

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

NOVEMBER

15¢



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"ROAD OF LIFE" Presented in Living Portraits

LET YOUR HEART DECIDE—A Love Story of Tears and Laughter

Ladies!

LAST CHANCE

OFFER

TO READERS OF

RADIO MIRROR

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF



SEND YOUR NAME...WE'LL SEND THE RINGS

Priorities have cut our supply of stones for these gorgeous rings. This may be your last chance to get yours before stocks are entirely gone. Now, today, mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON TODAY...TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!

The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly 3/4-karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only \$1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only \$1.69... the perfect pair for only \$1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit \$1.00 for the solitaire alone or \$1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



Send a Letter or Order From Convenient Coupon

Ladies... have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire replica diamond ring, nearly 3/4-karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

HAVE YOU EVER WISHED TO OWN A BEAUTIFUL EXPENSIVE-LOOKING REPLICA DIAMOND SOLITAIRE?

Just think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a solitaire... a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty... exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger... the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment... an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny!

"The Perfect Pair"

The solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.



CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 47, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay the postman amount indicated, plus postage on arrival, understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you refund my money immediately without question.

Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
 Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both For \$1.69 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size..... Sterling Silver Yellow Gold-Plate

Name..... (print plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

all hearts respond to a radiant smile!

Make your smile the passport to new happiness! Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

GLANCE ABOUT YOU, plain girl! Who are the bright stars of your own special intimate world? Are they all beautiful—all candidates for a screen rest?

Of course not! But the chances are their smiles are bright. For a sparkling smile can light up the plainest face—give it a charm and a warmth no eyes can resist.

Make your smile the real *you!* But,

remember, a bright, sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Play safe—if your tooth brush “shows pink,” heed its warning.

Never ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

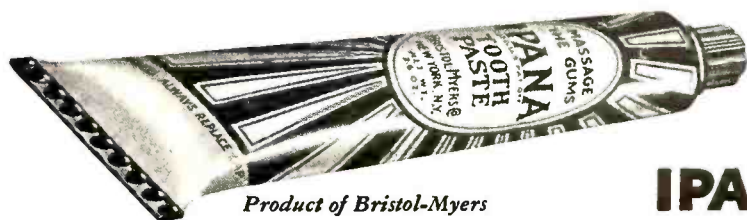
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of “pink”—see your dentist right away. It may not mean anything serious, but get his decision.

It’s very likely he’ll tell you that your gums have become sensitive because they’ve been denied natural exercise by today’s soft, creamy foods. His sugges-

tion, like so many dentists, may be “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana not only cleans teeth to sparkling brilliance but, with massage, is designed to aid the health of the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation is increased in the gums, helping them to a hardier, healthier firmness.

Today adopt the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage and help yourself to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant, sparkling smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



**COME ON!
WHERE IS IT?**

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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**I GOTTA DATE,
MOM**



...I have to have Noxzema for my Powder Base—it gives such a smooth, long-lasting foundation; as a night cream it helps smooth and soften my skin—helps heal externally-caused blemishes.

**I GOTTA SHAVE,
DON'T I?**



...I can't do without Noxzema. It helps soften my tough beard, gives me a swell, cool, comfortable shave; and my skin doesn't feel tender and sore afterward!

**I GOTTA HAVE
IT FOR BABY**



...I wish all mothers knew how grand Noxzema is for baby's tender skin when it is chafed or irritated by "diaper rash." It cools and soothes so quickly and helps promote healing!

**I OFTEN BURN
MY HANDS...
COOKING**



...and Noxzema's wonderful for those minor "kitchen" burns and for rough, chapped hands, too! Keep a jar in the kitchen, the bathroom, on your dressing table.

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editorial Director of RADIO MIRROR, has been granted leave of absence to serve as a captain in the Army of the United States. As time and his duties permit, he will contribute special feature articles to these pages.

Let this famous family favorite help you, too!

• Try Noxzema as above—and for the relief of many similar externally-caused skin troubles. Over 15 million jars are used every year!

IMPORTANT! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 75¢ jar of Noxzema for only 49¢ (plus tax)! Due to wartime limitations, this yearly offer may never be made again! Take advantage of it. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter today!

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HOBBIES FOR

Victory

By DAVE ELMAN

Master of Ceremonies of the popular **Hobby Lobby** program, heard on CBS every Tuesday evening at 8:30 P.M., EWT, rebroadcast at 9:00 P.M., PWT.

WE CAN'T all take up arms against the Axis, but everyone can help in supplying our army with all the finest fighting equipment they've got to have to win this war.

I know of no better—or more effective—way of getting these materials to our sons, brothers, friends and fellow Americans, than by the regular purchase of War Stamps and Bonds.

And I'm speaking particularly to you people who want to buy war stamps and bonds but haven't the means with which to purchase them. Why not adopt a hobby for the duration which will help you get the money for war stamps and bonds? Odd? But not a bit!

Take for instance little Bobby Rosengarten, of New York City. Bobby recently appeared on **Hobby Lobby** to lobby for his hobby of collecting junk. He called himself a "junkologist" then, but now he's working for Uncle Sam! Bobby tours the city collecting junk . . . metal, paper, rubber, etc. The little fellow sells his collections and uses the proceeds to buy war stamps.

A man I know makes beautiful objects out of ordinary pipe cleaners . . . the kind you buy in any five and dime or tobacco store. He twists, turns, cuts and pares the cleaners to suit his purposes. Then he paints the cleaners in vivid colors and distributes them to his friends. His price . . . a 25c defense stamp and up!

I think you see what I'm driving at—making a hobby pay for your war savings bonds and stamps! But here are a few more things you can do:

Do you own a movie camera? All right, when you show your films charge ten cents admission to your friends—they'll love to see themselves "candidly" cavorting or you traipsing in Bermuda or points East. If you're lucky enough to be making colored movies, you'll have an easy time packing 'em in.

How many of you women put up preserves every year? Couldn't you jar a little more than usual and distribute the extras to friends for a stamp?

If your son has a really super railroad outfit, let the neighborhood boys (and grandads) come in one by one of afternoons to race the trains to their heart's content with the toll tax going to Uncle Sam.

These are only a few of the many possibilities for raising money through your hobby towards the purchase of war savings bonds and stamps. If you want any help with your hobby, drop me a line in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System in New York.

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"



Susie: "... so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"



Susie: "An underarm odor girl—ME! Why, I bathe every day."

Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"



"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"



MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.



Facing the Music

By
KEN ALDEN



Professor Kay Kyser warns singers Trudy Erwin, Dorothy Dunn and Julie Conway not to cut their College of Musical Knowledge classes. Left, Ginny Simms and Dave Rose rehearse their Tuesday NBC show.

Dick Haymes, Benny Goodman's singer, is the proud daddy of a baby boy. Ditto for Charlie Spivak's arranger, Sonny Burke.

Bostonian Frances Wayne is Charlie Barnet's attractive new vocalist.

THIS CHANGING WORLD:

Louis Armstrong returns to the movies for a part in MGM's "Cabin in the Sky." . . . Lionel Hampton's band is celebrating its second anniversary at California's Casa Manana ballroom. . . Hal McIntyre has added the four Lyttle Sisters. . . Willie Smith, hot out of Jimmy Lunceford's sax section, has joined Charlie Spivak's reed retinue. . . Claude Thornhill will appear in the Paramount technicolor film, "Calgary Stampede." . . . Vido Musso, now leading Bunny Berigan's old band, used to play saxophone for Benny Goodman, Harry James, and Gene Krupa. The band is now in the midwest.

Glen Gray told me that the reason his Casa Loma band finally decided to hire girl vocalists after ten years of doing without them was because theater managers insisted they were a necessary part of any stage show.

Morton Gould gets that big break this month when he starts a coast to coast sponsored show on Mutual for a wine company.

Decca's "Holiday Inn" album featuring Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire is the record buy of the month. Although "Be Careful It's My Heart" is the current tune winner from the film, it will be "White Christmas" that will stay longer in the ears.

Continued on page 6

THE big record manufacturers worked overtime turning out hundreds of new releases before music czar Jimmy Petrillo's recording ban went into effect. This action insures record buyers plenty of new purchases for many months, and they won't feel the effect of the edict until 1943. The ban was ordered because union officials believed the juke boxes were putting too many musicians out of work.

They say that Tommy Dorsey has patched up his differences with brother Jimmy and wife Mildred but now he is feuding with bandleader Teddy Powell.

As reported, Frank Sinatra has left Tommy Dorsey's band to sing solo. Another important vocalist change finds Ray Eberle set to sing with Gene Krupa, and a newcomer, Skip Nelson, taking Ray's old job with Glenn Miller.

Mark Warnow has announced his engagement to socialite Dorothy McGowan.

Canada's best known orchestra leader, Luigi Romanelli, died at the age of 56, victim of a heart attack.

Sam Donahue's new band did well enough at Glen Island Casino to win a return engagement this Fall.

Pianist Carmen Cavallaro will enlarge his orchestra and try to woo Duchin fans now that Eddy is in the Navy. Another ivory-tinkler, Frankie Carle, composer of such hits as "Sunrise Serenade," now has a financial interest in Horace Heidt's orchestra and is getting featured billing. Incidentally, Carle turned down an opportunity to take over Duchin's leaderless crew.

To The Colors: Buddy Rich, Tommy Dorsey's top notch drummer, joined the Marines . . . Three Woody Herman men, Mickey Folus, Walter Nimms, and Sammy Rubinwitch, enlisted in the Coast Guard . . . Johnny Long's singer, Bob Houston, has been drafted.

Dinah Shore was expected east at summer's end but will stay in Hollywood to appear in the Eddie Cantor film.

Bandleaders Skinnay Ennis, Sammy Kaye, and Horace Heidt leave each other confidential notes when following one another on theater tours.

As this pillar predicted, Les Brown's band is moving into the major leagues. Right now the troupe is playing its first important Gotham date, New York's Hotel Astor.



LOOK AT ME NOW...

last week's "forgotten woman"!

"After weeks of being the 'forgotten woman' I was having the time of my life at the Watkins' party.

"I felt like shouting it to the world. I wanted it to be a slap in the face to those who had whispered behind my back.

"Not a man said 'Let's sit this one out' or 'Excuse me, I've got to make a telephone call.' I danced every dance—and there were plenty of 'cut-ins'.

"Moreover, midnight found me singing close harmony with the most interesting boys at the party—some of the old friends who had politely dropped me and some new ones who were plenty attractive.

"It just goes to show that a girl can win back the favor she sometimes loses through her own carelessness. And had I been careless! Oh, my! Thank Heaven, I found out what my trouble* was and

did something about it.

"Perhaps in my experience there's a hint for you—and you—and you."

One of the worst handicaps anybody can have is halitosis (bad breath).* Once found guilty of it you may be under suspicion always.

How's Your Breath?

But why take chances? Isn't it just plain common sense to be on guard against this offense which detracts so much from your charm? Listerine Antiseptic may prove one of your best friends in this matter. This reliable antiseptic works two ways to purify and sweeten your breath.

1. It halts the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on oral surfaces; while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad

breath, say some authorities, are caused by such fermentation.

2. It overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

If you want to be at your best socially and in business, never, never omit the wholly delightful Listerine precaution. Use it night and morning and between times before social and business engagements. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo:

HONESTY

shines forth from a product just as it does from a man. You will find it in
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

YOUR HANDS *Are Lovely*



Naturally!

Nature gave you soft, smooth hands and skin—the baby's skin you envy. If they become harsh, discolored, unlovely, it's not nature's fault—it's your own for not giving them the care they deserve.

Chamberlain's Lotion is an ideal aid to keeping your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—the very way nature intended they should be.

Chamberlain's is clear, golden—a lotion which dries with convenient quickness. Buy Chamberlain's Lotion today! Use it. You'll welcome the aid it gives you in keeping hands and skin as nature meant them to be.

WINTER PROTECTION
Women the country over acclaim Chamberlain's Lotion the ideal aid in the prevention of chapped, roughened hands and skin due to wintry weather.

Buy it at all
Toilet Goods Counters



Chamberlain's *LOTION*



Himber's two attractive vocalists are Marjorie Lee and Pat Marshall—both brunettes.



Dick Himber's a successful bandleader—but he'd much rather play practical jokes.

THE CLOWN PRINCE

IT'S NOT an optical illusion if you happen to see two Richard Himbers. One you know as the red-headed dance band veteran who pioneered in swing strings, rolled up a baker's dozen of network programs, and can be as serious as a dramatic serial heroine when conducting his band. The other Himber is the roly-poly practical joker of Tin Pan Alley and amateur magician.

Though this split personality has brought the bandleader's friends, business associates, and office staff a good deal of confusion, it has been a source of relief to the hard-working former kid violinist from Newark, New Jersey.

"I'd go nuts, if I didn't have some fun away from the bandstand," Himber explained to me between demonstrations of a trick water glass he invented. "Leading a band is tough work. Late hours and arduous one night stands can really develop a nasty character."

So when Himber goes into one of his rare temperamental tirades, the

hardened victims of his tongue-lashings don't take the verbal blows too seriously. They know that in a few minutes he will cool off and have them laughing over a new magic manipulation.

Himber has most of his fun when his band is playing in a hotel spot. This gives him more time. Right now he's playing in New York's Essex House and broadcasting over Mutual and CBS. Next month the band goes to Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. After that engagement comes a lengthy road tour which leaves no time for comedy.

Broadway's crop of song pluggers are the favored recipients of most of Himber's gags and almost any night you'll find them gathered in Lindy's restaurant planning retaliations.

The most celebrated Himber stunt came when he invited a number of the song pluggers to his hotel suite. He planted a microphone in the radio, and a recording machine in the adjoining room, ready to pick up for posterity any of his guests' remarks. These remarks were all uncomplimentary when Himber failed to make an appearance after keeping them waiting an hour.

Later on he called each one into the next room and played back the recording.

"Outside of a tribe of Indians, never did I see so many red faces," recalled Himber.

But one night Himber was on the receiving end. A trap was set at a broadcast. As the "on the air" sign flickered, Himber tapped his baton and what followed was a weird collection of off-key notes. Himber's round face nearly exploded. Then came a roar of laughter as one of the

wags adjusted the studio clocks. They had all been set ahead five minutes, and the band wasn't on the air.

Himber has been playing professionally since he was thirteen. His father, at the time doing very well as a real estate broker, decided to move his family from Newark to Chester, Pa. His violin-crazy son objected strenuously.

"Gee, pop," Dick argued, "instead of getting me nearer Broadway you're moving me farther away."

The elder Himber extracted a fifty dollar bill from his wallet and said, "All right, son, take this, try your luck and if you don't find a job come home."

Dick's father expected the boy to come back the next week a sadder and wiser youngster. He didn't come back at all. He headed straight for Broadway, rented a room for \$3 a week, and, violin under his arm, sought out the king of jazz, Paul Whiteman. Dick, who looked much older than thirteen years, got past the doorman and hat check girl at the night club where P. W. was playing.

"Listen, sonny," Whiteman said, "you're too young. Come back when you get your long pants."

The lad finally got a job in a Coney Island beer garden, singing and playing for \$15 a week and all the hot dogs he could eat. Dick believes that experience is responsible for his extra weight. This led to better jobs until he landed in the pit orchestra of the Paramount theater. But when Rudy Vallee's unit replaced the pit band, Dick was unemployed. Instead of bearing a grudge against Vallee, he went backstage to compliment the rising young Connecticut Yankee.

Vallee liked the brash youngster and hired him to develop a number of second-string bands Vallee was sponsoring at the time. Then Rudy gave Himber \$2,500 to start his own band. It had fair-to-middling success until a sponsor surprised him by offering the band a network show.

This opportunity was not overlooked and the band eventually became a standard radio attraction, emphasizing the use of a string section in a dance band.

Himber is a bachelor and prefers to josh about his private life.

"Everytime I fall in love I find the girl hasn't any money," he says.



Young Skip Nelson is the new singer with Glenn Miller, now Ray Eberle's gone to Gene Krupa.

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One Single Jar!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream—that does all these important things for your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, it seems to cream away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth—little lines due to dryness. And it seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, flaky skin.

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! *It works with nature and helps nature.* This one cream, by itself, takes care of four essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly but gently cleanses your skin—it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect base for powder and make-up, smooth but never sticky.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Be sure to mail the coupon *now*, before you forget!

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Dry Skin | 4. Oily Skin |
| 2. Tiny Lines | 5. Blackheads |
| 3. Big Pores | 6. Flaky Skin |

Lady Esther 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (81)

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)



THE ALLURE THAT MEN REMEMBER...

is hidden in the perfume of April Showers Talc! This is the fragrance that appeals to men...lingering on you after your bath...all through the precious hours of a date...like a magic veil! Let April Showers perfume whisper its allure, tonight...to the man you love. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*

April Showers Talc



CHERAMY perfumer
Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

What's New from Coast



San Antonio Rose sings with the Golden West Cowboys on WSM's Grand Ole Opry, and spends her leisure time looking for new cowgirl costumes.

THE O'Neills, long-run daytime serial which has been off the air for the last few months, will return soon if suitable network time can be cleared.

Jack Benny's first program of the new season, October 4, will come from New York, the next three from service camps. Seems Jack's changed his mind about not broadcasting before an audience of soldiers.

All the talk in The Goldbergs serial about "Sammy" going off to war was strictly on the level. Alfred Ryder, who has played Sammy for thirteen years, was drafted and inducted into the Army. The broadcast which depicted Sammy's farewell at the station actually took place in New York's Pennsylvania Station.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—It doesn't make any difference whether you're listening to San Antonio Rose sing on the air, or sitting there in the studio audience watching her. In either case, you get the infectious joy of her million-dollar smile; because somehow Rose just has the knack of making people feel good.

In private life, San Antonio Rose is Mrs. Eva Nichols McCall, wife of Sgt. James McCall of the U. S. Army. She's twenty-two years old, and was born in Richland, Missouri.

She began her broadcasting career eight years ago in Columbia, Missouri, and her travels have taken her to

Dallas and Oklahoma City. She has been with Golden West Cowboys as a regular feature of the WSM Grand Ole Opry for the past two years.

Most of Rose's leisure hours are spent in looking for new cowgirl costumes and new songs. The costumes, she says, are easier to find than the songs. Whenever she gets the chance she goes in for outdoor exercise, and is equally fond of horseback riding, swimming, bowling and fishing.

Maybe you didn't notice the difference, but ever since the Aldrich Family returned to the air after the summer vacation the part of Henry has been played by Norman Tokar. Ezra Stone, who created the role, is so busy in the Army that permission to broadcast is no longer being granted to him. The new Henry is red-headed, freckle-faced, and has always sounded so much like Ezra Stone that up until now it hasn't been very easy for him to get radio jobs.

If your girl has the right kind of name you can tell her you love her in spite of censors. Alex Dreier of NBC proved this while he was the network's correspondent in Berlin. He was engaged to his childhood sweetheart, Joy Leathurby of California. Wanting to let her know he was thinking of her, he used to incorporate her first name into every

By DALE BANKS

to Coast



She's the Yankee Network's new singing discovery—Ruth Owens of the Yankee House Party program.

broadcast by using some such sentence as "The High Command announces with joy." P.S.—Alex is back in the United States now, and Joy has become Mrs. Dreier.

The people of radio were shocked and saddened by the sudden death of Effie Palmer, beloved actress whose specialty was playing sweet little old ladies—in other words, playing herself. Her most recent regular air part was that of "Mother" on the CBS afternoon series, Mother and Dad. Charmie Allen took the role after Miss Palmer's death.

BOSTON—Everyone around the Yankee Network is pretty excited over the new singing discovery, Ruth Owens, who is heard every day on the Yankee House Party program over both the Yankee and Mutual networks.

The station isn't half as excited, however, as Ruth's father in Leominster, Massachusetts. Ever since she made her network debut on last June 15, there has been a serious disruption of work at the Boutwell Printing Plant of Leominster. The printing plant is owned and operated by Ruth's father, and every morning at 11:30 the presses are stopped for a half hour while the whole force listens to the boss' daughter. However, the plant isn't engaged in defense work, so Ruth isn't running afoul of Donald M. Nelson.

Ruth was born in Leominster and has commuted from there to the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston for the last six years. It was at the Conservatory that she first attracted the attention of Yankee's talent scouts, and all the winter before her first broadcast she was carefully coached in radio technique in the WNAC studios. *Continued on page 70*



“And your Face IS SO SATIN-SMOOTH”



“EVERY NIGHT” Care for Dry Skin

Cleanse expertly with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Then apply a light, all-over film of this new cream and leave on all night. Admire your fresh, smooth, younger-looking skin next morning.



Unnecessary to let Pathetic Dry Skin Wrinkles come too soon

TAKES no time to have complete smooth-skin care every day—if you use the new Jergens Face Cream!

This is a clever new face cream—made by the same skin-scientists who make that lovely Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Face Cream—

- (1) cleanses swiftly, exquisitely
- (2) helps soften your skin
- (3) makes a silken powder foundation
- (4) acts as a Night Cream, so helpful against worrisome dry skin.

A “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment! You'll love your fresh, younger look when you use Jergens Face Cream every day.

ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

Beauty

IN WAR-TIME

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

NO QUESTION about it, the WAACS and the WAVES look stunning in their uniforms. So do all the other volunteer services. The wise leaders of our war effort are well aware that a woman's personal appearance affects not only her own morale but the morale of everybody within eyeshot.

England learned that same lesson early. When a chief of women's war work was appointed, the first thing she demanded was an adequate supply of becoming cosmetics for the girls, and well fitting uniforms.

This country is certainly not going to have to stint us on our cosmetics and toiletries. So far, the only reduction has been a slight one in the bewildering assortment of lipstick and nail enamel shades. Well, why not? A cutting out of shades which are unpopular, freakish, or not generally becoming will still leave us with plenty of all types of beauty aids.

It's not unpatriotic to buy your needs if they're on the beauty counters. The fact that they are there, is proof that the government has sanctioned their manufacture. You probably have heard that glycerine, an ingredient that's used in hand lotions, is needed for war work. For this reason you feel you can do without hand lotions. However, modern chemists have discovered substitute ingredients which are even more beneficial, and are being used instead of glycerin. Therefore, you should feel free to buy and use your favorite hand lotion.

What about metal compacts and lipstick cases, you ask? They use metal needed for the war. Yes, and for that reason they are no longer being manufactured. But if you still can find them on the counters it means you can have them—as long as they last.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**



Claudia Morgan, star of the Thin Man series heard Wednesdays over NBC, never relaxes in her beauty regime even in these hectic days.

Just one thing Uncle Sam asks of his pretty nieces; make the most of what you have. Soap, for instance, of which there is no lack. Soap is your most basic beauty aid.

For a beauty bath, fill the tub with warm, softened water. If you have some fragrant bath salts or other softener to give you a sense of luxury, so much the better.

While the tub is filling, give yourself a lively soap facial. It is a marvelous picker-upper. Use cream or lotion first, if you like; but all the good soaps are mild enough for a baby's skin. Take a cake of your favorite soap in your two wet hands, rub it gently back and forth to form a foamy lather.

Now apply the lather to your face, neck, and chest. Pat it in smartly. I do not mean pat it in gently as you do your cream or lotion. This time the idea is stimulus. It's just as important to stimulate your skin as it is to soothe it, so pat until you feel a healthy glow.

Now for the relaxing in a tub of warm water, softened and scented with your favorite bath preparation. Make a rich lather of soap on your washcloth, and wash yourself all over, a bit at a time. Pay special attention to your feet, which are probably being overworked these strenuous days. Try to rub away the loose skin between the toes, and the thickened skin on the soles.

Now lie back in the beauty bath, and think your way all over your body, looking for muscular tensions and relaxing them. A warm bath is a great help in the relaxing process. If you bathe hurriedly, just to get clean, you lose half the good of it.

Even for the face washings that are not at bath time, use the rich lather treatment. Your face needs plenty of good mild soap to clear out the pores. Consider how much it has on it by the end of the day. The dust, for one thing.

How are you to select your soap? For mildness, of course. But all the good soaps are mild, nowadays. The important thing is to select one that you personally like, that seems to suit your type of skin.

Remember that practically all the blemishes, such as blackheads, whiteheads, and even more serious skin conditions go back to clogged pores. Hasty, careless washing is not enough. Think of each wash as a facial treatment of the utmost importance, and think of your bath as a ritual of relaxation and refreshment.

WHILE we are on the subject of war-time beauty, do you know that some of the greatest beauty experts in the country are putting out boxes of matched make-up at incredibly low prices? It takes time to experiment until you find what goes with which, and devise your own make-up kit. War workers, and all other workers (which covers about all of us) have no time to experiment. We want to be told. Well, here are the matched make-up kits, easy to choose from. Rouge, lipstick and powder, all in one dainty box.

These boxes of matched make-up come in several different types. All you have to do is decide which type you are, then go and get your expertly matched kit. You will be surprised how natural you look.

For that well-groomed look men admire SILKIER, SMOOTHER HAIR... EASIER TO MANAGE!



Darling of the Campus! New, well-groomed version of the college casual hair-do with only a slight wave breaking its gleaming smoothness. That smart scarf tucked inside her sweater says "Bundles for America".



This film illustrates how all soaps and soap shampoos dull lustre of hair!

Thrilling results with wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo containing hair conditioner! Leaves hair lovelier . . . far easier to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to look its loveliest, you really ought to use the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair silkier and smoother and far easier to arrange neatly—right after shampooing! If you haven't used Drene lately, you'll be amazed at the thrilling difference that added hair conditioner now makes.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you

shampoo with Special Drene. For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers". Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, use Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop!
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Procter & Gamble



All soaps—and liquid soap shampoos—always combine with the minerals in water, to form a sticky scum. (Bath-tub ring.) This scum leaves a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre—and clings stubbornly, no matter how thoroughly you rinse with clear water.

But Drene is different! It is made by an exclusive, patented process. Its action in water is different. Drene does not combine with minerals to form a scum—so it never leaves any dulling film on hair. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Rita Hayworth

CO-STARRING IN "YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
A Columbia Picture



Color Harmony Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly — really stays on



Blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads... you can add loveliness to your looks with your Color Harmony shade of this famous powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.

The very first time you make up with this remarkable face powder you'll note how the Color Harmony shade created for you accents all the beauty of your type. You'll note that your skin looks more youthful, more attractive. You'll marvel how satin-smooth your make-up appears...and how this powder clings perfectly and really stays on. Try your Color Harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder today...make a new beauty discovery. One dollar.



★ COMPLETE your make-up in Color Harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

WHERE ARE YOU, DEAREST?



Was this girl who left a trail of scandal wherever she went the sweetheart he had known years before? He must learn the truth before his leave was up



WHEN you've been a soldier in Uncle Sam's Army for six months, a two-day leave is a mighty important thing. So when Jeff Hurley and I were notified that the next two days were ours to do with as we pleased, we looked at each other and said almost in unison—"Let's go to New York." We were only thirty miles away, so getting there would be no problem.

Jeff is a happy-go-lucky Southern boy whose idea of the most fun in the world is to walk along Broadway and see how many girls he can talk to between 42nd Street and Columbus Circle. He loves the bright lights and the crowds and the corner fruit stands, and he was chortling with glee as we boarded the train from camp that Saturday morning. "Oh boy," he told me as we stretched our legs out on the seat opposite us, "are we goin' to have us a time!"

But I had something else in mind. I had reached a great decision. "The first thing I'm going to do when we get in town is look up Susie," I said.

"Susie?" he asked. "That Susie Brown you're always talkin' about?"

"Yep," I told him firmly. "I've made up my mind. I'm going to find Susie. I know she's in New York, and I'm going to find her. And you're going to help me."

"Aw Chip," he moaned, "what do you wanta go lookin' up that old girl for? There're lots better things to do in New York than huntin' for a girl you used to go to high school with. Shucks, she might be fat and funny-lookin' by now." *Continued on page 55*

"Where Are You, Dearest?" by Gwen Jones, is based on "Looking for Susie," an original radio play by Carol Worner and Fifi Garbot, first heard on the Columbia Workshop over CBS.

What will people

I COULDN'T sleep. I listened to the clack of the wheels on the track and felt the steady sway of the train and I thought that even this was wonderful and delightful.

Mrs. Sam Clarke! It's ridiculous, I told myself, ridiculous and insane and marvelous.

Gently, so as not to wake him, I touched Sam's cheek with my fingertips. He stirred and sighed in his sleep and I smiled into the darkness.

What a fool I'd been. All that wasted time!

I was thinking of the last school year, a whole year, almost, during which I had watched Sam Clarke covertly, admired him, longed to know him, and yet had let every opportunity slip by.

Still, thinking it over, I didn't see how I could have acted any differently. After all, we were both teachers. I have always felt that one of the first duties of a teacher is to win and keep the respect of her pupils. And I knew that in order to do this, I couldn't afford to give anyone a chance to gossip about me. I couldn't give my pupils any cause to smirk behind my back and talk about my "crush" on the athletic coach. Nor could I have let the two teachers with whom I shared a house suspect that I was interested in him. There might have been rivalry and jealousy, and they would have led to unpleasantness.

Of course, I was forced to admit now, there might have been no gossip, no secret laughter, no resentment between me and the other two teachers with whom I lived. But ever since I could remember I had been afraid of criticism, afraid

of the world's censure. Perhaps this fear had its roots in some childhood incident, long vanished from my memory while only its effects remained. I don't know. But it was there—an unreasoning terror of having other people misunderstand my motives, my thoughts and actions. I knew it was a weakness in me. I didn't know it would come close to destroying my whole life.

In a way, now, I was almost glad Sam and I hadn't known each other better during the year just past. It was more exciting this way. We had wasted time, yes, but now we were finding each other all at once, in a rush.

In a rush. I almost laughed aloud. The speed of a meteor was more like the rapidity with which things had been happening to me since I'd boarded the train yesterday afternoon to start on my vacation.

I hadn't felt happy then. I had been depressed and tired. I had no family to visit and the loneliness and dullness of two months on my cousin's farm wasn't a pleasant prospect. Besides, only that morning I had heard Sam Clarke was not coming back next year. He was staying in his home town to take over the job of Superintendent of the school there.

I had just sat down in my seat by the train window, when someone spoke to me.

"Miss Gould, is this seat taken?"

I looked up into Sam Clarke's friendly brown eyes. I shook my head and he sat down next to me.

"Your name's Della, isn't it?" he asked. I nodded, but now I smiled, too. "I think I'll start calling you that right away," Sam went on. "Now, Della," he said, "would you mind telling me why you've been avoiding me all year? Are you engaged or something—?"

"Oh, no!" I found myself saying much too quickly.

Sam Clarke laughed. "Good," he



Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Coroline Hayt from the original radio play, "Home Tomorrow," by Cameron Howley, first heard on Armstrong's Theater of Today, Saturday at 12:00 noon, EWT, over CBS.

say?



This was her bridal home-coming! Della should have been giddy with happiness, laughing as Sam was laughing. She tried desperately to shake off the terrible feeling that she had no right to be here

said. "That makes it so much easier for me."

And I fell in with his mood. At least, I thought, he was joking and it seemed harmless enough, although I did feel a twinge now and then, thinking how wonderful it would be, if he weren't. I laughed with him. We talked and talked. I tried very hard to print every last little thing about him on my mind so it would never fade. I wanted to remember for always the way his brown eyes crinkled up when he laughed and the habit he had of brushing back his dark hair. I

wanted to keep the sound of his rich voice in my mind. I wanted to memorize every word he said.

Then the conductor was walking through the car, shouting, "Chicago in five minutes!"

Time to start saying goodbye. I looked at Sam Clarke and I saw that he was not laughing now.

"Look," he said suddenly. "I know this is all of a sudden, but I can't just let you walk out of my life like this."

I wasn't sure whether I should laugh or cry. "I know," I whispered.

Sam's eyes crinkled up. "You feel that way, too? Then—" Suddenly, before I knew what was happening, his arms were around me. "Now, I won't let you go," he whispered. "The only thing to do is marry me."

I tried to speak, but he stopped my words with a kiss. After a moment that was like blindness and fainting and flying all rolled into one, I caught my breath and pulled away from him. "What will all these people say?" I whispered.

Sam grinned. "Who cares what they say?" *Continued on page 66*

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Illustrated for Radio Mirror by Caroline Hoyt from the original radio play "Home Tomorrow," by Cameron Hawley, first heard on Armstrong's Theater at Today, Saturday at 12:00 noon, EWT, over CBS.

Wait for

Janice heard her words reverberate in the ghastly silence, and she wondered—would she regret the decision she had made? Start reading this thrilling novel of a young girl faced with one of today's most heart-breaking problems

I DON'T believe in mental telepathy or anything supernatural, but just the same I was having a hard time concentrating on my work that morning before Bruce walked into my office and told me the news that was to toss our lives into such an upheaval that they never would settle down again into the pattern we had dreamed for years.

I was sitting before my typewriter in the little office that Station WUVG had assigned to my boss for preparing his program which you know as the Counsel of Common Sense. My notes were neat as usual, propped up before me in a good light, yet the curlicues of my shorthand simply would not resolve themselves into the worried questions of Dr. Dale's clients and his calm, well-rounded sentences of advice and reassurance. My eyes kept getting out of focus so that I would see instead the sand-blond close-clipped head of Bruce MacDougall above his stocky strong shoulders, and his blue eyes that were always clear—sometimes too clear; you knew, looking at them, that there was no chance of compromise with what he thought was right.

Like the way he felt about our marriage. I'd have married him three years ago, almost from the time we met. I'd have walked right into those arms of his the minute I looked at him, I think, and been content to stay there, no matter what went on around us. I was sure Bruce wanted me there, too, but it was a long time before he told me so. Maybe too long. But I just waited, knowing his kisses would make up for any waiting. And they did!

But after that the waiting was worse. Kisses aren't enough, after a while. And pretty soon the waiting begins to do something to your

love. Three years is too long to hold your love down to safe, discreet limits, if you're young. Now I was twenty-three, and Bruce was twenty-five, and I was sure that we'd been wrong to wait so long.

But what could we have done? I respected Bruce for his sense of honor and obligation, and I agreed that maybe our marriage wouldn't have the breaks it deserved if we tried to live in a small apartment with his younger brother Jamie. My salary plus Bruce's salary in the broker's office where he worked wouldn't swing the kind of place we'd have needed while Jamie was still in high school. But now Jamie had graduated. He had a job in a shipyard, earning his own living, and after all these years we had our chance. Or did we? It was 1942. Bruce had a draft number and it would soon be up. You couldn't blame him for hesitating about marriage. But I began to feel some new and awful doubts. Suppose Bruce was really not so eager, way down deep, to marry me?

Do you wonder I couldn't concentrate on transcribing nice commonsensible answers to other people's problems? I got up and walked back and forth in the office, stopped and stared out the window over the blue harbor where once some men had dumped some tea and started the first war for the freedom that Bruce would have to fight to hold. But I wasn't thinking of history and I wasn't seeing the rusty scarred tankers that came bravely plowing across that harbor now. I was seeing Bruce MacDougall's solid, fresh-colored face and going back over my memory to try to find the love there that I wanted to believe.

Funny that the door opened right then and he walked in.

"Talk about angels," I said, my

breath catching in my throat so that my voice squeaked a little. "And you hear their wings rustle."

"Not wings," Bruce said. There was something breathless about his voice too. "You've put me in the wrong class, Jan. I'm just a humble member of the ground crew."

"Bruce!" I sat down at my desk, too weak to stand. I looked up at him and saw that his eyes were shining with a different kind of brilliance from their usual clear blue. "Bruce—have you—you're not saying you've gone and— Oh, you're not—"

He gave a funny little chuckle. "I have and I am," he said, his cheeks flushed. "I enlisted a while ago and now I've been accepted. I'll be called up any day."

"Bruce—and you didn't tell me—" It was just a whisper because my voice wouldn't come now. It was all I could do to keep that hotness back of my eyes from turning into tears.

"No, I didn't." His voice was earnest and reasonable but his eyes were pleading in their intensity. "I figured, why get us worked up over something that might not pan out after all? Time enough to talk about it when I'd passed the tests and everything was set. Besides, it works out all the same in the end,

Tomorrow

"Dearest," he whispered, holding me close. "I never wished anything as hard as I wish we could have what little time there is left—together."

with me in the draft anyway—"

But I was hardly listening, and his voice trailed off, as if he hadn't paid much attention either to the quiet, sensible words he said.

"Bruce—" I kept on whispering his name. "Bruce, you're not—not really going—" I had thought about it, I had faced the idea for a long time, but now—with him standing here big and solid, I knew what it would mean, for the first time. Something might happen to that body while he was away, something that would mean he never would come back again. Suddenly I couldn't bear it. I couldn't let him go!

"Yes, I'm going, Jannie," he said in a strangely gentle voice. One of his hands came up from the desk and he touched my ear with his forefinger—a tiny, delicate touch you wouldn't expect from that big hand. "You knew I'd have to go some time."

"No, I didn't!" I stared up into his face and my hand went out to seize the flannel of his sleeve and hold on tight. "I didn't know it would be this way—you walking in here and telling me that you were going to go. When we had never had a chance to be together—"

I hadn't meant to say that, but the words had just come. For a minute I was shocked and afraid that Bruce, with his habitual reserve, would be repelled. I didn't dare look at him.

But suddenly his arms were about



me and he had drawn me up against him close and he was murmuring against my hair. "Jan—Jannie, dearest—" His voice was choked as if it hurt him to say the words, because he wasn't one to use expressions of endearment easily. "Jannie, do you think I don't wish we'd had a little while, anyway, to be happy?"

"Then let's not wait any longer!" I cried out suddenly, wildly. "Let's get married now!"

BRUCE pushed me away from him roughly, stood me off to stare into my face. "Jan," he said wonderingly, his voice slightly hoarse, his eyes unbelievably bright. "Jan, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes," I whispered, above my racing, uneven breaths. "Oh, yes, I know. I know we've waited three years, and it's been too long! We should have married and had this time together, had our happiness, and maybe babies, and then you wouldn't have had to go at all!"

"Jan," he reproached me gently. "Jan, you know I think I ought to go. I've got to get in this thing and do my share."

"Yes." I sobered up then, a little. He was right, he was always right. "I wouldn't want you to feel any different. I want you to be just the way you are. But—Oh, Bruce, I want *you!*"

I hardly knew what I was saying, the tears were wet on my face and on his, and my words just came with the tears. We had never talked this way before.

His arms tightened then as if they'd crush me, his heart was pounding against my shoulder with a crashing beat. "Dearest," he whispered against my lips. "My love, my dear, I never loved you before the way I do this minute. I never wished for anything as hard as I'm wishing now that we could do what you say, have what little time there is left—together."

"We can!" I protested urgently. "We can—"

But he was shaking his head, his mouth sweet and smiling still but his eyes that clear blue I knew so well. "Jan, you know I wouldn't do that to you—"

"Do what to me?" I asked fiercely, my arms holding myself tight against him. "Give me the happiness I've been waiting for all this time? Let me have what every girl wants, to live with the man she loves?"

He set his teeth and spoke almost grimly. "That's just it," he said. "The better it is while we have it, the harder it will be to give it up." His voice came so hard now that it

was almost a groan. "For me it would be worth it. Worth anything. But for you—think, Jan, you'd just have to stay here and wait. Just plug along, waiting, maybe years—No, Jan, I won't tie you up like that for God knows how long. I tell you I won't—"

But I knew right then that I was winning. Something about his voice, maybe, the unsteady huskiness of it, and his breathing and the way his heart was pounding again in his solid chest. More than anything, I knew by the way he kept insisting. He was not trying to convince me, he was trying to convince himself. The more he talked, the more I knew he wasn't certain. I looked up at the sweet curve of his mouth and the blood beating red in his cheeks, and I said, "Darling, don't bother. Don't keep on saying you

won't marry me. You needn't. If you won't, I'll just go along with you, wherever you go, whatever you say. Like one of those camp followers in the books. And there isn't a thing in the world you can do about it. Honey—" I was laughing now; with the tears pouring down—"honey, you're stuck with me!"

I don't think he knew that my tears were soaking his collar and jacket. I don't think he knew anything except that my body was there against his own, and it was his. In that moment I belonged to him.

But it had to be that moment that Dr. Dale arrived at the office.



I began to feel really ashamed for Bruce. His solid face was completely expressionless. Why did he have to be so boorish?

I heard his step, the outer door opening, and there was a little blank few seconds when I knew he was very carefully putting away his expensive, immaculate white Panama hat. In that time Bruce and I separated, our hands dropping empty to our sides—terribly empty. I had never felt such an aching sick sense of loss, such a miserable slow deflation from the glorious tension of the minute before, as when we stood there trying to get our breaths and make our hearts quiet down to normal, hoping Dr. Dale wouldn't notice our emotions. What a hope, under a glance as

experienced as Dr. Dale's! You could tell he knew exactly what had happened, by the very tactful way he did not seem to look at us, but settled his spectacles on his nose with a much too business-like frown and riffled through his papers so elaborately. It would have been funny if anything could have been funny to me right then. "Mmmm . . ." he murmured with a great pretense of absent-mindedness. "Oh . . . Good morning, MacDougall. Excuse me if I seem to plunge into the maelstrom of duty. You see, these days are busy for those who make even a feeble attempt to offer common sense to a world so sorely in need of it."

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Funny, Bruce said that, when the same thought had just come to me. "Why should he?" I asked, and gave him a quick kiss on his rough shaved cheek just before the elevator door opened. "See you after work." His eyes were suddenly very bright and happy as the door clanged shut.

But I felt queerly nervous as I took my notebook to Dr. Dale's desk and sat down. I waited, dreading his first words like a guilty child with a teacher. I smoothed my skirt and lifted my hair from my hot neck so that the breeze from the harbor could cool my damp skin. I held my lips together, tensed against what Dr. Dale might say.

We were good friends, close friends, Dr. Dale and I, the way a secretary and her boss must grow to be in years of working together. I laughed to myself, sometimes, at his funny, school-teacherish way of talking, but just the same I admired him deeply for his truly unselfish wish to do good in the world. Not everything he did brought in such high returns in money as his radio program. He interested himself in other causes, making speeches for different kinds of war relief and serving on committees to help refugees and other people made homeless by the war. He was exactly right for this benevolent role.

HIS voice was deep and softly resonant and his figure in his beautifully tailored suits was firmly rotund. His face was as pink and smooth as a baby's, perfectly barbered, and he always brought into the office a pleasant fragrance of bath soap and talcum powder and freshly laundered expensive linen. But today I felt an unreasonable wish to get away from him. I wanted to rush out of the room before those quizzically pursed-up lips of his should open and he should start to speak to me. And I wished, very much, that I hadn't told him, long before now, so much about myself and Bruce.

He was a long time beginning. Usually he had no trouble finding words, having studied the letters at home and decided on his advice. But today *Continued on page 74*



me and he had drawn me up against him close and he was murmuring against my hair. "Jan—Jannie, dearest—" His voice was choked as if it hurt him to say the words, because he wasn't one to use expressions of endearment easily. "Jannie, do you think I don't wish we'd had a little while, anyway, to be happy?"

"Then let's not wait any longer!" I cried out suddenly, wildly. "Let's get married now!"

BRUCE pushed me away from him roughly, stood up off to stare into my face. "Jan," he said wonderingly, his voice slightly hoarse, his eyes unbelievably bright. "Jan, do you know what you're saying?" "Yes," I whispered, above my racing, uneven breaths. "Oh, yes, I know. I know we've waited three years, and it's been too long! We should have married and had this time together, had our happiness and maybe babies, and then you wouldn't have had to go at all!"

"Jan," he reproached me gently. "Jan, you know I think I ought to go. I've got to get in this thing and do my share."

"Yes," I sobered up then, a little. He was right, he was always right. "I wouldn't want you to feel any different. I want you to be just the way you are. But—Oh, Bruce, I want you!"

I hardly knew what I was saying, the tears were wet on my face and on his, and my words just came with the tears. We had never talked this way before.

His arms tightened then as if they'd crush me, his heart was pounding against my shoulder with a crashing beat. "Dearest," he whispered against my lips. "My love, my dear, I never loved you before the way I do this minute. I never wished for anything as hard as I'm wishing now that we could do what you say, have what little time there is left—together."

"We can!" I protested urgently. "We can—"

But he was shaking his head, his mouth sweet and smiling still but his eyes that clear blue I knew so well. "Jan, you know I wouldn't do that to you—"

"Do what to me?" I asked fiercely, my arms holding myself tight against him. "Give me the happiness I've been waiting for all this time? Let me have what every girl wants, to live with the man she loves?"

He set his teeth and spoke almost grimly. "That's just it," he said. "The better it is while we have it, the harder it will be to give it up." His voice came so hard now that it

was almost a groan. "For me it would be worth it. Worth anything. But for you—think, Jan, you'd just have to stay here and wait. Just plug along, waiting, maybe years—No, Jan, I won't tie you up like that for God knows how long. I tell you I won't—"

But I knew right then that I was winning. Something about his voice, maybe, the unsteady huskiness of it, and his breathing and the way his heart was pounding again in his solid chest. More than anything, I knew by the way he kept insisting. He was not trying to convince me, he was trying to convince himself. The more he talked, the more I knew he wasn't certain. I looked up at the sweet curve of his mouth and the blood beating red in his cheeks, and I said, "Darling, don't bother. Don't keep on saying you

won't marry me. You needn't if you won't, I'll just go along with you, wherever you go, whatever you say. Like one of those camp followers in the books. And there isn't a thing in the world you can do about it. Honey—" I was laughing now, with the tears pouring down—"honey, you're stuck with me!"

I don't think he knew that my tears were soaking his collar and jacket. I don't think he knew anything except that my body was there against his own, and it was his. In that moment I belonged to him. But it had to be that moment that Dr. Dale arrived at the office.

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I began to feel really ashamed for Bruce. His solid face was completely expressionless. Why did he have to be so boorish?

Love is for keeps

As she listened to the muffled voices in the next room, Zelda shuddered, realizing that she had led herself and the three people she loved most in all the world to the brink of tragedy

THE world won't let you get away with making the same mistake twice. . . ."

I could almost hear my father saying it as he used to when I was a little girl, his smile gentle, but his eyes very grave. "No, Zelda, a first mistake is just—well, just a mistake. But if you do the same fool thing again, it's a habit—and the world deals hard with people who make a habit of fool things!"

Yet there I was, making a mistake and making it for the second time. No mere "fool thing" this, either. It was a cruel, monstrous thing I was doing, deliberately wrecking the lives of three other people, to say nothing of my own.

I stood pressed against the door of Dwight's study, past the point of being ashamed of eavesdropping, listening to Miggs' anxious young voice, to Dwight's kindly, wise one, answering her. I felt as people must who are trapped by fire—pressed-in upon, smothered, helpless and hopeless. And so ashamed of myself, so terribly ashamed!

Oh, I could be forgiven for the first mistake, I suppose. That was weakness, a weakness in me that found me unable to face facts, to look life in the eye, to call my emotions by their right names. But to indulge that weakness, to lie to

myself, to seek to repeat for a second time a cowardly escape which had been no escape at all—!

It had started the spring before, when I met Dwight. I remember that it was April, with a pale, watery sunlight promising flowers and green grass somewhere ahead. I was doing fairly well, earning my living partly by typing manuscripts for other people and partly by selling manuscripts of my own, mostly stories for children's magazines. I had an apartment with a terrace which compensated for the three flights of stairs it was necessary to climb to reach it. My younger sister, Marcia, called Miggs by everyone ever since I can remember, had just added a bright spot to my life by coming to stay with me while she went to business school.

If life was good before I met Dwight Foster, it was just about perfect afterwards. Not that I fell in love with him—he was just a friend, a perfect, delightful companion whose every word was worth hearing, and with an easy humor to spice the words. He was a grand person in himself, and besides, he was exactly what I wanted to be, had achieved exactly what I wanted to achieve; he was a writer of firm and established repu-

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It wasn't long before Dwight began to drop in at our apartment quite regularly. Sometimes he came to dinner, sometimes took Miggs and me to a play or a concert, sometimes just sat on the terrace with us, drinking coffee and talking the kind of good talk that makes you feel that the world is a fine place in which to live. We spoke of books and music and pictures, of anything and everything. Sometimes Dwight told us stories about his son, Tommy, of whom he seemed to be very proud. It was hard to believe that Dwight could have a son old enough to have finished college.

He was wonderful about helping me with my work, too, putting his sure literary finger unerringly on what was wrong with a story, showing me how a fresh turn of phrase would perk up a dull paragraph just as a fresh white collar perks up last year's black dress.

Miggs liked Dwight and enjoyed his friendship as much as I did, although Miggs and I are as different as day and night. She was just nineteen then, cute as a bug's ear, with very curly hair the color of honey, and, surprisingly in contrast, eyes so dark a brown that they're almost black. It's hard to convince people that we are sisters. It's not only that my hair is black and done smoothly into a knot on my neck, that my skin is so white

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tation. His "It Began In Spring" had broken sales records a year before, had been made into a stage play, a movie. Then, when I first got to know him, his new book, "Rain Still Falls," was elbowing all other books aside in its climb to the top of the best seller lists.

We met at a mutual friend's cocktail party, and we took to each other at once, Dwight and I. As the hostess brought him across the room to introduce him, I had thought, "Oh, he's old!" But I had noticed only the wings of gray in the dark, close-cropped hair above his ears, the fine netting of wrinkles at his eyes and mouth- corners. Then I looked again, and I knew that laughter, not age, had put those fine lines there—laughter which welled up in his eyes first, and then overflowed to reach his sensitive mouth, to show a flash of white teeth in his wind-and-sun darkened face. Actually, he was neither young nor old. He had reached that pleasant age of just-past-forty, when a man is settled but not "set."

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people that we met his son. My sister had gone to the movies with a girl from school one night, and Dwight, pouring himself another cup of coffee, asked lightly, "Zelda, what's the matter around here? Miggs ought to have the young fellows trampling each other in the crush. Hasn't she any boy friends?"

I LAUGHED. "She had plenty, back home. But she's only been here a little while, you know. Hardly time to make friends in a strange place. And my friends—well, they're older."

"I'll have to bring Tommy around," he said. "This is a situation that needs remedying, and old Dr. Foster prescribes large doses of young Tommy Foster. He's been in Washington—he's doing a research job for the war effort that makes me mighty proud of him—but he's due home in a couple of days."

"How old is he?" I asked.

"Twenty-two. And if I do say so, he's the handsomest lad you've laid eyes on in many a moon. He's still kid enough to want to be on the go every minute, but he'll settle down." The laughter lighted Dwight's eyes. "He's really a good joe, as Miggs would say. And so he is—he takes after his mother." The laughter died, and Dwight's face became still.

"Tell me about his mother," I urged softly.

"She's dead," he answered briefly, but I had known that, and waited for him to go on. After a moment he did. "We were married young—much too young, I suppose. Married without any sort of future to bank on. She had to work hard, Ethel did, to help me make ends meet in those days. Perhaps she worked too hard—anyway, Tommy was just ten when she died. Since then I've been—tried to be, anyway—all that both a mother and father should be to my son."

His hand, resting on the arm of my best terrace chair, had tightened into a fist. I put mine over it briefly. "I'm sure you have," I told him, and I was sure. There could be no finer, kinder man than Dwight Foster in the world.

He looked up. "Don't be so solemn, Zelda—it's all long gone. Look, I'll bring Tommy around soon. Suppose we were to turn up on your doorstep with a steak Thursday night. Would you cook it for us?"

"Thursday will be fine," I assured him.

Thursday was fine—it was wonderful, and so were all the evenings after that when Tommy and his father came to see us or to take us

out. Tommy was a taller, and, of course, younger edition of his father, with a close cap of dark brown hair which was just as his father's must have been before the gray crept in. His eyes were a bright, clear blue, full of the joy of living, and he held his handsome head proudly. Laughter came easily to him; he had the gaiety which only a combination of youth and easy assurance can bring.

"Look what I brought you," Dwight called to Miggs that first evening, and he came in with Tommy, who was blushing a bit and grinning to prove that he wasn't, behind him.

I started forward to greet them, and then something stopped me, as surely as if a hand had been laid on my shoulder, and I stood stock still, looking at Tommy. For the life of me I couldn't have told you what that sensation was, but it was there. Excitement, breath-held waiting, a shy desire, like a child's, to run and hide when there's company. Heaven knows, I'd seen a lot of young men in my time, but this wasn't just any young man. This was Tommy, and there was magic in his smile, in his voice, in his eyes. It was as if there had been, all of my life, a fire laid deep inside me, waiting for Tommy Foster to come along and set a flame to it.

Miggs, self-assured as only Miggs can be, covered my silence by taking possession of Tommy with one hand and the steak Dwight had brought with the other, and carrying both off to the kitchen. "You two can write the Great American Novel," she called back over her shoulder. "If Tommy hasn't yet

learned to peel potatoes his education begins here and now."

They got along well, Tommy and Miggs, but more like brother and sister than like a boy and a girl who, by all the laws of nature, ought to fall in love. I had a strange feeling, watching them that first night, but it was quite a while before I was able to put a name to that feeling. Somehow, somewhere deep inside me, where that fire had kindled, something stirred as I watched them together, heard their ceaseless, amusing banter, listened to their amiable bickering about anything and everything, saw how they touched each other easily and unawares, as children do, without the disturbing, unbalancing sensation of, "I am a woman; you are a man."

Suddenly I knew what it was. "Zelda Manning," I accused myself, "you're jealous—you're *jealous!* You're jealous of those two because they're so gay and carefree, so—so young! You're jealous because they're having all that you missed."

And it was true. I felt as if I'd grown old without ever having been young. In high school I'd been both shy and studious, a combination guaranteed to scare off the boys. College might have been different, but father died and I had to leave, to come to the city, to go to work. I'd met an editor—an older woman—and through her, her friends, all older, too. Somewhere along the line I'd entirely skipped the stage my sister was going through, the stage of silly, meaningless jokes, of laughter that comes without prompting, of skirts and sweaters and flat-heeled shoes, of jalopies, of nut-fudge-goo sandwiches at the corner drug store. And I felt cheated. I was old, yes, without ever having been young, and even the men who came to see me—I looked at Dwight with bitterness—were old enough to have grown-up sons! Life had somehow contrived to steal its happiest moments from me.

The strength of that feeling shook me, left me empty, as if I were a hollowed-out shell of myself. "You're a fool," I told myself shakily, "you're a fool! Why, he's only a—only just a *kid*. You're twenty-eight years old—old enough to know better! Besides, he wouldn't look at you." I tried to smother the new fire, to thrust it deep into the place where women keep their secrets that they don't like to acknowledge, even to themselves. But the smoldering was there, ready to burst into flame again each time Tommy spoke to me.

In the next two weeks we went



"Love is for Keeps" was adopted for Radio Mirror by Doris McFerron from the original radio drama, "Against the Rules," by Deno Reed, broadcast over Station WBEN, Buffalo, N. Y.

out a great deal, the four of us. Sometimes together, sometimes in pairs because Dwight said that he couldn't keep up with Tommy's pace—that-kills running around. Too, Dwight liked to do different things from those that Miggs and Tommy did. They went dancing, or sat through double feature horror movies, or saw the lighter musical comedies, or just went bus-top or ferry riding. Dwight and I had seen many plays that spring, and gone to many concerts, and we kept on doing those same things. But now they had lost their flavor for me. The lines of the plays seemed flat and lifeless; the music sounded dull and off-key. And I kept finding myself wondering what Tommy and Miggs were doing, how they felt about each other. Was he falling in love with her? Was she falling in love with him?

THE answer to the second question was perfectly obvious. She was. Miggs was radiant.

But with Tommy it was different. I'd told myself that Tommy wouldn't look at me, but it soon became apparent that he would. I suppose there's always something glamorous about an older girl, something which intrigues and excites a young man. He *did* look at me. At first I thought it was my imagination, my wishful thinking. And then with a surge of reckless joy of which some small part of me was just a little ashamed, I acknowledged that he was beginning to look at me in the way a woman wants a man to look at her.

I was like two women in those days—two women who quarreled bitterly. Part of me was falling in love with Tommy, and yielding to it with a joyous abandon. Part of me scolded, told me I was a fool, warned me over and over again of the futility of falling in love with a man so much younger than I.

One night Dwight and I had planned to go to a concert. Tommy wasn't coming over; Miggs was out, catching up on some sadly neglected studying with one of the girls from school. But when the doorbell rang, there was Tommy, alone. "Dad's going to be tied up," he explained. "Some mix-up over the movie rights to 'Rain Still Falls,' and he's conferring all over the place with a big shot from Colossal Pictures." He grinned. "I'm his proxy. Okay?"

He held out his hand to me, as I had often seen him hold it out to Miggs. I took it, and knew that I could not possibly capture the brother-sister feeling, the touch of hands which means nothing. "I am a woman; you are a man." That



Being with Tommy was fun, and I needed fun! I kept telling myself that I was just having a postponed fling.

knowledge flowed through me, and when I looked at Tommy I knew that he felt it, too. Hastily I disengaged my fingers.

"Of course. Have you the concert tickets?"

He nodded. "Yup. But Zelda—Zelda, let's not go to the concert. Let's do something fun—how about it? Know what I'd like to do? I'd like to shake some foolishness into you. Honestly, you might as well be someone's old maid aunt, the way you talk and the way you act. You're too pretty for that. You're the loveliest woman I've ever known," he added, a new seriousness coming into his voice.

My laugh sounded high and false in my own ears. "All right, let's do something foolish, Tommy."

It was a beautiful night, because that night I thought I had learned to be young again. We rode on an open-topped bus. We strolled along the crowded streets in the heart of the city, feeling a warm glow as we watched the soldiers and sailors with their girls. We tried our skill with the "Get a Nazi" machine guns. We drank coconut milk. Then we went into a little, noisy tavern, and danced to the music of a juke box.

Miggs woke up when I turned on the light in our bedroom

Continued on page 61

Let your heart decide

Now that her decision was made, a strange, ecstatic shiver ran through Tina, a shiver of release and liberation. She was free to find happiness, to find love

YOU'LL think I was terribly silly. You'll say it's scatter-brain Tina Martin, running two ways at once and never making up her own heart about anything. Maybe I'll say you're right, too.

But I had to escape that night, for a little while, to get away from everything—Vern, and all the talk, even from Moms and Dad. Oh, I knew Vern was an exceptional young man. Solid and forceful and—as Dad always says—bound to make his mark, never you fear. I was lucky to be marrying him.

The wedding was only a short time off and we'd been planning to spend the evening going over arrangements. It wasn't to be a big wedding—my parents couldn't have afforded that sort of thing. But all his relatives and all mine would be there. Cousins and aunts and people you hardly ever see except at weddings and funerals. I had to get away from the talk about them, where they'd stay and who would be with this one and all that. Only for a little while. Only for a few short hours stolen from time.

I'd been shopping and I didn't go home to supper. I felt like a truant, even wicked, but all I had in my pocket was fifty cents and all I planned to do was stop in at the cafeteria on Sumner Street and have dinner alone. Not a terribly exciting adventure. But it's funny how you can be alone in a crowd of people, completely and utterly alone because no one knows you and you know none of them.

My thoughts were miles away and I hardly saw the man coming toward the table until he was close to me, holding the tray in a precarious manner. I was sure it would spill and I said, "Better sit down with that, don't you think?"

His lean face broke in a smile and his dark eyes sparkled as

he said, "Thank you very much."

Deliberately, he placed the tray on my table and sat down beside me. I was upset because I hadn't expected him to take it that way at all. "It wasn't an invitation," I gasped. "I simply didn't want you to upset the tray."

"But you were the cause of it," he answered quietly. "Because I was looking at you, you know."

"I'm afraid I do." I tried to sound very cold and distant, the way Moms sounds when she's annoyed with Dad about something. It was a little difficult because—well, because he was grinning.

I know. You can't just like a man, all of a sudden, because he happens to sit down at your table in a cafeteria. But I did.

It wasn't his looks, either. In looks he couldn't hold a candle to Vern. Neither did he have that aggressive way that made you so sure Vern was going ahead. He seemed a little scared, in fact, as though he realized he was saying things he didn't have the right to say. But there was something about him, something in his manner. He was tall, and his face was pale and with his dark eyes he seemed almost like a poet or maybe an artist.

I turned away from him quickly and devoted my attention to dinner. After a moment he said, "I see you're having clam chowder, too."

I glanced up, regarding him coolly. "Yes."

"Nice and hot, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"But rather a damp night out."

I couldn't help smiling and he smiled back and there was something electric about it. It's awfully hard to describe. Only I sensed it, whatever the force was, drawing us together. And I was terribly afraid he did, too.

"This conversation—" I was try-

ing desperately to sound forbidding and austere—"hasn't much point, has it?"

He nodded gravely. "I'm afraid you're right."

I went on eating. After a pause he asked, "Do you come here often?"

"No."

"You wanted to get away from people—to be by yourself?"

"Yes."

"And what do you do, most of the time? Work?"

"Why—no. I gave up my job, a few weeks ago, because I'm going to be—"

I stopped. There wasn't the slightest reason to answer his questions, to tell him about myself, or my plans for marriage. I wanted to, in a way, but I knew I shouldn't. You don't talk over your life's story with a stranger.

He was looking off into distance, lost in thought for a second. Then he went on, unperturbed, "I clerk, you know. Radio department. All kinds of radios. But that's only for a little while now. I've enlisted in the air corps. Soon as it comes through—but I don't want to talk about myself. What I really want to know is who you are, why you came here tonight? Haven't you any friends—"


"Naturally, I have friends," I answered hotly. Then, afraid I might have hurt him, "Why—haven't you any?"

He shook his head. "Not many. What's your name?"

I debated replying to that and at last I said, "It's Tina."

"Mine's Stan."

It was foolish—but the more he talked, the more I liked him and liked the things he said. It was perfectly insane and incomprehensible. We'd quite finished our dinner and should have left long ago and we sat there, instead, talk-



Somehow, our arms were around each other. "Tina—you know, don't you?" Stan said. But I couldn't answer.

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Will Oursler from the radio play "We Love Again," by Joe Bates Smith, first broadcast on Manhattan at Midnight Wednesday at 8:30 P.M., EWT, on the Blue Network, sponsored by Energine Cleaning Fluid.

ing. At last I said to him, "You know, I haven't any business talking to you this way."

"I know, Tina," he agreed. "A lovely girl, talking with a strange young man. If it were anyone else but me, I'd be worried."

He had such a proper tone. I said, "You're not—very strange."

BUT you are—very lovely, Tina." He eyed me critically then. "Maybe that's it. Maybe it's all a snare. That glistening hair and those blue-green eyes and the red lips—"

"Stan!" I said his name almost without realizing. "You talk as if—as if you'd known me for ages."

He was suddenly serious. "Perhaps I have, Tina. I mean—I feel that way. Isn't it odd, that's what everybody in love says—"

He stopped short. I could feel my heart thumping, and he was staring at me in incredulous wonder.

"Of course," he went on, hurriedly, stammeringly, "I didn't—I mean, I haven't—it really—"

"Of course, I understand what you mean," I said. "You didn't mean—"

And we were looking at each other. Looking at each other and afraid to speak because we both knew, both realized. I began to feel almost terrified. I'd stepped into some magic circle. What was happening was unreal, impossible.

I remember trying to think very clearly, telling myself that the emotion running through me was only because he was new and different and perhaps exciting, but it didn't mean anything, it couldn't. But I also knew I had to get away from him, as quickly as I could.

I said, "This is really—wrong. I've got to go. I can't—"

"You're frightened, aren't you, Tina?" he asked softly. "You're frightened because you feel the same thing I do."

"Stan—maybe you're right. I don't know what it is. I do know I've got to go home. Now."

I couldn't say I wouldn't meet him again. I knew I should have said goodbye and walked out of his life and forgotten him. Yet when he pleaded with me to see him again, I couldn't say no. He suggested a cafe, a small, out-of-the-way place he said was delightful, and I heard myself promising to meet him there.

It was as if someone else were speaking, as if I were two persons. I was standing off and watching this other girl make a date with a man she didn't know and was terribly attracted to and I knew that other girl was being foolish and yet I didn't blame her.

That's about how much sense it made. All the way home I was berating myself in no uncertain terms, And when I got home, Moms and Dad and Vern took up where I left off.

Exactly what had I been doing? Where had I been for dinner? Vern, with his usual so-certain-of-himself air, strode up and down the room, talking to me in a tone you'd use on a ten-year-old, promising me that after I was married he'd help me to find myself, to attain emotional stability.

Moms and Dad joined in with him. Dad sat there in the easy chair, his white hair mussed and his square chin thrust out a little and his eyes worried.

"Tina—Tina—where have you been? We've all been upset, won-

cared for him, in a certain way, and he would give me the kind of life I wanted and help Moms and Dad.

You see, we were pretty poor. Dad had given up his job as foreman at the factory because of ill health and we were living on the few dollars we had saved up. That was all right as long as I was working and bringing in my share. I'd given up my job a week before because Vern didn't want me to work. Vern's real estate business was growing swiftly and he'd be able to take care of me and Moms and Dad, too. So even though I didn't love him as much as I should, it didn't matter, because he was going to bring so much to all of us. I was grateful and I knew I shouldn't think of anyone else and especially not—

Especially not a boy named Stan. Only the trouble was, I did think about him. It was two days until I would see him again. I kept remembering the dark eyes, the twisted grin. Telling myself it wasn't important, that I didn't have to be afraid to see him again.

But I should have been afraid, because in the several times I saw him after that, my whole universe seemed to change. Oh, we never put it into words. We talked mostly about books and movies and things like that. But I did tell him about myself—and about my coming marriage with Vern and he said he hoped I'd be very happy.

I learned about him in those meetings, too. He'd had to go to work after he left grammar school, but he'd studied at night and read on the side and now he was working as a clerk in Sutton's Department Store and going to night school, learning the technical side of aviation. His parents were dead and he hadn't many friends, and his income didn't allow him to lead any strenuous social life.

THE third time we saw each other, we couldn't seem to say goodnight there in the crowded cafe with the tall, stoutish lady named Rita hovering over us. Rita ran the cafe and seemed to consider herself godmother to all the customers.

I let him take me home that night. We stood in the hallway of the apartment house to say goodbye—and, somehow, our arms were around each other.

"Tina—you know, don't you?" I swallowed hard. I couldn't answer. He leaned down, pressing his lips against mine, drawing me to him. I closed my eyes, trying to hold tight to my emotions. The warmth of *Continued on page 70*



Next Month


In Living Portraits:

The people of Sandra

*Michael's exciting
serial drama*

**AGAINST THE
STORM**

*in the December
RADIO MIRROR*



dering if anything had happened. Really we were, you know."

He smiled at me a little. Moms was looking at me too, gray eyes reproachful. I felt I had to tell them something and I finally admitted part of the truth—that I'd wanted to be alone a little while, all alone to myself.

Moms surprised me then. She said perhaps she understood, that perhaps she had been something like that herself, long ago, before she married Dad. It was curious how she halted in telling me that, how she and Dad looked at each other and you could almost imagine they had some secret understanding.

That night, when I went to bed, I kept repeating to myself that Vern was fine and loved me and I really

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Road of Life

At your request we present in intimate photographs the people of the exciting radio drama heard daily over NBC, sponsored by Duz



Many a drama is enacted in the third-floor chart room of City Hospital, where Sylvia Bertram presides by day, Sally Barnett by night. Doctors and nurses meet here to exchange the latest hospital gossip—but often enough their gayety is interrupted by the sudden ringing of the telephone, bringing a message of life or death. Above, Doc Thompson, the floor nurse, and Sylvia Bertram.



JAMES BRENT, M.D., has never lost the high ideals of service with which he entered the study of medicine, but he has learned that fulfilling them in practice isn't as easy as discussing them in theory. Jim's brilliant work as an intern at City Hospital brought him to the post of surgical assistant to Dr. Reginald Parsons, Chief of Staff. Then his career suffered a temporary setback when he was shot through the hand in a quarrel with his brother. Thinking his injury was permanent, he went to Pine Cone Ridge, where he met Dr. Thompson and Sylvia Bertram, who were instrumental in curing his obsession that he would never operate again. Eventually he returned to City Hospital to become Parsons' successor as Chief. Jim once planned to marry Mary Holt, but they were unsuited to each other. Later he was engaged to Carol Evans, and although they quarreled and broke the engagement, they are still deeply in love.

(Played by Ken Griffin)

DR. REGINALD PARSONS, former Chief of Staff at City Hospital, is a proud, arrogant man. It was this arrogance that led to his resignation from the hospital. Parsons, years ago, was the husband of Helen Gowan. Later, he married Sylvia Bertram, but that marriage, too, ended in divorce. He is a brilliant surgeon but in any crisis it always happens that he is his own worst enemy. It was his jealousy of Dr. Brent which lost him his position as Chief of City Hospital. After Jim's return to the hospital, when Parsons was proved wrong in his prophecy that Jim's hand was permanently injured, the relations between the two were never quite as friendly as before, and slowly grew worse until Parsons took issue with Jim on a matter of hospital policy, was defeated by the governing board, and resigned, leaving the post of chief of staff open for Jim. He is now only a wreck of his former self since he has permitted his innate craving for liquor to get the better of him.

(Played by Reese Taylor)



CLAUDIA WILSON was brought to City Hospital suffering from a ruptured appendix. From the very first there were puzzling aspects to her case, and Dr. Brent and Doc Thompson became suspicious of her aunt and uncle, her only relatives. When Claudia showed, during convalescence, no desire to leave the hospital, Jim lost no time in investigating, and discovered that she was a wealthy girl whose parents had been killed eight years before. Since then she had been kept in strictest seclusion by her aunt and uncle, while they squandered her money. As a result of her treatment, Claudia has become timid and mentally immature. Thus Dr. Jim's problem of bringing her back to health is partly a psychological one.

(Played by Sarajane Wells)



SYLVIA BERTRAM (left)—cold, calculating, with a subtle and clever mind—is day supervisor of nurses on the third floor at City Hospital. She first entered Jim Brent's life when he fled to Pine Cone Ridge, convinced that he would never operate again. She chose to marry Dr. Parsons because she thought he would be more successful than Dr. Brent. But this union was terminated by divorce. Since then, Sylvia has worked at City Hospital, devoting herself to attempts to dominate Dr. Brent. It was she who persuaded Jim to pursue the dispute which led to Dr. Parsons' resignation. If Sylvia had her way she would destroy all of Jim's fine humanity and send him ruthlessly on his way to the top of his profession. Unfortunately for her, Jim is not always easily led away from what he knows is right.

(Played by Lois Zarley)



HELEN GOWAN STEPHENSON, right, was a nurse in City Hospital when Dr. Brent interned there. She has had a tragic life. Her first marriage, to Dr. Parsons, ended in divorce after the birth of a son whom Parsons turned over to friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stephenson, to raise, refusing to tell Helen where the baby was. It was only when the boy was brought to City Hospital as a patient that Helen saw him again. Later, Mrs. Stephenson having died, she married Tom and they were ideally happy until his death in a motor accident. Now Helen lives entirely for the boy, although he refuses to recognize her as his mother. She is constantly sending gifts to him at his school.

(Played by Muriel Bremner)



CAROL EVANS first met Dr. Jim Brent through her brother Bill, also a doctor. She was then the wife of Sam Martin, whom she had never loved. As Carol's feeling for Jim grew stronger she realized that a divorce was the only solution. After this divorce she resumed her maiden name. Most of her life Carol has been used to wealth and luxury, but they have fostered her naturally sweet disposition and now, a mature woman, she is more interested in seeing Jim keep his ideals than win worldly success. This, more than mere jealousy, is why she so bitterly resents Sylvia Bertram's efforts to advise Jim.

(Played by Louise Fitch)



SALLY BARNETT, night supervisor of nurses on the third floor of City Hospital, is as unlike her daytime colleague, Sylvia Bertram, as possible. She's gay, friendly and forthright in all her dealings with others. Naturally, she is very popular and everyone, from doctors to other nurses, likes to drop in and chat with her when she's on duty. It's never been any secret that Sally's feelings for Doc Thompson went deeper than mere friendship, and everyone was glad when he overcame his shyness and proposed. Now that they're married, they should make a very happy couple.


(Played by Viola Berwick)

All photos by Maurice Seymour

DR. RALPH THOMPSON, usually known simply as "Doc," has none of the polished suavity you'd expect to find in the resident physician of a great hospital. He's homespun, quietly humorous, and the possessor of a salty, realistic philosophy. Doc became Jim Brent's fast friend when the latter was in Pine Cone Ridge, and when Jim had the opportunity to install Doc at the hospital as resident, he lost no time in doing so. Now Doc has become a valued member of the staff. Very little gets past his shrewd and knowing eyes, and he has pretty accurately taken the measure of everyone with whom he has come in contact. He is completely loyal to Dr. Jim, although there are times when he cannot entirely approve of his actions.

(Played by Sidney Breeze)





He patted my hand. "Remember, whatever you want—I'm working for you."

*Your hand
in mine*

WHEN Eddie came to the dressing room door and told me his agent friend had stopped off in Chicago on his way from Hollywood just to see our act, I knew that this was my big chance. For six months I had been singing at the Clover Club, learning everything I could from Eddie, who was a dancer and master of ceremonies there, and now it seemed to me I'd learned all he could teach me. It was time to take the next step up the ladder. And I had to go up

that ladder. I had to climb so high that nothing could ever drag me back to the life I hated.

That was the way I thought of it—I see now how wrong it was. Instead of dreaming where my voice would carry me—into fame and money and success—I kept thinking of how I'd be getting out of the poverty and drudgery I had known all my life. I couldn't forget the stacks of unwashed dishes at the little Home Plate Diner which I'd been helping Dad to run when

Rudy Scallare happened to walk in for a sandwich late one night. He stood there in the doorway watching me tidy up, listening to me sing to myself. I didn't even know he was there.

Dad didn't try to make me turn down Rudy's offer of a job in one of his night clubs, though I could see he didn't care for Rudy's looks. I didn't either, for there was something hard about him that scared me, but I looked at the camel's hair topcoat he was wearing and

"He travels fastest who travels alone," the old adage says. But it took a tragedy to show Marie that lonely travelers almost never find the right road to happiness

the wonderful tailored suit and custom-made shoes, and I knew he could back up his offer. That was all I cared about. I had to get away from the Home Plate. And Dad didn't try to stop me, though my leaving would make it hard for him to keep the diner going. He wasn't one to clip anybody's wings.

"It'll just be for a little while," I told him. "When I begin making money, you can retire and never do another lick of work, just sit in the sun all day."

HE had it coming, I told myself, he deserved everything I could do for him, after all the years he'd slaved for his family. Now I was the only one he had left, and it was up to me to come through. And with something big, nothing simple like going on using my two hands to help him wait on customers and wash dishes in the Home Plate Diner out on the highway among the bleak dunes east of Chicago. Oh, no! It had to be something spectacular, something worthy of my dreams.

But there was nothing very spectacular about those six months at the Clover Club—nothing except my stage fright every time I went out and stepped into that spotlight. I don't know what I'd have done if Eddie Rogers hadn't been there from the start. All that saved me was his endless patience, his coaching in my songs, and teaching me simple dance routines, working me into his own acts, showing me how to do everything from walking to breathing, none of which is as simple as it looks before you try it under the glare of the spotlight.

I worked hard for him, terribly hard. I had to. With Eddie, every tiniest detail had to be perfect if it meant going over it one thousand times. I began to see why his own steps clicked off the way they did, so that it seemed as if his feet just danced of themselves, as if his slender body was a puppet being jerked on invisible strings, with his legs all loose, but every careless step so true that hearing his toes on the floor made tears come to my eyes, like symphonic music.

I wondered, times like that, why Eddie had to stay in a third-rate place like the Clover Club. What

was wrong with him, with his dancing? Of course, I was learning enough about show business to know that anybody might go broke and have to fill in with almost any kind of job till they got another good engagement. Especially Eddie, because he never let anything stop his monthly check to his mother, money which also took care of the kid sister still in High School. But taking a job and staying in it were two different things. An agent had auditioned us once before and nothing came of it. Eddie must have some weakness in his work that I wasn't experienced enough to see. But he'd been swell to me, I owed him a lot, and I wouldn't leave him till I'd paid it back and then some! I'd stick with him till we were both in the big time and I wouldn't leave him till I was sure he'd get along all right without me. But then—on my own—nothing could stop me. I'd hit the heights!

This was all mixed up in my heartbeats as I looked up at Eddie standing there in the doorway of my dressing room, smiling the cute, funny little smile that always sort of quivered around the corners of his mouth so that you couldn't quite figure what he was thinking.

"Let's hear your first number," he said in that gentle, kind voice that always put confidence in me. "Just take it easy now, and don't forget what I told you about talking the verses."

So I stood there looking into Eddie's eyes that were half-closed and thoughtful so they were just bright blue gleams between the thick dark lashes, and I sang to him. I sang my dreams of taking Dad into peace and sunshine, free forever from stacks of cheap hamburger and endless piles of greasy unwashed dishes in the pitiful little Home Plate Diner.

When I had finished, Eddie came over and put a hand on my shoulder. It felt good, so strong and firm and—well, friendly, just the way Eddie himself was. You could count on that hand, just as you could count on Eddie himself, to see you through anything.

"Now is the night," Eddie said, his voice sort of husky with excitement. "It's Ellsworth Lane himself, for once an honest guy. With him you can break up that word 'agent' and it still spells him—a gent."

I laughed sort of absent-mindedly. Eddie was always cracking that way, keeping himself in the groove for his master of ceremonies role. I couldn't think of anything now but the fact that tonight could mean everything to me.

When there b hands o chin, E pretty

"Oh, eyes a that I him th and I thin a bristle will I b

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And for s You One

man. and t so it travels agent.

But maybe it was just because there never had been anything personal between us that Eddie's queer, almost sad little smile as he said those last words seemed to upset me. I felt scared, terribly scared.

With him gone out of my dressing room it seemed as if my voice had gone too. I didn't see how I could

Adopted by Hope Hole from the broadcast drama "Chicago Story," first heard on Lincoln Highway over NBC, sponsored by Shinola.



Eddie lay there on the sidewalk, his face a terrible gray under the street light. I forced back a scream and managed to hail a cruising taxicab.

go out there and stand in the spotlight and sing. My fingers shook as I tried to hook the simple little white organdy dress Eddie had made me buy for our new act. When I had it on, I looked into the mirror and I didn't feel any better. My ash-blond hair looked pale and colorless. My eyes were big but there was nothing glamorous about their gray-blue. My lips were not lush and provocative and Eddie wouldn't let me smear on the lipstick to make them look that way. What I saw in the glass was a timid little schoolgirl in a white dress, and I knew I'd act the part.

I told myself that was all right. Eddie had said over and over in his patient kind voice, "Your only chance, Marie, is to be yourself. Your shyness is part of the sweet pure quality that makes you what

you are. Don't try to hide it with a lot of make-up and those red dresses that make you look like you are masquerading as the Queen of Twelfth Street. We want the customers to see you tonight just as you are—just as I see you—" And he'd broken off with a sort of embarrassed chuckle, shrugging in a way that would have made me want to kiss him if I had been interested in kisses, which I wasn't.

BUT remembering his words didn't help. I needed him right there in person to reassure me. And just as I was wishing it, there was a knock on the door. Before I'd had time to remember that Eddie would be busy right now with the show, the door opened and I felt a pang of disappointment—and of fear.

In the mirror I saw the heavy-

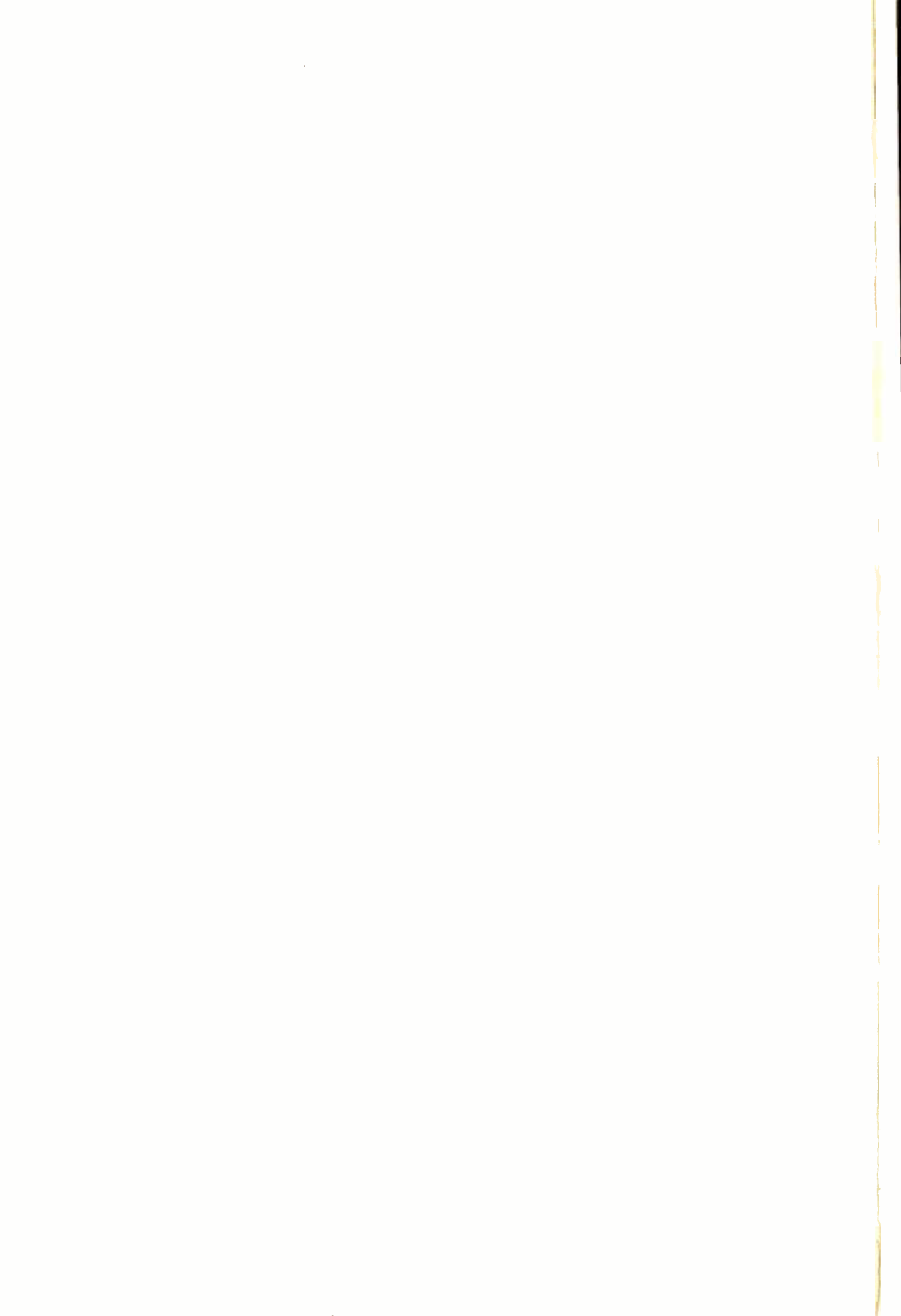
shouldered figure of Rudy Scallare. His black beady eyes were running over me with that examining look that always scared me because it seemed to see too much. "Hey, what's the idea of not wearin' the red dress I bought you?" he asked angrily.

"Eddie—Eddie said I had to wear this for our new act," I faltered.

"Since when is Eddie boss?" Rudy asked, biting hard on the dead cigar that was always between his thick red lips. "Since when do you take that hooper's word for what my customers want?"

"But he worked out this act just to fit my personality," I argued weakly. "He said every detail had to be just right tonight, because there's an agent out there to see us—"

"I know," Rudy grunted. "But



the wonderful tailored suit and custom-made shoes, and I knew he could back up his offer. That was all I cared about. I had to get away from the Home Plate. And Dad didn't try to stop me, though my leaving would make it hard for him to keep the diner going. He wasn't one to clip anybody's wings.

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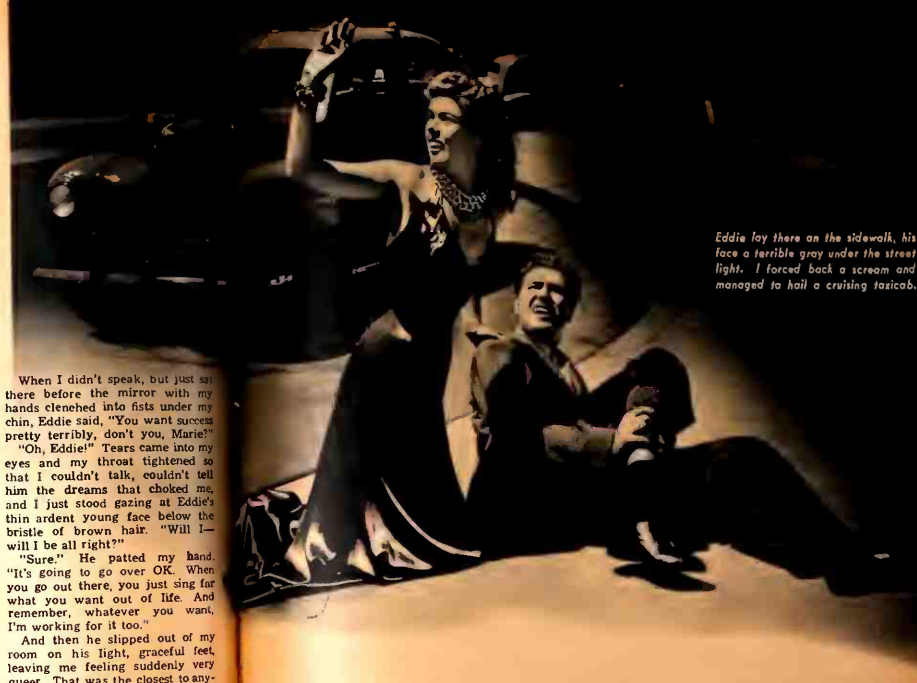
When I didn't speak, but just sat there before the mirror with my hands clenched into fists under my chin, Eddie said, "You want success, Eddie, don't you, Marie?"

"Oh, Eddie!" Tears came into my eyes and my throat tightened so that I couldn't talk, couldn't tell him the dreams that choked me, and I just stood gazing at Eddie's thin ardent young face below the bristle of brown hair. "Will I—will I be all right?"

"Sure." He patted my hand. "It's going to go over OK. When you go out there, you just sing far what you want out of life. And you remember, whatever you want, I'm working for it, too."

And then he slipped out of my room on his light, graceful feet, leaving me feeling suddenly very queer. That was the closest to anyone that I had ever said in my life. Goodness knows I didn't want him to be anything but what he was with me—all business. I had enough trouble handling the advances of Rudy Scallare, our boss. And I knew a girl had to look out for sentiment in show business. You had to think first of Number One and never get soft over your man. The old maxim still held true, and truer if you changed the gender so it read: "She travels fastest who travels alone."

But maybe it was just because there never had been anything personal between us that Eddie's queer, almost sad little smile as he said those last words seemed to upset me. I felt scared, terribly scared. With him gone out of my dressing room it seemed as if my voice had gone too. I didn't see how I could



Eddie lay there on the sidewalk, his face a terrible gray under the street light. I forced back a scream and managed to hail a cruising taxicab.

go out there and stand in the spotlight and sing. My fingers shook as I tried to hook the simple little white organdy dress Eddie had made me buy for our new act. When I had it on, I looked into the mirror and I didn't feel any better. My ash-blonde hair looked pale and colorless. My eyes were big but there was nothing glamorous about their gray-blue. My lips were not lush and provocative and Eddie wouldn't let me smear on the lipstick to make them look that way. What I saw in the glass was a timid little schoolgirl in a white dress, and I knew I'd act the part.

I told myself that was all right. Eddie had said over and over in his patient kind voice, "You only chance, Marie, is to be yourself. Your freshness is part of the sweet pure quality that makes you what

you are. Don't try to hide it with a lot of make-up and those red dresses that make you look like you are masquerading as the Queen of Twelfth Street. We want the customers to see you tonight just as you are—just as I see you." And he'd broken off with a sort of embarrassed chuckle, shrugging in a way that would have made me want to kiss him if I had been interested in kisses, which I wasn't.

BUT remembering his words didn't help. I needed him right there in person to reassure me. And just as I was wishing it, there was a knock on the door. Before I'd had time to remember that Eddie would be busy right now with the show, the door opened and I felt a pang of disappointment—and of fear.

In the mirror I saw the heavy-

shouldered figure of Rudy Scallare. His black beady eyes were running over me with that examining look that always scared me because it seemed to see too much. "Hey, what's the idea of not wearin' the red dress I bought you?" he asked angrily.

"Eddie—Eddie said I had to wear this for our new act," I faltered. "Since when is Eddie boss?" Rudy asked, biting hard on the dead cigar that was always between his thick red lips. "Since when do you take that hooter's word for what my customers want?"

"But he worked out this act just to fit my personality," I argued weakly. "He said every detail had to be just right tonight, because there's an agent out there to see us."

"I know," Rudy grunted. "But

Adapted by Hope Holt from the play by the drama "Chicago Story," first heard on Lincoln Highway radio sponsored by Skinalo.

don't think I'm worrying. If this don't come to any more than that last audition you had with one of those Eastern wise guys—"

"But that's just the point," I insisted. "The last time I was wearing a red dress and singing a torch song. Eddie says I shouldn't try to act like other night club singers. He says I have to be myself—"

SWEET sixteen and never been kissed, huh?" Rudy smiled scornfully, but as he said the words, his smile changed so there was no scorn anymore but something else that always scared the wits out of me. He came closer and put his hand on my shoulder. "I guess that's not so far off at that, Marie," he said. He bent over so that the fumes of his half-smoked cigar made me feel faint. "You're a nice girl, Marie, and I may be getting soft in my old age but what you've got is good enough for me. And I'm boss in the Clover Club—"

"But Rudy, don't you want me to have ambition?" I pleaded against the implication of his words. "You wouldn't want me to stay all my life in the Clover Club, would you?"

Rudy kept smiling that same way, his face round and bland, above the heavy jowls that were always freshly shaved but queerly blue-white with the powder that never covered the dark stubble. "Maybe not right here in the Clover Club, baby," he said softly. "But—well, under my management, say . . ." The significance of his words sent shivers through me.

"But I've got to get away," I said almost desperately. "I've got to make good, get in the big time, go places—"

He kept on smiling as if I had been a little kid that didn't know what I was talking about. "Honey," he said, "you'll never go any place where you'll have things as soft as right here with Rudy. You'd be a smart girl to take the contract I'm offerin' you—because it's for life—"

"For life?" I stared at him. "Rudy, what do you mean?" I had

a crazy feeling that he could hold me here, he could imprison me for life, no matter what I tried to do about it.

"I mean we ought to get married," he said. "You and me tied up tight with a preacher and a Bible and all the other props. Oh, yes, a ring!" He laughed loudly in my ear. "How do you like that, me forgetting the ring!"

I really shrank away from him now; from his body and the thought of marriage to him.

"What's the matter, baby?" He didn't seem bothered, he still smiled. "I may not be a prize for looks, but I've got something better. Something that would buy you anything your little heart desires."

Right then I wasn't thinking what that could mean, how it might mean another way to climb up from my past and take an old man out of a hard life into the sunshine. I wasn't even listening to Rudy. All I wanted was to get his hand off my shoulder and his swarthy smiling face out of my mirror.

"Rudy," I said quickly, "Thanks for asking me. It's—sweet of you. But I can't answer you now. I've got to get ready for my act—"

"O.K.," he said, his smile still unchanged. "Think it over. The offer stands—for a while—"

There was a sort of threat in the tone of his last words, but I tried to put it out of my mind. I had other things to think of tonight!

With my watch in my hand I walked up and down humming my song, then I went out to stand behind the screen that hid me from the tiny dance floor where Eddie was trying to get the patrons into a mood for paying attention to our act. I thought he'd never reach my cue. It was a hard job he was doing, he always said he lost more weight introducing an act than he did doing his dance. Tonight he had to get them very quiet, with Ellsworth Lane out there and with such a different sort of thing to put over. What I had to offer, Eddie said, was too subtle to carry over a lot of raucous chatter and screaming. He had it fixed with the captain so that there would be no clatter of dishes and trays. But I had the feeling it would take more than Eddie could do for me to put me across—

"Did you ever get a vision, folks?" Now it was coming. This was the part of Eddie's patter that was meant to lead up to my entrance. "Ever wake up suddenly in the night and see a sight that took you back a million years? Ever think of something, sort of see a picture that stopped you cold in your tracks

in the midst of a tough day or a wild night, and kept your heart from beating for a minute—? Well, folks, if you did, I bet that vision was something like what you're going to see right now—"

My knees were shaking and my hands were icy, my throat so dry I knew no sound could come through. Still, somehow I was moving my feet into that terrible glare of light, doing the simple little gliding step that Eddie had taught me. Then my hand found Eddie's strong one and the orchestra played softer and softer till they were just the faint delicate accompaniment Eddie had drummed into them to give a background for my voice. Then Eddie's hand tightened on mine and I knew I had to sing, and somehow I started in:

"Here's a little bit of long ago
Here's what happened when
the earth was young
Here is dawn, daybreak and
sunrise—
Here is the song of love as
pagans heard it sung!"

I could feel my voice grow stronger, my hand in Eddie's, as I went into the chorus with him, his eyes smiling into mine, his feet moving firmly in a rhythm that carried mine along, and his voice clear and strong talking the words with me as I sang them:

"There was no word for love
But there was love!
There is no need of words,
If there is love!"

I don't remember the rest of our act very well now. I don't remember whether people stayed quiet or whether they talked. I was looking into Eddie's eyes, borne along with him on his strong hand, and I was conscious only of the knowledge that he and I had to finish this act in a blaze of perfection that would make Ellsworth Lane know he had to take us out of the Clover Club and into the big time, away from the drudgery of the Home Plate and the frightening hands of Rudy Scallare.

It was over at last. Somehow we had finished our final chorus and dance. I don't remember what sort of hand we got at the end, or how I got back to my dressing room. But there I was before my mirror staring at my reflection, studying my face as Ellsworth Lane must have studied it tonight under the spotlight, judging me coldly for the appeal I might make to audiences who would pay good money. I sat there frozen in suspense, *Continued on page 48*



One Life to Share



Harriette loves the two rough-necks in the Stern abode—Dad Bill and Baby Peter.



"We'd never be happy together," she said—but they are. Here's the real life romance of Bill Stern and a girl who knew when it was folly to be wise

IF ONLY his mother didn't keep reminding him about Harriette May, Bill Stern thought, this would be a perfect vacation. It was the evening of the Fourth of July, and two whole weeks of leisure stretched ahead of him. The lawn of his uncle's country place fell away to a wooded lake, and on the shore of the lake people were setting off fireworks which bloomed like gigantic flowers in the dusk. He sighed in deep content.

But then his mother remarked, "Harriette will probably drop in this evening," and Bill's sigh stopped in mid-air and became a grunt instead.

Bill Stern didn't have the fame in those days that he has now. He wasn't NBC's crack sports announcer, and he had yet to make

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

vivid the color and excitement of a big football game for millions of listening ears, as he does these fall Saturdays. But Bill had, as they say, been around. Back in New York, he was stage manager at the Radio City Music Hall, and beautiful girls were no novelty to him, since the Music Hall Rockettes are just about the most beautiful girls in the world. When he was on vacation he honestly didn't care whether or not he even saw a girl—or so, at any rate, he said when his mother first brought up the subject of Harriette May.

"She's really a *very* lovely girl," Mrs. Stern had said defensively, "and I want you to be nice to her

while we're at Charlevoix. Her father and I are cousins. That makes her—let me see—is it your second cousin or your first cousin once removed? I never quite know . . . Anyway, it doesn't matter. Her father brought her up—her mother died when she was born. He's spoiled her a bit, I imagine."

Bill had said suspiciously, "Yes. I imagine. Well—"

"Although I must say," his mother went on, "she was charming the last time I saw her. So well-bred—"

Bill groaned. His mother had asked him to be nice to girls she described as "well-bred" before. And he'd never liked them. "Maybe," he said, "I'd better turn right around and go back to New York and my dear little Rockettes. They're

pretty, at least. I don't think I can take a well-bred second cousin, Mother."

To which Mrs. Stern, after the way of mothers, paid no attention.

And now it was the evening of Bill's second day at Charlevoix, and—as his mother had predicted—Harriette May was coming across the lawn.

BLUE, green and golden stars, from one of the Fourth of July rockets, fell against the sky behind her. Bill saw that she was small and graceful. His trained eye noticed her simple brown chiffon gown, her chartreuse slippers. And as she came closer, smiling, he saw she was that luminous golden tan which blondes get to make their hair lighter and their eyes bluer.

That was only the beginning.

She always wore simple chiffon gowns in the evening. By day she favored linens—sky blue, yellow, or moss green—with little cap sleeves and sharp low V-necks and white belts and buttons. She had a white sharkskin bathing suit and one of Navy jersey with a sailor collar with three rows of white braid and white stars.

She had simple chic always.

Every day, every night she and Bill were together. They drove. They walked. They talked. They swam. They skyrocketed all over the three lakes in the corner of which Charlevoix was located in the speed boat he hired; white wings of foam rising behind them. She drove that boat too, as effortlessly as she drove the big family car, the station wagon, the gardener's Model T, and her sleek gray convertible.

Bill Stern, ace sports commentator, is on NBC daily at 6:45 and Saturdays at 10:00 P.M., EWT, and also brings you descriptions of top football games during the Fall season.



Bill liked her low voice, her slow smile, her ease. He was charmed because she was completely without affectation; because she was as simple and casual with her father's servants as she was with the men of wealth and influence they entertained at dinner and over long week-ends.

He liked the clean line she made when she dove off the high board.

"That's how I fell for you," he declared as they swam back to the float together. "Right off the deep end."

"You have terribly nice eyes," she said, "but they do give you away, you know. They're always laughing . . ."

"For the last two weeks, maybe," he said, adding significantly "For the last two weeks I've been way over on the happy side."

She lay on the float in the sun. She cupped her little face in her hands. Her blue eyes were level and laughing. "You sound like an advertisement," she mocked. He couldn't get her to take him seriously.

Then, in what seemed no time at all, he found himself in his car with his mother, headed Eastward. All the way home he was quiet. His mother, who never had known him to be quiet before, guessed what had happened. She wasn't sure she liked it, because her son's life was built up on irregular hours and irregular habits—not at all the sort of thing a girl of Harriette's background would take to. But, wisely, she said nothing.

And two weeks later Bill wrote asking Harriette to marry him.

He had thought of nothing but her since he had left her. Rehearsing the Rockettes in a new routine he had found himself remembering the way her slim brown hand had looked with her big sapphire winking on it . . . Breakfasting at Reubens on scrambled eggs and Canadian bacon at five o'clock in the morning, before going home to bed, he had found himself remembering her habit of slipping her slim heels free and wiggling her brown and white slippers on her toes.

He proposed to her in person when she stopped off in New York the following spring, en route to Bermuda. They went dancing at El Morocco and the Stork Club. The hosts at both places were warned in advance that Bill would settle for nothing less than their best table. Stars of the radio and sporting world, the stage and screen, came over to say hello. News photographers snapped them against the zebra striped lounges of El Morocco and again holding the unmistakable

wine cards at the Stork Club.

He tried hard that night to persuade Harriette to marry him. But she refused—firmly.

"This is your life," she said when they were bound for her hotel in a taxi. "It suits you perfectly. But it wouldn't suit me. I have no gift for quick, facile friendships; for accepting people instantly because one facet in their personality happens to attract me, not caring about anything else. I couldn't exist day after day, night after night, in the glare of the spotlight.

"I'm not criticizing your life, Bill; or you. I see what a grand, exciting life it must be for anyone who is adapted to it. I can see how dull any other life would be, by comparison.

"But marriage means sharing life. We couldn't! Can't you see that?"

He couldn't, or wouldn't, see it. But, nevertheless, he had to let Harriette go away, steel himself lest she come back with a diamond on her finger.

He watched her at the rail of her big ship, waving, with his purple orchids on her slim shoulder, while the stretch of water between her ship and the pier grew wider. Dejectedly he walked off the pier, hailed a cab, started uptown. Then, suddenly, his heart did a back flop. He remembered her eyes and voice when she had been making her little speech the night before. Her eyes hadn't been cool and level. They had been protectively downcast. Her voice hadn't been cool and casual. It had been urgent, emotional. In a flash he knew she cared, a little anyhow.

He stopped the cab to send her a radiogram. "Understand there are a couple of hot, high-pressure glamour boys on board," he told her. "Don't let them steal my heart. B."

Every letter he wrote after that was a proposal. He also proposed regularly over the telephone. That was the year the telephone company declared an extra dividend. Eighteen months after they met at Charlevoix, when her father died, he fairly implored her to marry him.

"Don't urge me now, Bill," she said. "I might take what you'd call a 'run-out powder' on the loneliness ahead—and say yes. That wouldn't be any good for either of us."

"All right, Baby," he told her. "I've reached the place where I'd be glad to take you any way I could get you. But for the time being we'll file this away under 'Future Discussion.'"

It was six months after that, at about the time Bill went over to NBC as sports commentator, that he crashed. It Continued on page 81



Bill Stern

Pepper Young's



In exciting story form by Modeline Thompson, read the adventures of Pepper Young's Family, the radio serial by Elaine Corrington, heard doily at 3:30 P.M., EWT, on NBC and 2:45 on CBS, sponsored by Procter & Gumble.

THE STORY

MANY years had passed since Mary Young had married Sam Young, but she still hadn't forgotten the raptures and pains of first love. Surely that was why she was so tender and sympathetic when Peggy, her daughter, fell in love with Carter Trent. Carter was the son of a wealthy Chicago family, and Peggy

met him at a U.S.O. dance without at first knowing anything about his background. As Mrs. Young foresaw when she learned about the romance, Carter's parents bitterly opposed their only son's love for such an "ineligible" girl—but she couldn't foresee that they'd express their opposition so bluntly as to send a lawyer to buy Peggy off. Peggy's answer to that was to swear she

would never see or speak to Carter again; and Sam Young's answer was to punch Carter's father in the nose.

But Peggy, no matter how hard she tried, couldn't forget Carter, and several weeks later she was lifted to the heights of happiness when he came to tell her that he'd talked to his family, and that they were not only reconciled to having Peggy as a daughter-in-law but wanted her to come right away to visit them in their Chicago home!

IT WAS hard to believe, but it was true.

Peggy Young squeezed Carter's hand and pressed her back firmly against the cushion of her seat. The vibrations of the plane's twin motors were a background for Carter's voice.

Carter was happy. He was excited, too. He jumped from one thing to another, laughing at himself a little. He spoke of the future, of their wedding—he wanted a quiet one—and their house and what they would do evenings. He spoke of his mother and father. He was so sure of everything.

Peggy was content with listening. She watched his quick, alive face and the smile in his dark eyes and she wished they were not in such a public place, because she wanted suddenly to kiss the corner of his mouth where his lips turned upward in the beginnings of a grin.

It seemed so strange to feel safe like this. But Carter's certainty that his parents had changed their minds had done so much to quiet Peggy's fears and doubts that all the pain and loneliness of the past few months seemed far away, as though they had happened in another world to another girl.

"We're almost there," Carter said. "Look—over there, darling. You can see Lake Michigan."

Peggy's heart jumped. She glanced out of the plane window and saw the glittering mirror of the lake, far away, and the mass of spires and roofs sticking up from the ground. Somehow, however, she knew that the sudden quickness

Was it better for Peggy to have only the memory of love than the bitterness of a marriage that

Family

The two girls' voices were fading. Peggy shuddered with shame and anger. How could they think that of her?

of her heart did not come from this. At the last moment, she realized she didn't really feel so safe, after all.

The stewardess came along the aisle and pulled down each window shade. It was a wartime measure, she explained, to keep the passengers from seeing Army and Navy planes on the field as they landed. Moving blindly through space like that gave Peggy an empty feeling inside. At least, she hoped that was what caused it.

Then the droning of the motors slowed down, died away. They were there! In another moment, Carter was helping her from the plane and they were walking toward a long, shiny limousine.

Just as they reached the car, Mrs. Trent stepped out of it. Peggy watched Mrs. Trent hug Carter and kiss him happily. And Peggy was relieved. Mrs. Trent was small and her face looked gentle and sweet. Her hair was almost white and softly waved and her eyes were very blue and young looking.

"So this is Peggy Young," Mrs. Trent said. She drew Peggy to her and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm very happy to know you, my dear. And I hope you will like us."

"Sure she will," Carter said gaily. "It was swell of you to come down to meet us, Mother."

Mrs. Trent shook her head at him with mock reproach. "You don't think I'd let you come home without a welcome, do you?" She pulled them toward the car, an arm about each one.

The chauffeur had got their bags and stowed them in the front seat. Peggy relaxed in the back seat. She felt really free of doubt now. Mrs. Trent was nice. She was friendly and kind. She loved Carter, Peggy could see that. Somehow, Peggy was sure his mother would do anything for Carter's happiness.

It was a pleasant drive, through the streets of Chicago, out on the Shore Drive and along the edge of the lake. Feeling confident and happy, now, Peggy was able to watch the *Continued on page 82*

seemed doomed from the start?





Big Sister

Presenting Ruth Wayne, the lovely heroine of radio's famous drama, and Dr. Reed Bannister, who loves her



RUTH WAYNE'S sweetness and charm make one overlook the strength of character which has shown itself in the trying days since the news came that her Army husband had been lost in action.
(Played by Nancy Marshall)

DR. REED BANNISTER has been in love with Ruth Wayne for a long time, but was prevented from telling her of his love by his deep loyalty to her husband, Dr. John, who was his best friend.
(Played by Arnold Moss)



No matter what comes before it on the menu, this cranberry orange pie will convince the whole family that the dinner has been perfect.



For quick and easy pies use the packaged puddings for fillings, as in the chocolate pie and tarts at the left. Below, this molasses chiffon pie needs only a little brown sugar as its sweetening agent.

HIS" Favorite Dessert



WHEN we ran a favorite recipe contest in the Cooking Corner one correspondent told us a bit of advice handed down in her family from mother to daughter for generations. "No matter what else you cook, if you will make the dessert your husband likes, he will forgive and forget anything else wrong about a meal."

A good dessert won't excuse poorly cooked meat and vegetables, of course, but it is true that most men look forward to the dessert course. And since many men mention pie as their favorite dessert, here are a number of pie recipes for you to add to your files.

Two delectable pies are made with cranberries and since cranberry season will soon be here I'd like to start off with cranberry orange pie and cranberry raisin pie.

Cranberry Orange Pie

- 1 baked pie shell
- 4 cups fresh cranberries
- 1 cup sugar

- 2 tbs. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1 tbs. melted butter
- Peeled orange slices

Wash cranberries and run through a food grinder. Combine with sugar, flour, salt, corn syrup, orange juice and rind and melted butter and cook together, allowing to come to boiling point once. Cool and pour into baked pie shell. Just before serving, garnish with peeled orange slices, allowing one slice per serving, and top each slice with meringue made by beating 1 egg white until stiff and beating in slowly 2 tablespoons corn syrup.

Cranberry Raisin Pie

- Pie Pastry for double crust
- 3 cups fresh cranberries
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tbs. flour
- 2/3 cup corn syrup
- 1/3 cup hot water
- Grated rind 1/2 lemon

Combine cranberries and raisins. Mix together sugar and flour and stir into fruit. Combine corn syrup, hot water and lemon rind and mix with other ingredients. Pour mixture into pastry lined pie plate and cover with second crust. Bake at 400 degrees F. about 45 minutes.

You probably noticed that corn syrup plus very little sugar is used as a sweetening of the above recipes. Now here are two other delicious pies which rely on molasses as a chief ingredient.

Molasses Pecan Pie

- Pie pastry for single crust
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 3/4 cup New Orleans type molasses
- 1 cup sliced pecan meats

Cream butter, add sugar and cream together. Add eggs, molasses and lemon juice and beat with rotary egg beater until mixture is well blended. Add pecan meats and pour into pastry lined pie plate. Bake at 450 degree F. for 10 minutes, reduce heat to 350 degrees F. and bake for 30 minutes more.

Molasses Chiffon Pie

- 1 baked pie shell
- 1/2 cup New Orleans type molasses
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 3 tbs. ground chocolate
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Beat egg yolks slightly and combine in top of double boiler with molasses, sugar, chocolate, *Cont'd on page 65)*



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		P. W. T.	C. W. T.
	8:00	CBS	News
	8:00	Blue	News
	8:00	NBC	Organ Recital
	8:30	Blue	The Woodshedders
8:00	9:00	CBS	The World Today
8:00	9:00	Blue	World News
8:00	9:00	NBC	News from Europe
8:15	9:15	Blue	White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	NBC	Deep River Boys
8:30	9:30	NBC	Words and Music
9:00	10:00	CBS	Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	Blue	Fantasy in Melody
9:00	10:00	NBC	Radio Pulpit
9:30	10:30	CBS	Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	Blue	Southernaires
10:00	11:00	CBS	News
10:00	11:00	Blue	News
8:05	10:05	11:05	Blue: Sunday Morning Revue
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: John Daly, News
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Sunday Down South
9:15	10:15	12:15	CBS: Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Radio City Music Hall
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Robert St. John
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: Silver Strings
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Spirit of '42
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Blue Theater
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: St. Louis Opera
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Columbia Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: John Vandercook
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Wake Up, America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Toastchee Time
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Music of the Americas
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers (Oct. 4)
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Show
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Britain to America
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Drew Pearson
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Our Secret Weapon
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Your Blind Date
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Time Out for Laughs
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: World News
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Chase and Sanborn Show
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Gibbs and Finney
5:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
5:00	7:30	8:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15	8:15	9:15	Blue: The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: FRED ALLEN (Oct. 4)
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:45	9:45	Blue: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: They Live Forever
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Joe and Mabel
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Author's Playhouse



NOT JUST A RADIO SHOW

The Army Hour, on NBC every Sunday afternoon at 3:30, EWT, is more than a radio program. It's a military mission. Everyone concerned with getting the show on the air thinks of it as something very important and deeply vital to the welfare of the nation and of the war effort. It doesn't aim to inspire listeners—but it does. Its main purpose is to tell America what the Army is doing.

Probably no other radio program ever was so difficult to broadcast. The Army Hour picks up voices from all over the world, and to weld them into a fast-moving, perfectly timed show is an engineering problem bigger than any ever tackled before. Just to make things more difficult, many of the preparations must be conducted in deepest secrecy. If General MacArthur, for instance, is scheduled to say a few words on the program, all the plans must be transmitted in code—since it certainly wouldn't do to let the Japs know he would be in a certain place at a certain time.

The Army plans the program, but much of the "get-it-done" work is performed by a civilian named Wyllis Cooper. Maybe you never heard of Wyllis, but the Army Hour isn't the first show you've enjoyed because he was the man behind the scenes. Primarily, Wyllis is a writer. He wrote the fantastic Lights Out stories you used to hear at midnight, and many another top-notch program has come from his typewriter. Just now he is devoting himself full-time to preparing the scripts for the Army Hour and helping see them through long hours of preparation to the point of broadcasting.

Wyllis, who describes himself as "a fat guy who looks like a poor man's Alexander Woollcott," spent nine months before taking over the assignment of writing The Army Hour in familiarizing himself completely with all phases of the Army's operations. He was a civilian correspondent and observer with all Army maneuvers, and lay in Carolina mud, rode tanks in Louisiana, and tried out every vehicle in the list from jeep to bomber. He still travels around the country a lot, gathering material for the program, but when he's at home he lives in a New York penthouse with his wife and three dogs.

In the first World War, Wyllis was in the Army as a bugler, was wounded on the Somme, gassed in the Argonne, and served with the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Because of the secrecy which, of necessity, surrounds many of the arrangements for The Army Hour, you're apt to hear a surprise personality on almost every broadcast.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
		P. W. T.	C. W. T.
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	NBC: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue: News
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45	NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Clara, Lu, n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhae Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Lonely Woman
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Columbia Concert Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Victory Begins at Home
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dala
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Giants of Freedom
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: The Bartons
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Secret City
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: John Daly, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Major Hoople
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: Cal Tinney
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: True or False
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Doctor I. Q.
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Lady Esther Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue: Alias John Freedom
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	NBC: Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valliant Lady
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: A House In the Country
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's Tavern (Oct. 6)
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
9:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Cheers from the Camp
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Red Skelton
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mark Hawley, News



PURELY BY ACCIDENT . . .

To begin with, Lum is Chester Lauck and Abner is Norris Goff. Lauck is tall and dark, more than a little handsome when he doesn't have his Lum make-up on, and his nickname is Chet. Goff is shorter, lighter, four years younger, and gained the nickname of Tuffy long ago when they were both boys in Mena, Arkansas.

Lum and Abner (now heard on the Blue network every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night) got to be radio stars pretty much by accident. As youngsters in Mena they used to entertain their friends with imitations of local characters, but their real ambitions had nothing to do with being entertainers. Chet wanted to be an artist, and instead became the manager of an auto finance company and later an employe of the Mena State Bank. Tuffy was his father's assistant in the Goff Wholesale Grocery Company, also of Mena. It was only outside of business hours that they got together for their impromptu dramatic skits.

After one of the periodic spring floods, in April, 1931, station KTHS in Hot Springs broadcast a big flood-relief program, and Chet and Tuffy were invited to take part. It was their first experience on the air, and they planned to do a black-face comedy act. At the studio, however, they discovered that practically everyone else had had the same idea, so they switched at the last minute to an unrehearsed sketch about a couple of fictitious Arkansas characters. Listeners liked the act so much that the boys came back on the air every Sunday for two months.

At the end of that time they took a vacation in Chicago and, just for the fun of it, decided to try peddling their act to a sponsor. Tuffy happened to know an executive of the Quaker Oats cereal company, so they went to him for advice on how to go about it. That's as far as they went. Quaker Oats' regular act, Gene and Glenn, was going off the air for the summer, and the company was looking for a replacement. Chet and Tuffy auditioned and, as quick as that, got the job.

From 1931 until 1940 they were on the air without a break. After a short vacation they returned for their present sponsor, Alka-Seltzer. They're also engaged, right now, in making their third movie for RKO. Sometimes the program is broadcast direct from the movie set where they're working.

Both Chet and Tuffy are married to Arkansas girls, and both are proud fathers. Chet has two daughters and a son, and Tuffy has one boy and one girl. Both are crazy about hunting, fishing, golfing and horses, and Tuffy makes a hobby of developing show horses. Chet's hobby—a paying one—is a gold mine in Arizona where he goes whenever he can get a couple of days off.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Hymns of All Churches
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valliant Lady
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: A House In the Country
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
5:00	6:00	6:00 CBS: John Daly, News
5:00	6:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: The Lone Ranger
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
5:15	7:00	8:00 NBC: Call Trolley
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Thin Man
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
8:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: True Story Hour
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Bob Burns
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlite Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Red Skelton
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mark Hawley, News

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Light of the World
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Engineers at War
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: EASY ACES
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Glenn Miller
8:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: How 'm I Doin'
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Thirty Minutes to Play
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Coffee Time
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Mary Small
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mark Hawley, News



THE BOY FROM INDIANA . . .

Herb Shriner is unique because he's a comedian who never tried particularly to get either on the air or in the movies. By the time he made his debut as the Harmonica Humorist of the Camel Caravan (CBS, Friday nights at 10:00, EWT) he was already an established night club and vaudeville performer. He also had a complete radio career, neatly tied up and forgotten, behind him.

Herb was born in Toledo, Ohio, May 29, 1918, and was raised in Fort Wayne, Indiana—the state he has as much trouble forgetting as Bob Burns has in forgetting Arkansas. He always loved to play the harmonica, and while he was still in high school he performed on it in an amateur show. A radio official heard him and invited him over to the studio. He arrived in time to make his first broadcast at the age of sixteen on a program called Hoosier Hop, which was on a full coast-to-coast CBS network. Slightly dizzy with success, Herb gathered six boys around him, taught them all how to play his favorite instrument, and became the proud leader of the "Harmaniacs"—Hot Hoosier Harmonicists.

The Harmaniacs and the local radio studio became mutually enamored of each other, and in no time at all the boys were doing ten programs a week, followed in a short time by personal appearances. They toured Indiana and Ohio, but eventually there was discord in the ranks, so Herb took his troupe back to Fort Wayne, where the boys all found honest work, and went on to Detroit alone. From then on, his act was a solo, and gradually he added comedy to it.

Herb did a good deal of traveling. Once an Australian vaudeville booker took him "down under" for six months. Returning, he played in theaters up and down the West Coast and gained considerable fame as the guy who didn't want to go into the movies. Then, for his present sponsor, he began a tour of Army camps as master of ceremonies on the touring Camel Caravan—and stayed in this job until he went on the air last July.

It isn't easy to classify Herb—he's part comedian and part musician, a combination of Will Rogers, Bob Burns, and Borah Minnevitich. He's better looking than any of them, though. Twenty-four years old, he stands six feet one and a half inches, weighs 170 pounds, and has very light brown hair and blue eyes.

Most of his harmonica solos are gypsy music, which he loves with a consuming passion. He collects gypsy records and harmonicas; right now he has about three hundred of the latter, including one an inch long which is very hard to play because there is always the danger of swallowing it when he takes a breath. He writes all his own comedy material, drawing equally upon personal observation and a vivid imagination.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:30	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Show Without a Name
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:15	9:15 NBC: Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Thus We Live
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Clark Dennis
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Chaplain Jim—U. S. A.
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Ted Steele
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Woman in White
10:15	12:15	1:15 MBS: I'll Find My Way
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: John Vandercook
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Jack Baker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Prescott Holiday
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: News
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Landt Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Secret City
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: The Bartons
	5:00	6:00 CBS: John Daly, News
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Eric Seaverid
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Hedda Hopper
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC: Bill Stern
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Scramble
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Neighborhood Call
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cities Service Concert
	7:00	8:00 Blue: Gibbs and Finney
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Those Good Old Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: INFORMATION PLEASE
	7:30	8:30 NBC: Cecil Brown
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
8:30	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
8:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Meet Your Navy
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: People Are Funny
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Manpower and the War
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mark Hawley, News

SATURDAY

Your Hand in Mine

Continued from page 36

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: The World Today Blue: News NBC: News
	8:30	NBC: Dick Leibert Blue: Texas Jim
	8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley Blue: News NBC: News
8:00	9:00	CBS: Press News Blue: Breakfast Club NBC: Show Without a Name
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade Blue: Andrlni Continentales NBC: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Billy Moore Trio NBC: String Serenade
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Nellie Revel
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: News Blue: Servicemen's Hop NBC: The Creghtons Are Coming
	8:15	10:15 11:15 CBS: God's Country
	8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend Blue: Little Blue Playhouse NBC: America the Free
	9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today Blue: Music by Black NBC: News
	9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood Blue: Farm Bureau NBC: Iika Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Country Journal Blue: Vincent Lopez NBC: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science Blue: Al and Lee Reiser NBC: All Out for Victory
	10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: Symphonettes
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books Blue: Paul Lavalie Orch. NBC: U. S. Marine Band
	11:30	1:30 2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies
	12:00	2:00 3:00 Blue: Canadian Air Force Band
	12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: Paul Lavalie Orch.
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit Blue: Charles Danforth Orch.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Hello From Hawaii Blue: Club Matinee NBC: Pan-American Holiday
	2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
	2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC: News, Alex Dreier
	7:45	5:00 6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt Blue: Dinner Music NBC: Golden Melodies
	3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America
	3:30	5:30 6:30 Blue: Jesters NBC: Religion in the News
	3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today Blue: Edward Tomlinson NBC: Orchestra
	4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: People's Platform Blue: Message of Israel NBC: Noah Webster Says
	4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Tillie the Toiler Blue: Swap Night NBC: Musicana
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: War in the Air
	5:00	7:00 8:00 CBS: Crumit and Sanderson Quiz Blue: Roy Porter, News NBC: Abie's Irish Rose
	5:15	7:15 8:15 Blue: Gibbs and Finney
	5:30	7:30 8:30 Blue: Danny Thomas NBC: Truth or Consequences
	5:55	7:55 8:55 CBS: Eric Sevareid
	9:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE Blue: The Green Hornet NBC: National Barn Dance
	6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC: Grant Park Concert Blue: Spotlight Band
	6:45	8:45 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	7:00	9:00 10:00 Blue: Prescott Variety Show NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
	7:15	9:15 10:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
	7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC: Ted Steele Variety

hardly breathing, all my nerves straining for that knock on the door.

Why didn't it come? What could be happening out there? If Lane had liked us, he surely wouldn't have delayed this long. It must mean he had turned us down and Eddie hadn't the heart to come and tell me. The fear became a certainty as I sat there waiting and when at last I heard the knock I could hardly make my throat open enough to say the words, "Come in."

The door opened after what seemed an hour, and I saw Eddie's slight figure moving gracefully into the room. His face was white and I wanted to scream out, "Eddie, don't tell me! I can't bear it!"

BUT he was speaking and his voice was as quiet and gentle as usual. "We've done it, Marie."

That was all. I thought there ought to be more. Skyrockets going off, flags waving, choruses doing dances and shouting out the news to the world. We had put it over! We were headed east, into fame and fortune! Away from Home Plates and even Clover Clubs, forever! "Eddie, I can't believe it," I finally gasped, and managed to stand up and face him, holding to the make-up shelf for support.

He said in that same quiet voice, "Well, it's true. Come out, Marie, and meet Mr. Lane."

He took my arm and I needed it to help me get out to that table.

Eddie introduced us, Mr. Lane took my hand, and I sat down with them. But I still didn't feel as if the scene was real. There was something wrong about the way Mr. Lane looked at me, studying me. Even Eddie's bright talk didn't seem quite right. He seemed to be trying too hard to give this occasion the festive, celebrating atmosphere it ought to have. It must be my nerves, I thought, playing tricks on my imagination.

"Will you have a drink, Miss Barnes?" Mr. Lane asked courteously.

"Orangeade, please," I told him and made my lips smile.

Eddie grinned at me and turned eagerly to Mr. Lane. "See? That's what I mean. That's Marie. Like I told you, there's a quality there that could be put over. A little purity for a change—youth, decency. It would be a sensation in those night spots if we could get it across—"

"Mmmmm..." I didn't catch what Mr. Lane answered, but he turned back to study me with that appraising look that bothered me. I told myself it was only natural. In a way

we were now a business property of his. Of course he'd look at me in that calculating way, measuring my chances against the competition. Oh, he was polite, he didn't stare at me in any rude way. It was just a feeling in the atmosphere—or rather a feeling that was not in it! There wasn't the spontaneous jubilant cordiality I had expected. No matter how I told myself I was being silly, I couldn't stand it. I got up and said, "Well, I guess it's time for me to change and go home."

They both stood and looked at me. Eddie seemed to be waiting for Mr. Lane to say something. When he didn't, Eddie said with a little chuckle, "Yes, you'd better get to bed, Marie. We'll be seeing Mr. Lane at crack o' dawn, at his hotel, where we'll put our names on the dotted line." He made some joke, I guess, but I don't remember it, because of the clouded doubtful look on Mr. Lane's face. I got away as fast as I could.

Rudy was waiting for me in my dressing room.

"Come to invite you to a party, tonight, baby," he said genially. "A big one, being thrown for me at the best joint on the South Side—"

This was exactly what I wanted to get away from—and now I could! I sat down at my dressing table and started to cold-cream my face. "I'm afraid not," I told Rudy in a voice intended to be light and easy. "I have to be up early, so I'm going to walk right around the corner to my little room and go to bed."

"Many a girl's said that and changed her mind," Rudy said with unbroken calm, his shrewd black eyes fixed on me. "Especially when the boss says so."

NOW was my chance to give him the big news. "I guess you won't be my boss very long, Rudy," I said. I had thought it would be hard to sound gentle and sad about it, but it wasn't. Somehow I wasn't getting any thrill out of saying the words. It ought to be a high spot in my life, a turning point, a milestone, taking the big step from my first job right into success, release from drudgery for Dad and me— But I couldn't quite get the feeling.

Maybe it was the look in Rudy's eyes that spoiled things. He wasn't shocked, he wasn't even surprised, at the news. In fact, it didn't seem to be news to him.

"Maybe not," Rudy said. "Maybe



Say Hello To

RAY HEATHERTON—whose bond you hear over the Blue network from the Biltmore Hotel in New York. Ray is a short, slight young man from Long Island, who began earning money by singing when he was five years old. He was going with his parents on a steamer to Virginia, and made \$4.27 singing for the customers in the bar before his family discovered what he was doing and put a stop to it. As he grew up, he continued to sing, but only for his own amusement. Then, one night, Poul Whiteman heard him and offered him a job. After being with Whitema for a while he was soloist on different radio shows, featured singer in a Broadway hit, and now, finally, boss and vocalist of his own dance band.

THE GIRL ON THE COVER



Marjorie Bell acts on the Armstrong Theater, Matinee at Meadowbrook, and other shows.

you won't be smart enough to stick where you're wanted."

"Where I'm wanted!" I stared at him, my throat tightening. "Rudy, you don't understand," I told him urgently. "We've got a contract, Eddie and I. Both of us. I guess Mr. Lane wouldn't be likely to give us a contract if he didn't want me."

Rudy still smiled. "Some unlikely things happen in this business, baby," he said significantly. "And you hit it right on the nose."

"Rudy, stop trying to scare me!" I cried out desperately. "You don't know what Mr. Lane thinks! You can't know everything."

"Maybe not everything," Rudy said calmly. "But almost. If my waiters didn't have sharp ears they wouldn't be working for me. It's my business to know what goes on in my place, especially when it means losin' a hooper the Clover Club wouldn't have been able to keep for two weeks except for a fluke—"

I wasn't listening. I was staring into his swarthy face and whispering, "Rudy, what did he say? Tell me, what did Mr. Lane say?" I felt as if I knew already.

"According to my report," Rudy answered cheerfully, "Lane said he'd take Eddie on a double contract only if he couldn't get him any other way. Eddie says that's correct. Lane gives him a lecture about draping a woman around his neck, especially a woman that doesn't belong in show business—"

"Oh!" I caught my breath the way you do after you've been struck. Then I gritted my teeth. "Go on, Rudy."

"That's about all," Rudy said, watching me shrewdly, "Lane just kept on arguin', and pulls that old crack about him travelin' fastest that travels alone—"

"Wait." This was enough. "Rudy, tell me something. Is that true, that Eddie could go faster without me? Is he better than I am?"

Rudy laughed. I don't think he meant it to be a cruel laugh, exactly, but it cut right through me, the truth cut through me. He came over and put his hand under my chin. "Kid, it sure takes a sledge hammer to knock facts into a stage struck dame. Look, baby, don't get me wrong, you know I'm all for you. But do you think I could afford to keep a girl like you singing in my club if I didn't have some real first-class talent to even the score? Like this Lane guy, I figured the harm you did wasn't too steep a price to pay for keepin' Eddie in a joint like this—"

"Oh!" My head dropped on my arms, and I was sobbing. I didn't know quite why, at first. But slowly, with the tears streaming hot down over my hands, my eyes burning with the mascara, I realized what was breaking my heart. It wasn't the knowledge that I had been kidding myself about my career, though that humiliation stung me fiercely. No, it was the thought of Eddie being so sweet, helping me all these months with his endless patient kindness—and me taking it and never letting myself even think how I felt about him. Now I knew. I knew I loved him. But it was too late. For of course I couldn't sign up with Eddie now. I couldn't hang on to his coat tails and hold him down to my speed. *He travels fastest who travels alone!*

I lifted my head and wiped the mas-

Continued on page 50

MARJORIE BELL, this month's RADIO MIRROR cover girl, is a very pretty young lady who would just as soon not be so pretty. If that sounds crazy, remember that acting is a crazy profession.

Marjorie's ambition is to be a good actress, both in radio and on the stage. But she has discovered that when a pretty girl, smartly and neatly dressed, walks into a producer's office his first thought is that if she's so good looking she probably can't act. "Really," Marjorie says bitterly, "the only way to impress most of them is to come in looking as dowdy and unattractive as possible. Then they think, 'This girl looks so awful she must be intelligent, and if she's intelligent she ought to be a good actress.'"

So far, Marjorie's career has progressed to the point where she is heard practically every Saturday noon as one of the players in the Armstrong Theater of Today, over CBS. Of course, you hear her other times too. Like all radio actors and actresses, she is apt to bob up in a "one-shot" on almost any dramatic program, day or night. On Junior Miss, for instance, she was in the dramatized commercials.

Her real last name is Belcher—she's the daughter of Ernest Belcher, well known West Coast ballet teacher, who has trained many dancers for the movies. Marjorie's own dancing debut—of course she learned to dance!—

was made at the age of thirteen in the Hollywood Bowl. Three years later she went on the air for the first time, in an interview with her father who had a twice-weekly program on a Los Angeles station.

Her dancing ability came in pretty handy for the next four years. It got her a job with the Disney studios, where she was the artists' model for the dancing figures of Snow White and the Blue Fairy in "Pinocchio." She even modeled for the dancing hippopotamus in the "Dance of the Hours" sequence of "Fantasia," although in this case it's only fair to point out that it was just her movements that were copied, not her figure.

In between chores at the Disney studio she acted on a Saturday-morning children's program on a Los Angeles station, toured the Pacific Coast in a company playing Noel Coward's "Tonight at 8:30," and finally came to New York with a vaudeville troupe.

As proof of how serious she is about being a good actress, Marjorie studied drama with Maria Ouspenskaya, the wonderful old lady you've seen in so many movies. Since she's been in the east, Marjorie has made one summer-stock appearance and is now waiting eagerly for the theatrical season to start on Broadway. She says she can't think of anything better than being on the air in the day and on the stage at night.

cara out of my eyes and saw Rudy's face in my mirror, still smiling. But he had taken the cigar out of his mouth and he leaned over now so that his thick lips were close to my ear and said, "Marie, honey. Don't take it so hard. It isn't like you had to go back to the old man's hash house. Don't forget my offer still stands."

I don't know how sane I was in that moment, but I thought I was thinking very fast and very straight. And I reached a conclusion that seemed suddenly the only way out of the impossible spot where my crazy dreams had landed me. I said, "Rudy, look. How about this party? Do you still want me to go?"

HE said, "What do you think I've been waiting for?"

I said, "All right. I'll go. Shall I wear the red dress?"

He took the cigar out of his mouth again, the most extreme gesture he could make to show his pleasure. "That's the stuff, baby," he said. "You know I like a woman in clothes that hit you in the eye."

"All right, Rudy." I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed him gently to the door. Might as well get used to the touch of him, the smell of that cigar— But even as I told myself that, I felt sick. "Give me five minutes, Rudy," I said weakly.

I dressed with hands that shook. I knew now what I had to do. The only thing that would fix things for Eddie—and for Dad. If I could just keep my mind made up, slip out without having to talk to Eddie.

But he was waiting outside the door of my dressing room. "What is this?" he asked angrily. "What's Rudy telling me about you going off somewhere with him to a party?"

I saw there was no use trying to put anything over on him. I said, "Why not? Doesn't my old boss rate one final celebration?" I tried to make my tone flippant, off-hand, and maybe I overdid it, for his thin face looked as shocked as if I had slapped him. But I didn't stay to look at it. Rudy's hand was dragging me out the side entrance of the Clover Club. I thought I would never forget that

white sick stare that followed me.

The place where Rudy's friend was giving the party was one of the biggest and noisiest places I had ever seen. It occupied the whole second floor of a square block, and it seemed at first that it was solidly filled with brassy blondes and that all of them knew Rudy. They gathered around him like bees around honeysuckle, clamoring for champagne.

"Rudy, don't leave me out," I said, holding out my glass.

"Say . . ." His beady eyes gleamed. "Now, this is how I like to see you, kid. Sort of friendly . . ."

"Naturally I'm friendly to you," I told him after I'd downed a swallow of the sharp, stinging, fizzy stuff. I held my glass out again. "One good drink deserves another," I said inanely, trying to laugh up at him.

"That's my baby," Rudy said, pouring with the half-smoked cigar held between two fingers that sparkled with big diamonds.

"Rudy," I said quickly when I had the second glass down. "Rudy, do you mean that? I mean, do you still want me to— to marry you?"

"Marie, baby!" Rudy took the cigar out of his mouth and peered into my face. "You mean you've finally got wise to where you belong? You're going to sign up under my management for life?"

I wished he wouldn't rub it in that way. I said, very loud, "That's what I mean, Rudy. I've seen the light."

"Marie!" A low voice spoke above my shoulder. "Marie, have you gone crazy?"

I looked up and somehow I was not surprised. Eddie was standing there staring down at me, his eyes dark with horror.

Rudy was hardly aware of us; he was standing up to make the announcement to the table and they were all shouting responses.

I looked down, away from Eddie's blue eyes, and sat there gazing at my glass, concentrating on not feeling sick at the knowledge that Rudy was beside me, blandly jubilant, and Eddie's blue eyes on us both. Then I heard Eddie say, very quietly, to Rudy: "Mind if I have one last dance with Marie?"

"The Personality-Foot himself on our trail!" Rudy laughed amiably and moved his hand in consent. He was in a generous mood.

I said, "No. No, Eddie, I don't feel like dancing—" Oh, I didn't dare!

But Eddie had taken my arm in a grip that hurt. I didn't dream his slight body could hold such strength. I found myself out on the floor with him, held against his solid slenderness, moving in time with his lithe graceful feet, swept into the rhythm of the waltz the band was playing. It was wonderful and terrible all at once, too wonderful and too terrible.

Eddie said, "What's got into you, Marie? I don't get this at all. You don't love Rudy Scallare."

I said in numb stubbornness, "I'm going to marry him."

"You're not," Eddie spoke in a tight, low voice, so that I could tell his teeth were clenched. "Now you tell me why you're letting him think you will."

"I'm letting him think it because it's true," I insisted. "Please, Eddie, don't cross-question me. It's my business why I'm doing it—"

"It's mine, too." I wouldn't have thought Eddie could talk in that fierce furious way. His arm was around me tight, so tight my ribs ached and I loved the pain.

I DON'T see why," I said with all my strength. But a great big hope was coming up in me, weakening me, choking me, making me faint.

"Because I've made it my business," Eddie said. "Didn't I make you my partner? You can't run out on a partner, Marie."

The hope collapsed with a miserable plop inside me. It was just the contract he meant. "You're better without me, Eddie," I said dully. "Everybody knows it only hurts your act to have me in it. You were just being kind—"

"Kind," Eddie laughed. "Sure, I was just being kind, the way a man usually is, when he's trying to get himself a wife—"

"A wife!" The hope came up in me again, and I guess the champagne coming on top of too much that had happened tonight did something to my control, but there I was dancing with Eddie and laughing and crying all at once. Still I tried to protest through my tears. "Eddie, you mustn't. Remember, he travels fastest who travels alone—"

Eddie's fierceness came back and his arms tightened around me so that I felt real pain, joyous wonderful pain. "Suppose I don't care about traveling so fast?" he asked almost angrily. "Isn't it up to me if I find the scenery better going slower? How about it, Marie?"

I didn't have a chance to savor this perfect moment. For I felt Eddie's body tense against me and I saw that he was no longer looking with that warm loving intensity down into my face. He was staring back toward our table and my eyes followed his. Rudy was standing now and the generous smile had gone from his face, leaving an expression that scared me more than any I had ever seen him wear. It froze me so that I couldn't move. "Oh, Eddie," I gasped. "Rudy might do something terrible."

"Come on!" Eddie started dancing me toward the door. The crowd was thick, but it was harder for Rudy to force his bulk through the dancers than for Eddie Continued on page 52



Honoring Mutual's Double Or Nothing program for its series of salutes to the United Nations, Fred Sammis, Executive Editor of RADIO MIRROR, presents Walter Compton (left) with a scroll. Announcer Alois Havrilla is at right.



MARTHA AND FIANCÉ on campus of Clemson College, S. C., last spring before Niles became an Aviation Cadet, and she went into training for her mobile laboratory work. She's just as sweet and feminine looking now in her crisp lab uniform, so flattering to her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

GUARDING HEALTH OF BOYS AT ARMY CAMPS while her fiancé flies for Uncle Sam . . . Martha is at Fort McPherson now in the Field Laboratory of the Fourth Service Command.



MARTHA'S RING is unusually beautiful—a 2-carat diamond in a simple platinum band.

She's *ENGAGED!*

MARTHA GAFFNEY'S engagement to Henry Niles Nelson, Jr., unites two fine Southern families. She is great, great, great grand-daughter of the eminent statesman, John C. Calhoun.

MARTHA'S HEART is with her aviator fiancé—but her skilled hands and highly trained mind are given to her important war job with the Fourth Service Command's mobile laboratory.

"We work like mad," she told us. "We do blood and disease tests regularly, of course—and test just about everything in sight as well—water, milk, ice cream—anything that might contain harmful bacteria and cause illness among the boys at the camps."

Martha has a particularly lovely complexion—creamy smooth and white. She

says: "My lab work makes me a stickler for cleanliness. That's why I'm so fond of Pond's Cold Cream. It *cleanses* so thoroughly—and leaves my skin feeling *soft and dewy*."

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Do this *every night*—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger sizes*—you get even *more* for your money. Popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



She's *Lovely!* She uses *Pond's!*

Continued from page 50

to slip in and out among them on his agile feet.

The captain stopped us at the door, and by the time Eddie had made a hurried explanation the music had stopped and Rudy was almost up to us. He reached the door and got to the head of the stairs as we ran down. His hand was in his pocket menacingly and I never heard such threat in a voice as when he said, "Stop right there, Rogers. Or you'll never have a chance to wish you'd kept away from my girl—"

We were at the landing then, momentarily behind an ornate pillar. But the rest of the stairway was completely exposed to Rudy—and his pocket. Eddie stopped and whirled. There was a window behind us and with a lightning swift motion he had it up and got me on the sill. "I'll drop first," he said beside me, "and as soon as I land you jump. I'll catch you."

IT WAS dark down there and if I'd had time I might have tried to persuade Eddie not to jump. But he had leaped before I could speak. I heard his feet thud on the pavement of the areaway and his low voice, sort of strained, gasping, "Come on." And I jumped.

It was farther down than I expected, but his strong arms caught me so that I didn't feel much shock as I hit the concrete. I started off, but he grabbed me. "Help me, Marie," he whispered. "Quick, let me lean on your shoulder. Something's happened—my leg—"

Somehow I controlled my terror and we got around the corner to the street on the opposite side of the

block from the main entrance. We were out of range of danger for the moment. But Eddie was sinking down, and he lay there on the sidewalk, horribly relaxed, his face a terrible gray under the streetlight. I forced back a scream and managed to signal a cruising taxi. "Get away quick," I gasped to the driver as he helped me get Eddie in.

I guess I was still dizzy and stupid from the champagne, but there was just one thought in me; one stubborn certainty. If Eddie needed someone to look out for him, to take care of him, it had to be me. I had to take him home. I told the driver how to get to the Home Plate Diner.

Well, maybe it was wrong. Maybe Eddie would have made a better recovery in the hospital, so that his leg would have been limber and free and agile again, instead of stiff the way it is now. I don't know. The doctors say—and maybe they're just trying to comfort me, now that it's too late to change anything—they say the damage was all done right there on the spot, when he stood with a broken leg and caught me in his arms, and kept going with me till he had me out of range of Rudy Scallare's drunken jealousy.

Oh, I hope I didn't do wrong! Sometimes I've thought I'd give any-

thing to see Eddie dance again, to feel the choking joy that used to tighten my throat as his toes tapped out their intricate rhythms.

But how much worse, I've thought, Eddie himself must feel! For the first few weeks after Eddie was up and around on crutches, doing what he could to help us at the restaurant, sitting behind the cash register and giving the customers the jokes and patter that makes them crowd into the Home Plate just as they did at the Clover Club, I used to wonder how he could stand it. How could he smile, how could he think of jokes?

It wasn't till nearly six months after we'd come back, a day in April, when something happened that sort of tripped me up into talking about things I'd never meant to.

Eddie came down from his room early and he swung into the restaurant, using his cane in a way that made him look more swaggering than limping, so cocky and proud, it made tears come to my eyes, and yet I didn't feel sad, somehow.

Dad looked up from the cash register and smiled at him in that sort of shy, loving way he had whenever he looked at Eddie, and got down from the stool. "All right, all right," he said, "you needn't tell me to get go-

back here to this dreary life."

"Is it dreary?" Eddie asked quietly. His eyes held mine, steadily, waiting for my answer, as if he really wanted to know the truth. "Have these six months been dreary for you, Marie?"

"Why, Eddie—" My lips faltered. They weren't saying what I wanted them to say. "Eddie, it hasn't been dreary! Why, Eddie, all this time I was washing dishes and waiting on tables I thought I was just working hard to keep from thinking, but Eddie—do you know, Eddie—I—why, I've been liking it!"

He chuckled, and there was a gay light in his eyes. "See?" he asked.

I shook my head. "No, I don't see, Eddie. Besides, what difference does it make about me? It's you that counts. You're the one that had the talent, the life before you. What about you?"

"Well, what about me?" he asked quietly, "Look at me and tell me what about me."

I looked at him as if my eyes had suddenly been opened and I saw for the first time that there was something different about his face. Something good that had not been there when we were working at the Clover Club. He wasn't tense and thin and taut-looking. His face was firm and

smooth and there was a look in his eyes—peace, it seemed like. "Eddie, I can't believe you like this life!"

He said, "You've got it, honey. I like it, and so do you. We like a life that means we're doing something together, something worth doing. What's dreary about feeding people that need to eat to do jobs that have to be done? What's dreary about working with someone you

love? What's dreary about planning and figuring so that we can go on and build and work together—with your hand in mine—always?" His eyes were really shining now. He led me to the little office behind the cash register. "See here, honey?" His hands were trembling as he drew some blue prints out of the drawer.

IF we can turn the living quarters back there into an addition that will take care of ten more customers we can have enough help so you can stay home and keep house. If we make it big enough to handle twenty more, we can start buying a house for you to keep. And if there's room for forty more, we can give you a little more to do at home—say taking care of a baby—"

Even his calculations didn't go beyond that. It was far enough for both of us. Far enough to give me the wisdom it had taken a long time for me to learn, but wisdom that I would never lose, now that I had it. I knew now that it was not the outward things that make a life humdrum and dreary or glowing and wonderful—it is the inner purpose, the reason for what you're doing. I had loved my work, as I would love any work, because I was doing it for Eddie. And, with Eddie, I always would.



Say Hello To-

JOSEPHINE ANTOINE—the Metropolitan Opera star who's singing on the NBC Carnation Contented program, Manday nights on NBC. Josephine is entirely American, in spite of her foreign-sounding name. She was born in Boulder, Colorado, and never once went out of the United States to study music. Her lovely calaratura soprano voice was first heard at the Metropolitan in 1936 when she was twenty-one, but before that she'd won the Atwater Kent award and had sung in operatic productions of the Juilliard School of Music. You've also heard her many times on the air, first on the Palmolive Beauty Box shows and later as a frequent guest star. She's brown-haired and nat very tall.

ing. I know when I'm not needed." He took the newspaper from under the counter and tucked it under his arm and I watched him make his way to the back door. Outside he looked up at the sky and straightened his stooped shoulders and sort of shook his body the way a dog does when it feels the warmth of spring. Then he settled himself in a chair and started to read the paper, but I saw his eyes close and his gray head bow more and more, and he sat there dozing.

"Eddie," I whispered, "come and look."

He came to stand beside me. "Look," I breathed, "isn't it funny? I always used to dream of fixing things so Dad could sit in the sun. And now, to look at him, you'd think my dreams had all come true—"

"Haven't they?" Eddie whispered, his lips almost against my ear, his breath soft on my cheek. His arm was tightening around me.

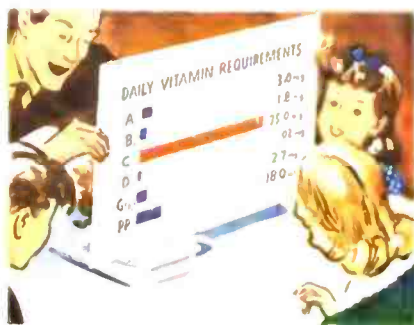
"What do you mean?" I turned and stared into his face. There was a light in his blue eyes that stirred me and made me feel weak and soft, so that no matter how I tried I could not really make things seem bad to myself, when I said the words. "Eddie, how could my dreams have come true? I've not only failed myself, but wrecked your career and dragged you

CAN HUSBANDS BE RIGHT AFTER ALL?

1 "Where," explodes Mr. J, "is my morning orange juice? Tut-tut... I know what you're going to say! My 'pernickety appetite.' But this time, my dear, I'm armed..."



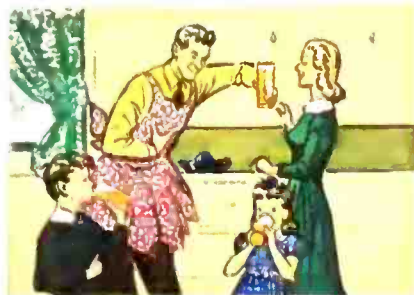
From Natural Color Photograph



2 "Look. The U. S. Government says you need vitamin C every day—because you can't store it in your body. For good health, you need at least 75 milligrams of it—that's a lot as vitamins go!



3 "What's more, it's a scarce item—not found in most foods. Open cooking destroys it in a hurry. So chances are pretty slim of getting enough—unless you have plenty of citrus fruits.



4 "An 8-ounce glass of fresh orange juice gives you all you need for the best of health. So!—pernickety appetite or not—I want my orange juice! And I want *you* to have it—and the youngsters!" (And Mrs. J just smiles, without ever telling Mr. J that orange juice is also a valuable source of vitamins A, B₁ and G, and calcium!)

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? Then buy more oranges each time. *They keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California growers.

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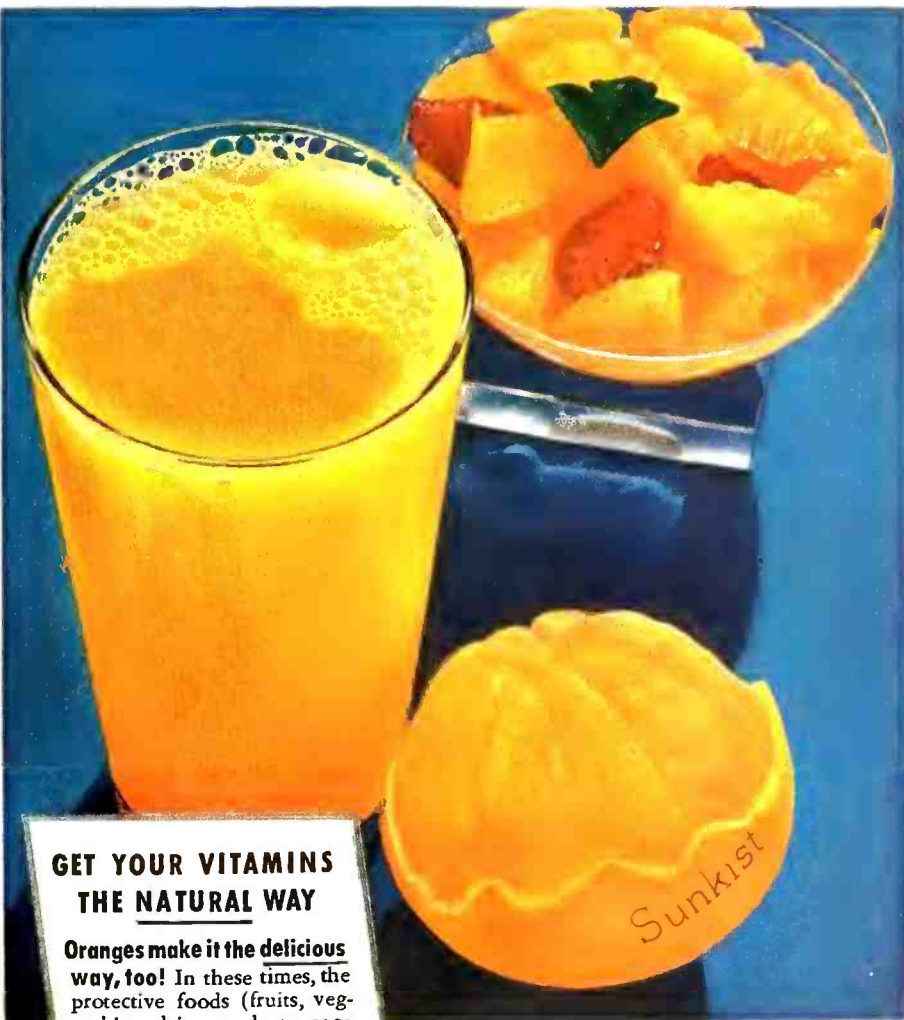
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New Dreamflower Box—
Big dressing-table size, 49¢. Smaller sizes—25¢, 10¢. In 6 new Dreamflower shades—all glamour-makers!



Every girl who loves Rachel MUST try this new Rachel!

So flattering-sweet—Pond's new Dreamflower Rachel! Fluff it on—and you're conscious of no powder at all . . . just a creamier, deeper velvet look to your skin! Childishly pure—yet tinged with the rich ivory of sophistication. If Rachel is your shade, here's a new love for you!

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- Dusk Rose**—for rich rosy-tan skin
- Dark Rachel**—for dark brunettes

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5 glorious Stagline shades. You'll love the way your Pond's "Lips" color stays on and on!
Actual 10¢ size!

O V E R H E A R D

From radio's treasure-chest a constant listener selects these words of wisdom and entertainment

STREAMLINED LUNCH BOX

Ration K, the emergency ration of the fighting forces, which men can live on for days at a time if forced to, is the food kit, created after months of research, to go places on the field of combat where a mobile kitchen cannot be set up.

In it are a package of compressed graham biscuits containing the entire B complex; two packages of soluble coffee; a package of malted milk; dextrose tablets; three lumps of sugar; a special chocolate bar; a stick of chewing gum.

Lots of places men can't smoke or even get cigarettes, and under stress and strain the gum is very welcome. The chocolate bar is richer by far than any on the market, so packed with nutrition that a soldier can really live on one for more than a day without feeling the pangs of hunger—Adelaide Hawley's Woman's Page of the Air, on CBS.

CORKING GOOD GLASS

Another proof of American ingenuity, coupled with scientific research, is the announcement of the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation that a new type

of opaque glass has been discovered that floats like cork, can be sawed or drilled with ordinary tools, has valuable insulating qualities, is odorless, fireproof, vermin-proof, and can be used as the buoyant element in the construction of life boats, life rafts, life preservers, pontoon bridge supports and so on.

This newcomer, called Foamglass, is now being investigated by certain Federal Government Agencies for its possibilities as an alternate material for such critical products as cork, balsa wood, cellular rubber and kapok—all of which are largely imported—Nancy Craig, Women and the War, Station WJZ, New York City.

WHITE MAGIC

To remove the black from the outside of an aluminum pot, put potato peelings and water in a larger pot, and set the blackened pot on top of this, and let boil until the shine is restored.

To banish the black from the inside of a pot, put potato peelings in it to cook until original luster is restored—Nancy Craig's the Woman of Tomorrow program, WJZ, New York City.

LIBRARIAN KATE

Books without war are all too few for those of us who like quiet reading, so whenever I come across one that gives me pleasure, I like to tell you about it. One I have just finished is called "Sunday Best." It's not fiction, but the true and amusing story of one American family, who had their ups and downs in Philadelphia during those happy days of a generation ago.

The author of this engaging story is John Cecil Holm, who also has hit shows to his credit, notably, "Three Men on a Horse" and, more recently, "Best Foot Forward"—Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

WALKING BOWL?

Many of us will of necessity put away our electric mixers, and go back to the old style "walking" mixing bowl that must be held in place by brute force. To keep it "put," glue a second-hand fruit jar ring to the bottom, and see if it doesn't stop wandering around every time you let go of it—Mrs. Louise Siebel, Galveston, Texas, household-hint prize winner, Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell Blue Network.

Where Are You, Dearest?

Continued from page 13

But as far as I was concerned it was settled. Susie Brown wasn't the girl I had left behind. She was the girl who had left me behind. Three years ago she had left our home town, kissing me absent-mindedly on the ear and tossing another popcorn into her mouth as she climbed on the train for the big city. That was one thing about Susie—if you didn't like popcorn you'd better stay away from her, because she ate it by the pound. It used to irritate me and it was always one of the things we fought about—not that it did any good, because she just kept on eating popcorn. It's funny about people, though. Since she'd been away, that popcorn-eating habit of hers seemed to me to be one of the most endearing things in the world. I even took to eating it myself!

Susie wrote to me a few times when she got to New York, but her letters were just like Susie—kind of absent-minded and rambling. They never really said anything—except maybe she'd seen a good movie or met a nice girl or made friends with the keeper of the lion house at the Central Park Zoo. She never once said she missed me or would like to see me, and it made me pretty unhappy because Susie was my favorite girl in Senior Class the year before she left.

I REALIZE now that it was mostly my fault. I had never tried to understand Susie. She had an adventurous spirit and I always tried to quell it. I wanted to marry Susie some time and I had an idea that any wife of mine would have to be the kind of person whose whole world was bound up in her home. I was too young to know then that sometimes a woman can be interested in dozens of different things and still be a wonderful wife. I was selfish, too. I wanted Susie all to myself. I resented it when she read so many books and took art courses and talked about wanting to travel and see the world. I didn't understand that her restlessness was mostly curiosity about life and the world in general. She wanted to know and see and do everything. It was inevitable that she should go to New York, and after she had gone I was sorry I hadn't been more understanding about it.

Well, her letters kept getting scarcer, and pretty soon they stopped, except for an occasional post-card showing a scene of the Statue of Liberty or Grant's Tomb, with Susie's unreadable scrawl on the back. By that time I had gotten on my high horse and told everybody I didn't care about not hearing from her. And then the war came and I got into the Army and things went along so fast that I didn't even have a chance to think about Susie. Except nights sometimes, or when I saw somebody eating popcorn.

And then this two-day leave came along and all of a sudden I decided I wanted to see Susie. After all, I told myself, I hadn't seen her for three years, and she had been my best girl, and I'd like to know that she was getting along all right, and besides I didn't know anybody else in New York. It's amazing the num-

ber of excuses you can think up for doing what you want to do!

Jeff was against the whole idea. He kept saying there were better things to do than look up a girl I hadn't seen for three years, but the more abusive he got the more determined I became. It was suddenly a burning necessity. I just had to find Susie!

WE got off at Pennsylvania Station and I maneuvered Jeff into the 8th Avenue Subway. "She used to live in a boarding house on West 86th Street," I told him. "We'll go up there first."

We finally got to the address on West 86th Street—I checked it with an old letter of Susie's—the last one she'd ever written to me as a matter of fact—and I rang the bell. A regular old battle-axe of a woman came to the door and practically snapped my head off when I said I was looking for Susie Brown.

"Nobody here by that name," she said, and started to close the door.

"Wait a minute," I yelled. "She used to live here. See?" and I showed her the return address on Susie's letter.

She peered near-sightedly at the letter. "Humph," she grunted, "maybe her name's in the forwarding book. I'll look." And she closed the door in our faces.

Jeff grinned at me. "Neighborly old sort, isn't she?"

I shrugged my shoulders and we both waited. Pretty soon the door opened again and the old lady stuck her head out. "Well, there was a Susie Brown left here two years ago. No forwarding address."

"No forwarding address at all?" I asked, crestfallen.

"Hold on," and she ran her finger down the notebook she held in her hand. "Only address is a night-club on 52nd Street—'The Last Drink' it's called. Humph! I remember her now. Might know she'd end up like that. Girl had no manners. Used to eat popcorn all the time—even at the supper table. Humph!—cigarette girl in a night club."

I pounded Jeff on the back. "Hear that, Jeff?—She used to eat popcorn all the time. That's Susie all right!"

Jeff pretended to cough violently. "Thanks, Ma'am," I said to the old lady, and pulling Jeff along bodily, started for the subway. I was excited. I'd be seeing my Susie pretty soon!

With Jeff protesting every step, we got off the subway and found "The Last Drink" night-club.

The head-waiter came rushing up to us with a big smile, but when he found out we were looking for a cigarette girl named Susie Brown, the smile faded and he shook his head. "Never heard of her," he said.

But I insisted. "I know she used to work here."

"How long ago?" he asked.

"Two years ago."

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little ruefully as he told me that two years was almost a lifetime as far as most night-clubs are concerned. "The Last Drink" had changed hands three times in the last two years, he said.

"Well, hasn't anybody in this whole



An ordinary luncheon cloth was washed, Linit-starched, ironed 119 times. It looked like new, smooth, lustrous. Under the microscope it showed no fraying. (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc., Test No. 24747. Feb. 6, 1942.)

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**PENETRATES THE FABRIC
PROTECTS THE FIBRES**

place been here longer than two years?" I asked.

He thought a moment, then his face brightened. "The cook's been here for three years. Wait a minute—I'll get him." And he hurried to the back of the club. Pretty soon he came back with a white-capped chef in tow. "This is Andre," he told us. "Maybe he can give you some information."

So we talked for a while with Andre, but didn't seem to be getting anywhere at first. He didn't remember any Susie Brown, he said. I described her to him—brown eyes, brown hair, medium height, turned-up nose, sweet smile, but it still didn't jog his memory.

"She was from Oakdale, Indiana," I finally said desperately, "and she had a dog named Cracker."

HE wrinkled his brow thoughtfully. "There was a girl here once from Indiana, but her name wasn't Susie Brown. And this girl's hair was red and her smile wasn't so very sweet. As a matter of fact, she didn't get along very well with the rest of the help. She had kind of a mean disposition."

"Doesn't sound much like Susie," I said doubtfully.

"This girl's name was Sue LeBrun," said the chef. "That's something like Susie Brown."

"But that red hair and that mean disposition . . ." I started to say, and then Jeff interrupted me.

"Did Sue LeBrun eat popcorn all the time?" he asked Andre.

Andre threw up his hands. "Did she eat popcorn! She ate it all the time, and not only that, but she was the first cigarette girl in a New York nightclub to sell popcorn!"

Jeff and I solemnly shook hands. "It's her, all right," I said, and turned back to Andre. "She must have dyed her hair. But what we want to know now is, where is she?"

Andre looked at me sympathetically for a minute, then he waved an arm at some murals on the wall. "See those paintings?"

We said we saw them all right. You couldn't help seeing them—they were splashed from floor to ceiling in dazzling colors.

"Well," Andre went on. "Those were painted by a young artist named Julian Scott."

We couldn't see where that fitted into the story, but Andre went on talking.

It seemed that Julian Scott was a starving young painter who had made a bargain with the manager of the night club to paint murals on all the walls for free food and drinks. He was more interested in the drinks than in the food, Andre said. One day he was in the kitchen and he saw Susie—or Sue LeBrun, as she was then calling herself. It was a case of love at first sight for both of them.

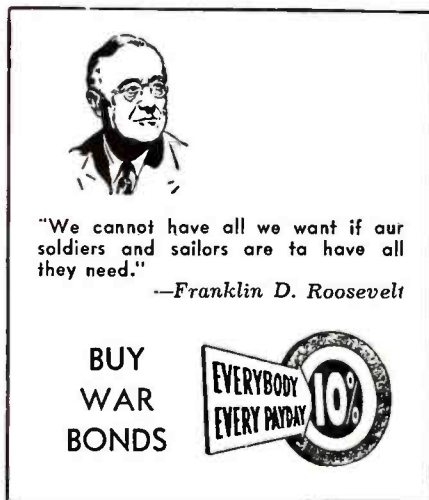
"And," Andre finished, "she married Julian Scott and they went to live in Greenwich Village. 23 Macdougall Street. I remember, because I used to send them a little food now and then—just in case."

My head whirled and I felt a little sick. My Susie married to a painter and living in Greenwich Village! I didn't know what to think. I just stood there dumbly, staring at Andre. Susie—married! She might at least have waited a little longer, a small reproachful voice inside me whis-

pered. It just didn't add up right, somehow. Whatever adventurous ideas Susie had ever had she was basically a sensible person with both feet on the solid ground. It wasn't like her to dye her hair and change her name. And it certainly wasn't like her to fall in love with a drunken artist and marry him after knowing him for only a few weeks. I couldn't understand it. And that business about her not getting along well with the other people who worked at the night club. Why, Susie Brown was one of the friendliest people I've ever known. Everybody back in Oakdale was crazy about her. Walking down Main Street with Susie was almost like a parade. Everybody she'd meet wanted to stop and talk to her. The whole thing just didn't make sense.

Jeff shuffled his feet then and coughed apologetically. "C'mon, Chip," he said, patting me on the shoulder, "we may as well get goin'. With Susie married and everythin' . . ."

But what Andre had just said about sending them a little food now and then suddenly hit me full force. Good



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—Franklin D. Roosevelt

Lord, maybe Susie was starving! Maybe that husband of hers couldn't even pay the rent. Maybe she was sitting all alone in a garret somewhere with nothing to eat. Even if she was married, I wanted to be sure that things were all right with her. All I wanted now was to see her with my own eyes and know that she wasn't in any trouble.

It was a little difficult to persuade Jeff that we still had to find her, but after some grumbling and arguing he came along with me and we got on a Sixth Avenue bus and headed for Greenwich Village. We found 23 Macdougall Street and knocked at the purple door. Imagine! I said to myself—Susie Brown from my home town, living in a Greenwich Village studio with a purple door! The door didn't open, but a window upstairs was raised and a woman's head appeared. We asked for Mrs. Julian Scott and she shook her head. Then we asked her if she knew of a Sue LeBrun or a Susie Brown. She didn't, but she told us that if anyone would know, it would be Old Adam, who could probably be found at Angelo's, around the corner.

So we went to Angelo's and there in a corner of the room at a little table by himself sat an old man with

a long beard and a beret.

"That must be Old Adam," Jeff said, and we walked over to him.

He was pretty vague about Susie. There was a girl, he said, that Julian Scott once painted. She had long red hair that fell over her shoulders and a white unsmiling face. She never talked, and she always carried around a small black monkey wherever she went. That didn't sound like Susie to me, but when I asked him if she ate popcorn and he said she did, I knew it must be.

"Do you know where she is now, sir?" I asked him, and was startled when he turned on me angrily.

"Go away," he said thickly. "Leave the past alone. The Village has its ghosts—don't disturb them."

I hastened to assure him that I was a friend of Susie's and wanted to help them if they needed help. He relented then and told us what had happened. Julian Scott had been a friend of his, Old Adam said, so he knew exactly how it was. Julian was not a successful artist. He drank too much, for one thing. He couldn't seem to help himself. And when he would try to sell a picture and couldn't he'd go over to Angelo's and try to drown his desperation in whisky. Susie just sat at the table with him and watched him ruin his life. When he couldn't drink any more she would take him home. And then, one night, Julian shot himself. It was the old story, Adam said—it had happened before and it would happen again.

For six months after that, Susie sat in their old room in the Village and hardly spoke to anyone. People would try to talk to her, but she just stared at them and turned away. Then she went to the 43rd Street Hotel, and never came back to the Village again.

Old Adam shook his head sorrowfully and then turned his back on us in an unmistakable gesture of dismissal. We walked quietly out of the little restaurant and stood on the sidewalk for a moment, blinking at the street lights.

"Gee," said Jeff, "your Susie sure had her troubles."

I NODDED my head and without a word we caught an uptown bus and got off at 42nd Street. Walking around the corner to the 43rd Street Hotel, we decided we'd spend the night there and ask about Susie in the morning. Jeff was inwardly writhing at not getting over to Broadway, but it was late by then and we were both tired, and he sensed my unhappiness about Susie, so he didn't say anything. I was in a turmoil over the whole thing. Poor Susie! All those things to have happened to the gay little happy-go-lucky Susie I used to know. It didn't seem possible, yet there it was. And I clenched my fists as I realized how wrong I had been ever to let her go away from me. Well, it won't happen again, I told myself grimly. This time I'll find her and let her know how I feel about her. Maybe it's too late—maybe she's forgotten all about me, but at least I can try.

I didn't get much sleep that night, and got up the next morning early, more determined than ever to find her. Maybe she was right there in the hotel! Maybe even in the next room! I routed Jeff out of bed and together we went down to the desk to

talk to the woman clerk. She was a hard-bitten lady with a sharp tongue and flashy platinum blonde hair.

"Susie Brown?" she repeated when I asked. "The nearest name to that we've ever had here was Susannah Brownell. Could that be the one?"

"Might be," I told her, "she's had a lot of names."

"Did she have hair the color of mine?"

"No ma'am—Susie had red hair, last I heard. But she had a monkey."

"Well, this girl didn't have a monkey, but she did have a Pekingese."

I could hear Jeff behind me groan at that. And then I asked my ace question. "Did this Susannah Brownell eat popcorn a lot?"

THE woman behind the desk gave a snort of laughter. "I'll say she did, soldier—she devoured it. Even had the Peke chewing on it."

"It's Susie, all right," I told Jeff. "Poor kid, trying to run away from her troubles by dying her hair and changing her name."

"Troubles, my eye," the woman interrupted, "that girl hit the jackpot. She struck it rich—at first, anyway."

"What do you mean?" Jeff and I blurted out together. And I added, "This girl I'm thinking of had just lost her husband—he shot himself. Maybe it isn't the same one after all."

"It's the same one, all right. I know all about the poor guy. But after she got here she didn't waste any time mooning about it. My husband helped get her a job as a show girl at the Zero Hour Club and she started to brighten up right away. And then it happened—like the sweepstakes!"

"What happened?"

"She breezed out of here one night like Lady Vere de Vere going to the opera. All dressed up in ermine and wearing an engagement ring as big as a rock. She was with a dark foreign-looking guy with a wolfhound."

Jeff said "Wow!" under his breath. I couldn't say anything for a minute. I was stunned.

"Do you happen to know where they went, Ma'am?" I asked finally.

"I sure do, brother. She went to a penthouse on Park Avenue—and I told my husband at the time that I'd change places with her any day in the week!"

"Well, thanks very much. I guess we better be getting along."

But the woman leaned back in her chair and started to laugh. "Wait a minute, soldier," she was obviously enjoying all this very much. "You haven't heard the half of it yet. Wait'll I tell you what happened!"

Jeff and I leaned against the desk and waited. The story she told us was almost unbelievable, but she said it had been in all the New York papers and was surprised that we hadn't even heard about it.

The dark foreign man was a Prince, she told us—Prince Mikaloff. Whether the title was real or not, people didn't bother to find out, but he said he was a Prince and he lived like a Prince, so everyone accepted him at his word. And that made Susie a Princess. She got to be known around town as the Princess Susannah, and she and the Prince went everywhere in regal splendor. They were always at the opening nights of new Broadway



*I'm
a Busy
Woman*

I have a family to raise and a home to keep ship-shape. I'm learning First Aid and training for Ambulance Duty. And I've got a part-time job that makes our budget a better fit.

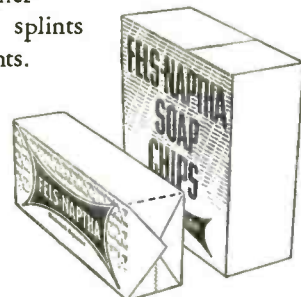
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**Yes, I'm a busy woman
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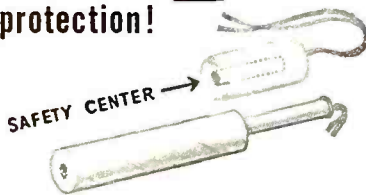
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shows, they were well known at the best night clubs, they were invited to all the fanciest society parties. And Princess Susannah was loaded down with emeralds and diamonds and matched pearls that the Prince had given her.

And then the blow came. The F.B.I. caught up with the Prince one day and pretty soon the whole town was buzzing with the news that Prince Mikaloff was a famous international jewel thief. He had spent most of his life in Europe, but when things got too difficult there, he had come to the United States where he evidently intended to settle down and enjoy his ill-gotten gains. His life here had been very respectable. He hadn't bothered to ply his trade in New York, which was one reason the police hadn't suspected him.

IT was tough on Susie. The scandal reverberated from newspaper headlines to society columns. And not only that—the police naturally thought that Susie was the Prince's accomplice and arrested her, too. They didn't have to stay in jail long. The Prince arranged some sort of bail, and they went back to Park Avenue while they waited for the trial. It was right about then that the Prince was murdered.

My eyes were popping out of my head at this point. I looked at Jeff and his face was perfectly blank.

Of course, when the Prince was murdered, the woman went on, they arrested Susie again and things really looked black for her. It wasn't until an underworld character who was being held on another charge confessed that he shot the Prince because the Prince had doublecrossed him that Susie's name was cleared.

The woman stopped talking then and looked at the two of us quizzically. "Some girl, eh boys? Did you say she was a friend of yours?"

I nodded dumbly, and she went on. "Well, that's all I know about her, but I guess that's plenty."

"Do you have any idea where she is now?" I managed to ask.

"You might try the precinct station. Maybe they'd know."

"Thanks," I told her, and we stumbled out of the hotel. Jeff leaned against a lamp post when we got out on the street. "Whew," he gasped, "this is gettin' too much for me. I don't think I can stand much more. We're beginnin' to remind me of Dick Tracy. From Princess to murder suspect in one easy jump."

"I know it," I said worriedly. Things like this just didn't happen to people—at least not to people from Oakdale, Indiana. Then I remembered that this was New York and almost anything could happen here. "Let's get over to the police station," I said to Jeff, "and see what we can find out."

"Look Chip," said Jeff mutinously, "I'm gettin' sick and tired of this chasin' around from one place to another. Let's forget about this Susie character and ease on over to Broadway and have a little fun for a change. We haven't got much more time. C'mon, Chip."

But suddenly I realized that Susie was probably in trouble by now and needed me. She had never needed me back home. She was the girl who took care of everybody else—somebody was always running to her for help or advice about something.

Even I used to spend most of my time pouring out my troubles into her willing ears. It was my turn to help her now. And, feeling that she really needed me, a great love for Susie Brown welled up in my chest. It caught me in the throat and almost choked me. I whirled on Jeff then.

"Listen, Jeff, Susie Brown is the girl I love, and I'm going to find her and help her out of this mess she's in if it's the last thing I do. And if you don't come along with me, you're just no pal of mine, that's all. Now—are you coming or aren't you?"

Jeff was startled, and blinked a couple of times, then he laughed and put up his elbows as though to ward off a series of blows. "All right, all right, I'll come. Gee whiz, I didn't know you felt that way about her."

"Well, I do," I told him, and we asked the nearest policeman where the precinct station was. He told us, and pretty soon we were talking to the desk sergeant.

He didn't want to give us any information at first. He said the case was closed and he was glad of it and he didn't want to have anything more to do with it. I had to tell him the whole story—even to showing him Susie's last letter to me. Then he shook his head dubiously. "She must have changed a lot since you knew her, Buddy," he said. "She's a pretty hard character. We had a lot of trouble with her here. She wouldn't cooperate at all. Are you sure you want to look her up?"

I managed to control my temper and said, "Yes, sir."

"Well, if it's only on account of that uniform you're wearing, I guess I better tell you. But I think you're gonna be sorry." He thumbed through some papers on his desk. "She's at 12 Henry Street."

SO we started our search again. Jeff was being very quiet, just trudging along beside me doggedly—probably thinking plenty but not saying a word. I was certainly thinking plenty. I hadn't done so much concentrated thinking about Susie Brown in all the time since I'd first known her. I didn't care how she had changed—I was convinced that Susie was the most important thing in my life. I'd find her and tell her so.

Furthermore I didn't believe all the things the police sergeant and that woman at the 43rd Street Hotel had implied. Susie just couldn't have changed so completely. She never could be a hard character. Susie was the kind of girl who would spend a whole afternoon playing jacks with the little kids next door. She was the kind of girl who was always bringing home stray puppies and kittens and finding a good home for them. In her casual off-hand way she was the kindest girl I had ever known. She just wasn't the awful person all these people seemed to think she was.

I was so wrapped up in my thoughts that we were in front of 12 Henry Street and Jeff was shaking my arm before I realized that we had reached our destination.

But when we knocked on the door, somebody told us that Susie had moved to Orchard Street. And when we got to the address on Orchard Street, we were directed to Amsterdam Avenue. By this time, Jeff was nervously looking at his wrist-watch.

"Gosh, Chip, we haven't got much

more time."

"I know it," I said, wiping the perspiration from my forehead, "but I've just got to find her."

At the Amsterdam Avenue address, they said she had moved just last week to 480 Livingston Street, and I promised Jeff that this would be our last stop. We wearily got on the subway again and went down to Livingston Street.

Walking along Livingston, looking for number 480, we noticed a crowd of people gathered in the street down the block. We wondered what it was all about until it suddenly occurred to me—"My gosh, Jeff, I bet that's 480 Livingston."

"Could be," said Jeff without much interest.

"But that's where Susie lives!"

"That's right," he said, and we quickened our pace. I thought, what's happened to her now? And then I saw a couple of fire engines drawn up in front of the house, and there was smoke coming out of one of the upstairs windows.

Jeff and I pushed our way into the crowd. "What's happened?" I asked one of the bystanders.

"Just a fire," he said, "won't last much longer. They've just about got it out."

"Anybody still in the house?" I asked him.

"No, they got all the people out a long time ago."

"Happen to know where they went?"

"How should I know?" he asked exasperatedly, and turned back to watch the firemen.

THEN my eye caught something down at the end of the block. I nudged Jeff and we started down the street on the double-quick. It was a little popcorn wagon, and I had a hunch. We pulled up short in front of the wagon, and the little man who was pushing it looked up at us with a friendly grin.

"Popcorn, Mister?"

"Yeah, I'll have a bag—make it a couple of bags."

And then while he was filling the bags with popcorn, I asked him as casually as I could if he'd noticed a blonde girl around the neighborhood in the past week who bought a lot of popcorn. He chuckled at that and said he certainly had. His business had doubled since she moved to Livingston Street.

"You don't happen to know where she is right now, do you?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

"Sure. She's probably down at O'Connor's having a coke—she spends a lot of time there, reading books and drinking cokes."

"Where's O'Connor's?"

"Two blocks down—on the other side of the street."

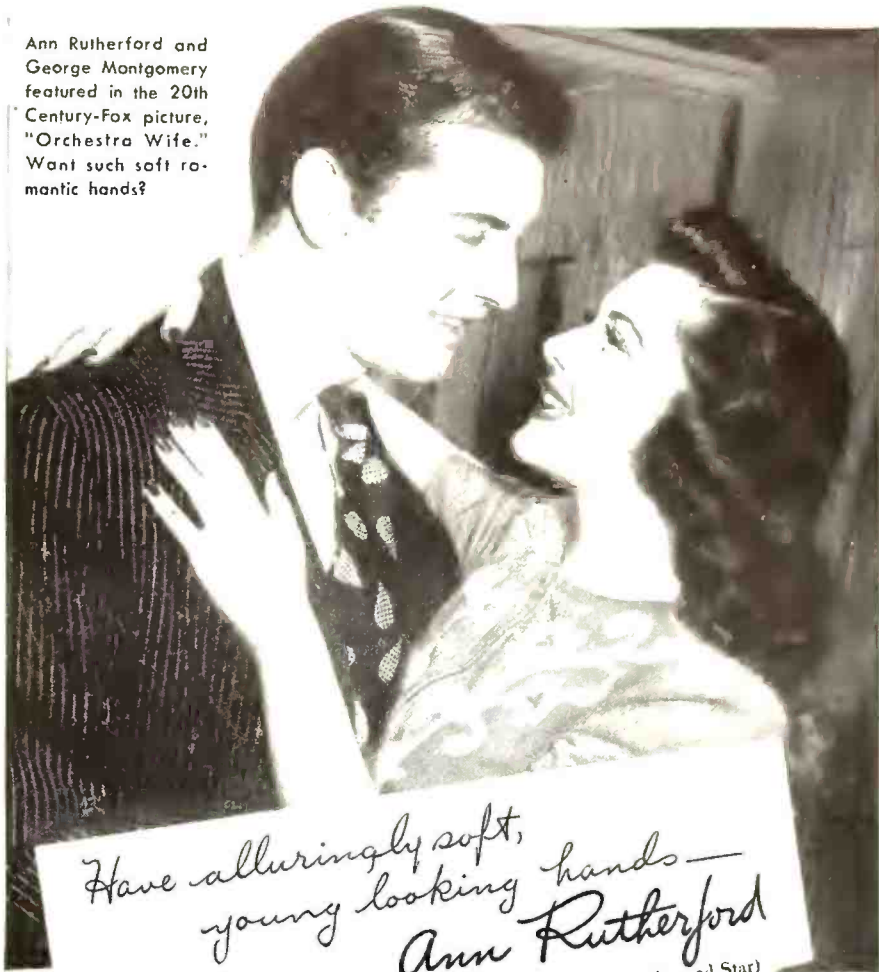
"C'mon, Jeff," I yelled, and we galloped off.

"Forty-five minutes to go," he panted.

We turned into O'Connor's, which was one of those old-fashioned soda fountain places with the little marble topped tables and the wire chairs with the curled backs. There was also a lending library and some magazine stands in the place, but I only half saw them. My eyes were filled with a girl sitting all alone at a little table in the back of the store. A blonde girl with a green hat, sitting with her back to us.

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And now that we'd finally found her, I suddenly was afraid.

I walked over timidly and kind of stood there for a minute. Then I cleared my throat and said tentatively—"Susie?"

The girl looked up, and I got the biggest shock of my life. This girl wasn't Susie! My eyes widened and my mouth must have fallen open. She looked me up and down coldly and then said, "Yes? What do you want?"

I shook my head to clear the cobwebs away. "Oh. . . ." I said, "I'm sorry—I'm looking for Susie Brown. Uh—I thought you were Susie."

"I am Susie Brown," she said in a harsh, almost rasping voice, "but I certainly don't know you."

"The Susie Brown I'm looking for," I was still floundering, "is from Oakdale, Indiana."

I looked at her for a minute, trying to figure out what to say next. She was certainly a girl who had been around—it showed in her face. Her mouth was getting a little hard and there were definite lines in her face. She must have been beautiful just a few short years ago, but that beauty was fading quickly. Her hair was a brassy color that got darker near the roots. Her fingernails were blood red and not very well kept. All in all, she was everything that my Susie was not.

SHE noticed my scrutiny and grew a little uncomfortable under it. "Well," she said, "I'm not the Susie you're looking for, so why don't you go away now?"

"I suppose I may as well. . . ." I started to say, and then just to check up on a few things, I asked her, "By the way, did you ever know anybody by the name of Julian Scott?"

She winced at that, but stared me straight in the eye and said, "None of your business, soldier."

Jeff had come up to the table and was listening to our conversation. He put his oar in then, "Did you ever hear of a guy named Prince Mikaloff? Do you know of a night-club called 'The Last Drink'? Did you used to have red hair?"

She leaned back in her chair and glared at us defiantly. "Listen, you guys, I don't have to answer any of your questions, see? You're probably reporters in disguise. Well, I'm tired of talking to reporters. I've got nothing to say. Now go on, get out of here. Leave me alone."

"We're not reporters, honest," I assured her. "We're just soldiers and we're looking for Susie Brown. I happen to be in love with her and I have to find her. That's simple enough, isn't it?"

But her lip curled. "I don't care who you are or what you want. You annoy me. Now beat it. Go on—"

My shoulders drooped and I turned away wearily. This was the end, then. We had come to the final blank wall. I'd never find Susie now. Jeff came up behind me and put his arm over my shoulder.

"Don't take it so hard, Chip. We'll find her somehow."

I tried to grin at him, but it was a pretty bad imitation. "We'll never find her now. She's just vanished into thin air. I'll probably never see her again."

And then we heard the girl's voice again. She had evidently been watching us and had heard what we had said. "Okay, soldiers, come on

back. Maybe I can give you a tip."

We stood stock still in amazement and then hurried back to her table.

"I don't know why I bother to do this," she said half angrily, "but you might try the Consolidated Insurance Company in Poughkeepsie. That's where your Susie Brown is."

I stared at her. "How do you know?"

"I used to know her a couple of years ago. We both lived in a roominghouse on West 86th Street. She used to eat popcorn all the time. That's where I got to liking the darn stuff." She laughed shortly and gestured toward a bag of popcorn lying on the table.

Jeff and I were both speechless. We stood there looking at her, wordlessly, with our minds going around in circles—at least mine was. She glanced up at us. "Well, now you know where she is—go find her, why don't you?" and she started reading a magazine that was spread out in front of her.

I finally found my tongue. "Look, Miss," I said, "I don't want to intrude on you or anything, but we've been through so darn much in the last two days, I wonder if you'd do us a favor and tell us how come we got you mixed up with the Susie Brown I know?"

She looked up at us again. "It's a long story and I don't intend to go into it. But I will tell you that Susie Brown isn't my real name. When Susie left to go to Poughkeepsie, I took her name for reasons of my own."

"But what about the forwarding address the woman on 86th Street gave me—the 'Last Drink' night-club? Did Susie get the job there or did you?"

"I did. And probably they got my forwarding address when the manager of 'The Last Drink' was checking the references I gave him." She laughed shortly. "Susie had excellent references!"

"Well, gee, thanks Miss," I said. "I guess we better be going now." I couldn't keep the let-down sensation inside me from creeping into my voice.

JUST one more thing, soldier," she said and for the first time in our conversation, her voice softened a little, "if I were you I'd get on up to Poughkeepsie in a hurry. I think your girl's waiting for you." She sighed and turned back to her magazine. "I always kinda liked that Susie," she said in a low voice.

Dimly I realized that Jeff, almost dancing in impatience, was holding out his arm and pointing at his watch. "Holy cats, Chip," he urged, "we gotta get out of here! We've only got fifteen minutes left."

I let him tug me toward the door, but I hardly realized what was happening. Relief and happiness were boiling around so fast inside of me that I felt as if I might explode. And then, suddenly, I was as calm as could be. Dreamily I watched Jeff signal a taxi, and I sat beside him all the way to the station, not saying a word.

Because it was enough, just now, to think that Susie was in Poughkeepsie, and that she'd never forgotten me, and that after all it wouldn't be so very long before I could get myself another two-day leave. And that leave I wouldn't spend looking for Susie. I'd spend it with her.

Love Is for Keeps

Continued from page 23

much later that night, and she tried to laugh with me as I gave her an account of the evening's foolishness. But there was a strange combination of amazement and hurt in her eyes. I wouldn't let myself take notice of it, wouldn't let anything spoil the remembrance of the fun I had had.

"He's in love with you," Miggs said slowly, and her even white teeth caught her underlip.

"Don't be silly," I said.

"It's not silly. Tommy's been making calf-eyes at you from the moment he first saw you." There was a bitterness in her voice that I had never heard there before.

"Don't be silly," I repeated, trying to believe what I was saying. "Tommy's just—just a child. Tonight was fun, but I'd go crazy doing that sort of thing all the time."

But I lay awake for a long time that night. No, I wouldn't admit that I was in love with Tommy. I wouldn't face that fact. But I drew a split hair line of difference, admitting that maybe I was *falling* in love with him.

Dwight's troubles about the motion picture contracts continued, and he sent his proxy often after that. Then he went out of town, leaving Tommy with instructions to "keep an eye on the girls." But after that there was no pretense that Tommy came to see Miggs; that I was only secondary. I selfishly left Miggs to shift for herself and monopolized every moment of Tommy's attention.

OH, being with Tommy was fun, and I needed fun! I kept telling myself that, willing myself to believe that I was just having a postponed fling, especially when I saw the hurt in Miggs' eyes. I just gave myself up to having the kind of fun I'd never had before.

But Miggs' face reproached me, nagged at me like a guilty conscience, although she never said one word in protest. In vain I told myself that it wasn't my fault. Could I live Tommy's life for him? Could I make him love her, even if I wanted to? Besides, young hearts are fickle—Miggs' would mend. And then, with a stab, I had to admit that Tommy's was a young heart, too. Would it tire of me? Was I letting myself in for a terrible blow?

Because I knew that these things could well be true, I still wouldn't admit that I loved him. I just put off thinking about it, crowding the unpleasant thoughts into the back of my mind, filling my head with minute-to-minute thoughts without troubling about the future, giving myself up wholly to the time-filling business of having fun. We danced late into the night, we went to an amusement park, we lay on the beach in the sun, we rode horseback—all the silly, lovely things I'd never done.

One afternoon Tommy brought me back to the apartment after a ride in the park. "I'm going home to change," he said, "and come back to take you to that Russian place for dinner. We'll have a swell time—"

He turned to go, and then suddenly he had swung around again, and caught me close to him, buried my face against his rough, man-smelling tweed riding coat. His mouth was

Can twins be divorced?



The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.



"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything... except once. That was the time I divorced my twin... for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."



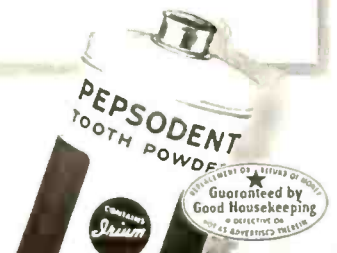
"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's... thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who... but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

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WHENEVER I REACHED for that laxative bottle, Betty would scream and run away. She hated the taste of the stuff and it upset her something awful! It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED something else. But Betty raised a rumpus every time I gave her a dose. To make matters worse, the medicine didn't do her any good. It was just *too mild!*



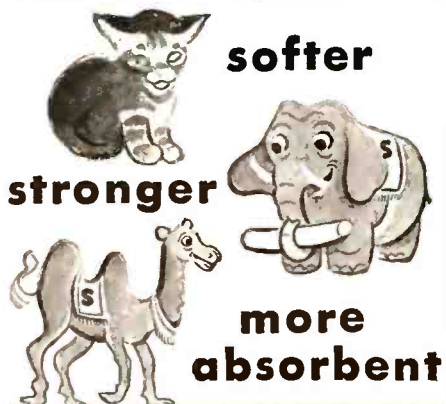
ONE DAY MY NEIGHBOR suggested Ex-Lax! I gave some to Betty and she just loved its fine all-chocolate taste. Ex-Lax works so well, too...not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

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close to my ear, murmuring the things I'd half-hoped, half-dreaded to hear. "Zelda, you darling, you darling! We always have a wonderful time together, don't we? You can't keep me at arm's length any longer, honey. Zelda, my beautiful!"

His arms released me, his hands cupped my face and tipped it up to his. Then my mouth met his, as if it belonged there, in the kiss I'd dreamed about. In a moment we were apart again, and he was laughing nervously, looking as if he had done something he hadn't meant to do.

The blood pounding in my ears, my throat, I fled into the apartment, across the living room, into the bedroom. He loved me—Tommy loved me! And now I had to admit it, even to myself. I loved him. He'd ask me to marry him, and we'd dance and ferry-ride our way through life. We'd be happy—we'd be young!

SUDDENLY I sat down, feeling as a child must feel when its balloon breaks. Because I knew it wasn't so. Marriage wasn't one long dance, one continuous ferry ride. It was companionship, and sharing troubles, and raising children, and sitting quietly side by side, not even needing to talk. And I couldn't have those with Tommy. Already I was weary of the merry-go-round I'd been riding, and I knew that Tommy was going to keep on riding until he caught the brass ring, years and years from now.

I got wearily to my feet, dragged off my riding habit, began to cream my face, smoothing with an anxious finger the new little wrinkles which had lately found their way into the corners of my eyes. Not enough sleep. I was bone-weary, much as I hated to admit it, from trying to keep up with Tommy's pace-that-kills running around, as his father called it.

Looking toward the door, I saw that Miggs was standing there. She must have heard what Tommy had said to me, guessed at that wild kiss, for her face was white and set, her eyes were clouded. "I've got to go out," she said briefly. "You'd better get something on. Dwight's home, and he's on his way over."

I felt as if the cool rains had come after a hot, humid day as I dressed and waited for Dwight. He was so wise, so good; surely just talking to him would help me to think straighter, to sort out the jumble of emotions that was tearing me apart.

Presently he came, looking as he always did—a handsome man with a knowledge of the world about him.

We sat down together on the terrace. "You're getting thinner," he said, cocking an eyebrow at me. "And there are circles under your eyes. Been working too hard, or has that son of mine been leading you a merry chase?"

"Both, I guess," I told him. Impulsively, I held out my hand to him. "Dwight, I've missed you. I didn't realize how much until I saw you come in, just as always. It seemed—it seemed, somehow, to send life back to normal!"

He took my hand, and his eyes and his voice were suddenly different. "I've missed you, too—more than I liked to let myself think." He moved closer to me, holding my hand between both of his. "Zelda, maybe this isn't the romantic way to do this. Maybe I ought to get down on my knees. And I know I haven't the right

phrases for it—words are my business, but they all seem to have deserted me now. But dear, if we missed each other so, why should we go on missing each other?"

For a moment I wasn't sure what he meant. It seemed incredible after our easy friendship, with never a mention of love, a hint of marriage. But it was true, and he was offering me more than he knew. He was offering me escape from the emotional tangle in which I'd involved myself. He was offering me a substitute for loving Tommy. He was offering me a way out. I didn't stop to think that it wouldn't be fair to him. I didn't stop to think that this was the coward's way, running away from a problem, hiding from it instead of facing it and fighting it out. I only knew that this was blessed, sweet relief, and I cried, "Oh, yes, Dwight—yes!"

I lay quiet in his arms then, full of peace, not letting myself think of anything. I wouldn't have to face the dreadful alternative of saying no to Tommy or marrying him knowing that I was making a horrible mistake. I wouldn't have to face anything, not even the risk of another of Tommy's kisses.

Dwight and I were married, very quietly, a week later, with Tommy for best man and Miggs for maid of honor. I had filled the time between with shopping, with buying the pale yellow dress I wore, the broad-brimmed green hat with its gay crown of yellow flowers, with buying a gray-and-scarlet suit for going away, a filmy white nightgown and negligee trimmed with white lace.

Somehow, Tommy didn't seem as crushed as I had expected him to be. And when he kissed the bride it was a brotherly, impersonal kiss. As for Miggs, she was radiant once more as she walked out of the chapel with us, her arm tucked through Tommy's.

We went to Dwight's cabin in the Catskills for our honeymoon—three peaceful, serene weeks, in which I began to recover from Tommy as one recovers from an illness.

By the time we got back and moved into Dwight's house on Long Island, I felt settled and secure, as a woman must who has been married for years. The days went by so rapidly and yet so smoothly that it's hard to sort them out and remember them, one by one. Tommy was there, of course—his laboratory was in the house and he did his work there—but protected by the armor of Dwight's constant companionship, busy with the work we had started to do together, I felt the old fire dying away to embers. The weeks, the months, slid by.

ONE afternoon I sat on the terrace, just basking in sheer laziness, as Tommy came up from the garden. He started to speak to me, but whatever he might have said was cut off by a hoarse cry from the direction of the long flight of steps which led down to the water.

The next hours are a confused jumble in my mind. I remember running beside Tommy to the stairs, seeing Dwight lying in a crumpled heap, like a bundle of old clothes with no man inside, at the foot of them. I remember Tommy damning the loose stones of the steps as he sprinted across the lawn to call the doctor. I remember going down the stairs somehow, kneeling beside Dwight. I remember my husband be-

ing carried back to the house, smiling one-sidedly but reassuringly in spite of the pain. I remember the doctor rubbing his hands together and saying, with satisfaction, "Nice, clean break—left leg. He'll be up and able to hobble about before you know it."

My world was bounded by the four walls of Dwight's room for the next few days. I read to him, talked to him, found new roots for our pleasant "togetherness." As the doctor had promised, he soon was able to sit on the terrace in the sun, his leg in a cast.

At lunch that first day that he was downstairs he reached across the table and squeezed my hand. "Now that I'm no longer strictly crippled, you've got to stop this business of fussing around me like a cat with one kitten, Zelda. You haven't stirred outside the house since I fell. Tommy, you're the man of the house temporarily," he went on, "and your first assignment is to take Zelda to the tennis tournament this afternoon. She has been counting on it for weeks, and I'm not going to have her miss it."

"Why—" Tommy began, uneasily, but I interrupted him.

"Dwight, I'd much rather stay here—with you. I don't want to go to the tournament."

"Nonsense," he said, smiling. And suddenly, with a shock like that of an icy finger drawn across my spine, I knew that it was nonsense. I did want to go to the tournament—with Tommy. And while, in a sort of panic, I examined that knowledge and saw all its implications, Dwight was going on, "Not another word out of either of you—get along!"

IT was amazing, and frightening, how easily Tommy and I slipped back into the old routine, after that.

Because the fire was still there, you see. It hadn't died. And it flamed again, burned high. The days slid by, one like another, and yet so different from those peaceful days with Dwight. Weekends, Miggs came out, and the three of us went around together, but during the week it was Tommy and I alone—and happy. At least, I was happy, with a kind of burning, bitter happiness, because I had fallen into the old habit of lying to myself again.

But I was troubled, too. I wondered if people were talking about me. Did the neighborhood gossips chatter among themselves about the way Tommy and I danced at the taverns on the highway, paddled about in the path of the moon on the lake, the foolish, childish fun we had at the nearby amusement park?

But I put those doubts aside, because I wanted to. It was silly, I told myself; I was a married woman, being taken around a little by my stepson while my husband was unable to go out with me.

And we did have fun, Tommy and I. I lost all the settled feeling those first months of being married to Dwight had given me. I forgot how tired keeping up with Tommy had once made me, forgot how sick I had sometimes been with myself for trying to play at being a youngster when I knew that I was a grown woman.

Slowly, worse doubts came to me, as the fire burned higher, as the excitement of being with Tommy grew stronger and stronger. Had I thrown my life away? Could everything possibly be the same again, once Dwight was able to walk again?



A Lesson They're Eager to Learn

Soon these new mothers will leave the hospital where their babies were born. Now they are watching a nurse demonstrate how to care for a newborn infant. She teaches them many vital lessons that hospitals have learned about scientific infant care; and most valuable of all, she gives them a new understanding of the importance of protecting babies against harmful germs.

Largely because of the progress which medical science has made in its never-ending war on germs, this year more than 100,000 U. S. babies will live, who would have died at less than one year of age had they been born 20 years ago.

Nowadays hospitals maintain almost unbelievable vigilance in guarding infants against harmful germs. Only a few specially-assigned nurses are permitted in the nursery, and they must wear sterile masks, caps and gowns. Even the doctor does not enter; he examines babies in a special room, and he too wears mask, cap and gown. When baby is nursing, the mother's bed is covered with a sterile feeding sheet, and her breasts and hands are sterilized. A limited number of visitors is admitted to the mother's room, only during certain hours; and they are asked to stay away from the bed, to prevent transfer of germs which might later come in contact with the baby.

As a vital aid in protecting baby's skin against germs, practically every hospital now anoints the baby's entire body with antiseptic oil, daily. This helps prevent impetigo, prickly heat, pustular rashes, diaper rash. It is known that germ infection plays a part in these common skin troubles.

Mothers should continue hospital pro-

TECTIVE measures at home. Keep visitors away from baby. Don't let them fondle or kiss him. And do as hospitals and doctors recommend—anoint your baby with antiseptic oil every day until he's at least a year old. Use the oil also after every diaper change. Be sure the oil you use is antiseptic. Look for the word "antiseptic" on the label. Don't be satisfied with anything less. Remember that the essence of baby care is protection against harmful germs.

And, of course, have your baby examined by your doctor regularly . . . that is Rule No. 1 in infant care.

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And yet, with Tommy there was always something lacking. He seemed to hold himself in restraint, to keep me at arm's length. I put my finger on it one September afternoon as I watched him and Miggs come up from the tennis court. They were chattering away fifteen to the dozen, and then it came to me. They looked so right together, those two. They belonged.

And there was more than that. Tommy and I had nothing to talk about. We had nothing to say to each other, because actually we had nothing in common. I was just six years older than he, but in interests, in long-time plans for living a life, in ambitions, we were a generation apart.

I had a sudden sharp desire to be with Dwight, to cast my burden on him now, as I had before. He was so wise, so kind—all unwittingly he had offered me a solution before. Perhaps he could help me now. I must give my marriage to Dwight a chance, at least, I told myself. I wouldn't think about Tommy and me. I'd go and talk to Dwight—talk about books with him, listen to music with him, as I hadn't done for so long. I felt tired, sick of myself.

MY hand was on the knob of his study door when I heard Dwight's voice, and something in it which made me stop. "Tell me about it, Miggs," he was saying.

Then Miggs' voice, thick with tears, answering him. "Oh, Dwight—I'm so miserable!"

His voice was full of the gentle kindness I knew so well, the tolerant wisdom. "Tell me about it anyway."

"It's—it's Tommy and me. Oh, Dwight—the words were tumbling over themselves in their haste to be said—"I love him. I love him so much, and he loves me!"

Outside the door I caught my breath. Tommy was in love with my little sister, and I had been too absorbed in having fun to know it!

I could hear Dwight chuckle. "As far as I can see, that's nothing to cry over, Miggs."

Her voice, answering him, was very small. "But—Zelda."

"Yes, Zelda." Dwight's voice was even.

"Oh, Dwight—Tommy feels that she's in love with him, and he doesn't know what to do. As long as things stand as they are, he can't ask me to marry him. Oh, I'm sure it isn't so—Zelda couldn't be so foolish!"

I could picture Dwight shaking his head. He sounded very grave. "I was afraid of this, Miggs, but I thought it best to see if it wouldn't work itself out, die a natural death. Look, dear. Your sister—a wonderful woman. She's young—perhaps too young for me—but she's not a child. She's been having the kind of fun she missed when she was your age. But fundamentally she's a well-balanced grown-up woman. I still hope that things will work themselves out, for all of our sakes. You see, I knew about this before. That's why I hurried home from that trip of mine, remember? Tommy had written that he and Zelda were having—a whale of a time, as he put it, but that he was afraid that she was taking it too seriously. But it worked out that time, Miggs, and I think it will work out again."

My face burned. Tommy, meaning

only to show me a good time, swept away by his emotions a little, perhaps, but not meaning anything serious. And I, like a schoolgirl, thinking I was in love with him, mooning over him and hiding from myself behind Dwight. Dwight, who had trusted me, who had thought that "everything worked out that time." This was the man I'd wondered if I'd made a mistake in marrying! Oh, no—the only mistake I'd made was in ever, for one minute, thinking that! My mistake had been in fearing to face life, in running away like a coward.

It was then that I remembered my father, saying, "The world won't let you get away with making the same mistake twice, Zelda."

For that's what I had been doing—deceiving myself again, ready to hide behind Dwight and my marriage to him. Making the same mistake twice.

I caught my breath sharply. Maybe this was the one time—the one time in a hundred times—when Father's maxim wasn't true. Maybe this time the world would let me get away with the same mistake twice, if I acted quickly. We were headed straight for tragedy, all of us, Dwight, Tommy, Miggs and I. Dwight's faith in me would not have lasted forever; a very little more time and the precious love that had sprung up between Tommy and Miggs would have been crushed, withered. But if now—today, this minute—I could face the facts and put things right for these three people I loved so much and had made so unhappy.

Yes, loved—for I knew that it was Dwight, it had been Dwight all along. Tommy was like a new toy, something to play with, but Dwight was the real man, the man with whom I wanted the oneness, the togetherness that only the true companionship of marriage to the man you love deeply and truly can bring.

Almost before I knew it I had left the door, was running out to the side garden. "Tommy," I called, "Tommy—come here!" He hoisted his length out of the lawn chair and hurried across to me.

"What the dickens is the matter?" "Just come with me," I cried, and I took his hand to urge him along.

Without preliminaries I opened the door, pushed Tommy forward.

"Tommy, there's your girl. She's miserable, but you can make her happy. Ask her the question you want to ask her!"

THE question went unasked, but there was no need for it. Miggs' face lost its hurt. Tommy made a strange, strangled noise in his throat and swept her into his arms as if she'd been no heavier than a kitten. They looked so young, so terribly right together. But it didn't hurt me. All I felt was a warm happiness for them, a terrible concern for the wall of strangeness I'd built up between myself and my husband.

I went to stand beside Dwight. As clearly as if they were printed on a page, my thoughts, mixed up for so long, sorted themselves out. I knew that I was no more a child than Dwight was, but that some women have their puppy love affairs when they are in their teens, and others, like myself, don't fall a victim until they're way past the ordinary puppy love stage. I'd had my puppy love affair at last, and it was over, and I was free of it.

Dwight's hand slipped easily into mine, as if there had never been a wall between us. "What about us?" he asked. "Do you suppose we can manage to look as happy as they do?"

The hot, oppressed fear was completely gone, now. "What about us?" Dwight repeated, and I realized that he was afraid. I looked down at him and saw that his eyes were troubled, realized that it was for me that he was worried, afraid that I was not happy, that I had made a sacrifice.

"Remember how the garden looked this morning after the storm?" I asked softly. "The flowers had been beaten down, and the paths were muddy little rivers, but when the sun came out everything was as it had been before, but just a little brighter, a little fresher, a little cleaner."

His hand tightened in mine, and I knew that he understood—Dwight, the kindest, wisest, most understanding man any woman was ever lucky enough to love and be loved by!

"His" Favorite Dessert

Continued from page 44

milk, spices and salt, and cook over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring so mixture will not turn lumpy. Soak gelatin in water for 5 minutes and add to cooking mixture. When gelatin has dissolved, remove from the heat and chill until thick. Fold jellied mixture into stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into baked pie shell. Chill until firm. Serve with a garnish of whipped cream or the same meringue suggested for cranberry orange pie.

Quick and easy pies are made by using the packaged puddings for fillings, either plain or in combination with nuts or fruit (a good way, incidentally, to use up any fresh or cooked fruit you may have on hand). For the chocolate pie and tarts illustrated at the beginning of this article, the chocolate pudding filling was used plain, but another favorite combination of mine is pineapple coconut pie, made with vanilla pudding.

Pineapple Coconut Pie

- 1 baked pie shell
- 1 package vanilla pudding
- Milk
- 1 cup shredded pineapple (well drained)
- ½ cup shredded coconut

Prepare the vanilla pudding as directed on the package, reducing the quantity of milk somewhat to make sure your pie will cut smoothly and remain firm after cutting; that is, if the pudding recipe calls for 2 cups of milk, allow only 1¾ cups of milk for pie. When the mixture has cooled, add the pineapple (which has been thoroughly drained) and coconut and pour into baked pie shell. Allow to chill until mixture is firm before cutting and serve plain or with a garnish of whipped cream.

For chocolate pie and tarts follow the same directions and garnish with whipped cream.

Other fruit and pudding combinations can be worked out to suit your own taste, but the important things to remember in using these packaged fillings is to control the quantity of milk used, to be sure that both the filling and the pie shell are cool before you pour in the filling, and to see that any fruit you add is drained thoroughly so that there will be no excess juice to thin out the filling and make it runny.

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What Will People Say?

Continued from page 15



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Chicago was just a blur. I remembered taxis and the license bureau and a dash into a florist's for flowers and the funny, fat man who married us and beamed like a nice friendly sun and his wife, who wept and sniffed through the ceremony.

Now, I'm going home, I thought, a real home, with my husband. I turned and put my face close to Sam's on the pillow and Sam, in his sleep, fumbled for my hand and held it.

I AWOKE with a start and it took me a moment to get over the fright of staring up into a man's face. Then I remembered. Sam was already dressed.

"Well, Mrs. Clarke," Sam grinned down at me. "Don't you think it's time to get up?" He leaned down and pulled me into his embrace.

"Oh, darling," I said into the rough tweed of his shoulder, "you're not sorry?"

Sam held me so tight I could hardly breathe. "No, no, no," he said fiercely. "I'd never have forgiven myself, if I'd been fool enough to worry about conventions, yesterday. Now you're mine—for always—and nothing else matters." Then, almost as though he were a little ashamed of his outburst, he touched me awkwardly on my bare shoulder. "Get dressed, darling. Breakfast is being served."

When we were seated at a table in the dining car, Sam looked up, suddenly, from the order he was writing out. "I never thought of it," he grinned. "I don't even know what you like for breakfast, Mrs. Clarke."

I laughed and told him what I'd like. But, while he finished writing the order, I couldn't help thinking that there were lots of things we didn't know about each other.

"Sam," I said, "shouldn't you wire ahead to anyone? I mean, isn't there someone who ought to know about us—?"

"No," Sam said. "Didn't I tell you I'm an orphan?"

I shook my head with a smile. "But you must have friends, darling."

Sam grinned. "I have friends, all right, I guess. I know everyone in town. Needsville's small, darling. It's so small that everyone knows everyone else."

Listening to Sam describe Needsville, with its one main street and scattering of houses and the two churches and the school and the string of tiny lakes off to the North and the farms to the South, I realized that he was very fond of this place. And I wished that I could share those things with him, that I could know Needsville as well as he did and love it as much.

Sam was talking, now, of some of the people. "Old Mrs. Judge Purchase," he was saying, "she'll probably call before anyone else. She's to society what Mr. Weaver is to everybody else."

"Who is Mr. Weaver, dear?" I asked.

"Well, let's see—how can I explain him?" Sam knitted his brows. "He sort of runs everything, I guess. He's the one who gave me the job of Superintendent of the High School." Of course, the Board voted me in, but they wouldn't have, without his say so."

"Oh," I said, although it wasn't quite clear to me. Sam was frowning. "What's the matter, darling?" I asked.

Sam smiled hesitantly. "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good idea to wire ahead to Mr. Weaver?" He looked uncomfortable.

"Sam, are you afraid?" I asked. "Are you afraid he'll disapprove and—and maybe not let you take the job?"

"Oh, no," Sam said, but he didn't sound very certain.

"Well, then, what is it?"

Sam bit his lip and his dark eyes looked miserable. "It's—well, I don't know— You see, Mr. Weaver's daughter, Ruth, and I—"

"Sam!"

"No, no, Della!" Sam said insistently. "It's nothing like that. We're not in love, or anything. It's just that Ruth and I have been running around together ever since we were kids. It just occurred to me that maybe people in town have expected that we'd—well—you know—"

"And that's why Mr. Weaver gave you that job," I said, "so you and Ruth could be married." I could feel something inside me going to pieces.

"Oh—Sam!"

"Now, darling," Sam said. "Don't be silly. I tell you there was nothing to it."

"Yes, but everyone expected you to marry her, didn't they?" I asked.

"What if they did?" Sam asked.

"You know how people are—"

Yes, I thought, I know how people are. All my old fear of other people's thoughts welled up in me. Sam and Ruth were their friends. I was an outsider. I was an intruder, who had taken Sam away from one of their girls.

"Darling, don't look like that," Sam pleaded. "I love you and you're my wife and nothing else matters."

"But we've got to live with these people—the rest of our lives, maybe," I said. "How can we—if—if they hate me?"

Sam sighed a little impatiently. "Della, they won't hate you. They'll like you, as soon as they know you." His voice lost its edge and he pressed my hand. "Don't worry any more, Della. I was a fool to mention it."

But I didn't think it was nothing. I knew what small towns were like. I couldn't get it out of my mind that Sam had no right to take that job, now that he'd married me.

THE train was slowing down. My heart began to beat furiously. I was really frightened. Suppose there were people at the station to meet Sam, to welcome him home? Suppose Ruth were waiting?

"Sam, I'm afraid," I whispered.

Sam caught my hand and pulled me to my feet. He kissed me long and hard. "Now, let's have no more of this nonsense, Mrs. Clarke."

Still, I hesitated before stepping down from the train. I glanced quickly up and down the platform. There was no one in sight but an elderly man in blue dungarees.

"Hi, Sam Clarke!" the elderly man cried happily, running toward us. "Certainly didn't expect you."

Sam shook hands cordially. "Hello, Roy. It's good to see you again."

He put his arm around my shoulders. "Roy, this is Mrs. Clarke. Della, this is the most useful person in town, Roy Peck. No matter what you want done, you call on him."

Roy Peck whistled softly with surprise and I knew this was the beginning.

"Well, Ma'm," Roy Peck said, "I'm sure glad to meet you. This is some surprise, Sam. Shoulda let us know."

"You'll all know soon enough," Sam laughed. "Roy, please bring our baggage over to the house, will you?"

"Sure," Roy Peck said. He grinned broadly at me and walked off toward his hand truck.

"Come on, darling," Sam said. He took my hand and squeezed it. "Well, you've passed the first acid test. Roy is pleased."

I couldn't say anything. I wished Sam weren't so sure of himself. To me, it had not seemed that Roy was pleased. Surprised, yes—and shocked. And I had a horrible suspicion that already telephone wires were humming in Needsville.

I scarcely saw the road we were walking. We turned a bend and came to a picket fence. There was a gate. Sam stopped.

"Here we are, darling," he said softly. "Welcome home."

I looked ahead with a start. It was a smallish, white house with green shutters and rambling roses climbing all over one side of it. It was beautiful, well kept and charming and peaceful looking.

Suddenly, Sam swooped me up in his arms and laughed gayly. He started through the gate and up the path to the house.

THIS was my home-coming, I thought. I should have been giddy with happiness and laughing, the way Sam was laughing. But my heart couldn't come up to it. I tightened my arms around Sam's neck and wished that everything were different. I wished I could forget that there was Ruth Weaver and her father and the job and everything else. I wished desperately that I could shake off this terrible feeling that I had no right to be there, at all.

Once inside the house, I felt easier. Sam led me from room to room. It had been furnished with loving care and artistry and all the fine antiques had been carefully polished by Roy Peck in Sam's absence.

"Sam," I said softly, "it's the loveliest place I've ever seen. It's the kind of a house I've always dreamed of having."

"See?" Sam grinned. "Dreams do come true." He kissed me tenderly and, in his arms, I forgot all my fears, my worry.

The doorbell rang sharply. "That'll be Mrs. Judge Purchase," Sam said. "Sounds just like her, that ring."

It all came rushing back. "Oh, Sam!" I whispered. "Not yet. I can't start seeing them yet!"

The bell rang again. "Looks like you'll have to," Sam chuckled. "Just give your hair a quick going over, darling. I guess I mussed it. I'll let her in."

My hands were trembling as I pulled the comb through my hair. I heard Sam greet the visitor happily and then I heard the booming, authoritative voice saying, "What's this I hear about you coming home with a wife, Sam Clarke? Where is

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she?" I wanted to run away.

"Della!" Sam called.

I took a deep breath. My knees were shaking a little as I went down the stairs and into the sunny, lovely room to face the scrutiny of a heavy-set, white haired woman, whose gray eyes went over me swiftly.

"Well!" Mrs. Judge Purchase said.

I bowed, feeling awkward and unhappy, as Sam introduced us. Mrs. Purchase moved heavily toward a chair and sat down and I wondered miserably what we should talk about.

I almost cried out in a panic, when Sam started for the doorway, saying he'd call into town for some ice cream, or something.

"This is a surprise," Mrs. Purchase said flatly. "Funny, Sam didn't let us know about it."

"It—it happened very quickly," I stammered. I tried to smile, but my face felt stiff and cramped.

"Only yesterday, I asked Mrs. Weaver when Sam was coming home and she said they didn't know," Mrs. Purchase went on calmly. "Seems to me she could have warned me."

I glanced toward the door, wishing Sam would hurry back. I felt myself blushing. "I don't think Sam could have let anyone know," I said hesitantly. "You see—we—well, we only decided yesterday afternoon—"

Both of Mrs. Purchase's eyebrows slid upward. "Humph!" she blew out. "Now, that's just like Sam—impulsive," she said.

Sam came back and I caught his hand frantically, as he sat down beside me on the sofa. I have no idea how I got through the next half hour. I was constantly aware of Mrs. Purchase's eyes boring into me.

Finally Mrs. Purchase pulled herself to her feet. I jumped up and shook the hand she held out to me.

"I hope you will be happy—very happy," Mrs. Purchase said, a thin sort of smile stretching her lips.

"Thank you," I said. "It was kind of you to call." Tears were hurting my eyes, as I watched Sam go to the door with the woman.

I was a little annoyed with Sam. How could he have missed that tone, that almost threatening tone? As if Mrs. Purchase had actually said, "Just you try and be happy!"

I SPENT the afternoon exploring my new home, learning to know it, fitting myself into its atmosphere. By evening, when the night closed in over us and shut us into a small, safe, charmed circle of lamplight, I was happy.

After dinner, we sat out in the garden for awhile. My head on Sam's shoulders, I listened to the steady cricket sounds and the soft whisper of the wind in the leaves and I wished that somehow this garden and house and Sam and I could be whisked to some far off place, where we knew no one, where we owed no one anything. My happiness was deep and strong and wonderful and I wanted to keep it like that.

Almost as if he sensed my feelings, Sam did not urge me, push me into meeting his friends right away. For the next three days, he seemed contented and happy, just being around the house with me, taking me for walks down the road toward the lakes and showing me his favorite haunts as a child. I was grateful to him and it only occurred to me at odd moments that we could

not go on like this, living in our own little world.

Actually, I myself began to find it strange that after Mrs. Purchase's call, no one else came to visit us. And thinking about it, I began to be sure that this was their way of showing me I had no place in Needsville, in its life. They were not even going to satisfy their natural curiosity about me.

Finally, I spoke to Sam about it. He pooh-poohed my ideas. "They're thoughtful," he said with a smile. "I guess they think we need a few days to get settled and they don't want to come barging in on us."

And, when I realized what Sam was going to do, I was almost sorry I mentioned it to him. Sam was going to give a party—a homecoming party!

THE thought of that party was a nightmare to me. Even before it began, I was nervous. I watched the clock and, as the minutes passed and no one rang the bell, I was sure none of the thirty people Sam had invited would come. I wandered from room to room, straightening the plates and silver on the buffet a hundred times and wondering how I would ever win these people over.

And then they started arriving and it was worse. I couldn't remember all their names and I couldn't help seeing how differently they talked to Sam and to me. I tried to tell myself that it was because they didn't know me, that, perhaps, they were shy, but it didn't help. I did my best. I smiled so hard that my face hurt and I stood to one side while Sam's old friends clapped him on the back and toasted him.

"Where's Ruth?" someone asked. "Oh," Sam said, "she'll be here. I talked to her."

My heart froze. I had had no idea that Sam had invited Ruth. I was horrified.

I realized that the man I was standing with was saying something. "I'm sorry," I said. "What did you say?"

"I said it was lucky Sam got that job," the man said. I stared at him. "The job of being Superintendent," he said.

"Yes," I forced myself to smile. "Sam's always wanted to settle down here—and now he can."

"That's what I meant," he said.

Somehow, I excused myself and ran upstairs to my bedroom, locking the door behind me. So that was why they had come, all of them! They had come to watch my meeting with Ruth. They had come to show me that they could handle me and dispose of me. They had come to make it clear to me, once and for all, that I didn't belong, never would belong.

I sank down on the bed. I was shaking with anger and hurt and I couldn't keep back my tears any longer. From somewhere deep in my memory that silly old proverb, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," came into my mind.

Suddenly, I stood up. I wouldn't wait until they had destroyed Sam's love for me and my love for him. I could leave right now. I could go before they had done all their damage, before they had worn me down with coldness and ostracism and pointed remarks and dislike. I knew I couldn't face a life like that. I knew that no matter how much we loved each other now, Sam and I would be driven apart in the end. I

could not fight a whole town and hope to win.

Frantically, never stopping to think how I would get out of the house with all those people there, I began throwing my things into suitcases, crumpling them in any old way. I stopped. Someone had knocked on the door.

"Mrs. Clarke." It was Roy Peck's voice.

I WASN'T going to answer him, but it occurred to me that Roy could help me get away. He could take my bags out the back way. I wiped my tears away and opened the door.

Roy Peck looked odd in his dark suit. He grinned hesitantly. "I saw you come upstairs and—"

Then I saw the girl. Before I had a chance to close the door, the girl had stepped inside and closed it behind her.

"I'm Ruth Weaver," she said. "I asked Roy where you were before any of the others saw me."

I stared at her. She was small and fragile and lovely. Her eyes were bright blue and smiling. She put out a hand.

"I want to thank you," Ruth Weaver said.

"Thank—?" I whispered.

Ruth Weaver laughed delightedly and hugged me spontaneously. "I want to thank you for marrying Sam. If you hadn't, father might have forced me to marry him."

"Forced?" I asked. I sat down suddenly on the edge of the bed. I knew I was going to cry again, but, this time, it was because I had been such a fool.

Ruth sat down next to me and smiled shyly. "Yes," she said, "forced. You see, Daddy sort of gets set in his ideas and, I guess, he's always wanted me to marry Sam. It didn't matter very much to him that neither Sam nor I wanted that. Daddy always said we'd get sense, after awhile. Well, it just didn't work out that way. And Daddy began to suspect that I was in love with Ted—that's Roy Peck's son—and he didn't approve of that, at all. So last month, he wrote Sam that he could have that job as Superintendent. And then Daddy warned me. I was to behave like a decent girl and marry Sam when he came back and not to see Ted any more and silly things like that. As if I could stop seeing Ted, especially now, when he's going into the Air Corps in a few weeks."

"Then—it's all right?" I asked.

"Of course, it's all right," Ruth cried. "It's wonderful! You don't know how happy I was, when Roy told me Sam was married. Don't you see? Daddy couldn't force me to marry a man who's already married."

"But he was angry, wasn't he?" I asked. "And he must be annoyed about the job, too."

Ruth laughed happily. "It doesn't matter. Daddy couldn't take that job away from Sam, now. Everyone in town is on our side. Mrs. Judge Purchase hasn't been speaking to Daddy for months, now, because of Ted and me."

"And I thought she didn't like me, because of you," I whispered. "I wasn't really talking to Ruth, anymore. I was beginning to see the enormity of my stupidity. I had let

my silly fear distort things so completely that I had mistaken every friendly gesture, every sign of delight for condemnation. I had been so sure of what all these people would think about me that I had never stopped to find out what they really did think. My silly obsession had twisted everything into its opposite. I, myself, had created a situation, where there wasn't any.

My eyes fell on the hastily packed bags. With a sick feeling, I realized how close I had come to wrecking every chance of happiness. I had almost run away, leaving Sam, leaving the way open for Ruth's father to carry out his plan.

"Will you help me, please?" I asked Ruth. "I've got to put all these things back. I—I wouldn't want Sam to know what a fool I've been."

IT only took a few minutes to hang up the crumpled dresses and put things back into the lowboy. Then, a quick dash of cold water to hide the signs of my tears and a dab of powder.

"I look awful," I said to Ruth. "They'll see I've been crying. What will they think?" Then, suddenly, I realized I didn't care what they would think. Somehow, I knew I would never again worry about what people would think. That kind of thing caused too much agony and heart-break and life was too short, too full of wonderful, exciting things to miss any of them because of such fear.

I smiled at Ruth and put out my hand. "You'll never know what you've done for me," I said. "Let's go down to the party."



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What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 9

She comes from a musical family, and first sang at a church concert when she was three—or rather, she was supposed to sing then, but didn't. Her mother, accompanying Ruth on the piano, was seated so she couldn't see the little girl, and she couldn't understand why the audience was laughing. Not until she'd played the number all through did she discover that Ruth had decided not to sing. Instead, she'd pulled her dress over her head and just stood still.

After that, Mrs. Owens decided to make a piano player out of Ruth, but that plan failed too, when a teacher stalked indignantly out of the house, declaring, "No one can play a Chopin sonata and keep her mouth open at the same time." So Ruth went back to singing, where an open mouth is an asset, not a liability. She sang in the church choir, and still sings there every Sunday.

She is also heard every week-day morning on the Yankee Network, teamed with tenor George Wheeler, whom she credits with much of her success because of the microphone technique he has taught her.

Good news for shudder-fans—maybe. Lights Out, the prize example of all horror broadcasts, will be back on the air about the time you read this if the CBS network will take it. The Lights Out stories are so very very frightening that network officials are afraid of putting them

on the air—or so the story runs. If the decision is favorable the shiver-and-shake dramas will replace Are You a Missing Heir on CBS.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—It wasn't more than a few days after his arrival that Charlie Walters, WBT's newest announcer, was as much a part of the station as the oldest-timer there.

Maybe it was because in his comparatively brief career Charlie had been a part of quite a few radio studios. Born Charles Henry Walters in Augusta, Georgia, he jumped straight from the Academy of Richmond County to a newspaper job as reporter and feature writer on the *Augusta Herald*. From there he went on to the *Nashville Tennessean*, and in Nashville he got his start in radio, on station WSIX as announcer and general handy man.

His next port of call was station WGRM in Grenade, Mississippi, where he held the title of program director and also did ninety per cent of the announcing and handling controls. Charlie says it was WGRM that made him a radio man through and through.

From Grenade he climbed the ladder rapidly, passing through WHBQ and WMC in Memphis and on to WRDW in Augusta, his home town, before coming to WBT.

Charlie is a family man—or almost. The WBT staff is waiting eagerly for him to pass out the cigars with the announcement, "It's a boy!"

Let Your Heart Decide

Continued from page 26

his lips were against my own lips. I struggled and drew away from him.

"Tina—you—"

"Stan, it's wrong. You mustn't. I mustn't see you again."

I think he wanted to understand, to be calm and reasoning, and so did I. But I knew we couldn't, knew it was impossible, as long as we saw each other. It was better to break off harshly, cruelly, because the wounds would heal in time and then I'd be forgotten and over with and Stan could—meet someone else.

Funny thing. He'd kissed me just once. Yet it hurt to think of his kissing anyone else.

But knowing it was over I still had to say that I'd meet him again, knowing in my heart I wouldn't, knowing I would stand him up. If I told him I wouldn't see him, he'd have insisted we had a right to see each other. He'd hold on to me, to my heart. It was better to hurt him, to let him think anything about me he wanted to—anything bad. He'd get over it, then, quickly.

So I promised we'd meet once more, down in the cafe. I said goodnight and started upstairs. As I went up, I turned and saw him watching me.

I told Moms and Dad I'd been to the movies with a girl friend. I hated to lie. But what was the use of telling them? It was over now, over for good and all. I wouldn't be seeing him or keeping that date. I reminded myself of that as I undressed. Then I climbed into bed and my heart was like a sharp stone in my breast and

I wished I could cry but I couldn't.

And the next night, when I was to meet Stan again, I went out to a show with Vern instead.

I didn't know, I honestly didn't know, whether or not I was doing the right thing. But the next morning, when I talked with Moms, all my doubts ended. Dad's illness was much worse than we had guessed. He needed months of rest and proper diet and care and it would cost more money than we had. Vern could give it to us, Vern would help care for him.

And Stan? Stan the clerk, Stan who was leaving soon to join the air corps and would be thousands of miles away? It had been a wild dream, an adventure in never-never land, it was exhilarating and sweet as candy but it was all wrong.

I smiled at Moms across the breakfast table and told her not to worry, that Vern and I would make sure Dad had the best medical care in the world. He'd get well soon, we'd see to it.

Moms patted my hand. "You mustn't worry about us, dear," she said; and then, "We've—we've got a surprise for you."

There was a certain wistfulness in the way she said it. I looked at her questioningly.

"I know we haven't money to buy you a real bride's dress. But Dad and I have put aside a few dollars. It's for you—a going-away costume."

Moms and Dad, putting aside that money to buy me a present, putting it aside even when they needed it themselves. And now they needed it

more than ever!

"I'm thrilled, Moms," I said. "But—I can't let you do it. I just can't, not with Dad—"

But I knew her heart was set on it. "No, Tina," she said, in that firm tone which means she's made up her mind, "this is our one real wedding gift to you. We'd like to give you more but—well, we've counted on this and nothing is going to interfere. Besides, there's a wonderful sale down at Sutton's Department Store."

Panic swept through me. Sutton's. Sutton's, the store where a boy named Stan was working. A boy I didn't want to see because I was afraid to see him, afraid of my own emotions.

"We don't want to go there, Moms. It's a very expensive shop, and honestly, much as I'd love it, I don't think we ought to spend money on clothes. Honestly, Moms. I—"

"Tina!" There was rebuke and hurt in the way she said my name. "Tina, there's the sweetest suit there. I—I saw the picture in the paper. I want you to have it, to wear away with you—"

There wasn't any use protesting. I said, "All right, Moms. I'd—I'd love it."

I never thought I'd tremble just to walk into a department store but I did then. I kept looking around me, even when we reached the dress department, wondering if he'd be near. But naturally he wasn't.

We found what we wanted. It was a pretty suit and I was pleased with it. Moms was paying the girl and I was wondering why it felt so strange to be close to him like this, even though he didn't know it. And then I heard someone calling my name and I whirled.

It was Stan. His dark eyes were excited. He stood there looking down at me.

"I caught a glimpse of you going up in the elevator," he said. "Tina—why didn't you show up last night? What was the matter?"

Moms was listening. I said, "Moms, this is—this a friend of mine—Stan Colton. This is my mother."

Moms bowed politely. She had that we'd-better-be-going-now look. Stan said, "I've got to have a word with you, Tina. Now."

THERE was urgency in his tone and my own heart was pounding. "All right, Stan," I said.

We walked over to the window and he tried to take my hand but I drew it away and warned him my mother was watching.

"What does that matter?" he asked under his breath. "Tina—what was wrong last night? I was worried sick—afraid something had happened."

I had to steel myself, to let him know this was the finish. I drew back my shoulders, lifted my chin, looked up into those dark, expressive eyes.

"Stan—" I tried to make my voice distant—"something has happened. To me, I mean. Maybe it's just that I got back my senses. I don't know. It isn't any use, Stan, trying to pretend. It's no good, you and I. It's wrong—and we both know it."

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "Loving you? Or your loving me? Is that wrong?"

Loving me—or my loving him. He had put it into words and now I was denying those words, saying to myself it wasn't so and couldn't ever be so.

"Let's not argue, Stan. It's over

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now and there's nothing anyone can do about it."

I was proud of the finality in my tone. It was incisive, cutting like a knife into what we had known, whatever had held us together. He was looking at me now, puzzled. "It doesn't make sense, Tina, your talking like that. It isn't you. I—"

He halted. Moms had come over and was standing beside me, looking into our faces.

"I don't like to break up your chat, dear," she was saying. "But it's getting late and—"

I glanced at Stan. He said, "I'll be at—Rita's tonight, if there's—anything else. If you don't come, I'll know it's all settled."

His eyes were somber. Moms seemed to study him and then she said, "Well, I think we'd best be going."

Moms didn't talk much on the way home and when we reached the apartment she went straight to her room. There was a phone call and I heard her talking to Dad. It worried me a little because I knew he'd gone to see the doctor and at last I went to her room to ask her what it was. She was sitting on the bed, her face tired and worn. She looked up when I came in and said slowly, "Tina—tell me about him."

"About him?"

"The boy in the store. Who is he?"

I tried to pretend but it was no use. I should have guessed Moms would find out. And at last I had nothing to do but pour out the whole story, even though it seemed preposterous, even though I couldn't understand it myself. She listened in silence. When I was finished, I sat down beside her. "It's over and forgotten, Moms. I know it's hard to understand, but—"

SHE stood up, walked away from me, over to the window. "Maybe I do understand, Tina."

"Moms, you do? But—" "You see, I went through almost the same experience."

Moms. My Moms. It was so hard to think of her being silly, losing her head over her heart.

"Long ago," Moms said. "I guess I was about your age. I was going to marry a very fine young man. He hadn't made much success yet but everyone was sure he would. Then I met another boy, at a dance. He was terribly attractive, Tina, and likable and filled with such insane dreams."

"Another boy?" "It wasn't unlike the situation you're in. Except for one thing."

"You were smarter. You didn't let your heart run off with you, the way I almost did."

She shook her head. "That's just it, Tina. I did—let my heart run off with me. Just that."

"You mean, it was Dad—" "He was the other boy. I broke my engagement and your father and I ran away and were married. The man I was to have married—well, he's very wealthy today."

I looked at her, unbelieving. I could picture her in my mind, something like me, only dressed in those funny, old-fashioned clothes. And losing her heart to—to my Dad. Losing her heart, just as I had been about to lose mine. It was strange, thinking of that, because Moms had never before talked about her romance with Dad. It was sort of their secret.

"Moms," I said, "it was different

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2-7.

then. People were different and so was life. Today—today a girl would be foolish—”

She nodded. “You’re right, Tina. It was foolish then, too. I’ve never regretted that decision. But I’m not trying to make up your mind. Only I want you to be sure. Vern is a fine boy, as fine as they come, and he loves you. But marriage isn’t just one person loving another. It’s two people, loving each other.”

I kissed her on the cheek. “Moms—you’re sweet. I’ve thought about it, too. Lots. And then this morning, when I heard about Dad, I knew, knew for sure—”

“Tina!” I’ll never forget her horrified look. “Tina, you mustn’t think like that. Marrying Vern—because he can help Dad! Don’t you see that would be worse for your father and me and everyone?”

“But Dad needs us,” I insisted. “He needs care, medical care, Moms.” “Yes, he does,” she answered quickly. “And he’s going to get it. We’ve hospital insurance, you know, and this afternoon Dad went to find out if he could use that insurance for the treatment he needs. That’s what the phone call was about, Tina. But that doesn’t matter. You can’t base your marriage on—money or anything like that.”

“But Moms—” “What’s more,” she went on, “the doctor said it wouldn’t take as long as they’d thought. Dad’ll be well, he’ll have his old job back, we’ll be all right.”

I COULDN’T speak. I was so glad for Dad. And I was thinking about Vern, how Moms had always liked him, always said he’d make a good husband. But now she didn’t want me to make a mistake. That was love, her love for me, wanting me to be sure.

I smiled at her. “Moms—you’re wonderful. I don’t know how to thank you. I don’t think any girl in the world ever had a mother who understood her so well. Only—I don’t think I—understand myself.”

Moms seemed to guess what I was feeling at that moment. “Of course, you don’t understand—what girl ever does, Tina? Why, it isn’t stylish for a girl to know her own heart—not even while she’s walking up the aisle.”

I was to have dinner that night with Vern at his house. His parents were having friends in and we were going to play bridge afterwards.

I dressed carefully. I wanted to make myself as attractive as I could. I wore the lemon yellow dress because it was bright and gay and that was what I wanted to be. I ran in and kissed Moms goodbye and hurried out.

But hurrying couldn’t keep me from thinking about Moms and Dad and their story. They had done the right thing, of course. And perhaps I was doing a terribly wrong thing to marry Vern. Because I didn’t love him, didn’t believe I’d ever love him. We’d known each other since we were kids, our parents had always talked about how someday we’d be married, and yet, now it was so close—

I couldn’t ever love him, really. That was the truth I’d learned because of Stan.

It would mean making his life unhappy and mine, too. It would mean years of emptiness, for both of us. Not just one person loving another, Moms had said. But two people, loving each other. The way Stan and I—

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(from a letter by B. M. W., Atlanta, Ga.)

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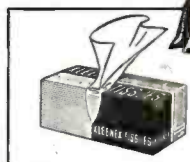
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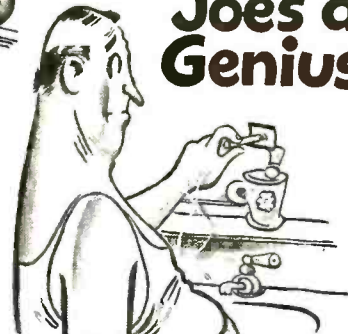
(from a letter by R. L., St. Louis, Mo.)



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Stan and I. Two people loving each other. I couldn't deny it, even if I'd wanted to. It was welling up within me, unquenchable. We loved each other. We would always love each other.

A strange, ecstatic shiver ran through my body. A shiver of release, of liberation. I was free, free to find my happiness, to find my love.

Curious, how you follow your heart. I hadn't really meant to, but now I found myself so close—only a block away from that funny little restaurant.

Stan would be there now. Doubtless very gloomy and downhearted and disgusted with the world and especially with me.

I could call Vern from the restaurant. It would be hard on him, perhaps, at first. But Vern got along. He'd find someone, someone closer to the woman he really wanted.

I didn't run. Maybe my feet moved somewhat faster than an ordinary walk—but it was still a walk.

I pushed back the door and saw him there. His back was to me and he didn't see me. I stood behind him a moment and the stouthead Rita saw me and an expansive smile lit up her face.

Stan was saying, "All right, Rita. Might as well get me something to eat. Make it ham and eggs and coffee."

I walked around the table, drew out the chair and sat down. I looked at him and tears were in my eyes, but I was trying to smile.

Stan just stared at me, as if he were looking at a miracle and then he said, "Tina—Tina—you're here—really you—"

His dark eyes looked into mine and he knew the answer because I couldn't keep it hidden. Sheer happiness, new and sudden and very wonderful swept through us, both of us knowing but hardly daring to speak.

After a long moment, I drew my eyes from him, looked up at the beaming Rita, who was watching as if we were characters in a play. "That order of ham and eggs and coffee," I said. "Better make it two."

Stan reached out across the table and his hands closed tightly over mine.

Wait for Tomorrow

Continued from page 19

he looked at me over his glasses until I thought I could not stand another minute of suspense. I wanted to tell him to keep his mind on other people's problems and leave mine alone.

He began to dictate at last and I drew a deep sigh of relief. Once we'd swung into the morning's routine, I thought, I was safe. But suddenly he was holding out one of the letters to me. "Maybe you'd better read this one," he said, "before I answer it."

Of course I had read it, the day before. But today the round, school-girl writing leaped up at me and made me catch my breath.

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My boy friend and I have been going steady nearly a year. Now he is in the Army and they say he has about six months more training before he'll be going away. We want to get married

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on his next leave and I know I could get a job near his camp on account of help being short everywhere. We figure it's now or maybe never, but my parents say that's an N.G. type of marriage. Wish you'd tell me which is right, us or them. . . ."

I felt my cheeks flush hot as I bent over the letter. I knew now that he had just been following his usual practice of putting people off their guard so that they would say what was on their mind. But it somehow made me mad that he should use his methods with me. I said belligerently, "I've read it, Dr. Dale. Are you asking me what to answer?"

He smiled his kindly smile that made my defiance seem silly. "Yes, my dear. Suppose you tell me."

"All right." I kept my voice stout. "I'd write that girl to go ahead and take her marriage while she can."

Oh, I was in for it now! Dr. Dale sighed and drew the letter back. After a moment he said quietly, "After all the examples you have seen here, Janice, of unnecessary trouble and pain caused by rash and thoughtless action, I am surprised that you can so blind yourself to your own good common sense."

I held my lips tight shut, hoping he would stop if I did not answer. He waited a second and went on. "I have always thought that your intelligent young mind was learning and strengthening itself as we worked together here, so that you would be sure to build your own life upon the rules of common sense—"

I CAN hardly describe the hypnotic effect of Dr. Dale's calm, confident tones. I suppose it was this magic that made him such a successful minister and gave him the audience of millions who listen each week to his broadcasts. I knew now that I didn't dare let him talk to me a moment longer or I'd be lost. I cried out, "Dr. Dale, don't you see that the old rules don't work any more? We've been using common sense for three years to build a foundation for our marriage. The result is that we have the foundation and no marriage!"

"Better none than an unsound one," Dr. Dale said calmly.

"I don't believe it!" I forgot caution and respect in my urgency. "We were meant to marry, or why did God give us the feelings that make us want to?"

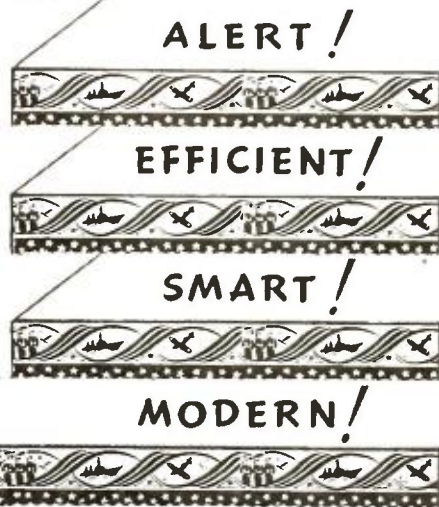
He smiled in a way that sobered me and stopped my wild outburst. "That's very eloquent, my dear, but not very mature. Love, like any plant, can grow best where the soil has been cultivated with conscientious care and knowledge. I know you will not want to give it less, when you have taken time to study the problem objectively." He dropped his voice in such a way that it put a period to the sentence and did not invite a reply. He picked up the letter and before I could think what to say he had started dictating.

"My dear young friend," he began. "Be assured of my deep sympathy with your problem. I wish that I could give you the assurance that I suspect you want, to give support to your own emotional longings. But I am afraid I shall have to tell you that the position your parents are taking is based on more thoughtful experience of life than you may per-

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haps realize. They are indeed giving you the Counsel of Common Sense, but perhaps I may add some facts that we who deal with thousands of problems like yours have found to be true. Marriage, to thrive, requires a stable home environment. It cannot put down deep roots and sustain itself on hit-or-miss meetings, snatched hours of sensual indulgence, followed by days of doubt, fear and loneliness. A healthy marriage, too, must bear fruit, but that possibility is denied you at this time. Do not delude yourself that your loneliness would be assuaged by the presence of a child. Every charm of your baby would make your heart cry out the more for its father."

My pencil broke in writing these words, but Dr. Dale went on so quickly that I hardly had time to snatch another one. "My dear," he continued, "please save yourself the unnecessary pain a wife must experience in waiting for letters that may never come, the suspense and the fear that your husband will write no more because he is dead. Or—as many wives may find even harder to bear—that he may come home changed, developed by intensive experience, alienated to a wife who has lived a static, empty life, grown only older and thus less attractive. Many husbands will return from this war bound to strangers whom they would no longer choose for wives."

HE gave me only a moment to catch up with the flow of his mesmerizing voice, and then concluded, "Consider the man you love as well as yourself. Surely he has a right to go forth free to put his whole heart unreservedly into his glorious task of fighting freedom's war. By making a wise decision now, by helping him stick to the path of sanity and common sense you will be serving not only your happiness and his, but also your country's welfare."

Dr. Dale's confident, bland sentences were unanswerable in their logic, frightening in their warnings. I had been so sure this morning. Now I was sure of nothing. I felt physically weak as I typed out my letters.

The day dragged, yet the time for my date with Bruce came too quickly. I lingered in the office, dreading the meeting. I stared at my reflection in the mirror to see if my face showed the change in me. I was pale, but pallor to my clear skin was becoming. My dark lashes outlined eyes that looked larger than usual and their gray seemed deeper. I would need no eyeshadow tonight. I emphasized the full curves of my lips with my rouge-tipped brush and took extra time to brush my rust-red hair until it lay in smooth, live waves away from my broad forehead, giving me a look of peace and tranquillity that was utterly false.

Perhaps it would not be false after I saw Bruce. Maybe everything would straighten out when I looked into the clear, true blue of his eyes. But when I saw Bruce coming toward me, his strong, big-shouldered figure moving with eager anticipation, I wanted to run away. He grinned and tucked my hand into his with a possessive gesture that was new to him. He said, "Hiya, honey?" and his voice was ardent, almost recklessly warm. It frightened me, so that I could hardly bear to leave my hand within the snug curve of his arm.

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He said gaily, "What's your preference in eating joints tonight? Chinatown or the nearest diner?"

I said, "Wherever you like, Bruce."

"Hey . . ." He bent over to peer into my face. "What's the matter tonight? If you want to celebrate at the Ritz, come right out and say so. But I thought you'd figure the old budget needs all it can get, especially now, after this morning—" He broke off, hesitating, as if he wanted me to finish the sentence for him. He gave my arm a little coaxing squeeze against his side. He wanted me to say, "Of course I care about that budget. Of course I haven't gone back on what I said this morning." But maybe that wasn't true. I said, "I—I'm just tired, I guess. It's been kind of a hard day—" If he knew how hard!

He didn't say anything for a minute, but I could tell he was still looking at me, studying. He said, his voice doubtful now, "Here's the Tremont Plaza, Jan." Then, as if he forced brightness into his tone, "White tile's not exactly a festive background, but I guess it's not what's outside you that makes a celebration. Is it, Jan?"

His voice coaxed me again. His eyes were waiting for mine to meet them and for my lips to say all that he hadn't said.

But I couldn't.

IT was hard to eat the unappetizing cafeteria meal, harder to think of safe, stupid things to say, and to find other places to look than across the table at Bruce. When we got outdoors again, into the fresh, cool air and the moving crowds of people, I sighed with relief. "Still tired, honey?" Bruce asked quickly. I shook my head, feeling unreasonably angry with him for watching every move I made.

We crossed the Common without speaking, and walked into the formal elegance of the Public Garden. Bruce led me down to the edge of the Pond where we'd always loved to spend our nickels riding on the slow, soft-gliding swan boat. As we waited there, a bunch of white-middied navy boys came clustering around us, cheerfully raucous. "Funny how sailors on shore leave always make for the nearest puddle," Bruce whispered in my ear. His hand had crept around my waist and suddenly I knew that I could not ride with him in the close intimate dimness of the water, hearing only beguiling tiny sounds of the rippling wake behind us, feeling closer and inescapably closer his hungry pleading body. I said, "Let's not ride to-night, Bruce. I—I'm not in the mood."

He drew his arm back as if I had slapped his hand. He said in a hurt voice, "Okay, Jan." Then, very politely—oh, too politely—"What are you in the mood for, Jan?"

We were climbing the steps up to the bridge, my feet incredibly heavy. I said, "I don't know. Would you like to see a picture?"

A movie, after this morning! I could see the reproach in his eyes as clearly as if he had said the words. It was clear why his voice was strained when he answered, "Not especially. But if you do—"

I felt the most fantastic panic, like one of those rats in a psychological experiment, trying to see a way out of a maze. I searched desperately for some escape from being alone with Bruce, alone with that question hanging like a threat between us.



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It was like an answer to prayer when I heard the voice beside us. "Miss Janice—good evening—"

It was an arresting sort of voice, low and vibrant, shaded with the carefully but incorrect accent of an educated foreigner. Even though I had heard it only briefly on the few occasions when Ferenc Vildar had come down from the Short Wave department to drop in on Dr. Dale, I was inordinately glad to hear it now. I would have been glad to hear any voice that would give me an escape from the scene I had been dreading.

"Bruce, you know Ferenc Vildar, don't you?" I said, turning a little to let Bruce see the slight, lithe figure leaning on the railing of the bridge beside us. "You know, he makes one of those foreign broadcasts every night for which our station is so famous." It sounded inane in my own ears, and Bruce only muttered a few graceless words in acknowledgment. I hoped the gathering darkness hid his frown.

But Ferenc did not seem to notice anything amiss. He bowed with perfect poise and turned to me. "You forgive me for interrupting?" he asked. "You see, with so many people around one, there is a loneliness—" He made a little gesture with his hands, and let his flashing smile finish the sentence. "You understand?"

"Of course I understand," I told Ferenc almost too emphatically to make up for the answer Bruce did not make. "There is nothing to forgive. We were just trying to decide what to do next. Have you any ideas?"

Most people make uncertain, useless answers to questions like that, and it was a pleasure to hear Ferenc's clear, concrete proposal. "I have passed a little cafe off Charles Street," he said. "Perhaps we might see if they have wine that is drinkable?"

"I'd love it," I said quickly, before Bruce could object. Maybe a drink was what we both needed.

WALKING to the restaurant I talked with unnatural vivacity to cover Bruce's glum silence. I was glad the lights in the restaurant were dim. Soon it would be all right, when we had sipped a little more of the cool white wine that Ferenc carefully ordered. He talked pleasantly about American wines, how it was a pity that our vineyards insisted on using French wine names so that their products seemed a poor imitation when they could have held their own under the good Indian or Mission names of their own New York or California counties. Neither Bruce nor I knew a thing about wines, but while I thought it interesting, Bruce sat back against his leather cushioned seat, his solid face as expressionless as the oak paneling above him. I began to feel really ashamed for him. Why did he have to be so boorish? If he didn't like Ferenc's kind of conversation, he should have helped to make some of his own. My efforts to fill in the gaps sounded more and more artificial and futile, and they were not a success. The bottle was only half empty when Ferenc rose, smiled swiftly at me, and said, "I am afraid I shall have to go."

"Must you?" I asked with genuine regret.

He said, "I shall be late for an appointment otherwise. You have been kind." He took my hand, bowed to

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both of us and had crossed the restaurant to the cashier's desk in two swift strides.

I waited miserably for Bruce to speak, feeling a childish sense of guilt, and a childish resentment, too, at his unfair attitude that made me feel guilty. I sat sipping my wine and looking about me as if I found the dim interior vastly interesting.

"Too bad he had to leave," Bruce said suddenly. I didn't look at him. The words were right but the tone was not.

"Yes," I said quickly. If I could placate him, I might save our evening after all from the distaster that seemed to hover over it. "He's really quite nice," I babbled. "Dr. Dale says he's made the most gratifying record of any refugee he's helped. He got him his job at the studio, you know." I told him how Ferenc had first worked in the Listening Post, making English summaries of broadcasts in his own language so that if any important news or propaganda came through, the transcription could be played back and studied in a detailed translation. While he was working there they had discovered his splendid speaking voice and started him making his broadcasts to Hungary for the United Nations. "Naturally, Dr. Dale thinks a lot of him," I chattered on.

AND," Bruce said, "not so naturally, so do you."

"I?" I looked at him, appalled. But it was too absurd. I tried to laugh. "Well, if I do, it must be my well-known tendency to share Dr. Dale's proprietary interest in his clients."

My attempt at the light touch definitely didn't go over. Bruce just looked steadily at me and his blue eyes were stony cold. He said slowly, "And what kind of proprietary interest does he have in you that he calls you by your first name?"

"Did he?" I parried, surprised and at a loss.

"He did."
His cold, suspicious voice made me suddenly furious. I wanted to turn on him and demand what right he had to cross-question me in that tone. But I held to my slipping temper. After all, he had the right of the man I had promised to marry, far-off as I felt from him at this moment. So I made the mistake of trying to explain. "I don't know why he used my first name, Bruce," I said honestly. "Unless, maybe, hearing Dr. Dale call me Janice, he forgot my last name. It's very easy—" I tried a familiar joke "—to forget the name of Jones—"

But he didn't laugh, and I knew too late that I should never have tried to explain. Innocence always looks guilty under accusing eyes. But once started, I had to clear this thing up. "Bruce," I began again, desperately, "Bruce, why are you acting like this? Almost as if you were—jealous—"

He said, "Maybe I am. I don't like the way that guy looked at you."

I gasped, "Bruce, that's just silly!" "I don't think so," he said. "He's got plans, anybody can see that." He was speaking rapidly now, with a rasping excitement in his voice. "But I should think you would have had the good taste, at least, to hold him off till I was out of the picture for good—"

"Bruce, what are you saying?"

"I'm saying you gave him plenty of response. Until he turned up, you didn't have a word to say tonight, except to veto every idea I had to please you. You were acting so queer I couldn't figure you out, the way you'd changed since morning. Then along comes this smooth foreign job and suddenly you come to life, just like that. Welcome him as if you'd been waiting for him all evening, which maybe you had!"

"Bruce, stop!" I had to put an end to this nightmare. The least we owed each other was honesty. "Bruce, listen. Maybe you are right about one thing. I was glad to see him. But it wasn't because of who he was. All I wanted was to be free for a moment from— Oh, it's hard to explain, Bruce, but I felt like I was being torn in two, trying to think what we ought to decide—"

"What we ought to decide?" Bruce picked me up sharply. "About what?"

"Oh, Bruce, you know!" Why must he make it so hard? "About us. Whether we should get married before you go, or wait—"

There. It was out. And it fell into awful, still, cold silence. Then Bruce said, "I see. You knew this morning what we ought to do, all right. But now you don't. Is that it?"

"Well, yes, it is. Bruce—I've been thinking about it, and—" I broke off, miserable under his cold blue eyes. "So much could happen, Bruce! You might change, don't you see, while you are away, and then you'd come home and find yourself tied up to somebody you wished you'd never married!"

"Are you sure that's what you mean?" Bruce asked, his voice scornful. "You sure you don't mean you might change? You might find someone—some slick number like this foreigner who makes good dough to give you a fine time while I'm away—"

"Bruce, listen!" I seized his shoulders and almost shook him. "I won't stand for that kind of talk!"

"I'm sorry." He was apologetic, but not really contrite. His voice was still harsh; he was striking out at me unfairly from his own deep unfair hurt. "I know I've got no business to try to hold you to what you said this morning," he went on, each word jabbing. "I should have figured it for what it was: a soft-hearted moment in the heat of saying goodbye to a guy going off to war. You've got a perfect right to cool off—"

BRUCE, I haven't cooled off," I protested through tears. But hadn't I? "I wasn't—I meant what I said, but—"

"You meant what you said, but—" Bruce mocked me, and I almost hated him for his uncomprehending cruelty. "Okay, you don't know what you mean."

"And you don't try to help me!" I cried out at him. "If you want me to decide not to marry you, you couldn't find a better way to go about it!"

I didn't know what I had said till we were standing there facing each other hearing the words reverberate in the ghastly silence.

After a long moment, Bruce said, very quietly, "That sounds like you've made a decision now." And before I could answer, he had gone to the curb and called a cab from the corner stand and I did not even know clearly what had happened till I felt



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GREYHOUND

myself thrust inside and heard him paying the driver and giving him my address. And in a few minutes I was turning the corner and he was gone.

Well, we had quarreled before. That's what I told myself all that night. There had been other evenings when we both seemed to feel that need to strike out at each other. I know now it was a sort of substitute for the lovemaking we denied ourselves, but how could we know then? And always it was over by the next morning. He would call me, his voice contrite, and we would argue, each trying to take the blame. But Bruce did not call.

WORK does help, of course. It got me through two days. It was the nights that were ghastly. Sleeping or not sleeping—thoughts or nightmares—I didn't know which was worse. The third morning I lifted my hand a dozen times to call Bruce. But each time the memory of his cold voice stopped me. He must have meant those vicious words he said, this time. Maybe his love had never been enough, and that last night had put a final end to it. It was up to me to let it be an end. I could take it.

That was why, I guess, I was in such an odd, unreal mood on that fourth morning. I wished someone would come into the office and talk and fill this silence.

Maybe my wish was like one of those dangerous ones in fairy tales which Fate grants in a way to make you wish you had thought a little more before you wished. For the door opened and Ferenc Vildar walked in.

Oh, it was a perfectly ordinary occurrence. People were always dropping in, and this was not the first time Ferenc Vildar had been here to see Dr. Dale. He simply crossed the office with his swift, sure strides and said, "Good morning," smiling.

And all I said was, "Good morning. Dr. Dale isn't in, I'm afraid. Is there anything I can do?"

But I felt different, saying it this morning, looking into Ferenc's brown eyes and remembering what Bruce had said about the way he looked at me.

He said, "Perhaps you can," and kept on standing there, just looking at me, half smiling, as if he simply enjoyed the sight.

I said, feeling a little self-conscious, "I don't know just when Dr. Dale will be in. His hours are irregular, you know."

"I know," he said, as if it didn't matter. He sat down, then, in the dark green leather chair beside the carved Italian table. I couldn't help thinking how the background suited his dark good looks. I thought, too, that I had never seen anyone sit with just that kind of complete relaxation, as if he held himself in such sure control that every muscle was ready, on call, to be instantly alert. That

physical sureness of his, expressed even in the clasp of his brown strong hands over his knee, seemed unexpectedly comforting to me in my mood of torn indecision.

After a while he said, quietly, "I hope I did not make bad trouble for you the other night." In his soft, vibrant voice the imperfectly pronounced words—the way he said "ze" instead of "the"—was oddly appealing, and made me utterly sure that he really did not want me to have trouble.

"You—you didn't." I wanted to cry. He did not seem like a stranger, but instead a friend with a shoulder good for weeping on. I bit my lip and said, "It wasn't your fault."

His dark brows moved a little, his red lips twisting into a sympathetically painful quirk of comprehension. "I don't think it is usually any one's fault," he said gently. "I should blame myself, if I did not know that. Something that is meant to happen always happens, and nothing anyone can do would change the final outcome."

"Do you think so?" I asked earnestly. "Do you, really? I have been thinking of so many things I could have said and done differently, wishing I could go back and do them over. You don't think it would have made

not doubt his sincerity. "But in America some girls have something more. Perhaps it is health, perhaps the free spirit. But there is a glow, a bloom that makes a far more deep appeal." He looked at me so directly as he spoke that I was curiously moved. To keep him talking I said, "Paris must be wonderful."

He nodded and his brown face took on light and animation as he told me in his vibrant voice, with his correct words and appealingly incorrect pronunciation, of Paris and the people he had known there who sounded eccentric and talented and gay.

"All that life must be gone now," I said in one of his pauses, when he just sat looking at me with that simple savoring gaze. "To anyone who lived there, the thought of Paris must be heartbreaking."

He shrugged. "What is to happen happens," he said so unemotionally that I was shocked.

The phone rang then and I picked it up absently. For the first time my heart did not jump with hope that it might be Bruce. And this time it was Bruce.

"Janice?" he asked. He never called me anything but Jan. And even in that one word I could hear a cool remote quality that made my heart sink even as it rose.

"Yes, Bruce!" I spoke eagerly. Surely, now that we could speak again, we could straighten things between us. "Bruce, I wanted to tell you—" I began, but he was speaking and his clear, impersonal voice drowned out mine. "Janice, I'm going. I've got my call. I'm going to Fort Scott, Illinois."

I felt a blackness whirling around me. "When?" I gasped.

"Now," he answered. "I'm at the station. I'm taking a train in five minutes."

I couldn't speak. He had waited till the very last moment to call me, so that I couldn't see him.

"Are you there, Janice?" he asked.

"Bruce—"

"Janice, it's goodbye, I guess."

THE whirling had been getting bad, so that I felt faint. I gripped the edge of my desk and tried to find words to hold Bruce at the phone until we could say the things that were important in our lives. But I saw Ferenc Vildar rising from his chair and coming toward me, his lips tense with concern. I could not find the words.

"I'll write when I get there," Bruce was saying. "Goodbye, Jan."

I said, "Goodbye, Bruce." And I heard the phone click in my ear. He had hung up.

With the terribly final click of the receiver still in her ears, Janice turns away from the telephone—to meet Ferenc's eyes and read there the sympathy he is glad to give. Be sure to read next month's continuation of this dramatic story of love in today's world—in the December Radio Mirror.



Say Hello To—

BARBARA LUDDY—who plays Judith Clark in the daytime serial, *Lonely Women*. Bidly, to call her by her nickname, is one of the tiniest actresses in radio, being only four feet ten inches tall. She was born in Helena, Montana, and began her career as a singer in musical comedies as well as an actress. In 1929, when the stage went into a decline, her singing voice also went back on her and she took what she called a "whirl" at radio, and never went back to the footlights. A tragic accident almost made her an invalid for life, but with indomitable courage she fought her way back to health. She prefers playing comedy to tragedy, has blue eyes and brown hair, a happy nature and a quick temper.

any difference?"

He shrugged. "For a little time, perhaps. But not in the end. In the end it works out as it was intended to. That can be a comfort in many things." He sighed, and his eyes had a dark remoteness that made me wonder what his troubles were. In that moment I knew that they were grievous, but I did not dream how grievous!

But his slight, graceful figure straightened suddenly and he smiled. It was like a thousand-watt light, his smile, the gleam of his white teeth and the live look that came to his lean, dark-skinned face. He said, "Meanwhile, there are many things pleasant left us in this world to enjoy, as well as many things evil to forget. One thing to enjoy is the frock that you are wearing. So simple it is, yet I find that subtle yellow with the gray of your eyes and the copper metal of your hair—" He shook his dark head impatiently. "I could express it in French better—for your taste suggests the French—"

I said, pleased, "Is it true that the French women are so marvelous?"

"In style, yes," he answered, his concentrated objective tone making his words compelling so that you could

One Life to Share

Continued from page 38

was incredible that this could happen to Bill, who drove as if by instinct, who shifted gears smooth as silk, who braked the car as if he himself were part of it, who could anticipate what everyone else would do on the road.

It seemed to Bill there was that moment in which he knew a crack-up was coming and that the next moment, beneath a deep drowsiness, he was in pain. But five days and as many operations had separated those two moments.

When Mrs. Stern asked the doctor if her son would get well he shook his head and said, "We can only give him morphine—and wait . . ." He didn't add that Bill wouldn't still have been there, even as he spoke, if he hadn't been made of strong stuff—or that in spite of his superb health no one really expected him to recover.

The telephone beside Bill's bed rang sharply.

"It's Michigan," his nurse told him. "Miss Harriette May."

She held the phone for him.

"Hello," he whispered. "Hello, Harriette . . ."

"Bill, I'm coming . . ." Harriette's voice kept breaking.

"No, don't . . ." he said.

His nurse took the phone away. But he didn't hear anything she said. He was asleep again almost instantly.

He slept for a long time. When he wakened he thought he saw a bunch of bronze chrysanthemums with one white flower among them. It looked like Harriette's face finally, that white flower. He closed his eyes. The effort

to see and understand was too great.

From far off came his mother's voice. "Harriette's come to see you, Bill."

He opened his eyes again. He saw Harriette distinctly this time, with her arms full of bronze chrysanthemums.

"Hello, Bill . . ." she said.

He whispered, "It was nice of you to make the trip."

The next time he awoke, the doctor was taking his pulse and smiling broadly.

"You're doing fine, boy," the doctor told him.

HIS knowledge that Harriette wouldn't have come if she hadn't cared a great deal—even enough to marry him maybe—had worked a therapy while he had slept. He saw sun coming through his window. He heard the traffic in the street below. He began re-establishing contacts with life—the life he loved so well, the life he knew somehow would be richer, happier, and sweeter than ever before.

Every day Harriette and Bill sat on the hospital roof in the sunshine and played a game old as love itself. It might be called "When We Get Married . . ."

"When we get married," Bill said, "we'll live in a penthouse way up near the sky . . ."

"When we get married," Harriette said, "wherever we live it will be Heaven."

"By the way, Miss May," Bill an-

nounced, "I have a little matter to take up with you. It's solely because you insisted I belonged to one kind of life, you to another, and that we couldn't possibly marry, that we haven't been married for these past two years. I don't understand . . ."

"I've decided we'll have to learn to live with each other," she told him softly. "As long as we are so wretched living without each other! I held out as long as you were all right; but when you cracked up I did too."

And yet, though Harriette now shares Bill's life she has never once tried to vie with his ability to stay out all night and be at work at nine sharp in the morning. She remains true to herself. And he remains true to himself. And their penthouse became a happy place for the two of them at first and for the three of them later on. For it wasn't long before Peter arrived, very little, red, wrinkled, determined, and strong.

They engaged an English nurse for Peter. But three years of her quiet influence didn't temper his lusty nature even a little bit. While she was walking sedately with him in the park one day he broke away and knocked down a boy twice his size.

Harriette woke up to tell Bill about it when he got in at three o'clock the next morning. "It just goes to show," she said, "that when a girl marries a rough neck she should know enough—in the course of time—to expect . . ."

" . . . another rough neck!" Bill ended her sentence for her.

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Pepper Young's Family

Continued from page 41

road and find some excitement in the crowded streets and the huge shops and tall buildings. She had never seen anything like this before.

Soon the car turned in at a high gateway.

Lawns, rolling and green and carefully landscaped, led to the entrance. The house was tall and square and there were terraces around it, with striped umbrellas shielding tables on them.

SUDDENLY, Peggy felt very small, dwarfed. Without realizing it, she hung back a little, as though she wanted to put off the moment of entering the house.

"Come along, darling," Carter said. Peggy realized that Carter was smiling at her from the door. He had helped his mother out of the car and was waiting for her, his hand out.

"It's so big," Peggy whispered. Mrs. Trent was waiting in the reception hall. "Would you like to go to your room and freshen up for dinner, Peggy dear?" she asked.

"I—yes, thank you, Mrs. Trent," was all Peggy could think of to say. "Carter will show you your room," Mrs. Trent said. "Dinner is at eight." "Fine," Carter said. "Come on, Pegg."

It was the kind of room you see in decorators' magazines and in the movies. A huge room, with high ceilings and soft, warm gray walls and a thick gray rug. One whole wall was windows, draped in delicate, coral colored curtains, and everything in the room blended and harmonized with this scheme.

"It's beautiful," Peggy breathed. "Not as beautiful as you are," Carter grinned. He kissed her tenderly. "See you in a little while," he said.

He was gone. Peggy closed the door. And then she jumped. Someone had knocked at her door. There had been no sound of footsteps, no warning. "Yes?" Peggy called.

The door opened and a trim girl in a black and white uniform smiled at her. "I've come to help you," the girl said. "I'm Hollis."

Peggy smiled hesitantly. "I don't—I won't need any help," she said. "I'll unpack your things," Hollis said, crossing the room to where someone had already placed Peggy's bag. "How do you like your bath, Miss Young, warm or tepid?"

Peggy flushed and she was glad the maid wasn't looking at her. "I'll run my own bath," she said.

Hollis straightened up and looked around at her. For one moment, there was something like amazement and scorn in her eyes. Then she smiled sincerely. "Let me help you," she said gently. "You rest and I'll take care of everything for you." She had Peggy's dinner dress in her hands. She shook it out. "I'll press this, while you're in the bath."

After her first embarrassment, Peggy was glad Hollis was there. She could never have got ready in time, without the maid's help. Under Hollis' gentle, clever fingers, however, Peggy managed to get dressed. She felt so much at her ease, after awhile, that she even laughed, when she asked Hollis to show her the way to the living room.

Carter was waiting for her at the

door of the living room. He had changed into a fresh uniform and he looked brushed and shiny and happy. He put his arm around her and squeezed her.

"You look lovely," he said.

Peggy was glad he had said that. She had worried so about her dress. She had wanted so much to be able to buy a new dinner dress, instead of having one of her mother's made over for her, but she had not dared to suggest it at home. She knew only too well that there was no money for such things. Now, she felt more at ease about it.

They went into the living room. Peggy found Mr. Trent very different from his wife. He barely smiled when he was introduced to her. He shook hands stiffly and returned to his cocktail, at once. Peggy was rather relieved when a butler announced that dinner was served.

Very soon, Peggy began to feel she was sitting all alone in the middle of a little island of gleaming glass and bright silver and delicate lace. At an oval table, which could easily have seated twenty-four people without crowding them a bit, the four of them sat, far from each other.

At first, no one but the servants paid much attention to Peggy. Mrs. Trent talked to Carter, asking him about the Army camp and whether he needed more money and whether his father could do anything to get him a promotion.

"I'll earn my advancement, Mother," Carter said. He grinned across the table at Peggy.

"That's very noble of you, dear," Mrs. Trent smiled. "I just thought—well—you know, Johnnie Blakely got a commission last week and—" She launched into gossip about Carter's old friends.

PEGGY watched Carter's face and listened. Once in awhile, she caught a name that was familiar to her—a foreign diplomat, a senator, a polo player, an actress, a glamour girl, whose pictures she'd seen in newspapers, even in Elmwood. They laughed and chatted and made allusions which she couldn't understand. Peggy began to feel left out of things.

"Peggy, my dear," Mrs. Trent said, almost making Peggy jump. "I don't suppose you'll have a chance to meet the Senator, this time. He's very anxious to meet you. He's a very dear friend. Oh, well, you'll meet him at our reception—"

"Reception?" Peggy asked. Mrs. Trent smiled kindly. "We give a reception for the Senator every Fall. It opens the season. You'll have to learn these little things, dear, so you'll be prepared to take over some of my duties when you and Carter are married."

"Of course," Peggy said. After that, Peggy tried to listen more attentively. It was still difficult for her to keep track of the things they were talking about.

She was relieved when Mrs. Trent stood up from the table. She hoped Carter would take her away somewhere just so she could relax a little.

But they had no sooner sat down to have their coffee in the living room, when the house seemed to come alive with the sound of voices. The

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laughter and chatter grew louder and nearer and then the living room was invaded.

All at once, a tall, beautiful girl detached herself from the group in the doorway and flew across the room. She threw herself at Carter, hugged him and kissed him delightedly.

"Darling!" she cried. "Tubby just told us you were home on leave. You look wonderful!" She laughed breathlessly. "Now, where's this vixen that's snatched you right out of my hands?" Peggy was bewildered.

"Peggy, this is Glory Hammond," Carter said. Peggy was surprised to see that he was perfectly at ease.

"I could scratch your eyes out," Glory Hammond said. And she put out her hand to Peggy.

Peggy was really confused. With these words went one of the brightest, most friendly smiles she had ever seen. She shook hands, hesitantly.

The next few minutes were a jumble of names and new faces and laughter. Carter came in for a lot of back-slapping from the young men and hugging from all the girls. Peggy stood a bit to one side, watching, listening to them, feeling a little envious of them, their unselfconsciousness, their perfect grooming.

"Carter!" one of the girls said shrilly. "You're coming to the dance with us."

"Well—" Carter hesitated. "What dance—where?"

"The Country Club," Glory Hammond said, slipping her arm through his.

"What about it, Peggy?" Carter asked. "Would you like to go?"

But Peggy was thinking. She was thinking that beside these girls she looked shabby and awkward. They were all in lovely, formal evening dresses. Next to them, her remade dinner dress looked just what it was, the product of not too expert dress-makers.

"Of course, you will go," Mrs. Trent said. "Peggy can meet most of your friends, Carter."

"I—" Peggy stammered softly, "I'm not dressed."

CARTER laughed and came over and hugged her. "You're fine," he said aloud. Then he whispered to her. "You'd look better than any of them in a house dress."

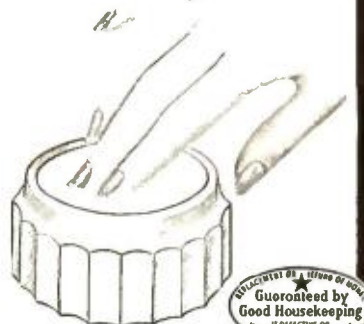
Somewhat reluctantly, Peggy gave in, and then only because she didn't want to make a fuss. Again, she experienced that feeling of not being a part of things. On the way to the Country Club, Carter held her hand, but he talked to his friends.

At the dance, it was even worse. At first, Peggy was a little angry with Carter, but when she thought it over, she knew he couldn't help it. He couldn't help being the center of attention. Some of his friends had not seen him for months. And they were all excited about his engagement—which seemed to be an open secret although it hadn't even really been announced—and curious about her.

They were all nice to her. In fact, if she had been able to relax and lose her feeling of being out of place, she might have seen that she was just about the most popular girl on the dance floor. She would barely start dancing with one of Carter's friends, when another would cut in.

Once, when Carter was able to dance with her longer than two seconds, he kissed her ear and whis-

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pered, "You're a hit, darling. They're crazy about you."

That made Peggy feel a little better. As the evening went on, however, she began to get very tired. The constantly shifting faces made her dizzy and she couldn't keep the names all straight. Finally, when a dance set ended, she excused herself and went out on the balcony.

She found a dark corner, well hidden from the terrace and from the French windows. She pulled herself into the shadows and leaned against the cool, stone wall. Slowly, her confusion and distress began to fade. She began to wonder whether she hadn't just been silly. Carter said they all liked her. Maybe they did. Maybe there was nothing to worry about.

Peggy grew aware, suddenly, that somewhere near her two girls were talking.

"I don't see how she managed it," one of the voices said.

"It's the face," the other one said, "All men fall for that sweetness act."

"He must be blind," the first one said. "Why, even her dress is perfect for the poor-little-helpless-me performance. Bet her mother made it for her."

Only now did Peggy realize they were talking about her. She wanted to run away. She wanted to get away from the sound of their voices. But they would see her, if she took even one step.

"Well," one of them sighed, "you can't blame a girl for trying to get her hands on all that money. Who wouldn't?"

Their voices were fading. They were moving back toward the dance floor. Peggy shuddered with shame and anger. How could they think that of her?

She moved out of the shadows and, sitting on the low balustrade, stared out over the rolling, moonlit fairways of the golf course. In the background, there was music, muted by distance. She began to relax and her disturbed, confused emotions began to give way to thoughts.

It's like people from two different worlds meeting, she thought. They have different standards, different values.

Peggy smiled into the darkness. It was coming clear in her mind. She knew, now, that this visit to Carter's parents had a deeper significance than the obvious one of their getting to know each other. She was getting a glimpse into their kind of life, into the kind of things that were expected of her.

This is the way I'll have to live, she said to herself. Do I want to live this way? Do I want to have to change all my ideas and standards? Do I want to have to learn to care more about this Senator and that millionaire and receptions and running an army of servants than I do about Carter and our love?

SHE understood now, why she had always been afraid that she and Carter would never marry. But there was no pain in the thought now. For she realized that if she married Carter she would have to become an entirely new person. And even if she decided that she would try to make herself over into someone who was no longer Peggy Young, but Mrs. Carter Trent, the Mrs. Carter Trent, it might take a very long time. It might take years of mistakes and dis-

appointments and undoing the damages of her stupidity. It might take years of misery for her, years when she would be unhappy and afraid she wasn't doing the right thing.

She realized that under such stress something was bound to happen to her love for Carter and his for her. Somehow, she knew she didn't want that to happen. This love of theirs was a fine thing, perfect, beautiful. It was founded on many good things, respect for one another, admiration, trust, the need for one another. What would they have left, if these things were slowly destroyed? Nothing.

The decision came so swiftly and clearly that she almost spoke it aloud into the night. I'd rather leave him, now, she said to herself, now, while we still love each other. I'd rather have the memory of his love, than the bitterness and disappointment and failure which is sure to come if I can't fit myself into this way of life.

ALL the tenseness left Peggy. She had made up her mind. It was as though a great weight had been lifted from her shoulders. Carter found her, still sitting on the balustrade and looking out over the golf course.

Carter pulled her to her feet and gathered her into his arms. The moonlight showed his face to be happy and tender. For a moment, Peggy clung to him frantically, her heart wavering away from the decision her mind had made. Then, realizing he would suspect something was wrong, she relaxed her hold on him.

"Shouldn't we be getting home, Carter?" Peggy asked.

"Aren't you having fun, darling?" "Oh, yes," Peggy said quickly. "I—I am a little tired, though. It's been a long day—and exciting—"

Immediately, Carter was very contrite. "I should have known," he said tenderly. "I'll get your wraps and we'll sneak away." He hurried her around to the front of the clubhouse, where she waited while he went inside for her things.

She sat very close to him in the car and when they reached the Trent home, she asked him to show her the way to her room. She knew her way, now, but she wanted to keep him with her as long as possible.

At her door, she clung to him for a long time. "I love you very much, Carter," she whispered and she wanted to cry, when she saw him smile delightedly. She kissed him tenderly, trying to print the touch of his lips, the strength of his arms, indelibly on her mind. She wanted to remember these things. They would be very precious in the days to come. "Good-night, darling," she said softly, at last.

"I hate to let you go," Carter said with a little laugh.

Peggy forced herself to smile. "You must," she said. Quickly, before he could see the tears springing into her eyes, she kissed him once more and opened the door to her room. She stepped inside.

One lamp was burning and Hollis was reading a magazine by its light. The maid stood up. Peggy put her finger to her lips and listened with her ear against the door. Ever so faintly, she could hear Carter moving away.

"Hollis," she said, then, "do you think I can get a taxi?"

Hollis raised her eyebrows. "Why, yes, Miss," she said. "But I can get

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you one of the cars—"

Peggy moved closer to her. She must make the girl understand. "No—I—I've got to get away from here. And Carter mustn't know I'm leaving. Please, help me—"

"Sure," Hollis said. There was comprehension and sympathy in her smile. "I know how you feel."

While Hollis phoned for a taxi to come to the rear entrance and packed Peggy's things, Peggy sat at the tiny desk, biting the end of the pen, trying to write a note to Carter. She managed it finally.

She and Hollis hurried through the sleeping house, back to the servants' quarters and down to the kitchen. The taxi was waiting. Peggy gave Hollis the note for Carter. "Don't give it to him until morning," she said and Hollis nodded.

Only after the taxi had left the grounds and was whirring down the road to Chicago, did Peggy relax. She cried a little.

No matter how strong her resolve, she couldn't quite overcome her feeling that she had destroyed her last chance to be happy.

"Here you are, Miss," the taxi driver said.

Peggy sat up with a start. She paid him and, carrying her bag, went into the lobby of the apartment house. She realized that she should have called Mr. Bradley before coming here. Suppose he and his wife were not at home? She pressed their bell.

They were home. They had been asleep for hours. Peggy regretted having disturbed them, but she was grateful to her father's old friend. He asked no questions. He took it for granted that something must have made her come to them, something important. They made her comfortable in the room they had fixed up for Biff and left her to herself.

PEGGY'S return the next afternoon was completely unexpected. Mrs. Young looked up from the peas she was shelling. Pepper and Biff had yelled something from the front porch. She handed the bowl to Hattie and hurried to the front of the house.

She was so surprised to see her daughter running toward the house that she couldn't speak for a second. Peggy threw herself into her arms and Mrs. Young could hardly breathe for being squeezed so hard.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be home!" Peggy was laughing and crying all at once.

"What happened, Peggy?" Mrs. Young asked. "Where's Carter? Is something wrong?"

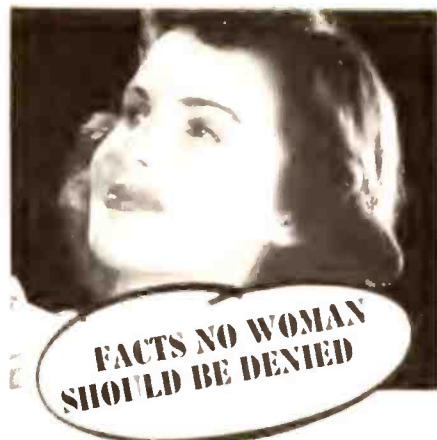
"No, no!" Peggy cried and it was hard to tell whether she was happy or sad. "Everything's fine."

Sam Young appeared on the porch. He had been taking a nap upstairs and he still looked sleepy.

"Daddy!" Peggy said. She ran to him and hugged him eagerly. "I should have listened to you. You were right. You were!"

Sam blinked the rest of the sleep out of his eyes. "Well, now," he said. "Suppose we all sit down inside and find out what this is about."

It all seemed to make sense. Peggy didn't seem to be broken in spirit, nor inordinately depressed. She wasn't entirely happy, of course, but that was to be expected. She talked intelligently and far more wisely than she had ever spoken before in her life, but Mrs. Young couldn't help wondering how much of what she said was real



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and how much of it was just an effort to talk herself into believing what she was saying.

Sam Young kissed his daughter. "I'm very proud of you," he said seriously. "I'm glad you were able to figure all this out for yourself. I know I warned you—but that's not the same thing. Every person has to find out his own truth."

Everything seemed all right on the surface. All evening long, however, Mrs. Young couldn't rid herself of the feeling that Peggy's happiness and future could not be settled quite so simply as this. And, when she and Sam were settling down for the night, she had to express her doubts.

"I'm afraid for Peggy, Sam," she said.

"You mustn't worry, Mary," Sam said quickly. "She's unhappy now. But she'll get over it."

"Will she?" Mrs. Young whispered. "What do you mean?"

"Well—I don't know how to put it, dear," Mrs. Young searched for the words. "She's so young, Sam. I'm not sure she's ready to adjust herself to something as big and important as this."

"Mary," Sam reached across the space between the beds and took her hand. "We've got a job ahead of us. But we'll manage it. Let's wait and see what happens before we worry too much."

This proved to be excellent advice, because the next afternoon, the whole thing was taken out of their hands. Carter came back.

Peggy didn't have a chance to escape from him this time. He had walked up to her in the garden and caught her shoulders firmly, before she even knew he was there.

"Peggy," he said.

"Carter!" Peggy cried.

"You didn't think I'd let you go, did you?" Carter asked.

"Carter, I wrote you how I felt—" Peggy said helplessly. "It's so hopeless—it would never work."

"I don't care why you ran away from Chicago," Carter said. "Everything's different, now. You've got to listen to me." He took her hand and pulled her toward the gate. "Let's go where we can be alone, Peggy."

Even before he started the car, Peggy knew where they were going. There was only one place where they could really be alone and feel they belonged—their own hidden, lovely corner on the lake.

Carter spread the car blanket on the grass and made her sit down. He sat down beside her and took her hand.

He looked down at her hand. "First, I want to tell you that I've broken off with my family," he said quietly.

"Oh, no, Carter!" Peggy found the words forcing themselves out of her.

"I had to, Peggy," he said. He went on quietly, calmly, telling her how he had always hated the kind of life he had had to lead, how lonely he had been all his life, how he had been shunted from one school to another, from one servant's hands to another, how he had never felt close to his father and mother. "Now I'm free, Peggy," he said. "Now, I'm free of

the money, the pushing around. Now I can look at my future and know it's my own."

Peggy reached up and smoothed back his dark hair gently. He caught her hand and kissed it.

"Darling," he said, "I need you. I need you to work for and I'm going to need your help."

Peggy leaned over and kissed his cheek tenderly.

"Wait," Carter said. "It—it's so hard to explain. So many things have changed in such a short time." Peggy, watching the distress in his face, felt her heart contract with fear. "I've learned lots of things besides the fact that I couldn't bear to live the way my parents want me to live." He thought for a moment, his face very serious. "It's like this, Peggy. As soon as I met you, I knew I wanted to marry you. But I wanted to marry you right away. I couldn't wait. Now, I know we'll have to wait."

"Oh!" Peggy said in a small voice.

"Please, darling," he said. "You've got to understand. I don't want it to be like this. But there is a world and it's at war and I have a job to do—so have you—so has everyone."

"I know that," Peggy said. "But why can't we be married, now, right away?"

"There's no time, Peggy," Carter said. "I wanted you to know how I felt, how much I love you, before I told you this. We're being shipped

quickly. Peggy and Carter were just coming inside.

Peggy looked up. "Mother, I'd like Carter to stay for dinner," she said, her voice calm and even and somehow very different. "I may not see him again for a long time. His outfit is being moved."

Mrs. Young started to say she was sorry to hear this, but there was something in their faces, in the way they both held their shoulders square and proud, that stopped her. "Of course, dear," she said.

But she stood a moment in the hall, watching them walk to the living room. They were not putting on a show of courage. It was real.

Mrs. Young felt proud of Peggy. She knew many more troubles lay ahead for her, perhaps, but Peggy would be able to face them, now. She was no longer a child whom every wind of circumstances could hurt.

Thinking of Peggy and Carter, wanting them to have as much time alone together as possible, Mrs. Young avoided the living room, until she heard Sam's voice booming in a now almost forgotten way. She hurried in from the kitchen.

"Where's your mother?" Sam was just asking happily.

"Here I am, Sam," Mrs. Young said. She eyed him curiously as he came toward her. Sam had changed, too, since he'd gone out that morning.

"I've got something for you, Mary,"

Sam said brightly, his eyes grinning slyly. He reached into his inside jacket pocket and pulled out a longish paper. "Here—a present for you."

Mrs. Young unfolded it. "Why, Sam!" she cried. "It's the deed to the house. You've bought it back!"

"Not exactly," Sam said. "I made a down payment,

though."

"I don't understand, Sam."

"It's simple," Sam said. "Curt Bradley met a man in Chicago who said he wanted to buy some land for a summer estate and Curt sent him to me. He bought the Coronet Lake property—all of it."

THERE was an air of celebration about the dinner table that evening. Looking around the table, Mrs. Young felt that they had much for which to feel grateful.

We're all safe, she thought. Peggy is safe in her love and in her newfound strength and understanding.

She watched Pepper and almost smiled. He's safe, too, she thought. He feels free to speak out and laugh and joke, without having to worry about hurting anyone's feelings, or starting a flood of tears unexpectedly.

And Sam's safe, she thought. He's sure of himself again. He's found his faith in himself again.

Mrs. Young leaned back in her chair. She was happy. All around her were the people she loved and she knew she need not worry about them, now. No matter what happened to them now, she knew they could all face it. They could face it, because they were together, close and loving one another, ready to help one another, ready to understand.

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away—tomorrow. I don't know where we're going and I couldn't tell you, if I did know." He caught both her hands. "Don't look like that, darling. I'm coming back. I'll have something to fight for, something to come back to—you and a whole life together."

Peggy stared at him in silence. She had never faced this fact before. Carter's being in the Army had never had this reality before. Now, suddenly, it became terribly real, as real as bombs dropping nearby and the shriek of diving planes.

Yet, somehow, she was not afraid. It was a strange feeling, but she felt strong and she felt she must let Carter know that she had found this strength, that she would be able to wait for him, no matter how long, and that he need not worry about her.

She looked him steadily in the eyes. "I'll wait, Carter," she said quietly. And she knew he understood how she felt, how sure she was that the future was theirs, when he took her into his arms, at last, and kissed her. This was a new kind of a kiss, a kiss that held the promise of the world in it.

All this while, Mrs. Young moved aimlessly about the house, fussing with this and that, her mind busy speculating on what was happening to Peggy and Carter.

A car stopped in front of the house and Mrs. Young ran downstairs



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