, very much a person in his own right.

We didn't go directly home from the theater. We went to a nightclub a little way out of town, and there, with a floor show and a dance orchestra and all of the props of gaiety around us, Rule fell to talking, seriously as he hadn't talked before, about his plans for the future. He intended to stay at the plant until the war was over, and then he was going back to school and "I'm saving money," he said, "and whatever my circumstances will be, I'm sure of being able to manage school."

I avoided his eyes when he mentioned circumstances, because there was something in his tone that implied they might include me. I didn't want him to pursue the subject further, didn't want to know what I meant to him, or what he intended to do about his wife. I wanted to keep on thinking of the future on the old terms, the terms based on Charter's coming back—

I didn't want to think of Rule in any other way except as good company for a good time.

That was all I wanted, and that was the way things were—I thought. I was very confident, very sure of my feelings—and then in one moment everything was shattered and I couldn't be sure of anything in the world.

We rode home through the crisp
winter night, under a dark blue arch of sky. I was a little sleepy, and I watched the snow-covered fields slide past the car, thinking contentedly how peaceful everything was and what a pleasant evening it had been. Perhaps I even dozed a little, because it seemed only a few minutes until we stopped before my house. I stirred and said sleepily, “I’ve had such a nice time—” And then my words were thrust aside as Rule gathered me into his arms, close, so that I was lost in the folds of his coat, and his mouth was hard upon mine in a kiss that was long and hungry and searching.

One moment—and it was the end of everything. I had tried, the beginning of something I wanted terribly, and yet dared not take. There was no illusion of Chet in that embrace. It was Rule I was clinging to conclusively, so that I felt the muscles of his arms under his coat sleeves, Rule’s kisses that found the soft and pliant welcome of my lips. “My Ann,” he murmured. “My very own—” And his words brought me to my senses. His Ann! Shame flooded me, and I pushed him roughly away. “Don’t!” I gasped. And then I said harshly, “Rule, I never want to see you again, outside the office.”

And before he could speak, I flung myself out of the car and fled up the icy steps to the house.

You can’t ever go back. Things happen to you, and changes come, and unless you accept them, you are rejecting part of yourself, warping your life. You can’t go back to simpler, and less complicated things any more than you can be a child again. I know, because I tried to go back, and I lived in torment for it.

Oh, I hadn’t been happy the way I was living before I met Rule. It had been a grim and lonely struggle to go on day after day, looking in the mailbox for a letter that only a miracle could put there. Waiting for the telephone call or the telegram that would blot out the terrible memory of the telegram that had said that Chet was missing. It had taken all of my strength to hold on to hope after all hope was reasonably gone, to go on believing after my faith had worn thin with time. But all the time I had known what I was living for, what I wanted tomorrow to bring.

Now—I no longer knew. I wasn’t certain of anything. Forget Rule? Pretend that he had never been? How was it possible when I saw him every day, when any ring of the telephone on my desk could—and often did—bring his voice. I thought of giving up my job, thought even of giving up the house and leaving town—but I knew beforehand that it wouldn’t work. It was just an idea to seize upon in the sleepless nights, an escapist, childish reaction, like a small boy’s threatening to leave home. I couldn’t run away from myself.

Rule tried to help me. He respected my wishes to the letter, and he hardly spoke to me after that night. He wasn’t obvious about me, so that others in the office would notice the constraint between us, but he made it a point to come in early, before I got to my desk, and he left late, after I’d gone home. When he was promoted and given a secretary, he had her put through the calls to my desk. It was I who could not help myself. I caught myself watching for him, longing for him to say more than a brief hello when we...
KONJOLA


did meet, waiting for the times that
his secretary was out and he himself
would have to call me. I thought—or tried to think—all
sorts of techniques and ethical effort to
straiten out my life. I thought that
what had drawn me to Rule was
his resemblance to Chet, and then a
clearer examination of the idea would
show me how ridiculous it was. They
both had brown hair and brown eyes
—but dozens of other brown-haired,
brown-eyed men almost as much
like Chet as Rule did, and more.
Rule’s jaw was more tightly set
than Chet’s, his eyes narrower, his
hairline straighter. If there was a resemblance,
it was less physical. They were liking the
same things—such as the City Center
concerts, and horror movies—in
their likelihood to laugh at the same
type of thing.

In my desperation, I even tried to
tell myself that Rule had been unworthy
of my love, that he was married to
another woman, and he’d said
nothing at all about marrying me.
It was an ugly, shameful thought,
but it would have helped if I could have
believed it. But I couldn’t. Rule wasn’t
that sort of person, and I’d known
that he loved me since—yes, perhaps
since that moment he first stood be
fore me and repeated my name as if
it were music to him.

IT would have been easy to surrender,
to go to him and tell him that I
wanted him—but I couldn’t do that.
either. I still loved Chet, although not
in the urgent, immediate way I loved
Rule. Our time together had been
short, and the years between had been
long, and I could no longer call his
laugh to mind, or the little expression
that had made him do so clear and vivd
long after he had gone away, but I still
loved my husband. It was as if, having
once given him my heart, I could not
take it back even though Rule, in some
inexplicable way, seemed to have got
hold of it, too.

I didn’t do anything right that winter.
I’d gone out with Rule when I knew
that he was attractive to me, and then
when the damage was done, and I cared
for him past forgetting. I’d sent him
away. Having known him that I didn’t
want to see him, I watched eagerly for
glimpses of him, felt rewarded when I
heard him speak a few brief phrases
over the office telephone. I joined the
mid-winter-bowling tournament the
employees organized so that I would
have a few less evenings a week in
which to wait for him—and, of course,
Rule was bowling, too.

I very nearly backed out, the first
night I went down to the place and
saw Rule in the very next alley to mine.
Somehow, I got through that first eve-
ning, and after that—well, I bowed because it meant that I could see him for an hour or two, be a part of the same crowd. It was humiliating, and I was ashamed of myself for it, but I didn’t have the strength of mind to stay away. I was so utterly lost in my obsession that I refused rides home in order to leave after the others, when I could be sure that Rule had gone and I would see him no more that night.

It was that last bit of foolishness that undid me. One night, leaving the alley after the others, I was delayed a few minutes by a faulty zipper in my overcoat. I got it on finally, and stepped out into a world that was bitter cold, filled with snow swirling on an icy wind. I hadn’t gone a dozen steps before I realized how severe the storm was. The walk before me, where my friends had passed only minutes before, was a drift of snow; their footprints were almost obliterated. I looked back, saw that the bowling hall was closing, and started to plod doggedly on when a car stopped in the street. The door opened, and a voice—Rule’s voice—called, “Ann, get in! I’ll take you home.”

I stumbled over to the car. Rule reached out and pulled me inside; anxiously he tucked blankets around me. “Ridiculous!” he scolded. “Where did you think you were going on foot? You wouldn’t have got to the end of the block.”

“You may not get far, either!” I said tartly, and ungratefully, and huddled down in the blankets, glorying in his scolding, in the exasperated concern in his voice.

It was a bad drive. Rule could hardly see beyond the hood of the car; he drove at a snail’s pace, staying close to the curb, rolling down the window every few seconds to lean out and clear the windshield. By the time we turned into my block I was chilled through in spite of the blankets, and Rule must have been frozen. We ploughed through drifts to the door, and once inside, we just stood staring and shivering our feet in the warmth of the house. “What a night!” I chattered. “Take off your coat, Rule, and I’ll fix something for you.”

He hesitated. I suppose it crossed his mind that every minute’s delay lessened his chances of getting to his own rooms, but I didn’t think of that just then. I was busy peeling off my overcoats, and I didn’t notice that it was a moment before he took off his coat and knelt to help me.

I left him in the livingroom and went out to the kitchen, where I opened a can of soup and set it on the stove to heat. I started coffee, too, and then I went upstairs to remove my socks and stockings and put on dry ones. The pain in my thawing feet was excruciating; as it faded and warmth began to creep back into my bones, I shut the door with it. Rule was down stairs. He was here, in this house, shut in with me against the storm. Why had I asked him in? Why hadn’t I just let him go home?

I had to force myself to go back to the kitchen. My hands trembled as I poured out soup and coffee, and added crackers on a plate. Stiffly, self-consciously, I carried the tray into the livingroom. Rule was standing near the couch, his face turned away from me. “Won’t you have some coffee?” I began in a thin little voice. Then he took the tray from my hands and set it down, and I had no voice, no will, left at all. He didn’t say anything. He just took me in his arms and kissed me—not hard,

The Last Page of the Document:

LONGER HAIR DRESSES BETTER IN LATEST STYLES

Do You Want
Longer Hair?

THEN TRY THIS PROVEN EASY SYSTEM ON YOUR HAIR—Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off

Here is thrilling new hope for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly brittle and breaking-off hair more lovely . . . longer. The Juelene SYSTEM has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, hair may get longer when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle breaking-off hair can be retarded. This wonderful Juelene SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. See if Juelene’s tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can during application help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—in just one short week.

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Dry hair is not only hard to manage but a continual source of embarrassment. Try the Juelene System. See how much more beautiful your hair may be in such a short time, after the dry hair condition has been relieved. Actually make your hair your “crowning glory!” So take advantage of Juelene’s 7-Day Offer NOW!

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FOR 7 DAYS

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City ____________________________ Zone ______ State ______

R M

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with desperate eagerness, like the other kiss—but long, lingeringly, as if this happiness were a fragile thing, and he must hold it gently. His arms crept up around his shoulders where I had wanted them to be, and it was I who clung tightly. The words he spoke, too, were very soft, and if the most beautiful words there are could hurt this loneliness. "Ann, I love you so. Love you, love you...." Over and over again. They made a whispered song, that my own voice joined. "And I love you, Rule...."

He brushed his cheek against mine. "Say that again," he ordered huskily. "I want to hear it again. I can't leave you. I can't, Rule," I said despairingly, "You know that I can't. I'm married. And—you're married, too."

"I was married," he said, "Now—my wife doesn't even know me."

Why I understood then what I hadn't understood before, I don't know. It was a moment of revelation, like the moment in which I'd known that I'd loved him; it was a sliver of a second, and all eternity. All of the drums of a hundred symphonies seemed to have broken loose inside me, and I was deaf even to his words. I couldn't speak; I could only stand there, searching his face frantically, straining to make sense out of what he was saying.

"It's not her fault," he said. "I didn't even know myself, after I got out of the hospital. Plastic surgery is a wonderful thing, Ann. But it's frightening, too. It's frightening when you look at yourself and see how you've changed—and when you can't begin to guess how those you love will feel about the person you've become."

I had no strength left. I slid down to the couch, buried my face in my hands. "Chet," I whispered, "why....why didn't you tell me?"

"How could I?" he demanded roughly. "My God, how can you go to a woman and say, 'I'm your husband—take me.' How can you do that when every mirror, every reflection in a shop window, shows you a stranger to yourself? I intended to tell you when I first came back. Then I'd look at my face in the mirror, and I'd lose my nerve. One day I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went out to the plant, intending to take you away and tell you right then and there. You know the rest. When you didn't recognize me, and thought I was just a guy looking for a job, I thought I'd play things the way they were for a while. Personnel had to know my real name and see my papers, but they were decent about it when I said I preferred to go by my mother's family name, and as you said, it's a big place, so they didn't connect Chester Levering with Ann Levering—Darling—" his voice pinched up oddly. "Ann, darling, don't cry."

I couldn't stop crying, couldn't look at him. But then he was kneeling beside me, and I was in the blessed security of his arms. "It's all right now," he soothed. "I'll always be all right. I didn't intend to trick you, dearest. It was just that—well, when you didn't know me, I began to think I could be sure only if I knew you could love the person I'd become—"

I drew a deep shuddering breath, pressed closed to him. "I didn't know you, darling," I whispered. "But my heart did—from the very first."

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**HERE'S FREE INSURANCE...**

...for the future. Suppose someone came along and offered you an insurance policy which insured you against depression, against postwar unemployment, against a future in which prices would rise and wages drop until we were plunged into the kind of fearful time we went through in 1929 and the years following it. You'd sign on the dotted line without thinking twice, wouldn't you?

There's a way that you can get that insurance for the future—by joining with all your heart in the fight against inflation.

It's the money that you don't spend that counts—every dollar you save is a dollar you don't spend, and it's spending that causes inflation, our greatest enemy right now and in the period of readjustment to come. Inflation is simply a general rise in prices—people having too much money and not enough things to spend it on. When that happens, the things that there are left to buy become more valuable in the eyes of the buyers, and prices go up, because people are willing to pay more. So it's selfish to spend, generous to save.

What will you save for? For the children you want to have, or for the education and future security of the children you already have. For a home. For a wonderful post-war vacation. For your old age. For a safe America for ourselves and boys who have fought to preserve it.

How will you save for a safe America? By buying only what you really need; by paying no more than ceiling prices, and buying rationed goods only in exchange for ration stamps; by not taking advantage of war conditions by asking for higher wages, or selling goods, if you are in business, at higher prices; by buying and keeping all the war bonds you can possibly afford!
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City

Age
Dress Size

State
Anticipation!

Everything is ready, you see him coming—eager to get home. You're glad you planned his meal so carefully

...so glad you remembered his bottle of SCHLITZ.

Today more than ever when men are working especially hard, a bottle of SCHLITZ brings welcome relaxation at the end of the day.

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS

...no bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Exciting Color Pictures

MA PERKINS
ROY ROGERS

A Story of Love's Triumph

FURLOUGH
Softer,
Smoother Skin
with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove—
Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty,
for your skin—with just one cake of Camay!
Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that,
when you give up careless methods and
go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors
tested this mild care on over 100
complexions—on skin like yours. And
with the very first cake of Camay, most
complexions simply bloomed—fresher
and clearer and lovelier!

... it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's
mildness... your proof it can benefit the
skin. "Camay is really mild," confirmed
the doctors, "it cleanses without irritation."
So why don't you try this tested beauty
care... and see what striking
improvement just one cake of Camay
can bring to your skin!

... go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and
morning. Cream that mild Camay lather
over your face—with special attention
to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give
oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start
tonight! And watch your skin take on
glorious new freshness, softer charm—
with just one cake of Camay!

Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis
Lovely... gossamer wedding veil framing
her Camay complexion! "You'll find
exciting new beauty for your skin, too," she
confides, "with your very first cake of Camay."

Cherish Camay—precious war mate-
rials go into soap, so it's patriotic to
use the last sliver—every bit!
GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child. My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

GIRL: Let them skate off? How could I stop them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not this plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

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

GIRL: Well, yes, but...

CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away?

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about my smile! Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were born to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold your hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!

For the Smile of Beauty— IPANA AND MASSAGE
irresistible lips are

For heart-stirring lips, IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink... new favorite in a lipstick famous for color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting thanks to Irresistible's secret whip-texting process. Matching rouge and powder.

the bride-to-be wears Irresistible Pink Orchid Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S.M.O.O.T.H.E.R!
Looking Ahead... You'll carry your radio with you in the post-war world. There will be handbag models for women, and pocket radios for men. Have you heard about tantalum? It's a new surgical metal, the use of which leaves no scar. Although tantalum is heavier than lead, it can be stretched so fine that the ends of severed nerves can be mended with it. Here's something the men will feel is well worth waiting for: a razor blade that needs sharpening only once every five years... The Navy has developed a new lubricant which you'll be using after the war to increase the life of your electric fan... Good news for those with a sweet tooth—there will be more lemon drops and peppermint drops quite soon, and the little sweets will come in bigger pieces. A synthetic plastic, colorless, has been developed to be used in place of adhesive tape on scratches and wounds. It will peel off easily after being in place twenty-four hours... Post-war transportation has exciting things up its sleeve. For instance, there's the plan to pressure-ize large cabin planes, which means that you'll be able to get across the continent in no time, twenty thousand feet above the earth. You won't be able to take in the scenery, but you will get there faster. If you still don't like the idea of flying, the railroads too have a lot of new ideas. There will be three-decker berths, for example, which means forty-two persons accommodated in one car, which in turn means cheaper rates. There will be more roomettes—those small private rooms in which the berth, already made up, can be pulled down from the wall without the aid of a porter. They're planning better washroom accommodations, too; a washbasin for each six persons. And the happy day will come when the coaches that have limped their way through the war will be scrapped. The days of the future, they say, will be comfortable and attractive enough so that chair cars can be done away with altogether, and there will be only two classes of travel, coach and Pullman.

Did You Know?

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Go back, Mary—You forgot something!

Take half a minute more—or that heavy date may be a dud!

Mum's QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. MUM'S SAFE—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. MUM'S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napskins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jiff, even after you're dressed. Now you're set. Yes, your bath took care of past perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor to come.
WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

George Burns tussles as hard as ever with Gracie Allen on CBS Tuesday nights, 9:00 P.M., EWT.

NBC commentators Robert St. John and W. W. Chaplin, both recently turned author, exchange copies of their books.

Pert Jane Webb, young enough to play teen-agers, bright enough to play other parts in NBC dramas.

WE'VE had something on our mind ever since we heard that Army Nurse on Report To The Nation. Lt. Leona Dippre told narrator John Daly about her work in Italy. She described the 500-bed hospital, and spoke of the times that hospital used 500 pints of blood plasma a night because many men needed more than one pint. It kind of got us when she told about how sometimes they gave a man four transfusions at one time.

That was bad, but that's not what's on our mind. What we're thinking about is the report from the Red Cross which says that practically every time a successful battle is reported on the air and in the press, blood donations have a way of dropping off. On D-Day, hundreds of appointments throughout the country were cancelled, many without even a phone call to the Red Cross so that other appointments could be made.

We're just wondering. We're just wondering how you would feel if your son's buddy came home—when the war's over—and told you about your son, who isn't coming home. We're wondering how you'd feel if the buddy said something like this: "He would have been all right, if they could have given some plasma. But there wasn't enough. There wasn't enough and he died of shock—that's what they can stop when they have enough plasma—he died mostly of shock, not the wound. That could have been fixed up all right. It's too bad."

We're just wondering.

It's nice to watch quick thinking. A fine example was Paul Draper on a television show not long ago. He was waiting on stage for his cue. The number just before his ended with a roar of battle sounds that shattered a big Kelvin lamp right over Draper's head and showered glass down around him. Without batting an eyelash, Draper picked up a broom lying in the wings and turned his opening number into a broom dance, tapping merrily a few dangerous glass splinters before him. Then he tossed the broom to one of the studio crew and went into his regular routine.

* * *

Walked in on a Marion Loveridge rehearsal the other day and almost backed out. It took a little while to find out that Marion wasn't having an off day and singing off key. It seems she's got a special exercise to keep her on her vocal toes. Her pianist, Morty Howard, starts her off on the chorus of a number, and before she's through with that chorus he's switched keys on her at least seven times. It may be good exercise, but it's hard on listening ears.

The miracles of radio ... and talk about the long way around! There's the story from the campaign on Leyte.

One night the radio men on shore had an important message for a small Signal Corps ship lying about 200 yards off the beach in Leyte Gulf. There was a red alert and the whole area was blacked out so the radio men couldn't use blinker lights. The ship was equipped with only a code transmitter and the radio men on shore had only a voice transmitter. Finally, an engineer had an idea. He called San Francisco on the voice circuit. San Francisco relayed the message to Sydney, Australia, which in turn passed it on to Hollandia, New Guinea. Hollandia was in direct communication with the ship. The reply to the message reversed the whole procedure. Message and reply travelled close to 19,000 miles to span a distance of 200 yards.

And it took less than five minutes to cross the Pacific four times!

* * *

Did you know ... Lulu McConnell used to teach elocution and dancing ... Joan Brooks used to teach Continued on page 6
When Karen grew careless about one little matter* she practically hung on herself the "Don't Disturb" sign. Because, after men found out what her trouble was, they let her severely alone. Too bad . . . she was such a charming girl otherwise.

You can't always be sure whether or not you have halitosis (bad breath)*. Anyone can offend at some time or other. So many clever people, popular people, realize this and use Listerine Antiseptic before appointments where they want to be at their best. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath purer, sweeter, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it before any date.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are systemic, most cases, say some noted medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
Continued from page 4

Latin. . . Victor Jory has ticket stubs from every theater he has played all over the world. . . Johnny Morgan's first theatrical job was to go to a hypnotist—and he was paid twice as much as the hypnotist. . . Edwin C. Hill and Parks Johnson nearly became big league ball players. . . Penny Singleton used to be a newspaper columnist. . . Alec Templeton collects music boxes. . . James Melton collects automobiles and has eighty of them already. . . Dave Street, featured vocalist on the Joan Davis show, spends all his spare time rehearsing his Mitchell Boys Choir, which you heard in "Going My Way". . .

We've often wondered about drummers and the way they work their faces. Gene Krupa's got a formula for his expressions, which he claims are indispensable for success in beating the hide. Here's his routine:

For dreamy melodies—drop jaw and get that faraway look in your eyes.

For speedier tunes—imitate an outfielder trying to catch a fly with the sun in his eyes.

And last, to be used only when you've reached the top—furiously interchange the above expressions and shout over and over again, "Lyonnais potatoe and some pork chops!"

Charme Allen, who plays Aunt Polly in "David Harum", has just celebrated her 22nd anniversary in radio. Oddly enough, the actress started out in radio as a piano soloist over a Buffalo station.

Talking about celebrations, we feel like celebrating because William S. Gaimor has landed on a network at last. He's been a favorite news analyst of ours for a long time, not because he has such a charming voice, but because he makes such good sense.

It's not surprising that he should make good sense. He's well equipped to be an expert, particularly on foreign affairs. He was educated at the University of London and has been a lecturer, a world traveler and a news commentator. Very often his material is used by British, Polish, French and Russian news services and by the European Underground, because of his distinctive and progressive but thoroughly American point of view.

He's always been courageous and watchful for the interests of America and for people everywhere. Two years ago, Gaimor described General Stilwell's situation in China, which was only very recently revealed in the press over here. He was the first commentator to explode the Michaelovitch myth in Yugoslavia and give credit to the real leader of the liberation movement, Tito. His analysis of the situation in Greece was clear and sensibly wise. He's a well known writer and many of his articles have been translated into as many as twelve languages for reading in most of the countries in the world.

We like him.

Coincidence—It just so happens that the name of the actor who plays the part of the family dog on the Ethel Barrymore show is—believe it or not—Brad Barker. Barker has made himself into a specialist in making animal noises and has dropped all regular roles. Incidentally, "Miss Hattie" is one of the few shows on the air that features a dog each week as a regular member of the cast.

Gracie Fields has a well-worn scrap of paper which she prizes so highly she keeps it pressed between glass. It's a code message that was sent to her over enemy lines by British Gen. Bernard Montgomery, when Gracie was in North Africa on a tour.

Decoded, the message says, "Miss Gracie Fields. Delighted to see you in Italy. Please come first to Army Headquarters. We will make a plan for your tour. General Montgomery."

Watson Davis, director of CBS Adventures in Science, took a plane trip up to the far North recently and found himself elected a member of the "FBI". No, he's not a G-man. Davis is now an honorary member of the G. I. fraternity known as the "Frozen Bachelors in Iceland".

Continued on page 8

Get a package now at any drugstore.

MIDOL

Used more than any other product offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

LEARN NURSING AT HOME

High school not necessary. No age limit. Read this FREE "Nursing Facts" and famous nurses' charts. Earn while learning. Act now! Write for free course! Graduate Hospital School of Nursing 160 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois

Now We Both Have Lovely Blonde Hair

Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightening faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dandruff, dust film that makes hair dull, heavy-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Give hair new luster and highlights. Safe for children. At 10¢, drug or department store.

Johnnie Johnston, singer on CBS' Music That Satisfies, has as much fun as his twelve-year-old daughter when Julie tries out her new rocking horse. Music That Satisfies is heard Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 7:15 P.M., EWT.
Your soft, gentle hands make memories... like moonlight.

So through these busier-than-ever days let Trushay help keep your hands appealing. Always smooth it on before your everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in hand care. A rich, creamy heavenly-fragrant lotion... different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. See for yourself... today.
Continued from page 6

Funny thing about detectives. People seem to get the idea that fictional detectives exist in real life. Sherlock Holmes is a first rate example. There are lots of people who still believe that Holmes, his pipe and his strange hat actually existed.

The same thing is now happening to Carleton Young, who plays Jim Lawton, independent producer of mystery films in "Hollywood Mystery Time." Carleton is beginning to get mail from fans who want to know the name of his latest picture so they can watch for it at their neighborhood movies. One letter-writing listener complained, "If you wouldn't spend so much time chasing murderers, maybe you could turn out a picture once in a while."

* * *

Ever since the newspapers hung the title "The Voice on Frank Sinatra, show business has gone out of its way to create titles for its personalities. The trick is to keep up with the new ones, or in a smart and snappy conversation with hype characters you'll lose track of who's who. The list is tantamount to a Roll of Honor—and some of the names on it shape up like this: Frank Sinatra—The Voice, Dunning—The Brain, Monty Woolley—The Beard, Betty Grable—The Body, Hildegard—The Charm, Ralph Edwards—The Imp, Bing Crosby—The Groan, Sammy Kaye—The Baton, Edie Cantor—The Eyes, Guy Lombardo—The Guy, Dick Brown—The Heartthrob, Martin Block—The Mouth, Jimmy Durante—The Nose.

* * *

Joe Meyers, assistant manager for special events at NBC, can't understand why people are complaining about the difficulty of travel. He gets around on the average of 115,000 miles daily without so much as a reservation! In fact, he does it without leaving the newsroom in Radio City.

There's nothing super-human about all this, even though Meyers does use four "magic carpets"—radio, telephone, telegraph and cable. NBC has many programs that include pick-ups of war correspondents from all parts of the world. Meyers has charge of this coverage and must keep in constant touch with all these widely scattered reporters. Thus, in one day, and using the four methods of communication, Meyers will reach London, Cairo, the Philippines, Paris, Teheran, Holland, Belgium, Athens, Germany, Honolulu, Hollywood, San Francisco and Washington. He might get to all of them several times a day.

Just to keep in trim, he calls his wife in Sayville, Long Island, at least once a day. *

Virginia Payne, who plays Ma Perkins, holds a unique record. The show has been on the air since 1933 and in all that time Virginia hasn't missed a single broadcast.

* * *

You never know what's going to turn into a fad. Some years back, Dick Haymes broke his only pair of suspenders. He was too broke to buy another pair and held up his pants by knotting a knitted tie around his waist. And now, high school kids are picking it up and knitted ties are back in demand again.

* * *

Thanks to the fact that John W. Vandercook was knocking around in New Britain ten years ago, the NBC newsroom no longer has a cigarette problem.

Vandercook arrived for his daily program recently to find the staff soberly watching news editor Adolph Schneider trying to roll a cigarette.

"That might be the answer," one smoker purred, careful not to breathe on the loose tobacco, "if we could be sure of getting paper."

The word "paper" clicked in Vandercook's mind. It seemed that in such out of the way places as Rabaul in New Britain, strange things collect. While over there, ten years ago, Van-
Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—

- A good skate
- A pretty Kitty
- Queen of the Ice Follies

You’re on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you’d be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow... it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn’t skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and comfortable, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn’t just “feel” soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex stays soft while wearing. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—

- Slightly balmy
- Learning sign language
- Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you’re smoothing on a snug glove.) Shred grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you’re shred enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has flat, tapered ends that don’t show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—

- Soften brows with hot water
- Spread skin taut
- Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, only Kotex comes in three sizes—for different women, different days. There’s Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special 4-ply safety center that gives you extra protection.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together.

Al Pearce has brought his famous characterization of Elmer Blurt back to CBS, on Saturday nights.

series at first confined itself to the emergencies of wartime living, but it has lately branched out to touch on all sorts of other matters, habits, traditions, food differences, variations in clothing, political thought. Not the least of these topics was the discussion of American humor versus British, and there is no question that Transatlantic Call helped a little in clearing up the question of why we can't laugh at their jokes—if that question can ever be really settled.

From one end of the United States to another, and from all over Britain, "people talked to people"—the Midland mill worker to the midwestern farmer; our Southern cotton farmers told the Yorkshire textile workers what life is like in the South; Welsh pit workers described their daily lives to Pennsylvania miners.

In wanderings from state to state and community to community, the American half of the series (director John Becher and narrator Milton Bacon) has had some odd experiences, not the least of which was their attempt to enlist the aid of a woman boardinghouse keeper. They carefully explained the arrangement to her, only to find that she was glaring fiercely and gathering breath for a tirade. "Radio!" she screamed. "I've got 17 boarders and every one of them has a radio that they play all day long. I hate radio!"

Want to know how a star is born in radio? Unlike the stage, there are no understudies in radio. Yet one Sunday night an unknown stepped into James Melton's shoes on two hours' notice and did a bang up job. During the rehearsal for the show, Melton suddenly developed laryngitis. He found he could talk after a fashion, but he couldn't sing. Melton recruited tenor Jimmy Carroll, who sings in the chorus of the show, and in the frantic two hours before the broadcast Carroll learned Melton's numbers. When the program went on the air, Melton emceed and Carroll sang—and made a big hit. As a result of that single unexpected break, Carroll is now being signed for solo spots on other programs.

BE BRIGHT about your hands—use Campana Cream

Balm to keep them smooth and soft. Use a bright idea like these made-at-home gauntlets to dress them up! Campana Cream

Balm is the new lotion with lanolin that guards your skin so effectively against dryness and roughness...that keeps your hands silken-surfaced in spite of work and weather. Why be without it?

Campana Cream Balm
RICH IN LANOLIN

Walter Huston, veteran actor, is narrator on NBC's Cavalcade of America, now in its tenth year.
We like Don McNeill’s report of a retort. Don was having a cup of coffee in a restaurant. When he started to drink it, he saw that there was a lipstick print on the rim of the cup. He called the waitress back and complained. The girl raised her eyebrows and chirped brightly, “So what? Drink it left handed.”

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . . Ted Collins is branching out some more. Now he’s becoming a newsreel sports commentator . . . . What the neighbors like—A poll taken in Canada puts the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show first, Radio Theatre second and Fibber McGee and Molly third. . . . Eight gag writers are now turning out the comedy for the Bob Hope show . . . . The Goldbergs have been on the air for fifteen years, now . . . . The Durante-Moore show is coming from the West Coast now, because Garry Moore is working on a movie . . . . Ditto, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians . . . . The Blue Network is planning its own Radio City in Hollywood as soon as the war ends . . . . Robert St. John has a new book out called “It’s Always Tomorrow!” This one is a novel about an American correspondent reporting World War II in Poland, Hungary, Paris and London . . . . Frances Langford is featured in a singing role in the new Walt Disney picture, “Currier and Ives” . . . . The Armed Forces Radio Service explains Spike Jones and His City Slickers to British audiences as “organized chaos.” . . . Frank Sinatra’s band does a daily broadcast to American troops . . . . Harry James mystified the music and radio business by asking for and getting back his MGM contract . . . . Frank Sinatra plans a singing tour to warn teen-agers against the evils of race prejudice. Most unusual for a popular entertainer to exploit his influence for social good, and there’s no question that the Voice will powerfully influence his young followers. Hollywood has been dickering with Paul Whiteman—negotiations for the filming of his biography probably complete by now.

An elegant lady in an elegant hat—Hedda Hopper brings Hollywood gossip to CBS listeners.
It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time. The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.

DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a Stronger Grip and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory...

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
Bob Pins Hair Pins Safety Pins Snap Fasteners Straight Pins Hooks & Eyes Hook & Eye Tapes Sanitary Belts

Judy Garland's prohibitive price tag, reported at more than $10,000 a week, has prospective sponsors gasping and precludes any immediate likelihood of the MGM star getting her own network show.

Barry Wood has lost his Palmolive sponsor, but he shouldn't have any trouble getting a new bankroller. Several are hot on the baritone's trail.

Dave Rose, bandleader and songwriter of Winged Victory and Holiday For Strings is ill, but not as seriously stricken as the gossip mongers would have you believe.

Because of his surprise acting chore in the Humphrey Bogart-Lauren Bacall thriller, To Have And Have Not, songwriter Hoagy Carmichael, of Stardust fame, is being gowned for a network radio show.

Bing Crosby insisted on an all-musical formula for his NBC Kraft Music Hall, despite the fact that the sponsor preferred the comedy-music format. However, Der Bingle must be right because his listener rating is mighty high.

Georgia Gibbs, talented thrust heard on CBS' Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore show, has given her notice. Georgia wants a show of her own and there are many sponsors who agree.

Most of those enthusiastic GI's at Dinah Shore's broadcasts each week are bunkmates of husband George Montgomery.

The outstanding five group to be discovered in many a musical moon is the quintet headed by Eddie Heywood, recently given a network chance by Ted Collins and Kate Smith. Swing savants and your reporter predict a long future for the dusky pianist.

Frank Sinatra's tardy rehearsal appointments, with his high-priced stars cooling their heels waiting for the swooner's appearance, are not making any friends for Frankie, although it really isn't Frankie's fault. He's just too busy for one guy.

Incidentally Vimm's cancellation of Frankie's air show had nothing to do with Sinatra's popularity. They just decided not to advertise extensively.

Now that the record ban is a thing of the past, you'll find your disk favorites turning out platters like musical mad men. Just to refresh your memory after a 19-months hiatus, here's the set-up. For Columbia Records: Sinatra, Kate Smith, Cugat, Les Brown, Kay Kyser, Frankie Carle, and Cab Calloway. For Victor: Sammy Kaye. Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, Tony Pastor, Dinah Shore, and Charlie Spivak.

Decca signed up long before their rivals, and so Jimmy Dorsey, Guy Lon-
bando and Bing Crosby weren't off the wax that long.

**HANDY ANDY**

Several years ago Tommy Dorsey was seeking a replacement for draft-tapped drummer Buddy Rich. Scouts recommended a handsome, dark-haired, light-eyed youngster then beating the skins for Gus Arnheim. Dorsey listened to the prospect, then summoned the boy and offered him the job. A chance to play with the trombone star was like a golden key to top bracket musical fame, and no ambitious aspirant would ever turn it down. But the drummer boy, confident of his ability, delivered the amazed Dorsey a mild ultimatum. "Gosh, Mr. Dorsey, I'd love to play for you but I think I sing better than I play the drums."

Dorsey grinned and replied. "Sorry, kid, but I've got all the singing I need wrapped up in one lad. Maybe you know him. His name is Sinatra."

The interview ended. Dorsey got another drummer, one without vocal ambitions, and missed out on just about cornering the market on the nation's two hottest swooners. For the determined young drummer is no longer beating a skin, but instead a path to the bank. His name is Andy Russell, and he is closely crowding Messrs. Como and Haymes for second position to the mighty mite, Frank Sinatra.

The day I saw Andy he was in the midst of a tremendously successful personal appearance engagement at New York's Paramount theater, bobby sox sanctum and original scene of the Sinatra phenomenon. Down front were the high school girls who stayed show after show, ignoring dirty looks from impatient ushers. Backstage his dressing room looked like Grand Central station on a holiday eve. Andy's open door policy and his hourly receptions for the faithful on the second floor landing kept the doormen working overtime. In addition to the Andy Russell organized fans—there are now some 30,000 across the country—there were the skeptical Sinatra fans, some still ardently loyal to Frankie, others waver ing, but all curious to see the new voice. "Of course I love these kids," Andy admitted, "but if you think these here are rabid let me tell you about Marion Wassabstein."

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**SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!"**

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury—Wonderful Skin

_A Sonja Henie Ad_

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Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thrill to its cleansing power, to the miraculous new softness, smoothness of your skin! Use it as a powder base to look especially special. It works in the night against dryness like a charm! And only Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.
Marion, explained Andy, is a 15-year-old Bronx girl who went through high school so rapidly that her mother rewarded her with a six months furlough from studies before entering her in college. Marion dedicated this half-year to the memories of Andy. "{Bullets} Sprouts, eastern wing of the fan club. The club does many things for Andy besides filling his mailbag with some 3,000 adoring letters a week. Dissatisfied with the Paramount's marquee billing for their hero, they picketed the theater one Saturday until the management hurriedly constructed signs equaling the size of those given to Alan Ladd.

How did Andy suddenly crowd the swoon sweepstakes?

I asked his personal manager, George "Bullets" Durgom, who used to perform similar chores for Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey.

"One record, just one record, 'Amor' —it sold like hot cakes! " "Bullets" said flatter. "It got us a Blue network show (Tues. and Thurs. 10:15 p.m., EWT), this Paramount date, and a movie offer from Buddy DeSylva."

"And of course, volunteered blonde pretty Gerry Martin, Andy's secretary and personal friend, "Andy's looks helped. When the kids heard Andy they knew he could sing but when they saw how handsome he was, that clinched it."

Our singer is 24 years old, five feet, 11 inches tall. He has wavy black hair, searching, sparkling hazel eyes, and his 170 pounds don't incorporate any soft flesh.

The only reason Andy isn't in uniform is because of a kinkly right arm. It was broken in a handball game and never mended properly. He tried to join the Marines, but was rewarded with a 4-F rating. Andy served a hitch at Lockheed cowering a supercharger on a B-17, and part of the time he entertained fellow workers as a member of

From COLD Discomfort... to WARM Smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of warmth. That quickly helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get a jar—today!

MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub
Alvino Rey's part-time welders, part-time musicians.

Andy found this arrangement neither fish nor fowl and left to become a soloist. He made a pair of records for Capitol, "Amor" and "Besame Mucho." With Sinatra cooling his heels because of the now-ended record ban, Andy's disks for the independent record company intrigued the disk-starved youngsters.

Andy was the second youngest of 11 children of a western movie extra. Of Spanish extraction, Andy's real name is Rabago. The entire family lived in downtown Los Angeles.

At Roosevelt High School Andy became president of the student body. Too shy to sing for schoolmates, he did his singing and drum-playing at private parties. His parents died before he was 16, and his brothers supported him. The boy helped out after school, singing and playing in neighborhood dance bands. His talents came to the attention of Gus Arnheim; the veteran bandleader thought enough of Andy to pay his union dues, buy him a modern set of drums, and pay tutoring fees for a music teacher.

Andy stayed with Arnheim for more than three years, then joined Johnny Richards, another west coast bandleader. Then came Pearl Harbor and Andy tried to enlist.

Not generally known is the fact that Andy was once married. His wife never believed he would make the grade in show business and there were constant squabbles. According to Andy, his wife left him to go back home. They were recently divorced.

A bachelor again, Andy lives in hotels. He's on the coast now planning to make his first movie. I understand he will play opposite Betty Hutton.

The new swooner doesn't drink, smoke or play cards. When he goes to a nightclub either to sing or to have fun, he insists on a midnight curfew.

He admits the bobby sox adoration is the result of a bit of mob psychology, but believes the fad is harmless.

Because he speaks Spanish fluently and stresses Latin tunes, singing them in two languages, his managers believe his movie career will blossom in the post-war Latin American market.

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**GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!**

**Make the "PATCH TEST"!**

See and feel this exciting difference!

**Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!**

In just 30 seconds—half a minute— you can prove Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your whole face refreshed that way! Your whole face instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and compare!

---

Lady Esther—He's the baritone of NBC's World Parade—and his wife have just welcomed cocker spaniel Taffy into the family.
**ALL THE GIRLS ARE PRETTY!**

BY PAULINE SWANSON

Radio Mirror Home and Beauty

There's nothing so helpful as an outside opinion—that's why I stopped over at NBC Hollywood the other day to ask Carlos Ramirez what he thinks of American girls in general and their looks in particular. Perhaps Carlos' opinion isn't entirely an unbiased one—he seems to be as lyrical over American girls as he is at his singing stint on the air—but it's always nice to know what the boys who come from other countries have to say about us.

After five years in America, Carlos Ramirez has stopped being amazed about all but one thing, he says, and that one thing is the beauty of American women. It's not just that American girls are pretty—there are some ravishing ladies in Buenos Aires, too—but it's the fact that all our girls, not just a lucky few, are breath-taking, according to Carlos.

"It's wonderful," he sighed, in that accent that's making girls from coast to coast tear up their pictures of other singers. "In my country, only the rich, the very—what do you call it?—top society girls, are lovely. Here, all the girls are pretty. Ushers, secretaries, shop clerks—all are every bit as good to look at as the—debs, is it?—at the Stork Club."

Just then an NBC usherette walked across the studio stage where the Frank Morgan show, of which Carlos is a part, was in rehearsal. She was slim and blonde and lovely.

Carlos sighed. "You see—that's what I mean."

How do American girls get that way? Carlos says it's a happy miracle that stems somehow from our American democracy. In South America, the girls of the family are still very much shut off from the world. Here, where girls go to school with boys from their very early years, work in offices with men, share community responsibilities with them, they learn early the importance of femininity and cleanliness and charm. And they don't forget about them for a moment.

What amazes Carlos is that American girls achieve beauty with so little effort. He had always thought that it was a serious business, and one which took a lot of time. But here, he points out, girls seem to do a good job at their desks in offices, keep house, raise families—and still maintain their lovely figures, well-groomed hair and fresh perfect make-up.

"Where I come from," he explains, "being beautiful is considered a career all by itself. The other jobs—the cooking and cleaning and baby-minding and typing—they are all left to the ugly ones."

The beautiful women of South America, he goes on, make a full-time job of just being beautiful. The ones who are lovely are rich, so that they don't have to worry about a pay check. And they have servants to keep their houses...
Her lovely hair shines just like jet. No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo
LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!

Only Drene
with Hair Conditioner reveals
up to 33% more lustre than soap
... yet leaves hair so easy to
arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?
No wonder—if you're washing it with cake
soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap
of any sort leaves a soap film which dulls
lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change
to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!
Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's
why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?
Men don't like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?
Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Drene.
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing dandruff the
very first time you use it!

Make a Date with Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour
way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combi-
nation of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo
can give! ✓ Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or
soap-shampoo! ✓ Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth
shining neatness! ✓ Complete removal of dandruff! Insist on Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

Drene Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER
Product of Procter & Gamble
This is Baby Betty
(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue
(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)

This is what happened
(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

It is that Ivory Look...you can have it, too...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today...and watch your skin start to glow—with that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—than all other brands put together

IVORY Soap
99½% pure

Make your Ivory go further. The ingredients that go into soap have vital war uses.
THROUGH the trees bordering the old, uneven pavement of Spring Street, dusty shafts of warm golden light flickered down upon my head as I hurried home. A little boy rattled the fence palings with a stick, laughing to himself at the sound it made. His tiny, shrill voice mingled with the chants of the Murchison girls jumping one-legged through their hopscotch squares.

I didn’t mind going out of my way to avoid them. There’d been a time not so long ago when I had considered the sidewalk my own private playground and woe unto anyone who smeared the chalk marks. Smiling at them, I found myself taking an unnecessarily long step to get back onto the sidewalk. For a second I was puzzled. Why—? Then I realized . . . the old ritual of “Step on a crack, break your mother’s back; step on a nail, your father’s in jail” still guided my feet in childish patterns.

I suppose something of childhood still lingers, even when you’re nineteen and grown-up and engaged—well, practically engaged—to be married. It does, if you’ve grown up in Tilbury.

Not that anyone could call Tilbury a charming town. It was typically midwestern, I suppose, but every empty grassy lot, every street and fence post, had played its part in my heritage. There, at the corner, Philip and I had lingered to post-mortem every school-day; in the shadows of this hedge Philip and Henry McCarthy had waited for me until I had dutifully pounded out the last chords of “Poet and Peasant”; through this little path between our
two houses Aunt Connie McCarthy had brought gifts and advice for a growing, motherless girl; I could see the corner of the porch where Philip had first kissed me.

I loved my town. I loved its leisurely, inevitable pace that carried me—and Philip—to our own niche in the continuity of its life. Someday we would have our own little house with white fence posts and a swinging gate and our children would claim a strip of sidewalk for hop-scotch and marbles.

Perhaps it was the war and the changes, the factory growth, it had brought to Tilbury that made me even more intensely conscious of how deeply integrated I was with the town—as it had been—as it would be once again, when the war was over.

I had reached the gate when the two girls turned the corner toward me. And suddenly, with their coming, Spring Street was an alien place.

We looked at each other curiously, across a distance that was miles wider than the actual twenty feet of pavement. Trailertown girls. Slacks a bit too tight, blouses a little too skimpy, a violent blue kerchief on the girl on the right. They looked at me and I knew what they were thinking. . . knew that I was pale and colorless in my neat sweater and skirt. I didn't care. I would have gone on without a second look—if it hadn't been for the other girl, on the left. I frankly stared.

She was—well, a man would call her a "knockout!" And it was the only word that did her justice. Smoke-black hair foamed around her shoulders, deep, blue eyes were spaced wide apart in a creamy skin, her figure was perfect. Beautiful!—I thought curiously. But as they drew closer I saw, with a sharp let-down, that her eyes were mascara-ringed and her lipsticked mouth too flagrant.

"Looks like you're being inspected, Stephanie." Blue Bandanna's sarcasm was heavy. "Looks like maybe you aren't going to pass inspection—the lady doesn't approve. Now, aren't you ashamed, polluting this clean air with that cheap Chanel perfume? And don't you know that girls on Spring Street should always have shiny noses?" Her giggle was high and scornful, but I saw a blush crimson the girl she called "Stephanie." My own face was burning.

"Shut up, May! . . . but the girl Stephanie tossed her head in defiance all the same, and walked past me like a queen.

I hurried through the gate, angry at them for spoiling the lovely mood of the afternoon. And angrier yet, when I found myself looking into my compact mirror to see if my nose really was shiny!

It had been a long time since I had deliberately, carefully studied my image in a mirror. You get so accustomed to seeing your face; you know just how your thick blonde hair hangs gently curling from its side part—which you haven't changed since high school days; you know the stubborn cowlick near the left temple; the three freckles on your nose—and why bother? Only . . . something about those girl's luscious loveliness made me apologetically conscious of my own tanned, smooth—healthy cameo-like prettiness.

"The wholesome type!" I mocked at myself.

"Mary—did you ever see so much make-up on any one girl's face?" Aunt Connie had come quietly up to her side of our communal fence and was leaning her elbows on it, her eyes following the two down the street. "I'm as grateful as the next one, goodness knows, that they're here in Tilbury to work at the factory. They're needed and I've heard the plant is going to expand even more. But all I can say is—I'm glad the Army's keeping Henry busy and you're old enough to know better than to paint yourself up like a Red Indian," she snorted. "I used to think it was too much for one girl—taking care of your Dad and the house and helping in the Day Nursery, but maybe it keeps you out of mischief, Mary." For all her birdlike appearance, Aunt Connie had sharp eyes and a way of speaking her mind. And a chin. Dad always said: "You can tell from Constance McCarthy's chin she's like a bear-trap. Once she gets someone or something, she'll never let go."

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by a radio story "Autumn Flames", by Jacqueline and Judith Rhodes, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, CBS.

20
It was like a dream, our wedding—and it was over as quickly

But I was fond of her. She wasn't my real aunt, but she'd been good to me. I'd disappointed her only once, and that was when she realized that neither Henry nor I had the slightest romantic inclinations toward each other.

"I know what you mean, Aunt Connie," I told her, slowly. This was an old topic between us. "I'm grateful they've come and lots of them are really nice people. But Tilbury does seem so different."

I was turning away when she stopped me.

"How did the nursery go today?"

A warm glow of pleasure stole through me. "Oh, fine! Four more children today, and I think I've found out what was the matter with Jimmy Styles. He needs glasses—that's why he's seemed so backward. I wrote a note to his mother."

"Glasses! Nonsense! That boy's just not all there, if you ask me." Aunt Connie ran the Day Nursery, just as she ran most of the clubs in town, but in spite of her propensity for good works, I knew she was apt to make snap judgments—and stick by them. This time I hoped I was right. If I wasn't, little Jimmy would be put back with the three-year-olds and he was a sensitive youngster.

I walked onto the porch. Dad wouldn't be home for an hour and dinner was all ready in the oven, so I sat for a while on the step, hugging my knees, trying to recapture that warm, dream-like, contented mood of a while before. But Stephanie kept getting in the way.

I didn't resent the newcomers—with hostility—as Aunt Connie did. Only—the traditions and the patterns of Tilbury, our legends of Indian fighters, our Pioneer Day parade, our pride in General Marvin's statue in the park, our little personal feuds, our neighborly comings-and-goings—these were part of my very bone and tissue. The Trailertown people had their own traditions brought with them from Chicago and Memphis and New York and the farms of Pennsylvania. They weren't ours. Someday they'd go back to their own sidewalks and farms. Someday Tilbury would settle back into its own comfortable grooves again.

At the back of Aunt Connie's hostility was the fear they wouldn't go back. But what was here to attract, say, a girl like Stephanie?

A girl like that—provocative, openly flaunting her good looks—what kind of a girl was she? Did she want the same things I did... marriage, a home, children? What did men think when they saw me, and when they saw her? I remembered girls in high school whispering about glamour and sex appeal and wondering if they had it. It had annoyed me then and it annoyed me now. As long as I had friends who liked me, and a Dad who adored me, and Philip who—but I was shy of even using the word "love" to describe the feeling between Philip and me. We had known each other for so long; grown up together. We had become a part of each other's lives.

I looked down at my shapeless sweater and remembered the tautness of Stephanie's blouse. How could she—?

Suddenly, in the midst of my musing, my breath caught sharply in my throat. That tall figure turning in at the gate—surely I knew that rangy, purposeful stride—that uniform. It couldn't be—! And then all peace and quiet exploded, scattering my dreams, and excitement filled the whole shape of the world.

"Philip! Philip!" His name tore from the gladness in my heart. I ran to meet him, almost unbelievably.

"Mary—darling—we're home again. Ten whole days!"

He caught me around the waist, spinning me both in circles. For a moment I was startled—something of steel and fire had been forged in Philip by his Army life, and gone was the boyish shyness. When he finally set me down I was still in his arms. He bent his head. His kiss lightly brushed my lips, and then again, only this time differently, strongly. My heart pounded. He had never kissed me like this before...

"Break it up—break it up!" Henry's long legs came into view as he vaulted the fence. I tried to pull away, but Philip held me closer.

"What do you care—what difference does it make if he sees me kissing you?" he whispered against my lips. But it did make a difference, and I pulled myself free.

"Hello, Henry," I said, breathlessly, regret—and relief—oddly mingled in my feelings. The urgency in Philip's arms was disturbing. "What goes with you and those green stripes?"

"Just brains, my good woman. Brains and..."

... and my good influence. If I (Continued on page 80)
two houses Aunt Connie McCarthy had brought gifts and ad-
vice for a growing, motherless girl; I could see the corner of the
porch where Philip had first kissed me.
I loved my town. I loved its leisurely, inevitable pace that
carried me—and Philip—to our own niche in the continuity of
its life. Someday we would have our own little house with
white fence posts and a swinging gate and our children would
claim their strip of sidewalk for hopscotch and marbles.
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look—if it hadn't been for the other girl, on the left, I
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She was well, a man would call her a "knockout"! And it
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left temple; the three freckles on your nose—and why
bother? Only... something about that girl's lush loveliness
made me apologetically conscious of my own shaven, smoothly
healthy name-like prettiness.
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the Army's keeping Henry busy and you're old enough to
have a friend, better to paint yourself up as a Red Indian," she
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but maybe it keeps you out of mischief, Mary."
For all her birdlike appearance, Aunt Connie had sharp eyes and a way of
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I was turning away when she stopped me.
"How did the nursery go today?
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more children today, and I think I've found out what was the
matter with Jimmy Styles. He needs glasses—why's he
seemed so different?

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by a radio story "Autumn Flames," by Jacqueline and
Judith Rhodes, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, CBS.
Home, with Hank, meant love and freedom from the
grorr of war to Marjorie—but how could she ever
be free while that horror went on, and she was
no longer helping to make it bearable?
The night I made my last rounds of our base hospital on New Guinea, it rained.

So far as I had been able to find out—and I had waded ashore with the first medical unit, consisting of eight of us army nurses and three surgeons, a few hours after MacArthur's first wave had hit the beach—there are only two kinds of weather on New Guinea. There is rain—torrential, tropical rain which churns the pathways from barracks to hospital into ankle-deep muck. And there is heat—blistering, equatorial heat which dries the mud to choking dust, brings the flies and mosquitoes, and makes pain—always with us in the front line hospital wards—harder to bear than ever.

So I was grateful for rain on my last night on duty.

The drumming of the heavy drops on the new tin roof of the hospital was doubly soothing. The storm brought a cool, damp breeze through the half-open windows, and it shut out the now faint and far away—but still persistent—echo of gun fire.

We had beaten the Japs on New Guinea—the war had long since passed this base and was concentrated on annihilating trapped and hopeless enemy units holding out far in the interior. We had no accurate knowledge of how many were left—headquarters estimated 40,000. They were outnumbered, cut off from supplies, but they were fighting back, and as long as they held out, as long as there was a living Japanese soldier on the island with a gun in his hand we were still a front line hospital, ready to receive casualties. They would come in tonight, as they did every night. We nurses and the doctors waited for them, ready with life-giving plasma and clean bandages and pain-killing drugs. The convalescent wounded, lying so patiently in the rows of steel cots, waited for them too—for first-hand news of progress at the front.

In our newly built, moderately comfortable quarters—especially when rain blotted out the sound of the slaughter up ahead—it was hard sometimes for us to remember that we were living in the very lap of destruction. But we were never allowed to forget for long—not so long as the ambulance ploughed back and forth bringing us the newly fallen.

Most of us in the hospital—doctors, nurses and men alike—had been in New Guinea from the beginning, so long we had come to accept as our normal companions the muck and grime and blood of jungle fighting. The island had been a hell-hole when we invaded, and it was still a hell-hole despite the miraculous job of the construction battalions who had followed the troops' advance and built barracks and this modern hospital where before there had been only native huts in the tangle of thick brush. Not even the skill of the Army Engineering Corps could lick the New Guinea mud—or the heat.

Home, with all it meant of brightly lighted cities, skies free from the roar of enemy planes—and the prosaic but oh-so-important things like warm baths, clean,' pretty clothes, even a mixed green salad—all these seemed very remote to us, and unreal.

Life on New Guinea was life the way it had to be in wartime, and life at home as we remembered it in moments of aching nostalgia was as unattainable as heaven. Oh, I didn't have to come here, of course. I could have stayed in that far-off heaven of home. I didn't want to be here, any more than those boys fighting out in front wanted to—but they had no choice. So how could I, who had been offered the free choice of staying home or coming here, refuse to come, to do all that I could? So many women would gladly have taken my place, but I had the special training of a nurse, and it was nurses the Army needed so badly. So how could I have refused to come here, refused to be sent anywhere that I was needed, anywhere that I could help?

But now, suddenly, heaven had been placed within my reach, and I could not deny that I felt that I had done my part for a while, that I could rest. After twenty-six months in the South Pacific, I had been granted a leave to go home, all the way home, to the United States! I was the first of our original detachment of nurses to be relieved. The official paper which brought me the news had been passed from hand to hand in the hospital, read with a mixture of awe and envy
THERE night I made my last rounds of our base hospital on New Guinea, it rained.
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But now, suddenly, heaven had been placed within my reach, and I could not deny that I felt that I had done my part for a while, that I could rest. After twenty-six months in the South Pacific, I had been granted a leave to go home, all the way home, to the United States! I was the first of our original detachment of nurses to be relieved. The official paper which brought me the news had been passed from hand to hand in the hospital, read with a mixture of awe and envy.
and hope—for if I was getting out, then other replacements must be coming.

I was to board ship tomorrow morning, sail to Hawaii, and there make connections by plane to San Francisco. Twenty-six months of dreaming of home had not prepared me for the reality—I was almost afraid to go back. Would I know how to act so far away from the blood and the guns, I wondered?

My good fortune was too unexpected—I couldn't believe it. I should have been jubilant—but all I could feel as I made my last rounds, said goodbye to the patients and the other members of the staff, was a sense of shame. We had all been through so much together—not one of us but wanted to go home, not one but who deserved a leave. But I was the only one with the magic paper. I began to feel almost a deserter—the fact that I got congratulations everywhere and not a word of accusation only made me unhappier. I was running out; I knew it. The job wasn't done, but I was quitting. These others couldn't quit.

The conviction deepened as I walked slowly through the wards. Men with no legs, men whose faces would be scarred for life, men who couldn't see, greeted me cheerfully. They asked me to take messages home—to telephone a sweetheart or go and see a worried mother—but not one of them said, "Why is it you? Why not I?"

**They** were envious, frankly so. But they weren't resentful. My throat was constricted. I couldn't talk. I could scarcely hold back the tears.

Finally I came to Billy Walters' cot. Billy and I were old friends. He had been wounded on D-Day—not seriously, just a shrapnel wound in the thigh, but he had been hospitalized for several weeks. He had been in the front lines again just three days when he was hit again; that time he was not so lucky. He had lost an arm.

Billy would have been shipped home long ago—but he had asked to stay. There were things he could do, he protested, with one arm.

Headquarters puzzled over the case for weeks before assigning Billy to limited service, in the supply corps. He had gone back to duty again. This time he had come back to us with malaria.

But he wouldn't quit. He insisted that he was going to see it through.

"T'll every Jap is dead," he told us.

He grabbed my hand, as I leaned over his bed.

"San Francisco," he said, "and he couldn't keep the longing out of his voice. Then he smiled broadly.

"I'm going to see the Golden Gate bridge for me, Miss Rand," he said. "And phone my ma, will you? Tell her I'm good as new."

That did it. The tears would come.

I ducked hastily into the record room and closed the door.

"They're just kids," I said aloud, to no one but myself, "it's not fair."

But I was not alone.

On any other night Dr. Dekker, who had charge of the hospital on the night watch, would have been in the surgery—operating. Tonight, probably because the rain had delayed the ambulances, he was making out reports.

He looked up as I spoke, and looked at me.

"What's not fair?" he said.

"That I'm getting out of here," I answered. "I'm healthy and whole, but I'm quitting. While those kids who have been sweating it out just as long as I have, and who are hurt besides—have to sweat it out. They can't quit."

"You're not quitting, Lieutenant," he replied gently. "You're being relieved... and you're not as healthy and whole as you think. I'll make it official if you like. Lieutenant Marjorie Rand... battle fatigue... treatment: San Francisco."

He was not joking. I would have hated him for joking—for the reports he was signing were not funny: "Sergeant John Anderson, wounded in action..."; "Private William Levine, amputation right leg above knee..."; "Private Jan Abrodigan, died at base hospital of wounds received in action..."

"Perhaps you're right," I admitted.

"But you're tired too."

He looked tired, more tired in repose than when he worked long hours under the bright operating lamp. He should be tired, I thought. I remembered our first night on the island when Dr. Dekker had operated by lantern light on the open beach. My friend, Ann Llewellyn, had died that night—shot by a sniper while she held the lantern for the surgeons to work. Dr. Dekker had stopped work only long enough to place Ann's lantern in my shaking hands. His hands had been calm. The soldier in whose ribs he had been probing for an undischarged shell, recovered.

Dr. Dekker wasn't going home. And I shouldn't go. I couldn't. I tried to explain how I felt.

"Nonsense," he said. "If there were no one to take your place, Miss Rand, you would stay. But a detachment of nurses is coming in on the boat which will take you out of here. You deserve..."
I didn't know what to say. In all the times I had dreamed of "doing the town" the way my crowd used to do before the war, the men I imagined as my escorts were all vague, shadowy boy friends scarcely remembered from the past. It had never occurred to me to think of Dr. Dekker—or anyone else exiled with me in New Guinea—as a companion in a peacetime world.

Dr. Dekker... all the other doctors and the hundreds and hundreds of soldiers who had come and gone from the hospital since we arrived in the South Pacific were closer to me than just friends. We had lived in an unromantic, disillusioning kind of intimacy—revealing to one another our most deeply hidden fears and cowardices, as well as our occasional moments of stature and courage. We had the deepest kind of respect for one another—but we—at least I—had never thought of my co-workers, my fellow-exiles, in a personal sense—as possible husbands or lovers. All that I had put behind me when I came into the front lines. Romance, in the sense of love and ultimate marriage, just didn't mix with war. All the nurses felt that. We all hoped to get back home before it was too late, to meet the right man, men who could put our warped, one-sided existence on a normal footing—some day, after the war was won. For now, there was work. And more work.

It may seem strange that women working with thousands of men, living under fire with them, should think of love as something reserved for another world. But to us the men we saw every day were a part of the job—all of them, the hurt little boys, the brave, determined men, the indefatigable doctors, the nurses. Even if we had wished, to attempt any sort of social life. We would have been too exhausted, even if we were allowed, to leave the barbed wire barricades which enclosed the nurses' barracks in search of romance. Romance could come later. For, as long as the war lasted, we knew our lives had room for only work and sleep, and never enough of the latter.

But now, because I was going home, back where women were rested and attractive and desirable, Dr. Dekker was thinking of me as a human being. Something that had been deadened for a long time fluttered in my own heart. A man—an attractive man, I realized suddenly—wanted to know me as a woman. I blushed, violently.

The doctor smiled.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "You think I've forgotten how to have fun. But I assure you I am a good dancer—once I get out of these muddy boots. And I know all the places to go in San Francisco—The Top O' The Mark, Jack's, Izzy Gomez."

"But Izzy's is closed. Izzy died," I said, falling into his mood. His trick had worked. He had made San Francisco real for me again.

"Well, we'll find a new place," he said.

"I wish we could," I said earnestly. Dr. Dekker suddenly was a person to me, too. Not just a coldly efficient machine, useful for healing wounds but as sexless as his instruments. I found I liked him. As a man.

"It would be fun," I added.

"Don't forget then," he said. "I'll see you there."

And he turned back to the stack of reports on his desk.

"See you there," I echoed, and I left him.

My heart was singing an unaccustomed song as I waded through the steaming mud to the nurses' barracks.

Once past the black-out door I found the dormitory bright with light. Seven nurses who would go on duty in a few hours—and who should have been asleep—were waiting for me. They had planned a party.

They had all brought presents—the macabre sort of presents which are available in a war zone: Japanese knives and guns, a piece of Japanese flag, shell casings. There were a few practical gifts: cigarettes from the PX and seasick pills and cleansing tissues. The PX had been raided, too, for the colored jelly-beans with which June Manning had spelled out my name on a chocolate cake she had just received from home. Strong, black coffee was brewing on the bunson burner. My friends thought my last night on the island was important enough to merit the sacrifice of a whole night's desperately needed sleep.

I was engulfed in love and gratitude, and once again that touch of shame. Once again I was face to face with heroes who had to stay and take it. These girls were as selfless as the wounded boys in the wards. They envied me my great good luck, they admitted that. But they were glad—and not resentful—that I was going home. "I will never forget you," I told them, huskily, as I parted from them at dawn for (Continued on page 68)
He was the first person I saw after I boarded the train.

The day coaches were jammed with Sunday night travelers, and I had been pushed along with the crowd, having a hard time managing both Robbie and the suitcase. The bag was heavy, and Robbie was fretful from the long wait at the gates, and sleepy. So when I saw an empty single seat, I slid into it gratefully without even glancing at the occupant of the space next to the window. It wasn't until I'd gotten the baby settled on my lap and his coat unbuttoned, and the suitcase somehow wedged in front of us, that I turned to look at him. When I did, my heart turned over.

He was a sailor. He was lying back with his eyes closed, as if too tired to know or care what went on around him. There were service ribbons on his chest, several with combat stars, and a Purple Heart. His left arm was in a sling. And—it could have been Bob.

The uniform, of course, was the same. There was the rumpled blond hair, the same length of body and breadth of shoulder. But it was more than that. There was something in the shape of his face, not handsome, but good and strong—in the set of his mouth... the breath caught in my throat, a choked pang.

"Mummy—I wanna drinka water," Robbie demanded.

"In a minute, darling," I answered absenty, still staring.

The sailor's eyes opened and, for a second, looked straight into mine. Even they were the same, gray. Then he knuckled his eyes to his brow and swung it easily into the rack over our heads. Then he offered me his seat next to the window. I tried to refuse. "No, take it," he insisted. "It'll give you more room for the kid... Hello, there, fellow." And, ever so gently, he knuckled Robbie under the chin.

Robbie stared at him solemnly. He loved uniforms—especially the Navy's. Then he dimpled and made an awkward swing with his own little fist.

"Hey," he said.

Bob. He's so like Bob. It's just as if he were back again, here beside me.

There was a sudden loud hiss of escaping steam that seemed to come from directly beneath us. I jumped a little—but the sailor leaped clear out of his seat into the aisle. His face had gone perfectly white, and for an instant he glanced wildly from left to right. Then his terror passed, and with a sort of tense embarrassment, he lowered himself back into the seat. Other passengers were looking at him curiously, some even laughing.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "Sort of jumpy, I guess."

"It scared me, too," I said quickly.

He didn't answer. He lay back against the seat, and I saw the perspiration on his forehead. His hands were trembling and he was trying, desperately, to keep them still. I wanted to cry.

The train started, but the sailor didn't move. He just lay there as if exhaused at the time. I looked him over, trying to catch those eyes to Robbie's insistent demands for attention. I finally got him to look out of the window, hoping the monotony of the moving blankness would soothe him, and in a little while he fell asleep. "He's a cute kid. How old is he?"

I TURNED to the sailor. The color had come back to his face and that awful shaking had stopped. He was looking at me with grave, steady gaze.

"Three and a half," I said. "But he's big for his age, and sometimes he does look older than he is. I work all day, so I don't have much time with him, and he's kind of spoiled."

"Your husband in the service?"

"Bob was in the Navy," I said, and stopped. Then I went on. "On the Arizona. He was killed at Pearl Harbor."

There was silence for just a moment. Then he said, softly, "I'm sorry." I don't know what made me do it, but I found myself saying, "You remind me of him, in a way. You're about the same age and you've got the same coloring and build. That's why I was staring at you so rudely when we first got on. It's sort of startled me."

"Sure. It would. I'm sorry he's not still around."

It was so simple, the way he said it. So sincere, and so different from the empty phrases people had tried to say to me. But there was the sort of thing Bob himself would have said. I felt the quick sting of tears back of my eyelids and I had to turn my head away for a moment. Then, suddenly, I wanted to talk, to tell this stranger all about Bob, and me, and the baby.

We'd been married not quite two years, I told him. Bob had been in the Navy when I'd met him, and everybody told me sailors didn't make good husbands—they were never home for long at a time and besides, people said, remember about that girl in every port. It was true about Bob's not being home much, but that was all that sound out. I loved him, and I'd loved him and our marriage, short and interrupted though it was, had been a happy one. He saw his son only once, in October, 1941.

When the news of his death came, the world just stopped for me. Not even the song on the radio, or the sound of the car, or the rain, or the dark and arid outside, or the train rolling by. I just couldn't believe it. I just couldn't believe it.

Then we'd been to see Bob's mother. She was very old, and bedridden, and she loved the baby dearly. So though it meant taking a late train, I went back Sunday night. I just wanted to see her as often as I could.

All of this came out naturally as if I'd known the sailor all my life. The car was quieter now, with the lights dim and people dozing, and the only sound was the hoot of the whistle. With the darkness rushing by outside, made it like a little island where only we two were. Thoughts and feelings, usually unspoken, seemed shared and understood in some mysterious, timeless way.

But he didn't say anything. He held me up; he'd gotten hurt, and I had the feeling he'd never talked about it to anyone before. His ship had been hit during action in the Pacific, and

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by "Juliet Suffered Too", a radio play by Rosamund Du Jardin, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, CBS.
Seeing Ted was like the opening of a door into a new life for Delia—he was so terribly like Bob, whom she had loved so much, but who was dead.
he'd been hurt in the explosion. When he'd come to, he was in the water and had stayed there for twenty hours before being picked up. "The Japs were strafing us most of the time," he said unemotionally. He'd been in the hospital a long time, and had just now been honorably discharged for disability.

"I got to thinking there in the hospital," he said, "that I didn't have anything to come back to. I haven't any folks, and no wife, no girl, even. And I determined when I got out, I was going to make something of my own that would always be there. I want my own business, and a home and kids of my own. Something that's mine, for always."

He'd been an accountant before the war, and had studied some more in the Navy, and now he didn't want to work for anybody else but to free lance. It might be hard getting started, but he was going back to Ruxton where he'd worked before enlisting and where he knew people.

"Ruxton! That's where I live," I cried.

"That's swell. Maybe you'll let me come and see you again . . ."

"Of course," I said happily. "Any time." What difference did it make if we'd met so casually, complete strangers to one another? I felt I knew him better than anybody else in the world, and a thrill of excitement went through me at the thought of seeing him again.

It was midnight when we reached Ruxton. My new friend insisted on carrying my suitcase with his duffle-bag, in spite of only one good arm, and I followed with Robbie. We had to push and shove our way through the milling crowd around the taxi stand. When we finally got into a cab, I noticed he was trembling again as he had on the train. There was something so pathetic about the way he clenched his hands together to keep them still, that I cried impulsively:

"You're tired! You shouldn't have carried those two bags—"

"I'm all right," he cut me off shortly. Almost in defiance he added, "It's just that people crowding me—I don't know, I get mad whenever anything gets in my way. I seem to want to hit out or yell at them or something. And then I get the shakes, like I did at that noise on the train. It's stupid."

"It's because you've been in the war and been hurt. You'll get over it." I wanted to reach out and touch those rigidly clasped hands.

"That's what the docs say. They call it battle nerves. . . . But it sure makes you feel a fool when it happens."

We stopped in front of my house, and he carried my bag up to the porch while the taxi waited to take him to the YMCA. We stood there for a moment, looking at each other over Robbie's sleepy little head. "Can I call you tomorrow?" he said finally as if he were asking the biggest favor in the world.

"Of course. I'll be home from work about seven." Then as he started down the steps, a sudden thought made me call softly "Sailor!" He stopped and turned. "I don't even know your name!"

We both laughed a little hysterically. "Ted Chaney," he called back. "What's yours?"

"Delia Carpenter. Goodnight, Ted."

He came the next night and we sat in Mrs. Hazelton's living room and talked. He had been that day to see his former employer, who had promised to give him his books to audit when he opened his office. There were others who promised to do the same.

"That's a wonderful start!" I cried. "Pretty soon you'll have that business of your own that you want so much."

"And then the home and kids of my own—" He paused and seemed to be thinking something over. Then he looked straight at me and said, "I'll tell you something funny. Yesterday I was sitting there on the train, feeling lousy and thinking I'd never get the things I really wanted, and then I opened my eyes and saw you looking at me and—well, all of a sudden I felt good. I mean, it was as if after all I did have something to come home to. A girl like you, so pretty . . . And when we talked, you seemed to understand what I meant without my having to put it into words even . . ."

I didn't answer. I couldn't.

I guess you think it's pretty fresh for me to be talking like this," he went on. "I know that if I didn't make you think of your husband, you wouldn't have paid any attention."

"Please. That's wrong. I mean—at first, you did remind me of Bob. You still do. But after we got to talking, I felt I wanted to know you not because you were like Bob, but because you were Ted Chaney. You stopped being him and were just you."

Those serious gray eyes lighted with something I'd never seen in them before. "You mean that?"

"Yes, Ted. It's true."

And as I saw more of him, it grew even more true. Out of uniform, he looked less like Bob. They were the same age and they had the same coloring, but that was all. He was no longer Bob at all. He was Ted—the man I loved.

For we both knew from that first night that we loved each other. The first time he kissed me, after we'd known each other about two weeks, he told me so. "I haven't got any right asking you to marry me yet," he said. "I just want you, with not much money except the veteran's compensation, and half shot up like I am—but, oh darling, I want you so much!"

"And I want you. You'll soon be well, you'll soon be making money. There's—only one thing, Ted. Robbie. I know how much you want children but you've got to want him, too—another man's child?"

It was as if my whole life waited on his answer. If he didn't want my baby, then I couldn't marry him. Much as I loved him, I'd give him up and never see him again.

But Ted grabbed me and held me close. "Sure I want him. He's part of you, isn't he? And pretty soon we'll give him some brothers and sisters to play with."

Maybe we should have waited a while, till Ted was better established. I don't know. It seemed then as if we'd never wait. We loved each other, we'd both been lonely so long and, in our separate ways, hurt by life. It seemed right that we should start making a new, whole life together right away, start from the beginning. We decided that I should give up my job, in spite of the fact there wouldn't be much more going. There was a little two-bedroom house not too far out that we could rent.

"And you can have your office in the front room!" I said enthusiastically. "That will save renting one some place else."

"I don't know," Ted said doubtfully. "I'm going to have to work awfully hard."

"But you can do it at home just as well as not. Think of the money it will save us. What with the furniture we'll have to buy and everything—oh, darling, it would be silly not to. Besides, this way you'll be home all the time, where Robbie and I can see you and get you well. Please, Ted . . ."

And so he gave in.

Robbie was terribly excited about the whole thing. He'd never had a daddy like other kids, and I explained to him how now he would. He was coming on the train ride. There were a few friends; Robbie was the ring-bearer. And as I stood there beside Ted and heard the minister say the solemn words that would bind us together for as long as we each should live, it was like being re-born into a new and happy world.
Here is the story, in pictures, of this lovable small-town mother, and her children and friends.

EVEY, Ma Perkins' elder daughter, is the wife of Willy Fitz, who helps to operate Ma's lumber yard. Evey has become a contented, efficient housewife, quite capable of managing her excitable husband and her precocious, unpredictable son Willy Jr. (Played by Laurette Fillbrandt and Bobby Ellis)

Ma Perkins is broadcast every day at 1:15 CBS, 3:15 NBC, EWT
MA PERKINS, wise, lovable, kindly, is almost a member of every family in her home town, Rushville Center. Older people come to her for quiet hours of friendship, and her many young friends know that she can always be relied on for a shrewd and humorous point of view, for honest advice on the perplexing problems that are constantly tangling their lives. And still Ma manages to take an active part in running the lumber yard that she and Shuffle Shober own.

(Ma Perkins is played by Virginia Payne)
FAY PERKINS, Ma's younger daughter, has been both father and mother to her own little three-year-old daughter, Paulette, since the death, several years ago of her husband, Paul Henderson. Fay, still very young, has fallen deeply in love with young and handsome Gary Curtis; but their happiness has been gravely threatened by both Stella Carlon and Gladys Pendleton. Ma's calm judgment and instinctive understanding have helped solve many problems for this young couple.

(Fay Perkins is played by Cheer Brentson)
STELLA CARLON, Burt Carlon’s sister, has led an unhappy life. She hoped that Gary might want to take her into a better one. (Marilou Neumayer)

SHUFFLE SHOBER, Ma’s partner in the lumber business, has been her close friend for many years. Shuffle is a bachelor, with his own share of shrewdness and humor—which he needs more than ever now that Willy Fitz is helping him with the management of the yard. (Played by Charles Egelston)

GLADYS PENDLETON is the richest girl in town, the daughter of Mathilda and Augustus. Cheated of happiness in her first marriage, she is constantly in search of it. For a time she thought that she might find it with Gary Curtis, but that hope, too, is now gone. (Patricia Dunlap)

MATHILDA PENDLETON is the wife of the town’s richest man, but she leads a sad, disappointed, empty life. (Beverly Younger)
BURT CARLON claimed he remained in Rushville Center because of Fay. Ma is suspicious of Burt, and his interest in Fay made her uneasy. (Jack Petrucci)

WILLY FITZ, Evey's colorful husband, is one of Shuffle's biggest problems. He loves his work at the lumber yard, and he is always coming up with a new, unorthodox idea—but Willy's brainstorms invariably lead to complications both for himself and for everyone who knows him.

(Played by Murray Forbes)

GARY CURTIS, a young bachelor, is one of the very few people with whom Ma has ever come close to losing patience. She has fought long and hard to help Gary to think clearly, to find a new faith, and to kindle anew his desire to take his rightful place in society.

(Rye Billsbury)

AUGUSTUS PENDLETON, the richest and most unloved man in town, has always been vicious and grasping.

(Maurice Copeland)
STELLA CARLON, Burt Carlon's sister, has led an unhappy life. She hoped that Gary might want to take her into a better one.
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(Played by Murray Forbes)

GARY CURTIS, a young bachelor, is one of the very few people with whom Ma has ever come close to losing patience. She has fought a long and hard battle to help Gary to think clearly, to find a new faith, and to kindle anew his desire to take his rightful place in society.
(Rye Billsbury)

BURT CARLON claimed he remained in Rushville Center because of Fay. Ma is suspicious of Burt, and his interest in Fay made her uneasy.
(Jack Petruzzi)
THE MIND and the heart are often enemies," a great man wrote once.

The mind tells you the honest, sensible thing to do—but the heart cries out against it. . . .

I knew the truth of that as I re-read the telegram. John was coming home today. After nearly three years. . . . Something like fire ran through my veins and caught at my heart. I loved him so terribly. And I had no right to. John belonged to Charlotte Adams. Charlotte—who is one of the kindest persons on earth, and had been like an older sister to me these last three years.

I tucked the wire carefully in my sweater pocket and slipped out of the house. Automatically I turned in the direction of my "woods." For years I've gone there when I wanted to think things out alone. Actually, of course, the "woods" are just a part of the great Yorkville Zoo, where Dad is superintendent and curator. Giant sycamores arch overhead with the wind making a soft hum through their branches. I threw myself on the ground and looked up at one of them. *John was coming home*. . . . The words were a kind of symphony as I whispered them.

He couldn't think of me as a child now, somebody in pigtails and pinafore who used to tag along after him and Dad on their expeditions into the mountains. Dad often said that John Winters would be one of the great naturalists of his time. But I had paid little attention to that, because to me John was the fellow who could beat Doodles Weaver playing a mouth organ and out-tapdance any of the kids my own age—at least, that was what John was to me until the night of my sixteenth birthday.

It's odd how a small incident can make you intensely aware, all of a sudden, of someone you've known most of your life, but since my sixteenth birthday I had known that John was the man I wanted to marry. . . .

It had been touched with magic, that night. Dad was giving me a birthday party and I wore my first long dress. A blue taffeta with sweeping bouffant skirt and black velvet bows at the throat and on the sleeves. I had dressed hours early so that I could feel the swish of it around my legs. Dad threw back his head and laughed in that hearty way he had. "Take it easy, Betsy, or you'll have it worn out by the time the party begins!" He put his arm around me and gave me a little pat. "I wish your mother had lived to see you as you are now, honey. You have hair the same color as hers was—red gold. And the same teasing brown eyes, the same little half-smile." He turned away suddenly and I knew it was to hide his eyes. "I'd want you to have her wisdom. . . ."

The Right Girl

Would John care that it was for him that Bets had tried to grow wise and lovely—
to be a woman, when he, a man, came back?

*A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR*
I kissed the tip of his chin. It occurred to me then, as it often did, how lonely he must be for mother. She died while I was still very young, but I remember how they worshipped each other.

"Get along now, child," Dad said. "Better give Nemo his banana or he'll be tearing down his cage."

In all the excitement of preparing for the party I had forgotten about Nemo, my little pet raccoon, and his daily ration of bananas. I flew out of the cottage and down to the big enclosure that housed the raccoons. There was Nemo waiting, his cute little face stuck between the bars. Like a spoiled child he grabbed the bananas and hurried over to his little "lake" to wash them just as he did everything else that came into his possession. (I've even seen him wash pebbles and lay them out on the stones to dry!)

It was late twilight by then, the time of day I liked best in the Zoo. There was a curious sense of peace and friendliness there. I had grown up with young animals—dingoes and zebras and even a baby black bear—as playmates. I had pet names for all of them. This was my little world and I loved it. And John and Charlotte were part of that world, sharing its joys with me.

As I stood there drinking in the moment, I heard a step—John had come silently up behind me. He looked very tall in the dusk, with his dark hair crisply on end, and his blue eyes full of fun. "Why Bets," he exclaimed, "you're beautiful! And looking so grown up! . . . Here, see if these go with your dress." He handed me a florist's box and I opened it with trembling fingers. Inside were giant pink camellias, almost waxlike in their perfection of form and color.

"Oh John," I said breathlessly, "they are so lovely!" I pinned one in my hair and the others at my waist. "How does that look?"

"Wonderful!" He stood looking down at me for a long moment. Then he tipped up my chin and kissed me. "Happy birthday, Bets," he said gently.

I could not move. It was as if that kiss had unlocked something hidden inside me. Something overwhelming. . . . I was in love with John. Deeply, in the secret places of my heart, I knew with a sure, certain knowledge that I belonged to him for all time. And happiness surged through me such as I had never known.

Standing there in the soft twilight, we seemed apart from the rest of the world. Something of what I was feeling must have shown in my face because he said in quickened tones, "Never lose that light in your eyes,
I kissed the tip of his chin. It occurred to me then, as it often did, how lovely he must be for mother. She did while I was still very young, but I remember how they worshipped each other.

"Get along now, child," Dad said. "Better give Nemo his banana or he'll be tearing down his cage."

In all the excitement of preparing for the party I had forgotten about Nemo, my little pet raccoon, and his daily ration of bananas. I flew out of the cottage and down to the big enclosure that housed the raccoons. There Nemo was waiting, his cute little face lit up with joy. He quickly accepted the banana and began to eat it, jumping up and down with excitement.

As I stood there watching the scene in front of me, I heard a step that drew my attention. It was John, coming towards me with a smile on his face.

"John," I said breathlessly, "they are so lovely!" I pinned one in my hair and the others at my waist. "How does that look?"

"Wonderful!" He stood looking down at me for a moment. Then he tipped up my chin and kissed me. "Happy birthday, Bet," he said gently. I could not move. It was as if that kiss had unlocked something hidden inside me. Something overwhelming.

Standing there in the soft twilight, we seemed apart from the rest of the world. Something of what I was feeling must have shown in my face because he said in quickened tones, "Never lose that light in your eyes.

Would John care that it was for him that Bets had tried to grow wise and lovely—to be a woman, when he, a man, came back?..."
Bets. It's so young and brave."

My heart cried out, John, don't you see? Don't you understand, darling? I love you.

But he resumed his light, teasing banter and the spell was broken. "I suppose," he said, "that I'll have to wade through the whole football squad from your high school to get a dance with you. Well, don't forget the first one is mine!"

I WAS still just little Bets McCall to him. If I had tried to tell him how I felt he would have been embarrassed and tender and sweet—and unbelieving. But even at sixteen it is possible to know the difference between a youthful "crush" and real love. And I knew it that night.

The evening seemed to drift by in a dream. Charlotte was at the party, of course, looking serene and dear. She was a quiet little person who was as much a part of our family life as John. They had done research work together ever since their graduation from college. Often the Government's Biological Survey Department called on them to do special jobs, and once given them animals by the U. S. Biological Survey to save a large herd of Barbary sheep which had suddenly taken to eating poison. They are the friendliest animals in the world, these sheep. And instead of dodging John and Charlotte, as I had meant to do, I found myself tagging along with them in an effort to help. John came upon me once with a young ewe in my lap. "Look," I said earnestly, "I think this one is a manic-depressive." I was not sure what the word meant, but I had heard Dad use it. John roared with laughter and I flushed, not knowing whether the hand on my shoulder. "You may be right at that, Bets," she said gently. "You've always had a way with animals. I think I'll make you my assistant."

That was how I came to work with her after John went back to camp. It was fine with Bets and I. I had been around animals only as pets and playmates. But under Charlotte's direction, I was beginning to take a scientific interest in them. And a strange thing happened. I had tried so hard to hate Charlotte for "taking" John from me. But with the years I was drawn closer to her. After D-Day, when we did not hear from John for months, it was Charlotte I clung to in a frenzy of desperation.

And now John was coming home. My heart pounded heavily as I lay there on the grass. Would he change? Would Charlotte change?... Would he still be the same?... Had the war left off? Would he realize how much I had changed... that I was no longer a child?

Looking up at the arched trees of my woods, I felt scalding tears in my eyes. How could I face the situation, loving John the way I did? His long absence had done nothing to lessen my feeling. If it had been a mere "romantic notion," a teen-age infatuation, it would have faded long before this... I had met hundreds of soldiers at the different canteens, danced with them, made dates with them. I was as if I had locked myself up with the memory of John. I had honestly tried to put him out of my heart. I was still trying, even now, when I knew that in a short time John would be here. But it was like trying to do away with a living, breathing, real person. Presently I realized that someone was coming up, the path behind the clump of fire bushes. It sounded like someone very old, because the footsteps were faltering, unsure. I sat up hastily and dried my eyes. I didn't want to see anyone—certainly didn't want anyone to catch me crying. But there was no time to escape now. It was a tall man. A man in a carefully pressed uniform and overseas cap, leaning heavily on a cane as he walked.

Fear caught at my heart and wrenched it, before I knew the reason for the fear—before I knew that it was John. My John who had always moved with the supple grace of a panther. He came toward me awkwardly. "Bets," he said, questioningly, shyly, as a person will who is not sure that he has been heard and understood.

A little cry broke from me as I ran to him. John was back again! Nothing else mattered. We held each other, unable to speak.

"Oh darling," I said at last. "We—expected you later. We were all going down to the station. But—" I knew. I knew he had the earlier train on purpose. —I—well, I sort of wanted to get the feel of things first." His smile was curiously detached. There was something about it that hurt me.

"I wanted to be all dressed up for you, John! And look at me...

Then he asked abruptly, "Where is Charlotte?" I saw his hands were trembling. I covered them with my own. "She is waiting for you, John," I said quietly. "Let me get the car and drive you over to her apartment."

"NO, no. It's only around the block. I'll walk."

Dear God, this is what the war has done to him, I thought as I watched him go. It isn't just that he has lost his life or his hot brand of humor... He needs me now more than he does Charlotte! I'm— younger, stronger, I can do more for him! I've got to make him see that!

It was a wild, exultant hope touched with bitterness. Because I hated Charlotte. And Dad had always wanted me to do anything without her guidance. I spoke to Dad about it one evening when I could not stand it any longer. Dad was sitting in the kitchen cleaning his pipe while I cleared the supper table. Suddenly I blurted out, "Dad, how long will you take before John is his old self again?"

I'll never forget the quizical look Dad gave me. "He'll come around all right. Don't worry."

"He refused that commission from the Game Preservation board today. You know, to handle that new herd of bison they're going to try out in the
again, his old lumber jacket and high boots. He looked terribly thin. There were hollows under his cheek bones and his eyes were unsteady. But his grin was the same—for the first time since he'd come back. "Hi, folks," he said. "It seems I am about to have a guest! Would you like to go down to the station with me to meet him, Bets?"

"Who is he?"

His grin widened. "One of the fanciest little chimp's in the country! Name's Jimmy. Eleven months old and full of the devil. An agent wrote me about him and I thought—well, I thought perhaps I could get enough material from training him to finish that article I started writing on monkeys several years ago."

Dad clapped his shoulder enthusiastically. "Fine, John! We can keep him in that special cage next to the monkey house. Go along with him, Bets—I'll finish up here."

But at the station the expressman looked troubled when we asked about Jimmy. "He's here all right, Cane c. o. d. all the way from Florida. But I've never seen a sicker animal. That's him over there."

John made his way between the crates, stumbling a little. Then we were both peering down at a brown bundle, lying on a straw bed, in the bottom of a big box. Jimmy turned red, tortured eyes to us. His breath came in hard gasps. "Pneumonia," John said. "Poor little devil."

"You don't have to accept delivery," the expressman said slowly. "You can send him back."

"He'd die on the road," John's voice was sharp. "Can you get him in the trailer on the back of the car?"

"It will cost you an awful lot—and the chimp probably will be dead by morning."

"Get him on that trailer!" This was the old John, taking command of the situation. I had never loved him more, much as I did in that moment. A lot of money—and John did not have very much. But he would pay it all to try to save a sick little chimp. . . .

We worked over Jimmy all night. The vet who look care of most of the animals at the zoo said he had about a thousand-to-one chance of pulling through. The defeated look had come into John's face again, as if he felt everything must go wrong for him. I couldn't stand it. On an impulse I went to him, and touched his cheek.

"John, you can save him. You can do anything you want to. I've always known that. When I was thirteen I used to think you were a kind of god. Animals worshipped you. Even that black wolf you tamed. Remember? He had been so wild—and you got him so that he tagged after you like a dog. I worshipped you too, John. I always will..."

I had not meant to say that last. But I could not help myself. Almost without will our lips met. (Continued on page 77)
Bitterness and misunderstanding may mar the home-coming of your serviceman if you are not fully prepared to help him re-establish himself in normal living

There isn’t a soldier anywhere who doesn’t dream about coming home. Believe me, I know how you dream about it.

I dreamed too. No, that’s wrong. It’s not dreaming exactly. It’s thinking. It’s thinking constantly of the things you took so much for granted. At night, in some muddy hole, you’d think about a real, honest-to-goodness bed with clean white sheets and the warmth you could never seem to get where you were. When you ate, you always thought of the way tables looked at home, white linen, sparkling dishes and shining silver. And the food—you thought a lot about that.

No, it’s not dreaming. It’s an obsession with every man at the front, the constant comparison between the uncomfortable, sleepless, changing present and the same, safe and comfortable life he has left behind him. I think every soldier at some time has sent this prayer climbing up the steep:

Dear God, let me get home all right and I’ll never gripe again!

Well, I got home. I got home, and everything looked the same but it wasn’t the same. I wasn’t the same either, I guess. And this is no gripe. It’s an attempt to tell you how the soldier you know may feel when he comes home.

A funny thing happens when you’ve fought in the war. You change. You grow up fast and get tougher—not mean, but able to take lots of things you couldn’t take before. You get so you can stand on your own two feet. You learn that the lives of lots of men may depend on how well you can stand on your own feet. I learned that. All the men who’ve seen action and met the enemy have learned it the hard way and well.

Yet, all the time you’re learning this, when you think about home, you think about its being the same as when you left. You think about how it will be. You think about the things you’ll say and do. You think about it a lot. Then you come home and it isn’t like that at all. This is how it is. This is how it’s been for lots of the soldiers I know.

Men discharged for dependency reasons are perhaps the luckiest ones. Most people are anxious to help them locate jobs and places to live. There are always a few people who make remarks about their being goldbricks and getting out of the Army on false pretenses but not many. Such people usually have someone in the Army themselves and are a little jealous. Some people of course are too anxious to help, and that too can be bad. After awhile, these people begin to make the boys feel foolish or as if they need charity. Still, men in this classification are pretty lucky and get jobs without too much trouble or fuss. Most people understand and are kind.

But thousands of men are being discharged every month from the Armed Forces, and very few of them are released because of dependencies. The majority are men who have seen service in combat and who have been wounded, or men who have suffered what is called “battle fatigue,” or men who have turned out to be psychologically unsuited to the job of soldiering. This last category is a tough one to be in, tough in all ways.

In the Army there are jokes about “Section 8” which is what the psychopathic wards in GI hospitals are called. It seems to me there are always jokes everywhere about psychopathic wards. It also seems to me that this is nothing to joke about, especially in the Army, because I know that many of the men who find themselves in Section 8—for observation, or because of battle fatigue—are not crazy by a long shot. The Army doctors don’t think they’re crazy or irresponsible and neither do their buddies. They don’t get along in the Army, sure, and they are nervous and dependable under stress. But don’t many civilians go to pieces when they’re in the wrong job? And remember the Army is a plenty tough job.

A Section 8 discharge, however, seems to be the worst kind to get. Like a guy I know. I’ll call him Joe because that’s not his name. Joe was a nice guy, not a goldbrick, and sincere about soldiering. But the first time he went into actual battle maneuvers he cracked—and not because he was a coward. The simulated chaos of battle conditions confused and bewildered him. He tried. He tried so hard he bit his lip through and sobbed and cursed himself at the same time. He had a job to do and fell down on it. The knowledge of his failure coupled with the shock he received broke him completely.

Joe was sent to the hospital and was put in Section 8. After awhile he was discharged. To tell the truth, most of his Company was glad for him. He had no business in the Army in the first place. They didn’t think he was mentally deranged or insane. He just couldn’t take it.

I ran into Joe a couple of weeks ago in New York. That was a funny place for him to be, because his home was in the Middle West. Joe was bucking that Section 8 discharge. His employers had questioned him when he went for his old job—and they regretted it very much but there was no job for anyone with—to put it mildly—an unbalanced mind. Joe’s a quiet guy and he took that. He had to take a lot more of the same thing though, before he finally landed a job with a sensible employer who realized that the Army wouldn’t release anyone who was insane, or incompetent, or dangerous.

That’s a bad thing, that attitude toward Section 8 discharges. When I think of all the people in civilian life who are being psychoanalyzed and brag about it and tell you about their maladjustments and phobias all the time and hold down responsible jobs without anyone questioning them, I get mad. The men discharged from the Army because they couldn’t make the
necessary mental adjustments shouldn't be punished for something that isn't their fault. Some people can't make adjustments as easily as others. Some people never can become adjusted to certain things. And other people, who can make adjustments, use so much effort and so much nervous strain that they break down in the end too.

In an Army chosen the way ours has been, there are bound to be mistakes in selection and, if it takes a psychiatrist to weed them out later and leads to Section 8 discharges, the men so discharged shouldn't be penalized for having tried and failed. These men are not insane. Many of them are a lot saner than some of those civilians who are running around being psychoanalyzed. They're perfectly capable of doing their old work, or learning something new. The only thing they can't take is being looked upon as mentally incompetent. And if too many people go on treating them as though they were to be shunned and feared, they are liable to become unbalanced. Who wouldn't?

When I think of Joe and of another guy I know who got a medical discharge and had such a hard time getting a job that he even went so far as to make himself out a hero in order to get a chance, I begin to think there's a lot of work for us here at home to do. It shouldn't be necessary for veterans to struggle so hard and to fight against so many odds in order to win for themselves a little self-respect and get back their places in civilian life. After all, they went into the Army willingly and were ready to do anything they could. You don't need me to tell you what they've done. We owe them all at least what they left behind if not a whole lot more.

Not that they want gratitude. There's nothing a returning serviceman hates so much as gushing gratitude. They hate sentimentality. They don't like having people make a fuss about them. They don't like people acting idioti-
cally as though they thought each individual soldier had been in the war singlehanded. They're smarter than that. They know what they did and what it was worth. All they want is to get back to normal living, to what they left to fight for—as quickly as they've a right to expect.

I downed a coffee, a mechanic, who was wounded and discharged. He got back to normal living but it took doing. He'd lost his left arm. He's grown used to the idea, and the way people react to it, by now. He talked about it to me at one time, though.

"It was bad in the beginning," he told me.

"A mechanic needs his hands, both of them. I couldn't figure what the hell I was going to do. It kind of made me feel like I wasn't all of a man. That's a lousy feeling.

And after I was discharged, I'd walk down the street and people would look at me and sometimes I'd hear things they'd say and I'd want to tell them my wife was good about it though. I worried about her the most, I guess. I used to lie on that hospital bed and think of how her face would look when she saw me again and I'd go cold inside. But when she got her first look at me, it was all right. She looked in my face and I could see that she was glad and happy that I was back and she patted my shoulder and said we'd fix it all right. That girl of mine worked with me. She didn't just talk. And now I don't miss it as much as I thought I would."  

He talked more too. He said the hardest thing to stand was pity, people pitying him and doing things for him they wouldn't do for other men. The pity, the pampering, would bring back that feeling about not being a man anymore. And he hated that. Almost as much, he hated the jovial people who slapped him on the back and pretended not to notice anything wrong. "An arm's a big thing, not to notice," he said. "Hell, they've led normal lives. Why don't they just act that way?"

Everybody who comes back from the war isn't going to be wounded though. There will be lots of men returned, the vast majority of whom have nothing external to show for their long time away. They'll look pretty much the same as when they went away, maybe a little older, a little more serious. But they won't be the same. And it won't be anything they can change. You here at home will have to change. Your part of his war starts the day he comes back into his home. Make sure he'll be glad to be back, and stay.

You'll be different to him too, of course. Things will have been happening to all of you. But it would be a big mistake to try to tell any of our returned soldiers how tough the war has been on civilians. It hasn't been so tough, not nearly as tough as in many other countries. And even if it had been ten times as bad, no one at home could ever match what they've been through.

We ought to be getting ready for this job now. Some civilians are already getting ready because they really can understand how it's coming. Down in Louisiana, they're planning one hundred local information and referral centers, where homecoming servicemen can get advice on anything from educational benefits under Public Law 346 to help in finding jobs and places to live. The Connecticut, seventy-five local committees are already functioning, giving advice on job opportunities and aids and benefits, applying their help. It makes you mad that as well as veterans. In Fort Smith, Arkansas, the community counselling center is housed and financed by the local school system and also aids workers as well as veterans. Kansas City, Missouri, is planning a big downtown center to take care of this too. In Peoria, Illinois, the Chief of Police is chairman in charge of help to all veterans with offices right in the City Hall.

This is a beginning, but only a small one. Many more communities are going to have to get together and plan for the future before this problem is solved. The fighting men have been away taking care of the interests, the well-being and the safety of the people back home. We've got to do a real job of seeing to it that they're not let down when they come home. The service agencies have been as well as veterans. Kansas City, Missouri, is planning a big downtown center to take care of this too. In Peoria, Illinois, the Chief of Police is chairman in charge of help to all veterans with offices right in the City Hall.

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“Where my heart is—”

By MARY LIVINGSTONE BENNY

JACK BENNY hurt my feelings the first time I met him—so painfully that it took me over seven years to stop hating him.

He was twenty-four on the occasion of that first meeting; I was twelve, the “awkward age,” my long legs looking even longer between short skirt and short socks, my eyes bugging even bigger than they were under the foot-high hair ribbon with which mother had tied back my long, stiff curls.

He had come to our house in Vancouver to visit me—expressly me. (No one told me then that it was all a joke.)

Zeppe Marx, leaving the vaudeville theatre where Jack and the Marx brothers were sharing top billing to call on my older sister, Babe, thought he would have some fun when Jack—a stranger in town and lonesome—asked him if his date had a sister. “Sure thing,” replied Zeppo invitingly, “and a looker!” Jack came along expecting a date with a gorgeous girl, and his “date” turned out to be me!

He was very polite. Extraordinarily polite under the circumstances, as I realized later. He flattered mother—told her that Zeppo had raved about her cooking, and he simply couldn’t resist crashing our little dinner party. He joked with me—and I felt very grown-up and important.

Then mother spoiled everything. “My daughter,” she said, “is a violinist too.”

Poor Jack had to urge me to play. For me, it was a big moment. I had been studying hard, practicing two hours every day since I was ten—and here, for the first time, I had an opportunity to demonstrate my talent before a professional violinist.

I played “Caprice Viennois”—quite
I tried to forget him. I worked hard at my job. I went out with the boys I knew, "of whom were working at jobs just as dull and unglamorous as mine, tried to convince myself that being with them was just as stimulating as being with Jack. But it wasn't. I didn't feel about them the way I had before Jack had come—and gone.

But I told myself I was meaning to Jack. He had said as much himself. "If I don't see you again," he had said, "thanks a lot."

I was miserable. Then Christmas came, and with it a beautiful gift from Jack—the loveliest girl I had ever had, a crystal wrist watch. And in the box was a note—"Jack asking me not to forget my "sailor."

Forget him! If he thought about me at all—this much—I would follow him to the ends of the earth, and I'd marry him, or die trying. The gift had come from Chicago, where Jack was starring in "Great Temptations." I was lucky, for once, because my sister Babe was playing a small part in the same show. I wrote her that I wanted to come to Chicago. "I miss you so, I just have to see you," I wrote—rather transparently, I am afraid. In any event, she urged me to come on, and I took the next train.

As chance would have it—well, carefully arranged chance, let us say—I ran into Jack backstage at the theatre the very first night I was in the city.

"What a delightful surprise," I lied, blushing.

"It's delightful for me," he said, and the look in his eyes made me turn to jelly inside. "Now that you're here, how about going dancing with me tonight?"

That was Friday. We went dancing that night, and the next. By Sunday we were engaged. On Tuesday we were married.

I don't know how it happened—all I know is that I wanted it to happen so much, that it had to happen.

Jack proposed to me in his father's house in Waukegan, where we had driven on Sunday afternoon so I could meet his family. Then we dropped in at the Waukegan hotel to call on Jack's old friend, Julius Sinykin.

I LOVED Julius. By vocation, he was the town's leading clothing merchant, but by avocation—temperament, ambition, and heart's desire—he was of the theatre.

When Jack was a boy, bursting with ambitions which his family and friends found hard to understand, Julius alone encouraged him. He got him his first theatrical job—playing the violin in the pit of Waukegan's Barston Theatre, and then, when the manager decided the youngest Julius knew was talent was allowed to appear on—not under the stage.

Jack was a little nervous as he took me to the top floor of the hotel to Julius' apartment. He wanted me to like his society—and my behavior. After seeing Julius in his home—could I help it? His "suite" was two rooms—every inch of the walls covered with "Benny-ana." (Continued on page 76)
MARY LIVINGSTONE and JACK BENNY, and JO ANNIE too, might have missed the complete family happiness they now share. For there was a time when Mary was afraid that Jack was not going to ask her to marry him, and so she tried to tell herself that the life of an actor, with its hotel rooms and dirty trains, was not for her. She wanted permanence in her life! But somehow, when Jack did propose, Mary forgot all that—forgot it until ten years later Jack reminded her that what she wanted most was a family and a real home. Now the Bennys have both, and they also have the Jack Benny Show, broadcast every Sunday on the NBC network, at 7:30 P.M., EWT.
I thought that the meeting of hands, the excitement of a glance, were all of love.
Janie reached out roughly, greedily, for love, as a small child reaches for a new, entrancing toy. But a child’s greed can never understand a lover’s heart

PROBABLY in the process of becoming emotionally mature, every woman in the world makes at least one mistake which brings pain and heartache, not only to herself, but to other persons dear to her. There doesn’t seem to be any way of avoiding this kind of trouble, of managing to get it second-hand, from somebody else’s experience. The kind of mistake I made has been made a thousand thousand times before, and yet no amount of reading or hearing or thinking about it could have saved me from making it myself. I know that now, although in my first bewilderment I remember wishing, so bitterly wishing, that some all-wise guardian spirit had taken me aside and warned me “Janie, please stop and think. You’ll be hurt, Janie, and the people you love will be hurt.”

No, it would have done no good—I wouldn’t have listened, or understood. So in a way the mistake had to be made, before I could grow up. Oh, I thought I was grown-up—what young girl, just falling in love, doesn’t think so? I thought I was perfectly capable of recognizing my love, and of being recognized by him—and after that, what trouble could there be? After that, things would fall into a pattern of happiness, quite simply. I was too young, you see, to realize that no two people can ever come together without touching in some way the lives of people around them. Sometimes these other lives are made happier. But sometimes they may be wounded, disrupted so badly that they can never be put together again. Part of maturity, I think, is learning to examine your feelings, learning to weigh them so that you will never take the chance of up-setting another life for some fleeting, thoughtless, shallow whim of your own.

All of the delightful experiences of my childhood are tied up with Mary, who lived in Elmwood’s biggest, whitest house just kitty-corner from our little brown one.

I guess the very earliest impression ever stamped on my brain is a picture of Mary and the tree-lined street where we lived. I was about four, so I suppose Mary must have been 14—a graceful, quiet-voiced person even in her teens. That tiny slpoch of time capsuled forever in my memory arrested Mary and me sitting in her yard beside a pansy bed. And she was naming the flower faces.

“This one is Yellow Nose, Janie—he’s been poking his nose in the dandelion’s business. And here’s Black Eye—he didn’t look where he was going. And then, here’s Petal Soft—she’s smooth and lovely and gives pleasure to everyone just by being what she is.”

“Why, that’s you,” I exclaimed suddenly looking from the flower to her.

She smiled and I knew that I had pleased her. Then, she explained that there were some persons who couldn’t see the faces. They were the Unbelievers who didn’t recognize the scenes Jack Frost painted on their windows or hear Santa’s sleighbells on Christmas Eve. But she assured me that Fate had given me a magic gift—an enchanted blessing that would enable me to see the beauty and the whimsy and the fun in life. I remember how I flew home on wings of joy that day, anxious to return again to this petal-soft girl who was intimately acquainted with beauty and magic.

On my sixth birthday, Mary had a party for me at her house. I remember how proud I was when she carried in the dazzling, three-layer cake—a surprise cake, with our fortunes baked right in the bites we took.

Joannie Edwards found a ring in her piece, and Mary said, “You will be the first to marry, Joannie. Some day a fine, handsome man will come on a white horse, and you will be happy forever.”

Tommy Chadwick found a penny in his shoe, and she prophesied, “You’ll be a wealthy man, Tommy—a very rich man with castles and ships and gold.”

And, then, I bit into a thimble and Mary laughed and said, “The little people winked when they gave you that, Janie. You’re much too pretty to be an old maid. Maybe it means that you’ll have to work for happiness—but that’s all right.”

Oh, I remember so much about Mary—her simple wisdom, her surprises, the games she taught me (“Always play fair, Janie—otherwise, you’ll never have fun when you win”), the doll clothes she fashioned.

Then there’s another day in our lives which clings to my memory, too—the day of Mary’s father’s funeral and the winding procession which stretched from one end of Main Street to the other.

After that Mary and her mother went away from the big house, down to the other end of Walnut to a little house not much bigger than the one we lived in. And, I cried all night because I thought I was losing Mary—that she was going out of my life as she left our neighborhood. But she hadn’t been gone a week until she called and said, “I miss you, Janie—come to see me.”

I hesitated before entering their plain, little square house that first time. This was no castle for a princess. Perhaps, the magic would be gone.

But when I stepped into that warm book-lined living room, I realized that houses don’t make any difference at all. People can (Continued on page 98)
HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER
A new ballad that will take its place among your old favorites after you've heard Roy Rogers sing it on his Tuesday night show

Lyrics by
NED WASHINGTON
Chorus

Music by
HOAGY CARMICHAEL

HANDS A-CROSS THE BORDER, Hands that reach my heart Are stirring tender memories; And the touch of them will haunt me forever, Dream so much of them I'm never at ease;

I've held your HANDS A-CROSS THE BORDER, Since we've been apart, But now I want to see things through; Back where dreams are made to order in our old Ren-dez-vous, HANDS A-CROSS THE BORDER,

Calling me to you, you.

Copyright 1943 by Southern Music Publishing Co., Inc.
ROY ROGERS, King of the Cowboys . . . who, like all little boys, idolized the old Western stars, and grew up to become a greater idol than any of them to another generation of little boys—and girls . . . who really knows ranches because he was raised around them (he lives, with his wife and two little girls, on a huge one at Encino, California) . . . who, with his horse Trigger and his gay, tender guitar, brings a special gift to Americans, preserving for us the color, the romance, the excitement, all the rich background of the old West, which might drift from our memories if it were not for his movies and his radio program, heard Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T., Mutual.
I KNEW, that night at the hospital, that there would never again be any peace for Ted or for me. Ted's crazy, strangled voice died away, and a silence followed, a silence that was worse, somehow, than anything that had gone before. No one had heard the struggle, and Ted, for all his passion, had spoken quietly; the hospital staff had not been aroused. The three of us were moveless, wooden images, and the only live thing in the room was the terrible, helpless pity in Wade's eyes.

Then Ted turned his head and said in a tired voice, "Come on, Mary," and started out the door.

I didn't move. In all the stunned emptiness of my mind there was no reason, no impulse to action, but only a sense of final, dreadful fulfillment. It had come, the thing I'd been afraid of when I first met Ted—not that I had foreseen Billy's death, but I had been afraid of something like it, something that would wake in Ted his sleeping spirit of violence and revenge.

"You'd better go." The whispered words came from Wade. With one bandaged hand at his reddened throat, he looked at me and inclined his head toward the door. "He needs you."

I looked at him in mute gratitude, and as I left the room the tears in my eyes were for Wade, who had loved Billy, too, and who perhaps had more to bear than any of us.

Ted was waiting for me in the corridor. He started when I came up to him, and as docilely as a child he followed me out of the building. Docilely, too, he took the right-hand seat in the car and let me—for the first time in all our driving about together—take the wheel. Only once he roused himself, and that was at the side road that led to our house. "Go on to the field," he ordered.

"To the field?" I repeated stupidly. He explained, "They'll be going out to look for the plane."

Sudden wild hope leaped inside me. "Ted, do you think there's a chance—"

The look he gave me was cruel in its finality. "There's no chance at all. Bill's gone, as sure as Wade killed him."

"Ted!" All of my horror was in that one word. Ted knew it, but he made no effort to retract what he had said, no effort to reassure me. He only
looked at me, and then down the dark highway. I knew how utterly useless it was to hope that he could see things my way, how completely different we were. Ted was taking this tragedy as personally as he took everything else. To him, Wade and not circumstances was responsible, according to their natures. Someone loaned Ted a jacket, since he was still wearing the light shirt in which he had run from the house. Someone told me that neither of us would be expected at work the next day or two, especially since our vacation was to begin . . . the vacation on which we were to have taken Bill east.

I got back into the car, and Ted came over to me, put his hand on mine. "They think they've located the plane," he said. "I shouldn't be gone long. By the way, maybe you'd better go to your folks."

I nodded, and before he turned away, he kissed me—a kiss that was oddly like a farewell, especially meaningful even under these grave circumstances. I've often thought since then that his mind was clearer and his thoughts surer that night than they were in the months that followed, and that he knew what was coming and was offering me my freedom so that I shouldn't have to go through it with him. But I'll never know surely, because I didn't go to my parents that night. I intended to; I didn't want to face the long uncertain hours alone, but when I came to the side road that led off the highway toward our house, I turned into it without thinking. The house was still lighted as we had left it, and the travel folders were scattered in a semi-circle on the livingroom floor, and Bill's sweater, the blue sweater he was forever forgetting, was draped over a chair. These innocent things struck like blows at my aching heart, and I was glad then that I had come home.

It would have been far more cruel if Ted had seen them.

That night and the next day passed, somehow. I remember that I sat for a long time holding Billy's sweater; my heart twisted to the breaking point—and yet I couldn't cry. I kept seeing the long road, and the face, walk-able as it had been at the hospital, seeing the red prints of his fingers on Wade's throat, and fear swallowed my sorrow. Toward morning I had sense enough to pick up the folders and put the sweater away so that Ted wouldn't see it. And then I dozed for a while, until the telephone began to ring. It kept on ringing, incessantly it seemed, and I answered it each time, thinking that Ted might be calling; but it was always someone else. My parents called. They had heard of the accident over the radio, and were hurt to think that I hadn't turned to them immediately. I answered them almost shortly; I was ashamed of myself for it afterward, but I'd had to be short with them. Always, I'd talked over everything with them, and I was afraid now that I said more than a few words, and I'd think that all that was in my mind, and they would be shocked and repelled. Friends at the airport called, and friends in town, and finally I let the telephone ring unanswered while I slept.

Ted came home that evening. I had awakened, and bathed and put on a fresh housedress, and I was getting dinner, not because I expected him or because I was hungry, but because I had to have something to do. I was setting the dining room table when I saw him coming up the steps, and all that was in my mind, and my heart stopped at the exhausted, beaten look of him, at the tired, shamb ling gait that was so unlike his long, free stride. I thought, "They found the plane . . . ." Then, irrelevantly, I wondered why he had taken the front way. Usually he came around the back, knowing that I would be in the kitchen at dinner time. Then, when I went to open the door for him, I knew that he had not expected to find me there at all. The look on his face told me as much; it was a look of incredulity and shame and pathetic gratitude. He stopped on the walk, looking up at me. Then he came forward—hurrying now, no longer dragging one foot behind the other—and took me in his arms and held me as if I were all that he had to hold to in the world.

"I frightened you," he said after a while.

"Yes," I said, "you did."

"I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I— You know I don't want to do anything foolish, Mary.

I stiffened, even while my arms tightened around him. Foolish, he'd said, not wrong. He wasn't forgiving Wade. He was merely saying that he would withhold his hand because retaliation would be unwise. In the next moment I melted toward him. Ted couldn't be feeling as he did toward Wade. He had never been taught to feel differently, to think from any side but his own. Even this much of an admission from him was a step in the right direction. Surely, he had passed the critical point, and from now on he would be able to heal.

But Ted wasn't past the crisis, although it was several days before I realized it. There was a great deal to do—tasks that were hard and yet good for us, because they kept us from thinking of ourselves and of our loss. There was the funeral, and all of the arrangements, and the cancelling of our travel tickets, and the notifying of Billy's school. And there were our friends, who telephoned and came to see us and who were as hard to face as the grim tasks, but who were good for us for the same reason. When Ted and I were alone together, we didn't talk except about practical things; to speak of what lay close to our hearts hurt too much.

One morning toward the end of our "vacation" I couldn't help speaking of it. We were at breakfast, the hour of the day that had always been so full of sunlight and laughter. The sun still splashed over the kitchen floor, but there was no laughter, no banter over who was to drive me to work. Ted had the morning paper before him—he hadn't turned a page in a quarter of an hour—and I sat staring out the window because I had either to look there or at Ted's paper or at Billy's empty place. Suddenly I heard myself saying, "I wish we could go away."

Ted's paper came down. "Why?" he asked harshly. "Are you afraid?"

I looked around, startled. I hadn't been afraid, just then. I had been thinking that if there were painful memories for me here, there must be more painful ones for Ted, and that it would be (Continued on page 98)
Grey fear covered the sky, hollowing Mary's heart earthbound. But she and Ted had wings, once—could they find them again?

The power, the shining truth—Ted must be made to understand it.
SUITEABLE
SUBSTITUTES

Fish, cheese, vegetables, nuts—all of these, and many other foods, can be prepared with imagination and variety, and combined into Lenten meals that your family will find delicious at any time of year.

I HAVE collected for this month's article recipes for dishes to serve during Lent. Fish, almost endless in variety and in variety of preparation, heads the list, of course, and following closely in popularity are cheese, eggs, beans, all so high in protein that they are adaptable for year-round good eating as well as for the Lenten season.

**Baked Stuffed Fish**

1 1/2 cups coarsely broken soda crackers
1 small onion, minced
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1/4 tsp. basil, marjoram or thyme
1 tbl. minced sweet pickle
1/4 cup melted margarine

Use mackerel, bass, white fish, etc. A 3-pound fish, after cleaning, will serve 4 or 5 persons. Mix stuffing ingredients in order named, insert in lengthwise slit in fish. Tie firmly enough to hold stuffing in place, dot with margarine, and bake on shallow baking dish, which has been rubbed with margarine, in 325 degree oven until done, about 1 hour.

**Baked Fish Cutlet or Steak**

1 1/2 lb. cutlets about 1 inch thick
1 tbl. salt
1 cup milk
1 cup cracker crumbs.

Haddock, swordfish, etc. are good prepared this way. Add salt to milk and soak fish in it for about 20 minutes. Drain and dredge with cracker crumbs. Place in shallow baking dish, brush melted margarine over top and bake in 325 degree oven until tender, 20 to 30 minutes.

**Shellfish Fritters**

18 shellfish
1 cup flour
1/4 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1/4 cup water
2 tbl. melted margarine
1 egg white

Use either oysters or clams, raw, or cooked or canned shrimp. Mix together flour, salt and pepper, stir in water, then melted margarine. Beat egg white stiff and fold in. Dip fish into batter and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees or pan fry in melted margarine. Allow 5 to 6 minutes for raw clams or oysters, 2 to 3 minutes for cooked shrimp.

**Fish Souffle**

1 tbl. margarine
1 tbl. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
1/4 cup milk
4 eggs, separated
1 cup flaked cooked fish

Melt margarine over low heat, blend in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumpiness, until sauce is thick. Cool. When sauce is cool, beat in egg yolks, then stir in fish. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour into baking dish which has been rubbed with margarine (use one which is deep enough to allow the souffle to rise) and bake in 350 degree oven until firm and golden brown, about 20 minutes. Follow same directions for cheese souffle, substituting grated cheese for fish.

**Nut and Spinach Mold**

4 cups cooked spinach
1 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup crumbs
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
3 eggs

Drain spinach thoroughly and chop fine. Add crumbs and nut meats. Beat

(Continued on page 89)

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7:00 EWT.
A BEAUTY GROWS IN BROOKLYN . . .

Make all the disparaging remarks you like about Brooklyn, but when it can produce girls like lovely, five-foot-five, bright-eyed Charlotte Manson, the radio actress, for our side of the argument—take a back seat, please!

Charlotte was born in Brooklyn and did most of her growing up there. Of course, she always wanted to go to Hunter College, she had pretty well made up her mind what she wanted to do with her life, and as preparation for her ambition joined the dramatic club.

With her B.S. degree tucked under her arm, Charlotte got her first professional job—which means paying job—as an extra in a movie which caused a lot of screaming. She did so well with her assignment that she later discovered the casting director had her listed in his little black book as an expert "screamer."

Charlotte didn't have to look for jobs much after that. In 1939, she was auditioned by NBC to play the role of the Glamour Girl in Parade of Progress and won the part in competition with over two hundred girls, some of them seasoned radio actresses.

After that, it was easier and easier. CBS was trying for a "big" play, so they got her to play a debutante in Society Girl and tried very hard to find an honest-to-Cartier's deb who could read lines. It turned out that the best they could do was sign Charlotte, who was not in the Social Register, but who happened to look amazingly like Brenda Diana Duff Frazier—remember her? Charlotte's been busy ever since. She's appeared on shows like Myrt and Marge, Hilltop House, Gangbusters and a number of Arch O'Player's plays. In 1946, she was signed to play the lead in Stepmother and played the part for more than eighteen months. The role of Rose Kranzky in the Guiding Light show, from Chicago, which she played next, attracted so much attention that Hollywood scouts traveled to Chicago to interview her. Arrangements were made for her to go to the West Coast and be screen tested as soon as her job was over. But when that job was done, she got another one too good to turn down—and so it has gone on, from serials like Romance of Helen Trent and Amanda of Honeymoon Hill to thrillers like Counter Spy, Gangbusters and Nick Carter.

Hollywood's still a beckoning will-o'-the-wisp, but Charlotte doesn't want to rush into things. She wants very much to make her mark in the theatre before taking her chances on the movies. Meanwhile, she works hard and takes her work seriously. She's very tense and concentrated in front of a microphone and never gets out of the character she has assumed for the moment.
A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

She has risen to fame singing tunes of the horse-and-buggy days, but Beatrice Kay, star of NBC’s Gaslight Gayeties, is young, modern and completely 450.

Beatrice was born in New York City, but the horse-and-buggy days, because she was taken touring by her parents when she was still an infant. Her father, who had given up the study of medicine in favor of stage direction, was always busy on the road. Her mother was a theatrical costume designer and also always busy on the road.

Luckily for Beatrice, considering the kinds of life she lived, there was—and still is—a Professional Children’s School. She was educated there and at Mount Kisco “Prep,” where some of her schoolmates were Gene Raymon, Helen Chandler, Ruby Keeler and Milton Berle.

Through with school, Beatrice really went seriously to work. She appeared successively in stock, vaudeville and musical comedy until she was stricken with a severe case of laryngitis. She had to rest, then, and was warned by a throat specialist that she must stop singing for at least a year because of a thinning of her vocal chords. That was a fine thing to slap at a girl who literally had to sing for her supper. Caught in that kind of a trap, Beatrice did the only thing she couldn’t mean to do—she took a chance and went right on singing. Gradually, her voice developed an odd, raspy quality that was decidedly not right for the opera career she had been planning.

Having taken her chances and lost, Beatrice didn’t let herself get discouraged or truce. She decided to do what she could with her voice and sang her first old-time song at Billy Rose’s Diamond Horse-shoe in New York and not long after that was signed for a radio program featuring tunes of that kind.

Don’t get the idea that Beatrice is trying to be funny when she sings those old songs. Her rendition of old-time ballads is the result of hours of study. She has a huge collection of old sheet music and has studied the period thoroughly. She listens for hours to Edison cylinder records of Anna Held, Maggie Kline, Eva Talley and others whose songs she sings. She doesn’t imitate anyone, but she does try to capture the mood of the singers who introduced the songs. She also calls on her memory, having as a child heard many of the famous stars whose songs she does on the air.

And to show that Beatrice has succeeded in capturing a real old-time flavor, there’s her fan mail. Many people write to tell her how young she sounds for an “old-timer.” There are also lots of people who claim her voice hasn’t changed a bit since they heard her 20 years ago.

Beatrice is married and, when not on tour in Hollywood, she and her husband, Sylvan Green, live a quiet life between broadcasts in their 200-year-old house in Closter, New Jersey.
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>NBC</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>The New York Times</td>
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<td>My Special History</td>
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**REAL OLD TIMER...**

According to Harry McNaughton, It Pays To Be Ignorant—you hear it on Fridays at 9 in the evening over the CBS network—is a unique show, because in it four comedians work together without cutting each other's throats.

Mr. McNaughton ought to know. He's been in show business a long time. What's more, so was his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather. Harry McNaughton was born in Surbiton, Surrey, England, and was attending Sussex College when the first World War started. Mr. McNaughton left school and enlisted at the age of 19. He was in the Army three years and nine months. His unhappiest memory of that time was being taken prisoner by the Germans. His happiest memory was escaping exactly six hours later and taking twelve other prisoners with him. He knew the terrain and was able to guide the party back to their own lines.

McNaughton was demobilized on February 15, 1919. On March 17th, less than a month later, he opened in Bruce Bairnsfather's classic play "The Better 'Ole." In that month, all McNaughton had to do was get a rest, learn over a hundred pages of dialogue, give five songs and three dance routines — after getting over to the United States.

The run of the play was followed by a spell of movie making for Samuel Goldwyn. The year following that were years of being a part of the theater world. McNaughton appeared with all the greats of Broadway and worked for all the famous producers — the Schuberts, George M. Cohan, Al Woods, the Selwyns and the rest. He was in three Winter Garden Revues with Mistinguette and Alice Delysia. And, of course, he appeared in the Ziegfeld Follies.

McNaughton specializes in giving audiences a picture of an Englishman just as he should be played and not a caricature. This you know if you remember him in the many pictures in which he appeared, having worked for all the major studios. And remember him as "Bottle" on the Phil Baker programs.

Harry McNaughton's wife, the former Marion Turpie, was born at St. Andrews, Scotland. If you're a sports fan, you'll recognize that name. That's where the game of golf was invented. Mr. McNaughton is the second ranking golfer of the United States. McNaughton's great hope is that he will live long enough to learn to play well enough to be a member of the club. He swings a pretty mean club, himself. Last year, he qualified for the State championships at Lake Placid with an 80.

McNaughton likes working in radio. It keeps him on his toes. He's very conscious of being able to reach millions of people every time he steps between the microphone, more people on each program than he could ever reach in a lifetime on the stage.
Mysterious lady of radio is beautifully-gowned Hildegarde, who rose to fame because on hearing her sing

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IN JUNE of this year a new radio star opened for business—and by this time she is 10th in radio popularity in these United States, and she is earning $10,000 a week. (Combined earnings from her radio show and her nightly singing at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York City.) The new-born star is Hildegarde, and the smash-hit program is The Raleigh Room, heard Tuesdays at 10:30 PM EWT, directly after Bob Hope. And thereby hangs a tale, a tale stamped "Made in America," hit songs, and her own special theme song, "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoups." Waiting in a distant doorway you'd see her manager, dark, shrewd, friendly Anna Sosenko, and together they would meld into oblivion until Hildegarde's next appearance in public.

Now you have seen Hildegarde—the darling of cafe society, the reigning song princess of smart nightclubs for the past eight years. You have also seen a mystery woman, whose history is only revealed in flashes. But the flashes make up the story of Hildegarde as she sits here, the story is certainly one stamped with the American rags-to-riches trademark.

She was born Hildegarde Loretta Sell, in Milwaukee. Her father was a harness maker, and she began her musical career by playing the organ in her neighborhood movie theater, accompanying the silent pictures of those days. But a year of that was enough; and finally she went off on numerous vaudeville tours to accompany singers on the piano. It was on a one-night stopover in Camden, New Jersey, at a small boarding house that she met its owner—Anna Sosenko. A year later, Anna became Hildegarde's manager; and for fourteen years they have come up together, step by step, into the prominence they have today. They have never had a written contract, either; Anna, by spoken agreement, gets half of what Hildegarde makes. But when they first went into partnership, (Continued on page 56)
She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force

FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May.

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-clear you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she keeps it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin needs regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

**HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S**

First—she smooths snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she rinses with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off.

"This double-creaming is important," Frances says, "makes skin extra clean, extra soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of both your hands in the luxurious, big jar.

SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft!

"I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a grand cream!"

She uses Pond's

A few of the Ponds Society Beauties

- MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
- LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
- MRS. CEDRINE SPRECKELS
- MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
- MRS. JAMES J. CAROT

ON HIS FURLoughs Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.

TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.
that half was often nothing at all!

Shortly after they met, Hildegarde cast aside piano-playing in favor of silhouettes of her own design, plugging for a music publisher. Shortly after that, she began singing at a New York hotel; and then she and Anna pushed off to try their luck in England and Paris. They owned a few cheap dresses, packed in a couple of suitcase; and for three years of obscurity they have never been able to add anything else to their belongings. Hildegarde was playing double solitary in her hotel room far often than she was singing in cafes—though America never knew it. Kingsley spent any spare money they had on cabs to the United States raving about the "Incomparable Hildegarde" and her triumphs in Europe. And finally, she had a true triumph ... all due to a King.

Hildegarde had been singing for two weeks at the Cafe de Paris in London, with no notable success. One night, of course, King Gustave of Sweden had been in to hear her; but he had simply drifted in as he would at any time. So when her two weeks were up, the manager invited her to depart. She did; and the following night King Gustave was back—strangely to know where the blonde singer had gone? Naturally, the manager broke all speed records to the telephone, called Hildegarde back that very night ... and over-night she became a famous hit. A King had given her her start!

Back in the United States a few months later, she was received with cheers of exaltation by everyone. She began rotating from one swank "in-time" spot to another—the Persian Room at New York's Plaza Hotel; the Oval Room at Boston's Copley-Plaza; the Embassy Room of Washington's Statler Hotel; the Empire Room of Chicago's Palmer House. Always she was a sure sell-out. Already the famous Hildegarde followers had formed, and her fame spread as her song repertoire increased. What helped the Hildegarde legend immensely was the picture in which she surrounded herself—thanks to the advice of Anna.

Never before, in nightclubs, had a singer "staged" herself so effectively. Never before had delicate spotlights picked out anyone in such a fashion as they have in favor of silhouettes of her profile on two walls of the room. Never before had a singer planned such eye-catching dresses, some of them unusual, some conventional. "Never will I be seen by the public except when performing—never, never sit at friends' tables behind shows."

Hildegarde's fame grew with her about the whole United States, too—noisy drunk prompts her to interrupt her song, smile at him indulgently, and say, "The gentlemen's room is down there..."

It was the "Beat the Band" program that first brought her to the airwaves, as m.e. of the show. Soon after, "The Radio Variety Hour" began starring Hildegarde. And again, Anna and Hildegarde upset tradition. Instead of having the usual studio audience sitting in a radio theater, with Hildegarde before a microphone on the stage, they insisted on a regular nightclub set—complete with swanky-clothed tables and guests, with only the drinks missing. And, as in nightclubs, Hildegarde was planted with piano in the middle of the spotlit dance floor—her gown lustrous, her perfume haunting. "I am the personality of the show" going out over the air to the great radio public of America.

Hildegarde, the mysterious darling of the swank city spots, has become the mysterious darling of the land—and again with a new technique which may spread to a thousand other radio shows. Wherever Hildegarde is heard humming, "Darling, je vous aime Hildegarde"—and while the French may be confusing, it's clear that Hildegarde has taken over.

All the Girls Are Pretty

(Continued from page 16)

clean and do their cooking for them. Carlos can't get over the fact that some of the prettiest girls he's met have been able to bring themselves together, a salad, and still look bewitching while doing it.

Carlos is keeping his eyes open—trying to find out how American girls do it. He's asked a lot of them direct questions, and if any of the girls from his homeland want to know our beauty secrets Carlos will tell them plenty about how to freshen air and lots of sleep—and having an interest in something outside one's self. These are the factors, he has decided, which make the prettiest girls. Stated simply, this is the Waldorf when a talent scout came along and scooped him up for Hollywood and movies. Thus far he's been seen in two pictures and handles her audiences with ease, and of course he's heard every Thursday night on NBC with Frank Morgan. But Carlos still has one eye on the American market and to "Antifemina," the American girls, the most beautiful in the world!
"Love is a lot of Little things!"

Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

"Every girl knows that in love everything's important! What you wear, what you say, how you look," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and holds it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

"Don't toss a Coin to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness sure."

"Don't believe a word of it when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—lovelier."

"You get your Man—and you hold him, too, when you take the right beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day—for my complexion, and as a bath soap, too."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!
AND when her mother became ill—that didn't change Mary, either. She just went on putting on that blazing courage of hers that circumstances don't matter—it's what you do about them that counts. After her mother's second stroke, when Mrs. Benton had to be in bed all the time, Mary was busy taking care of her and going to high school, too, but she still had time for me. And never did I see her show the strain of the life she was living—never did I see her nervous or short-tempered. She seemed to have serene faith always—a shining belief that the world was all right and that she would find happiness. And that faith never dimmed during the long, hard years of her mother's invalidism.

When they moved from Elmwood so that Mary could go to business college in Cartersville, I was afraid once more that I was losing her. But that wasn't true. Fate was weaving the threads of our lives into a pattern—a design of great beauty and certain pain—a queer pattern twisted with admiration and love and despair and hope and fear. By the time I was in high school, Mary had finished business college and was supporting her mother by teaching shorthand in that Cartersville school. She meant even more to me in this period than before—with the just-right gifts she sent me, the letters of pride and encouragement, the phone calls and visits. I was making a special scholastic goal, her faith in me always, pointing out the better path, the wiser decision.

Somehow, I never had considered Mary's falling in love and getting married. She was much too good for any of the men I knew in Elmwood—too great a lady for marriage as I knew it—a bustling home and noisy children and pressing bills. To me, Mary still was a princess in an ivory tower of beauty and books and serenity. And, besides that, I'd heard Mother say so often, "It's too bad Mary's waited so long. She'll never get married. When you earn your own living until you're thirty, you're too independent for any man."

But, sometimes, Dad argued with her. "I don't know," he'd say. "Mary's a mighty pretty girl, and sweet, too. Some smart fellow would have found that out years ago if she hadn't had her mother there. And it isn't too late yet—just you wait.

But there wasn't any indication of a man's having wedged his way into her heart when I got her note which read: "Janie, dear,

You've been out of high school almost two years—and you worry because I'm afraid that you're wasting time working in the drugstore. Now that I'm not proud of your job—but I think you can do better.

Would you like to come to live with me when you start school in January? You can stay here and go to business college. And, perhaps, after a year of school, you can get a job right here.

Love,

Mary.

P. S.: I need you, Janie. I'm so very lonely now that Mother has gone away."

Three months later I boarded the train for Cartersville—for my new home with Mary. And, once again, I was filled with foreboding—I was afraid that the years of worry and work and financial strain would have left a mark on Mary. I was frightened that in witnessing the stabbings of her hopes—in arriving at the age of thirty (which seemed old to me)—she would have lost the old enchantment.

But when I saw her coming toward me on the station platform—a tall, graceful woman, unhurried among the bustling travelers, I was delighted to see that the old magic still was there. She was prettier than I had ever seen her, with a rich new beauty which had about it an alert, alive quality, a sparkle that she had never had before.

I SENDED immediately that new meaning had come into her life—that the joys she had looked for so trustingly had been placed at her feet. Everything about her walk, her smile, her blue-bright eyes—were signposts to happiness.

"Mary, darling," I whispered, kissing her soft cheek, "you're so pretty." Oh, it was good to be here—to realize that I would spend hours each day

---

**Can a baby stop the Reno Express?**

**TUNE IN**

**"MY TRUE STORY"**

If you like True Story Magazine... you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.

**EVERY MORNING**

**MONDAY - THRU FRIDAY**

**10:00 EWT - 11:30 MWT**

**10:30 PWT - 9:00 CWT**

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**PRINCESS PAT**

**BLUE NETWORK STATIONS**

---

**Yes—**

**YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL**

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up miracle awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

**LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR!** There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you are!

**THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE**

For the most lasting and natural effect:
- Apply rouge before powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions.
- Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

**ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the duo-tone secret**—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

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**Glimpse of Heaven**

Continued from page 45
with this woman with the smiling eyes, the fine mind, the depth of understanding. And it was good to see her sparkling like the dew that had glinted on the velvet lawn of the Elmwood home where she was born. I grew warm as I looked into her eyes, as blue as the larkspur in that long-ago garden, and touched her slim hand.

She didn't tell me about Jerry until we were in her sunny, pleasant apartment and she was setting the table with its gleaming silver and immaculate linen for three.

"Judy, I've asked Jerry to come for dinner tonight—this first night—because I can't wait for you to know each other." Jerry—her voice changed when she said his name, matched the new glow in her face. "I want you to like him, and I know you will. He's very important to me, darling—and I want him to be to you."

"Who is Jerry—how long have you known him?" I asked, and my voice was tight with jealousy. Yes, jealousy—the sudden rush of resentment I had always felt when my Mary would give her smile, her thoughtfulness to another of her friends for however brief a moment. She had always chided me for it, gently, and explained that possessiveness was a small, mean, unworthy feeling—and I would try to get over it, because Mary said it was wrong. It disappeared now, too, because never in the world could I have resented anything that brought Mary such happiness that her smile, always lovely, took wings.

It was just two months, she told me, since they had met. Jerry had been in the Army for two years before that, had seen service overseas, had been wounded and discharged.

"After his discharge from the Army, he came to business college to brush up on his accounting before going back into business. I was immediately attracted to him—and—well, he was lonely and lost—and so was I—and—"

"And you're not lonely any more?" I finished for her. Any vestige of resentment against Jerry was gone now, replaced by an eager curiosity. This was the end of the story—the "happy ever afterward" part, and I was glad. This was the pot of gold under the rainbow—the dream Mary deserved to realize, What would he be like? I mentally pictured her going quietly down the years with a tall, older, grey-haired man. I could see them in the life to come, quietly discussing books, spending long evenings listening to Mary's records.

And, then, when Jerry came, he didn't fit into that picture of mine at all. He was buoyant and young and happy just at being alive. He was younger than Mary by two years. And he was so high-spirited and full of laughter and fun that he seemed even younger than 28. He seemed more my age than Mary's.

Mary's eyes shone as she introduced us.

"Janie, this is Jerry. I want you to love him, too."

I wonder, sometimes, if our lives would have become so muddled if we—Jerry and I—hadn't gone to that movie that first evening. Because that's when I began thinking wrong. I'm sure, I had never before known two people in love—two people close to my own age, that is—and I had no way of knowing how they would act. What was more important, I had no way of knowing how they would feel. No way of recognizing the deep, quiet tie be-

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We'd like to see Fels-Naptha Soap tested in your laundry. And we'd also like to have your 'Laboratory Report'.

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The Allens lent us their Apartment

All ours—for our honeymoon. "All mine," you said, "Your hands—so soft against my face." (Suppose I hadn't used Jergens Lotion! My job dries the natural softeners from my hand skin. But Jergens is easy to use.)

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College girls—so clever—use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1. Like professional care for helping to keep hands adorable, prevent depressing roughness. 2 very special ingredients in Jergens! Many doctors use these same ingredients to help even raspy skin become smooth, endearingly feminine. Simple! No stickiness. So . . .

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JERGENS LOTION
than her husband was considered to be in a difficult kind of situation.

But after he had gone, that night, after he had smiled and waved good-night to both of us, Mary explained his restlessness as an aftermath of his years at war. "The war is hard on men as sensitive—as inherently kind and good as Jerry," she explained. "When I first knew him, I thought he was terribly bitter. I was afraid of his moods—and I worried about him."

"How much you must have changed him," I told her with honest praise.

She smiled with real pleasure. "He is happier all the time. Every day I can see a change—"

"You give him peace," I said and was surprised that I could see so clearly why Jerry had been attracted to this quiet, self-contained girl. And, then, for a minute, I felt pity for her. Because I thought I could predict something else—that Jerry, normal again, no longer so frantically in need of peace and understanding—craving, instead, fun and excitement and youth and gaiety—might turn from Mary to someone younger than himself. And I was afraid that I might be that girl—fearful of the outcome and yet fascinated by the strange emotion that shook me even as the thought came to me.

I WONDER now if I could have fought that emotion—if I could have prevented myself from falling in love with Jerry. I could stop now before being drawn into an emotional web of that kind, but I am no longer an inexperienced girl. I have grown up. At that time I was not strong, not blessed with intuitive wisdom. You see, wisdom so often comes from experience—experience which reveals even as it terrifies, and teaches as it wounds.

No, I guess I couldn't have avoided falling in love with him, then—he was so handsome, so kind, so thoughtful. He was different from anyone I had ever known except Mary. I know now that he was very like her—that his easy charm, his courtesy, his thoughtfulness were what attracted me to him just as those traits in Mary made me worship her. Oh, he laughed aloud where Mary merely smiled with her blue eyes—he talked a great deal and Mary very little—but their thinking ran along parallel lines, and they were in complete agreement on all the important things. They were like musicians in a great symphony orchestra. They were thinking the same way even if they were not playing at the same time. And that's why I loved him—because I saw in him what I saw in Mary—his responsiveness, his love for beauty, his fine mind—and his physical attractiveness.

I wonder that Mary didn't anticipate what happened to me. She realized my youth, my ignorance of love. I was an unseasoned valentine, and desire and the attraction of a man for a woman as any untutored schoolgirl. The boys I had gone to high school with were gangling schoolboys interested in football and hockey and baseball. And then after that, when I worked in the Elmwood Drug Store, war robbed me of normal youth—look away the boys I would be dating. So I was starved for the affection of someone in the opposite sex. And, Jerry, because he was kind—because he gave me friendship and affection—became too important to me. And Mary, noticing my interest in him, urged us to be together, and thus fed the fire of my love. Only a woman with a clean, unsuspicious mind could

**Q. What wouldn't I give!**

**A.** For satin-smooth skin that attracts kisses?

**Q.** Yes—but I have such dry skin.

**A.** This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream helps dry skin especially.

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**JERGENS FACE CREAM**

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS...FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
who didn’t. sought
brushed
owed
whispered,
and
suddenly.

I had

"Next time," why not try Meds and learn for yourself what Meds comfort and Meds safety can mean in your life!

Meds’ exclusive “SAFETY-WELL” absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

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Meds’ fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself to individual requirements.

have made the mistake that Mary made.

Usually, I walked home from business college with Jerry. We were through classes at 3:30 and Mary didn’t finish until almost five. Every night we walked the three or four blocks together. And Jerry came into the lamp-lit, chintz-brightened living room with me to light the fire for Mary’s home-coming—so that the cozy room would glow like a dark ruby when Mary came in from the still, cold twilight.

One day, after he had lighted the fire, and I had slipped our simple, one-dish dinner into the oven, Jerry switched on the radio and flooded the apartment with sentimental dance music. Without speaking, we walked together and moved in easy rhythm around the room. The sensuous music pulsed through me, mixing with an emotion that pounded through my blood—one that frightened me even as I sought to prolong it. I was afraid and thrilled and ashamed all in one moment . . . and then my need for love shut out all other emotions. I swayed closer to him as he guided me gently—as our bodies moved as one.

AND then, suddenly, he seemed to sense what I was feeling. His arms stiffened and dropped quickly to his sides. He turned from me abruptly.

But I was loathe to give up this moment—to say goodbye to love just as it brushed me with its magic wings. I stared at him, my eyes shining, my lips moist. For a minute, I thought he was coming back to me—that his lips would close over mine in the twilight—that he would forget everything except the spell of the music, the need that was compelling me toward him.

But he didn’t. He walked instead to the window. And as he stood there, I suddenly realized how close I had come to hurting Mary, and the pounding of my heart quieted slowly. Mary, to whom I owed so many things—childish happiness, advice and help and wisdom, and now my home, my education, a whole new future. The magic went out of the moment, and when Jerry turned from the window I became, once again, two people who were waiting together for one they both loved to come home.

But I didn’t sleep that night. The vagrant, accidental moment had grown like a fairy-tale tree, until now it was larger in my mind than all the rest of the world. I sensed that Jerry was capable of giving me a happiness I had never known, and I wanted that happiness, wanted it enough to reach out wilfully, blindly, to claim it for myself. There was no Mary, no friendship, no reason left in this sudden inconsistent need.

And so the next night, when we waited for Mary in the living room, it was I who switched on the radio and waited, defiantly, expectantly, for him to turn toward me.

Once again the lilting, insinuating rhythm wrapped us round. Once again we moved together in a resistless pattern of grace and closeness. And this time there was no question in my mind, no doubt—nothing at all except desperate need. This time, Jerry did not fight the force that was welding our bodies as though we were magnetized. This time his lips came down over mine in a kiss that set my heart hammering madly under his.

"Jerry, Jerry," I whispered, "I love you so . . ."

He put me away from him and I could feel his answering whisper in my
hair. "Janie...this is wrong, it's impossible. Try to forget it, please!"
I flung back my head and tried to make his eyes meet mine. "Forget?"
I questioned. "Why should I...what is impossible? I—" He placed his
finger gently over my lips.
"No, Janie, don't say it. It isn't true.
I'm so terribly sorry this happened.
"I'm not sorry," I said quickly. "I'm glad.
Because now I know you love me too—I know it!"
His voice was more than troubled
now, it was almost harsh.
"Jane, listen," he commanded sternly.
"You must forget this. It didn't mean anything. You must know that.
We forgot—that's all!"
"I'll never forget," I whispered, coming close to him again. "I love you."
"No, Janie, you don't love me—you love me, And, someday, you'll find it."
"But I have found it—in you."
"Jane, you mustn't make this important," he insisted, and I knew he was
thinking of Mary and the hurt that this would bring to her.
But I was hurt, too, I wanted to tell him—and afraid. Afraid that this man
could not be mine. "Don't make it important!" I wanted to scream.
"That's like telling me not to make my eyes important or my arms or my
heart. This is the most wonderful thing that ever has happened to me,
and you're telling me not to make it important."
And then Mary came in.

JERRY kissed her when she opened
the door. And, without his saying a
word, I knew that he was apologizing
to her for having been drawn even for
a moment to another woman. And I
knew that his silent apology was mixed
with a quiet reverence. I could see all
that in his kiss. I could—but Mary
couldn't. She was surprised and a
little flustered at his kissing her for the
first time in front of me. And then she
said, "You don't know how wonderful
it is to walk in here and find the two
persons I love best waiting for me. I
feel that I've never been alive until
now—I'm so happy."

Jerry looked at me and his eyes
said plainer than words ever could,"You see, Jane. Could you furnish
a bright and shining love like this? Could
you be the one to blacken her faith
in us?"

And, at that moment, I agreed with
him. No matter what heartache it cost
me, I vowed again to protect her hap-
iness.

But that night, when I lay awake
long after Mary went to sleep in the
next room, I remembered the magic
of Jerry's lips on mine—thought of his
strong arms holding me close—remem-
bered the music which had stirred our
senses, whipping our desire with its
rhythm. Again I was conscious of my
need for him. I decided then that
he did not really love Mary—that he
was only loyal and appreciative of the
help she'd given him. My wild love for
him was making me create crazy
dreams—dreams that had no place for
Mary.

But once again at breakfast, as I
watched Mary's slim, graceful hands
pouring coffee, when I listened to her
unhurried voice making plans for my
week-end, when I heard her honestly
berate herself for not giving me more
time and pleasure, I was terribly
ashamed that it was I—the girl she was
befriending—who was threatening her
happiness even as she planned mine.

With strong purpose, I avoided Jerry

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Barrymore
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Jerry

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This famous method of skin care gives you a complete de luxe facial in only 8 minutes. It's really inspiring to see how
it leaves your skin looking so much smoother, firmer, with an enchanting baby freshness.

The Hopper Method—Why It's So ACTIVE
Briskly put this especially homogenized lubricating cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press
an extra amount of Hopper's over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes. Then tissue off.

The reason Hopper's Cream is so active
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Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream

ONE night, after we had walked home
through the dusk as in the first delightful days of my stay with Mary, Jerry and I were once again alone
in the apartment. As he helped me off with my coat, I asked, "Jerry—what are we going to do?"

He pretended to misunderstand me.
And then he thought better of that and said, "Janie, you're not—why, surely you can't be thinking of the other night.
I told you not to."

I turned to him, my face close to his.
"Did you forget?" I whispered softly.

"No," he admitted, his voice husky with emotion. "No—I didn't forget."

And then his lips were on mine, shutting out the room—the world—and Mary. We were two persons—a man
and a woman—being pulled together by an almost inescapable force.

"You do love me, Jerry," I said softly, triumphantly. It wasn't that I ceased to love Mary, it was just that my terrible longing for Jerry was shutting her out of my mind, just as surely as if
I were breathing in an anesthetic which was closing my eyes to honesty, loyalty and true friendship.

And, once again, Jerry put me away from him.

"Janie," he began, in the old troubled way.
I didn't want to listen to him—and so I curved closer to him, kissing him softly on his rigid jaw line.

"Do you like that?" I asked.

"Of course," he admitted huskily.
"You're soft and sweet and very appealing. And you flatter me by feeling this way! And he added reflectively, almost unwillingly, "Who knows—if I'd never known Mary—why—"

"But, Jerry," I said, "You love me not Mary. You know you do. And feeling this way, you can't marry her—"
"Poor little Janie," he said with honest pity, as he turned and walked slowly to the window. I joined him there, staring out at a world of bare brick and gray skies—a world gone suddenly bleak. We were still standing there—the light to our backs—when Mary appeared at the top of the flight of steps that led into the little courtyard of the building. Her whole body anticipated happiness—she was shining with expectancy as she lifted her face to the window where we stood.

I could feel a change come over Jerry. Without ever moving, he left me. He went away as surely as if he had walked from the room and met Mary in front of the apartment. He was with her as she started down the steps and he was loving her dearly.

It was when she waved at him that she fell. It came very suddenly. She hesitated just a minute—raised her arm in a gay salute—and slipped on the ice-covered brick.

And, immediately, Jerry was out the door on his way to her. I knew, as I stood in stunned, frightened silence, that this time Jerry had left me forever—that our twilight love scenes were over for all time. No matter what happened to Mary—whether or not she would ever smile or wave or love Jerry again—the spell between Jerry and me was broken.

I watched him when he picked her up. His movements were loving, tender—I grew warm just watching him cradle her slimness in his strong arms, whisper encouragement into her hair.

I HELPED him put her on the davenport when he carried her inside. At first I thought she was dead—she was so shockingly white and still, with a strange, definite stillness that chilled the firelit room. When her hand finally moved, it gave me a new lease on life—gave me relief from shocking fear that Jerry's happiness was gone with Mary's accident.

Mary had regained consciousness before Dr. Kelly got there—had come back to the world to look again at Jerry with steady, believing eyes.

"Darling," I heard her whisper to him. "I knew when you picked me up—I knew you were taking care of me."

"You'll always know," he said. "Because that's how long I'll love you—always—and be yours alone." And there was strong promise and honesty mingled with the new gentleness in his voice.

As I stood there in the dim room watching their love flame anew, I knew that this was as it should be—Jerry and Mary, forever.

And, somehow, as this knowledge came to me—when I recognized that this love was meant to be, I wasn't sad and hurt or even bewildered, any more. I was glad—happily—deeply grateful for this new insight into the real and true beauty of the man-and-woman relationship at its finest. The spark of infatuation which had blazed between Jerry and me was as dead as the ashes under the fireplace grate.

Jerry and I stood in the small kitchen while Dr. Kelly examined Mary to determine the extent of the slight concussion she had suffered.

I was terribly uneasy, desperately anxious to let Jerry know what had happened inside me, to tell him I was changed. I wanted to say, "Jerry—forgive me for involving you in that emotion of mine. Forgive me my selfishness—my
Why do you feel so neat and free and modern when you are wearing Tampax? Why do you feel so wonderfully confident and top o' the world? It's because Tampax (for sanitary protection) permits you to discard those monthly belts, pins and external pads... No wonder so many women now swear by Tampax and think there's magic in the very name!

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"I strike!" hisses Sad Iron, "See if I don't! Me iron those sheets? I simply won't! Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles. Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday, "a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!"

"We'll whizz through our work with the greatest of ease. With Linit to glide us! Attention please!"

"I suds and I rinse—then here's Master Linit! I'm proud to present the Starch of the Minute!"

"He blends water and Linit, each half in a cup. Then adds boiling water. Just a minute is up!"

Sad Iron, now happy, says, "My work will be bliss! 60 seconds with Linit makes a wash fit to Kiss!"

Furlough
Continued from page 25

my jeep ride down to the harbor. And I never will.

Once our boat cleared the docks, my bleak mood lifted and I realized for the first time how very tired I was, and how very glad to be leaving the blood and muck and grime behind.

In the daylight, my conviction of the night before that I was deserting seemed ridiculous. I had worked hard.

As Dr. Dekker had said, I deserved my leave. With a surge of relief and happiness I prepared to enjoy it.

The boat was clean, surgically clean—even if it was crowded. After a hot bath and a long, dreamless sleep between crisp, clean sheets, I felt almost normal.

I had one clean uniform in my duffle bag. I smoothed out the creases and put it on. I scraped the last of the New Guinea mud off my shoes, and made a stab at a finger-wave and a manicure.

"You're no Powers model," I told my reflection in the cabin mirror, "but you'll do."

I was hungry. I made my way up to the deck, and found the officers' mess.

"You've missed breakfast and lunch, Lieutenant Rand," a pleasant young officer told me, "and you're almost late for dinner. Where on earth have you been?"

I WAS dirty and sleepy and hungry when I came on board." I confessed, "Now I'm just hungry.

We made the trip to Hawaii in six days, brightly lighted and full steam ahead, for our ship was faster than anything the Japanese could set on our trail. The contrast with my trip out—from San Francisco to Australia—was breathtaking. Then, in an old, leaky tub, black as pitch, and jammed with troops and equipment, we had zigzagged for days and nights, our course eluding the then-triumphant Japs.

In Honolulu I found a room had been reserved for me at a hotel which before the war had been the mecca for the richest dillentantes in the world. Now it was filled with army and navy personnel on leave, airmen with fifty missions under their belts, and soldiers and sailors recuperating after months in action.

A white strip of beach stretched invitingly right under my bedroom window. Late summer sun—no relative of the sun I had left behind in New Guinea—made ocean bathing as pleasant as the hot tubs I plunged into at least three times a day.

My summer uniforms, immaculately clean and freshly pressed, were so far removed from the faded dungarees and heavy boots which were the regulation costume in the jungle, that I felt chic—almost pretty, and in Honolulu there was no barbed wire.

Men looked at me as we passed in the street. Not shattered men who looked to me for help—for cold compresses or pain-killing morphine—but whole, healthy men who looked at me, and admired me, because I was female—and attractive.

Confidence soared back into my veins like life-giving plasma. Now, I felt, I was ready to go home.

At the transportation office my soaring spirits received their first dash of icy water.

No plane space was available to the mainland for personnel on leave.

Continued on page 70
Foods for growing children made more nutritious and delicious with Karo

ARO ON CEREALS—DELICIOUS! Blue Label Karo provides necessary energy sugar which young children, as well as babies, need abundantly. Karo supplies the sweets required by your growing child, without forming the “sweeth-tooth” habit. Let youngsters pour from their own pitcher of Karo. It’s good for them. Also . . . children need no coaxing to drink milk fortified with Karo.

TEMPTING BAKED CUSTARD. Whip together 3 large eggs; add ½ cup Blue Label Karo, pinch salt, 1 tsp. vanilla. Stir in 2½ cups hot milk; mix well. Place ½ tbsp. Karo, in each of 6 custard cups. Fill with custard mixture; place in a pan of warm water, bake in slow oven (350 to 375°F) for 45 minutes. Also Karo is delicious on corn starch or rice puddings, rennet and gelatin desserts.

ICHER FLAVORED BAKED APPLES. Place 6 cored apples in baking dish. Put 1 tbsp. Karo in each apple. Mix ½ cup Blue Label Karo and ¼ cup water and baste over apples as they bake in a hot oven (400°F) for 45 minutes. Pears, bananas, peaches may be baked deliciously with 2 parts Karo to 1 of water.

OMPH FOR STEWED FRUITS! Blue Label Karo improves texture and adds flavor to dried, stewed fruits such as prunes, peaches, pears, apples, apricots. Simmer ½ lb. dried fruit with 1½ cups water, ¼ cup Karo, in covered pan till tender. Serves 4.

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Me...I began life on Karo. Right now, I get Karo in some way every day...it makes so many foods taste swell. . . and don’t Doctors say it’s good for growing children...’cause it’s so rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar?

How do I look, Folks...strong and healthy?"

the KARO KID

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Just send postcard with your name and address to Corn Products Sales Company, Dept. X3, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.
"But I was told..." I began. "Sorry, Lieutenant," the officer in charge replied. "But these orders have just come down. Can't tell you when they will be lifted. Lots of gold braid buzzing back and forth all of a sudden."

"Then," I asked, "how about a boat?"
There was nothing available at the moment, he said, but he would let me know.
I was miserable. It was unfair. I thought. Here I was, almost home—and stuck at the very last lap. Why, rings... could be over and done with. Before I ever got out of Hawaii—and heavens only knew where I would be sent afterwards.
I walked back to the hotel, feeling trapped and cheated. My eyes were downcast, so I didn't know if any of the men who passed me looked at me admiringly. I didn't care. I wanted to go home.
There was a message in my box at the hotel. I was mystified. I knew no one in Honolulu. I tore open the envelope and read a scribbled note.
"It's not the Top o' the Mark," it read, "but I know a nice Officers' Club in town. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" It was signed: "Henry Dekker."
So his name was Henry. I had never known. After twenty-six months of working by his side I had known only that he was "H. V. Dekker, M.O."

I FORGOT the cancelled plane reservation, the dimming prospects of seeing the Top o' the Mark. I dressed for the evening as though Honolulu were the town I had been aching to "do." And, all of a sudden, it was.
Dr. Dekker was as resplendent in his summer uniform as I guessed. He stared at one another open-mouthed for a moment. And then, rather abashed, we laughed.
"I didn't believe it for a moment," he confessed.
"Neither did I," I stammered.
We walked to the Officers' Club, which was not far from my hotel, and his hand held my arm in a strong grip. I was strangely excited by the touch—and mystified by my own excitement. I had watched those hands at work for twenty-six months—admired their cool efficiency—but never before had they affected my own blood pressure.
I searched for mundane things to talk about.
"I'm glad you've been relieved," I said.
"I'm not relieved," he told me. "Re-assigned. Headquarters has decided we've learned some surgical tricks working under battle conditions that the new men might as well learn before they get into combat. I'm going home to train them."
"How wonderful," I gasped. Then I told him how my furlough plans had gone astray.
"They told me just to wait until I hear from the Transportation office," I said, "and you know what that means. I'll be spending my entire leave in Honolulu."
"I'm on leave too," he said. "Six weeks—before reporting for my new assignment. I'll spend them here—with you—unless you can break out of here somehow."
There was my heart-pounding again, the way I thought it had forgotten how to pound.
"But you were so anxious to see San Francisco again," I protested.
I was anxious to show you San Francisco," he corrected me, smiling. We had found our way to a candlelit table in the corner of the dark little club. Dr. Dekker pushed two bamboo chairs close together.

"What is there to do in Honolulu?" he asked, re-opening the conversation, "now that we’re going to be spending our leaves together?"

"But surely," I felt I must object, "you have a family—someone—waiting to see you."

"I am a lone wolf," he said firmly. "Oh, Henry," I said, using his first name without thinking, "don’t try to be nice to me. I’m not used to it."

He looked at me for a long moment before he answered. And then he said, "I’m trying to be nice to me. I’m not used to it either. And my friends call me Hank."

It was a wonderful night. For the whole night had gone by before Hank took me home to the clean sheets and warm bath which had been all I had of dream stuff only a few hours before.

We had cocktails at the Officers’ Club, a real Hawaiian dinner at a friendly little lu-au after black-out, and then found another club where we could talk and dance until dawn.

I couldn’t believe that this warm-hearted gentle Hank the evening had revealed to me was the same man as the H. V. Dekker, M.O., I had known so intimately—and yet not known at all—for more than two years.

I LAY awake for hours after he had gone, trying to remember H. V. Dekker, M.O., trying to identify that man—who had seemed a coldly efficient machine—with my Hank.

Already, he was my Hank. He didn’t know it, and iron horses couldn’t drag it out of me unless he asked, but I knew I was in love with him, and would be, no matter how brief this meeting, as long as I lived.

There were wisps of identification that connected the two men—the doctor, and the man I loved.

H. V. Dekker, M.O., had been gentle, too—beneath the strain and fatigue. I remembered our first night on the beach, the horrible night when I was killed and I took her place with the lighted lantern.

Dr. Dekker had gone on operating, apparently oblivious to the fact that a beautiful young girl lay dead at his feet. But when the operation was finished, I recalled, he had picked up Ann’s body, ever so gently, his face drawn with emotion, and carried it to a quiet place under the trees where our other fallen comrades lay.

The demands on his strength and courage were almost insuperable that night—but he worked the whole night through, a table on the sandy beach his operating room, its walls the jungle and its roof the wide open sky. Japanese snipers were all around us, and the night was wild with noise and horror.

He did his job unflinchingly. He paid me and the six other nurses who remained the supreme compliment of taking it for granted that we would do ours.

When dawn came, and with it a relief medical corps from the boats off shore, he thanked us courteously for "sticking it out."

It had been easier after awhile. Our troops cemented the beachhead and moved inland. After a few days, our improvised surgery was protected from the sun and rain at least by a tent. There were wards—of a sort—with a semblance of cover. Later we had a
real hospital—with a tin roof the rain sang on. But the work was no less, and the horror no less. We came to take death and destruction for granted only because we would have gone mad otherwise.

I remembered how tired Hank had looked—for it had been Hank, even if a haggard and driven Hank—on the morning I left. And I wondered aloud how I could have failed to see then what was so clear to me now—that he was the only man in the world I wanted.

I didn’t deserve that he should love me too—when for two years I had stood at his elbow, listened to his voice, watched his beautiful hands, and not known.

But he did love me. He told me so the next day.

We were lying on the beach at Waikiki revelling in the warm sun, content to be lazy, to look ahead into our unplanned, hazy, but happy future.

Hank reached over my hand.

“Please don’t think this is sudden, Marjorie,” he said, “It really isn’t. I’ve known I would ask you this for almost two years. Marjorie—will you marry me?”

“You’ve known?” I gasped. “For two years?”

AND then I told him that I was in love, too—but in love with the Hank I had only just come to know. I confessed that it had happened to me—falling in love with him—only last night.

He understood, bless him.

“It is hard to think of love in the midst of war,” he said. “For love is life—and war is death. There were times when I was too tired, too sick at heart, even to want you, darling. But my heart filed you away—to be remembered when life was worth living once more.”

He turned my mouth up to his then, and we kissed for the first time—and the nightmare of New Guinea was dissolved, the grim, efficient H. V. Dekker, M.O., disappeared in a flood of love and hope, never to be real to me again.

Life was good, and Hank was warm and real—and home, a real home, waited for us in a happy, mud-less, bloodless world.

I saw everything through a strange, wonderful mist of happiness, after that. All the neatness and efficiency I had learned through twenty-six months of war melted quite away, and I was an eager young girl again, wanting nothing more in the whole world than to be, every moment of my time, with the man I loved.

It was fortunate for us that Hank’s efficiency, so much greater than mine, was proportionately harder for him to lose. He had to make all the decisions, all the plans. My transportation was still delayed, and at last, as time slipped stealthily through our fingers, Hank suggested that we waste no more of it, and be married here in Honolulu.

Nothing could have suited me better. I was living in a world of wonder, a world of violent reaction to all that I had known and seen, and our marriage sealed the only thing needed to make the wonders of that world complete.

A naval captain, whom Hank had known in civilian life, performed the ceremony in a flower-filled room at the Officers’ Club. And then Hank and I came back to the hotel together—and for many days nothing existed for us but the actual moment in which we were living, the star-hung loveliness of...
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I knew that he was rationalizing—that any nurse who had seen duty in the war zones would have been as useful to him as I. But I wanted to go with him; I wanted never again to leave his side for a moment. If we could go together back to the States, work together, we could have a pleasant normal, not without waiting until the war was won. I wanted that so terribly—life owed it to me, and to him, I told myself. We had done all that we could it was up to others to take our places out there where the fighting was We would be useful at home. We wouldn't be shirking.

And so Hank wrote to headquarters, asking for my re-assignment. "The Old Man will give us a break if he can," Hank told me hopefully. "It isn't regulation, but he knows what it's like in New Guinea. He'll feel that twenty-six months of it is enough for any girl—certainly he can't think it was enough for me. That's partly why I was ordered home.

How long before we can expect an answer?" I asked him.

"Oh, a couple of weeks should do it."

We decided to spend those two weeks in seeing as much of Hawaii as war restrictions permitted.

"Lord only knows," Hank said, "if we'll ever get out here again. When this is all over too proud to even consider the war, I hope to practice again—and you'll be helping me. We'll be too busy setting broken arms and taking out tonsils and bringing babies born on ship, to think of vacations, especially in places like this. Most likely a week at a nearby lake will have to do us, then. So let's make the most of this, while we can! We'll forget we're waiting for orders—this is our honeymoon."

But we weren't allowed to forget. Days went by and Hank knew the proper hands his new orders came And they were not orders to proceed to the United States—to home and a normal life with my husband—but to turn around and go back west.

For a time we forgot ourselves, and slipped back into the efficiency of our doctor-nurse life once more. It seems strange that for a moment it didn't penetrate to us that this was the end of our hopes, or perhaps we didn't want it to, just yet. But whatever it was, the first thing those orders meant to us was that the big push was over, and time to get back to the Philippines—we were going to get our own back, to strike a double blow for every moment of shame and heartache and terror that Corregidor had meant. That was why my transportation had been held up; that was why I was ordered back.

Hank looked up at me, and held my eyes. "It's come," he said. "We must be moving."

I nodded. "Yes, it's come. We're going back. Oh, what that will mean—and then, suddenly, in the midst of it, I thought of what it would mean to us, personally—those orders that Hank held in his hand. It meant, in the end of all we had counted on—no, I told myself, not the end, but a long, long waiting. But I knew, too, that once if every trained nurse in the theater were needed—and needed urgently—would leaves have been cancelled. And I knew that the tiny, time-lapsing place—Hank and mine—was gone for good. We couldn't slip back into it, now, for a moment. We were a doctor and a nurse again, and man and wife only secondly.

And so we sat, and stared at each other. We were sure, in our own minds, that I could get out of it, if we raised a fuss. I had spent twenty-six months in the war zones. Hank hadn't been joking when he said that I was suffering from "battle fatigue." A week before, on the assignment officer, a voucher from Hank, and I would have been sent on home. Those were the things that went through my mind, and through his, too, I know—but neither of us could voice them.

I remember how small, how forlorn my voice sounded, so that I had to repeat the words, trying to make them sound, the second time, more like a nurse, an Army officer. "I guess I'll have to go back. Hank. I guess I'll have to go back."

If only I could have forgotten New Guinea—the twisted body of Ann Llewellyn as it lay on the beach, the men who ran to shore singing through a hail of steel, the wounded who tried to smile when pain was worst, the nurses and doctors who worked when they were too tired to work. If only I could have forgotten those, I could have turned my face toward home easily, and followed Hank wherever we went. But I couldn't forget. It wasn't that I was brave. My heart was sick with fear. It was just that I couldn't forget, and remembering, there was nothing else to do but turn back, and once again do what I could.

Hank remembered, too. He didn't try to influence me. He didn't say a word about not going. He wanted me as much as I ached to stay with him, but he knew, too, that there was no choice. He knew I had to go back.

And I went, in three days. I went aboard a boat, and tried to smile at Hank, and I was so tired, I waved to him through a mist of tears that I hid with the best smile I could muster.

And Hank is back in America, now, working, trying, as I am, to be patient, to fill the long hours of waiting somehow.

I am in the Philippines, in a hospital so much like the one in New Guinea that I find it hard to believe that I have ever been away. I am in the midst of blood, and mud, and grime, and again I know the hurt boys, the brave men, the indefatigable doctors and nurses again. We have found where men are not in pain? Where women are not too tired? Where things are clean, and children play, unafraid, in the streets?

I know there is, for Hank is waiting for me in that world—the world to which I am going back some day.
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I asked Jack if we could be married there. Of course he, and Julius, agreed. For a girl who honestly had wanted "permanence"—who hated hotel rooms and dirty trains as I had tried to pretend I did—the next five years would have been horrible. But I was blissfully happy—even on the one night stands— for I was with Jack.

HE did everything to make our vagabond life attractive to me, from the beginning. He even wrote me into the act. When, after a few years, radio rocketed into importance and Jack had the first chance in his career for a fairly normal life, he insisted that I have all the things I had "given up" for my life with him.

"Given up" I said, startled, "Why, what on earth do you mean?" I honestly had forgotten my old yearnings for permanence.

"You always wanted a family and a real home," he reminded me, "and now—after ten years—you have everything in the world except what you've really wanted."

I didn't understand. Family—I had him. We knew that we could not hope for children. Home—why, home was where Jack was. Marriage, I told him, was being together. Convenience, comfort—things—what did they matter?

But he pressed his point, and now I am so glad he did. For now we have Joannie—she's nine now, and a beautiful little girl. We adopted her when she was a tiny baby.

And we have a home of our own—a permanent home—in Beverly Hills. Of course it has aspects of a rag factory, with Jack and four writers working all over the place six days a week—and using Joannie and me, to say nothing of the cook and the gardener, the postman and the grocery boy as guinea pigs for their jokes. But for me it's wonderful—it's home, permanence, security, everything. For it's where my heart is.
The Right Girl
Continued from page 37

You're very sweet. You don't know how sweet. But I shouldn't have taken advantage of your sympathy."

"Sympathy!" I cried. "If you call that sympathy...!" I was so shaken I was trembling. He looked at me incredulously. Then a blessed wonder came into his eyes. He straightened. The defeated look was gone.

I started to speak—I don't know what I would have said—but the doorknob rattled, and Charlotte came in. How much had she seen? I didn't care. She had had her chance with John. It was my turn now.

What I did in the days that followed was inexcusable. I stopped being a girl then, and became a woman—a scheming, plotting woman. I used every possible vile to take John away from Charlotte. On the pretext of nursing Jimmy, I managed to spend long hours with John in the intimacy of the small stone house at the edge of the zoo where we were keeping the little chimp. I talked to him about his work, encouraged him to go on with it. Hung on his words. Often I found some excuse to be very close to him, putting my cheek next to his, or "accidentally" touching his hand and letting my fingers cling to his. Once, I tossed his cane away and put my arms around him, pretending to take a dance step.

He went a little white. Then he entered into the spirit of it and, holding tightly to me, ventured a step or two on his own. "Wonderful!" I cried in excitement. And kissed him. Deliberately, I put everything into that kiss so that he could not mistake its import.

He looked so startled that I laughed. Before he could say anything, I whirled and ran to Jimmy. "Look, John, he really has recovered! It's the first time he has eaten all his food and now he wants to play."

Jimmy's idea of play was to hurl himself, ball fashion, into our arms. First into John's and then into mine. John had to brace himself against the wall to do it because the little chimp was getting heavy. And finally, of course, it happened. He caught John off-balance and the two of them fell to the floor. John's face was twisted with agony.

"And I thought I was almost a man again!" At the savage bitterness in his voice my heart contracted. "A seventy-pound chimp knocks me over!"

A mask had fallen back across his features. A mask of self-mockery and despair. That spark of new-found confidence had vanished. I tried to help him up, but he pushed me aside. Painfully, he dragged himself up on a chair.

... Jimmy was back in his cage, sitting there huddled in fright. A cold fear was upon me too. It was as if John had withdrawn into a tight little world of his own, shutting me out.

That night I went to Charlotte's apartment. I had to find out how things stood between them. She was sitting in the bay window overlooking the park and zoo and she hardly turned her head when I entered. "Hello, Bets, I've been expecting you," she said.

I sat on the seat opposite her. Tense, waiting. After a moment I blurted out, "Charlotte, when are you and John going to be married?"

She looked at me steadily for a moment, as if she were trying to read
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FOR what?" she said evenly. "For falling in love? For fighting for that love when you thought I was letting John down? You had to think that, didn't you?"

"Yes," I acknowledged. "I was stupid enough to think you were putting him off because he was—crippled."

Tears filled her eyes. "Bets, if John had lost both legs and both arms, he would still be the most wonderful man on earth to me. He is someone to grow up to, dear. Be sure that you do!"

She showed me her bags, packed and ready in her bedroom. Her train left in an hour. "I'm going to Washington first to consult with the Survey. Then I'm going West to do a job for them," she explained. Charlotte...I could see her going through the years leading that full, useful life of hers. And leaving her heart behind, here...I turned away blindly.

I tossed restlessly in my bed that night, unable to sleep. The wind had set up a fierce howling outside, banging the shutters and sweeping low the branches of the trees. I don't know why I first became conscious of it, that incipient smell of smoke. Suddenly I sat bolt upright. Through the window I caught sight of fire dancing below in the dark.

"Dad!" I screamed, as I jumped out of bed. I whipped into some slacks and tennis shoes. Then I hammered on Dad's door. He was a sound sleeper and a precious minute was lost before I got him awake. We turned in the fire alarm, then raced for the zoo.

Already the flames were tamed anyway. The shrill cries of the animals held piteous terror. Some of the keepers had been aroused and were working in a frenzy to prod the lions into a transpor ting cage. "Unlock the cages, Bets!" Dad yelled. "All except the black panthers and tigers. We'll see to them."

Most of the animals were tamed anyway. It didn't matter if they were freed. I could feel a hot searing breath on my face, as I reached the cage where...
Nemo was, I had no sooner unlocked the gate than the little animals scurried past me; Nemo in the lead. The zebras and wallabies came next. Lashed by the wind, the fire was sweeping through the trees and bushes and beginning to spill over the cages. Hot embers fell everywhere. A burning twig set fire to my sleeve once and scorched my arm before I could put it out.

On a little runway leading to the main aviary, I collided with a hurrying figure. "John!" I gasped.

"Jimmy's back there. He'll be roasted alive if we don't get to him." In the excitement of the moment, he had forgotten the artificial leg and was using it as if he'd had it all his life!

I started to run ahead. And then I stopped, for something more dreaded than fire was before me. Something evil and slimy, rearing its head, outlined against the fire. It was hideous beyond words. It was the cobra-de-capello, a venomous hooded snake.

Even as I stood there petrified, John had seen it, too, and brushed past me to strike at it with his cane. Again and again. Powerful strokes that left the creature writhing on the ground. Then he grabbed my arm. "Come on!"

We found Jimmy crouched in his cage, almost overcome with smoke. The windows of the stone house were broken and already fiery branches were blowing in. John swung the poor little chimp up over his shoulder and started down the path. "Run, Bets, run!"

A great roar seemed to echo his words. We made it to the big Swan Lake just in time, and waded in.

Hours later, sitting exhausted in the cottage, John said abruptly, "Charlotte must have seen the fire. She could have helped. I guess she ran out on that too."

I had to tell him then. Even if it meant losing him. He had to know the truth about Charlotte. And if he followed her—if she had been wrong about the way he felt—than I'd have to take it. Something had happened to me tonight. I hoped, humbly, that it was the beginning of that growing-up-to-John process Charlotte had spoken of. I understood for the first time that love entails sacrifice too.

John listened quietly while I told him that Charlotte had left town—and why, "She'll be with the Survey Department in Washington, D.C., if you want to reach her," I finished.

For a long moment he said nothing. Then he stood up. "I'll call her there long distance. I have a lot to say to her. She's the greatest friend a man ever had. And the wisest... She knew that I loved you even before I realized it. I think that was part of what was wrong with me, Bets."

He came close and reached down for me. Without a word I went into his arms. This was the old John, My John. He would never wear that look of defeat again. That was my silent vow as I felt the beating of his heart against my own.

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Forever Yours
Continued from page 21

hadn't taken him in hand he'd still be a lowly pfc." The good-natured scuffle between them swung the world back into its safe orbit. They'd been heckling each other like this for as long as I could remember.

"Let's take a look at you, Mary. Let's see—same sweater—I think that goes back to the Sophomore picnic, wouldn't you say, Philip?—and that hair ribbon, vintage 1940, and—good Lord, gal... are you still wearing those ground grippers?" I looked down at my neat brown brogues in dismay. There had been a friendly banter in Henry's voice, but there had also been an undercurrent of malice.

"Just the same," I answered, slowly. "What did you think—that I'd changed into a glamour girl? Anyway, Philip likes me just the way I am."

While I dressed to go out, after dinner, I kept thinking of that... Philip likes me the way I am... and wondering at the little silence that fell, awkwardly, between the three of us, broken by Philip's hasty: "Sure. Put her in a flour sack—she's still my Mary." But it hadn't rung true.

I dressed with more than usual care. Soldiers coming home... of course they wanted to see their girls in something soft and feminine and frilly. Well, my new chocolate brown suit was soft and fitted, and the white blouse had a frou-frou of lace cascading under my chin. The color deepened my eyes; brought out the golden flecks in their brown depths. The suit was smart. And my brown kid pumps were new.

It was worth the trouble to see the pleasure in Philip's eyes.

"You look lovely, Mary. Lovely and sweet and I'm proud of you." The warmth in his quiet, steady voice reached out to stroke me with a tingling delight. "Goodnight, Mr. Brockman..." to Dad who was blinking at us over his book; his hot milk beside him on the table.

"Goodnight, Philip. And have a good time, Mary. I'm glad to see you going out—you're working too hard, with those kids at the nursery and an old man like me to take care of." Dad had worked at the factory, as an accountant, a long time and, even now, ten whole days, and before he knew it he'd refused to shorten his hours.

Outside, I slipped my hand into Philip's. "Oh, I'm so glad you're back. I go around talking to myself out of sheer loneliness. Let's try and make these ten days just the way they used to be, Philip—picnics and tennis and swimming..."

"Swell. But I think I'd better tell you, Mary, that this may be our last furlough. We don't know for sure and I shouldn't be talking, perhaps, but I know it's safe with you."

Dismay made my steps falter. He held my arm tightly to help me over the street curb.

"Oh—Philip—no! Overseas—?"

"Yes. That's why, when Henry finds himself a date, I'd like for the two of us to slip away—early. I promised him we'd meet at the Old Mill, but I want to talk to you alone, later."

It would be tonight. Tonight Philip would ask me to marry him. We had ten whole days, and before he left I would be Mrs. Philip James. My dream of this afternoon was coming true, in
spite of the war and its changes!

"Is Henry bringing a girl?" It was the only thing I could think of to say.

"Who would he bring? The way Aunt Connie has always kept her eye on him, there isn't a girl in town he knows well enough to call up on the spur of the moment. No, he's staging. He always does."

WE both laughed, remembering. Aunt Connie's "heart attacks," real or fancied, had a convenient way of coming on every time Henry had been about to involve himself with a girl. Not that Henry minded any more—he liked being footloose and fancy free.

The Old Mill used to be a hangout for our own little crowd, but now it, too, was bigger and more garish, and instead of the juke box a six-piece brass band hit it up from the crude stage. The noise was deafening as we entered and made our way through the crowded dance floor to the booth where we had spotted Henry's curly head.

"Over here!" Henry was beckoning. And, as we reached him ... "I've been doing guard duty over this table and this beer for a half-hour—and nearly getting mobbed." We slid onto the benches and regarded the now-empty beer mugs with raised eyebrows.

"So, you saved these for us—and drank them yourself, instead. A fine pal you are!" Philip mocked him.

Henry's thin, tanned face was flushed and his eyes sparkled. "Not by myself, my friends. I was going to save them for you—and a hard time I had getting them, too—but the most beautiful girl in the world came along and took pity on me—Ah, here she comes now—!"

I didn't have to turn my head. The

most beautiful girl—somehow I knew.

"Stephanie, I want you to meet two of the nicest people in Tilbury. Philip James—Stephanie Vesper."

Philip had risen and was looking down at her, smiling, and when she lifted her hand to touch his sergeant's stripes, her dress pulled sharply across her flat midriff.

"Another Sergeant! I can see you earned those stripes! You don't get muscles like that from pushing a pen around on paper. And you're from Tilbury? I don't get it—you and Henry, here, are alive—everybody else here should have been buried years ago."

Her pantry-blue eyes glowed with molten admiration and her hand on his arm was a caress.

Henry laughed. "And what's a pin-up girl like you doing here? My morale has gone up a hundred percent, Phil—I thought I was going to spend my furlough with a good book!" They all laughed. And then Henry turned to me.

"Stephanie—this is Mary Brockman, the kid next door."

HER eyes widened, then narrowed, in recognition. "Pleased to meet you," she said, awkwardly.

I tried to keep the furious anger out of my voice. What she'd said about Tilbury—and the way she looked at Philip! "How do you do, Miss Vesper. Won't you join us?—we'll do our best to entertain you, even though we are natives."

"Sure—thanks." Her words came out slowly, a frozen, embarrassed mumble. There was dead silence for a moment, and then Philip turned to me.

"Dance, Mary?" he asked, quietly. He smiled pleasantly at the other two.

"Don't believe anything that he tells you, Stephanie!" The color came back to her face and she tossed her head with a trace of her former arrogance. "Oh, I'll watch him, Sergeant. I know how to handle boys like him."

We danced for a moment in silence.

"Mary," Philip broke the ice, "what was the idea of the snub for that kid? She seems like a nice, pretty girl and I think Henry really likes her."

I WAS too honest to pretend that I didn't know I had been condescending to Stephanie. "But, Philip—she was so rude about Tilbury. I don't like strangers tearing us down, and eight months ago you would have been angry, too." That wasn't the whole reason, but how could I say I didn't like the way she looked at you?

"Oh, honey! You've got to admit the town is pretty old-fashioned. I've seen lots of places in the Army and done my share of criticizing them, so I can hardly object when someone takes a crack at Tilbury, can I?"

That hurt. And it frightened me. Didn't Tilbury still mean to Philip what it did to me—peace and contentment and happiness? Were my dreams something that he had abandoned?

"But—" I said, lamely. "What do Stephanie and I have in common, Philip?"

His answer sprang from a normal, masculine irritation. "Oh, Lord—I don't know. Whatever you girls talk about—clothes, or shopping or your hair, I guess."

Our clothes—the comparison was so sharp it would only embarrass her. But perhaps there were other things. Certainly I could compliment her, honestly, on her startling black cloud of

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I SAW something else. For the first time I was watching Philip as apart from myself—detached—a stranger. I didn't know. I hadn't realized the poise of his broad shoulders and slim hips, the firm, gentle guidance of his hands, the hidden, disciplined forces in his nature which now seemed to surge to the surface under the witchery of the music. It was a revelation to me. He had none of the sinuous grace of the trained dancer, but in his big frame there was natural coordination of mind and muscle.

Others were stopping to watch. The two were alone in an oasis on the floor. Stephanie would have been an attraction anywhere—his solidity made a perfect complement for her. Untrained and the two were walking back to the booth, her face upturned to his laughing one.
Henry pretended to scowl. "What goes on? I've known this guy all my life and he's got two left feet—he can't dance! What did you do to him, Stephanie?"

Philip looked down at her. I could feel the tension still in him. "That was swell, thank you, Stephanie."

For once her bold poise deserted her. "I—I love to dance. My brother says all my brains are in my feet—"

It didn't fool me. I could forgive her the spell she had thrown over Philip on the dance floor. I could even applaud the beauty of her rhythm—but I couldn't forgive her the deliberate personal intimacy she created between them.

It was late when we got home, but the sliver of moon that followed us shed a few pale beams through the wisteria tangle in one corner of the porch. It made a warm, secluded little nook. Here Philip had kissed me before when he used to bring me home—kisses that were sweet and tender and shy in the boy-and-girl wonder of it.

But tonight was different.

Tonight he took me in his arms almost violently, his lips on mine compelling and strong. My own response was startled and yielding. For a second we clung together...

"Mary, sweetheart," he whispered huskily against my cheek, "there's so little time for us—not nearly enough time-only, ten days to know each other..."

But, Philip—we've known each other all our lives."

His answer was a short, exasperated little laugh. "Have we? Oh—I know you like Dorsev and you hate and movies and you always get a rash when you eat strawberries. And you know I have a weakness for reading wild west stories. That's kid stuff. Mary. We have a lot to learn about each other. Like this..." and he bent his head to kiss me again. A kiss that left me breathless and shaken and frightened at the sky-rocket inside me. No, I didn't know this Philip! This was the man of the dance-floor—the man whose vital maleness had attracted even a Stephanie.

For just a second I was caught in the thrilling tide—and then, suddenly, something about the sky-rocket seemed tawdry, cheap. Something that came from the turbulence, the feverish expectancy that had been in the air at the Old Mill, stirred by the girl Stephanie. She had done this to Philip. And, involuntarily, I stiffened, drew back. I wanted no part of it. We were going to be married, Philip and I. We had no need for stolen, excited caresses.

"Please, Philip," I asked in a low voice, "you know I don't like this sort of thing. Let me go."

He released me slowly, incredulously. "I'm sorry—I thought you—I didn't mean to frighten you." And now his voice was harsh. "It won't happen again."

And he was gone.

My room was a haven, but even its familiar welcome wasn't proof against my confusion. Philip's strange emergence from the boy I'd always known into this sure, confident, mature man—how did he fit into the picture I had dreamed this afternoon? It wasn't that he was older, somehow, but that he had changed so. His very approach to people and life was not the one I knew. It frightened me.

But surely nothing could really change the good, the quiet, the serene

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two speakers were not yet in sight. "I can't!" the words drifted across to me, sharp in excitement. It was a girl.

And I stiffened—something like terror freezing me to the spot. My heart plunged. I knew that voice—only now it was passionately, deeply emotional. The affection was gone—stark desperation rode in Stephanie's voice.

I CAN'T!" she repeated, and now only snatches of her words came, as if she were having difficulty speaking... "love isn't enough... of course I do... you know I do... but... it's impossible..."

Was she pleading with Henry—protesting! I knew Henry. Knew his light-hearted love-making and, for the first time, sympathy for her and anger against his thoughtless flirtations banished my hostility for her.

I could see her bright scarf now, between the trees. Her head was bent. And through the leaves I could see the flash of a Sergeant's chevrons on his khaki uniform. But I couldn't yet see Henry's face.

"Stephanie—listen to me! It doesn't make a damn bit of difference where you came from or who your family are or what other people think! Marriage is just two people—"

I don't think I fainted. A turn in the road hid them both and carried them out of hearing. But for a moment, the whole world had spun, the ground had rolled beneath my feet, there was a twisted, roaring rush of blood singing in my ears, and my heart had simply ceased to beat.

Not Henry!—no thin, jaunty figure at her side, but—Philip!

My shaking hands finally steadied themselves on the tree and I looked at their torn palms with only a curious wonder. There was no sensation of pain. They had no connection with the rest of me. But I tried to concentrate on them—as if they had an importance I must solve. I was floating in a cool, detached sort of vacuum and my feet moved slowly, one in front of the other, down the path and homewards, automatically.

It had been Philip who had been speaking of marriage and pleading with Don't think of that! Don't—but a part of my mind that wouldn't be controlled, that was still mechanically functioning, wondered: Why did she protest? How absurd! I must have looked all right and sounded like myself, because Dad didn't seem to notice anything wrong. I explained that I wasn't well—I was getting a cold. And then I made my way to my room.

THE storm broke then. Broke with a suddenness and a violence that left me weak and shaken and bruised. I had come alive to pain that was indescribable and torment that was overwhelming. Philip—wanting to marry that girl—a girl who represented nothing of the life he cared about! I remembered his words of yesterday—"You can't choose or select—it just hits you. And there's no hell like finding that the one you love doesn't feel the same way."

He hadn't been speaking of Henry, but of himself. This love he spoke of—what a strange, horrible thing it must be to change him so completely! The storm of my weeping tore me apart. I had lost Philip, and with his love went the very meaning of my life and all...
the dreams that had been my future.
And with all the agony that went
with the loss of Philip there flowed an
equal, bitter tide of resentment against
Stephanie. It was not enough that she
and her kind had come to Tilbury and
taken away our peace and serenity and
our pride in ourselves—she had stolen
the one thing in life I really wanted.
Stolen it, not because she wanted his
love, but because it amused her to play
one man off against another—

I HAD never known before that I
could feel or be hurt so deeply.
Phlip had been right when he said I
disliked sad movies. I'd always felt
that the actors' emotions were too un-
disciplined—they were strange, ill-ad-
justed people. Now I knew there was
no measuring stick for pain. No level
for tears.

"Mary—" Dad's voice roused me. I
saw that it was evening and my room
was dark. "Mary—could you come
down, dear? Philip's here to see you."

The words didn't register for a mo-
ment. And when they did it seemed
grotesque, his coming to say goodbye.
It was a code of manners that belonged
to a saner, an orderly, rightful world
that I no longer knew.

"I'm sorry you aren't feeling well,
Mary." The darkness partly hid my
swollen eyes but I was grateful for the
excuse. His sympathy seemed me-
chanical, overwrought by the strain
under which he was evidently labor-
ing. I wondered, numbly, why he had
bothered to come.

"I—I had to come." He answered
my unspoken thought. "I tried to stay
away because I knew it would make
things harder for us both. It hasn't
been easy, these past ten days." His
hands jammed into his pockets, he
paced restlessly up and down. "When
I first came back, Mary, I meant to
ask you to marry me, but even then
I was doubtful whether it was right.
This whole war is an upheaval and,
when you're in it, you find yourself
looking at things in a different light.
I wasn't sure of myself. And I wasn't
sure if it was fair to you—to ask you
to marry me because we had both
taken it for granted—and then to leave
you. Suppose someone else came along
who could make you feel more deeply,
more strongly than I could? How
would you feel, tied to me just because
I was the boy you'd grown up with and
gone to school with? Why was he
taking this round-about way to tell
me he had fallen in love with Step-
anie?"

There was a drive of desperation in
his voice. "It's like a river, Mary, that
just flows along and then comes the
war and the river gets dammed up.
It has to find new outlets and chan-
nels. I won't be the same man when
this war is over—I'm not the same as
I was, even now."

"But when it comes to saying good-
bye and to leaving everything I've ever
known that was safe and secure—I
guess I'm just like the rest. I'm weak
even to want to leave a hostage here
—to have someone to come back to who
is a link with all the dreams I've ever
had."

I'VE had the license for a week. I
even spoke to Reverend Harkness on
the way over. I know I'm being self-
ish. I don't even know if you still care
for me. But... I could feel the
pressure against his words. But I wasn't
prepared for the shock of them—!

"He says as long as he's going to be tied to a desk for
the rest of the war, he may as well relax and enjoy it."
"Mary—darling—will you marry me—tonight—before I leave?"

It was like waking out of a nightmare—a horrible nightmare—that had never really happened.

Stephanie couldn't have him. He had come back to me. He had turned to me, knowing that we were right for each other. His feeling for her had been a storm of infatuation, but the years that bound us together into one person wouldn't let him go. Perhaps I had misunderstood him this afternoon—perhaps I had imagined the whole thing! For now, nothing mattered except that Philip wanted to marry me. These were incoherent thoughts, swept aside by the joy that flooded my tired and weakened body. Involuntarily I had stepped into his arms and my hands were on his shoulders.

"Oh—Philip! I'll marry you tonight—any time! And I'll be waiting for you when you come back."

It was like a dream—our wedding. And over as quickly as any dream. Dad went with us, took care of everything. There was nothing for me to do but stand by Philip's side and whisper my tremulous, joyful responses, and hear, in turn, his low voice: "I, Philip James, take this woman—"

And then we were at the railroad station. At that hour of the morning there were few passengers waiting and even those weren't interested in the familiar sight of a soldier and bride saying goodbye. Henry had shouted his fleeting congratulations and had dived into the vestibule to secure seats for both of them. It was cold, but warm drafts of steam escaped from beneath the train to eddy around our feet. I didn't need its warmth—I was sheltered in Philip's arms.

His lips on mine were tender and sweet. "Take care of yourself, Mary. I'll come back—back to you."

"I know you will," I promised him. He would come back and my dreams would come true—our house—the white fence—our children, playing on the sidewalk—

The trainman's warning cry drifted down to us. Reluctantly, Philip started up the steps. He waved to me. Then—suddenly—abruptly—he swung himself down and jumped to my side. His hands were on my shoulders, and in them I could feel the tightening of his whole body. I could feel the cost to him, the pride and strength it took him to ask me, painfully—"Will you do something for me after I'm gone, Mary?"

Instinctively everything in me cried out for him to stop. I didn't know what was coming—I didn't want to know—! The trainman tapped him on the shoulder. Philip was walking away, his words coming back to me over his shoulder—

"Mary—look after Stephanie—be nice to her for—for me!"

I wanted to scream. Even now he could think of her! And the truth seared me—he had come to me on the rebound, because she had refused him! And the stabbing, lashing hatred I felt in my heart for her made a mockery of our marriage!

Is Mary's longed-for, hoped-for marriage on a reality after all? Whom does Philip carry away with him in his heart—Mary, his wife, or Stephanie, the stranger? Read the exciting second installment of Power Years in April Radio Romances, formerly Radio Mirror, on sale March 16.
Suitable Substitutes
Continued from page 50

Salt and pepper into eggs and mix thoroughly with spinach. Turn into ring mold which has been rubbed with margarine and bake in 350 degree oven until firm, about 25 minutes. Unmold onto platter and fill center of ring with sliced creamed potatoes or carrots or buttered beets.

Kidney Beans

1 lb. kidney beans
2 qts. water
1 tbl. salt
1 tbl. chili powder
1 bayleaf
1 clove garlic (optional)
1 onion
1 green pepper
1 red pepper
2 stalks celery
2 tbls. margarine

Soak beans overnight in cold water. The following day simmer in the same water, to which salt, chili powder and bayleaf have been added, until tender, 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Mince garlic, chop fine onion, peppers and celery and sauté in margarine. Pour over beans at serving time. Dried lima, navy or blackeye beans or lentils may be prepared and served in the same way.

Another way to vary Lenten meals is to place emphasis on vegetables. Serve creamed eggs on an eggplant slice accompanied by zucchini, small onions and watercress for an appetizing version of the familiar vegetable and egg plate—especially good when the onions are topped with cheese crumbs.

Cheese Crumbs

2 tbls. margarine
1/2 cup crumbs
2 tbls. grated cheese

Melt margarine and sauté crumbs until light golden brown. Cool. Stir in grated cheese, sprinkle over tops of hot cooked onions and serve at once.

APRIL RADIO ROMANCES
Formerly Radio Mirror
ON SALE
Friday, March 16th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for February will go on sale Wednesday, January 10th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!

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3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Spring Morning, Forest Pine.
Beyond Tomorrow
Continued from page 28
for a couple of days alone while Mrs. Hazelton kept Robbie. At least, that was the way we planned it.

All during the party after the ceremony, Robbie was running around wild with excitement, into and on top of everything. He even rode his tricycle into the living room, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Lookit! Lookit me!" I tried to keep him quiet, but he was completely out of control. And no matter how much Mrs. Hazelton and I told him not to, he kept stuffing himself with cake. Finally she took him upstairs to the room he and I had lived in together, where my bags were already packed waiting to be taken to my new home.

In a little while she came back and drew me aside. "Delia, Robbie's sick. All that excitement and all that food—he's got some temperature and I've put him to bed."

Ted was across the room talking to the minister, so without saying anything to him I ran upstairs. My baby really was sick. He was burning with fever, and he kept crying, "Mummy, mummy—" I was frantic with worry.

After a while, Ted came upstairs and I went out in the hall and closed the door. "Darling, can't leave him tonight," I said. "He's really sick and he needs me."

Ted looked as if I'd struck him. "But Delia—he can't be very sick. Mrs. Hazelton loves him—he'll look after him. And this—this is our wedding day!"

"I know, Ted. But I can't leave him—"
You could if you wanted to!" The words came out like a whip lash.

At first, I was furious. I started to answer in the same angry tone. And then I saw his hands. They were shaking uncontrollably—the first time that had happened since the day I met him. I remembered what he'd said—when things get in my way, I seem to have to fight out—"

I felt torn between them. But, after all, Ted was a grown man, and Robbie was a child who was ill and needed his mother. Besides, if Ted and I couldn't have tonight together, there was still tomorrow and all the tomorrows. I tried to tell him that. I came close to him and put my arms around him and tried to tell him that. "If he were your child, you'd understand," I said finally, in desperation.

"Yes—if he were mine," he answered bitterly.

At last the trembling passed, and the bitterness. But there was something that shouldn't have been, some small rift in my togetherness, as Ted went alone to our new house and I spent my wedding night taking care of Robbie.

The next day the baby was well enough to leave, and I went to the home where Ted waited for me, for our belated honeymoon. We were wildly happy together, the fulfillment of our love was all I'd dreamed it could be—and yet that small rift remained. It was as if Robbie had come between...
us; my duty to him had brought Ted and me close to quarreling on the very day that we were married. And our simple little honeymoon, which should have been perfect, had started delayed and marred by our anger. We both tried to forget it, tried to find the perfection we had missed. But the very fact that we had to try made the shadow of a strain fall between us.

Then the so-brief honeymoon was over and we settled down into the routine of living. From the very first, things seemed to go against us. Not the big, important things that one can steel oneself to face and fight, that call for great courage or great sacrifice and that by their very bigness call out the utmost of one’s strength. No, these were the small nagging things that wear away at your patience and fray your energy and jangle your nerves.

I’d never kept house before, and I found it hard. For one thing, with prices as they were, our money just seemed to disappear, no matter how I tried to economize. Then, with Ted working in his office in the living-room all day, there were three full meals to prepare; with clients coming to consult him, the house had to be kept neat and clean all the time, and Robbie kept as quiet as possible and out of the way. That was the hardest of all. Any three-year-old is rampant, I suppose, but because I’d had to be away from the child so much, I found him harder to manage. He wasn’t used to minding me and he didn’t.

Sometimes I found myself thinking I’d give anything if Ted didn’t work at home. But whenever he broached the subject of moving downtown, I pro-tested. “It’s so much cheaper this way, darling. Office rents are expensive, and with prices so high and our needing so many things, how can we afford it?”

And Ted would reluctantly agree. But it wasn’t easy for him either. He was working terribly hard, trying to get started. His wounds were all healed and he no longer wore the sling. But his nerves were not good, and he found the same difficulty in adjusting himself to civilian life that I guess almost every man who’s been in the hell of war finds. The trembling didn’t bother him much anymore, but many nights he awakened me by crying out in his sleep, re-living some scene of danger or horror, being back in the water strafed by the Japs, seeing a companion killed. At those times, I would turn on the light and hold him in my arms as if he were a child, until I passed. I seemed to love him most then, when his need for me was so instinctive and so great.

Nights were always our best time anyway. For then Robbie was asleep, the house was quiet, and there could be just the two of us alone together. But nights could be bad, too. After a particularly trying day when Robbie had been especially disobedient, when there had been a heavy washing or ironing, or when something had gone wrong with Ted’s work—then we were each too tired to have much for the other. It was at those times that we needed most to go out to a movie or something, or to talk, but unless we could get one of the neighbors to sit with the baby, we could never go. Robbie adored Ted and wanted to follow him everywhere. No matter how often we told him that he must never, never go into Daddy’s office, the

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Moll 25c for a generous size trial jar. Sorry, only one jar to each family.

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“ARMPIT
PIMPLES?”

(Due to irritating chemicals)

You don’t need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing to normal skins.

YODORA deodorant cream

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Everyday made do

Dr. Scholl's Use Snot sparkling for Dr. toes relieves Urn and shoes only Drug, We name corns, economical. Scholl's Pain trust Foot by "breaking-in" Quick, KUROTEX applied plaster. New, Smart, Splendid delay. friction KUROTEX Crown I than which tapered faced, today onfeet velvety-soft, "Pink Layers"—three zones of safety which end all risk of accidents! Cotton faced, too—to give extra comfort. And tapered to fit without bulging. Yet these new-design San-Nap-Paks cost no more than ordinary napkins! Say "SANAPA"!

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx

New Design Sanitary Napkins Give You Triple Protection!

San-Nap-Paks are now made with special "Pink Layers"—three zones of safety which end all risk of accidents! Cotton faced, too—to give extra comfort. And tapered to fit without bulging. Yet these new-design San-Nap-Paks cost no more than ordinary napkins! Say "SANAPA"!

New Foot Relief!

Relieves Pain Quick, Prevents Pinching, Pressing and Rubbing of Shoes

Try Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx—the new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tight shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters! Applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc.

Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c Stores. For FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Dept. K., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx

Soothing—Cushioning FOOT PLASTER

Destroys all body odors

QUEST

All-purpose Deodorant

Use this positive deodorant powder on sanitary napkins

When glamorous Templeton Fox goes on the air in the part of Ann in the NBC weekly serial Those We Love, she brings to her performance a background of experience not only in radio but in movies and the theater.
My mother could have spared me this heartbreak...

If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!

Well it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

"If only I had known earlier how important intimate feminine cleanliness is to womanly charm, beauty and health—those intimate facts my mother should have told me but didn't!"

Certainly you don't want this tragedy to happen to your daughter! Tell her now how important Zonite is for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues.

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Women so often foolishly use old-fashioned mixtures of vinegar, soda or salt which do not and cannot give the great germicidal, cleansing, deodorant action of Zonite.

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Zonite actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances—helps guard against infection—instantly kills every germ it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No germicide kills germs any faster or more thoroughly than Zonite. It kills all reachable living germs and keeps them from multiplying.

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Name      
Address       
City        State        

FREE!
am I ever going to work on it now and how am I ever going to explain to Fitch—"

"Robbie!" I cried. "How could you do such a thing after Daddy's told you—"
The baby began to cry. "Helping Daddy," he bellowed. "I was helping Daddy—"
"Well, go straight in the house this minute," Then I turned to Ted. "He didn't mean any harm, Ted. He was only trying to help you. He thought—"
"According to you he never means any harm," Ted shouted. "But look what happens. This is what I get for trying to bring up another man's kid. If he were my own—"
"Now look here!" Suddenly all the resentment of the last weeks boiled up in me. You shouldn't have married me if you feel like that. You knew about Robbie from the first and said you loved him—"

THE trembling had come back, worse than I'd ever seen it. Ted's hands were shaking so he dropped the ledger. But this time it aroused no pity in me. I was too angry. And this time he was making no effort to control it. He looked as if he wanted to hit out at something—anything.

"And you knew how I felt about wanting a business of my own and a home. How can I have either one if you keep on taking his side against me? This isn't the first time he's messed up an account for me—but you don't think that's important. From the very day we were married, he's come between us."

"If he has, it's your own fault!" I cried. "You've never tried to understand him."

"Everything's always my fault. Well, it's not going to be any more. I can't stand this! I've got to get away where something's mine, not half another man's. It looks as if you were right when you said we shouldn't have gotten married—" He turned and started into the house.

"Ted! Where are you going?"

"Away!" He stopped and faced me. The light from the hall fell on his face, and what I saw frightened me dreadfully.

**DID YOU WRITE TO HIM TODAY?**

The OWL, at the request of the Army and Navy, is sponsoring a new overseas mail program, urging threefold cooperation from you in helping to meet increased shipping problems. Here are the three ways that you can help: 1. Use V-mail for at least three of every five letters you write overseas. 2. Increase the number of letters you write, no matter how brief each may be. 3. Now, more than ever, make your messages of the cheerful morale-building kind, and forget all about telling the boys of your troubles back home.
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WITH PAIN-CURBING
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YES, New Blue-Jay Corn Plasters have
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live flesh meets the corn's core. That's
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ONLY BLUE-JAY HAS
NUPERCAINE

BESIDES Nupercaine's
relief, Blue-Jay's soft
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portant relief from tor-
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Get now, streamlined,
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Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to re-
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It was chalk white and beaded with
perspiration. His whole body was
shaking as if with a chill. "Away from
tall this."

I stood where he'd left me. I couldn't
believe it. He couldn't really mean to
walk out and leave us like this. I was
frightened and angry and bewildered.
But anger was still uppermost. It
hadn't been easy for me, either.

In a little while he came out, carry-
ing his old duffle bag. So he really in-
tended to go! Well, I wouldn't try to
stop him. We just stood there and
looked at each other, and it was as if
we were enemies, measuring each
other. "I'm going to Belknap," he said
finally. "I'll get a job in the war plant
there. I'll call Fitch and the others in
the morning--there's time for them to
get somebody else to do their books.
And I'll send you some money--I've
left enough on the dresser to tide you
over." His voice was quite expression-
less by now. He might have been recit-
ing something.

It couldn't be happening. Yet it was.
Without answering, I watched him walk
down the steps and out to the dark
street. I didn't move. This is the end,
I was thinking over and over. This is
the end.

THE next few weeks were the most
wretched of my life. Even when Bob
died, it hadn't been like this. That had
had one kind of finality, this another.
Then the world had stopped; now it
kept on going but I had no place in it.
I kept finding myself listening for Ted's
voice from the living room, for his step
in the hall, and waiting for his arms
around me. Then a flood of anger would
wash it all away, leaving only the mem-
ory of the voice I'd heard. How could
I love anyone or miss anyone who felt
that way about my baby?

It had all been a mistake from the
very first. We'd had so little honest
happiness--just moments snatched here
and there when we had managed to
find each other. The rest had been
strain and worry and being tired and
quarreling. It was better like this, to
acknowledge our marriage a failure. I
told myself I'd never ask Ted Chaney
to come back.

I began to worry about Robbie. For
the first time in the four years of his
little life, he had lost his appetite and
his high spirits. He moped around the
house. "Where's Daddy?" he kept de-
manding.

"Daddy's going to Belknap, on busi-
ness," I told him once. I didn't want
to say more.

"Where's Belknap?"

"It's a town not far away from
where grandma lives. Now eat your
supper, darling."

It made my heart ache to see how the
baby missed Ted. And it hardened it,
too--against Ted. The idea of resent-
ing a child just because it wasn't his!
And then one horrible, unforgettable
morning Robbie disappeared.

One moment he was playing alone
in the yard, the next he was gone. At
first I didn't worry. We had already
realized that in the neighborhood. I thought, play-
ing with other children, though he was
forbidden to leave the yard. But he wasn't.
I went up and down the block,
calling him, asking other mothers.
Noth-

She's
very
very...

Her presence is dynamic...
her attraction undeniable...
hers impression unforgettable. In a
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How PAZO Ointment Works

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Here is Larry Douglas, handsome young vocalist on the Columbia Network program Here's to Romance, which is broadcast from coast to coast every Thursday night, 10:30 to 11:00 EWT.

Finally we called the police.

There followed a night of the sharpest agony I've ever known. Questions, descriptions—four years old, brown hair, brown eyes, dressed in sailor suit ... waiting, pain too deep for tears, prayers and despair. For there was no trace of Robbie anywhere. The earth might have swallowed him up. Through it all I longed for Ted, and put the longing from me. Robbie was not his child; he could not share my grief, and some sort of curious pride would not let me call him.

And then, at the hour when it seemed as if God had turned his face away, the telegram came. It said: ROBBIE SAFE WITH ME. DON'T WORRY. TED.

It wasn't until afterwards that we pieced together the story of that trip—the brave quest of a little boy in search of his Daddy. And it was a miracle of coincidence, good luck, and providence.

Robbie had apparently just made up his mind to find Ted. He'd walked to the railroad station by himself. Daddy was near where grandma lived, and he went to grandma's on a train. So he got on a train — any train. The conductor thought he was travelling with a family in the day coach, they thought he was travelling with someone else, and no one was aware he was alone until the first big stop was reached. They found out when Robbie asked the conductor if this was Belknap where his Daddy was.

It wasn't, but fortunately Belknap wasn't far away. The station authorities notified the police, who elicited from Robbie the cheerful information that his father's name was Ted Chaney and that he'd come to see him.

After working on it all night, they finally located Ted at the war plant and he hurried immediately to Robbie. Through it all, the baby was never frightened by all the questions and the to a hundred times. Neighbors began to help me in the search. Finally we called the police.
strangers. He never cried. He just asserted calmly that he wanted to find his Daddy, and he did.

But at the time, the hows and whys made no difference to me. It was enough to know my baby was safe and to offer up thanks from a heart overflowing with gratitude.

A neighbor drove me to Belknap; waiting for a train would have meant unbearable delay. And it was as we drove up in front of the boarding house where Ted lived, and I saw them waiting for me together on the porch—it was then, in a split second of time, that the second miracle came. The first was Robbie's safety; this, in a blinding flash of clarity after the Gethsemane of waiting, was the sudden, sure knowledge of Ted and of myself. It was as if I were really seeing us—all of us—for the first time.

I held my baby in my arms and the tears, denied by anguish, came at last. I turned to Ted. In humility and love, in asking forgiveness, I reached out for him. I had to tell him. I had to ask him to come back, to beg him if he needed to be.

BUT Ted stopped me. "Wait," he said, and for the first time I saw tears in his eyes. "Wait, darling, I've got something to say to you. It's a funny kind of way of doing things, but I walked into the police station and saw that little fellow, all dressed up in his sailor suit, coming all that way alone to find me—well, it was as if I'd been given something that I'd wanted all my life. It was as if, for the first time, Robbie was mine and somehow I was mine too. And that the three of us had done something that belonged to us and couldn't be taken away. Only we hadn't known it— you and I—because other things kept getting in the way.

"One of the things was that I was alone. I was jealous of Bob. I reminded you of him and that's why I loved you. You were his wife, and Robbie was his child, and I was always sort of the outsider. And Robbie always kept getting in the way of— of us. Of our being alone together, and getting the business started, and everything. And then of a sudden I saw what a heel I'd been and how I'd never given it a chance and just pulled out when the going got tough and I knew then that if you'd take me back—"

"Don't!" I cried. "Let me say it. Let me ask you to come back. It's the only way I can show you how wrong I was, too."

And then the words didn't come any more because Ted's arms were holding me as if they'd never let me go, and his lips were on mine shutting out the past and offering only the future. And we clung together, with each other for the first time, until finally a little voice called us back and said:

"Mummy— daddy— let's go home."

We're back in the little frame house now. Only with a difference. Ted has a tiny cubicle of an office rented in a downtown building. No matter what the sacrifice as far as money goes, he has a right to that—a place of his own. And he's getting started all over again, healthier and stronger than he's ever been.

There's a new crib in Robbie's room, too, for the baby that will come in the spring. But no matter how eagerly Ted and I wait for that new baby, I have no fear for Robbie. Robbie is as much Ted's child as any will ever be. For we have learned, in the only way we could have learned, that we all belong to each other.
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Your pillow gets as close to your hair as anything does—just check it for unpleasant odors. Remember, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and it's easy to offend with scalp odor—and not know it.

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Start using Packers tonight and be safe—with clean, fresh scalp...soft, lustrous hair. You get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

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For your hair—like your face—needs a note
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No matter what color hair you have, you can
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After your shampoo, dissolve a package of
Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or
pour it through your hair. Good is all soap
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easily as facial makeup. Not a bleach—not a
permanent dye— it's absolutely harmless.

dinner, Elspeth and Dick Struthers, and
we had arranged with them to hear
the carols at their church that
evening. I thought that Ted was un-
usually quiet during the meal, but
I was away from the table frequently,
busy being hostess and hostessing,
and I didn't have time to pay much
attention to him. After dinner I left
Elspeth to entertain the men while I
staked dishes. When I returned to the
livingroom, I found the three of them
in the hall, and Dick and Elspeth were
going into their coats. "We're going
to take a ride before we go on to
church, Mary," Dick called out to me
cheerfully—and then I saw that al-
though Ted was helping them with
their wraps, he was making no move
at all to get his own.

"I'm tired," he said, "and I don't feel
up to either a ride or carols. Why don't
you people take Mary and leave me—
I stood speechlessly with surprise when
Ted protested heartily, and then
Elspeth, with a quick glance at me,
said smoothly, "I think it would be
nicer if we all went together, some
other time. There'll be carols all this
week until New Year—"

When they were gone, I turned in-
gnantly to Ted. "You might have told
me you'd changed your mind," I began.
"I didn't know what to say. Whatever
decided you at the last minute—"

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I just
didn't want to go. I don't know why.

I DID, suddenly, and my indignation
vanished in a rising surge of the old,
sickening fear. The two of us weren't
alone together any longer. Billy had
joined us, and with Billy—Wade. Ted
sat down in the big chair beside the
Christmas tree and picked up a book.
I sat down too, because my knees
would no longer support me. "Ted," I said
pleadingly, "there's something wrong.
If you only talk to me—"

"Nothing's wrong, Mary." He sounded
annoyed. "There's nothing to talk
about."

It was no use. Ted sat all evening
with his book, but he wasn't reading.
His face was set in lines of dumb,
angry sorrow, and it was plain that his
mind wasn't in Bluff City at all as
it was travelling back to other Christ-
mases, spent less comfortably perhaps,
even in poverty, but with his brother.

And all of his thoughts came back,
inevitably, to the bleak misery of that
night when Billy had gone out on his
last training flight.

He came to bed after I'd lain sleep-
less—for hours, it seemed—staring into
the dark and thinking what a mockery
this Christmas, this time of peace on
earth and good will toward men, was
for us. He was icy cold as he crept in
beside me, and he pulled me to him,
held me close and hard. Hope rose in
my heart then, but only our bodies
pressed. When I fell asleep, Ted shut to
my lips with a rain of blind, savage
kisses.

We began to go out less often, and
one by one we stopped seeing our new
friends. Ted was expected to accept
invitations when he came in from a
run, and he no longer called me from
the field, to fall into to pick him up
because we were to go to Elspeth and
Dick for dinner at the Highway Inn.
At home he was often silent, shut up
within his own thoughts, and it was a
silence I could not break. Sometimes
he would avoid my eyes, as if he were
afraid that I could read his thoughts,
and sometimes he clung to me as he
Jefferson, was. "saw. Fi Christmas haven't "At He spoke, walked must world suggested State. different would want hadn't doctor. doctor? can funded.

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---

had clung the night he had come in after finding Billy's plane, as if I were all he had in the world to hold to.

Still, I couldn't help him. He wouldn't let me help him. I tried every way I knew to reach him, and failing that, I tried to get him to go out, to take up our old amusements. Even if he didn't enjoy them, I reasoned, they were at least better than this narrowing down of our life to the dark path of Ted's thoughts. "You go," he would say when I suggested more music, or dinner out, or a visit to friends. "Get Elspeth and Dick; they'll go with you. I'm tired, Mary..." He would say that he was tired, and then he would sit up half the night, or I would hear footsteps in the living room, pacing up and down, relentlessly, until dawn.

January passed, and February, and March came, and Ted grew more and more restless, more moody, and the fear that had reawakened in my heart at Christmas grew until my whole body was riddled with it. It was like living with a malicious spirit in the house, a spirit that lurked everywhere, sending out little warnings, ready, at a word or a gesture, to pull the whole structure of our lives down around us. I was careful of every word I spoke, lest a thoughtless phrase remind Ted of other times; I would catch him looking at an old dress, and old pieces of jewelry, and I would know that they were wrong, that I shouldn't have worn them, that they were recalling our old home and Billy and—Wade. Whenever he left the house I was apprehensive, and when conditions at the field delayed his return, I walked the floor in an agony of uncertainty, imagining that he was not coming home at all, that he had gone to find Wade and settle his score with him. When he did come, I would be sick with relief—really sick, so that there would be an acid taste at the back of my mouth, and I would tremble with weakness and nausea.

It showed in my face. One evening at the dinner table Ted, watching me somberly, said, "You're not well, Mary."

"I haven't felt well," I admitted. "Maybe—may be it's the dampness of this low country."

"Why don't you go to a doctor?"

I saw no reason to go to a doctor. All that was wrong with me was the canker in Ted's soul, and the doctor couldn't remove that. But I agreed, thinking that perhaps the doctor would give me a sedative to put me to sleep at night.

I don't know what prompted me to go on a day that Ted was out on a run—not instinct, certainly, because I had no idea of what really was wrong with me. Perhaps it was just plain good fortune. The doctor, after examining me thoroughly, showed little interest in my account of my nerves and my lumpy stomach. "They're quite normal in your condition," he said, "especially at first. If you'll follow the diet I've given you, and rest whether you sleep or not—"

In my condition! Actually, I hadn't guessed at all the real reason for the queer attacks of nervousness and nausea until every physical symptom down to anxiety over Ted. I walked out of the doctor's office on winged feet, into a world that was bright as it had not been for months, thinking only that I must tell Ted, tell him quickly, that this joy was too great to keep to myself. Then reality struck me, as hard and chilling as the raw March...
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cited, Dad's quick kiss and the shy little hug he gave me—were all so dear and normal that my tears came as much from relief as from grief. But then, as I looked around Everything was dear and familiar and normal—the old car, the streets I knew so well, the old-fashioned house with its soft, faded chintzes, and the living-room table with Dad's deep chair on one side, Mother's padded rocker on the other. There was no foreboding here, no lurking shadows.

"You'll stay for a while?" Mother asked eagerly. "We've missed you so much, Mary. You don't have to turn around and go right back, do you, dear?"

I nodded and smiled and said that I would stay for a while, and Dad, whose eyes are so paper-thin, sometimes a little dull. I came to realize that however they might advise, if I did tell them, I would have to make my own decision. I had no tie here, and Ted, and I knew that there would be none. His silence was more eloquent than any words would have been. He wanted me back, but he was offering me freedom instead of a tie.

For a week I lived from one day to the next, putting off all thought of the future, trying not to think of Ted, neither of the engagements this morning nor the strength of his arms, nor of the panic I knew when he retreated, cold and silent, into himself. Each day I told myself that today I must decide, and each night I went to sleep thinking that perhaps tomorrow something would make the decision for me. And at the end of the week, something did.

I happened to pay a visit to the Skyview offices at the field. It was a visit I'd postponed as long as I dared. I'd met several of the girls in town, and they'd urged me to go, and I knew that it might look odd if I didn't. Everyone there was delighted to see me. They showed me how the other girls had grown, and how the new hangar. Tactfully, no one mentioned Billy, although they all asked after Ted. Then the inevitable question happened. Was I staying long in town? When was I going back to Bluff City?

"Soon," I told them vaguely, and of the men—Bill Davis—said jokingly, "You can go back tonight, if you want —in style, too. Six-passenger plane all to yourself—except for pilot, of course. Generals don't get that, these days."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"I certainly am. We've got a special package from the government to deliver at Bluff City. Lou Hartzell and I are drawing straws over who gets the job. Want to come along?"

"Yes," I said, and I knew as soon as I'd spoken it that I could not, once, really, had I intended not to go back to my husband. I was his wife, and I was carrying his child, and whatever he brought about for us, we belonged to him.

I drove home, and packed a light grip, overriding, as gently as I could, all of Mother's loving protests. At
seven I was at the airport, and Bill Davis was trying to shake hands with Dad and help me out of the car and take my bag all at once. "Hurry up," he urged. "We're pushing off early. Over on the first runway—I'll bring your bag." I flew between the hangars, through the wire gate to the field, toward the plane that looked darkly in the dusk—and ran straight into the leather-jacketed figure of Wade McCrory.

For a moment I was utterly confused; my one definite feeling was that of guilt, as if I'd been harboring Ted's own trouble. "Wade!" I exclaimed. "What?"

He laughed. "I'm flying you down, Mary. Didn't Bill tell you? Both he and Lou got other offers."

It was too late to turn back. He was helping me into the plane, and Bill was running up with my bag. Wade climbed in beside me, and Bill's farewell shout was lost in the roar of the motor. We were racing toward the green light at the end of the field; we were rising over it.

Wade was on his way to Ted! It was too much to grasp all at once. I sat stunned and speechless, thinking of nothing but the end of our journey, in another three hours or so, Wade would be landing at Bluff City, would be delivering himself into Ted's hands. . . .

THEN we stopped climbing, and Wade sat back in his seat, saying comfortably, "Got your breath back, Mary? I'm sorry you had to rush, but we may hit some weather, and I wanted to play safe."

I nodded. I managed to say, "I'm-all right."

"You know," he said confidentially, "I was tickled when I heard you were coming along. It's good to see you again, Mary—and I hope I get a chance to see Ted, too."

I swallowed, and my heart, which seemed to have been spinning along on a high wire, plunged downward. It was incredible to me—but Wade didn't understand, so simple and open-natured; he had no conception of the way a sore could lie hidden in a man's soul, could fester and become more virulent. Ted had three months on him, once, but Wade had put that down to shock. Billy's death had been a tragic accident—and Wade could not believe that another pilot in his right mind and regard it as anything but an accident.

A dozen times during the next hour I opened my mouth to warn him, and each time the words refused to come. What could I say? How could I make him see how serious it was? And if I did make him understand, what good would it do? He would not be able out of his way to avoid Ted than he would turn back on his job.

Wade talked—about the people at Sky, New, about the little cabin he'd bought at a lake near town, and about old times when we'd gone out together before I'd met Ted. And gradually, some of the clamor that had been up in the cellar was quieted to a whisper, and was made as I was thinking...
that it was some time before I was aware that our progress was rougher than it had been. "Storm," Wade explained. "We're above the worst, but we're getting a little of it."

Sudden hope seized me. "Do you think—is there a chance that we won't make Bluft City?"

"Not a one," said Wade cheerfully. "It may be a little bumpy going down, but we'll make it. We're close now—"

He reached for his headphones, and stopped at a scraping noise from the back of the plane. "There goes our cargo. See if you can secure it, Mary."

I went back as he directed, found the strapped package that was so important that its delivery warranted a special flight. It was only about two feet square, and it wasn't heavy, and I managed to wedge it securely between two of the seats. When I went back up front, one look at Wade's face told me that something had gone wrong. He didn't try to hide it from me. "The radio conked out," he said. "But don't you worry. They're sending up a good man to take us down—your husband."

His words had the effect of a rope suddenly twisted tight around my neck. The full import of them struck me even before I caught up with the details. We were above the storm, safe enough for the time being. But we couldn't land without the radio, and another plane had been sent up to help us. Ted had been sent up. Ted was at the field tonight; he knew that Wade. . . . He knew that Wade's life was in his hands.

I sat staring at the impenetrable velvet blackness—for many minutes, it seemed, before I found my voice. "Does he—did you tell the operator you have a passenger?"

Wade shook his head. "I didn't have time. Here he is!"

I looked at him dumbly, looked ahead at the small white light between two glaring orange ones that had appeared ahead of us. That was Ted. . . . I was overwhelmed by the same sense of terrible finality that had come over me the night I went to hospital. As surely as if I'd been with Ted, watching his face, I knew what was in his mind. This was his chance to even the score. Ted was the only one who knew of the months of grief and bitterness. This was justice—he would see it as such. There were the bluffs around the wide packet of the valley. . . . No one would ever accuse him. He could lead Wade straight into the bluffs . . . and it would be an accident, and Ted would be even with Wade for Billy's death.

I THINK that Wade took his eyes from the flickering lights to glance at me. I think that he said something anxious, something reassuring. I don't know. My eyes were fixed on those tiny orange flares, and I was praying—to God. Ted. Ted didn't believe in prayer, and he wouldn't hear me, but I prayed anyway. I had to reach him—even though I'd never been able to reach him when I was with him. He had no faith, except in himself he believed in no one but himself—but I believed in a power that was greater than any of us, and I'd had faith enough to come back to bring my child back to him. I had to have more now, enough to reach him and make him hear a voice that his ears could not hear.

Ted, I prayed, you loved me, before hate filled your heart, and revenge, and everything else was crowded out of it.
I used to be a part of you. You used to listen to me, even when you were most angry. You called me Cricket, remember, and you said that I must stay with you always, and chirp whenever you started to fly off the handle. Oh, Ted, take me into your heart again; listen to me now. Guide us down safely, Ted—Wade and me and your child. Keep us with you, because if you destroy us, you destroy yourself.

T'was hours, or minutes, or seconds. I had no conception of time, nor of space. There was only the endless blackness around us, and the orange flares, tiny mantles in the wind, so terminably before us, turning sometimes, almost disappearing. Wade reached over and tugged at my safety-belt to make sure that it was fastened, and I was aware that he had been saying something—was still saying something. "We're going—" The words reached me from across a long, long distance, and I tried not to hear them. Down—down could mean the bluffs and a single, final explosion, and I couldn't think of that. I couldn't remember that I was here, with Wade. I had to stay with Ted, keep talking to Ted.

The plane was rocking, and my belt pressed aggressively; then there was a jar, a light bump, and suddenly the orange flares were gone. Instead there were other lights, flashing past us, and the sound of wind and rain, and we were the only ones on a smooth surface. ... We were down.

I heard Wade say, "Okay!" loudly and cheerfully, and then every drop of strength drained from my body, and I fainted.

I came to in a waveling bluish sea that stopped wavering finally and became the blue-green walls of the reception room at the airport. There was a dark, bulky shape beside me, chafing my hands, saying my name over and over again—and that was Ted, Ted with unspeakable relief and gladness in his eyes, and the vanishing shadow of the American flag's flutter.

"Wade?" I questioned faintly, and the anxiety in my voice sounded strange to my own ears, because even as I spoke I knew that I would never have to worry about Wade again.

"Wade's all right," he said brokenly. "Mary, you knew what I was going to do—"

"Don't talk about it—"

I struggled to sit up, but he held me back. "But I want to talk about it. Mary, you've got to understand, so you'll never have to be afraid again. I was going to kill Wade, I didn't know that you were with him, and I was going to kill him. But you stopped me. I heard your voice, telling me not to, and you stopped me. Can you believe that, Mary? You came to me when I needed you most—" "God," I thought hazily, "God is love. . . ." And because Ted and I loved each other, we'd had a power greater than ourselves to draw upon, to bring us through this final test. It was all there, in my mind, a great and shining truth. I had to find words to make Ted understand it, too. "I didn't come to you, darling," I said.

And then I knew that I didn't have to tell him. Ted's face had the pared, stripped-down look about it again, but this time, his eyes were shining. It was humble, and beautiful, and there was the light of exaltation in its whiteness. It was no longer the face of a man who goes through life trusting only in himself; it was alive with a new realization.

He bowed his head against my breast. "God," he said reverently, "has been much better to me than I deserve."
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“Practicing to be a Spinster, Pet?”

**GIRL:** Spinster—? Oh, now really, Cupid! The way things are, I'm lucky to even have a chess date with Uncle Burt. Nobody has dates these days! Nobody!

**CUPID:** Pardon, Child. But if that's true, then a lot of girls are marrying perfect strangers. People they never had dates with. Because they're getting married honey. Left and right.

**GIRL:** All right! All right! So I'm not popular. I'm not a glamor girl. Can I help that?

**CUPID:** You could smile a little more, Sugar. Even a plain girl's pretty if she's got a sparkling smile. In fact, some of my best customers—

**GIRL:** Sure. Yes, indeed. But it happens I haven't got a sparkling smile, Cupid. I brush my teeth, and all, but—

**CUPID:** Ever notice "pink" on your tooth brush?

**GIRL:** The other day I—

**CUPID:** And you didn't do anything about it? By the eternal Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know "pink tooth brush" is a warning to see your dentist?

For the Smile of Beauty

**GIRL:** You mean just because I—

**CUPID:** Sis, that "pink" may mean your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. Your dentist would probably tell you that. And that's why so many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** But my smile, Cupid. My smile! What about—

**CUPID:** This, Child: Ipana not only cleans your teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your gums every time you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums promote sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile you'll be using on somebody else beside your Uncle Burt. Get going on a lovelier smile now, Child!

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For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
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Hats, page 33—courtesy Walter Florell, New York City
Dolls and Doll Clothes, page 21—courtesy F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City

irresistible lips are
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the
bride-to-be
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WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-N-E-S-S
A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR
When you leave an order with your grocer, do you simply say, "and a dozen eggs, please?" Eggs are graded for your guidance—it's up to you to buy the grade most suitable and economical for your family—or perhaps to buy two grades, one for breakfast eating and meal-plan saving, dinner omelets and souffles, and another for cooking. There are three things to watch in your egg purchases, if you want to buy an officially graded product and be sure of what you're getting: (1) The egg container should bear the words "U.S. Grade AA" or "U.S. Grade A" or "U.S. Grade B" or "U.S. Grade C." (2) It should have a seal of certification with the date of grading market. (3) You should be certain that the eggs have been kept in a cool place in your retail store.

Planning on a post-war home—planning to start the building almost coincidentally with the end of the war? Better go slowly, and avoid disappointment—getting a new house built immediately after the war won't be a simple matter of calling in an architect and a builder. There are, for instance, millions of homes already built and badly in need of repair. Your orders will be competing with those.

The Department of Labor reports that twenty states, Hawaii, and the District of Columbia have established "second injury" funds to facilitate the employment of physically handicapped veterans. Some employers have refused to hire these physically handicapped workers for fear of increased workman's compensation costs in the event of subsequent injuries to them. This attitude seriously affects the post-war opportunities for these men—hence the funds being set up to overcome the objections of employers.

Victory Gardeners, attention: the War Food Administration asks you to plan on raising as much food this summer as you did last. The fact that the war in Europe did not end by Christmas makes it necessary for Victory Gardeners to grow bumper back-yard crops once again.

---

Did You Know?

**Pst, Sally—Hold that Rumba!**

Time out for 30 seconds—
to keep you from dancing your charm away!

Away with you—before underarm odor has a chance to spoil your fun! What good would sweet music be if your dancing partner gave you the cold shoulder—and everyone but you knew the reason why?

Mum to the rescue! And not too late even though you're dressed. Isn't it well worth 30 seconds to guard your after-bath freshness with Mum? No risk now of underarm odor to come!

On with the dance—you're near and you're dear to the one you love! And you're taking no chances with happiness like that. Not while there's Mum to keep you sweet and dainty—to win you encore the whole evening long!

---

**Mum's Quick**—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

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For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.
WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BAN\K

B EEN listening to "Feature Story" again. We like that show. It sort of gives you a real feeling about the boys and what it's like over where they are.

Some time ago, the story of the first balloon was told on the "American School of the Air." We didn't hear that show, but a man up at CBS was telling us yesterday that a few days after the show the CBS Education Department was thrown into an uproar by a letter from a 12 year old school boy. The letter read something like this: "Dear Sirs... In your program when you told the story of the first hot-air balloon you made a mistake. You had the sound of a striking match and the date was 1783. According to my information, this type of match was not invented until later than 1805. Please explain this." Believe it or not, a good part of the CBS research staff was put on the job and they came up with the explanation, all right. A check of the script showed that what the boy thought was the sound of a match being struck was not that, at all. It was a flint! Anyway, that was the explanation.

Guess they'll be more careful around CBS for awhile.

James Melton has electrified the countryside around his home in Westport, Connecticut, with a hobby. When the gasoline shortage threatened to isolate the residents of the community, he sold many of his electric cars to his neighbors. He's been collecting cars of all types for years. However, James is no fool. He's made a strict contract with every one of the purchasers that the cars be sold back to him at the end of the war.

Did you even suspect that Lionel Barrymore was by way of being a serious composer? His newest work, "Preludium and Fugue" was presented for the first time at Carnegie Hall last December and got good notices. It was performed on the air later by the Indianapolis Symphony... And Ida Lupino's latest composition, "Aladdin Suite," has been performed by the Los Angeles Symphony and was also heard on a major network.

Just a touch of what it's like where war is—or has been. Something we should remember once in awhile. Ned Calmer says he saw a shop girl in Paris get very annoyed, when an American Continued on, page 6
"I can't afford to lose a week's salary—can you?"

Of course you can't afford to lose a week's salary! But if you are like many people you lose it just the same. A nasty cold takes it right out of your pocket. Fifty million people "pay through the nose" every year! ... a crippling loss to industry, to the war effort, and to you.

What can you do about it? Here are a few helpful suggestions:

1. During the chilly months dress adequately, eat moderately, take sufficient exercise every day, and get plenty of sleep. If you do catch cold put yourself to bed and eat lightly.
2. Avoid people with colds and stay out of crowds which number many cold sufferers.
3. Avoid sudden temperature changes, drafts, over-tiredness, and wet or cold feet which lower resistance.

Add to these intelligent precautions another wise one—the systematic morning-and-night use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle.

Remember, clinical tests made over a twelve-year period reveal this impressive result:

Fewer Colds for Listerine Users in Tests

Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle ... and fewer sore throats.

Here, we believe, is why Listerine is so effective: It reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders (see panel at right).

This germ-killing action may often halt a "mass invasion" of the tissues by these germs ... sparing you the siege of misery they so often produce. So, remember! Listerine Antiseptic—especially when you feel a cold coming on!

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the gargle.

Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Colds and Sore Throat
You watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain. So get Midol before your next period. Have comfort handy!

Take a tablet at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol relieves your functional distress—cramps, menstrual headache and blues. Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic.

Get Midol at any drugstore, now.

**MIDOL**

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

**CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES**

New Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dextrose film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes to do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe for children's hair. Blondex is sold at 10¢, drug and department stores.

Continued from page 4

marvelled at all the wonderful luxury items on the counters of the store. The girl said, "Oui, monsieur, we have plenty of superfluous things. All we lack is food."*

Ever notice how fast some people on radio can get out their words? Arlene Harris, Hedda Hopper, Walter Winchell and Dick Lane are all top speeders. They can all run off from 240 to 300 words a minute. The very tops, probably, is Garry Moore, who can talk so fast the human ear can't follow him. Recordings of his "Little Red Riding Hood" story, when slowed down, prove he utters every word and syllable.

Music is really being taken seriously in America—real American music. Earlier in the season, Paul Whiteman, director of music for the Blue Network, inaugurated the Contemporary Composers Concerts. This was under the auspices of the network's Creative Music Fund, which made grants to composers in both the serious and popular fields.

Now, the Blue Network has established a prize fund of $1000 for new compositions by American composers in connection with the festival in Colorado next summer—the festival of the National Composers Clinic.

Four hundred dollars will be awarded for the best orchestral work, with three hundred dollars going to the composition that wins second place. Compositions must play for at least four minutes, but not exceed eight minutes. Then, a first prize of two hundred dollars will be given for the best song with orchestral, piano or organ accompaniment. The second prize for this class will be one hundred dollars.

There's still time for anyone with ambition and some music in his head to get to work.

Frank Fay is knocking them out with laughter on Broadway in the play "Harvey". The point is that Harvey is a rabbit and he never is seen. It's been brought to our attention, however, that radio's been using that device for years with Jimmy Durante's "Umbrago", Ed Gardner's "Duffy", Fibber McGee's "Myrt", Johnny Morgan's "landlady" and Baby Snooks' "Mother".

Martin Block always does things in a big and special way. He's got the only desk at NBC with four live phones on it. One for "Make Believe Ballroom", a second for the CBS "Music That Satisfies" program, which he produces; a third connected with his home; and the fourth on the NBC switchboard.

If you write in to Mary Lee Taylor for recipes or information and don't get an answer fast enough to suit you, be patient. Mary's busy answering G.I.'s all over the world. Mary's had letters from India, describing the kind of vegetables that can be found there and asking for recipes that will make them interesting and good for the boys. She's had a letter from Italy for an ice cream recipe that will turn out in that climate and with the ingredients available in an Army hospital there.

Glad to see that Bill Goodwin is back to his first love. We thought for awhile that he'd get stuck with being an announcer—an amusing and delightful one, but still an announcer. Now that he's doing such a swell job as a comedian on the Frank Sinatra show and has completed work in a leading role in the movie "Incendiary Blonde" and is already signed for Alfred Hitchcock's next picture, we can relax.

There's a 5 x 6 foot bas-relief map of Centerville touring the country. Centerville is Henry Aldrich's mythical home town. (Continued on page 8)
Sweet, solemn words. A slim gold band on your finger. Your soft hand clasped in his.

Promise yourself you'll keep your hands as thrillingly lovely as they are now. You can, if you guard them the "beforehand" way, with Trusthay.

Always smooth on this rich, fragrant lotion before household tasks... before you do dishes or tub undies.

Trusthay's lush creaminess guards your hands, even in hot, soapy water... helps them stay bridal—soft and pretty!
what a SOURBALL I married!

"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he hinted one day. Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it could be your own fault," he said. "A wife's one neglect—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol —used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a $ Honey!

"That's my Bill — his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said... this effective germ-killer cleanses thoroughly and de-odorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"

Check these facts with your Doctor

Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. Powerful! Lysol is an efficient germicide. Economical! Small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. Clenly odor.

For new FREE booklet about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-45, Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Mitzi Gould is Athaliah, the pagan Queen of Judah, on CBS' series, Light of the World

The map was created after listeners complained to the author that he switched the post office from one street to another and that sometimes De Haven's drugstore was just around the corner from Henry's house and, on other evenings, was suddenly a bike ride away. Now, all the houses, modelled in plaster of Paris, are glued in their proper places and there can be no more shifting of the high school or the courthouse.

Henry lives on Elm Street. De Haven's drug store is on Elm and Main, not far from Sam Aldrich's law office on the corner of Main and Center Streets. Henry's pal, Homer, lives on Maple Street and Kathleen Anderson, Henry's girl, lives on Church Street. And it's going to stay that way.

Many of you might like to know that the Bible verse read each morning on "The Light of the World" is the verse that boys on the battlefronts are reading that same day—an arrangement made possible by cooperation with the American Bible Society.

We like to hear about it when people get tired of a gag and say so. Like Harry James. When he signed his contract to supply the music on the Danny Kaye show, he made two stipulations. One, that mentions of his wife, Betty Grable, would be taboo and two, that he would not be used as a comedy stooge. And we say, good for Harry. It's about time he was allowed to make music and leave alone the other stuff.

Well, it looks as though Dick Brown's success is in the bag and there to stay. His fan mail's been growing fantastically and people are asking for more and more tickets to his broadcasts.

The expense accounts submitted by war reporters from their posts all over the world are not only of interest—monetarily—to officials at the home office. Sometimes, they give you a good picture of a way of life.

All the way from Guam, where John A. Hooley is reporting the Pacific war for NBC, came one expense account recently which included an entry for 18 cents. The explanation alongside the item was: "For three cakes of soap to inspire a native laundress to use more modern methods."
Paul Whiteman says the smoke shortage is getting so bad that the contents of his cigarette case are almost more valuable than the case itself. That's a pretty strong statement, because the outside of Pop's gold cigarette case is completely enshrined with diamond-studded charms given him by celebrity friends.

Whiteman's wife, former screen star Margaret Livingston, gave him the case. It was originally decorated with the diamond studded words, "I Love You". This attracted so much attention from Pop's friends that gradually they covered the whole surface of the case with jeweled batons, pianos and other appropriate miniatures representing every phase of Whiteman's career.

** ** *

Ever since the boys in his band gave Sammy Kaye a ventriloquist's dummy which looks exactly like him, Sammy's been spending all his spare time taking lessons from Paul Winchell, the kid wizard of ventriloquism.

** ** *

GOSSIP AND STUFF… Add to the authors—Fred Brady, comedian on the Gracie Fields show, is writing a book called "Here Come The Brides"… Peggy Allenby has played Susan in the David Harum script so long that her own ten year old daughter calls her Susan instead of Mother… Carol Bruce's greatest ambition is to play the Helen Morgan role in a revival of "Showboat"… Have you heard Assignment Home? Look for it—especially if you have someone in the service… Ransom Sherman is celebrating his twenty-first birthday—in radio… NBC's soap opera Road of Life is being broadcast from New York, now. Used to come from Chicago… Lou Levy, manager of the Andrews Sisters, and Maxene Andrews, his wife, have just bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. They're calling it the "Eight-To-The-Bar" Ranch… Amos and Andy have been together twenty-five years as a team… Several hundred returning G.I.'s have taken advantage of NBC's Welcome Home Auditions and lots of them have got jobs… Henny Youngman's contract carries a clause stating that the entire cast of his Carton of Cheer show must accompany him wherever and whenever he travels… Have you given to the Red Cross War Fund? It would be a good idea…

This message published at the request of the Surgeon General, United States Army.

Nurses!
Your Country Must Have You!

18,000 Registered Nurses are desperately needed by the United States Army immediately! It's a matter of life or death for the men at all fronts.

Every hour you wait, some wounded boy loses forever his chance for full recovery!

When you join the U. S. Army Nurse Corps, civilian patients may suffer additional discomfort and pain. But if you do not join, you know that your refusal has sentenced men to death… men whom your skill and knowledge could have helped to save.

SIGN with the U. S. Army Nurse Corps… and sign TODAY!

** ** *

If you are a Registered Nurse under 45 years of age, join the U. S. Army Nurse Corps at once!

If you are a Senior Cadet Nurse, serve your final six months in an Army Hospital.

If you are untrained, take a home nursing or nurses' aide course.

U. S. ARMY NURSE CORPS

See your local Red Cross Chapter for full information and application blank. Or write the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington 25, D. C.

In World War I
Army Nurses "discovered" Kotex

The wonderful absorbency of Cellucotton was quickly noticed by American nurses in France, who soon discovered they could make excellent sanitary pads out of this material.

Within a few years after the war, Kotex had revolutionized American women's habits of sanitary protection. New refinements, like the flat, tapered ends were added—new features were perfected. Until today Kotex brings you maximum protection and lasting comfort.

No wonder more women choose Kotex than all other brands of sanitary napkins put together!

Neither “little girl” nor “young lady”, Anne Francis is a lovely in-between who is learning to care for her beauty as it grows.

head well down for good circulation.

“Oh, and Mother taught me long time ago,” Anne adds, “to loosen the scalp with my fingertips. That’s no chore at all, because it makes you feel so good!”

Twice-a-week is Anne’s shampoo schedule, and she sometimes uses two well-beaten eggs along with her regular soap preparation—a trick worth knowing. The juice of one lemon in the rinse water is another, and a strong camomile tea rinse is a third—all worth anyone’s time, as one look at Anne’s hair easily proves.

The “cleanliness-for-beauty” creed extends to Anne’s complexion as well. Heavy creams, facials and all the rest are for older skins—for youngsters like Anne soap and water and a firm washcloth or a good complexion brush are better and safer. And Anne says that part of the china-doll loveliness of her skin comes from drinking at least six glasses of water a day—and not letting her sweet tooth rule her better judgment. “Except,” she adds, “where Mother’s chocolate cake is concerned! I slip, there, but a girl can’t be perfect!

While Anne doesn’t diet—she weighs 110 pounds for her five feet six inches—she’s just as conscientious as any older glamour girl about eating well-balanced meals. “If you approach raw vegetables,” she explains, “with an open mind, you’ll find that they’re as good as they are good for you.

Even though she has modeled—made-up, of course—for commercial photographers for years, Anne has just started to use street make-up. That does not mean that she buys and uses everything that comes on the market, from mud packs to chin straps, however. Anne likes a very light foundation film, just a little powder—enough to dust off the shiny bits—a bit of rouge, so well blended in that it’s noticeable only as a lovely little glow and not as a spot of raw color—and soft-toned lipstick, just enough to follow the naturally sweet contours of her mouth. Emphatically not painted on outside the real line of the lips, like a slap in the face of nature!

Fingernail biting is a “kid’s trick.” She does her manicure at home, keeping her nails quite short, and buffing them to a high glow.

Exercise is one thing that ‘teen-agers thank goodness, don’t seem to be averse to, as their older sisters too often are. Anne gets hers by letting her black cocker spaniel, Mr. Stubbs, lead her on a run each morning and each evening. In summer, she spends a good deal of time at the beach. Anne feels that sports clothes suit her best—jumpers with crisp, colorful blouses, torso blouses with fitted skirts, keeping everything simple. And although she’s not anxious to accentuate her height—yet.

Scrupulous cleanliness, disarming simplicity—add up to beauty for Anne Francis, and can add up to the same thing for any teen-ager who cares enough to work at them—and who doesn’t care about being pretty?

Radio Romances Home and Beauty
TODAY THIS BOY DID A MAN-SIZE JOB. Today this little fellow collected enough scrap paper to make containers for 15 pints of blood. Now he's getting a well-deserved rest on his Beautyrest (made by Simmons). If you own a Beautyrest, you're lucky.

For you have a mattress with 837 individually pocketed coils, and a sag-proof border. Take the best care of your Beautyrest, for we don't know when you can buy another. We still have a good way to go, and we're neck-deep in war production. But if you need a new mattress now, we recommend a WHITE KNIGHT made by Simmons. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress—plump, durable, and comfortable, with layer upon layer of fine, resilient cotton! And the postwar Beautyrest will be something out of this world, and that's a promise! NEWS—the government has permitted us to make a limited quantity of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST
The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

P. S. DID YOU BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS THIS WEEK?
New! LIQUID “LIPSTICK”
Can’t smear! Won’t rub off!

Instantly...
make YOUR lips more thrilling

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A “lipstick,” at last, that isn’t greasy—that actually can’t smear—that really won’t rub off—and that will keep your lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely. It isn’t a “lipstick” at all. It’s a liquid, in the most exciting tones of red ever created. It’s so permanent. Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. Regular size bottle that lasts a long long time is only $1 at all stores. Or,

SEND COUPON
for generous Trial Size

Check shades wanted:
[ ] English Tint—new glorification for blondes, or with platinum or gray hair.
[ ] Scarlet—devastating on girls with brown hair, hazel eyes, fair skin.
[ ] Parisian—spectacular for Irish type red heads, and for dark hair, blue eyes.
[ ] Royal—red excitement for girls with dark hair, brown eyes, medium skin.
[ ] Gypsy—does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed charmers with olive skin.
[ ] Gay Plum—adds world of enchantment to girls with very dark skin.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 5144
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
I enclose 10c (and 2c Fed. tax) for generous trial size of “liquid liptone.”

Name: __________________________
Address: ________________________
City: __________ State: __________

Send 12c for each shade ordered

FLUID LIPTONE

FACING the MUSIC

Happily capering together on CBS Saturday night Danny Kaye Show are the star, above left, and Harry James, whose orchestra helps out. To the right, lovely Georgia Gibbs smiles over a success story that she achieved for herself with hard work and a unique song style.

By KEN ALDEN

IN all the years Mark Warnow has been conducting The Hit Parade orchestra he has never met the program’s sponsor, Mr. George Washington Hill, the ciggie manufacturer. According to the legend, Mark and Hill correspond regularly over just what the orchestra will play and how it will be arranged. Recently Mr. Hill asked to meet his conductor. Warnow politely refused. He explained that things were going along splendidly without personal contact and a formal meeting might spoil everything. Hill, slightly stunned, admired Warnow’s honesty and agreed to leaving things as they are.

The real reason The Hit Parade selected Lawrence Tibbett to replace The Voice when the latter asked release due to the high cost of absorbing the transcontinental line reversals, is that the sponsor felt he could not find anyone strong enough to succeed Sinatra from the popular music field and had to secure some big opera or concert star.

Jimmy Cash, the Irish tenor, is off the George Burns and Gracie Allen program due to the fact that the show was cut from 30 to 25 minutes. No reflection on Jimmy’s warbling.

Radio row refuses to give up Glenn Miller as lost. They hope the great and heroic bandleader is only missing or a prisoner of the Nazis.

Although not given billing, it is Matty Malneck who is conducting the orchestra on Ed Gardner’s Duffy’s Tavern.

Speaking of that bistro where the elite meet to eat, in the picture version Bing Crosby’s kids appear briefly and steal the show.

Bing’s decision to cut out a lot of the dialog on his NBC show and have more singing (a decision most radio wiseguys said would not be smart) has brought the show right up to the top of the listener ratings, crowding Messrs. Hope and McGee.

The tune Don’t Fence Me In has passed the million mark in sheet music sales. Cole Porter, the old sophisticate, wrote it for a musical comedy and the producer turned it down because it was too corny.

Buddy Rich, the drummer, may quit the Tommy Dorsey band and form a band of his own.

GEORGIA ON MY MIND

The little girl with the strawberry blonde pigtails sang her number with

Continued on page 14
Those old magazines, newspapers, cartons, pasteboard boxes, Christmas Cards, Valentines, letters of long ago, and other paper you've stored away are needed right now for front-line duty.

Such waste paper is being converted as fast as possible into containers that carry ammunition, blood plasma and food to all our fighting men.

So urgently is waste paper needed for war purposes that everybody should consider it a "must" to search their attics, basements, storerooms, libraries, desks, closets and shelves for this vital material.

The situation is so acute at this time that even this magazine should be turned in for salvage as soon as you and your family have finished reading it.

Cooperate with the paper salvage drive in your community. Watch your daily paper for announcements about the collection of scrap paper.
Why risk cutting cuticle?

When it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (manicure stick and cotton included) at drug, department or 10c stores.

TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

To make your skin feel flower fresh!

Transform your daily baths into soothing,zman orizing "beauty treatments" with Bathasweet bath aids! They make ordinary water (even hardest water) extra-cleansing, and as soft as summer rain. And the alluring Bathasweet fragrances seem to cling to your skin for hours. Try a Bathasweet beauty bath tonight, and see how flower-fresh you feel!

Bathasweet Water Softener Bathasweet Foam
Bathasweet Shower Milt Bathasweet Tub Milt
Bathasweet Pine Oil Bathasweet Soap

3 fragrances: Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine, Spring Morning.

Continued from page 12

the assurance of a veteran. The banquet crowd in the hotel ballroom loved her and asked for more. Standing near the swinging doors that led to the kitchen were the 12-year-old child's older sister and mother, tears in their eyes.

Back home in their modest flat, the little girl opened the envelope the man at the banquet had given her. There were two crisp dollar bills and thirty-five cents in change.

The mother smiled wearily, "Oh, fine, Freda. My little girl will be a great singer some day."

"And when I do," the child replied, "I'm gonna buy you the finest mink coat in all the world."

"Mink," gasped the mother, "that is for rich people. Maybe some day when you are a big success you will buy me a nice Persian lamb with a muff."

The little singer kept her promise.

Last month Freda, now known to radio listeners and GF's everywhere as Georgia Gibbs, singing star of CBS' Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore show, bought her mother a Persian lamb coat.

"With a muff," added Georgia as she mounted her steed at Toots Shor's, an option's throw from Radio City.

"You know, with the extra money I've been making on gupe shots I could have bought her a mink. But mama had made up her mind."

Georgia was the youngest of four children. Her father had died when she was just two, and when her mother was seriously injured in an auto accident, the four children, Murry, Bob, Helen and Freda, were committed to an orphanage in Worcester, Mass. In the institution, little Freda always scored a hit at the annual Christmas show singing, "Doin' The Racecoon."

"Y'know," Georgia said, "that's one fur I never have wanted to own."

When big sister Helen was old enough to work, the children left the orphanage and managed to keep going. Mother was able to do part-time work.

Helen got her kid sister a booking in a Boston night club that appealed to stay-up-lates. The girl worked from 1 to 6 A.M. The two sisters travelled the 40 miles between Worcester and Boston in a bumpy bus.

"I got paid $20 a week and believe me it was quite a place. Visiting jazz musicians always came and so did President Roosevelt's sons."

Dick Powell is the genial driver of NBC's Fitch Bandwagon, presenting the nation's top dance bands.
Still known as Freda Gibson, the girl joined the Hudson-DeLange band. They made several recordings of new tunes. A song plugger took one of the disks to Richard Himber.

"The hell with the songs," was Himber's reaction. "Who is that kid singing them? Let's get her."

The song plugger, ever anxious to please Himber, spent a busy night locating Freda. That's how, at 2 A.M., the startled singer got a long distance call from Himber. She joined his band.

After six months with him, she was hired for The Hit Parade.

"I really thought this was it," Georgia explained, "but brother—was I wrong."

Not given billing, ordered to sing all the songs in fire-engine tempo, the radio crowd passed her by when more promising assignments were available. The Hit Parade chore ended and Freda was without work.

"I decided everything was wrong about me, even my name. I liked Hoagy Carmichael's tune 'Georgia On My Mind' and thought that would make a cute first name." I just shortened my last.

Singing at intimate gatherings for musicians, Georgia proved to the cynics that she could sing at slower tempos, that she had poise and personality.

In 1942 she joined Artie Shaw's band on a road tour and then was booked into Cafe Society Uptown. The night of her opening she ran across a new tune, still unpublished. Needing an unusual number in her repertory, she used it. The song was an overnight hit. It was called "Choo Choo Baby," and by now needs no introduction to radio listeners.

The tune did it. Offers came from both coasts and Georgia won two important contracts: singing on Jimmy Durante's show and making records.

Georgia is tiny, standing 5 feet, 1½ inches, weighs 104 pounds.

In addition to her commercial work, Georgia does a 15-minute "Personal Album" show for overseas transmission every week. Her V-mail is terrific. When her brother landed in Italy the first thing he heard was his sister's short wave show.

This summer she plans to go overseas for the USO with Jimmy Durante. As for dates, Georgia has plenty of them, sometimes with Hollywood wolves.

"But somehow," she says, "they don't howl when they're out with me."

* 4 times as many doctors prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other baby oil or lotion.

* Over 4 times as many hospitals use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as all other baby oils and lotions combined.

* Mothers prefer it by far—Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil outsells all other baby oils and lotions combined.

- To help keep your baby's skin healthy and smooth, no other baby oil or lotion can match the wonderful record of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil—used with excellent results on millions of babies for the past 12 years! Daily use of Mennen oil on your baby will help prevent diaper rash, scalded buttocks, itching, smarting, impetigo and many other skin troubles. There is only one best oil for your baby's delicate skin-

MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL
Most baby specialists also prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder®

Back on the air is lovely Jane Pickens, to star on the American Melody Hour, Tuesdays, over CBS
When applying and removing cleansing cream, always use upward and outward motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.

Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with both hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.

For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back, left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for handkerchiefs, too.

When you tune in on the Philip Morris Purple Heart Show, you're tuning in on the sweet-heart of twelve million men in uniform—which means you're listening to Ginny Simms. She's the Girl Back Home.

She's a five-career girl right now. One career is her radio program (she's voted the number one radio songstress, according to 18 radio polls); another career is in the movies, where she is being starred in No Leave, No Love; a third career is made up of her 800 recordings; a fourth is her 60-acre farm outside of Hollywood, which she runs with the efficiency of the U. S. Agricultural Bureau. The fifth career is entirely concerned with her twelve million uniformed beaux—it's her endless hospital visits, all over the United States, to sing to the wounded. When the patients in Army and Navy hospitals see her coming into their wards, they see this:

A slim girl of five-feet-six, with her thick brown hair worn the way they like it—brushed away from her face but hanging to her shoulders, and tied with a black velvet ribbon. Her face is the way they like it too: it's clean and fresh, with no makeup but lipstick and mascara. And her clothes suit them perfectly—she wears a navy blue dress with pink rosettes appliqued around the shoulders, or a Canary yellow sports coat over a red-and-yellow print dress. The boys love to hear her sing, and sometimes she sings fifteen half-hour shows a day for them in different parts of the same hospital. She sings, too, the songs they most want to hear: "I Walk Alone," "White Christmas," "Always," "Together," "Stardust," "Is You Is Or Is You Ain't My Baby," and "Amor."

For most of them, she brings back nostalgic memories. They remember her from their pre-war days in their home towns or colleges—for several years she toured all over the country with Kay Kyser's band. The sight of her reminds them of the typical American towns they come from.

She was born in San Antonio, Texas, to Gertrude and Dormer Simms—Mr. Simms being a former minister. She went to the Fresno State Teacher's College, intending to teach piano-playing. But she got side-tracked singing with two sorority sisters from the Sigma Phi Gamma house, and the trio sang at college proms and concerts until Ginny stepped out on her own radio program over a local Fresno radio station. From that she went to Kay Kyser's band, and from his band into a contract at MGM Studios and into her amazingly successful radio shows.

In Hollywood, Ginny leads a dual life. Five days a week her life is sophisticated—she lives at an elaborate hotel in Beverly Hills. Come weekends, and Ginny heads for San Fernando Valley and her 65-acre ranch. Here her parents live and here Ginny has planted fields of alfalfa. Once there, she shifts into blue-jeans and begins overseeing the alfalfa and driving a tractor!

The house is dedicated to being a home. Green cotton rugs completely cover the two floors of the house, and big windows allow cross in buffy white organdy curtains let in the California sunlight. Most of her lamps are made from copper milk cans... and scattered through the house is her fabulous flood of gifts from her twelve million uniformed admirers.

As you read this, she is probably lying in an upper berth on some train trying to sleep, with her freshly-washed wet stockings slapped on her from the railing above her head. She's probably just finished singing to the invalids on the same train—and tomorrow she'll be putting on shows in hospitals. At the end of her trip, she'll call up numberless families of servicemen and she won't have time, back in Hollywood, to see her friends because she'll be singing at some G. I. wedding—or dating some unknown G. I. who won her as a prize for buying a bond! No handshake in front of a newspaper camera for the Girl Back Home. She actually lunches with the winners at MGM, takes in the Clover Club that night—and then kisses them goodnight on her doorstep!
Fry the first Spring catch, (or boneless fish fillets), with a golden crust to break under your fork and savory tenderness inside. Serve with your own home-made, tangy Tartar sauce—and French fried onion rings, piping hot, delicious.

What a dinner! Deep fried to perfection in pure Mazola. This golden oil, with its delicate, delicious flavor, also makes tempting fresh salad dressings, smooth cream sauces, wonderful hot breads. Yes—Mazola makes so many good things!

**FISH KENTUCKY**

Dip cleaned, whole small fish (or fish fillets) in 1 cup of milk seasoned with 1¼ tps. salt. Roll in a mixture of ½ cup flour and ½ cup corn meal. Fry in ¾ inch sizzling hot Mazola at moderate temperature until nicely brown. Turn only once.

**TANGY TARTAR SAUCE**

Place 1 egg yolk, ¼ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. salt and 1 tbsp. vinegar in a bowl. Whip until light in color and thick. Continue beating and add 1 cup Mazola, a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Add 1 more tbsp. vinegar and beat again till thick. Stir in 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. onion juice, 2 tbsp. India relish. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

**FRENCH FRIED ONION RINGS**

New, jiffy-quick recipe makes them lighter.

Cut 3 large onions in ¼ inch slices; separate into rings. Dip rings in flour, seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt; then in milk; again in flour. Drop several rings at a time into hot Mazola, three inches deep in a kettle, heated to 375°F. Keep rings separated. Fry golden brown, about 1½ to 2 minutes. Drain on unglazed paper or paper towels. Serves 4.

**FRENCH DRESSING**

This fresh dressing makes salad so much more delicious! Combine in a pint jar or bottle: ½ cup vinegar, 1 cup Mazola, 1 tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 2 tsp. sugar, ½ tsp. onion juice, ½ tsp. dry mustard. Cover, shake until well mixed. Chill. Makes 1½ cups of salad dressing.
No Other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange so alluringly smooth!

Want all your hair-dos to look glamorous? Then be a "Drene Girl!" Always use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo . . . not a soap in the world . . . can make your hair look so lovely!

Reveals far more lustre than any cake soap or liquid soap shampoo. For Drene never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do, to rob your hair of its lustrous beauty! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any kind of soap.

Leaves hair so manageable! Now that the new, improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing!

Removes every bit of dandruff the very first time you use it! So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos
FROM THE GIRLS WHO KNOW!
Lisa Fonssagrives . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you (above) her lovely new evening hair-do for Spring! The adorable hair-do gadget is just wired ribbon, bent into shape, then covered with flowers. Your milliner can do it! The shining smoothness of Lisa's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which she always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene with Hair Conditioner! Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!
There was the first lie, inescapable, menacing. And there would be others, Kathy knew.

I had a feeling, when I stepped off the train at the Apple Lake station, that something wonderful and exciting was about to happen. There was no real reason for the feeling, except that the April morning was enough to make your heart sing, thrilling-sweet with spring, spiced with the tang of lake water. Otherwise, there was no reason at all to feel sixteen and expectant and foolishly happy, instead of a poised and practical twenty-six.

Joe Henley’s battered black sedan, Apple Lake’s taxi service, stood beside the station. I waved, and Joe saw me and scrambled out to take my bag. “Miss Carter!” he exclaimed. “Going out to your brother’s place, I suppose. Is this your vacation, or are you here for just a few days?”

I bit my lip. I’d forgotten that in addition to being the town’s taxi service, Joe was also its unofficial (Continued on page 84)

We had been very close to something for a moment—and then it was lost.
I COULD tell this as if it were a fairy story. I could almost begin it "Once upon a time".

I could say that once there was a little princess who lived in a fairy palace; she was the center of her own small universe; the pole about which revolved everyone and everything that came in contact with her.

She was very beautiful, this little princess. Everyone said so, and no one ever thought to impress upon her that her beauty was an accident, a gift bequeathed by her parents and her parents' parents, and not of her own doing at all. She never stopped to realize that those ancestors of hers might as easily have bequeathed her an ugly face, or a grotesquely twisted body. Neither did the princess have any brothers or sisters; she never learned what give-and-take means; she never learned to share. She grew up believing that there was no one, anywhere in the world, who could say no to her, and mean it. And that is the way things were with the self-centered, self-engrossed little princess when she first heard his rich, deep, voice, and felt it touch responsive, unsuspected chords in her heart.

Yes, I could make a fairy story of it—for I was that princess. But a fairy story ends happily after the coming of the prince, and my story didn't go that way at all.

I'm going to try to be honest in telling you what I was, and how I came to be that way, and I can in honesty say that it was not all my fault. Partly, the blame was my parents'. The girl who came to Stonewall Inn one Indian-summer day, and found her prince charming in the person of Mike Torrey, and all of life spread out for her taking—a spoiled girl with a completely askew sense of values—was, certainly, the Shelley Drake I'd made myself to be, since I had grown up. But the foundations had been laid long before—even before I was born.

Mother and Dad, two lonely people who had wanted love, and a home, and children, all of their lives, had found each other heartbreakingly late. I was the answer to a dream they had hardly dared expect to realize, and I don't think they ever got over the wonder of having a child. Mother had been the ugly-duckling daughter in a family of lovely girls, and her delight, when it became obvious that I was going to have her sisters' good looks, was boundless. I'm sure she decided that I would, no matter what the sacrifice, have everything she had always wanted and that she would live her desires for pretty things, for admiration, vicariously in me. Dad, as fathers will, would

Surrender
Shelley closed herself away in a dream world, waiting for a prince to beckon. But in place of the prince there came a man, ruthlessly shattering her make-believe
Surrender

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She grew up believing that there was no one, anywhere in the world, who could say no to her, and mean it. And that is the way things were with the self-centered, self-engrossed little princess when she met her fairy prince, when she first heard his rich, deep, voice, and felt it touch responsive, unsuspected chords in her heart.

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Dad's salary was small, and our little screened-in house on Pelham Street was a far cry from a fairy castle, but it was that for me, for in it every spoken word came true. There was a beautiful doll's house in one room (mother had needed a new coat that winter) and a slide and see-saw in the basement. (Dad had a hard time paying for the coat that year), and everything else I ever asked for. Most of the girls I know, even the ones whose parents were much better off than mine, wore hand-me-downs or made-over clothes sometimes, took turns with toys; but household chores they were expected to do, learned to give and take, to share, to assume responsibility. But not I.

I didn't participate in the roughhouse games of the neighborhood children, either. Partly because I loved my pretty clothes too much to spoil them, and me with her all the time. Mother was a genius with her needle; she taught me an eye for line and color, a rich pleasure in the feel of fabrics. While the other children played outside, I sat withful stitches into clothes for my dolls, while Mother made far too many, far too lavish clothes for me.

That was the fairyland in which I grew up—and out of which I was so frighteningly shaken during my last year of high school, when Dad died, and Mother followed him a few weeks later. There I was, stunned and alone, unprepared to accept a living from the world and make myself a place in it. I don't know what I would have done.

If Mrs. Andrews, from next door, in answer to my terrified, "What shall I do?" hadn't said, tactfully, "You certainly can sew, Shelley. You get yourself right down to Harpers' Store and see if they don't need somebody in alterations. Goodness, child, you can't just sit!" It's really too bad that they did need an alteration hand at Harpers—! I know that now. It would have been better if that first job had been refused me, and a second and a third, for then I might have learned, bitterly and frighteningly, what it was like to have someone say no to me, what it was like to have to struggle for what I wanted. It would have been better if, a year later, Mrs. Sheldon, who was the owner of a very exclusive-toy shop on the other side of the city, hadn't come into Harpers' and bought a dress; if I hadn't been called to alter it for her. We got to talking, she and I, about

Shelley closed herself away in a dream world, waiting for a prince to beckon. But in place of the prince there came a man, ruthlessly shattering her make-believe
dolls and toys, and I told her about the doll clothes I had made and how Mother had taught me to sew. It would have been better if she hadn't said, “Why don't you stop into the shop and see me some day next week, Miss Drake? We make a specialty of hand-made doll clothes, and Miss Tashby, who's been with us for years, is leaving to get married. It leaves us in a terrible spot, what with Christmas coming on, and so—”

Yes, if Mrs. Sheldon hadn't come into Harper's! I probably would never have thought of applying at her shop for a job, and I would never have been plunged back into fairyland. For that was what working for the Sheldons meant to me. It meant a salary large enough so that I could afford to move from the Girls’ Club to an apartment of my own—a tiny, one-room affair on a run-down street, but my own, to fix up as I chose. It meant working in a place where the wealthy came and went, in pleasant surroundings, with rich and wonderful fabrics.

And it meant Howard.

WITH Howard Simms came all the things I had missed during the past year—missed for too long, I thought then, but not for long enough to be good for me, really. Little attentions—flowers, candy, frequent telephone calls, dancing, admiration and flattery lavished on me once again.

Howard came into the shop one afternoon and saw me—it was as simple as that. The Sheldons told me later that he'd refused to leave until they'd introduced him to me. And when I left the shop at closing time, he was waiting for me. Somehow, I'd known he would be.

“I waited for you,” was all I said, but into that I read, “I’ve waited for you all my life, and I was off again into fairyland, this time complete with romance.

I may have been a foolish, empty-headed sort of girl, in those days, but I did have sense enough for this: I knew, as the work-filled days and the gay evenings drifted by, that I didn't love Howard, and never would. If only I'd had the sense to let him go!

He was in love with me; I knew that almost from the start. And when he asked me to marry him, as I was sure he would, I couldn't bring myself to say no. I suppose a girl who has never had “no” said to her finds it hard to say the word herself. No is so final, such a cutting-off sound. “Maybe” is better, and “perhaps,” and “I can't be sure. . . .” And a no to Howard would have meant an end to the pleasure I had in his company, the pleasure I took from having him always at my beck and call, ready to take me wherever I wanted to be taken.

And so when Howard said, his eyes searching mine almost wistfully in hope, “Shelley—I love you. You know that. I want you to marry me—I want to take care of you for the rest of my life!” I said, “I don't love him,” instead.

“We're both young, Howard. We've got lots of time ahead of us,” I told him. “We're having fun together. Why can't we go on like this for a while? I'm not ready to make up my mind quite yet.”

And that, or a variation of it, was what I told him for over a year, each time he recovered enough from the last rebuff to come again. “Let's wait a while. . . . I'm not ready. . . . Can't we let things go on as they are?” Always, I kept the door of his hopes ajar—both for his sake and for mine.

I might have said yes to him, I suppose, if I hadn't kept, hidden but ever-green, a dream in the back of my heart. Every woman's dream, of course—the hope that somewhere the right man is waiting for her. Now and again a little sliver of fear would pierce that hope which is at the core of every woman's being—what if I never fell in love? What if the man I dreamed about never came along? It was reassuring, then, to know that there would always be Howard, that I could marry him whenever I chose. I didn't stop to consider how cruel that might be to him, either way—if the man my dreams came along, or if he did not.

But as I might have known he would, even Howard became insistent at last. He came one night, his arms full of flowers, when I was recovering from an attack of flu. He found a vase for the flowers, put them on the desk, and came straight across the room to sit on the edge of the couch beside me.

“Shelley—Shelley, I've got to know. Honey, I don't want you working any more. You weren't meant to earn your own living. Won't you give me a chance to take care of you—to move you out of this little place, and give you everything you want? Shelley—it would be so easy for you to say yes. Please set a date for our wedding. We've been engaged for more than a year—you can't keep any man waiting forever, darling.”

A little nagging fear—the fear of losing Howard—rose in my mind. Say yes, I told him. Say yes, or you may lose him. But, Say no, my heart told me. Say no, because you really don't love him. Keep waiting, just a bit longer.
And so, as always, I compromised. I caught his hand and held it tightly between both of mine. "Don't ask me now, Howard. I'm so tired. I'm going away—the Sheltons said today that I should take my vacation now, when I need it, after being sick. They even offered to pay part of my expenses at a little place they know in the mountains. I'm going up there for two weeks. Let me think about it a little longer. We've got all the time in the world, Howard."

He smiled at me, a funny little one-sided smile. "No one has that, honey—all the time in the world. But I won't bother you about it any more now. You go away and have yourself a good time, and when you come back—we'll see. How's that?"

I bit back a sigh of relief. "That's the way I want it to be, Howard."

"And that's the way it always is, Shelley—the way you want it to be." But his smile took all the sting of bitterness out of that.

That funny little fear that someday I might lose Howard if I didn't set a definite date for our wedding persisted in my mind after he had left that night. But I put the thought firmly aside—tomorrow would begin two weeks of delight for me, two weeks of the kind I'd wanted even since I'd had to earn my own living. I was going to a resort for a vacation—true, it wasn't a resort of the kind which the patrons of Sheldon's shop went to, but it was a resort, just the same. I didn't let myself dwell on the fact that the people there would probably be working girls and working men on vacation, just like myself. No, it was better to dream instead—dream of dancing, and tennis, perhaps, and pretty resort clothes, dressing differently for every activity during the day. At least, I told myself, I could keep up with them on that score—I had plenty of clothes, clothes I had made myself, carefully copied from the pictures in the fashion magazines.

So I put Howard, and the Sheltons, and my little apartment, and working for a weekly paycheck, completely out of my mind as I boarded the train for Stonewall Inn next morning. For two weeks I was going to be a princess in reality, a princess with nothing to do but wear pretty clothes and flirt judiciously and bask in the sun. I even had a story all made up in my mind to tell people up there who asked me who I was and what I did. A story about wanting to come to "a small place like this to "get away from everything"! Oh, I'd be mysterious and a little apart from everyone, and people would ask each other who that beautiful girl was who wore those wonderful clothes with such an air of elegance! For two wonderful, wonderful weeks I'd be the person I wanted to be, and not the Shelley Drake I had to be at all.

And that was the attitude of mind in which I arrived at the Inn, just in time to change for the "Blind Date Night" dance that was to be held that evening. Each woman guest would be given a numbered card, the clerk explained to me, and each male guest a card with a number corresponding to that of one of the women. Numbers would be matched, and the man and woman with the same number must spend the remainder of the evening in each other's company.

I would rather have been able to pick my own partner, I thought as I dressed—without a single doubt in my mind that I could choose whomever I wanted, of course! But perhaps it would be a good way of getting acquainted, after all, and there would be plenty of time later to pick and choose.

As I waited, a little later, a scrap of pasted paper bearing the number seventeen in my lap, I was conscious of the admiration in the eyes of people—men and women alike— who passed me searching for their partners. My frock, of palest pink, billowed about me, and the simple strands of seed pearls at my throat—a birthday gift from Howard—were the perfect complement to the gown. I glanced with pleasure at my own world was far behind me, and I was a part of this one. Perhaps—well, I might even meet him, tonight.

"If you've number seventeen," said a slow, amused voice from behind me, "I'm afraid you're stuck with me for the evening."

My first feeling, as I turned swiftly to look at him, was a keen disappointment. He, surely, was not the man who had been so sweetly enshrined in my heart all these years. Accustomed to the polish and smoothness of Howard, and to the glamorous, handsome creature I'd dreamed about, my first thought was, Oh, he's rough-looking, and ugly!

He was in his early thirties, I judged, of medium height, and strongly-built. There was an unusually firm set to his square jaw, and a surprisingly thoughtful cast to his rather blue eyes. His hair was sun-burned blond, and his features strong and irregular. Even as I rejected him as the person I'd come here to meet, I accepted the fact that I would be more fragile, more dainty than ever by contrast to him, that he would be an excellent back— (Continued on page 76)
told the story. We had arrived at New York the week before and were staying in our hotel when we stopped by the shop, and Mrs. Drake, who was the manager, was kind enough to show me the dresses that had been designed for the Girls' Club. Shelley—now a princess of sorts—had chosen a one-room affair on a rundown street, but I found it to be perfect. We met in a small, pleasant room surrounded by beautiful fabrics, and it meant a lot to her, W H I T H  Howard Simms came all the things I had missed during the past year—missed for too long. I thought then, and not for long enough to be good for me, really. Little attentions, flowers, candy, frequent telephone calls, dancing, admiration and flattery lavished on me once again.

Howard came into the shop one afternoon and said:—It was as simple as that. The Shelleys told me later that he'd refused to leave until they'd introduced him to me. And when I left the shop at closing time, he was waiting for me—somehow, I'd known he would be.

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And so when Howard said, his eyes searching mine almost wistfully in hope, "Shelley—I love you. You know that. I want you to marry me—I want to take care of you for the rest of my life!" I said neither yes nor no, but temporised.

"We're both young, Howard. We've got lots of time ahead of us," I told him, but we all know fun times. Why end them just like this for a while? I'm not ready to make up my mind quite yet."

A variation of it, was what I told him for over a year, each time he recovered enough from the last rebuff to think it was time to try. And courage I asked him to make me feel, but I wasn't ready... Can’t we let things go on as they are?"

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And so, as always, I compromised. I taught his hand and held it tightly between both of mine. "Don’t ask me now, Howard. I’m too tired. I’m going away—the Shelleys said I’d have to leave the hotel after being sick. They even offered to pay my expenses at a little place they know in the mountains. I’m going up there for two weeks. Let me think about it a little longer."

We’ve got all the time in the world, Howard.

He smiled at me, with his little one-sided smile. "No I has that, honey—all the time in the world. But I won’t bother you about it any more now. You go away and have your good time, and when you come back—we’ll see." How’s that?

I bit back a sigh of relief. "That’s the way I want it to be," he said. "And that’s the way you want it to be." But he made all the slink of bitterness out of his voice.

That funny little fear that someday I might lose Howard if I didn’t set a definite date for our wedding persisted in my mind after he had left that night. But I put the thought firmly aside—tomorrow would begin two weeks of delight for what two weeks of life! I’d worked ever since I’d had to earn my own living. I was going to a resort for a vacation—true, it wasn’t a resort in the kind which the patrons of Sheldon’s shop went to, but it was a resort, just the same. I didn’t let myself dwell on the fact that the people there would probably be working girls and working men on vacation, just like myself. No, it was better to dream instead—dream of dancing, and tennis, perhaps, and people in resort clothes, dressing differently for every activity during the day. At least, I told myself, I could keep up with them on that. I had plenty of clothes; clothes I had made myself, carefully copied from the pictures in the fashion magazine.

So I put Howard, and the Shelleys, and my little apartment, and working for a weekly paycheck, completely out of my mind as I boarded the train for Stonewall Inn the next morning. For two weeks I was going to be a princess in reality, a princess with nothing to do but wear pretty clothes and flirt judiciously and back in the sun. I had all a story all made up in my mind to tell people up there who asked me who I was and what I did. A story about wanting to come to a small place like this "to get away from everything," and that I had been a little girl and a little apart from everyone, and people would ask each other who that beautiful girl was who wore those wonderful clothes with such an air of elegance. For two wonderful, wonderful weeks I’d be the person I wanted to be, and not the Shelley Drake I had to be at all.

A ND that was the attitude of mind in which I arrived at the 22nd Street Inn, just in time to change for the "Initial Date and Night" dance that was to be held that evening. Each woman guest would be given a numbered card, the deck explained to me, and each male guest a card with a number corresponding to that of one of the women. Numbers would be matched, and the man and woman with the same number must spend the remainder of the evening in each other's company.

I would rather have been able to pick my own partner, I thought as I dressed—without a single doubt in my mind that I could choose whomever I wanted, of course! But perhaps it would be a good way of getting acquainted, after all, and there would be plenty of time later to pick and choose. I knew that Howard and I would meet a few times soon, and if things didn’t work out, I could always get out of the number seventeen in my lap. I was conscious of the admiration in the eyes of men—men and women alike—who passed me searching for their partners. My foreign pastel pink, billowed about me, and the simple strands of silk in my hair touched the air. They made me feel as if I were the perfect complement to the gown. I glazed with pleasure—already my own world was far behind me, and I was a part of this one. Perhaps—well, I might even meet him tonight.

"The number seventeen," said a slow, amused voice from behind me, "I’m afraid you’re stuck with me for the evening."

I felt tingly, as I turned swiftly to look at him, was a keen disappointment. He, surely, was not the man who had been so fervently envied in my heart all these years. Acquainted to the polish and smoothness of Howard, and to the glamorous, handsome creature I’d dreamed about, my first thought was, Oh, he’s rough-looking, and ugly! He was in his early thirties, judged, of medium height, and strongly-built. There was an unusually firm set to his squinting jaw, and a surprisingly thoughtful cast to his rather blue eyes. His hair was sun-burned blond, and his features strange and irregular. Even as I rejected him as the person I’d come here to meet, I accepted the fact that I would be more frailer, more dainty than ever by contrast to him, that he would be an excellent back (Continued on page 23)
In Ronnie's heart, all of her life, there would never be anyone but Roy. And yet, unprotesting, she watched from the back of the church the day he married Gloria.
HAVE you ever noticed how strangely different an incident appears to you when you’re looking back at it, rather than facing it? After you’ve had time to recall details that may have escaped you at the moment, and to weigh your own actions and other people’s actions, you often find the whole picture changed in your mind. At the time, you may feel that you’re acting like a fool. Looking back, you may realize that you acted perfectly sensibly, and that the other people were the foolish ones. Or, of course, it can be the other way around.

It was that way the night Roy met Gloria Martin.

It was the night of the High School Prom, a June night that was made of laughter and music and the heady perfume of the roses in the clubhouse garden; made, too, of Roy’s arms around me as we stood together on the veranda, looking out into the soft blackness. I hardly dared to breathe; for the first time in all the years I had loved Roy, I thought I felt an answering excitement in him, as though he had forgotten all the roller-skating and the homework done together and the numberless scraps we had gotten each other into and out of, and was seeing at last the grown-up girl, the girl who was altogether his if he wanted her. And so I waited, mouse-still, until at last he turned my face up to his and kissed me lightly on the lips.

We both laughed a little.

“Darn it, Ronnie,” he said, “what kind of spell are you spinning? You never looked like this before.”

“It’s the pink dress,” I answered softly.

Roy shook his head. “No, it’s you.”

He studied my face carefully, and suddenly smiled. “I remember—you looked like this once before, the day I cut my leg cooing apples down at Herley’s orchard, and you carefully tied it up for me with your handkerchief.”

I remembered. It had been my best handkerchief, the one with the hand-crocheted border, and I had been brilliantly happy because something of mine was going to be so close to Roy—at least until the cut had stopped bleeding. I had hoped, of course, that he would silently treasure it, and that I would never get it back—but I got it back after his mother’s next laundering day. I sighed, and Roy’s arm tightened around me. “It’s a wonderful night, Ronnie, isn’t it?” he murmured. “Wonderful,” I echoed.

That’s what I remember now, when I think back to the Prom. It’s the only important and meaningful memory that remains to me. But at the time it was wiped out of my mind in an instant, because when we went back into the ballroom, blinking a little at the lights, the first thing I saw was Gloria.

You couldn’t help seeing her. She was taller than most of the other girls in the room, and she held her red-blond head commandingly high. The smooth white satin of her gown made the rest of us look as though we had dressed for a children’s party. My hand dropped from Roy’s arm, even before he said in a curiously alert voice, “Who’s that?”

“Must be Harry Neil’s cousin from Chicago,” I answered tonelessly. “He’s bringing her over, so we’ll know in a minute.”

I wanted to turn and run, as they came toward us. I suddenly felt as though someone had pricked me, and all the lovely warmth of Roy’s arms around me, Roy’s lips on mine, had escaped, leaving me completely limp and colorless. I watched Roy’s face as we were introduced, and resigned myself to dancing for the rest of the evening with Harry Neil, with Bob Grant, with Johnny Flynn. Only once did I find myself again in Roy’s arms.

“She’s lovely, isn’t she,” I ventured, nodding toward Gloria.

“Good-looking,” Roy agreed, with an affectation of casualness which didn’t deceive me. I had known the moment I saw Gloria that her blonde beauty would leave that eager, delighted look in Roy’s eyes—the look he had given his first two-wheel bicycle, and the new-born puppy we had found one day in his backyard—the look that had almost been there for me, in that moment on the veranda. It had been there ever since she had first smiled at him, and I knew that my soft, dark prettiness had been completely eclipsed by that dazzling, confident smile. There was no point in trying to make him remember me; might as well try to enjoy myself, and hope that Gloria was making only a brief visit to Bentonville.

But she had come, I learned later, for the entire summer.

I saw very little of Roy that summer. We met and chatted as we always had, but there was something different. For a while I couldn’t put my finger on the difference, but one day after he’d left me, I knew what it was. Roy was actually polite with me, polite the way you’d be with somebody you knew, but not too well. I would have been grateful even to go back to our almost brotherly comradeship, since I couldn’t have anything more, but it was as though all those years of growing up together had been wiped away. I had become a girl who meant nothing particular to him, a girl to whom he merely owed the little courtesies of neighborliness.

Then I tried to hope that Roy’s interest in Gloria was just a momentary crush. After all, I told myself, she was startlingly beautiful, startlingly vital. More
than that, she was new, and new faces always caught the eye. But I knew, inside me, that this was no passing fancy; Roy was so outstanding himself that I could not suddenly fall in love with the most outstanding girl he had ever met. I had no real hope of ever reaching him again.

As the miserable summer wore on, I found myself going out more and more often with Harry Neil. That way, you see, I could still be in Roy’s company, even though I had to take Gloria at the same time. It was worth it. I wasn’t trying to compete with her; that, to my mind, would have been funny. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that Roy would have eyes only for her. But at least I could watch him, finding a sort of tortured pleasure in his happiness.

The summer had half gone when it happened. I thought I’d detected a gradual loss of interest on Gloria’s part. She was the type who needed attention, and consequently was interested only in a boy who added to the attention her beauty brought her. And as the time grew close for her to return to Chicago she was getting ready to wash her hands of her small-town admirer. After all, why should Carter be one of Bentonville’s brightest hopes, he was just another country boy in comparison with the men she must know.

But the Carteret Foundation Award changed all that.

Roy had always been an outstanding scholar, but particularly in the field of physics that he excelled. Apparently his ability had reached the ears of the Carteret Foundation in New York and they awarded him a scholarship to a fine technological school in the East. Overnight, Roy Carter jumped from a small town boy to someone of importance.

And Gloria found renewed interest in him.

During the next four years I saw little of either Roy or Gloria. He was away at school, and rumor had it that Gloria was spending her vacations in New England with relatives in order to be with him. Which was perfectly all right because, according to our local paper, they were engaged.

Roy never mentioned it in any of his letters to me, though. And I, in turn, was careful to avoid too personal a touch when I wrote him. I wrote about the people he knew, about the way Spring was coming to Bentonville, and about the occasional weekends I would spend down at the seashore, but I never mentioned standing on the clubhouse veranda with Harry Neil and deciding I couldn’t bear to have him kiss me. Why should Roy care about that? He had told me nothing about Gloria.

But when she came to Bentonville with him, after his graduation, we all knew, of course. It was as good as an announcement. Though we didn’t have much to say to one another. We were awkward, quiet.

“You’re changing, Ronnie,” he said to me after a while, in a puzzled voice.

“You’re so... quiet; so subdued.”

“Always have been,” I answered shortly. “You just never noticed. Now you’ve been among different kinds of people—it stands out more. I—I’m awfully glad to have you back, though.”

Roy took my hand and squeezed it.

“Are you really, Ronnie? I wish you’d act that way, then. There’s a lot I’d like to—to sort of talk over with you—”

I snatched my hand away and jumped up. For once I rebelled. I was not going to sit there and listen to him talk about Gloria, and I hoped he felt it. I knew, and about when they were planning to be married, how happy he was—no! “Heavens, it’s late!” I exclaimed.

“You must be exhausted. We’ll have lots of time to talk.”

“Sure,” Roy said, getting up slowly.

“Sure we—will. Well, sleep well, Ronnie.”

“You, too,” I whispered. His broad shoulders seemed to sag a trifle as he walked down the path and out the gate.

But we never had that talk. I’m not certain, now, whose fault it was, who avoided whom. But when Gloria and Roy set their wedding date, I found out about it from the local paper. It was better that way; I couldn’t have stood his telling me.

They were married at the little stone church just outside of town. The day they were married, I slipped into the rear of the church and cried my eyes out throughout the ceremony.

I suppose the sensible thing then would have been to sit myself down and say, “Well, he’s married now. He’s got somebody else to bandage his cut knees and to wipe his nose when it gets bloodied. Isn’t it about time, Ron- nie, to start looking around for yourself?”

That would have been the sensible thing. But I didn’t do it.

They had come to live in Bentonville, Roy and his bride. They had taken the old Marshall Place on the Clayton Road, and Roy had accepted an important job with the local power company. For weeks after their return from their honeymoon, the newly married Carters were something of a local event. But after that the town went back to the normal tenor of its ways, and the Carters were taken as a matter of course along with the Johnsons, the Bailes and all the other families in town.

That suited Roy perfectly—but Gloria missed the attention. Soon, Gloria introduced an innovation to the social set of Bentonville—a series of Sunday night suppers. I wasn’t invited, but along with everyone else in town I got to know all the particulars. They were gay, noisy affairs, the kind of things I couldn’t quite visualize Roy as enjoying. But whether he did or didn’t, they ran throughout the entire winter.

All the eligible bachelors in town—and some who were neither eligible nor bachelors—scrambled for invitations. Naturally, there were always more men than women, and since a girl as pretty as Gloria is bound to attract them, she was always the center of a throng of admirers.

Roy never seemed to object. He couldn’t conceive, apparently, of any man not being attracted to his wife, and he seemed as pleased as she at the compliment paid her beauty.

In the meantime, Roy’s rise with the power company was rapid. Gloria loved that, of course, because she had more money to spend on clothes and more prestige as the wife of the brilliant Roy Carter. But his new supervisory position meant that he would have to be out of town for days at a time, and Gloria didn’t enjoy being left alone. And, as luck would have it, he was out of town on the day their little girl was born prematurely. I know how bitter Gloria was about that, because I went to the hospital to see her. She looked lovelier than ever, with her hair curling softly around her
somewhat thinner face; and little Maureen was a dream child.

"She's going to look like Roy," I said, peering at the tiny bundle. "Her hair's so dark."

"Oh, that will change," Gloria snapped. "I certainly hope she doesn't resemble her father. That would be too much."

GLORIA, don't be silly—you know he's coming back just as fast as he can. It wasn't his fault; he couldn't have known it was going to happen so suddenly."

She looked at me and her eyes narrowed. "Roy can't do any wrong in your eyes, can he?" she said.

I gazed steadily back at her. "No, he can't. At least he can't do anything mean or spiteful or thoughtless. I'm sure of that. He can be foolish, as well as any of us, but in all the years that I've known him I don't remember his ever doing a really cruel thing."

Gloria laughed. "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten all the years you've known him. All the years he's known you, too, for that matter. I've heard enough about it, goodness knows—how could I have forgotten that you know him so much better than I do?"

I couldn't control the sudden lurch of my heart as I got up to go. Roy hadn't forgotten me, then; he talked about me to Gloria, he remembered! Our friendship meant something to him still, although we never saw each other now.

Yes—but what did he remember? Calmness came back as I realized the kind of things he must have told Gloria—the stolen apples shared, the frantic pleas for help passed under the eyes of the teacher in class, the fantastic lies so bravely told for each other. Things a girl like Gloria would be contemptuous of. He would never tell her about that moment at the Prom. He had almost certainly forgotten it! No, Gloria had nothing to fear from Roy's memories of me. There wasn't even anything flattering in her resentment of me, because she was so instinctively feline that she had to scratch if another girl were merely mentioned.

She was far too busy, when she came home with the baby, to do much worrying about me. For several months she reveled in her new role. She dressed Maureen beautifully, in tiny clothes that complemented her own, and took her everywhere with her. She even began to invite one or two married couples to dinner, so that the baby could be brought out for display. I was asked once, with Harry Neil and the girl he had married, and I went, because it meant that I would see Roy again.

It was quite a gay dinner. Gloria had dozens of stories to tell about Maureen's achievements, and if some of them made Roy's eyebrows go up before he could (Continued on page 97)
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"GLORIA don't be silly—you know he's coming back just as fast as he can. It wasn't his fault; he couldn't have known it was going to happen so soon."

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"I couldn't control the sudden lurch of my heart as I got up to go. Roy about me to Gloria, he remembered! Our friends! I meant something to him still, although we never saw each other again."

"You're sure you want to go?"

"Worse than that, I'm sure."

"Sure," Roy said, getting up slowly. "Sure we will. Well, sleep well, Ronnie.

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The whole town soon knew about these parties—"(Continued on page 97)
Once when I was about six years old, I asked my Great Aunt Sarah, who was withered and wise and very old, if she were afraid to die. And, 15 years later, when they told me about Frank's death, I remembered her answer and understood it for the first time.

"No, Francie," she told me that day so long ago, resting her thin, blue-veined hand on the arm of the big, mahogany chair, "No, my dear, I'm not afraid, because so many little parts of my heart are gone already. A woman doesn't die all at once, Francie. She dies in little pieces."

I remembered Aunt Sarah's philosophical wisdom the day the three young Navy officers came to tell me of watching the ocean swallow up Frank's crippled plane. That day, when I knew with certain pain that my husband, the father of my boy baby, never would hold me in his arms again, I felt the sharp knife of grief cut away a corner of my heart. Sadness tarnished the sparkling gaiety which had lighted our romance like tinsel on a Christmas tree. Frank was dead—and a part of me was dead, too—forever.

My first reaction to the telegram had been the usual one of numbing shock. Blue snatches of official words, REGRETS TO INFORM YOU—FRANK C. JENNINGS—KILLED IN ACTION, danced in front of my dazed eyes, but had no immediate meaning.

And when I did translate them, I told myself, "That isn't true. It can't be. Frank was too vital, too happy, too lucky to die. Pretty soon they'll tell me it's a mistake."

Drugging myself with unbelief I went about the business of living and caring for my baby until three sympathetic officers called on me about a month later. When they told me of watching from the carrier as Frank's plane spun crazily and dropped into the water, they forced me to face the fact that our glorious, exciting, youthful marriage was ended.

"Don't tell me that," I cried out to Frank's friends as they stood there watching my reaction with honest pity. "Don't tell me he'll never come back," I cried over and over again, as pain washed over me in waves. I thought I couldn't live through this terrifying loss. I felt that I could not bear to lose the love that I had waited for—a love that was exciting in its splendor. A love that is gone now, leaving nothing but a memory which quickens my heartbeats even as I write of it.

Perhaps, our love—Frank's and mine—was too rapturous for everyday living. Perhaps we are allowed only brief glimpses of real ecstasy in life. Because the love we knew was ecstasy—a wild, tumultuous emotion which came rushing into my life, changing everyday colors of green and brown and grey to vivid, startling hues, seen only on a magic carpet—a magic carpet to romance. It was a love that most women dream about but never hope to experience. It seems funny now, but I never did just dream about a love like that—I expected it. I seemed to be waiting for it even when I lived with Aunt Beth and Uncle Roy back in Cartersville—in that other world of peace.

Life in Cartersville was a calm, placid lake, compared to my marriage with Frank, which was like an exciting, rushing mountain stream, dazzling in its brilliance. But a quiet lake is beautiful, too. And life in Cartersville was good. I was an orphan, but Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth never let me feel any lack when I lived with them and went to high school. Uncle Roy was just like any father, who thinks his daughter is pretty whenever he can stop earning a living long enough to look at her. Once when we were at his cottage at Grey Lake, I ran down to the pier in my bathing suit and Uncle Roy said thoughtfully, "You're a mighty pretty girl, Francie. Some boy some day's going to fall head over heels in love with you." You see, he was just about like any dad.

Aunt Beth was just like a mother, too. She loved me and worried about me and wanted me to be happy. And my cousin Pete teased me just as any kid brother would. Yes, back when the first rumbling of war was faint in the
distance, Cartersville was pleasant. I had my first beau there in Cartersville—a normal American boy named Ralph, who worked at a grocery store on Saturdays, and played on the football team at City High, and kissed me after our Junior-Senior banquet.

I STAYED in Cartersville for two years after I graduated from high school, and all of that time I "went steady" with Ralph. "Ralph and Francie"—that was a twosome just like macaroni and cheese or sugar and cream. And, yet, even as I admired and respected Ralph and enjoyed being with him more than the other boys, I knew that this wasn't the romance I was waiting for. I was looking forward to something more exciting. That's why I couldn't promise to wait for Ralph when he went away to war.

"I don't know, Ralph," I told him that last night. "I'm not sure that we love each other enough to marry. But I'll miss you terribly and remember you always. And when you come back, ask me again, will you? By then, I'll be old enough to be sure."

Right after Ralph went away, the contractor Uncle Roy worked for got a government contract at a southern airfield. So we moved away from Cartersville, and I had no regrets. Our gang had broken up—and the boys were at war and the girls had scattered all over the United States. I had a feeling that life was passing me by. And I had a feeling that if I went to the new location with Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth I might turn the corner to that "something" I seemed to be waiting for.

There wasn't any uncertainty in my feeling for Frank, the flyer I met a week after we left Cartersville. I had a peculiar "this is it" feeling about him the very first time I had a date with him. And, then, I didn't even remember Cartersville and the old gang and Ralph any more. I had turned the corner and I couldn't see what I had left behind. It wasn't that I said to myself, "Ralph isn't the one—but Frank is." I simply forgot that any life before I knew Frank had ever existed.

You probably can't understand that unless you've known someone with as strong and commanding a personality as Frank's—someone darkly handsome, with a twinkle about him that's as gay as a carnival midway. Exciting Frank, who made everything he came in contact with exciting! Life no longer passed me by. It swept me along with it gloriously.

It is hard for me to remember every step of my romance with Frank—it was all so wild and headstrong and fast. But I remember the first night we were together, the first date when I knew with a strange, intuitive certainty that the expectant part of me, the waiting part, was ended. I knew at last that love as I had imagined it was coming to me.

It was spring in the southland, a night voluptuous with a new-born beauty. We drove into the country for an outdoor steak fry. As we sat by the campfire—three couples of us—pleasantly full of good food and joyful at being young and gay even in wartime, I looked at the strange, dark boy who was my date.

"You look like a gypsy," I told him softly. And it was true. In the firelight, his tawny skin, his dark, brilliant
eyes, his dazzling white teeth, seemed to belong to a romantic nomad.

"I've always wanted to be a gypsy," he admitted. "Imagine being able to pitch your tent a different place every day."

I looked at him and was suddenly fearful. "He's reckless and he's fascinating," I told myself. "He could make my life a truly wonderful thing—or he could break my heart."

I swayed toward him, almost dizzy with his nearness, with the thought of what it would be like to be with him always—laughing through each day with him, loving him each night.

And then our lips met. His on mine were firm, seeking yet tender, exciting and warm. And I knew that I wanted to belong to him more than I had ever wanted anything in all my lifetime.

It was Frank who broke away abruptly.

"Francie, I could be either of two kinds of a man," he said, slowly. "Both kinds are in me. With a girl who didn't matter, I could be a prettty useless sort of fellow, a rogue—anything. But with a girl like you—oh, Francie, now that I've found you, I'd better never let you get away. You could make me into something better than I've ever dreamed of being. Don't let me lose you, Francie.

We had one month, after that night, Frank and I, into which we crammed our lovemaking in little scraps of time. And then Frank was transferred to another camp for his final training before going overseas. And I wanted to get married then.

**BUT** Frank only kissed away my pleadings. "It's not that I don't trust your love, darling," he told me. "That's like the sky and the earth—everlasting and firm, and something to cling to. It's myself I don't trust. If I ever thought of marriage at all, before I met you, it was like thinking of something that will happen to you when you're old—something not to be considered or worried about for a long, long time. Let me get used to the idea—let me be sure of myself. Don't let me even have an outside chance of breaking your heart."

And, so he went away, and we had nothing during the weeks that followed but letters—letters as filled with desire as our kisses had been.

Uncle Roy's southern contract was finished, and he was going north again to New York in the same state with Carterville, and I wrote to Frank, begging him to let me go to him. But he said no in every letter and I thought that he would leave America without marrying me, until one night when he called me from San Diego.

"Darling," he said over the telephone, "I have a 15-day embarkation leave coming up in about three days. And I know now that you're in my heart forever—do you still want to marry me?"

Marry him! "Yes, darling—yes," I cried.

The next day, Uncle Roy, Aunt Beth and Petie and I started to our new home in the north, and Frank met us there three days later.
The baby held out his fat little fists, and I caught him to me. I think I was laughing and crying at once, when I heard a sound.
We were married the morning he arrived, and that same day we drove out to Uncle Roy’s cabin on Grey Lake, where we had spent our summers when I was going to high school in Cartersville. But now the little lake was dearer and more beautiful than ever before.

Our love was glorious, almost overpowering in its intensity. Every day we discovered more reasons to love each other. Little things like both of us wanting baking powder blankets for breakfast, or liking fish rolled in cracker crumbs instead of eggs, were as exciting as the first day we met. We ran to the lake like children every morning, plunging in the cold water with shouts of excitement. After

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wearts. I fixed breakfast in the cottage while Frank built a fire in the fireplace. That fireplace—the dear, lost dreaming visions that we dreamed in front of that fireplace! We sat there in our robes each night, dreaming dreams and loving each other, sometimes gently, sometimes wildly, but never casually. This was a love for always and we both knew it.

Sometimes, Frank looked at me and his dark eyes were serious.

“Oh, my darling,” he would say. “A marriage is a marriage, and you’re so young. This may make you grow up too soon.”

“I love you, Frank,” I answered always. “If that’s growing up, then I want to grow old fast.”

That was happiness as light and gay and intoxicating as champagne, happiness that bubbled and sparked for two glorious weeks. And yet sometimes, each of us felt, I know, that our champagne happiness was covering a certain fear—a knowledge that this exquisite state could not endure.

I went back to Cedar City with Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth and got a job when Frank went away. And I worked as I could for the baby was coming. I was conscious only of the tragedy in my life, the terrible responsibility of being the part of both a father and a mother to the child. But, most of the time, there was a catch in my voice when I sang, “Rocky, Baby,” and then I was feeling too pity for myself, but compassion for my child, who would never know the father whose blood ran in his veins.

That is the reason I concentrated so completely on the baby after Frank was gone. Uncle Roy and Aunt Beth and Pete had gone south again but I stayed on in Cedar City. I rented a little apartment and lived in it alone with my baby. Never was there a baby so clean, or so well fed, and so cared for, I told myself. It was as if I were doing something for Frank, too. And then sometimes, I even thought of the baby as Frank, when he was a child. And then I was glad for the baby, because I felt that I was going to relive my husband’s childhood in my own child.

It wasn’t a natural life that I lived. In my grief for my dark, exciting husband, and in my concentration on the child, I often was serious and moody and almost morbid. It worried Margie Parks, who was the only friend I had in Cedar City, and who lived in the apartment across the hall from mine.

“You’re only 21, Fran,” she reminded me one way home from work. “That’s young.”

“Is it if you’re in college or working?” I told her. “Not if you’re a widow and a mother.”

“But you can’t just sit around and feel sorry for yourself,” she went on. “If you don’t––if someone like Frank were taken away from you,” I told her, letting bitterness creep into my words.

“I know,” she said. “I know, Frankie. But you owe it to your son to go on living. He doesn’t want a mother who died when he was born.”

“I take good care of little Frankie,” I flung out, angry and defensive.

“Yes—but––” And, then, Margie smiled because she could see that there was no point in talking to me. She used to go to dinner with the out-of-town salesmen who called on the office where she worked, but I never accepted her invitations. I knew that I had had what I had waited for and that now that it was gone, nothing could take its place. And I suppose I did not want to exert myself to be pleasant. Although I didn’t realize it, I was getting some satisfaction out of grieving as wildly as I loved—out of living in martyrdom. (Continued on page 68)
PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Valiant Lady

The story of a young love and its search for stability in today's exciting world

DR. TRUMAN SCOTT, fondly nicknamed "Tubby" by his adoring wife, holds an important position as head of the plastic surgery staff at the Institute for Medical Research. He has made, partly through Joan's loving effort, a successful adjustment following his return from the war, and he is anxious now to help other veterans to make that same adjustment. (Played by Martin Blaine)

JOAN SCOTT, truly a "valiant lady," combines the charm and loveliness of youth with the wisdom and generosity of maturity. Her gay blue eyes and her appealing, childlike smile are a constant source of amazement to people who know her as a successful hat designer or as a modern young wife—a pillar of strength to her many friends and her devoted husband. (Played by Joan Banks)

Listen to Valiant Lady on your local Columbia station every morning at 10:00 EWT.
AMY BINGHAM, whose husband was killed at Pearl Harbor, has not yet fully adjusted to her loss. She has been working as Colin Kirby's secretary, a position which she obtained largely through the efforts of Joan Scott, and although both she and Colin are well satisfied with their association, the situation may produce a very difficult and dangerous complication as far as young Monica is concerned.
(Played by Elaine Kent)

MRS. SCOTT, Truman's mother, would have been chosen by Joan as a friend even if she had not been Truman's mother, because she combines a profound womanly wisdom with the quiet maturity of experience—combines also the even-tempered strength and intelligence that have helped to build Truman's personality with an unostentatious stoicism that would enable her to make any sacrifice for her children's good.
(Played by Charlotte Garrity)

MONICA BREWSTER, beautiful, spoiled, knows Colin Kirby's secret, but is undiscouraged in her determination to turn his love to herself.
(Played by Cathleen Cordell)
COLIN KIRBY finds little pleasure these days in his busy life as a lawyer, sportsman, and wealthy, attractive young bachelor, but he is proving beyond all doubt that he is a good friend to both Joan and Truman—he refuses to admit, even to himself, that it is not friendship he feels for Joan, but love. Knowing how complete and happy her life with her husband is, and how devoted they are to one another, Colin is determined that nobody shall ever guess the depth of his feeling for Joan; he is carefully guarding his secret.

(Played by Ned Wever)

T. R. CLARKE, sharp-witted publisher, spends his time blustering and grumbling if there is anyone around who will hear him—but Joan, who has worked as his secretary, knows that underneath he is one of the gentlest, kindest, most generous of men. Even though they no longer work together, Clarke and Joan have maintained their very affectionate friendship and close mutual understanding.

(Played by Charles Webster)
PRETTY LITTLE PATRICIA RYAN is a veteran of fourteen years' standing in radio, although she's now only twenty-one years old. Pat still plays her original part on the CBS children's fantasy, Let's Pretend, as well as the role of Geraldine Love, one of Henry's multitude of girl friends, on The Aldrich Family, and regular ingenue parts on The Adventures of The Thin Man and We the People. Although it's safe to call Pat a glamour girl, she has a serious side as well—a side expressed in her two years of steady service as a Nurse's Aide, and her work as a hostess in a number of canteens. She goes most often to the Thistle Club, canteen for British service-men, because although Pat has spent most of her life in this country, she and her family came from England.
WE'LL NEVER GIVE ENOUGH

Open your heart to the plea Pat makes in the name of her boy in China, your boy wherever he may be. Surely there is some way you, too, can help!

By PAT RYAN

I HAVE been asked to write this. People know I've been a Nurse's Aide for a long time and that I do as much work as I can in several Can- teens and, because of that, I was asked to write this. That's not why I'm writing it, though.

There is a reason—a good one. He's young and he's good-looking—at least, I think he is. I like him very much because he laughs a lot and can make me laugh and, sometimes, make me cry a little, and because he's got a zing to him and loves crazy arguments and can get solemn over silly things. He's in the Air Corps and, right now, he's somewhere in China. He's really the reason for my writing this.

Everyone who has anyone at all in the Armed Forces will understand how I feel. I want to do something. When someone you're very fond of is so far away and in the war, you think of all sorts of things. You think he may be wounded. You think he may be lonely. You think of his needing money. You think of his needing little things, maybe cigarettes, or razor blades, or just a friendly smile. You think of his being taken prisoner and isolated from the world until the end of the war. You think of his being crippled, perhaps, and unhappy and miserable about what he will do with his future. You think of the things he sees and does while he's at war, and wonder what all that will do to him, to the way he is and laughs and thinks. No matter what you think about, when you're letting your mind leap over wide oceans and war-torn countries to the side of the one you love, you'll find that there's an organization to which every one of your worries, fears, ideas and hopes has already occurred. Better than that. The American Red Cross has done more than think of all these things. It is continually at work on every one of them. Do you know what the Red Cross does—in peace and war? Maybe the best way to make you understand the bigness of it is to say simply that there isn't a single, solitary spot on the known globe to which the Red Cross and its work doesn't penetrate, or will not reach when it is necessary. Wherever our men go, the Red Cross goes with them and after them.

Most of the men long for home more than anything else. They can't come home, not until the job is finished, of course. And we do all we possibly can for them with letters and pictures and gifts. But the Red Cross does more than that. It tries to bring them some feeling of the closeness of home, wherever they are. In every combat and training area overseas, the Red Cross has set up hundreds of large and small clubs. American girls, the kind the boys remember from back home, keep these clubs going and do some of the little, helpful things you'd like to be able to do for your men.

There are the Off-Post Clubs, which are located in leave areas. Some of these are like big hotels, where your men can have baths and real beds with clean sheets and eat American cooking and even read some of their hometown newspapers. The recreation workers liven things up with games and dances, picnics and sight-seeing tours. In all the camps overseas, there are On-Post Clubs, where the men can get a snack, or play games, read, or write letters, and where there's always an American girl to help tide over dull and lonely hours with a little understanding and friendliness. Navy men have their homes in port, too, in the Fleet Clubs. Some of these were among the first things set up as soon as landing beaches had been taken. For men who are miles from the nearest village, the Red Cross has established Aero Clubs on air strips and at the distant bases. Men in small, isolated units aren't neglected, either. They have their Clubs On Wheels traveling to them, bringing them hot doughnuts and coffee, magazines and cigarettes, new records and books. Sometimes the going gets rough for the big trucks, but that doesn't stop the Red Cross girls. They load supplies on jeeps and train cabooses and cub planes, even on carts, and go right ahead. Then there are Rest Homes, big, quiet buildings located way off in the country, far away from any touch of battle, where men who've had their nerves knocked to pieces by their combat experiences can have the rest they need and deserve. These homes are operated by the military forces, but staffed by the Red Cross.

And what about the men who are in need of more than rest—the ones who are sick, who have been wounded? The Army and Navy have made sure that our wounded get the best care possible. We don't have to worry about that. But, when a man's been hurt, the hurt goes deeper than just a physical wound. His heart and his mind have to be healed, too. He needs sympathy and understanding. He needs to be helped over the first big step in getting used to the idea of changing all his plans for the future. If he's been disabled, the Red Cross, by agreement with the Army and Navy, sends trained women to hospitals here and overseas to deal with these special problems. Some of them even go on hospital ships, so they can begin the work of comforting and reassuring the wounded on their way home. These case workers do all sorts of helpful things, from the simple job of writing letters for disabled men, to discussing in confidence the problems and fears of the men and helping them overcome their worst worries. There are recreation workers attached to hospitals, too, who arrange for recreation for men in the wards and in hospitals—girls who know when to be gay and when to be quiet and just listen because a man needs to talk to someone.

Then, think of this. Think of the man you love disappearing. Think of hearing that he's "Missing in Action." Think of how it would be if you could never find out until after the war was over; perhaps months, years after, whether he was alive or not. But it doesn't happen that way, because there is a Red Cross. This is where the International (Continued on page 95)
THE STORY:

I'd loved Philip James ever since I could remember. We'd grown up together in the little town of Tilbury. Phil and Henry McCarthy and I had been friends since we were children—Henry was the son of my "courtesy aunt" Connie McCarthy, who lived next door. With the coming of the war, life in Tilbury changed completely. Philip and Henry were called into service. A small factory blossomed into a big arms plant, and people who came to work at the plant, finding no place in town to live, started Trailertown on the outskirts of the village. "Foreigners," Aunt Connie called them, "upsetting our way of life here!" And I was inclined to agree with her, especially in regard to one of the Trailertown girls, Stephanie Vosper, who seemed to me to be a little common in her too-made-up beauty, her too-tightly fitting, flamboyant clothes.

After they had been gone some months, Philip and Henry came home on leave. I was sure Phil would ask me to marry him, but on his first night home we went out with Henry and his blind date—Stephanie Vosper! Philip's immediate interest in Stephanie was obvious, and that interest deepened as the week went on. I knew he was seeing a great deal of her—and he didn't ask me to marry him. Then, one afternoon I overheard what I thought was a conversation concerning marriage between Henry and Stephanie—only to learn a moment later that the man talking to Stephanie was Phil himself. I didn't see him again until the evening before he was to go back to camp—when he suddenly appeared and asked me to marry him! I felt that he had had a quarrel with Stephanie, but I loved him enough to want him at any cost. We were married, and, just as the train carrying him off to camp pulled out, Phil said there was something he wanted me to do for him—take care of Stephanie while he was gone!

Philip was deeply, lastinglly mine.
—I knew that; then how could the strange, disturbing magic of a girl like Stephanie so shadow the tenderness of our loving?
ful consideration for her? I had what I wanted. I had Philip. We were married and our future lay before us, just as we had planned. The girl, Stephanie, had been an incident, unpleasant and disturbing, but done with. Those last words of his had been wrung from him by a sense of duty. Strange that I "was so little comforted! Perhaps not so strange—with the insistent, mocking whisper in my heart that, though Philip had asked me to marry him—he had never once said he loved me!

I jumped, startled. A hand had touched my arm.

"Mary, girl, you can't stand there forever. We'd better be hiking along home." Dad had come silently from the swiftly deepening shadows.

"I didn't know you were waiting, Dad," shakily. "You should be home where it's warm. Your one night off a week—"

"Well, it's not every night my daughter gets married," he chuckled. "And I don't feel it's safe any more for you to be coming home alone at this time of night." My arm linked in his, we walked slowly along the quiet streets.

"It's a terrible thing, Mary, for you, having your husband leave you like this. But you can take it. Remember your great-grandmother Mary? She followed Ezra Brockman out here by covered wagon and married him. He thought he'd left her safe and sound back East, but she came right along after him in the next wagon train.

And an hour after the wedding they were both fighting Indians." That Mary Brockman had become both a pride and a scandal to later generations of staid, stay-at-home Brockmans. I knew her story by heart, but tonight it was sweet to hear it again. It made me feel one with the other women of my family who had lived and won through trouble.

Dad shook his head and chuckled. "Women! We men like to think we're the pioneers, but sometimes I think we'd never stir our stumps if it weren't for you women prodding us. Take your mother. Every morning a new adventure. Every day a promise. She had such spirit and imagination that work was just a game to her. The only regrets I've had since she died were that..."
Philip was deeply, lastingly mine—

—I knew that; then how could the strange, disturbing magic of a girl like Stephanie so shadow the tenderness of our loving?
I'd said "No" to her sometimes when she'd wanted us to have a holiday or when she mixed people up too much. Never had any sense about making the proper friends. I'd get real annoyed once in a while—but the house has seemed quiet, awful, quiet, since she's been gone."

He was talking to ease me over these bad moments of Philip's leaving. But he had seldom spoken of Mother before—it was as if my marriage had unlocked memories for him.

"Am I like Mother at all, Dad?"

How wonderful it would be if Philip were to think of me with the same longing I'd just heard in Dad's voice for Mother.

"I don't know. I think so, underneath. But mostly you're like me. We're undemonstrative people—we Brockmans. We feel things but we've got them so bottled up inside us that sometimes they just wither and die there. Quite grim and still, some of our family are. Ashamed to admit they've got feelings at all. 'Salt of the earth' your Aunt Connie would call us. And maybe she's right, but your Mother was all sweet and spice. Crying one minute, laughing the next, tempestuous—her little body could hardly hold all the spirit she had."

I WAS surprised. Knowing Dad's nature I had always thought my mother to be as quiet and unemotional as he. I had tried to model myself after the perfect housekeeper and the unobtrusive companion I had imagined her.

But perhaps he had missed something—something noisy and gay and tempestuous that Mother had given him. I felt bewildered and hurt. It was too much. For the second time tonight was I to be judged—and found wanting.

"Why do things have to change?" I burst out. "Why can't they stay the same?"

He patted my hand. "Change is growth, Mary. You can't go through life backwards."

I thought about that when I was finally alone in my room.

Dad was right. I must go forward. There was no room in my life now for regrets or for what might have been. My husband was a soldier and facing hardships I would never have to know. The least I could do would be to take the new name that had given me the trust and the faith, and build a marriage he could come safely home to. And shut my heart to doubts. This—this other thing—his infatuation for Stephanie—was a sickness I was sure he would recover from. When he came back emotionally he had given me, the trust and the faith, and built a marriage he could come safely home to. I would never have to worry about Philip cheating.

Take care of Stephanie for me—I mustn't remember that! I must forget."

Somehow I slept. Morning brought with it peace. Almost I could feel a door of my mind closing on the tortured broodings of last night. The telephone was ringing before I even got out of bed. The happy, teasing congratulations of my friends stamped my marriage as real. I took time after breakfast to slip over and tell Aunt Connie the news.

"Well, it's about time!" Color came back to her face that was haggard with grief. "I'm sorry it wasn't Henry, but I was reconciled to that a long time ago. I never thought you'd be getting married without me there to manage things. You and Philip are certainly right for each other, Mary. Sit down and tell me your plans."

Her smug assurance that Philip and I were "right for each other" bolstered my confidence. "Planes?" I echoed. "We didn't have time, Aunt Connie."

But just the thought of going window-shopping and apartment-hunting gave my marriage validity. It was something to do, something to write about to bridge any possible awkwardness between us.

She sighed. "Time was when a young couple could start life together with pretty things and a little place of their own and settle down. But it will be all the nicer for you for waiting. It makes me feel terrible to think I wasn't there at the wedding—but—when I heard Henry was going overseas—" her voice broke and the tears coursed silently down her cheeks. "If I could just see him married to some nice girl!"

I laughed. "Now, Aunt Connie! You know you don't think any girl is good enough for Henry."

On my way to the Day Nursery I thought about her words. I was fond of her, but just the same I was glad she wasn't my mother-in-law. But the plans she had mentioned—all the fuss and excitement that went with marriage in a small-town—had always seemed necessary to me, almost as much as the ceremony itself. The teas and kitchen showers, the hope chest brimming over with monogrammed linen to be admired, the little jokes and well-wishes, the solemn pricing of dining-room sets, the ransacking of parental attics for old bits of furniture—even the hateful charivari—"I had expected these for Philip and myself. Our wedding seemed incomplete without them."

Which was silly and trivial. Ours was a war-time wedding. And, in my heart, I knew I was consciously mourning these things to avoid thinking of the deeper—loss—the lack of certainty and faith in our marriage.

The children were already drinking their orange-juice when I arrived.

"Well, Mary," Mrs. Lane's greeting was brisk. "Connie McCarthy still in town? I hardly expected you getting married—should I think a bride would be home sobbing in her pillow with her new husband off to the wars." And Margie Lane had never been noted for her tact.

I could have told her I had done all my sobbing before my wedding. Now I was glad Philip had left so suddenly—it would give us both time to get back on our old footing.

All morning I worked and played with the children. When it came time for their nap I gathered them around me at the piano. First a few songs; then a story to put them in the quiet mood for sleeping. I loved them all. Their faces upturned were so clean and smiling and alive and—so American! All races, all creeds, and all adorable. My heart contracted. Someday Philip and I might have children of our own.

It was after the younger ones were asleep that I came upon Susan Gamble crying in the cloakroom.

"Susan, dear, tell me what it is! Are you sick?" I asked. She was nine, one of five older children who came at noon for the hot lunch we served.

She flung herself upon me. "Oh, Miss Brockman! We're going away—we're going back to New York! Momma doesn't like it here and Daddy

I stared, dazed and unbelieving. There was no mistaking the limp form Philip carried in his arms.
any more, well—I say, good riddance!"

"But it's so cruel, upsetting a child, upbringing her like that," I protested.

"Roots, indeed!" Aunt Connie sniffed, sitting bolt upright in her old four-poster bed. One hand smacked the crocheted bedspread for emphasis. "Gypsies, that's what they are! They haven't any roots!"

I supposed, reluctantly, that she was right. But it was hard to reconcile my yearning over Susan, my desire to see her happy and safe and growing up in this atmosphere where she thrived—and my wish to see the last of the people from Trailertown.

But, if the factory were letting people go—might that not mean that Stephanie could be next? You're right, Aunt Connie, I told myself fiercely. One less from Trailertown—one less to spread this germ of unrest and change throughout Tilbury. If Stephanie would only leave—if only she might be gone before Dad came back!

I had no intention of "looking after" Stephanie. I wouldn't have known how to go about making friends with her—even if her very name hadn't been torture to me. I knew she had no family except a Marine Sergeant brother. I knew she shared a trailer with an elderly woman she called "Gramma" and who was no relation to her. All this she had volunteered that night at the Old Mill.

But she had been taking care of herself for years and she'd probably resent any overtures I might make. The only sensible thing was to let the matter drop.

But what if Philip asked about her, in his letters?

There was no time for a letter to come from him—before real tragedy struck, shattering their own personal problems to nothingness. As if he had clung to life only long enough to see me safely married. Dad died that Thursday morning. It happened so quickly—by the time I had reached Dr. Bassmer, Dad was already gone.

"Aunt Connie had made coffee for me in the kitchen. Somehow she had managed to put aside her own troubles to share mine."

"It will make you feel better—a good, strong cup of coffee, Mary. You mustn't take on so," she admonished. "There was a sight left for me, you know. The weak tears I could not check were regret that I had not been closer to Dad all these years. I knew, somehow, that he was glad to go—to Mother. For the first time I realized how empty his life had been without her.

"What had my Mother given my Dad that had kept his heart yearning for her all these years? What was that elusive something that women like Mother and girls like Stephanie possessed—and I did not?"

"Were they happy, Aunt Connie? Mother and Dad, I mean." It didn't seem right to be asking, but I had to know.

Her mouth tightened. "It depends on what you mean by 'happy.' Fibber-gibberty, she was. But I won't be speaking ill of the dead." She cut her words off sharply and busied herself at the stove.

So Aunt Connie had not approved of Mother! Vaguely, the picture Dad had drawn of her was replacing the one I had always carried in my mind. And, strangely, I wanted to defend her; to take her part against Aunt Connie. I was confused. Had I inherited any of the challenge and the temperament of this new picture of Mother? I shrank from the idea. I wanted to be just Mary Brockman, the child, the girl I had been; the woman I was now.

The funeral arrangements were in Aunt Connie's capable hands. I had nothing to do.

And then the hushed and darkened rooms, where the scent of flowers hung sickeningly sweet, I had too much time to think and brood. For that reason, the envelope that came by messenger, with Stephanie Vosper's name in the corner, seemed to possess a magic of its own that seeped through my fingers. I tore it open, slowly.

"Dear Mary (I hope you don't mind my calling you that, even though we've met only once), I wanted to write you how sorry I was to hear about your Dad. Vesper's have always been swell, from what—" Here a name was scratched out and the word "everybody" scrawled above it—"everybody said about him. I wish I had known him. My own Pa was a drunken bum, but he had had a hard life and he was good to me. I felt terribly when he died. So I know how you feel. If there's anything I can do, just call on me. Stephanie Vosper.

Anger beat in me, suffocating me. My own Pa!—with a few words she had managed to reduce our feelings to a level that was horrible! I tore the note to shreds. I felt sick.

And that Philip's letter came, after so long a wait. Philip was overseas, but that was no shock—he had prepared me for that. I opened it warily, expecting almost anything. And the first words stole out from the coldness of pen and ink like a benediction.

"Aunt Connie had made coffee for you and it began. My own dear wife! Like shadows in the night, fear melted before the sure reality of his words. "I am writing this on the train that is taking me farther and farther away from you and I miss you more with every turn of the wheels. Keep the name of Vesper, Mary, and I'll find my way back to you and someday we'll have that home you want and I'll finish law school at night and hang out my shingle over the Tilbury First National Bank, and we'll be a settled, honest-to-goodness married couple. You meet home to me, darling. You're what I want to come back to. Right now Henry is playing his mouth organ, sitting on his cot—"

But I didn't care what Henry was doing. I went back to the first and read it over. And read it again. My heart grew light with relief and I read each reading, until I felt it would burst. My own dear wife! I was Philip's wife. The boy in the torn corduroy pants with the unruly cowlick, the sunny smile—and the girl in the satin hair-ribbon—had known from child-

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I was surprised. Knowing Dad's nature, I had always thought my mother to be as quiet and unemotional as he. I had expected my mother to be a perfect housekeeper and the unobtrusive companion I had imagined her to be. But perhaps he had missed something—something noisy and gay and tempestuous that Mother had given him. It seemed to me that it was all the more necessary for me to be ready to protect her, and I might have children of our own.

It was a change, she said. "This is my time, Mary. You can't go through life backwards."

I paused my hand on the chair. "Change is growth, Mary. You can't go through life backwards."

There was no room in my life now for regrets or for what might have been. My job was to love her and tend the hardships I would never have to know. I knew I could do this. I would be the one to give her the comfort and the trust and the faith, and build a marriage with her. I knew I could do it. I was happy, I was sure.

And, somehow, I didn't care. I didn't think about that when I was alone in my room. There was no room in my life now for regrets or for what might have been. My job was to love her and tend the hardships I would never have to know. I knew I could do this. I would be the one to give her the comfort and the trust and the faith, and build a marriage with her. I knew I could do it. I was happy, I was sure.

And, somehow, I didn't care. I didn't think about that when I was alone in my room.
hood that they belonged to each other. The grown-up Philip and Mary had lost that assurance for a while, but we had found it again. And when I saw that his letter was signed with his love, the bubble of fear broke inside me and I felt cleansed and whole again. The next day I went back to the children’s nursery. It was good to be working again. And in the evenings there were letters to write and Philip’s to read and re-read again.

I missed Dad, but I wasn’t afraid to stay alone. He had left the house to me and I set about getting it ready for Philip and me to live in. I spent long hours poring over magazines for hints on interior decorating. The house was musty mid-Victorian and, while there was much that I would keep out of sentiment, a little, paper and paint would do; the brightening it, I prided myself on, was done through Peter’s Furniture Store and felt very much a wife, consulting Mr. Peters about re-upholstering Dad’s old Morris chair.

“I remember selling your folks that same chair, Mary. It was a good chair but it gets worn, like all us old things. I’m glad you’re using it and not throwing out good chairs for all these chromium gadgets and modern stuff.”

I UNPACKED the trunks that Philip’s cousins sent over. At first it seemed strange to see those masculine clothes hanging in my bedroom, but by and by, too, became familiar and comforting. The too-feminine, girlish fancies in our bedroom vanished. Instead, I sewed for hours over deep turquoise box-pleats for the tailored bedspread. Draperies to match with a fine tracing of cherubs in my bedroom; I prided myself on highboy stenciled with the same cherry-red design—when I finished it looked as sophisticated as any I had seen in the magazines. I would show Philip I knew what was smart, even if I’d never been out of Tilbury.

I was glad to see her because she was company for me. But, in my busy happiness, her constant grieving got on my nerves, sometimes. I knew as well as she that Philip and Henry were seeing action; that they were in danger. But the only thing I could do was what the other service wives all over the world were doing—work and write letters—and wait for replies. And I didn’t want to talk about the Trailertown people. It was too sharp a reminder—it had the power to cut through the layers of confidence with which I was smothering the memory of Stephanie. I resented Aunt Connie’s harping.

“... and Mary Ellen Jones is just sick about it, Mary. Her Imogene is sneaking out nights to meet one of the Trailertown boys she met in the library. And now Imogene tells her that they are going to be married and she’s going to leave Tilbury with him!” My aunty-by-adoption was even more upset than usual.

But I wasn’t interested in Imogene. And besides—

“Maybe they’re really in love. Then it’s right for her to go where he does,” I argued mildly.

“Lovely one thing. Suitability’s another. Now don’t you go getting ideas, Mary—the world well lost for love—and that sort of thing. What keeps people together is having the same background.” Her tone indicated that that was her final word on the subject, and then her voice changed as she advised me of Henry’s latest developments to her. “I’m worried about him, Mary. He keeps hinting about a surprise—but he doesn’t talk the same to me. I can’t put my finger on it, but he’s different, somehow.”

It would be surprising if being a soldier didn’t make some difference in Henry. I would tell her that I’d written him, how and how Philip had altered, too—but I caught myself. It would only lead to probing questions I didn’t want to answer.

If I had ever admitted the possibility of either of them being hurt, it would have been reckless, unstable Henry I would have picked—but never Philip. That’s why the letter from the War Department was such a shock. Philip wounded! I couldn’t believe it—it must be a mistake! Before my numbed mind had more than just grasped the pitifully meagre and too-detailed information came by letter from his nurse.

He was wounded—yes—but, thank God, not dangerously so. The doctors had promised to save his leg. He might limp a little and he would be discharged from the Army—but he was all right. Already he had been shipped back from overseas; he was in an Army hospital in this country, and would soon be sent home. The relief was so great I wanted to run and shout—I had to tell someone. Dizzy and shaking, I slipped into a cot, the first one I could find, and hurried down the street.

Never had Tilbury looked more pleasant. To come so close to disaster and then be snatched back from it—to know that Philip was safe, that he had nothing worse to look forward to than a couple of tedious, uncomfortable months in the hospital—being worried about nothing more than the birds seemed to have an extra fullness in their song and the flowers stood up straighter and had more perfume and every brick and stone in the pavement was warm to the touch. Philip was safe!

I bought a coke so I could tell Rose O’Malley, behind the fountain, about it; I stopped in at the bank where Philip had worked summers to let Mr. Pease know that Philip would be coming back. I stopped people on the street—friends of ours who shared my joy because they were close friends in Tilbury who hadn’t heard he was wounded. And everywhere I went I found the same warm, heartfelt relief. Mr. Pease offered Philip his old job back, or a better one, if he could take it. And everyone promised to write. I haven’t read a line since; I was so fiercely glad that we were a part of it. It was as though their warmth and friendship were a tight circle around Philip and me, shutting out the rest of the world.

The weeks that followed brought soberness. There was pain for Philip as they set and re-set his leg. There was anguish for me in his sufferings. I wrote, sometimes, twice a day. I gave him bits of gossip I heard, but only the pleasant ones. I talked to him about the house and about his plans for his law studies at night. It was hard, I know, but it was Philip.

And then, one day, he came home.

I was in the kitchen when I heard the front door open and the steps through the hall. Steps that limped ever so slightly.

“Aunt Connie?” I called—and then stopped breathless. Through the kitchen window I saw he was bringing out the wash on our communal line. It wasn’t Aunt Connie—but then—who?

“Philip!”—and he caught me as I swayed toward him, standing there, framed by the half-open Dutch door. There was a moment’s awkward, laughing scramble as we both tried to open the bottom half of the door our way—and then we were in each other’s arms.

“But you didn’t tell me!” I protested through my joyful tears, when finally he released me. His kiss had been a hungry thing, alive on my lips, stirring my senses. I pulled away, trembling at the emotion it awakened in me. “I didn’t know you were coming today, Philip!”

“I wanted to surprise you and I had a chance for a ride with another guy from the hospital. The doctors agreed they had finished with me; I’m as good as new except for this limp.”

His eyes never left my face. It was as though he were searching, deepest, for some sign he couldn’t find there.

“I decided getting train reservations would take too long, darling. I wanted to come home.”

While he was talking I had been studying him, too. And it was a blow to see that this thinner, straighter soldier had changed even more than the last time I had seen him. I knew then what I had done—while he was gone I had re-created in my own mind the Philip of the high-school dances, the dances of my heart. But now, in reality, everything was more serious than a football game, the Philip who had escorted me shyly to parties. I had forgotten those lines in his face, the fire that burned restlessly behind his eyes, the strong maturity of his mouth. I felt (Continued on page 63)
I wouldn't want this to get any farther, but everything has been upside-down and topsy-turvy for me ever since George Montgomery came into my life.

I knew him—before I ever met him. He proposed to me two weeks after he married me.

But what can I do? I'm mad about the boy.

To get the story straight, I will have to go back to 1940—before I was anybody anybody else had ever heard of—when I was doing nine shows a day at a movie house on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City.

Because I was "just another singer," completely unknown, I had a very inadequate, semi-public dressing room, and there was nothing for me to do between shows but to go into the auditorium and watch the movie—a picture called "The Cowboy and the Blonde," starring Mary Beth Hughes and a boy I had never heard of called George Montgomery.

"Gee, he's cute," I said to myself, the first time I saw the picture. He got cuter, for about three showings. But nine times a day for two weeks was too many times. I took to knitting through the performances. After awhile I found it easier just to go to sleep.

But I remembered that boy. Two years later, when I came out to Hollywood to do a concert at Shrine auditorium with Bing Crosby, one face loomed out of the mass out in front—George's.

"Why," I said aloud, "there's that fellow from Atlantic City."

We just missed meeting one another after that a dozen times. We were both friends of the Henry Fonda—and visited at their house often, but always with other people (George and I were each going steady with other people during all that time.)

It was hearing my records at the Fondas' which inspired George to go to the Shrine concert. They had given me a big build-up. And they never failed, when I dropped around, to talk to me about the "sweet guy" they knew. But they never got around to introducing us.

When we finally met, it was by accident—at Hollywood Canteen one Saturday night in November 1942, the first of our crucial Saturday nights. Saturday was George's regular night to be bus boy at the canteen. For me, it was just a "conscience" appearance—for I had had to miss my regular Friday night canteening the night before.

Al Melnick, an agent we knew, introduced us with elaborate casualness. "Don't forget," he said, "that I want ten percent of what comes of this." "Sure," we promised gaily, so busy looking at one another that we didn't realize what we were promising. I'm glad he didn't ask us to put it in writing.

I told George about sleeping through his picture in Atlantic City. He told me about hearing my records at the Fondas'. He asked me for a date that night.

It was a wonderful night.

We went to the Players' first for dinner, then to Mocambo. All the smart people go to the Players and then to Mocambo, you know. At Mocambo, I spluttered in the smoke—I hate smoke—

The mails were so crowded with the love letters of other soldiers to their girls that Dinah almost didn't get George's proposal—so she married him without one
We went to the Players first for dinner, then to Mocombo. All the smart people go to the Players and then to Mocombo if they know. At Mocombo, I spluttered in the smoke—I hate smoke and ordered an orangeade. George ordered an orangeade, too.

"Now, don't be polite," I urged him, for I had had guys act like that before. "Just because I don't drink or smoke!"

"Don't you?" he said eagerly.

"Neither do I!"

"Frankly," I admitted, "I don't like nightclubs."

"So do I," said George, with a sigh of relief.

We had a wonderful time, nonetheless, and we were up at dinner at Armstrong Schereder's hungry again—and breakfasted on little thin pancakes. It was the latest I had ever stayed up in Hollywood, and I went home to sleep a deep, happy sleep.

At eleven the next morning, George was at the door, smiling a little sheepishly, in his hand a sweet bunch of violets for me.

"Hope I'm not getting you up," he said, "but I'm taking Mother and Dad to the movies this afternoon and thought maybe you'd come along.

"Oh, I can't," I yawned. "I'm too sleepy."

"But," I added, for I did want to see him again, "why don't you come for dinner tonight . . . I'm going to cook for the girls."

"You're going to cook?" He was skeptical.

"Yes," I answered, with asperity, "and I'm a very good cook."

That night George had his first session with "the Charm School"—the three girls who were then my roommates: Rufus Crown, my secretary, Shirley Mitchell, who plays Leila on NBC's "The Great Gildersleeve," and Kitty Kallen, the vocalist with Harry James' band. He was fascinated with our dormitory life. In a few days, we had him ration book—along with those of the other girls' boy friends—and Cobina Wright, who plays Leila in our six-o'clock supper-and-gin-rummy-club. I didn't cook every night, but Knaravella, our cook, looked company. The more the merrier.

All the other girls had regular boy friends, and somehow, after I met George, it was impossible for anyone else either. We didn't commit ourselves, mind you—but his coming for dinner, and the movies or a gin rummy game afterward got to be a very pleasant habit.

Just when everybody was beginning to take this pleasant, lazy life for granted, George enlisted and was sent away—first to Texas, then to Alaska.

We were still very close, although George was far away.

In the columns, we were splitting up—but we had never had a quarrel. After every letter, every call, I always wrote long, detailed letters—I about every incident at the "Charm School," George about his daily life in camp.

The last letter I received from Alaska told of a serious accident in which the boat George was in crashed into a reef and was abandoned. All those aboard were in the icy waters for hours until picked up by a tug.

I was worried. I wrote at once, urging George to wear warm clothes, to keep his feet dry, for heaven's sake to take care of himself!

Then, in the middle of the night on the next Saturday the doorbell rang.

I called out sleepy, "Who's there?"

"Western Union," replied a faintly familiar voice.

I stumbled downstairs to the door, flung it open, and there, in wrinkled khaki and two months' growth of beard, stood George. He was about 2:45 a.m. My credit, when I saw who had rung the bell wakened the entire Charm School.

"Who is it?" they all wanted to know.

"It's Western Union," I yelled back, but in a voice so full of relief and hope it made me feel no one.

One by one, Rufus and Shirley and Kitty, sleep-eyed and tousled, filed the stairs, and soon the house was bright with lights and George was telling us all about Alaska.

George and I had no chance to be alone, but he picked me strange.

"Did you get my letters?"

"Oh, yes, darling," I answered. "I was so worried."

He looked more perplexed than ever, but he said nothing more just then. Two or three days passed, before the question came up again.

"What were the last letter you got from me?" George asked, queerly.

"Why, honey," I said, "you told me all about the boat wreck."

"Didn't you get any letter after that?"

"Why, no, honey—what did you say?"

"I said," George replied, "that I was going to marry you before I was shipped out again. And I asked you to marry me, right away."

"Oh," I said, and then again, "Oh."

"Well, will you?", he pressed me.

"Will you marry me . . . right away?"

"Oh, dear, I can't," I mumbled out of my surprise and bewilderment, "Oh—I have a Spanish lesson on Friday."

I caught up with George before he was out of the door, my head suddenly clear and functioning.

"Wait," I said, "Of course I'll marry you—when."

That was Thursday. I was booked for an appearance on Command Performance on Saturday evening, and George had to leave for camp on Monday.

How I ever lived through those next few days I'll never be able to tell.

On Friday, Cobina Wright, Beaudette and Rufus and I went shopping. I had to have a pale blue dress, and there weren't any pale blue dresses. Finally we found a long one. I tried it on—it fit—so I ordered it cut off to street length. The dress whizzed off by the name of "Rush" to the jewelers.

Cobina found a white prayer book, while George combed the florists looking for my favorite flowers, camellias. There weren't any camellias. Only baby white orchids.

"It doesn't matter," I said; then we raced off to the jewelers to pick out our rings.

We found just the ring we wanted for me—a simple platinum band. But the largest men's size in the same ring—a 10½—just fit George's little finger.

"It doesn't matter," I said, "you can wear it on your little finger."

In the back of my mind, during all the shopping and during rehearsals on Saturday for Command Performance, was the knowledge that I had promised Daddy not to get married without letting him know first.

"And the Nashville papers will be furious," I thought, "if they don't get to announce it."

But we were being married secretly in Las Vegas, away from the all-seeing eyes of the Hollywood reporters. There would be plenty of time, I consoled myself, to tell Daddy.

By George and I. Saturday all the plans were complete, and I was able to relax. I even sat around drinking coffee with some of the boys from the orchestra and joked with them about George.

"Hear your fella came back," one of them said.

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Didya pop the question?" asked the trombonist.

"Uh-huh," I said, "and he said yes!"

"When are you going to be married?"

they all wanted to know.

"Oh," I answered vaguely, crossing my fingers that the cold war would end after the war. "Silently I added, "but of course we can declare an armistice at a moment's notice."

We left at eight o'clock for Las Vegas, Cobina and Rufus and her husband, Shirley Mitchell and Paul Weston, and after a round up a license clerk and a justice of the peace and were standing shivering outside the Las Vegas city hall. Rufus and Cobina and Shirley invaded the drab, chilly and uninspiring ladies' room with me to help me get dressed. I was dressed in a white dress as blue as my dress by the time I had changed. There was no mirror in the room, so Shirley held a mirror from her handbag so that I could comb my hair.

"Ohhh," I sighed, my teeth chattering with cold.

We went upstairs to the justice's chambers, and there stood George, waiting.

"Ohhh," I said again, but this time my teeth were chattering from fright.

After the ceremony, as I signed the registry "Frances Rose Shore" under George's "Robert Schroeders, Jr.", "Let's," I nearly fainted when I heard the justice announce the peace of the conference George and adding, "Do you like this better than making movies about it?"

Up in smoke went our "secret." The story was on the AP wires before we were out of Las Vegas.

Daddy was not surprised when I finally got a phone call through to Nashville, but he forgave me.

The two ladies who lived next door.

(Continued on page 84)
DINAH SHORE AND GEORGE MONTGOMERY think there is something cockeyed about whatever star looks after their love life, because everything in it happened backward or not on time or not at all. When they both worked in Hollywood they missed meeting each other a dozen times. After they met, George was drafted into the Army so swiftly that he didn't have time to put his proposal into words. So he put it into a letter—and then, on leave, reached Dinah before the letter did. But their star isn't too cockeyed; it's managed to give them what they both wanted—each other.
LOVE'S BRIGHT HORIZON
Theme for "Bright Horizon"

Words by
TOT SEYMOUR

Music by
JOHN GART

Moderato

This time it's

love
It's the moment that I've been dreaming

of
Darling when I'm with you the dark skies are

blue
In your arms here tonight I see love's bright horizon.

With each caress You are bringing me

perfect happiness
Your

voice, your touch, the way you care All mean so much to me, I swear by

Copyright 1944 by Emil Ascher, Inc., 640 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.
CAROL and MICHAEL WEST, in the Chicago home to which they have just moved from their home town of Riverfield, listen as Michael's niece BARBARA previews for them the song that was written for her debut as a night club singer. They liked it so well that now "Love's Bright Horizon" has been selected as the theme song of Bright Horizon, heard daily on CBS at 11:30 A.M., EWT. Joan Alexander is heard as Carol West, Richard Kollmar as Michael West, Renee Terry as Barbara.
I T'S TOO bad that you can't step outside yourself once in a while, and take a good look. You might see yourself then as others see you; you might have a chance to correct your mistakes before it is too late.

Ever since I could remember, I'd had the plan of my life laid out. When I grew up, I was going to have a husband and four children. The husband was just a shadowy figure at one end of the dinner table, but the children were very clear in my mind. There would be two girls and two boys, and their names would be Katharine and Eleanor, Charles and Jimmy. At five, I thought that all men were named Charles because that was my father's name and that all boys were called Jimmy, for Jimmy Storm, the boy next door and the only child of my own age for blocks around.

As I remember it, Jimmy and I didn't get along too well, even in those days. "We've played house long enough," he would say, after we'd sat for a while at my toy table, with my dolls propped up beside us and bits of leaves on the tiny plates to represent food. "Now let's play fireman." That's when the argument would begin. I didn't want to play fireman, and my suggestion that Jimmy could be a fireman while I was the fireman's wife was never very successful. "Wives don't go to fires!" he would cry scornfully, and soon after that he would take himself off. It was no fun running around the yard alone, in his fireman's hat and with the garden hose, while I bent solicitously over my dolls.

Later, when I was in grade school, the picture of my future expanded, became a series of pictures, took on a few modifications. The children, Katharine and Eleanor and Charles and Jimmy, were still there, but the father had changed from a shadowy male figure at one side of the tea table to a somewhat less shadowy figure identified in my dreams as The Man I Would Fall in Love With. I'd seen a few movies by that time, too, so I knew exactly what falling in love was like. You went dancing with a boy, and he led you out on a terrace under the moon, and told you how much he loved you, and then he proposed, and you kissed each other, and you became engaged. The next picture was the wedding, in which I floated down the aisle of a church in white satin and a long, drifting veil, and the next picture was the tea table—but a real one this time, not a toy, with all four children, miraculously, gathered around it. In class, I used to look shyly from under my eyelashes at the boys in the seats around me and wonder which one of them I would fall in love with. And I could understand the other girls' wanting to be movie stars and opera singers and secretaries.

And then, in high school, my dreams began to come true. It started at the sophomore dance at Christmas time, a small, informal dance in the school gymnasium in the afternoon—held, I think, more to encourage social contacts among the younger students than because the students themselves wanted it. Many of the girls weren't dancing at all, and most of the boys stood around the walls, leaning against the training bars and watching the dozen or so dancing couples, who actually seemed to be having a good time on the floor. I was watching, too, with a group of girls in one corner, when Johnny Dale, a boy in my chemistry class, came up to me.

"Would you like to dance, Penny?"

I could hardly believe it. I hadn't really expected to be asked to dance. None of the boys around school had ever paid any attention to me. Still, I smiled and lifted my arms, and we slid out onto the floor as if it were the most natural thing in the world. That dance was the ending of one life for me and the beginning of another. It was the end of the childish dream-life, and the beginning of the real one, wherein dances and dates and boys weren't just something to think about as part of a distant future but were actually here, at my very feet. Johnny danced well, but gravely, as if he were mentally counting time. After we'd circled the floor twice with no mishaps, he said abruptly, "Gee, you're a smooth dancer, Penny. I wish the girls at dancing school were half as good."

I murmured that they probably were,
The men in Penny’s life never stayed there very long—never

long enough for her to find out if what she felt was really

love. And so she didn’t recognize love when finally it came...
SINCE all of us are affected by the recent change in food rationing I am going to take a little time here to talk about that change. I know you all realize that the current restriction was and is absolutely necessary—otherwise it would not have been put into effect—and I know too that you will be better able to deal with the new situation when you understand fully the factors that made it necessary.

First, meat. There will be about 2 billion pounds less meat produced in 1945 than was produced in 1944. But the requirements of our armed forces (5 million men now overseas) and our Allies whom we supply under Lend-Lease agreements have not decreased, which means that the 2 billion pounds difference must come out of our civilian supply. Therefore it is vital that this supply be shared equally and fairly by all of us. The previous ration system, with fewer meats requiring points, enabled consumers in some localities to buy more than they needed, thus creating a shortage for those who came later. The new system will ensure more equitable distribution—less for some of us so that all of us may have a share. But don't let that word "less" frighten you. Meat consumption has jumped so tremendously since the war began that in 1944 the average was 148 pounds per person; the 1945 civilian supply will allow an average of 127 pounds per person, and that is just about what it was before the war.

Second, canned fruits, vegetables and juices. More canned goods have been produced for 1945 consumption than for any preceding year. At one time it was hoped that part of the quantity reserved for military use might be freed for civilians, but with the end of the war in Europe not yet in sight and action in the Pacific intensified, military requirements are greater than ever—41 percent of the entire output going to the services leaving 59 percent for civilian distribution. Since the civilian allotment of last year's pack was 75 percent you might figure roughly that for every 7½ cans you received last year you will be entitled to a fraction less than 6 cans this year. Butter. Our civilian supply is far below that of previous years in spite of an abundant milk supply in 1944. With so much milk, why so little butter now? One reason is that we drink 33 more quarts of milk per person per year than we did in pre-war years. Another, fighting men use 1 pound of milk per man per day in the form of cheese, butter (30% of the entire butter output), dried and evaporated milk. Ice cream for the forces requires great additional quantities of milk. With the supply of milk so low, it was necessary for the War Food Administration to make it hard to get so that no one will get more than his share and all of us will get some.

Sugar. The 1945 supply is very low for the following reasons: canning sugar use in 1944 was far greater than had been expected; military requirements are . (Continued on page 75)
INSIDE RADIO — Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

**SUNDAY**

**Eastern War Time**

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<th>Time</th>
<th>CBS</th>
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<td>NBC String Quartet</td>
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<td>New Voices in Song</td>
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<td>Church of the Air</td>
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<td>Highlights of the Bible</td>
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<td>Words and Music</td>
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<td>AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.</td>
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<td>Blue Jacket Choir</td>
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<td>Radio Chapel</td>
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<td>Invitations to Learning</td>
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<td>Concert Orchestra, direction</td>
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<td>Stradiower Orch., Paul Lavalle</td>
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<td>Hatred Oruc's College</td>
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<td>George Hicks From Europe (from London)</td>
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<td>John Chase &amp; Thomas</td>
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**MONDAY**

**Eastern War Time**

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<td>Bernardine Flynn, News</td>
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**WAMOND WINS WIOE**

"Wamond Wadcliffe" became a star on NBC and ABC’s Bandwagon—Sunday evenings at 7:30—because he always got more laughs on the show than any of the guest stars. And that was going some, because the guest stars were among the country’s top comedians.

Wamond Wadcliffe is the brain and vocal child of Arthur Q. Bryan, born in Brooklyn, New York in 1891. He started in radio back in 1924. He weighed 150 pounds then and he was a singer then. It was his ambition to become a top tenor. By 1929, something had happened to that ambition and it had transformed itself into wanting to become a top flight antouncer. So he talked himself into a job as an announcer, only to find that, in a short time, he was made a writer and producer, and until he was doing everything on his own shows.

There were plenty of calls for Arthur Q. He was kept so busy he didn’t get a chance to take a vacation for eleven years. When, having put his foot down, he finally did get a vacation, he headed for Hollywood. And that was the end of that. He went to work and has been working ever since.

It was out in Los Angeles, on a local program, that Arthur Q. Bryan first did "Wamond Wadcliffe." He also worked—and still works—a lot of the most of the big radio shows coming from Hollywood. He plays "Doc Gamble" in the Fibber McGee and Molly script and he’s "Floyd," the barber, in The Great Gildersleeves. And, of course, there’s no questioning that he’s the voice of the fat little hunter in the Bugs Bunny cartoons.

"Wamond Wadcliffe" became a national institution, when the producers of the Bandwagon decided to pep up the show by engaging Arthur Q. Bryan to do his well-known and hilarious impersonations of W. C. Fields and others. Which was fine, but Arthur Q. began to run out of impersonations after awhile and that might have been the end of a very pleasant engagement. Then, he hit on the idea of reviving "Wamond." The week "Wamond" was introduced, the studio audience laughed louder and longer than it ever had at any previous show. The next week, the same thing happened, only more so. The week after that there was no guest star—just "Wamond"—and there hasn’t been any need for another guest since. "Wamond" also cavorts gayly through the Stage Door Canteen show and helps things along considerably there. "Wamond" needs to be seen, as well as heard. The young man who started in radio in 1924 as a singer and weighed 150 pounds, has developed and changed. He’s no longer young and he isn’t a singer—and he weighs a neat and nifty 200.

51
TUESDAY

**Eastern Time**

- **P. W. T.**
  - 8:15 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 8:30 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 8:45 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 9:00 Blue: Your Life Today

- **C. W. T.**
  - 8:00 News
  - 8:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
  - 8:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
  - 8:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
  - 8:00 Blue: Breakfast Club

**Eastern Time**

- 8:15 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 8:30 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 8:45 Blue: Your Life Today
  - 9:00 Blue: Your Life Today

**Let There Be Music . . .**

Listen to him. Tune in on Columbia any evening from Monday through Friday at midnight (EWT) and relax and listen. Enjoy yourself—and then think of the boy who's singing.

Because, back in 1939, when all this mess that has grown into a world war finally erupted, Danny O'Neill was told he would never sing again. Danny lay in a hospital bed, the victim of a streptococcus infection in his throat. He'd been singing since he was eight years old and he was just beginning to win some sort of recognition—and this happened.

Danny listened to the doctor say, when he was well again, "The infection is gone, but you'll never sing again. You shouldn't even try, unless you want to go around for the rest of your life talking in a whisper." Danny listened and wondered what to do.

Then, he pulled himself together and enlisted in the Navy. He landed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago. He became known as the "quiet boy," because he went through his training barely speaking above a very soft whisper. His one comfort was haunting the reheasals of the Station Choir, where he'd listen to the other fellows sing.

The time came when the choir had to prepare for the Christmas recitals and entertainments. And then, they sang "Silent Night" and Danny couldn't stand it, could no more help humming that song as he sang. Luckily, the Chaplain heard Danny and urged him to try singing again. After six months, Danny was the choir's soloist and possessor of a citation from the Commandant of the Station and shipping out for service abroad.

Danny was happy. He sang whenever he got chances for commercial work, for his bunkies, at his work, or in the showers, it didn't matter where. His voice had come back and it was good. Bad luck wasn't through with him, though. In the course of his duties on shipboard, Danny was knocked into the waters of Pearl Harbor by a swinging davit—and when he was pulled out, his back was broken. Seven months in the hospital followed by an honorable discharge from the Service. After three days Danny took off his uniform, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.

Danny tried to re-enlist, but the Navy wouldn't have him. So he did the next best thing. He sang at camps, USO centers, and any other place where there were fighting men. Again, the Chaplain gave Danny's aid. First, he invited Danny to sing as the only civilian on the Meet Your Navy program, then he arranged for Danny to have an audition at the CBS-WBBM studios in Chicago. Inside a week after Danny sang "Coming In On A Wing And A Prayer" as his audition number, he was back again on the CBS 40 Chicagoans and the Victory Matinee show.
OLD TIMER . . .

Every Friday night at nine over CBS, Lulu McConnell is invited at least half a dozen times. The regulars on the It Pays to Be Ignorant show rail at her size, laugh at her appetite, make fun of her clothes and have hysterics over her intelligence, or lack of it. But Lulu can take it—besides it's all in the script.

Lulu was born in Kansas City—but refuses to say just when. She had little training for the theatre beyond the usual singing and dancing at church functions that most kids go through. In fact, she was harboring no ideas about going on the stage until after she went to see a touring company perform a musical called "Piff Paff Pooft!"

On that special afternoon, the sobriquet of the show chose to have a quarrel with the management and walked out. There would have been no performance, at all, if Lulu hadn't had a brainstorm. When the manager announced from the stage that he would refund all monies and do his very best—this he said in the most despairing voice—to find a replacement for the exhausted performers, Lulu, much to her own amazement, found herself climbing over knees and toes to get up to the stage. Lulu was ready, apparently, because she travelled with that show for two years.

When the show folded, as the vernacular has it, Lulu and one of the actors, Grant Simpson, got married. As a wedding present they were given a skit suitable for vacation purposes and headed for New York—and a great future. The only trouble with that was that it was June and the vaudeville circuits didn't open until fall, and they did what many actors are always doing. They starved it through.

Finally, they did get work and they worked so hard and so steadily that Lulu strained her voice. Her doctor said that she must rest. Her pocketbook said that she must work. The result was the sandpaper voice that has since become famous.

After some years, Lulu hit Broadway with a bang. She got a part in "Poor Little Ritz Girl". The part she had wasn't a big part—but it turned out to be the whole show according to the critics and Lulu never had to worry again. She was busy all the time, working in such famous old hits as "Snapshots of 1921", "Follies of 1922", " Peggy Ann", a founder of the Shubert Winter Garden Shows. That's why Lulu knows more of the top names in the theatre than practically any other performer.

Way back in 1920, Lulu got involved in radio and had a program with Gertrude Neisen and Isham Jones. She took a job at the movies, too, but didn't like them too much. She worked with Marie Dressan and did all right in the tests, but didn't like herself and turned them down. She keeps busy enough on radio these days, with her own shows and the guest appearances she makes all the time.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time

8:15 Blue: Your Life Today
8:15 Blue: De You Remember
8:30 News
9:00 NBC: Drama at X
9:15 Blue: Your Life Today
9:30 Blue: De You Remember
10:00 Blue: News
10:30 NBC: News at 10:30
11:00 NBC: The Life of the World
11:15 NBC: Life of the World
11:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
12:00 NBC: Sunday Punchlines
12:15 NBC: Your Life Today
12:45 NBC: Our Life Today
1:00 NBC: Your Life Today
1:15 NBC: Life of the World
1:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
1:45 NBC: Sunday Punchlines
2:00 NBC: Your Life Today
2:15 NBC: Our Life Today
2:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
2:45 NBC: News at 10:30
3:00 NBC: The Life of the World
3:15 NBC: Life of the World
3:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
3:45 NBC: Sunday Punchlines
4:00 NBC: Your Life Today
4:15 NBC: Our Life Today
4:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
4:45 NBC: News at 10:30
5:00 NBC: The Life of the World
5:15 NBC: Life of the World
5:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
5:45 NBC: Sunday Punchlines
6:00 NBC: Your Life Today
6:15 NBC: Our Life Today
6:30 NBC: Join Us Here and See
6:45 NBC: News at 10:30
face that was almost handsome sometimes. Perhaps he was the man I was to marry. Oh, not right away, of course. We were too young. There were years in between, I knew, and then they could be years spent together.

And that was what the next months seemed to be. Johnny took me out to swim and so on, too, once or twice more, then we began to see each other every week. Johnny hadn’t kissed me, hadn’t as much as held my hand—but the moment would certainly come, and then my future would be settled.

The moment came on the night of the Class Dance in June. It was quite an event for a sophomore girl, standing on the Clars Dance floor, but I remember only two things about it. One concerned Jimmy Storm, and the other concerned Johnny. I was sitting on our front porch one evening a few nights before the dance, when Jimmy strolled across the lawn and sat down on the porch steps.

“Hi, Penny,” he said casually.

“Hi, yourself,” I said. “What brings you here?”

“Oh . . . I thought I’d ask you for a date.”

A DATE! Why, I still thought of Jimmy as a little boy! He was taller than I remembered, as wide at the shoulders as I remembered, more broad as a man’s, but he still seemed very young to me. Perhaps it was the way his hair curled in a peak on his forehead, and his eye brows were never flattened, and the golden glint like mischief, in his eyes, that gave him the little-boy look. “What for?” I asked in astonishment.

“For the Class Dance. Do you have a date?”

“I will have,” I said, “but I couldn’t go with you even if you didn’t. You know we’re going steady with Johnny Dale.”

It was Jimmy’s turn to be surprised. “Steady!” he cried. “Well, for Pete’s sake! I’ve never heard of it before!”

“You’re only a few months older.”

“That’s just it. I wouldn’t think of going steady with anyone for years.”

“May we be?” I asked, “but I am.”

That was the end of the matter. I don’t remember whom Jimmy took to the Class Dance, or if he took anyone. I know he took me on Saturday. At the last dance, a waltz, Johnny swung me out into the moonlight on the terrace. My heart began to beat faster. It was coming alive, and it was just as I’d dreamed it—a terrace in the moonlight, and soft, sweet music behind us. We sat down on a stone bench, and Johnny gazed at the sky as if for a first time. He had seemed bold, and his close-cut black hair gave him a fierce, aggressive look. He took off his handkerchief and mopped his brow. “I suppose I’m not?”

I agreed that it was hot, and that the weather was just right for swimming.

Lewis wiped his forehead again and walked a few steps before he said, “I suppose you wouldn’t care to go to the beach with me this afternoon?”

I was going to refuse, and then I felt my heart was going to turn over in my stomach. “Of course not, isn’t it? Good day for swimming.”

I looked up and there was Lewis Steele, one of the older boys. He’d be a senior next year, and captain of the football team. He’d cut in on me a few times at dances, and I’d never liked him very well. His nose seemed to be squared off, and his eyes had been termed “infernally sharp.” I wondered why I was in this position— if I had been mistaken because he said haughtily, “No—I guess it wouldn’t.” Then another couple came out on the terrace and he jumped up hastily. “Let’s go back.”

That evening ended just as all the others had ended—with Johnny’s taking me to the door, and murmuring a suit beginning. I was sure I’d have to wait for the next time. I was disappointed in the way things had turned out, but I blamed it on the couple she had inter- mediated. I was glad, and not a little excited that I could hardly wait for our next date. Johnny hadn’t said anything about our future tonight, but he hadn’t done anything to set it clear of it. And there wasn’t any time left. I saw very little of Johnny around school in the busy weeks before vacation, and when Friday night, our regular date night, arrived, I was about to sign the front porch, my ears strained toward the telephone in the house, my eyes on the street, in case Johnny should have decided to come down for “the right.” Instead of Johnny, Jimmy Storm stepped out of the shadows. “How come you aren’t out tonight?” he asked.

“Are you—excited?”

And I realized with a shock that I wasn’t, that there weren’t going to be any more dates with Johnny. I’d showed too much interest for him—and he just didn’t care about me.

“No,” I said through stiff lips. “We— we decided to break it off.”

I knew that I’d said Jimmy with satisfaction. “Want to walk down to Logan’s for a soda?”

I shook my head. In a minute I was going to break down, and I answered, “I’ve got a— a headache.”

I had a heartache, not a headache, and it lasted for three of the most wrenching days I’d ever known. Then, on Tuesday afternoons, I saw no unexpected solace. I was walking home from school, alone, my eyes on the ground, when a figure fell into step beside me. “Well,” I said, “it isn’t Penny Blake,” a voice teased.

I agreed that it was hot, and that the weather was just right for swimming.
She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

There is quicksilver magic about Lola Pierce's beauty—her arresting blue, blue eyes, the radiant clarity of her exquisite complexion.

She's another engaged girl with that adorable Pond's look. "I certainly do love Pond's Cold Cream," Lola says. "It has such a perfect way of making my face feel gorgeously clean—and ever so soft."

How she beauty-creams with Pond's:

One—She smooths snowy-white Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat. Pats quickly to release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

Two—She rinses with more Pond's, swirling her cream-coated fingers quickly round and round her face. This to make her face extra clean, extra soft. Then she tissues off again.

Use Pond's this twice-over way—night and morning—and for in-between-time beauty clean-ups too!

Her face is engagingly soft and smooth. "I just leave it to Pond's!" she says.

Lola Pierce of Park Avenue and Southampton

Her engagement to Lieutenant I. C. Noyes, U.S.N.R., was announced by her parents

HER RING—an exceptionally beautiful, clear diamond, flanked with smaller diamonds and set in platinum.

FOR THE DURATION—Lola has volunteered as a Nurses' Aide, serving at the hospital regularly each week. "It's grand to feel that I can do something so badly needed," she says. Your local hospital is short-handed for nursing help right now. Why not find out how you can help there?

A FEW OF THE POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart
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GET THE BIG LUXURY SIZE—You'll like its wide top that lets you dip in with both hands. Such a grand lavish feeling! Get your own big jar of soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream today! At beauty counters everywhere!
Continued from page 54.
and I had just made a date for next week. "Certainly not!" I snapped. "I hardly know him."
"You will," he assured me. "The minute a guy shows you a little attention, you can't see anyone else. Other girls have sense enough to go around with different fellows, but not you." For a minute I was too furious to speak. Then I said coldly, "I don't see why you want such an interest in me." "Don't worry; I don't," and he walked off across the lawn.
I didn't see much of Jimmy for the next month or two. Every afternoon for most of the summer I was at the beach with Lewis; in the evenings when we didn't go out, there were long conversations with him over the telephone. After a while, I came to wonder how I had ever cared about Johnny Dale, looked forward to a dry life in a chemistry laboratory. Lewis was going to the state university in another year; he would probably be on the varsity team by the time I would be through high school. I saw long delightful years in which I would cheer for Lewis at football games, years after that in which we would travel around with him and the professional team he'd play with.
And then, just when everything was set, I was taken sick. I was very persistent in my father to let me go to the university instead of to business college as we'd planned, Lewis spoiled it all. It was a night in early August, and he'd got his father's car and had come to take me out. He helped me into the car, then settled himself beside me. "All set for a good time?"
I looked up at him, my eyes shining. "All set," I confirmed.
Then he kissed me. At first I was too surprised to move. For a long moment I sat still in a kind of stupefied horror. I'd wanted his kiss, had looked forward to it—but I hadn't expected it to be like this. His mouth was so big and so rough; I couldn't wrap it around mine. I was being smothered...smothered.... And he hadn't said anything, hadn't said what I meant to him. He wasn't kissing me—he might have kissed—just any girl. Something released me, and my hand came up, descended in a ringing slap against his dark cheek. Then it was out of the car, running on shaking legs to the house. Lewis called something after me, and I slammed the door, fearful that he was going to follow. Even then I was still trembling, scratching my lips. I was sick at the thought of Lewis; I dreaded going back to school, seeing him in the halls.
But by the time school opened in the fall, Lewis was forgotten. I'd met Ricky Lord, and I went out with him until his family moved away from town in January. Then there was Leonard Duff, and the following summer, Larry Williams. Lewis was transferred to another school in the fall, and I began to date Steve Ellis. Steve gave me the first Jealous Heartache I'd ever known, because Rosemary Plant took him away.
That's a bold expression, but it's the only one that fits. Steve and I ran into Rosemary and her date at Logan's one night after the movies, and Rosemary turned on him with the charm of her flashing dark eyes and her bobbing black curls. Steve's manner as he drove me home was as abstracted as if I'd been his young sister instead of the girl he'd been seeing every week for the past three months. I spent a sleepless night trying to think what to do—and in the morning I knew that I wasn't going to do anything at all. If Steve preferred Rosemary to me, I didn't want him. My pride counted for ourselves. And I went out been cherishing these last months.
It was unthinkable that I should miss my very own graduation dance, but I very much. Larry thought that surely Jimmy Storm would ask me to it, as he'd invited me—and had been refused—to nearly every special occasion at school in the last two years. But Jimmy didn't invite me, and I wouldn't have gone to the dance at all if Philip Conway hadn't taken me.
That was the night Philip and I discovered each other. We didn't dance much that night. We were too excited, not only at finding out how much we liked each other, but for reasons out of ourselves. Pearl Harbor had been attacked the December before, and many of the boys in town, Philip among them, were enlisting the day after graduation. We sat at one of the tables on the ballroom while Philip talked about the war, and I listened and thought about Philip. Why hadn't I in him? Perhaps—I had never seen him? How could I have known him all through high school without realizing how really beautiful his thin, sensuous face was, how infinitely appealing his long-lashed, deeply-shadowed blue eyes? I saw Philip only twice after that, and the second time, we became engaged. It was a solemn evening.

Can a Honeymoon last Forever?
TUNE IN
"MY TRUE STORY"
If you like True Story Magazine... you mustn't miss these real-life radio dramas from True Story's files. A different story every day, revealing the troubles, triumphs, loves, adventures of real people.
If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)

If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray —
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap today!

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him
He continues to say "Nix."

Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf —
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Philip had passed his Army physical, and he was leaving the next morning for camp. On our way home from a movie which neither of us saw for looking at each other, Philip stopped the car at the lake, and we sat for a few minutes holding hands, looking out over the lake, not speaking.

"It's funny," he said finally, "to be going away and leaving all this..." He gestured at the lake. "I mean—well, it makes you want to be sure of something. J—Penny, have you ever been in love?"

It was then that I came closest to stepping outside myself, getting an objective look at myself, than I ever had before—closer to it than I would be again for years. Because I really stopped and tried to think then, tried to answer his question honestly. I'd been in love a half-dozen times—I had thought. And each time something had happened to spoil it. Rickey had moved away. I'd quarreled with Leonard Duff. Larry had gone to military school, and Steve—And then I realized that I couldn't have been in love, really, any of those times. If I had loved Steve, I wouldn't have sat quietly by when Rosemary flirted with him; if I'd loved Leonard, I'd have made up our quarrel; if I'd loved Lewis Steele, I'd have welcomed his kisses, no matter how rough and unexpected they were.

"No, Philip," I said. "I've thought. But I've never really cared about anyone..."

"Anyone else?" he whispered eagerly. "Is that it, Penny? Do you think you could be in love with me?"

LOVE him? His thin face, the shallow-dowered blue eyes, had been haunting me for days. And he was going away—There was a sharp, hard pain in my chest at the thought of how short our time together was. I couldn't speak, but Philip must have read assent in my eyes because his hand tightened on mine as if he were making a pact. "Because," he said softly, "it's you I'd like to be sure of, Penny. I'd like to go away knowing that you'll be here when I come back. I haven't had time to get you a ring, but I'll send you one if we can be engaged—"

Engaged! It was really happening now. After all those years of dreaming, wanting, searching, the life I was born for was going to begin at last. Philip's lips were smooth and young and they trembled against mine. My mind was racing ahead of the years, seeing the war over and Philip coming home, seeing myself meeting him at the station, seeing our house, our children...

I was disappointed that my parents didn't seem to take my engagement as seriously as I did. When I reached home that night, the lights were on in the living room, and my mother opened the door as if she'd been waiting for me. "Where have you been?" she asked almost crossly. "Jimmy's leaving tomorrow with the other boys, and he came over to say goodbye."

I hardly heard her. "I'm engaged," I said dreamily, "Philip Conway and I are engaged, Mother. We're going to be married after the war." Then I braced myself for a storm of protests. But they didn't come. Dad said, "To whom?" and Mother looked blank for a moment, then said hesitantly. "Philip Conway? Aren't you rather young?"

"I'm eighteen," I said, "and young people grow up early these days; you know they do, Mother. Besides, you
In Our First Home

 Alone with you, evenings. "My wife has such dear, smooth hands," you said. (How thankful I am for Jergens Lotion. Such simple hand care.)

Our first dog. "To protect you," you said. You held my hand—tight. Some day we'll have a home of our own, my darling. And my hands will still be nice for you. Because I'll be using Jergens Lotion.

Girls in Airplane Factories use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1
Helps protect your hands from roughness and that coarse, too-old look. Two ingredients in your Jergens Lotion are so special for helping even hard-used skin to dearly-desired smoothness, that many doctors prescribe them. No bother—some stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

For the softest, adorable Hands, USE JERGENS LOTION

were married when you were eighteen."
"I know," said Mother, "but your father was older than I. And Philip... his mother..." Then she frowned and repeated, "Jimmy was here. He waited for hours. You must write to him, Penny. You've been such friends."

If I'd been really listening to Mother, I'd have objected strongly to her last statement. Friends, indeed! It was true that Jimmy came over often and sat on the porch and talked when neither of us had anything better to do, but we nearly always argued, often bitterly. Not since the long-past days of the Saturday movies had there been any real harmony between us. But I wasn't listening; I was engrossed in thoughts of Philip.

That was all either of my parents said about him. Mother approved when I took a job in a war plant and started to put every penny aside toward the home that Philip and I would have some day. She even bought me a hope chest, and helped me to make things for it, although she did demur when I insisted upon using a C in the monograms. My father did ask once why I didn't go out occasionally, but after the shocked, indignant look I gave him, he never mentioned the subject again. "I didn't mean to upset you, Penny," he apologized. "Only, you're used to fun and parties, and it doesn't seem right that you should shut yourself up with your mother and me. You could go to the canteen—" The canteen was Dad's pet project. He had helped get it started when the Army had established a camp near town.

I'm too busy for the canteen," I insisted, "and I don't miss going out." And I didn't. I was happy in my war job and my Red Cross work, because I felt that I was helping to bring Philip back. I was happy poring over my hope chest, happy writing long, long letters to Philip. His answers, it's true, were disappointingly short and unsatisfactory, but it seemed to me that he disliked writing letters. I visited his mother frequently, and even managed to make friends with her, although she was a nervous, rather querulous woman, who kept herself apart from most people in town.

The only person who objected openly to my engagement was the one who had neither right nor reason to object at all—Jimmy Storm. He came home on a furlough several months after he and the other boys had left for camp. I was alone at home the evening he came to see me, and when I first let him in, I was almost shy in his presence. He looked so different in uniform—taller, thinner, and the peak of dark hair over his forehead had disappeared along with an Army haircut. There was no little-boy look about him at all. "Why—Jimmy," I faltered.

"Hello, Penny," he said easily. "I'm surprised to find you at home."

I flushed. "I'm at home most of the time. Didn't your mother tell you that I'm engaged?"

It was impossible to describe the expression that crossed his face. It was a tightening, a mouth spasm that came in a second and was as quickly gone. "Engaged?" he questioned. "I hadn't heard anything. Who's the man?"

"Philip Conway."

"Philip Conway!" His jaw dropped, and he won the old Jimmy immediately, outraged, high-handedly bossing me. "That goon! You can't be engaged to him!"
All of my old anger at him came rushing back, the old resentment at his trying to meddle. "Why not?" I snapped. "Because he's a mama's boy," said Jimmy bluntly. "Maybe it isn't his fault, but he's been babied all his life. He's the most unstable fellow I know. Oh, well," he shrugged, "—it won't last. Conway doesn't know what he wants, and neither do you."

I went white at that, and blind with fury. "How can you say things like that?" I gritted. "You don't know Philip, really—or me, either. You've no right to stand there saying such things! I wish you'd go away—go away! I hate you!"

Jimmy went, and I was glad. I was glad, I told myself, even after I found out that he was home for a last furlough before going overseas. He didn't call to apologize, and I didn't call him. It wasn't that I wished him any harm, but I didn't care if I never saw him again. I could only resent, and bitterly, the circumstance that had given Jimmy a furlough and had denied one to Philip.

Because, for some reason known only to the gods of war, Philip didn't come home before he was sent across. I still think that things might have been different if he had. Had I seen Philip before he left, there might have been no morning, six long months later, that meant the end of the world to me.

PHILIP'S mother called me that morning, just before I was starting out for my job. She was crying hysterically, and my first thought was that Philip had been killed. I was so sure of it that I needed all my strength to keep a grip on the telephone, and I didn't hear what she was saying. "—cable," she repeated. "Philip's married a girl in England. And, oh, Penny, I'd set my heart on having you for a daughter-in-law."

After that I didn't hear any more. The cold blackness that had crept up on me at the first sound of her broken voice overwhelmed me, and I fainted. The next I knew, I was lying on the couch in the living room, and my mother was rubbing my hands. "Darling," she kept saying, "you mustn't let it hurt you too much. It's better this way, don't you see? If he's so easily swayed, you would never have been happy with him."

I didn't see. I didn't see anything at all for a long, long time. All I knew was that every precious dream was broken, that the future I'd been moving toward so happily, so confidently, was void. The very thought of Philip hurt, and I couldn't bear the sight of anything that reminded me of him. I burned all of his letters, had my father carry the hope chest to the attic—the hope chest full of linens initialed PBC.

The day came when I met Mrs. Conway on the street, and talked with her, and actually knew a faint sense of relief that she was not, after all, to be related to me. She was still, after months had gone by, taking Philip's marriage very badly. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she embarrassed me by clutching my coat and crying out that she couldn't stand having Philip bring a strange girl home, a girl from a foreign country. I knew then that my own Mother had been right—that I would never have been happy with Philip. He was too much like his mother. The sensitiveness and the quick emotions I'd loved in him were just what Jimmy Storm had said—signs of instability. Philip was out of my

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**Q.** What brings a girl such kisses?
**A.** Skin like satin—so smooth.

**Q.** If only my skin weren't so dry!
**A.** Don't worry. A new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream gives amazing results against dry skin.

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MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND THE "PATCH TEST" PROVES IT!

You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!

Make the "PATCH TEST" Tonight!

You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!
that you hear a lot of different lines from these other lads—but don't you see that it's different with me? I'm older than they are; I've had some experience in life, and I know what I want. Penny—you don't believe me!"

"But I do," I protested.

"Then meet me after you're through here, tonight. I can't talk to you with a hundred people around—"

The orchestra was playing a beguine, and the slow, insistent beats were in my heart, in my blood. Why not? I thought. It was breaking rules—but some of the girls broke the rule once in a while. And it was true that we couldn't talk very well at the canteen. Someone was always interrupting. "All right," I said, "I'll meet you—"

I hadn't finished speaking before I realized that it was wrong. We'd been dancing toward a corner; suddenly we were cut off from the other dancers by a jog in the wall. Harry stopped dancing, and his arms tightened, pulled me close. "Harry!" I gasped, and tried to pull away. "Please—"

"Don't struggle, sweet. I want to kiss you just once, now—"

I COULDN'T free myself. There was no one to see us in that secluded corner, and I was too proud to cry out. I was trying desperately, silently, to push him away when another arm came suddenly around my waist; a shoulder came between Harry and me, thrusting him aside as easily as if he'd been a child. "You," said a furious voice, "can clear out. This is a canteen, not a third-rate tavern. And you, Penny—"

It was Jimmy Storm. Or perhaps I should say Jim Storm. The diminutive didn't become a man who was all bone and muscle, whose face was hard with anger. There was a rainbow of ribbons on his chest, just level with my eyes, and one of them was a deep purple, with bands of white. All this I noticed in one stunned moment, while he was saying, "I'm taking you home. It's the only place you're safe. Go get your wraps."

Meekly, in a daze, I went after my coat and hat, met Jim at the door. He took my arm, walked me down the steps to a car—his father's car. Then he got in and started the motor, all in murky silence. My arm hurt where Harry had gripped it. I rubbed it, and the thought of Harry brought the blood to my face. "Thanks, Jimmy," I said in a small voice.

"You're welcome."

At his tone, my temper flared. What right had he to sound so—so accusing? He hadn't had to step in between Harry and me. He'd been interfering again, taking a hand in my life—And then I was immediately ashamed. I felt that I had to justify myself to Jimmy somehow, and I didn't know how to begin. "You've been hurt," I ventured.

"I was," he said briefly, "some time ago."

"Oh. That's—is that the reason you're home?"

"No." He turned the car out of town, drove faster as we left the traffic for the quiet streets of the residential district. It was a good ten minutes to my house, but when we came to a stop before it, he went on as if he hadn't stopped speaking at all, "I'm not a medical discharge, if that's what you mean. I've got a month's furlough. Your mother told me you were at the canteen, and I looked you up, thinking you might have got some sense since I saw you last. But evidently you're as boy crazy as ever."
"Boy crazy!" Shame, gratitude—every other feeling vanished in an all-consuming rage. "How much do you know about it? You don't know anything about me, and yet you treat me like a freak or an imbecile! You don't know." And then, at the thought of all the bleak months since Philip had gone, I broke down. Tears streamed down my face as I cried, "All I've ever wanted is to have a home and children and a man to love. If that's being boy crazy, then a lot of other girls are boy crazy, too!

"You certainly haven't been very selective in your methods."

The remark had slipped out. I realized it even before the sting of it, the bald and bitter truth of it, struck home. I gasped and reached for the door, but Jim's hand reached out and caught mine. "I'm sorry, Penny—"

My hand lay limply in his, and the tears dried on my cheeks as I sat there, forgetting Jim, forgetting everything but his words. You haven't been very selective—Well, I hadn't been. I saw it now. I hadn't seen one of the boys I'd imagined myself in love with, Philip among them, clearly enough to know him as he really was, to separate him from the dreams I'd built around him. All the heartaches and the longings—they hadn't been love or even a part of love; they had only been a reaching out for love. I'd gone so far as to believe obvious lies like Harry's because I wanted a dream to come true.

"I'm sorry, Penny," Jim repeated. His strong, lean fingers began to rub my hand, gently, as if he sensed the coldness in me and would stir some life back into my body. And he sat staring at the yard between our two houses, the yard where the toy table had once stood, with the dolls propped up around it. "I don't see anything wrong in what you want, either. It looks fine and good to me, especially now...

Jimmy, finding it hard to talk, hard to find words... I looked up at him curiously, and then it was as if a huge hand had taken my heart and squeezed it, forced all my breath from my body, leaving me helpless. This couldn't be right, I told myself. I couldn't feel this way about Jimmy, with whom I'd played and fought since I was big enough to walk, who'd always been under foot, unnoticed. And this couldn't be love—this terrible craving to be in his arms, to be close to him as I'd never wanted to be close to anyone. It wasn't at all as I'd imagined it would be...

Jimmy was looking down at me, one eyebrow raised a trifle, the old mischievous glint in his eyes. "Penny," he was saying, "have you ever liked anyone as much as you've hated me? Has anyone else been able to make you as angry, to make you feel as much? Tell the truth now, Penny..."

It wasn't at all as I'd imagined it would be. Not the heavenly, painful-sweet hour I spent in Jim's arms that night, nor all the days and the nights in the month that followed, in which we argued for and against being married right away, and decided finally to wait until after the war, when we would be sure.

I'm sure now. This is no dreamy, pleasant waiting, in which I'm satisfied to pore over a chest filled with linens. This is a long, aching waiting—but I know that everything I've ever wanted lies at the end of it. Because this time I'm not in love with love. I'm in love with Jim.
as if I were looking at a stranger!
"I'm glad you came as soon as you could—come and sit down and tell me—" I put in, hastily.
He groaned. "No more sitting down for a little while—please! I've been riding for three days."
"Then come and see the house—" as if he were a guest I were showing around! But I couldn't, yet. At him into the Philip I knew, the boy who had become my husband . . . "tell me if you like what I've done to it."
Half-protesting, he let me lead him through the freshly-painted rooms. He dutifully admired the scrolled wallpaper, the chintz slip-covers that transformed the old-fashioned parlor into a comfortable living-room; the ivory paint on the staircase panels; the woven rag rug in the upstairs hall.
At the bedroom door he halted. A low whistle escaped him. "Whew! If my buddies could only see this! A little different from an Army cot or a hospital bed," he grinned. "You'll have to make allowances if I'm not entirely civilized as yet, Mary.
"I'll take you as you are—civilized or savage, Philip," I laughed. There was a moment of suspense, a pause—

Are you flirting with me by any
chance, Mary?—with one quick
motion he had bridged the distance be-
 tween us, pulling me into his arms with
a strength I hadn't expected from his
hospital thiness. His face was pressed
into my hair; his lips travelled from
my temples to my lips. Slow, deliber-
 ate kisses that warmed the spot they
touched with a spreading fire. Beneath
his, my lips felt as if they didn't belong
to me—shaped as they were by the
unfamiliar demand of his. My heart
was swirling. He gathered me closer
and my hands, unbidden, went around
his neck. It was more than a kiss—it
was the realization of a dream.
Then—how can I explain the con-
straint that fell between us even with
his lips touching mine? Why did that
hard core in the center of my heart
 crystallize slowly into stiff and un-
yielding pride? Why did his embrace
grow regretfully, guardedly, tender-
instead of passionate?
What was this barrier between us
that neither would name?
The wrath of Stephanie—she was
there between us, even though I fought
to disregard it. A word from him would
have banished her . . . if he had said,
truth, that he loved me and me only.
But he hadn't said it, And I wasn't sure.
In my suspicions I distrusted this emo-
tion that sprang from our physical
closeness.
Perhaps Philip sensed this.
"I haven't the key, have I, Mary?" he said lightly. His hands moved to
my shoulders. "There's still a part
of your heart that's locked away, with
a 'No Admittance' sign on it. That's
what I meant when I said before that
I shouldn't tie you down to marriage
because someone else might come along
who could stir you deeper than I."
"There's never been anyone else but
you, Philip," I answered. I couldn't
change my nature. It hurt to realize
that the man I loved wanted it changed.
Wanted more of me than I could give.
Nothing in my life had prepared me
for emotions that were fiercer than
friendship; stronger than the shy, deli-
crate love I had always felt for Philip.

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which Safely helps

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dresses and men's shirts.
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perspiration safely.
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ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT
If Stephanie had not awakened other, lustier demands in him—would I still have disappointed him?
His eyes held a tender steadiness in their depths, but he did not again draw me close. "We're married, punkin. And I guess all married people have adjustments to make. We'll have to be patient and understanding with each other, I've been away and I've changed a lot, I know. There will be things in each other—differences—we'll have to learn to recognize and make allowances for. I've had experiences I can't share with you. If you can forgive my keeping secrets from you, then I guess I can—wait—and hope." His smile took any sting from his words.
If I could forgive! I could forgive anything except this unrest and disquiet I sensed in him, this change that had sprung from his first meeting with Stephanie!
Perhaps, I told myself, there would be a difference in what I felt for Philip, in the days to come. After all, we were married, and we had never lived together. Our relationship might as well still be that of a boy and girl who loved each other, who looked forward to marriage. Perhaps the reality of love would sweep aside all of my doubts and fears.
But that night, when all the people who had come to say "welcome home" had gone away again, and we were alone, a wife and her husband together at the end of so long a waiting, the barrier was still between us. This intimacy—greater than I had ever known—lying in my husband's arms, brought me no sudden magic-provoked security, and the passion I had hoped would teach me passion with which to respond still brought me only a desire to bring it to an end.
At last I turned my mouth away from the fierce intensity of Philip's kisses, and I cried out, "Dearest—give me a little time to be used to you! Give me just a little time!"
His arms about me relaxed, and after a long moment, in which I held my breath, and prayed I think, for understanding, he kissed me lightly on the tip of my nose, and laughed a little. "I'm sorry, sweetheart—I'd forgotten. We have the time in the world. I want you to love me as I love you, and that I can teach you, if I can only remember patience!
But we had solved nothing. It wasn't
that he showed, by word or look, as the days went on, his restlessness. Nor his disappointment. But his gentleness was too patient, his tenderness too considerable, I chafed under it. I saw, with growing dread, that the gap between us was widening every day, every night. Once, habit would have made me close my mind to questions. I would have been satisfied with the outward appearance. But no more.

Philip went to work at the factory. When I protested that he would be too tired to keep up his law studies at night, he only smiled.

"It's the only thing I can do, Mary, to get Henry out of that foxhole where I left him. He gave me a trust—and maybe this way I can see that he and the others come back a little sooner." It was the first time I realized that he felt so badly about Henry's still being in the fight while he was out for good.

The Day Nursery kept me busy. Little Susan's father had delayed his leaving, and I did what I could to prepare her for the wrench of parting with her friends and her garden.

But most of the time I went about my duties like a sleepwalker. Or, rather, like a person emerging slowly, painfully, from sleep. Emotions and feelings stirred in their swaddling-clothes, ripped into my cloistered heart, laughed at my 'lady-like' pretences. I was paying a high price for my pride.

It hadn't occurred to me, when Philip had gone to work at the factory, that he would be bound, sooner or later, to run into Stephanie. Whether it had been accidental or intentional I don't know, but he mentioned, casually, one evening something Stephanie had said about her brother.

The terror I felt must have showed in my face. Philip's mouth tightened. He slammed down his napkin onto the table, pushed back his chair and strode out of the house.

I sat there, my hands clenched and my heart pounding in my throat. The mention of her name—from Philip—could do that! If there were only someone I could talk to! Aunt Connie was hopeless. Dad was gone. Even if he weren't, we had been too much alike for confidences. I had kept all this inside of me for so long without an outlet, but I couldn't go on any longer trembling when I heard her name, wondering what Philip was thinking.

If only Mother were alive! When I was a child I had pretended she was and that I could ask her advice. But the new picture Dad had drawn of her—gobermental—and quicksilver alive—had made me afraid. Now I faced that fear—and knew I dreaded her taking Philip's part against mine.

Had she sat at this table, where he had, facing the old golden-oak sideboard with its mirror panel, its "Fish and Game" still-life hanging above—and suffered from the Brockman pride, too? Had she, sometimes, waited for a word or a sign from Dad that would have meant solace to her—and waited in vain?

Ruthlessly I ripped aside the layers of self-esteem I had built. Had I deliberately withheld my heart from Philip, being hypnotized with the crumbs I could spare, as a kind of revenge for what I had suffered? To make him suffer too? In spite of Stephanie he had asked me to become his wife. Could I never forget that he had come to me on the rebound? Was I to make us both pay

---

**Gloria Vanderbilt DeCicco**

"I adore the softer look and 'finish' my skin gets from a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says beautiful Gloria Vanderbilt DeCicco, who is the glamorous young heiress of America's most famous names and fortunes. "No doubt about it—the Mask makes a noticeable difference in my complexion—and quickly!"

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**in one minute!**

Spread lavish white fingerfuls of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face—except eyes. Leave this refreshing Mask on for one full minute.

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Quick Make-up Trick... Smooth on a satin-light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on—for smoothing, protective make-up base. It's non-greasy—and expert at holding powder!
It's the new HOLD-BOB "easy-lock" curler which snaps in place almost automatically, without fumbling and without snaggling or cutting the hair.

If you "do" your own hair, you know how tiring it can be! But not with this curler! It's marvelous!... Not only easy on your hair and patience, but actually safer to use. And it gives you lovely curls!

No other curler like it!

EASIER...Unique patented feature: Snaps closed easily, with one hand, from any position.
When opened, loop is firm, convenient handle for winding. SAFER...No projecting rivets to catch hair.

The distinctive open end means no cutting or mashing of hair.

HOLD-BOB Curler
Made by the makers of the famous HOLD-BOB bobby pins and hairpins
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66

in misery and silence because he had once cared, briefly, for someone else? Because he still admired her?

All or nothing!—the flag of pride. Well, that flag lay in the dust. She wanted Philip's love on any terms. And when he came back I would tell him so. Before—before he turned again to Stephanie.

I was in the hall when I heard him coming up the path. But he was running! His feet pounded over the porch; the door flew open in violent haste; he nearly knocked me down as he rushed into the house.

"Philip—" I began—

But his hands were on my arm, shaking me. "Mary, I can't stop! I've got to go—there's a fire over in Trailertown! They need every man! Get coats and blankets—I don't know how bad it is but some of them may be burned out." All the time he was talking he was filling his pockets with flashlights, with the first aid kit.

Fire!—in Trailertown! Blocks away from the nearest fire hydrant—dry grass growing untended around the huge, sprawling camp—women and children caught in those box-like trailers, those inflammable awnings and lean-to's!—

Aunt Connie's light snapped on over her porch.

GET that big coffee pot of yours, "Mary!" she yelled. "I'm going to set up an emergency kitchen in Massey's lot on Tenth Street. I'm stopping at Mary Ellen's for more doughnuts—come as quick as you can!"

Just then it was in moments like this that I admired her most, in spite of her faults. And she was right. I grabbed the pot off the shelf, a carton of eggs, a jar of pickled sugar, a sack added some cartons of milk; shoved the lot into a market basket and, with blankets on the other arm, hurried after him.

My heart quailed when I saw that inferno of raging fire. But there was too much to do to be afraid. It seemed like hours that we handed out cups and plates to the shivering, smoke-blackened men and crying, frantic women. The fire, aided by a stiff wind, was out of control in a few minutes.

From Massey's lot we could see the vicious orange-red flames, almost obscured by the ugly, black, billowing smoke; we could hear the cracking and the tearing sound the dis- appeared in the path of the holocaust ... the hiss of water as streams from the hoses played upon it in a pitiful attempt.

Our fire department was antiquated. At the edge of the field I could dimly see the tiny figures of men. I knew they were beating sparks out with rags; I knew they were forming a bucket brigade from the creek nearby. Philip was there, along with every able-bodied man in Tilbury.

The children were my job. I gathered them into one corner—those whose mothers were out on the field filling buckets of water for their men. A row of old overcoats made a bed for the children and, as other women arrived to help with the coffee, I gathered the youngsters around me, soothing their panic as best I could.

I saw Philip when he rushed in to get a bandage for a burn on his arm, but a Nurse's Aide reached him first. I couldn't hear, but I guessed what the men were saying.

"What are we going to do?"—a tall, bearded man, holding his coffee cup with shaking hands, was demanding of no one in particular. "My God—where can we go?"

I recognized one of the plant officials, a Mr. Johnson, standing next to him. "We'll have to shut down the plant," he said. "Emergency quarters are assigned the ticket office and two boarding houses in Tilbury and now four hundred people homeless. We'll have to shut down the plant."

"Only four hundred people?" It was Philip's determined, ringing voice. "Well, there are over four hundred families in Tilbury who have an extra bedroom or an attic where they can put in a few cots. You haven't any problem, Mr. Johnson. This town isn't going to see people without a roof over their heads. You won't have to shut down the plant. They'll just move in with us for awhile."

I heard the gasp that went up from behind the rude counter where Aunt Connie and the other ladies stood. Take in people from Trailertown!

But not even Aunt Connie had a word to say. Bad as it was, there was absolutely no other solution. Philip was right. It was the only answer.

I watched the men talking together and I realized that the common effort they were making tonight; the simple, unspectacular acts of heroism they had witnessed; their scorched faces and burned hands, had formed a comradeship among the newcomers alike. But how long would that last when they settled down tomorrow to living together? Thank goodness, the solution would be only temporary, until they could get barracks or some kind of shelters built. Most of the people in Tilbury were gathered in a dense crowd as Sheriff Birl was sent, paper in hand, among them for volunteer hosts to take in the homeless families. And one by one they came forward to their "guests."

WHEN the last of the children had been called for, I went home, too. The fire had almost burned itself out, except for one of the fields, and it was under control. Tired as I was I could not go to sleep. I stretched out on the sofa to dress, and wait for Philip. His burns would need dressing and he might be hungry.

I don't know how long I napped. The door slammed woke me and I heard Philip awkwardly groping for the light switch.

"I'm in here, Philip," I called, going sleepily to the hallway door. "I waited up for you, surprised, dazed and unbelieving. Philip was not alone. And there was no mistakes the limp form he carried—the long black hair that fell like curtains at his shoulders—that slim figure—Stephanie!"

He misunderstood my look. "She isn't hurt!" he said, hastily. "It's mostly smoke and shock. We found her in that corner of the field, almost in the brook, lying across the body of that old woman she lived with, trying to protect her. The poor kid, poor, brave kid!" and as he talked he was moving resolutely upstairs, to the room that had been Dad's.

"Here?—she's going to stay here, Philip?" I asked in a stupefied whisper.

He didn't answer, but I knew before I spoke. Stephanie was in our house— to stay.

Is this, then, the beginning of the end of Mary's marriage—or can it perhaps mean a new beginning? Read the exciting conclusion of this story in May RADIO ROMANCES, on sale April 18.
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LISTEN IN!
THE FRANK SINATRA SHOW
Every Wednesday Evening—CBS

originated by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
This Dream Is Done

Continued from page 31

This was an excuse for standing still, not for making the effort to pick up the threads of living again. And so, except for my casual contacts with the milkman and the baker and the grocer, I saw no one except Margie and the baby.

I wonder sometimes how long this feeling of inertia, this motionless, do-nothing attitude toward life, would have gone on if I hadn't received the long-distance call from San Diego.

When the operator said, "San Diego calling Frances Brown," I didn't wonder at her using my maiden name; I wondered only about the call itself. My heart clumped against my breast. I had a sudden flash of intuition that this call was of tremendous importance — that something was coming into my life to start me forward again. And then I thought of Frank. Perhaps the naval officers had been wrong—perhaps Frank's ship hadn't been shot down—perhaps Frank wasn't dead—but was alive, on the other end of the telephone now.

And then I heard a familiar male voice at the other end of the wire, "Francie—Francie—is it you?" And there was hope and love and anticipation in the voice that came to me. It was the voice of a man who has been dreaming of the woman he loves during the agony of war. It wasn't Frank's voice, of course. He was gone, and I knew that with terrifying certainty. It was the voice of Ralph—Ralph, the first boy who ever had kissed me—Ralph who had gone away and asked me to wait for him. Ralph, whose "girl he left behind him" had been carefree and young and now was crumpled and heartsick, a mother and a widow.

FRANCIE, I'm back," he said. "And the operator and I've been tracing you all over the United States. Are you all right?"

"Yes," I said. There was no point in telling him my story over the phone. "Are you working?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, laughing a little, "I manage to keep busy."

"Tell your boss not to expect too much of you for four days beginning the day after tomorrow," he said. "I'm coming to see you." Swiftly he named a time and place.

I hung up the receiver and leaned thoughtfully against the telephone, and when I turned around Margie was beside me.

"Francie, what is it? What's the matter?" she asked quickly. "You're so white—so shocked looking. It isn't—"

"Frank! No—that's what I thought, too," I told her, and my voice was empty with lost hope. "It's Ralph."

"Ralph?" Margie had become a friend of mine since the old Carterville days, and had never known Ralph. So I told her of my carefree, happy days in the little midwestern town—of the old gang and of my first dates and parties. And I described to her straight, steady-eyed Ralph, who went away believing that he was in love with me, and who had come back.

"Oh, Francie, I'm glad," she said.

"I'll wire him tonight and tell him not to come," I said dully.

"Not to come?" Margie's expression was one of incredulous amazement. "You're crazy."
Margie continued, "But that's just what you can do—play a part. For four days, Francie, forget about your own loss—your personal misfortune. And think about helping him to forget what he's gone through."

"Do you think I could?" I began thoughtfully.

"I know you could," Margie said enthusiastically. "He wants to believe in you so much—he wants to believe you're just the same. Francie, give him his dream."

"It would be so hard to pretend to be irresponsible and young again," I said.

"Not if you forget about yourself entirely—if you think only about giving him the picture he's carried in his heart."

It was then that I thought about my baby—my little Frankie.

"We'll take care of that," Margie said. "He thinks you work. Let him think you're working all day downtown. And then you take care of the baby. At night he can meet you after I get home—after I take over the care of Frankie."

Suddenly, the idea appealed to me. To be young and gay again. To forget sorrow. To have fun. To cover my heartache for a soldier returning to his homeland.

"Oh, Margie, it's really a wonderful idea," I told her, letting myself get excited for the first time. "Do you think I could do it—do you think it would work out all right?"

"It will work—on one condition,"
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Welcome the Fashion Frocks Representative When She Calls

Margie warned.
"What's that?" I asked quickly.
"You mustn't think about yourself. You'll have to think about him. If you concentrate on showing him a wonderful time, you'll get along all right."
Margie always refers to those four days as "The Gay Deception."
I always look back at it as a time of rebirth. Because in trying to give another war-damaged person happiness, I began to overcome the war's crippling effects on me.

My heart went out to Ralph when he first stepped down from the train. He was thin and tired-looking and his hair was gray. But he had not lost his erect bearing, his direct, honest manner which I remembered so well from our days in Cartersville.

He came to me and put his arms around me gently. And then he stood for a long minute just looking down at me as if he couldn't see enough of me.

"You're the same," he said. "You're the one thing the war hasn't touched," he breathed thankfully.

We went to a quiet place for dinner that night—a restaurant where the music was soft and the food good. And we reminisced about the old days in Cartersville. I tried to think of the amusing incidents like the time we lost Tim and Jenny on the sleighride and didn't miss them for five miles, or about the time we cleaned out Cleary's barn for a dance. Oh, we laughed until we forgot the war in our recollected stories of that far-away existence. We danced together that night, and I was surprised that we danced well. Once while we were dancing, Ralph's arms tightened around me and he whispered into my hair, "Francie, darling, I've missed you so terribly."

Another time, he asked me how I spent my time. I made up my answer, trying to think what I would be doing if I had never known Frank.

"I work, and go to the movies, and help at the Red Cross, and dance occasionally," I told him, smiling.

Yes, that's what I would be doing if I had never known Frank—if my love for him had not brought me ecstasy, childbirth, and heartbreak. And that's the way I played my role with Ralph. "If there had never been a Frank, I would say this—" I would think before I did anything. And, by the end of that first evening, I knew that if I never had known handsome, dark-eyed Frank, I would be in love with Ralph—Ralph, so different and yet so honest and clean and straight, too. And so faithful—even the war had not dimmed his love for me.

There were many reasons I enjoyed playing the part of a sparkling, light-hearted girl when Ralph was there. First of all, I found genuine pleasure in helping Ralph to forget the war—in painting the picture of the gay, young girl he had carried in his heart. I was happy that he would report back to duty never having seen the crumpled part of me—secure in the knowledge that the world had not changed. But there was another reason. My gaiety, my laughter, my exhilaration discouraged love-making. And I was not ready for Ralph to declare his love for me. Then I would have to tell him the truth.

And so for three days we laughed and danced and hurried recklessly from one place to another, recapturing the old, carefree days of long ago. Once or twice, I noticed that Ralph was looking at me with a puzzled frown,
and I wondered if he could see beneath my gay veneer to the living wound beneath. But, then, I would strive harder than ever to be amusing and gay and young, and the mood would pass.

Margie came in right after work on the fourth night, just as she had been doing all during Ralph's visit. I was humming a little tune as I helped her wheel the bassinette into her apartment.

"You look very pretty tonight, Francie," she said as I started out the door on my way to the office building where Ralph believed I worked. "Are you having fun?"

"He is," I answered, smiling. "Oh, Margie, I know he is."

"Of course he is," Margie agreed.

"But are you?"

"Why, yes," I admitted, thinking of myself for the first time. "I'm having fun—why, I'm having a wonderful time."

And when Margie smiled, I knew that this was what she had thought would happen. In her young wisdom she knew that by giving another person happiness, you find happiness yourself. And she probably had known that I would find joy in being young and gay again—in putting aside my grief—not forgetting my love—but forgetting my sadness. And perhaps she had wanted me to fall in love with Ralph—but that, of course, was impossible.

"He's so good, Margie," I said, softly.

"Everything about him is honest and straight and fine."

"And he loves you," Margie said softly.

BUT I fell in love with another man—"I loved Frank—I gave him all of my love," I said.

"No, Francie," Margie contradicted.

"You loved him intensely, but you didn't give him all of your love."

"What do you mean?" I asked, surprised.

"Don't you love your baby?" she asked. "And does what you feel for him take away anything from the love you gave to Frank?"

"Of course not, but that's different," I insisted.

"All of the loves in your life are different," she went on. "The love you feel for your child—the love you know for your father—and the love you knew for Frank. But you could have still another love in your life, Francie—not wild, and exciting, and passionate like your love for Frank. But a deep, lasting love based on honesty and friendship."

I knew she was right. There can be more than one love in a woman's life—and none needs to rob the other loves of any intensity. There is a place for a new love just as there is a place in a mother's heart for a new child. And the new one takes no affection from the others. And I was aware of something else. I wanted Ralph to come back into my life. I wanted his sure, strong love.

"You see, Margie," I said thoughtfully, "Ralph doesn't know whether he loves me or not. He loves the girl whom I've pretended to be—not the girl I am."

"He'd be a wonderful father for little Frankie," Margie said, looking down at the baby. "Growing up without a dad is a handicap."

Tears of self-pity pushed into my eyes for the first time in four days. "Maybe Ralph wouldn't want me if he knew about the baby—maybe he wouldn't want another man's child."

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Ryan says.

"The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"
You don’t know that until you tell him about the baby,” Margie said. “Oh, Margie, I can’t do that,” I said with horror. “I’ve made him happy—I can’t make him unhappy with the truth. Why, he likes me the way I used to be.”

“If you looked then the way you do tonight, I can’t blame him,” Margie said, as she looked at me standing in the doorway. “You’d better run, darling—you’ll be late.”

I kissed the baby and hurried down to meet Ralph in front of the Pickering Building where he thought I worked.

I saw him before he saw me, saw him searching for me in the crowd. And when he found my face, he came toward me quickly the way a man does who is anticipating pleasure with the woman he loves. I watched him, and knew that I could not burden him with my tragedy. He looked years younger than he had the day he stepped from the train. I could not deepen those tragic lines in his face. And then, even as I thought of him, I thought of myself. If I told him now, I was gambling our affection away. I might lose him—and I wanted his friendship. I needed him even more than he needed me.

“After dinner that night we went back to the apartment. We sat in the lamplit room listening to soft music on the radio, content to say little, happy in just being together. Suddenly I felt that I had to confide in Ralph—that I had to tell him about the baby. But I was afraid that I could not bear his disappointment at learning that I had loved another man completely.

Once or twice during the time we were together that night, I thought Ralph was going to speak of the future—his future and mine. But he didn’t say anything until he was leaving—until he was standing in the doorway saying goodbye. He kissed me very gently, first on the forehead, and then on the mouth.

“Goodbye, little Francie,” he said. “Thanks for putting up with me.” And then, he said a surprising thing. “I’ve wanted to ask you to marry me—but —well—I can’t be sure what the war has done to me—how much I’ve changed in every way.”

I wanted to say, “But, Ralph, the war has changed me, too. I’m not the same girl you used to know.”

“But he was still talking.

“And you’re so—so honest, that I couldn’t pretend not to have been affected by the—things I saw—the things I knew over there.”

I was too much of a coward to tell him then that I had been pretending—that I wasn’t as honest as he thought I was.

There were tears in my eyes when he went away. Tears that came from the sadness of parting and tears of admiration and respect, which might so easily become the glad tears of love.

I wiped my eyes hastily and went into Margie’s apartment for the baby. After I had wheeled the bassinet back in my own apartment, I stood for a while just looking down at the baby, remembering what Margie had said about different kinds of love. And remembering, and knowing that all she had said was true. And then, very suddenly, in that way of seeming to have been pretending to be awake all the time that babies have, Frankie woke up. He chuckled and gurgled happily at seeing me and held (Continued on page 74)
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out his fat little fists in invitation. My heart swelled with love for him, and with another emotion which at last I could put a name to: a real sorrow that somehow, with Ralph, I had let another love, a dear tenderness that might have meant a shining new world for me, slip through my fingers. I caught the baby to me, and I think I was laughing and crying at once when I heard a sound behind me.

I turned swiftly. There, close by the head of the crib, stood Ralph. He was smiling—a small, questioning, puzzled half smile. And what he said was, "So this is your so near."

I slid the baby back under the covers, and stood up quickly. "Ralph!—" His name seemed to be the only thing I could say. He took my hand and led me across the room to the davenport, "Sit down here beside me, Francie," he said gently, "and tell me all about it. I've known, ever since I came home, that there was something behind your laughter and your guiltiness—something sober and withheld. You didn't seem to want to tell me, but after I left to-night I knew that I couldn't go without knowing, and without offering myself, however poor a substitute, to fill the emptiness I knew was in your heart. So will you tell me about it, Francie?"

Strangely, it was easy to tell. Not at first—not as I started—because for so long I had been keeping my memories inside, buried deep, treasuring them as a miser does his gold, that it was almost painful trying to bring them into the light. But with Ralph's direct, steady eyes looking into mine, and his warm, strong hand closed around mine, it became easier and easier. And strangely, as I talked, I realized for the first time that my memories were happy things. I could bring them out and face them, and I discovered that sharing them with Ralph could in itself be a queer, tender kind of happiness. All of the things I had felt—the little things I had thought that I would never tell anyone—I could tell Ralph. And the telling cleansed my heart of the remnants of bitterness, of feeling cheated, and left behind only the wonderful memory enshrined there. Ralph was kind enough not to ask questions, not to ask me why I had tried to deceive him, why I had kept my secret to myself. Or perhaps it wasn't just kindness, perhaps with his warm understanding, had no need to ask.

He only said, "Now that I know, I feel safer, Francie. Safe enough to ask you to wait for me. You see, I was afraid—I had seen so much and learned so much about living, since I'd left you. That's why..."

"You were afraid that I could never catch up to you, Ralph?"

"No—that I could never go back to you, never be young enough again," he told me gravely. And then he opened his arms to me, and I came into them, not creeping there for shelter, but going proudly to my love, knowing at last that the world does not stand still—even for grief. Knowing that tonight Ralph would go away, but that he would come back to me. And find me here waiting for him.
Planning to the Point

Continued from page 50

300,000 tons above last year; manpower shortage in sugar cane fields and refineries; limited shipping space for importing sugar, which must remain limited because it is needed for war material.

As to the important reason why ration stamps were cancelled without warning, that had to be done to keep people who had an accumulation of unused points from buying produce to the limit of those points. If that had been permitted, dealers’ stocks might have been so depleted that there would have been nothing left for the consumers who were depending on current stamps to supply their needs.

Figures and statistics and explanations are all very well, and you may say, you’re more than willing to cooperate by buying only at ceiling prices and by never making a purchase of rationed goods except in exchange for ration points—but you’d like a little help in feeding your family interest-

and nutritious meals! Can it be done, in these days of shortages? Yes, it can. It takes more time and more planning than it ever did before, but meals can still be attractive to the eye and palate. You simply have to eliminate the words “I can’t” from your vocabulary entirely, and use “I’ll substitute” instead. Scour the cookbooks and the magazines for new ways to prepare fish and eggs and the few remaining unrationed meats.

I have worked out a week’s menus by which a family of four can be fed well—on the points now available. On the assumption that many of you prepare lunch boxes for noontime meals, I have indicated sandwiches for lunch; make them with whole grain bread for added nutrition. Add more eggs for breakfast for those whose work requires extra energy, and save time and energy for yourself by preparing enough dinnertime dessert to be served at lunch the following day.

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**Breakfast**

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<td><strong>Sunday</strong></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corn muffins, marmalade</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked eggs—beverage (the ideal beverage for all children’s meals in milk)</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Monday</strong></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tangerines</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coffee cakes with top milk toast—soft-cooked egg beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Tuesday</strong></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<tr>
<td>Orange juice</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oatmeal with top milk toast—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Wednesday</strong></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Puffed cereal with top milk scrambled eggs—toast beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Thursday</strong></td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange juice</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooked wheat cereal—top milk toast—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Friday</strong></td>
<td>6</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grapefruit</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bran flakes with top milk French toast—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Saturday</strong></td>
<td>7</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tangerines</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pancakes with maple syrup—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Dinner**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Dinner</th>
<th>Supper</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roast loin of pork or boiled beef with horse radish sauce mashed potatoes (sweet or white) — cauliflower</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Escarole salad—apples</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lunch</strong></td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato soup</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peanut butter sandwiches gelatin dessert beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dinner</strong></td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato juice</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream cheese sandwiches —gingerbread—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Supper</strong></td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomato juice</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chopped egg and green pepper sandwiches —baked apple—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb (or veal) pie (use leftover roast from Thursday’s dinner) —tossed green salad —gingerbread—beverage</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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If you need a larger roast for Sunday, plan to serve patties made of ground pork liver, point free, in place of rationed beef liver, to gain 4 points.

---

**For the One I Love**

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*Trade Mark Registered.*

---

**Assessment:**

If you need a larger roast for Sunday, plan to serve patties made of ground pork liver, point free, in place of rationed beef liver, to gain 4 points.
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...with all its natural blushing charm!

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If the skin (even of young girls) doesn't constantly "flake off" those dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells—your complexion often appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured and lifeless.

This "flaking off" process is practically invisible but it takes place as any skin specialist will tell you.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is so helpful in hastening this process along—why it's one of the quickest and most effective ways to reveal this underskin with all its naturally clear, blushing freshness.

The Simple Easy Treatment

Just spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and relax. Feel how refreshing its tightening, stimulating effect is on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes. Now look in your mirror—

Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so alive looking. The mild rubefacient or "blushing" action of Hopper's Clay Pack helps give your skin a thrilling glow—a bewitching rosy charm and fascination which should captivate the most "hard-to-impress" heman.

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Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK

Surrender

Continued from page 23

ground against which to present myself to the handsomer, more attractive men I'd already seen here.

"Yes, I'm number seventeen—Shelley Drake," I said, getting to my feet, smiling up at him from long habit of being charming to men.

He grinned at me. "I've taken out luck before, and not minded," he told me. "But you look to me like a girl who's always had things her way, so perhaps you won't like this as much as I will."

There! He, the first of the guests here I'd spoken to, had, without question, taken me for the kind of person accustomed to places like Stonewall Inn, to fun and resort life and all the things I'd read about. I warmed to him.

"Don't worry about me," I smiled. "I'll have fun—I always do."

He nodded. "I suspect you do, Shelley Drake. Well, how shall we spend our time tonight together?"

Somehow his manner was more amused than flattering, and that annoyed me a little. After all, he might have drawn a fright, or a grandmother there—there were plenty of both around. Every other man who had stopped to compare cards with me had had eagerness in his eyes and then regret, when our numbers didn't tally.

"I'd better tell you my name—I'm Mike Torrey. And would you like something to drink?"

He gave me, somehow, a feeling as if he were a small boy who had been sent to a party and given strict instructions by his mother to behave like a little gentleman. I opened my lips to say that I didn't drink. My dress had been made for dancing, and I wanted to stay in the ballroom and whirl about the floor—to see and to be seen. But at that moment, Mike Torrey smiled. That was a little-boy too—a little boy who's awfully afraid people aren't going to like him. To my amazement I heard myself saying, "I'd love some lemonade."

Over his beer and my lemonade, Mike and I got acquainted. He told me about his work with planes and engines—"I'm not an engineer, understand. No degrees, or anything like that. I'm just a worker." And I took my first opportunity to try out my story about wanting to get away for a while, and be quiet, and not see my friends.

After a while I suggested that we dance, but Mike shook his head. "I can't," he confessed. "Not a single step. Never had time to learn. I guess I'm not much help to a girl who wants to have a good time." There was no apology in his tone, but I thought there was a hint of ruefulness as he added, "As you can probably see. I knew I'd be a disappointment to you the moment I saw you. You belong in a place like this. I can't help by accident, through a friend." His eyes narrowed teasingly. "But buckle up, Shelley. Your ordeal will be over by midnight."

A perverse mischief stirred in me, a desire to shake the amusement out of this man's eyes, to stir in him some feeling for me other than his obvious one of being interested in an attractive child.

"It's not so very long until mid-
night." I reminded him. "And there's a moon outside. Looking at the moon with a pretty girl doesn't require any previous training or talent."

I had a disturbed feeling, for a moment, that Mike was seeing right through me. Then he smiled faintly, and rose, his eyes resting briefly on my bare throat and arms. "I'll wait while you get your wrap," was all he said.

The back porch of the Inn, looking out over the golf course and the lake beyond, was deserted. We stood at the railing, gazing into the star-studded blackness. I felt as if I had never known before exactly how wonderful, how breathtaking the beauty of the night could be—and that was strange, because I was sharing it with a man who meant nothing to me.

That moment of loveliness was broken by Mike's voice, sounding a little wistful—or was that only my imagination?

"I know what is expected of me, now, Shelley," he whispered, "only I'm afraid I'm not much good at it."

"Good at what, Mike?"

"At this—flirting, and kissing pretty girls in the darkness under the stars. That's supposed to be my next move, isn't it? I guess I don't know how to play, Shelley, that's all."

Something outside my own olion moved me closer to him. "Would you like to know how, Mike? No matter how hard a man works, he ought to play sometimes, too. I could teach you."

My voice sounded strangely warm, persuasive, in my own ears. I felt as if Mike and I had been suddenly marooned, quite alone, in a new, dark, intimate universe. Then I shook myself impatiently—what was the matter with me, anyway?

Mike's low, rich laugh sounded close to my ear. "I'll bet you could teach me how to play at that, Shelley—you look as if you'd devoted your life to nothing else. But there isn't time—it's very close to midnight, and our evening together is nearly over."

Suddenly I sensed the incredibly powerful masculinity housed in Mike's compact body. He might be unglamorous, but he was more man than anyone I had ever known. Not what I wanted for always, at all, but an impelling challenge for now. Almost like a battle to be fought and won—or lost.

"It doesn't have to end at midnight," I said softly, turning to face him. "Would you like to learn how to play, Mike? Give me just one week, and I'll teach you—I'll guarantee to teach you how to enjoy life. I'm not your kind of woman—you're not my kind of man. We'd have nothing to hamper us—no need to ask about pasts or dream of futures. Just a week out of each of our lives."

I knew, without being able to see, that he was shaking his head slowly. "It would be something to remember," he said at last, "but we could get too involved. We might remember too well. It might hurt."

I laughed. "I won't let us get too involved. Don't worry about that, Mike."

"I don't—"

"Afraid, Mike?"

He laughed with me then. "No one says that to Mike Torrey and gets away with it, Shelley. All right—it's a bargain. Seven of my days belong to you, and seven of yours to me, and after that it's all over, and no questions..."
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asked. Is it a bargain, Shelley?"

I held out my hand in the darkness.

"It's a bargain." But he didn't see it, or perhaps he purposely ignored it, as he moved closer to me.

He's going to kiss me, I thought. Now he's going to kiss me.

But he didn't. He only closed his hands, hard, on my shoulders for a moment, and then turned and walked into the Inn, leaving me to follow him.

That night, as I pulled my lovely pink dress off over my head—the dress that I had meant to be seen in, and which had barely been seen at all—I called myself all sorts of a fool. What had I been thinking of, to make such a bargain with Mike—to give up to him half of my precious, longed-for vacation? A man like Mike, ordinary as a man can be. He had none of Howard's looks or smoothness; he couldn't be compared to some of the other men—officers, some of them—that I'd seen in the ballroom. You must be crazy, Shelley, I told myself. You must have lost your mind.

It was the night, and the stars, and the magic! Two weeks is such a short time in which to find your happiness and now you're planning to throw one of those precious weeks away, waste it on a man who means nothing to you, and never could!

I woke the next morning with a firm determination to call off the bargain with Mike at breakfast—were to meet on the terrace at nine. I dressed and went down to find him waiting for me, looking freshly-scrubbed and eager, and once again like a small boy on his best behavior.

We ordered breakfast, and I looked around the room. Shorn of the splendor of evening clothes, and under the less meretricious light of the sun, the other men in the room did not look nearly as attractive to me, somehow, as they had last night. There was the Army Captain I had admired, for instance—he looked quite grim and forbidding, and beside him was a girl who was obviously his teen-aged daughter! And the tall, very blond man who had said something most gallant when he found that his number, last night, did not match mine—this morning he looked a little too smooth, too obviously, studiedly charming . . . I turned back to Mike, and smiled at him. His answering grin made me feel suddenly warm and very much alive. Somehow I forgot all about telling him that our bargain was off.

I don't know when it happened. Perhaps it was that very morning, at breakfast. Or that night, when we drifted across the path the moon made on the lake, Mike's paddle sending the canoe daintily down that silvery ribbon of light. Or the next morning, when we walked miles over the hills, or the afternoon, when, kept inside by a shower, we played childish games with other guests in the lounge. Or perhaps it was the evening of that day—another star-hung night of black magic—when first Mike kissed me.

But somehow, sometime during that week in which Mike's time was mine, and mine his, I fell in love.

Yes, I think it was when he kissed me—laughingly, playfully at first, saying, "See how I'm learning? I know what to do with a girl under the stars, now!"—and then, with his laughter stifled by the first meeting of lips, kissing me again and again, with a compelling, demanding eagerness.
I lay still against his shoulder, spent and shaken and a little shocked. Not because Mike had kissed me, but because of the moving answer to his kisses that I felt rising like a tide to overwhelm me, making me repeat his name, softly, wondrously, in the tone which only lovers use—the tone which had never been in my voice before.

His voice crossed mine sharply, erasing the little words as if they'd never been. "Shelley—I'm sorry. Shouldn't have done that, I guess. I forgot for a moment that we were playing a game."

Once again he turned and strode swiftly away from me, but this time, when I followed, he was not waiting in the safety of the magic-dispelling light inside. I made my way, frightened and troubled, to my room.

This wasn't the way I'd wanted love to come to me. My love was to have been handsome, and romantic, like—why, like Howard! I knew, at last, that love was not a dream, but a reality, something which you did not choose, but something which was thrust, full-born, upon you. Love might look like Howard, but oh, love felt like Mike, and that, from that very moment on, was all I wanted in the whole wide world.

When I tell Howard the way things are, he'll be glad for me and understand, I told myself as I drifted off to sleep. I drew an imaginary circle about me, and brushed outside its margin as unworthy and time-wasting everything and anything in the world that didn't concern Mike and me. I was in love, at last, and Mike was my world.

There was just one factor I didn't count on. Mike, himself.

His phone called wakened me early in the morning.

"SHELLEY, can you come down and have breakfast with me right away? I—I want to talk to you."

"Of course I can, Mike—give me ten minutes to shower and get dressed. I'll meet you on the terrace." I almost sang the words. Why, it was only seven in the morning—here, except for those who were going to ride or play golf, no one had breakfast until nine, or later. Obviously, his thoughts all night had been of me, as mine had been of him. He couldn't wait—he had to see me.

Couldn't wait... had to see me... going to tell me that he loves me! My heart made a tune of it as I flew into my clothes, cried hurry, hurry, hurry! to the slowness of the elevator.

This morning Mike, waiting at our accustomed table, didn't look quite so bright, quite so neat, quite so gaily ready for what the day might bring as he had on other mornings. He stood up, pulled out my chair, and then, without sitting down, he blurted, "Shelley, I'm leaving on the nine o'clock. I've got to get back to town. Something—something's come up."

"But Mike—Mike, you can't! What about—" "What about our play-for-a-week bargain, Shelley? I'll have to call it off. And besides—I think I've learned as much as it's safe for me to know about having fun, Shelley. I'm just not that kind of person. Simple things, and working hard are what I was meant for, and those are the things I really love. You'll have to understand that."

He sat down then, and there was silence, like a wall, between us.

"I—I guess I don't want any breakfast, after all," he said, at last. "I hate Be Lovely to Love

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goodbyes, so let’s not even say the word, Shelley. I’ll be going now.”
I put out my hand, caught his arm to stay him.
“Mike—last night I thought—”
He smiled. “Last night? That was—
last night, Shelley. All over and done
with Mike. Tonight’s another night, and
maybe you’ll find yourself a good-
looking dancing partner, now that I’ll
be out of your way.”
I couldn’t bear it any longer. I had
to say it. “Mike—Mike, I love you.
You can’t just go away!” It was only
a whisper, but he heard it.
And he laughed at me. “Shelley!
Oh, Shelley, I’ll wager you’ve said that
a hundred different times to as many
men!”
“That not true!”
He sobered. “Tell me something.
Shelley. I know that we decided not
to tell each other about pasts, or dream
of futures. Remember? But I want
to know this—isn’t there a man at
home, someone who thinks you love
him? There’s always a man waiting
for a girl like you. Tell me, Shelley—
and don’t lie to me.”
And I couldn’t lie to him. Nor could
I look at him, as I said, “I—I’m engaged
to a man named Howard Simms, Mike.
But—but it doesn’t mean anything. I
never loved him! I—”

THE old amusement was back in
Mike’s eyes as he stood up to go. He
leaned forward swiftly, and patted my
cheek—a gesture one might make
toward a pretty child one saw along
the street. “You’re engaged to him,
but it doesn’t mean anything. You
never loved him, eh, Shelley? Oh,
child—even you must be able to see
why I don’t want to play your game of
make-believe any more. I want to get
back to my job. You’ll forget me so
easily, and I—I’ll forget you, too. I
must have been crazy for a minute on
the porch last night—I thought I was
falling in love with you. Why, I could
no more fall in love with you than I
could with my own little daughter. In
some ways, you’re more of a child than
she is, Shelley.”
One word stood out of all that.
“Daughter, Mike?”
“I have three children, Shelley. Their
mother died when they were little, and
I’ve been busy being both mother and
father ever since. So you can see why
I haven’t had much time to play.”
I stared at him, incredulous. Some-
how I had never thought of Mike as
having any ties at all—Mike, big and
fresh and gay, free as the wind; that’s
the way I’d thought of him, subcon-
sciously. But Mike, surrounded by
children, being a father, wiping noses,
helping with homework—
Mike laughed again. “You don’t like
the idea of that, do you Shelley? Well,
it was your plan—your plan that we
shouldn’t ask about pasts or dream of
futures.” His face softened. “Never
mind, child—you’ll stay on here and
have yourself a good time, and forget
about the whole thing in a week. So
long, Shelley—and good luck!”
He turned then and walked swiftly
out of the dining room, without look-
ing back. After a moment, I felt myself
get to my feet and follow blindly after
him. My brain was numb, and all I
knew was that Mike was gone, and that
everything was wrong . . .
I sat by the window in my room all
that morning, trying to make myself
think. But my head was empty. All
I knew was that I couldn’t possibly stay
had
had
date
say.
I had
to get away. To get home.
That afternoon in the train, the
umbness faded. I knew that I couldn't
just sit, at home, as I had sat this morn-
ing in the Inn. Not for the rest of my
life could I sit, and look out of the win-
dow, and dream of something that
might have been, and never would be.
I suppose it was a defense of some
kind—my mind finding something to
bury itself with, my heart finding anger
to fill the vast emptiness where hap-
niness had been, but I soon found myself
storming at Mike. It was, after all, his
fault. He was a man—a man who was
supposed to know and understand the
world! He must have realized that our
little game of make-believe wouldn't
work. And why had he kissed me like
that? Why had he kissed me so that
his lips still burned on mine when I
thought of him?
Howard, some small voice inside me
said, wouldn't have done a thing like
that to me. Howard was kindness it-
self, and consideration, and thought-
fulness. Howard was—oh, Howard was
everything but love! Howard, who
was waiting at home now, for my an-
swer. Well, then, I'd give it to him.
Tonight—tonight I'd name, at last, the
day when we'd be married. I'd go
back and bask in Howard's attentions
and flattery and kindness. I'd warm
myself with them, a cloak around me
to shelter me from the bitter memory
of Mike. With Howard, I'd be safe.
Nothing like this would ever happen to me again . . .

I CALLED Howard as soon as I got
back in town. He sounded a little
cold—still angry, I told myself, because
I had gone away. But he'd soon forget
that when I said that I was ready to
marry him. Yes, he told me, he'd be
over right after work. And so I forced
myself to unpack and take a shower, to
fill in the time until he arrived.
When he came in, he kissed me light-
ly and asked, "Have a good time, Shel-
ley?" That wasn't what I wanted at
all—I wanted to be told how much I
had been missed, how much I was
loved. I needed that. But he walked
up and down the room instead, a ciga-
ette unnoticed in his hand, a little
frown drawing his black brows to-
gether.
At last he stopped in front of me.
"Let's not talk about what you did up
there, Shelley, or how you feel now, or
anything like that—let's talk about
something important. Let's talk about
you and me. I've something to say to
you, Shelley!"
Now it was coming. Now he'd ask
me once again to set a date for our
marriage—and I would.
"I should have said this long ago,
Shelley. I guess I just didn't have the
strength of mind. But while you've
been away I've had a chance to think,
unhampered by seeing you every day.
And I've stopped evading in my mind
the knowledge that you don't love me
—and never will. And I can't let this
go on any longer—heaven knows I've
been a puppy dog, following you
around and wagging my tail when you
consented to pat me, long enough. I'm
a man, and it's about time I learned to
act like one, if I'm ever going to . . ."
My lips opened—and closed sound-
lessly. What could I say?
His words took on heat; his eyes
seemed to pin me down. "You've kept
me tied to you because it suited you,
not because you cared. Perhaps some-

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sewing for myself in my free time, and began a sewing class for working girls, instead—girls who can donate perhaps one night a week to making clothes for kids like those in the two blocks I used to avoid while going to work. Months in which I've gone way uptown sometimes and sat in the park and watched three children—Rita, and Mike, and Butch—playing.

But these are all surface things. I could have forced even the old Shelley to do those things, perhaps. The real triumph is in me. The real triumph is that I like to do those things, that I feel they are things not only that I ought to do, but that I want to do because I ought to do them. The real triumph is in turning Shelley Drake from an arrogant, worse-than-useless creature into a woman, with a real woman's attributes of good faith and humbleness and warmth.

There is only one thing more to tell—what happened to me yesterday. Mike came looking for me. He walked into the shop, and straight back to the workrooms.

"Shelley," he said, very softly.

I looked up, and then carefully laid down the doll I was working on, thinking irrelevantly that a few months ago I would have jumped to my feet, sending the fragile thing flying.

SHELLEY," he began again, "—before you say anything, let me say this: I came looking for you because a friend of mine happened to mention that you were working as a nurse's aide at the same hospital as she. And she told me more about you—about the other things you do, and where you live, and that you work here, and about your living by it. And so I had to find you, Shelley, and apologize, and tell you that you must be a thick-headed fool not to have seen through your little game of make-believe, and known what the real you, behind it, was like."

And that was how I knew, in a miraculous, joyful burst of knowing, that he loved me. You see, if he felt that way about me, he must have been thinking of me all this time, trying to excuse me in his mind, trying to convince himself that he had been wrong—if he hadn't, he never would have been convinced by a few off-hand remarks of some friend.

But I had to be honest—I had to have the air between us clear before there could be any thought of love. And so I told him, "No, Mike—you weren't wrong about me. You were so terribly right about me, in everything you said and felt! I was the sort of girl you thought me to be. But I'm not now. I'm different, Mike—please believe that. I'm different!"

He came around the work table slowly, and when I dared to look into his eyes I saw that they were full of the shy, small-boy excitement that had been the first attractive thing I had noticed in him.

Once again I felt his strong, supple fingers lying into my shoulders. There was no magic of a star-strewn night now, but the greater, more compelling force of reality.

"Mike—Mike, I've been so lonely, but I didn't dare—"

He shook his head. "Don't talk about it. What you were doing doesn't matter—what you are shines out of your eyes. Shelley—let's not talk of pasts. That was our past before, wasn't it? But let's scrap the rest of the past—let's go ahead and dream of futures!"

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were shocked when they saw George's car in our driveway the next morning, but their horror turned to delight when we showed them our wedding rings.

"How nice," they said, and trotted off to compete with the Associated Press in getting the story out.

George and I shared our one-day honeymoon with the Charm School, and all the girls' dates, the neighbors, and a round dozen photographers and reporters.

"It doesn't matter," I said once more, when someone remarked that it was too bad we couldn't be alone, "he hasn't even proposed to me yet." (The letter came, by the way, two weeks after George had gone back to camp.)

We're old married folks now—
We celebrated our first wedding anniversary last December by buying a beautiful ranch in Montana where, after the war, we want to spend six months a year, have a family and be just a happiness—just celebrities.

In the meantime, we are grateful for what we have. George is stationed near home now, and we can be together. We have a home of our own. The Charm School was wonderful—but living with four girls can get a little thick for any man, even an angel like George.

The future looks rosy for the Montgomerys—but we aren't rushing it. The present isn't so bad.

For Now, For Always
Continued from page 19
emerald green of the trim lawn. At one side, where the hill leveled off, were the wire runways and the long, low building for the chickens, a building as well-kept as the house itself. "Cosy," I thought, as I let myself in on the front porch. "Not the sort of place I'd want for myself, of course." Privately, I was a little scornful of the very security and snuggest of it. Security was all very well for old people and invalids—or for ex-invalids, like Bill.

I left my suitcase in the living room and tiptoed toward the kitchen, following the scent of bacon and coffee, intending to surprise Bill. Then, at the kitchen door I stopped short. There was Bill at the kitchen table, an older, masculine replica of myself—and I thought, as I always thought when I saw him again after a separation, how odd it was that we could have the same dark hair, the same blue eyes and pointed chins, and yet look so different. And—there was Bill’s guest.

Joe Henley had prepared me for a guest, but he hadn’t prepared me for this tall, thin stranger with a mop of unruly bright hair and a restless, searching face. Even now, idling over his coffee cup, deep in conversation with Bill, he had a look of unquiet.

I stood staring stupidly at him when Bill looked up and saw me. "Kathy!" he cried, jumping up. "Since when have you started housebreaking?" He came over to give me a hug and a resounding kiss, and then he turned to his friend. "Kathy, this is Deke Elliott. He used to be in school with me. Perhaps you’ve heard me talk of him—"

I SHOOK hands with Deke, smiling up at him, thinking that although I didn’t remember Bill’s mentioning him, he was somehow familiar. I had seen him sometime, somewhere. . . And then, because for some reason I couldn’t think of a word to say to him, I turned to Bill. "Since when have you been too busy talking to take a look at you?"

Bill grinned. "Gossip, Kathy. We were going over a certain Miss McWinters—"

"You haven’t! Bill, you ought to be ashamed!"

"Why?" he asked in surprise. "Have you heard about it?"

"Yes, I have, from old Joe Henley. And I’m surprised that you’re no better than he is! What business is it of yours to tear that girl to pieces?"

Deke was grinning, and Bill said indignantly, "See here. Kathy, no one’s tearing anyone to pieces. Janie’s always more or less asked to be talked about. She’s certainly not discreet—"

"Perhaps she’s being honest."

"Honest!"

"I mean it," I insisted. "Everyone has to live according to his own nature and his own conscience, Bill!" I was aware that Deke was looking from one to the other of us with lively appreciation, and I sensed that his sympathies were with me. His unspoken support made me all the more positive. "If a person does what is right for him, even if his idea of right is different from everyone else’s, I don’t see that it’s your privilege to say he’s wrong. As long as he doesn’t hurt others—"

Bill moaned. "My little sister," he said to Deke, "likes to kid herself that the world is as she wants it, not as it is. She has a lot of advanced theories—and not the slightest idea of what she’s talking about. It comes of reading the wrong books and keeping her nose to the grindstone." He snorted and stood up. "I’m going out to my chickens. They make better sense. Coming, Deke?"
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Deke chuckled; then he said seriously, "I don't think that's his real point, Kathy. From the way he's talked to me, he's very proud of you—and very grateful. I think he feels that it's his turn to take care of you for a while."

"I know he does. But the point is, I don't need taking care of. Besides, I've been independent for so long that I couldn't change now."

He threw back his head and laughed long and heartily. "Kathy, you're wonderful! You're not as old as all that, and you just wait until the right man comes along—you'll change fast enough!"
work he was interested in, the work that would be right for him. I thought him more wonderful than before, and I was so happy that I had met him and that we were going to be together—indeedly, it seemed then—that I couldn’t think coherently. I gave a little fluttering laugh and said, "You're not having much of a vacation, cleaning chick feeders."

Oh, but I am. My mother has a summer place a few miles down the lake, where there’s no work at all to be done. But I like this much better. I am very glad I came."

SOMETHING in the way he said the last words made me look up at him, and then my heart failed utterly. Because the expression in his eyes matched mine exactly—and my eyes were telling him that he was the only person who mattered in all the world.

I knew then that Deke would love me. Knew it in spite of what happened immediately afterward, in spite of all of the days that followed in which it seemed that the look that passed between us that morning, and the silent admission and the wonder and the longing, must have been a dream. A bird chirped insistently in the trees above us; a breeze, sweet with the soft compulsion of spring, moved across the grass, and Deke and I swayed together; in a moment I would know the tender circle of his arms, the touch of his hands, his lips.

And then Deke drew away. Oh, rather, he leaned forward and flicked a bit of leaf from my shoulder—but it was the same as if he’d drawn away.

And the light little smile he gave me was a withdrawal, too. "You’re catching things," he observed, and I stood up hastily, brushing at my skirt as if neatness were suddenly all-important. "I know," I said, "I'm going back to the house."

I ran back to the house, ran on shaking legs, carrying a weight of humiliation that was nothing compared to the sick dismay that filled me. Not until I was inside, way inside, in the cool dimness of the little living-room, did I stop and sit down and try to sort my tumbled thoughts. Deke had wanted to kiss me, not casually, but in a way that would have completed the silent admission of his eyes. But he hadn’t, and I didn’t know why. It wasn’t because we had met so short a time ago or because Bill had been working close by. In that magical moment neither Bill nor anything else but me had mattered to Deke. And he had known that I wanted him to kiss me.

My face flamed at the thought of how much I’d wanted his kiss, how openly I’d waited for it, and then a defensive anger swept away my shame. It wouldn’t happen again, I promised myself. He wouldn’t see the invitation in my eyes again, wouldn’t see my heart laid open like a book for him to read. A little later, when Bill came in, I had a homely and serviceable apron tied around my playsuit, and I was busy getting lunch. He gave me a sidelong look and asked casually, "How do you like Deke?"

I replied as casually, "Very much." "I thought you would, and I’m glad you two hit it off. Of all the fellows I knew at school, Deke is the one whose friendship I value most. He was very popular with girls, too—not that it ever did any of them any good."

"What on earth do you mean—never?" Bill grinned. "I never knew him to take the same girl out twice. The other fellows had their crushes and their heartaches, but not Deke. He was the man of the world the rest of us would have liked to be."

I couldn’t help feeling a little twinge of satisfaction at hearing that Deke had never cared a great deal for a girl. Then I made myself think harshly, "He’s spoiled. He’s afraid I’ll make a fuss over him, as other girls did. That’s why he acted as he did this morning. Well, he’ll see." Aloud I said lightly, "Are you trying to warn me against falling in love with him, Bill?"

Bill laughed. "Maybe I was, but I guess it isn’t necessary. I might have known you wouldn’t get all soft and sentimental. But I do want you to be friends."

"We will," I promised.

AND that’s what Deke and I were in the days that followed—good friends and good company. We went fishing, and we drove into town to deliver eggs and to pick up supplies, and we worked in the vegetable garden—and there was never a word or a glance between us that Bill could have called soft or sentimental. We joked, the great deal, and we laughed a lot, and we talked about everything under the sun including ourselves, but never of ourselves in relation to each other. Once or twice Bill suggested that Deke take me into town for a movie or dance, but somehow we never got around to it. Invariably, at the dinner table, the three of us would get into a spirited argument that would last so far into the evening that there was time only for a game of checkers or a rubber of three-handed bridge before we went to
bed. Bill was with us most of the time, and in the hours when Deke and I were alone together, out on the lake or digging in the garden, we were absorbed in the work at hand, with the companionable indifference to each other of two small boys at play.

Or so our relationship appeared on the surface. On the surface it flowed as smoothly and as brightly as a little stream in the sunlight; underneath was a deeper, stronger current that drew us inexorably together. We were both aware of it, and we both tried to ignore it.

At first, I believed that I only imagined that Deke's thoughts were upon me as intensely as mine were upon him. Then as the days went by, I was sure. In the late afternoons on the lake, when the water had stillled to dark glass in the sunset, Deke's reflection would be mirror-clear in the water, and I could see that he was watching not the bobber on his line, but me. His head turned after me whenever I left the room; in the most casual conversation he kept Bill from interrupting me, as if every word I said were important.

They were little indications, but unmistakable, and at each one my heart would skip a beat, and my mind would race ahead, measuring the time left to me. There were seven days left of my vacation, then six, and five, and four, and I told myself desperately that surely Deke would not let me go back to town without as much as a word about seeing me again, that something must happen to destroy the shell of indifference each of us had built up against the other.

In the end it was Bill who did it, unintentionally and indirectly. On the second Friday of my vacation, he came stamping into the house shortly after noon. "Where's Deke?" he demanded.

"Out fishing," I replied.

"I might have known," he said glumly. "Just when I need him. Kathy, do you suppose you could give the chickens their four-o'clock feed today?" One of the Wyandotte hens is sick, and I'd like to take her over to the Farm College at Huntington to have them check up on her. It looks like group to me, but I can't be sure, and it may be something contagious."

I hardly heard what else he said; I was absorbed in the thought of Deke and me alone together, with the whole evening stretching before us. "What time will you be back?" I asked.

"It depends upon who is in attendance at the laboratory. If it's someone who knows me and my birds, I'll be back late tonight. Otherwise, it may not be until early tomorrow. But I'll surely be here for the morning feeding."

I had to smile at that. Bill's whole life was regulated by the needs of his flock. It was a privilege for me to be allowed to feed them, even once, without his supervision.

Deke commented upon it when he came in from the lake that afternoon. "I might have known it would take a sick hen to get him away from the place," he said. "Maybe you and I will get to that dance after all, Kathy."

I nodded, but I didn't care whether we went to the dance or not. The dinner table was set for two, with a spray of lilac making a glowing purple contrast to the yellow linen cloth. The sun, dipping westward over the lake, slanted in through the front windows, pouring liquid gold into the plain little living room. All around us was the peace and the stillness of the country at evening, and I forgot that I'd once been a little scornful of the cosiness and the quiet of Bill's house. Like this, with Deke, I would have been willing to stay there forever.

Deke seemed to be as content as I was. We talked very little during dinner, but there was no strain in our silence; rather, it was the silence of persons who know each other well and who are so at ease with each other that there is no need for speech. Afterward Deke helped me with the dishes, and then I sent him into the livingroom while I tidied up the kitchen. When I joined him, he was already comfortably stretched out in the deep chair beside the radio, his feet on the ottoman. He sat up in almost comical haste as I entered. "Ready to go out?" he asked.

I waved him back. "Do you really want to go?"

No," he said with relief. "Only I thought you might. How about checkers?"

Agreeably I sat down opposite him. Just then I had no more interest in checkers than I had in dancing, but at least we weren't in a crowd; we were alone in the quiet evening, and the moment must inevitably come when the board would be forgotten and we would begin to talk, to discover each other.

But the moment didn't come. As with everything else Deke and I did together, we became interested in the checkers. One game led to the next, with each of us trying to beat the other conclusively, until, at the end of a
A genuine diamond Bridal Solitaire ring with a genuine diamond wedding ring to match, set in 14 Kt. or 10 Kt. yellow gold — both rings for only 99c.


"I'm not," I protested, trying to swallow my dimmies. The evening couldn't be over—not yet. But Deke wouldn't listen to me. Insisting that he'd keep me up too late, he went out for a final round of the chicken yard. There was nothing for me to do but go to bed. I went to sleep dreaming of the first day I'd met Deke, when we had looked at each other with our defenses down. It was the only way I had of going to sleep these days.

Later, hours later it seemed, I was awakened suddenly by a sound. I thought I was listening, thinking that Bill must have come home, but everything was quiet, and then I realized what had roused me. It was the moonlight. Not the moon itself, but the moonlight. It was diffused, like sunlight, so that every object in my room was revealed in clear, unreal whiteness. The whole world seemed hushed at the glory of it; not a bird called, not an insect chirped; not a fish jumped; there was movement only in the leaves of the tree outside my window, and they beckoned like gypsy fingers.

It was impossible to sleep. I put on a play suit and slippers and went quietly through the house, and then as if by a magnet to the white world outside I opened the front door and stepped out on the porch—and saw Deke sitting in the swing.

"Can't you sleep, either, Kathy?" he asked.

MY voice trembled. I don't know why; it seemed perfectly natural that he should be up. "No," I said. "The moon—"

"I know. It's unearthly. You could drown in it." The swing creaked as he shifted.

I took the place beside him—and then I knew that I couldn't drown in the moonlight. Drowning is a slow, stifling process—impossible, surely, when your every nerve is alert and tingling. We sat without speaking, our shoulders barely touching, and in the silence my heart began to pound so loudly that I thought they would hear it. Then, with his eyes on the silver splendor of the lake he said, "It makes you wish you could think thoughts big enough to match it, doesn't it?"

I couldn't answer. He had expressed so exactly what I was feeling that I could only look at him in a kind of dumb wonder. Our eyes met; then he said, "Kathy—" and his arms closed around me, and all reason, all consciousness, the last of the radiance from my eyes. When he put me from him, my lips were brushed from his kisses, and my whole being seemed to have dissolved into waves of tumultuous, exquisite happiness. "Kathy," he murmured, "Kathy, darling—I didn't want to fall in love with you."

I nestled my head on his shoulder—without a little laugh of utter joy. "I know it," I said. What did it matter now? He hadn't wanted to fall in love with me, but he had. The miracle had happened, and my heart need never, never again go empty.

His hands tightened on my arms, and he held me, not closer, but a little away from him. "Kathy," he repeated and I thought you understood. He didn't want to fall in love with you. I—I wish I'd never met you. You see, Kathy, I can't marry you."

sat very still. It took a moment for...
his words to reach me, and then they came with a shock—but without surprise. You knew it, a voice within me said. You knew that something like this was coming. You knew from that first day when Deke looked at you with his heart in his eyes—and then turned away. Perhaps you knew before you ever met him. You've never had anything you really wanted. How could you expect to have Deke?

**HIS** voice was pleading. “Try to understand, darling. I know that what I'm going to say may sound crazy to anyone who's never lived as I have—but I just can't believe in marriage. My mother and father loved each other as much as two people possibly could, and their whole life together was a failure. They quarreled all the time; they separated and came back together again; they said things that you wouldn't believe one human being could say to another, and all the love and happiness they started out with became ugliness and bitterness and hatred. Oh, Kathy. I can't tell you what it was like, but that's why I ran away from home so often and why I was actually relieved—relieved, Kathy—when my father died and left my mother free. I can't recall twenty years of that with words, or explain why I feel as I do about marriage—”

I shook my head, as if to say that he didn't have to explain. I knew the arguments his reason must have set up against his conviction, and I knew how reason must have failed in the face of intensely personal experience. I wasn't going to present him with the obvious arguments now. I wasn't going to say that one failure couldn't condemn all marriages, and that his father and mother might be different from Deke and me. Deke himself must have gone over these thoughts a hundred times, and found them lacking.

I wanted to cry. My eyes smarted, and I ached with tenderness and pity for Deke—and with pity for myself. I wanted to say something comforting and understanding, but all I could do was to gather him close in my arms, and stroke his hair, and brush my lips against his forehead. He rested against me briefly; then he straightened.

“Don't darling,” he said tightly. “Don't you see that it isn't fair—not to me, and most of all, not to you. I love you so much, and want you so much—”

“You have me.” The words came of their own volition, and they were the flat, honest truth. I belonged to him wholly. Never again would I be a complete person without him.

He said nothing. He only looked at me, and in his eyes was the brilliant, searching expression I'd seen when I first met him. “Kathy,” he said finally, “did you mean what you said that first day you came here—about a person acting according to his own conscience, regardless of what the world thought?”

I nodded stiffly. My throat was tight. I knew then what lay ahead for us—and I couldn't turn back. There was a bleak, sick feeling inside me, and the judicial voice was saying, This is your lot, Kathy Carter. Substitutes. Makeshifts. You'll never have a whole life with the man you love; you'll take a half-one, or none at all.

“And did you mean what you said about a man's meaning more than a home and security to a woman? They're important, Kathy; they mean a great deal to most women. How can you be sure?”

I'd found my voice now. I put my hand over his. “I am sure,” I said quietly. “I'm not a child, Deke. I've always provided my own security. I'm used to taking care of myself. And, Deke—without you, there's no meaning in anything.”

He was convinced. I saw it by the light in his eyes, by the gentle, reverent kiss he pressed upon my lips. “I'll be your husband, dearest,” he promised. “I’ll love you and cherish you... Kathy—” He drew me to my feet, down the porch steps to the breathless whiteness of the world outside. “Will you marry me here, darling, before God, under His sky? There's moonlight for your wedding gown, beloved, and the bright arch of heaven for our altar. The breeze will be our benediction, and that silver path across the lake is the road we'll travel together—”

**AND then, suddenly, everything was all right. The judicial voice inside me was stilled; the bleak, sick feeling was gone, and in its place was rapture.** Why—this was no compromise, no substitute for what I wanted; this was what I'd wanted all my life! This was the adventure I'd dreamed of, the beautiful recklessness, the bold traveling of strange ways. There'd be no humdrum routine for a girl whose wedding gown was moonlight and whose bridal altar was the bright arch of heaven.

That was our wedding. I repeated after Deke, "I, Kathy, take thee, Deke, to be my wedded husband...” And then, when we had exchanged our vows, he held me close and whispered, "Before God, Kathy, I'm your husband, for as long as we want it that way. It's better like this, isn't it, dearest? We'll be together because we want to..."
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 fallback into the world not be together for as long as we are happy with each other, and not because a law says we must. This way, we know that all the wonder of beauty and love cannot be spoiled, because we will stay together as long as we have. And if there ever comes a time when I think not, we can go on our own ways, and not be held together in bitterness. Oh, believe me, darling, it’s better this way.

Suddenly he swept me into his arms and carried me lightly across to the car. I felt like a bride, carried over the threshold of a new and wonderful life, more excited, more sure of joy than any pride who is carried over the threshold of her own home.

Deke put me into the front seat of the car and turned to sit beside me. Then, "You only be a moment, honey," he said, and turned and went swiftly back to the house. In a moment he was back, starting the car, turning it out through the gate, down the road along the lake.

"I left a note for Bill," he explained. "I said I’d been called back to town, and that you decided to ride with me." "Oh, Deke—are we going?"

He was silent for a moment.

"I—I don’t know—yes, I do, Kathy. Mother’s cottage—it’s been opened, but she isn’t down yet. We’ll go there." I felt, momentarily, as if a cold wind had blown swiftly across the warmth of my happiness. "Deke—should we?" He squeezed my hand. "It’s all right, darling. Of course it is—what better place to go?"

The happiness flowed back as I returned the pressure of his hand—but it had a gliby complete abandon that it had had before. Deke had told Bill we were going back to the city. That was the first lie. There would be others. Or better this. Now, it didn’t matter. But somehow, back in the part of my mind that was still functioning normally, in the corner of my heart that had not yet been touched by the wonder of loving Deke, I knew that it would—later, someday, sometime.

I kept watching for the headlights of Bill’s truck, thinking that if he were to meet us he would surely recognize Deke’s car. Not until we had gone through Appleton and had turned back to Deke and me. Then, I told myself that I was happy, that I was going to be happy, that I was going to be happy all the rest of my life. There would be more drives like this with Deke holding my hand, my head on his shoulder—more highways that would lead us to the heaven of each other’s arms, to the completion and affirmation of our love. And what we were doing was right. It was right for us, right in our own eyes, in our own thoughts. That was all that mattered. We turned back, and finally, under a canopy of tall old trees. Deke stopped the car under a rough wooden portico and came round to help me out. "I’ll leave the car here," he said. "It’ll be all right for tonight." And then he was opening a door and with his arm around me, guiding, I was stepping into darkness. There was the smell of closed rooms in my nostrils. I was in a stranger’s house—Deke’s mother’s house.

"Deke—where is your mother coming out?" I asked.

"The first of the week—perhaps Monday. But don’t worry, sweet. We’ll be out of here by then. Wait. I’ll find a light—"

I blinked at the brightness that...
stood all bright, this realized swallowed could salon-type began. Then cottage was crossing the chairs. And then it struck me that I wasn’t going to meet her—at least, not right away. I was to be spirited out of here by Monday, and all traces of my having been here would be carefully effaced—because I had no real right to be here. And when I did meet her, it would not be as Deke’s wife.

And that my pride rebelled. All at once everything that was wrong with what we were doing came rushing at me, and I began to remember little things, hateful, shameful little things—Joe Henley’s cackling laugh as he’d talked about Janie McWinters: Bill’s insisting that Janie had invited the talk and the nasty prying and the snickering. I had thought that that sort of thing couldn’t touch me, but I knew now, when I envisioned the same contemptuous pity coming from Deke’s mother, should she learn about us, that it could. I could not bear it...

Deke came into the room, set our bags down, crossed over to me. “Kathy,” he said huskily. His lips brushed mine, settled to a hard and eager searching, and all thought of his mother, and Bill, and Joe Henley was swept away in a flood of passionate tenderness. I could face anything with Deke, for Deke. I was ashamed of having worried over petty humiliations.

“Kathy.” Deke lifted his head. He was smiling faintly, but his eyes were serious and a little frightened. “What’s wrong?”

I looked up at him blankly. “Wrong, Deke?”

“Something’s wrong. Your kisses don’t lie. They’re sweet and warm and tender—but the fire’s gone. What’s happened to it, Kathy? Why don’t you want me?”

“But I do—” And then I stopped. Because I was lying to him. I didn’t want him now—like this. I wanted to want him, with my whole heart and mind, but my body refused. My body followed an instinct that was as old as womankind, demanding all of the protection a man can give the woman he loves—the complete protection Deke could not give me.

I turned up my hands in a little helpless gesture. “Deke—And then the words came, monotonously, without expression, almost without my will. “Bill was right,” I said. “I—I’ve been fooling myself, Deke. I thought that the world and conventions didn’t matter to me. But they didn’t realize it, but I’ve been fooling myself—and you, too.”

He didn’t move, and I couldn’t. Neither of us said another word. In the silence between us I heard the wind sigh in the trees outside. I couldn’t bear to look at Deke, at the little smile that lingered around his mouth as if he had forgotten to remove it, at the stricken look in his eyes. Then he said, “What—where can I take you? I haven’t gas enough to reach the city.”

Then I realized that I had no place to go. We couldn’t go back to the farm, not when Bill might already be there, or might come driving up at any moment. It would be worse to register at the little inn at Apple Lake, where everyone knew me for Bill’s sister. I mentioned toward the diwan. “Is it all right if I stay here?”

“Of course,” he said politely, stiffly. “You’ll find it made up with sheets and things. It’s—quite comfortable.”

I nodded wretchedly. After another long, considering silence, he turned and walked down the hall, taking his suitcase with him.

I turned out the light and flung myself down on the divan, not bothering to strip the cover off, not bothering to undress. With my coat pulled around me, I lay huddled against the cushions, icy cold in the warm night, not daring to breathe. If I so much as moved a muscle, the sharp spars of misery that was pressing against my chest would pierce me and I would cry out, and Deke would hear me. Where was he now? How far away was his room? Could he hear the smallest sound I made?

I wouldn’t guess, and I clenched my teeth, pressed my face into the pillows. If I could hold out long enough, the pain would go away, and then I wouldn’t feel anything at all. I’d never feel anything again. Then tears rolled down my cheeks, and I was lost. I swallowed a sob, and then I had to lift my head, gasp for breath.

I heard Deke’s step in the hall, and I sat up quickly, tried to brush the tears from my face. But he was already
beside me, gathering me into his arms. "Kathy, stop it. Stop crying, and listen to me. What is there to cry about? It's all over, isn't it?"

I raised my head angrily—but I was angry at myself, not at him. "You know it isn't!" I cried. "Don't try to save it! We couldn't live up to the sort of person I wanted to be—Only—how can you be honest with yourself if you're not honest with the world, too?"

I couldn't see his face, but his cheek moved against mine in assent. "I—I felt something of that myself. When I wrote the note to Bill, I could like anyone else and not mind it, but Bill's my best friend. I kept trying to think our wedding justified it—but I guess I was foolish, yes ...

"A wedding," I said bleakly out of my new, bitter knowledge, "doesn't make a marriage."

N O" he said slowly, "I guess it doesn't. It takes time to make a marriage, and living together, and working together... Kathy, will you marry me—really?"

My heart stood still. Then it began to beat again, unevenly, painfully. "Why, Deke? You can't have changed your mind!"

"No—but I think I can change. I didn't think that before. You see, darling, you didn't feel right about coming here, and feeling so deep down in your heart—but you came anyway, trusting me, on faith. And I—oh, sweetheart, if you loved me enough for that, surely I love you enough to have faith enough to try it your way! Will you help me, Kathy? Will you give me another chance?"

"Deke—I began, and I then really cried, Dearly! Such happiness was too much after the loneliness of the years, and the uncertainty of the past two weeks, and the nervous tension of the night. I knew that I must find words to answer Deke, and I couldn't. All I could do was moan, "Don't go, Deke. Wait just a minute..."

"He sat back against the pillows, pulled me more tightly into his lap. "I won't, dearest," he soothed. "Cry all you want, and we can talk tomorrow. It won't be long before dawn."

I buried my face against the blessed strength of his shoulder. For me, dawn had already come—the dawn of all the bright tomorrows that lay ahead of us.
We'll Never Give Enough  
Continued from page 37

Committee of the Red Cross really performs near-miracles. Through its Central Agency for Prisoners of War in Switzerland, it gets lists of the names and addresses of prisoners and internees from the belligerents and sends them to the proper governments for release to prisoners' families.

Besides relieving the minds of those of us at home, the Red Cross has special services to the prisoners themselves. Each new prisoner is given a Capture Parcel, packed with things like pajamas, socks, underwear and other personal things, which the prisoners always need because they're usually captured with only the clothes they happen to be wearing. Food Packages are distributed regularly, so prisoners can get some of the vitamin foods they certainly don't get in their prison diet. Medicine Kits, supplying 100 men with first aid equipment for a month, are sent to all the camps. Baes of Army and Navy clothing travel across the oceans in Red Cross ships and are distributed through the International Committee. And, of course, there are the bulletins that are sent to the relatives of the prisoners, and the Red Cross News, a gay kind of little newspaper with comics, news items from every State, sports stories, and special articles, that goes to the prisoners.

THERE is still another part of the work of the Red Cross—its Home Service, which acts as a trouble shooter for the serviceman and his family. Home Service workers are on duty day and night in all Red Cross chapters. They're trained, sympathetic people, who think and act quickly in an emergency. When they think it's necessary, they can do a two-way communication system that will reach all the way around the world. Suppose a soldier wants a furlough because his mother, or his wife, is critically ill. The soldier's commanding officer contacts a Red Cross Field Worker, who wires to the chapter in—or nearest—the soldier's home town, the Home Service worker there visits the soldier's family, gets the facts and wires back a report. If possible and necessary, the soldier gets his furlough. Home Service also helps servicemen make out their papers when they're discharged so they'll start getting their pensions as quickly as possible, helps veterans find jobs, often lending them enough money until their pensions come through.

Overseas, more men's lives are saved by blood transfusions and plasma injections than by any other means. Because in war, more men die of shock than of all wounds and diseases put together. Every soldier going into combat is taught how to administer plasma, and this has saved thousands of men from dying before they could be reached by medical aid. Sometimes, a badly wounded and shocked man needs as many as four transfusions.

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Say That You Love Me!

Continued from page 27

stop them—well, every proud mother did a little exaggerating about her child, I was sure! Several times he looked over at me and one corner of his mouth twitched—it was the old signal that there was some kind of a joke to be shared, and it had always meant that pretty soon he would get me off on a corner and tell me what it was. But it couldn't mean that now, of course; this was his home, and Gloria was his wife. There was no joke that he and I could share about any of these things.

But when the others trooped upstairs after dinner to be shown Maureen, I found myself lingering behind in the dining room with Roy, and I couldn't control the hurtful flutter in my throat.

"How are you, Ronnie?" he asked almost eagerly. "It's good to see you again."

"Fine, Roy. I love your house."

He smiled down at me. "Gloria went to a lot of trouble over it," he said. "It's kind of famous, for me, but she likes it this way."

I started determinedly up the stairs.

"She seems very happy," I said over my shoulder. Roy caught my hand for an instant.

"Does she? Ronnie, will you come and see us—see her?—I'm not so sure..."

THERE was a sound in his voice that took me back to that last time I had pulled my hand away from him, the night he had come home from Tontonville—come straight to me, with trouble and perplexity in his face. I realized it suddenly, now, although I hadn't even realized there had been in trouble that night; he had come to me for help. And I, wrapped up in myself, had snatched my hand away and turned my back. What was his trouble? What had he wanted to talk over with me? Now I could never know; for Gloria was his wife, it was she who had to share his troubles and his triumphs. Gently, this time, but firmly, I withdrew my hand.

I knew, after that night, that I couldn't trust myself quite as much as I had hoped. It hurt too much to see Roy, and yet not see him. He wasn't my Roy, when he was with Gloria—his shoulders seemed always to have that faint droop, and his face wore a strange half-smile that seemed to mean to be a permanent defense against showing hurt. And he must have been hurt, often and deeply, because right about then Gloria started losing interest in Maureen. It was inevitable. Maureen was not a strong child, and Gloria's pulling her about and prod- ding her on to do things she wasn't ready for had certainly upset her nervous system. So very soon she was too peevish and nervous to be any fun, and Gloria left her more and more in the care of a clumsy "daily help" who knew nothing about children—left her even for whole week-ends, while she went in to Chicago to replenish her wardrobe. It needed replenishing because she had been forced to give her evening parties again.

There was a difference, this time. Roy's work took him away from home with increasing frequency, so the parties seldom included him. The whole town was very soon busy with
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resentment creep in, and I must never
let him think that I was weighing his
feeling against mine.

We were married at Roy's home in
a quiet ceremony on the third of No-
ember. We spent a deliciously happy
weekend together and it seemed longer
because we were so completely alone,
and could wander for hours on the
deserted cliffs, bundled up against the
sharpening wind, breathing in the in-
definably exciting sea air. I think Roy
was completely at peace when we re-
turned to Bentonville. I know I felt
relaxed as for anything—felt like
myself, it seemed, for the first time in
years. I was going to make a won-
terful thing of this life I had been waiting
for.

Perhaps it was because of this deter-
mination that the next two years were
so wonderfully happy. There's an old
saying that what passes fast, Mine didn't.
realized the value of
each hour, and treasured it. I was alive
every moment of the time I spent with
Roy, or with his children, I felt her
to be, but until I had had her
obody had tried to coax the little
personality along, or given it the right
kind of affection. And she called me
Mummy and—Roy had himself taught her to do it.

ROY and I did things together, too.
The kind of things he had never
done with Gloria, Lonna, and Mrs.和
nies and sudden insane decisions to go
down and eat hamburger in the kitchen
at three a.m. Sometimes I almost felt that I
had done enough to
lot out the years of Gloria, and make us
that boy and girl again, grown up.
But it was never quite well enough;
the circumstances was warm and satisfying,
but I was a woman now, and I
couldn't forever deceive myself that
Roy's kind, responsive affection was all
I needed. Always.

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101
They find it doesn't wear well. Sometimes they find that the brilliance is so cheaply put on that it wears away in no time, and the stuff underneath isn't very pretty to look at.

It was impossible to mistake his meaning. Gloria was staring at him, her face dead-white. I half rose from my chair. I don't know what would have happened if just at that moment I hadn't heard a faint, reciting cry from Maureen. "Excuse me," I muttered, and fairly raced out of the room.

But when I reached the hall and bent over her, all other thought was swept out of my mind in a hideous rush of fear. It wasn't restlessness that made her turn. Her forehead was burning—her hands were icy! Her breathing was shallow, and gasping. Frantically I called Dr. Benton, who told me to take her temperature and that she would be right over.

Only then did I rush to the head of the stairs and call to Roy. I tried to keep the violent fear out of my voice, but I guess I didn't succeed because both he and Gloria hurried toward me.

"It's my baby," Gloria was saying. "I know it's my baby—she's hurt—"

Then everything froze into a tableau I shall never, never forget. Slowly—
it seemed to me to be slowly—but everything that happened in that moment seemed to be happening all the time. Roy turned around, a step above Gloria, and looked down at her. He was saying something to her. "Understand this, once and for all, Roy. Maureen is not your baby. Nothing of mine is yours any longer, Gloria—you threw away everything to Maureen and to me if you stay here with me.

His eyes were wide on mine now, and I could no longer blind myself to the truth I saw in them. I understood—I understood at last that I had not had the sense to realize before. A thousand odd little pieces fell into place around me, and I stood in the sudden radiant realization that Roy loved me. "You do understand, Ronnie?" he asked. I couldn't speak, but I slipped my arms about him and put my cheek against his coat. Over his shoulder I saw Gloria go quietly down the stairs, pick up her coat from the hall chair, and open the door to let herself out.

Hours later, after Dr. Benton had assured us that Maureen would probably escape pneumonia and had gone, leaving a long list of precautions and instructions, Roy and I sat close together before the livingroom fire and talked—talked with an intimacy we never before had approached. And gradually the air about us thickened. Roy grew so close to me that I wanted to hide my head against Roy's shoulder in shame. I had been so blindly determined to fail, so eager to feel sorry for myself, it seemed, that I had never given Roy a chance to prove that he loved me.

"You let me when I was away at school were so cold," Roy reminded me. "They made me feel that I had no place in your life anymore. And then when I came back, determined to find out if you had any feeling for me at all—"

I found out! You chased me off your front porch so fast that I as good as fell into Gloria's arms just to be sure somebody could stand to have me around!"

It was so sure it was Gloria that I didn't see how you could see me at all, when she was here." Roy's mouth twisted bitterly. "Oh, she cried and me! I would try to deny it. But I knew inside of three months that I had made a fool of myself. It wasn't anything she did—I didn't even care what she did. I just didn't want her. I wanted you, Ronnie—it's always been you..."

As his lips came down over mine, my heart echoed his words... It's always been you, my darling. It always will be you.

**HAVE YOU WON A BATTLE TODAY—?**

Every day the newspapers are full of the battles going on on the war front—the losing of them and the winning of them. But not so much is said about the daily battles going on here at home—the day by day battles being waged by the good soldiers fighting for a better America now and in the future—against inflation, our foremost enemy here at home.

Remember the days of the soup kitchens, the corner apple peddlers? The days when no matter how you scrimped and saved, there just didn't seem to be enough money to go around? Those days could come again—they will come, unless the home fight against inflation is waged unceasingly.

What is your part? To save, instead of spending. To save for your war front—the losing of them and the winning of them. But not so home expecting, and with the right to expect, a better America awaiting them. Your part is to save—for safety.

Here is what we all must do: Buy only what we really need; pay no more than ceiling prices; buy rationed goods only in exchange for ration points; refrain from taking advantage of war conditions by asking for higher wages or selling goods at higher prices; buy and keep all the war bonds we can. By doing these things we'll be saving for a safe future—for a safe America!
The eyes he adores—glowing with loveliness on her wedding day! Silently she vows to keep them radiant, always. She knows she can depend on the magic of soft Maybelline Eye Make-up. And so can you. For truly enchanting charm, always use Maybelline—the world's favorite Eye Make-up.

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN CENT STORES

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WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP
Every fourth bottle of Schlitz goes overseas

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
TWO ON A CLUE

BEFORE WE PART

A Love Story to Remember
Endearing! Your

Skin's
Softer,
Smoother

with just One Cake
of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is Really Mild!

It's a dream come true! The softer, smoother look that comes to your skin . . .
with just one cake of Camay! So change today, from careless cleansing
to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild skin care on over
100 complexions . . . yes, on skin like yours! And with the very first cake of Camay,
most complexions fairly glowed! Looked fresher . . . clearer!

. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's mildness—proved it can benefit skin.
In the doctor's own words—"Camay is really mild . . . it cleansed without irritation!"
Discover for yourself, Camay's helpful care on your skin.
Look for the softer loveliness that comes with just one cake of Camay.

. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

It's quick! Easy! Takes only one minute—night and morning.
Simply smooth Camay's mild lather over your face—forehead,
nose and chin. Rinse warm. If you've oily skin, follow with
a C-O-L-D splash. It's simple as that! But, oh, how exciting
to see how one cake of Camay can make your complexion
look lovelier . . . softer . . . more endearing!

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last as long as possible? Soap is made of essential war materials.

Mrs. Robert W. Strong
Columbus, Ohio
"Try Camay. . . as I did . . . my
very first cake brought a delicate
new freshness to my skin."
GIRL: Don't know, Cupid. Just seems like some girls are pretty and some girls are dishwashers.

CUPID: Could be, Honey. But you wouldn't be on permanent K.P. around here if you'd smile a little. Sparkle at these boys, Sugar! Go gleam at 'em!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, Baby, with my dull teeth I don't even dare grin! I brush 'em regular as anything, but—no sparkle!

CUPID: Oh? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Yes. But what's "pink" on my tooth brush got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Do? Baby, only a mental midget ignores that tinge of "pink." It's a warning to see your dentist! Because he may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may very likely suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage."

GIRL: I still want to know, "what's that got to do with my smile?"

CUPID: Please, Pet! When you massage a little extra Ipana on your gums after you brush your teeth, you're helping your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile with more sparkle! Get it? Now get started on Ipana and massage for a smile that'll help keep you out of the kitchen!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
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ON THE COVER—Charlotte Manson, radio actress—Natural Color
Photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios
Fabric background by Scalamandre Silks

His heart in his eyes...
his eyes on your lips... your lips
irresistible in IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED
LIPSTICK! WHIP-TEXT through a
secret process to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, color-true.
Matching rouge and powder.

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

the bride-to-be
wears

Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-Q-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR
Did You Know?

NEW THINGS TO EAT—The candy of the future, or some of it, anyway, will be made of fruit juices. Almost any juice, it seems, can be candied, or concentrated into tablet form. And how does the idea of puffed banana flakes strike you? They will be a really new taste experience for us to look forward to.

New things to use—No telephone? Console yourself with postwar prospects. You won’t be pleading with the telephone company to install an instrument in your home, because very likely you’ll be carrying your own portable telephone around with you. The wonderful “walkie-talkie,” now made exclusively for the purposes of the armed forces and used extensively by them, is being planned in a streamlined version for use by all of us as we go about our business. How it will be carried, and what it will look like, is still a deep secret from everybody but the designers—but one thing is certain: no telephone subscriber will ever be isolated from the rest of the world.

Even the Post Office Department is hatching plans for the future. One of them is a new type of postal money order, to be used for transmitting less than ten dollars. A time- and trouble-saver, it will consist of a pre-punched card that you can simply purchase and send off, without filling in blanks and standing on line. Also on the Post Office post-war project list is the possibility of talking letters. Many of us have already learned to use personal recordings as means of communication, sending our voices in spoken messages to loved ones overseas, for example. Now the Post Office plans to have a regular system of recording letters, which will then be transmitted with as much efficiency and speed as present-day written letters. The system is already under way in Latin America.

New things to think about—The most important thing right now—the acute need for nurses as war activity approaches a climax. The Army needs nurses. The Navy needs nurses. They shouldn’t have to plead with us for any service we can possibly give!

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Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake! Yet just half a minute would prevent it!

Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You’re safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say goodbye to the blues a girl gets when she’s frownd on—and doesn’t know why.

You’re going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—thanks to Mum—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.

Mum’s Quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you’re dressed, even when you’re busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum’s Safe—Won’t irritate skin. Won’t harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum’s Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.

Product of Bristol-Meyers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

[Image: A jar of Mum with the label "Mum does the trick." A advertisement for Mum, a product to prevent underarm odor.]
Marilyn Erskine's lovely face is only half her charm; her proud, graceful carriage makes her beautiful.

**CUT A GOOD FIGURE**

Any figure is a better figure when it moves beautifully, as nature intended.

**YOU can say what you like about exercise and diet—and you can do what you like about them, too—but the fact remains that a pretty girl, no matter how good her face or her figure, is never really a pretty girl until she learns to stand up straight!"**

That's the opinion of one of radio's prettiest girls—standing-up-straightest-girls—Marilyn Erskine, who, among her other radio chores is heard daily on National Broadcasting Company's Young Widder Brown.

There are many types of figures, she will tell you, and all of them good to look at—the tall, willowy girl, the cute, little-girl sort, the curvaceous kind, the generous, statuesque modern-day Venus—but the one thing that makes a good-looking girl into a breath-takingly handsome one is good posture.

"There aren't any cut and dried rules for a handsome contour," Marilyn says. The idea that certain precise measurements for bust and waist and hips are essential is a long-ago disproved one. A girl may not have a 'form divine,' of perfect proportions, but if she has a good carriage her figure can be much more appealing than a correctly-dimensioned slouch.

So, if you ask me how to improve your figure," Marilyn adds, "the first thing to do, no matter what your fault, is to correct your posture. Your whole appearance can be ruined by the way you stand!"

According to Marilyn, good posture means simply this: chest and head up, chin in, shoulders back, stomach flat and back straight.

Start like this—stand with your feet side by side, your toes pointing straight ahead, your weight resting mainly on the balls of your feet. Now bring your head up—stand tall and proud. But don't exaggerate—don't throw your head back so that your chin points skyward. Chest up, too, but don't overdo that either. Contract your lower abdominal muscles and make your stomach stay in. By now, you've followed directions, you probably have an exaggerated curve in your back. Get rid of it—by flattening your back and pulling your hips forward. How do you feel? Do your stomach muscles protest; have you a duck little pain in your chest, and between your shoulder blades? Don't worry—you haven't thrown anything out of place. It's just that your body, having been in the wrong position so long, is protesting at being so suddenly put back into the right one. It will get used to it very shortly, and you'll feel a hundred percent better!" Another way to make sure that you're holding yourself properly, says Marilyn, is to "stand with your feet and back against the wall, feet six inches apart and toes pointed slightly inward; then flatten your lower back against the wall. Lift your chest, stand tall and straight, chin in, stomach flat, pelvis forward. Now move away from the wall and walk in this—correct—position."

At first, it may seem awkward, and make you feel as affected as a drum major. But just remember you won't look affected to others—instead, you'll appear at ease, being your most charmingly graceful self. It will do more than almost anything you can think of to make you "look like somebody" and make people want to know you.

Don't forget, either, Marilyn reminds you, the old books-on-the-head trick. Can you walk across the room with several solid, heavy books firmly balanced on your head—without spilling them—before you've taken more than a few steps? If you can't, you just aren't walking properly and standing properly, and it's "time to get a girl at a party recently," Marilyn says, "who really taught me a posture lesson. She had as pretty a face as you could ask for, and she was all done up in her best bib and tucker, with her hair beautifully done and her nails freshly manicured. But when she stood up and walked across the room she simply folded up like an accordion—as if she'd been hit. And it spoiled the whole picture—she just simply wasn't pretty any more!"
The "bottle bacillus", known to science as Pityrosporum ovale, is held to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff by many noted dermatologists.

Don’t let Infectious Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically. Don’t disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have infectious dandruff which can and does often play hob with your scalp.

It’s Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of trouble get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many... and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of infectious dandruff before it can get started, and even if the infection has gotten a head start, this simple treatment may overcome it.

As a precaution against this troublesome condition make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your usual hair-washing. And, if you’ve been troubled for some time, apply Listerine Antiseptic once a day. If you do not note rapid improvement repeat the treatment morning and night.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and follow with vigorous, rotary, fingertip massage. That’s all there is to it!

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic instantly kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus", (Pityrosporum ovale), regarded by many a noted dermatologist, as a causative agent of infectious dandruff. As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

If infectious dandruff has already started, repeat the Listerine Antiseptic treatment twice a day. This is the method that in tests brought improvement, or complete relief, to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.
An undisguised Groucho Marx, lovely Georgia Gibbs, Frank Morgan and Corporal Bill Morrow as they looked before they were all well shaken up together on a recent broadcast of the NBC Frank Morgan Show.

This year marks the Silver Jubilee of Radio. Did you know that? Twenty-five years of radio network broadcasting. Remember the crystal sets? Remember the songs they were playing on the air then? Remember "I Used To Love You But It's All Over" and "Broadway Rose" and "Look For The Silver Lining" and "When My Baby Smiles At Me" and "Whispering" and "Palm Moon"?

For that matter—in these fast, news-packed days, can you remember as far back as ten years ago? Just about that time news broadcasts started to be regular, commercial features on radio. Back, ten years ago, critics raised their eyebrows because Bing Crosby started out emceeing his own variety program. They didn’t think he had a chance. Ten years ago, Kate Smith dethroned Jane Froman, as the top singer of the year—and no one has budged our Kate from that spot since. Ten years ago, Guy Lombardo’s band was voted the leading dance orchestra. And ten years ago, everyone was listening as avidly as is done today to the war news, for news about the Hauptman trial for the kidnap-murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Remember?

Peggy Allenby is a girl who didn’t have to stray very far from her home hearth to reach success and fame. Peggy was born at 10 East 50th Street and now she works—and practically lives—at the NBC studios, which are one block from the place where she was born.

If you’re one of the fans of the Home Is What You Make It show—to which you should listen, by the way, because it has some pretty good ideas to put over about the place where most of us like to do more than hang our hats—you’ll be interested to know that you can now get copies of a handbook put out by NBC’s University of the Air.

The subjects covered in the book are—family relations, housing, food and nutrition, clothing, family health, cultural influences in the home, civic interests and household equipment. Each chapter also contains lists of books that you can read, if you’d like to get more information on any one of the subjects. Write to NBC University of the Air for your handbook.

It’s a gag—but Danny O’Neill takes it the right way. Whenever the ex-sailor singer goes to a night club to hear other singers perform, he’s greeted by the band swinging into “Danny Boy”.

Mona Kent, who authors Portia Faces Life, has a fan who saves her a lot of headaches, hours in research and an occasional blush. The fan is a New Jersey lawyer, who goes through all of “Portia’s” cases and advises Mona Kent on whether the cases go according to the legal Hoyte—which is known as Blackstone.

Servicemen overseas now have their own radio script-writing contest. The judges—radio-famous characters like Norman Corwin, William N. Robson and William Spier among them—will select three radio scripts and produce and direct them for the Armed Forces Radio Service. The scripts are to be penned by GI’s overseas, or Navy men on duty. Scripts are to be for half-hour shows, either comedy, mystery, documentary or straight drama. The writers will give up only one-time radio performance rights, by sending in their scripts (if they win, of course) and retain any future rights to earnings that may come from future performances. Something to write to the boys about—if they haven’t already heard.

Love to watch Cass Daley perform. She always starts out slick and neat—one of the best dressed girls on the airways, we always thought—and winds up by looking like a tossed green salad before the show goes off the air. The frenzy you hear on the air foustles her hair and does things to the hang of her skirt. But fun to watch, just the same.

Jesse Crawford—the famous radio organist—has a deep worry on his mind these days. He’s waiting for the din of battle to die down sufficiently to clear the air lanes for news other than war news from abroad. He’s worried
about whether the organ at the Aachen Cathedral has been destroyed in the war and would like to have some news. Jesse says that organ is the oldest working instrument of its kind in the world—and even the Nazis should have felt reverence before it.

It isn’t hard to believe, of course, but did you know that Alec Templeton was a child prodigy? He was. And he’s one of the ones, we’re happy to say, who has come through on all the promise.

Alec composed his first piece at the age of four and he never stopped after that one. He was very young when he won himself a place in England as a concert pianist. And it wasn’t long after that before his talent for minstrelry made him internationally famous. He toured England, France, Holland and Germany, very much like a medieval minstrel, playing the masters seriously and otherwise making comic hash out of famous figures and fads.

That’s the thing we like best about him, his way of making pretentious music and equally pretentious people seem just a bit ridiculous. Kind of gives you the feeling that maybe you’re not always wrong when the urge to yawn hits you in the middle of some ponderous passage of music. And the straight recitals we’ve heard him give at Carnegie Hall have a way of staying alive and exciting, too. He’s got a way with piano keys, that Alec—pretty close to genius we’d say.

Somebody just called our attention to a thing. How often have you heard that one about girls being smarter than boys? We’ve been hearing that all our lives.

Now comes the information that on the Quiz Kids show there have been more little boy geniuses than little girl geniuses!

Facts, you want—and here they are. Of the 191 super bright urchins who have dazzled the adult world on the Quiz Kids show, 85 have been girls and 106 have been boys. In contests throughout the country nine girls have come out on top, but more than three times that many boys—twenty-nine of them—have ended up in first place. And, when it comes to high marks in the quiz sessions on the program, the boys are way out in the lead—again.

Richard Williams, 15, has been among the top scorers 179 times. Harve Fishman, 14, is next with 105. Joel Kupperman, 8, has won out 75 times. And the closest runner up among the girls is 10-year-old Ruthie Duskin, who holds the record for girls with 67 wins to her credit.

It certainly is a changing world. Not even the old saws that we’ve grown so accustomed to believing are holding up any more.

Sammy Kaye is looking for poems to read on his Sunday Serenade program. If you have maybe written a little gem yourself, or if you’ve come across a small sonnet that has touched you close to where you live, send it along to the maestro. He’s looking for poems mainly that have to do with sentiment and romance. And who isn’t? Anyway he sends the poems to Sammy Kaye, Blue Network, Radio City 20, N. Y. And then listen.

For our money, some of the very best shows on the air these days are the shows put out by the Army and Navy.

---

LARAINÉ DAY, STARRING IN M.G.M.’S “KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY”

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury Wonderful Skin

Larainé Day: If you wonder how so many of your favorite stars manage to keep that enchanting, just-stepped-out-from-a-rainbow look...you’ll find a clue in Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream. One cream that gives complete beauty care...the newest Hollywood "facial."

One miracle cream to cherish your skin forever! To do so much more for you than cold and cleansing cream can do!

You’ll know when you feel your skin respond to its cleansing, softening, smoothing effects. Use it as a powder base; as a night cream against dryness. And only Woodbury has "Stericin!" purifying the cream in the jar, helping protect against blemish-causing germs.

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Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

...it’s all you need!
to a swoonful hair-do when you have no spare time or spare funds for beauty shops... It's easy to twist your ends into flat curls, fasten them with Bob Pins. But be sure to use DeLong Bob Pins because they have a Stronger Grip, clamping each curl in place so firmly that you need only one Bob Pin per curl... When you're dried, combed-out and captivating, a DeLong Bob Pin or two will keep your handiwork intact. They're made for wear and tear and your social security...

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

They have ideas and meat and punch and acting and writing. We went out to Governor's Island awhile back and got a slant on how one of these shows gets into the works.

"The Voice of the Army" show is a transcription program that's sent to about 730 radio stations in the country. It's produced by NBC with top flight production men, actors and technical personnel.

The production of each script usually begins with an idea based on the current mission assigned by the Adjutant General to the U. S. Army Recruiting and Induction Service. The idea is discussed and its possibilities are explored and then passed on to the editorial staff of the Recruiting Publicity Bureau. Here the idea is given the works by Col. Le Roy W. Yarborough, the officer in charge, and, if it is found worthy is assigned to one or several writers.

After the scripts are prepared, the editorial staff again goes into conference on it and technical points in the stories are gone over. Sometimes, officers of that particular branch of Army with which the script deals are called in to make sure everything is accurate. Then the completed and checked script is sent to NBC for production. When the show goes into rehearsal and is waxed it is under military supervision.

No wonder the shows are so good. It takes a lot of heads to put one together. A lot of good heads, we might add. * * *

The time to visit the Star Theatre is at rehearsals. Lots of things go on at rehearsals that never get on the air. Al Goodman's voice, for instance.

Not so long ago we dropped in at one of those rehearsals and found the maestro standing in front of the mike, waving his baton and singing—sounded like from the top of his head—in a real soprano, well practically. Seems one of the guest stars couldn't get to rehearsal on time and Goodman was pinch-hitting for her—just so they could time the show. * * *

Have you heard the song, "Back Home For Keeps?" Seems Carmen Lombardo and Bob Russell, the guy who pens such nice lyrics, began to be haunted by a series of advertisements—for Oneida Limited—which showed a serviceman returning from battle to his home and his loved ones and they couldn't stand it until they'd written the song around the title of the ads. The sentiment we can understand.

This year, the oldest commercial program in radio is celebrating its 19th year on the air. The first broadcast of the Cities Service show was on February 18, 1923 before Radio City came into existence. Paul Lavalle, who is still working for the same outfit—now directing the orchestra for the Cities Service "Highways in Melody"—was a mere nobody in music then. Paul played the clarinet in the orchestra at that first broadcast.

Jack Kirkwood's front and back yards are something to see, even in Hollywood, where fancy fixings are not very unique. Reason? Jack's gardens are filled with lush and strange tropical plants—plants which he began collecting in the Orient and India twenty years ago when he was busy touring the world as an actor. * * *

There are all kinds of ways to do one's share in the war effort. Linda Carlton Reid—actress who appears regularly in the cast of The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters—does her bit by teaching English and phonetics to refugees. This is part of the work of the Committee for Refugee Education, which is going great guns in New York.

And—talking about teaching—we hear that Boatswain's Mate Sam Brandt, who announces for CBS on We Deliver The Goods show from the Maritime Service training base on Catalina Island, is also doing a little teaching. He conducts a weekly class for "boots" who have post-war broadcasting ambitions. * * *

We like the story Lawrence Tibbett tells about himself and the night he stopped the show at the Metropolitan Opera with his singing in "Falstaff". Feeling rather good about the whole thing, Lawrence could hardly wait for the next day's papers to see what the
critics had to say about his achievement. Naturally, the minute he got his hands on the newspapers the next morning, he turned to the theatre and music sections—only to find there wasn't even a mention of his performance. That was no small blow. Unhappily, he folded the paper and was about to toss it aside, when he discovered that his triumph was written up on the Front Page!

We've often wondered what Murray Forbes—he plays Willy Fitz on the Ma Perkins show—does with the large ledger he carries around with him. Caught him writing in it during a rehearsal the other day. Murray's working on a novel in his spare time—writes it in long hand. He's already written about 165,000 words of it.

Ronnie Reiss really had a headache for a while, recently, before he could make up his mind. Vanity finally got the best of the young supporting player on the Miss Hattie program.

Not many years ago, young Ronnie allowed his blond hair to be dyed a fiery red so he could play the part of the second youngest Day son in "Life With Father." Like all the other boys who have appeared in that role in the perennial stage hit, Ronnie eventually grew too big for the part.

Not long ago, Ronnie was asked to rejoin the cast, this time in the role of the eldest son. It's a nice part and Ronnie was sorely tempted—but he wouldn't dye his hair red again.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Dave Willock—Jack Carson's "nephew" has reached man's estate. He's been signed by Warners to play a featured adult comedy role in "This Love of Ours." Martin Block, announcer on the Supper Club show, is the highest paid announcer in the world . . . Ted Collins' book, "New York Murders" is now selling well on into the second printing—a big thing for a mystery book . . . . Eugene Chapel, the girl who plays Susie on the Mr. Keen show, will soon be heard by American movie audiences as the English narrator for the Russian film "Wait For Me" . . . . Keep listening—keep cheerful—keep writing to the boys.

Angel Casey, of NBC's Ma Perkins, is "the girl who . . . ." to marines in the Gilbert Islands.
FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

WELL-WISHERERS are unhappy because Artie Shaw's return to civilian bandleading hasn't changed him any. He's still escorting Hollywood's most alluring females.... currently it's the attractive Ava Gardner, Mickey Rooney's ex.... and he's still treating his audience admirers with conceit and contempt.

Kate Smith recently made another visit to the Red Cross blood bank, making contributions that total a gallon. There's a gal who really practises what she preaches.

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, who have been happily married for almost ten years, are launching a campaign to focus attention on the many Hollywood professional couples who are happily wed and live peaceful and normal lives. Such troupers include Burns and Allen, Eddie and Ida Cantor, the Cagneys, Eddie Robinson, Jimmy Gleasons, the Fibber McGees. Ozzie and Harriet plan to throw a party for these folks and salute them. We think this a good idea. Too much has been written about the marital unions that hit the rocks that it's about time some attention was paid to the happy ones.

Georgia Auld has a brand new band.... The MacFarland twins are reorganizing their crew.... Drummer Ray Bauduc and saxophonist Gil Rodin plan to head up a new orchestra.... Sonny Dunham returns to Gotham's Hotel New Yorker in May with a CBS wire.... Jeri Sullivan, the CBS songstress and Morey Amsterdam, the USO comic, expect to make $100,000 from their song hit, "Rum and Coca Cola" which the networks prefer to call "Lime and ...."

The King Cole Trio, just about the most sensational small rhythm trio to come along in many a musical note, will be paid $12,000 just to play in a few scenes of the forthcoming film "Stork Club."

Careful audience surveys showed that Jerry Wayne got the most favorable reactions from listeners who tuned in the late but not lamented Ed Wynn show so the baritone was rewarded with stardom on the same sponsor's new Blue network series.

Wayne, who had infantile paralysis when he was a boy, has been climbing up the ladder steadily, almost hit the jackpot on The Hit Parade but got snowed under by the Sinatra craze. His managers believe this is it, so don't
be surprised if Jerry really becomes a big star in 1945.

Mark Warnow has turned down all other offers and will play exclusively for the Hit Parade... Sponsors are angling for Lili Pons and Andre Kostelanetz when the pair return from their USO tour.... Dinah Shore has re-signed with RCA-Victor.... Eddie Cantor’s daughter, Marjorie, plans a night club career.... Witnesses swear they saw Frank Sinatra flatten a wise guy with one blow.... Oscar Bradley because of his fine stick work on WE, the People has practically a life-time contract with his grateful sponsor.... Jerry Wayne and singer Evelyn Knight really taking each other seriously. They met on the Ed Wynn show.... They say that in Bing Crosby's next picture, the Groaner will hardly sing a note. What's the big idea?.... Nora Martin is a possibility to star in the Eddie Cantor summer replacement show; She is E.C.'s singing protege. Her husband is a serviceman.

PLENTY OF COMO-TION

Perry Como has just about decided that life for him was just one bumpy bus ride after another. Add to this a monotonous diet of warmed-over hamburgers, late rehearsals in drafty ballrooms, and trying to call some second rate hotel room home, and you'll know why the young singer had his fill of touring with a touring dance band. "To make matters more difficult my wife Roselle found the going even tougher," explained Perry, "and who wouldn't, caring for a baby along with it?"

And so after seven years of de-glamourized touring, a much discouraged and disconsolate young singer surprised bandleader Ted Weems by resigning and going back home. Home was Cannonsburg, Pennsylvania, right in the heart of the steel country. Had Perry stayed home, resuming his early career of tonsorial artist, this story would have never been written. There are plenty of better barbers than Perry Como and magazine space in these paper-rationed days is scarce. But there happened to be a long distance telephone call and the voice from New York belonged to

Coming up fast in the Swooner Race is young Perry Como, of the Chesterfield Supper Club variety show, heard daily at 7:00 P.M. EWT over the NBC network.

FOR SMART WOMEN

WHAT'S YOUR MAKE-UP TIMETABLE?

Some girls seem to reach for their lipsticks about once every hour. Not you, of course! You're different. You use longer-lasting Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. It holds all sorts of 'endurance records'—clings to your lips for many extra hours.

WHAT ARE TODAY'S SMARTEST LIPSTICK COLORS? Don't answer this one until you see Tangee's exciting new colors. There's Tangee Red—Red—bold, dark and handsome. Tangee Theatrical Red—it dramatizes your lips! Tangee Medium-Red—the fashionable new shade that goes with everything.

WHEN DO LIPS LOOK JUST RIGHT?

When they're not too dry—or too moist. Avoid these extremes by using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Its exclusive cream base protects against chapping and dryness—yet does not smear.

WHAT'S HER NAME? This is Constance Luft Huhn, one of America's best known authorities on beauty and make-up, Head of the House of Tangee. Mrs. Huhn's cosmetic masterpiece—Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick—gives your lips a soft satin-smooth gleam that adds greatly to their loveliness.

Use TANGEE

and see how beautiful you can be
Eugenie Baird, twenty-year-old show business veteran, is the featured singer on NBC's Kraft Music Hall, starring Bing Crosby.

astute agent Tommy Rockwell.

"At first I thought it was another offer to sing with a band," continued Perry, "I had turned down jobs with Lombardo and Dorsey because I was tired of that life. But Tommy had other ideas. He was going to build me as a singer on my own.

Today the dark-haired singer is still a bit bewildered by the encouraging turn of events. His first movie role in "Something for the Boys" was a hit. His phonograph records are stacked like wheatcakes in the nation's juke boxes and he's the singing star of NBC's nightly sponsored Supper Club.

No longer do his wife and schoolday sweetheart and his five year old son, Ronald Perry, have to roam the countryside following their itinerant bread winner. The Comes live in a comfortable east side apartment when they're in New York and when in Hollywood they live in the fashionable Garden of Allah apartments. The Como income now averages several thousand a week. Not so long ago Perry was trying to make $90 per do double duty.

Perry comes of rugged Italian stock, who settled in the milltown of Cannonsburg. After finishing school, Perry was determined to get-rich-quick. So in the daytime he ran a modest barber shop and at night he sang at local church and social affairs.

When a friend told him that Freddy Carbone's band in nearby Cleveland was looking for a singer, Perry turned in his razor and hot towel. Carbone signed him. Later on Perry joined Ted Weems. The latter had a fine band. They made recordings. The Tin Pan Alley circle heard Perry on the disks and marked his name in their future books. Unfortunately Weems' band seldom hit Broadway and Perry never had much chance to sell himself personally. Not the pushy type, Perry bided his time, hoping and praying for that big break. After seven years he decided to give up and once again trade back the tuxedo for the white coat of his original trade.

Manager Rockwell first secured Perry a singing engagement in the famous New York night club, Copacabana. He stayed there sixteen weeks.
The look every mother knows

The look that says plain as day, "Ah, food—bring it on!" Mothers who serve Gerber's get to know that look very well. Because, Gerber's is famous for:

1. Extra good taste.
2. Cooked the Gerber way by steam to better retain precious minerals and vitamins.
3. Uniform, smooth texture.
4. Every step in the making laboratory-checked. Do as thousands of mothers do—get Gerber's, with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

What's this—iron for babies?

Many babies, your doctor will tell you, need extra iron after the age of three months or more. Both Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal have generous amounts of added iron and Vitamin B.. Serve both cereals—variety helps baby eat better. Both cereals are pre-cooked—just add milk or formula, hot or cold, and serve.

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Delightful candy coated gum by Beech-Nut...
in four popular varieties

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Until final victory, you may not always find this delicious gum. Our fighting men are now getting most of it.

**This complete 8-minute 'BEAUTY-LIFT' works wonders for face and neck**

Here's a complete de luxe 'Beauty-Lift' you can give yourself at home with famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream - one of the most beautifying creams in cosmetic history!

This homogenized facial makes your skin appear heavenly smooth, firmer, with an adorable baby-freshness - after even the first treatment. It actually enhances the natural beauty of the skin.

**The HOPPER Method — Why It's So Active**

Briskly pat Hopper's Facial Cream over face and neck (follow arrows in diagram). Gently press an extra amount of this super-lubricating cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on about 8 minutes.

The reason Hopper's Cream lubricates the skin so evenly - so expertly - leaving it looking so smooth and delicately textured - is because it's homogenized! Faithful use helps maintain natural dazzling beauty throughout the years.

Be sure to buy Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream today. You can get it at any cosmetic counter.

**Famous HOPPER Method Helps Skin Appear Firmer, Smoother, Fresher with Each Treatment!**

**COVER GIRL**

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IT'S become almost impossible to twirl your radio dial and not have the voice of Charlotte Manson fill your room at once. She's Marjorie Whitney in The Romance of Helen Trent, and she's a regular in Counter-Spy, Gangbusters, the Nick Carter series, Real Story, and countless other shows. On the cover you can see the glamour that goes with the voice — and just to be more specific, we'll tell you that Miss Manson is five-feet-five, brown-eyed, and 118 pounds worth of whistle-making figure!

If you wanted to see all this in the flesh for yourself, and if you live in New York City — it's fairly easy. Just do one of three things, the first being to drop by the Barberry Room restaurant, where you'll find Charlotte making backgammon history.

Then there's a second way of seeing her: hire yourself down Fifth Avenue past the fanciest shops — and when you see an eye-stopping brunette in a stunning outfit surreptitiously drawing sketches of some swank shop's window display — that's Charlotte! She has the habit of copying the latest modes on exhibit, and then sneaking off to her favorite remnant shops to buy a few yards of some unique material for a song. Then she spends a couple of hours at home over a hot sewing machine — and presto! She advances on her evening's date in a costume that looks like a million dollars and costs just about five.

If neither the Barberry Room (at night) nor Fifth Avenue (in the afternoon) fit into your schedule, there's always the third way of spotting Charlotte. Try the simple ruse of strolling into almost any nightclub. There she is, performing a mean rumba in her newest home-made dress, with one of her bachelors.

Charlotte was fresh out of college, with a Bachelor of Science degree, when she got her first job — which was screenwriting in an East Coast movie — and she might be screaming yet if she hadn't found her way into the Theater Guild tryouts for the play "Ringside Seat." Here she was given the unexciting job of understudy to the leading lady — but, just as in the story-books, came opening night and the leading lady got desperately ill, with Charlotte the Understudy transformed like magic into Charlotte the Star.

Everyone has an amazing year in his life, and Charlotte's was the next year — 1940. She was picked to play Bryn Barrington in Society Girl for CBS — both for her superb acting and for the reason that she looked like debutante Brenda Frazier's twin. Only recently established as radio's society girl, she established herself as radio's housewife,
Clever, versatile Charlotte Manson—one of radio's busiest actresses, and one of its prettiest, best-dressed girls.

gangster's moll, and any other type of woman you wish, in shows like Myrt and Marge, Hilltop House, Gangbusters and many Arch Oboler plays. Meanwhile, though her radio personality shifted with the hours of the day, she had become a permanent society girl when she wasn't acting—she was invited, as Bryn Barrington, to join many Junior League committees along with top-drawer socialites like Brenda Frazier, Josette Daly, Josephine Johnson, Oona O'Neill (Mrs. Charles Chaplin), and others. On top of being one of 1940's society girls, she was picked as CBS' Good Will Ambassador, and thus toured the United States. Charlotte Manson, the girl from Brooklyn, was the toast of New York and a country-wide traveler.

And at the end of that miracle year, she had to move 1,000 miles from New York in honor of her success—to Chicago, to play the lead in Stepmother which was broadcast from that city. For a year and a half she performed this role, meanwhile being chosen actress of the year by Princeton University; then she played Rose Kransky in Guiding Light. By this time she was so famous in radio circles that Hollywood took note of the lovely girl who looked exactly like beautiful Brenda Frazier and who furthermore, could certainly act. Three different Hollywood executives flew to Chicago to argue with her—but each time they were turned down for new Eastern triumphs.

She had been in Chicago four years when she finally returned to New York because of illness. After only a few weeks of rest she was in the thick of radio life again in her home town, where she still is. Because of her illness, she has added the outdoor sports of horseback riding, tennis playing and swimming to her indoor sport of backgammon playing. And some day—after a successful Broadway play—she wants to finally nod "yes" to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, she's happy acting in a dozen radio roles, wearing stunning clothes to the smartest parties and places in New York, and going out with every eligible man on the East Coast. Maybe Hollywood's men are put out because of her neglect of the film city, but Hollywood women are praying every night that she stays right where she is—a safe 3,000 miles away!
Are you in the know?

What's best for keeping metal earrings bright?
- Colorless nail polish
- Ammonia and water
- Elbow grease

They'll be all a-glitter indefinitely—if you treat those metal earbobs to a thin coating of colorless nail polish. It's tops as a safeguard against tarnish. And at Kotex time, remember that now there's a new safeguard for your personal daintiness.

Yes! Now a deodorant is locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! A new Kotex "extra" at no extra cost!

Which part of a suit must fit perfectly?
- The collar
- The waistline
- The shoulders

A drape shape demands 20-20 tailoring. Each answer is correct, for your suit should be trim-shouldered... the collar nestling close to your neck. And the waistline should jibe with your own (not hit you above the belt). Wrong lines ruin your rating. Especially those "certain" lines that may bulge through when you choose the wrong napkin. So choose Kotex—for unlike thick, stubby pads Kotex has patented, flat tapered ends that don't cause revealing lines.

If your friend doesn't introduce you—
- Should you just stand there
- Walk slowly on
- Feel offended

When pal Julie stops to talk with friends of hers in a public place—introductions aren't necessary. It's awkward merely to stand by. Walk slowly on. Knowing what to do can be such a comfort! So too, at "those" times, knowing your napkins can bring real comfort—the unfailing kind you get from Kotex. Far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, the softness of Kotex stays faithfully yours. Without bunching, without roping. Yes, Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing!

Now
A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

The web they had spun together, frail and lovely as moonlight, yet to Linna strong as steel—was Lance's heart no longer caught in it?

NOW, I can remember only happiness and unhappiness, only joy and sorrow. I can remember happiness so heady, so sharp-sweet that it seemed to set me above all the rest of the world, unhappiness so bitter that it was like chains on my dragging feet. I can remember knowing that I was storing up memories more precious than any treasure, memories to warm me, to keep my love a living thing, and I can remember crying out in the long darkness of too many nights, what shall I do with my memories? Where shall I hide them, where bury them, so that I shall not die of the pain of remembering?

Those are the heights and the depths, the blacks and the whites of feeling. Of the in-between greys of emotion I have no memory. For me, in my love for Lance, there was no in-between.

The happiness came first—in meeting Lance, in knowing him, in being a part of his life and his love, so that we were two halves of a whole, and
not separate people any more. Even when Lance went overseas I wasn't unhappy. I was sure, as I had never been so sure of anything in the world before, that Lance—my love, my very life—would come safely home to me, that the end of the war would mark the true beginning of life for us, when we could be married, and raise those children we had already named, and live forever together in the little white house on the hill... and be happier than any two people ever were. Meanwhile, while he was fighting and we were separated, I had my memories of the past, my dreams of the future, to keep me going cheerfully through the long days of waiting. And—almost—through the longer nights.

We were happy, even, the night before Lance went away, our last time together. Because that night, for us, was not the end of anything; it was only the beginning of a waiting period that had to be. And we were sure enough of our love so that we couldn't let a hint of sadness mar it. Each of us wanted to take away, he in his heart, I in mine, a happy, loving, wonderful picture of the other, to stay us through the months or the years before we would see each other again.

Lance and I went dancing the night he went away. He'd come home for a ten-day furlough before going overseas, and we had spent those days just as if there were no war, and no parting. It was better that way, we told ourselves. We'd go on as if all the tomorrows belonged to us, and there would be no end of them. That way, we could spend our little time together in happiness, and have even more happiness to remember.

And so we went dancing, that last night. Dad gave us the keys to the car, and his precious stock of gasoline, and we set out for The Rainbow, a lovely little inn by the river in Hillside,
Sometimes at night, when I lay in bed, I would feel a great loneliness creeping over me, and then I would remember...
G o right in—Mr. Davis's expecting
you." From my reception desk
I indicated the office of KLMO's
Program Director and the fussy little
man mince his way in. I couldn't help
smiling, thinking how Valerie would
mimic him tonight at home. She was
apt to be unkink about her boss'
visitors, but she was always funny.

Our wheezy, ancient self-service ele-
vator bumped to a noisy stop opposite
my desk. Busy morning, I thought,
looking out of the corner of my eye as
the door slid open.

The young man who had shoved open
the elevator stood for a moment, not
looking at me, his hand still on the
heavy scrolled iron door. Then he did
the strangest thing! Half-smiling, his
hand moved to stroke the face of the
door, almost as if it were the face of
an old, dear friend. I sat up, sharply.
How could a stranger—? I thought I
was the only one who felt that way
about our elevator, as though it were
indeed an old companion, dependable
in its groaning and stumbling as it
went its weary ups and downs talking
to itself and to me—"I can't make it,
I'm too tired."

The stranger turned to my desk. I
felt my face grow red. He was young,
but he had a look of sureness that just
didn't jibe with my silly fancies of a
second ago.

"Hello—is Mr. Davis busy?"
"Yes, he is. Do you have an appoint-
ment?" primly. My cheeks were still
warm. I knew he had seen my blush.
"I was supposed to see Ben at eleven,"
So he knew Mr. Davis well enough to
call him by his first name!

"Oh—then you're a little early. He
has someone with him now. Won't you
wait—?" motioning to the hard, narrow
bench against the wall.

"On that! Have a heart!" showing
his hat onto the back of his head and
leaning comfortably over the rail by
my desk. "I just got out of the Army—
I'm not used to such luxurious com-
fort." He looked around him happily.
"Nothing is changed. It's just the same.
I was afraid that by the time I got back
here KLMO would have a fancy decor
and overstuffed chairs and overstuffed
lounges and—" here he looked at me,
his eyes dancing—"an overstuffed
blonde at the desk."

There was impudence in the way he
took in my red hair and slim figure,
but his smile was disarming and I
smiled right back. I couldn't help it.
"Were you here before? I'm sorry I
don't recognize you, but I'm new. I've
only been here six months."

He nodded. "My name is—" the
oddest expression came over his face.
He seemed to be struggling with some
inner torment; his eyes were swim-
ing; his forehead was purple—"my
name—" he began again, "my name—
KACHOO!" It was a terrific sneeze.
One hand held his handkerchief, the
other waved in my direction, implor-
ingly.

I grabbed for the aspirin on my desk.
He waved it aside, pointing at the
switchboard. KACHOO!

Frantic now, I filled a paper cup with
water and handed it to him. He took
it, but it was evidently not what he
wanted. His hand shook, spilling the
water, as he tried to make me under-
stand. I shared his agony; I wanted so
badly to help him; somehow I had for-
gotten he was a stranger. Again he
pointed, sneezing—and this time I got
it. I snatched the bowl of roses from
my desk and ran with them into the
announcers' room.

When I got back he was wiping his
eyes. He took a long drink of water
and then threw the crumpled cup ex-
pertly into the wastebasket.

"Thanks!" he breathed in relief.
"Rose fever—hay fever—it drives me
crazy! It washed me out of the Army,
although I managed to hide it for
nearly ten months. But all that hay
in Normandy finally got me—I couldn't
see a thing!"

Somehow our little comic struggle
together had broken down the usual
formality between us, created a bond
between us. I felt a warm glow of
liking for him. More than mere liking
—I wanted, almost irresistibly, to push
back the brown hair that curled,
damply, on his forehead. I wanted to
touch his firm, square chin; to smooth

Love is
like this

Loyalty, to a girl like Judy, is more than just a
word. It is a binding together of people
who trust each other. But love, too, is a bond, the
deepest, the most compelling bond of all
his rumpled collar. Thank goodness, the switchboard came alive with lights and I was busy for a minute plugging in calls!

But when I turned my head again I found his eyes on me, intent and searching. My own were caught in his, and for a long moment we stayed like that. A moment snatched out of time. A moment that stripped us, suddenly, arresting, of our surface selves and we looked deeply, our hearts speaking to each other through our eyes: Who are you? What do you mean to me? Why did you come here?

"Thank you, miss. Mr. Davis said to tell you he was free now." The little man's fussy voice broke the spell. He clicked open the gate and the young man caught its backward swing and strode through.

"Don't announce me. I want to give him that much of a surprise, though he knows I'm coming." Then he paused. "But, anyway, the name is Bill Scott. And I'll be seeing more of you."

I stared after him, my heart plunging painfully, coldly, sickeningly, in my body. Bill Scott! The Bill Scott! The legendary figure, the boy wonder who had taken on the job of program director here four years ago when KLMO was nearly bankrupt and had built up the station until now we were a small, but respected and sturdy, member of the radio family. In a farming community such as ours, KLMO and Bill Scott shared equal honors in the hearts of our audience.

But there was something more. Something that made the memory of my recent emotions seem treacherous and shameful.

Bill Scott was the man who had so cruelly, callously jilted Valerie. Jilted her the night before he had left for the Army. Left her to face the whispers and the gossip and the tears she had...
Loyalty, to a girl like Judy, is more than just a word. It is a binding together of people who trust each other. But love, too, is a bond, the deepest, the most compelling bond of all.
still shed on my shoulder when I had come to be her roommate three months later. I had hated him for what he had done to her. And now there was a terrible confusion in me because of the things I had seen in his face—and the things I had learned of him from Valerie.

I was still staring after him when he reached Mr. Davis' room at the opposite end of the corridor. I saw him reach—but the door opened before his hand touched it.

That was how I happened to witness the meeting of Bill and Valerie.

THERE were others in the hall and they, too, were held motionless. We could hear her startled, involuntary gasp; we could see her face whiten; her instant recoil; her hands shaking on the door jamb. But his face remained perfectly untruffled. There was not the slightest remorse or tremor in his cool, "Hello, Val."

"It was over in a second. He strode past her into the office and she walked, trembling visibly, to my desk.

"Get hold of yourself, Valerie," I whispered fiercely. "Don't let him see you care." She stared at me for a moment as if she didn't know who I was, but my words must have had some effect because the color came slowly back into her cheeks.

"I'll be in Studio A if anyone wants me," she managed to say.

Anger poured over me like an icy flood, wiping out the sympathy I had felt for Bill Scott, the delight I had experienced in his humorous charm. There were people, I knew, who practiced charm as they would a profession, and evidently he was one of these. Otherwise he could not have been so untouched at poor Valerie's heartbreaking distress. What a ghastly thing—to confront her like that without any warning! He must have known she still worked for Mr. Davis, just as she had worked for him, Bill Scott, before he left for the Army. It was inhuman—that utter indifference of his.

Twelve o'clock. Janie came to relieve me at the desk and I walked to the elevator, angrily punching the bell to bring it to the top. Protesting and complaining, it ground its way to a stop. But before I could pull open the heavy door a hand reached across me to give it a shove. I looked up. It was Bill Scott.

Without thinking, I automatically stepped inside and he followed me. The door slid shut; slowly we began to descend. The elevator was empty except for the two of us. And in its narrow four walls we were shut into an inescapable intimacy that set my heart to beating in a suffocating panic. I could feel his nearness. Once he even put out his arm to brace my shoulders as the elevator bounced.

"You feel it, too, don't you?" His voice was low and softer than I had heard it before. "This little cage has a personality all its own, like a wizened, bent, but tough, old man who just won't quit. His rheumatism bothers him and his bones ache but he likes being around people—certain people—

so he stays on the job." So vivid was his fancy that, unwillingly, I could see the picture he created—and it amazed me that anyone else could feel the way I did. "I saw it in your face," he went on, "when I walked into the reception room. I knew you understood why I had to say 'hello' to the Old Man." Against my will, dissolving my anger, I felt this subtle sympathy between us. I had the feeling he didn't talk like that to many people.

"Mr. Scott— I began, with all the firmness I could muster, "I think you should know that Valerie Cody is my best friend. In fact, she's my roommate."

"Oh." Regret and grim solemnity changed his voice. "I see. So we can't be friends. I thought that temper and loyalty would go with that red hair of yours. But sometimes it's a good idea to take your loyalties out and dust them off and examine them—all right!"—he said, hastily, as if I flung my head back for a furious retort—"don't bother—don't say it. At least we'll have one mutual friend, our Elevator Man. It will be a secret between us."

For a moment I thought he was laughing at me, but his face remained sober. And again I felt that tug of sympathy between us, because we had the same kind of crazy imagination.

But the first person I saw when I walked out of the elevator was Valerie, her eyes red, her chin defiant. And my hatred and contempt for Bill came rushing back. He and his Little Old Man! If that were the real Bill Scott—how could he have treated Valerie so meanly?

"How could he?" It was Valerie and she was sobbing, face down, on our livingroom couch. Our untouched dinner was still on the card table. Darkness had come slowly, in our summer of long twilights, but I had lit the Chinese pagoda-shaped lamp and I sat on the floor under its yellow glow, trying to quiet her trembling body.

"Judy—why do these things always happen to me? Other girls fall in love and get married; other people get ahead in business—but I always lose out! He loved me, Judy! I know he did, even if he never said much. And yet, today, he looked at me as if I didn't exist—as if my feelings meant nothing to him!" Her grief shook her body.

It came to me just then that I was always feeling sorry for Valerie. And that was surprising because she was really better-looking and much smarter than I was. But even in school, when I had been her closest—sometimes her only—friend, I had seen her lose out on prizes that other girls, not half as smart, had won. And I had often refused dates just so that she wouldn't have to

"Don't you touch that phone, Bill Scott—I know what you'd tell him!" Valerie spoke in rage.
She pulled herself up off the couch, wiping her eyes in what seemed to me a gallant gesture.

"Oh, well, I'd better get used to it, I'll be seeing him nearly every day." Her voice shook.

I gasped. "You don't mean he's coming back to work—to his old job!"

"No—Mr. Davis offered to step out in favor of him. But—" grudging, "I understand he refused. Said he'd like to start in on the announcing end. So he'll be a staff—a junior—announcer for a while."

While I was still thinking about that, trying to control the senseless leap my heart gave, Valerie spoke again.

"I think I could forgive him if he'd just fallen out of love with me and told me so, decently. But he's gone out of his way to hurt me. I'd been learning the business, you know, and it was understood between us that I'd get his job when he left. But the same day he told me, so brutally, that our marriage was off, he brought Mr. Davis in and introduced him as my new boss." Anger and frustration almost wiped out the grief in her voice.

Poor Valerie! I knew how desperately hard she worked for everything in her life. Sometimes I felt a little humble before her consuming ambition, before her desire to be somebody. I shared her ordeal in the next few weeks. I knew what it cost her to hold her head high in the office because I saw the price she paid for it in tears at night. In spite of everything she said I knew she still cared for Bill, and sometimes I wondered how she could have so little pride.

His attitude toward me made me furious. I could insult him and snub him or even refuse to speak at all—it made no difference. His smile was just as friendly, his manner as imper turbably affable as if we two had established a comradeship between us. He would save little funny stories to tell me, or some incident that he knew would amuse me—and no one else. I could almost believe that he was as calculating as Valerie said he was. Certainly he knew my weak spot; knew that there was a reckless spirit of laughter in me that bubbled out at his kind of gentle, ridiculous humor.

"You know, Judy—" he would say, lounging over the rail at my desk—"you know that old-fashioned goose-neck microphone we have in Studio B? Well, I suppose I shouldn't have been so impolite but I called it the Old Gander the other day and—you know—the darn thing hissed back at me! And right in the middle of the soup commercial, too!" He looked so righteously indignant—it was all I could do to keep my face coldly averted.

**BILL** went right on talking. "I like this announcing, Judy. Gives me a new slant on programs. I've been thinking lately that the farmers around here might like a program, a dramatization of the war effort that have to do with food and supplies, things that would particularly interest farmers. If I can get the War Department interested—"

"Don't you think that's Mr. Davis' job—not yours?"

"Right you are." He would smile, not at all bothered by my rudeness. And, tossing his cigarette away, he would give me a friendly salute and saunter away. Sometimes I would feel a little contrite. It wasn't like me to be rude. But then I would remember that underneath that pleasant, handsome exterior Bill Scott was utterly ruthless, coldly self-centered, a man who worked at his charm for what it might bring him.

It was the next day, I think, that little Velma from the Music Department rushed up to my desk panting and waving a slip of paper.

"Judy—rush these changes into Studio B, quick! I have a long-distance call—I'll watch your switchboard. But I made a mistake and gave the announcer next week's program instead of this week's—but he still has this week's records! He goes on in ten seconds!"

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Pat carried a love song in his heart.
HAVE you ever had the feeling of being able to tell, without apparent reason, when things are going to go wrong? You suddenly find your throat dry and your heart thumping convulsively, and you catch your breath at every sound. Your very spirit seems to cringe before the unseen, unknown blow about to fall.

I felt that way one morning, several months ago, as I faced my husband across the breakfast table. For a long time—almost from the very day of our marriage—things had not gone too well between Tom and me. But those small disturbances, the strange little walls between us—built of nothing, but which neither of us could seem to break through or surmount—had become so much a part of our life together that I was no longer consciously aware of it. This was different.

Ever since we had come downstairs, I'd been conscious of some vague inner disturbance which I had impatiently labeled "nerves," and tried to brush aside. But little shivers of apprehension continued to run warning signals along my nerves. Even the sunny breakfast nook, with its crisp organdy curtains and gay, rose-trellised windows, seemed somehow ominous.

I tried to reason it away. Tom had a hangover, I told myself, and that was what was wrong. But there was nothing unusual in that. Not unusual enough to be called a reason for my being upset. But I was.

Tom sat with averted face, screened by the morning paper. Silently I refilled his coffee cup. I gulped down my own coffee, and found that my hand shook, so that I spilled some of it on the bright yellow of the tablecloth. Lack of sleep, I told myself grimly. Lack of sleep, and worry about Tom.

Tom. I wished suddenly that I could see through the paper, and find that his face had changed. Find that all the worry-lines had smoothed out, that the puffy, unhealthy-looking dark circles beneath his eyes had flattened away, that the skin of his cheeks had become firm over the bones again, that the mouth had lost its slackness. Sud-

Adapted from "Thought" by Ralph Rose. heard on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood.
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Now I was sorry for him, sorry and frightened. I wished that I could pull down, that wall between us, as easily as I might reach across the table and pull down the paper that hid his face. But he was as far away as if he were on another planet, and there was no way of reaching him. No way of making him come—care—that he was on his way to losing his job, his reputation. Care that Dr. Graves had warned him repeatedly that his heart wouldn't stand the strain of his drinking much longer. That was the trouble—the whole trouble—with Tom. He didn't care, anymore, I told myself.

I looked at my wrist watch impatiently, putting a definite period to my thoughts. This was an old problem. I had worried at it so many times before, and just as fruitlessly. There was no use in starting an argument now. There had been too many of those, all alike, all ending in bitterness, never reaching any conclusion or solution. No better to say nothing, and get on to work. I'd be late if I waited any longer. I swallowed the last of my coffee.

"Feel better?" I asked casually, knowing from long experience that it was better to sound as if I didn't really care.

Tom nodded without lowering his paper.

But this morning I couldn't let it go at that. Anything special the matter?" I prodded. "You aren't sick, are you?" This time I couldn't keep the concern out of my voice, though I knew it irritated him. Dr. Graves had frightened me, even if he hadn't managed to frighten Tom.

Adapted from "Thoughts" by Ralph Rose, heard on CBS' Stars Over Hollywood.
could speak. I felt suddenly as if every-thing in the world had stopped except the beating of my heart. I half rose from the table and then sank back again. It wouldn't do to carry this letter away unopened. "I'll see what he says," I forced myself to say quietly. It was little enough. A friendly let-ter, that might have been written to anyone. Not at all the kind of a letter a girl expects and hopes for from the man she loved all her childhood, all her girlhood, whom she once expected to marry, and whose very name, even now, could make her heart stand still in her throat. Strange, I thought dully, as I handed the letter across the table to Tom. How he must have changed . . . and he doesn't even know that I am married.

Tom read it through swiftly, flung it down on the table. "Not much in it, is there, Pat. Not much that you'd be looking for anyway. Oh, Pat—it's per-fectly obvious that the man doesn't care a damn about you, and never did!"

When I answered, he stared sharply across at me, commanding my eyes to his, "You still love him." Tom accused flatly.

"Tom—"

"You still love him. That's why we've made such a mess of our marriage. You've only pretended—to yourself and to me—that you cared about me. Whenever I've touched you, it's been his touch you've dreamed about. Whenever you-speak my name, you're think-ing his. You've never forgotten him—never for one moment forgotten him!"

"Tom, that's not true . . ." And then

my voice faded away. Or was it? Was it true? Our marriage, our life together—Tom's and mine—was a failure. And yet Tom had been truly in love with me—and still was, I knew somehow, in spite of everything. That's the one thing every woman knows—when she is loved. But was he right, when he said that my love for him was only pre-tense? It was now—or, rather, I had given up all pretense. But—at first? It was true that I hadn't forgotten Jeff. Even if I had wanted to, I couldn't forget. Tom wouldn't let me—his jeal-ousy had been a whip, lashing my memory to sharp, reluctant life. Re-ductant at first, at least—pride had made him anxious to forget, if I could, the boy who had gone away, who had so easily put me out of his life.

TOM's eyes, hard and unyielding, met mine. "Well, why don't you say something? Can't you talk?"

I was conscious of a white-hot rage welling up in me. And yet I wanted to be fair. I continued to look at Tom, toward a different perspective. But I couldn't. My emotions were too mixed up, too muddled. Finally I managed to speak—and in my own ears I sounded cool and impersonal, as if I were talk-ing to a stranger.

"If I didn't answer you, it was be-cause I didn't know what to say. I still don't. Why, if I had wanted to, I couldn't have. Tom wouldn't let me—his jeal-ousy had been a whip, lashing my memory to sharp, reluctant life. Re-ductant at first, at least—pride had made him anxious to forget, if I could, the boy who had gone away, who had so easily put me out of his life."

The months would be very short, for love lay at the end of them.

That reached him. Blood mounted slowly into his face, and I could see his hands shaking against the yellow tablecloth. He felt it too, and thrust them deeply into the pockets of his coat.

His voice, when he answered, was surly. "You knew what you were doing when you married me. You knew you were making a bad bargain. You knew you were taking second best. What did you expect?"

I felt the familiar desire to get away from him, to run away and put an end to the bickering . . . and put an end to the nagging little feeling of guilt that sometimes came to me when we fought like this.

"I'm not quite sure what I expected, Tom," I said, getting to my feet again. "I think, perhaps, that I expected you to stay as you were when I married you, and not to change into—what you are now. And now I am going to work—I'm late as it is."

I marched swiftly by him, but he put out a hand to catch mine.

"Pat— you know I love you. You know that, don't you, Pat?"

At the note of torment in his voice, my anger left me as suddenly as it had come. "Yes," I told him honestly, "I know that. And stop worrying, Tom. Stop making things to torture your-self about, and I'll get away from the fact, Tom, and I—perhaps it would haunt us all our lives. I didn't want to think of Jeff. I wanted to forget him. And Tom didn't want to think of him, either. It was like a sore that will not heal, with Tom, who had loved me all my life, but who, until Jeff went away, had always had to be the one to step aside. It was Jeff I'd loved then, and Tom knew it.

The three of us had grown up to-gether. Jeff—dark, charming, appeal-ing, in appearance more like his French mother than his American father, who had died when I was young. Jeff was never a stranger. It was the time, and during the two years that followed his father's death he tried in vain to rouse her from a threatened physical collapse brought on by his father's death. The only thing that seemed to interest her then was her intense desire to go back to the man who had raised her, to take her back. Fortunately, his father had left them a little money, and Jeff had been working, of course, so that money wasn't much of a problem.

With me, it was, I had to help earn the family living. As soon as I was out of high school, I was forced to take care of myself, and to help take care of Mother.

I wasn't too much troubled when Jeff left. After all, it wasn't to be for long, and we were engaged. He would be back, he said, just as soon as he had established his mother with her rela-tives. An end of the matter. And for a while, after he left, I had the sweet memory of our last time together to cling to.

It was summer, then. Dusk was just closing in, tinting the world with a rosy haze left over from the setting of the sun, and the garden was scented with breath-taking magic. And best of all, Jeff was at my side.

We sat very still in the twilight, looking at each other, the knowledge of the coming separation waking us to new, sharp awareness. Suddenly I could feel my eyes filling with tears.

"Don't, George," Jeff begged. "Don't cry. There's no reason. I hate to leave you, but it won't be for long. I'll be back—and you'll be waiting. You will wait, won't you, Pat—wait for me?"

I nodded, my throat too full of the sweet ache of love, the sad ache of parting, to speak.

His eyes were serious, his face sud-denly mature. "You won't be sorry, dearest." Then, with wonder, "You're so beautiful, Pat. Your eyes are a pool of stars. I'm lost in them, and I'm afraid I'll never find myself again."

That was late in 1907. The next two years brought (Continued on page 75)
PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Two on a Clue
—two Spencers who add up to one Master Mind

LET us imagine that you are starting off for a quiet evening with some old friends. All the dinner dishes are done, and off you go to have a lovely time over the bridge table. Seems simple, doesn't it? But it isn't! Not if you happen to be Jeff and Debby Spencer. Time after time, the Spencers will start out for such a pleasant, harmless evening—and time after time, all they get is trouble. They just can't go round the corner without bumping into murder; and no sooner have they solved one than they find another on their hands.

Two on a Clue heard daily, 2:00 P.M. EWT, over CBS
JEFF SPENCER doesn't want to be a detective. He's a good lawyer, a good father, a good citizen, and he feels that these three jobs are enough for any one man. But somehow, each crime he comes across is like a personal challenge; he can't rest until he has painstakingly, relentlessly run the criminal into the ground. Fortunately for his happy home life, his wife Debby is every bit as fascinated as he is by the complicated workings of the criminal mind, and every bit as talented at unraveling a mystery. So wherever Jeff goes, Debby comes along to help him into and out of trouble.

(Jeff Spencer is played by Ned Wever)
DEBBY SPENCER sometimes seems as giddy as the little hats she perches on her bright red hair—but she isn't. The mind underneath those hats functions as sharply and as swiftly as her lawyer husband's; very often it is Debby who sees the answer to a problem long before Jeff has seen the problem. Debby is misleading because she approaches everything—dish-washing, mystery, or the disciplining of her young son Mickey—in the same gay, lively spirit. Sometimes Jeff thinks she is being altogether too lively and too audacious, but there isn't anything Debby is afraid of.

(Debby Spencer is played by Louise Fitch)
IT'S beginning to look as though any member of the Spencer family can make SERGEANT CORNELIUS TRUMBULL look foolish. Not only do Jeff and Debby have to show the honest Sergeant how the mystery comes out, but it takes their nine-year-old son MICKEY to explain to him which end of the model airplane is up. Nevertheless, the Sergeant keeps hoping that some day, somehow, he'll get to the answer first.

(Sgt. Trumbull played by John Gibson; Mickey by Ronny Liss)

MICKEY is often left with kindly MRS. GROVER, the Spencers' nextdoor neighbor, on nights when his active young parents are off on the trail of some public enemy. Mickey doesn't mind Mrs. Grover's overseeing while he slavens over his homework, but he feels that she doesn't quite understand how much nourishment a man needs in order to keep going—particularly the chocolate-covered variety. So, when he can't get what he wants by asking, he often resorts to guile.

(Mrs. Grover played by Kate McComb)
Who was Cappy Scanlon?  No one knew—not even Joanne, who gave him her heart.

EVERYONE knew me in Ellenville. The town had been named for my great-grandfather, and I was the daughter of John Ellen, the founder of Ellen House. I was a person in my own right, too—I'd been running Ellen House, the mainstay of the town's resort business, ever since my father had died.

Nobody knew Cappy Scanlon at all. He came to Ellen House in May, the month out of all the year that I loved best. I was rested then, after the winter months in which the house was closed to trade, and I loved the bustle of cleaning, ordering new equipment and re-furnishing old, getting everything ready

for Memorial Day, when the first guests would arrive to open the season. I was washing the windows at the front entrance, and I was busy with my own job, and with keeping an eye on the girls who were cleaning the front hall and on Ed Jenson, the handy-manporter-gardener, who was turning the hose on the wicker porch furniture. I didn't hear the footsteps on the gravel drive, didn't know that I had a visitor until a voice spoke at my elbow.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON," said the voice, "but can you tell me where I'll find the proprietor?"

I turned. He was a tall, thin young man, who moved rather carefully, as if he did not quite trust his muscles. He carried a crumpled gray hat in one hand, and in the other a small traveling bag. His dark red hair— I noticed, was almost exactly the same shade as mine.

"I'm the proprietor," I said with as much dignity as I could summon, with my head bound in a towel and my arms running soapy water to the elbows.

His gray eyes twinkled a little, but he spoke gravely. "Then you're Miss Joanne Ellen," he said. "I'm Cappy Scanlon. They told me in the village that you might have a job for me."

"What sort of job do you want?"

"Well . . ." his eyes roved over the stately red brick front of the building, rested briefly on Ed and the wicker furniture, "I could paint this entrance for you, to begin with."

I stiffened. The entrance did need painting, and I'd been wondering how Ed would find time to do it. But to have a stranger tell me about it was like—well, it was like his making a decision for me.

He went on, "And I could spray those wicker chairs, if you've a little green paint around. They'll dry light after this washing, you know, and they'll look kind of faded. And—oh, I'd find things to do. You see, I—I'd like to work here."

He looked out across the trim green lawns and the big old trees, at Fairly's Field, which bordered our land, at the blue waters of the Curling River below us. "It's the most beautiful spot I've ever seen."

My brief resentment vanished. "My great-grandfather built it," I said proudly. "It was his home. He had a flour mill back in the steamboat days, but the mill vanished with the steamboats. Grandfather kept the house up as best he could, and my father turned it into a hotel. Most of our trades came from Paignton."

—Paignton was the city about thirty miles up-river—but we get people from all over the state. Some of the younger ones are grandchildren of our first guests."

Cappy nodded. "It's a tradition," he said. "Are you running the place all by yourself?"

"Ever since Dad died, three years ago. Of course, I helped him a lot before that. Mother died when I was little, and I grew up following him around. Then I checked out. What I didn't know in the world was I thinking of, talking this way to a stranger, and idling away a morning when there was work to be done? What experience have you had?"

I asked abruptly.

He smiled, and it was a smile that made you forget the thinness of his face. "I'm a porter-gardener, mostly, but I had a good business just before the war. I was in partnership with a fellow who had a filling station. In the Navy I was a gunner's mate. I was wounded and given my discharge papers, but I'm perfectly able to work now."

He spoke matter-of-factly, not trying to trade upon sympathy, but I was instantly ashamed of having hesitated to hire him. And we needed help badly. With so many young people gone from the village, and because we couldn't afford to pay high wages for imported help, we were already short-handed since the war began.

"I'm sure we can use you," I said. "Can you—will you stay until the season's over?"

"Will I stay?" he repeated. He looked around him again, and then at me, and there was a kind of peace in his eyes.

"Yes, I think I can promise to stay as long as you have use for me."

I don't know how we would have opened on Memorial Day without him. From the first morning, when he painted the entrance, he was everywhere, it seemed—completing the big range and repairing the deep fryer in the kitchen, laying the heavy carpets in the lounge, stacking furniture so that the girls could clean the upstairs rooms, getting little odd jobs done almost before I knew they needed doing. On opening day the woman I'd engaged to do the baking sent a telegram saying that she would be delayed, and at noon, when I should have been dressed and out at the front desk welcoming guests, I was back in the bakery, frantically turning out the fruit rolls and the popovers that were a part of our reputation. With some misgivings, I told Alma, the headwaitress, to take off her apron and go out to the desk. Alma was invaluable in the dining room, but as a hostess she was abrupt and easily flustered. At two-thirty, when most of the luncheon guests had been served, I escaped from the bakery. The light of Alma in the dining room, bustling serving dessert, sent me scurrying in a panic to the front desk, expecting to find it unattended. But there was Cappy, who had been left to help Ed park cars and carry luggage. Very spruce and neat in a dark suit, he was taking registrations, answering calls at the switchboard, bowing out the guests who had come only for luncheon with an air and a courtesy my father would have admired.

He grinned a little self-consciously when he saw me. "We were busy," he said. "Alma was needed in the dining.
room, and she asked me to take over. I hope you don't mind."

I couldn't have said whether I minded or not. I was too surprised—both at the smoothness of the job Cappy was doing, and at the change the dark suit and the starched white collar made in his appearance. The next instant surprise was swallowed up in relief over having a problem solved. Cappy could stay at the desk from now on, I thought. It was too much for me in the busy hours when I had to oversee the rest of the place and a half-dozen emergencies often arose at once. "Of course not," I said.

"I'd like you to stay—" And then I was interrupted by the buzzing switchboard. Cappy took the call, promised a sandwich to Room Twelve in ten minutes, and sent the order to the kitchen. He turned to me eagerly. "I've been thinking," he said, "that those room service calls are a nuisance. They take time, and they jam the switchboard, and it's almost impossible to get the orders out when you're busy—"

"I know," I said, "We used to have a boy who did nothing but answer them. But that was before the war. I don't know what can be done—"

"There's a system of bells, isn't there, to summon servants? If we could use that, each summons would go directly to the pantry."

I saw what he meant, but I frowned doubtfully. "It hasn't been connected in years, and I'm afraid rewiring would be expensive. And besides, not all of the calls are for food."

"Most of them are, and we could post a notice in the rooms saying that the bells are for food and bar service only. And if you'll let me try, I think I could do the wiring."

THAT was the first of the changes that Cappy made at Ellen House, and it was a solid basis for four other suggestions. He did all of the work himself, and instead of attaching the batteries to the push buttons we'd had before, he connected them to bell pulls. The guests loved the pulls; they gave an illusion of luxury, and they fitted in beautifully with the old-fashioned charm of the house. We had to put an extra girl on room service over weekends, but it was worth it. We had what Cappy called a "talking point"—something our guests told their friends about, along with the scenery and the fresh trout dinners and the fruit salads of the house. It was Cappy's idea, too, to serve both luncheon and dinner buffet-fashion one day a week. The buffets, which required less serving, solved the almost impossible problem of giving the waitresses adequate time off, and the guests liked the idea of filling their own plates and the privilege of going back for a second helping.

There was hardly a day in the first few weeks that Cappy didn't come to me with some suggestion, and most of his ideas worked so well that I fell into the habit of backing him in his own judgment. I didn't realize how much responsibility I was giving him, how much of my work he was doing. All I knew was that I was mistress and hostess again at Ellen House, instead of a harried jack-of-all-trades. I had time to drive out in the afternoons and shop at the neighboring farms for their choicest fruits and vegetables instead of relying entirely upon the market in the village, time to sew new drapes and spreads for the rooms, time to chat with the guests. I had time to spend on myself, too—on my hair and my nails and my clothes, and that, as the days went by, became increasingly important. Because Cappy noticed. Cappy's eyes lighted when I came down to breakfast bright and cheerful in a new dress; Cappy's mouth tightened in concern when I was tired and nervous after a heavy day; he couldn't help knowing that he noticed, and it gave me a queer, unsettled feeling, a deliciously unsettled feeling. I wasn't used to being thought of as a person, as a woman. I was used to being thought of as a boss, or a part of the hotel.

I began to look forward to the hours we were alone together—and that was at night, when everyone else had gone to their rooms, and the hotel was quiet around us, and I brought the checks out to the desk to be tabulated. Cappy always stayed to help me, and the job that had once taken hours was quickly done, and there was time to sit back and talk over the events of the day, to laugh at the amusing things that had happened. We were Cappy and Joanne to each other then, and I could talk to him as I hadn't talked to anyone since my father had died. I had friends in the village, of course, boys and girls I'd gone to school with, but they thought me a little odd for my absorption in Ellen House. Cappy was as interested in it as I was, and everything, from the planting of a new perennial in the gardens to the pleasing of a fussy guest, was important to him. And always, more satisfying in a way than our talk, and yet disturbing, too, was the expression in Cappy's eyes when he looked at me, the expression I'd come to think of as his "noticing" look.

One night after an especially busy day, he reached over and took the checks from my hands. "You're not going to finish them tonight, Joanne. There must be a hundred in that batch." I ached with weariness, but I shook my head. "I have to. They've got to be billed in the morning."

For an answer he slid the checks into a drawer. "I'll do them. You get some rest."

I liked his concern—and, yes, I liked his overruling me. Still, I protested. "That's silly. You've work enough.—" I reached for the drawer, and Cappy caught my wrist—and then I was in his arms, and he was kissing me, a long, slow, unhurried kiss, deep, like the..."
new-found depths within me, steady as the beat of Cappy's heart.
He raised his head, and we stood motionless, looking at each other. Then he said, "Jo!" and his voice shook a little over the single syllable. I said, "Yes, Cappy," and that's how things were settled between us.

"Are you happy?"

I NODDED. I couldn't tell him how happy I was. It was as if all of my two days had been waiting for a moment like this, not knowing I waited for it, wanting it, not knowing I wanted it. "Are you?"

"Oh, honey—" His arms tightened, and he laid his cheek quickly, tenderly against my hair. "I want to take care of you, do things for you. That's all there is in life—doing things for someone you care about. I told you how I happened to come here, Jo, how Mother died while I was in the Navy, and I just didn't have anyone left. Dad died so long ago that I don't even remember him, and she'd always taken care of me, doing things for myself, taking care of myself—and taking care of the dozen-odd people who worked for me, too—wanted to be taken care of.

In the morning when I went downstairs Cappy was already at work. The checks were tabulated, and he was making out the bills. I felt almost shy at the sight of him—hesitant, as if the wonderful night before hadn't really happened, and I'd only dreamed it. But Cappy didn't hesitate. His smile swept over me, and he pulled me to him. Fortunately, for the dignity of Ellen House, there was no one around, but if there had been, I wouldn't have cared.

"Let's play hookey," he said. "Let's just walk out and be by ourselves. It's too nice a morning to stay inside."

I laughed at him, even though his little grin told me he wasn't really serious, I felt like getting hookey by myself. We stood for a while, arms linked, looking out at the flower-dotted meadow that was Fairly's Field, at the peaked yellow roof of the Selby Hotel on the far side. Even in my happiness, I took time out for a disparaging thought. In the war we'd been in a hotel, really, just an overgrown tourist home. Then Cappy said thoughtfully, "Does that meadow land belong to you, Joanne?"

I laughed ruefully. "I wish it did. I do have an option of sorts, but it really wouldn't mean anything if you knew if he gets another offer. If he should, I'd probably mortgage Ellen House to get the land."

"You could have tennis courts," said Cappy. "They'd be easy to keep up, on this high ground. And the land slopes right to the river, doesn't it. You could build a terrace there."

"I intend to have them someday," I said. "That's why I'm paying thirty dollars a year to keep the option. The auditor renews it for me each July. The Selby family wants Fairly's, too, you see—and if they get it, they'll have room for a terrace, they'll ruin both themselves and us. There isn't business enough for two places the size of Ellen House."

But for once the problem of Fairly's Field didn't nag at me as it usually did when it came to my attention. It had been my dearest dream—to buy Fairly's Field. It was my care, but now I had sweeter things to dream about. Cappy and I hadn't talked about it in so many words, but we both knew that we'd be married some time after Thanksgiving, when the season closed. Until then, we'd have to make do with as much as we could. Right now, it was all we could do to meet the tide of business, so that at the end of each day we knew that we had served everyone and served him well. Parties were larger and more unwieldy with gasoline rationing. People no longer drove down from the city by two's and three's; cars came packed full, and often our guests arrived by chartered bus, in groups of a dozen or twenty or thirty.

And then, on a Friday, when our usual rush of weekend business was augmented by a wedding reception scheduled Saturday, the telephone called away. "Influenza. Come at once." Aunt Elizabeth's telegram read, and I carried it to Cappy immediately. "I can't go!" I waved. "Not now, with the Overman wedding and everything. I can't just drop things and go."

"Cappy got the telegram," he asked, "is Elizabeth, Ellen?"

"My aunt, Dad's sister in Paignton. She isn't really sick, I know. She's as healthy as I am. Only, once in a while she gets a cold and thinks she's on her deathbed."

Cappy said nothing, and the harshness of my own words began to ring unpleasantly in my ears. After all, Aunt Elizabeth was old and lonely—and she was the only relative I had. Silently I took the telegram, handed Cappy the diagram of the tables for the wedding party. Everything here will be all right—"I'll tell Alma's sister to help out in the dining room, and you won't have to worry about a thing."

"I won't," I promised, but I did. Always before when I'd been called away, I'd returned to find things all wrong—everyone taking and snatching, the wrong menus sent to the kitchen, the most important guests shown to the least desirable tables. I arrived in Paignton late that afternoon to find Aunt Elizabeth no more ill than I'd predicted. She did have a cold and a little fever, but she sat straight up in bed and kept her head unwrapped. I had promised to be told all the news from Ellenville. I did my best to keep her entertained, and I cooked dishes that she especially liked, and ran errands for the practical nurse, but all the while my mind was at Ellen House. Had Cappy mentioned to Alma about the flowers for Saturday? Would Cappy remember about the canopy that was to be erected on the lawn? And the shrimp for Old Mrs. Canby's dinner on Sunday, had I marked them "Jumbo" on the menu? We couldn't afford to go wrong.

Saturday noon it began to rain, and I was nearly frantic when I called the weather bureau and was told that it was raining in Ellenville, too. Bad weather would ruin the wedding arrangements. There would be no canopy, no reception on the lawn; there would be parties inside, and the dining room was already filled with regular business. I tried to call Ellen House, and the long distance operator told me that the switchboard was either out of order or constantly busy. Then I sent a telegram to Cappy—"Tell me about the flowers for Saturday? Would Cappy remember about the canopy that was to be erected on the lawn? And the shrimp for Old Mrs. Canby's dinner on Sunday, had I marked them "Jumbo" on the menu? We couldn't afford to go wrong.

The ride to Ellenville was wet and unendless. The windows were shut against the rain, and it was (Continued on page 61)
When you're in love

For Gale Page, there is no glamour in her career that matches the glamour of her private life with Count Aldo Solito de Solis

By GALE PAGE

I HAVE been told that most young girls yearn for fame and glamour and a spotlighted niche among "people who do things," and that they are content with what life gives them—a husband, and children and a home—only as a sort of dreary second choice.

I find this impossible to believe—for I have lived in the bright lights, and had all the fame and glamour and public attention that prominence in motion pictures and on the radio brings with it—and I know how terribly empty and frustrating it is. And I know that, for me at least, real happiness wasn't possible until I had met and married the man I love—and bore his children, and cooked and sewed, and scrubbed and cleaned for them as it is a woman's rare privilege to do.

Oh, I know—I still have my "career." But it is honestly secondary in my thoughts and my plans, and my hopes for the future. If ever I had to make a choice between my family and my job—as much as I love broadcasting as "your Hollywood Neighbor" on NBC's Star Playhouse—the job would have to go.

This was never clearer to me than the time—only a few weeks ago—when our two and a half year old son Luan fell out of a second story window onto a cement porch and fractured his skull. My husband was alone with the children at the time—I am gone from the house less than two hours a day for my broadcasts, but the accident would have to happen during those hours. But no show in the world would have "gone on" with me in it, no matter how—perhaps the tradition of the theatre, so long as my little boy was in danger.

I don't know how he lived—he can fly, that's all. But he's home again with us now—not a sign of a scar—as cheerful and healthy and full of mischief as ever.

Aldo and I were never closer than in those first few days when the extent of Luan's injuries was not known. And my "career" was never farther from my thoughts.

Aldo is my husband. Count Aldo Solito de Solis, to be exact. The possessor of eighteen hereditary titles, dating from the Sacred Roman Empire, he is the most democratic person I have ever known—with a true democracy that comes from his heart.

My own background was not nearly as interesting or as glamorous as Aldo's. I was born in Spokane, Washington, and lived a perfectly ordinary and normal childhood on the Coast. My parents were non-professional (Dad was a banker), but I had a sister who had made a name for herself in Broadway musicals. And I wanted to do something of the sort myself.

In October of 1933, armed with a few weeks' singing on a Spokane radio station as my only professional experience, I set out for Chicago and fame. Station KYW was kind enough to give me a start. Then things began to happen rapidly.

I was determined that, once decided on a radio career, I wasn't simply going to mark time. And I knew that if I wanted to get somewhere I would have to do it under my own power. And so
I began a regular campaign of appearances at NBC wearing a perpetual "anything for me today?" look on my face. You can see that things weren't going too well when I tell you that on the ninth of those tries I ran short of cash, and had to offer the taxi driver who brought me to NBC my lucky dime—
The hard pat on the coin the year I was born, and that had been with me ever since. I couldn't help telling the driver, though, that it was my lucky dime I was giving up to him—and when he refused it (bless his heart!) I somehow had a feeling that the rest of the day was going to be just as lucky.

And it was. For that was the day NBC signed me for a sustaining—
a show that only two weeks later turned into a commercial. Now I was on my way.

In those days I was known strictly as a singer—what was called a "blues singer," although I'd for his attention even then. I hadn't given much thought to acting, but when a chance came for me to join the cast of one of the daytime serials I jumped at it, and spent the next few years as a regular member of the cast of Today's Children.

The night I met Aldo, he was something of a social lion in Hollywood—his titles and his indisputably real gifts as a concert pianist and composer titled the curiosity of the town's glamour-hostesses.

The night I met him, at a party at Irene Castle's, I sat on his left at dinner, and had to vie for his attention with Ina Claire, who was on his right.

I came off a bad second after he asked us both, "Pârlez-vous Français?" Ina responded gaily "Oui, oui," and I had to stammer, "Je ne le parle pas, mais je comprends un peu.

I managed to surreptitiously dismissing my driver, for I had come to the party alone—to hoodwink him into driving me home. There I invited him in for a night-cap (I'm glad he likes milk, for there was nothing stronger in the house) and played records for him until the small hours.

And the next day I phoned a language school and asked for a French teacher—vite!

We saw all too little of one another after that auspicious beginning—Aldo was booked for a concert tour and had to leave Hollywood soon after we met.

For the whole year he was gone, I lived on memories of that party—when he had come to an abrupt halt. But he was still Aldo—and that was enough for me.

That was in the summer of 1942. We saw one another as often as we could—
then—when the 8 P.M. "curfew" for enemy aliens making only an interesting complication—and we knew very soon that we wanted to be married.

Where we wanted to be married was another question. We changed our minds, as a matter of fact, after we had left home to drive north for the ceremony.

Our destination, originally, was my sister's ranch in Portland, Oregon, but Portland is a long drive from Los Angeles and we had to make it non-stop—because of the complications about Aldo's "alien" status. We made it to my mother's home in Spokane, Washington, after a day and a night—stopping only for quick meals in drive-ins and on the way.

We were too tired for another long drive—so my father made all arrangements for us to be married in Cour d'Alene, Idaho, just across the border from Spokane, the next morning. Father routed out a minister by telephone, the minister came, but had bought it weeks before and I had carried the little velvet box in my purse ever since—I wasn't going to let that get out of my hands.

A minister and a ring—we were set. So we left home at first.

It wasn't very romantic, I objected, to be married in the crinkled, soiled suit in which I had driven 1,000 miles the day before.

"But Toni," Aldo reminded me, "there is a dress in the back of the car that you were going to take to the cleaners when you left home?"

So there was—and not too crushed or spat.

We stopped at a filling station, and I changed quickly in the ladies room—emerged looking something less like a member of the Joab family. We stopped once more, at a diner's, where Aldo bought me the loveliest snapdragons and gladiali I had ever seen, a veritable garden bouquet. Our wedding, put together so quickly—like a not-too-good jig-saw puzzle—was as nice a wedding as I've ever seen! I loved every minute of it.

Mother had kept busy at home while we were gone. When we returned, she invited us into the dining room where a wedding cake and champagne waited for the bride and groom and for the handful of neighbors and friends who had drifted in to wish us well. After resting at mother's that night, we finally finished our honeymoon at my sister's an old married couple.

Back in Hollywood, we settled down to the simple life of any 'average American couple not too rich but very much in love.

Aldo, denied his concerts, began industriously to compose; I babysat my self-mocking Aldo and what I hoped would be a tremendous family. We have been lucky. Luan, our "Noni," arrived first, a brief year later came the twins, Marina Francesca and Lucchinio Giovanni, Mina and Lukey to their friends. And since I have had the previous year and a half, by an earlier marriage, the house was soon filled with children and happy times.

Aldo, who has composed suites in honor of all of the children, as well as a Spanish suite which Stokowski is going to play very soon, is, I think, learning to see the fact that his father had died during the war, his younger brother also is dead—killed in action—and he hasn't seen his mother or sister since before the terrible war began. When he can forget all that and feel really happy, he tells me so in a silly verse, which goes something like this:

"I love you Toni,
Mother of Noni
And Mina and Lukey
My two darling twins . . ."

I try to make him add a line: "And of the quintuplets we still want to have a house with no help—and a job which demands my appearance in a broadcasting studio five mornings a week almost before dawn, make for a full and satisfying life.

It's all but that is no longer true. When the newspapers carried the story of Luan's fall, a wonderful woman, Mrs. Reed, wrote to me from Bakersfield that she "just had to come take care of that child." And she came, too. She'll have her hands full—for Luan is a born adventurer. He ran away from home when he was a year and a half old—wearing only his diaper pants, and accompanied only by his collie dog, Kiki. He resided happily in jail until the police could trace his identity through Kiki's dog tag; then he came triumphantly home in a police car with his collar blaring—a policeman and Kiki and Luan sitting proudly in the front seat.

When he was two, he "flew" out of a second story window. Poor Mrs. Reed. What career could offer a woman half as much satisfaction as one day in the busy Reed household?

A friend who doesn't agree with me entirely on this shook her head the other day as she watched me running from kitchen to nursery to front door, and said:

"You must love children."

"I love my husband," I replied. And I guess that covers it.
GALE PAGE thought she had made no impression on COUNT ALDO SOLITO DE SOLIS, because he was a brilliant musician and a Hollywood social lion—and she couldn’t speak French! So, the day after she met him she started taking French lessons—and the Count left for a concert tour. But she must have been wrong about that impression, because even after his year-long tour was over he hadn’t forgotten the dark, slim girl who had sat beside him once at a dinner party. As soon as he was back in Hollywood, Gale discovered that it didn’t matter whether she spoke in French or English—she and Aldo understood each other perfectly.
In one heartbeat's time, Mary slipped from the shadows into the unfamiliar glory of a love she claimed as her own.
His last words to me were not an affirmation of his love, but rather, "Keep an eye on Stephanie for me!" While Phil was gone, I had time to see things from a calmer point of view, and I had nearly convinced myself that most of my troubles were imaginary, when Phil came home, medically discharged. And I soon knew that my troubles were far from imaginary—there was a wall between Phil and me that neither of us could break through—a wall which made our marriage a travesty. Then one night Trailertown caught fire. Phil rushed to help fight the fire, and it soon became apparent that all of the ramshackle dwellings were going to be destroyed, and that, in order to keep war production going, the townspeople would have to house the Trailertown folks until some sort of shelter could be built for them. I was at home when Phil brought our Trailertown guest home—brought her home, injured, in his arms. Stephanie Vosper! Stephanie—whom Phil loved, I was sure—to live with us! I stood looking down at that motionless form on the bed. Philip had gone back to the fire. It was the first time I had ever been alone with Stephanie, but there was no feeling of strangeness that she was here, lying on a bed in my house. It seemed inevitable. That she was here was due to a force I had been powerless to stop, a force that had started with our first meeting.

I found myself looking at her quite unmoved, feeling neither hatred nor jealousy nor dislike. I was drained of emotion for the time. And in this detachment I studied the black hair lying like a cloud on the white pillow, the long lashes trembling against her closed eyes. The injection Dr. Bassmer had given her made her sleep, but her body moved now and then, as if in protest.

Huddled on a slipper chair I kept my vigil, my knees propped under my chin, my arms hugging my knees—holding myself tightly because I knew that behind my surface calm lurked a flood of stormy rebellion that might at any moment break its dam and send me hurtling out of the house, running to Philip, demanding that he take this girl out of our house! I forced myself not to think—to concentrate on the sleeping figure as if she were any injured stray that Philip might have brought home to me for help, for shelter.

Her face was grey with soot. Like an automaton, I got a washcloth from the bathroom and softly wiped her face. She stirred as I did so, murmuring something broken.

Washed, her face looked strangely different, clean and young and, oddly, innocent. Color was beginning to seep back into her cheeks. I noted, with an involuntary twinge of pity, that one of her eyebrows had been badly singed and little blister burns had been treated on her neck. The drug she had been given could not entirely banish the shock from her mind because I saw that she muttered, brokenly, to herself and tossed restlessly on the bed.

Stephanie in this house! She couldn't stay—she couldn't! Philip couldn't ask it of me... I buried my face in arms that were beginning to tremble. The words I had nervously said to Philip tonight—too late! I could never go to him now as a cringing suppliant, as if her coming here had prodded me into begging for his love!

She couldn't stay—but even while the mutinous refrain ran through my (Continued on page 82)

Like a tableau, we were all held silent and motionless by the new, forceful hardness in Henry's face.
I forever yours

In one heartbeat's time, Mary slipped from the shadows into the unfamiliar glory of a love she claimed as her own.

THE STORY:

All of my life I had loved Philip James, and, when he returned home on furlough, before going overseas, I confidently expected that we would be married before the furlough was up. Henry McCarthy, Phil’s and my friend since childhood, became interested in Stephanie Vesper, one of the “Trailertown” people who had come to our town to work in the war plant, and I soon realized, to my amazement and hurt, that Phil was interested in her, too. In fact, I knew that both he and Henry were seeing a good deal of Stephanie. The day Phil and Henry were to return to camp, I overheard what I thought was a conversation concerning marriage between Henry and Stephanie, but I found a few moments later that it was Phil, not Henry! My dreams of marriage shattered, I returned home—and later that evening, Phil came to our house to ask me to marry him! I was sure that he had come to me after being refused by Stephanie, but I loved him too much to insist. I accepted. We were married hastily, and I accompanied Phil to the trail. His last words to me were not an affirmation of his love, but rather, “Keep an eye on Stephanie for me!”

While Phil was gone, I had time to see things from a calmer point of view, and I had nearly convinced myself that most of my troubles were imaginary, when Phil came home, medically discharged. And I soon knew that my troubles were far from imaginary—there was a wall between Phil and me that neither of us could break through a wall which made our marriage a travesty. Then one night Trailertown caught fire. Phil rushed to help fight the fire, and it soon became apparent that all of the ramshackle dwellings were going to be destroyed, and that in order to keep our production going, the townsmen would have to house the Trailertown folks until some sort of shelter could be built for them. I was at home when Phil brought our Trailertown guest home—brought her home, injured, in his arms. Stephanie Vesper! Stephanie—whom Phil loved, I was sure—to live with us!

I stood looking down at that motionless form on the bed. Philip had come back to the fire. It was the last time I had ever been alone with Stephanie, but there was no feeling of strangeness that she was here, lying on a bed in my house. It seemed inevitable. That she was here was due to a force that had started with our first meeting. I found myself looking at her quite unmoved, feeling neither hatred nor jealousy nor dislike. I was drained of emotion for the time. And in this defeat I studied the black hair lying like a cloud on the white pillow, the long lashes trembling against her closed eyes. The injection Dr. Bauer had given her made her sleep, but her body moved now and then, as if in protest.

Huddled on a slipper chair I kept my vigil, my knees propped under my chin, hugging my knees—holding myself tightly because I knew that behind my surface calm lurked a flood of stormy rebellion that would at any moment break its dam and send me hurtling out of the house, running to Philip, demanding that he take this girl out of our house! I forced myself not to think—to concentrate on the sleeping figure as if she were any injured stray that Philip might have brought home to me for help, for shelter.

Her face was grey with snot. Like an automation, I got a washcloth from the bathroom and softly wiped her face. She stirred as I did so, murmuring something broken.

Washed, her face looked strangely different, clean and young and, oddly, innocent. Color was beginning to seep back into her cheeks. I noted, with involuntary twinge of pity, that one of her eyebrows had been badly singed and little hider burns had been treated on her neck. The drug she had been given could not entirely banish the shock from her mind because I saw that she muttered, brokenly, to herself and tossed restlessly on the bed.

Stephanie in this house! She couldn’t stay—she couldn’t! Philip couldn’t ask of me... I buried my face in arms that were beginning to tremble. The words I had sworn myself to say to Philip tonight—too late! I could never go to him now as a grieving supplicant, as if her coming here had prodded me into begging for his love.

She couldn’t stay—but even while the minutes ticked by, I fervently hoped that Philip might have brought home to

(Continued on page 82)
Don't answer this until you've read what you are asked to take. And then answer, as all Americans should—Yes, I can!

By PHIL BAKER

We're going to do a switch. You're going to take my place and I'm going to answer the questions. Which is an idea that will probably make a lot of listeners very happy. That's fine. Only I'm not doing this to make listeners happy. I'm doing it this way, because, this time, I know all the answers—right up to the $64 question—and I want to be darned sure the answers get across.

You won't have any trouble. You know how it goes. A contestant steps up to the microphone and you go through the routine. You have to put him at his ease—like this.

YOU: Hello, Mr. Baker. Nervous?
ME: Hummm—a little. I'm not used to being on this spot.
YOU: Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Baker. What do you do?
ME: I'm by way of being a comedian. But right this minute I don't feel funny.
YOU: All right, Mr. Baker. It's up to you. What would you like to talk about?
ME: The most beautiful, the most wonderful, the most glamorous girls in the world. No—not movie stars. Nurses. I want to talk about the nurses in the Army and Navy.
YOU: Well, that's not a bad way to put it, Mr. Baker—the most beautiful, the most—

ME: I can't take any credit for that. That's what the GIs say about them. Take Sgt. Robert Gold of New York—take what he said. Quote—

I'll never forget the first nurse I saw after I'd been hit. She was in the receiving tent—a pretty redhead. It's funny when you stop to think of it. You wouldn't think you'd notice whether or not a nurse was pretty, or the color of her hair at a time like that. But you do. She was busy as the dickens. There were a lot of casualties. It was muddy in that tent. She had on her field uniform and heavy shoes and she was doing the work of four nurses, I guess. But she kept her smile and kept telling the boys they'd be all right. Unquote. That was on the Anzio beachhead. And Staff Sgt. John Shuster of New Jersey who was wounded at St. Lo in France. Again, quote. It happened so quickly I scarcely remember the details. The first thing I really remember is an Army nurse standing over me giving me blood plasma. I'm an old hand at it now. I've had plasma twenty times and they're now giving me whole blood transfusions. If it wasn't for the plasma they gave me I'd have been a goner. There were six nurses at that field hospital in France. Four were on duty during the day and two at night. That didn't mean a thing to them. They were there all the (Continued on page 52)
PHIL BAKER has been around in every phase of the entertainment business from the rockbottom of amateur shows up to radio, where his Take It Or Leave It (Sundays, 10:00 P.M. EWT, over CBS) is one of the biggest money- and laugh-dispensers of radio time. A total of 1600 pencils, 1000 pens, more than $50,000 has gone to contestants, who have so much fun that it doesn't seem fair to pay them for it.
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My heart knew

Beth was hurt, confused ... but her gallant young

heart was not. And so when love came with two
different faces, her heart chose wisely for her

IMPORTANT things come to me slowly. Even after my 24th birthday, when I was tired and disillusioned and divorced, I didn't realize that you can't escape from life, itself—that you can't find happiness by running away. Probably I never could have faced life squarely, as I did, had I left it with its laughter, its black midnights with its brilliant sunshine, without the help of Damon Bryson—Damon with his wisdom and gentle understanding. Because up to the time I knew Damon, I had run away from every crisis in my life, seeking always an elusive happiness which continued to fade into tragedy and dark confusion.

If Damon hadn't had patience along with his wisdom, he never could have overthrown my running-away habits of a lifetime. Because I started running away from the outside world when I was six years old. That year my parents were killed in an automobile accident and I went to live with my great-aunt Mabel in her lonely grey house. On hot summer afternoons I lay out under the poplar trees and pretended that my mother and father were alive, and that we still lived in the little brown house crammed with love and laughter. I was escaping in daydreams. Later, in my teens, as Aunt Mabel's severity became more intense with age, I turned to romantic books and movies to satisfy my need for love and affection, denied me in my lonely existence with this stern old lady. And, at last, I tried physical escape—I really ran away from home. But I didn't go alone. I eloped with Tony Fielding, an irresponsible, roving gambler, whom I had known only a week—a dark-eyed, full-lipped man, who taught me that there are things that hurt more than cold reproof and constant criticism—there are black nights and different kinds of physical cruelties so shocking that the woman who once knows them carries a scar in her pride, forever.

After the tragedy of my marriage, I determined never to let life touch me again. "I will build a wall around my heart," I told myself, "and it will shut out brutality and selfishness and cruelty." That it also would shut out love didn't concern me. The only man who had promised me love had given me lust and brutality, instead. Never again would I break my heart in a search for romance. I concentrated on preparing myself for a job, on beginning a new solitary life which would include no other person—and no hurt!

After you know someone well, you can hardly remember your first impression of him, can you? I suppose I must have realized that Damon was handsome that first day I applied for a job in his law office. But I don't remember his strong, lean face, his greying temples, and his wide-set eyes so much as I recall being struck by his kindness and his understanding.

"I'm not worried about your lack of experience," he said, looking straight into my eyes, "not if you really mean what you say about wanting to take an interest in your job. And I think you do."

At the end of our interview, when Damon looked across his great walnut desk, and told me that I was the applicant he wanted for his secretary, I told myself, "Mr. Bryson is kind. He will be easy to work for." I did not say, "He will be easy to love." Because that day I did not know that this marked the beginning of one of the strangest love affairs ever experienced by a young woman and an older man.

Although our contacts were impersonal at first, I learned a lot about Damon as I sat outside his private office at my attractive desk in the large book-lined reception room. I knew from his conversation with his friends that his wife had been dead two years and that he was childless and lived alone. And I realized that although he apparently was indifferent to women, he was exceptionally attractive to them. Several times a week he received either telephoned or personal invitations from confident-sounding women who urged him to come to din-
ners or cocktail parties. I was surprised to see that he declined as often as he accepted, preferring to be alone even as I did. And I began to notice something else in my daily contacts with this man. He had a quiet poise that was more than confidence. It was a shine, a kind of inner greatness, that writers always attribute to men like strong, compassionate Abraham Lincoln.

It seems silly to compare that handsome, expertly-tailored man with homely, jagged-faced Lincoln, and yet Damon had that compassion that comes from accepting people as they are and loving them for their faults as well as their virtues. Life was kind to give me this great man for an antidote after the bitter poison of my marriage with Tony and I realized my luck.

One night, after we had worked later than usual getting out income tax reports for some of our clients, Damon and I took the elevator down to the street floor together. When we reached the arched entrance, Damon glanced at the lightning-slashèd sky and remarked easily, "We're going to have a nasty storm, Beth. I'll take you home."

"Thank you," I refused quietly, "but
I

ORTHANT things come to me slowly. Even after my 34th birthday, when I was tired and disillusioned and divorced, I didn't realize that you can't escape from life, itself—that you can't find happiness by running away. Probably I never could have faced life squarely, accepting its tears with its laughter, its black midnights with its brilliant sunrises, without the help of Damon Bryson—Damon with his wisdom and gentle understanding. Because up to the time I knew Damon, I had run away from every crisis in my life, seeking always an elusive happiness which continued to fade into tragedy and dark confusion.

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That winter is one I'll always remember—months of longing and love and restlessness—and fear.

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the bus stops right at the little restaurant where I eat."

Then the first heavy drops thickened and matted together into a sheet of rain, "Now you stay here and I'll drive up in front in just a minute," Damon commanded. "You don't want to wait for a bus on a night like this."

Ten minutes later I was riding in Damon's comfortable, warm sedan. The engine purred quietly and the windshield wiper clicked softly, and I was conscious of a delicious feeling of elegance I never had known before in my life. It was a soft, luxurious haven from the storm-tossed world outside. I relaxed against the cushions. Damon looked at me and smiled, and there was a kindness in his face which began to melt away my wall of reserve just a little.

When we drove up in front of my restaurant, the cafe was closed.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I apologized. "It closes at 7:30—I didn't know it was that late. But my room's right around the corner, so I'll get out here."

"You won't get out at all," Damon insisted. "I cheated you out of your dinner by making you work late. You can come and eat with me."

"Oh, no," I objected quickly. "I can't let you—"

"I'd appreciate it, if you would, Beth," he interrupted. "It's a dismal night to be alone."

"Why, he's lonely," I told myself in surprise. And, because I had always known loneliness, my heart went out to him just a little.

"Why, thank you," I said, taking my hand away from the door handle. I settled back into the luxurious warmth of the car again as we drove to the Bryson home out in Bever Heights.

As we drove in the winding driveway, I felt that this home matched Damon Bryson. And after we had parked the car under the archway at the side of the house, and had stepped inside the high-ceiled living room, I could see why. The home was like the clothes he wore—dignified, unobtrusive, and furnished in perfect taste. Its quiet graciousness was a sedative after the months of loneliness in my sparsely-furnished room at Kelly's boarding house.

"Your home is so beautiful," I said softly.

"That isn't any credit to me," he said. "Mary, my wife, chose everything in it."

"Then you were very much alike," I said.

"You would have liked Mary," he said smiling.

He said her name fondly, and I knew that their life together had been good. Probably she had not wanted an escape, and yet she had gone away, leaving a beautiful home, and Damon, who loved her. For the first time in long, aching months, I realized that not all of life was bad... that life as Damon and his Mary had known it was good.

I could feel the ice that was my heart thawing a little as we ate dinner, served by a man named Sam, in the paneled diningroom. And, afterwards, in the livingroom as we sat contentedly looking into the dancing flames, I felt that I would not be afraid of life if someone like Damon were beside me. I could feel him watching me quietly.

"Beth," he said, "you interest me as much as anyone I've known."

Suddenly I was afraid that this man was interested in me as a woman—and not as a friend. "Oh, please don't make him be—that way," I prayed to an unseen power. "I can't bear it if he disappoints me too."

But I should have known better than that. Damon, with his kind blue eyes, was a gentleman. And he was talking to me as he would to anyone close to him who was in trouble.

"There is nothing interesting about me," I told him quickly, not turning toward him.

"There's something interesting about everyone," he said quietly. "But there's even more of a story in you. Because you seem to be determined not to let anyone know you. Why is that, Beth? What's happened to you?"

"Nothing," I insisted. "I just don't like people the way you do."

"You aren't selfish, Beth. Everything about you is fine. Then why don't you let people see that?"

"Stop—stop," I wanted to scream at him. "Don't probe into the old hurt. Don't make me tell you that I'm lonely and frightened and afraid."

Woman-like, I let my tears talk for me. Without warning, the pent-up emotion of years and years of misunderstanding and coldness and eventual brutality broke with strange, choked sobs which shook my body.

Damon said nothing. He did not touch me, realizing probably that physical contact was not the comfort I needed. Whatever changed me now would have to come from inside of me.

But, finally, when the sobs trailed off into little shudders and I lay back against the cushions, Damon took a big, clean white handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped my eyes with it. And then he said gently, "It's better now, Beth. And it will never be so bad again."

I told him the story of my queer, bruised life—beginning with the accident which robbed me of normalcy in childhood, and ending with my marriage to Tony.

I shall never forget how he listened to me—not critically, nor curiously, but with an honest sympathy I had never known before.

"Poor little Beth," he said finally, putting his large hand over my small one. "You've had a hard time. But it's all over now." He stroked my hand gently. "Now I can understand you. I've wondered about you so much."

I was surprised and flattered to know that Damon had considered me at all with all of the beautiful and brilliant women in his life.

"Have you really thought of me?" I whispered.

"Yes," he admitted, smiling down at me, "not only because you're a pretty little girl with nice eyes—but because you seemed to have built a wall around yourself. Now I know why."

He was so kind and so gentle and so understanding that I moved toward him with an involuntary gesture of thankfulness.

"But you mustn't run away from life any more, Beth," he advised. "You're so young—and life is good."

And I believed him. Life was good, as long as there was a person like Damon in the world to understand me and believe in me and help me to go forward to meet the days bravely. The gratitude that beat in my heart must have shone in my eyes, because he...
patted my hand very gently and said, "I'm going to take you home now, Beth—because I know you're very tired. But we'll have more evenings together. You see, Beth, I'm lonely, too."

I couldn't go right to sleep that night. I was thinking of Damon—not of his kind words of sympathy, but of Damon, himself, with whom I might find peace and security and quiet happiness. And I dreamed of living in the high-ceilinged, book-lined home—living there as Damon's wife.

Our relationship in the office changed little during the next week. During the press of business, I was an efficient, quiet-voiced secretary, and Damon was an executive. And Damon's business calendar was very busy those days.

But one night a week later, Damon asked me to go home with him again. "We're having steak," he said. "I can't promise that every night."

I looked at him, answering his smile, and as our eyes met, I realized that I was falling in love with this man. That night, when we sat again in front of the friendly fire, Damon encouraged me once more to talk about myself. And I told him about my parents and the little brown house which lived in the long ago.

I suppose there was a wistful note in my voice, because Damon said, "Tell me what you're waiting for, isn't it, Beth? The little house. And sometime you'll find it—the warmth and the love and the happiness. You'll have your dream."

But that wasn't my dream. I didn't want a little house and a young husband to walk with me through life. I wanted Damon—Damon with his gentle ways and his kind eyes—Damon, who had given me my first real happiness.

It was three weeks before I admitted to myself that I was intensely in love with Damon. We had been together a lot for quiet dinners and pleasant trips in the long, black sedan. But our relationship was still that of an older man befriending a young girl. Then, one day, I told myself the truth. I was in love with Damon, and I wanted our pleasant relationship to be the beginning of a new life. At first I was afraid he would discover that I was falling in love with him; then, finally, I wanted him to know. The magnetism of his interest in me became so great that I had to tell him.

I was sitting beside him in the car looking up at his strong, handsome face. He did not turn his head, but his hand dropped quietly from the wheel of the car and closed over mine. There was friendliness and help and encouragement in his touch, and I turned slowly putting my other hand over his. He looked down at me, a faint expression of surprise on his face, and then we moved toward each other, brushing our lips together. My heart tinkled the way a music box does when you take away the cover that has been holding back its song. This was the joy I had waited for. This was love—a steady, serene love—the climax of my tumultuous life.

Suddenly I wanted to tell him what I was feeling, but the words caught in my throat.

"Damon," I whispered. "I shouldn't have kissed you," Damon apologized.

"It's all right," I told him. "I wanted you to. And I want you to, again."

He pulled me to him very gently, and I could smell the clean male tobacco-and-soap smell of him. Our lips met naturally, warming pleasantly as they touched.

"Damon," I whispered, "I love you."

He didn't answer me but I was sure that he returned my love. He had told me so often that our evenings together were the most pleasant times of his life. That was all that mattered. That's what our marriage would be—a long series of pleasant times. I had come to the end of my path of misunderstanding and fright. I would find shelter at last in Damon's arms.

At dinner that night I said softly, "I suppose I loved you that very first night, but I didn't know it until tonight."

"Beth," Damon said slowly, and the concern he felt for me shone through the blueness of his eyes. "You mustn't attach importance to that kiss. I enjoy being with (Continued on page 56)
"I suppose there was a winful note to the departure, because Damon said, 'That's what that's in, Beth.' The little house. And sometimes—'

After a while Tom's exuberance, his charm, filtered through to me.
THINKING OF YOU

The wistful song with which Kay Kyser introduces his anything-but-wistful program

Words and Music by WALTER DONALDSON and PAUL ASH

Moderato

Chorus

I've grown so lone some—Thinking of you,

Thinking of you,

All by my own some

Thinking of you,

When you were mine, dear,

The world was mine, dear,

And the skies were blue.

I've grown so lone some—Thinking, thinking

Thinking of you,

you.

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IF that famous greeting, “Evenin’, folks—how y’all?” took on particular sparkle last June, radio listeners to Kay Kyser’s College of Musical Knowledge were well aware that the Professor’s inspiration was lovely Georgia Carroll. America’s most famous model, Georgia had been chosen for a few guest appearances with the Kyser band; but she turned into the most extraordinary guest that band had ever had, emerging with a singing contract—and with her name changed to Mrs. Kay Kyser! Into their new home, Kay and Georgia are putting antiques—into their program (Wednesday, 10:00 P.M. EWT, over NBC) a special something to make it one of the glamour-spots of the air.
In spite of the most careful planning and preparation, it is entirely possible these days that a point-restricted meal may turn out a bit weak on appetite appeal. That makes your dessert doubly important, for a truly happy ending to a meal can make your family forget that the main dish wasn’t steak.

Now, when all of us are having to concentrate harder than ever before on meats, it seems wise to think about desserts to offset meat dishes which may not be all we would like to have them—rich, nourishing and tempting desserts whose flavor will linger on the tongue and in the mind long after the rest of the meal has been forgotten. I know that such desserts immediately suggest butter and sugar but it is possible to have delicious desserts with a minimum of scarce ingredients. The recipes this month call for margarine in place of butter, honey or molasses for part, at least, of the sweetness we require. And they very definitely fill the specifications for “a good, substantial dessert.”

**Raisin Pie**

2 cups seedless raisins  
1 1/4 cups boiling water  
1/2 cup corn syrup  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 lemon (juice and grated rind)  
4 tbsp. margarine  
Pastry

Combine raisins and water and cook for 5 minutes. Add syrup, cornstarch, salt and lemon juice and rind and continue cooking for 5 minutes. Add margarine. Cool slightly, then pour into unbaked pie shell. Cover with strips of pastry. Bake at 400 degrees, 30 minutes.

**Chocolate Honey Pie**

1/2 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
2 1/2 cups milk  
1/2 cup honey  
2 oz. (squares) unsweetened chocolate  
3 egg yolks  
2 tsp. vanilla  
Baked pie shell

Sift together flour and salt in top of double boiler. Combine milk and honey and stir gradually into flour, then stir in chocolate which has been broken into pieces. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick, and cook for 10 minutes more, stirring from time to time. Beat eggs and blend with a small quantity of the cooked mixture, add egg mixture to that in double boiler and cook 3 minutes more. Stir in margarine and vanilla. Cool before turning into baked pie shell.

**Orange Spanish Cream**

2 tbs. gelatin  
2 cups milk  
1 cup orange juice  
1 lemon juice  
1 tbs. grated orange rind

Combine gelatin, salt and milk in double boiler and heat until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in honey, then stir in margarine. Add a small quantity of gelatin mixture to egg yolks, which have been beaten until thick and lemon colored, add egg mixture to that in double boiler and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add juices and grated rind, then fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour into mold or individual custard cups and chill until firm.

**Molasses Custard**

3 eggs  
1/4 cup molasses  
1 tbs. vanilla  
1 pint milk

Beat eggs until thick and lemon colored, add molasses, pinch of salt, vanilla. Beat well. Scald milk, pour gradually into molasses mixture and blend thoroughly. Pour into individual custard cups, place in pan of hot water and bake in 350 degree oven until firm and lightly browned, about 1/2 hour.

BY

KATE SMITH

RADIO ROMANCES

FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith’s daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7 EWT.
**SUNDAY**

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<tr>
<th>P.M.T.</th>
<th>C.M.T.</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
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<td>CBS: News</td>
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<td>12:05</td>
<td>Blue</td>
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<td>8:10</td>
<td>12:10</td>
<td>News and Organ Recital</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>The Jwabulars</td>
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<td>8:20</td>
<td>12:20</td>
<td>Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist</td>
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<td>8:25</td>
<td>12:25</td>
<td>CBS: The Symphonettes</td>
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The Voice of the Army is a swell show. It's transcribed and comes to you over some 280 local and network stations. Like many of the transcriptions distributed by the government, it's presented whenever the stations have free air time. Look for it in your local radio listings—and listen. There seem to be things that need to be said to all of us—and this show says them with singing and drama and arranges good sense.

One of the several writers assigned to The Voice of the Army is Cpl. Jacques Finke.

Jacques is a native New Yorker. He went to the Horace Mann School and to college at Cornell. He was always determined to become a writer. At Cornell, he wrote for the campus literary magazine, "Aeropagite," and for the college radio group and, of course, for the inevitable musicals.

After his graduation, his ambitions ran into a snag. His father wanted him to be an accountant. So Jacques went to the Graduate School at Columbia—ostensibly to study accountancy. Actually, he cut classes and spent all his time in the "Browzing Rooms" reading short stories and books about short stories—and trying to write.

Even fathers get impatient, however. Papa wanted some results. So, Jacques hid himself to an advanced position in the personnel director that he wanted to be a writer and asked to be taken on as a member of the CBS apprentice group. Jacques worked in every department in the station until, about three quarters of the way through the course, he was asked by Max Wiley whether he would like to join the script department. Jacques didn't even think twice about that.

Jacques was a member of the CBS writing staff for about three years, at one time or another, writing the continuity for practically every CBS program. He also wrote five Columbia Workshop scripts—the highest you could go in artistic distinction at that time.

Then, while he was away on vacation the third year, he got a long distance call from an advertising agency, asking him to join the radio staff. Feeling like a change, he took the job, writing the continuity for Hit Parade, writing and directing the Cities Service Program. Not finding this enough to take up all his time—but mostly all his ideas—he also freelanced the first 13 weeks of the Radio Readers' Digest, and wrote scripts for Suspense, Report to the Nation and Romance. He says he made lots of money in those days and ate very well—when he had time to eat.

In June of 1943, Jacques found his "Greetings" in the mail. After his basic training, he was sent to Governor's Island and assigned to work on The Voice of the Army. Besides that, since he's been out there, he's written the lyrics to a song—"Fool That I Am"—which appeared in a recent copy of Radio Romances. Remember?
Another of the writers assigned to The Voice of the Army, at this moment in AGency and H's a tall, on-the-thin-side, humorous man with an infectious laugh. He was born in Pittsburgh, grew up in New York, and attended the University of Pennsylvania. He left college to work on the Voice of the Army and helped to develop it into a successful weekly program. He is a native New Yorker and has been associated with radio since his college days.

Asked what he planned for the future, he said, "I have no definite plans, but I would like to continue with the Voice of the Army or work on similar projects." He has a keen interest in the history of radio and hopes to continue his work in that field.

"I've always been interested in radio," he said. "It's a medium that has allowed me to explore my creative talents in a variety of ways." He has written and produced programs for a number of different stations, and has also worked as a radio personality and commentator.

"I believe that radio has a unique role to play in our society," he said. "It can help to bring people together, to educate them, and to provide entertainment." He is a strong advocate of the medium and hopes to continue to work in radio for many years to come.

"I'm looking forward to the future," he concluded. "There are many exciting opportunities ahead, and I'm excited to be a part of them."
Can You Take It?

Continued from page 41
time. Their off-duty time was spent trying to give some little extra attention, and that counts when you feel as badly as I did. Unquote.

YOU: I guess you've made your point. All right. You'll talk about nurses. For one dollar. How many are there in the Corps of the Army?

ME: Not enough. Right now there are 42,000 nurses in the Army Nurses Corps. When you take a look at the fact you'll see there is a need. Lots of them are needed every day, now. Practically every year, about 1,000 sick and wounded men are sent back home for hospitalization. That's only the GI's who are sent home. There are all the others overseas. Seventy-one percent of the Army are nurses serving overseas, not. That leaves a nice round twenty-nine percent to take care of those who are in hospitals here—and all the men who are being sent back. They need more nurses overseas, and sending more of them from the existing personnel would mean shortening the hospitals here of already overworked nurses. It can't be done. Not long ago, eleven hospital units were won by nurses killed by enemy action—and that's how desperate the situation is. Here at home, Army hospitals are operating with as few as one nurse to twenty-six patients. They have to have to take care of more than fifteen beds. Overseas, one nurse shouldn't have to take care of more than twelve beds. That is not good. The fact that the patient is crippled doesn't make a difference. The nurses are needed as quickly as possible. That can go up higher, depending on how our boys make out.

YOU: What about the Navy?

ME: At the present time the Navy has about 9,000 nurses. The Navy Nurse Corps has to get ready to staff six new hospital ships. They will be commissioned in the next six months, several naval hospitals that are going into operation soon, as well as naval fleet and base hospitals overseas. The Navy needs at least 2,500 new nurses and needs them before July 1, 1945.

YOU: What about the Army?

ME: There are 95 Veterans Hospitals in the United States. In the first two years of the war, 4,200 nurses were commissioned in the next six months, several naval hospitals that are going into operation soon, as well as naval fleet and base hospitals overseas. The Navy needs at least 2,500 new nurses and needs them before July 1, 1945.

THEY: There are just as many rumors about the morals of nurses as there were about the morals—or lack of them—of WACs and WAVEs, when that was the big issue of the moment. Rumors like this are like all rumors. The Army Nurse has a supervised professional life. Her superior officers are responsible for her professional, physical and moral behavior. And if you just take a good look at the work they do and be sensible about the whole thing, it's pretty plain that there isn't much time left over in their crowded day for play—no wonder the Army Nurse doesn't come out in the open with arguments like these, because they're ashamed of them. And they ought to be. But they have others. Like, for instance—that war isn't for women. ME—I'd like to ask a plain question. Who is at war? War isn't for anybody. But we're in it and we don't want to fail—and make sure we win it—but good. And part of winning it depends on the women who can take care of the men who get hurt. Nurses have done a terrific job so far—but now it comes out that no matter how heroic they have been, there haven't been enough of them and in the coming months they will definitely not be enough of them. A nurse in the military service has all the advantages that apply to the men. The Service, the Government Insurance, the opportunity to travel, the opportunity to study special nursing as well as other subjects that are given to the men. The Institute. All retirement privileges for disability, all

Continued on page 54
HELEN'S RING—a beautiful diamond in a square setting. The band is platinum.

HELEN RANDALL of Atlanta will wed Lt. William C. Shreve of the Navy. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Hill Randall of the prominent Georgia family. She lives in a spacious Southern house with big white pillars across the front! She looks exactly the way you think a charming Southern girl should look—very feminine, very lovely, with a complexion that's sweet-as-you-please. Another "engaged girl" Pond's complexion!

"I just depend on Pond's Cold Cream like anything," Helen says, "it's the grandest cleaner-upper—and leaves my face with such a smooth, soft feeling."

She smooths cool, luscious Pond's Cold Cream completely over her face and throat—then pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with another Pond's creaming—moving white-coated fingers around in little creamy whirls. Tissues off.

Use Pond's yourself—every night, every morning—and for clean-ups in between. You'll love it just as Helen does!

Charming HELEN RANDALL—her complexion is cameo-like, smooth! "Pond's Cold Cream takes mighty good care of my skin," she says.

Shes Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

MRS. ERNEST L. BIDDLE—of Philadelphia's Main Line
MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS—of the Spreckels of California
LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—internationally famous beauty
MISS CONSTANCE MCCORMICK—of the Chicago McCormicks
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.—of the great Wilmington family

BE SURE TO ASK FOR the big luxury-size jar with its wide top that lets you dip the fingers of both hands in at once. It gives you such a nice-to-have lavish feeling! Get your big jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.
Continued from page 52
the benefits provided in the GI Bill of Rights (benefits like refresher courses, reemployment rights and all the rest). But most important of all, she's living five years ahead of the rest of the nursing profession. She's on the spot while surgeons are making discoveries and developing new methods of treatment. She's learning how to handle new drugs that may change the whole course of civilian medicine after the war. This experience that she's getting during the war will make her a more valuable nurse afterwards.

YOU: But I'm not a nurse. What can I do?

ME: Lady—that's the $64 question. That's the one I've been aiming at. Because everyone has to help.

All eligible graduate nurses should join the Army and Navy Nurses Corps.

All nurses who can't meet the Army and Navy requirements should work in a Veterans Hospital.

Senior Cadet Nurses, who have a choice as to whether they will enter civilian hospitals or military hospitals should serve their last six months of training in military hospitals and, on graduation, should apply for a commission.

NURSES' Aides and practical nurses should either enlist in the WAC for duty with the Medical Department, or work a minimum of 10 hours a week in a civilian hospital.

Untrained women should enlist in the WAC for medical assignments, or take Nurses' Aides training from the Red Cross—as soon as possible. If they still haven't the time and freedom to do that, they can take Red Cross Home Nursing courses.

I said in the beginning that I don't feel funny. Well, I don't. There's nothing very funny about war and men dying and men bleeding and needing help—our men—our men who are fighting for us, to protect us, to keep for us all the things we want to keep. There's nothing very laugh-provoking about the idea that we may be letting these men down. That's a bad idea. It's not an American idea. We can't let them down. These men have a right to expect the best possible care in the world, if anything does happen to them. They have a right to a chance to live.

And, sometimes, that chance is very slim. It can hang on a split second. It can live or die in a heartbeat's time. It can depend on whether there's a trained, efficient, resourceful, alert nurse at the bedside, or standing by the operating table, a nurse whose hands are busy doing the right thing for a man almost before his breaths have finished registering his need. A nurse, worn out, because she has to take care of twenty beds instead of twelve, because she has to work twice as long every day as she should, because she's been working at that rate under combat conditions without any let up, without relief, may not always be able to respond with that life saving split-second and correct reaction.

I hope everyone will see the need—not in numbers, or in terms of life. I hope that everyone will think of the son, the brother, the sweetheart, the husband who's gone to war and that everyone will feel a sharp twinge of pain and fear because of what might happen to that person she loves unless this need is met soon. And I hope that everyone will begin looking, quickly, for the way in which he or she can help meet this need.

ME: I'm too young to have Gray Hair!

...and I'm doing something about it now! My hairdresser told me how. "I recommend ETERNOL," she said, "though I pay a trifle more for it than for any other tint... because ETERNOL's color-control is always sure." One treatment proved she was right! Gone are all the drab gray streaks. My hair shines like satin, gleams with youth-giving color. And how naturally lovely it looks! Ask your hairdresser for ETERNOL.

You make-up begins with your hair

ETERNOL
TINT OIL SHAMPOO
Tints, reconditions, cleanses in one simple operation

FREE: New 12-page booklet "Radiant Hair on the 7-Day Plan." Write Paragon Dist. Corp., Dept. M-3, 8 W., 32nd St., New York 1, N. Y.

Caution: Use only as directed on label.
MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET!
A LUX SOAP BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU SURE

MARIA MONTEZ
Lovely star of Universal's Technicolor Production "SUDAN"

All the lights come on when the one man whispers, "You're so sweet." So protect the charm he loves! "If a girl isn't dainty no other charm counts," Maria Montez says. "A daily Lux Soap bath makes daintiness sure." You'll love the way the creamy ACTIVE lather caresses your skin—leaves it fresh, really sweet. Delicately perfumed, too!

FIGHT WASTE
Soap uses vital war materials. Don’t waste it!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it
It's the soap that leaves skin SWEET!
you—you know that. But anything else between us would be impossible."

"Don't you like me?" I whimpered, my voice shaking with a new hurt.

"Of course, I like you—I like you as well as anyone I know. But I can't marry you, Beth—twice times two!"

"But I don't think age matters," I said, discarding the obstacle of 20 years' difference in our ages. "Years don't make any difference as long as we think alike. Damon, we match!"

"I should have foreseen this," he said gently. "This was selfish of me. But I didn't mean it to be. I wanted to help you. And I didn't see the danger of my going out with you."

"It's not a danger, Damon—don't look at that way! If you can forget the accidental differences in our ages you'll see how right we are for each other."

Damon laughed, and rested his hand for a moment against my cheek. "How right we are as a pretty young niece and an affectionate old uncle, for instance?"

I HAD to laugh back, but there was a catch in my heart.

That evening I'll always remember—months of longing and love, mixed with the fear that Damon's reluctance would be proof against every argument I spent so good deal of time together; often at the close of one of those lovely relaxing evenings I would surprise a faintly speculative expression in his eyes, and then I would grasp his hand eagerly between mine.

"Damon darling, look at tonight—could you have enjoyed it as much with anyone else? We're so right—and it's everything I want, everything."

He would say rather wistfully, "Everything you want now, perhaps." And then, laughing, "You see, Beth, you've proved it yourself. The very fact that I'm old enough to look ahead shows that I'm far too aged and fearful for a young, fresh thing like you."

"You're alive, you're strong—that's why I love you!" I would insist.

"You're lovely, Beth dear," he would answer, with a smile that sometimes made me feel that I could never change his mind, and at other times sent my heart surging upward with a feeling that he must love me, he would change.

And just as I had gotten to that point, he'd say it all by suggesting that I go out with his nephew Tom. Tom Bryson had come to work for Damon after his discharge from the Army. He was a lanky, sandy-haired, perpetually cheerful young man, and at first he didn't quite fit into the serenely dignified atmosphere that Damon and I always maintained at the office. But after a few weeks I got used to the energetic way he burst in each morning, and the light-hearted sound of his frequent laughter. I was so wrapped up in Damon that I scarcely noticed him around. And then, one day, when Damon and I had planned to go to the theater after work, Damon called me into his office to say that he couldn't.

"But you have the tickets, Beth—perhaps you'd like to go with someone else? I know you've been wanting to see it. Why don't you let Tom take you?"

"I don't want to see it unless I can be with you," I said almost pettishly.

"Will you be it all?" Damon asked me gravely. "Beth, worry me. I want..." He broke off and sighed. "I don't know yet that I'll have to go."

I was one other time, to get me to go out with Tom. I didn't blame Tom for it; I was sure he didn't know anything about it—but Damon stopped by my door to tell me that he was too tired to take me to dinner that night, and to ask if I would like to have it with Tom, who was free for the evening.

"Damon," I said, "I'd want to be with you. But no, I don't want to have dinner with Tom. I have nothing to say to Tom. If I can't be with you I'd rather be alone."

I think he was surprised, but he didn't come out and say that I didn't want to be with him.

He didn't come out, again, and winter melted into a mellow spring with Damon more uncertain, more worried than ever about my feeling for him. Finally, one day, he told me that he would have to leave town at the end of the week, and would be gone about a month. Tom would be in charge of the office. In fact, Damon had the lettering on the door changed to Bryson and Bryson, and Tom took over.

I suppose he told Tom, in those first days after Damon left, I was worried and lonesome, without Damon; and I resented Tom's intrusion, having to accustom myself to his very different methods of the placid, routinized days I was used to.

But while a while I began to see that there was more to Tom than a light-hearted man, and that it was impossible to keep from warming to him. His exuberance filtered through the weight of disappointment and restraint with which I cloaked myself; I found that I began to look forward to the laughter he always managed to find in the dullest details of our work.

It wasn't that I forgot Damon and my love for him. It was just that I couldn't be tragic when I was around Tom.

One day he asked me to have dinner with him.

"Will you—please? Damon said I couldn't find a nicer girl in town—and I agree with him." He grinned.

All right, if that's what Damon wants I'll go."

And so I went. I had prepared myself to be a little bored with Tom's youth, but I was mistaken. Tom was a delightful dinner companion. He was as courteous and attentive as Damon as well as being enthusiastic and gay.

I had thought that dancing was not important to me at all. But when Tom and I danced that night, I discovered that I loved the feel of the music, the extra note of a smooth, steady floor, guided by an attractive man. And I found that Tom's interest in me was flattering. I liked the pressure of his warm hand clasping mine when we said goodnight at my door.

But I knew that I must keep away from him. With just a little encouragement, Tom could fall in love with me, and I didn't want that. But it was terribly hard. Being with Tom was so much more fun than staying home thinking of my love, or Damon which could not be fulfilled.

And so a few nights later, I accepted Tom's invitation once again.

"Damon has given me free reign at his house," Tom said. "Let's go out there and have a cocktail."

But in the living room of the big
house, a big wave of lonesomeness for Damon washed over me. I found it difficult to talk. Tom sensed my withdrawal, I know, for he stood up suddenly and said, "Let's get out of here."

 Upon leaving Damon's home that night, just as upon leaving the office, I seemed to cast away my maturity and to be drawn to Tom, and gaiety and youth. We danced that night for long, singing hours, and I was sorry when it was time to go home.

 One night we went with a group of Tom's newly-made friends to a downtown club. Tom and I were dancing when the orchestra beat out with "Auld Lang Syne."

 "If this were New Year's Eve and they were playing that it would be midnight and I would be kissing you," Tom said. And, suddenly, he kissed me quickly.

 "If this were New Year's Eve, I'd make a resolution," he said. "I guess I will, anyway."

 "What resolution?" I asked. "What is it that you've decided to do this year?"

 "I'm going to marry you, Beth," he said, and his eyes weren't laughing now. They were very serious. "I'm going to marry you. That's what I'm going to do."

 After that I avoided him as much as possible. But that was difficult when we worked together in the same office. And I suppose I must be honest—I enjoyed being attractive to Tom Bryson.

 For the last week that Damon was away, I saw Tom nearly every night. We danced and we laughed and we sang. I was surprised to find myself shopping for bright clothes and giddy hats. Two days before Damon was due to return, I looked at myself in the mirror and discovered that I looked years younger. "Where's your dignity?"

 I asked my gay image, and I giggled.

 The day that Damon returned I dressed in my best dark suit with immaculate collar and cuffs. I was painstakingly careful. Perhaps now that he had been gone, he would realize my need for me. Perhaps, he had missed me and knew now that he needed me—terribly—the way I needed him. I made a short little prayer to that effect.

 And when Damon did walk into the office that day I didn't even notice him. Because Tom was beside my desk and we were talking about the dance the night before, and we were laughing. Damon just watched us, smiling.

 "Is this my quiet legal office?" he asked finally, his eyes twinkling.

 Tom bounded across the room and shook Damon's hand, honestly glad at his return. And then I stood up and put my hand in Damon's, sensing again his power and gentleness—feeling my heart go out to him.

 "Damon," I said softly, "I'm glad you're back."

 "I'm glad, too, Beth," he said, and there was new promise and a kind of covered excitement in his voice. "Can you have lunch with me today?"

 I nodded and went back to my desk. My feelings that morning puzzled me. I was sure that Damon wanted to tell me something of special importance. And, somehow, I was afraid to have him. I loved him as much as ever—it wasn't that. It was just that I kept remembering all of his arguments against our going on together.

 We went to a quiet little restaurant and sat in a back booth that noon.

 During luncheon Damon asked me slowly, "Have you and Tom had fun while I was gone?"
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Pedees cling to every curve of your feet... yet there's no irritating binding elastic. With or without stockings they cushion your feet, and absorb perspiration. Perfect with every shoe style, for they're practically invisible. Get genuine Pedees!

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STARLET facial pads

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boil misery relieved by the moist heat of antiphlogistine

the moist heat of an antiphlogistine poultice does two important things:

- helps ease the pain and soreness
- helps soften the boil

antiphlogistine should be applied as a poultice just hot enough to be comfortable. Then feel its moist heat go right to work on that boil—brining soothing relief and comfort. Does good, feels good.

the moist heat of an antiphlogistine poultice also relieves pain and reduces swelling due to a simple sprain or bruise... and relieves cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat. get antiphlogistine (unty flo) at any drug store today.

antiphlogistine

the white package with the orange band

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styled right!... made right!... priced right!

starcross aprons smart design, gay print patterns, plus second workmanship make these aprons bound to appeal for workers and housewives! available in extra small, small, medium, and large sizes. economical, too.

starcross pot holders more than just attractive these pot holders really hold the heat... cotton filled, quilted, securely tape hemmed, carefully finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. three popular styles in three popular price ranges.

starcross shoulders beauty's more than skin deep here... these shoulder pads really hold the heat... cotton filled, quilted, securely tape hemmed, carefully finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. three popular styles in three popular price ranges.

starcross handkerchiefs beauty's more than skin deep here... these handkerchiefs really hold the heat... cotton filled, quilted, securely tape hemmed, carefully finished in white, solid colors or sparkling floral prints with contrasting colored bindings. three popular styles in three popular price ranges.

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"yes," i answered truthfully, "tom's very amusing.

"and head over heels in love with you," damon continued.

"tom's very young.

"a year older than you," damon reminded me.

"but—you know what i mean," i said softly.

"you mean you're not in love with him?"

"yes, damon, that's what i mean," i said.

"i've done a lot of thinking since i've been gone," damon said.

my lips parted and my breath caught in my throat.

"i want to marry you, beth."

now that it was here i could not believe it. i was confused and excited. and i was, strangely, afraid.

"shall we leave next week, beth? can you get ready that soon? i'd like to make reservations for the 22nd," he said. "i want to take you south—to begin to show you the world you've never known."

i lay awake a long time that night thinking of my new life with damon. i was tired and headachy when i got up that morning, when i heard the telephone ring and heard mrs. kelly call upstairs. "beth—it's for you."

it wasn't damon—it was tom.

i can't, tom," i began, and then i knew that this was the morning i must tell him. "all right," i agreed, "pick me up in 45 minutes."

tom took me to the same little restaurant where damon had proposed to me the night before. and i learned that the whole atmosphere of a place can change with your companion. yesterday this cafe had seemed quiet and dignified and clean. today it was gay and sunny and warm and as bright as a new penny—the kind of a place a boy brings his best girl for an extra flourish.

all through breakfast i tried to tell tom about my approaching marriage, but i couldn't bear to see his eyes cloud with sadness. and i was beginning to realize that my motive wasn't entirely unselfish. i hated to say goodbye to the fun we had known—to realize that this was the last two some we could share—that after this my life would take on formality and dignity as damon's wife.

formally, dignity—the tranquility i had so longed for—mine at last. but opposite me, tom's flashing grin and his mirthful comments on the people around us reminded me how much i had enjoyed the gay times we had had together—how stimulating i had found them. which was it, after all, that i wanted?

suddenly, there was the question before my mind, in just so many words. which kind of life—which of these men—did i want? i had never before admitted the idea that it might not be damon, damon for whom i had longed through a whole bittersweet year. but now—there it was. damon's words, said months ago, came back to me. "you've been hurt and tossed about, beth—you want only refuge and tenderness now. but one day you'll want something else... and we won't have it together, you can't."

now that he had sheltered me, and i was whole and strong again—was i going to make his words come true? could i ever love him, but above it and beyond it was one certainty—the mad beating of my heart when tom looked at me, a beating that shook me so that i was afraid he would feel it as he helped me on with my coat.
We had 5 days for our Honeymoon

Our first day—we found the loveliest honeymoon place. "Loveliest to remember—" you said, "the darling softness of your hands." (Oh, thanks for Jergens Lotion. Jergens furnishes softness-protection most hand skin needs.)

Poetry in the afternoons. "Your soft hand is a woman of itself," you read. "That’s true, darling," you said—and kissed my fingers. (Oh, poor girls, who let their hands get rough—when Jergens Lotion hand care is so easy!)

Lovely New York Models use Jergens Lotion, nearly 5 to 1.
Are sure of softer, adorable hands, using Jergens; wise protection against roughness. Like professional hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens are so right for helping even harsh, hard skin to longed-for smoothness that many doctors prescribe them. No stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.

For the softest, adorable Hands, USE JERGENS LOTION
Twice as effective!  
**MODESS with DEODORANT**

*Yes—put through 26 different tests, by an impartial laboratory, and proved **twice as effective** as another leading napkin containing a deodorant!*

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Wonderfully—sensationally—effective, by actual laboratory test! No wonder women are all so keen about the marvelous new Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed right in!  
Think of it! No fuss, no nuisance of a separate deodorant powder! Marvelous!  
And besides this daintiness extra—at no extra cost—Modess gives you other tested extras: 3 out of 4 women, in a nationwide poll, voted it safer to touch; 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found it safer, less apt to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.  
**Hurry and get the wonderful new Modess with Deodorant, today!**

**PLEASE NOTE: Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."**

---

Just look at these praises!

**Congratulations to Modess for a feminine first!**

---

I appreciate the lack of fuss and better with necessary deodorants.

Mrs. F. H.

---

Modess is now the first and last word in personal protection.

Mrs. J. P. G.

---

Twelve as effective!  
**MODESS with DEODORANT**

forgotten something and were struggling to remember it, but couldn't.  
"How do I look now?" I whispered.  
"Let me see." He held me from him.  
"Why, you look wonderful! You look like the loveliest thing I've ever seen. You look like my girl, altogether mine—no wonderings, no regrets, nothing but...oh, Beth, you do love me?" I raised my mouth to his for the only assent I wanted to give, and the promise that had been in the looks we had exchanged, the breathless, timid touching of hands, became reality—became such a blazing thing that nothing was left except his lips on mine.  
But the next morning, as I straightened Damon's desk, the sadness that Tom's lips had held at bay came back, a little bit of it, to trouble me. Everything was settled for Tom and me—but what of Damon, to whom I owed not only Tom but the new honesty and courage that made me capable of returning Tom's love, unafraid? Could Damon smilingly, happily, accept me as his loving and loved niece rather than as his wife? True enough, that had been his own picture of our relationship always, even when I had tried so passionately to make him see it differently. But now that he had thought of me as his wife—could he go back?  
The shrilling of his desk phone cut through my thoughts. It was the railroad depot and an officious voice was asking, "Is this Damon Bryson's secretary?"  
"Yes," I answered.

Tell Mr. Bryson okay, on that reservation for the 21st.  
"I don't think he wants that reservation," I said, "and, anyway, the reservations were for the 22nd."  
"Oh, I called him about the reservations for the 22nd," the voice went on. "They've gone through too.  
But this is the ticket on the Rocket to Chicago on the 21st."  
"I'll tell him," I said, hanging up in bewilderment. Why did Damon order our tickets for the south on the 22nd and another ticket to Chicago on the 21st? Why would any man order two tickets for himself going opposite directions the same day?  
Unless—I bent with sudden eagerness over Damon's desk calendar, flipping the pages back to the 21st—that day on which he had asked me to marry him. Bar Convention, Chicago—leave 2:51 Rocket. I turned to the 22nd—and there it was. Tom and Beth, reservations for Florida. In Damon's handwriting.  
Damon had known. He knew all about me, what I really wanted. He had realized that without the shock of his proposal I would never have thought clearly enough to make a decision; I would have drifted into a half-life with him, thinking I was content, perhaps—but never really living, never being myself.  
And now it was settled. I raised my head, smiling, as Tom came into the outer office. He stood there for a moment, unaware that I was watching through the glass that shielded Damon's private office, and glanced about disapprovingly as he took off his hat. Then, feeling the pull of my gaze, he whirled about, and as his eyes met mine the disappointment melted into excitement, into joy. As he came toward me, I could sense what he was thinking—because the same thought was going round and round in me. I couldn't find you, my darling; I didn't see you at first. But all of a sudden—there you were.
close and too warm in the bus. My skin felt prickly and hot, and my head ached, and all of my anxiety over Ellen House had become a sick certainty that I was returning to chaos. When I reached Ellenville, the rain had subsided to a fine mist, and I didn’t bother to call for the station wagon. I walked up the hill, hurrying when I neared the hotel and saw the deserted look about it—the lawn furniture stacked on the porch, no cars in the drive, no cars I saw with alarm, at the back where the employees parked. I ran the last steps. Cappy was at the desk. The next instant he was pulling me to him, holding me close and shaking me at the same time, saying, “Jo, you little idiot, why didn’t you call? You’re soaked!”

I surrendered for a moment to the comfort of his arms, to the sweetness of being scolded in that glad, anxious voice; then I drew away. “What’s happened?” I cried. “Why is everything so quiet? And oh, Cappy, what did you do about the wedding?”

“The wedding!” He grinned teasingly. “Weddings, you mean. We had two of them on Saturday.”

Alma came into the foyer, caught the last of Cappy’s speech. She turned on him the triumphant, congratulatory smile she’d always given me after we’d pulled through a tumultuous time. “Everything went fine, Miss Jo. But we sure had a time for a while on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Scanlon closed up the switchboard, and things just the way you would have.”

That, I thought, was why my calls hadn’t gone through. The board had been closed, and the two phones that were always connected must have rung somewhere unanswered. And everything had gone beautifully without me. I should have been glad and grateful. Alma smiled again at Cappy. “As for today,” he said, “we gave most of the staff a holiday. There are only three guests upstairs and a party of six for tonight.”

I nodded, unable to speak, not knowing what was wrong with me. Everything had gone well at the hotel, and yet I wasn’t pleased. I wasn’t pleased that Alma looked up to Cappy as she’d once looked up to me. I felt excluded and unnecessary suddenly in my own house, and my head felt heavy and hot.

Cappy said, “You’re tired. You ought to get out of those damp clothes and lie down for a while.”

I managed to say, “Perhaps that would be better,” and then I turned away, my lips trembling.

I know now, of course, that my vanity was hurt, both professionally and personally. For the first time I’d discovered that I wasn’t indispensable to Ellen House, that someone else could run it as well as—perhaps even better than—I could. Even then I would have realized how completely silly and possessive and childish I was being, if the Selbys hadn’t come calling.

Alma brought them up to my room after I’d been resting for an hour or so. I was surprised—all of my free time had been spent with Cappy lately, and I’d almost forgotten the visits that used to be exchanged between the Selby Hotel and Ellen House on slow days—but I was glad to see kind, motherly Mrs. Selby. Her daughter, Lydia, I greeted less enthusiastically.
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Lydia had a talent for saying the unkind thing, for finding the weak spot in another person. "We can't stay but a minute," Mrs. Selby said. "Only we thought we'd stop in and ask after your aunt."

I said that Aunt Elizabeth was better, invited them to come out on the little porch outside my room and talked for a while about my trip. Mrs. Selby sighed and said, "Well, sickness is sickness, but it's too bad you had to leave at such a busy time. Of course, I guess your new man carried on all right."

Lydia smiled thinly. "I guess anyone works hard when he's working for himself," she observed. "It's a pretty quick promotion when a man's a handyman one day and assistant manager the next."

"LYDIA!" cried Mrs. Selby, and Lydia looked hurt. "I'm just telling Joanne she ought to be more careful," she said. "Everyone knows that the Scanlon fellow didn't have a thing when he came here. He just got off the bus and asked at the station where he could get a job, any kind of job. After all, he's a stranger here, and you can't blame people for saying that the easiest way to get a hotel might be to marry it."

"LYDIA!" cried Mrs. Selby again, and this time she succeeded in silencing her daughter. I was too angry to speak, and too unsettled. Mrs. Selby's very anxiety to keep the gossip from me told me how much gossip there was.

After the Selbys had gone, I didn't care to see anyone. Alma called to ask if I wanted dinner, and I refused. Cappy called later to ask how I was, and I told him that I was tired and was going to sleep. And then I lay sleepless, trying to check thoughts that zig-zagged back and forth, growing steadily more disorderly. I remembered Cappy's taking over the desk on the very first day, with only Alma's permission. I remembered that the very morning after he'd been sure of my love, he stood with his arm around me and asked about Fairly's Field—wanting to know how much land I owned, it seemed now. And he'd ought to go to Paington—perhaps he'd wanted me to go, had been glad of the chance to run Ellen House himself.

In the morning I felt better. My head was no longer heavy and hot, but clear, extraordinarily clear. And my thoughts about Cappy were clear, too. There was no need for me to be upset at all. I'd simply been too hasty, both in giving Cappy so much responsibility and in giving him my heart.

I went downstairs, found Cappy at the desk, went on what was really my shift. He'd been coming down early lately—so that I could get more sleep, he said. Now it occurred to me that he might like the importance of the morning shift, the opening of the mail, the ordering of the kitchen. I reached for the mail quickly, almost rudely, and then laughed to cover my rudeness. "I'll take that," I said. "Sorry I'm late."

"You're not late, Jo. You're early. Do you feel better this morning?"

"Why did he insist upon treating me like an invalid? Perhaps he wouldn't mind if I were sick, and out of the way. The preposterous thought was gone from my mind in an instant—but it had been there. "Much better," I said carefully. And then, casually, "Do you mind if I take the desk for a day or two? I'd like to work sitting down a change. You can help out in the dining room."
I watched him go, and suddenly I realized that there was no triumph at all in my show of authority. I'd taken the deck back, given orders, proved that I was still mistress at Ellen House—and I felt miserable. There was an ache, like tears, in my throat, and my head was heavy and my eyes hot, and I wanted Cappy to come back, wanted the cool strength of his hands, wanted his lips—cool, too, and strong—on my burning forehead. Oh, love made a fool of a woman, I thought bitterly. It took away her independence, made her want to lean on a man, to put all she was and all she had into his hands—and left her only a half-person.

THE next day was even worse. I began badly with the mail and a note from Mrs. Overman, thanking Ellen House for her daughter's wedding reception and enclosing a check for tips. It was addressed to Mr. Scanlon. Another woman who called for a reservation asked for Mr. Scanlon, and when I told her that I was Joanne Ellen, it seemed to me that she hesitated, as if she would have preferred to talk to Cappy. I heard Alma's voice, and she was asking Cappy about the reservations that had come in. I'd got the desk back, but I hadn't the position and the authority that went with it. Cappy was still running the Ellen House, and I was as good as out of it, I told myself bitterly. Then I tried to concentrate on the books, and found that the figures jumped crazily before my eyes, while the hard ache, like tears, kept swelling in my throat. If Cappy Scanlon and I couldn't work in Ellen House together, Cappy would have to go... I'd been staring at the books for a long time. It had been afternoo...moment ago, and now it was evening, a queer, blackish evening, and the switchboard was buzzing madly. I swung round to light the lamp, to answer the board, and felt Cappy's hand on my shoulder, his voice shouting, "Jo! Jo, are you all right?"

They told me afterward that I was critically ill for five days. I had no notion of time, nor of day or night—only an endless walking down a shadowy hall, with the blackness always closing in, never quite overwhelming me. I saw Alma's face once or twice; the rest of her was in shadow. I tried to ask about Ellen House, and Alma just shook her head and said that everything was all right. Then I told her that Cappy mustn't be allowed to run things, that he must go, because all he wanted was to marry me and take Ellen House away from me, but Alma just shook her head and smiled.

Then one morning my room was my room again, very bright after the darkness. Alma was beside the bed. "Don't try to talk, Miss Joanne," she warned. "It'll just hurt you. You've had a real bad throat—quinsy, the doctor said. Now your temperature's down, you'll be on your feet in a couple of weeks."

"Two weeks!" My voice was a squeak, and Alma was right; speech was excruciatingly painful. I put my hand to my throat.

ALMA grinned understandingly. "You don't want to look at yourself, do you? You better look around at your flowers, instead, and all the nice notes you got. I'm going to call Mr. Scanlon. He's been just about beside himself." I saw the flowers in the room, then, baskets and bowls and pots of them, and the cards Alma put into my hands.
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I turned them over, held them up to read them. They were from everyone I'd ever known, it seemed, and from quite a few people I'd forgotten, from the villagers, and tradesmen and former employees and guests. Everyone was sorry I was sick; everyone hoped I'd be well soon; everyone missed me.

I put the cards down; I didn't have to read any more to know how silly I'd been. I hadn't lost my place at Ellen House at all; I'd only imagined it, and I'd imagined the dark corridor in the dream. And Cappy—why, of course Cappy loved me. "He's been beside himself over you." He wouldn't have been beside himself if it had been Ellen House, not me, he cared about.

Then I swung back the covers, sat up dizzyly, I must call Alma, tell her not to send Cappy up. I went to the bathroom now, when I looked so beautiful. I grasped the bedpost, managed to stand. I took a step forward and then grabbed for the bedpost again and stood rigid, stunned at the sight that met my eyes. Through the window, where Fairly's field had been—the wild flowers were gone, and the weeds, and men were working with rakes and spades and wire netting. Down at the river were more men, driving pilings.

The Salby's got it, I thought, and the thought was somehow without shock. They got it, and this is the beginning of the end for Ellen House. And Cappy didn't do a thing to stop them.

"Jo, you little fool!" That was Cappy's voice. "You idiot, don't you know that you're sick, good and sick. You've had us all frantic."

"I stared at him, feeling all throat and all eyes, and all disillusionment. Mutely, I gestured toward the window. Cappy saw the gesture. "Oh, that!" he cried. "Can't get the hotel for a minute, and think of yourself? Yes, I bought Fairly's."

"You bought it?" I squeaked.

"Of course I bought it. How else do you think work's going on there? I'm not penniless, you know. I had Army pay saved, and my discharge pay, and all I put aside for Mother. I was going to let it go until fall, when things were more settled between us. I mean—I couldn't come to you empty-handed, but I wanted you to say just how much you wanted things. But when you got so sick, I thought perhaps it'd help you get well to see work going on there, give you an interest—Oh, sweetheart, I've been nearly crazy.

Then his voice broke, and he put his face down on my shoulder, and I think he was crying. Big, smiling Cappy, crying, his arms around him, and I was glad that I couldn't talk. Glad, because of the things I meant to say to him, the things I thought about him now, I wasn't so ashamed of now. Glad, that Cappy would never know how I'd mistrusted him, how my love had faltered. That was the reason, I saw now. Love didn't want hand in hand, and if my love hadn't wavered, childishly, selfishly, I'd never have lost faith in Cappy and in myself. Because real love—Cappy's kind—didn't make you—half—poor, you see, at all. It made you strong and whole.

"It's complete now." I got one tuneless syllable out, and I laughed in my pillow, so loud and wild was his head, and laughed, too. He understood.

"Complete, Jo? Ellen House? Sure it is." But he wasn't talking only about Ellen House, and I wasn't either. We were talking about us.
Jack was handsome... Cindy was lonesome...

so I told her my complexion secret

Now she has that Ivory Look...

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Love Is Like This
Continued from page 25

the paper out of her hand and ran. A mistake like this—an announcer reading a description of a Brahms concerto when the record is playing Mozart or Wagner—sounds funny when it’s repeated, but it can be serious for a radio station. One minute after the wrong record was announced, my board would be flooded with irate and scornful telephone calls from listeners.

The red light was on over the door but I flung it open. I squeezed into the narrow, dimly-lit booth, clutched the announcer’s shoulder as he sat hunched over the desk microphone and thrust the paper into his hand. His head came up and I saw that it was Bill.

He had already given the opening words—and I was proud of the way he grasped the situation immediately; the smooth switch he made from the wrong announcement to the correct one, without a break. The platters—the records—spun on their disks; he finished speaking and leaned across to cut the switch that allowed the music to go over the air, but not our voices.

With almost the same motion he pushed me into the chair by his side.

“Catch your breath, Judy, while I catch mine!” He pretended to mop his brow. “That was the closest shave yet. I should have noticed the mistake, but I picked up the records without even looking at them.”

I leaned back, with a feeling of guilt, but, at the same time, relaxing after the excitement. I knew I shouldn’t stay, I didn’t want to move—just yet. Our chairs were so close our bodies touched. The soft light from the desk lamp lit up only our faces, leaving the rest of the room in shadow. His shoulder pressed against mine was comfortably strong; there was the faint, masculine aroma of pipe tobacco I breathed in our closeness.

And, slowly beginning to fill the room, around us and over us and pulsating through us were the throbbing, swelling chords of that greatest of all love music, “Tristan and Isolde.” Slowly its magic stole over me, holding me motionless—and by his silence I knew Bill felt it, too—drugging my senses and then gradually, tremendously, bringing them to life again, until strange desires and poignant hunger beats in every fiber of my body.

I had known this feeling before, listening to this music, but never before had I shared these emotions. I did not—there was a tension in Bill that communicated itself, somehow, to me. And still the love lyrics swelled inside the tiny room until I felt myself growing powerless in their sway and all thought, all past memories, were swept aside—and there were only a man and a woman, newly-created, newly-met, whose desires and hopes flowed from one to the other.

When his arm moved around me it didn’t seem surprising, nor did his face, moving to mine, his lips seeking mine, disturb the languid spell. It seemed right. And my lips, involuntarily, moved to meet his.

But, somehow, at his touch, at the aliveness, the tenderness and the fire, of his mouth on mine—the music vanished. Tristan was gone—and only Bill Scott remained. It should have shattered the spell. It should have brought me to my senses—but it only took me from an unreal to a very real and present world. A wonderful world.
held me close; our lips clung—and I knew, with a shattering insight, that I loved Bill Scott.

"Don't speak—" he urged, tenderly, as if he had felt my lips move beneath his—"this is something we don't have to probe to understand. We know it's there, this love that I knew and you felt since that first day."

But his speaking had done something to his touch; I was beginning to think again. To remember, and wonder in panic, how I could have let myself—

"Don't, Bill—" I protested weakly,

"I'm not in love with you. It's not true."

"Judy—Judy," he murmured. "Don't say you don't love me. There's room in your heart for both Valerie and me. Don't turn against either of us; pushing me out of your life wouldn't be loyalty to Val. You aren't robbing her, but you would be robbing us—"

"She's still in love with you," I stated, flatingly, hoping he would contradict me.

"But he only said, slowly, regretfully, "Yes, I think she is. Val can't bear to give up—she possesses everything she wants, if she can."

I was furious. I was so angry I was shaking even when I got to my feet. "I suppose you think that's what love is—something to be discarded when you get tired of it—and picked up again somewhere else. I suppose you think Valerie can stop loving you as easily as you can turn that microphonic switch—as easily as you seem to be able to fall in and out of love." Shame and sorrow mingled in my throat and the taste was bitter. "She's my friend. I know what you did to her—broke her heart—cheated her out of her job. Well, you can't hurt me because I won't let you. I won't be in love with you— I'll stop it—I'll forget that you kissed me—" the tears were close now and I stumbled my way to the door.

His words reached me softly. "You won't forget, Judy, and neither will I."

But he let me go.

Somehow I managed to get through the rest of the afternoon. I was dazed and my mind and body seemed to be held in a vacuum, waiting for the moment when I could be alone.

Valerie wasn't home when I let myself into our apartment. I read her note: "Cheese in ice-box. Make sauce for melted cheese sandw. Be back soon. V."

I went to work, but although my hands moved mechanically from ice box to double-boiler to sink, I had little idea of what I was doing. Pain was slowly coming alive in me; I forgot the flour. The water boiled up and over. I burned the toast. And finally I gave up, slumping against the sink, letting the full crescendo of realization sweep over me. The shock was so great—knowing that I loved Bill—that for a moment I was the battleground between raptured discovery and hideous shame.

I loved him! Always before I had been sparing of my emotions, waiting for this reality to be known. It had come. It might never come again.

All I had to do was stretch out my hand and take it. Friendship was a feeble thing against the tremendous yearning for this man I had loved. Why should anything stand in our way? Why should I consider Valerie?"

Valerie. Could there be any real happiness for me, tinged as my love would be with guilt and disloyalty? How could the laughter and the little teasing jokes that had drawn me so to Bill exist when I would always have to

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remember the pain I had given her? The very fact that so many other people had let her down; that so many others got what she wanted made it impossible for me to be the one to deal her this final blow. Of course she must realize that he would fall in love with someone else, someday. But not with her best friend; not behind her back.

Perhaps it was just as well that Valerie stood in our way—although, at that thought, my heart moved in anguished protest! But if he could treat one girl as he had her, there must be something hard and pitiless in his character that could hurt me, too. I knew love blinded people. And I was blind now—I could only see the tenderness of his face and feel the gentleness of his touch—it was just as well for me that I could not let myself go heedlessly into his arms.

I had been such a fool! I admitted it now and was ashamed. Stripping myself down to real motives, I could see that I had really enjoyed my feud with Bill. I had been so sure of myself; I had looked forward to the verbal fencing that had gone on between us over my desk; I had let myself deliberately watch for him and wait eagerly for him—and I had known that my insults picucked his interest. I had been caught in a snare of my own making.

The revelation made me wretched. I had always prided myself on motives that were clear-cut and honest—but what was honest in pretending that my interest in Bill had been out of sympathy for Valerie when I knew, now, that it had been mostly selfish? I ran my hands, hot and feverish, over the little nerves in the back of my neck that were aching in torment. How could I face Bill—and Valerie?

The door flew open.

"Judy!—you've burned the toast again! This room is full of smoke and your eyes look as though they'd been crying!" In a dazed way I noted—not for the first time—the irritability that was becoming normal to her; the sharpened, pinched expression in her face. And I wondered, sickeningly, if frustration would do that to me. I wondered, too, fleetingly, if she could read my guilty secret in my face.

But she was too full of news to suspect anything. "Let's get out of this kitchen! I can't eat anyway—I'm too excited! Judy—Mr. Davis is sick—oh, not seriously—but he has to stay home and rest and he can't come to the office. Judy, this is my chance! They'll have to let me take over. No one else knows the work as well as I do, and I'll show them. Maybe Mr. Davis won't come back—maybe I'll be Program Director!"

For a moment her heartlessness revolted me. But then I softened, remembering how much, how desperately much she wanted that job and how hard she had worked. I was sure she didn't mean what she had said. She wanted Mr. Davis to come back—but by that time she would be able to prove that she could hold a bigger job.

"I know how you feel, Valerie. It will be—"

She finished for me "—I'll be a triumph! I want to see Bill's face when he hears! Maybe then he won't ignore me—maybe he'll make a mistake treating me as if I were just anybody!"

She was already savoring the moment, flaunting her victory in his face. But some little bit of stubborn wisdom—or was it wishful thinking because I loved him and didn't want him hurt?—made me wonder if he would be as impressed as she hoped.
It would have been better for both of us if we hadn’t taken so much for granted. Certainly Valerie could have better withstood the shock. Because Bill got the job. He was there, in Mr. Davis’ office, the next morning. He had walked in and taken over as coolly as if there was never any question but that the place was rightfully his. And, even in the tumult of my own emotions, I could judge the unfairness. He had been away; he had lost touch with the work of that department; he could not hope to know as much about the immediate problems as Valerie. I had no doubt that he had asked for the job and it had been given to him out of appreciation for his former record. But it was unfair!

Valerie’s face was white when I saw her at lunch. “I don’t care now! It’s done one good thing, anyway. I’m through loving him—I hate him!” Maybe that was the answer. Maybe, after a while, a love like Valerie’s and like mine—founded on insecurity and fear and surrounded by dishonesty—could be cleansed in the bright fires of hatred. Certainly I was angry enough at Bill. I could forgive him almost anything—but not this kind of underhanded meanness!

She hadn’t finished talking. “I think I know what’s behind it, Judy. He’s still in love with me—and when he found I wouldn’t have anything to do with him when he came back he couldn’t stand it. He has to show me he still has the power to hurt me.”

I started. I had heard her give outrageous motives before for other people’s conduct—but this I knew wasn’t true. Could that mean—did it mean—that Valerie was often wrong—that she saw subterfuge and deceit where it never existed? I erased the thought hastily. She was talking wildly now only because she was hurt.

I met Bill in the elevator. But this time there was nothing in his smile that tugged at my heart; this time the elevator was just that—a thing made of steel and wood—and not an Old Man whose contrariness could make a warmth between us. I faced Bill with anger and contempt in my heart. The love I still felt for him was a sick and shabby thing. I told him what I thought of his taking the job away from Valerie.

“It’s mean. The kind of petty, cruel, meaness a boy does when he deliberately hurts a helpless kitten. It’s spiteful and malicious, and I can’t forgive you.” I turned my head away but not before I had caught the surprise and then the resigned grimness in his face.

“I was asked to take over, Judy. I think you know what KLMO means to me. I grew up with it. If I thought someone else could do the work as well—or better—than I, do you think it would make any difference to me whether it were a man or a woman, Val or anyone else?”

I took his glance squarely on me. “Just say one thing. Just say that you don’t believe she knows the work as well as you do and I’ll believe you.”

“She knows the work—yes!” reluctantly—“she’s qualified—”

“That’s all I want to know. It’s my misfortune that I fell in love with you, Bill, but now that I know the kind of a man you are, I know what kind of a love it is, too. I’m ashamed that I let you kiss me. I’m ashamed that I wasted a single thought on you.”

His face darkened and his hand caught me roughly by the shoulder.
"Judy—do you know what you're saying? What kind of a twisted loyalty do you have that can make you deny our love? Do you think I'm going to let you smear the memory of that kiss?"

I was about to wrench my shoulder away when his hand dropped heavily to his side, with a finality that penetrated even through my anger.

"All right. It's forgotten. I never kissed you. I never held you—I never built a dream around you. I'll write it off—if that's what you want." The door slid back and he walked away.

It hit me like a blow. My anger drained out of me in a second, leaving me only with a terrible vision of Bill going out of my life forever. I had an insane impulse to run after him—to stop him—to tell him I hadn't meant it—I. But I had meant it. At least that cold part of my mind, that "twisted loyalty" he had named, had meant it. It was better this way, I told myself. But I was telling it to a heart that had suddenly come into its own, that was demanding its right to love. It's all over, I said to myself, stupidly—and my heart rebelled.

For the first time I found myself not looking at Valerie as a friend—but as a person. For the first time I listened to what she said—and wondered.

I'm THE original hard-luck girl, all right." Self-pity made her voice sharp. "I work hard and get nowhere. I'm pretty and men like me—but they never ask me to marry them. Something always happens. Someone always snatches success and happiness away from me."

I had heard this refrain so often. But now I asked myself: Why? Was there something in Valerie that invited, that courted disaster?

She had adjusted herself to working for Bill with a sullenness that never lifted. As usual she told me all the details that went on in the office. I knew they were working with Government officials to start Bill's new program that Sunday. It was the program he had mentioned to me: the dramatization of war stories that would directly concern our farming audience. Even Valerie was a little interested, because so much depended upon her for the thousand and one items that were necessary for so important a program.

I learned to wait with eagerness and dread for the mention of his name. I found myself hanging on her words. It was the only contact I had with him, and, for the moment, as I listened, I could almost feel him with me. He never spoke to me; at work he walked by my desk as if I weren't there. I hadn't thought it was possible to suffer like that. Fed on nothing, starved for even a word or a look, my love was growing, maturing, deepening every day. I didn't fight against it. I let it come. I welcomed the change, because I knew that I was changing, too. I was no longer the thoughtless, stubborn girl I had been. As Bill had once told me to do, I was "humorless"—how I saw that a joke at her expense enraged her. It was inevitable—but caution made me wonder if I were not seeing these things just because I wanted to. Had she changed—or had
I was reading things into her voice and face that weren't there—just because I wanted the excuse of breaking our friendship.

I wanted to be fair. I wanted to know the truth—not only for her sake but for mine and Bill's. There was tension growing in me—I struggled between the things I knew—Bill's cruel treatment of Valerie—his indifference to her feelings—his jilting her—the deliberate way he had kept her from promotion—his willingness to fall in love with her best friend—and the things I felt: his gentleness and tenderness; his quiet, unmalicious good humor; his strength.

It was Saturday, the day before his program made its debut on the air, that he called me on the inter-office phone.

"Miss Palmer? Will you come into my office for a moment, please?" The sound of his voice was a shock—not only because it was the first time since our quarrel that he had spoken directly to me, but also because of the fury in it—right, repressed fury!

Quaking inside, I opened his office door.

He had been standing, his back to me, facing Valerie, and, as the door closed he swung around.

DID you know of this, Judy?" he demanded, his eyes hot with anger.

"Did you know of Valerie's plans to leave me in the lurch the day before the program goes on the air?"

I stared at her in shocked amazement. She answered for me.

"No, I haven't told her. The only reason I mentioned her name to you was because she knows about everything that goes on in this office and she can take over my job, easily."

That wasn't true. I knew only what she had told me—and I had little stenographic training. But why should I be expected to know anything? What did Bill mean by saying she was leaving KLMO?

Something in my face must have satisfied Bill—but it only increased his temper. "Okay, Judy, so you don't know. So I'll tell you. Tomorrow my program—the War Department's program—goes on the air. Everything we've done so far this week has been just a preliminary. Today we were supposed to whip the whole thing into shape; polish up the last-minute, important details. And now Val tells me she has a new job, a better job, starting Monday in Salem, at KBFB. That's all right—I'm glad she got it—but Sam Benson over there is a friend of mine. He'd be glad to give her an extra day here, if she needs it to pack. I can call him—"

"Don't you touch that phone, Bill Scott!" Valerie was panting now in fear and rage. "I know what you'd tell him—you'd ruin my chances if you could!"

"But, Valerie—you can't leave today!" I managed to say. "This is the most important show KLMO has ever done—and sponsored by the War Department! I'll help you pack—it's only two hours by train to Salem—you can get there by noon tomorrow, even if you work all today."

She turned on me in a passion. "You're like everyone else. You're always trying to pull me back—keep me from getting anywhere. You know how much I hate it here. And yet you want me to stay! Well, I won't! I've been humiliated long enough!"

I was aghast, unbelieving—but she went on, almost screaming this time at Bill, "I won't stay here another day! How do you

Continued on page 73
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think I feel having everyone know that you wouldn't marry me—that you took the job I should have had!

Bill ran his fingers in weary exasperation through his hair. When he spoke it was like a man goaded. "No one would have known, Val—if you hadn't insisted on holding me to an engagement I didn't make in the first place. I told you then—I liked you—I might even have fallen in love with you if you'd only let me find out for myself. But you waited until I went away on a trip—and when I got back I found we were engaged, publicly. I let it go on because I knew I was going into the Army, anyway, and that would give you a chance to ease me out of the picture. But you wouldn't have it that way—you forced things so I had to tell you then I didn't love you and wouldn't marry you."

I was stunned. And, looking at Valerie, I knew she had heard this before—that it was the truth—but, even now, she was denying it with her eyes, refusing to accept his words, translating what he said into some devious, warped explanation of her own.

IT WAS the same with this job," he went on. They seemed oblivious of me. "I suggested your name—and it was turned down. I told you to go easy, but you announced to the whole station that I had the job cinched for you, before I left for the Army. But Personnel said you were too unstable—you couldn't be trusted to handle people or programs, you told your friends confidential material that went on in this office, just as you've been telling Judy things she shouldn't have known."

In the midst of my dazed and horrified shock, I had a moment of dismay over that. But how could I have known—?

Saying my name had made him remember me and now Bill turned toward me, his face reddening, showing his embarrassment. "I'm sorry you heard that, Judy. It wasn't exactly chivalrous—I had no intention of telling you—even when—"

"Even when—what?" Valerie's voice cut through sharply, and her eyes went from one to the other of us in suspicion. Then she whirled, grabbed her purse off the desk, and started out the door. "Don't try to stop me! I'm going and I hope I never see either of you again!" The door slammed behind her.

I took one unsteady step toward Bill. "That was the truth, wasn't it, Bill?" I found there was a hard lump in my throat that made my voice shaky. "Yes." His eyes were moody and his face withdrawn. "I feel sorry for Val—everyone feels sorry for her. But I had to keep her out of my life. She has to possess everything, own everything, she can't wait for love or success to come to her—she has to grab it and call it her own before it really belongs to her. Val will always outsmart herself and then blame others for it. I know her new job and her new boss, Sam Benson. He'll see through her in a week."

He brushed his hand across his forehead as if to wipe away the unpleasantness of her memory. Then he turned to me. "Will you get someone to take the switchboard? I'll need your help—we'll struggle along somehow."

It wasn't ungracious. He knew my limitations as a secretary. I hurried

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out looking for Janie, and found her helping out in the Sales Department. She could type out her contracts just as well at my desk—and I was free to go back to Bill.

But I hesitated, going back. I was filled with an overpowering sense of shame. That, and disgust at my own lack of confidence, made my steps lag. I had known, instinctively, from the first moment I had seen Bill that he was fine and good—that he was incapable of the kind of cruelty of which Valerie had accused him. But I had let myself become confused and blinded by a loyalty that had started "way back in school and had become a part of me, like a cancerous growth I hadn't the courage to cut out.

Most of the pity I had felt for Valerie was only because it had made me feel better, because it fostered my self-esteem. Now I saw the fear and poisonous suspicion that governed everything she did, that saw evil in everyone else—now I could understand how Valerie, with all her beauty and brains, would always fail.

But I couldn't blame her for my own failure. I had done that myself. I had taken the wonderful thing Bill had offered me and thrown it away. And, when I remembered the finality with which he had "written off" his love, I knew that I couldn't hope to win him back. The time for apology and explanation had gone by. I had had no faith or hope left after the fact was cold comfort indeed.

Bill called me in for dictation. I sat across the desk from him, my head bent over my notebook. He spoke slowly—giving my unpracticed fingers time to catch up. Now and then I stole a glance at him—at his stern, remote profile—and felt, with a sickening dread, that we were farther apart than ever.

He went on, dictating slowly but steadily—memos to announcers, additions and corrections on the script memos to the sound engineer. And, finally—"Memo to the supply clerk: Please arrange to have one dozen roses delivered to the program director's office as soon as possible, in order—"

I forgot, in my surprise, the constraint between us. "But Bill—roses? Roses make you—"

He interrupted me briefly, not a hint of a smile to spoil his completely businesslike manner. "I thought roses and I meant roses. You should know by now, Judy, that I am a most methodical planner. I propose to have roses delivered here, because I remember exactly how you reacted the last time you got roses and I got involved over a vase of roses. You were kind and sweet—"

My pencil flew in one direction, my notebook in another, as I got to my feet. And Bill, too, stood up, so that we met halfway around the desk—met with our arms eagerly outstretched, so that we might not waste another precious moment. And then he kissed me, and all the troubles and fears in the whole world melted away.

"You don't need roses—you don't need anything," I managed after a little. "Bill—I'm so ashamed!"

"Don't, honey—don't. Just go back to that first day and the first roses, and the first time our eyes met. We'll simply wipe out all that's gone between. I was sure then, and you were too."

And I'm sure now, I thought, as I turned my lips up to him for answer. I'm sure now, and for all the rest of my life. Sure of happiness, sure of Bill—and sure of myself!
changes, chaos. Germany invaded Poland, then France. Jeff's mother was killed in an air raid. Jeff's homecoming was postponed, and postponed again. And at last he wrote that he was fighting for France. "Don't wait for me, Pat. I don't know when I'll be home—never, perhaps. This is too big, too important, to remember the little things, like love. I can't feel love anymore. I don't know what it is. I only know what it isn't."

Very soon after I received that letter, my mother died suddenly. Overnight, I found myself quite alone. Desolate at my double loss. I turned to Tom—Tom who had always been there in the background, who had always loved me.

I wasn't in love with Tom then, of course, but he became very dear to me in those days of loss and heartache. I grew to depend on him, to want him near me, to be lonelier than ever when he wasn't around.

Slowly, slowly the hurt healed over. The scar was still there, and might easily be reopened—but I didn't know that. I only knew that in Tom there was comfort and peace and security, and I wanted those things. In 1939, I married Tom, and I told myself that my love for Jeff was forgotten.

But Tom didn't forget it, nor could he forget those two futile years I had spent waiting for Jeff to come back. Even so, I thought at first that our marriage was going to work out. My feeling for Tom wasn't the completely romantic, in-the-clouds one I had had for Jeff, but it was solid and enduring, based on friendship and respect and gratitude, on years of shared joys and hurts. I thought that that was foundation enough—but it wasn't.

It wasn't, because Tom couldn't forget—and neither could I. Jeff, substantial as if he were really there, stood between us. And Tom began to change. He started drinking—not heavily at first, but gradually more and more. With that came the long, sullen periods of brooding, in which his alcohol-clouded mind made mountains of domestic molehills, darkened threateningly the shadow which Jeff threw across our marriage.

When we entered the war, Tom tried unsuccessfully to enter every branch of the service, but his heart condition brought him an uncompromising no on all sides. That didn't help matters, of course. In despair I withdrew from the unpleasantness of reality into a dream-world of my own, a world shared with Jeff, and peopled with lovely memories, without ugliness. It was cowardly, but it was the only escape I knew.

That was the situation when Jeff's letter had exploded the armed truce of our household.

In a month the second letter came. If my peace had been disturbed before, the whole fabric of my life was shaken by this second letter. Jeff was coming back—coming home.

Coming home...really coming on confidential government business, the letter said, but he'd spend a few days in Brinkton selling his family house, getting affairs settled. And of course, I want to see you, Pat...That could mean so much, or so little—but I had to know what it meant. Was there friendship in his heart for me, or the old love, slumbering now perhaps, but
ready to be re-awakened? There would be scenes with Tom, and bitterness brought into the open, but it would be worth it, I knew suddenly. And I knew, too, in the back of my mind, in the bottom of my heart what the outcome would be, if I had my way. It would mean an end to the bickering, an end to the feeling of guilt I had about Tom—guilt which only fed my anger. It would mean peace, and love—with Jeff.

And then, at last, the storm did break—in the way I least expected.

I came home a little later than usual from the office one evening. Tom was already there—waiting for me at the front door, in fact.

"We've got company for dinner," he said, and I realized that he was watching me closely. I knew, with a strange weakness breaking over me, so that I was afraid for a moment that I could not stand, who the company was. I managed to look directly into his eyes.

"Yes, Jeff. He got in town today, and dropped into the office. So I told him you'd never forgive him if he didn't come to dinner. Well, aren't you pleased? I thought you would be."

"You thought nothing of the sort," I told him evenly. "You were afraid I'd see him when you weren't around. I told you, Tom, that you'd have to trust me."

His quick gesture silenced me. "He's in the livingroom. Do you want him to hear us fighting? Maybe he should, at that. If he knows we don't get along, he won't have any qualms."

I turned sharply away from him, and crossed the hall to the door of the living-room.

He looked just as he always had. Just the same as ever—thin, and tired, and a little older, but the same Jeff. "How do I look to him?" I thought. "Am I, too, the same? You once said my eyes were a pool of stars—could you still lose yourself in them?"

"Hello, Jeff—it's good to see you." I managed an even, friendly tone.

"Behind me, Tom said, "It's just like old times, isn't it?" and I knew that his eyes never left me.

My throat tightened convulsively as Jeff got to his feet and came to me, hands outstretched.

For the space of a heartbeat, as I lifted my eyes to meet his, there had never been a Tom anywhere in the world. Only Jeff. He smiled at me the old, heartwarming smile, but with an underlying something that hadn't been there when he left me.

"How about dinner. Pat? Jeff's hungry, and so am I," Tom was trying to make his voice light, but he failed miserably, and suddenly I was dreadfully sorry for him.

I said little during dinner—just sat and listened as the two men seemed to pick up the threads of their old friendship. Seemed to, for it was only a surface thing, covering, I knew, a bitter unrest on Tom's part, and, I was sure, a troubled questioning on Jeff's.

After dinner my uneasiness deepened. Tom's first drink was followed by another, and another. At last I couldn't hold back my, "Not any more, please, Tom!" Immediately I became conscious of Jeff's attention, of the puzzled look in his eyes. To lighten the mounting tension I went to the piano and began to play the first thing to which the book of old songs fell open. Once started, I knew I had done the wrong thing, but it was too late. This was a song we three had often sung together, years ago.
A garden sweet, a garden small,
Where rambler roses creep along the wall;
Where dainty phlox and columbine
Are nodding to the trumpet-vine—

We sang on through the well-remembered lines, each word seeming to carry a poignant memory, a strange new heartbreak. I looked up at Jeff as we sang the last measures:

We sat alone, from all the world apart,
And love is blooming full—within my heart.

I turned from the piano more moved than I wanted either of them to see, than I wanted to acknowledge myself. I felt the color surging in my cheeks, and then, as my eyes found Tom, standing at the cabinet in the corner, pouring himself another drink, a wave of shame swept over me.

I felt lost. But I managed a laugh as I walked across the room to him.

There was no merriment in the sound—just the sharpness of hysteria.

Jeff spoke slowly, his face expressionless. "I'd better be getting along. Pat. It's getting late. I'll see you both soon again."

I watched him go, Tom following him to the door, saying perfunctory goodnights, and I was conscious of an odd sinking of the heart, more poignant than any feeling I had ever had before about those two, I was standing to face Tom when he came back.

"Why did you have to let him know?"

HE picked up his glass in one hand, the decanter in the other, and stood with his legs braced wide apart, looking at me, a hard light in his eyes.

"Let him know what? It wasn't I, you know. You're the one who gave herself away. You should have seen your face, Pat."

"You're drunk, Tom. But you didn't have to let Jeff see it."

"Pat—" He started toward me, and I sank back into my chair, shrinking against it.

"I'm sorry, Pat," Tom said gently.

"But I have some pride, too. You should have forgotten that. If you'd try, Pat—if you cared at all—" He stopped and looked at me for a moment, and then turned and went upstairs.

Things were worse, after that. The trouble had been brought out into the open. Tom drank almost constantly. His work suffered—there were days when he didn't go near the office. He would certainly have lost his job, had not the typewriter supply house for which he worked needed him so badly. When he was sober he was their best salesman; besides, he was popular with the other men, and they covered up for him as much as they could.

Then the thing I had feared most, before this greater complication came, happened. Tom actually became ill. Twice I came in and found him unconscious, breathing erratically, his face an ugly color. Talking to him was useless—he simply wouldn't listen. Dr. Graves urged a sanatorium, but Tom only laughed.

I hadn't seen Jeff since the night he'd had dinner with us. Between us there was still this feeling of "unfinished business," this lack of definition of our relationship. Still, I knew that he'd help if I asked him, and at last, in despair, I phoned him. When I explained that I needed urgently to see him, he said he'd pick me up at the office and walk home with me.

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Actually, when he met me, we turned away from home and into the park. On the far side of the little lake, we found a secluded bench and sat down. And I tried to tell Jeff something of what was happening to us—Tom's condition, my own hopes and fears.

"It's no use," I concluded. "I simply can't go on living like this. I've done everything I can think of—"

Jeff turned on the bench so that he was facing me. "What do you want to do, Pat—what's in your mind?"

There was something in his eyes that I didn't want to face. I found myself looking down at my fingers, aimlessly twisting my wedding ring, as I answered him. "I'm going to leave Tom."

Jeff was silent for a long time. At last he said, "I see what you mean—he has changed. But Pat—what's the matter? What's really the matter? Tom didn't use to drink. He isn't well. He looks terrible. And I know Tom—he wouldn't have let himself get into this condition, he wouldn't have been a drinking man at all, if he didn't have a reason. If he were all right, he'd be fighting this every inch of the way. What happened, Pat?"

I could look steadily at him, then. This was the moment. "Don't you know Jeff? You happened." "But that was so long ago," he said, almost impatiently. "It can't be that."

He knows that I love you—he's always known.

"But Pat, you can't—I mean, you married him. That should have convinced him—you made a free choice. You and I were engaged once, but he must know that's over, long ago."

"Do you—do you mean that you don't care about me any longer, Jeff?"

He smiled suddenly. "Care about you? I'll always care about you, Pat. You were my first girl, and the way things went, you were the only one I ever had a chance to call my girl. But that's a long time gone—you're married now, and—"

"Yes, I'm married now." I put my hand out, rested it lightly on his arm. "But it's not a real marriage, Jeff. Tom couldn't really love me, or he wouldn't do this to me."

Then as I said it, I knew it wasn't the truth. Whatever else had happened to us, Tom still loved me, just as he had always loved me. It was a fact, like the sun's shining or the rain falling. Somewhere inside me there was a dark little voice which began to repeat a monotonous dirge: liar . . . cheat . . . Jealous, Jeff, I hate you with you," I pleaded. "It isn't wrong—it can't be wrong, with us. We've always loved each other—and I'm so unhappy, Jeff."

He covered his hands with his. "Pat—don't, please don't. You mustn't. You only wish you hadn't—"

I was suddenly cold. "You mean you don't—"

Jeff shook his head and smiled at me—a sad, wistful little smile. "It's so hard to put into words, Pat. That's why I didn't try, in my letters. My life is so far removed from this, now—why, my life isn't really my own any more. You've had to actually be there to understand, Pat and Personal happiness, and all the other things that go up to make life as it is here, don't seem to matter. You forget all about them, when you're watching a great country die inch by inch."

"But Jeff—" Instinctively, I freed my hands from his. "Jeff, France is free again. You've done your work. 
You're free to live now."

"No, Pat." He shook his head slowly, and his eyes were seeing something far away. "I'm not free. No one of us who has been a part of the struggle will ever be free again, really. France will be years recovering. I want to be a part of that—I've got to be!"

"Yes, I see, Jeff," I told him gently, "but is there any reason why I can't go with you? I can help. I've no real place here, and I want to be with you, to make up for all the time we've lost."

Where is your pride? that voice in side me was asking. Where is that pride you boast about? Liar... cheat."

Troubled, he shook his head. "I can't, Pat. You'd be in the way—I'm sorry to be brutal. You don't belong to all that—you belong to a quiet, sweet way of secure life, back here. But I do want to help you—I've got the right to do that, I think. If you feel that you must leave Tom, you'll need help, and—"

"You mean money, Jeff?" There was my pride, at last. I sat up proudly, biting back the pain, willing my lips not to shake and betray me. "No, Jeff. I won't need that kind of help, thank you." I tried to smile. "I must be getting home now, Jeff. It's late, and Tom will worry."

He reached over and drew me gently against him, lifting my face to his kiss. I sat perfectly still, like something carved out of wood, my lips cold as ice—and my heart cold, like that, too. Then, when he released me, I stood up, managed a "goodbye" and a "please don't come with me" and walked swiftly across the park, toward home.

IT WAS dark when I got there. Tom was in the livingroom. There was nothing reassuring about his angry, averted face, nor the half-empty glass on the table beside him.

"Have you had dinner?" I asked.

"No—but I don't want any.

Normally, I would have protested that he should eat, but tonight I couldn't quite manage that. "I've a headache, Tom—I'm going upstairs." And I escaped, knowing wearily as I went that I shouldn't leave him alone. But it didn't seem to matter; nothing did. I got my clothes off and got into bed, trying to make my mind a blank, to think of nothing. That dream-world, to which I used to retire to escape from reality—that dream-world in which Jeff lived—was gone.

It must have been about an hour later that I heard Tom's heavy, uncertain steps on the stairs. I closed my eyes, hoping he would think I was asleep. He turned on the light as he entered the room, and I lay still.

He stood there for a while without speaking.

Then, suddenly, "Get up," he ordered harshly. "I want to talk to you."

I opened my eyes. "Can't it wait, Tom? My head—"

"Get up," he repeated. "Or would you rather have me get you up?"

My heart sank. This was a side of Tom which, for all of his drinking, I'd never had to cope with before. It would be better to humor him, I was sure, and so I got up, pulling a robe over my flimsy summer nightgown.

"What is it, Tom?"

"Where have you been? No—I know the answer to that. What happened?"

"Happened? Nothing happened, Tom."

"Don't lie to me. What happened?"

I looked at him for a moment, and

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the accumulated bitterness welled out of my heart and became words that I delivered like blows across the space between us. "All right, I'll tell you what happened. I told Jeff that I loved him, and asked him to take me away. Anything is better than going on like this. He refused, but that doesn't matter. I'm going anyway. I'm going as soon as I can pack my things and get out. And now—"

"Just a minute. I've got something to say, myself. You can go—or you can go any time you like. You're a failure as a wife—you're a failure as a woman! No wonder Jeff didn't want you."

His voice had been uncontrollably. His accusations, a shrill torrent of abuse, cascaded around me. My anger changed abruptly to dismay as I realized the danger to him, as I realized that he actually didn't know what he was doing or saying. For the moment, my own problem melted away.

"I caught his arm. "Come on, Tom—we'll talk tomorrow."

He shook me off. "You're no longer my wife—you don't have to bother to be my nurse any more, either." His face grew suddenly white, and he lurched backward. I caught him again, trying to steady him, terrified now. But he jerked free and he lifted his hand, and struck me a stinging blow across my face.

As I fell back across the bed, all the passionate frenzy left him. He stood very still, seeming to try smaller under my eyes, looking drained and empty. He passed a hand once across his eyes, as if he had just awakened, half-dazed from a bad dream. And then he turned and stumbled from the room.

I CRESTED into bed and lay there, staring wide-eyed into emptiness. And at the center of that emptiness, reality grinned derisively at me. That—that broken thing which had just made its way out of the room—was Tom. That was what had happened to him, what he had become. Little sharp stabs of memory tore the veil of forgetfulness from things long lost—Tom's gentleness when Mother had died, his patience and understanding while he waited for the wound of Jeff's leaving me to heal, his tenderness during the early days of marriage. And all the little things—the violets he always brought me on our anniversary, the way he had of lifting one eyebrow when he was amused. And now, the blank misery of his face as he left me, the despair. That was Tom—that was Tom, who was a part of my life.

I heard my voice, a hoarse, terrified whisper, repeating and repeating. "What have I done, what have I done?"

I don't know how long I had been saying it, but suddenly I knew what I had done.

I had destroyed a man. I had made him an empty, bitter thing, useless to himself. I had put out all the life, the goodness of him, the carelessly, as thoughtlessly as I might have blown out a match. I had destroyed the man I loved.

The man I loved... the phrase had come easily, as if it were a thing regularly spoken, a thought accustomed to my mind. And it was true. It was the only true thing, the only clean, fine thing I knew. I loved Tom.

Slipping on my robe once more, I went softly out of the room, and through the same hall, searching for him. It wasn't until I'd gone twice through all the rooms that I would admit to
myself that he wasn't there. He was gone. Gone—sick and frightened and with nothing but pain to remember.

Even now, I can't talk about the rest of that night, nor about the day that followed. Sometime during the night I called Dr. Graves, and he came over and went out again, to look for Tom.

In the morning Jeff called, and I told him impatiently that I couldn't see him, and hurried to be rid of him to keep the line free for the call I wanted, and which never came. I didn't want to see, nor talk to, anyone. I couldn't think of anything but Tom, and that I had driven him away, and that I was responsible for whatever happened to him.

The blame was all mine, but there was no comfort in acknowledging it.

It was the morning of the second day that the long-distance call came from a sanatorium in the next state. They said—and I sat in my chair and held tightly to the edge of the table in weak relief—that Tom had come there alone and voluntarily committed himself, insisting that he had to be cured. They could not make predictions, they said, because of his serious physical condition, but it might be six months.

And I managed to thank them, and say that I could come. At once.

As the train took me through the serene grandeur of the mountains, on my way to Tom, I felt a sudden peace. Tom was kindness, gentleness, tenderness personified, when he was himself. And so perhaps, even yet, there was a chance for me. And if there wasn't—then I deserved whatever happened to me, whatever loneliness and heartbreak lay ahead in years that would be barren without him. It was up to him.

IT was up to him, and because he was Tom again, and not the dreadful thing I had made of him, he said nothing. He only opened his arms to me, and there was a pleading question in his eyes.

"Tom. Tom, dearest, I don't know what to say to you. And I walked into the sweet haven of those arms, where I belonged. And perhaps, even yet, there was a chance for me. And if there wasn't—then I deserved whatever happened to me, whatever loneliness and heartbreak lay ahead in years that would be barren without him. It was up to him.

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mind, I was busy, undressing her.
That I would do the same for anyone who came here sick and unconscious—
that didn't explain why I sat there
through the night hours, watching and
—yes, praying—that she would be all
right. It wasn't because I felt magnan-
imous...the cherished wife, the de-
defeated rival. I never felt less a wife.
Why—because for a few hours, she
was defenseless?

It was more than that. I had never
seen her without the bold brash manner she affected; I had never
seen her lying still and helpless, her
face cleaned of make-up. And the girl
on the bed bore little resemblance to
the cheap, coarse, wanton picture of her
I had drawn in my mind. She seemed
so different! The bones of her face
emerged finely-modelled; her wrists
and ankles slender; her mouth full, but
sensitive, and trembling in her murky,
frightened dreams.

I brushed back my hair with a re-
sentful, angry hand. I didn't want this
revelation—it was so easy to hate and
despise and condemn! Always before,
no matter how unsatisfactory my mar-
riage—I had been comforted that, at
least, I had saved Philip from her.
I hadn't heard Philip come in.

"Are you still up, Mary?" he whis-
pered. "Is she all right?"

"I think so, but she's restless. I'll
stay up with her—"

"All right, punkin. But take it easy
and don't get up for my breakfast
tomorrow. I have to go to work to-
morrow even if I have to stagger there
—too many others won't show up be-
cause of burns. Are you warm enough?"

he leaned my head against him in one
of his rare involuntary caresses. "Mary,
I know you don't like Stephanie and
it isn't going to be pleasant for you
to have her here. But—maybe some-
day I can tell you—I'd like to feel that
she was safe with us—"

"Don't worry about me, Philip," I
said, with an effort. "Maybe I've been
wrong about her."

My reward was a kiss and a quick
squeeze of my shoulders. But before
he left he paused once more in the
doorway, his eyes compassionate on
the sleeping figure. "The poor, brave
kid!" he whispered again.
The poor, brave kid—that was it! I
echoed his words and knew they were
all the answers to the changes I felt
in Stephanie. She had risked her own
life to save an old woman who was
no relation, even to her. Was that the
action of a self-centered, selfish, vain,
grasping, crudely-sensual girl? My
heart, that had been stretched flat
and tight and hard, gave way sud-
denly to a tide of admiration. Ad-
miration mingled with pity. She'd had
so little—a few clothes, a make-shift
trailer to live in, a knock-about life,
a chance at romance—

It was dawn before I knew she really
slept and I could leave her. My mind
felt curiously empty and tired, as if
old impressions had been swept away,
with no new ones to replace them.

At that I was up and working in
the kitchen before Stephanie came
downstairs. Bewilderment was in her
slow, halting steps and in the timi-
ness she referred to as she made her
way through the hall. I had break-
fast for two ready on a tray and
hurried to carry it in, to the cof-
table before the fire.

"Good morning, Stephanie. How do
you feel?" Strange that I could smile
"I feel kinda dopy," she said, but
her eyes had come alert and wary at
the sight of me. "I remember the fi-
and running—but—Gramma Perkins!

"Philip left a note. He said Dr. Bass
mer was looking after her and he
sure she'll recover. But almost all the
trailers were burnt to the ground. And
you're to be our guest here, if you
want to." That sounded ungracious and
I added: "We'd really like to have
you—"

"Here—let me help you—" she took
the tray out of my hands and settled
it on the table. It was a moment
respite and I felt we both needed it.

LOOK, Mary—" she said suddenly—
"let's lay the cards on the table. Are
you sure you want me here? I don't
like charity. I can find a room some-
where and no hard feelings, but I
like to know where I stand. We're
different breed of cats, you and I, and
if we're going to start splitting at each
other, it's no go."

Always I had respected honesty.
"I didn't think I was going to want
you here, Stephanie, but I do now.
Maybe we're not such a different breed
of cat after all." There was something
about her statement that cleared the
air, and I felt almost easy—friendly.

"Darling, I hope you'll come home on your furlough soon.
I have everything arranged just the way you like it."

Forever Yours
Continued from page 39
She laughed, sliding down from her chair to a cushion in front of the fire. Outside, rain made fat streaming wet fingers on the window-panes, but here it was cozy and warm. "Are you kidding?" she laughed again. "I'm like Topsy—I just grew. But you have that cared-for, looked-after, dentist-twice-a-year, dancing school, and Santa-Claus-on-Christmas look that girls like you have. I'd give my last charm brace-let to have eyes like yours, that have never seen anything worse than a bum movie." If there was envy in her voice, there was no self-pity.

The Day Nursery was closed for the day, so Stephanie and I made beds and did dishes and then, when the roast was in the oven, we came back to the fire.

She wanted to hear me talk about my childhood—mine and Philip's and Henry's. She seemed avid for the least scrap, the least incident—how Henry and Philip had fought when they met, two little boys rolling over and over in the dusty road, and how they had been sworn friends ever since; the time I'd had the measles and they had entertained me turning somersaults outside my windows; the spittalins in school, raiding orchards for stolen apples; Sunday School with the three of us in our best clothes, our pennies clutched in our hands, the boys squirming in torture on the little red chairs, Henry's crush on the English teacher; Aunt Connie's sulphur-and-molasses—"Anybody home?" . . . brisk voice and determined footsteps in the hall . . . "I saw a light . . ." Aunt Connie!

"In here, Aunt Connie!" Something friendly and relaxed in the atmosphere vanished for me with the first sight of firm mouth and tightly-corseted figure. "Aunt Connie, this is Stephanie Vosper. She was burned out last night and she's going to be our guest for a while. Stephanie, Mrs. McCarthy is Henry's mother."

They took each other's measure—uneasiness in Stephanie's eyes; barely-concealed dislike in Aunt Connie's.

"I didn't know you had met my son, Miss Vosper. For a mother and a wife and a friend to be so busy with his old friends—"

It was downright rude of her. But when I glanced at Stephanie I caught a glimpse of an amused twinkle in her eyes. And an exaggerated politeness in her manner when Aunt Connie left after a few strained moments.

Philip came home tired. Ordinarily I would have given him a light answer and shooed him to bed, but from Stephanie's first "Hi! Mine host!" to him at the door, he seemed to shake off his load of weariness. There was an answering sparkle in him and a strong, running delight that seemed to encompass us all.

But for me it was an ordeal. With his coming, I had slipped into a new role—my admiration for Stephanie was shadowed; and anxiety and fear and distrust and jealousy were my prompters. I fought all evening to get rid of them—fought to tell myself that any feeling between them was all over. Surely their friendly banter, their usual, teasing give and take were no indications of passion!

I had come downstairs to get an extra blanket. Philip had stayed behind to turn off the lights; Stephanie must have lingered, too. I saw them, for the moment oblivious to everything else, her face upturned to his as she talked. It was only for a moment—and then they separated.

But it had been long enough. Pain and heartache were blurred by the sharper edges of anger—anger at being betrayed by a girl who was a guest in my house. As if she were there at my shoulder, I could almost hear Aunt Connie's sniff: "Well, what can you expect from a girl like that?"

When we were alone, Philip and I, in our room, my anger slowly grew into fear. Through the thin walls I could hear Stephanie's muffled movements. My heart was beginning to race—was Philip listening too—and thinking how close she was? If only he would take me in his arms and reassure me, hold me against this terrible, dark dread! But he only stiffened a sleepy yawn and wished me a tender "Good-night, punkin" and fell into bed.

And now there was only the dark and silence that seemed to be holding its breath. Beside me I knew that Philip was lying sleepless, too . . . far over to his side. I held myself rigid, every muscle aching, but I could not control the plunging panic.

What was Philip thinking? Was he wishing that Stephanie were in my place? Was he tormented by her nearness—by the wall that separated them, though he could almost hear her breathing? Was he thinking, regretting the marriage he had made, in his essential fineness feeling sorry for me—but wanting her? My heart was pounding so that I felt it would shake me to pieces in torment and grief.
I knew Philip was honorable—and Stephanie was brave. But bravery and honor and decency were for outward manners. They couldn't control hearts. Were they lying there, knowing each other's desires—and that I was the intruder? Humility was a new, a bitter lesson, for me, but I was learning it. I had been so sure that I was right; that I knew what was best for Philip and me. But now I knew that love was bigger than background or conventions or any set of smug standards. I discovered something else. My mind might be humble and even generous—but there were fires in my blood that raged against it. Fires that were almost unknown to me before, that I had kept banked so carefully, that I had tended so lightly—and now I was helpless before them. The cold water of pride couldn't reach these flames. It was a shock to realize how much I wanted and needed Philip's love. And I knew I could never bring myself to give him up, voluntarily! I overslept. And when I came downstairs, feeling tired and a little ashamed over my hysterical imaginings of the night before, I found they had both left. But when I saw Aunt Connie taking the path to our kitchen door, I wished, rebelliously, that she had left me alone—that morning.

"Are you alone? Good. I hope you've sent that girl packing! Believe me, Mary, there's a lot of families in Tilbury regretting their invitations today. There's going to be trouble! My mind can't put the sheep and the goats together and expect them to lie down like lambs!" "Now, I guess not, Aunt Connie. But it takes time—Philip says the plant is trying to get a priority to build temporary barracks. We'll have to put up with it as best we can." But could I? Could I stand it?

Susan Gamble was the first child I saw as I entered the Nursery. I'm sure she had been waiting for me and no, she flung herself into my arms. "Oh, Mrs. James, you should see our garden!" My eyes went to the vegetable plot outside, but she shook her head. "No, I mean our garden at home. Uncle Simeon let me hold the hose to water the carrots and Daddy helped him pick corn yesterday. And Mother's

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Three days passed. When your mind and heart are too confused to reason, there are sets of automatic reflexes that carry you through. Good manners had been trained in me and now they carried me through my duties as a hostess even under these circumstances.

If I was calm outwardly I was anything else inside. I was torn between despair and hope, between impotent anger and great humility. I wanted to hate Stephanie—but how could I hate someone I was beginning to understand and admire? How could I dislike a girl who was so simple and direct and, yes—naive—in her open-hearted delight with life and with people?

Philip's attitude puzzled me because, while he treated her with an unre served comradeship, I could never detect the slightest hint of tenderness or passion for her in his voice or in his actions. It was only the spontaneous response to her lush femininity that he could not check; the dancing lights in his eyes when he looked at her; the gladness in him at her presence—it was from these that I knew fear.

DIVORCE! How often had I crushed that dread word back, down into the depths of consciousness. But it would not be downed. How could I forget that once he had asked Stephanie to marry him? That he had married me on the rebound—and regretted it?

Only the children had the power to make me forget my dread. And I was as delightedly amazed as nine-year-old Susan Gamble, herself, when she told me one afternoon that she was going to stay in Tilbury—"forever!"

"Daddy and Uncle Simeon are going to buy a farm and we're all going to live on it! Uncle Simeon says he's been wanting to go back to farming but his knees are too creaky at the joints to work a farm himself"—she giggled and I knew that this description of himself was a joke between Simeon Judkins and the child—"and Daddy says he always wanted a piece of land but he was afraid because he didn't even know how to milk."

"I think Mr. Judkins is very lucky to have such a nice little partner, Susan," I answered, hugging her. But at the same time I felt as if events were moving too fast for me. The fire had brought Trailertown into Tilbury but did that mean that Tilbury had changed; that the strangers had become a part of us and were going to stay?

I had even more to think about when old Mrs. Lamprey came to pick up the two little Davy boys.

"You know, Mary. It's been so long since I've had children in my house, these rascals have given me a new lease on life. I'm dreading the time she takes these youngsters away from me. Mrs. Davy's a widow, you know, and I've got a plan in the back of my head. Don't tell a soul, Mary—but she's an expert milliner and I'm going to
advance her the money to open a shop here after the war. And then, maybe, I can keep my "two rascals!"
I was literally struck dumb. Mrs. Lamprey was so old-fashioned and so strict even the hometown folks were afraid of her.

I went home very thoughtful that day. And when Aunt Connie brought over her usual list of complaints I wasn't in the mood for them.

But that's not the whole picture, Aunt Connie—" and I told her, impatiently, about Susan Gamble and Mrs. Lamprey—"maybe it's true that Mrs. Burns is having trouble keeping her house clean with five Bjornsen living there, and maybe Mr. Burns and Mr. Bjornsen do quarrel every evening. But Mr. Burns always did have a terrible temper. What strikes me is not how different these people are—but how much like us they are turning out to be! Not better and not worse—but just the same!"

My neighbor bridled and gasped. "Well, Mary James! Then if you've lost your faculties of judgment no doubt you'll approve when I tell you that poor Mary Ellen Jones is being forced to announce Imogene's engagement to that boy from Trailertown, that—that 'Chip' Marks! Around the house every evening together, poor Mary Ellen couldn't keep them apart and the two of them worked on her until she had to give in."

"I don't care. I'm glad. Imogene was turning into an old maid, working at that library. Even if she is my age."

"Better an old maid! Well, anyway, I know my duty. Her mother and I have been friends for years and I'll stand by her now. I've agreed to give a party at my house for Imogene this Friday and I'm inviting all her old friends. Maybe Imogene will realize then that her precious 'Chip' wouldn't fit in with the rest of you young people. I'll expect you and Philip, Mary. Remember—Friday!"

It was thoughtless of me but, that night, at the dinner table when we were all three together—

"Philip, are you sure you're getting Friday night as your night off? Aunt Connie wants us to come to a party for Imogene and her new fiancé."

"Friday? Aunt Connie's having a party Friday? Astonishment in Philip's voice. Dismay in the look he exchanged with Stephanie! And something about that look—something that spoke of a secret between them—made my heart plunge. What was so important about Friday to them?

"Oh, I know him. He's swell. Stephanie put in eagerly, as if to cover up by words her former confusion.

"He and his dad lived near us, several trailers over. I knew he was in love with some girl here but none of us had ever met her," she went on. "It sounds like fun—now I'm beginning to get excited. I haven't been to a party for simply ages!"

"Anger and indignation swept away my hurt. She wasn't invited! Did she think that just because we had been kind enough to take her in, that our friends were hers—that she was going to share our life? I was ashamed of that thought—but not of the anger. To snub her now—to tell her she was still an outsider—was that too cruel a punishment for the secret she shared with my husband?"

I felt Philip's eyes on me. Watchful. A curious, unspoken question in them.

In my mind I hurriedly phrased none-too-polite excuses to Stephanie. I could even justify them, because I knew Aunt Connie would resent her coming and probably treat her badly. But the words died on my lips. I looked at Stephanie; I saw the trust in her eyes. And when I did speak, I felt as though a weight had been lifted off my shoulders:

"I'm glad you want to come, Stephanie. It wouldn't be a party without you. And I'll bet Chip will be glad to see an old friend." I could even say it smiling.

She ran upstairs to wash her hair and Philip and I were left alone.

"Nice going, darling," he said softly. "You don't have those clean, straight, brown eyes for nothing nor that sweet mouth—you're a thoroughbred." His kiss was light on my lips, but just the same it was an accolade.

"Philip—!" I managed to say—"what is this about Friday? Why is it so important?"

His face became abruptly stilled and withdrawn. There was a kind of guilt in his eyes. "Do you mind if I don't tell you now, Mary? It was something I was going to tell you then. But it had better wait." Now he was in a hurry to leave.

After he had gone the fear came back—drained through my body like a sickness. What could he say to me? What was the secret between him and Stephanie if it wasn't that they had decided to ask me for a divorce? I pleaded a headache when he called me, and said I was going to bed. But once there, I lay sleepless, my mind racing back and forth over the past fateful months. My first meeting with Stephanie—the dislike I had..."
felt for her cheap clothes and her bold manner—Henry's unusual interest—the pagan rhumba she had danced with Philip—the way he had kissed me that night—"

The memory of that kiss brought back, sorely, hurtingly, the memory of his other kisses. The gentle, tender, almost passionless ones of our married life. I knew these were the key to my failure, even more than Stephanie herself. I knew I had only myself to blame. Philip had come back to me a man, with a man's mature, deep demands, but I had remained the little girl who had grown up in Tilbury. Rather than acknowledge that I, too, was prey to the same appetites and weaknesses and strength of other people, I had denied the natural hunger within me.

I WAS paying for that denial. Paying for it in pain and longing and frustration.

Friday came much too soon. I had driven myself, worked until I was exhausted—but I couldn't escape the tension that was building up between us. I could sense it in Stephanie and in Philip. She alternated between moments of rapture anticipated and between times of deepest gloom. With Philip it was a growing carelessness, in what he said, in how he talked. And in the conversations between them that ceased abruptly when I walked into a room. To make up for it he was even kinder to me than usual. But I didn't want kindness.

I bought myself a new dress for the trousseau I'd never had. In my indifference I had let myself be talked into getting a dress I considered much too sophisticated for my simple tastes. Philip's low whistle was a tribute to the gown.

"Hello! I'm married to a glamour-gal! What are you two doing—switching personalities on me? Stephanie in pink and you in a drape shape! Come on—I want to show you off."

There was no doubt we created a sensation. My gown might have accounted for some of it, but when Aunt Connie and the others saw Stephanie I might have been wearing a Mother Hubbard for all they cared. There was a moment of frozen, blank silence—indignation—then quick, scattered conversation—their backs to us stiff with outrage. Covert glances encircled us as we stood there in forced isolation. I could sense Stephanie's tenseness and I recognized that defiance that crept over her face—that defiance that was a shell for her feelings.

"Miss Vosper will excuse you for a minute, Mary. I need you in the kitchen." Aunt Connie's hand was on my arm. Her grim face made no attempt at etiquette. I followed her meekly.

Once in the kitchen Aunt Connie turned on me in fury. "What in the world has come over you, Mary, to bring that girl here? You knew that the whole purpose of this party was to show up this Chip Marks to show Imogene would he just wasn't good enough for her."

I had, dimly, sensed that this was Aunt Connie's plan. And I knew how cruelly, how perfectly such a plan would work. The livingroom was crowded with friends of Imogene's and mine; friends with whom we had a countless thousand memories to tie us together. I knew how innocent the conversations, the reminiscences, would seem—and how completely Chip would be left out. How dull and loutish they would make him appear.

"She's our house guest. It would have been impossible not to bring her with us."

Constance McCarthy's shrewd eyes were on my face. "Child—you don't have to tell me." Her voice had softened to a conspiratorial whisper. "I've got eyes in my head, and maybe what will work with that Chip, will settle your Miss Vosper at the same time."

Her words ripped across my last pretense. Had this been in the back of my mind all the time? I felt dizzy for a second. The temptation was so great. I would have to do nothing—just sit back and let affairs take their course—I would not be blamed. I knew that Stephanie would meet indifference with brazen bravado; contempt with shrewishness. It would not be a pretty thing for Philip to watch.

For a second's heartbeat I was dazzled—and then came a searing shame. And blaring indignation!

"That's horrible—I'm ashamed of even listening to you! What do you think Henry would feel if he knew his mother was deliberately trying to hurt two innocent people?"

EVERYTHING I'm doing to keep this town decent and just the way it was is for Henry's sake, and don't you forget it! And you'd do a lot better if you thought about Philip's happiness and not so much about Stephanie's." She swept out of the room as only Aunt Connie would, and I followed.

Except that Philip and Stephanie had moved to the window seat everything was just as I left it. The laughter and the conversation eddied around them—but never touched them. And, in

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another corner of the room, surrounded by chattering girls who talked around and across and over his head, was a solitary figure I knew instantly must be Chip Marks. It was a despicable, cruel thing they did. And yet they were not naturally cruel people. It was the instinctive gathering of the pack against intruders. Fostered by Aunt Connie. Philip had always been extremely popular—now they included him in the punishment.

Dorothy Bell sidled up to me, "Mary—that’s a gorgeous dress. Where on earth did you find it?"

"Don’t give me the credit. Here’s the girl who knows style." I had her firmly by the arm, piloting her over to where Stephanie sat. "Tell Dorothy about that white gabardine we saw. Stephanie, it would be perfect on her." Clothes were Dorothy’s weakness and I saw her eyes become interested.

It was an opening wedge. And in a few minutes, with Dorothy on one arm and Stephanie on the other, I circled the room. These people were fundamentally decent and well-mannered; left alone I might have succeeded. But I was up against an expert in Aunt Connie. Groups began to disintegrate before we could reach them and the older women deftly took the conversations out of my hands. I was heart-sick and I saw the tears close behind Stephanie’s too-bright eyes. She was more nervous than I had ever seen her. Every ring of the doorbell made her start; she watched the door with feverish expectancy.

Something about her tension was in Philip, too. I felt they were both keyed up, listening, watching, waiting for—"There was a dull in the noise. And Philip’s voice cut through, lazily, "How about a game of charades?"—Philip!—who loathed what he called “parlor games”!

To my amazement his suggestion was taken up instantly. Not so amazing, with Philip’s qualities of leadership. And my relief made me weak. Nothing could break the ice as quickly as a game of charades; nobody could stay aloof when you were in a team. Sides were quickly chosen, with Philip heading one side and Imogene the other.

Over their heads I met Philip’s eyes. And there was something in that quick exchange I had never experienced before, yet something that every woman

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His mother sank slowly to the divan, one hand on her heart. But for once
Henry ignored the old, familiar appeal. "It looks as though I got here just in
time," he said grimly. And flashed a quick look at Philip. I was remembering—remembering how Philip and
Stephanie had watched that door all evening—the tension between them the
last few days—their dismay over the Friday date—I was beginning to under-
stand. "I wanted to surprise you all but I didn't know it would be melo-
drama!" Mother, I want you to meet my
wife. Stephanie and I were married on my last furlough. We would have
told you then, but you were sick and
the doctor said no."

A long, deep breath was expelled around the room, almost a sigh. Some-
one began an awkward congratula-
tion, but Henry silenced him.

"I heard quite a lot—I've been stand-
ing in the door, waiting to surprise
you. I don't like dragging out my pri-
ivate affairs at a party but they seem
to be pretty much public property by
this time, anyway. I'm sorry, Mother.
I wouldn't let Stephanie tell you while
I was gone because it didn't seem fair
either to you or us. But if you can put
on a scene like I just overheard, then
you're strong enough to listen to me."

Henry's wife—Stephanie! I wouldn't
take it in—I couldn't believe it! My
mind was a storm of bewilderment.
"I knew how you felt about Trailler-
town people," he continued grimly. "I
made a little mixed up myself when I
left. But I've done a lot of thinking
these past few months and Philip set
me right on a few points. We do so
much talking about our pioneer an-
cestors—you, Mother, for one. Well,
I think Trailertown is just another word
for covered wagon train today and your
great-grandmother would have taken
off her poke bonnet to Stephanie.
Stephanie and her friends had the guts
and the patriotism to come here when
they were young. We have the nerve
to kick them around because they
weren't born here. It would be
the best thing that could happen to
Tilbury if some of these old pioneers
would settle down here. Here's one—"
for the first time he smiled, fondly, at
Stephanie—"here's one who's going
to stay!"

There was a strangled sound from
Aunt Connie. Dazed as I was I started
forward to help her. By this time she

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was panting, her face mottled.

But I was too late. Stephanie was there before me, easing Aunt Connie back into the pillows, running to get the bottle of medicine under Henry's orders. I heard her voice at the telephone, asking for the doctor. And, suddenly, with a great burst of comprehension, I stopped short. Like it or not, Aunt Connie had a daughter-in-law.

And now, as I quickly picked up my wraps; as I whispered my hurried goodbyes, my mind was whirling with questions. Those never-to-be-forgotten words drifted back to me: Stephanie's poignant "I can't—I can't—" and Philip's "Marriage is just two people..." Philip had been pleading the case for his friend—and when he had asked me to look after Stephanie for him, it had been his trust for his friend.

"Why, Philip? I've known Henry so long. Why couldn't you tell me?" The path that connected the McCarthy house to ours was mysterious and shadowy under the overhead clouds.

We seemed alone in an unreal world.

"Henry asked me not to tell anyone. Especially you, Mary. Anyone can read your face. You're not very good at pretending, dear, and you saw Aunt Connie every day. Henry and I decided it would be unfair to Stephanie to take her to his mother on such short notice and then let her take the full weight of Aunt Connie's tempest. And we were afraid Aunt Connie would make it so miserable for Stephanie—convince her she wasn't worthy of Henry that she might run away."

"I thought it was you who were in love with Stephanie," I blurted out. Our steps had slowed; we were standing, facing each other, by the old arbor.

His body stiffened. "With Stephanie? Me? How could you have thought that? I'm attracted to her—I understand her—but I don't love her!" His hands slid along my shoulders, drawing me close.

His voice roughened. "I've loved one girl all my life and only one. No matter what happens to me, I'll go on loving that girl. You're in everything I do—you're like the air I breathe. I could hear his deep, uneven breathing. "I know you better than you do yourself, Mary. You've tried to hold back and check that great capacity you have for living, but someday you'll find that you're more happy and pain and love and suffering and laughter and compassion. You'll share these things with me then because we couldn't bear them unless we had each other."

Words came to me—a rushing torrent of them—but a kind of primitive, instinctive wisdom told me there was a better way.

Shamelessly, proudly, my arms went around his neck, holding him so close I could feel the surge of his heart against mine. My lips sought his—and misty tears were soft and willing and ardent. In that brief second of surprise I felt in him, I knew what it was to bring my heart to him open and unasked-for.

And the ghosts of two dream-children, the young Philip and the young Mary we were, slid silently away into the darkness leaving a man and a woman who would have come together if they had been born in opposite corners of the world; whose hearts would have known each other even if they had spoken in different languages. I was free of them; I was whole and complete and new because the other part of me was Philip.

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Before We Part
Continued from page 19

seemed right, as everything Lance did seemed right.

The orchestra began to play an old song that we and our friends had helped to revive. Despy, my little sister, had dug up a recording of Russ Colombo singing it, and somehow we’d all taken it up, and requested it so often that now it was played as a matter of course wherever the young people of Clover Hill and Hillside were.

We moved a little further in time to the song, and then Lance began to sing the words, very quietly . . .

Take me in your arms,
Before you take your love away;
Take me in your arms
Before we part . . .

And then we were standing stock still in the center of the floor.

Take me in your arms,
And then goodbye . . .

The orchestra, the moving couples, the bright lights, faded away, and I felt strangely empty and lost. I looked up at Lance—and his eyes were wet.

One moment’s madness
Although it is the last
Hold me fast.

That was the orchestra’s vocalist, singing the song now. The throbbing rhythm of the music, the new-found meaning of the words, beat in my throat, and my temples, like the beating of the world’s heart. I felt sick and dizzy, and there was no meaning in anything but this feeble version of our parting.

Then I felt Lance’s hands bite hard into my shoulders as he turned me around and found a way for us through the maze of the dancers. And I heard so many hisses and mutterings—

“We’ve got to get out of here, Linna. We’ve wasted so much time . . .”

We found our way to the car in silence, and drove a little way along the river to the place where we had parked to watch the silver path of the moon on the water so often before.

There was a little tower for what we felt.

There was just the hunger we both knew, the hunger that could be appeased only a little by the touch of hands, by the gentle sitting out of our parting.

And so we stayed, locked close together for a time that was swift as a heartbeat, long as forever.

At last Lance moved away a little, cupped my chin in his hand.

“I want to look at you. I want to look at you, and remember every line of your face. I want never to forget for a moment the sweet curve of your mouth, the way your eyes look love at me, the way—oh, my God, Linna, we’ve wasted so much time! We’ve danced away ten full days, when we could have spent them in each other’s arms.

“We were being sensible. We weren’t going to tie you to me, or me to you. We were—” I had found my voice at last, but I don’t think Lance heard.

“Linna—oh, you can’t be sensible about love. You can’t measure it, as if it were a suit of clothes, or talk about it impersonally, as if it had been in a book you’d read. You have to live it—you have to live love, and we’ve let ten precious days of living, days we can never call back, slip through our fingers. Oh, Linna, why were we such fools? Why did we talk about waiting, even think about waiting?
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Is there surely more sure than what we feel? Will you ever be as sure again, in all your life, as you are now? Linna, what a pair of fools, what a pair of blind, prattling, idiotic fools, to talk of being sensible, of being sure, instead of knowing what love can be like!

Tears clogged my throat, but there was only one thing I wanted to say to him, and I know that he would understand. "Lance—I'm as much your wife as if we were married. I belong to you as much. I'm part of you. Even in the little time I have left, can't we—"

His fingers across my mouth stopped me. "No, honey. No. I wouldn't do that to you, because I love you too much. I'm going to leave no burdens behind me, no troubles, no complications. And our little time—that's gone, Linna. We've got to drive as fast as we can for Hillside station.

"Lance, don't! Lance, you can't go now. Not now. Somehow we've got to make up for our foolishness. Can't we be married tonight, and you fly back? Can't we—"

His arms were tight and strong about my shoulders, and I felt the strength of it creeping into me. "No, dearest. That train's the last and only way for me to get back."

We sat for a long moment, looking, not at each other, but at the sky, looking silver path the moon made across the water. And at last I heard myself say, in a voice that was dry and tired. "Start the car, Lance. It's late."

We drove all-night, speeding to Hillside station, and I tried to think of nothing, nothing at all, while I clung to Lance's arm as closely, as dearly, as a dying person clings to life.

AND then we were at the station, and this was not the beginning of our last night, but the end. The end of the end.

The train was already snorting impatiently, and we had only seconds. "Linna, love, don't forget me for a single moment, while I'm away, and never for a single moment will I forget you. I'll be back sooner than you think..."

"Lance, the train is moving!"

He swung aboard the last car, and raised his hand to me as the train moved off. And I stood there, in the midst of the last, the last, the last, the last, crying, "I love you. Oh, I love you..."

Leaving the station, starting the car, driving home, urging my dragging feet to carry me upstairs to bed, were things some other did things done by a mechanical doll, run by pulled strings.

I awoke early in the morning. The sun was bright in the east window. First came the warmth of happiness that I had felt each morning for the past ten days. Lance was home. But no—no, he was not home any more. He was gone away, to fight, overseas, and I wouldn't see him again, perhaps, until the war was done. I waited for the flood of despair, of unbearable heart-break, to engulf me. But it didn't come. It was as if the ferocity of last night's feeling were a thing set apart, quite by itself, quite out of the scheme of normal life, now, as I had told myself all the time that I would feel when Lance went away—lonely, yes, and wrenched by the parting, but still confident—looking sure that our love would bring us back together, content to wait a little while. Just remember the happy things, remember the wonderful times you've had together. Think of your life ahead, and you'll be all right, I told myself.
And so I dressed and went downstairs to face a world that was made of marking time.

Dad was down by the time I had the coffee bubbling in the percolator and the bacon sizzling in the frying pan. He came sauntering across the room to me and put his arm about my shoulders.

"How is it, honey?" he asked. "Kind of hard line? Going to be a bad day?"

I shook my head. "No, Dad—not too bad. It's—well, it's sort of hard to explain, but I'm so sure of Lance, and he's so sure of me, and we're both so sure of ourselves, that it doesn't matter too much. I know that he'll come home to me, and that when he does we'll begin a wonderful life together."

Dad nodded. "You're pretty wise for one so small, aren't you?" he said, and we laughed together, because Dad had said that to me ever since I was little. "I'm really going to try to be," I answered. "And it won't be too hard to fill in the time...."

It wasn't, either. I had my job as stenographer in the "pool" at the law firm of Gregory, Monday and Higgins. I had my Red Cross work three nights a week. Weekends, I served doughnuts and coffee at Hillside station sometimes, when troop trains stopped there a few minutes. I helped Dessy with her high school lessons, went to the movies with the family or some of my girl friends, went to an occasional party, helped Mother around the house.

It was a normal, peaceful sort of existence, even if a rather dull one. And it wasn't, of course, as if this were the first time Lance had been away—had been in the army for over a year, and I had learned the pattern of filling my days.

Only sometimes at night, when I lay in bed, waiting for sleep to come, I would feel a great loneliness creeping over me. And then I'd hurry to remember the pleasant things, the wonderful times Lance and I had shared.

I'd remember, for instance, the first time I met Lance—when I literally fell into his arms. I'd been standing on a shaky line in the Hall library, looking for a reference Mr. Mapley wanted. I was deep in the-—to me—completely foreign tongue of law, when I felt the stool shake beneath me, and looked down to see Lance.

"Come down off that," he said. "I'm the new law clerk. I've been hired, as of now, to keep you girls from being sent to look for things you have no
I didn't feel like that very much. "I don't do so badly," I replied. "And I thought I've just now found what I'm looking for." With that, I turned my back and buried my nose in the book.

The stool shook again. "You're keeping an able-bodied man out of a job," he complained. "Come down from there! How can I earn my salary if you're camping out on the only stool this place has to offer?" When I turned to look down on him, he was grinning—the grin that I found later was irresistible, and which, even then, I didn't seem able to resist.

"All right—I'll come down." I began to turn cautiously around to get down. "Well, move away, won't you? You'd probably complain to the management if I kicked your shins?"

The answer to that was another shake of the stool. "Hurry," he laughed. He wasn't shaking hard enough to dislodge me, actually, but somehow I had forgotten what I was doing in looking at him, in seeing Lance for the first time. And then, without warning, I was tumbling down to land in an all-legs-arms heap—not gracefully, in Lance's arms, but forcefully, in his lap, because I succeeded in clinging him off balance and knocking him down, too.

I wanted to be angry, but I had to laugh. And the laughter must have told him I wasn't hurt, because the first thing he said, when he got his breath, was, "Have we been formally introduced? But don't let that stand in your way—it was very nice of you to drop in on me."

Suddenly the laughter between us died, and we found ourselves looking into each other's eyes for the first time—really seeing each other, I mean. "My name is Lance Jordan," he said, at last. "I started to work here today—law clerk. I'm going to law school at night."

"I'm Linna Fabry," I told him, and thought, Lance! That just suits him—looking up to him and learning quick-looking. And his eyes—they're the nicest eyes I've ever seen! They were deep blue-grey, and fringed with thick, long lashes that might have given his face a womanish look if the rest of it had not been so entirely masculine. The laughter was dancing back into his eye now. "Yes," he said gravely, "and I like your looks, too."

I felt something happening to me, something I couldn't believe, something I didn't want to believe. It wasn't possible to fall in love with a man you'd met five minutes before, and in the course of those five minutes knocked down and exchanged a couple of silly sentences with. I didn't want to lay there—I wanted to go away and think. And so I mumbled something about getting back to my work now, and fled. That was my meeting with Lance—the meeting he and I laughed over so many times after that, the meeting which I comforted myself with remembering when longness threatened and left after he went away. That meeting, and so many others, I rehearsed faithfully in my mind those long nights, warming myself at the remembered fire of his love. Sometimes I'd think about our first date, or the time Lance and some friends and I had rowed to Hopper's Island for a picnic and let the boat drift off, and had been marooned for hours. Or the time we first went dancing, and found out that we were simply made for each other, and during application help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—In just one short week.

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D. Scholl’s
KUROTEX

Easily cut to any size of shape.

at least as far as dancing was con- cerned. Or the time we hired a horse and buggy and rode gaily out into the country, humorously pretending we were our own grandmother and grand- father, "goin' courtin' ". Or the time when Lance proposed to me.

That was a spring night, just before Lance was inducted. A soft night, but felt almost as wonderful as it smelled, with an impish little breeze that car- ried us with insinuating fingers. We went canoeing on the river, moving along gently with the sluggish current, going from close to the bank where the overhanging fronds of weeping willows made a dark tunnel where two lovers could be shut off from the out- side in a timeless, timeless world of their own. Presently we reached the canoe, and sat, close and quiet, for a while on the moon-silvered sand.

"I'll be going very soon," Lance said at last, and he put out his arm to pull me closer to him.

"I'll miss you terribly," I told him, and wondered at the inadequacy of words to express what I really meant by saying that. I felt completely at ease, though, completely at home with his arm around me, with my head on his shoulder, so that I was suddenly sure that I needed no words to make him understand me.

"Yes, I know you'll be lonely without me," he said. It was a statement of fact, without a touch of vanity. "I think it's harder for the girls who are left behind than for the men who go away. We, at least, are going out to adventure of a sort; you have to stay behind and make do with the same old life, except that it is full of empty places that are hard to fill."

I'll will be very empty, and—and your place can never be filled, Lance, until you come back."

"Lima, do you love me?" he asked abruptly, almost roughly.

To that question, you can only give the honest answer that is in your heart, with no thought of shyness and eva- sions. "Lance, I think I've loved you since the very first moment I saw you."

He had kissed me before—but not like this. Never before a kiss like this—one full of years and dreams."

"It won't be long," he said at last. "Waiting is never long, when at the end of waiting you know you'll find your dream—come-true. Will you wait for me, Lima? Will you marry me darling, as soon as this is over and I can come back to you?"

"Oh, Lance, yes—you, darling!"

That night was a picture of happi- ness in full of joy for mere words to make clear. I was in Lance’s arms, where I belonged, where I would al- ways belong. We were close together now, and we would always be close. We were, from that moment on, two parts of one being. Time was history, a way I’d wanted it, hoped for it. That was the way it was now, and would be forever. It was something to cling to, something to remember in all the months to come, a condition upon which to build dreams of the future.

That was what I was doing now—now that Lance was gone, not to a training camp, but overseas. I was clinging to the memories we had stored away in our hearts, just as I hoped he, wherever he was, was clinging to them too. And so, it was the emptiness of the days, for they could never really be empty, with Lance’s love to lean on, with remembered promises, remembered kisses, to fill...
Letters came regularly after that, one each day, and one each day from me to Lance, in answer. The day didn't really begin until I came down to breakfast and found the envelope beside my place, and ended very definitely when I had signed "with all my love, Linna" to the bottom of the answer.

They were good days, the days of those early letters. All day long little phrases from that morning's message would come into my mind and send a little thrill of happiness racing through me. "I love you so much"

"I can't wait to get home and get our lives started, honey."

"There's so much going on it's frightening to think about it—seems to me, Linna, that the only stable thing left in my world is my love for you."

"My whole day revolves around mail call—will there be a letter from my darling?"

One morning, when I had reluctantly finished the first reading of my letter, I slipped it back into the envelope and began my breakfast. Mother said, "Linna, I'm going to get some fine muslin today if I can, and hemstitch you some sheets. My grandmother did it for my mother, and my mother did it for me, and I can't see that this is any time to break with tradition. And I think it's high time you shook yourself out of your dreams and did something concrete about the future. The war's not going to last forever, but you might as well be hemming napkins and towels last, so you'd have something to start out on when it's over." Her bright blue eyes softened, and she reached across the table to pat my hand. "I'll help the time pass more quickly, dear," she added, "and—well, and make things seem more real, I think. It did for me, years ago, when I was waiting for your father."
to come home from France."

And so we started that wonderfully comforting, old-fashioned thing, a hope chest. Dad—he's the kind of man who wouldn't think a house was a home unless there was a workshop in the basement—made me the chest itself, and covered it in soft, dull green and sunlit yellow. Mother and I worked to fill it, and so did my maiden aunts, Clara and Genevieve, who lived not far away. That soon there was a very respectable pile of table and bed linen, of towels and holders and—unfortunately—Aunt Clara's handkerchief box of antimacassers.

But I loved even them—I loved every piece, and every careful stitch we took. I described everything to Lance, and one day a box came from him, with a lovely English brown chinna tea service to add to my store.

Everything was perfect. It was like a wonderful autumn, when the sun shines brilliantly every day. You know that there's something unpleasant in the air—winter ahead—but you can't really believe it. I couldn’t really believe it when there was no letter from Lance. It was late in May, and Spring was being her loveliest, but no matter how I told myself about irregularity of mails and a man’s having something else to do but write letters when he was a soldier, I couldn’t help feeling that something had spoiled the Spring as I walked to work that morning. By evening when I wrote my letter and signed, “with all my love, Linna,” I had convinced myself that to morrow morning there would be two letters and all would be well.

But the next morning there weren’t two letters. Nor one. Nor was there even one letter the following morning. And by evening spring didn’t matter. But the fourth morning Dressy came charging up the stairs again, envelope in hand. “You see,” she cried, waving it at me, “you’ve had all this stewing around, looking like a wet soul, for nothing. Here’s a letter from Lance!”

I literally snatched it, my heart leaping. It was very brief, but it was a letter from Lance, and that was enough. "You’ll have to forgive me," he said.

## Backache, Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don’t just complain. Do something about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking excess acids and poisons from the body. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste matters stay in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting-up nights, swelling, puffs under the eyes, headache and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passage with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Dean’s Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They work quickly, and with the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Dean’s Pills today.

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**BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN**

Of Tired Kidneys

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CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME

Your spare time is worth money. It's a cinch to make $500 at club meetings or friendly calls with everyday greeting cards. Answers, "Yes, Get Well," etc. They’re unique—elegant, luxurious. "Diamond Dust" finishes, unusual paper, startling insignia. Send for free sample. GIVES YOU YEAR’S ECONOMIC INCOME. Only 50 cents per 500. Write to TODAY! ARTISTIC CARD CO., 2744 West Street, Elmhurst, Ill. N.
in part, "if I don't manage to write every day from now on. Things are happening fast over here—things I can't talk about—and sometimes there literally isn't a minute in the day that we can call our own."

"That was all right then. I sighed my relief, and went down to breakfast, noticing that Spring was lovelier this year than I had ever remembered its being.

There was no letter from Lance next morning, either, but by then I'd re-adjusted my feelings. A letter now would be a wonderful surprise, each time it came, and not just a part—if the worst came to the worst.

Letters came irregularly after that. And they were somehow different—somehow less personal, so that I found myself reading the whole of them, instead of only scattered parts, to the family at the breakfast table. But I could hardly put my finger on what was different. Always they had been full of cheery stories about Lance's buddies, of bits of news—as much as he could tell—about our Army and its movements in England. They were still full of those things. They still began "Dearest Linna" and ended "always, Lance." But some things were gone—the funny little questions about the hope chest, the latest addition to the never-ending argument about whether the dining room should be silver-and-gold—or rose-and-white.

Our own private joke, about which we had written as seriously as if the fate of nations depended on the decision.

I suppose I should have been worried by Lance being something physical; that was the only thing I feared. As long as his letters came, he was safe and well. I need have no fear."

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"We've landed troops in Normandy, Linna! It's on the radio!" He grabbed my hand, and we raced downstairs.

I think, before the fear came back to me. And then it was like a great hand, wringing the elevation from my heart, and I shook my head. "I don't know. Daddy," I told him slowly. "I don't know. It's funny—a feeling I have. I had it this morning—that's why I woke up so early . . ."

"A feeling—what kind of a feeling, honey?"

"I don't know," I repeated. "Like a premonition, somehow. Dad—Dad, do you suppose something's happened to Lance in—in all this? Do you suppose he was one of the troops in the invasion, and he—?"

Dad's hand closed hard on my shoulder. Oh, Linna—no, dear. It's just the excitement. Nothing's going to happen to Lance. Don't borrow trouble, I'll say it again.

"But Dad—I'm afraid, I'm afraid!" I heard my voice rising sharply, hysterically, and pulled it back, with a sharp effort, after a moment. "I—I'm sorry, Dad. I'm making a fool of myself. I guess I'll put the water on for coffee.

And I turned and went into the kitchen, before he could see the tears that were spilling from my eyes.

Mechanically I went about the business of preparing breakfast, trying to keep my mind blank, free of any thoughts. But I had only one thought, and that kept rising up unbidden—the thought of Lance in that horror that must be Normandy this morning. Lance, wounded, hurt, alone . . . Lance, spilling his blood on the hard earth of some strange field and I not knowing—not knowing for weeks, for months even, perhaps never knowing. It was a pain that threatened to rip me apart with its sharpness; it was a pounding agony, and I covered my face with my hands and rocked with the hurt of it. Lance, my whole life, my dearest love—Oh, please God, don't let anything happen to him. Let him be safe. Let him be safe!

A familiar, metallic click made me aware of reality—of the bright kitchen, of the percolator, threatening to boil over. I turned it off and ran through the dinningroom, into the hall. That click was the cover of the mailbox going down—the mailman had come.

Perhaps, after days of waiting, there was a letter from Lance!

It was there, and I caught it to me as if it were a living being. Suddenly the fear was gone—this was something tangible. How foolish of me to have made such a fuss—Lance was all right! I didn't run toward the letter box with the mailman. I didn't feel that this letter had been written ten days ago, that it's being here could be proof on what Lance was doing. For I was afraid—myself. Suddenly I would have to admit that I was afraid while he was alive or dead, this morning.

I threw myself down on the hall window seat and tore it open. He really took the meaning of the words on that first reading. It took a second, and then a third, and even so, there was no feeling in me. Except that I was cold—as cold as if this were winter, and not the lovely, sweet, soft spring.

My hand tightened, crumpling the paper, and after a long time I began to feel again—anger, and sick, sick bitterness, and pain that was threatening to swell past all bearing. I heard my voice, a husky, weary whisper, repeating monotonously, "I was afraid you were dead! I was afraid you were dead . . . you might better have died—at least you wouldn't have made mine!"

Dear Linna:

I've tried and tried to think of a way to write you that there is no good way. I'd better just say it, and have it done. Linna, I've fallen in love. I've tried to tell you in the past few weeks, but there didn't seem to be a way, and I wanted to be sure—I didn't want to hurt you needlessly. But I have to hurt you now, Linna—I'm really in love. Her name is Angela Temple. I know that this is real—it's not the dreamy, exalted thing we knew, but real, and earthy and that you won't want to hear about it. So I must just tell you that Angela and I are going to be married tomorrow. Will you ask you to forgive me—but try!

Lance

This isn't the kind of letter Linna ever expected to add to the others she has had from Lance. But here it is, in her hand, horrible—and final. What will she do now, with the love that has been meaning to her life, and that now had no meaning? Read what she builds out of heartbreak in June RADIO ROMANCES, on sale May 16.
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[Signatures]

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So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake. Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!

You're hitting it off! The one you dote on has eyes and ears for you alone. He thanks his lucky stars that you came into his life. And you make a super-salaam to Mum for keeping you so nice to be near. Underarm odor hasn't a chance. After your bath, before every date, you make sure of daintiness with Mum!

Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds' doing. Mum's protection lasts all day or evening long. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics—won't irritate your skin?

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

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ON THE COVER—Renee Terry, Radio Actress
Natural Color Photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

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COME into the kitchen—There's a new dehydrated ice cream on the market that will be coming your way soon—in time for an answer to an ice-cream-hungry family's problems this summer, if the manufacturer's plans go well. It's not a mix, but real ice cream, with the fluid removed. You simply add water and pop the mixture into your refrigerator tray. Wait about forty minutes, and dessert's all ready! . . . Short order—A civic-minded citizen out in San Francisco has an invention that will be a boon to the lovers of the succulent hot dog. It's a vending machine—you drop in a coin, and out comes the frankfurter, cosily tucked into its accompanying bun, and piping hot. A high-voltage, high-frequency diathermy coil does the cooking. Rumor has it that the inventor is working on a mustard-coloured slaw-onion dispenser on the side.

Sweet substitute—Have you experimented with dextrose? It's at your grocer's or your favorite department store, or will be within a very short time. Dextrose is sugar—and best of all, it's point-free! Better not try substituting it for regular sugar in cooking unless you have special recipes calling for it—but in your coffee, on cereals or fruit, it's a boon.

Quick tricks—husbands who complain that their wives cook with a can opener will have nothing to kick about in the postwar days. Canned main dishes have been experimented with by the army, seeking varied diets for soldiers, and the really excellent results of those experiments will be passed along to civilians come Victory. How do these sound—kidney stew, roast beef with plenty of gravy, roast pork with applesauce, beautifully browned hamburgers, tamales in their own sauce, ham and eggs and potatoes? They're all, in cans now, for our boys, and in cans for all of us when the war is over. . . . Things to come—Plastics will provide us with a whole world of wonders for the household, when the industry can turn from wartime to peacetime production.

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There's not one among us who at some time isn't a Cinderella—before she was transformed into a beautiful princess.

This is a story about a Cinderella who was a stenographer. She yearned to escape the dull routine of her job and enter the glamour world of secretaries. She had ability. But less talented girls forever passed her by. Whereupon she became more bored and unhappy; never realizing it was those three ugly sisters Timidity, Self-Consciousness and Poor Taste that were responsible for her stand-still plight.

However, this stenographer—Cinderella had a modern fairy godmother—an efficient secretary who knew and liked her when she came to help her on busy days and considered her for the assistant her boss had indicated she would soon need. Cinderella's appearance, however, was all wrong for a front office job. So the secretary decided to do a little wand waving.

First she taught Cinderella how to care for her hair, which was dry and much too fussily dressed for an office. She made her brush it thoroughly every night with a stiff bristled brush, using short strokes upwards and outwards until her whole head tingled. She recommended oil shampoos and a good tonic to restore the natural shine in a Cinderella's figure was good. But her legs and ankles were heavy. The secretary showed her that great trick of exercising them during the day while she sat at her desk. She just rotated each foot from left to right. This seemed to loosen the tight leg muscles. It helped relieve foot strain and it brought out a good basic dress around the ankles. A good all-round exercise which was fun was the swimming exercise. She would stretch out on a chair and lie face downward, with arms and legs outstretched. Then she would kick downward with first one leg, then the other. At the same time she would bring the left arm down to a position even with the hip, then forward and follow the same procedure with the right arm.

One of Cinderella's big problems was an extra dry skin. A too-light powder over it gave her a startling, ghost-white look. A visit to the cosmetic counter of a large department store resulted in a rich penetrating cream to be applied before the bath and kept on so that the steam and heat from the bath could help penetration of the oil liquid foundations, with an oily base; paste rouge; the right shade of powder, lightly puffed on—and even the secretary was amazed. Last but not least, they purchased a cream deodorant which, used faithfully, would help keep her daintiness and freshness no matter how hurried her office day.

The final step in Cinderella's transformation into a secretary was a basic wardrobe to fit her job. As the secretary pointed out, they were the front for their boss. A smart, well groomed secretary established that good first impression which was so important in office contacts. And she tactfully let it be known that Cinderella's wardrobe was entirely too fussy and too bright in color for the office. They decided that since brown was most becoming to Cinderella, a good basic dress in that shade, with changeable accessories, would do for the present. To augment this, they also purchased a tailored suit which was not too tailored for dressier blouses when she had a date right from the office. A good topcoat for all occasions, and Cinderella was ready for that all-important transition from stenographer to secretary. She had discovered that the right make-up, the right hair-do and the right clothes had given her poise and self-confidence. You can, too!
What Madame La Couturière (nee Minnie Mooney) whispered about Barbara—now trying on her fourteenth hat—was cruel, but it was the truth. Everybody in town knew what Barbara's trouble was except Barbara herself... why men fell over themselves to meet her, then turned suddenly indifferent... why she was the "last resort" when a fourth at bridge or an extra girl was needed to fill out a party.

How About You?

Clothes, charm, good looks can count for little when your breath is off-color. You perhaps do not realize that halitosis (bad breath) is so common and that anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without knowing it. It's wise to be always on guard against this condition, which can put you in such a bad light so quickly.

Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse and gargle, offers you a simple and wholly delightful precaution that so many popular people rarely omit. Use it always before any "date" where you want to be at your best.

Listerine's rapid germicidal action halts food fermentation in the mouth and the odors it causes. And, although halitosis is sometimes systemic, this food fermentation, in the opinion of some authorities, is a major cause of unpleasant breath. Almost at once, in such cases, your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene

P. S. A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful dentifrice helps give it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
George says he'll pose, but he won't like it, while Gracie captures him for posterity on the walls of a Hollywood restaurant.

WE'D like to talk about music for a minute—you know, the stuff that "rath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Paul Lavalle has just been assigned to prepare a special series of musical programs for use in Army and Navy hospitals. They're not programs aimed primarily at entertainment. The programs are designed to reawaken an interest in living in wounded men, who, for one reason or another, aren't too keen on getting back into the swing of daily life.

Paul's been toying with this idea for months and carrying on experiments privately. He started thinking about musical therapy after a grateful mother wrote him that the soothing music of his all-string orchestra had finally put her sick child to sleep, when all other efforts, including drugs, had failed. Paul began to wonder, then, whether music couldn't be used for achieving the opposite results, to stimulate emotions, to excite a desire to live and to work. Now he's getting a chance to put his theories to a test in a well-organized and easily checked manner.

Gilbert Mack's terrific ear for the sound of foreign languages is catching up with him, it seems. Gil's always in demand on radio shows because of the authenticity of his dialects. And now he's playing the part of an Italian usher in "A Bell For Adano" on Broadway.

It seems his Italian grocer saw the play not long ago. Now, Gil has to order his groceries in Italian, or he isn't likely to get them. The hitches is that Gil can't speak Italian, but the grocer won't believe that and thinks he's just ashamed to speak it.

We wouldn't recommend this as an infallible job in radio, but we like Raymond Edward Johnson's story about how he got his first break. Raymond, of course, is your host on the Inner Sanctum show, and something of an institution now.

Raymond had been auditioning for director after director without getting anywhere. Finally, once after he'd finished his regular audition material, the umpteenth director asked him whether he could ad-lib a touch. By then, Raymond was very definitely fed up. He got all his bitterness and frustration and anger out of his system, turning the full force of it on the director, who slowly turned the color of a ripe eggplant in the control booth.

But Raymond's spontaneous performance got him the job—and he kept it for four years. He's been a radio menace ever since—and loves it!

It comes to our notice that Harriet Hilliard has been chosen by over three hundred and fifty West Coast manufacturers as one of the Ten Best Dressed Women in Radio. Harriet is especially pleased at being designated as one of the "Ten" because she makes most of her clothes herself.

Suave and polished Les Tremayne fits perfectly his Nick Charles role in Columbia's Thin Man.

Bouquets to Margaret Arlen. Busy as she is with her daily radio talk and her announcing duties on Great Moments in Music, she found time recently to do fifty additional broadcasts in ten days. She went all out on the WAC recruiting drive. And for a very good reason. Along with the urgent need for Army and Navy Nurses, there's a crying need for eligible young women to sign up for the medical and surgical training in the WAC.

Happened to see this over at the Blue the other day. It was during a performance of Appointment With Life that we wandered into. Just as the closing theme music began, there came a great, but awful silence on the air. The di-
Henry Aldrich (Dick Jones) gets help on a ticklish problem from Geraldine—Pat Ryan in real life.

rector started waving his arms and the engineer looked frantic.

One of the actors, Sanford Bickart, his eyes on the director for a cue, looked around quickly, hustled over to a socket in the wall, plugged in a plug and held it there and the Hammond Organ began to give out its dulcet tones again until the announcer signed the show off the air.

Bickart saved that show, very much the way the Dutch boy once saved Holland by holding his thumb in the hole in the dyke. It's doubtful though that Bickart will go down in history and legend for his feat.

Next time you get annoyed by rationing and all 'that fuss about points,' remember this little bit of information that comes to us from the Writers' War Board. A cat hunt is on in Paris. A cat is food and clothing there. News dispatches that one cat is worth about $9—half for its meat, half for its fur. In many towns around Europe, there are no cats left—not even cats!

Jean Ellyn claims she's the most murdered woman in the world—and we can see what she means. She plays in shows like David Harding—Counterspy and Famous Jury Trials and in almost every script she winds up on the grim reaper's side, probably because the quality of her voice arouses the listeners to the greatest amount of hatred for the killer. So, week after week, Jean goes on being stabbed, hit over the head, shot, choked, hanged, thrown over cliffs, poisoned and pushed under innumerable speeding trains and cars—all engineered by the sound man, of course. Wonder what her dreams are like by this time?

Saw a very swell thing over at Gallagher's at dinner time the other night. Six servicemen were the guests of part of the cast of "The Tempest," Mr. Shakespeare's opus that's packing them in on Broadway these days. It looked interesting, so we went over and talked to Canada Lee about it.

It seems that every week, the cast invites six wounded servicemen who are recuperating at one of the nearby hospitals to see the show, and then to

Are you in the know?

For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

☐ A skilled operator
☐ A cold wave
☐ A machine wave

Frizzy flub—or dizzy girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Let her decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care. And guard your daintiness with care... especially at "certain" times.

Now there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex napkin. The deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed into each pad—not merely dusted on. No extra charge for this new Kotex "extra" that aids your charm, your confidence.

Is this little beach belle—

☐ Playing Patty-cake
☐ Dive balmly
☐ Collar-bone conscious

No, she's not "tetch'd"... just collar-bone conscious. And if you have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows still. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex stays soft while wearing—far different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. And the special safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection.

If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

☐ Try to reform him
☐ Go smilin' through
☐ Make with the icicles

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying days, too... when you laugh off "tell-tale outline" tears with the patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.
Invisible Charm
IS THE SILKEN FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry, armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh...keeps fresh...appealing, adorable.

MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!

The same delightful MAVIS fragrance in Talc Mv, 69¢ and $1.00 Dusting Powder with Puff $1.00

MAVIS talcum FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors
teaser who forgot when to stop."

NBC has just set up a television receiving set in the recreation hall of the station hospital at Camp Shanks, N. Y. This is the ninth camp hospital in the immediate New York City area where servicemen can see television programs seven nights a week. It's an idea that ought to spread out, as much as possible.

One actor who is thoroughly and completely happy in his part is Edgar Barrier, who plays the name role in The Saint show. Barrier got his first movie part in a French picture, playing the part of a Chinese. From then on, he played Turks, Portuguese, Arabs, and countless Germans—all of them sinister and crooked characters. His part in The Saint is the first in which he speaks English without a foreign accent. But even better than that, he likes the part because he chases the crooks.

Bouquets to Ginny Simms, for her new policy of having veterans recently discharged, who were professional entertainers before their induction, as the guests on her programs. Actors, singers, musicians need to regain their self-confidence, their facility, after spending months in the armed forces, away from their work and all too often deep in the hell that is modern warfare. They also need a hearing—and Ginny's program gives them that. Good luck to all of them—and to Ginny.

It's tough to put your finger on just exactly what heroism means. It's even tougher to analyze the kind of character that will be heroic. And, in this connection, we love Correspondent Bill Downs' story a "out the two soldiers he overheard on the Western Front. The conversation went like this:

"Now, listen, Joe. All you gotta do is go in and let him work on you. It might hurt a little, but dammit, you knocked out a Tiger tank yesterday. Go on in and get it over with. We gotta get back to our outfit."

The scene was the doorway to a dentist's office.

GOSSIP FROM HERE, THERE AND THE NEXT PLACE . . . . An all-star cast headed by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and Jimmy Durante will record "Dick Tracy," a program based on the comic strip, for the Armed Forces Radio Service . . . Wayne King will be the summer replacement for Jack Benny. Ben Grauer is now a commentator for Universal Newsreels . . . . A rocking horse named after Bobby Hookey will soon be on the market . . . . Jack Petruzi, the Bert Carlon of the Ma Perkins shows, is in the Army now . . . . The Veterans of Foreign Wars have awarded Dinah Shore their Citizenship Medal for her morale-building services both here and abroad . . . . Danny O'Neill can take his bows now for having collaborated with Abel Baer in writing "One Dream For Two" . . . Don McNeill has been signed up for another five years of the Breakfast Club show . . . . Dick Brown has also been re-signed by his sponsor. . . . Carmen Lombardo has a pet parrot that will only sing tunes composed by Carmen. . . . Tom Breneman's Breakfast in Hollywood will be made into a million-dollar movie by Golden Pictures. . . . Clete Roberts, NBC war correspondent, has been added to the cast of the movie being made from Ernie Pyle's best-seller, "Here Is Your War."
Ted Steele's a pretty busy man these days, but he can always find time to play with his small daughters, Sally and Susan.

"Let Up WHEN NATURE LETS ME DOWN? Not Me!"

YOU watch the calendar, of course, but nature doesn't. Plans are often upset by menstrual pain and discomfort. So look ahead now and get Midol before your next period. Have relief handy!

Take one of these triple-acting tablets at the first sign of suffering. See how speedily Midol eases your functional distress. One ingredient relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. And a third stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Millions of girls and women rely on Midol every month because they find it so effective and know it is not narcotic. Get Midol at your nearest drugstore, today.

**MIDOL**

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

By the time you read this both Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra should be overseas entertaining our soldiers in the Pacific war zones.

As soon as his divorce decree becomes final, crooner Jerry Wayne will take himself a new bride, this one a glamorous showgirl.

Artie Shaw still crusading vigorously against pesky autograph clowns. When he was in New York recently he was so furious with one kid who trailed him and his glamorous date, Ava Gardner, that Shaw threatened to have the kid arrested as a public nuisance!

Beatrice Kay is feuding with her sponsor. She wants to do more than just sing those gaslight era favorites.

Morton Gould can have his pick of three top network shows if he only consents to conduct a band of less than 50 pieces.

Lena Horne had trouble getting into the better hotels and restaurants on her recent New York visit. She had to stay at a moderately priced hostelry.

Although Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marilyn, has already made her debut as a night club singer, she and her famous dad are still arguing about it. The pop-eyed star doesn't want his daughter to pursue a singing career. Marilyn reminded him that he started out in a Coney Island honky tonk. Eddie wired back this admonition: "Unfortunately you inherited your
mother's talents rather than mine."

Incidentally that romantic buildup between Cantor's singer Nora Martin and his bandleader, Leonard Suess, is a fake. Nora's happily married to a 311 overseas.

Ted Steele has organized a band made up of top-ranking radio advertising agency officials. They play just for laughs. The fiddle player is Gordon Yates of Young and Rubicam.

Benny Goodman has reorganized his full sized band, featuring Teddy Wilson at the piano; once again the king of swing is back at the top of the musical ladder.

The broadcasting battles between stubborn-minded orchestra leaders and singers continues unabated. Instead of blending their talents, many of them try to outshine each other and the result is one or the other is a beat or two ahead. Best example of the perfect wedding between singer and orchestra is Bing Crosby and John Scott Trotter. Unfortunately few others can match this sterling performance.

How important it is for an eager young musician to know the faces of the prominent orchestra leaders is proved by this sad, sad tale. A young musician received a phone call asking him to audition. He was given the bandleader's hotel room number but not his name. The musician dashed over but didn't check up at the hotel desk to get his auditioner's name. Entering the room he didn't recognize the man. He played and played beautifully. The orchestra leader smiled, offered him a contract. "That's great," said the musician, "but may I ask who you are?"

The maestro pounded the desk violently, turned red and yelled: "The name is Dorsey. D-O-R-S-E-Y."

RHYTHMS AND RABBITS

One day recently in the august chambers of Congress, a New York representative rose to his feet and paid glowing tribute to a radio orchestra leader. Few men of modern music have been so honored. The recipient of this citation is the musical director of NBC's Supper Club show, 28-year-old

Joan Merrill contributes beauty as well as songs to the Charlie McCarthy show.

Famous beauty pack helps deflake faded, coarse, aging 'TOP-SKIN'

This Remarkable Development In Skin Culture
Also Marvelous To 'Perk-Up' Weary Complexions
On Short Notice!

Your skin (even when you're young) must constantly 'flake off' or 'shed' dried-up, faded, aging top-skin cells. If not — this is often the reason your complexion appears muddy, drab, coarse-textured — so dull and lifeless.

One of the most effective and quickest ways to hasten this deflaking process along is famous Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack — a perfect honey of a 'pepper-upper' for tired, bored complexions.

Marvelous 'Blushing' Action

All you do is spread Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and neck. Lie down and relax. You can actually feel its tightening, stimulating effect on tired tissues and muscles. Wash off after 8 minutes.

It's almost unbelievable — but your mirror will confirm the lovely results. Notice how that tired, faded look seems to disappear. Your skin appears so alive-looking with such a thrilling glow and charm. This is due to the mild rubefacient or 'blushing' action of Hopper's.

Let Hopper's White Clay Pack show you the secret of looking your dazzling best on short notice when that 'important man' unexpectedly comes to town. Also to help maintain enchanting natural 'top-skin' loveliness throughout the years. At any cosmetic counter.

Edna Wallace HOPPER'S WHITE CLAY PACK
Toothsome? He's a Canteen Casanova!

The gals come in on his smile like a radio beam. Because? He's learned that super-fine Pebeco Powder cleans his teeth better. He's discovered how Pebeco stays on the job polishing, doesn't wash right away when you start to brush.

That special combination of polishing agents in Pebeco does it. Micro-fine, non-abrasive, Pebeco Tooth Powder stays with your toothbrush—clings to your teeth while you polish. No wonder it leaves them so immaculate and sparkling!

Pebeco Pete says:

60% MORE POWDER FOR YOUR MONEY, FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE OF 6 OTHER LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER
Super-fine for Super Shine

That super-smile is worth a million! See how winning your smile can be when you use super-fine Pebeco Powder. Makes your mouth feel sparkling, it tastes so fresh and minty. Let your smile reflect how smart you are! Get Pebeco today.

old good-looking Ted Steele. But there's a hitch to it. Although a talented musician, it wasn't for Ted's musical ability that some 1,000 words in the Congressional Record were printed about him.

What few people know is that this same Ted Steele is the nation's largest supplier of laboratory animals—guinea pigs—used by our Army and Navy scientists to fight disease and help save countless lives of our fighting men.

Talking to Ted about his double duty I found that his war-time role has practically made him switch careers. Ted's huge farm at Pearl River near Nyack, N. Y., produces some 12,000 rabbits a year as well as thousands of other guinea pigs. These animals furnish important serums needed by the medical corps.

"At the time of Pearl Harbor," continued Ted, "the government sent out a rush call for rabbits. They asked me to coordinate the job. At that time no one in this country had any sizeable quantity of these animals, so I got in touch, with rabbit breeders in every state."

Day and night Ted performed his task even though it often interfered with his lucrative band business. Today he has some 850 sub-contractors breeding rabbits for Uncle Sam. In addition to the armed forces' needs, these serum supplies are also provided to 130 hospitals for pneumonia cases and pregnancy tests.

How important our government thinks Ted's work is reflected in the shipping priorities given Ted's rabbits. They get an A-1 top shipment.

Ted's sponsor often worries that Ted's time-consuming work will seriously interfere with his broadcasts. To date Ted hasn't missed a broadcast or a beat.

Just recently Ted was informed by the government that there was a shortage of Webster mice, which are a source of a serum needed to treat our men stationed in tropical climes. In 48 hours Ted found a man on the West Coast who bred these rodents. Next day Ted and his equally energetic wife Doris were waiting at LaGuardia Airport for their precious cargo.

Director Opie Cotes and Judy Canova work out one of those "operatic yodel" arrangements.
Ever since childhood Ted has been crazy about animals. His moppet menagerie contained all barnyard life, lizards, worms, mice, and his beloved rabbits.

Then he was doing double duty. He learned the piano at four and a few years later he won a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music. Strangely enough his parents have no musical talents and have just a normal affection for animals.

In high school Ted organized a jazz band. This netted his serious music teacher and he had to forfeit his scholarship.

During the summer months Ted, like Charlie Barnet, played in a dance band on ocean-going liners. After two years of college and a fling at business school, Ted got a job at a local radio station playing piano and announcing. Aiming for bigger things, the youngster applied for a job at NBC. They sent him to their Montgomery, Alabama, outlet for seasoning.

"After a spell there I went to Beverly Hills and KMBC. I was practically a one man station."

A wire from NBC summoned Ted east. He rode day coach, stayed up three consecutive nights. Ted got the NBC job but it was as page boy at $15 a week.

As a page boy he guided visitors through the catacombs of Radio City. During lunch hours he pestered program officials. In desperation NBC finally gave Ted program work and he played and m.c.'d a flock of sustainers. Concentrating on the novachord, Ted attracted attention. By 1940 he had his own dance band, won engagements at the Stork Club and Hotel Lincoln.

Ted's income increased and he poured money into his hobby—breeding laboratory animals. When his two operations became more than man-sized jobs he hired a secretary, Doris Brooks, an attractive brunette and ex-dancer. A year later he married her. The Steeles have two children, Sally, two, and Susan, three.

"Doris is my right hand and I consult her on every detail," said Ted. "My stenographer has now practically become my dictator but I don't mind."

Tenor Jimmy Carroll and band leader Ted Dale have a new three-times-a-week CBS show.

Now! FOR THE FIRST TIME

One powder-shade intensely flattering to 4 different types of skin!

"Bridal Pink"

BLENDED BY ENTIRELY NEW COLOR-PRINCIPLE

Makes even a bride look more romantic!

Here's something entirely new and different—a shade of face powder!

Lady Esther's exciting new "Bridal Pink" is not just for one particular type of skin-coloring. Blended by means of a new patented color-principle, it's intensely flattering to these four basic types:

IF you're a Blond, "Bridal Pink" will intensify your blondness, make you look softer, more feminine!

IF you're a Brunet, with fair skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will intensify the contrast, make you look more romantic!

IF you're Brown-Haired, with a medium skin . . . "Bridal Pink" will give an exciting lift to your entire appearance!

IF you're Auburn-Haired, with a pale complexion . . . "Bridal Pink" will wake up your skin, give it life and warmth!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look different tomorrow! Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply Lady Esther "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly romantic! See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth.

The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55c. There are also handy pocket-book sizes for 10c and 25c. Get your box of Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" today!
Into Your Cheeks
there comes a new,
mysterious Glow!

Into checks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sinfully real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The 'life secret' of all color is glow
The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on glow. So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge blots out glow, Princess Pat—the duo-tone rouge—imparts it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you can be.

The right way to Rouge
Redou before powder: this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a steep point toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

For faces of fashion

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

BE THE GIRL—
whose kiss can't smear!

Princess Pat LIQUID Lip Tone—won't rub off no matter what your lips may touch. Stays on, tempting and lovely for hours. Fashion-right shades. Featured at smarter stores $1. Send the coin for generous trial bottle.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City_______State_________
PRINCESS' PAT, Dept. 5146, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

She's a singer, an actress and a model—and she's fighting a losing battle against marriage. Considering that Renee Terry is barely old enough to vote, she's been a pretty busy girl!

ONCE you've found Renee Terry, you can't lose her again. There she is when you tune in on bright Horizon, as Barbara; she is again when you try the Aldrich Family, Kate Smith Hour, District Attorney, Manhattan at Midnight, and Grand Central Station. If you pick up a magazine to get her off your mind—there she is once more, silent this time, but right on your trail...you'll see her smiling enticingly over toothpaste and dress advertisements, posing in misty evening gowns to illustrate a love story. And if you look out the window—voila! she graces a billboard.

For Renee is a singer, an actress, and a model. And considering that she's only just able to vote, that's pretty fast footwork. Considering further that she's a blue-eyed blonde of five-feet-one-who barely dents the scales at 98 pounds—that's terrific.

To add the final personal touch to these notes on Miss Terry, let us add that she is fighting a losing battle against marriage. By which we mean that she is still single and fancy-free, but not through any fault of the men of New York City. Proof? Well, for instance, Miss Terry is a Nurse's Aide in her spare hours; so recently her picture appeared in a New York newspaper in her nurse's uniform, feeding a baby in the Beth Israel Hospital. This event was noted by 341 bachelor readers of the newspaper—and for days Renee's telephone jingled with frantic proposals. For days an army of messenger boys delivered telegrams, candy and flowers to her apartment door. For days the mailman groaned under a towering pile of letters. All 341 wanted to marry Miss Terry at once—but as Renee used the word "No" faster than most girls can say "Yes," she is still down on the income tax blanks as "Single, With No Dependents."

The tiny blonde was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, twenty-one years ago, her mother being a non-professional pianist and her father a non-pro singer and dancer—by name of Phillip Terry. (No relation to Joan Crawford's husband, though.) Renee idled away her life until she was four years old; then she got briskly down to business with singing and dancing lessons. A year later a movie talent scout looked on her with the same amazed delight that Balboa used for the Pacific Ocean; and she was instantaneously the star of twelve movie shorts. But after these were over, six-year-old Miss Terry felt that she needed still more coming, so she went back to singing, dancing and dramatic lessons. She also went to school—Public Schools 199 and 89 in Brooklyn, New York, where her family had moved; and the famous Professional Children's School where nearly every young actor and actress of the current generation studied. Her schooling over, she leaped into radio and modeling and has done quite all right by both of them ever since.

Oh, yes—and here's one more milestone in the Terry career—there are so many of them that it's hard to tabulate and record them all, but we'll try to keep the record straight. It's this: At seventeen, Renee transferred her acting abilities and aspirations from radio to the stage for a while. First, she appeared on Broadway in a play called "Honor Bright." Not content with that, she also did a road engagement with the musical comedy "Hi

By ELEANOR HARRIS
Ya, Gentleman," following it up with a season of summer stock at Spring Lake, New Jersey—a stock company in which the redoubtable Danny Kaye also played. So you can't say that Renee Terry is merely a one-field girl when it comes to acting—she knows what the back stage of a legitimate theater is like, too!

Likewise, you can't say that Renee has never made recordings, if you're looking around for some field into which she hasn't yet poked her pert and pretty little nose. Renee was the singing princess in a recorded album of "Gulliver's Travels."

As you can see, the talented and ambitious Miss Terry has covered, at twenty-one, more territory than most of us can manage to cover by the time we reach eighty. And what's more, she is not the least bit out of breath, either. She takes everything quite calmly in her stride—there are things she wants to do so she simply goes ahead and does them, and what's all the fuss about? Her mother and her pretty little still-teen-age sister feel the same way about how to get ahead in life, and perhaps that's why sister is already making a name for herself in a half-dozen different ways—not trailing along in Renee's footsteps, but getting along very well on her own, thank you. Quite a family, the Terry's!

Just the way Renee went about the business of having her picture taken for the cover of this issue of Radio Romances illustrates how she's able to cram so much working and living into the twenty-four hours the day has to offer. There was no fuss or nonsense about it. Renee and her mother arrived at the studio precisely on time—not a second wasted. She bowed to the judgment of the make-up man, realizing that he knew more about make-up for color photography than she did, and not wasting precious moments in futile argument.

When she stepped before the camera, she asked what she was expected to do, and when she was sure she understood, went ahead and did it. She even made a couple of suggestions for propping up the boards and letter used on the cover so that they wouldn't slip at a crucial shutter-clicking moment and spoil a shot. And when the shooting was over, she was out of her dress and make-up lickety-split, and swiftly and efficiently on her way to whatever else the day held in the way of appointments. An attitude like that explains how she's able to make one minute do the work of two for her.

Renee finds time, between Nurses' Aide duties and her hectic career, to play tennis, go horseback riding—and, believe it or not, she stays quietly at home long enough to dash off poems and sample radio scripts by the yard. But she spends most of her time for fun trying not to sail down a bowling alley after a ball—her microscopic weight makes this a real struggle.

And when she isn't doing any of these myriad activities, you can find her shouting and running around her apartment like the most unglamorous urchin in the world—with a wire-haired terrier named Jiggsy as her goal. Jiggsy is her best friend and no critic at all; wherever Renee goes, he goes too like a brisk little shadow. The future? Well, we peeked in our special crystal ball, and what we saw was Hollywood first, and a grimly determined young husband next. And our predictions never fail!
Picker-upper! Ever since the drive started, Nancy has salvaged more tin cans than any other child in her block. Salvaged them for our Government, which needs them so badly.

Now, after her last delivery, Nancy drifts off to a well-won sleep, relaxed from head to foot by the marvelous cushioned luxury of Beautyrest—the dream mattress. Made by Simmons Company. Today's owners of Beautyrests are lucky people. For Beautyrest has 887 individually pocketed coils and a sag-proof border. Take care of your Beautyrest, for we're still all-out on war work, with no end to it in sight.

If you need—really need—a new mattress now, we suggest our famous WHITE KNIGHT. The "mattress-within-a-mattress"—soft, durable, with layer upon layer of fine resilient cotton. READ ON! The Government has permitted us to make a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs. $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The world's most comfortable mattress!
Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

P. S. SAVE YOUR TIN CANS! FLATTEN THEM OUT. FIND OUT WHEN COLLECTIONS ARE MADE AND PUT THEM OUT! PLEASE!
People can love and still be strangers, apart, unless their love is a flame bright enough to light them into one another's hearts.

March 19.

Dearest Gale,

The great-grandfather of all blizzards is howling around outside, and that means this week's mail delivery, due today, won't get through. None of us cares about the blizzard—after all, a weather station in Newfoundland has to expect some snow once in a while—but you should have heard the gripes over missing the mail when we found out the storm was coming. Right up until last night, Joe Hardison—his wife just had a baby and he's waiting for his first letter from her—kept thinking they might send the plane from the base ahead of time. I suppose he knew he was kidding himself, but a guy can dream, can't he?

Well, I'm disappointed too, but I tell myself it's all for the best. Maybe I'll get two letters from you next time, or even three. Meanwhile, there's nothing to stop me writing to you, even though there isn't a chance of getting the letter out and on its way for several days. I can sit here, goggling at the weather map on the wall back of my desk, but not seeing it because I'm too busy thinking that just
here, about twenty, and so idealistic it hurts. He's got ideas on everything, and
one of them is that it's not right for a fellow
and a girl to get married unless they've known
each other a long time. "Heck," I told him, "my wife
and I had known each other just four days
when we decided to get married."

The kid looked at me practically. "Four
days?" he said. "How did you meet her?"

"Walked into my best friend's office
while I was home on leave, and there
she was—his secretary," I said. "I fell
in love the minute I laid eyes on her."

"That wasn't love," the kid says
gloomily. "That was only sex."

But I told him that was where he had
things figured out all wrong. The way
it happened—like a flash of lightning—
was exactly what proved it was real
love. No backing and filling, no play-
ning around—just the real thing, and no
doubt about it. Right, honey? Right.

Then the kid says, well, anyway, a
fellow in the Army shouldn't get mar-
rried when he knows he's going to be
sent out of the country pretty soon, and
I had to admit he had something there.
A honeymoon and a ten-day leave don't
add up to a big kick, and I
sort of wish we could have had more.
Probably the trouble is just that I'm
so gosh-darned lonesome for you.

Well, I've filled up four pages,
and haven't said anything I couldn't have
said in a couple of lines—just that I
love you, and miss you like the devil.
Keep the letters coming, sweetheart.

I almost forgot—Mom wrote she
hadn't seen you for quite a while. Drop
around now and then, won't you,
dear? I know you and she don't get
along very well, but it's only because
you never had a chance to get to know
each other. And you can see her point
in being a little bit hurt when you
decided not to give up your little apart-
ment and live with her and Dad while
I was gone. She doesn't realize it
would have been tough for you, after
being independent and on your own
since you were sixteen.

Good night, and all my love.

Rod.

P. S. Two days later. The storm
up, and they dropped our mail—but no
letter from you, darn it. I'm sending
this in by Cpl. Michael—he's got a
transfer. Wonder what we'll draw as
his replacement.

March 25

Dearest,

Well, you could have knocked me
over with a feather—and one off a
sparrow, at that. Who do you suppose
showed up to replace Cpl. Michael?
Phil Rulison from Herkimer! I knew
he was in the service, naturally, but I
never expected to see him up here. I
didn't know him so well back home—
he's three or four years older than me,
about twenty-seven, I'd guess—but the
way we slapped each other on the
back and grinned all over our fool faces
you'd have thought we were long-lost
brothers. He had a leave in Herkimer
just before being shipped up here, so
he was able to bring me up to date on
all the local news. He knows you

"There's no use pretending I
want you to go out with other
fellows, but you've a right, to
fun. All I want is a full re-
port, so I can picture you and
feel that I've been there too."
through the infiltration course in basic—scared but determined, getting set to do something they didn’t want to do, and weren’t sure they could, but had to try. Then he grinned. “Sure,” he said.

“Boy, you weren’t satisfied with anything less than the prettiest girl in town, were you?”

THAT made me feel good, of course, and I figured I’d been mistaken about seeing his expression change. “Is she getting along all right?” I asked, and Phil said, “Oh yes, fine. But of course I didn’t see much of her—most of my time on leave I took things easy around the house.” After that he began talking about something else.

I told you it wouldn’t sound like much. But—well, I knew Phil could have told me something else, but he didn’t because he’d made up his mind not to. You can tell, with somebody like Phil. He’s not much of a liar. So is anything wrong, sweetheart? Have you been sick, or lost your job, or—anything at all? You never say much in your letters—I guess writing letters isn’t your strong point—but I always thought that if you were in any trouble you’d let me know. Now I can see that you might easily figure, in that funny little head of yours, that you mustn’t tell me anything unpleasant because I’d worry. But I’m a big boy now, and I can take it—I can take anything better than wondering if you’re all right, and not being at all sure you are. I’ll go after Phil and make him break down and tell all (if there is anything to tell, and I’m not just imagining it) but somehow I don’t like to do that. He might think it was funny, as if I didn’t trust you or something, and of course that isn’t the idea at all.

So sit down as soon as you get this and write me a long letter. Really take time out for the job, will you, baby? If anything’s bothering you, tell me all about it. Incidentally, just in case it’s something to do with money, I’m enclosing a postal order for fifty bucks. If you don’t need it, put it in the bank for that house we’re going to buy when the war’s over. Hope I hear from you soon. Lovingly,

Rod.

Hello, sweetheart!

The mail came in today with two—count ‘em—two letters from you, and for a bonus a couple of letters and a packet of Gazettes from Mom. I’m well supplied with reading matter now.

You say you’ve been busy, and I’m glad of that. It’s too early for an answer to the letter I wrote the day Phil arrived, but I sort of gather from what you say that my imagination was working overtime. Anyway, I’ve read your letters right side up, sideways and between the lines, and I can’t find a single hint that anything’s bothering you. So I feel better. Guess I was borrowing trouble. It’s about the only thing there is to borrow up here.

It’s night now, and we’re all sitting around listening to the radio. I never bothered much with it when I was home, but you’d be surprised how much kick we all get out of listening to it here. I think one reason I like it so much is that I can imagine you listening to the same programs, back home—laughing at the same jokes, tapping your feet to the same music. And don’t tell me your feet aren’t tapping, because I know better. I remember how much you love to dance, and if I were home, we’d be out dancing somewhere right now.

Speaking of dancing, I’ve been thinking. We never talked much about it, because there wasn’t time, but I don’t want you to be the kind of service wife that just works and goes home and never has any (Continued on page 93)
about now you're leaving Bert's insurance office on your way to lunch. I've dressed you in that blue wool suit we bought in Chicago last day of our honeymoon. Remember how we decided we ought to do something to celebrate last day to keep it from being a gloomy one? Of course, I wondered at the time how we worked out that the celebration was a new suit for you and not a dinner at the Chez Paree for both of us. I'm just kidding, honey—I've been working on that big kick out of the suit as you did. That's why I've put it on you today.

Anyway, there you are, wearing it while you walk down the street to the drugstore. It's not very cold in New Hampshire today, I've decided. The winter's over there, the sun is shining, and there's snow on the ground. The reason why you don't need a coat. You're not wearing a hat, either. Your hat hung down to your shoulders, shining where the sun hit it, and if I put my hand now I'll bet I could feel it under my fingers, soft as fog but a lot more satisfying. On second thought, guess I'd better not—you never went much for having me musk your hair after you'd got it fixed for the pictures. I'll just watch you walk along in that special way you have, quick, running, like a little girl, and looking at everybody you meet as if you were thinking, "Who are you? What sort of a person are you? Would I like you?"

That's what got me, you know—that look. I was a gone duck, the minute you turned it on. There's a kid up here, about twenty, and so idealistic it hurt me almost of his ideas. I'd worry about something, and one of them is that it's not right for a fellow and a girl to get married unless they've known each other a long time. "Heck," I told him, "my wife and I had known each other four years when we decided to get married."

The kid looked shocked. "Four days," he said. "How did you meet her?"

I told him that was where he had things figured out all wrong. The way it happened—like a flash of lightning—that was exactly what proved it was real love. No backing and filling in me about the country girl story, and I had to admit he had something there. A honeymoon and a ten-day leave don't add up to much of a married life, and I sort of wish we could have had more. Probably the trouble is just that I'm so gone-darned lonesome for you.

Well, I've filled in four pages, and haven't said anything I couldn't have said in a couple of lines—just that I love you, and miss you like the devil. Keep the letters coming, sweetheart.

I almost forgot—Mom wrote she hadn't seen you for quite a while. Drop around now and then, won't you, dear? I know you and she don't get along very well, but it's only because you never had a chance to get to know each other. And you can see her point in being a little bit hurt when you decided not to give up your job there and live with her and Dad while I was gone. She doesn't realize it would have been tough for you, after being separated and on your own since you were sixteen.

Oh, yes, and my love.

Rod.

P. S. Two days later. The show set up, and they dropped our mail—but no letter from you, dear. I'm sending this in by Cpl. Michael—he's got a transfer. Wonder what we'll draw as his replacement.

March 25

Dear Jim,

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather—and one off a sparrow, at that. Who do you suppose showed up to replace Cpl. Michael? Phil Rakson from Herrimer! I was so surprised, I was in the service, naturally, but I never expected to see him up here. I didn't know him well but he's three or four years older than me, and almost twenty-seven. I'd guess he saved the way we slapped each other on the back and grinned all over our face, and you had we had been any other, you'd have thought we were brothers. He had a leave in Herrimer just before being shipped up here, so he was able to bring me up to date on all the local news. He knows you pretty well, at least by sight.

Honey, it's about an hour since I stopped writing. I've been sitting here, staring at the paper and wondering what I ought to say. When I started the letter I thought I wouldn't say anything. But I don't know. It's so darned easy to get off the track up here. A handful of fellows, living practically in each other's laps, nothing to work to do, no place to go but except once a month or so to the air base. You can imagine what it's like. Don't get the idea I'm complaining—I know all right, there are a lot of guys in this war a hell of a lot worse off than I am, but just the same, it gets on your nerves after awhile, and you start thinking things that wouldn't ever enter your mind back home. And if you're not careful—if you let them stick in your head and don't do anything about getting rid of them—they can drive you crazy. So I think I'll tell you what this is all about, and you can write and call me all kinds of a fool, and I'll feel better.

All after that, happened isn't so much. Just writing down is going to be make me feel silly. When I asked Phil if he knew you, he got a funny look in his eyes. I've seen the same look in men's faces just before they were down with the inflation course in base so bored but determined, getting set to do something they didn't want to do, and weren't sure they could, but had to try. Then he grinned. "Sure," he said. "You weren't satisfied with anything less than the prettiest girl in town, were you?"

What made me feel good, of course, and I figured I'd been mistaken about using his expression change. "Is he getting along all right?" I asked, and Phil said, "O.K., yes. But of course I didn't see much of her—most of my time on leave I took things easy around base."

After that he began talking about something else.

I told you it wouldn't sound much. But—well, I knew Phil could have told me something else, but he didn't because he'd made up his mind not to. You can tell, with somebody like Phil. He's not much of a liar. So is anything wrong, sweetheart? Have you been sick, or lost your job, or anything at all? You never say much in your letters—I guess writing letters isn't your strong point—but I always thought that if you were in any trouble you'd let me know. Now I can see that you might easily figure, in that funny little head of yours, that you mustn't tell me anything unpleasant because I'd worry. But I'm a big boy anything better than wondering if you're all right, and not being at all sure you are. I'd go after Phil and there is anything down to tell (if I just imagining it) but somehow I don't like to do that. He might think it was funny, as if I didn't trust you or something at all.

So sit down as soon as you get this and write me a long letter. Really take time out for the job, will you? It's been all right, I'm enclosing a postal order for fifty bucks. If you don't need it, put it in buy when the war's over. I hope I hear from you soon, Lovingly,

Rod.
THERE ARE no trains until tomorrow," the clerk at the information booth told me, "and maybe not for a day or two. You'd be wise to go back to the city, Miss, but if you insist on going through to Medina, I'm afraid you'll just have to make yourself comfortable in the station."

I stared at the clerk without understanding much of what he'd said. Oh, I understood about the trains, all right—that there'd been a washout on the road, and that there was no possibility of getting through until the next day. But it wasn't quite six o'clock yet; surely he didn't recommend my spending the night in the station waiting room. "Can't you suggest a hotel?" I began, and then someone touched my arm. "He means it," a voice said.

I looked up into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen, very serious blue eyes in a brown face, oddly at variance with the jaunty tilt of the sailor hat. "He means it," the sailor said earnestly. "There isn't a hotel room in town. I know. I come on train, Miss. I've spent all afternoon trying to find a place for the night. You'll save yourself trouble if you don't bother to look.

"I said, "Well... thank you," doubtfully, and I stropped for my bags. Porters were as scarce as hotels seemed to be. I felt rather than saw the clerk and the sailor exchange glances, as if to ask what the foolish woman was going to do now. "Better check those bags, Miss," the clerk called kindly, and, with a glance at me, the sailor lifted them to the baggage counter. I thanked him again, and he touched his hat and turned away.

I paid for the bags, stood turning the checks in my hand, making a little ceremony of putting them into my purse, simply because I didn't know what to do next. Have dinner, I supposed, and my heart sank. I knew from experience that when you ate by yourself the smallest meal never took long—and then what would I do? Go to a movie, and come back to this dreary, station....

Slowly I walked toward the door. There were dozens of people milling around in the station, many of them, like me, with their journeys interrupted, set at loss by the change in their plans. Still, I felt very much alone. I hadn't exactly been eager to get to Medina, where my brother Bill and his wife, Irene, lived, and where I spent all of my vacations. I was fond of Bill and he of me, but although Irene meant to like me, I didn't help knowing that I made a thirteenth at her bridge club, and that she worried—far more than I did—about finding escorts for me to the parties given by her circle of young married friends. But I cared much less to take the train back to the city, as the clerk had suggested. I'd been working there for five years, ever since my parents had died and I'd had my choice of caring for myself or of being an extra wheel in my brother's household, and I was tired of it, tired of pavement, of air that was never untainted, of a one-room apartment shared with another girl. Medina had sunshine to offer, at least, and green lawns, and a lake to swim in.

I pushed open the door, saw with dismay the crowds that were waiting for taxis, with more dismay the dingy warehouse district in which the station stood. The sailor was standing at the far end of the entrance. He saw me, hesitated, and then came toward me, his hat in his hand. The low sun was very bright on his dark head, on the bar of multi-colored ribbons on his chest. "I beg your pardon," he said stiffly, "I don't want you to think I'm fresh—but I thought that if we could have dinner together, and maybe see a show, it'd pass the time. My name's Dick Lord."

I was startled, and then I wanted to laugh. Surely no one in the world would ever accuse this big, diffident young man of being fresh. "I'd like to, very much," I said. "My name's Louise Hale."

"Well..." He looked dubiously at the people packing into taxis, and I suggested that we walk. Silently we started out, silently walked a block toward the criss-cross of lights of the business section. "He's shy," I thought, and wondered how I was ever going to make conversation with him. Then I stole a sidewise glance at him, and I decided that I didn't regret accepting his invitation. My head barely reached his shoulder—a very broad pair of shoulders—and although he was shortening his steps to match mine, he walked with an easy strength. A feeling of satisfaction and security stole over me, and I was glad that I wasn't alone on the dingy street.

He smiled down at me, a slow attractive smile. "You're from the city, aren't you?"

I nodded, feeling small and white and pinched beside him, as if one look at me were enough to tell anyone that I never got quite enough sunshine. "I work there, in an insurance office. I'm going to Medina to spend my vacation with my brother and his wife."

"This is my vacation, too. I've got a thirty-day leave. Only Medina's just a transfer point for me—I've got another day's ride after I change there. That's why I hope we get through tomorrow. I haven't been home in two years, and I hate to spend the time traveling."

"Where is your home?"

"In Missouri. My dad has a stock farm there."

I liked the way his face lighted as he mentioned his home. I liked other things about him too—the way he tactfully but firmly overruled me when the restaurant I chose turned out to be almost embarrassingly modest upon close inspection, and guided me to a really
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place for the night. You'll save your-
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took long—and then what would I do?
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of pavement, of air that was never
untainted, of a one-room apartment
shared with another girl. Medina had
sunshine to offer, at least, and green
lawns, and a lake to swim in.
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ening his steps to match mine, he
walked with an easy strength. A feeling
of satisfaction and security stole over
me, and I was glad that I wasn't alone
on the dingy street.
He smiled at me, a slow attrac-
tive smile. "You're from the city,
aren't you?"
I nodded, feeling small and white and
pinched beside him, as if one look at
me were enough to tell anyone that
I never got quite enough sunshine. "I
work there, in an insurance office. I'm
going to Medina to spend my vacation
with my brother and his wife."
"This is my vacation, too. I've got a
thirty-day leave. Only Medina's just a
transfer point for me. I've got another
day's ride after I change there. That's
why I hope we get through tomorrow.
I haven't been home in two years, and
I hate to spend the time traveling."
"Where is your home?"
"In Missouri. My dad has a stock farm
there."
I liked the way his face lighted as he
mentioned his home. "I liked other
things about him too—the way he tact-
fully but firmly overruled me when the
restaurant I chose turned out to be al-
most embarrassingly modest upon close
inspection, and guided me to a really
This stranger, so lovable, so
gentle, had brought her
heart to life. What was she
to do with it now, if he
didn't want it for himself?
The evening that had seemed so long in prospect back at the station went by. We bought a ticket to go to a movie, and we stopped talking only when the waiter was standing beside us with the check, and we looked up to see that we were the only customers left. We stared blankly at the waiter and at each other, and then we started to laugh at a good line he was coming downtown,” Dick said. “I forgot all about time.”

I nodded happily, feeling that he’d paid me a compliment, and one of the nicest I’d ever had.

We walked back to the station, along black and lonely streets, past buildings that were strange and dark and forbidding. And I thought again how good it was to have Dick with me, to have his hand on my arm at the crossings... and I approved of the fact that he released me each time we reached the far curb. I found out shortly, too, that polite as he was, as carefully as I deferred to me all evening, there was no arguing with him.

In the station the milling, confused crowd of the afternoon had subsided to a silent, tired, resigned crowd. We threaded our way past benches of sleeping people, and those who were half-asleep and who opened one eye resentfully as we passed, and some who were obviously, painfully wide awake. The only really comfortable person in the station was a small boy, spread-eagled in unconscious abandon across his mother’s lap. I smiled at the sight of him, and looked up and caught Dick’s eye. He was smiling, too—and for some reason, my heart did a queer little turn. He led me to an empty bench near an open window. “It’s chilly here,” he whispered, “but the air is a little better. Haven’t you another coat besides the one you’re wearing?”

I spoke without thinking. “In my bag. It’s too much trouble to get it.”

He held out his hand. “Give me your check.”

I protested, vainly. Dick took the check, came back with my bag, returned it after I’d removed the coat. He folded my lighter coat into a corner of the bench so that I’d have a pillow, although I tried to make him take it for a cover. But there was no arguing about that, either. “You’ll be cold,” I insisted. “And where will you sleep?”

“There’s more space down the line. Don’t worry. Try to sleep.”

The bench was hard, but I felt snug and secure and cared for as I’d never felt before in my life. I rubbed my cheek against the smooth stuff of the coat, thinking, Dick, Dick Lord—and then I checked myself smartly. I was being utterly silly. Why, I didn’t know anything about him, didn’t even know how old he was... Twenty-five, I thought, a year or two older than I—and then I smiled to myself and went to sleep dreaming of a red coat, and a collie dog, and a driveway lined with poplars.

In the morning my eyes opened on a revealing little scene. Dick was sitting at the far end of the bench, smoking. A man came down the aisle, paused to stare curiously at me. Dick leaned forward and looked at him, and the man turned away with almost comical haste. I sat up hastily, realizing that Dick hadn’t slept at all, that he’d been sitting up all night, seeing that I wasn’t annoyed. He put out the cigarette and came over to me. “Did you sleep at all?” “All night,” I said. “You didn’t.”

“I’ve been over to the information desk,” he said excitedly. “There won’t be a train today, either.”

“There won’t!” It was pure, fortunate accident that I seemed dismayed. I was pleased, foolishly, wonderfully pleased that there would be no train. Then a thought brought me back to earth: another day’s delay didn’t necessarily mean another day with Dick. Perhaps he was even now regretting that he hadn’t said goodnight at the station door last night; perhaps he felt burdened with me and was wondering how to get me off his hands. I was trying to think of a way to tell him that I didn’t expect to claim his company indefinitely when he said, “We’ll have breakfast, and then we’d better try to find a place to stay. I’ll wait here for you.”

I went to the washroom and freshened my face, made the best toilette I could. Then I went back and met Dick. We had breakfast at the station restaurant—and I had another qualm as Dick’s hand closed over my cheek before I could reach for it. I knew then that I’d have to find some way of parting from him, politely. I couldn’t let him spend his service pay, the money he wanted to use for his leave, on me.

We searched for hours that morning before we gave up and admitted that there still weren’t any rooms to be had. Dick pointed to a bedroom display in a department store window, and sug-
gested that the management could make a tidy sum renting it to travelers. I laughed, but the thought of the department store gave me an idea. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I've some shopping to do. There are things I want to get for Bill and Irene." And then I waited, while the day darkened around us and my heart swelled tight in my throat, for him to take the opening I'd offered him, for the handshake, the goodbyes, the it's-been-pleasant.

"Fine," said Dick. "Shall I meet you someplace, or is it all right if I go with you?"

I said casually, "Why, come with me, if you want to," but the day was suddenly dazzlingly bright again.

The picnic was Dick's suggestion. I'd bought Irene some guest towels, and we were in the sporting goods department, where I was trying to decide upon a golf glove for Bill, when I was aware that Dick was no longer beside me. I looked around, saw him coming down the aisle, grinning, a cylindrical package in his hand. "Look what I found," he said, tearing away a bit of the paper so that I saw the gleam of a metal cap. "A real, pre-war thermos. I'm going to make it to my dad. In the meantime, how about breaking it in, and going on a picnic? The clerk said that there's a nice little park over on the west side." I don't know how the other stranded travelers fared, but I do know that for several hours that afternoon, Dick and I forgot about trains, forgot that we were stranded at all. We had a lunch put up at a delicatessen, had the prized thermos filled with coffee. We took a bus over to the west side, and found the park to be just as pretty as the clerk had said, but with the added attraction of a small artificial stream and a waterfall. Dick sank down on the ground with a grateful sigh. "Grass," he said. "Real, green grass. I was getting awfully tired of cement walks."

"And a waterfall," I put in. "The waterfall seems almost too good to be true."

Dick looked at it a shade scornfully. "I could show you a better one back home, where the creek goes through the woods. We could picnic right under the falls there, if you wanted to—they're that high. My brother and I used to go there all the time—"

We. We could picnic.... My heart was soaring again, and not if I could have put both hands upon it, could I have held it down. I couldn't hold down, either, the wonderful, impossible thought that flashed into my mind—the thought of what it would be like to go home with Dick, to have thirty days, less travel (Continued on page 81)

After dinner we did dishes, together. And that, too, was part of the dream-come-true.
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smoothly, holding me firmly but not
too closely. I liked the way he talked
about his family and the farm, not
boastfully, but as if he loved them very
much and was very proud of them. His
shyness vanished as he talked about
home, and I got a clear picture of his
father, and a beloved older brother
who was now in the Army, an adored
younger sister in high school, and his
mother, who loved to cook and who
loved company. I saw the house, too—
a big white house at the end of a"
poplar drive, the green wide lawn in
front, the farm yard in back— and the
horses and the cattle and a collie dog
named Bix. "You're going back there
to live after the war?" I asked.
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His glance was very blue, al-

"I've got my place
already picked out—because my brother
will have our home some day. Dad's
giving me the land, and I'm saving my
pay to build. I've bought equipment,
too, that Dad's making use of right now.
Of course " and the color deepened
under his tan— "I suppose it doesn't
sound like much of a life to a city girl,
does it?"
I felt my own cheeks warm; then
I checked myself sharply. He hadn't
meant the question personally. "I think
I
it sounds wonderful." Temperately,
added, "I haven't seen much of the
country. Medina's the closest I've come

most shocked.

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it."

"Medina's nice, from what I've seen
when I've changed trains. I suppose
you're impatient to get there."
I hesitated, realizing how thin and
pallid everything in Medina sounded
compared to what he was going home

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couldn't tell him that. As
he'd talked, he'd kept a
between us; I
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couldn't impose upon him by baring
my own discontent. "I go there every
year," I said. "Bill and Irene have lots
of friends, and there are always parties—" And then I stopped. Dick was
listening attentively, but I couldn't go
on elaborating on something I didn't
care about at all. "You didn't finish
telling me," I said abruptly, "about the
red colt the one you said you wanted
to keep for yourself, for afterwards."

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In the

Be My Love

urns suggested by a story
by Roger Qttayle Denny, For Weekends

22

Only, heard on Stars Over HoUyicood

morning my eyes opened on
a revealing little scene. Dick was sitting
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FROM where I stood beside the hop sacks, I could see the long, sweeping rows of wires stretching out before me; each with its graceful burden of hop vines trailing from above head-level to sweep the ground; the hops, like pale-green fruit—cone-shaped, scalloped, soft and paper-thin in texture—ready for the ruthless hands of the pickers. Behind me was the Gurney farmland and beyond that the familiar white house and the red barns and the odd-shaped building that was the dryer.

The old thrill of anticipation swept through me... hop-picking was as much a social event, a gathering of friends from all over our valley, as it was hard, serious work.

"Carla—" I hadn't heard the footsteps behind me and Joe Gurney's voice swung me around to face him and a tall, young stranger. "I found a partner for you—Mike Flannery. He's new at this, so will you show him how it's done? I have to get back to the dryer."

I caught the undertone of regret in Joe's voice and understood. This would be the first year since we were skinned-kneed kids together that we would not be partners—just as we'd been friends in all the valley fun and work as long as I could remember. It had been a shock this morning, when I arrived, to
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find that Mr. Gurney was ill and Joe was trying to manage the farm himself. "Of course I will, Joe," giving him a quick smile as he climbed into the truck. "Don't worry about us."

I turned my attention to my new partner.

Mike Flannery had taken off his sports jacket and was folding it inside out—but not before I had glimpsed the discharge button in the lapel. So he had been a soldier! Perhaps that accounted for the hospital-like pallor of his face and for the stiff-backed way he walked.

Perhaps that was also why unconsciously she took the side of the row that got no warmth from the early-morning sun. The vines were still wet from the dew and I shivered under my thick sweater.

"That," I explained to him through the thick foliage, "is the best time for picking. We get paid by weight and wet hops weigh more than the dried-out ones we get later in the day. And, besides, nearly everyone gets drowsy after lunch and—Oh, no! Not like that!—" He had reached for a vine and with one motion had stripped it into his sack, vine, leaves and all.

I ducked under the wire and climbed through to his side. "You can't help but get some leaves in with the hops but if you get too many you get docked. The weighers have to sort them out. Look—like this—" and I showed him how to strip in jerky motions that pulled off just the hops and left the big leaves still intact.

"After a while, when you get the knack of it, you can use both hands, stripping separate vines, but just at first it's best to hold the vine in one hand and strip with the other. His attitude puzzled me; the only thanks I got was a barely-pollite nod of his crisply-curld dark head.

He hadn't even known enough to get proper gloves to protect his hands. The ones he wore were too thin. Luckily, I had a roll of thick, black adhesive tape in my pocket, and over his curt protests I insisted on binding this on Mike's fingers where they took the most wear.

"It really isn't necessary," he said, almost savagely, "If I'm such a fool as not to find these things out in advance, I might just as well suffer for it."

"Don't be silly," I chided him. "Everyone makes mistakes the first time." I tore the last strip off the roll and bent over his hand. "Troubled, I had noticed how tense the muscles were—how white the skin of the finger tips. Now I felt, somehow, with a sense of shock, that Mike Flannery was exercising great self-control in letting me touch him. That he would like to be rude and tell me to stay on my own side of the row where I belonged.

I had never known anyone before who really disliked me. Here in this little Oregon valley the friends I had were friends from childhood. To me, Mike Flannery was suddenly not just a stranger—he was a force and a personality and an unaccountable fascination.

Thoughtfully I parted the vines and stepped through to my own side.

"If there is anything else you don't understand, just ask me."

"Thanks. I appreciate your fixing up my hands, but, if you don't mind, I can do it if I like. The things I learned of 'walking up'—and I can work and talk too."

I gaped as if he had slapped me. Motionless I stood, while anger poured over me in a flood. He had practically told me to shut up! Okay, Mr. Flannery, I thought, grimly, if it's silence you want.

Angrily I made my fingers fly and all morning I stayed a few yards ahead of him. Not very far—I couldn't do a sloppy job, neither could I leave the under-hanging middle bunches of hops to the careless eyes of an inexperienced picker. My arms got scratched through my sweater in my haste—but at least I kept far enough ahead to be free of his irritating presence.

It was after noon, I think, when I realized that Mike was beginning to keep pace with me. He was erratic and unsure of himself but his hands moved with quick, nervous motion. I knew I must avoid looking at him sometimes. And slowly, unwillingly, I realized that in spite of the unfriendliness of his face and the thinness of his collar bone showing through his half-opened shirt, Mike Flannery was an attractive man. Not handsome—his high cheekbones were too bold, the planes of his face too irregular, the thick, straight brows too strongly slashed—but about the whole was a sullen, magnetic vitality that tugged at my interest.

His mouth puzzled me. Even now, when it was tight and hardset, I could not mistake its sensitive shape. Somehow I was sure it was a mouth meant—and once used—for laughter and the love of living. The tenseness and the grimness apparent now seemed foreign to that mouth, and the short, unhappy lines etched in the corners were new then.

My anger ebbed away. In its place came a formless, bewildered pity. What had happened to Mike Flannery to change that mouth and harden the hazel-green of his eyes? I was glad when the little fob-watch I wore—and which Joe had given me—said five o'clock. It was unbearable for me to go on picking side by side with this stranger and not ask questions—when there was so much I wanted to know!

As soon as my sack was full I gave the call of "weigh up!" and the five of us went to the weighers scurrying all day. They weighed mine and then, to save another trip, holstered Mike's on the scale. We were finished for the day.

I walked slowly up the path, letting the tiny breeze cool my flushed cheeks and throat, unpinning my hair from the top of my head and letting it float down around my shoulders. I was hurrying, because our cabins had nothing but oil lamps and I wanted to help Mrs. Yule get supper while it was still light.

I turned and touched my arm. "Miss Burke—" Carle—" Through the thickness of my cotton blouse I could feel his fingers tighten, and it was an odd, disquieting, electric sensation. "I'm sorry if I was rude today, I didn't think there would be anything to this picking business. I thought this was one job, at this one farm."

"I'm a girl point out my mistakes." His apology was given grudgingly and his face was still proud and hostile—but I felt the self-contempt and suffering beneath his churlishness. Ivoluntarily, I softened.

"That's all right, Mike. I wasn't offended. And you must remember I've been doing this for twelve years."

His hand still held me. "You fooled me. You look so fragile I didn't want you for a partner at first—I thought I'd have to do the work for both of us. But you really pull your own weight—and more. I'm not used to the sight of girls who don't whine for help." A left-handed compliment—but it made me feel unreasonably happy.

I thought about Mike during supper and the strange resentments he had revealed in his words. There was a clue there to his rudeness and to the suffering I had seen in his face.

After dinner Mrs. Yule took her knitting inside the cabin and Jeanette and I strolled down to the shallow beach of the river where the usual nightly campfire was already burning. I always came with the Yules; they were neighbors of ours at home; Jeanette and I were close friends and Dad liked to know I was under Mrs. Yule's care.

A circle had already gathered around the fire, but the first person I saw was Mike. He was sitting a little apart, his knees clasped loosely by his arms, his pipe smoldering almost forgotten in his hands. He felt his isolation even though both reached out and touched him, from the blanket I shared with Jeanette.

Someone started a song and the rest joined in. The evening was a pattern repeated every year—the same jokes, the same friendly teasing, the same stories. The campers were dying and the night closing in. Only Joe was missing. With the new responsibilities on his shoulders I knew he would be working late every evening and I felt the (Continued on page 54)
This is chiefly Rosemary's story, of course, but you can't tell Rosemary's story without telling about her young sister Patti, and about Mother Dawson. So it becomes the story of a family, not quite typical, but bound together in love and humor and devotion that any family will understand.
ROSEMARY DAWSON is the reason for the Dawson family's being not quite typical, because instead of being merely a contributor to the family income, Rosemary has been its only breadwinner for several years. And because, too, Rosemary's own character is so magnetically warm and kindly that people are irresistibly drawn to her—people in trouble, or people in love. The trouble is that when they're in love, they're usually in love with Rosemary, who has, thus far, been too absorbed in her job and family responsibilities to care deeply about any of her suitors.

(Rosemary Dawson is played by Betty Winkler)
PETER HARVEY, a brilliant young lawyer, has come closer to arousing real affection in Rosemary than any of the other men who have loved her. Nevertheless, when Peter's big chance came—an offer of a job with an important New York law firm—he had to take it alone; Rosemary was firm in her conviction that she didn't love Peter enough to leave her family and go to New York with him. But Peter hasn't given up; he is fast approaching the goal of success in his profession, and he feels certain that some day he will achieve his other goal of making Rosemary his wife.

(Peter Harvey is played by Sidney Smith)
PATTI DAWSON wouldn't call herself a flirt, but her schoolmate TOMMY TAYLOR would. Patti, waiting for a great, mature love, is filling her days at Springdale High with crushes on movie stars and dates with Tommy, and the fact that she is breaking Tommy's ardent-young heart doesn't seem to matter a bit! (Jack Kelk and Jone Allison)

JOYCE MILLER, working at the Springdale Bank with Rosemary's employer, DICK PHILLIPS, has let herself fall in love with him. He plans to get a divorce from his wife, and Joyce wants to wait for him despite Rosemary's warnings that the situation may develop unhappily for everyone. (James VanDyk and Helen Choate)

MR. DENNIS has managed to gain Susan Dawson's confidence with a story about her husband, even though the fact that he swore her to secrecy should have made her more suspicious. (Played by Ed Latimer)
MOTHER DAWSON, for fifteen years, has believed her husband Lewis to be dead. But when Mr. Dennis told her Lewis was alive, and ill, in need of an operation, she couldn't resist listening; most unwisely, and secretly, she mortgaged the home Rosemary had worked so hard to buy, to give Dennis money. (Played by Marion Barney).

LT. GEORGE SCHUYLER, home on leave, and MR. MARTIN, Latin teacher at Springdale High, have both been selected by Patti as candidates for the great love of her life. But the flowers and candy they are bearing through the Dawson gate are for Rosemary. Patti will find it hard to bear. (Michael Fitzmaurice, John Gibson)

DR. JIM COTTER, Springdale's beloved doctor, has both the Dawson girls on his side in his attempts to marry Mother Dawson. But she has begun to hope that Lewis may be alive. (Played by Bill Adams)
THE STORY:

I WASN'T too lonely when Lance Jordan went overseas. Neither was I worried, or afraid. Lance and I understood each other, and I understood our great and deep and abiding love so well that I knew that nothing could happen to that love, nothing come between us. And so the time while he was away was, for me, only a time of waiting—

a little dull, perhaps, but no worse than that. I filled in the time with working, along with my mother and my aunts, on things to fill my hope chest, and I was busy with my job in a law office, as well as the Red Cross and USO work I did. When loneliness threatened, I comforted myself with remembering the wonderful times Lance and I had had together, with looking forward to his homecoming, which would mark the real beginning of our lives, because then we would be together for always. And I remembered, too, his last words—"Never for one moment forget me, Linna, and never for one moment will I forget you." There were letters from Lance, too, of course—every day, after he arrived safely in England, and later, not quite so frequently. Even that I didn't mind—Lance hinted at important things happening, and I knew—this was before the invasion of Normandy—that bigger things than dreams of love were brewing over in England. That was my life, waiting for Lance to come home so that we could be married, until one morning when I awoke with a dreadful premonition of disaster. My father knocked on my bedroom door to tell me that this was D-Day, that we had landed in Normandy. At once I thought that this accounted for my feeling; Lance had probably been in the invading forces—he was a paratrooper. The sound of the mailbox closing brought relief—surely there would be a letter from Lance! And so there was. A letter that tore the very heart out of my life. A letter that said, in part: "...I am in love. Her name is Angela Temple. Angela and I are going to be married tomorrow."

THERE is a loneliness of pain like no other loneliness in the world. You can be lonely without friends, or in the unfamiliarity of a place—but that is real, and you feel it like a weight upon the heart and a yearning for something different. Pain makes a place of its own. In it, you are bereft of any human contact or any touch of the world. It's like being at the bottom of an abyss, where there is nothing. Nothing at all.

I sat there, holding Lance's letter, and all I felt was the darkness and coldness of that abyss. I could no longer remember the words he'd written; already they had passed into and become part of the numbness that was myself. From a great distance, I heard the radio blaring forth news of the invasion and Dessy's and Dad's excited comments. I smelled the breakfast coffee. I saw the sun shining and the misty lavendar of the lilac blooms outside the window. Then mother called, "Linna? Linna, where are you, dear?"

I didn't answer. The voice wasn't directed at me; it was just another sound. None of it—none of the life going on around—had anything to do with me at all.

In that dim vagueness, I grew aware that she was beside me and had taken the letter from my nerveless fingers. I knew that only because I heard the crackle of the paper and her startled exclamation as she read it. Then Dessy and Dad were there, too, clustering around, all talking at once, all looking at me anxiously and protectively. But I didn't really feel their presence. All I felt was cold.

I found myself upstairs and in my own bed without knowing quite how I got there. They were covering me up, then I caught the pungent smell of ammonia, and after that I was tasting something hot and strong. I didn't care. I didn't want anything. I just lay there looking at nothingness because that's all there was.

Now I know that I was what doctors call "in shock." People who have had some searing experience, men who have been in battle have it sometimes. As if what had happened had separated them for a while from reality and they become insensitive, without thought, feeling or response. I'd even

Before we part

Slowly Linna collected the bits of the life that Lance had shattered, and tried to shape them again into some semblance of contentment. But, together, she and Lance could have had so much more than contentment

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

Before We Part was adapted from a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's weekday program, 1:45 P.M., EWT, Mutual.
studied the care of such cases in my Red Cross course—keep warm and quiet with frequent feeding of energy-giving food. That was what mother and Dessy did for me as I lay there, inert, staring at the ceiling.

Presently, in the back of my mind, something began to nag at me. Something left undone that had to be done. Some terribly important, but terribly unknown, duty that had to be accomplished before I could give up completely. I had to do it. Some compulsion was forcing me. If I could only remember what it was! Over and over, I tried to remember so that I could rest.

At last, quite automatically, it came. I knew. I started to get out of bed. Mother tried to stop me, but I said, "Please. I have to do it." I went over to where the hope chest stood in the corner, all gaily painted, all filled full with the hemstitched sheets and pillow cases, the handmade lingerie, the linen, that had meant not only my future with Lance but also the continuity of the past through my mother and
grandmother—the rightness in what Lance and I would have had together as mother and her mother had found it with the men they loved. The bone tea service he had sent from England stood on hanging shelves above the chest. Carefully, I took it down, piece by piece, and put it in the chest. Then I closed the lid and turned the key in the lock. I did it all unhurriedly, calmly, like a sleep walker. In the same way, I crossed the room, opened the top dresser drawer, and put the key in my jewelry box. Then I got back in bed again.

MOTHER was leaning over me, murmuring, with tears in her eyes. “My baby, my poor, hurt baby!” But all I felt was relief that what had to be done, was done. There was no emotion at all, no tears at turning a key on dreams I lock there away forever. Just a duty accomplished.

Physically, I got better fast. There was the resilience of youth and my own strong body to help. Sights, sounds, people became real again, but the cold aloneness in my heart persisted. It was as if there were nothing to turn me now that I could no longer find refuge in memories. In them, my remembrance of Lance, of all we had been and done and had together, had lain security. Living with them had been insurance for the future, unshakable faith in the future. Now they had become a torture to me. I had to stop remembering, and in doing that I felt cut loose and adrift.

In the family, it had been Dad who understood that best. “Don’t look at the past, honey,” he said. “That’s over and done with. Look ahead. You’re young, you’ve got lots of happiness waiting for you. Don’t waste one second’s thought on that fellow.”

It hurt me to hear Lance called “that fellow” in that tone. After all, I had loved him deeply. What Dad said was good advice, lovingly given, but I couldn’t just cut Lance out of my life like that with a contemptuous dismissal. “There must be some explanation for what he did,” I protested. “Something we can’t know about...”

“Now don’t start making excuses for him,” Dad said, almost fiercely. “What he did is inexcusable, from any point of view, and looking for reasons is clinging to the past. You forget about him!”

How could I tell him that aside from the memories, my worst misery came from knowing that Lance was no longer mine. No matter where he was, on what hellish beachhead in Normandy or in some English embarkation port, whether well or wounded, happy or wretched, in danger or safe—he no longer belonged to me. He belonged to another girl. A girl named Angela Temple, who was his wife.

Mother hovered around me protectively. She refused even to mention the name of Lance Jordan, but I knew from the tightening of her lips and the look in her eyes that she agreed with Dad that there was no excuse for what he had done. In fact, she felt even more bitter than my father. She devised ways and means to do what she called “get my mind off it,” encouraging me to go right back to my job, get out and see people, give parties. “Show the world you don’t care!” she insisted. So I couldn’t really talk to her either to try and sort out what I felt deep in my heart.

It wasn’t easy to go back to the job or to get out and see people. The office was full of the memories. I daily had to pass the stool by the tall shelves where I had tumbled into Lance’s arms and into his life. I saw his desk where he used to sit, lean and quick-looking with those blue grey eyes that could be so intent when they looked at me. Mr. Gregory, the senior partner of the law firm, knew the whole story; mother had thought it best to tell him the truth when she’d called to say I was ill. And I had to see the knowledge—the pitying awareness of me as a girl who had been jilted by a faithless lover—in his eyes.

He called me into his office the first afternoon I was back at work. “This is hard for me and harder for you, Linna,” he said in his fatherly way. “But I think maybe it will be less hard if we just come right out in the open about it. I just want to tell you that I was deeply shocked when your mother told me, and deeply hurt for you. We always regarded Lance Jordan highly in this office—thought him a fine, steady young man with the makings of a good lawyer. We wanted, of course, to keep a place here for him when he came back from the war. But now—well, I consider his behavior despicable and I’m not sure we want anyone so unstable... I don’t want to distress you, my dear, but I had to tell you how I and my partners feel. Just remember that you’re young, and that it’s better to find out a man’s weakness too early rather than too late.”

There was nothing I could do but murmur thanks for his kindness. But I longed to say something in Lance’s defense. Yet how could I? On the face of it, what was there for me to defend? I couldn’t change Mr. Gregory’s opinion. But something in me kept protesting that such a condemnation was unfair and somehow all wrong. My faith in the man I loved had been so great that there must be—must be—an explanation.

In spite of Mr. Gregory’s kind intentions, I came home terribly depressed. I met Dessy in the hall. “Any mail?” I asked, almost automatically.

“Uh-huh.” Then she gave me a sharp look. “Linna! You’re not still expecting a letter from him, are you?”

Suddenly I knew I was. Yes—desperately and yet with faith, I was expecting a letter from him.

“There will be one some time, Dessy. And he’ll explain. You’ll see; it has to be that way.”
“Because of that, I know he didn’t just go off and marry somebody else on a moment’s notice. There’s something back of it, something he will explain—”

“Well, I think he’s just a heel.” Dessy was on the verge of tears now. “And I hope you meet millions of attractive men and marry a millionaire and show him. And I hope that Angela is just awful, and he’s miserable all his life. And—and—” Words failed her and she went in her room and slammed the door, hard. Later I heard her playing her newest Tommy Dorsey record, very loud, in order to relieve her feelings. Touched as I was by Dessy’s feelings, and understanding it as well as I did, her attitude made things harder for me to bear. It was as if everybody in trying to heal my wound only probed it again. And I kept finding myself, no matter how hard I tried not to, thinking of Angela Temple.

Nights when I couldn’t sleep, idle moments at the office, pauses in some routine household task—I’d find myself repeating her name over and over and wondering about her. What was she like? She couldn’t be awful, as Dessy so wildly and loyally hoped. Lance wouldn’t have loved her if she had been. And he did love her. He’d said so . . . not the dreamy, exalted thing we knew but real and earthy . . . That’s what he’d said in that letter that still echoed like a painful pulsebeat in my life.

I remembered our last night together, and how—out of my love and the sorrow of parting—I had offered to be his wife in fact if not in name. And the way he’d said he couldn’t leave that kind of complication behind him. Was it that he had so sorely missed on the eve of going into the danger of death? Was it that that Angela had offered in a way different from his own, in a way he so desperately needed he found no need to refuse? But I rebelled against that thought. Earthly and real though their love might be, it had to be more than that.

Was she blonde or brunette? Tall or short? Laughing or serious? How had they met? Had they fallen in love at first sight or had it been a long time growing? And then I’d think of them in each other’s arms, of the ten days they’d had together, before their invasion on the fulfillment I had never known—and sometimes it was as if I had to cry out in the pain of it.

Sometimes, too, I looked at my hope chest. But I never opened it. I had never touched the key since the day I locked it. The instinctive urge to shut the door on the promise, on the very thought, of marrying Lance had been too compelling. And then one day I had to open it again. I had been waiting, blindly but with unassailable certainty, for some word from him. The explanation that would surely come. One evening when I got home from work, Dessy said with careful casualness, “A package came for you. From England. I put it in your room.”

I flew up the stairs. In the middle of my bed was a brown paper-wrapped parcel. Barely noticing that it was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, I tore it open. Then I stared down at the contents, while unshed and unshedded tears seemed to overflow in my heart.

“What is it?” Dessy asked from the doorway.

“It’s—my letters. Every letter I ever wrote Lance since he left.”

“Just returned like that, without a word from him?” I nodded, dumbly. I looked at the wrappings again. There was a return address at the address again, Jordan, and a London street number. “They were sent by—his wife,” I said.

Dessy rushed over and threw her arms around me with angry pity. “What a horrible, hateful thing to do!” she cried. “Getting her to send them back but with a touch of a coward to do it himself.”

“He might not have been able to. He might be in the invasion—”

“Oh, Linna, will you stop making excuses for him?” Dessy burst out furiously. “Can’t you see now you’ve got to forget him, stop expecting any explanation from him? There’s just not any explanation—that’s why he hasn’t made any. Instead, he gets the girl who cut you out to send back your letters. I’m glad! I’m glad it’s happened. Now you’ll have to see him for what he is.”

I felt as if someone were slowly turning a knife in the wound. “Please don’t talk about it any more,” I said brokenly. Then I got up off the bed, took the key out of the jewelry box, and unlocked the chest. I put the package of letters in the box again. Not only my dreams of the future were locked away, but part of the past, part of myself and the love I had known and the child I had been, were locked in too.

“A bunch of us are going dancing out at Hillside tonight, and you’re going with us,” Dessy announced firmly. “Oh, yes you are! I’ve already got the date for you and everything—he’s a friend of Marcia Hutt’s and he’s here on leave from the Navy and he’s just darling. He’s the right age, too—nearly twenty-five.” She stood still, arms folded in a tone that implied he was practically tottering on the brink of the grave. “His name’s Gene Somers, and you ought to wear your black dress . . . .”

She was giving me no time to protest. I didn’t want to go. It was still hard to be with people and act naturally with them. After all, Clover Hill is a small town and everybody in it knew within forty-eight hours after it happened that Lance Jordan had jilted me to marry an English girl. I’d felt the whispers, seen the looks. Some were sympathetically, some were only curious to see how I was taking it; but whatever the attitude, there had been talk and lots of it. This high-school crowd of Dessy’s, though, were young and easily forgetful of anything not concerning them directly. Maybe with them, with a new and attractive date, I, too, could forget—just for one brief moment. Maybe music and laughter could ease this new and lacerating blow.

So I went. Friday nights were known as the “Younger Set’s” night at the Inn. Ensign Gene Somers and I were about the oldest couple on the floor. He was every— (Continued on page 61)
Tightness of her mind, I felt, and I made up my mind to go right back to my job, and see for myself. "Show the world you don't care!" I insisted. So I couldn't really be sure what would happen, but I felt deep in my heart that it was too easy to go back to the job to get or to get out and see people. The office was full of the memory of the past, and the memory of the past filled the air about that old house. I had wandered into Lane's arms and into his life. I saw his desk where he used to sit, lean and look at the old house, his eyes. I had thought that he would tell me the truth when I asked him. And I could see the knowledge - the pitting dawning of a new Lane. And I was right. Lane had not been used to being a failure, and he had been a failure. I had to stop forgetting, and in doing that I felt cut loose and adrift.

In the family, it had been Dad who understood the best. "Don't look at the past, honey," he said. "That's over and done with. Look ahead. You're young, you've got lots of happiness waiting for you. Don't waste one second's thought on that fellow." It was true to hear Lane called "that fellow" in that tone. After all, I had loved him deeply. What Dad said was good advice, lovingly given, but I couldn't just cut Lane out of my life like that. I couldn't say people left me, and I had to love Lane. I had to help Lane know he was a failure. I had to stop remembering, and in doing that I felt cut loose and adrift.

"There must be some explanation for what he did," I protested. "Something I don't know about.

"Now don't start making excuses for him," Dad said, almost fiercely. "What he did is inexcusable, from any point of view, and looking for reasons is clinching the past. You forget about him!"

How could I tell him that aside from the memories, my worst misery came from knowing that Lane was no longer mine. No matter where he was, on what hillside beachhead in Normandy or in some English embankment seat, whether well or wounded, happy or wretched, in danger or safe, he was no longer of me to belong to. He belonged to another girl. A girl named Angela Temple, who was his wife.

Mother hovered around me protectively. She refused even to mention the name of Lane Jordan, but I knew she was0.76 from the tightening of her lips and the look in her eyes that she agreed with Dad that there was no excuse for what he had done. In fact, she felt even more bitter than my father. She devised ways and means to do what she called "get my mind off it," encouraging me to go right back to my job, and see for myself. "Show the world you don't care!" I insisted. So I couldn't really be sure what would happen, but I felt deep in my heart that it was too easy to go back to the job to get or to get out and see people. The office was full of the memory of the past, and the memory of the past filled the air about that old house. He had wandered into Lane's arms and into his life. I saw his desk where he used to sit, lean and look at the old house, his eyes. I had thought that he would tell me the truth when I asked him. And I could see the knowledge - the pitting dawning of a new Lane. And I was right. Lane had not been used to being a failure, and he had been a failure. I had to stop forgetting, and in doing that I felt cut loose and adrift.

"Oh, Linna, how can you?" she cried violently. "Don't you take any pride in knowing that you've got a man?"

Suddenly I know I was. Yes - desperately and yet with faith. I was expecting a letter from him, one that would tell me what he was doing to you."

Because of that, I know he didn't just go off and marry somebody else on a moment's notice. There something of it, something of it which I will explain to you."

I looked into the eyes of my friend, and I saw the world was by Desse's feelings, and understanding, she had a man. However, she felt that it was harder for her, because she didn't think of trying to heal my wound easier, and quicker. I kept finding myself, to listen to thoughts of you and not to, thinking of Angela Temple.

The next word, it was, I look, and I think, have a short time. I spoke that was true and had been ways been true, since it first happened.

Sometimes, too, I looked at my hope chest. But I never opened it. I never saw it, for me, as a memory. It was no longer mine, and I had to remember that there was nothing I had to cry out in the pain of it.

Sometines of the most important thing was the great love that I had."

"I've got the smile of you, and I can feel it."

Then she gave me a sharp look. "Linna! You're not still expecting a letter from him, are you?"

Suddenly I know I was. Yes, desperately and yet with faith. I was expecting a letter from him, one that would tell me what he was doing to you."

There will be one some time, Dessey. And he'll explain. You'll see. it has to be that way."
The GI Bill of Rights puts meaning into these words, but on

By JAY JOSTYN
Mr. District Attorney

Now, this is most important. Under the GI Bill of Rights, no person may be separated from active service until his separation is finally ordered by the President, and, at least, a substantial part of his final pay is ready for delivery. No disabled person may be separated without his consent until he has executed a claim for compensation, pension or hospitalization to be filed with the Veterans Administration. The law was framed in this way so that any delay in the receiving of benefits or hospitalization might be eliminated. If, because of ignorance, impatience, or incompetence on the part of the veteran, or anyone else, this phase of the law should be neglected, it is important that the veteran's family and friends direct and help him to make the necessary claims and adjustments as quickly as possible.

Under the GI Bill of Rights, the Veterans Administration is delegated the responsibility for a number of the Bill's provisions. In general, these benefits are restricted to those who served in the Armed Forces at least 90 days between September 16, 1940 and the end of the war, or who were discharged for service-incurred disability and, who, in addition, were separated from active duty under honorable conditions. Certain special conditions apply to eligibility for educational benefits.

For purposes of simplicity, I'd like to break the following provisions down under separate headings—loans, education and retraining benefits, payments to unemployed veterans, employment, and benefits at death and to dependents.

LOANS: The Veterans Administration is authorized to guaranty up to 50% of the principal sum of loans made to veterans for specific purposes, with a limit of $2,000 on the amount guaranteed for any one veteran. The loan may be made by any bank, corporation or individual, provided its amount and purpose are practicable and suited to the veteran's circumstances in the judgment of the Administrator of Veterans Affairs. There are provisions for further loans under special conditions.

RECENTLY, I've been running across items in newspapers, items dealing with the readjustments, problems, and plans we have for helping discharged servicemen make quick and successful returns to civilian living. And I've been wondering about these stories, not so much about their truth as about the causes that might lie behind them. I've been wondering, too, whether the friends and families of these veterans—and all our servicemen, for that matter—have any clear idea of what is provided for by the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—which is the legal name for the GI Bill of Rights.

It seems to me that's very essential—that civilians should be familiar with all that is coming to a man who has served in the Armed Forces. The Government is doing everything possible to acquaint servicemen with their rights and benefits under the GI Bill of Rights. The Army and Navy both have printed comprehensive pamphlets which are given to all veterans as they are discharged. The pamphlets explain very simply and clearly the things veterans should do immediately on being discharged, and what agencies exist to help them with all sorts of problems, from filling out claims in the restoration of old jobs or getting new ones. Also, at the time of discharge, every veteran hears a lecture which explains fully all the machinery that has been set up to help him make his healthy readjustment.

But surely we can understand how a man, anxious to return to his home, impatient, his thoughts far ahead with his family and civilian life, might not pay full attention to the lecture he is hearing, or have the patience to explore all the channels that exist to help him become a well adjusted citizen as quickly as possible. I believe that it is our duty, ours, the civilians', to assume the responsibility for tracking down the right course that must be followed. We must know what is provided for our men by law, and where to send them when they need assistance.
The purposes for which loans will be guaranteed are:
1. The purchase or construction of a home for the veteran.
2. Repairs, alterations, taxes and payment of debts on the veteran's already owned home.
3. The purchase of a farm and/or farm equipment, on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.
4. Repairs, alterations and improvements to farm buildings and equipment already owned by the veteran and used for his livelihood.
5. Purchase of a business or business property and/or business equipment and tools on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.

EDUCATION AND RETRAINING BENEFITS: These benefits have somewhat different eligibility requirements than the Bill's other benefits. I'll list them, because they are important to keep in mind in making whatever plans you will make.

1. Service in the Armed Forces on or after September 15, 1940 and prior to the termination of this war.
2. Separation from the service "under conditions other than dishonorable", EITHER for service-incurred disability, OR after having served for at least 90 days, exclusive of time assigned to a course of education or training under the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Training Program, which was a continuation of the individual's civilian education or training and was completed, and exclusive of any time during which the person was a midshipman or cadet at a Service Academy.
3. A person who has a service-connected disability, a pensionable disability and is eligible for the Vocational Rehabilitation program may elect educational benefits under this head instead.

Any veteran who meets the above requirements may take one year of education, refresher or retraining courses—or the equivalent of a year of continuous part-time study—at any approved public or private educational institution of his choice, from elementary schools through universities and professional schools, provided he can pass entrance examinations and measure up to other qualifications of the school. With the exception of those who have taken refresher or retraining courses, addi- (Continued on page 90)
RECENTLY, I've been running across items in newspapers, items dealing with the shortcomings, presumably, of the plans we have for helping discharged servicemen make quick and success- ful returns to civilian living. And I've been wondering about these stories, not so much about their truth as about the causes that might lie behind them. I've been wondering whether some of the discharged veterans of this war haven't found themselves in difficulties, not because there weren't provisions made for them and plans and organizations set up and ready to help them, but perhaps, because the veterans themselves were not fully aware of the rights and benefits coming to them. I've been wondering, too, whether the friends and families of these veterans—and all our servicemen, for that matter—have any clear idea of what is provided for by the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944—which is the legal name for the GI Bill of Rights.

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But surely we can understand how a man, anxious to return to his home, impatient, his thoughts far ahead with his family and civilian life, might not pay full attention to the lecture he is hearing, or perhaps, he can even explore all the channels that exist to help him become a well adjusted citizen as quickly as possible. I believe that is our duty, ours, the civilians', to assume the responsibility for transmitting the concept of the right course that must be followed. We must know what is provided for him by law, and where to send them when they need assistance.

By JAY JOSTYN
Mr. District Attorney

Now, this is most important. Under the GI Bill of Rights, no person may be separated from active service until his certificate of discharge or release is, at least, a substantial part of his final pay is ready for delivery. No disabled person may be separated without his consent until and unless he has exercised a right for compensation, pension or hospitalization to be filed with the Veterans Administration. The law was framed in this way so that any delay in the receiving of benefits or hospitalization might be eliminated. It, because of ignorance, impa-tience, or incompetence on the part of the veteran, or anyone else, this phase of the law should be neglected. It is important that the veteran's family and friends di rect and help him to make the necessary claims and adjustments as quickly as possible.

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For purposes of simplicity, I'd like to break the following provisions down into separate headings—loans, education and retraining benefits, payments to unemployed veterans, employment, and benefits at death and to dependents.

LOANS: The Veterans Administration is authorized to guaranty up to 50% of the principal sum of loans made to veterans, service-connected disabled veterans, their widows and widowers, for a total amount of $20,000 on the amount guaranteed for any one veteran. The loan may be made by any national bank, corporation, or individual, provid ed the amount and purpose are approved by the Department of Veterans Affairs. There are provisions for further loans under special conditions.

The GI Bill of Rights puts meaning into these words, but only if civilians, too, understand it.

The purposes for which loans will be guaranteed are:
1. The purchase or construction of a home for the veteran.
2. Repairs, alterations, taxes and payment of debts on the veteran's already owned home.
3. The purchase of a farm and/or farm equipment, on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.
4. Repairs, alterations and improvements to farm buildings and equipment already owned by the veteran and used for his livelihood.
5. Purchase of a business or business property and/or business equipment and tools on which the veteran will depend for his livelihood.

EDUCATION AND RETRAINING BENEFITS: These benefits have somewhat different eligibility requirements than the Bill's other benefits. I'll list them, because they are important to keep in mind in making whatever plans you will make.

1. Service in the Armed Forces on or after September 16, 1940 and prior to the termination of this war.
2. Separation from the service "under conditions other than dishonorable," either in service-incurred disability or after having served for at least 90 days, exclusive of time assigned to a course of education or training under the Army Specialized Training Program or the Navy College Training Program, which was a continuation of the individual's civilian education or training and was completed, or exclusive of any time served when the person was a midshipman or cadet at a Service Academy.
3. A person who has a service-connected disability, a pensionable disability and is eligible for the Vocational Rehabilitation program may elect educational benefits under this head instead.

Any veteran who meets the above requirements may take one year of education, refresher or training course—or the equivalent of a year of continuous full-time study—at any approved public or private educational institution of his choice, from elementary schools through universities. The veteran may be required to pass entrance examinations and measure up to other qualifications of the school. With the exception of those who have taken refresher or retraining courses, all are eligible for educational benefits under this head.

JAY JOSTYN has become identified with the radio character "Mr. District Attorney." He has difficulty convincing his audience that he has no legal degree. It is acting that Jay is qualified to practice, not law, and he has been doing that very successfully in radio for the past ten years. Born in Milwaukee, he started acting in elementary school, continued during college, toured this country and Canada in stock, and finally settled down in radio, happy even though he is rarely cast as a hero. "Mr. District Attorney" is heard Wednesday, NBC.
Now I could listen to the song; I need never again be afraid of it.
THERE is something eerie about a radio broadcast station in the early hours of the morning. So much emptiness and space, so many shadows. But I loved it. To me, it was a refuge.

Professionally speaking, I was a "pancake turner" on the "ghost" shift—which meant that I turned over records played in broadcasts from midnight to five A.M. Before I had taken the job, those hours were the longest and bitterest for me. I knew how much it meant to be able to tune in on a musical program that lulled you back into a kind of peace after hours of tossing in bed. I had done it so often!

"People don't stay long on this job," the personnel manager of the station had admitted. "It gets them after a while—those creepy hours and all."

"It won't get me," I said quickly.

He gave me a sharp glance. "A girl like you ought to be after a daytime job so that she can have her evenings free for a good time."

Something in my face must have betrayed me because he added hastily, "But I'm glad you feel you can stick it out. Good luck ... By the way, how long did you say you had been in town?"

"Just a week," I acknowledged. And felt the hot color dye my cheeks. Had he guessed that I had come to this big midwestern city to lose myself? To forget—if I could? I was a complete stranger. All the world I'd known was back in Hannibal. The world in which I had been brought up by a kindly but dominating aunt and surrounded by her well-meaning friends. Looking back, I realized with something of a shock that I had never had any real life of my own—except for my music. That was the very core of my existence. But my aunt had closely supervised the rest of my life. I was twenty when she died. An immature, bewildered twenty. Not even Ann, my one real girl friend, could help me. "Amanda Hathaway," she stormed, "don't you realize you've got everything? If I had your looks I'd be a Cover Girl in New York, so help me! And you've got talent besides. Everybody says you probably will be a great concert pianist. What you need is to get around more, meet more people—especially boys!"

So I "went around more." To the Town Hall dances and the Grange parties. And at one of them I met Steve Wiler.

Steve "happened" to me. I don't remember ever being introduced to him.

We were all doing a Paul Jones, and suddenly there he was in front of me, swinging me into his arms. "Now," he said, "I know why I came to Hannibal!

Loneliness frightened Amanda; but when she tried

to hide from it in the darkness, with

her music as a shield, she found that it was love,

instead, that she was hiding from

Something about him spelled adventure and mystery. His bold, black eyes seemed to kindle fires in mine.

"You go to a man's head. You must know that," he said softly. "With that midnight hair of yours, and those green eyes ... it's like holding Circe in the flesh."

No one had ever talked to me like that before. No one had ever made me feel so excitingly alive.

Three days later I ran away with Steve and married him.

That was a little more than a year ago. A year of such emotional upheaval that it had left me feeling lost and empty ... Oh, at first it had been heaven. Steve had a special magic for me and he knew it. His kisses were what I lived for. I welcomed with a kind of exaltation the wild, uncontrollable emotion that swept me at his touch. If our life together lacked a solid foundation I was not aware of it. Not at first. I took for granted everything he told me about himself, that he was an "itinerant reporter," and did pieces for several of the state's largest newspapers. It added even more glamour to him. "We'll circle the globe, baby, and keep our head in the clouds. That's the only fun in life!" he'd say, lifting me up against him. And I would close my eyes as his lips came down hard on mine, and even the stars were blotted out . . .

My aunt had left me a little money, so there was no immediate worry about finances. Hannibal is not an expensive place to live and I had been taught how to stretch every dollar. So our honeymoon was prolonged through the weeks without such practical words as "work" and "a job" shattering the dream. We often went for picnics in the woods just north of town. Sometimes Steve would read aloud—Maugham, Keats, other favorites of his—with my head resting on his shoulder, and our fingers entwined. In the outside world a war was going on but it seemed very far away, far removed from Hannibal. There was a prayer of thankfulness in my heart that Steve had done his bit as a war correspondent, that he was here safe in my arms.

Then one morning I woke up and the pillow beside me was empty. Steve was standing at the foot of my bed,
fully dressed. There was an odd expression on his face. "Look, Amanda, this isn't working out and I guess you know it. I'm not the marrying type. I don't like being bound. Sorry, kid, but this is so long." He picked up his hat and went out the door. That was the last I saw of him.

It was like a hideous nightmare from which there is no awakening. I was a failure as a wife. The thought made me writhe. It took hold of me until I was haunted by it. Oh, it was all very well to say that the fault was Steve's—
that the restless, mercurial quality which was part of his fascination, was also his undoing. And mine. But in my secret heart I kept asking, "What did I do wrong? How could I have held him?"

It was Ann's suggestion that I leave Hannibal and try to take new roots in the city. 'I'd go with you, Mandy darling, but I think you need to be on your own entirely. A brand new place, new faces, nothing to remind you . . .

"Nothing to remind me except my heart. That terrible hunger in it.

And so I had come to the city and taken this night job in the broadcasting station. An empty shell of a girl, drifting. Without faith in myself or faith in the future. Loneliness can be a dreadful thing. I had no opportunity to make friends even if I wanted to because of the peculiar hours I kept. And so letters from the listeners-in became vitally important.

A mother wanted me to play "The Moon of Manakoora" because it reminded her of her boy somewhere in Belgium . . . A night watchman down at the docks asked for cowboy songs . . . Some defense plant workers sent in a request for "That's An Irish Lullaby" to be played at 3:05 each morning when they had a rest period . . . But most of the people who listened in during those long night hours were people either too lonely or too ill to sleep. I felt a close sympathy for them. Especially for the two who wrote me regularly—"Aunt Emma," and a man who signed himself simply "D. Whitcomb."

Aunt Emma had been a shut-in for ten years. And she loved boogie-woogie, of all things! The hotter, the better. She wrote crisp, amusing little notes that completely ignored her own paralyzed condition. "When Henry James tootles, I can almost imagine myself dancing!" she wrote once. It's funny how much you can pour out of yourself in a letter to a stranger. I knew that Aunt Emma had a fierce little pride under all her fun, that she was gentle and wise and quiet alone in the world. Except for the landlady who looked after her for an extra sum and probably used up all her money. "Do you think I'm wicked," she wrote in one of her letters, "because I'd like a silk nightie and that Lilith perfume? In three more weeks I'll have enough saved to buy the nightie!"

Without ever having met her, I loved Aunt Emma.

"D. Whitcomb" was harder to pigeon-hole. I tried to imagine what he was like. A man probably quite old because his writing had a scrally, aged look. And he liked semi-classical pieces and all the old favorites like "Marquita," and "Moonlight and Roses." But he said very little about himself beyond the fact that he had a dog, an English pit bull, named Whitey. Every time I played "The Desert Song" the man swore that Whitey "sang" an accompaniment. "He must have some wild, Moorish blood in him somewhere!" wrote D. Whitcomb.

I had some satisfaction in answering the letters—little tidbits about the broadcasting station and the new records. Once, I enclosed in Whitcomb's letter an Arabian star which I had picked up in some shop. "To attach to Whitey's collar and bring out the Red Shadow in him!" I said.

The next morning at five o'clock when I finished work, the janitor said, "Somebody's waiting for you out front, Miss Hathaway." Steve, my heart cried, oh, Steve, let it be you! I was using my maiden name again because somehow I didn't feel I had the right to use
Steve's. I had failed him so.
But it was not my husband waiting. It was a man I had never seen before. A man who was slim and hard and tall. Even in the pale glow of the street lights you could see how taut he was. And tired. My eyes fell to the dog sitting, unblinking, at his feet. A white dog. I went forward then and held out my hand. "Hello, D. Whitcomb," I said.
His grin flashed almost shyly. He was surprisingly young. "We thought we would help you bring in the dawn, Whitey and I," he said. "Besides, he wanted to show off that star on his collar!"
Whitey got up slowly and circled around me as if to make sure I was all right. Then, with a little grunt, he sat down on my foot. I laughed. With something of a shock I realized it was the first time I had laughed in months. "You're elected," said Whitcomb. "That's his official approval . . . Do you have to go straight home or could we have breakfast somewhere?"
We had scrambled eggs and coffee at an all-night stand around the corner. Then he suggested something I had never thought of before. Going down to the docks to watch the sun rise over the river. We sat on the pier and swung our feet against the palings. A soft wind blew against our faces, fragrant and heady. Gold shot through the sky. Then scarlet that dyed the ugly city skyline deep rose and washed the river with enchantment. "I come here often," said D. Whitcomb after a moment. "It's the one place I feel at home since I've come back."
"Back from where?" I asked softly.
"The South Pacific." His eyes were fastened on the water. I looked at him, at the strong clear profile that was so strangely shadowed. As if the important part of his youth had been left behind him. He was trembling. "It's cold here," I said quickly. "Let's walk." But even before he spoke I knew it was not cold that troubled him.
"I've a medical discharge—without ever getting a scratch on me. Funny, eh?" There was no bitterness in his voice. Only a kind of despair. "Battle fatigue, they call it. I was blown out of a foxhole and I've had the shaves ever since. Can't control 'em, especially at night. That is why your music helps so," he turned and I knew it was not my pity he asked for. D. Whitcomb was the kind to hate pity.
"Music can do a lot for everybody," I tried to say it lightly. "I'd like to play only the lovely melodies—the sort you prefer—during the program, but we have requests for so many different kinds."
"I don't know much about any of it," he said, with that shy grin again. "But I'd like to learn."
"Then I'll teach you!"
His hand reached out for mine, clung to it. "Could we . . . please don't think I'm trying to rush things, but could we begin tonight?"

**There** was a hunger in his eyes. A hunger such as only one thing can bring—loneliness. I knew only too well all the signs of that. The dreary stretch of the days, the blackness of the nights. I was only too familiar with it.

As if afraid I would refuse he added hastily, "I don't know many people here anymore. Things can change a lot in three years. And I have no family . . . ."

I had a sudden inspiration. Maybe it was because I was thinking of how many lonely people there were in the world. Aunt Emma, for instance. I told him about her as we stood there on the corner with the clear beauty of dawn flooding the sky. "Perhaps you'd like to go there with me to meet her?"
"Yes," he said. "I'd like that. She sounds—swell." His face lighted with enthusiasm. "Look, I'll dig up some of her Lilith perfume, and you get Aunt Emma the nightdress. We'll give her a surprise party! . . . Now I'll take you home so you can get some sleep."
"I'll never forget that evening. Never, as long as I live. Aunt Emma lived in an old part of (Continued on page 66)
fully dressed. There was an odd expression on his face. "Look, Amanda, this isn't working out and I guess you know it. I'm not the marrying type. I don't like being bound. Sorry, kid, but this is so long." He picked up the hat and went out the door. That was the last I saw of him.

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I was Ann's suggestion that I leave Harmsworth and try to take new roots in the city. "I'd go with you, Manny darling, but I think you need to be on your own entirely. A brand new place, new faces, nothing to remind you. Nothing to remind me except my heart. That terrible hunger in it.

And so I had come to the city and taken this night job in the broadcasting station. An empty shell of a girl, drifting. Without faith in myself or faith in the future. Loneliness can be a dreadful thing. I had no opportunity to make friends even if I wanted to because of the peculiar hours I kept. And so letters from the little hits he became vitally important.

A mother wanted me to play "The Moon of Manakoro" because it reminded her of her boy somewhere in Belgium. A nightman down at the docks asked for cowboy songs... Some defense plant workers went in a request for: "That's An Irish Lullaby" to be played at 3:05 each morning when they had a twenty minute period. Most of the people who listened in during those long night hours were people either too lonely or too ill to sleep. I felt a close sympathy for them. Especially for the two who wrote me regularly—"Aunt Emma," and a man who signed himself simply "D. Whitcomb."

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"D. Whitcomb" was harder to pigeon-hole. I tried to imagine what he was like. A man probably quite old because his writing had a scruffy, aged look. He liked semi-classical pieces and all the old favorites like "Marquita," and "Moonlight and Roses." But he said very little about himself beyond the fact that he had a dog, an English pit bull, named Whitey. Every time I played "The Desert Song" the man swore at Whitey "hang him" in his accompaniment. "He must have some wild, Morrocan blood in him somewhere," wrote D. Whitcomb.

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The next morning at five o'clock when I finished work, the janitor said, "Somebody's waiting for you out front." Miss Hathaway. Stree, my heart cried, oh, Stree, let be you! I was using my maiden name again because somebody didn't feel I had the right to use Steve's. I had failed him so.

But it was not my husband waiting. It was a man I had never seen before. A man who was slim and hard and street lights you could see how he was. And tired. My eyes fell to the street umbrella, slouching, at his feet. A white dog. I went forward then and held out my hand. "Hello, D. Whitcomb," I said.

His grin flashed almost shy. He was surprisingly young. "We thought you'd help you bring in the dawn. Whitey and I," he said. "Besides, he wanted to show off that star on his collar!" Whitely got up slowly and circled around me as if to make sure I was all right. Then, with a little grunt, he sat down on my foot. I laughed. With something of a shock I realized it was the first time I had laughed in months. "You're elected," said Whitcomb. That's his official approval... Do you have to go home straight or could we have breakfast somewhere?"

We had scrambled eggs and coffee at an all-night stand around the corner. Then he suggested something I had never thought of before. Going down to the docks to watch the sun rise. A soft wind blew against our faces, fragrant and heavy. Gold shot through the sky. Then scattered. A half-ugly city skyline deep rose and washed the river with enchantment. "I come here often," said D. Whitcomb after a moment. "It's the one place I feel at home since I've come back."

"Back from where?" I asked softly.

"The South Pacific," His eyes were fastened on the water. I looked at him at the strong clear profile that was so strangely shadowed. As if the important part of his youth had been left behind him. He was trembling. "It's old here," I said quietly. "Let's walk." But even before he spoke I knew it was not cold that troubled him.

"I've a medical discharge—without even getting a scratch on me. Funny, isn't there was no bitterness in his voice. Only a kind of despair. "Battle fatigue, they call it. I was blown out of a foxhole and I've had the shakes ever since. Can't control 'em, especially at night. That is why your music helps me." He turned and I knew it was not my pity he asked for. D. Whitcomb was the kind to hate pity.

"Music can do a lot for everybody," I tried to say it lightly. "I'd like to play for you whenever you prefer—but the program, the arrangements, it is under control."

"I don't know much about any of it."

"Your are a lady!" I shouted. "But I'd like to learn."

"Then FB teach you."

His hand reached out for mine, clung to it. "Could we . . . please don't think I'm trying to rush things, but could we begin tonight?"

THERE was a hunger in his eyes. A hunger such as only one thing can bring—loneliness. I knew too well the signs of that. The dreary stretch of the days, the blackness of the nights. I was only too familiar with it.

As if afraid I would refuse he added hastily. "I don't know many people here anymore. Things can change a lot in three years. And I have no friends..."

I had a sudden inspiration. Maybe it was because I was thinking of how lonely people were in the world. Aunt Emma, for instance. I told him about her. Her grandmother a landlady in an old house on the corner with the clear beauty of a foreign land. And shown me how to go there with me to meet her. "Yes," he said, "I'd like that. She stopped!" His face lighted with enthusiasm. "Look, I'll dig up some old photographs of Aunt Emma tonight. Aunt Emma the Nightbird. We'll give her a surprise party! . . . Now I'll take you to your home sleep."

I'll never forget that evening. Never, as long as I have a home anywhere. An old part of (Continued on page 68)
Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians on the Blue, Thursdays, 10:00 P.M. EWT.

THE TIME IS NOW

The Waring chorus, the whole orchestra, combine in a stirring arrangement of the song that Fred Waring has written to spark the coming 7th War Loan Drive

By FRED WARING

Moderato

CHORUS—Sing in "Hush-Tones"
Not fast—Deliberate, spiritual, march-tempo

THE TIME IS NOW, THE TIME IS NOW, It's time to heed the

a tempo

writ-in' on the wall For the world won't wait, since

Fate set the date and the time THE TIME IS NOW

Copyright 1943 by Words and Music Inc., 1697 Broadway, New York International Copyright Secured. Printed in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved.
Oh that Yankee Do-or-Die is on the go again
See a mighty show again, The curtain's going up!
Can't you hear the call, That call to give your all,
And the bell, We'll send them all to hell!

The time is now - The time is now - The time is now.
IF YOU had come to me, a year ago, and asked, Who are you? I would have had no trouble answering. I would have told you swiftly that "I'm Betty Kent, and I'm nineteen years old, and I'm just about to go to work at a new job as mail clerk at radio station WCTZ, and I've lived all my life here in Hathaway, and I'm engaged to marry David Johnson. And," I probably would have added, "there's nothing very interesting about me or my life. I'm just normal and ordinary."

But if you had come to me a few weeks later, and asked again, Who are you? I wouldn't have known what to answer. I would have had to say, "I thought I was Betty Kent, a normal, ordinary girl. But now I don't know. Now there seems to be another person, a new me, who has taken possession of my heart and mind—a new Betty Kent who does strange and frightening things, who has dreams and hopes and desires I never imagined I could have . . ."

I know now that all of us are two people, or have potentialities of being two. Sometimes the "normal, ordinary" person you think yourself to be remains in domination, and you go on being your normal, ordinary self to the end of your days. Sometimes the other "you" gains ascendancy, and you become a person you never dreamed of being—perhaps a person you hate to acknowledge as yourself—and your whole world, the whole pattern of your life, goes terrifyingly awry.

That's what happened to me. I found that I was not the girl I thought I was, at all, but someone quite, quite different.

I found that I was willing to give up everything of importance—everything that before had been important in my life: the love and respect of my family and friends, my planned-for future with David—for the wild and frightening ecstasy I found in the arms of a stranger.

It began the first day that I went to work at my new job at WCTZ. I had been shown the tiny cubicle that was my "office", told how to sort the fan mail into the pigeon-hole box that covered one wall, been given instructions about tabulating the mail count as to program and place of origin, and left to myself with a big pile of mail to work on. And then Jerry came in.

He came quietly, so there was no sound of footsteps to warn of his com-

What kind of a girl was Betty Kent? Two

men thought they knew, and Betty was sure she

knew; but only one of the three understood the truth
ing. He didn't speak, so I didn't know by the sound of his voice that there was someone behind me. But I knew he was there, as easily as I would have known if his arrival had been heralded by trumpets. His very presence was like a hand on my shoulder, bidding me to turn and look at him—to look into the eyes of a new kind of life, a new way of living, that was beginning for me this very moment.

"Aren't you new here?" he asked, as I turned slowly in my chair to face him. Ordinary enough words, so ordinary that I didn't hear them as words, but only as the sound of a voice—a voice that was somehow richly warm and deliciously cool at once, that had laughter and mockery somewhere behind it, a voice that would not keep its distance, but searched its way close inside me, and asked—demanded—more than casual friendship from the first moment.

"I—yes, I am," I managed. "My name is Betty Kent."

He grinned, and I saw the mockery and teasing I'd heard in his voice rise to his eyes. "Not to me. To me, your name is Bunny. Because you're little and gentle and sweet and—and soft—"

I felt color warming my cheeks. "I don't like—" I began, but his laughter cut me short.

"You don't like me? Nonsense—you don't know me well enough to like or dislike." He moved closer to me, and his hand rested lightly, as if it were an old, familiar gesture, on my shoulder. "Besides—are you sure you don't like me? Don't you want to change your mind?"

"I didn't say I didn't like you," I countered, much more defensively than necessary. Suddenly I sounded incredibly young and foolish in my own ears. "And you just said yourself that I didn't know you well enough to—"

His smile widened to laughter.

"Whoa—wait a minute. I didn't mean to make a fate-of-nations issue of it, Bunny. Suppose you just give me my mail and let me get out of here?"

He had a way of putting you in the wrong. That was my first taste of it, but I learned quickly, in the days that followed.

I could find out very little about him from the girls in the office. His name was Jerry Linder; he was the announcer on the Pick-A-Tune show which went on for half an hour late every evening; (Continued on page 73)
I felt tears rising again. "David—David, what's wrong with me?"
ALL sorts of funny things can happen to young people when they meet. They can, for instance, fall in love without knowing it. That's what happened to Alan and me. We fell in love the very first moment we met—but it was a year before we realized it! You could very well point out that that's easy to say, now—that we know we're in love, and that we're safely married—but honestly, it isn't second guessing. Every single thing we did during the twelve long months it took our hearts to get the idea across to our minds proved it.

By Mrs. ALAN YOUNG

During that year, we saw each other only three times. On the fourth meeting, Alan proposed. At least, that's my story. He says he didn't really propose at all, and I suppose he'll tease me about it the rest of our lives. "If I got a ring for you, would you wear it?" he asked me. And I answered, "Yes!"—very promptly. Alan still insists that he was talking about a friendship, not an engagement ring. But what could he do when, two days later, he had a letter from my mother, saying in part, "I'm so very happy at the thought of you two children starting out on married life . . . ." But that's getting ahead of the story. Alan and I met in Vancouver—our club drove up there from my home in Seattle for an entertainment and dance. I sat next to a very charming stranger during the entertainment, and she pointed out a young fellow on the stage and whispered, "That's my son!" Her voice was very definitely added, And he's wonderful! "You must meet him," she told me. I'm a pretty lucky girl that she didn't forget her promise. When the show was over, she introduced me to her daughter Harriette, and we went off in search of the son—Alan, of course.

The very fact that I danced every dance that first night with Alan is significant in itself. Because—as the boy I'd come with very realistically pointed out—Alan simply isn't the sort of fellow to make a girl swoon with joy simply because of his terpsichorean ability. In fact, my escort didn't like the whole idea, insisted on leaving the dance early and made different arrangements about driving home the next morning so that I wouldn't have a chance to see Alan again. He must have seen a light in my eye that I didn't even know was there!

On the way home I told him that Alan was absolutely nothing in my life. "Besides," I added, "it's not likely that I'll ever lay eyes on him again." I thought I told the truth—I doubted that Alan even remembered my last name, and I was sure he hadn't any idea where I lived.

But quiet people like Alan are often very persevering souls in their own way, as I soon found out. He learned my last name from a Vancouver boy, discovered my approximate address from a girl who had once been to my house, and trusted to the efficiency of the U. S. mails to do the rest. And so, in a couple of weeks, I had a letter. There's no reason in the world why I should have kept it, but I did—I still have it. And there was no reason in the world, I thought, for me to ask mother's permission to have him down for the weekend. But I did that, too.

Alan later admitted, under pressure, that he thought we were all slightly crazy. His family was quiet, with a true British reserve. My large family

Alan's one-year-old show (Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M. EWT) has zoomed into the top comedy spot on the Blue.
Mary Ann wanted to hold Alan's hand; she waited for his letters; she didn't like that other girl in his arms. But it took her a year to add it up to love!

Mary Ann doesn't believe that "opposites attract"; she and Alan are in love because they're the same kind of people.

was noisy—we had American exuberance. The front door was always open, and each of us had lots of friends. Somehow twelve to sixteen usually managed to sit down for dinner at our house.

A lot of new things happened to Alan on that first weekend visit. We went on a hayride—something he'd never done before. We built a big fire on the beach. For the first time in his life he ate watermelon—and liked it. Also for the first time in his life a girl whom he scarcely knew held his hand. As a matter of fact I held his hand quite shamelessly all the time—on the hayride, on the beach, and when we went shopping for a present for his sister.

He must have liked it—for in three weeks he was back again. But this time I didn't know he was coming, and I had other dates. We finally had to find him another girl, and he went off feeling that I had definitely given him the brush-off—a new word to him, too.

All of a sudden, I began to think about Alan. I composed lovely letters which I never got around to committing to paper. I imagined meetings in which I came off with flying colors. I paid more attention to my hair and my clothes, so that every time I stepped out of the house I looked as nice as I possibly could—after all, you never know whom you're going to meet on the street—who might suddenly appear!

But actually, I still didn't know I was in love. I had lots of friends, and I was busy. I just used Alan as a frame for my spare-time dreams.

By the time our club next went to Vancouver, I had a frantic crush on the boy with whom I drove up. Just the same, I didn't like it when I learned that Alan and the girl he had dated down home were playing the romantic leads in the play which preceded the dance.

"Let's just sit in the coke bar and talk," I suggested to my crowd. "Who wants to see an old amateur play?"

But I did sneak away after a while, long enough to see the girl in Alan's arms on the (Continued on page 87)
A beflowered buffet table will make a real party of your June wedding, for it's a little less formal, a little less work—and more fun for your guests.

FOR June, traditional month of marriages, I have worked out a wedding menu to be served buffet style. Simplicity and adaptability are its keynote. The appealing cherubs which grace the table will blend with any decorative scheme and the recipes are equally appropriate for a home wedding with only family as guests or when a church service is followed by refreshments at the bride's home. The informality of buffet service eases strain on those who are doing the cooking and serving, and it helps guests who may not know each other too well in getting acquainted. This menu suggestion will fit in well with almost any wedding plans, no matter at what hour of the day the ceremony may be; fruit cup consisting of grapefruit sections and strawberries; jellied chicken salad, thin herb sandwiches, sherbet, wedding cake, coffee, nuts and raisins.

Jellied Chicken Salad
(Serves 8, 1/2 cup per serving)
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 pint hot water

BY KATE SMITH
RADIO ROMANCES
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7 EWT.

½ cup diced cooked chicken
½ cup cooked peas
½ cup diced cucumber or chopped olives
½ cup diced celery
1 tbl. chopped pimiento
4 tsps. vinegar
1 tbl. oil
1 1/4 tsps. salt
Dash pepper
Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Cool until slightly thickened. Combine chicken and vegetables with mixture of vinegar, oil, salt and pepper; let stand to marinate. Fold into slightly thickened gelatin. Turn into loaf pan, 8 x 4 x 3 inches. Chill until firm. Serve in slices on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise or salad dressing, if desired.

Thin Herb Sandwiches
Chop very fine basil, parsley or chives and mix with creamed butter or margarine. Spread on thin slices of white, whole wheat or cracked wheat bread and cut into fancy shapes. Figure on ½ cup chopped herbs to ¼ cup butter or margarine. Be sure bread is very thin, butter mixture soft enough to spread.

Wedding Cake
Preparation: Have shortening at room temperature. Grease 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan, line bottom with waxed paper, and grease again. Light the oven and set for moderate (Continued on page 86)
INSIDE RADIO Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

8:00 CBS: Newsmith's Story
8:00 NBC: News and or Recital
8:00 MBS: Church of the Air
8:15 CBS: The Big Idea
8:15 MBS: Down Home
8:15 NBC: Singalong Hour
9:00 CBS: The Bottom Line
9:00 MBS: Fourth Hour
9:00 NBC: The Morning Show
9:15 CBS: The World of Science
9:15 MBS: The Fatherhood of Man
9:15 NBC: Lassie
9:30 CBS: The Yank
9:30 MBS: The Traveler
9:30 NBC: CBS Junior Play
10:00 CBS: C.W. Anderson
10:00 MBS: The Barn
10:00 NBC: John Brown's Body
10:05 CBS: Columbia Screwdriver
10:05 MBS: The Enchanted
10:05 NBC: The Gyp
10:30 CBS: The Haunted House
10:30 MBS: The Gambling Man
10:30 NBC: The False Dream
11:00 CBS: The Radio Mirror
11:00 MBS: The Radio Mirror
11:00 NBC: The Radio Mirror
11:30 CBS: The Big Idea
11:30 MBS: The Big Idea
11:30 NBC: The Big Idea
12:00 CBS: The Big Idea
12:00 MBS: The Big Idea
12:00 NBC: The Big Idea

MMMM

8:00 CBS: News
8:00 NBC: Breakfast Club
8:15 CBS: Ed & Polly Last
8:15 NBC: Newscast
8:15 MBS: Newsmaker
8:30 CBS: My True Story
8:30 MBS: Nation's Rations
8:30 NBC: Story of the Air
9:00 CBS: Robert St. John
9:00 MBS: Natchez Big Band
9:00 NBC: The Big Band
9:15 CBS: Finders Keepers
9:15 MBS: The Big Idea
9:15 NBC: The Big Idea
9:30 CBS: The Big Idea
9:30 MBS: The Big Idea
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7:30 NBC: The Big Idea

Y U O G O T T A  E A T . . .

Sgt. Arthur Laurens is the GI responsible for those terrific Assignment Home shows that you hear every Saturday afternoon at 4:30 (EWT) over CBS. If you haven't heard the show, make a point of it. It deals with what is being done to rehabilitate returning soldiers—and with what will have to be done with them in the future. Sgt. Laurens is a stocky sort of character with stubby dark hair and a ready laugh. He's had checked time of it, but in retrospect he can laugh it all at.

The checkering began in his early years. He was born in New York, grew up all over the country, and when he returned to New York and started to settle down a little.

At Cornell, he and a group of enthusiasts formed a radio guild—probably the first radio guild on any campus. The group wrote, produced, and acted its own scripts and had a swell time doing it.

Clutching his B.A. Laurens left Cornell and tackled New York's radio stations for a job. He beat his way around from door to door, but he also found he had to eat. One job that kept him from starving—and that just barely—was a counter man in a Chock Full O'Nuts bakery. He still can't bear the sight of cream cheese.

Then he heard about a radio course to be given at N. Y. U. by one Bill Robson. Bill Robson was the idol of all young people with radio ambitions. He was the producer of the Columbia Workshop. Laurens quit his job at once and rushed back to enroll.

He attended classes for six weeks. Every day some new guest lecturer would turn up, but the famous Robson—never. Laurens decided this was a gyp. He called at the office to demand his money back, only to be told that the script he had turned in as one of the class assignments had been chosen by Mr. Robson for production on the Columbia Workshop. Laurens didn't get his money back—he forgot all about it.

After that, for awhile, Arthur Laurens was doing all right.

Can he get the prosperity, with regular assignments for Mr. District Attorney, Thin Man, Cavalcade of America and Man Behind the Gun.

The Armistice Radios" early back in 1941—and his career in the armed forces has been as checkered as the rest of his life. After his basic training, he was made a truck driver at Fort Benning. Then, he was made a paratrooper. Then, the Signal Corps got him to write training films. Finally, he got where he belonged—on the staff of the Army Service Forces Presents show. One of its scripts, "The Knife" made such an impression that Sec'Y Stimson ordered a repeat broadcast of it.
THE VOICE—OF THE ASF...

The Army Service Forces Radio Unit plans to burn all shows on the air these days. And one of the people responsible for the superior quality of the acting, at least, on these shows is a corporal named Carl Rukauf. Corp. Rukauf does so much acting, announcing and narrating on the ASF shows that you hear Monday through Friday at 5 p.m. (EWT) over CBS and on the Mutual network. All the jobs the Army Service Forces on Wednesdays at 12:30 p.m. (EWT), that he's come to be known as the Voice of the Army Service Forces.

He was born in Philadelphia and grew up there; kind of dreamed his way to a B.A. degree, got his first job on the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, a ponderous, heavy-knuckled newspaper, known as the "Sleeping Giant." Then, one hot summer day, while Carl Rukauf was trying to stay bearably cool by drinking a little beer, a very inconsiderate and nervous gentle man managed to get himself bumped off. The Bulletin's rival, the Evening Ledger, carried the story, but the Bulletin did not. Mr. Rukauf was soon offered a job with a newspaper, and he was not willing to accept the job. Rather, he turned himself into a job with the Ledger, where he remained until the depression forced that paper to cut down.

That left him with only the theatre. He worked at the Hedgerome Theatre for about two years. Then, as he says, the ham came out in him and he decided to tackle Broadway. He got jobs easily enough. The only trouble was that he always partly missed. Every time a play would close, Rukauf would talk himself into an announcing job on some local radio station. The job was big and he was new, but he just didn't feel the pressure. Finally, he hit a year's run in "Leave It To Me," playing the juvenile lead opposite Tatum, who, he says, "was a very swell lady." Success rather changed his attitude toward the scrambling-around kind of living he'd been making. He went after radio work seriously and with very little job security, because of the jobs he possibly could handle on all the top shows.

The U. S. Army beckoned in October 1942. The Classification Officer who interviewed Rukauf had to have got just a little confused by all of Rukauf's background, training and experience. So, Carl Rukauf went to Ft. McClellan, Alabama, to take his basic training in the Infantry. After his basic he was transferred to Ft. Benning, Georgia, where he was put to slightly better use as an instructor. Then, the Film Division of the Signal Corps heard of him and he was transferred to Astrous, Long Island, to work in training films. From there he was transferred to the Army Service Forces Radio Unit and proceeded to earn himself the title of the Voice of the Army Service Forces.

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**TUESDAY**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>Your Life Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>CBS News</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>NBC News</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>American School of the Air</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>CBS Life Is Mine</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>Wally Lady</td>
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<td>NBC News</td>
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**WEDNESDAY**

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**Voice of the American Service Forces (ASF)**

**Owner/Host:**

Carl Rukauf

**Content Details:**

The Voice of the American Service Forces (ASF) is a radio program that provides entertainment and information to service members and their families. The show features various segments including news, music, and other educational content designed to support and engage the military community. The program is broadcasted over several networks including CBS and Mutual. It aims to enhance the morale and well-being of servicemen and women by offering a range of quality programming that resonates with their experiences and interests.
Eileen Barton, young and lovely songstress, is featured on "The Let Yourself Go show"—WABC-CBS Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EWT—has done more singing in her eighteen years than many professionals do in a lifetime.

Eileen was one of those theatrical children who was almost literally raised in a trunk. Her father and mother were vaudevillians—the team of Ben and Eileen Barton—and always on the go, from one theatre to another, one hotel to another.

Little Eileen made her professional debut at the age of three on the stage of the Kansas City Theatre, singing "Ain't Misbehavin'" and made a big hit. Such a big hit, in fact, that soon she was appearing in New York with Ted Healy and his Gang on the stage of the old Palace Theatre. By the time Eileen was six, she was a seasoned performer, singing no less than 18 songs a week on her own daily commercial program over a New York station.

The fact that she could handle a microphone as easily as most children her age manage a tricycle is a tribute to several major network guest appearances. Before she was nine years old, she had appeared on the Rudy Vallee program and with Eddie Cantor and others.

She has a deep, throaty voice that makes you think she's a lot older than she really is. She's been singing in the same range since she was five and she's never had a singing lesson in her life.

That Eileen didn't disappear from the air lanes permanently at the age of fourteen is one of the many child stars who have been involved in one way or another with television, radio, or both. She's been a regular on such programs as "Children's Hour," "Breakfast Time," and "Here's to Romance."

Last year Frank Sinatra chose her to be the featured singer on the Frank Sinatra Show. He picked her after listening to a recording, without knowing who she was and out of dozens of girls who were auditioned personally and by record. Eileen remained on that program for seven months and then left it to take over the vocal spot on "Let Yourself Go!"

Luckily for Eileen, working with someone like Milton Berle who would just as soon make up his shows as he goes along, she's got a fine sense of timing and can handle dialogue with assurance. In her spare time, Eileen likes to go bowling—where her timing also comes in handy.
## SATURDAY

### Eastern War Time

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<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>P.W.T.</th>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: News of the World</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: News of the World</td>
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<td>8:00</td>
<td>CBS: Music of Today</td>
<td>Grid: Music of Today</td>
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<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC: Richard Leiber, Organist</td>
<td>Grid: Richard Leiber, Organist</td>
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<td>8:30</td>
<td>CBS: Mission Goes A-Shopping</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>CBS: Margaret Brion</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>CBS: Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: Mary Lou Taylor</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: What's Cooking—Variety</td>
<td>Grid: What's Cooking—Variety</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
<td>CBS: Bob Dyer</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC: Land of the Lost</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>CBS: First Piano Quartet</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
<td>CBS: Let's Pretend</td>
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<td>CBS: Transatlantic Quiz—London</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>CBS: The Land of the Lost</td>
<td>Grid: The Land of the Lost</td>
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<td>12:00</td>
<td>CBS: Your Family</td>
<td>Grid: Your Family</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>CBS: Report to the Nation</td>
<td>Grid: Report to the Nation</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
<td>CBS: Symphonies for Youth</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: Report from Washington</td>
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<td>1:45</td>
<td>CBS: Report from London</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:00</td>
<td>CBC: Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>CBC: Of Men and Books</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC: Grandpop</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>NBC: Carolina Hayride</td>
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<td>CBS: Symphony</td>
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<td>CBS: Syncopation Piece</td>
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<td>CBS: Report from Washington</td>
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<td>CBS: Report from Overseas</td>
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<td>CBS: Assignment News</td>
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<td>CBS: Music on Display</td>
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<td>CBS: Music for Half an Hour</td>
<td>Grid: Music for Half an Hour</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>CBS: Report from London</td>
<td>Grid: Report from London</td>
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<td>2:00</td>
<td>CBS: Concert Orchestra</td>
<td>Grid: Concert Orchestra</td>
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<td>2:15</td>
<td>CBS: John W. Vandercook</td>
<td>Grid: John W. Vandercook</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15</td>
<td>CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra</td>
<td>Grid: Philadelphia Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>CBS: The Plan of the Air</td>
<td>Grid: The Plan of the Air</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>CBS: Hello, Sweetheart</td>
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<td>CBS: Quincy Hows</td>
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<td>CBS: People's Platform</td>
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<td>CBS: Edward Tomlinson</td>
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<td>CBS: Religion in the News</td>
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<td>CBS: Our Foreign Policy</td>
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<td>CBS: American Eagle in Britain</td>
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<td>CBS: Inland Stowe</td>
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<td>CBS: Mrs. Minniver</td>
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<td>CBS: Meet Your Navy</td>
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<td>CBS: Gilbert Hayes with Beatrice Kay</td>
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<td>CBS: P.B.I. in Peace and War</td>
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<td>CBS: Grand Ole Opry</td>
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<td>CBS: Shady Valley Jamboree</td>
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<td>9:15</td>
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### Meeting the Coast Guard

Over a year ago, Ted Cott, of New York’s station WNEW, called the Coast Guard and said, “How about a radio show?” And Meet the Coast Guard, complete with 25-piece band, started rehearsal.

One of the high spots of the series was an interview between Commander Jack Dempsey and Lt. Commander Bob Edge, when Dempsey swore in recruits.

A Coast Guardsman, recently returned from overseas, discusses his part in the show (Sundays, 4 P.M., E.W.T.) with WNEW writer Gene Hurley.

Ted Cott and Lt. Com- mander Walton Butterfield, District Public Relations Officer of the Coast Guard (above), got together to decide on a format for the show, and writers began work.
WALTER WANGER presents

"SALOME, Where She Danced"

in TECHNICOLOR

a Universal Picture

SHE MADE GUNS GROW GOLD
...AND HEARTS BURN HOT!

The fabulous, fascinating saga
of a love men tried for...the
Woman they died for—when
a fable of flesh and flame
came to life 100 years ago!

With YVONNE DeCARLO

ROD CAMERON  DAVID BRUCE  WALTER SLEZAK  ALBERT DEKKER

Marjorie Rambeau  J. Edward Bromberg  Abner Biberman

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings  From an original story by Michael J. Phillips  Directed by CHARLES LAMONT

Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLTZEN  Produced by WALTER WANGER
The Fearful Heart
Continued from page 26

lack of his friendly, familiar presence.
The pattern was broken again, just before we left for our cabins. Someone had started humming "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers," and a few others were humming it cheerfully, when a new voice broke in carrying the melody. Everyone stopped to listen. It was Mike and he was singing almost as if he were compelled to. I down to know whether it was the magic of the night, the simple friendliness around the fire, the relaxation that comes after a full day's work that broke the silence of his reserve—whatever it was, the quality of his voice was unconsciously, in-fectiously arresting.

By accident I found myself at his side going back to camp. For a while we moved in silence.

"You have a good voice, Mike," I said, finally. "We used to have a fine quartet here but the war broke it up. Three of the boys are in the Army."

He stopped to light his pipe, cradling it against the night breeze. "I didn't think about that—that the war would touch you here. This valley seems so remote and peaceful I almost believed I could forget the war. You people seemed so happy, so carefree. I'm glad to dis-guing the irony in his voice.

I FLARED up. "We do our share. Our farm—it's twenty miles from here—is small and it's mostly in walnuts, but Dad and I and my two little brothers have a hard time working it."

"And still you had time to help a neighbor get in his hops. How very kind of you, Miss Burke."

"Look—" I faced him squarely: "I know you've had some hard experiences as a soldier, but don't let them make you so cynical, Mike. There are decent people and there are such things as kindness and people helping each other. You mustn't lose faith—"

He broke in savagely. "Save your little moral lessons, please! You think it's the war that's made me bitter? Partly, perhaps. I can't seem to feel at home in America any more. I can't make this adjustment the doctors tell about, I have no confidence in myself or faith in anyone else. Wouldn't you like to know why?"

I nodded my head, numbly. "Okay, I'll tell you. My last furlough, in the States I met a girl and married her. I'd only known her a few days—but all the time I was in those stinking New Guinea swamps I thought about her and she was the only thing that made me sure I would come back, that I'd be a decent person again, that I'd forget about killing, that I could go to peace and easy again and hear my children laugh again without thinking too much about pals of mine who had died. Sure, she could make me do it. She'd help me. She'd help me."

He took a deep breath, but words pushed against each other in their haste to be said, as though he had kept this inside himself to long. "I wrote in the morning. I came home. First thing I did when I found I was going to be able to keep my leg, when they let me out of the hospital, I went to and there I found her all right. Now the bitterness in his voice was unadulterated hatred. "Do you know where I found her? In a hotel. The last few days she had been with girls she had married for our allotment checks. Her marriage to me was the only legal one—I was Number One on her list. But at least I had no trouble getting it annulled—I couldn't get away fast enough, was all."

He stopped abruptly and I tried to speak. I couldn't, but the silence that fell was almost as unbearable, as the sound of his voice had been. I was still standing there—dazed and shocked—when he brushed by me with the shadow of his right arm in disclosing the story. He disappeared into the darkness.

After a while I walked on, too, my mind was too sensitive and trembling. What he had told me seemed almost incredible. I had read about women like that, but it was something that happened in a newspaper. Not to real people here, in this valley—to someone I knew. Now I understood those marks of suffering on his face, the pity he shrank from people and from working so closely with me.

It was not so much what he said, but the pain of the message, the agony in his voice I kept hearing. I made me ashamed for my easy anger that day. It made me feel cheap to remember the stuffy, patronizing tolerance of my own. I had always admired him for being so cynical. Cynical!—that had been my judgment for the raw wound he carried. And for a man like Mike who was sensitive and emotional and quickly responsive to the emotions of others, I knew the treachery he had met had scarred him very deeply.

I found no answer to the question why I knew so much about Mike. But I did know him—the real, down-underneath Mike—better, even, than I knew Joe.

IT WAS a long time before I could fall asleep that night. My mind went ceaselessly over the shock of Mike's news. It filled my veins with a fierce protective thing. If there were only something I could do! I remembered his grudging praise of the "dainty women," his resentment to girls like you who pull your own weight. . . . Maybe that was the answer. Maybe I could show him that all women weren't like the one he had married. Perhaps I could give him back his faith in people—and in himself.

Telling me his story must have released some powerful spring in Mike because I noticed a change in his manner the next day. He was still on guard, still not at ease; but there was none of the rudeness of the day before. He worked fast, without saying much.

We started a new row and Mike's shout of "Wire down!" brought Joe out. "Tell that man to stop using the long pole he used for lowering the vines and wire to where he could reach them. You're looking very pretty today, Carlie." Joe teased me, ruffling my hair as he passed. "But you'd better put that straw hat on if you don't want sunstroke. Fresh lipstick, too—at that age."

The grinn lighted up his square, blunt fea-tures, but there was a new interest in his eyes that startled me. True, Joe had been teasing me and there were kids and he was as much a part of my life as my own family. People took it for granted we would marry. Mike said that I had been nothing spoken between Joe and me. Our friendship had been casual and easy.

Impulsively I asked Mike to join
Mrs. Yule and Jeannette and me for a picnic lunch that noon. I think he was as surprised as I was when he accepted. While he was washing up I told Mrs. Yule a little of his story, just that he had been a soldier and was having a hard time adjusting to civilian life. I knew she would take it from there and that gossip about Mike would filter through the camp. It would be kindly gossip and do him no harm. It would put others on their guard to make allowances for his brittle manner.

No one was proof against Mrs. Yule’s natural bursting motherliness and she fussed over Mike and petted him as if he were one of her own children. To my great delight, he didn’t resent it. And after lunch, while we rested for a few moments, he lay back on the rug, letting the sun slanting through the overhead leaves warm his closed eyelids.

He looked so young then. This is what he needs, I thought, warm sun and blue sky and hard work and good friends.

EVERY day after that I seemed to notice a little improvement. The lines in his face smoothed out; the sun bronzed his skin to glowing health; sometimes he even smiled. While we worked together, with the vines sometimes so thick we couldn’t see each other’s faces, we talked in a growing warm intimacy that made us forget the other human figures dotting the field.

“I’d had it too easy, Carla,” he told me one day. “I could always lick any other guy in the block; I always had everything my own way. Football was a snap; I made good grades in school; and later I had my pick of good jobs. I was master of my own destiny—I thought. It would have been a lot better for me if I’d had a few hard knocks earlier and then, maybe, it wouldn’t have been so tough to find out how helpless a man can be in a war. I don’t mean for myself—until I got it in the leg I always seemed to have a charmed life. But I saw other guys—better men than I was—die right beside me and I could do nothing about it. I couldn’t stop that destruction. They made me a sergeant and that was worse. I had to lead my friends into enemy fire and see them fall right in front of me.”

He didn’t want to talk about the woman who had tricked him into a marriage that was no marriage. And I was glad. My hatred for her was now a personal thing.

I would catch a glimpse of him through the vines and wonder, with a heart-constricting bewilderment, how any woman could look at him with eyes that were mercenary. Touch him with hands that were cold, or kiss him with lips that could remain calculating—how could she? When marriage to a man like Mike might have meant all the tenderness, the fire and understanding a woman would want?

He was still not at ease with the others at the camp and they, in turn, knowing a little of his story, were self-conscious with him. Oh, he joined them sometimes in the evening pitching horseshoes or around the campfire, but it was only during the day when the two of us worked in our isolated closeness that his guard relaxed. It was only then that I saw those dancing lights in his eyes—and heard him laugh—or felt the warm protectiveness of his masculinity.

Once I ventured to ask him what he planned to do when the picking was

In wartime, especially, it isn’t easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn’t easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha preeminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that’s only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer’s shelf...

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
over. The brooding came back into his face. "I don't know, Carla. Who would want a guy who can't control his nerves or his temper any better than I can?"

I knew what he meant. He didn't seem to be able to stand the slightest criticism. His nerves were on trigger-edge then. He saw injustices where there were none and grievances where they were unintentional. One of the women delivered a punch in Mike's sack and told him about it, lightly. But Mike took it as an insult.

"Are you accusing me of cheating?" His eyes had an evil gleam in them and his muscles were tense. "You're a liar—if there's any dirt in that sack you put it there yourself."

But it hadn't been for the call of "Weigh Up!" coming urgently down the line I know the weigher would have welcomed the fight with all the former ardor. For a moment the danger was averted as the man tramped away. But the weighers were busy men and had no patience with trouble-makers. I was sure he would tell Joe and Mike would be fired. So in a few minutes I made an excuse for leaving, and sought out Joe there beside the Weighting truck.

His face hardened when I told him what had happened.

"It isn't the first time it's happened, Carla," he said to me. "But today the thing hit him up-set by one person who can't control his temper. Good weighers are hard to find these days and the four I have are overworked as it is. I won't put up with fights. You know that."

But, Joe, he's not a troublemaker by nature. He just got out of the Army. He's not a defensive man. Sometimes it's hard for a soldier to turn peaceful and law-abiding all at once, when for so long all his instincts and training had worked in the opposite direction. And he had a horrible experience right after he was discharged."

I couldn't tell any more than that. "Don't blame him for firing him now would be the worst possible thing."

Joe watched me gravely, and his voice was slow in coming. "Are you sure it's for his sake you want him to stay, Carla—and not for yours?"

I brushed that aside. "For yours, too, Joe. You need pickers."

"All right. I'll let it go this time—but you'd better warn him."

We swam that evening in the cool stream. The river was crystal clear, lightening our bobbing heads and flickering over the raft moored by a sunken log in the middle. It was deep enough for Joe, and his face was red and kind and I had just come up, sputtering, from a plunge when a strong hand caught me by the shoulder and pulled me up to the raft. Mike, while raft and bow clung to the wet boards, lazily keeping myself afloat, he climbed aboard the raft, stretching out on it, his head close to mine, his laughing eyes looking directly into my own. And for a moment we were alone there. The shouts and cries of the others seemed to come from a long distance and the glow from the sun was dotted out by the silhouetted figures who hugged its warmth.

Carla, you look like a mermaid with your hair floating like that on the water. I can't call you a Lorelei, though. You'd never lure a man to his destruction—only to his happiness.

His eyes were no longer laughing. I caught my breath, my body motionless. I couldn't turn my eyes from his. "Carla—" his voice sent a thin white fire racing through my cold body as "darling—". Slowly, as if the moment were as wonderfully unreal to him as it was to me, he leaned down and his lips traced a thrill from my cheek to my mouth. His arm held my shoulders and the river carried my body and the only feeling was the incredulous, unbelievable fulfillment of his mouth on mine, a lover.

And the unreality became real, while the fire spread in my veins and the glory mounted in my heart. This was real, the end of all wonder and seeking. "I love you, Carla. I never thought—Carla, this is for keeps."

"For always, darling," I whispered back.

Somebody splashed near us and Mike let go my shoulder. Others were swimming toward us. We were alone no longer, and after awhile, still under the spell of that moment, we swam back to the fire.

It was good to be back again with familiar faces and hear words that were ordinary and commonplace—while all the time I hugged this new, this wonderful secret in silence. So new, it was that I wanted to delay a while, to stay with others for a few minutes, to keep the treasure growing bright and true in my heart—although I read the urgency in Mike's eyes and knew he wanted us to slip away alone.

Jeannette handed me my white terrycloth robe. "Don't catch cold, Carla." prom. Joe said. "I'd look after you when he's not here in the evenings."

I felt Mike stiffen beside me at her words. I tried to stop her but she went on and we were worrying, just before you came up, when you—Joe were going to get married. I saw you talking to him this afternoon—and Mother said your Dad was planning it for this fall. Come on, Carla, tell us—when the wedding?"

Even in the general uproar that followed those thoughtless words, I could feel Mike's frozen stillness. Frantically I tried to think of something to say that would make him understand and words and promises, and opinions, and Joe. I couldn't say I was marrying someone else—Mike hadn't asked me yet.

"Stop it, Jeannette. Joe and I aren't planning on getting married—" but I could not finish. Their laughter interrupted me; laughter that was mocking and unbelieving. Without a word Mike turned on his heel and strode away.

"Mike—wait a minute—" I called, running after him, heedless of who saw me or what they might think. It was dark along the path and I stumbled, almost crying now, seeing only the white towel he carried over his shoulder disappearing through the trees.

"Mike—Wait!"

He stopped so abruptly I nearly ran into him. "Don't waste your excuses. Could this cold, contemptuous voice be the same as that hard held such carelessness a little while before? I thought you were different, but you're just the same. You let me fall in love with you, make love to you, when all the time you were planning to marry Joe Gurney."

"I didn't make you fall in love with me. Mike. I couldn't help that any more than I could help falling in love with you."

He turned on me fiercely. "You love me so much you're going to marry someone else! You didn't have the..."
More Exciting Kisses...

Q. I wish—I wish . . .
A. For skin that's satiny-smooth for kisses?
Q. Yes—and my skin is so dry.
A. Try this new One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream—works wonders smoothing dry skin.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams
Serves every beauty-need of your skin so fully—it's like a daily "treatment". Jergens Face Cream—faithfully used—actually helps prevent dry skin troubles. Use this one new cream . . .

1. for Cleansing
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You have a skin scientists' cream in Jergens Face Cream—by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. Already helping so many girls to their hearts' desire—smooth skin. Use this exciting Jergens Face Cream yourself, now. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax. It's the only cream you need.

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FACE CREAM

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FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE’S SENSATIONAL
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FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars
... one drop of Overglo ... and presto! Quickly;
evenly applied with your fingertips, this new
liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camou-
flages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful
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NEW ... ONE-SHADE ... OVERGLO FACE POWDER
A make-up discovery! Practically colorless—permits your
foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty.
A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any
tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 plus tax.

THE truck lumbered up the dirt track and stopped. Joe climbed out from behind the wheel. His eyes took in the
situation quickly. He looked from one to the other of us, feeling us out. Finally he heaved a sigh over his
shoulder and smiled.

“Anyone here man enough to take me on? We’ll have a race, starting at the other end and working this way
and the first one in is the best man. Pick clean—no leaving the underneat
for the other guy—who’ll take me on? Everyone liked Joe—everyone
knew he was a champion picker, and, although there was a stir and a lot of
good-natured pushing, no one ventured to step forward.

Except one. And when they saw who it was there was surprise ... and a
shocked dismay, for me. It was Mike. He said nothing; just curtly
shouldered his sack and stepped down ahead of Joe
to the other end of the row. Joe gave me one quick look as he passed but I
couldn’t understand it. I could only see the determination of his shoulders as
he followed Mike down the path.

A sick fatality possessed me. Mike
couldn’t win, not against Joe. And the
idea of being beaten by a man who
had everything Mike wanted—security,
a sound position in his community
and among his friends—respect—and even,
as he believed, the girl he loved—what
would that do to Mike?

The row was short and we could even
see their faces as they fastened their
sacks and then, at a signal, began to
work. I hated to watch Joe’s steady,
sure fingers. I knew of old that monot-
onous swift rhythm which never slack-
ened for a moment, never increased,
ever faltered. Against that sureness
was pitted Mike’s quicksilver speed—
but the handicap of his few weeks of experience against Joe’s years. And Mike was tense. His nerves were an emotional drag. How could he hope to win?

At first they stayed together. Until their first, almost simultaneous call of “Weigh Up!” they worked almost face to face. Neither asked for quarter—neither skimped or left the other to do more than his share. Both worked in a concentrated, silent fury.

The people around me were beginning to feel the tension. They seemed to sense that this was no friendly sporting match and that these two were battling with every ounce of strength and skill. I couldn’t bear to sit and watch comfortably as they did. I had to stand, fear turning my veins to ice. Mike’s temper—those nerves keyed up to the breaking point—how could they stand up under an ordeal of this kind?

Then the unbelievable happened. Mike pulled ahead. Still working cleanly and swiftly, but with a terrible urgency in his arms and fingers, he picked up speed. Behind him, Joe plodded on in the same set cadenced motion. But I thought I saw a difference. I thought I understood—Mike was letting Joe beat him—for me!

My heart was pounding. If Mike could only win! If he could have the satisfaction of knowing that he was as good—better—than anyone here—that he could hold his own with other men! It would do so much for him. It would give him back his confidence in himself.

But even as I dared hope, I saw him falter. I saw his hands, tired under the strain, snatch at clusters of hops and miss, leaving a few still on the vine—a few to be grabbed for again—and missed—and a third time. And behind him Joe kept his pace, never missing a beat, never having to touch a vine a second time. They were so close now that only six vines were between them and us. On the sixth Mike was still ahead. On the fifth—and the fourth—he stayed in front but Joe was moving closer every second. On the third they were nearly even. Their shoulders matched across the row—Mike started for the second ... and turned back. He had missed a cluster handing, concealed by leaves. And in the minute it took him to stop and gather those and go on to the next, Joe had passed him. Across the hushed holding—of—breaths came Joe’s ringing shout—“Weigh!”

And it was over.

At that moment I hated Joe. He had won deliberately—he had not, as I thought, meant that Mike should pass him.

I watched Mike fearfully as he straightened and turned to face the crowd who were slapping Joe on the back. I wanted to run to him and tell him it didn’t matter. I took one step—and stopped.

Because Mike wasn’t even aware of me. He was exchanging a look with Joe. A long look. A queer, satisfied, proud look, exchanged between equals. There was something shared between them I could not understand.

Mike smiled and it was the warmth of a lantern being lit slowly behind his eyes. I saw Joe’s face reflect that warmth. I saw the approval that went out from the others to a good loser.

“We should have given you a head start,” someone was saying to him—and Joe’s eyes were keenly watching.

“We couldn’t expect you to beat Joe on even terms.”

“No, thanks,” Mike answered. “Even
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Yes! It's a proved marvel of effectiveness—this wonderful new deodorant that's sealed in every luxurious Modess napkin!

Scientifically certified by a famous independent laboratory:

The superior effectiveness of Modess with Deodorant demonstrated itself in every one of 26 different experiments, conducted under the most exacting laboratory conditions.

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"Love me the better
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proved! I think it
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Ask today for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved, tested deodorant!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."

terms were what I wanted. I did the best I could and I was beaten fairly. I wouldn't want it any other way."

Astonished, I could only stand and stare. All that I had hoped to accomplish for Mike he had earned himself in that struggle with Joe. He had lost—and won. Won back his self-confidence and his self-respect. Joe had paid him the compliment of not holding back, of doing his utmost to win.

And I knew that Joe had never had any intention of letting Mike win. Joe had given me this last gift. For my sake he had tested the man I loved and had given him a chance to show if he could come through. This was what Mike had needed—to be accepted on equal terms with more experienced men—to be given no odds or head starts. I thought to do it by pity and by acting as a buffer between him and others, when actually that had only prolonged his adjustment. I should have known from his temperament that he would not come running for help.

Joe had understood. But Joe had not known of that other, deeper trouble. He could not tell me how to shackle that image of treachery of that other woman from Mike's eyes.

I started after the others back to camp, when I remembered I had left my scarf in the field where I had been working. I turned back for it, warily.

Mike had found himself again. Now that he was strong and sure, would he find that he didn't need me? Perhaps he was strong enough to forget those moments last night on the river. Perhaps he would be satisfied to think of me as Joe's wife. His mind was made up—he might never try to discover the truth.

I heard someone running down the path behind me.

"Carla—" Someone caught me around the waist, swung me around, held me fast in strong, muscular arms. A dark head—hazel-green eyes that danced—it was Mike!... and he was holding me as if he would never let me go. His words came out fast.

"Darling—can you forgive me? Can you forget what I said last night? I knew then I was wrong, but I couldn't think it out straight. Then, today, when I was picking with someone else, I realized what it meant to have you as a partner. Not just here. For the rest of my life. I remembered all you had done for me. All the understanding and the help and the sympathy you gave me when I first came and you had no reason to think I was anything but rude."

"I would never have married Joe, Mike. I couldn't have fallen in love with him after—" "I know. I was going to ask Joe while we were picking, when we were alone. And I couldn't say it. The words wouldn't come. I knew then I would have to match my faith in you with yours in me. And, suddenly, it all fell into place. You were the wonderful person you always had been, and Joe was just a swell guy, and I—I was myself again, Carla."

The scar had healed. Someday Mike might say in jail when he had found that some women could be as cruel and destructive as an enemy with a gun. Because he had faith again. Mike's hand around his neck. The hop field around us, with its stripped and sagging vines, trailing dispiritedly in the dust, was suddenly beautiful because we were there together and alone and Mike was kissing me.
thing Dessy had claimed—nice and attractive and a good dancer. And that was all. I liked him, I had a good time with him, and felt not the slightest interest in him as a beau nor the slightest urge to ever see him again after tonight. It was as if something had just gone dead in me.

And then the orchestra began to play “Before You Take Your Love Away.” I was dancing with Gene and I stood it as long as I could, with the words pelting at me like bruising stones. Take me in your arms...one hour of gladness...And then goodbye...When that last, unbearable phrase came, I broke away from Gene.

“Excuse me a minute—that song—I—I...” And I turned and fled to the ladies’ dressing room, leaving him staring after me.

Fortunately there was no one there. I sank down, trembling, in the chair in front of the dressing table. The mirror reflected my face, small, dead white, distraught. I was hearing Lance’s voice, feeling his arms, seeing his face. The memory of our last night when he had sung those words rushed back until it was as if I were back in it, living it over. There in the car by the river, locked in each other’s arms, while time was both swift and endless. And his hand cupping my chin as he’d said, “You can’t be sensible about love. You can’t measure it as if it were a suit of clothes...”

No, our kind of love you couldn’t. And our kind of love had been real—a living, breathing part of us that as long as we lived would always be a part of us. With the pain of that night had also come the glory of being irrevocably together. And now, feeling it, being back in it, I felt the togetherness more strongly than the pain.

My trembling stopped. There is a faith that is stronger than the facts that deny it, and there, in that moment, in that room with the music blaring outside, I knew it.

I was calm with it when Dessy opened the door and came hurrying over to me. “Gene said he was afraid you were ill—you left so suddenly. What is it, honey? Are you all right?”

“It was nothing. I just felt—funny for a minute. It’s passed.” I smiled reassuringly at her.

“It was that music, wasn’t it?” she guessed shrewdly. “That piece they were playing—yours and Lance’s piece. Oh, Linna, I wanted you to have a good time tonight and now—now” She looked on the verge of tears.

I put my arm around her. “It’s all right, Dessy. Honestly it is. That piece made everything all right, for good.”

And I knew that that was true.

The European invasion rolled on through the summer and autumn, sometimes with dazzling speed, sometimes with heartbreaking, tragic, costly slowness. News of it kept us all breathless. Casualty lists for Clover Hill started to lengthen. Boys I’d grown up with, sons of friends of my parents. I knew that Lance was in it now. Somewhere, somehow, he was caught up in that gigantic, rolling wheel of Fate.

My life went on, in much the same way. People had pretty well forgotten about my broken engagement now. The family, having watched me anxiously for a while, now seemed reassured about me. Lance’s name was never spoken by any of us, and they thought their hopes had been realized and I had

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forgotten the misery, the past, Lance.
I was far from forgetting. But there was a kindness of serenity underlying my feelings now, in spite of my worry about his being wounded or ill—a serenity born of that faith that had come so overwhelmingly the night at Hillside Inn.

Late one afternoon Mr. Gregory called me into his office. He looked grave. "Something's happened that I feel you ought to know," he said in his kindly way. "We've just had news that Lance Jordan has been wounded."

"Wounded . . ." I grabbed at the edge of the desk to steady myself. "Badly—?" Does it say—?"

He shook his head. "So far, we've had only the telegram from the War Department. We're taking steps to find out the details of course, but he has no family except—well, I mean, no family here; it's the least we can do. I hope this isn't a shock to you, Linna. But I felt you ought away."

"Thank you," I said, half whispering.

"Yes— I ought to know—"

If only he'll be all right, if only it isn't bad. I kept saying that over and over to myself. If there's someone to look after him, to take care of him. And Angela—that faraway girl I'd never seen, the only child of whom was the small, cramped handwriting on the package of letters—what was she feeling now? Did she know this same agony of suspense, this same longing to be near him, to take care of him? But of course she did, and that was agony for me of another kind. For she was his wife. She had a right to be near him, too. She would know before I did how he was, where he was. It was only a week or so later that Mr. Gregory told me the details. He never told me how he hurt them. He may have called Angela or he may have gotten them through routine, official channels, I don't know. Lance had been hit by shrapnel in both arms. The right arm was a flesh wound and not serious, though painful; in the left, part of the bone had been badly nicked and that would take months in an orthopedic hospital to heal. He would have full use of both.

Humbly, I thanked God. He might have been permanently disabled or mutilated. This way, he'd come back. But shock and great pain, he would one day be whole again. And surely—oh, most surely—as soon as he was on the mend, then he could hear from him. My lonely, faith in the love that had been between us would be justified.

I tried to go on as before. I tried not to worry but not to feel the hurt at the separation between us. For we were separated by far more than the miles of ocean, of different countries, even by experience. We were parted by the greatest of all gulfs; the right of another woman to be at his side, to be needed and wanted and depended on. I worked hard all day at the office. I began to take a nurse's aid course at nights at the hospital. I re-painted the furniture in my room and made some new drapes. I was filling in time, bolstering up minutes, so that there should never be an empty one as I waited for word from Lance. And weeks lengthened into months.

"You're doing too much," mother kept saying. "You've lost weight, you're wearing yourself out. Please, dear, give up one of these things you're doing, and rest."

"I'm all right," I told her. "I like to keep busy.

But I was wearing myself out. And the longer I waited, the greater the need for activity—so that there should be no
time, twice each day, to feel my heart drop when there was no letter from Lance. Instead of giving anything up, I did more and more, sustained by what seemed like a fever inside me.

And then one day Dad came home from work, looking more disturbed than I had ever seen him. I was setting the table for dinner, and he passed through the diningroom with hardly a word to me and went on out to the kitchen where mother was. I heard their low-voiced colloquy, and wondered what was wrong. Dad's business had been hard hit by the war, and I hoped nothing serious had happened.

In a little while, he came back in the dining room. "Will you come in here, please, dear?" he said. "I want to talk to you."

He led the way to his favorite chair in the living room and motioned me to sit on the arm of it as I used to do as a child. Wondering and alarmed, I sat down beside him.

"Linha—I've rather a shock for you. Lance Jordan is back—he's here in town."

I sprang up as if the words had been an electric shock. "Lance—here! You've seen him—" I felt a blind, unreasoning impulse to go to him, wherever he was, to see him. It was as if all the last months had been blotted out and everything was as it had been on the last night we were together. For that one second, I forgot all except that he was in Clover Hill.

"No," my father said, "I haven't seen him, but other people have. He only got in this afternoon. Linna—" he was watching me narrowly now, his eyes worried—"that's not all of it. You see, he's brought a child with him. His child."

"His—child." The whisper hung between us, swirling around us, filling the room. And then it filled it completely until there wasn't any room any more, but just dizzying space. My father sprang up and grabbed me and lowered me carefully into the chair. I heard him call out for mother.

"Tm—I'm all right," I said, making a gigantic effort. The room stopped whirling. "It's just that—I didn't know he had—a child. Is it—is it—" It was so hard to talk!

"A little girl, apparently. Three months old. And, Linna, his wife did not come with him. He doesn't say why. He only said she was still in England."

"His wife did not come with him."

My father's voice went on, brisk, almost harsh. "You had to know, of course. But you're not to see him, you understand. He has behaved in the worst possible way a man can. I don't know what you feel about him any more—I hope to heaven you're completely over the fellow. But no matter how you feel, you are not to see him even if he wants you to!"

I scarcely seemed to hear. The baby... his baby... That was all I could think of. Somehow its existence made the marriage what it had never actually been to me before: a real and living thing. A force that had produced this new life, this new being, a tangible evidence of love. What difference could explanations make now, in the face of that? What difference could all our deep oneness make now? Lance was here, walking these streets. And yet—

"Do you hear what I'm saying?" Dad went on gently. "I'm acting only for your own good, you know. I shall make a point of seeing him myself, tomorrow, but you are not to. Is that

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“Q and A” ON SPENDING

Question: Nearly everyone has more money today than formerly. That’s prosperity, isn’t it?
Answer: Everyone having plenty of money doesn’t necessarily mean prosperity. People, when they have money, want to spend it.

Question: But everyone having plenty of money and spending it on goods spells a sound economy, doesn’t it?
Answer: Right now, it spells inflation ahead if we aren’t careful. Plenty of money to buy things, when there are things to buy, is sound enough, but when there aren’t things to buy, it means trouble. It means that some of us are foolish enough to buy on the black market, to purchase rationed goods without giving stamps in return, to buy things at prices above the established ceiling. Those unwise spenders can bring an inflationary condition that means disaster.

Question: What sort of disaster?
Answer: Remember the days of the last depression—apple peddlers and soup kitchens and all the rest? Those days can come back—and they will if we don’t fight and win the home-front battle against inflation.

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Vigil

(Continued from page 41)

town where the houses were big and ugly with funny little cupolas on top. Once they had been mansions. Now most of them were boarding houses. The landlady who looked after her was a sour individual who looked at us suspiciously as she ushered us up the stairs, and into her room. It was an enormous, old-fashioned room and into it Aunt Emma had crowded what must have been family treasures. Teakwood tables, a massive mohair sofa—and a melodeon, the keys yellowed with age. In the great four-poster bed was Aunt Emma herself. A small, bisque-doll type of old lady with white braids and eyes bright as a bird's. She was surrounded by movie magazines and mystery stories.

"Oh, my," she said excitedly. "Oh my—this is the nicest thing that's happened to me in years! Goodness, Amanda, but you're pretty! You look exactly like the girl in this detective story who outwitted the crooks. She had green eyes too, and looked as if she had all kinds of exciting things happen to her just as you do!"

"That's the trouble, Aunt Emma," I assured her. "Nothing has ever happened to me. Not really."

But I couldn't help laughing. And suddenly we were all three talking at once, and Aunt Emma's cheeks were pink as a girl's as she opened her packages. "Black!" she cried. "Oh my, how I've wanted a black nightie! Why even Lana Turner never had a more beautiful one! And this perfume, . . . Mr. Whitcomb, or Lieutenant Whitcomb, I mean—goodness, what shall I call you?"

"DON," said D. Whitcomb grinning widely. "Just Don."

"Well, Don," said the little old lady looking embarrassed, "would you mind stepping out into the hall for just a moment? I do want to try this on right away. A black silk nightie, and this wonderful perfume!"

"You'll look like a Glamma Girl!" Don teased her, disappearing through the door with Whitey at his heels.

I helped her slip the gown on, and her poor frail little body was lost in its folds. I had bought a soft little bed-jacket that went with the gown—black tufted silk with a spray of pink roses. She looked like a little queen propped up on her pillows. There were tears in her eyes as she turned to me. "Amanda dear, I hope God blesses you both very much for what you've done tonight." I kissed her cheek and my own eyes were wet.

She laid a thin, trembling hand on mine. "He's fine, your young man. He's good all the way through. I can tell."

"He is not 'my young man,' Aunt Emma," I said quietly. And I explained about Don. In another moment he was back in the room, declaring her his "pin-up" girl, and we were all laughing and joking. Then Don, leaning over me, whispered quietly, "This reminds me of my promise to teach him about music. For an instant, a cold finger touched my heart. I had not played since Steve went away. All the desire to bring melody into being had left me. All the rich passionate rhythm that had stirred me so and seemed a part of me, was gone. Dried up. I regretted my impulsive
promise to Don. I had meant to teach him only through records.

But he led me to the melodeon and as I sat down in front of it, my fingers wandered almost involuntarily over the keys. I played softly at first. Simple little melodies, Whitcy came and stretched out beside me, and just to see what would happen I played The Desert Song. Immediately his great head lifted and he emitted the strangest singing noises known to man or beast! When we all burst out laughing, he subsided with a silly expression on his face that was even funnier than the singing. "Oh my," gasped Aunt Emma. "I've never enjoyed anything so much!"

"But we are tiring you out. We'd better go now," I said.

"Oh no. Not yet!" she protested. "We'll be back soon," Don promised.

That evening was the first of many similar visits—laughter, good talk, music. We always brought a "surprise" for Aunt Emma. Sometimes it was nothing more than a picture puzzle. But she looked forward to it as eagerly as a child. She seemed to be growing brighter and stronger with each visit.

Gradually the shadow was disappearing from Don's face too. That tight, indrawn look of suffering. He was reading up in his engineering books again, and talking about taking an advanced course at the University.

But it was I who was gaining the most from those visits. It was like coming to life again after being frozen and dead inside. I even began to have a secret hope: Steve had wanted to get back into the war again and hadn't wanted to hurt me. One of these days he would come back, a famous war correspondent, and life would begin again for us. Together. In this dream I pictured the gown I would wear—something smart and sophisticated. Because I was completely grown up now. Steve would find me different. An adult woman. I would not fail him again. I imagined us as we used to be, in each other's arms. Steve's kisses hard and burning on my lips. Steve, pulling me to him roughly, possessively.

The trouble with coming alive once more is that you begin to feel old over again. There is a longing in the blood that will not be stifled . . . I ached for Steve. He had a masculine magnetism that drew women irresistibly. And at that thought my heart turned over.

Because I knew wherever he was, he was drawing women to him. Beautiful women. It would be like that always with Steve.

I told Don about him once. Very briefly. It was only right that Don should know. He listened quietly and when I finished he said, "It seems to me you got a hell of a deal, Mandy. And stop thinking of yourself as a failure. You couldn't fail anyone . . ."

Aunt Emma and I spent weeks planning Don's birthday party. It fell on a Sunday, and Sunday was my one night off from the radio station. We decided to have a spaghetti dinner—which he loved—served in high style on the biggest teakwood table. I could have the dinner sent up from the Italian restaurant nearby along with good beau rose wine. "And he must have a cake too," Aunt Emma cried. "A big cake with 'Happy Birthday to Don' on it!" So I brought a huge chocolate one—with sixteen yellow candles on it—"Add ten more candles, and you've got my right age!" Don cried when he saw
1 You can't go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size 45c.

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it. "Now for my wish." He blew fiercely, and all the candles went out. "I get it! Aunt Emma, you hear that, I get it!" He was like a boy tonight, exultant, glowing.

"And you deserve it, whatever it is," said the old lady. Later she whispered to me, "Isn't he handsome?" Don had come to take the place of the son she had never known, and she was happy. I smiled with deep affection for them both—but my heart was far away.

We sang "Happy Birthday," and then I played some boogie-woogie for Aunt Emma. "Another request number, please," said Don. "Will you play Love Is Forever?"

I stiffened, and my hands went dead on the keys. "No, I can't play that," I said. "Not ever.

"Love Is Forever. Steve's piece and mine. The one they had been playing when we first danced together. The piece that had softly filtered through the enchantment the night Steve asked me to marry him. A wisp of white cloud had trailed across the moon and Steve had whispered, "Love is forever with us, sweet. Don't make me wait any longer. . . ." And I gave way to his kissing, loving him so terribly. "We can find a minister over in Minton to do it now," I had murmured against his lips. And so we had gone. . . .

The piece was a mockery now. I looked up and saw that Don's face was white as if he had guessed my thoughts. "Let me play The Trolley Song instead," I suggested quickly. And the bad moment was over.

I USED to like to ride the trolleys, especially the open streetcars," said Aunt Emma wistfully. "I remember I had a white muslin dress and a big hat."

"Her voice sounded tired and contented. A silent signal passed between Don and me. It was time for us to go. We put the room in order and kissed her gently. "Don't forget to play that new Henry James record tomorrow night," she called crisply as we were leaving. You couldn't beat Aunt Emma!

Outside, it had begun to rain and a wind had sprung up. Impossible to get a taxi at that hour. Don took my elbow and hurried me along. "There won't be a bus for another hour, I'm afraid," he said. Then—"Look, why don't we go to my place until the worst of this is over? It's not so far away. Besides you've never seen my subpenthouse!"

Like two children we raced along the streets. Whitey snorting along behind us. At an iron gate we turned in and went down three steps. "Welcome to my princely abode!" said Don, lighting the lamps. It was nice. Nice and masculine. Two rooms in comfortable disorder, with blueprints on a table and pipes hanging in a rack near the fireplace. Don lit a fire to dry us off. Whitey promptly went to bed and soon was snoring lustily. "No manners. It's the Indian in him," said Don. There was a curious sense of intimacy in the little room. We sat on cushions in front of the fire sipping hot drinks. "This is the finest birthday I've ever had," he sighed happily, and swung around so that our shoulders touched. A spark flew out of the grate and we both reached to put it out. Their hands met, and then somehow his arms were around me and Don's face was coming close. "You have all this love to give. Why don't you give it to me, darling?" His mouth was on mine; firm, tender.
For one flash I thought how sweet it would be to surrender to the seeking of those lips. To try to blot out the memory of Steve with the immediacy of Don.

He lifted his head and searched my eyes. "It would have to be all or nothing with us, Amanda. I love you too much for anything less. I want you for my wife. I want to build up the things that tie two people together, a real home with children.

He must have read the answer in my face. Because his hands dropped from my shoulders and he walked away. "It's no good. I've been kidding myself along, thinking I had a chance. But I don't want second place in your heart, Amanda. I want all of it."

The black shadow had fallen across his features again. I had done that to him, hurting him like this. I might have guessed. But I had been too self-centered, steeped in my own misery.

"Don, oh Don, I'm sorry." It sounded stiff and trite. Words are such sorry little things at times. I picked up my coat.

It had stopped raining and we managed to get a late bus to the other side of town where I lived. The light from the doorway fell across Don's white face as we stood on the stoop. I was to remember him for many a day as he looked then, stern, and terribly young and tired. "I won't be seeing you again, Amanda. I can't go on just being friends."

It was better that way, of course. A clean break was much the best. He had been hurt enough. But I had a foretaste of how much I was going to miss him. His friendship had come to mean a great deal to me.

The days fell back into the old pattern of dreariness. The radio station did raise my salary and ask me to be a "spot" player on some of their earlier broadcasts, but that was the one bright note. I kept my old job along with it—"pancake turner" on the graveyard shift. And I still saw Aunt Emma frequently, but even she had not heard from Don. "I wish you could find this Steve Wiler," she said once. "I wish you could get him out of your system."

But in the end I did not need to find him. My husband found me.

Late one night as I entered the studio, a man came forward to meet me. Steve. Steve in the flesh, just as I'd dreamed of him being there. "Hello, Mandy," he said and his voice was uncertain.

"Hello, Steve," I said against the tightness in my throat. "Sit over there. The red signal light will be on in another half minute and I have to start playing the records." He nodded, and sat where he could watch me.

"Nice job you've got here," he said.

"Good enough," I shrugged. And something made me add, "Forty-five dollars a week. Not bad." But I did not explain that that included my extra work.

"I—"I've come to tell you how sorry I am, Mandy. I made a big mistake."

"Sh!" I said. "Starting time." We were on the air—and I had had no intention of having Steve Wiler make a fool of himself, and of me. He had made me go through torment, this man. I had asked nothing more of life than that he hold me in his arms again. I'd had waking dreams of our meeting like this. And now he was here. I felt nothing. There was no thrill. Not even a sense of expectancy. What had happened to me?

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And looking at Steve, slouched in a chair on the other side of the studio, I suddenly knew. I had grown up.

The star-dust had cleared from my eyes and I saw him plainly for the first time. An easygoing fellow with charm—and nothing else. While my aunt's money had lasted, he stayed. But when he was faced with earning a living for the two of us, he left. He had traced me here through Ann, and found that I had a good job. So he was willing to come back...

As soon as I could leave the room for a moment I beckoned him and he followed me out. It was amazing that I could be so insensible to him. I realized that I must have been holding the imaginary Steve—and not the real man—in my heart for a long time. And now I was free of him. For all time.

"Sorry, Steve. You walked out on me once. Since then I've made a life of my own and I'm satisfied with it just the way it is."

"No place in it for me, eh?" He tried to swagger a bit but it didn't quite come off.

"That's right, Steve." I could not help pitying him a little. He looked so defeated... I went back into the studio, alone, knowing that chapter of my life was closed for good.

I found myself putting on The Desert Song. Would Whitey sing? Were he and Don listening in tonight? Don... A warmth stole through my blood and crept into my heart. "I don't want second place in your heart, Amanda. I want all of it," he had said. And with a sudden surge of joy I knew it belonged to him.

But how could I let him know?

WITH trembling fingers I set the needle on a new record. The piece I had thought never to play again. Love Is Forever. Would Don hear it? Would he understand what I was trying to say? Love is forever—the kind of love we shared. My marriage to Steve Wiler had never been a real one. Following the last two hours of the broadcast I played Love Is Forever six times. And each time I prayed that Don was tuned in. But when I came out of the studio there had been no telephone call, no message of any kind.

And then I saw him standing at the entrance. Just as he had that first day, with Whitey at his heels. Tall and hard and—indeed—infinitely dear. His eyes blazed a question. And he found the answer in mine. Without a word, he fitted his arm under mine and we walked down to the docks. The rising sun made a glory of the river and touched our faces like a benediction. "My girl," he whispered. "Oh my darling!"

After a long moment we drew apart. "Let's go tell Aunt Emmal" he said. "Thank God I couldn't sleep last night..."

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Wisteria

Opium Dream
Brown Coral
Dragon's Blood
Temple Fire

Slate
Cherry
Royal Plum
Mandarin Red
Canton Red
Burma Red
Oriental Sapphire
Black Sapphire
Black Cherry
Pink Sapphire

Important: Mark X if you wish 2 harmonizing lipsticks.
False Magic
Continued from page 45

no, he wasn’t married. But that was all—
—the girls spoke of him with a queer

sokedness or an overdone non-

chalance, something the way my friends

and I, our too-young spoken of the particu-

lar movie actor we hap-

pened to be in love with at the moment.

Right from the beginning, too, I must

have been trying to become an important, dominat-

ing figure in my life, something set apart from

everything else, something to be kept a

secret. Because I was half-hearted about that

first night, when David

asked me about my new job. And I
welcomed David, when he came into

our living room, simply

usual—as if he were a rescuer.

As I was vaguely uncomfortable

him— for the first time in all

the years I’d known him, the years

when I sat on the curb and watched

playing baseball with the other

boys, the years in school when I’d

wished from afar, the years in

school when at last he realized

I was a girl and not just something

that always hung around in the

distance—for the first time in all

those years I felt a lack in David, a lack

in our relationship. Close as we were, I

found, as I could barely

brightened eyes, we were close in a

typical, too brotherly-sisterly way. What did I

one of his kisses that was

warm—that there was in abundance. Not

more strength—his lips against mine were

firm, his arms about me solidly, com-

fortingly. But I didn’t know— I didn’t

know, and yet I wanted

for the first time in my life to turn

away from him a little.

"Is the new job true?" David asked,
as he hung up his hat and topcoat

in the hall closet. "Tell me about it."

"It’s going to be fun, I think," I

answered, glad to be talking instead

of thinking. "They’ve given me a little

office next to the bookkeeper’s. The

people seem to be awfully nice. There’s

a girl there. We went on

and on, describing the office, the girls,

the men in sales and

the announcing staff. But I didn’t

speak. Just was

that I didn’t want to

trying to keep Jerry from coming

between us by ignoring him, by refusing

mention his name. But that night

I dreamed an ugly dream of Jerry— a

Jerry who stood with

stretched arms, and those arms were the

poles of a magnet, drawing me away

everything dear to me, drawing me

strongly, inexorably, to him.

The next morning, walking to work

in the bright sunshine, I tried to

laugh at myself, but I couldn’t.

But I found, when I got to the office

and began to sort my way through the

early mail, that I was waiting for some-

thing. I wouldn’t acknowledge that I

was waiting for Jerry to come and pick

up his mail; I only knew that there

was an indescribable air of suspended

time in there, a holding its breath, and waiting . . .

waiting . . .

Jerry came in early in the afternoon,

and once again I felt, rather than saw

or heard him. He came smiling across

to the desk, and once again he let his

hand rest lightly on my shoulder, as if

it were the most natural thing in

the world. And perhaps— I’ve only just

thought of this—in anyone else it

would have been natural and friendly

and meant nothing more, emotionally.

"Much mail for me today, Bunny?"

asked.

"I haven’t the two o’clock delivery

sorbed yet," I told him, and began to

separate the pile of letters in front of me.

"I’ll wait," he said, and stood there,

so very close, while my fumbling

fingers turned the envelopes over, and

my eyes tried and failed to see the

addresses on them. Somehow, all the
tinest as conscious of his hand on

shoulder as if it had been burning hot,

I managed to find his letters, and I

turned to give them to him.

He took the letters out of my hand, and

then captured my hand in his other

one. "It’s a pretty hand, Bunny. Long,

artistic fingers. Do you play the piano?"

I’d been asked the question a

number of times, and had always found it

silly and boring, a half-hearted

effort to make conversation. But it was

Jerry who asked, this time, and that made

all the difference.

"A little—not well at all. But I love

it."

He nodded, and the smile I was

already learning to wait for lighted up

his eyes. He gave my hand a little

squeeze. "I knew you would—I knew

you’d like pretty things, good things,

Bunny. And I like your lovely hands,

and their nice little nails, painted a

pretty little-girl pink, instead of a

bloody red."

I tried to match his smile, but my

face felt stiff. Almost as if I were

afraid. "I know. My father says that

means you’re going to be a life-

artistic one."

And then I thought, How awkward that

sounded—how silly and little-girlish!

Why did I have to say that? Why can’t

be sophisticated and clever, and have

smart answers right on the tip of my

tongue?

THERE was a little silence. Then

Jerry put his mail into his pocket

and turned away. "I’ve got to get back.

See you tomorrow, Bunny."

"See you tomorrow," I echoed.

See you tomorrow . . . see you to-

morrow. And I suddenly felt that today

wasn’t over, because I wouldn’t

see Jerry again until to-

morrow . . .

I don’t think I was in love with

Jerry then. Mostly I was just confused and

frightened and uneasy—and, most

of all, aghast that he—that anyone—
could kindle such terrifying responsive

fires in me.

Almost prayerfully I tried to evoke

the image of David—Dave, with his

earnest grey eyes and his quick, en-
dearing smile and his forever-ruled

dark hair. But it was no good, and

even David in person was little more

use in banishing the almost tangible

presence of Jerry than remembering

him was, as I found when Dave came

that night to take me to the movies.

Even when we sat with Dave’s sketches, the

worn and wrinkled from many months

of loving handling, spread out before

us, and began our favorite topic of what

the house we’d build someday would

look like. We couldn’t keep the picture of

a dark, arrogant man with strong, ex-

citing hands from intruding between

myself and the sheet of paper.

The next morning, at my desk, I told

myself that I was all kinds of a fool.

What was wrong with me, anyway? I

had David, and that, until now, had
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town. I knew those things—and they didn't matter. All that mattered in the whole wide world was that some little part out of each day I would see Jerry be close to him, know the magic touch of his hands, hear his laughter, feel my heart leap in response to the mocking challenge of him.

The things I knew and heard about Jerry made as little impression on me as if they were things I knew of someone one completely a stranger. Only for a moment my heart would sink and I would be ashamed; then I would forget. There was the time, for instance, that I had lunch with Mary and Jeanette, two girls from the bookkeeping office. I hadn't been paying much attention to what they were saying—I'd been thinking of Jerry, as a matter of fact, wanting to talk about him, and still afraid to speak of him for fear the girls would realize how I felt.

But Jeanette spared me the trouble of bringing up his name. "Mr. Glodin was down to see about Jerry's check again this morning," she told Jeanette, and at the sound of that "Jerry" I began to listen.

Mary laughed and shrugged. "Are they trying to garnishee his salary again?"

Jeanette nodded, and I asked, before I could stop myself, "Are you talking about Jerry Linder?"

Mary laughed once more. "I certainly am. Anyone who lets him charge anything must be out of his mind," she told me.

"He—he's careless about money?"

Jeanette's laughter joined hers. "Jerry Linder is careless about anything and everything," she said. They went on talking, but I wasn't listening any more. I was still hearing the complete contempt in her voice. And then, in a moment, I wasn't hearing it, or anything, any more. The second of revolution had passed, and I was hurrying through my lunch in order to get back upstairs in case Jerry should come in early.

What can you do when you love a man you ought to hate? Jerry stood for everything in life I'd been brought up to dislike. His mocking ridicule touched all the things that had been my gods—love, and marriage, and a home, and children. He wasn't even particularly clever—his conversation wasn't gay and witty, it was only bold and personal. He wasn't particularly handsome. What was the answer then? Only, I guess, that love is really and truly blind—or that women are.

And so I was blind, and I couldn't help it. And the weeks went by—weeks that were heavens of excitement and hells of fear and shame. And now, when he came into the office, Jerry no longer touched my arm, or stooped to kiss my shoulder lightly. He closed the door behind him when he came in now, and caught me in his arms. And I—I was ready for him, waiting for him, always. Because he was the only real thing in my life, now. David was a person I once knew, and our plans for the future were things I had once dreamed about. Only in Jerry's arms was I alive.

Once I tried to stop him with, "Jerry—won't you leave me alone? I'm not your kind of girl." He held me off at arm's length, pretending to examine me closely, the mocking laughter dancing in his eyes. "Aren't you, Bunny? Then what kind of girl are you?"

"I don't know," I answered, and I was telling the truth. "Oh, Jerry, I don't know what kind of girl I am. I don't know!"

He pulled me to him very gently, then, in spite of the gentleness there was a compelling urgency in his arms. He held me close and his lips were against my temple as I cried, over and over, "What am I going to do? What am I going to do?"

"I know what you're going to do," he said, at last. "And I know why you're frightened. It's because you're trying to—well, gamblers call it playing both ends against the middle. So this is what you're going to do—you're going to stop all this nonsense about not going out with me. You're going to tell that boy friend of yours that you're sorry, but you've made a mistake, and you want to make it right by breaking your engagement to him. And then—and then, sweetheart, you're going to be my girl—my own girl!"

My heart alternately sang and wept that afternoon as my fingers went mechanically through the motions of sorting and tabulating the mail. Sang, because my decision had been made for me. Wept, because I knew that I would hurt David so, because no matter how I tried, I could find no words in which to frame the thing I had to tell him.

Dear David, it was like him to be kind and intuitive enough to help me. Because he asked, when we were seated on the porch that night, "Betty, honey, what's wrong?"

He had asked that before, in these
have to hurt him—by saying no. But I asked, "What is the promise, David?"
He smiled down at me. "I want you to promise not to marry Jerry Linder for two months, Betty. It's for your own sake—because you're such a—oh, because I love you so much, dearest, that I couldn't bear it if I thought you were doing something that would make you unhappy. I've known you for years, and you've only just now discovered that you don't love me. Surely two months isn't too long a time for you to make sure that you love Jerry?"
Some sanity, some little caution that remained to me, prompted me to say, "Yes—yes, I'll promise you that, David."
He smiled again. "All right, dear. And until then, I want you to keep the ring. Not to wear it—just to keep it. And then, at the end of two months, if you're still going to marry Jerry, you can give it back to me. All right?"
I nodded. "All right." I managed to echo, but my throat was full of inexplicable tears.
He got up to go then, but before he left he stooped to kiss me, very gently. And there was no more relationship between his kiss and Jerry's than between the snows of the Arctic and the sands of the desert.
That night, before I went to bed, I dropped my engagement ring into the right hand drawer of the dresser in my bedroom. And I knew that I was free for Jerry, now.

It was in the month that followed that night that I discovered so much about that other Betty Kent, that second me that had been buried in my heart and mind so long, and had at last come to life.
I discovered what it was to be alternately tormented by desire and pain. I found that I had emotions undreamed of—jealousy and suspicion and distrust. I learned what insecurity was, and nagging fear, just as I found out what sheer, wild joy can be, and passionate longing so sharp that it is close to agony. For every woman, no matter how hard she tries to hide it, wants to possess the man she loves. I didn't succeed too well in hiding it, but that didn't matter—for a man like Jerry. I found, cannot be possessed any more easily than quicksilver can be captured between the fingers. Never, never for one moment, was I sure.

A man like Jerry—I found that many of my thoughts in those days began that way. Thoughts? They were excuses, really, but I wouldn't admit that. Jerry was neglectful. A man like Jerry always is, I told myself, but all that would be changed once he swung into the pattern of having a girl of his own—I couldn't somehow bring myself to say "being engaged"—instead of going about with so many girls. But the truth was that Jerry knew perfectly well how the feeling I had for him kept me completely enraptured, no matter how many dates he broke, how many disappointments and heartaches he gave me.
I wasn't a complete fool—at least, completely enamoured of Jerry as I was, I had sense enough to miss David. I missed the thoughtful little gifts and surprises. I missed the security I had known in going with someone I could depend on.
Jerry was always late—always. And much of the time he expected me to go to him. Night after night I met him at the end of his 10:30 broadcast. Sometimes, when I rebelled and stayed at home, he called me at eleven or so...
calling dr. jones

what's wrong, doug...don't you love me any more?

there's no use talking about it, jane. maybe if you saw a doctor...

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thank you, doctor...

hey, mate, how about a dine-and-dance date this p.m.?

of course, doug darling...

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from a bar downtown. and always the momentary rebelliousness would dissolve, and i would dress and go down to meet him, to feel his kisses on my mouth, his arms about me. even when at last i came to the point of promising myself that it would be "just this once more."

marriage, marriage to jerry i was sure, would solve all this. marriage, i knew, would wipe away all the feeling of shame and guilt i had - shame that my heart and my mind, my thoughts and desires, my very living and breathing, belonged so wholly to a man who was not my husband. but when i spoke of marriage, jerry always laughed at me.

"marriage—it's a vastly overrated institution," he would say. "let's just be happy with what we have. lany. this is the best there is—no loving because you're bound to but because you really want to."

"but, jerry," i would cry, "don't you want me?"

then his mouth would come down, seeking mine, shutting out the world. and once again, i would be lost. i so wanted to be blind to jerry's shortcomings that i simply refused to let myself see them. and yet, in the back of my mind, i was as aware of them as i would have been of a scar on his face. he was completely irresponsible about money and debts; he overlooked that. he was neglectful and discourteous to the point of rudeness sometimes: i found excuses for him. he was in my blood, and i was sure that he would stay there forever. i could see only misery ahead for me if i let myself see him in his true colors, and so i went on being blind, because i had to be, i thought, to save my own happiness.

the two months in which i had promised david not to marry jerry were almost up. and, if i had been honest, i would have admitted to myself that the promise had not been hard to keep—jerry showed as little sign of being interested in marrying me as any stranger on the street might have. less interest now, than before—things before, when he hadn't been sure of me. there was the new girl in the traffic department, for instance. i was well aware that jerry was looking at her with more than casual interest, but i wouldn't let myself believe it until it was forcibly demonstrated to me. like this:

i stopped at the door of the traffic department one afternoon—stopped softly and stood breath-held, quite aware that i was eavesdropping, and not caring, for i had heard jerry's voice, low and intimate and mocking and inviting.

he was leaning over the new girl, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder. and he was saying, "you know, i'm not going to call you mary at all. i'm going to call you bunny, because you're cute and little and sweet and . . ." i didn't hear any more. waves of physical sickness washed over me and i vaguely had the feeling of the wall to remain standing. and i kept hearing those words over and over, and seeing jerry's supple fingers trailing over mary's arm.

it was then that i stopped being blind. then that i knew that to jerry i was just an incident, another girl in a long list of conquests. i knew that he was selfish and cheap. i knew that he had made me those things, too. and what was worse, i felt that it was too
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"How I feel?"
He nodded. "Because the two months are up, dear, and I—I can't stand it any longer. I've realized that it's best for me to know for sure."

He came closer, and sat down beside me on the settee, looking closely at my face.

"Honey—you've been crying."
"Yes, Dave—I've been crying. Would you like to say 'I told you so'? I asked sharply, wanting to hurt him the way you always want to hurt when you've been hurt yourself.

"Has it burned itself out, Betty?"
"With him it has," I answered. Pride had gone long ago.

"And with you?"
I felt the tears rising again. "Oh, David—I'm no good. I don't like him. I don't know what he is. But I love him. No—no, I don't love him. I want him—it's something that a person like you could never understand."

"Try me," he said gently. "Try me."
And his arms came out to gather me into him, his hand to lift my face gently up to his kiss. I was prepared for the kiss he used to give—quick and gentle and fireless.

But this new kiss had all the old gentleness—and a new, blood-pounding, pulse-stirring fire. For many a moment I lay in his arms, responsive and yielding, and then I tore myself abruptly away. How had this happened to me? What had I become?

"David—David, what's wrong with me? There must be something the matter with me! Can I feel the same way toward your kisses, now, as I used to toward his? Would I feel the same toward any man who kissed me? What's wrong with me, David? I'm—I'm not really...

His fingers cut the words off. "Betty, sweetheart, let me tell you what's wrong with you. You're human. You're human and very young and very sweet. That's all that's wrong with you, if that can be wrong."

He pillow'd his head on his shoulder. "Listen to me for a little, Betty. You see, dear, every man knows what can happen to a girl like you—a girl who's been sheltered and cared for. Every man knows that there's another side to every woman, and that he can bring it out if he wants to. But a man who wants to marry a girl doesn't want to bring that side out—at least, not at first. He wants to be sure that their marriage is going to be founded on something more secure that what stirs within her when he kisses her. He wants more between them than physical attraction, don't you see? I could have loved you that way, dearest—had I but known to love, really. That's—oh, call it ecstasy. It doesn't wear well, dearest, unless it has a foundation in hope and courage and liking and friendship in that long, sweet kiss. And there was more—there was ecstasy.
time, with him. There was that big house, and his mother liked company... and Bill and Irene would never miss me... I idiot, I told myself. Things just don't happen like that. He'll ask you to write to him, perhaps, and that's all. He's just being nice...

But Dick didn't look particularly as if he were just being nice. He was tired, I was sure of it, sure that he hadn't slept at all the night before, and yet although he stretched out on the grass after we'd eaten the cold meats, the salad, the devilled eggs that the delicatessen had furnished, he didn't sleep now. I found paper in my purse and tried to write a note to my roommate in the city. Dick lay quietly beside me, and several times I was sure that he'd dozed off, but whenever I glanced at him, his eyes would open, and he'd smile a little... as if, I thought, he's glad I'm here... And then I tried to push that thought back where it had come from, too.

That afternoon we found a place to stay. We left the park when the shadows were lengthening, and took the bus back toward town. And then, when the bus stopped at a corner in the residential district, I saw it—the house with the sign, "Rooms," and, at the curb before the house, a man and a woman loading bags and boxes into a car, obviously moving out. "Look!" I exclaimed.

Dick looked, and rose, pulling me up with him. We got off the bus, ran up to the house. The woman who answered the door introduced herself as Mrs. Malone, and after Dick had explained our situation, she said that she did have two rooms on the third floor. "I usually rent them as a unit," she said, "but they are separate, with separate entrances on the hall." She turned and led the way up the stairs. We followed, not in the least discouraged by the darkness of the stairwell, the smell of old cooking. After the night in the station, any sort of room was welcome. And then when we reached the top, they were better than we'd expected—two rooms opening off a hall, the smaller containing a bed and a chest of drawers; the larger had a studio couch, a drop-leaf table and chairs, and a kitchenette.

"There's no telephone except in my apartment," said Mrs. Malone apologetically, "and the bath is on the second floor. The kitchen's fully equipped with china and silver, but I don't know how clean it is. The other people just left, and I've had time only to change the linens—"

Dick shook his head, as if these considerations were of small importance and to us, they were. "It's fine," he said. "We'll take it." After Mrs. Malone had gone, he looked uncertainly at me. "I suppose we ought to call the station again—and how about our bags?" He looked terribly tired. "I don't need mine right now," I said. "And I'll call the station. I'm going out to shop, anyway. If you want to take a nap—"

He nodded gratefully. "You'll wake me," he warned. "This town seems to close up early, and we don't want to miss dinner."

I promised to wake him, and Dick went out, into the other room. I heard his door close, heard him moving
around for a while, and then there was silence—and I was alone for the first time in a good many hours. Queer, I thought, how accustomed you can become to having someone always at your elbow.... And then I got briskly to my feet and set about examining my new quarters. As the landlady had said, the kitchen was fully equipped, even to an egg-beater, even to half-filled canisters of salt and sugar and flour that the departing tenants had evidently not thought worth while taking with them. It was really a very nice little kitchen, neatly painted, except for the edges of the cupboard shelves which the painters had neglected for some reason and which, of course, was the very part that showed. And it was clean, temptingly clean. . . . I looked at it, and then I picked up my purse and coat, knowing what I was going to do, determined not to let my own doubts stop me. I was going to get dinner for Dick, and I wasn’t going to stop to think that he might not like it, that he might think that I was deliberately making our relationship more personal and intimate than circumstances had already made it. After all, I argued, it was the only way I could repay him for the dinner and the breakfast and the lunch he’d bought me. Resolutely I ignored the knowing little voice that whispered, “Besides, you want to do it. You want to get dinner for him more than you’ve ever wanted to do anything else. Yes, and you’d like to go on cooking for him, and keeping house for him, and picking up after him and ironing his shirts and washing his socks. You’d be happy over the humblest, meanest little task if you were doing it for him.”

“Chops,” I thought, banishing the voice. “And potatoes, and two green vegetables. And gravy. He’s a meat-potatoes-and-gravy man, anyone can tell. He likes good, solid food and lots of it.” I didn’t pause to remind myself that I was presuming to know a great deal about a man who twenty-four hours ago had been a stranger. I went downstairs and outside, walked a block to the shopping center. I bought supplies, hurriedly, because it was late and the stores were closing. Four thick double lamb chops—Dick would eat three, and I, one—and potatoes, and cream to mash them with, because I was sure he’d like them mashed, and fresh green beans and new peas, and strawberries for dessert, I bought rolls and eggs, too, for breakfast the next morning, and, dodging into the dime store just before it closed, I found paper napkins and a gay paper table cover. On impulse, remembering Mrs. Malone’s unpainted shelf edges, I added a roll of scalloped paper trimming to the collection. I called the station, too, and then, on my way back to the room, I met Mrs. Malone coming down the stairs. She smiled at me, at my bundles. “Looks like you’re going to stay for a while,” she remarked.

“It does,” I agreed. “I just called the station, and they don’t know when the trains will run.”

“I could keep trying them for you,” she offered. “That way, you won’t have to run up and downstairs. I’ll call tonight, later, and again in the morning, if you want.”

I thanked her and went up on up the stairs, my heart singing. Mrs. Malone was kind; everyone was kind; I had four thick chops that Dick was sure to like, and it was altogether a wonderful world.

I took my time over the dinner, took meticulous care cleaning the vegetables and the berries—both so that they would be absolutely perfect and so that Dick would have a longer nap. The table was a picture when I’d finished—yellow paper cloth, bright red berries, yellow dots of butter on the peas and beans. The chops were a rich, tender brown, and I’d drained off their juice to make gravy. And from the oven came the warm, homely smell of toasting rolls. I went to tap on Dick’s door.

“You asked to be awakened,” I reminded him.

“Thanks”—and then, as he must have looked at his watch—“Hey! It’s late! We won’t find a thing to eat—” I retreated to my own room, my hand slapped over my mouth to stifle an idiotic giggle of anticipation and excitement. I heard Dick go downstairs, two steps at a time; a few minutes later he came charging up again. As I opened the door, I saw that his chin was nicked from a hairy shave, his hair still wet from the shower. “Ready?” he asked. Then he stared. “What’s all this?”

The giggle died in my throat. I sat frozen, waiting. He was going to be angry, and he’d cover it up by being politely appreciative—and that I wouldn’t be able to bear. “Dinner?” I said in a small voice. “Do you mind?”

“Mind!” he exclaimed in a dazed voice. “Mind—You—Louise, do you realize that this is the first home-cooked meal I’ve had in months?”

I drew a wavering breath of relief. It was all right. It was better than all right. Everything was perfect. I ate dinner in a haze of happiness, forgetting the train we must inevitably take, forgetting the shortness of our time.
had swallowed, assured loved laughing. answered. said, sort together. tinging pushed was. was realized loved wasn't the ill j that toes, he wanted, while, that omitted. He A-F ter from remembered when, tenants demonstrated, "What's darndest "Women," Our "A "How Our "And things." "She'd floors. "Be careful." Dick warned, and as he spoke, it happened. I lost my balance; Dick caught me, lowered me to the floor. "I told you," he said shakily—and then he was kissing me, holding me hard and close, and all the happiness I'd known with him, all I was and all I felt for him fused and exploded into a rapture almost cruel in its intensity. "Dick—" I pushed at his shoulders, gasping. I wanted my breath back, wanted words to tell him that I loved him, how exquisitely happy I was. He released me so quickly that I was left standing suddenly, dizzily alone. "I'm sorry," he said heavily. "I shouldn't have done that. It's just—you've been so swell; I forgot myself—"

There was silence, an eternity of silence. I heard the tick of his watch, the drip of water from the tap. And my heart froze over and the blood turned to ice in my veins as I realized that I had the answer to all my hopes, all my fears of the past twenty-four hours—the wrong answer. As clearly as if he'd put it into words, Dick had just said that I was a nice girl, good company, pretty enough so that a man would want to kiss her—and that I meant no more to him than that.

"It's all right," I said. He looked at the roll of scalloped paper in my hand. I'd forgotten it. "Maybe I'd better finish putting that up." I swallowed, managed to laugh. "Yes," I answered. "Maybe you had."
The dream was over, and all the joy was gone out of being with him. There was no outward change between us—Dick finished trimming the shelves, and I admired his handiwork, and afterward we talked much as we'd talked at the restaurant the night before. But inside me, everything was different. My heart and my mind weren't skipping lightly ahead of me now, running after a beautiful, fantastic, but just barely possible dream; they were heavy and slow. Because I was hurt, it was hard to be pleasant; there was a brittle edge to some of my remarks. Dick took out his wallet, showed me pictures of his home and his family. Among them was the picture of a pretty dark girl. "My brother's girl," he explained. "All the fellows on the ship carry pictures of their girls, so—I sort of borrowed her."

My heart was pleasing. "Take me, take me—" But aloud I said lightly, "Don't you think it's time you got a girl of your own?"

"If I can find one."

"There are lots of girls," I assured him. "Lots of girls who'd be glad to give you their picture." Dick didn't answer, and I knew that I'd sounded cheap and taunting.

I WAS relieved when he said goodnight and went to his own room. I turned out the lights and crept in between the covers of the studio couch, grateful for the darkness, as if it could hide my own misery, and my anger at myself. Because it was all my fault. I built an incident into the dream of a lifetime; I'd interpreted a man's friendliness as something much more important.

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"I was lucky yesterday... I got some gum."

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Waking in the morning on the soft sheets was worse than waking on the hard station bench. There was a cold gray light that was like a reflection of the cold grayness in my heart. And it hurt, when I made coffee and boiled eggs for breakfast, to remember how happy I'd worked at this very stove only a few hours before. Then Dick knocked on the door, and in spite of myself, my heart leaped. "Look," he said with a laugh when he saw the breakfast table, "you shouldn't have gone to that trouble. I meant to take you downtown for breakfast—"

"We had breakfast downtown yesterday." My crisp voice put miles between us. But secretly I was agreeing with him. "No," I thought, "I shouldn't have cooked breakfast. I shouldn't have made dinner last night, either. I've embarrassed you, and I'm sorry. I'll find some way out of this—"

There was a knock on the door, and Mrs. Malone poked her head in the door. "There's a train to Medina at ten o'clock," she said. "I thought you'd like to know."

I exclaimed, "Good!" and smiled widely, falsely, at her. I didn't look at Dick. I didn't want to see how pleased, how relieved he was.

Dick thanked her, and after she'd gone, he looked at me in bewilderment. "How does she happen to keep track of the trains?"

"She offered to call for us when I came in from shopping last night. Didn't I tell you?"

He looked at me oddly. "No, you didn't." And then—"I suppose you're anxious to get to Medina."

"I am," I said. "Very." A silence fell between us, but there wasn't time for it to grow strained. There was just time to wash the dishes and to straighten the rooms and to get to the station. It was easier after we were on the train. Dick had bought magazines and we sat leafing through them, laughing over the cartoons—or at least, I pretended to laugh. I didn't really see one of them. At noon in the diner we sat with a woman who, like us, had been delayed, and lunch went by on an account of the two of us and she'd spent in the station. After lunch the man sitting ahead of us noticed Dick's service ribbons and started a conversation. I sat back, closed my eyes, and tried to stifle a proprietary pride in Dick, told myself that I was being a bigger fool than ever. It was fairly obvious that he didn't enjoy talking to the man, and was doing it only because he'd run out of things to say to me.

The man got off at Mayville, which was only a few miles from Medina, and after that I had material for conversation. I pointed out the golf course where Bill played, the inn on the highway where Bill and Irene went for steak dinners, the lake where we went swimming, and I was aware that I sounded pleased and proud, that it was really Dick doing my talking. "See how much better all this is than what you have to offer; this is where I belong." And all the while a fist was closing around my heart, tightly and tightly, until the conductor came through calling, "Medina!" Then I didn't have any heart left at all, only a kind of numb determination to get through the parting—"
years, but only minutes, too, before I was holding out my hand, thinking, "It's over. It's over. It can't be"—Aloud I said, "I want to thank you so much. You've been so kind."

"Thank you. I—can't I get you a cab? I've an hour before my train—"

An hour. In a minute I was going to cry. "No, thank you. My brother will meet me. I wired him—" Dick probably knew that I hadn't wired Bill, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that I get away in time. Then we said goodbye, again, and shook hands again, and I was walking away from him, rapidly, following the porter. The porter led me through the door, set the grips down. "You'll have to wait for a cab, Miss."

I tipped him, looked blankly at the crowds waiting for taxis, packing into them as they'd packed into taxis in that other station where Dick had knocked me to dinner—and at that my self-control broke. I backed into a corner of a bench, turned my back on the crowd, and cried, silently, not caring that tears were running down my face, not caring that it was broad afternoon and people must be looking.

Hands turned me around, hands that were big and hard, but tender, too. "Louise—"

Dick. I just looked at him, past caring that he saw how beaten and sodden I was.

"Louise, what's the matter?"

I SHOOK my head, tried to smile. "I'm sorry. The trip was tiring. And I'm a little tired—"

"That's not it," His eyes were very blue, very serious, very searching. "Louise—I'm no good at saying how I feel—but I wanted to ask you to write to me. Only I didn't want you to think—I mean, we were sort of thrown together—"

I found my voice suddenly and my courage, too. "Thrown together," I said, "for the most wonderful two days I've ever known."

For a long moment he didn't say anything. Only a little muscle jumped in his cheek; his hands tightened on my arms. Then he drew a deep breath and said, "You know—I didn't want you to write, not for a while. What I really wanted—Louise, will you come home with me, now? Will you come home and meet Mom and Dad, so they can get to know you, and so you and I—"

It was too much all at once. The wonderful explosive happiness was rising inside me again, and I dared not give way to it. I had to be sure. "You don't know me," I began. "How can you be certain?—"

"I know," said Dick steadily, "that you can make pure heaven out of a furnished room. I know that we've shared quite a lot of living together these last days. I know that I've never been as happy as I've been in those days. Isn't that enough?"

It was enough, and more. It was enough for now, to stand there in the exquisite joy of the moment, with a dozen people around us, frankly staring. To hear Dick remind me, "You'll have to call your brother and tell him about your—your change of plan."

And then to add, as he picked up my bags and looked around the station, "Well, here we are again. Waiting for a train."

I put my hand in the crook of his elbow. I was too happy to say anything. There we were, the way I knew we'd always be—together.
You're Invited

Continued from page 48

heat (350 degrees F.). Sift flour once before measuring. Then, in preparing your other ingredients, follow this procedure:

Measure into sifted:
2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
3 tsp. double-acting baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1 1/4 cups sugar

Measure into bowl:
5/8 cup vegetable shortening
Measure into cup:
1 cup milk

Have ready:
5 egg whites beaten to meringue with 1/4 cup sugar

(Beat egg whites with rotary beater or at high speed of electric mixer until foamy. Add sugar gradually, beating only until meringue will stand in soft peaks.)

Mix or stir shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add liquid and mix until all flour is dampened, then beat 2 minutes. Add meringue mixture and beat 1 minute longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow at least 100 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.) Turn batter into pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until done, about 45 minutes. Spread top and sides with Fluffy Seven Minute Frosting. Outline bell on top of cake, using paper pattern and toothpick. Fill in with silver dragees or with frosting tinted a delicate pink. Decorate sides of cake with coconut, if available. If no coconut is available, there are other packaged sprinkles that are still on the market. If the cake with its white frosting will be attractive enough without further decoration.

Fluffy Seven Minute Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1 1/8 cups light corn syrup
Pinch salt

Combine unbeaten egg whites, corn syrup and salt in top of double boiler, beating with egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Rapidly beat over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes. When done, frosting should stand in peaks. Remove from heat, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. If frosting separates in bottom of pan before spreading, beat with egg beater until blended.

Strawberry Sherbet

3/4 cup sugar
2 cups water
1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
2 cups water or 1 cup water and 1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
tea spoons grated orange rind

Combine sugar and 2 cups water and boil 2 minutes. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add 2 cups water, lemon juice, and orange rind. Turn into freezing tray of automatic refrigerator, setting control for coldest freezing temperature. When partially frozen, turn into cold bowl and beat with rotary egg beater until blended and fluffy. Return to tray. Freeze 30 minutes longer and stir; then freeze until firm. Freezing time: 5 to 6 hours. Makes 1 1/2 quarts.

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Carefully perfected by hair experts, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is easier than ever to apply—complete in itself for use at home. Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment." Excellent, too, for lightening arm and leg hair. . . . At all drug counters.

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She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Marchand's gives you relief from backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help keep people well about 3 a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passage with smarting and burning sometimes shown there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't let your druggist make you use Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.
"I'm So Very Happy"

Continued from page 47

stage. And that was the moment that my heart finally made my mind understand why it had been pumping so fast these last months. Why, I was in love with Alan Young—imagine that!

Three days later a letter came from Alan. I tore the envelope to shreds in my haste to get to it. He wrote that he was sorry he hadn't seen me when I was up—even though I deserved the same brush-off I had given him—and he asked if I wouldn't come back for a weekend.

I began asking people about him.

The first thing I learned was that he was in radio—and that was exciting! I'd never known anyone in show business, but I'd read enough about it so that I thought it was an enchanted world. So I began to picture Alan taking me to broadcasting studios, to big hotels, backstage at theaters, dining and chatting familiarly with celebrities. Oh, I had the whole of our lives worked out in close detail!

We began to write to each other regularly. But my letters worried him. "In one paragraph," he complained later, "you would sound as if you were keen about me. Then in the next you'd be cold and formal!" So he took my letters to his sister for advice.

"What does Mary Ann mean, anyway?" he asked her. Thank goodness, Harriette could quite easily understand what went on in another girl's mind. "Well," she told him, "she likes you—that's obvious. But she isn't going to put her heart on paper until she knows the condition of your heart—and I don't blame her!"

A L A N may be quiet and reserved, but no one can accuse him of procrastinating. I came up for the weekend, and I hadn't been in Vancouver for an hour before he asked me if I would wear that ring I told him about. And he had my answer. I don't procrastinate, either.

I think Alan and I fell in love because essentially we're exactly the same kind of people. I never did believe in the "opposites attract" theory, anyway. Alan says he fell in love with me because I have big feet that turn in, never asked him what he did, never told him how to do it. He likes the fact that my dinner-table conversation is likely to be limited to "Pass the salt, please," and "I'll have coffee."

He doesn't have big feet that turn in. Otherwise, I fell in love with him for the same reason that he fell in love with me. Funny men are supposed to work overtime being funny—but not Alan. Humor is his job, and when the day's work is over he leaves it at the microphone or the typewriter.

Between August, when we became engaged, and February, when we were married, Alan and I saw each other only three times—just enough to agree that we'd have a quiet home wedding with only our immediate families and intimate friends. I would wear, I decided, a pink afternoon dress with navy blue accessories and a navy blue hat. I've always regretted that decision. You see, I never want or expect to be married again, and no matter how happy and contented I am now, I'll always feel just a little bit cheated—I wish with all my heart I'd decided on a big splurge with white satin and...
I WAS so miserable I couldn't even speak for two days. Alan had a great deal of trouble making me understand that in show business people were like that, her gesture was mere exuberance over the success of the performer, and that she meant no more calling him darling than she would have calling him chum, or pal.

But I soon got used to show business, and mother hadn't never in anything like it before, and the life we lived seemed, and still seems, crazy and perfectly wonderful to me. We went to the movies and dancing and got up at noon. When Alan went to his typewriter to work on scripts, I went shopping. Usually I stopped at a nearby delicatessen which specialized in pre-cooked meals that had only to be heated. The first time I got the whole dinner, we had a meat loaf. Mother had taught me to make. Poor Alan made the mistake of saying how much he liked it—so he got it over and over, and he's still getting it, as a matter of fact, when we have enough red points! Other times, we have some dishes Mother didn't teach me to make—things I've had fun learning, all by myself.

Our real honeymoon came a while after we were married, and can be summed up in two short sentences: We went to Toronto and got married.

Here's how it happened. We thought we had money enough and to spare. Like a pair of children, we hadn't the remotest idea how much it takes to travel. We made some mistakes and traveled the other way, to Vancouver, and discovered that not only was we quite broke, but that the Vancouver was only just as bad as the remoter places two of us had been to. So we didn't travel, but spent our honeymoon in a small apartment in an all sleepy town near Vancouver. It was a place called,' —and there the thermometer ran as high as 90 degrees. This was fine for us, because in the brief honeymoon so much, any way—I was eager to see the apartment and cooed over it and praised the room, and in the brief honeymoon so much, any way—I was eager to see the apartment and cooed over it and praised the room, and I saw no sign of a small apartment with only Alan and to live in it more exciting than anything I'd ever looked forward to before. Besides, I wanted very much to sit in the audience at Alan's show—perhaps to point out some sympathetic stranger beside me, as Alan's mother had pointed him out to me, "That's my husband!"

Harriette went to Alan's first matinee with me, and I'm sure that no one within earshot had the slightest doubt that Harriette was Alan's sister and I his bride. Our pride knew as bounds, and, in my case at least, went before the proverbial fact. For afterwards, backstage, one of the bathing girls brushed past me to get to Alan's dressing-room, put her arms around him, and greeted him more than warmly as "Darling!"

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sense of humor—that was about all we had left. But we still could laugh, as we did when a theatre manager told Alan that “We would like to have you m.c. our show, but we know we can’t afford you,” the same day Alan had to pawn his watch for ten dollars so that we could eat. Another time we had exactly twenty-five cents to buy a dinner at a fruit stand. That was a night we’ll never forget. The heat was oppressive, and we weren’t used to it. All of a sudden it stopped being funny. We decided it was high time to go home.

On the train home, fortunately, we met a pilot friend who insisted on our having dinner with him. Even so, we arrived in Vancouver with exactly fifty cents—which is the bus fare to West Vancouver, where we lived.

“So I married you for your money?” I asked him, as wearily and disgusted, but beginning to think it was funny all over again, we finally got home. Alan had always said that I’d only married him because I knew he would be rich.

He didn’t answer me, because he was opening the mail that had collected in our absence. Grinning, he displayed a handbill advertising a marriage for fifteen dollars that an old friend of ours had been forwarded to us in Toronto. His answer was simple. “Yes,” he said — and he still sticks to it.

The next week, Alan started a new radio show. We felt very prosperous and Toronto and all its troubles faded like a bad dream. We remembered only the fun we’d had, and began to dream all over again—this time of a New York apartment high above Park Avenue . . . of a big, sunny nursery, and babies . . .

But although, in our quiet way, we’re the world’s biggest pair of optimists, even we couldn’t imagine how soon these dreams of ours were going to come true. Sometimes now, when we go to Reubens after late broadcasts and sit the night away talking to famous people we’d only read about before—when we fly up Park Avenue in a taxi—when we tiptoe into the nursery where Alanna is sleeping and which another baby soon will share — I have to pinch myself. And Alan, too, by request. We simply can’t believe we aren’t still dreaming.

Our first four years were wonderful. And it looks to me as if the next forty would be even better!

RESERVE YOUR COPY
OF NEXT MONTH’S RADIO ROMANCES
Formerly Radio Mirror
TODAY

Paper restrictions make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO ROMANCES to go around these days. The best way to make sure that you get every issue is to buy your copy from the same newsdealer each month and tell him to save RADIO ROMANCES for you regularly. Place a standing order with your dealer—don’t risk disappointment.
Both mother and daughter are of Tampax age!

Some families have a double opportunity to discover Tampax. It may be the daughter who brings home the good news about this invisible type of monthly sanitary protection. Or it may be the mother who first gets these young ideas. Whichever way it happens, such a family will very soon have two voices saying “Thanks to Tampax!”

This Tampax is quite different from the external napkin-type product you are accustomed to, as you can see from the following list of points... It is worn internally. There are no pins or belts. No odor is formed. It may be worn in tub or shower. You can go in swimming with it. No chafing, no bulges or ridges. Made of pure surgical cotton. Small and dainty, it is inserted by throw-away applicator. When in place you cannot feel it. Quick changing. Easy disposal.

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is sold in 3 absorbencies at drug stores, notion counters. Month’s average supply will go in your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Welcome Home
Continued from page 37

Tampax is also available for the veteran's wife, family, and dependents. If there is a veteran in your family, discuss Tampax with him. Tampax is designed to be used during menstruation.

The Government pays for the tuition fees and all incidentals except living expenses and travel, up to not more than $500 for an ordinary school year. In addition, the veteran receives a subsistence allowance of $50 a month, if he has no dependents, or $75, if he has dependents, as long as his work is satisfactory and his education continues.

Payments to Unemployed Veterans: These are called Readjustment Allowances. Unemployment, in order to make a veteran eligible for these benefits, must occur between September 14, 1944 and 2 years after the veteran’s separation from active service, or the end of the war, whichever is later, but not later than five years after the war is ended. The maximum number of weeks for which they may be paid to any veteran is determined by the time he was in active service between September 14, 1944 and the end of the war. The Readjustment Allowance to a completely unemployed veteran is set at $20 a week. This sum is reduced by any amount that he may get for the same period of unemployment from any other Federal or State unemployment or disability compensation act. No deduction is made, however, for any pension, compensation or retired pay he may be entitled to, or from the veteran’s income.

In order to be eligible for these allowances the veteran must reside in the United States, must be registered with and reporting to a public employment office, and be able to work and available for suitable work. There are very clearly drawn provisions concerning what is to be deemed suitable work.

High School Course at Home Many Finish in 2 Years

Don’t Cut Nails! Cannot be done at home. Not a Pulsin for chafing, itching, burning, bumps or discoloration. Pulsin for Germanic and Muscular Pains.

AMBROSIA The Sparkling Liquid Facial Cleanser Hinz Ambrosia, New York City.

DON’T CUT CUTICLES

Manicure is a smart cosmetic which beautifies nails while it softens cuticle. MANICARE is a cuticle remover, cuticle oil and stain remover, all in one.

Manicure 35¢ a jar

PULVEX Flea Powder Kills fleas 100% Satisfaction or Money Back 25¢ and 10¢
Veterans are disqualified from receiving these allowances if they leave suitable work without cause or refuse to accept suitable work without cause.

The allowances are administered by the Administrator of Veterans Affairs, but the actual servicing is done through various State Unemployment Commissions or Departments and applications should be made to them.

**EMPLOYMENT:** The Bill of Rights entitles a veteran to reinstatement in a job he left after May 1, 1940 to enter active service, or to a position of like status, seniority, and pay—if that position was in the employ of the U.S. Government or a private employer, under the following conditions:

1. The position was not temporary.
2. The veteran must have received an honorable discharge certificate.
3. He must apply for reinstatement within 90 days of his discharge.
4. He must still be qualified to perform the duties of the position.
5. If the position was in private employ, the employer's circumstances must not have been changed so as to make it impossible or unreasonable for him to reinstate the veteran.

Under the direct leadership of the Veterans' Placement Service, the Selective Service System, the U.S. Employment Service with its special branch called the Veterans Employment Service and many other agencies cooperate to make the veteran's change from military to civilian activity as easy and fast as possible. The actual operations of placement are carried out by the State and local offices of the U.S. Employment Service. Veterans seeking employment on farms will be assisted by the County Agent of the War Food Administration Extension Service. Placement in jobs on railroads is through the Railroad Retirement Board.

All veterans should be made aware of the preferences that will be given them if they wish to seek employment in the U.S. Civil Service. Naturally, all persons who left such jobs to enter military service are entitled to get them back upon honorable discharge, with all the benefits of status, seniority and rate of pay. The Civil Service will give preference to other veterans, too, however, including honorably discharged veterans who served on active duty during any war or in any campaign for which a campaign badge is author-

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**JULY RADIO ROMANCES**

**Formerly Radio Mirror**

**ON SALE**

**Friday, June 15th**

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for July will go on sale Friday, June 15th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!
Why Children Often Have Trouble with Laxatives

Some Laxatives are Too Strong

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's too strong will often leave a child feeling worse than before!

Others are Too Mild

A laxative that's too mild to give proper relief is just as unsatisfactory as none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

But - EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

Treat the Children to the "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

EX-LAX gives a thorough action. But EX-LAX is gentle, too! It works easily and effectively at the same time. And remember, EX-LAX tastes good - just like fine chocolate! It's America's favorite laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children, 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX The Original Chocolated Laxative

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

LEARN AT HOME FOR LESS THAN 7c A DAY

Simple as A-B-C. Your lessons consist of real selections, instead of practice exercises, so you learn as you play. You'll be playing your favorite songs in a few short lessons. This is printed and printed hockey, everyday. See your music dealer.

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U. S. School of Music, 1060 Euclid Ave., N.Y., N.Y.

Please send the Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play some instruments.

Instrument: Have you

Name: _____________________________ (Please Print)

Address: ________________________________________

ized; honorably discharged veterans who at any time served on active duty in the U. S. Armed Forces and can prove by official records the existence of a service-connected disability, or are receiving compensation for such a disability from the Veterans Administration, or the War or Navy Departments; the wives of disabled veterans, when the veterans themselves cannot qualify for civil service employment because of their disabilities and the wives can qualify; the unmarried widows of honorably discharged veterans.

All possible skill and advantages are given to persons who fall within the above groupings. Points are added to the ratings they earn on their examinations. Some positions are reserved exclusively for veterans as long as there are veterans to fill them. In most examinations age, weight and height requirements are adopted for preference in granted veteran preference. Where experience is an element of qualification in an examination, a veteran is given full credit for time spent in the Armed Forces, if the position he applies for is similar to one he left to enter the service. And, in the case of staff reductions in any veteran preference employees are preferred for re- 

Benefit at Death and to Dependent's

If a veteran dies while in the service—except if death occurs as a result of his own misconduct—the equivalent of six months' pay is paid as a Death Gratuity to his widow or legal dependents. In addition, pensions are paid by the Veterans Administration to dependents of a service member who dies as a result of service, or from a service-connected disability. A widow with children receives $50 a month. A widow with one child gets $65 and $15 additional for each additional child. The total monthly payment may not exceed $100. Dependent mothers and fathers may receive $45 a month, jointly, or $25 a week. Some pensions are paid to widows and dependents of veterans with service-connected disabilities, but who died from other causes.

Burial expenses up to $100 may be claimed on behalf of any honorably discharged veteran of any war, a veteran discharged for disability incurred in the line of duty and receiving a pension for this kind of disability. Application should be made to the Veterans Administration within two years after the date of burial. Men and women dying in the service of their country are entitled to be buried in a national cemetery. This also applies to any veteran whose last discharge was an honorable one. Application should be made to the Superintendent of the cemetery.

It is never enough for a law to be passed. Always, the public must be made aware of it and its full implications, so that the very people for whose protection the law was passed can see to it that it is carried out to the fullest extent.

This is something we all want. This is something no law can give us, unless we understand the law and know when and where to demand our rights. I hope that I have been able to clarify some of the complicated details of the Bill. If that if things go wrong and mistakes crop up, you will have some idea of what should be done to rectify them. Only by the full cooperation of every one can the GI Bill of Rights become more than a nobly drawn document. It's up to all of us to make it a living factor in tomorrow's world.

No Dull Drab Hair

When You Use This Amazing 4 Purpose Rinse

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

- Gives lustrous highlights.
- 2. Rises away shampoes film.
- 3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
- 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach, but a pure, address hair rinse in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

Fine "Conqueror" Pen GIVEN AWAY

Mail in $1.25 and we will send you pen mailed S. FREE of famous Rousebud Salve ($1.25 value) and will include with this guaranteed precision-built "Conqueror" Pen with instant push-button filler, deep pocket military grip, silver palladium alloy apple. In Blue Black, Dark Blue or Green color. You can sell the 5 sets to friends at $25 a set to get back the $1.25. Check coupon or write name and address on coupon.

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In a new, fine, heavy, full-ringed, sparkling imitation Birthstone ring, set for your ring finger only & free with any purchase of 25c. Genuine Birthstones. Our offer is to you.

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Facitising hobby and vocation saves hours at work. Send for sample. All work sent back in our own lab, for any color, all colors. We will return it in full color. You are not bound to use any of our work and can return it, free. Send 25c now. Send for sample of any color any color.

Eady to Learn

EASY TO LEARN

1335 E. Michigan Ave., Dept. 1330, Chicago 5, III.

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When foot burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Freshly white, cream-like, its cool, soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out...tired muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how medicinal Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. At all drugstores.
Letters From a Soldier

Continued from page 19

fun. Any time you have a chance to go out, go right ahead. That is—as long as the guy you’re with isn’t hand-shy and a better dancer than your husband! Seriously, though, I do want you to go out. I won’t be jealous—much. All I’ll want is a full report, giving names, dates, and places visited—and that’s only because I like to know where you are and what you’re doing every minute and second of the day. So I can picture you, and feel that I’m there with you. Now—I’m trying to kid us both. There’s no use pretending I really want you to go out with other fellows, because I don’t. If I had my way, I’d seal you up in a crystal casket until I could come back and let you out. But I know that’s damfoolishness, and I’m anything but proud of it. You’ve got a perfect right to have some fun. I’d be the worst kind of a heel if I expected you to work hard all day and then sit at home twiddling your thumbs.

How is Bert, by the way? I haven’t heard from him in weeks. He used to write to me often. Hope he isn’t brooding again about being a 4-F, and having to stay there in Herkimer—I thought he’d got all over that. Tell him to plant himself at that glass-topped desk of his and write me a letter. We’re still pals, even if he did sell me a lot of insurance.

Well, sweetheart, there isn’t anything more for me to write about. It’s the first of April, and spring ought to be on its way, but there’s not much sign of it up here. I’ve got to admit, though, it’s not as cold in Newfoundland as I thought it would be. Not cold—just lonely. I love you.

Rod.

April 15

Dear Gale,

Gosh, honey, you don’t have to get sore. I’m sorry. I know I ever mentioned what Phil said—or rather, what he didn’t say. I wouldn’t have, if I’d known it was going to upset you. There’s the trouble, with being so far away from each other—we can’t sit down and talk things over, and tell each other what’s really in our minds. I suppose that letter of mine sounded worse than I meant it to—it must have, because I didn’t mean for it to sound sad at all. I was just worried, that was all, not suspicious about anything, as you seem to think. What is there to be suspicious about? You’re my wife, and we love each other. When I married you I gave you everything I had—all my love, all my trust and confidence—everything. I’d as soon not trust myself, as not trust you. I hope you’re not a sort of set me back on my heels, though—made me wish we could have got to know each other better before I went away. It couldn’t have happened this way if we had. Or could it? Darned if I know. One of the fellows up here has been married eight or nine years and he’s got kids. But that guy spends all his time wondering if his wife’s running around with other fellows while he’s away. I don’t think he actually believes she is. He just wonders, and wondering is driving him nuts. He showed me her picture the other day, and she’s only a nice, decent looking woman, not at all pretty. I couldn’t very well
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I had ugly hair...was unkempt...disarranged. Tried many different products...even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless and inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. Let me tell you how.


THE DEMAND

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JARS, CAPS, LIDS and RUBBERS
And follow instructions in the Ball Blue Book. To get your copy send 10c with your name and address to—
BALL BROTHERS COMPANY, Muncie, Ind.
the mail’s been coming in regularly. Don’t tell me you’re still sore. I couldn’t stand that. We’re too far apart, and it takes so long for letters to go back and forth. If I could only see you, and talk to you—then I wouldn’t have this feeling of being suspended somewhere in space, thrashing with my feet and never finding any solid ground for them to stand on. Maybe you’re just busy. But what at? What is there to keep you so busy you don’t have time to write a letter?

This is going to be a short letter itself. I’m in a pretty sour mood, and if I write much more I’m likely to say something I’ll be sorry for later. Love,

Rod.

May 5

Dearest,

This is our first anniversary, and I got an anniversary present yesterday—a letter from you, just when I’d about decided you weren’t ever going to write to me again. It was worth waiting for, though. You really can write a good long letter if you try, can’t you, honey?

Sure, I know how time can fly past. It used to be for me, too. And I found out, the few days I got to live with you, how many things a girl has to do—washing her hair, and doing her nails, and so forth. I guess you’re pretty tired when night comes, too. Tell that boss of yours, Bert, not to work you so hard. Tell him I said so! But I’m glad he took you out dancing a couple of times. I might have known he’d look after my interests and keep the wolves away.

It’s funny to think it’s only a year since we were married. All that seems so long ago. Driving out to Lake Park in Dad’s car, and sitting there, talking—and suddenly me asking you to marry me, and almost falling out of the car in surprise when you said yes. I couldn’t believe it—we’d only known each other such a short time, and there were only a few more days before I had to go back to camp. I hadn’t meant to ask you, but the kids was shining so in the moonlights, and you were so close and so very, very sweet. Golly, suppose I hadn’t taken the chance?

I’ll bet you’re remembering too, tonight, how we sat there and laid our plans—how we decided it would be simpler and easier all around if we didn’t tell anybody, but just eloped. You were right, of course, though I felt a little guilty over not letting my folks in on the secret. They were— well, sports about it, though—you’ve got to admit that.

It was a crazy marriage—deciding on the spur of the moment, driving away without telling anybody and having the ceremony performed by a sleepy old Justice of the Peace, and then only having a three-day honeymoon, then another ten days on my last leave. Crazy but fun, wasn’t it? Well, we’ll make up for the craziness when I get back. We’ll be the stodgiest, most ordinary couple in Herkimer, and the happiest. And maybe not really getting a chance to know each other, but that will all be to the good. We’ll each have a lot of surprises coming.

I guess you can tell I’m pretty blamed happy tonight. Getting your letter was like waking up from a bad dream. I look back and I can’t even recognize the guy who sat around chewing his fingernails and snapping at everybody, just because he couldn’t
Dear Bert,

I got your letter. I'm glad you wrote it, even if it was about the toughest thing I ever had to read in all my life—just as this is going to be the toughest to write.

I don't know what to say to you. You feel bad enough as it is—I could tell that, easily enough, and you're feeling to feel worse when you finish this. Because I can't just say go ahead and the devil take you. I could do that to somebody else, maybe, but not to you. We were kids together, and I always thought of you as my best friend. It hasn't been your fault—I know that even better than you do. I've got to tell you, and then you'll have to go ahead and make up your own mind—if you can.

Get this, though. I'm not trying to get revenge on you even on her. As far as I'm concerned, she's—well, it's like she'd died. I'm not ashamed to tell you I cried for her, the way you crying for a buddy you loved was dead. Of course, I never loved her—not the real Gale. I loved somebody I thought was Gale, somebody I dreamed to know her well. But the girl I loved never existed at all. Neither does the girl you love.

Do you begin to get it? It'll take you quite a while, I'm sure of that. I opened your letter, and read it, and at first I felt like laughing, because it didn't make any sense. Here you were, writing to me just as if I'd up and all the latest news. You said: "I know how you feel, Rod, and I don't blame you. It's pretty low to steal your friend's wife while he's in the Army. But look at it calmly, and you'll see it doesn't do any good to go on refusing to let Gale divorce you. It was all a mistake, your getting married in the first place. Gale loves me, and I love her. I'm sorry it's worked out that way, but it has. Go on hating me, call me everything you like. I think of—but write to Gale and tell her you've reconsidered, and she can have her divorce. She doesn't know I'm writing to you, she thought it would sound better coming from her and seems to think she ought to try again."

Sure, I hated you for awhile, and I called you plenty. Even now, I don't want to see you for a good long time, if ever. I can't help feeling that way though I know it wasn't your fault as much as it was hers. Because you see, Bert—your letter was the first I'd heard from you in a long time, and she's mentioned one. In fact, in one letter she said particularly that everything was fine, she missed me and loved me. She even mentioned casually that you'd taken her out dancing a couple of times—as if the boss was giving the little secretary a night out. If she told you she'd written and asked me for a divorce, then she was lying.

She's done quite a bit of lying to both of us.

Why? I mean why did she do it? You know as well as I do. You've seen her when she meets a man for the first time—that inquiring, eager, speculative look. You know how everything in her concentrates on putting the guy under a spell—you must know, it's happened to you. Maybe she can't help it, maybe she's made that way, so she needs the fun (it's just fun to her) of having a man worshiping her, being jealous of him. Sex is her game, it's what she lives for, and she needn't be cute. Maybe she really intended to play it straight when we got married. Or maybe she didn't, and the allotment was the big attraction. I wouldn't even think about that.

The funny thing is—I think I always knew, down inside me, that I couldn't trust her. I used to laugh when I read a piece in a paper quoting some social-service big shot mumbling about the dangers of hasty war marriages. All the same, it bothered me that she was doing so much good work, too. Even after I went out, working with her in the office, and she was smart enough to fool you.

Then there were a lot of little things that happened—a funny look on Phil Rulison's face when I asked about her, and the way she'd never open up and be friends with my family, and her extravagance with money, and not bothering to write to me for weeks at a time. But most of all it was her agreeing to marry me on such short notice, and I thought of it, and I know now that she didn't mean much to her. All these things should have made me wonder.

They did make me wonder, only I shoved the wondering out of sight, wouldn't admit it was there. A man in the Army wants somebody to love, the way he wants three meals a day and a good place to sleep. But I'm more, because he can get along without the meals and the bed, but he can't get along without the other. Except that I guess I'll have to get along without it now.

I'm not writing to Gale. This is your show now, Bert—I'm finished. I wonder what you'll do?

Rod.
No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage... only Drene with Hair Conditioner!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. ✓ Extra lustre... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls luster, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different! It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ Such manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner! ✓ Complete removal of dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Fashion News for the June Bride

three stunning head dresses...three appropriate hair-dos!

On this page, Norma Riccieter... lovely New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... models three stunning, new bridal head dresses and shows you an appropriate hair-do for each. (Above) An exquisite head dress of orange blossoms and pearls, shaped like the brim of a bonnet. Here Norma's hair-do is suitably demure, but smart... the front held close to the head, the back in a soft page-boy roll. The shining beauty of her hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, which Norma always uses. She knows no other shampoo leaves her hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

All bridal head dresses on this page by John Frederics famous New York hat designers

For the informal wedding, this adorable crown of pink carnations, held on with narrow satin ribbon, tied under the hair at back. With this head dress, Norma's bewitching hair-do (with its Empress Eugenie look) is simply perfect! Bewitching, too, is Norma's shining smooth hair, shampooed in Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner

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Precious Cargo!

Good company is the making of a picnic. The beer that made Milwaukee famous makes it perfect... if you have him and he has you and you both have Schlitz. On an outing, or at home in your refrigerator, SCHLITZ is always "precious cargo."

JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS