# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

FEBRUARY

15¢

DINAH SHORE

Exciting Color Pictures of BACKSTAGE WIFE · BARRY WOOD · JOYCE JORDAN

BRAVE GIRL—The Unforgettable Story of a Hero's Love

# A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces . . . *memorable* faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look *naturally* long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There's luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

*Maybelline*

*EYE BEAUTY AIDS*

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara . . . Black, Brown, Blue

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara . . . Black, Brown.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil . . . Black, Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow . . . Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

## all eyes admire a radiant smile!

**Give your smile appealing charm with the help of Ipana and Massage!**

SET YOUR HOPES HIGH, Plain Girl! What if you aren't tops in beauty? The most popular girls aren't always the prettiest. Look at your own little clique —at the girls who hold men's eyes and steal their hearts *with a smile!*

*So smile, plain girl, smile.* Not a shy and self-effacing smile — but a radiant smile that reaches out and draws the whole world to you in admiration. Remember, though, for such a smile you need sparkling teeth — sound teeth that depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

**Don't ignore "pink tooth brush"!**

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of natural exercise by modern, soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.


*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*Start today with*

# IPANA and MASSAGE

**A Winner**—fun and romance follow the girl with a radiant smile. Help brighten your smile with Ipana and massage!

FEBRUARY, 1944

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

VOL. 21, NO. 4

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editorial Director

DORIS McFERRAN
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN
Associate Editor

JACK ZASORIN
Art Editor

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## ADDED ATTRACTIONS



ON THE COVER—Dinah Shore, singing star and mistress of ceremonies of her own NBC show
Color Portrait by Tom Kelley

## *Did you know?*

FROM clothes to can openers—everything in the way of household equipment—the situation requires your best efforts to keep them in good working order. Right now's the time to sit down and take stock, see what can be repaired, what must be used with greater care, what you can safely and efficiently repair at home, what can be made over.

* * *

By the end of February we'll see some changes—changes for the better in the food rationing system. Beginning February 27, these changes will go into effect:

1. All red and blue stamps in War Ration Book Four will have a value of ten points each, regardless of the number on the face of the stamp.

2. Red and blue tokens, valued at one point each, will be used as change. It will not be necessary for shoppers to obtain a supply of tokens before they shop. Tokens will simply be used to make change for the 10-point stamps.

3. Stamps in War Ration Book Four, the only ration book which will be needed to shop for food at all after March 20, will be valid for longer periods than before, making it easier for housewives to budget their points.

Brown stamps Y and Z in War Ration Book Three, and green stamps K, L and M, in War Ration Book Four, may be used *under the old system* until March 20—after that date only War Ration Book Four and the tokens will be used.

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*Gladys Swarthout gives out with some hep cat rhythms, accompanied by Maestro Al Goodman (left) and music commentator Deems Taylor—the kind not heard on CBS' Sunday Family Hour.*

*Lovely, blonde Helen Young, vocalist on the Raymond Scott show, got her start singing on station WEEI, in Boston.*

# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

INA RAY HUTTON, the blonde bombshell of the bandstand admits that she and her saxophonist and arranger, Paul Parisotto, were married last month.

* * *

Ben Bernie left an estate valued at $500,000. His family inherits all of it.

* * *

Tommy Ryan, Sammy Kaye's former vocalist, is batoning Blue Barron's orchestra, now that Blue is in the Army.

* * *

The Ray Heathertons have a brand new baby son. . . . The Van Alexanders have a feminine bundle of joy.

* * *

Record buyers are complaining over the price tilt Decca has put on the smash hit waxing of "Pistol Packin' Mama" as sung by Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters. If sales continue at the present pace, this recording—one of the newest since Decca signed with music czar Petrillo—might well become the all-time best seller.

* * *

Whether or not he is drafted, Bob Allen will disband his orchestra, discouraged over war time transportation problems.

* * *

If you want to find Frank Sinatra's eating hideaway in Manhattan try the Villanova Spaghetti restaurant on West Forty-Sixth Street. Incidentally, Frank has signed a five year contract with the Hit Parade.

* * *

Tommy Dorsey found his new trumpet star, Frank Santangelo, behind a soda fountain in the Hollywood Palladium ballroom.

* * *

Dinah Washington the Lionel Hampton vocalist, rated a standout sepia songstress, used to sing in a gospel society.

* * *

Perry Como, CBS swooner, signed by Twentieth Century-Fox for the new Betty Grable film, "Bowery After Dark."

* * *

Paul Whiteman returns to the air on the Blue network in the new Philco Hall of Fame show.

* * *

Cootie Williams, swingster, was placed in 4-F. Vaughn Monroe gets his Army physical this month.

* * *

Charlie Barnet's new vocalist is eighteen-year-old Betty Salloway, an upstate New Yorker.

* * *

Look for Monty Woolley to join Sammy Kaye's cigaret commercial on CBS when the show moves to Hollywood.

* * *

Helen Young, the vocalist on the Raymond Scott Show insists that she can claim the record for the most impressive one-note performance in history.

Recently, Helen went out to the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Station to sing for the boys. She waited more than an hour and a half before it was her turn to perform. She stepped before the mike, let out the first note and the mike went dead. More than that. The lights went out, the power failed, not only at the station, but at the nearby Maritime Service as well. By the time the power was restored, it was too late for Helen to go on with the show. Of course, the violent storm that was raging at the time may have had a little something to do with the power failure, too.

* * *

Duke Ellington set a mark for other colored bands to shoot at when he received $8,000 a week at the New York Capitol theater. Trumpeter Rex Stewart, an Ellington standby, has rejoined the band after a stay in Mexico City.

* * *

Xavier Cugat's wine show is now on Mutual, shifting over from the Blue. Cugie is also playing in New York's Waldorf Astoria and picking up some extra change by drawing caricatures for the King Features Syndicate.

* * *

The Victory Parade idea which was hampering Gracie Fields' air shows has been removed.

*Continued on page 56*

*What many doctors think about*

*that cold of yours*

# VIRUS frequently starts it

# FATIGUE often helps it along

# GERMS can make it troublesome

***Research showed that antiseptic gargle used early, often and regularly, may help head off a cold or lessen its severity***

The time to get after a cold is when it is just getting started. Intelligent precautionary measures may avert a great deal of trouble.

Outstanding medical opinion now holds that a virus initiates many colds. Then a potentially troublesome family of germs, called the Secondary Invaders, may stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, drafts, wet or cold feet, or sudden changes of temperature.

***Attack Germs Before They Attack You***

There is considerable evidence to show that if this "mass invasion" can be averted the course of a cold itself may be checked.

That is why it is important, at the very first symptom, to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. This delightful amber germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces, to kill millions of these Secondary Invaders.

That is why, we believe, tests made over a period of twelve years showed such remarkable results.

***Fewer Colds & Sore Throats, Tests Showed***

Think of it! *Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. When colds did develop they were generally milder in character.*

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Its test record makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

**Listerine Antiseptic reduced surface germs as much as 96.7% in tests**

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Before After

**The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks**

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridens, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

## LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

**BECAUSE OF WARTIME** restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

# What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

*Butch (Conrad Binyon) gives the Mayor of the Town (Lionel Barrymore) a little inside information on the Wednesdcy night CBS show of that name.*

*Lovely soprano Jane Froman made her comeback to radio recently from a wheelchair when she appeared as a guest of Andre Kostelanetz on his Sunday CBS show.*

IT'S a sad commentary on our times that was made recently by Larry Lesueur on one of his broadcasts from London. A shipment of eighty-four million oranges arrived in Britain to be distributed to the children of our Ally. There was something terrifying and heart-wringing about Larry's description of the awe with which some of the tots regarded this strange, globular fruit. Thousands of English children, born since the beginning of the war, have never seen an orange.

And—sometimes—we complain about rationing and shortages. It should make us stop and think.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE—A chaw of tobacco and a bunch of smiles used to be the day's earnings of a little barefooted boy named Roy who peddled songs for the love of singing.

He still peddles songs for the love of singing, but things are different now. The wad of tobacco has changed to a wad of greenbacks $200,000 worth of them a year—and the bunch of smiles has spread to a million faces.

He has sung his way into top spot on radio's longest program—WSM's Saturday night four-hour and a quarter Grand Ole Opry.

Roy Acuff wasn't always as lucky as he is today with his income and his Grand Ole Opry spot and four movies behind him and a chance at being governor of his home state in front of him.

For once, in a highschool football game, he suffered a sunstroke that put him to bed for two years. That's where the grit came in. He turned to his fiddle and went to work. His ear for his father's old songs from way back helped him. When he ran out of recorded tunes and his father's stock he made up some of his own.

When he got well he got a job on the radio at WNOX in Knoxville. Then he came to Nashville and went to work for WSM. For a long time he didn't know where his next meal was coming from.

Proving the exception to the rule that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, Roy's friends qualified him to run for governor of Tennessee by filing the necessary petition. And Roy didn't even know a thing about it until somebody told him.

He doesn't know whether he wants to run or not. He doesn't want anybody to think he's got the big head.

If people could look into Roy's home they never would accuse him of having the big head. Sure, he's got a nice home now. Like most other men he wants to provide some comforts for his wife and baby. And he can afford it now. His wife was Mildred Douglas of his home town—Maynardsville. He's forty and handsome and gets more mash notes than he can count and his beautiful wife reads them to him and they laugh while he bounces his baby on his knee.

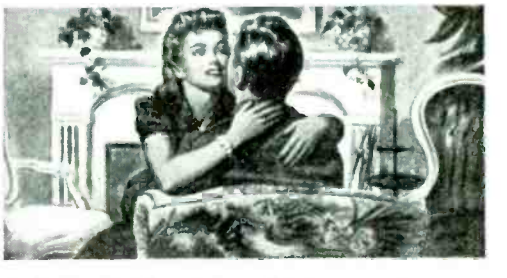
Roy and his Smokey Mountain Boys and all their Grand Ole Opry cohorts have their hearts in their work. And it's a toss-up whether the performers or the audience get the most kick out of

*Continued on page 8*

# Pride-and-joy hands needn't fear wartime jobs!

**Before you wash undies—before you do dishes—** guard your soft, white hands with Toushay! It's a new idea in lotions—and busy, beautiful women love it! You see, you smooth on Toushay *before* every soap-and-water task. It *guards against* roughness and dryness—helps keep your hands smooth and pretty!

**When homework's done,** lend a lovely hand to Uncle Sam! (Women are needed in all sorts of war-winning jobs.) But be sure Toushay's on guard. Always use this rich, fragrant lotion *beforehand*. Toushay helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage to smooth, white hands.



**And when that "special man"** is home on leave, let Toushay help! As a plus to its "beforehand" use, Toushay's a wonder as a powder base—or for sweet-scented, all-over body rubs. Inexpensive—so creamy a few drops are enough. Get Toushay at your druggist's!

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

# TOUSHAY

**THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water**

R
M

(*Continued from page* 6) the seventeen-year-old hillbilly program.

The Opry is held in a gaunt old structure that used to be a church and it can't ever be filled to capacity because of fire hazard regulations. The peanut gallery stretches clear around behind the stage and, if you prefer, you may sit and watch the show from behind the scenes.

The whole program is delightfully informal. There's a feeling of unity between performers and listeners. The latter understand those plaid or gleaming satin shirts—those overalls and boots and ten-gallon hats and knotted kerchiefs—those comics in the too-little or too-big clothes fastened together with horse-blanket safety pins. But most of all they understand the messages of the fiddles, banjoes, accordions, guitars and bull fiddles.

They understand what Whitey Ford, "The Duke of Paducah" is talking about when he says, "Awwww, that's the ugliest womern ever I seeeee" and "I gotta git back to the waggon cause my feet are a'killin meeeeee." They get the gist of Minnie Pearl's (Ophelia Colley) rural palaver and their feet know what Uncle Dave Macon, "The Dixie Dewdrop," means when he whangs the strings off his old banjo and his Adams apple rides up and down under his open-wide-them-pearly-gates collar, to the tune of "Old Zip Coon."

They understand, because they and their forefathers made the tunes themselves, while sweating to build America.

* * *

Lately, people wandering into some of NBC's daytime serial rehearsal studios have been perplexed by some very weird looking doodling that's spread over all the available space on cast off scripts.

The doodler turns out to be Keene Crockett, a sound effects man. He's studying Chinese, without quite being able to explain his interest in this strange side-line. He does hope to go to China some day and this is by way of preparation.

"Besides," he claims, "Chinese is such a logical language."

* * *

When Osman Antepligil and Ismail Torun, of the Turkish section of NBC's International Division, broadcast their daily news programs to the Mediterranean area, a young lady born in Cara-

*He's done everything in radio from reading recipes to sports broadcasting—Bob Callan, newest addition to WBT's staff of announcers.*

*"Let's Be Charming" is the name of Julia Sanderson's new Mutual show, heard every Thursday. Music and beauty hints make up the program.*

cas, Venezuela, who has never been even near to Turkey, lends a capable voice—in Turkish.

Her name is Margarita Maron and she's definitely beautiful and speaks—as she puts it—three and a half languages: Spanish, her native tongue, English, Turkish and French. She rates the French only one half, because she claims she's not letter perfect.

Her learning Turkish was quite accidental. She had some Turkish friends who taught her a few words. Margarita found the language so interesting that she went to a professional teacher and, in two years, she could keep up with any one of her Turkish friends on their own grounds.

Then came the New York World's Fair. One day, after singing at the Court of Peace, Margarita stopped in at the Turkish Pavilion. A man spoke to her in Turkish and she answered him in the same language. Margarita said, no, she was not Turkish, but she was a singer. The man, it turned out, was the pavilion's manager and he hired Margarita to sing there—in Spanish, with a Spanish orchestra.

When the war started, Margarita decided to put her linguistic talents at the disposal of the networks. As a member of the Turkish section of NBC's International Division, she culls news items from the American press, helps edit them for translation and acts as the section's Girl Friday. She's looking forward to the time when she'll be able to do a program of her own about styles and night life and Hollywood—for the women of Turkey.

* * *

Emcee Bill Hightower doesn't believe in letting his audience down after his early morning laugh and song fest, Everything Goes. He invariably dismisses the studio audience with, "And now, with the eggs we laid on the stage, there is coffee. It is being served downstairs—in the drug store and is only ten cents a cup."

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—That nice, pleasing, new baritone voice WBT listeners are hearing on many of their favorite programs is the property of Robert Lee Callan, Jr., newest addition to the station's staff of announcers.

Bob Callan, tall, serious-minded and in his late twenties, came to WBT via station WIS in Columbia, South Caro-

lina, on September 13, 1943. He brought with him the wealth of diversified experience gained during his eight years in radio. Bob is another of those mike men who've done everything in radio from reading recipes and "spinning platters" to doing play-by-play on sports broadcasts and reporting Army maneuvers.

His professional career began as an itinerant portrait and commercial photographer. Being fond of making photographs, he probably would never have changed to radio had it not been for what he calls a "stroke of pure luck." It so happened that while strolling through the business section of the town of Moultrie, Georgia, one evening, window shopping, he paused to read a sign which invited the public to participate in a quiz program being heard once a week over Moultrie's radio station, WMGA. Just for a lark he went to the broadcasting studio to see what it was all about. He arrived too late for the broadcast, but the station's manager, (who also announced the quiz program) favorably impressed by the resonant voice of the young man inquiring about the quiz program, and being in the market to hire another announcer, suggested to Bob that he take an audition. Bob's reply was, "Sure. Why not?" That was Sunday night. Monday morning Bob went to work for WMGA as an announcer at the "staggering sum" of twelve dollars and fifty cents a week.

Bob's home town is Norman Park, Ga., and his mother and father, two sisters and three brothers still live there. He attended High School at Norman Junior College, matriculated to North Georgia College and later enrolled at the University of Georgia. He readily admits that sports were much more interesting to him than trigonometry or the history of the French Revolution. He was very active in inter-collegiate sports and later did professional boxing in Georgia and Florida. During the basket ball season he played on professional basket ball teams. His sports career came to an abrupt end right in the middle of one of these games. Coming out of a tangle, it was discovered that Bob's neck vertebrae had been fractured. For many weeks he walked around with his head craddled in a plaster and steel cast. Although the fracture healed, doctors have warned Bob that he must never again engage in any sort of strenuous physical activity.

Bob was married on September first to Queenie Baker, a Georgia girl whom he met a year ago while handling radio publicity during a drive by South Carolina's Pilot Club to raise funds for the purchase of a B-25 Bomber. Queenie (and that's her real name) was handling the publicity for the newspapers. They met on a common cause . . . and romance blossomed. Bob says the drive was a success, too.

* * *

We've always been intrigued by the script notation "ad lib," wondering what actors said under such conditions. The other day at a broadcast of Bright Horizon, we got a chance to find out.

Michael and Carol West were giving a party—that was in the script. A few of the cast stood before the microphone to carry on the thread of the story, while the others stayed in the background to furnish the proper chatter, laughter and small talk.

Like this: Grace Russell sat in a corner reading Walter Winchell's column aloud with rising and falling inflec-

tions. Richard Kollmar wandered around the studio, exclaiming, "That's a wonderful idea! That's a marvelous idea!" over and over again. Stefan Schnabel imitated Harpo Marx and chased blonde Renee Terry all around the studio, uttering low growls and making her giggle. And Joan Alexander, who plays Carol, stood in front of the control booth and talked brightly at the director through the heavy, double, plate glass screen.

An extremely easy way to make a party a success.

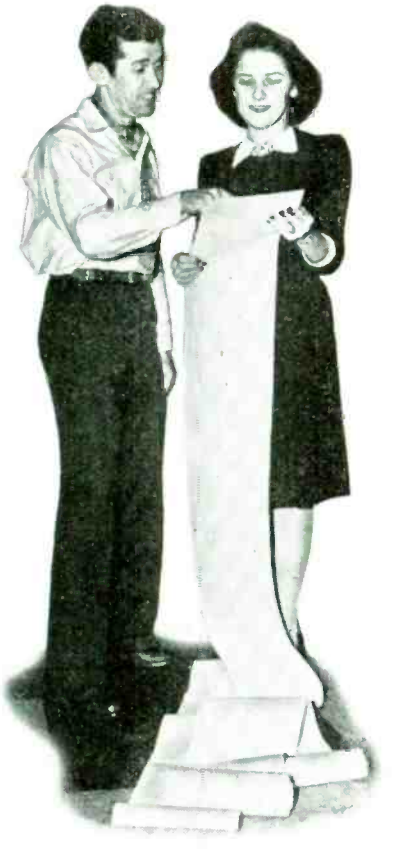
* * *

Southern gallantry found its match in Brooklyn after a recent broadcast of Phil Baker's Take It Or Leave It. Miriam Herr of the Dodger domain got the jitters at the last moment and couldn't face the microphone. Pfc. Louis Dixon of Atlanta, Georgia, volunteered to take her place, answered the $64 question and then offered Miss Herr all or any part of the money. The young lady refused, but finally accepted just one dollar, explaining she was going to frame it, so it would remind her of the gallant soldier.

* * *

Members of the CBS news department, whose broadcasts are timed to the split second, can turn their backs on the clock and guess within a second or so the passage of one minute. If you think that's easy, have someone hold a stop watch on you while you try to tell when sixty seconds have passed. You'll be surprised.

It's easy for the news experts. The champ is Paul White, CBS Director of



*Roy Acuff of WSM's Grand Ole Opry looks over, with Louise Farmer of the station, a petition by friends who are sponsoring him for Governor.*

*The reason for Joan Edwards' absence from CBS' Your Hit Parade—her daughter, Judith Ann. Proud Daddy is Jules Schacter, violinist.*

News Broadcasts and producer of Report to the Nation. He can call a minute within one second. News staffers Everett Holles and Don Pryor are runners up, usually making it as close as two seconds.

* * *

BOSTON, MASS.—As a journalist and bookworm, he keeps pace with the march of events. As a crackerjack bridge-player, he is continually sharpening his analytical mind. As a radio executive, he tracks down the changing public taste in news listening. That's Cedric Foster, ace news commentator of the Mutual Broadcasting System, whose news analyses originate from WNAC, Boston, the key station of the Yankee Network in New England. He is now heard at 10 p.m. every Sunday evening in addition to his daily broadcasts at 1:45 p.m.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, Cedric was educated in the Hartford schools, the New York Military Academy and Dartmouth College. During these formative years he added to his education by visiting every state in the union before he was twenty-one. He has been in England, Germany, and Italy and knows the scene of the battles he follows in his news commentaries.

Beginning his career as a journalist with the Berkeley Times, Foster served successively with the Hartford Courant, the Associated Press in San Francisco, the Waterbury Connecticut Republican-American, the Providence Journal and the United Press, of which he was Connecticut manager, and the New Britain Herald.

In 1935 Cedric Foster began his radio career. He was selected by his paper to manage their new radio station WTHT. His popularity grew. In 1941 he became a permanent member of the staff of the Yankee Network of twenty New England Stations. From Boston's WNAC his regular World News Commentary became one of the news highlights of the coast-to-coast network of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

His popularity is attested to by the endless demand from various organizations throughout the country for him to speak in person. His speaking engagements take him from Boston, to Texas,

to Virginia, to North Carolina, to Illinois, Ohio, and South Carolina. Although much of his time is spent in traveling and preparing for his broadcasts, Foster manages to lead a home life led by typical Americans. Married in 1921, to Marguerite Lane, of Butler, Missouri, Foster has two daughters, Shirley, who is studying journalism in her father's footsteps, and Sarah Ann. Their home is in historic Concord, Mass., whose woods and fields were made famous by Henry Thoreau.

* * *

In times like these, it's nice to come across a bit of unselfconscious and wholesome sentiment. Barbara Weeks, lovely star of Now and Forever—a Love Story, wears proudly on her wrist a charm bracelet from which dangle tiny golden mementos of virtually every important event in her life, since she met and married her husband, Carl Frank, who plays opposite her in the show.

Spaced by golden numbers, one for each of the five years they've been married, the bracelet has a miniature telephone booth engraved with the date April 19, 1938—as a memento of her meeting Carl at a CBS phone booth; a miniature wedding ring; a tiny gold dollar—for the first time they came into the real money; a small automobile —as a reminder of what they did with their first spare cash; a baby carriage with the date September 24, 1940—to mark the birth of their daughter, Roberta; and a miniature replica of the house sign "Sunup," which hangs over the gate of their home in Connecticut. The last charm is a tiny book, engraved with the words, "A Love Story—Now and Forever. October 4, 1943. Carl and Barbara Frank as Rex and Ellen Harris. This is CBS."

* * *

It sounds whacky, but James Monks carries a notebook to tell him, hour by hour, just who he is. Master of thirty-three dialects and playing more character parts than he can well keep in mind, Monks admits he's often confused as to precisely what he'll be called on to do next. He's a villain in Our Gal Sunday, an aged valet in We


*Tracking down the changing public taste in news listening is the job of Cedric Foster, ace news commentator of Mutual's Yankee Network.*

Love and Learn, hero on another five a week show and a little of everything on Radio Reader's Digest. In addition, he makes Treasury Department recordings and, nine times a week, plays Cassio in the Theatre Guild's "Othello" on Broadway. Small wonder he's afraid of thespian amnesia.

* * *

The young are precocious these days. Even at five years of age they listen to news broadcasts. But sometimes, like their elders, they get slightly confused —especially about names.

The other day, news commentator Robert St. John got a letter from a young mother in New Jersey. After saying how much she and her husband enjoyed his news programs she went on:

"Yesterday morning, during Church, we realized for the first time that our little five-year-old daughter also listens to you. The rector announced the Bible reading for the day as being from the Gospel of St. John and, very plainly pleased with herself, she leaned over to me and whispered, 'St. John—that's the man who talks on the radio.'"

* * *

Signs of the times: If the mail received by This Is Official is any yardstick, the two government agencies uppermost in the minds of citizens these days are the Office of Price Administration and the War Department. John Heiney, director and moderator of the weekly, Washington News Conference of the Air, says most letters ask about food and then about men in the Armed Forces. And all quite understandable, too.

* * *

How many people do you know who made up their minds in childhood about

*These two children, Nancy Grant and Scotty Tegarden, were the lucky ones who won kittens which Fanny Brice gave away on her NBC show.*

what they wanted to be—and then got there?

Verlye Mills did. At the age of three she began studying music. At the age of four, she had made up her mind. And today, she's a harpist and the only girl member on Harry Sosnick's orchestra for Beat the Band.

Verlye is small, fluffy and blonde and highly ornamental behind her romantic looking instrument. Like many fragile seeming people, she's a dynamo of energy, writes all the music for her numerous script shows, runs a house and is the mother of three husky, small, but energetic sons.

She was born in St. John, Kansas, but lived most of her life in Chicago, where her mother was a piano teacher. That's responsible for her early start. By the time she was seven, she was harp soloist on a radio program and, at eleven, was playing with the Chicago Symphony.

For two years after that, she studied in Paris on a scholarship. At sixteen she joined the Cleveland Symphony, but played the harp in a jazz band as a highly profitable sideline. She came to New York to play with Fred Waring, got into commercial radio and has stuck with it ever since.

Verlye is married to Arnold Brilhart, who plays saxophone, flute and clarinet. They met when both were playing for Phil Spitalny. Now, they live in Great Neck, Long Island, where Arnold, who shares his wife's ability to do two things at the same time, runs his own defense plant.

* * *

Julia Sanderson, one of the best loved radio performers, has a new daytime Mutual network show, her first since the death of her husband and co-star, Frank Crumit. The program, entitled "Let's Be Charming," is heard Thursdays, 1:30 to 2 P.M., EWT.

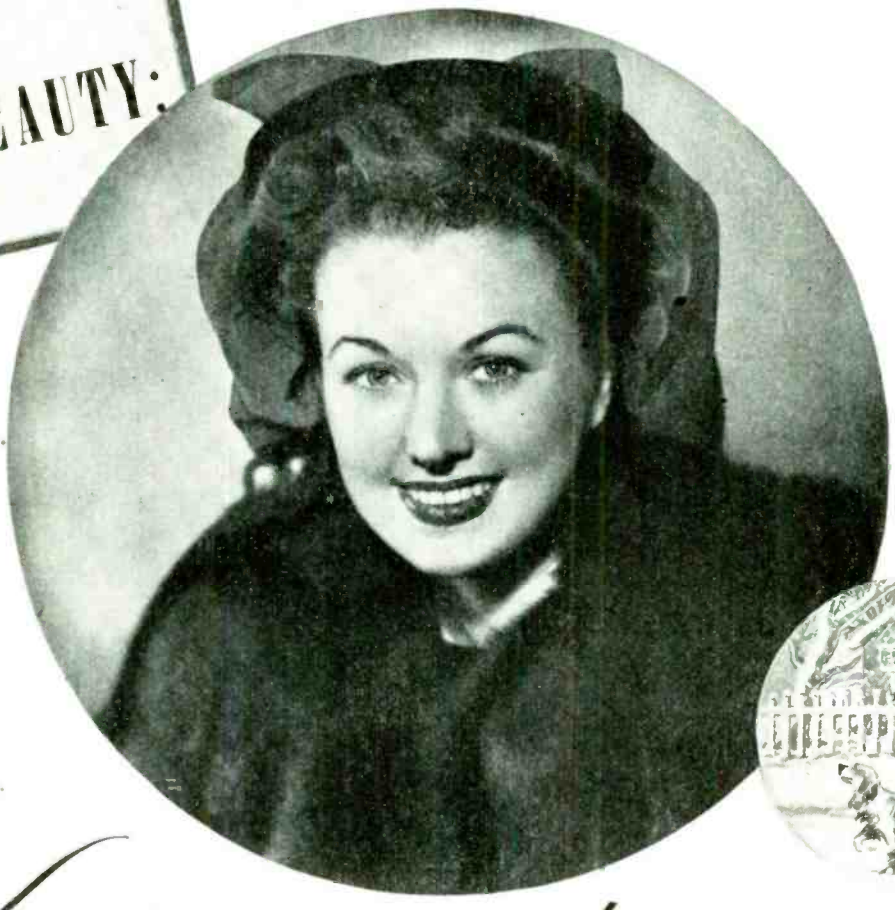
Appearing with Julia are veteran m.c. Pat Barnes, the piano-organ team of Jack Shilkret and Johnny Gart, and a rhythmic trio. Julia Sanderson, one of the entertainment world's most handsome figures, will provide beauty tips, gathered from her experiences in show business.

* * *

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM HERE AND THERE: Happy day—Fred Allen's back and welcome to him! . . . Did you know—or could you guess—that over five thousand babies have been named after Kate Smith? . . . Dinah Shore and Shirley Mitchell, who share quarters, got a really new excuse for leaving from their maid. She didn't leave to go to work in a war plant—not this lady. She quit to go to dramatic school. . . . Hollywood stuff—The National Barn Dance gang is at work on a picture titled—of course—"The National Barn Dance." The title of Sammy Kaye's movie has been changed from "Song of the Open Road" to "It's Great to be Young." Woody Herman and the Herd are due in Hollywood around January 13th to start work in the musical "Sensations of 1944." . . . Good news—rumored at least—by the time this appears Artie Shaw should be back in the States after many months in the Pacific theater where his Navy band has been giving concerts right at the front. . . . Nancy Douglas of Brave Tomorrow was a map collector until the war outdated her entire collection. Here's hoping she can start all over again, soon—with no more changes for many brave tomorrows. . . . With which thought we leave you until next month. Good listening.

# Rx FOR BEAUTY:

Ginny Simms, beautiful star of NBC's Johnny Presents, heard on Tuesday nights, prescribes your routine for this season's stormy weather.



# Keep warm this winter

**By Roberta Ormiston**

STORMY and colder . . . That's the weather forecast ahead . . . Which means we must keep ourselves warm for health—also that we must keep healthy for beauty . . .

Sufficient clothing is most important. Doctors tell us that colds and flu and similar infections spring from germs. However, these germs we have with us always. It's when our resistance drops below par—when we're over-tired or chilled or undernourished—that the germs gain headway. Therefore, we repeat—sufficient clothing *is* important! To health and to beauty!

With the winter upon us we are likely to discover the skin on our bodies growing rough from the cold. To correct this we suggest olive oil massage—about every ten days. Have this massage at night following your tub. Rub the oil into your skin with cotton pledgets or with the palm of your hand. Let the oil remain on overnight. Wear an old nightgown on these occasions so oil stains will be no concern. By morning your skin, having absorbed the oil, will be lovelier.

Keep your face smooth with cream. Use camphor ice on your lips if they have any tendency to chap. Apply cream or hand lotions to your hands—and favor warmly lined gloves.

Because we wear hats much of the time in the winter and also are outdoors less, our hair and scalp are likely to become dry and, by the same token, less healthy and less beautiful. Olive oil shampoos are recommended.

Nothing in the world is more conducive to body warmth than good circulation. And nothing in the world is more conducive to good circulation than exercise. Try this exercise every morning. . . .

Before you leave your bed stretch out—all the way! Throw your arms back beyond your head. At the same time take a deep breath. Then throw your arms forward—all the way! Touch your toes with your finger tips. At the same time exhale. You'll discover you will have to sit up to touch your toes with your fingertips. That's the idea! But lie down and start all over. Do this exercise again and again, at least ten times. Not only your circulation will benefit; your early-morning spirits will too.

Heed the stormy and colder weather forecast that lies ahead for all of us who aren't going to bask on tropical sands . . . Plan your wardrobe and your beauty treatments accordingly. Don't try to turn winter into summer. Instead, keep warm for health and keep healthy for beauty!



## Be Beauty Wiser

*Marian F., Glendale, Calif.:* The white of egg makes a very satisfactory waving fluid. It also gives the hair a sheen. To the white of one egg use four parts of water.

*Gladys H., Riverhead, N. Y.:* If your eyes are close together tweeze your eyebrows at the inner corners. Have a higher arch to your eyebrows. And see to it that your eyebrows do not droop in any downward arch around the outer corners of the eyes.

*Gail G., Frankfort, Ky.:* To banish the rough skin and the dry pimples you complain about, try corn meal, powdered castile soap and finely powdered pumice. One cup corn meal, one half cup powdered castile soap and one quarter of a cup of finely powdered pumice. Mix ingredients thoroughly and keep in a shaker beside your tub. Sprinkle generously and rub into your skin with a flesh brush.

*He likes her air, so debonair!* *But best of all her shining hair!*

# No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

**Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!**

To a man, your most priceless beauty asset is lovely, shining hair. But dull, drab locks can spoil your chance for sweet romance. So always keep your hair glamorous, lustrous. Never let soap or soap shampoos hide the shining beauty a man adores!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember . . . Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it.


HERE'S THE SMART, new page-boy arrangement. Notice the center part . . . the hair brushed up and back from the temples . . . the smooth roll which starts high behind the ears, then slants sharply downward. All help give the head the new, small, narrow look! Extra lustre and smoothness due to Special Drene.

## Special Drene with *Hair Conditioner*

*Product of Procter & Gamble*

***Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!***

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

# Quit Worrying
## ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS

**Of course VITAMIN A!** Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get *all* the extra Vitamin "A" experts say you need.

**Of course VITAMINS G, P-P!** You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and *the entire* Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!

**Of course IRON!** Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

**Of course CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS!** They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

**Of course VITAMIN D!** You get D from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine!

**Of course VITAMIN $B_1$!** You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough $B_1$. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!

## 3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Millions of people know how important it is to take *extra* vitamins and minerals every day. So we want to emphasize this point: Ovaltine is one of the *richest sources* of vitamins and minerals in the world.

In fact, if you just drink 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and eat three average-good meals including fruit juice—you get all the vitamins and minerals you need. All you can profitably use according to experts—unless you're really sick and should be under a doctor's care.

So why worry about vitamins and minerals? Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you can use—along with its many other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health . . .

**3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING**

**OF COURSE** Ovaltine gives you much more than vitamins and minerals. It is prescribed the world over by doctors as a special dietary food for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

**OVALTINE**
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

**WARNING!** Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food. Then today's food shortages make it even more important to rely on Ovaltine for all your extra vitamins and minerals.

# Take me back

*Often marriages are like outworn clothes. Some must be discarded, others can be salvaged. Lee didn't think hers worth saving until—*

CLOTHES wear out, or become too small for you, or go out of style. You hate to throw them away, because they carry pleasant memories—your first really grown-up party dress, the blouse that was so terribly becoming, the hat you wore when you got your first job. Sometimes you try to salvage them, combining, changing, rearranging. But sometimes there's nothing you can do—you must throw them out, clear them away, because they've outlived their usefulness and they are cluttering up the closet.

Marriages wear out, too, just like shoes and dresses and coats. You are reluctant to let them go, because you remember so many things—the whispering of the tenderest words in the world, a hand stretched out in the darkness, the sweet searching of lips on lips. But when those things are gone, when the finer fabric of marriage has faded and torn and lost the smooth, firm texture it had when it was new, what then? Is it worth trying to salvage, or must it be cast away?

I discovered that my marriage had worn out on the day Red came home and told me we were moving to Rocky Bay. It was a month after our seventh wedding anniversary.

"Rocky Bay!" I said. "But Red—we *can't!*"

Red, sprawled in the easy chair nearest the window, ran his fingers through the hair which had long ago made everyone forget his name was Hugh.

"Who says we can't?" he inquired mildly and yet, somehow, dangerously.

*A Stars Over Hollywood Story*

"There's nothing to stop us."

"I mean—" I began, and then I didn't go on. He was perfectly right. There *was* nothing to stop us. We rented our house by the month. Our furniture could be stored or taken with us. We—we had no children. There was no reason in the world why we shouldn't move to Rocky Bay, except that I didn't want to.

"Can't you tell them you've changed your mind?" I asked, and Red stared at me.

BUT why should I?" he demanded. "Gosh, Lee, it's a compliment that they're willing to send me there. Didn't I just get through telling you that they're building a new shipyard at Rocky Bay, and the yard here is giving up a few of its key men to see that everything goes right? Why, I'll be a boss there, not just a lead man. It's a big step up for me."

"Oh, I know," I said miserably. "And it's fine for you. I'm glad, really, Red. But I won't know a soul there, and I'll have to give up my nurse's aide work, and—and you know yourself how hard it is to find any place to live these days . . . Red, I'd *hate* it."

Red sat up straighter, and two up-and-down creases appeared between his gray eyes. "I thought you'd be glad," he said slowly. "A better job, a change—I really thought you'd be glad, and that it would be sort of—sort of a new start for us."

He stood up and went to the mantelpiece, limping a little, as he always did, from the old injury he'd received when he first went to work in the shipyard. It didn't really matter, that limp—Red was as strong as the docks and shipways he helped build—and long ago I'd stopped even noticing it. Now it jarred my nerves.

"What do you mean?" I asked more sharply than I intended. "Do we need a new start?"

He looked down at me. "I think so," he said.

And of course he was right. I knew it, with a kind of sinking dismay in my breast. We needed a new start—if a new start could bring back the romance, the bright colors of love, the adventure of intimacy and not its sameness. Or if it could give us the child we wanted so much and had never had.


But no new start could do these things, I told myself. Red was grasping at straws when he hinted that it could. Only half realizing it, we two had been growing apart for a long time now. A score of little things had separated us: petty irritations, unresolved quarrels, the way Red's world was bounded by his job, my own restlessness and feeling that life was slipping through my fingers, our—

But what was the use? I could find a long list of reasons, but none of them mattered particularly. The important thing was that here, right now, I was face to face with the knowledge that I had no wish to leave my home, my friends, the neatly carved-out existence I had made for myself, and go with Red to Rocky Bay.

He took a deep breath, still standing by the fireplace, and his blue work-shirt stretched tightly over the great drum of his chest. Red's anger was rare, but it was quick and flaming when it came. And it came now. The stem of the pipe he'd picked up snapped suddenly in his fingers.

"What's the matter with you, Lee? You weren't like this when we were married—or if you were, I wasn't smart enough to know it. I thought you'd go anywhere with me, do anything—and you would, too! I wasn't kidding myself. You *were* different then. A fellow could have fun with you—could talk to you and know you were saying what you thought. Now you never tell me where you've been all day or what you've been doing—when you kiss me it's as if you thought you had to—and when I get a chance at a better job you act like a martyr!"

"That's enough, Red!" I was furious too, with the confused fury of knowing that half of his complaints were true, or that all of them were half-true. But if he wanted plain speaking, I could give him some!

"Why should I tell you what I've been doing all day? You aren't interested—you know very well that I spend most of my time at the hospital, working. But you don't want to hear about what I do there, because the only thing that interests you nowadays is your own job and the things connected with it. I've tried—often and often I've tried—and then I've looked at you and found you'd gone to sleep while I was talking. You complain about the way I act when you kiss me—but you only kiss me when *you* happen to think of it! And things won't be any different in Rocky Bay, except that I won't know anyone, or have anything to do!"

His face white under the thatch of coppery hair, Red said tensely, "I guess the point is, just being my wife isn't enough for you!"

I flung it back at him. "Perhaps that *is* the point!" I knew I had hurt him.

Slowly, carefully, he put the pieces of his pipe back on the mantel. "All right, then," he said. "I'll go alone, and you can stay here. Any time you're ready to join me, let me know."

"And if that time never comes?"

Red turned to face me, and his wide lips barely moved as he said, "Then I guess we're through, aren't we?"

Heavily, he walked out of the room, leaving me feeling cold and stiff, as if I had been turned to marble.

*Through!* Well, maybe we were. The idea didn't shock me, and that must mean that somewhere, in the back of my mind, it had been hiding all the time. When two people have no interest in each other, I thought, when the love that once quickened them is dead, it's time for them to separate. And I'd be glad to be free—free of hurrying home to cook meals that Red took for granted, free of long evenings when he dozed over his newspaper and yawned his way to bed. Honesty made me admit that he worked long hours and was tired—but surely all that weariness wasn't physical, surely it

*He reached out and put his hand on mine. "Lee," he said, "I'm sorry for what happened the other night."*

had its roots in his indifference to me! Our life together had lost its savor, and it was best to end it.

In the two days that passed before Red took the train for Rocky Bay, we were very polite to each other. I packed his bags, with many questions about "will you need this—or that?" and he said stiffly that he would deposit part of his wages in the bank for me to draw on—"Until we make up our minds what we're going to do," he added, avoiding my eyes. And he put up all the storm sashes, and took the garden hose down into the cellar, and cautioned me to keep the water level just right in the boiler.

I hadn't planned to go with him to the station—but unexpectedly, at the last minute, I found myself putting on my hat and coat and waiting with him for the taxicab we'd called. It was late in coming, and we nearly missed the train. There was no time for long, embarrassed pauses.

"Goodbye," he said. "I'll come back after a while and—and we'll talk things over." Then, abruptly, he put his hands on my shoulders and pulled me close, his fingers bruising my flesh through the wool of my coat. He kissed me once, hard, on the lips—and swiftly released me and jumped on the train.

I stood on the platform and watched the train disappear—and whether it was the violence of his farewell or the knowledge that he was actually gone, I was shaken and afraid. His kiss still burned on my lips. There had been a deep anger in it, and yet a kind of tenderness too, as if he had been trying to say that he understood, and pitied us both. Turning away, I caught sight of a pretty little blonde woman, drying her eyes, and I remembered that a moment before I had noticed her clinging to a young soldier. I felt ashamed. Red and I had the materials for happiness—we were together, no one told us we must part. The soldier's wife would have said I was lucky—and perhaps she would have been right. Perhaps I was spoiled, wanting more than life could give me, making my own unhappiness.

The little four-room house seemed cold when I returned to it, although the thermometer in the hall showed that it wasn't. There was a piece of string lying on the rug; carefully I picked it up and added it to the big roll which Red kept in one of the kitchen drawers. He was a string-saver, and I'd always laughed at him for it. Just now, it would have hurt me to throw that unimportant bit of string away.

It was evening, and there was nothing to do. Nothing, nothing at all. I was quite free; I could call up Marion Reeves or Alma Bate, and they would invite me to come over. But Joe Reeves would be home, and Alma would insist on talking about her Ralph, who was in the Marines. I could go to a movie, or I could take a walk.

I didn't do anything except, finally, go to bed.

In the next few days, I was forced to look at myself as I had never looked before. I was forced to examine Leila Martin and see what kind of a person she was, and slowly I admitted that I didn't like what I saw. I was restless, dissatisfied, bored with myself and my life. I had no pleasure in my marriage—yet now that Red was away I was lonely. I was useless. Although I was a nurse's aide at the hospital, it seemed to me that my work amounted to very little when there were so many things that needed to be done.

IN THIS mood of self-disgust, I sat down, one evening, and began a letter to Red. It was to have been a humble letter, telling him that I wanted to join him and try again to find the happiness we'd lost somewhere along the road of marriage—but it was never written.

The telephone rang, and it was Marion Reeves, asking, "Can you come over, Lee? Right away? Don's here!"

"Don!" I gasped, and she laughed delightedly.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful? He showed up an hour ago, and I haven't got over the shock yet, because I didn't even know he was in this country. But he is and he insists on seeing you."

"I'll be right over," I promised.

But when I'd hung up, I sat by the telephone a minute, letting memory bring back the picture of Don Clayton, Marion's brother. Not handsome, exactly—Don had never been that—but even when we were kids in high school he'd had a quality about him that made you think he (*Continued on page 75*)

Inspired by an original radio drama, "Heroine Wanted," by Virginia Rooks, heard on CBS, Saturday at 12:30 P.M.

# For you, alone

*Not until Peter had gone did Diane understand what had been in his heart. She knew, then, that her answer would be yes if he should come back to her and whisper, "I love you, dear"*

THE beginning of this story goes back a long way, back to a dream town and to an almost unbelievable time. Or, at least, it seems far away. Actually, everything began right here in Bayview, only three years ago.

But the world—that is, the world that Peter Fieldwell and I, Diane Barton, knew—was different then. Bayview was only a pretty, snug little resort town on the shore of Bay Lake, about ten miles from the big city where most of Bayview's men worked. There was no munitions plant in town then. There was no rationing, and automobiles took us everywhere—to work in the city, to the shops in town, to the beach, up the lake shore for the best fishing places, to the woods at the south end of the lake for Sunday afternoon picnics.

War was only a word in the headlines. Our men came home to us at night, and we went to the movies, or to the lake shore for dancing at the big boathouse we'd nicknamed our yacht club, or we drove in the country, where the heavy perfume of growing things was spiced with the tangy breeze from the lake.

That was our world, Peter's and mine, a snug, sunlit world, with few changes except the gradual ones we made ourselves.

It wasn't the sort of world that Arbelle, Peter's wife, had known. Life, as Arbelle saw it, was pretty hard and the only way to get along was to be a little bit harder.

The changes and the coming of Arbelle all took place after—well, privately, I always dated the beginning of the difference in our lives from the night of the dance. It was a special party, given in honor of the Bayview boys, Peter among them, who had been drafted and who were leaving for camp the next day.

I was in love with the new dress—my first honest-to-goodness evening dress—that mother had bought me to wear to that dance. It was all pale, pearly pink, and it had a tiny bodice and a great, puffy skirt like a pink cloud. I dressed early that evening, and for an hour before Peter came I paraded in front of the mirror in my room, posturing and curtseying and getting used to the newly-revealed curve of my breast above the tight bodice. I didn't see myself as I really was—a girl out of Bayview High only the spring before, whose best features were a shining, fresh-scrubbed look and dreamy gray eyes that might, in a few years, after life had put a firmer expression into them, be fine. I saw the drifting cloud of pink, and it became the sweeping skirt of a princess; ropes of pearls and diamonds lay around my throat, instead of the small gold locket my father had given me on my seventeenth birthday the January before. And it wasn't Peter who was coming for me that evening—it was a cavalier with a jewelled sword, or—my imagination sweeping dizzily to the present in more glamorous places than Bayview—a top-hatted gallant who looked vaguely like Clark Gable and who danced like Fred Astaire.

There was nothing wrong with Peter, you understand. He was my dearest friend, and sometimes, being three years older than I, my advisor. He wasn't the best looking boy in Bayview, but there was a kind of shining eagerness in his thin, fine face, in his sensitive, sharply-cut lips, that made him seem handsome. I would have fought tooth and nail if another girl had tried to elbow me out of my place as Peter's partner at steak frys and parties and the Saturday afternoon coke sessions at the Sweet Shop. At the back of my mind was the comfortable thought that in a few years, when we were ready for it, Peter and I would be married.

But—Peter had taken the place of the brothers and sisters I'd never had. We'd skipped stones and sailed boats and studied and fished and fought together for as long as I could remember. Peter just wasn't a romantic figure to me. He had no place in the dream-world I saw as I pirouetted before the mirror in my party dress.

Mother came in and very nearly caught me in the midst of a curtsey. "Diane, Peter's here—"

I grabbed my white flannel coat and dashed to the stairs. Half-way down I stopped, and with my steps cut elegantly short, with the proper touch of a smile on my face, I advanced into the living room.

The reaction I got was satisfactory. Peter said,

**A Just Five Lines Drama**

Suggested by an original radio drama by Amzie Strickland and Robert Arthur and heard on Just Five Lines.

"Well, for gosh—" and looked as if something had choked him off suddenly. I thought perhaps it was the dignity of his own clothes—the well-pressed slacks, the light jacket, the collar and tie. It was a long time since I'd seen a tie on Peter. We wore sports clothes to our ordinary weekly dances, and around Fieldwell's Drug, where he helped his father, he wore slacks and open-throat shirts.

FATHER stole a glance at me from behind his evening paper, a glance that settled into a stare of inspection. When we went out, he said, "Have a good time," as usual, but he didn't tell me to be home by twelve, which wasn't usual.

We rode to the dance with Louise Owens and Jimmy Hall, and it was different, that night, from the boisterous way in which we usually rattled around Bayview. Jimmy drove as sedately as his father would have. When Peter helped me into the car and said, "To the Yacht Club, James!" both boys laughed, but they didn't keep up the clowning. Louise didn't face around in the seat and gossip with me on the way over. She had her head close to Jimmy's shoulder, and she gave her whole attention to him.

The boathouse was beautiful enough to be a yacht club. It was a low, square building with wide, pillared porches, and now in the moonlight it had the mellow look of a Southern mansion. On one side was the lake, all silver radiance, and on another was a terrace where Chinese lanterns bobbed among the trees.

I checked my wrap, and came out to find Peter just standing there, looking. "Peter," I breathed, "isn't it wonderful?"

Ordinarily he laughed at my enthusiasm for what he called fripperies. But this time he said soberly, "It sure is. I never realized just how wonderful."

I wished that he hadn't started talking about the war overseas just when we went in to dance. He couldn't give himself over to the music and think, too, and he stumbled over words and got his sentences mixed so that what he was trying to say wasn't very clear. "You know, Diane," he said seriously, "it's funny leaving all this—the town and the bunch we've gone around with—and everything. I mean, it's funny leaving it so soon, without having a chance to realize how much it meant, without—well, without doing anything much about it. When I think of the time I've wasted, putting off my pharmacy course until this winter, and putting off other things I've meant to do—and then when I think that I might not get back to them for a long time—"

I tried to reassure him. "Peter," I said, "you know you'll be home again soon. I met Peg Allgood on the street today, and she says Mickey's coming back next week. She says he treated the months in camp just like school—"

My voice trailed off, because Peter was looking at me oddly. Then he asked, "Diane, don't you ever read the papers?"

I was a little irritated. Of course I read the papers, but Berlin and Bayview were oceans apart—everyone knew that.

But I couldn't be annoyed with him long, and when the music stopped, and he led me out toward the terrace, I followed him as I'd always followed him, unquestioningly. We walked past the terrace where other couples sat, down the three stone steps to the lawn, where the moonlight played and the lanterns danced like great moths in the trees. It was magically beautiful; at any minute I expected a harlequin to step out of the shadows with a lute in his hands. The late summer moon was so round and golden warm that I could almost feel it on my arms, through my thin dress, as one feels sunshine.

I murmured, "I don't think there's any place in the world as lovely as Bayview—"

He stopped and swung around to face me. "That's part of what I meant," he began eagerly, "when I was talking about going away. It makes some sense to my going—knowing that Bayview and all of the little towns like it have to be kept as they are so that other kids will have a chance to grow up with all of the things we've had. Only—" He stopped, and his voice thickened queerly. "Only, I hate to go, in a way. The whole world is changing, and Bayview can't help changing, too. I want to go knowing that something will be the same when I get back. I want to be sure that everything — everything between you and me will be the same—"

I hadn't been listening to him, really. I'd been watching the play of shadows in the glade by the lake, trying to remember the poetry it reminded me of. Something out of the Shakespeare course in our senior year—"When moonlight sleeps on yonder bank—"

The line snapped off suddenly in my mind. Peter's arms were around me, and Peter's lips were on mine in a kind of anxious, unsure searching.

For a minute I was too surprised to do anything. Then my forearm shot up, striking him away. "Peter!" I gasped.

It sounds funny and childish, doesn't it? It was childish, but then, I'd never thought of Peter and me as being grown up, ready for the bigger emotions that lay ahead of us. That kiss, to me, was exactly as if he'd reached over and pulled my hair, as he'd done the year I'd worn braids. Only, I thought, it wasn't a very nice way to tease.

Then I saw the stunned, hurt look on his face, and I realized that it wasn't at all funny. He didn't say anything—just stood rubbing his chin, staring at me with a perplexed look in his eyes.

"Peter—" I stammered.

He reached over and took my hand, as if I were a very small girl. "I'm sorry, Diane," he said gently. "Let's go back, shall we?"

I followed a step or two behind him, confused and miserable. I'd made a mistake, I realized, although I didn't understand exactly why or how. All I knew was that it wasn't right to have this silence, this separation between Peter and me.

Through the rest of the evening the incident remained a wall between us. Peter pretended that it hadn't happened, and he evaded my half-hidden attempts to lead up to it. There was no chance to talk on the ride home with Louise and Jimmy, but I looked forward to the moment in front of my door when we would say goodnight. It would be more than goodnight; it would be goodbye this time, and surely —surely, Peter wouldn't go, to be away for months, without seeing that everything was easy and friendly between us, as it had always been.

But there wasn't any moment at my door. Peter escorted me up the walk, said goodnight, and started back to the car. I couldn't believe it. "Peter!" I called, and the name burst from me, like a cry for help.

It stopped him for a second. He turned uncertainly, and then he waved and called back, "I'll write to you." And then he was gone.

I watched him disappear into the dark tonneau of the car, watched the car out of sight down the street, and I couldn't explain the heavy feeling of depression and apprehension within me. It wasn't exactly that I was upset about Peter—after all, nothing serious had happened. He would write to me, and I would answer, and everything would be straightened out. Surely, an incident could make no difference in the years in which Peter and I had been growing up together.

What I couldn't know then, and what I learned slowly in the months that followed, was that with Peter's going everything I had known in Bayview began to be changed and was lost to me in the changing. I didn't go to the train in the morning to see him off. He hadn't expected me to, and now I'd have felt uncomfortable about going. Louise Owens woke me up by coming in and plopping herself informally at the foot of my bed. "Diane," she cried, "I've been to the station—and I couldn't go home without telling you the news! Jimmy and I are engaged!"

I blinked sleepily and looked at her hand, and she said hastily, "Oh, I haven't my ring yet. You see, it just happened last night—and we weren't

the only ones, either. Rufe Harding gave Sarah a ring, and Elsabeth and Mac are going to be married—"

I stared at her, and her laughter brimmed over at my amazement. But I wasn't putting it on for her sake—I honestly couldn't understand. Why, Louise and Jimmy had been just good friends, like Peter and me, only they hadn't been going around together as long. And it wasn't a month since Elsabeth had said that Mac was such a terrible dancer that she'd never date him again if there was another man available. She had, of course, because they really liked each other, but now they were going to spend the rest of their lives together!

FROM that morning I began to feel out of things. It wasn't just that my friends were engaged, and somehow too busy writing letters and sewing for their hope chests and seeing their fiances' mothers to spend much time with me. It wasn't just that going out with other boys wasn't at all like being with Peter. There were other changes, too.

The Big Sandy Mills, the town's one industry, after years of grinding grain on a leisurely five-day week, were suddenly running full capacity. The town was shorthanded, and the beach and the docks closed early, making the lake shore a lonely place. The old mill at Tremble Creek, a favorite haunt through the years for everything from playing Indian to steak frys, had been torn down. In its place sprawled the munitions plant, almost finished and very nearly blotting out the creek itself.

More and more boys left, and the coke sessions at the Sweet Shop dwindled, until even the girls stopped going there. Gossiping among ourselves wasn't very interesting unless there were dates and parties to talk about.

I couldn't even linger in Fieldwell's Drug, chatting with Peter's father, as I used to do. With Peter gone, and because he could get no other help, he was too busy to more than send a dish of ice cream scooting across the counter to me.

More than anything else, I missed Peter. The few letters I'd had from him hadn't been satisfactory. They were strained and rather formal, not at all like the long, freely-written accounts of himself he'd sent at other times when he'd been away. I didn't know how to reply except in kind, and presently his letters stopped altogether. He was waiting, I thought, until he had a chance to come home, when we could smooth things out in person.

It was a talisman, the thought of his homecoming, that I carried with

*Strangely, suddenly I felt that I was older and wiser than Arbelle. "You can't go now," I said gently.*

me through the empty days; it was something to live for and to look forward to. The vague, Clark Gable-Fred Astaire figure in my dreams had given way to a thin, blond boy with sharply-cut, sensitive lips. Sometimes, shyly—even in the privacy of my own mind—I recalled our last night together, the touch of his lips and the slim, young warmth of him close to me, and I knew that when I saw him again, I wouldn't push him away.

Even the ugly shock of Pearl Harbor was softened for me by Mr. Fieldwell's assurances that Peter would be home soon. In the next few weeks when my friends, almost in a body, went to work in the Big Sandy Mills and dug in, as Louise put it, for the duration. I held off joining them. I wanted to be sure that when Peter came home, I would have every minute free to spend with him.

Only one incident marked those weeks of waiting for Peter, and it was memorable only because nothing else at all had happened to me. I walked, one December afternoon, out toward Tremble Creek, not to see the munitions plant, but to visit what was left of a place Peter and I had known well. I was on my way home, picking my way carefully in the dusk down the lane which led to the highway, when I heard a car behind me. I moved to the side of the road; the car passed me, then stopped, and the driver leaned out. I recognized him—he'd been pointed out to me in town as Harry Todd, the personnel manager at the munitions plant.

"Can I give you a lift into town?" he called.

"Thanks," I said breathlessly, and stepped gratefully into the car. I was tired, and the day had turned unexpectedly cold.

"You're Diane Barton, aren't you?" he asked, as the car slid smoothly toward the highway.

I was startled. "Why, yes. How did you know?"

He flashed me a smile, and I saw that he was handsomer than he'd appeared at a distance—a man of medium height, compactly built, with small, regular features. His eyes were dark brown; the pin-points of light in the pupils were more noticeable than in other eyes; they looked at once intent and restless and unreadable. "It's my business to know," he said. "I scouted Bayview long before the plant was finished. Didn't you get one of the application blanks I sent out?"

"I did," I admitted, "but my friends are all working at Big Sandy—"

"And you'll join them, eh? That's too bad." For a moment I imagined a special emphasis on the last words, but then he went on to talk casually about the number of workers he'd had to import from the city, about the problem of housing them and keeping them satisfied in a small town.

He drove me home, ignoring my protests that he could drop me any place in town. (*Continued on page* 82)

# A house

*The day they returned from their honeymoon it appeared—the shadow that hung over them until they were no longer husband and wife but only people living under one roof*

IF I could have looked ahead that morning, seen into the future, perhaps I wouldn't have been so happy. If I could have seen the heartbreak ahead, the doubts, the fears, perhaps I wouldn't have been so content. But that's wrong—I would have been happy and content, just the same, I think. My happiness on that lovely sunny summer morning was a thing set apart, something a little nearer to heaven than to earth, something that had nothing to do with the everyday world, with the life behind me or the life ahead.

It was such a lovely feeling—just to lie there and listen to the sounds that were at once strange and deliciously, intimately familiar, to try to follow Charles' movements from the sounds I could hear him make, although I couldn't see him.

That—that brittle-sounding click—was his razor being laid down on the glass shelf. That smaller, rustling sound, to the accompaniment of a chuckle, meant that he had remembered, at the last minute, to put back the top on his shaving cream. Now he was pulling the curtain of the shower, now turning on the faucet and standing for a moment, bracing himself for the cold water. I smiled to myself, wondering whether all men gasped and snorted and then began to sing off-key like that, taking their morning showers. And then I stopped wondering, because I didn't really care about other men. Other men were not mine. Charles *was* mine—all mine.

"All right, lazy!" Charles called. "You're next."

He came out of the bathroom, rubbing at his hair with the towel until it stood up all over his head in a mass of tangled, wet curls. Even the bulky terry cloth robe couldn't hide the breadth of his shoulders and the lithe, swift lines of his athletic body. I loved watching him. He moved like a much younger man. Not that he was old. He was thirty-six, and that seemed just the right age for a man to be. In fact, everything about Charles was right as far as I was concerned—his dark hair, his blue-gray eyes, his lean face with the firm jaw and full lips.

An instant later those lips were on mine, pressing, seeking, sweet. "Still love me?" he asked with a little-boy grin.

"More than ever," I told him softly.

"Then get up—I'm hungry." He laughed gaily. "Not very romantic, am I?"

I had to laugh, too. I was hungry myself. "Darling," I said, reaching for my dressing gown, "would it be too extravagant if we had breakfast sent up again?"

"Sure it's extravagant," Charles said, "but that's what honeymoons are for—" He pulled me out of bed and held me close for a moment, before giving me a little push toward the bathroom. "Hurry up, and I'll order everything."

While I was dressing I could hear Charles on the telephone and even the muffled sound of his voice sent little thrills of delight through me. Perhaps it was silly, but I couldn't help it. He had brought me a whole new world, a whole new life. It wasn't just some intangible, mystical thing, either. I could see it in the mirror—the fresh glow of my skin, the way my brown eyes had of shining, now, the new softness about my lips, the new sheen on my hair. Charles said I was beautiful, and I almost believed him—not with any vanity, but because I wanted to be everything he wanted and needed in a woman—and everything that he believed me to be.

I dressed very carefully for this, our last breakfast alone together. When I stepped out into the sunlight of the balcony, where Charles had had the waiter set up the table, I was glad I had taken such great care with my appearance. His eyes lit up, and he held out his hand to me.

"You're beautiful, Martha," he said, very softly. "Last night I thought I'd never seen anything as lovely as you in the moonlight. Now—now, with the sun making your hair look like honey, and—oh, well, maybe I'd better just say it without trying to dress it up. I love you. I love you, and I hope you'll never for one moment regret having married me . . ."

I closed my hand tightly over his. "Don't say that," I told him. "Don't even think it, ever, for a second!"

How brave and sure I was of myself!

I suppose most women feel that way

Inspired by an original radio story, "Love and Chemistry," by Amzie Strickland and Robert Arthur heard on Just Five Lines over Mutual.

**A Just Five Lines Drama**

# divided

when they marry. I did. I wasn't a child. I had been independent, earning my living as a school teacher, for six years. I had met many men, and some of them had asked me to marry them. Once or twice I had almost been tempted to accept. Almost—but not quite. Something had always seemed to be lacking. It hadn't been until I had met Charles Steel and his blue-gray eyes had laughed into mine to send my pulses racing and the touch of his hand had left a glow tingling through every fibre of my being, that I knew I was in love—then, and forever and forever.

Perhaps this sounds terribly romantic and childish for a woman of thirty, falling in love with a man of thirty-six. It wasn't. We had something, Charles and I—a rare and wonderful something that was a perfect harmony of physical attraction and mutual interests and respect. There was never any question in my mind that I would marry Charles—or even that he would ask me. It was one of those things that had to happen.

It was this inevitability about the way we loved and needed each other that kept me from thinking too much about other things. Charles had been married before; he told me about it. He had loved his first wife very much—he was honest about that, just as I wanted him to be, always. When their little girl, Andrea, was born, his wife had died. For a time he had felt that he couldn't go on living without her, he told me, and the only thing that kept him going was his little girl and her need for him. Gradually, of course, his sorrow had worn thin, and then faded completely. He was too healthy, mentally and physically, to live in the past forever.

All that had been twelve years before. Of course, he had met many women in that time. Several times he had even thought he was in love, but some instinct had kept him from marrying. And now, like me, he was glad he hadn't. He wanted very much for me to understand that he hadn't been waiting all this time for someone who was like his first wife, who could take her place in that sense, at all.

"You aren't like her, Martha," he tried to explain. "You don't look like her, or think like her, or—it's so hard to put into words. I—well, I guess I've changed in twelve years, too. And you are what I need, now—what she might

have become, as a person, if she had lived." And I understood. There never seemed to me to be any need for being jealous of her, or what she had been to him. It was as if that had taken place in another world, with people I had never known.

Nor did it occur to me to be frightened by the prospect of moving into a home where there was a twelve-year-old girl—a ready-made family. I had met Andrea many times, and we always got along very well. She was a sweet, quiet little girl, with strange, large, solemn eyes. It seemed to me that she was too serious for a child her age, but I was sure I could change that. After all, I had been working with children for six years. I understood them. I had all sorts of plans for Andrea, ideas that I felt sure would win her out of her strange reserve. I'd take her places she'd like to go, and I'd buy her some pretty new clothes and those things would just naturally make her bright and happy. She would become a part of the thing Charles and I shared, not be outside it.

As I say, I was very brave and sure of myself.

I was so sure of myself that it didn't even occur to me to notice anything strange the day Charles and I came home from our honeymoon. It seemed quite right to me that Andrea should come tearing down the path to the gate, screaming with delight, "Daddy—Daddy, you're here!" and leaping up into his arms like a young, enthusiastic puppy. That *was* right, of course. But her behavior toward me was something quite different.

Charles lifted her high and kissed her and whirled her about before setting her down. Then, holding her hand, he said, "Now kiss your mother, Andrea—"

"Mother?" she asked, and the word seemed to be strange to her, as if it had never passed her lips, as if she had never even thought it. "Oh—you mean —Martha." Obediently she put up her cheek for me to kiss, a cold, distant little cheek.

"Yes, darling," Charles said. "She's your mother now, you know. And I want you both to love each other—because I love you both very much."

"Yes, Daddy," Andrea said quietly.

"Andrea," I said quickly, "you—you can call me anything you like, of course. Martha, if that's easier for you. We'll be friends and—"

"Yes," she said. And she walked between us up to the house, almost imperceptibly closer to her father than to me.

In the open doorway stood a woman. I knew that Charles had a housekeeper, but it had never occurred to me to ask very much about her. Somehow I had expected an elderly, motherly sort of person, plump and round-faced and cheery. Agatha Greeley was none of those things. She was a year or so on the far side of forty, I judged, and quite tall and thin. Her face was sharp, and when we came into the house, two round spots of red glowed on her thin cheeks. Her eyes were very bright, and her voice, when she spoke, was sharp and thin too; an unhappy voice, it seemed to me.

"Welcome home, Mr. Steel," she said formally. "And Mrs. Steel."

"Hello, Agatha," Charles greeted her cheerfully. "How's everything since I've been gone? Andrea been a good girl?"

"She's always a good girl," Agatha said. She turned to the child. "Andrea, you come along and have your supper now. I'm sure your father wants to show his—wife—her new home."

I'm afraid I stared at her for a long moment. Then I caught myself. "Oh, no," I laughed. "I'd love to have Andrea show me everything. And surely, Andrea's a big enough girl to have her dinner with us—tonight, at least."

Agatha looked at Charles then, as if she were taking orders only from him. It was an awkward situation for a moment. But Charles was far too happy to give in to vague feelings and disturbances on his first night home.

"I think Martha's right, Agatha," he said.

Agatha frowned, and I, not knowing just what her position in the house was, or how these things had been managed in the past, said, "And you—won't you be having your dinner with us, too?"

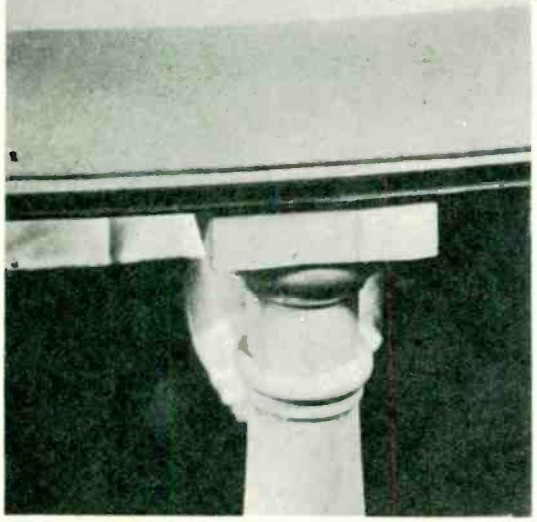
"That's a fine idea," Charles said. "Come along now, you two," he grinned at Andrea and me. "Let's get this tour of inspection over with."

I was vaguely troubled as I followed them about from room to room. It was a lovely house, but it didn't seem really to have been lived in. I knew that Charles did not spend too much time there; his job at the Mills frequently kept him busy at all hours, especially since the war. Andrea's room, while it had all the fittings, didn't seem to be a little girl's room, at all. Her dolls were all sitting like soldiers, straight and somehow looking untouched. There was none of the happy disorder that comes of people having fun in a place. This, too, I was resolved to change. I was sure a happy, carefree rumpus would be very good for Andrea.

That first evening in my new home passed strangely. Even Charles grew quiet and reserved toward the end of dinner, and, in spite of all my efforts, we all seemed to run out of things to talk about. Finally, Agatha stood up and announced that it was Andrea's bedtime. I must confess that I breathed

*The child never called her Mummy, or any other of the warm little names Martha would have*

*"You're beautiful, Martha," he said. "I love you and I hope you will never regret marrying me."*



a sigh of relief, watching them walk up the stairs hand in hand.

Charles and I relaxed then, before the fire. I asked him about Agatha Greeley, whether we had to keep her now. After all, while he was a widower he had needed her—but now I was here to run the house and take care of Andrea. I didn't say it aloud, but I did think I could do a better job of it, too—not so much from the standpoint of efficiency, perhaps, but from the standpoint of happiness.

Charles leaned back in his chair and smiled vaguely at me. "You're beautiful in the moonlight—and more beautiful in the sunlight. But you're most beautiful of all in the firelight."

"Charles," I laughed, "I was asking you a question."

"Were you? Oh, bother questions tonight, dear. I love you—let's talk about that, and about the future."

It was impossible to get anywhere with Charles then. He was much too happy about having his wife and daughter under one roof and full of grand ideas about what the three of us would do—and in loving me. And the next day and the day after that he was too busy catching up with his work and arranging for all his friends to meet me.

Gradually, we settled down into a routine. Sometimes I was even a little ashamed of having thought of sending Agatha away. She was very cooperative, showing me how Charles liked certain dishes cooked and how his house should be run to please him. Her being there proved to be a relief. It gave me more time to spend with Andrea.

I'm not quite sure just when the trouble started; I couldn't name a day and an hour and say "It was then." There had been a vague feeling of unrest ever since Charles and I got home, as far as Andrea was concerned, but I knew that we all had to make adjustments, and that perhaps Andrea's was the hardest of all to make. I realized from the very beginning that I would not have the little girl's affection without winning it. After all, she had had her home and her father to herself for twelve years. I could understand what a shock it must be to have a woman appear suddenly on the scene—a woman whom one must call Mother, who seemed to be usurping your place as the one nearest and dearest to your father. I thought it was stupidly manlike of Charles to expect to solve the whole problem simply by telling us to love one another because he loved us both so much. Still, I was sure I could handle it, and slowly, delicately, win Andrea's love and trust.

I did everything I could think of doing. I thought up little surprises for her. I tried to help her with her lessons so that she would have more time to play with the other children. I took her shopping, bought her new—and prettier—clothes. I tried to get her interested in spending time with me, thinking up some surprise for Charles between us. But when she had free time she curled up in a corner to read instead of going out to play. She thanked me soberly for the clothes, but showed none of the average girl's exuberance over pretty things. When we did something together for Charles—I making a cake and she frosting it for me, for instance—she worked quietly by my side, rather more as if she were a well-trained servant than a child. I wanted very much for her to see that I wasn't trying to supplant her in her father's life, that there was room for both of us. Sometimes, perhaps, I tried so hard I spoiled her a bit.

It was little things that began to trouble me, such small things that I was afraid to trust my instinct about them. I was sure Andrea wasn't happy, and I wanted her to be but I didn't know what to do about it. There was something strange between us, something foreign, and I couldn't be quite sure what it was. Certainly she turned to Agatha more readily than she did to me—it was almost as if there were a wall down the center of the house, with Agatha and Andrea on one side and me on the other. I wanted to speak to Charles about it, once, but when I tried he just laughed.

"NONSENSE," he said. "She's a funny, sober little kid. Been too much alone with just a housekeeper instead of a regular mother. Give her time and she'll liven up. You'll see. Why, she's crazy about you, but she just doesn't know how to show it."

That wasn't it, I knew. Andrea was well aware how to show her affection. She demonstrated that often enough with her father, and, in a lesser degree, with Agatha. No, Andrea just didn't like me, and it was going to take a long time, and infinite patience, to win her—if ever I did.

One thing—when Charles was there she did seem different. She always called me Mother before him, for instance. Never Mummy, or any of the other, warmer little names which I would have preferred, but Mother just the same. When we were alone she never called me anything, just "you."

And there were other things. There was the time when I tried to help her with her homework and she pulled her books away from me almost roughly and said, very deliberately, "I'd rather do it myself." In the evening, however, when Charles was there, she took her problems to him and asked for his help.

"Why, baby," (*Continued on page 89*)

***liked—never anything but just "you." Martha knew she was partly to blame but she was helpless***

***PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—***

# *Backstage Wife*

***These are the pictures you wanted—the friends you hear daily in the exciting true-to-life story of a girl who changed from the role of backstage wife to war wife***

*MARY NOBLE'S life is the answer to the question: "What happens to a little Iowa girl who marries one of America's handsomest actors?" She discovered that life is not all glamour, learned the difficulty that can follow when a famous man is besieged by foolish, adoring women. Larry, however, is now a lieutenant in the Coast Guard, stationed overseas, and Mary's problem has been how to live her life as a war wife. Mary is now in New York rehearsing for a play which will mark her debut as a star on Broadway.*
(Played by Vivian Fridell)

*LARRY NOBLE has been on duty in the Mediterranean, serving as second in command of a U.S. Coast Guard vessel. Recently, however, he was ordered back to this country to carry out a confidential government assignment. He is now in New York, living at a hotel only a few blocks from the theater where Mary is rehearsing. Mary's and Larry's lives are complicated because Larry thinks Mary is still in Hollywood with their young son, Larry, Jr., while she believes he is still on duty in North Africa.*
(Played by Ken Griffin)

Backstage Wife, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard on NBC, Monday through Friday, 4 P.M., EWT.


*LARRY NOBLE JR., Mary's six-year-old son, is a lovable though frequently mischievous youngster. Now that Larry is in the Coast Guard, their boy is the center of Mary's existence and although she is thrilled at the prospect of a new career his interests come first with her. He is almost as dear to Maude, who shares Mary's home in New York as she did in Hollywood, and Tom, and it is these two whom Mary relies on for advice about her son.*

*MAUDE MARLOWE, the famous and beloved character actress, frequently described as the "grand old lady of the theater," is an old friend of the Noble family. She came East with Mary and will play one of the important supporting roles in "Blackout," the play in which Mary is to have the leading role. Maude agrees with Tom that it will be better for Mary's career and the play if Mary does not know Larry has returned to New York until after the "Blackout" premiere.*
(Played by Henrietta Tedro)

*SANDRA BARCLAY is another friend of Mary's. She is a talented portrait painter and a charming girl, but she is subject to occasional moods of depression. She refuses to reveal the cause of her unhappiness or to let anyone read an old letter which apparently contains the key to the mystery. Mary, in an effort to help, has persuaded her to come East and they are now living in the same apartment building.*
(Played by Eloise Kummer)

*TOM BRYSON, who was formerly Larry's manager, worked in a war plant in Hollywood after the actor enlisted. There he kept in close touch with Mary and, sensing her talent for the stage, wrote a patriotic play "Blackout" for her. He is now in New York supervising rehearsals and it was he who first learned of Larry's return. However, fearing that Larry might object to Mary's going on the stage, he decided not to tell her that Larry is in town.*
(Played by Frank Dane)

# BRAVE GIRL

Suggested by a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10:15 P.M., EWT, on Mutual.

WITH my little brown overnight bag at my side, I sat and waited for Hal, and half the time I was afraid he wouldn't come, and half the time I was afraid he would.

The June sunlight was like warm yellow honey, all around me. Somewhere in the tall grasses, grasshoppers chirped, and butterflies drifted through the air. I was out of sight of the road, of course, but I listened to each car as it approached, wondering if it would slow up and stop, just this side of the bridge—because the car that stopped would be the one Hal had borrowed from his friend Joe Gaines. And once I had heard it, there would be no going back.

Not that I had any intention of going back. People could say what they liked, Dad and Mom could rage and cry and call me a silly little idiot, all my friends could gossip and giggle to their heart's content. I didn't care. I loved Hal and he loved me, and we were going to be married. We were going to be married today, and that was the end of it. No, not the end. The beginning.

They were all wrong about him, anyway. The whole town was wrong. Just because he was quick-tempered and unhappy, they said he was no good, would never be any good. They said he would never do anything except hang around Joe Gaines' pool hall and sponge off his mother and get into fights and— But I didn't want to think about the things they said, because I'd been guilty of saying them, or at least believing them, myself.

A car came along the road and I felt my heart begin to thud because it seemed to be slowing up. But it went on, over the little wooden bridge, and I sank back against the sun-warmed stone behind me.

Suppose he couldn't borrow the car, after all? Or suppose he hadn't meant it, two nights ago in this very spot, when he said, in that husky, deep voice of his:

"Judy, you're the only good thing that's ever happened to me—the only person I ever knew that didn't make me feel like fighting. I don't know why. Maybe it's because you're so little and still so spunky, but anyway— Gosh," he'd said, looking worried and unhappy, "I guess I love you."

And his kiss had been reverent and soft—until I threw my arms around his neck and pulled him close, close, close, to let him know I was not afraid of having him love me or of loving him in return.

He tore his lips away. "I can't do a thing like this to you," he almost sobbed. "You're just a kid—"

"I'm *not* just a kid!" I said furiously. "I'm nearly eighteen, and—and if I want to marry you, I will."

Still holding me in his arms, he drew back and looked at me. The moon, just rising in the east, sent its light full into my face and left his in shadow. "Marry—?" he said. "You're crazy. Your father'd have me run out of town. And anyway, I'm going to enlist in the Army."

"I don't care! I don't care!" I threw myself against him, pressing my cheek against the hardness of his chest. "We'll run away, and when we come back we'll be already married, and there won't be a thing Dad can do about it. And if you're going into the Army—well, that's all the more reason we ought to be married right away."

He didn't move, didn't tighten his arms. But somehow I knew it wasn't because he didn't want to. He was trying to believe that this had happened to him—Hal Rayburn, the boy everyone said was no good.

He'd believed it himself, until now. In a town the size of Fairoaks it isn't easy to go against public opinion, and public opinion had put Hal down as a "bad one" when he was fifteen and had flatly refused to attend school any longer, getting into a fight with the probation officer sent to talk to him. After that, it was a year before anyone would give him a job, and when the box factory finally took him on he got into another fight there and was fired. People said he was quarrelsome and lazy, and wouldn't take orders, and they pitied his widowed mother who earned a meager living taking in washing and cleaning by the day.

Maybe it was all true . . . as far as it went. You could find him, often enough, lounging in front of Gaines' pool room, a cigarette thrust between his full, sullen lips, watching the people who went past with bitter eyes. He was only twenty, and his life was empty and aimless.

Not that I ever paid much attention to him. I was in my last year of high school, and I had my own friends. I was class treasurer, and I was going to have a part in the Senior play, and there were at least three boys—nice boys, whose fathers were friends of Dad's in the Lion's Club and the I.O.O.F.—who were always asking me to go out with them.

Then, on a May night two weeks before graduation, I happened to be coming home alone from a Senior play rehearsal. It was my own fault I was alone; I'd decided that Dick Hale, who usually walked home with me, was being tiresome, and had slipped out of the school auditorium while he was still on the stage rehearsing the last scene of the play. I walked along, feeling the spring air cool on my forehead, scuffing the ground with my flat-heeled saddle-shoes, past the funeral parlor and across the tracks. I didn't even notice the men in front of Gaines' until one of them stepped out, blocking my way, and said, "Hello, kid."

He was a big fellow, and a complete stranger to me. I glanced at him, and without answering tried to go around him, but he sidestepped so I couldn't, and I heard suppressed snickers from the group in the doorway.

"Nice night for a walk," he said, and put his hand on my arm. I smelled the whiskey on his breath then, and began to be afraid—even though I couldn't believe that I was really in any danger.

*The whispers around us were louder than the music—we danced every dance together.*

*Judy was never ashamed of loving the boy they said was no good. Yet when she could have married him, she had the courage to refuse*

not here on Virginia Street in Fairoaks. Still, it was after ten o'clock, and the block was deserted except for me and the man beside me and the two or three others in the doorway.

"Please let me pass," I said, trying to sound haughty and aloof but not being very successful at it because my voice was quivering. And I shook his hand off my arm but he put it right back on, and this time he held me tight.

He was grinning. "Aw, now, you don't want to go home yet," he said. "How about lettin' me buy you a drink? Where's all that 'Welcome to Fairoaks' I saw on the sign at the city limits?"

All at once my heart was hammering. I looked at the others, and I didn't know them either. I thought of screaming, but it seemed so ridiculous—and besides, my throat was dry and I wasn't sure I could. "Please—" I whispered again.

I've wondered, since, if he would have let me go. Probably he would have. Probably he was only bored and restless, and anxious to show off in front of his friends. But just then Hal Rayburn came out of the pool room, saw what was happening, and walked over to us.

"Come on, fellow," he said. "Quit bothering this girl."

The man—he was bigger than Hal—bristled angrily. "Yeah?" he said. "Suppose I tell you to go—" And then, without finishing, Hal knocked him down. Then, standing over him and rubbing his knuckles, he said to the others, "Any of you got any other ideas on the subject?" They didn't answer, and he turned to me. Gruffly, he said,

*In the long and gloomy hall outside the door of my room, Hal kissed me goodnight.*

"Guess I better walk the rest of the way home with you."

It shows what I'd learned to think of Hal Rayburn that, frightened as I was, my first instinctive reaction was that I'd rather go home alone than with him. "Oh, you needn't—thanks for what you've done, but—but I'll be all right—"

He looked at me and shrugged indifferently. "All right. It was just an idea. But if you'd rather not—"

The hot blood of shame burned my cheeks, my forehead. I thought he'd read my mind, although I know now that it was only his sense of inferiority, seizing upon the smallest thing to convince him that he was being snubbed.

"OH, I didn't mean—" I stammered. "Of course, I'd be very grateful—I *am* grateful—"

"Okay," he said. "Skip it." Without glancing at the man he'd knocked down, who was picking himself up off the ground, he began walking along the street.

I followed, and we covered almost a block in complete silence. I stole sidelong glances at him out of the corners of my eyes, because, although I knew him by sight, this was the first time I'd ever really seen him. He was dark. His skin was dark, and his hair, and his eyes, and there was something dark about the way he moved and spoke. He was handsome too, I decided, or at least he would have been handsome if he weren't so gloomy. After a while I said, rather timidly:

"I'm Judy Collins."

"I know," he said without turning, and there was another long silence.

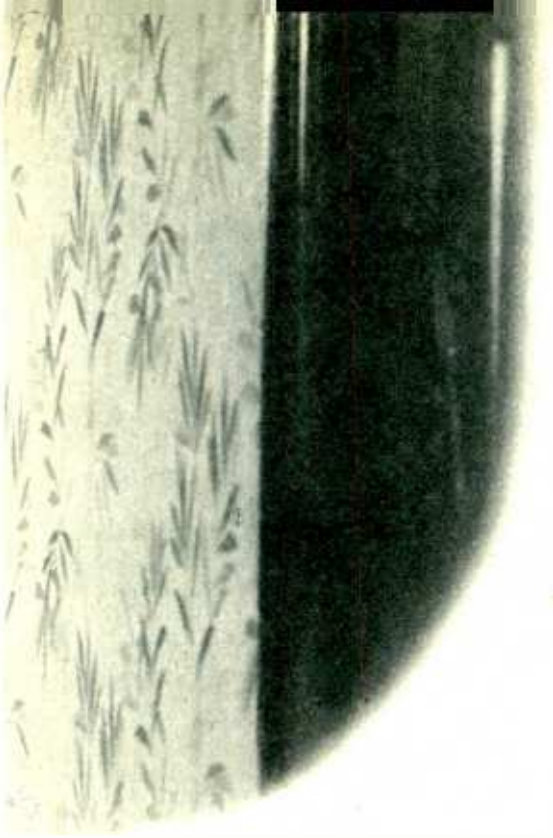
"It was awfully good of you to help me," I tried again.

"That's all right. They were a bunch of out-of-town roughnecks, spoiling for some kind of trouble." He walked along beside me, not bothering to shorten his steps to fit mine, so that I was almost running to keep up with him. If he had been anyone else, I would have thought him rude, but somehow I understood that he was uncomfortable, sorry that he'd offered to go home with me and anxious to get rid of me as soon as possible. And I didn't want him to feel that way.

"Please," I said, "don't go so fast. I'm all out of breath."

"Oh. I'm sorry," he said, and slackened his pace.

It was strange, going through the dark, familiar streets with him by my side. He made the trees, the houses,



the sidewalk under foot, all seem more —more *real.* That's the only way I can explain it. It was something I'd never felt before. In his silent, angry way, he was a challenge to me, too. He made me remember that I was a girl. A few minutes before, my head had been full of thoughts about my part in the play, and my history examination the next day, and whether or not Dick Hale would be mad when he discovered I'd left without him—and now I'd forgotten all those things. All I wanted was to hear Hal Rayburn talk, to find out what he was thinking, what he was like. Already, I had stopped believing that he was really what everyone said he was. He couldn't be, and still do what he'd done to the man who had bothered me.

But it was hard to make him talk. He gave brief answers, or none at all, to everything I said, and before I knew it we were in front of my own house. There was a light in the living room, and through the curtains I could see the back of Mom's head.

"Won't you come in?" I asked desperately. "Mom's up, and we can have some lemonade and cookies."

He laughed—a short bark of a laugh. "Your mother'd be tickled to death to see me walk in there with you," he said scornfully.

"Of course she would! She always likes me to bring my friends home."

In a voice suddenly tight with pain, he said, "Don't be silly, kid! I'm not the sort of friend your folks want you to have, and I know it, so you don't have to be polite."

"I'm *not* just being polite!" And I wasn't. I was afraid—afraid that in a minute he'd walk away, and that the next time I saw him everything would be as it had always been before, that he'd be on one side of the tremendous gulf of small-town snobbery and I'd be on the other. I was angry, too, at his defensive cynicism, his hard shell of indifference. It was as if I knew that something had happened to both of us this night, something it would be wrong and tragic for us to deny.

"Hal," I said softly. "Don't be like that. Can't you believe that I like you —that even if we're not friends now, I hope we will be?"

"Maybe you do," he said after a pause, with a terrible kind of caution.

"I do, Hal—really!" This was I—Judith Collins—pleading with a boy to like me. I could hardly believe it myself, but I had to go on. "Tomorrow's Friday," I said, "and I'm not doing anything. Won't you come and see me then?"

"No," he said—and then, surprisingly, hurriedly: "But if you want, I'll meet you somewhere downtown. I haven't got much money but maybe I can borrow a car."

"All right," I said, refusing to be dismayed by his abrupt reference to money. "I'll meet you in the park, about eight."

And that was how it began. Sitting on the grass, this warm June morning, I could hardly believe it had been only a month ago. But time didn't mean anything, really. We had been in love from that first moment when he turned to me after knocking the hoodlum down. All the rest had been only travelling over a well-marked road, toward a destination we could plainly see.

I was never ashamed of loving him, not once. I told Dad and Mom that I


was seeing him, and at first they were amazed, then horrified, then angry. There were times when I cried, because I loved them, too, and hated to hurt them, but I couldn't and wouldn't stop seeing Hal. And there was another time when I persuaded Hal to take me to the Senior Ball . . .

I don't like to think about that night. I will never like to think of it. Hal, awkward and on guard, in a suit that looked too tight for his muscular body —and I, my defiant head in the air—we were the sensation of that year's Senior Ball. The whispers around us were louder than the music. We danced every dance together, because the other girls wouldn't let their escorts trade with Hal. And when it was all mercifully over—for I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of leaving early—we walked to my home alone. Not for us was there a midnight snack at the Golden Pheasant, the high-school hangout. Not for us, because Hal couldn't have afforded it, and because we couldn't have endured sitting there alone, outcasts.

I hated everyone I had ever called "friend," that night, and anger gave new sinews to my love for Hal.

"You see what happened," he growled on the way home. "Your big dance—the one night that ought to have been perfect for you—was a mess. A mess if I ever saw one. I told you it would be." He thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "I don't know why you made me take you."

"Because I'd rather go with you than anyone else," I answered shakily, and tried to take his arm, but he jerked it away.

"What's the use?" he said in savage despair. "I'm the town black-sheep—always have been, always will. I ought to get out of here. I ought to have gotten out long ago, but I was too lazy and I didn't give a damn. But now I will! I'm going to enlist in the Army, Judy—maybe *it* can make something out of me. I know I can't."

I caught my breath. "Hal—no!" I cried. "You mustn't do that. It would be like—like running away!"

"After tonight," he told me, "I feel like running away. But it wouldn't be. They'll draft me anyway, in a few months. I'd rather enlist."

I knew, with the slow, difficult wisdom that these days were teaching me, that this was one of the times when I couldn't argue with him, couldn't sway him. In his incredulous wonder that I, one of what he called the town's "nice girls," would be his friend, he was often pathetically anxious to do as I said, follow my advice; but there were streaks of stubbornness in him too, places where I could not touch him.

"I'll—I'll miss you, Hal," I said softly—and it was much less than the truth. Miss him? What a pale way of putting the utter emptiness of not seeing his smoldering eyes light up when I came to meet him, of days when I wouldn't hear the deep organ-note of his voice!

He had never kissed me. This night I wanted him to, so much that my longing was a pain all through my body. But when we reached my house he left me with a muttered "Good night." I crept upstairs to my own room in the darkness, and sat for a long time by the open window. I grew cold in my thin white dance-frock, but I only drew my knees up to my chin and hugged them there with my arms. I didn't cry, although at first I had felt like it. I just sat there, looking out into the quiet street, and felt determination grow strong and solid within me—determination that Hal and I should have our happiness in spite of everyone.

Graduation day came and went, and after that Hal and I met every afternoon—at (*Continued on page* 69)

# You must help them!

*Every day men are returning to their homes from the war's far-flung battlefronts — men who must forget the past and learn to live again. Their lives are in our hands. What can we do to help them?*

By "JOYCE JORDAN, M.D."

WHEN Mrs. Hanson came into my office she told me quickly that she wasn't really the patient. She came to see me, she said breathlessly, about her son.

Boyd Hanson played football. All of us in Preston remember when the paper talked him up as a likely candidate for the All-American. He didn't make it, but every loyal citizen of Preston knew Boyd was the fastest quarterback we ever remembered seeing.

Right after Pearl Harbor, Boyd enlisted. Then the news came to his mother, after the African invasion, that he'd been wounded in action.

She was shocked and frightened—but desperately happy that he was alive. When she learned that he'd been returned to this country she hurried East to the rehabilitation hospital.

She wanted to surprise him. She went in, unannounced, and an attendant brought her to Boyd's bed. He was overjoyed to see her, she told me; he seemed to be in good spirits and described the fun he had going to the Red Cross House with his friends to see movies and shows—in his wheel chair.

Then he told her that he had to wait a while before he'd be sufficiently well to wear his artificial legs.

Mrs. Hanson said she couldn't help it—she just burst out crying—and Boyd had all he could do to comfort her. He begged her not to worry. He wanted her to come down to where some of the other boys a little further along with their "legs" were taking dancing lessons.

The dancing lessons were given by a Red Cross worker for whom the boys had a feeling of great comradeship and respect. The Red Cross is doing a wonderful work with cases like this—and in all branches of its far-flung services, for that matter. The boy lost both of his legs in the South Pacific.

"I couldn't bear to watch it," Mrs. Hanson told me, "so I didn't go."

Now Boyd was back in Preston and Mrs. Hanson was terribly worried about him. I was her friend—and incidentally a doctor. Couldn't I help him?

I asked her what the trouble was—couldn't he use the "legs" successfully?

"Oh yes," she told me, "he walks almost as well as I do, but he's so terribly depressed. He won't listen to any advice I give him nor answer any of my questions. He refuses every attempt I make to help him. Just this morning he snapped at me for merely *smiling* at him. I know he's not like a normal man and I don't expect him to be quite normal—but I do wish I could get him to smile again. He's just breaking my heart. Oh, Joyce, you must help him, you must!"

"I'll help him," I told Mary Hanson, "if *you'll* listen to me."

"If *I'll*—" Mary Hanson's eyes wavered as she caught the intonation of my voice. "Why, Joyce Jordan, if you're implying that I've—"

"Wait a minute, Mary," I said as calmly as I could. "I'm not implying anything. I'm not blaming you, dear. People all over this country are in the same boat as you are. They're saying, 'How shall I act in front of the wounded boys that I'm beginning to see more and more around me—everywhere?' And after all, it's even harder for you because Boyd means everything to you—he's someone you dearly love.

"No, Mary, I'm not blaming you. I only mean that if you want to help Boyd you must remember that you need help first."

For a moment I thought she was going to burst into tears. But I admired the way she pulled herself together, forced herself to speak in almost natural tones as she said, ever so quietly, "Oh yes, Joyce. You're so right. Help me—please help me!"

Fortunately I could, because I had talked with several doctors who knew what the Surgeon General of the Army, the Veterans Administration, the Red Cross and other government agencies had discovered about the *inner feelings* of wounded men being brought back to normal living despite their handicaps.

What I was able to tell Mary Hanson made a lot of difference in her life and she told me just the other day that I ought to tell more people. I think she's right. Here's what I told her:

Her son Boyd is one of many thousands who face heart-breaking readjustments. Men who have to get used to blindness—or deafness—a shattered face—a disfiguring burn—an incapacitating amputation — these men are inevitably disturbed emotionally and only survive if the help they get from government agencies and industry is followed up by help from the people they meet in the street, and the people they go back to in their homes.

Bitterness, self-consciousness, loss of self-confidence, horror of being pitied, fear of being left behind in life's rapid pace, identification with cripples he has seen before he became one—these are the states of mind that have to be combatted in the disabled soldier or sailor.

Even before the bandages are removed the Army Medical Department is busy, in evacuation hospitals or battlefield clearing stations, finding ways to restore the wounded man to maximum possible efficiency and health before he is sent out on his own.

Plastic surgery and the science of replacing lost members (known as prosthetic medicine) are responsible for many of the restorations.

Within the continental United States, rehabilitation work is accomplished in four sectors, two on each Coast, where great practitioners—surgical, medical, orthopedic and prosthetic—are assembled in specialized hospitals for every type of injury. Malaria, tuberculosis and other crippling diseases are treated there, as well as physical disabilities.

Totally deaf men meet charming young girls who are members of the hospital staff. They talk—by writing notes to each (*Continued on page* 58)

*JOYCE JORDAN is the heroine of the popular daytime serial you hear over CBS, at 2:15 P.M., EWT. Her profession as a doctor has taken her into the war boom town of Preston, and here you see her in her office at the Manion Cargo Plane factory where not only does she take care of the ills and accidents of the workers, but tries to solve their personal problems as well. Joyce's refusal to give up her career broke up her romance with Vic Manion. Now, Dean Russell, an engineer at the factory, who was recently honorably discharged from the Army Air Corps, has fallen in love with Joyce.*

(Joyce Jordan played by Betty Winkler)

# Kiss me Never

*Molly cried in anguish as the door closed behind Lanny. She could still hear him saying, "You can never be a wife to any man." And yet it was the terrifying truth!*

HOW little we can know of the secrets that lie hidden in the human heart! What dark and sinister seeds may be buried there, unsuspected, covered up, yet ready at a touch to blossom into twisted, tormented life. Seeds of fear, of ignorance, planted without our knowing. And their only fruit is misery.

I know, because I have tasted of that fruit. My own heart carried the seeds of destruction of my own happiness and that of those I love. I know, too, that there are other girls like me. And it is for them that I'm writing this. Girls like me who, on the surface, seem to lead a normal, ordinary life —and yet who lie awake sometimes in the dark, with the awareness of a fear they dare not face and cannot share, because they are ashamed.

If I had known what I know now, I doubt if I could have gone on seeing Lanny Myers. I wouldn't have had the courage to face what lay ahead of us. If I had known, I would have run from him that first night, through the rain, trembling and afraid. . . .

I remember I was late getting off from work that evening, and I'd had to stop by the crowded grocery store on my way home to buy the coffee I'd forgotten in the morning. I was hurrying, because mother always worried when I was late. Widowed and sickly, confined to the house, she depended on me for nearly everything. My father had died before I could remember him; she hadn't had a happy life. She'd clerked in a department store to support us until I was through high school and a business course; then she was taken ill and I took over our support. Sometimes I longed for the pretty dresses and the good times other girls bought with the money they earned, but I always reproached myself. After all she'd been through, it was little enough I was doing.

It was a raw, windy November rain, and I was half running along the street from the grocery, bundles in my arms, and my umbrella clutched in front of me to shield my face. I rushed around a corner—and straight into a very solid object coming fast from the opposite direction. I staggered back, the umbrella skittered off, inside out, and the bundle lay soaking at my feet. I looked up. The solid object I'd collided with turned out to be a tall young man in a raincoat.

"Oh!" I cried crossly. "Couldn't you look where you're going?" I surveyed the coffee-colored puddle on the sidewalk.

"I'm terribly sorry." His voice was even and deep, and there was laughter behind it. "But, after all, you were doing a little blind flying yourself, with that umbrella. Hey, let's get out of this . . . you'll be soaked."

A sudden burst of rain, as if the heavens had opened, drenched us. Before I quite knew what was happening, the tall young man was propelling me into a protecting doorway.

"We'll have to wait till this lets up a little," he said. "Then I'll go buy you some more coffee and get you a taxi."

"That won't be necessary," I said coldly. "I have to get home. My mother will be worried."

"Well, you can't go out in *that*." He gestured toward the rain that was like an impenetrable curtain in front of our shelter. "Cigarette?"

"No, thank you." After all, he needn't think he could pick me up just because we were trapped here together like this.

He seemed to read my mind. "Don't be frightened," he said teasingly. "As long as I've apologized so handsomely, and we're shipwrecked here together, you might at least be friendly. What's your name?"

I turned toward him angrily. The light from the protecting shopwindow shone full on his face. It was an attractive face, forthright and friendly, and under straight black brows were the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. Under that steady regard and that appealing smile, my anger faded.

"Molly Herron," I said. And then

Suggested by an original radio drama, "Between Two Loves," by Albert Morgan and Harold Algyer, heard on Manhattan at Midnight on the Blue.



*A Manhattan at Midnight Story*

*It was strange there, so very near to him, feeling the beat of his heart.*

added, almost unwillingly, "What's yours?"

"That's better. Lanny Myers. I've just come to town to work on the new airfield. . . ."

I've wondered what would have happened had the rain stopped then. Would we have separated, gone our own ways, never known the anguish we were to know together? Or would everything have been the same? Would we have met again, inevitably, and traveled the same paths for the same reasons until tragedy brushed against us?

I'll never know. Because the downpour didn't stop for half an hour. And there, shut off by the slanting curtain of rain that deadened all sound but itself, the whole world limited just to our spoken words, Lanny Myers came into my life to stay. I didn't know it then. I only knew what he told me—that he was working with a construction engineer, that he'd been born in Omaha, that he was an orphan. That, and also that I'd like to have him for a friend.

And after the rain had stopped, what was more natural than his walking home with me, than my asking him in for supper since I knew he was a stranger in town and had no friends? I was a little fearful of what Mother would say, since she was suspicious of strangers and not really friendly with anyone. She had never liked any of the boys I had known very much.

But after I saw the way she laughed and talked with Lanny, I was reassured. Mother seemed to like him immensely.

After supper, Lou Ellison came in. Lou is my oldest and best friend, living alone now since Bill, her husband, went into the Navy. I could see she liked Lanny, too, and I felt her looking from one to the other of us several times during the evening.

About ten, Lanny said he had to go. I went with him out into the hall to get his hat and coat. He put them on, and then he stood looking down at me, with a little smile.

"Look," he said suddenly, "you're not engaged or—or anything like that, are you?"

I was taken aback. "Why, no." Then I laughed, uneasily, wondering what he'd say next. "Of course I'm not."

"I don't see any *of course* about it with a girl as lovely as you. But—I'm glad. Can I come tomorrow?"

"I'd like to be friends with you, Lanny," I said hurriedly. "I'd like to introduce you to some of my other friends, too, so you won't be lonely. Come any time." And I put out my hand.

He looked at me oddly for a moment. Then he took my hand and held it. "That's not exactly what I meant. But it will do—for now. Thanks, Molly, for everything but especially just for being alive." And with that he was gone.

I went back into the living room, still a little shaken. Mother had gone to bed, and Lou threw her arms around me enthusiastically. "Honey, he's darling. He's the most attractive man I ever saw—except my Bill, of course. And he's crazy about you—I could tell the way he looked at you."

"Don't be silly," I said shortly. "I hardly know him."

"As if that mattered." She hesitated a moment, as if making up her mind to speak. Then she went on. "Molly, what's the matter? Why do you always hold men at arms' length, as if you were afraid of them or something? Pretty as you are, you could have loads of boy friends. But you don't."

"I'm too busy," I said evasively. "I have to work too hard."

"That's not it. I worked too, before I was married. Sometimes, I swear, you just don't seem to like men."

I DO like them. I have lots of friends. Why, before you and Bill were married and you had that fight, he used to come here nearly every night and tell me about it and try to work out a way to get you back. And Henry Miller at the office is the same way!"

"That's not what I mean at all," Lou exclaimed, impatiently. "Don't you ever want a man of your own, not somebody else's treating you like a sister? Don't you ever want to fall in love and get married and have children—"

"Oh, someday. Of course." I felt an inexplicable anger rising in me. "Oh, don't let's talk about it any more. Leave me alone!"

I knew I had hurt her, and it upset me. But I couldn't help it. Some force, stronger than I, had suddenly come to the surface and made me speak those words. I was unhappier than I'd ever been when I went to bed that night. I remembered, suddenly and for no reason, how once at a high school dance a boy I liked had kissed me—and how I'd broken free and slapped him, not in anger, but in fear. It had left an impression of fright with me that hadn't gone away for a long time. It was true, what I'd told Lou about having men friends. I'd prided myself on it—the way I could be friendly and companionable with husbands and fiances of the girls I knew, the way I could go out with a man and have a good time but never go beyond friendliness. The few who had tried to get past the barrier I'd erected had done it to their sorrow. And yet tonight—Lou's words kept ringing in my ears, and Lanny's face, his voice, his very presence was so real he might have been there in the room with me. . . .

I lay there, shaken with soundless, tearing sobs. But why was I crying? *Why?* I tortured myself with the question, but I could not face the answer.

Lanny came the next evening, and many times after that. We went to movies together, and to parties, and on clear Sundays we used to take the bus that went to the outskirts of the city and walk all afternoon in the hills. I had a favorite spot there, a place where I used to go alone sometimes when I felt unhappy. High up on a hill that overlooked the town was an old, tumbledown shack, probably left there by some camper. Sitting on its rickety steps, you were protected from the wind and you could see for miles over the peaceful, fruitful countryside. I'd come on it one day a long while before, and I'd never told anyone about it. It was like a secret refuge, where all the trouble and evil of the world was left far behind and I could know only peace and sun and growing things.

Lanny was the only person I ever took there. We used to pack a lunch when the weather wasn't too cold, and tramp up there to eat it. Then we'd just sit and talk. There was always a lot to talk about. Or there was until that last Sunday.

It was a Sunday in mid-December, and we knew it was probably our farewell picnic at the Shelter until the Spring. The days were getting too short and the weather too cold. We'd eaten our lunch and packed up, and I was telling him about something funny

*"And you call yourself a woman? You're not! You're without blood, without love." I stared at him dumbly, shocked into paralysis.*

that had happened at the office the day before when suddenly I knew he wasn't listening. He was looking at me with a curious expression, not hearing a word I said.

I broke off, laughing. "What's the matter, Lanny? Aren't you interested?"

"I was just thinking," he said slowly, "what a funny girl you are. I've known you for weeks now, and we've seen each other a lot. Mostly with other people but sometimes, like now, alone. And yet I've never even kissed you goodnight. I've wanted to, Lord knows, but you—you've never let me get close enough even to try. You always act as if—well, exactly as if you were another fellow or I were another girl. And yet you're the most feminine girl I've ever known and I could swear you liked me—"

There was a curious thudding in my heart. "I do like you, Lanny. Better than anybody I've ever known. But I can't see why a girl and a man can't be just friends—I mean—"

"Maybe a girl and a man can. But not—" his voice roughened—"not you and me. I'm in love with you—I have been since the night I looked down and saw you there in the rain, cross because I'd spilled your packages. And you're in love with me, too— only you won't admit it even to yourself!"

And then, before I could move, he had pulled me into his arms. His lips sought and found mine and for one timeless moment a sweet fire coursed through me. Then, blotting it out, fear and horror rose like a wave. I jerked away from him, sprang to my feet.

"Don't!" I cried incoherently. I rubbed the back of my hand fiercely over my lips, to wipe off the memory of that kiss. "I—I hate that. I can't stand it!"

His face went white with hurt and anger as he stared at me unbelievingly. "Is that what my kisses mean to you—you want to wipe them away? Because I want to hold you, to kiss you, because I love your body as well as your mind . . . My God, Molly, I'm asking you to *marry* me. Are you made of ice? Or do you think I am?"

The words hit at me like stones. Suddenly I turned and buried my face in my hands, shaken with sobs.

For another moment Lanny stayed motionless. Then he crossed to me. He held me with the gentleness one would hold a child, and when my sobs grew quieter he tenderly pulled my hands from my face, wiped away the tears and made me look at him.

"You're frightened," he said softly. "I don't know why, and it's terribly wrong that you should be, but you are. I love you, darling, more than anything in the world. Let me teach you not to be frightened of love—because, Molly, with you and me—it would be fine and beautiful. I won't do anything that isn't right; I won't hurry you. Just don't be scared of me and let me teach you. . . ."

HIS dear voice soothed me, almost made me forget that terrible fear I'd felt, instinctively, when he kissed me. I looked up into those forthright blue eyes and I began to cry again, but quietly this time, finding solace in the tears and in his arms. "I will," I said. "I'll try. Only, promise you won't—won't—"

"I promise to wait until you trust me completely. Just believe that and that I love you. And now—we'd better go home."

And I did believe, in the weeks that followed. Nobody could have been gayer or sweeter or more considerate than Lanny. We saw each other nearly every night now that we were more or less engaged. No definite plans had been made for the wedding, and every time Lanny mentioned it, I found myself saying, "I want time, darling—time to save a little money so I can have a nice trousseau, time to get some things for our apartment. . . ." But even to myself, I knew somehow that was an excuse. An excuse for something in my heart I didn't want to admit.

"He's a fine boy, Molly," Mother said when I told her. "I'd like to see you in a home of your own and with children, before I go. You've been a fine daughter. But—" and her white lined face twisted a little, and her eyes regarded me broodingly. "Marriage isn't easy for a woman. Go into it with your eyes open."

"Lanny's not like other men!" I told her. "He's sweet and fine and—"

She smiled and patted my hand. "Maybe you're right, dear. I—hope so." She leaned back on the chaise-longue where she had to spend so much of her time, and closed her eyes. I had the frightened feeling she was looking far away, back into a place where I had never been, seeing things I had never seen.

One night Lou Ellison went to a movie with Lanny and me and then came home with me to spend the night. It was late, and Lanny said good night at the front door. I raised my face to give him the fleeting, brief little kiss that was our good night to each other.

Lou laughed from the doorway. "Don't mind me, Lanny," she called. "I'm an old married lady. Go on, give her a real kiss."

I FELT Lanny's arms tighten around me. I felt his body grow still as if in tense and waiting watchfulness. There was a tiny fraction of dead silence between us. And then he said, with a forced lightness that held significance only for me, "Okay. Come on, Molly, give me a real kiss. . . ."

Once more, at the tightening of his arms, at the tension in his voice, the old instinctive fear swept over me. I struggled free, almost frantically, trying to laugh. "No, no," I cried, breathlessly. "Not now. Not—with an audience."

Lanny let his arms drop. His eyes were shadowed, and all the lines of his big, tall body drooped as if with weariness. "Good night," he said abruptly, and turned and walked away.

Lou looked thoughtful as we undressed for the night. She made absent-minded responses to my chattering. Finally she said, "I swear, Molly, I think you're scared of Lanny even yet. And he's so swell—so decent—"

"Of course I'm not scared! I'd trust him with my life."

"That's not what I meant. I mean, scared to let him kiss you."

I laughed self-consciously. "Because I wouldn't let him kiss me tonight? We don't need kisses and—and all that sort of thing to know we're in love. We love each other in other ways."

"Oh, my dear," she said almost in pity. Then she added vehemently, "If I didn't feel so sorry for you, I'd shake you till your teeth rattled. To think of what you're making that poor man go through—" she broke off and gave a hopeless little shrug. "Well, I guess it's no business of mine. I only hope he knows what he's doing."

And we never mentioned it again.

Christmas had come and gone, and a bitter cold January set in. There was a lot of snow, and sometimes on Sundays Lanny and I went sledding like a couple of children. We often talked about the Shelter up on the mountain and planned how we'd take a picnic up there just as soon as it was warm enough; we both loved the place and had had some of our happiest hours there.

Outwardly, things seemed pretty much the same between us. But underneath, ever since that night with Lou, there was a difference. Now Lanny seemed no longer content with our fleeting good night kisses. Sometimes his lips would linger on mine hungrily, searchingly, and his arms would strain me to him. And I, my heart thudding with that old sick fear, would break away and whisper, "No, darling, no. You promised. You promised—" And Lanny's face would tighten and his arms would drop as he looked at me with a curious expression that I could not read.

I kept putting off the setting of a date for our marriage, too. I loved Lanny, I wanted him for my husband. And yet—things that Mother had said, that I'd heard hinted at and whispered among girls in the office, would haunt me in the nights and I found myself making excuses every time the subject came up. Wait till we'd saved a little more money, I'd say. Until we'd looked the town over carefully and found just the place we wanted to live. Until we could decide what to do about mother, who didn't want to come live with us, at least at first, and yet was so helpless without me and so dependent. Wait. Always wait. While I refused to recognize the thing that lay buried in my heart, concealed under layers of excuses I made to Lanny and myself.

And then came that February night.

It was bitter cold. Snow lay frozen on the ground, and more was coming.

You could feel it in the air, in the strongly rising wind. Lanny came early that evening, and the bleakness of the weather seemed to have affected even him. There was bleakness in his eyes, in the strained smile he gave me.

Mother was in bed, and we sat together on the couch, looking into the fire. It could have been cozy and intimate, but it wasn't.

Finally I leaned toward him. "What's wrong, Lanny? You've hardly said two words."

His eyes were on the fire with a moody restlessness. "You are," he said bluntly. "You're what's wrong." He turned to face me. "I can't go on waiting like this any longer, Molly. I've been as patient as anybody could be and now I've got to know. Are you going to marry me or not?"

I was startled. "Why—why, of course. I love you, Lanny. I—"

He brushed that aside almost roughly. "All right. When?"

The panic was rising in me. "When we're ready. When we've got enough money and Mother is—"

"You're stalling," he said bitterly. "You're stalling because you're frightened—frightened of marriage like you're frightened to have me kiss you. I've done everything I know to make you trust me. I haven't tried to rush you. I haven't touched you when you didn't want me to. I've held myself back, starved myself for just the normal affection any man expects from the girl who loves him—when all the time, inside, I've been longing for you till I'm nearly crazy! If you don't love me—then, perhaps, some day I'll figure a way to get over it and forget you, though I doubt it. But if you do—" A kind of groan was wrenched from him. He held me by the shoulders, pulled me to him and crushed his mouth against mine. His body pressed against my resisting one, bending me backwards. All the long pent-up passion, the stifled urgency, broke free in the fierceness of that embrace.

For one second there was an answering urge in me. And then, blotting it out, came a sheer terror such as I had never known. I struggled against him as if my very life were at stake, twisting, striking out.

Suddenly he released me. I jumped from the couch, backed away from him. "It's horrible!" I cried. "I—I thought you were different—but you're not. You're all alike."

He got up slowly with the controlled movements of a strong man who is holding himself in by gigantic effort. "So that's what it is to you—brutishness. Because, after all these months, I want more than a few half-hearted kisses . . . because, when we're married, I want you as a starving man wants food!" His voice rose. "And you call yourself a woman. You're not! You're without blood, without love. You're unnatural—you can never be a wife to any man!"

I stared at him dumbly, shocked into paralysis. "Leave me alone," I managed to whisper. "Leave me alone."

"Yes, I'm leaving and I'm not coming back. There's one thing I've got to be grateful for and that is that you put me through this torture before we were married."

I stood where he had left me. I watched him take up his things from the hall, heard the slamming of the front door. Then feeling returned and I heard his words again. "Unnatural . . . never a wife to any man. . . ."

They had pierced deep. They had laid my heart bare, like a surgeon's knife. At last I had to face what I saw there.

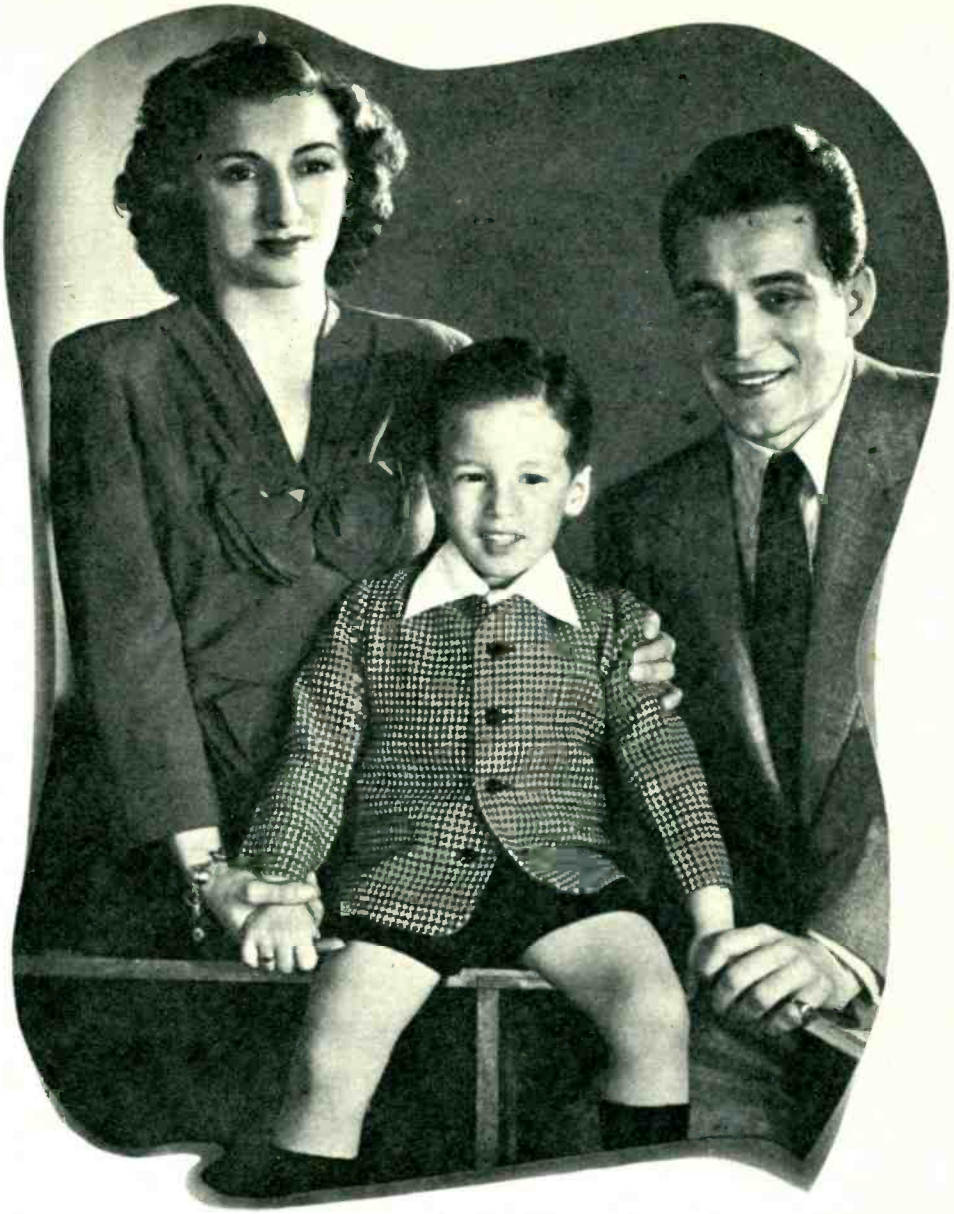
I gave a cry of unendurable pain. It was true, what he said. I could never be a wife—*his* wife. Without Lanny . . . life without Lanny . . .

I threw on my outdoor things. I ran out of the house. I was running, anywhere, without thought or volition, except to get away. To get away . . . from the pain that was tearing at me. Snow was falling, and I ran through it, heedlessly.

At the dark corner only one thing moved. That (*Continued on page* 65)

# "Somebody LOVES YOU-"

**By Adele Whitely Fletcher**



*"You're going to be my wife," he told Roselle firmly. And so she was. Even little Ronnie had come along before Perry Como became radio's newest singing star*

THE trees, like glowing torches, stood against the deep autumnal sky. A September haze hung low and mingled with the smoke from the fires the Freshmen had laid on the athletic field. The girls broiled hot dogs; speared them with the long sticks the boys had whittled to sharp points. The boys, with quick kicks, turned the potatoes roasting in the ashes.

Roselle Belline's quiet eyes mirrored the gold of the firelight. She had broken a date to go to the movies with the boy next door when she learned that Perry Como surely would be at the weiner roast. That was quite a few years ago, that lovely autumn evening—long before any one thought that Perry would earn his living—and steal the hearts of girls the country over—with his voice. The youngsters would have laughed at you then had you told them that in 1944 Perry would have his own show on CBS each afternoon.

Although she scarcely knew Perry, Roselle found him exciting. It wasn't only his dark good looks, his warm full voice and the slow way he coaxed beautiful music from his guitar that challenged her. He had a something that compelled her eyes to follow his slightest motion.

Several boys strummed ukuleles while Perry played his guitar. Suddenly the light of the setting sun filtered through the mist and filled the world with a rosy-gold light. She looked across the fire where he sat and their eyes met. Then she knew, without knowing quite how she knew, that Perry meant to come over and sit beside her. She waited while, slowly, he rose and walked around the fire. She moved to make room for him and he sat down beside her.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello." He could scarcely hear her whisper.

Perry Como—Roselle Belline . . . After that their names were linked together . . . in the conversation of their crowd . . . on invitation lists . . . on the birch tree where Perry carved two hearts entwined. . . . Seven years they went together. For the first year and more they were as casual as they were constant. The change came about one night when their crowd was at Roselle's house, singing at the piano. Beyond the living room window Perry saw a blaze appear against the sky. "Fire!" he called. Everyone rushed to follow the engines which went screaming down the street. Everyone but Perry and Roselle. "Let's us stay here," he told her.

From the porch swing they watched the others disappear from sight.

Perry pulled her willing head down on his shoulder. "You're going to be my wife," he announced.

Her voice was soft, but direct and firm. "I *want* to be your wife," she told him.

"We won't be rich," he always warned her. "We'll only have whatever I can make as a barber. But I'll be the best barber you ever saw. . . ."

In those days Perry had no thought of singing for his supper.

She always answered the same way. "I don't care what you do, Perry—just as long as you don't go into the mines. . . ."

In Meadowlands, Pennsylvania, where they lived, a large proportion of the population got their living from coal. Perry, however, wanted none of this and always told her so.

Every week there was a dance and occasionally there were special dances—dances long planned. At such a dance Roselle wore a new gown of gold chiffon and crimson slippers. Perry brought her roses and took one from the corsage she wore at her waist to tuck in her hair.

"Roselle! You look beautiful!" the girls exclaimed that evening as she checked her (*Continued on page 97*)

# Everyone Knows It But You

By BARRY WOOD
STANLEY ADAMS
and LES ARNDT

Moderato (*Rhythmically*)
Refrain

Ev-'ry-one knows it but you, Ev-'ry-one seems to know my lit-tle schemes, A

*mp - mf*

ha-ven where we two can share the co-zi-est dreams, Ev-'ry-one knows it but you. Ev-'ry-one knows that I'm

blue I'm like the lone-li-est babe in the wood I on-ly know I love you so but what is the good -

Ev-'ry-one knows it but you. I'm plan-ning the hap-pi-est out-come, but on-ly if you string a-

long. With you I would nev-er let doubt come, with-out you my dream is all wrong.

Ev-'ry-one knows what to do, Ev-'ry-one's ask-ing me what's in the way? So

1 2

hold me tight and if they're right I won't have to say, Ev-'ry-one knows it but you. you.

*f*


*BARRY WOOD, star of The Million Dollar Band, is the proud possessor of an incomparable record as a salesman for Uncle Sam. He was chosen by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau for the singing master of ceremonies' job of the Treasury Hour and it was he who first introduced the theme song of that program, "Any Bonds Today." That was in 1941. In 1942 and 1943, he introduced the bond drive songs, "Everybody Every Payday" and "Back the Attack." His bond sales run into many millions. Barry lives on an 85-acre farm in Connecticut which boasts 5000 chickens as well as other live stock and large crops. The farm is a six A.M. to eight P.M. job for Barry, except when he's broadcasting, rehearsing or doing war work. He is married to Jane Gale and has two daughters, Beverly and Bonnie. He has written the song on the opposite page especially for Radio Mirror. Barry's radio program, The Million Dollar Band, is heard on NBC, Saturdays, 10 P.M., EWT.*

# This is my secret

## THE STORY

I HAD known and loved Dave Knowles all my life. Dave was a flier, afraid of nothing in the world, and he wanted me to be that way, too—never afraid to dare. That's why, when Dave came home for a two-day leave I took the terrible risk of agreeing to a marriage in the eyes of God, but not in the eyes of the law. It was a holiday and we couldn't get a license, but we found a sympathetic minister who married us in spite of the fact that we didn't have one. Next day, Dave went back to his work in the Air Transport Command, and we promised each other that on his next leave we would really be married. I went home and tried to live a normal life, telling everyone that Dave and I had been married. Soon I learned that I was going to have a baby, and I felt that my happiness was complete. And then a friend of Dave's came to tell me that Dave, returning to this country by ship, had been lost at sea. For a long time I couldn't believe that Dave was dead, and when I finally made myself face it, I was sick for a long time, until after the baby was born. Then I realized that I must make a good life for my little son, and I left my home town to go to Chicago to work—to start life over—leaving the baby with Mother until I could afford to send for him. For a while I made no friends, devoted myself to my work, until I met Joel Shelton—and knew that I was in love again, a maturer, wiser kind of love. I should have told Joel all about my marriage to Dave that was not a marriage at all, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I had tampered with Fate that day I had married Dave, and I was afraid to do it again. Oh, I'd tell Joel later, I promised myself—but not now, not now. And so we were married, and on the very day when I had summoned my courage to tell Joel about Dave, a long distance call came. Davy, my little boy, had been injured in a fall!

DAVY, my baby—he's hurt—"

I heard my own voice repeating it, and my tears dried suddenly, as if the words had seared them

*Built of lies—Marianne knew this was true of her marriage. She realized that those lies must be washed away with repentant tears before she could be safe in Joel's arms again*

out. The hysteria in me died, and everything irrelevant was burned away before the fact that Davy was hurt and I had to go to him.

In a half-dozen words I'd brought our house—our honeymoon house, Joel had called it before he'd known that it was founded in deceit and built of lies—crashing down around my ears. And, at the moment, I didn't care. I didn't care that the look in Joel's eyes was an open wound, nor that he quickly hid it from me, to whom he'd poured out every whisper of emotion, every passing thought.

My finger spun the dial of the telephone.

"What are you doing?" Then he understood, and he took the 'phone from me. "I'll find a train for you, and call a cab. You'd better pack—"

I flew up the stairs. In the pit of my stomach, in my limbs, was a familiar sensation, a coldness—fear, which had always taken possession of me too easily. But it was a driving power now, not a hindrance. Clothes fairly leaped from hangers into the suitcase; I even took care of details I was too likely to forget ordinarily—I found the keys for the Middleton house, change for tips at the station.

It wasn't like me to be clear-headed and efficient at such a time, and although I didn't stop to think about it then, I know now that there was a reason for it. For the first time in my life I was afraid not for myself, but for another person. It made a difference. I had reacted out of habit in the old way at first—childishly, weeping out my remorse and my terror. But the useless tears hadn't lasted long, and as they dried, something told me that they wouldn't come again. I was a woman, finally, and a mother, and I had a desperately necessary job to do.

Joel carried my bag downstairs, and for a few minutes there was nothing to do but to wait for the taxi. They might have been awkward moments, except that the cold calm which had seen me through the business of packing stayed by me. Joel stood at the window, not speaking, drawing deeply on a cigarette, watching for the cab. I sat on the couch, looking at him without really seeing him, as if he'd been one of the pieces of familiar furniture. A part of my mind thought how good he had been, how like—like *Joel* he had been—to arrange the details of my trip, to see that I had enough money. A part of my mind wondered what he was thinking—was he waiting for an explanation? Was there time, now, in the few indefinite minutes before the taxi came, to begin to tell him the truth. How would he take the truth?

It was a pointless wondering. At the moment I wouldn't have known how to talk to Joel, not because I felt guilty and ashamed before him—not then—but because he wasn't quite real. Nothing around me was real. It was as if my heart and all of the thoughts that mattered had been sent ahead to Middleton and were waiting there now for my body to catch up with them.

"The cab's here," Joel said, and turned and ground out his cigarette. He picked up my suitcase, held the door open for me, and followed me, in his shirtsleeves, to the cab.

"You'll catch cold," I reproved him automatically, and if I'd had eyes to see it, the wry smile he gave me would have broken my heart.

He helped me into the cab, and for just a second before he closed the door, he looked directly at me. "I'd go to the station with you, but my train leaves at noon, and I have calls to make first—"

I nodded. "I'll be all right."

"Everything will be all right. Believe that, Marianne—and don't worry."

That was like Joel, too—to give me reassurance to carry with me at a time when nothing could have been very right for him. More than Davy had been hurt that morning.

THE train to Middleton was wretchedly slow. I didn't realize how tense I was until, at each small-town stop, I found myself sitting forward on the seat, my hands clenched into fists. It was strange to be eager—anxious to get back to Middleton. When I'd left there six short months before, I'd never wanted to see the town again. I was afraid of it even after I'd met Joel and had fallen in love with him.

Middleton meant Dave—and Dave had cut deeply into my life. I'd known with him a happiness that was perhaps too ecstatic to last, and I'd paid for it in shame, and in grief at the loss of him. Dave had demanded much of me—interest in the mechanical, masculine things he cared about, a spectacular kind of courage I didn't possess, and—finally—my self-respect. Dave had demanded, and I had given willingly, but Joel—Joel asked nothing but that I be with him, his to love and to care for.

Joel had helped me to forget Dave, to lock everything connected with him behind a memory-tight door; Joel had made me happy. And yet—the past was still very close, the old wounds thinly healed. I hadn't dared test my happiness, hadn't dared to see Middleton for fear of finding that anything that used to be still mattered.

All of that seemed pitifully unimportant now. The hysteria that had driven me from Middleton, the fear that had kept me from returning, were shadowy, imaginary things. My son was hurt, and I had to be with him—that alone was reality.

I hardly recognized the town when the train stopped at Middleton. It was just a place, any place—the end of my journey. The station—and I'd known every board, every weather-beaten crack, in the times when I'd been there to welcome Dave or to wave him goodbye—was only a platform trod by my impatient feet until the taxi came. I knew the driver, old Ed Henshaw, and I'd once shrunk from his prying and gossip. Now I greeted him mechanically and ignored his questions.

Ed gave me one shock, however, that penetrated a little. He called me Mrs. Knowles. In a few short weeks I'd become very much accustomed to being Mrs. Joel Shelton.

My mother didn't waste time in greetings. She took my bag from Ed and shut the door in the face of his curiosity, and led me directly upstairs to Davy, her familiar self control checking the hysterical questions that were on my lips. My first sight of him brought an enormous, if unreasonable, feeling of relief. I hadn't expected that he'd be at home in his crib, sleeping peacefully, without a mark on him.

Or was he sleeping? His eyes were closed, and his skin looked clear and healthfully moist, but there was a stillness about him, a frightening, wooden stillness. I reached out and touched him, gently, so that he wouldn't feel my hand, and the feeling of relief came back. It was as if, having come close enough to establish this physical contact with him, I was assured that I could manage some way to keep him with me.

"Where—where is he hurt?" I asked.

Mother shook her head. "We don't know. Dr. Leeds wants to watch him for a day or two until he's sure he can be moved, and then he'll take him to the hospital for X-rays. Come downstairs—there's nothing we can do."

Nothing we could do! It was a bitter thing to hear, to know. A hurt baby is different from an adult or from a child who's been hurt. A baby can't tell you where the pain is, can't relay any of the symptoms that will help you to help him. In a way you are as helpless as he is, and you can only trust in God and in the doctor who knows more than you about the delicate, inarticulate little being.

Downstairs again, mother turned to me, and I saw how tired she was, saw the pinched, (*Continued on page* 60)

# SIX QUICK TRICKS

ONE of the quickest and most economical ways to savory meals is with oven-cooked dishes. Pies, shortcakes, upside down dishes—anyone of them will transform plain family fare into a feast and no matter how busy you are with your job or volunteer war activities you can serve just as delicious baked foods as though you had all day in which to prepare them. The trick is to use the packaged mixes which require only a few minutes' work. They are practically foolproof, they are time savers and they are easy on the ration book since they contain shortening and sugar and need the addition only of liquid and perhaps an egg. Best of all they provide variations for menus, new ways to extend rationed foods and utilize leftovers and to avoid the waste that sometimes occurs because a recipe hasn't turned out as it should.

Take pie, for instance. It is one of our most popular desserts yet there is a surprisingly large number of women who never bake pie because they feel they haven't the knack for it. If this has been your trouble switch to the prepared mix which has the knack waiting for you right in the package. You will win all sorts of praise from your family if you serve apple pie with cheese crust—and you will be getting the luscious apple and cheese combination by using a small quantity of cheese instead of serving large slices.

### Apple Pie with Cheese Pastry

1 package pastry mix
½ cup grated cheese
Cold water
2 tbls. sugar
½ tsp. cinnamon or nutmeg
3 medium apples
1 tbl. margarine.

Stir grated cheese into pastry mix, add water (check the package for the exact quantity of water to be used) and roll out upper and lower crusts. Place lower crust in piepan, sprinkle with 1 tbl. sugar. Core, quarter and slice apples thin (do not peel) and arrange in piepan. Sprinkle on remaining sugar, and cinnamon, and dot with margarine. Top with second crust and bake at 400 degrees F. until done (about 40 minutes).

***To put variety into winter menus serve straight-from-the-oven dishes such as an upside down combination of cornbread and cranberries***

Another trick to utilize leftover cheese is to roll the pastry very thin, spread with grated cheese, season with salt and pepper and dot with margarine. Then roll, as you do a jelly roll, cut into 1-inch slices and bake in 400 degree oven until brown (15-20 minutes). Serve hot or cold with soup or salad.

There is almost no limit to the ways you can vary upside down dishes —with fruit, for dessert; with leftover meat for a main dish; and, as illustrated, a cranberry and corn combination to be served with meat, taking the place of both bread and a separate relish.


**BY KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR**


***Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 8:00 EWT.***

### Cranberry and Corn Upside Down Dish

4 cups cranberries
1½ cups sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tbls. margarine
1 package corn muffin mix
1 egg
¾ cup milk

Melt margarine in heavy skillet or casserole, coating sides well. Sprinkle ¼ the sugar over the margarine. Pour lemon juice over. Add cranberries and sugar in alternate layers. Cook covered in 375 degree oven, stirring two or three times to make sure all cranberries have popped open (about 30 minutes). To the package of corn muffin mix add 1 egg and ¾ cup milk and beat until smooth. Pour over cranberries and bake at 375 degrees F. until cornbread crust is cooked through and brown (about 30 minutes). Invert on plate and serve hot.

### Ham and Corn Upside Down Dish

2 cups diced cooked ham
2 cups thick white sauce
3 hard-cooked eggs
½ lb. mushrooms
2 tbls. minced onion
4 tbls. ham drippings
1 package corn muffin mix
1 egg
¾ cup milk

Coat skillet or casserole with melted drippings. In another pan, sautee onion and sliced mushrooms in remaining drippings and add, together with ham and sliced eggs, to white sauce (gravy may be used for part of the sauce). Pour mixture into skillet. Prepare corn muffin mix as for previous recipe and pour over meat mixture. Bake in 375

*(Continued on page 81)*

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

## SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | News and Organ |
| | | 8:00 | Blue: | News |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: | News and Organ Recital |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: | Musical Masterpieces |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | The Woodshedders |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News of the World |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Edward Tomlinson, News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | News from Europe |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | E. Power Biggs |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | White Rabbit Line |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | NBC: | Commando Mary |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Marcia Niel |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | God's Country—Milton Bacon |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Church of the Air |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Message of Israel |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Highlights of the Bible |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Wings over Jordan |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Southernaires |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Lionel Hampton's Orch. |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 | CBS: | Egon Petri, Pianist |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | MBS: | Radio Chapel |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Hour of Faith |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Invitation to Learning |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | NBC: | Marion Laveridge |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Salt Lake Tabernacle |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | Blue: | News from Europe |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | NBC Orchestra |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Transatlantic Call |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Sammy Kaye's Orch. |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC: | Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | John B. Kennedy |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | Voice of the Dairy Farmer |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | NBC: | Labor for Victory |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Edward R. Murrow (from London) |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC: | Chicago Round Table |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | Starring Curt Massey |
| | | 1:45 | Blue: | Francis Drake, Aviation News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Chaplain Jim, U. S. A. |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | Those We Love |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | America—Ceiling Unlimited |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | World News Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | John Charles Thomas |
| | | 2:30 | Blue: | National Vespers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | New York Philharmonic Symphony |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Meylan Sisters |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | Reports on Rationing |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | Hanson Baldwin |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Upton Close |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Army Hour |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | Blue: | Hot Copy |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Al Pierce Show |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | Pause that Refreshes |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lands of the Free |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Metropolitan Opera Audition |
| | | 5:00 | NBC: | NBC Symphony—Leopold Stokowski |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | The Family Hour |
| | | 5:00 | Blue: | Where Do We Stand |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | MBS: | Upton Close |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | The Shadow |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Musical Steelmakers |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | Irene Rich |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Silver Theater |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Radio Hall of Fame |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | MBS: | First Nighter |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | NBC: | Catholic Hour |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Great Gildersleeve |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Gene Autry |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | Blue: | Green Hornet |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | William L. Shirer |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | MBS: | Voice of Prophecy |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Drew Pearson |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Jack Benny |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | Blue: | Dorothy Thompson |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Frank Sinatra |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | MBS: | Stars and Stripes in Britain |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | We, the People |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | Quiz Kids |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | Fitch Bandwagon |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Roy Porter, News |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | The Jerry Lester Show |
| | | 8:00 | MBS: | Mediation Board |
| 8:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Crime Doctor |
| 6:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Keepsakes |
| 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: | Ned Calmer, News |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Radio Reader's Digest |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Old-Fashioned Revival |
| 7:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 7:45 | 8:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Texaco Star Theater |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:45 | Blue: | Jimmie Fidler |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | American Album of Familiar Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Revlon Revue |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | John B. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Hour of Charm |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | MBS: | Goodwill Hour |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC | Bob Crosby |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Dunninger |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | The Thin Man |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| | | 11:10 | CBS: | Everett Hollis |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Olga Coehlo & El Charro Gil Trio |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | John W. Vandercook |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC | Pacific Story |

### H I , N E I G H B O R . . .

The charming, homey, feminine voice you hear every day on CBS's Good Neighbors, at 3:00 P.M., EWT, belongs to Irene Beasley. She also writes the scripts.

Irene is a real daughter of the really deep South, having been born in Whitehaven, Tennessee, and brought up in Amarillo, Texas. She attended Sweet Briar College in Virginia in preparation for the career she had chosen—that of being a school teacher. She taught school first in Lamont, Mississippi, later transferring to Memphis Junior High School, where she taught the odd combination of music and mathematics.

While holding down this latter job, Irene began to write songs and got a chance to present them on Memphis and Nashville radio stations. One day, a representative of a recording company turned up in Memphis, asking for some original material. Irene made some records and they clicked at once. That led to her being asked to come to New York to make additional recordings.

Once in the metropolis, it occurred to Irene that there might be something to a radio career. It took some leg work and time and courage before she managed to sell herself to CBS and became the original "Old Dutch Girl." That was in 1930. Then, Irene thought up her idea of vocajingling commercials which kept her plenty busy.

Before her vocajingles really became too much of a hit to prevent her from doing much of anything else, Irene put in some time appearing in supper clubs and on the musical comedy and vaudeville stage.

Eventually, imitators sprang up in sufficient numbers so that Irene could give up some of her jingles and turn to other types of radio work. Her "R.F.D." show, which was aimed at rural women, found a healthy public among city folks, too.

It was in 1935, while guest starring on a radio show, that Irene first met Richard Stark, who is her co-star on the present Good Neighbors show. In 1941, Irene and Richard Stark were reunited at the mike on a singing-announcing assignment that lasted for two years.

Frank Crumit's sudden death was responsible for bringing them together as co-stars again. A show was needed to replace Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson and Irene was called on to prepare a fifteen-minute show in less than two hours time. It was doubly hard for Irene, because she had known the Crumits for years and loved them. But with Stark's help and the cooperation of Bob Downey, the pianist on the new show, a script was whipped into shape and the show went on.

Since then, the friendly trio has won its way into the hearts of millions.

## MONDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| 8:15 | | 9:15 | CBS: | School of the Air |
| | | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Sweet River, Drama |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John, News |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | | 10:15 | Blue: | Roy Porter, News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| 2:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Pappy Howard's Band |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | To be announced |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 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 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Gilbert Martyn |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Brave Tomorrow |
| 1:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 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 |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Allie Lowe Miles |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Bernardine Flynn, News |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | Blue: | Paul Lavalle's Orch. |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Rodriguez & Sutherland, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | Blue: | Mystery Chef |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:30 | 2:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Perry Mason Stories |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Mary Martin |
| | | 3:00 | CBS: | Good Neighbors |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis, News |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 2:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Now and Forever |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Matinee |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Blue Frolics |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| 1:25 | 3:25 | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Westbrook Van Voorhis, News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | CBS: | To be announced |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Perry Como |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 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 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Capt. Midnight |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Terry and the Pirates |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:10 | 5:10 | 6:10 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | Blue: | Capt. Tim Healy |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | To Your Good Health |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullavan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | CBS: | Joseph C. Harsch |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Johnny Morgan Show |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| | | 7:05 | Blue: | Awake at the Switch |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Ed Sullivan |
| 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 |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Cavalcade of America |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum 'n' Abner |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Gay Nineties |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Blind Date |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Voice of Firestone |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | MBS: | Bulldog Drummond |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Bill Henry |
| 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. |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Screen Guild Players |
| 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 |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Three Ring Time |
| | | 10:30 | Blue: | Yankee Doodle Quiz |
| | | 10:30 | NBC: | Information Please |

# TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:15 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | 8:00 | 8:30 | Blue: | News |
| | | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | School of the Air |
| | | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John, News |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| | | 10:00 | Blue: | Sweet River, Drama |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Pappy Howard's Band |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | To be announced |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 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 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Gilbert Martyn |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Brave Tomorrow |
| 11:15 | 10:15 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 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 |
| 9:15 | 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: | Sketches in Melody |
| 10:55 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | The Women's Exchange |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Bernardine Flynn, News |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Rodriguez and Sutherland, News |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | Blue: | Mystery Chef |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | Blue: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Perry Mason Stories |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Mary Marlin |
| | | 3:00 | CBS: | Good Neighbors] |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| | | 3:30 | CBS: | Now and Forever |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine] |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Blue Frolics |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:25 | 3:25 | 4:25 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Perry Como |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 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 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Captain Midnight |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Terry and the Pirates |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | Edwin C. Hill |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | Blue: | Capt. Healy |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Bill Stern |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jack Smith, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:55 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Awake at the Switch |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | American Melody Hour |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | Metropolitan Opera |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | Salute to Youth |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Big Town |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Ginny Simms |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum 'n' Abner |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Horace Heidt |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Judy Canova Show |
| 9:00 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Duffy's Tavern |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Famous Jury Trials |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Mystery Theater |
| 5:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Burns and Allen |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Report to the Nation |
| 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 |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 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 |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Suspense |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Red Skelton |
| | | 10:30 | CBS: | Congress Speaks |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | America Tomorrow |

## HI, YOURSELF . . .

To Richard Stark belongs the friendly, male voice on the Good Neighbors show, heard on CBS, Monday through Friday at 3:00 P.M. EWT.

Richard was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, but grew up in Santa Monica, California, where his mother took him to live with her family after the death of his father. In California, Richard's schooling was delayed by four years, because a director friend of his mother's set him to work in the movies and kept him so busy at all the major studios that the boy didn't have a chance to go to school until he was nine years old. At that time, Dick broke an arm, couldn't work in a picture with Douglas Fairbanks and was sent to school.

Dick was an apt pupil and soon caught up with his age group. From that time on, he was torn between two ambitions—the theater and a diplomatic career. Of course, he appeared in every high school production and later studied drama at Cornell University. Meanwhile, he went ahead with his preparations for the diplomatic career, too, majoring in International Law. It wasn't long, however, before he saw that he would not have enough money to continue his studies and, after his graduation, he returned to his home in California.

There, he landed the juvenile lead opposite Olivia de Havilland in Max Reinhardt's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." Following the Hollywood production, the show toured Chicago, Milwaukee and finally collapsed in St. Louis and Richard returned East.

Bagging an NBC audition, Dick performed excerpts from his "Midsummer" part. Planning a Shakespearean satire and rating Dick a bad enough actor to be cast in burlesque, Dick was given two roles—the first of which he delivered on cue. The second was read by an experienced radio actor, because Dick was too fascinated by all that was going on to be near the microphone on time.

With the stout heart of inexperience, he stormed RCA and for two years made spot announcements, slide films and transcriptions.

In 1937, on a trip back home, Dick married Carolin Babcock, a tennis champion. The young couple came back East and settled down to a more or less unsettled existence for a couple of years. By 1939, Dick decided a little more security was desirable and took a staff job on station WNEW and moved his family out to Rumson, New Jersey.

Then he landed the announcer's job on the Hour of Charm program and things began to move along at a better rate. Now, in addition to his co-starring with Irene Beasley on Good Neighbors, you hear him as the host on To Your Good Health, the Bronx emcee on Battle of the Boroughs, and the steady announcer on three popular serials, Abie's Irish Rose, Life Can Be Beautiful and Right to Happiness.

# WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:15 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| | | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| | | 10:00 | Blue: | Sweet River, Drama |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Pappy Howard's Band |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | To be announced |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: | Vic and Sade |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Gilbert Martyn |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Brave Tomorrow |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | Blue: | Living Should Be Fun |
| | 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: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Allie Lowe Miles |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Bernardine Flynn, News |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 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: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Perry Mason Stories |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Mary Marlin |
| | | 3:00 | CBS: | Good Neighbors |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Now and Forever |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Blue Frolics |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Perry Como |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 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 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Capt. Midnight |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| | | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe, News |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Terry and the Pirates |
| 3:10 | 5:10 | 6:10 | CBS: | Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | To Your Good Health |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullavan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Adventures of the Falcon |
| | | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | The Lone Ranger |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Sammy Kaye, Orch. |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| 9:15 | 7:00 | 8:00 | MBS: | Cal Tinney |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum 'n' Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Dr. Christian |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 | MBS: | Take a Card |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Battle of the Sexes |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Beat the Band—Hildegarde |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | The Mayor of the Town |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Eddie Cantor |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Jack Carson |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Mr. District Attorney |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Great Moments in Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | MBS: | John B. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Kay Kyser |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Raymond Gram Swing |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | Cresta Blanca Carnival |
| | | 10:30 | Blue | Radio Forum |

# THURSDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:15 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 | CBS: | School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Sweet River, Drama |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue: | Pappy Howard's Band |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | To be announced |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 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 |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | Gilbert Martyn |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Brave Tomorrow |
| 11:15 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
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| 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: | Sketches in Melody |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | Blue: | Allie Lowe Miles |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Bernardine Flynn, News |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Rodriguez and Sutherland, News |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 | NBC: | Lonely Women |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | We Love and Learn |
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| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Blue Frolics |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Westbrook Van Voorhis |
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| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Perry Como |
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| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
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| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Capt. Midnight |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | Front Page Farrell |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Terry and the Pirates |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | World News |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | The Three Sisters |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullavan, Songs |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Bill Stern |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| | | 6:55 | CBS: | Meaning of the News |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 4:05 | 6:05 | 7:05 | Blue: | House on "O" Street |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Harry James |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| 7:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | Bob Burns |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Maxwell House Coffee Time |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | Earl Godwin, News |
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | Astor, Ruggles and Auer |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Lum 'n' Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Death Valley Days |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | America's Town Meeting |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Aldrich Family |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Bill Henry |
| 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 | Blue: | Spotlight Bands |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Joan Davis, Jack Haley |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Dinah Shore |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 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: | Abbott and Costello |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | March of Time |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:30 | CBS: | Here's to Romance |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | Wings to Victory |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Ned Calmer, News |


## MOST CHARMING LIAR . . .

You hear him on Thursday evenings at 8:00 P.M., EWT, on NBC's Maxwell House Coffee Time and he tells fabulous stories about his fictitious life—and his name is Frank Morgan.

Actually, his own life story is almost as fabulous—a sort of Horatio Alger tale in reverse. He was born Francis Phillip Wupperman, one of the eleven children of one of the wealthiest families in New York society at the turn of the century. For generations, the Wuppermans have owned the very valuable formula for Angostura Bitters and the exclusive rights to manufacturing it.

With such a business in the family, it was only normal to expect that all the male children would grow up to take it over. But Frank and his brother, Ralph, were set against that idea from the very beginning. Ralph was the first to rebel and go out on his own. A short time later, after a very small try at Cornell University, Frank also went out on his own. Then followed a series of adventures which almost puts his tall stories to shame.

He headed for the wide open spaces and, in spite of taunts from the regulars, he became a cowpuncher. His gun toting, pony riding days came to an end when he was commandeered to make up part of a posse to track down two desperadoes, got separated from the rest of the men and met the bandits alone. Frank, preferring life to a hero's monument in the mesquite, turned and fled.

He made his way back to New York—by playing pool in the towns where he was thrown off the freight trains. Occasionally, he had to work, washing dishes, for his food.

By this time, brother Ralph was well established on the stage and had taken the name of Morgan. Frank adopted the same name and made his debut in vaudeville in a sketch written by his old friend Edgar Allen Woolf. His next job was the juvenile lead in "Mr. Wu."

Frank got considerable attention in his first comedy role as the fluttery king in "Rosalie," which part he had taken because it paid $50 more a week than a dramatic role that was offered to him at the same time. Other plays followed rapidly and he became master of his own highly individual comedy style and an important figure on the New York stage.

In 1932 he went to Hollywood to make his first talkie—a short called "Belle of the Night." The next year, he signed up with MGM and has been there ever since.

Frank is by way of being quite a seaman, inheriting his taste for the briny deep from one of his grandfathers, Commodore Joseph Wright Hancox, who operated a fleet of Hudson River boats before the Civil War. Frank's yacht—and his favorite weekend hangout before the war—is now seeing duty with the Navy.

# FRIDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:15 | Blue: | Texas Jim |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| 1:15 | 2:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | | 9:45 | NBC: | Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Sweet River, Drama |
| | | 10:00 | NBC: | Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | CBS: | Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 | Blue: | News |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 | NBC: | The Open Door |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Help Mate |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS | Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | Blue | Pappy Howard's Band |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 | NBC: | To be announced |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Road of Life |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS: | Honeymoon Hill |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | CBS: | Second Husband |
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| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Bright Horizon |
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| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | CBS: | Aunt Jenny's Stories |
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| | 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 |
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| 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 | Blue: | Allie Lowe Miles |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | CBS: | Ma Perkins |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Bernardine Flynn, News |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | Blue: | Edward MacHugh |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | The Goldbergs |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | Carey Longmire, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Young Dr. Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Rodriguez and Sutherland, News |
| 12:30 | 1:15 | 2:15 | CBS: | Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| 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: | Ladies, Be Seated |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | NBC: | Light of the World |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | CBS: | Perry Mason Stories |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | Betty Crocker |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Mary Marlin |
| | | 3:00 | CBS: | Good Neighbors |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | Blue: | Morton Downey |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | NBC: | A Woman of America |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | CBS: | Elizabeth Bemis |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | Blue: | My True Story |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | NBC: | Ma Perkins |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Now and Forever |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | Blue: | Ted Malone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | NBC: | Right to Happiness |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 | CBS: | This Life Is Mine |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | CBS: | Your Home Front Reporter |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | Blue: | Blue Frolics |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 | NBC: | Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:25 | CBS: | News |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | Blue: | Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | CBS: | Perry Como |
| | | 4:45 | Blue: | Sea Hound |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 | NBC: | Young Widder Brown |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Madeleine Carroll Reads |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Hop Harrigan |
| 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 | NBC: | Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | Blue: | Dick Tracy |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Sing Along |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | MBS: | Superman |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Just Plain Bill |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | CBS: | American Women |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Capt. Midnight |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe, News |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Terry and the Pirates |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | To Your Good Health |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | CBS: | Jeri Sullavan, Songs |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| | | 6:45 | Blue: | Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | CBS: | Bob Trout |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | Archie Andrews, Sketch |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | I Love a Mystery |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | Fred Waring's Gang |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | CBS: | Our Secret Weapon |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | NBC: | European News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Easy Aces |
| | 6:30 | 7:30 | Blue: | The Lone Ranger |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | CBS: | Mr. Keen |
| 4:45 | 6:45 | 7:45 | NBC: | H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Kate Smith Hour |
| 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 |
| 8:15 | 7:15 | 8:15 | Blue: | Parker Family |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Meet Your Navy |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | All Time Hit Parade |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Bill Henry |
| 8:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Philip Morris Playhouse |
| 8:30 | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Gang Busters |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | MBS: | Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 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: | People Are Funny |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 | Blue: | Harry Wismer |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Amos 'n' Andy |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | John Gunther |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Durante and Moore |
| | | 10:30 | CBS: | Stage Door Canteen |
| | | 10:30 | Blue: | What's Your War Job |
| | | 10:30 | NBC | Bill Stern |

## SATURDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | CENTRAL WAR TIME | Eastern War Time | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 8:00 | CBS: | News of the World |
| | | 8:00 | Blue: | News |
| | | 8:00 | NBC: | News |
| | | 8:15 | CBS: | Music of Today |
| | | 8:15 | NBC: | Ralph Dumke |
| | | 8:30 | CBS: | Missus Goes A-Shopping |
| | | 8:30 | Blue: | United Nations, News Review |
| | | 8:45 | CBS: | Women's Page of the Air |
| | | 8:45 | NBC: | News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Press News |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | Blue: | Breakfast Club |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 | NBC: | Music from Manhattan |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 | CBS: | Red Cross Reporter |
| | 8:30 | 9:30 | CBS: | Garden Gate |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | CBS: | Youth on Parade |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | Swing Shift Frolics |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | To Be Announced |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | CBS: | U. S. Navy Band |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | Blue: | John Freedom—Drama |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Saturday Showdown |
| | 9:40 | 10:45 | NBC: | Bob Becker's Pet Parade |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | Blue: | Xavier Cugat's Orch. |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | NBC: | Hook 'n' Ladder Follies |
| | | 11:05 | CBS: | Let's Pretend |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | CBS: | Fashion in Rations |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | NBC: | Lighted Windows |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | Blue: | The Land of the Lost |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | CBS: | Theater of Today |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | Blue: | Blue Playhouse |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | NBC: | News |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 | NBC: | Consumer Time |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | CBS: | Stars Over Hollywood |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | Blue: | Farm Bureau |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | NBC: | Mirth and Madness |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | CBS: | Campana Serenade |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | Blue: | Horace Heidt's Orch. |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | NBC: | That They Might Live |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | CBS: | Chips Davis, Commando |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | NBC: | The Baxters |
| 10:15 | 12:45 | 1:45 | CBS: | Report from Washington |
| 10:15 | 12:45 | 1:45 | NBC: | War Telescope |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | CBS: | Of Men and Books |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | Blue: | Metropolitan Opera |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | NBC: | Roy Shield and Co. |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | CBS: | Here Comes Merchant Marine |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 | NBC: | People's War |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | CBS: | Football Game |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | NBC: | News |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | CBS: | Motor City Melodies |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | NBC: | Matinee in Rhythm |
| 1:05 | 3:05 | 4:05 | CBS: | Report from London |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | NBC: | Minstrel Melodies |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | CBS: | Dave Choskin Orchestra |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | NBC: | Doctors at War |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | Blue: | Popular Music |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | NBC: | Caesar Saerchinger |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | CBS: | Mother and Dad |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | Blue: | Tommy Tucker Topics |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | NBC: | G. I. Variety |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | Blue: | Storyland Theatre |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | Blue: | Korn Kobblers |
| | | 6:00 | NBC: | I Sustain the Wings |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | CBS: | Quincy Howe |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 | CBS: | People's Platform |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | Blue: | Andy Russell |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | NBC: | Three Suns Trio |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | Blue: | Leon Henderson |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | CBS: | The World Today |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 | NBC: | Religion in the News |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 | CBS: | Bob Trout |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | CBS: | Man Behind the Gun |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | Blue: | What's New—Don Ameche |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | NBC: | For This We Fight |
| 8:00 | 6:30 | 7:30 | CBS: | Thanks to the Yanks |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | Blue: | News |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | NBC: | Ellery Queen |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | NBC: | Abie's Irish Rose |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | CBS: | Blue Ribbon Town |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | Blue: | Boston Symphony Orch. |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | NBC: | Truth or Consequences |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | CBS: | Inner Sanctum Mystery |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | CBS: | Ned Calmer, News |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | CBS: | Your Hit Parade |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | Blue: | Edward Tomlinson |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | NBC: | Can You Top This |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | Blue: | Spotlight Band |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 | CBS: | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | Blue: | John Gunther |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | NBC: | Million Dollar Band |
| | | 10:15 | Blue: | Army Service Forces Present |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | NBC: | Grand Ole Opry |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 | CBS: | Eileen Farrell |
| | | 10:45 | Blue: | Betty Rann |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | CBS | Ned Calmer, News |

*Lovely to look at and delightful to hear—that's Dinah, star and mistress of ceremonies on her own show, the Dinah Shore Program on CBS.*

# The cover girl

LOVELY to look at and beautiful to hear — that's Dinah Shore, this month's cover girl, and we can all be thankful that her parents' original plans for her didn't quite work out. Daddy and Mamma Shore had their hearts set on making a social service worker of their little girl, Frances Rose, as she was known in those days.

Dinah was born March 1, 1917, in Winchester, Tennessee, and her urge to perform in public came early to her. At ten, she sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby" before a meeting of her mother's Ladies Aid Society. By the time she was fourteen, Frances Rose decided she should abandon her amateur status. So, one evening, she "borrowed" her older sister's best evening dress and make-up kit and hied herself to a nearby roadside resort for her first professional engagement. She came out on the stage only to find her parents watching her from a ringside table. She was hauled home but not before she had collected her fee of ten dollars.

Frances Rose continued to go to school, even majoring in sociology at Vanderbilt University to please her family, but all the while, her main interest was still the theater and singing. She took voice lessons and her teacher arranged for her to appear on his weekly program over WSM.

As graduation time approached, Frances Rose began thinking about New York. Daddy and Mamma Shore still had to be convinced, but by the time she was ready to hand them her B.A. degree, their resistance had been worn down to nothing. And so, Frances Rose arrived in New York in June, 1938, ready to take the big town by storm.

For a discouragingly long time, the storm turned out to be very little more than a gentle zephyr. Frances Rose landed a job, finally, on a small local station, but that was all.

Then an influential friend, who believed in her, arranged an audition for her with one of the networks. Only, the struggle had been so long and she'd been disappointed so often that, when her moment to step before the mike finally came, Frances Rose got so frightened that she burst into tears and ran out of the studio.

Luckily, her friend was an understanding soul and, unknown to her, he arranged to have a recording made of one of her local broadcasts and Frances Rose had another audition—by proxy. NBC program officials listened to the recordings and, just when Frances Rose had decided to admit defeat, she was called to the networks.

It was her slick rendition of the song "Dinah" that eventually led to her present name. Today, as star and mistress of ceremonies on her own show, the Dinah Shore Program, heard at 9:30 P.M., EWT, Thursdays, on CBS, she is not only tops in radio, but well on her way to movie stardom as well.

Movie and radio commitments, however, couldn't keep Dinah from mapping out her own plan for doing her share of war work. Last summer, she figured out a personal appearance tour of Army camps in the West, deliberately selecting out-of-the-way posts, where little or no live entertainment was provided for the soldiers. She traveled through deserts and flatlands and mountain regions, singing for soldiers who hadn't seen a show since their induction. It's small wonder that hardly a week passes without some outfit voting her its sweetheart.

**Adorably pretty, Hilda Holder is another Pond's engaged girl . . . the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Holder of one of North Carolina's first families**

"Dick enlisted two months before Pearl Harbor—I wanted to be doing something necessary, too," Hilda says, "so I found *my* job helping to build planes.

"I get up at 4:00 A.M., and don't get back home until 4:00 P.M. It seemed outlandish at first, but now I like it. I do have to watch out for my complexion, though.

"I give my face a good Pond's creaming after work every day so I'm certain-sure there's no greasy dirt clogging up my pores. Lots of the girls keep a big jar of Pond's at the plant. I guess they love it the way I do."

Hilda *beauty cleans* her face with Pond's like this: *She smooths* Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. *She "rinses"* with more Pond's, swirling her white-coated fingers around in little spirals. Tissues off again. Her face feels "perfectly lovely" she says, "so *extra* clean, so nice to touch."

Yes—it's no accident engaged girls like Hilda, exquisite society leaders like Gloria Vanderbilt De Cicco, and Britain's Lady Grenfell delight in this soft-smooth cream. Ask for a *big*, luxurious jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Use it every night, every morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!


*ALL KINDS OF WAR JOBS* are waiting to be filled—in transportation, stores, war plants, restaurants. Check Help Wanted ads—then consult your local U. S. Employment Service

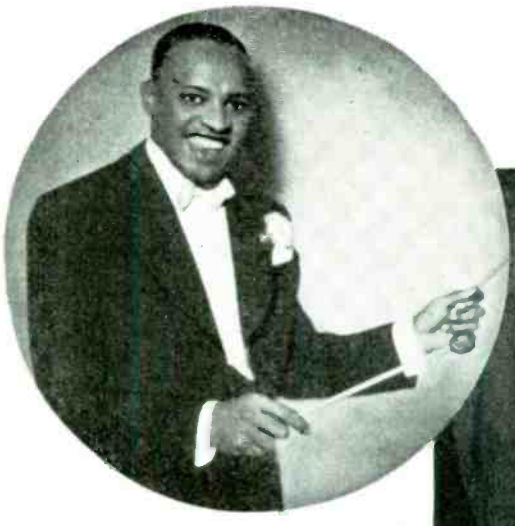
*HILDA'S RING*—the diamond is set in a hand-wrought design on a slim gold band

# SHE'S ENGAGED! SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

*HILDA'S EXQUISITE COMPLEXION* has that appealing baby-clear look every girl wants. "Pond's Cold Cream is the only beauty care I use," she says. "I keep a *big* jar in my locker at the plant—and a big jar at home."


*ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!* It's more patriotic to buy large sizes, saves glass and manpower. (You may see different color "war caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is *the same lovely quality!*)

# Facing the Music



*Above—his musicians call him the "Mad Genius." Right, when Lionel Hampton opened the Famous Door Cafe, he had a surprise visit from Rec Norvo, John Kirby, Duke Ellington, Lou Armstrong.*

*The pretty Nilson twins, who sing with Spike Jones and his City Slickers on NBC's Furlough Fun show, entertain the Chinese Air Cadets in Hollywood's Radio City.*

## THE MAD GENIUS

THE boys in the band call him "The Mad Genius." Swing savants and band experts call him the leader of the finest colored dance band to come along since Duke Ellington, and predict that, despite war restrictions, this relatively new aggregation will hit the jazz jackpot. As you probably know by these references, the subject is lively Lionel Hampton, brilliant vibraharp-drum virtuoso and celebrated alumni of the Benny Goodman band.

Lionel's eighteen musicians are loyally behind their nervous but talented leader and the mad genius title is one of affection.

Lionel is no easy subject to interview. Most of his replies are given in staccato style finished off with a stuttering "yea-yea-yea." Lionel is no yes-man but he is forever spluttering out "yea-yea-yea" even when pounding out his torrid rhythms.

If Lionel is pressed into lengthier conversations he relies on the latest jive jargon. Lionel translated some of his pet phrases. "Swing It Man" means encouragement for a musician taking a solo ride. "One more" is a request for an extra chorus. "That'll knock me out" means that the tune is in the solid groove. "Beat to my socks" is a musician's way of saying he is played out. "I Got Mellow Eyes" expresses a smooth satisfaction, while "Happy Eyes" describes gaiety and "Sad Eyes," that blues feeling.

Lionel was born thirty years ago in Louisville, Kentucky. When he was seven, Lionel's family moved to Chicago and there he got his elementary schooling, played drums in a band directed by Major N. Clark Smith, and supported by a Negro newspaper.

"That's the man I really owe everything to for starting me out in music."

Before meeting Smith, Lionel learned to play drums in the family kitchen, rattling out rhythms on chairs, ice boxes, and washboards.

When he was sixteen, Lionel went to Los Angeles on his own, studying music at the University of Southern California. In the evenings he worked as a soda jerker but the job didn't last long. It was a losing proposition for the owner of the establishment, for Lionel broke too many glasses using them as cymbals crashed by spoons.

Lionel's talents were soon discovered. He played for Paul Howard, Les Hite and the great Louis Armstrong. It was with the latter that Lionel first discovered the vibraharp. He saw one in a recording studio, fooled around with it, and became the first swingster to master the instrument. Later on he formed his first band and played in a west coast dime-a-dance hall.

Lionel played with Benny Goodman from 1936 to 1940 joining such artists as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Ziggy Elman, Bab Russin, and Jess Stacey. During this period Goodman formed his now-famous Quartet, consisting of vibraharp, clarinet, piano, and drums.

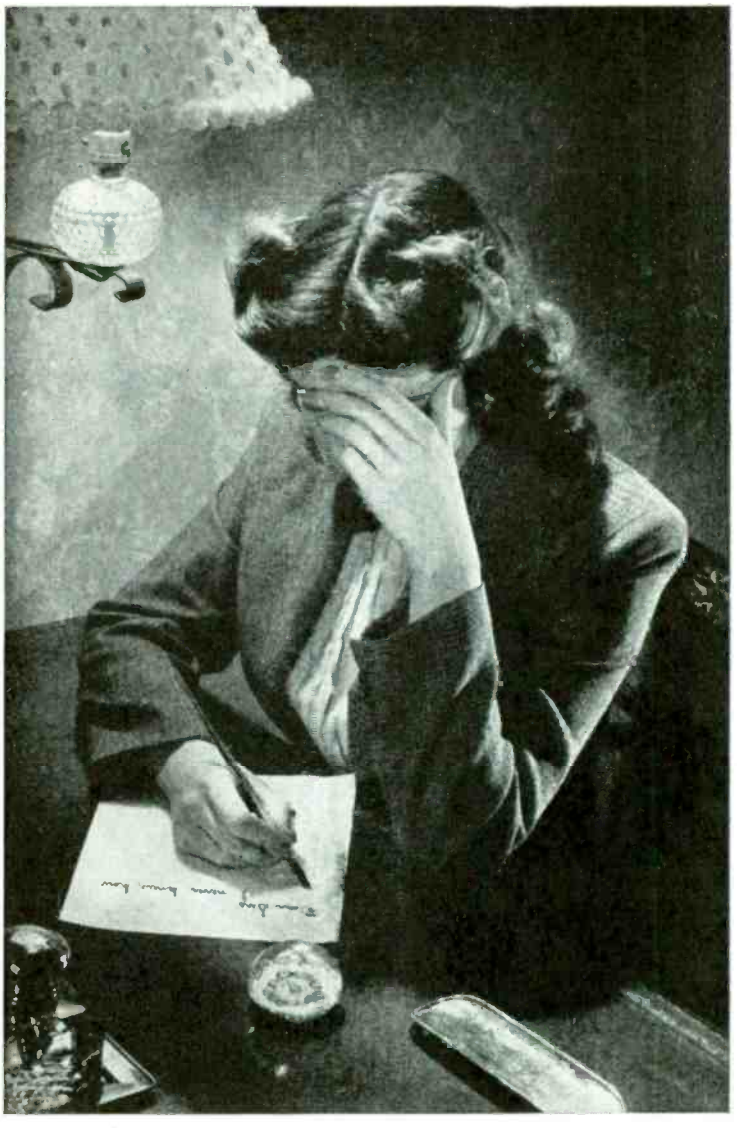
Gloomy predictions were made when Lionel decided to become a leader again. Too many bands were being formed at that time—especially by Goodman alumni—and the odds against a colored band making the grade were even heavier. Certain southern routes were barred to them. Transportation and hotel accommodations were stumbling blocks. But Lionel's men were so outstanding that their first performance in Los Angeles' Casa Manana received enthusiastic notices. As usual, Decca's recording of "Flyin' Home" rendered the most help.

At the present time Hampton's band is clicking solidly in the new Famous Door in New York and broadcasting over CBS and Mutual. Opening night Lionel received his biggest thrill. A surprise visit was paid him by Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Red Norvo, Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Tony Pastor and Tommy Dorsey, and was climaxed when these stars sat in with the Hampton band. Fortunate swingsters who attended haven't gotten over it.

On one point Lionel doesn't hesitate to give an opinion.

"Swing's the thing," he says confidently, "yea-yea-yeah."

# You'll never see their Faces—



¶ **But you'll thank these thousands of women for telling you why they switched to Modess.**

¶ **"So soft!" "So comfortable!" "So utterly safe!" say 8 out of 10 letters!**

You'll never know who they are, or where they live.

Yet 10,086 women—from all across the country—have done you one of the best turns in the world. Here's why . . .

They had the courage to write—frankly and freely—on a most intimate subject, so that other women could benefit by their experience. Simply, and with complete honesty, these women told *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins.

During the past few months letters have been coming in from women who had been users of practically every other type and kind of pad. An independent, impartial concern read the letters. And here are the returns:

*8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess because of its wonderful softness and comfort—its absolute safety!*

Read what some of these letters said!

**"Modess never chafes.** I feel comfortable after wearing it for hours," writes Miss R. C. Yes! Softer Modess adjusts itself to your *own* body. No hard tab ends. No telltale outlines.

**"Safer than** any other brand for me," Mrs. D. C. praises Modess. The triple, full-length shield at the *back* of every Modess gives *full-way* protection—not just part-way, as some napkins give.

**"It's downy softness** guarantees all-day comfort!" says Miss M. A. Thanks to its softspun filler, Modess is *softer*—so different from layer-type pads. Is it any wonder that thousands *more* women are switching to Modess all the time?

**Aren't *you* busier** than ever? . . . Wouldn't you welcome *more* softness, *more* protection? If you haven't tried Modess recently, why not switch *now* and see what a tremendous difference a softer, safer napkin can make?

**Discover the Difference! Switch to**

**Modess**

SANITARY NAPKINS


**MODESS REGULAR** is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.

R
M

# You Must Help Them!

*Continued from page 38*

other; they play games, like cards—and the girls encourage the boys to talk. It is only later that the men find out that these women who were so amusing and understood them so fully—are also *totally deaf*.

An infantryman, stricken with trembling and palpitation as the result of witnessing the horrifying death of a companion in a battle in the Solomons, appeared to be a hopeless case of nervous disintegration.

The medical officer had an idea. He told the trembling man that he was needed in an emergency—would he help out as litter-bearer for the hospital? At first the soldier trembled more—but then he agreed.

Twenty-four hours later he had regained his composure. A week later he was able to return to duty. Caring for others was the answer to this man. It made him forget—and lose his own psychic symptoms!

MANY Army and Navy disabled men go right on working for their Service; more and more "limited service" jobs are being found for them. But when they are released, industry, too, is finding ways to help these men. Thousands of disabled ex-servicemen are being hired every day. For instance, an incapacitated soldier who knows all about guns is trained some more and becomes a fine gun inspector. A man who has lost his arm becomes an expert welder. Yes, when the United States Employment Service, the Veterans Administration, the Civil Service Commission, and the Re-employment Division of Selective Service have done all they can, there's still much that industry can do.

But most important, from a doctor's standpoint, is what you and I can do.

"Mary," I told Boyd Hanson's mother when I had finished what my doctor friends had told me, "you have a job to perform—and I know it's not going to be easy. It's a job everyone of us has who must live with—or even meet in casual social intercourse, or meet in the street—a seriously disabled service man. I don't mean we shouldn't be absolutely real and sincere with these men—heavens, they'd be the first to detect and resent any kind of an 'act.'

"But we *must* develop the right attitude. The wrong one can ruin them. The right one can make life bearable for a man who wants to believe that the sacrifice was worth while.

"Your boy, Mary, was quite happy when you went to see him in the hospital. Now he's depressed. Somewhere between these moods you must have changed his viewpoint.

"But Joyce," she interrupted, "I didn't do a thing but try to—"

"Wait," I said. "I can't help you if you won't face the truth. You told me yourself that you don't *expect* Boyd to be 'quite normal.' That's wrong to begin with. You must treat him as a normal person. Try not to make your horror at his affliction so obvious. He got over thinking it was horrible until you *made* him think of himself as abnormal. Remember, his character and personality can be just the same as they ever were—but he needs self-confidence and a sense of being normal to restore them to normalcy. The main thing is: let your boy know—by your attitude, not words—that you feel about him as you always did, that everything is unimportant compared with your love and friendship for him. Lots of praise isn't going to help. Keep him busy instead—and be sure he knows you think he's just as normal as you are.

"Also, you tell me that he won't listen to your advice, that he won't answer your questions. Mary dear, don't you realize he doesn't *want* to answer questions? Nor does he welcome advice just now—maybe later when he's succeeded in getting over the feeling that he's abnormal. When Boyd wants to talk about himself you won't need to ask—he'll give! He can't *dare* think about things just now; give him a chance to get his emotional equilibrium. He'll ask your advice soon enough—but don't offer it till he's ready. A good idea is to look into the kind of job he could get, the facts relating to his disability so that when he begins to ask you of his own accord you'll be able to give him some practical ideas, not just talk for the sake of talking. Above all, don't look for reactions to your every word—wait patiently.

"And Mary, don't be surprised that he snapped at you for just smiling. Maybe that means that he senses that you're *forcing* cheerfulness on him. It's much better to be frankly serious, to discuss the tough problems he faces without reservation when he wants to discuss them, rather than to try to cheer him up and pretend that his disability is unimportant. Help him to free reality by facing it bravely with him. Anything we bring right out into the open isn't nearly as tormenting as what we bury in our hearts and keep to ourselves. Artificial legs need not be nightmares. They can become blessings, something to be grateful for, not to be ashamed of. It all depends upon the attitude you take toward them. If yours is right, Boyd's will be also.

"Last of all, dear—and this is the hardest of all—you say he refuses your attempts to help him. Don't you see, he's trying *not* to be a martyr which you may be unconsciously encouraging him to be. The more gestures you make to help him the more stress is put on the idea that he's a cripple, that he's abnormal. Let him stumble and fall if necessary. Let him walk painfully across the room rather than scurry across yourself to help him. Let him wait on you, help you, so that he can get a greater sense of being a part of the brotherhood of men, not a helpless, broken wreck who needs constant attention."

That's all I could tell Mary or any one who faces such a problem: Make him feel normal; don't force your attentions, your questions, your advice or pretended cheerfulness on him—and your boy will be all right, I promise you. Remember, he had the courage to go through the ghastly ordeal of losing his legs. He has the courage to go through learning how to live without them.

*But you must help him!*

# "A LUX girl?

## You bet I am! It's the soap that leaves skin *SWEET*"


"I love the way my daily Lux Soap beauty bath leaves my skin flower-fresh, delicately perfumed," says charming Paulette Goddard. "It makes daintiness *sure*."

Screen stars know if a girl isn't dainty, no other charm counts. They depend on Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather that removes every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin feeling satiny-smooth and soft. Try this fragrant luxurious beauty bath!

# PAULETTE GODDARD

Charming Star of Paramount's "STANDING ROOM ONLY"

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### DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled!** *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

# This Is My Secret

*Continued from page 49*

drawn look anxiety had stamped on her face. And she was apologetic to me! "Perhaps I shouldn't have called you," she began uncertainly, "So long as there's really nothing for you to do here. But getting in touch with you was my first thought—"

I closed my eyes, trying to shut out the sight of my own selfishness. Davy was lying in the room above us, injured, no one knew how badly; Mother, who had been burdened with the care of him, who was blaming herself for his accident—Mother was sorry that she'd had to disturb my smooth existence!

"I'm glad you did," I said quickly. "I wanted to be here, of course." And then, as if that wasn't enough to convince her, I added, "Joel was home when you called. I told him about Davy. And—everything's all right."

IT was a worth-while lie. Mother had hated my lying to Joel, pretending to him that Davy wasn't my baby. Her face cleared, and she looked almost happy as she whispered, "I thought all along that it would be, Marianne. Your Joel sounds like a fine man. I—I'm almost glad that he had to know the truth."

I changed the subject. "How did Davy fall?"

Her lips tightened. "I'll show you." She led the way to the kitchen and pointed to the high chair beside the table. "I always bring him downstairs in the morning, so I can keep an eye on him until Mrs. Palm comes to take care of him. I'd just put him in his chair and propped him up, and I turned to get my breakfast—" She stopped, swallowing, and then went on, "I—I had an apron tied over the dress I wear to the office. It ties at the back, and in some way the strings caught on the chair—"

I was no longer listening. I was staring at the chair, wondering at the pang of unreasonable jealousy that smote me. The high chair was new to me, as were the flannel nightgowns drying on the line above the radiator, and the crib in which Davy now slept. Davy hadn't been much of a person when I'd last seen him. He'd been a tiny bit of life, mine to care for, but—I realized now—important to me mostly as tangible evidence of the man I'd loved. He hadn't had a crib then; his bed had been a clothes basket with a firm, fat pillow for a mattress. He hadn't had any clothes except the shirts and the diapers and the shapeless wrappers my mother had been foresighted enough to buy for him. His own mother had been too self-tortured to make or to buy clothes for him before he was born, too self-centered afterward to plan the details of every-day living for him.

Now he was seven months, and in that time he hadn't been my baby at all. I hadn't fed him, bathed him, put him to bed, wakened to his cry at night. I hadn't had the thrill of seeing him grow, of that exciting day when he'd first been able to sit in the high chair, the miracle—as if a baby had never cut a tooth before—of the first bit of white showing above the gum.

I'd forfeited all of those precious things without realizing what I was giving up.

There was more than the high chair to reproach me. Two days later Davy went to the hospital, and from then on I spent most of my time there. I couldn't do much to help; I couldn't even answer some of the questions they asked me about his history, and I had to call Mother at her office for the answers.

Dr. Leeds was openly contemptuous. He regarded my leaving Davy as abandonment. It was my mother he consulted when Davy was moved.

Only Joel made me feel that Davy was my child. He called every night around ten o'clock—not from Chicago, for he was still away on his trip, but from the industrial city where the plant was located. He listened attentively while I repeated what had happened during the day, what the doctor had said, and just that small attention made me feel somehow more adequate. It was good to speak with authority about my baby. In Middleton, everyone else told *me* how he was.

Once Joel asked, "Are you satisfied with the care he's getting, Marianne? If you'd like to bring him to Chicago,

or to have a specialist called in to look at him, it could be arranged—"

I was grateful. It was comforting to know that if Dr. Leeds looked grave and shook his head when I went to see him in the morning, there would still be other avenues of hope. But I refused the offer temporarily. "I don't think it's necessary right now," I answered. "The X-rays may prove that there's nothing serious—"

I WAS grateful, but after I thought it over, I was a little chilled, too. Joel's attitude toward me had changed. At one time he wouldn't have asked me if I wanted a specialist; he would have taken matters into his own capable hands, and the best doctor he could find would have followed me to Middleton. Joel was treating me as if—as if I weren't *his* any more.

I slept uneasily that night, but it wasn't Joel's face, stern with disapproval, it wasn't the picture of Joel turning his back on me that haunted my dreams. Instead, I saw Davy as he had been the first day I'd come back to Middleton—sleeping quietly, but with the queer stillness about him. I awoke with perspiration starting on my forehead, with my hands clammy, terrified, but not too terrified to know that a truth had been driven home. I'd left Davy in order to be with Joel. I'd renounced him; I'd planned to let him be someone else's child so that I could be Joel's wife.

And yet Davy, who was more certainly mine than Joel was, hadn't been mine to give up. I began to understand, in that gray, early dawn, a little of what motherhood really meant. I began to understand the things I'd heard and read about mothers who sacrificed everything, who turned against the world for their children. It was natural; it was something they couldn't help. When you became a mother, you didn't belong to yourself any more; a part of you was forever linked to your child.

Davy *had* to get well. Unless he lived, now that I knew the enormity of the thing I had tried to do, I could never again face myself, never again count myself a whole person.

Davy was six days in the hospital, tense, endless days in which Dr. Leeds took pictures and made tests and kept mysterious charts which he didn't bother to explain to me. On the fifth day he threw me into a panic by calling in his colleague and rival, Dr. Scott, for a consultation. Dr. Leeds was a good doctor, but he was a rather pompous man, very sure of his own decisions. In his appealing to Dr. Scott I could see only that Davy's condition must be far worse than I'd let myself think.

I wasn't prepared for the cheery greeting I received at the hospital the next day. "Good morning, Mrs. Knowles," said Dr. Leeds. "I have good news for you."

I HELD my breath, not daring to hope. Dr. Leeds was given to over-statement—good news might mean only that I'd be allowed to sit an extra ten minutes with Davy. "Yes?" I inquired.

"Yes. You can make arrangements to take the child home tomorrow."

I couldn't say anything. I could only stand there with such a thunder-struck expression that Dr. Leeds, in spite of his disapproval of me, was compelled to smile. "I have been satisfied for some time that there is no sign of concussion," he went on, "and yesterday, as you know, I spoke to Dr. Scott, who confirmed my opinion—"

I must have been a little wild with joy, a little giddy at the sudden freedom from the dread and the doubt of the past week. Otherwise, I'm sure I would never have kissed Dr. Leeds.

I celebrated in a typically feminine fashion—I went shopping that afternoon. I bought Davy all of the things I'd wanted for him and had been kept from buying by the lurking fear that there might not, after all, be any use for them. And in the evening Mother and I celebrated together. We went out to dinner at Middleton's best restaurant, and afterwards we went to a movie. The picture wasn't very good, but I was relaxed and light-hearted enough to be amused by anything. I didn't understand Mother's rising to leave before the end of the feature. "It's nearly ten," she reminded me when I protested. "Surely you don't want to miss Joel's call—"

JOEL. The word pulled me sharply back to reality. I was free now to go back to Chicago, to Joel. And—I didn't know whether or not he wanted me back. We had talked about Davy in the course of those nightly telephone calls, not about ourselves and what lay between us. Tonight I would tell him that Davy was well again, and—then what?

My footsteps hurried on the way home, but my mind hung back, reluctant to face what might be in store. The telephone was ringing as we entered the house. I answered it hesitantly, almost hoping that it might be another, an unimportant call. Then I heard Joel's voice, and, suddenly impatient of suspense and uncertainty, I burst out with my news.

"That's wonderful, Marianne," he said, and the quiet emphasis he put on the words made him sound as grateful as if Davy'd been his own son. "You say he'll be home tomorrow?"

I gave him all of the details I knew, prolonging them, and then I waited, holding my breath for his next words.

There was a second's pause, and then he said, "I've had a good day today, too. This mess at the plant is all cleared up, and I'm catching the midnight train for Chicago—"

The breath went out of me suddenly, and there was a kind of soundless explosion in my brain. To Chicago, he'd said. He hadn't said *home*. Was the house we'd left, I to go to Middleton, Joel to visit the plant, no longer home to him?

I couldn't ask him. "The midnight train," I repeated stupidly. "You'll—you'll get in very late, won't you?"

"Around five in the morning," he answered.

It was a ridiculous conversation for two people who had loved each other, lived together, shared the same worries and the same foolish jokes. And yet that friendly interest of Joel's was a wall between us.

He broke the tightening silence. "I'm more than glad about the boy, Marianne. And you—sleep well. You deserve a rest—"

SLEEP well! How can I? I cried out to him silently, and then, while I mumbled some assent aloud, he said good night, and the connection was broken.

I'd thought once, the morning of Davy's accident, that I would never cry again. But I cried that night, after Joel had hung up without a word about my returning to Chicago. It wasn't the same weeping as before, not the panicky crying of a lost and frightened child. They were slow, hard tears that seeped out from beneath my eyelids, tears that welled up from depths that the old Marianne hadn't possessed.

It wasn't too hard to put on a bright face the next day. After all, it was Davy's homecoming, and between that event and the fuss of going to work for a half-day, then coming home and riding to the hospital with me, Mother was too occupied to notice any soberness on my part. A lie still nagged me—because I'd let Mother think that Joel had forgiven me for deceiving him, she would expect me to return to Chicago as soon as Davy could travel. I had to find an excuse to remain in Middleton until I knew what I was going to do.

Dr. Leeds gave me an opening. He rode home from the hospital with us and saw Davy safely put to bed in his crib. "You can put him back on his regular formula, Mrs. Knowles," he told me. "If he shows any temperature or any discomfort, let me know. There should be no trouble—"

Mrs. Knowles. I'd accepted the name without question since I'd arrived in Middleton, but now, after the doctor had gone, I asked my mother, "You haven't told anyone here that I'm married to Joel?"

She didn't look directly at me. "No. There was no reason for telling them."

She meant that she hadn't trusted a marriage based on deceit. And she had been right, I thought bitterly. Only I had gone blindly ahead, believing that I could play destiny with Joel's life and Davy's and mine. I realized now that even if there'd been no accident to Davy, something else would have brought out the truth.

"I'll just about have to tell them now," Mother said. "When you take the boy away, there are bound to be questions—"

"Wait until I've gone," I suggested. "I'd like to rest for a few days, and I want to be sure that Davy is well enough for the trip—"

"Of course," she agreed, but she looked disappointed. After Dave's death I'd been a pitiable figure to the town; now Mother very much wanted to let everyone know that I was happy; how fortunate I was in my husband and my home.

Inwardly, I drew a sigh of relief. I'd managed it; casually, as if it were only a detail, I'd managed to let her know that I didn't intend to return to Chicago immediately.

Joel didn't call that night. I hadn't expected him to, but I had hoped—oh, how I'd hoped for the 'phone to ring, for the sound of his voice reaching out to me across the miles!

But ten o'clock came, and ten-thirty, and there was no sound but the relentless ticking away of the minutes. I was relieved that Mother, tired after the day's excitement, had gone to bed. At least, I didn't have to pretend before her. At eleven I undressed slowly, hating to admit that there was no longer any reason for me to stay up, hating to admit the thought that grew until it became too strong to be denied.

Perhaps, after all, this was Joel's way of saying that I was no longer his wife. Perhaps silence seemed kinder and easier to him than the bluntness of words.

It was my own doing. I lay stiffly in the bed where I'd slept as a little girl—it seemed small now, and cramped, as Mother's house, and Middleton and all of my old life there seemed cramped—and I told myself that it was my own doing. I repeated it over and over, as if knowing that the situation was of my creating, would somehow keep me from being overwhelmed by it. I had known all along that I might some day lose Joel. It was a chance I'd taken, and I'd lost.

I TRIED to remember that a few days ago I had asked nothing but that Davy be made well again. I tried to forget the silence of the house by thinking of Davy, of the next day and all of the days to come when I would have him with me. But Joel had been a part of that picture, too, and the silence was still there, oppressive, deadening, like the emptiness in my heart.

I half-dozed. I kept hearing the telephone ringing, and each time I struggled up to answer, I came fully awake and knew that I'd dreamed the sound. When the real ringing came, I didn't believe it. I lay listening for a long time, sure that I was still dreaming. The ringing continued insistently, until I realized that it was different, lower, flatter—the doorbell, not the telephone.

I went downstairs to answer, shivering, partly from the chill of the house, partly from apprehension.

Cautiously I left the living room dark and snapped on the porch light while I peered out through the small pane in the door. What I saw sent my hands fumbling frantically with the knob and the night lock. It stuck, as usual, and it seemed years before I had the door opened, and Joel stepped inside.

I didn't care about the cold then, didn't care that the open door let in great drafts of winter air, didn't care about anything except that Joel stood there, not in anger, not accusingly, but smiling and wonderfully happy.

"I intended to get here at ten," he began, "but the train was late—"

I didn't hear him. I flung myself at him, wrapped my arms around him, and laughed and cried and tried to tell him, with scattered fragments of words, how glad I was that he had come.

"Marianne, wait—". Laughing, he picked me up with one arm and with the other swung the door shut. Then he set me down, shaking me gently. "Talk about a welcome—will you tell me what all the fuss is about?"

There was no need for pretense. Now that he was there, with me, I could tell him openly everything I felt. "Oh, Joel—I was so afraid I wouldn't see you again—"

"What made you think that?" He held me away from him a little, and although the laughter was still in his voice, his eyes were serious.

"You—you didn't say anything when you called—"

"You didn't say anything, you mean."

It was true, although I hadn't realized it before. I had been waiting for him to speak, never thinking that he might be waiting for a word from me.

"You see, honey," he went on, "it seems that there's a lot of you I don't know about. I didn't know how you felt, didn't know if you'd want to come back to Chicago after you got here and saw your home and your—boy again."

I STARED blankly up at him; then it dawned upon me what he'd been thinking—that I'd seen Davy's father in the past week. He had guessed then, that I was running away from something, but he couldn't know that the man I was escaping was dead.

And I was ashamed, thinking how little of myself I had trusted to Joel, how hurt he must be that I'd shut so much away from him. It was harder than if he'd been angry, if he'd flung my lies in my face. I could defend myself against accusations, but not against the hurt in his eyes. "Joel," I began haltingly, "there's so much to tell—"

"No, there isn't." He spoke quickly, as if he'd schooled himself to say it. "There's nothing to tell—except what you want to do about you and me and the boy. Otherwise, anything you want to forget is your own business."

I met his eyes squarely. "There's nothing I want to forget—now. I was terribly hurt and ashamed once, but not any more. Believe me, Joel—"

It was a richly satisfying hour—sitting there on the couch in the chilly, shadowy room, with Joel's overcoat bundled around me and his arms holding me, I came wonderfully close to him. I hadn't realized until then what a wall I built between us by keeping from him everything that had made such changes in my life.

I told him everything about Dave and me, about how our wedding plans had been spoiled, and how we'd stayed the night in Stanford, about Dave's having to leave unexpectedly the next day. I didn't have to tell him how I left after Dave's death, of the grief and the shame that drove me from Middleton. He understood all of that, and there was the tightening of his arms around me and the quick, silencing kiss he gave me to tell me so.

**High prices cause inflation**

"And then I met you," I finished. "I knew that you loved me as I was, and I was afraid that if you knew—"

For once, there wasn't a trace of a smile in Joel's eyes. I can't explain his expression—except that it made me feel that no one had ever loved a woman as much as he loved me. "You overlooked something," he said softly. "I love you for what you are, not for anything you have or have not done. After all, what people do only adds up in the long run to what they become, and I never did need any case history to tell me that you were—pretty fine. Now, honey, let's talk about going home—"

"I'm home now," I whispered. And I was. Home was the circle of Joel's arms, and Davy sleeping in his room.

IT was a dream come true—going back to Chicago. Joel left the next day, and Davy and I followed him a week later. Joel gave up precious gas coupons to meet us, and the drive home, with the lake on one side and the glittering city on the other, was like a ride through fairyland.

Davy had slept on the train. On the ride from the station he lay contentedly on my lap, now and again commenting—or so I fondly believed—on the things around him in his own private language. Joel kept glancing at me and chuckling.

"I'd like," I said after a while, "to know what the joke is."

"No joke," he answered. "It's wonderful. Us. Riding family-style—you there with the baby on your lap. It's what I've always wanted—except I didn't think I'd be lucky enough to have a son ready-made."

"I hope you were lucky enough to find something for your ready-made son to sleep in—that is, if the express company didn't deliver his crib today, as they promised."

Joel's face fell, "Golly, Marianne, they didn't! What do we do now?"

We had to scramble that night to put together a temporary bed for Davy. It was like that, our homecoming, and all of the days that followed—full of things to do, full of laughter, full to the brim with happiness. There was the house to clean, Davey's room to be fixed up—and Christmas was barely three weeks away. A few days before Christmas Mother came from Middleton to spend the holidays with us, and I began to take advantage of her almost from the minute she arrived.

"I can shop now!" I cried. "I haven't been able to get downtown except on Saturday, when Joel could stay with the baby."

Mother laughed. "You'll have more shopping than you think, if you're going to give to everyone who's giving to you. Take a look in that box I brought."

It seemed that everyone I'd ever known in Middleton had sent presents. Some of the tags were labelled "To Marianne" and some "To Davy."

We took turns doing the last minute shopping. I shopped that afternoon: the next day, the day before Christmas Eve, Mother went downtown, and I was alone in the house with Davy.

I'll never forget how peaceful everything was, how snug and secure and complete. We were all ready for Christmas—the tree was trimmed, the gifts piled high beneath it: the smell of the cookies Mother and I had baked the night before mingled with the fragrance of pine. It had begun to snow outside, and the flakes drifted lazily against the window.

I was curled up in a corner of the couch, stuffing candy and knick-knacks into the stockings to be hung in the fireplace. Then I heard a sound, a step, on the porch, and I thrust Joel's stocking hastily under a cushion, thinking that he'd come home early.

I swung the door open to a downward flurrying of white flakes, and I stood peering out trying to recognize the man who stood there. There was snow on his cap, in the creases of his leather jacket. Tiny flakes clung to his brows, made more ghostly the white face, the cavernous eyes.

Dave.

Something told me the name. I couldn't think. I couldn't feel. And yet—it wasn't Dave. Dave's face hadn't had bones which were only sharp frames for skin that was pulled into deep hollows between jaw and cheekbone. And Dave's eyes had been a laughing young man's eyes, not two dull black smudges.

"Hello, Marianne," he said.

I couldn't answer. He reached out his hand, and without my will, my hand went to meet it. I turned and led him into the house. Or, rather, he led me—over to the couch, where I sat down gingerly, as if it, too, would give way beneath me. He was talking—saying casual, natural things in a voice that was like a phonograph record of a voice I'd once known.

"Nice place you've got here," he was saying. "It's swell, being in a house again . . ."

HE sat down beside me, a little apart and facing me, and his eyes never left my face. "Take it easy," he warned. "I know it's a bump for you, but I figured any way I got in touch with you would be—so I just came myself. I had a time finding you. I tried to get in touch with Lenny when I got out of the hospital, but he was on a job, and I couldn't reach him. Then I went straight to Middleton, and found your house closed, and people told me you were living in Chicago, and that your mother'd gone to visit you. No one seemed to know the address, so I went to the railroad station, and they found it for me through the express company—said some stuff of yours had been sent here in care of people named Shelton." He chuckled—and it was a rattling sound, like pebbles falling. "I gave Middleton a wallop," he said. "Ed Henshaw started to bawl when I climbed in his cab, and old Mrs. Bixby fainted. I guess they thought I was a ghost—"

I hardly heard. I was staring at him, trying to get my mind working, trying to fit the person of this gaunt, haggard stranger to a beloved memory.

"I guess I look pretty awful," he admitted. "And I'm still a little shaky on my pins. Marianne—" he leaned forward suddenly, the smudged eyes intent, his voice pleading. "Marianne, don't you recognize me? I'm Dave—don't you remember?"

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*Dave, back from the dead! What can Marianne do now—what is the right path for her to take? Read the exciting concluding instalment of "This Is My Secret" in March* RADIO MIRROR, *out February 9th.*

# Kiss Me Never

*Continued from page 44*

was the headlights of the bus coming toward me, the bus that led to the outskirts of town, the one Lanny and I used to take to go to the Shelter. I waved it to a stop and clambered in. The driver looked at me curiously. "Bad night to be out, Miss. Looks like we're in for a blizzard."

I didn't answer. I huddled in a back seat, alternately shivering and then burning as with a fever. I'd go to the Shelter, where I could be alone, where I could beat back at this horrible thing that was beating at me. What if it was cold? What if there were a blizzard? What if I died? I'd welcome death—anything to get away from this.

The driver let me off at the last stop and looked after me worriedly. What did it matter? What did anything matter? The wind was rising, and I had to fight against it as I began my climb. The path, even with the snow and darkness was the familiar, well-loved one at the end of which I'd so often found peace and solace from the thing I hadn't wanted to face, and the tiny warning pricks of truth that I knew now I'd never before had the courage to understand.

AT last, breathless and shaken, I reached the top. I stumbled toward the broken-down shack. Snow lay deep on the roof, and the flakes were coming faster now, blinding me, obliterating the world. Obliteration—that was what I wanted.

As I reached the door, half open on its broken hinge, the wind tore at me and I fell against it, exhausted, and I knew only the wetness of the snow on my face. . . .

It couldn't have been long, although it seemed like years later, that strong arms were lifting me up, and a familiar voice was saying. "Molly! Molly, my darling. . . ."

And then Lanny was carrying me into the dark, musty, cold interior. He put me on the floor and then forced something hot and burning down my throat.

"How—how'd you find me? Why did you come?" My voice seemed to come from very far away.

"I went back to your house. I couldn't stand it, leaving you as I had. Your mother was frantic, said she'd heard you rush out. Some instinct, I guess, made me come here to look for you. I got a taxi to drive me to the foot of the mountain and told the driver if I wasn't back in an hour to give the alarm and start a searching party. There's going to be a blizzard."

"I know," I murmured. Everything was hazy and sleepy and dim. "The bus driver said so—but I didn't care. I didn't care about anything. I wanted to die. . . ."

His voice came out of the darkness, and what was in it brought things into focus again, made them real and sharp. He said, "And if you had, it would have been my fault."

"No! What you said was true, Lanny. That I couldn't ever be your wife. And that's why I wanted to die. . . ."

I felt him fumbling in the dark. He found the old lantern that hung by the door and lit it. "You're not going to

die, Molly. I won't let you! But nobody can get down the hill now, either, without help—the snow's blinding. We'll have to wait till they come for us. But we're not going to die, while we're waiting. Here—take off your coat."

He had unbuttoned his heavy overcoat and as I slipped shiveringly out of mine, he put his around me so that we were both in it, close together. Then he put mine over my shoulders, pulling it around as far as it would go. We were wrapped together, tightly, inextricably. I could feel the warmth of his body slowly penetrate mine.

"Now," he said. "We'll wait. It won't be long, darling." It was strange there, so near to him, feeling the beat of his heart. Strange, even frightening. But the warmth . . . I pressed even closer.

"You see," he went on as one would to a child, "there's nothing to be afraid of. Not the cold or the dark or anything else, as long as we're together." We were quiet for a long time. Then, gently, as he felt my body relax, he put his head down against mine and said, "I guess I went sort of crazy tonight when I said those things to you. It was like I'd been driven beyond control. But darling, try to trust me—try to tell me—why are you afraid?"

IT WAS as if the silence and the cold had made time stop. As if, suddenly, I were far in the past of my own life, remembering things I hadn't known before. As if from the deep well of time, fragments of words, of voices, of dim memories floated to the surface. Time had no meaning any more. I don't know how long it was before I answered, how long I spent trying to sort over those fragments until they made a whole.

"I don't know," I said dimly. "But I remember something. It was when I was young—only until now I didn't know I remembered it. I was asleep, in a white bed in a room with blue wallpaper. Mother and Father were in the next room—their bedroom. Suddenly I heard loud voices. That's what woke me. Father was shouting and I heard my mother crying. Then he rushed out of the room—and out of the house. And my mother—" it was coming clearer now. I could see her swollen eyes, her bitter mouth—"my mother kept crying and saying she hated him. She wasn't really talking to me but sort of to herself. And she kept on with that awful crying. I was terrified."

Lanny was very still, as if afraid to move, afraid to break the chain of words. "And then?" he prompted gently. "Then what?"

"Then," I went on, "my father drank a lot. Till finally he caught pneumonia and died. And I remember my mother saying it was a judgment on him, but I didn't know what that meant. We moved from that house, and I was glad because ever since the night I'd been awakened, the bedroom where they'd been had scared me. It was as if something awful and unspeakable had happened there. Every time I went in there it scared me."

Things were coming now, faster and faster, rushing out, clearer than they'd ever been before. "I never thought about it but now I think my mother never loved him. She never speaks of him as I speak of you. It's as if she'd hated him and his memory all these years. She was always sort of quiet and reserved and shy, and what little I remember of Father, he was a big, hearty, laughing man."

"No, she never loved him," Lanny said somberly. "And I guess, in the end, she drove him to drink. She never understood. And she planted that poison in you—that fear of men and of love and of all things natural."

"She used to warn me when I started growing up that I must never let a boy get close to me, or be alone in the same room with me. She said boys were just like men. I guess—she was only trying to protect me—"

"Darling, don't you understand now? Your mother was sick. There are people like that, through ignorance, or fear. And she made you sick, too. But you're not sick any more. Look, sweetheart—for a long time now, here in the dark, we've been as close physically as two people could be—because we've had to. We've drawn warmth and life itself from each other's body. There's nothing wrong or frightening in that, is there? Well, love is like that. Love has to be physical, too, to be real and whole. It must have warmth and life—that's natural and right. . . ."

I was sobbing against him, knowing release, knowing safety, knowing real peace for the first time in my life. And, later when they came to get us, when they found us huddled there in the dark little shack, I was asleep in Lanny's arms.

I am to be married today. In a few minutes now I'll put on my dress and my long white veil and go into the living room where Lanny is waiting. It would be lying to say I am no longer afraid. Such fears do not die so quickly when they have lain fallow so long. But I am not afraid in the old way. For now I know the truth about myself, about girls like me. And with the truth, with Lanny's love and patience and Godgiven understanding, I have the courage to hope that I shall be set free and I'm going to be the best wife that any man could ask for.

# *Introducing*

KITTY KALLEN

KITTY KALLEN, charming and talented songstress with Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra, owes her success to the fact that the right people were listening to the right program at the right time!

Her first lucky break came when she was singing on the Children's Hour over a Philadelphia station, at the age of twelve. An executive of a food products company happened to hear her program at a time when he was searching for a young and talented singer to be featured on his company's commercial, and started Kitty on a career as featured songstress.

Jan Savitt, then a musical director for Station WCAU, Philadelphia, happened to hear Kitty sing on this series, and offered her a place with his band.

The next break came about when a representative of the Black Hawk Cafe, in Philadelphia, chanced to hear Kitty singing, and invited her to try out for the new floor show. Kitty made good, and opened the way for the next step in her career.

Jack Teagarden, who was about to start an engagement with his band at the Black Hawk, heard Kitty sing on a broadcast from the cafe, and immediately suggested that she join his orchestra in the featured singing spot—another step forward in her career.

Her biggest break of all occurred while she was singing at Los Angeles. One night, Jimmy Dorsey, was riding in his car with Bill Burton, his manager. "Let's hear some music," said Jimmy, and Burton turned on the car's radio. On came Kitty's voice. Jimmy, who was seeking a talented songstress to replace the departing Helen O'Connell, was instantly impressed, and asked Burton to contact her.

The next morning Kitty made a recording in a record shop, and Bill played it later in the day for Dorsey, and that's how Kitty became a regular member of Jimmy Dorsey's band.

Kitty leans to Duke Ellington's music, besides Jimmy Dorsey's. . . . Doesn't particularly like hats . . . loves to go roller-skating . . . enjoys lemon meringue pie as mother used to make . . . her favorite shade is blue . . . hates men who play pinochle or who generally gamble . . . thinks John Steinbeck is the greatest living author.

# TO MY SON

**This is one of the letters received by the daily serial, Bachelor's Children, heard over CBS, at 10:45 A.M., EWT, in response to the query "What We Are Fighting For—What America Means To Me." The program offered a $25.00 War Bond for letters used. Radio Mirror has chosen this letter (written by a soldier father to the son he has never seen) for its inspiring message.**

8 September 1943
French North Africa

WELCOME DEAR SON:

You have already been a member of this mad world for two weeks, but due to conditions being what they are, my fatherly greetings have been unavoidably detained. Only a short time ago did I learn of your arrival, and since then practically all else has been excluded from my thoughts. This, despite the fact that I've looked forward to your debut all these long months since I sailed to an unknown destination.

Well dear Ronnie, even though you came into existence when things looked pretty dismal for the peoples of the world, you still have good reason to look forward to a wonderful and full lifetime. For one thing, my son, you are the living symbol of the mutual love of two persons who would do anything possible to assist you. In addition, you have families who also will love and help you almost as much as your Mother and myself. Next, my little one, is another wonderful reason to expect a wonderful future. You are being protected by the greatest and mightiest nation the world has ever seen. The same one I am proud to be serving even though that service is denying me the great pleasure of seeing you at the moment.

On the other hand there is great pleasure in *not* seeing you just now. Lest that sound sort of incongruous let me explain further. Over here I've seen the misery and uncertainty of life in a war zone and now I can thank God that you are safely back in America, sleeping peacefully in your cradle under the ever watchful gaze of your dear Mother.

It is for the express purpose of giving the likes of you in other nations the same safety and security that myself and millions of other Americans have left our loved ones and travelled into strange lands. When that situation has been attended to, then dear son, shall we all return to our homeland. Until then, little one, your main function will be to give heart and courage to your dear Mother and try to make her happier than I know she has been for a goodly number of months. I'm sure that in your own little way, you'll be equal to that task until such time as I'm enabled to join the two of you and start all over again living in the best American traditions.

Of course, dear Ronnie, I realize that at your tender age this letter means even less than nothing, but it, too, is serving its purpose in that it is acting as an outlet for all the thoughts that are piling up in the head of

Your ever loving,
DAD

# Brave Girl

*Continued from page 37*

first down town but later when we could no longer stand the curious glances of people we met on the street, in this little grassy hollow out of sight of the road near the bridge. I always took the Provost bus and got off here; Hal would take the next bus or the one before, or drive out if he could borrow Joe Gaines' car.

Slowly, bit by bit, I saw Hal discard his suspicion, his armor of defensive anger. He learned to laugh with me, to tell me his thoughts, to believe that I cared for him, and finally, one night, he found the words I had wanted to hear: "I love you."

Now we were to be married. He would still enlist, because he wanted to and because I knew it was right that he should, but when he went into the Army it would be proudly, gaily, sure of my love and faith—sure, too, that when he returned I would be waiting.

WE HAD laid our plans very carefully. Dad and Mom thought I was spending two days with Polly Norman, a school friend who lived on a farm reached by the Provost bus. All I'd had to do was get off the bus here instead of farther on. I hated lying to them, but lying was better than the stormy scenes the truth would have created. There would be enough of *them* later, when we came back and announced that we were married.

I looked at my wrist-watch. It was eleven o'clock already, and Keene, in the next state, where we could get a license and be married, was a hundred miles away. Then I heard a car stop, and I knew it was Hal. I jumped to my feet and ran up the little slope between me and the road, into his arms.

"Gosh, I thought I'd never get here," he said, holding me so his lips were against my cheek. "The darn car wouldn't start, and I had to tinker with it, and I thought of you waiting and maybe getting mad and leaving—"

I held him closer. "I'd never do that," I said. "You ought to know."

Without answering, he kissed me again—a long, tumultuous kiss, one perfumed with the spring and the sunlight and the sense of adventure—and then he held open the door of the car.

It wasn't much of a car; it rattled, and coughed on hills, and had a leaky radiator so we had to stop every few miles to get water; but we didn't care. The wind was on our faces, and the sun was shining. We were in love, and soon we'd be married.

It was nearly three in the afternoon when we got to Keene. We didn't know whether or not we both had to apply at the courthouse for a license, but just on the chance that one of us was enough, Hal went in alone. and came out looking scared but clutching the precious sheet of paper in his hand.

"Now where?" he asked nervously.

"I'd like it to be a minister," I said. "Couldn't we drive around until we find a nice-looking church, and see if its minister will marry us?"

It was a little white church, set in a square of green lawn with bright flowers, that we finally decided on. Its minister, the Reverend Whitney Raye, lived in a bungalow next door. He was a keen-eyed old man with white hair and a gentle smile, and I liked him the minute I saw him. But he seemed in no hurry to perform the ceremony.

"Come into my study first," he said, "and let's get acquainted and have a glass of iced tea." As we went past him, I saw him glance at my silk dress, then at Hal's suit, the same too-small one he had worn for the dance. He looked hot and uncomfortable in it.

"Now," Mr. Raye said when we were all in his study, "suppose that you let me take a look at your license so I can get the names straight . . . Miss Collins and Mr. Rayburn—Judith and Harold, yes. And you're from Fairoaks. You won't mind telling me why you decided to come here to get married?"

Hal gave me an agonized look, and said, "We didn't want—that is, we *did* want—to keep everything a secret until it was all over!"

Poor Hal! He shouldn't have said that, and we both knew it, but somehow it was hard to lie to this friendly

old man. We were relieved when he nodded understandingly.

"Yes, there are times, I know . . ." he said. "I see that you're nineteen, Judith, and Harold is twenty-one."

"Y-yes, sir."

Smiling gently, he said, "Now, you know, I don't believe you've quite told the truth there."

There was a thunderous silence. I tried to say something, but I couldn't.

Mr. Raye folded the license and laid it on his knee. "I'm sorry," he said. "I suppose you think I'm an interfering old busybody. But really it didn't require much penetration to guess that one of you, or both, was under age. I've seen so many young people about to be married—and when they're nervous, and a little guilty-looking, there's always a reason, and usually it's the same one. Now, why don't your parents want you to be married?"

"Because—because they don't like Hal," I burst out. "They're just like everyone else in town—they think he's lazy and won't ever amount to anything. But they're all wrong, and I know it, and I'm going to marry him anyway. If you won't marry us, we'll find someone who will!"

Hal stood up, putting his glass of iced tea on the minister's desk. His face, usually so brown, was white. "You don't have to tell him all this, Judy," he said. "Let's get out of here."

"I didn't say I wouldn't marry you," the minister's mild voice cut in. "I will, if you want me to, but I hope you won't. Why not wait until you're of age?"

"Because I'm going to enlist in the Army in a few days—" Hal began, and I finished, "—and we both want to be married before he goes!"

"I see," Mr. Raye said. "And have you thought of what it will be like after he's gone, Judith? You'll be alone there in Fairoaks, with your parents still hurt, no doubt, because you married against their wishes. You won't see much of your friends, because naturally most of them aren't married, and you will be. Aren't you afraid you'll be unhappy? And if you're unhappy, don't you know that Harold will be too, wherever he is?"

"I don't care," I said stubbornly. "I'd like it better, of course, if Hal were going to stay, but I wouldn't ask him not to enlist. Maybe I can go to live near whatever camp they send him, and get a job—" But I felt as if I were arguing, not with the minister, but with myself—as if I were running desperately to catch an illusion that had slipped from my grasp. Mr. Raye's calm voice, his questions, had wiped the bloom of romance from our elopement, making it seem foolish, childish. I turned to Hal for support—and at sight of him I went sick with cold despair.

He had deserted me. The feverish excitement of our ride to Keene, the gruff anger with which he'd just now confronted Mr. Raye—they were both gone. His shoulders sagged, and his hands hung limply at his sides.

"He's right, Judy," he said. "I've known it all along, but I didn't want to admit it. The worst thing I could do to you is to marry you."

"No, Hal!" I cried. "You mustn't pay any attention to what he says. It isn't true—and even if it were, I'd still want to marry you—"

I WAS clinging to him, sobbing against his breast. But he took my two hands and held them in one of his, and with his other arm around me he said to Mr. Raye, "You see, sir, nobody around Fairoaks thinks much of me, and they're probably right. My only chance is to get into the Army, and make something of myself. I kidded myself into thinking it would work out if Judy and I were married, but I guess—" His voice broke, and he hurried me out to the street, into the car.

For miles we drove without speaking, Hal stiff and straight behind the wheel, I crumpled into the corner of the seat farthest away from him. It would have been easier, perhaps, if I could have been angry. But I couldn't. I looked at his profile against the haze of moving fields and trees—at the curve of his forehead, the jutting boldness of his nose, the squareness of his chin—and I knew that I hadn't been fair to either of us. *I* was the one who had said "Let's get married"—just as I was the one who had insisted that he take me to the Senior Prom. I had been so defiant about our love that I'd tried to force him on my family and my friends. He deserved something better than that; he deserved a chance to prove that he was the Hal Rayburn I loved, not the one the town despised.

# *Waste Makes Want*

UNCLE SAM has asked us—you and all the people known as the public—to reduce our use of wrapping paper and paper bags just twenty-five percent a year.

What does that mean—what good will it do?

Here's the answer: the paper represented by that twenty-five percent saving will be enough to make *90,000,000 V-boxes for emergency rations for our combat units overseas*, or enough paper to package enough *blood plasma to take care of all the wounded men we are likely to have in this war!*

Of course we want to do our part in this, all of us, and here's how we must go about it. It's simple enough—we must *take our goods away from the stores*, our groceries and household supplies, and all the rest, *unwrapped* whenever possible and practicable, and we must *use our own shopping containers* whenever we can—string or cloth shopping bags,

little canvas carts on wheels. Just by doing these two things, we can take a huge step forward toward the end of the war.

I stretched out my hand and put it on his wrist. "Hal," I said softly. "Hal, dearest, I understand. I think, now, that it's better this way. So don't feel bad. I'll wait for you."

He looked to see if I meant it, and then he drew the car over to the side of the road and stopped it, and while the sun went down over the horizon we sat, very quietly, with his arm around me and my head pillowed on his shoulder.

Trouble never seems to come singly—one trouble seems to catch from another, as a forest fire spreads from tree to tree, from stand to stand of timber. It seemed hardly more than was to be expected then, that when Hal tried to start the car again nothing happened except a dismal whirring sound.

His eyes met mine, and there was dismay in them; he didn't say anything. He just got out and lifted the hood of the car. But all Hal's tinkering with the engine didn't help matters and finally we had to walk four miles to Barton, the nearest town. There, after we'd had a hurried supper, Hal left me waiting in the lobby of the dingy little hotel while he and a mechanic drove out again. It was nearly ten before they returned, with the news that they'd had to tow the car in, and that it would be hours before it was fixed.

"Oh," I said blankly. "What shall we do?"

Hal wouldn't meet my eyes. "We'll have to wait, that's all," he said. "I—I'm awfully sorry, Judy. Everything—"

I knew that he was blaming himself, and that helped me to laugh a little and say comfortingly, "It could be worse. It isn't so bad, really, Hal. I'm supposed to be at Polly's anyway, so it doesn't matter if I don't get home until tomorrow. Let's ask for two of the cheapest rooms they have in the hotel and get some sleep."

It didn't occur to either of us, in our innocence, not to use our own names when we registered at the desk.

In the long gloomy hall, outside the door of my room, Hal kissed me, and I put my hands on each side of his face, holding it and feeling the tiny stubble on his cheeks. I didn't want to let him go. I wanted to draw him into the room after me, to feel him near me all through the darkness of the night, and I knew one word would be enough to make him forget conscience, resolves, everything but love. For this was to have been our honeymoon night. But all I said was, "Good night, dear," and I slipped inside and listened to his steps going away down the hall.

THE noonday sun was bright again when Hal stopped the car at our old meeting-place near the bridge. "This is it," he said. "Unless—I wish you'd let me take you into town."

"No. I'd better go on the bus."

"I suppose so." He let his eyes travel over me, from the crown of my hair to my feet propped against the floorboard, as if he wanted to print the way I looked on his mind. "I'm going to enlist today," he said, "and I don't think we'll see each other again."

The hard lump in my throat wouldn't go away, and tears were hot in my eyes, but I nodded. "Yes, I know. I'll wait for you, Hal."

With a crooked little smile, he said, "It's funny. If I hadn't fallen in love with you, I wouldn't have cared whether I enlisted or not. And now, just

because I *do* want to enlist, I've got to leave you. I'd rather stay, and get a job, and give folks a chance to get used to the idea that we're going to be married. But it wouldn't work out that way. I've got too much to live down.

"Yes, I know," I said once more. Suddenly, and for the last time, we were in each other's arms, he was kissing my eyes, my lips, my forehead, my lips again. Then he almost pushed me out of the car, and drove away, without looking back.

But as the car vanished, and there was nothing but the black road and the green fields, I seemed to waken from a dream. Loneliness and the agony of doubt came crushing down on me. We'd had happiness almost within our grasp—and we'd let an old man persuade us to give it up! The careful wisdom of age—what did it mean when you were young? We shouldn't have listened, we should have found someone else—

I ran up the hill, into the hollow where I'd waited for Hal, and flung myself down on the grass, sobbing until my throat was dry and my eyes hot.

At last I stood up and powdered my nose, and went back to the road to wait for the bus. When I got home, it was almost a shock to have Mom say placidly, "Did you have a good time out at Polly's, dear?" How could she help seeing in my face all that had happened? But I said quietly, "Yes, Mom," and went upstairs to change my clothes.

NEWS in Fairoaks is like a wind. It sweeps across the little town, touching everyone, and it is just as hard to control. I don't know—I am sure I'll never know—who it was that brought in the story that Hal and I had spent the night together in the drab hotel at Barton. Someone had seen us, or had noticed our names on the hotel register. And of course whoever it was had to tell someone else, and that someone else must tell two more, and soon—

I wasn't in the house when Mrs. Hale, Dick's mother, told Mom. I had gone down to the library to return a book, and I came home to find Mom sitting in the living room, her face drawn and pale. She raised her head when I entered and said, "Judy! Come here."

I walked slowly across the room. *She's found out I wasn't with Polly Norman Wednesday night,* I was thinking. "Yes, Mom?" I said.

"Judy, Ethel Hale was just here to see me. She told me there's a story going around town that you and that Rayburn boy spent Wednesday night together at a hotel in Barton. Is it true?"

"Yes," I said. "Only we weren't exactly together. We were in different rooms."

Mom gave a cry and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, Judy," she said in a muffled voice, "how could you? How *could* you? It's all over town, Ethel says—and who's going to believe you when you say you were in separate rooms, and—Oh! That horrible boy!"

She tore her hands away and stood up. I fell back, because anger and sorrow had changed her into someone I hardly knew—someone terrible, frightening. And yet, somehow, rather pitiful too.

"Mom, please!" I began. "No matter what they say, it isn't true—and if they're going to believe it—"

Mom turned on me distractedly. "Don't say another word, Judith Collins! Go to your room and stay there until I've seen your father and had a chance to decide what's to be done."

"But, Mom—"

"Judith! Do as I tell you."

The habit of years was too strong for me. Meekly, I obeyed, and sat in my room listening to Mom's high-pitched voice on the telephone as she called Dad.

I wasn't afraid—at least, I didn't think I was, although my hands were trembling a little. Mostly, I was determined to make them believe that Hal and I had done nothing wrong. They *must* believe! They knew I wouldn't lie—no, that was wrong. I had lied to them. But only because I'd known there would be a storm like this if I didn't!

Dad came right home, and ten minutes after he arrived they called me downstairs. It was horrible. Mom cried and Dad shouted, and called me an ungrateful little fool.

"We should have told you from the first that you weren't to see that good-for-nothing Rayburn boy! I would have, too, but I thought you'd get over it. We've been too lenient with you, always giving you your own way—"

There was more, much more. I listened, seeing everything lovely that had been between Hal and me made cheap and ugly. For, although they wouldn't admit it, they did not believe me—even my own father and mother didn't believe me—when I insisted that we had done nothing wrong. And no one in town would believe it, either. Hal's reputation, the way I had flaunted our love at public disapproval—these would keep people from believing.

Words, tears, angry gestures—I felt as if I were being beaten. But I could endure everything until Dad declared:

"I'm going to find out what Army camp that boy has gone to, and I'm going to have him brought back here, and he's going to marry you!"

INCREDULOUSLY, I said, "But, Dad—you don't like him! You never wanted me to marry him!"

"Like him?" Dad roared. "I wish I could beat him to a pulp! But that's beside the point now. He's set the whole town talking about you, and he's got to square things. He'll come back here and marry you if I have to have him arrested!"

I wanted to laugh. Perhaps it was hysteria, but it really did seem funny. There had been nothing in the world we'd wanted so much as to be married, in a church, with my family and his mother standing beside us to show their approval. And now Dad spoke of marriage as if it were a punishment.

A punishment—The laughter died in me. Because that was exactly what it would be, now. It would be a punishment that would last all our lives. If Hal were dragged back to Fairoaks from his Army camp, he would come to me in bitterness and anger. He would lose his chance to find self-respect, a place in life. I knew his fighting temper, his conviction that everyone was against him. I'd been able to help him, a little, but whatever good I had done would be destroyed if Dad carried out his threat.

I put my hands behind me, and gripped the back of a chair, hard.

"If you make Hal come back here," I said, "I'll refuse to marry him."

Dad stopped his furious pacing. Mom sank into a chair with a little moan. And all at once I saw that they were unhappy and afraid, and that they knew as well as I there was nothing

they could do. Their anger had been false, an instinctive mask for the emptiness in their hearts.

"I'm sorry," I said softly. "I've been awfully foolish, and I've hurt you both. But I didn't mean to. I was in love with Hal—as far as that goes, I still am—and being in love made me do things I suppose I shouldn't have done. If Hal comes home on leave after a while, and wants me to marry him, I will, but I won't let you bring him back in disgrace."

I turned away, biting my lip to keep back the tears. After a moment, when neither Dad nor Mom answered, I ran from the room.

I locked my own door and flung myself across the bed, pressing my hot face against the coolness of the candlewick spread. Nothing, I vowed fiercely, would persuade me to let Dad send for Hal. Nothing, nothing. . . .

If I had known what the future was to be, would I have been so determined? I'm afraid not, but mercifully I couldn't see, just then, the subtle torture in store for me.

All my life, I had taken it for granted that I was the friend and equal of anyone in town. Girls like Margie Pendleton and Ruth McMichael, boys like Dick Hale and Tom Gibbs—they had been the ones I played with when I was little, the ones I dated and double-dated with when I was old enough to go to dances. Their fathers were lawyers and doctors and merchants, their mothers belonged to the Ladies' Guild and the Idle Hour Club; and they lived in neat, well-kept houses on the good residential streets of Fairoaks. When I met Hal, I had scorned all my old friends because they wouldn't accept him. But now they scorned me.

OH, THEY didn't do anything as crude as snubbing me on the street. When I met any of them it was "Hello, Judy," and perhaps a smile or a wave of the hand. But they did the same for Willa Arnold, whose big family lived in a tumble-down house on the edge of town, and who had always been considered "tough" in high school. And they left me, like Willa, completely out of their plans for dates and good times. I had stopped existing for them.

I found a job, as secretary and typist in a lawyer's office. It filled my days, and I was grateful. At home, everything was changed too. Dad and Mom were quiet, and they never spoke of Hal, but I could feel the sadness in them. They noticed that the telephone never rang for me, that boys didn't come to call or take me out, that when there was a party given by one of my old friends I wasn't invited.

And then, one terrible day, came the letter from Hal that said, "Judy, I don't want you to think I've got any claim on you. I've been thinking a lot since I got into this Army camp, and I see things clearer. It may be a long time before I'm home again and I haven't got any right to ask you to wait for me. There's no telling what either of us will be like by that time. Sometimes I think back to the day we ran away together, and I get scared thinking what would have happened if we'd gone to another minister. We'd have been married, and still we wouldn't have been married, like one of the fellows I've met here in camp. He and his girl were married just before he was drafted, and he's always worrying

over what she's doing, now he isn't around. I wouldn't worry over you, because I know you'd stick no matter how tough things got, but that's just it—I don't want things to be tough for you. It's hard for me to put it all down on paper, and I guess I don't do it very well, but here's what I mean—you've done plenty for me already. I don't want you to do any more."

I poured out my heart in the letter I wrote to him then. I told him I'd never love anyone but him, and that I'd wait forever, if I had to.

WHEN I slipped the envelope with his name on it into the mailbox I felt as if I were sending him my heart. Yet, somehow, I had a premonition that he would never answer, for nothing I'd written had really changed the situation. I had said I would wait—yes, but he'd known that. I had said I would never love anyone else—yes, but he wouldn't believe me. He'd think, "She'll forget. Everyone forgets, in time. And it's better that she should."

Summer—fall—winter, and another spring. He must be far away now, I knew, across many miles of sea. And I had been right. There was no answer to my last letter, no milestone to mark the days that went by in a procession of never-ending sameness.

Once I went to see Hal's mother, in her little cottage down near the railroad tracks—but only once. I couldn't go again, for we only fed each other's grief, and I couldn't help feeling that she didn't trust me. Probably she had heard the gossip and blamed me.

Summer came, with its long, hot days. I was tired and listless, but I drove myself to work every morning until Mom insisted that I see a doctor, who listened to my heart, took my blood pressure, and finally advised me to take a rest some place where it was cool. Everybody was very nice. My employer said I could have two weeks, and more if I needed it, and Mom and Dad said I mustn't worry about money, and almost before I knew it I was in a pretty room at a summer hotel.

Once all this would have meant excitement and glamour to me. Now it was only rest, and a chance to be away from Fairoaks. Still, the rest did me good, because I came back to Fairoaks on a July day feeling new courage stirring in my heart, ready to face the loneliness and not mind—too much.

The train drew into a station that was crowded with people and draped with red-white-and-blue bunting. I could hardly push my way through the closely-packed mob, and I couldn't imagine what all the excitement was about. Finally I saw a familiar, friendly, face—old Mr. Johnson, the high school janitor.

"What's happening?" I asked him. "Why is everybody down here?"

His wrinkled old lips were stretched in a tremendous smile, his eyes were shining. "Don't you *know?*" he demanded. "It's Hal Rayburn, comin' in on the Chicago train. He's a hero, young lady! They say he shot down a dozen o' them Jap Zeros!"

The happiness that came to me was almost a shock. It made me want to dance, to sing, to cry out in front of everyone, "Now you see! Now you know he's wonderful and fine!"

The train came in at last, and a cheer went up. I couldn't see—I was too far back and people were packed solidly between me and the train. Hardly knowing what I did, I climbed up on a baggage truck.

Then I saw him. Smiling, waving, his face bronzed, he stood on the car steps for an instant before the people surged forward and pulled him down and swallowed him up like a wave. They carried him away with them, across the platform and into a car.

The joyous excitement ebbed out of me. He was a hero now, I thought, and all the people who had sneered at him would order his time, and want to talk to him, and keep him busy running from one place to another. They would try to prevent him from seeing me—not because they were cruel, but simply because they wouldn't think. And perhaps . . . perhaps he wouldn't want to see me, himself.

I picked up my suitcase and started to walk through the station. Before I saw him, I'd bumped into Dad. "Thought I'd meet you and give you a lift home," he explained gruffly. "Didn't know I was going to run into a welcoming committee."

He took the suitcase from me, and in a strained silence we walked along the warm, late-afternoon street toward home. Finally Dad sputtered:

"I know what you're thinking, baby, and you're right. Darn it, I guess I can admit it when I've been wrong. He's a fine young fellow, and all he needed was a chance to prove it."

I put my arm through his, to show him my gratitude. But I didn't say anything because I was afraid if I did I'd start to cry.

We were home, and I'd unpacked my suitcase and said yes, I'd had a fine time and felt much better. Mom proudly exhibited a steak and a strawberry shortcake she had ready for dinner. Everything was just as it had been before I left. Everything—except that whenever I heard a step on the sidewalk I grew tense, unable to hear anything else until it had gone by.

The summer dusk came down, and I sat in the old porch swing—and suddenly he was there. He was coming up the walk toward me, hurrying, crying, "Judy! Judy!" At last I knew the blessed comfort of his arms around me.

"I came as soon as I could," he whispered. "I didn't know—I couldn't be sure—if you still cared . . . And you weren't at the train."

"Yes, I was," I told him, "only you didn't see me."

"Everybody in town was there, I guess," he said with shy pride. "Cheering and waving. And I wanted to tell them that there was only one person they ought to cheer for—you, Judy."

My arms tightened around him, and I thought gratefully that he would never know just how true that was. This was my reward for the long months of being an outcast, my reward for forcing Dad to give up his threat of bringing Hal back from camp to marry me. This day when the town admired him, and this moment of being in his arms—more than reward enough!

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# Take Me Back

*Continued from page 21*

was. He sparkled—that was it, and the sparkle was made up of enthusiasm and curiosity and a reckless, untamed spirit. Whatever he did, he'd always done with all his heart and soul, whether it was playing center on the basketball team or writing a theme, or—or kissing me after a dance. Yes, I remembered those kisses, too: boy and girl kisses, quite meaningless, but sweet.

Well—I got up and went to change my dress—all that was years ago, ten or eleven at least, and since then Don had left town and been a reporter on a big city paper and enlisted in the Army and served overseas.

I WALKED into the comfortable, shabby living room of Joe and Marion's house and saw a man who wore his brown uniform as if it were a little different, a little jauntier, than any other uniform in the world; a man whose close-clipped black hair showed a few flecks of gray and whose deep-blue eyes were grave. Then he smiled, and I recognized the Don I'd known.

"Lee!" he said in the quick, light voice I remembered. "Lee Gibson—Martin, I mean. It's so *swell* to see you again."

"It's swell to see you, too," I said, and it wasn't just a polite phrase. We had been such good friends in high school—never more than that, in spite of the kisses—and he brought back to me, in sunlit clarity, the blessed ease of those days, their simplicity, their uncomplicated certainty that all was well with the world.

Still holding my hand, he said, "I knew it would do me good to come here and visit Marion and Joe. And it has, already."

Excitedly, Marion said, "He was wounded, Lee, and I didn't even know."

"It wasn't bad enough to write home about," Don said. "Anyway, I'm all over it now, and I've got two weeks' leave and if you don't mind I'd just as soon not be treated like a soldier. Joe, how about some more of that wine?"

"Sure thing," said Joe, beaming and hurrying into the kitchen.

Don had asked us not to treat him like a soldier, and he made it easy to do as he said. There was very little talk of the war, that evening. Instead, we reminisced about school-days, and brought Don up to date on people he'd known, and laughed with the heady excitement of old friends finding each other again. He told us, with gestures, about amusing things that had happened to him when he was a reporter, and Joe saw to it that our wine glasses were kept full, and about ten o'clock Marion went and brought a very sleepy Joe, Junior, out to say hello. All over the country, I suppose, there were parties like this one being held—just a few people who were fond of each other, gathering to talk and perhaps have a drink. Yet I would rather have been here, in Marion's living room, than at a state ball in Washington. Contentment crept into my heart, and I was no longer restless, but at peace.

Regretfully, when I saw Joe smother a yawn, I said I must be going, and Don jumped to his feet. "I'll see you home," he said, in a matter-of-fact way that admitted no arguments, even if I

had felt like offering any.

Outside, the streets were quiet, dimly lit, deserted. The trees laid a delicate tracery of bare branches against the high, arched sky. We walked a block in silence. Then Don said:

"So you're married now, Lee. What's he like?"

"Oh," I said lightly, "he's tall, and red-haired, and big. And awfully good looking. I'm sorry he's out of town just now—I'd like to have you meet him."

"Would you?" We walked through a drift of dead leaves, and they rustled softly. "I'm not sure I'd like it. I might feel tempted to tell him what a lucky devil he was, and he probably knows it already."

THIS is a flirtation, I thought—a game, a moment's amusement for a soldier on leave. I must play up to it, not let him know that it hurts a little.

"It might do him good," I smiled, "if he thought you meant it."

He laughed a little, his teeth white in the shadow. "Do you know," he asked, "you're just as beautiful as you ever were, Lee?"

The warm caress of his voice sent a thrill of happiness through me. It wasn't true; it was just a pretty speech; but it was a long time since anyone had said anything of the sort to me.

I tried to find a light answer, but I could not. Even if he didn't mean it, it was too precious to me, just now, to spoil with mockery. For another few steps we went on, and then he stopped.

"Lee," he said. "Lee"—like a prayer. His hand touched my arm, turning me to face him, and without orders from my mind, my body obeyed. This night, the sweet ghostlike fragrance of burning leaves on the air, the silence, Don himself—all this was a dream, and in dreams we do what we must.

His kiss was part of the dream, a wiping-out of time so that we were children again, two children entranced by the wonder of new emotions, new desires and sensations. Then he held me closer, and innocence fled, the dream was broken. We were not boy and girl, we were man and woman, and I was Red Martin's wife.

With a shudder, a spasm of shame for us both, I tore myself away from him. I ran blindly, stumbling through leaves and over a curb into the street. He could not know that I was running from myself, not from him, and I heard him call, "Lee! Wait!" and then his footsteps heavy and quick behind me. I crossed the street, dimly seeing a silver light pencil the trunk of the tree that was planted there near the curb, not realizing that it came from the headlights of a car which had rounded the corner and was moving toward us.

Following me, Don must have run directly into the car's path. Its tires screamed on the pavement. There was a thud, dull and not very loud, and, turning, I saw him flung aside, to lie in a crumpled heap at the curb.

All through the dreadful, suspense-filled hours that followed, I tried in vain to avoid one ever-recurring thought: *It was my fault. I wanted him to kiss me.* I had led him into the way of the car that struck him down. Yes, it was my fault.

"I can't understand how it happened," Marion said while we waited at the hospital for the results of the preliminary examination. "Was the car going faster than it should have been, or what?"

"I—I was a step or two ahead of him," I faltered. "I don't believe the car was going very fast, no. But it—it's dark just there, awfully dark, and—" My voice trailed away lamely, and Marion had to be satisfied with that rather sketchy explanation.

A long time later a nurse came to tell us that as far as they could ascertain now, Don was suffering only from shock and bruises, but that considering his recent recovery from having been wounded Dr. Ward, the chief of staff, would examine him in the morning. It was little comfort, only a bit better than the routine "doing as well as can be expected," and both Marion and I were depressed and worried when we went home.

There was irony, next day, in the fact that my duties took me past the closed door of his room a dozen times—that I was an official part of the hospital staff and yet was barred from seeing him as completely as if I had been only Leila Martin, housewife. For he was "resting," they said; Dr. Ward's report had been encouraging, but for the present he was to see only Marion, and her for no more than a moment.

IT WAS the second day that I carried a tray into his room and found him propped up in bed, circles under his eyes but a smile on his lips.

"Hello," he said. "Marion told me you worked here—I've been hoping you'd come in."

I tried to smile, but my lips shook. "I'd have been in sooner," I said, "only they wouldn't let me." With a little clatter, I set the tray down on the table straddling his bed. "I'm so terribly sorry, Don. It was my fault—"

He leaned his head back against the

pillows and laughed. "Because I kissed you and you ran? If you ask me, I got what I deserved. And I've spent so much time in a hospital bed lately, a few more days won't hurt me."

It was nice of him, I thought, to treat the whole thing as a joke on himself—nice to pretend that he had been the only one at fault.

"Are you feeling better now?" I asked quickly.

"Perfect, except for a few bruises. They'll let me out of here in another couple of days. Meanwhile, I'll enjoy staying—if you'll come in now and then and talk to me."

"I'm—I'm pretty busy—"

He reached out and put his hand on mine. "Lee," he said, "let me say this. I'm sorry for what happened the other night. It was—it was just seeing you again, and being back home, I guess. I went a little light-headed and crazy. But it won't happen again."

Yet it wasn't fair, I thought resentfully but helplessly, that he should have to apologize. It wasn't fair that I should be neither married nor single. I was almost free, but not quite. As far as Don knew, I was happy in my marriage, and Red was away only temporarily. But actually Red and I were separated. I had only to say the word—if I wanted to. That was where I stopped.

"I'll—come in to see you whenever I can," I said, and left the room.

That night when I got home there was a letter from Red—a page written in pencil, telling me about the new job, about the place he'd found to live. I read it, and then I tried to recapture him in my mind, tried to see his blunt, masculine features, the deep cleft in his chin, the steadiness of his gray eyes. I saw them, but somehow they didn't add up to Red any more. Don's dark face kept coming in between.

IF YOU go to the north of our town, you come to the big shipyards, raw and noisy and filled with the hurry of men at war. But to the south there are only dunes and flat salt marshland, and gulls crying and the distant shimmer of the sea. We went that way, Don and I, on a Sunday afternoon two days after he left the hospital, and we walked until we were tired, and then we found a sheltered place under one of the dunes and talked until the sun sent its rays far out over the water.

There are times when all our little human subterfuges and deceits fall away from us, when we can tell what is in our hearts quite simply and frankly. We must have the right companion, we must be with him at just the right moment in our lives, and this isn't easily done. But sometimes it happens, and it happened to Don and to me that day.

"I came back here to see you," he told me. "I know it sounds crazy, since I left of my own accord, and I never thought I was in love with you when we were kids. Maybe I just wasn't smart, or maybe I was so anxious to get out and see the world I couldn't think of anything else. All I know is that wherever I've gone, whatever I've done—no matter what other girls I've known, and I've known a few—I've always remembered you. So when I had these two weeks to spare, before going back into service, I made up my mind I'd come back here and see how things went with you."

He was lying flat on the sand, and he

picked up a handful of the fine, soft grains and let them run through his fingers. "I feel better now," he went on. "You're married, and settled down, and Marion and Joe say that your Red is a fine guy. I'm glad—no, that's not true, I'm sorry in a way because I guess I had some wild idea of coming back and finding that we could start all over again where I was fool enough to leave off eleven years ago. But I *am* glad for your sake, Lee . . ."

I felt my heart beating, beating—because here was the love I had lost being offered to me again. It was as if destiny had prepared me for it by showing me the emptiness of my life with Red.

"It's not—not quite the way you think," I said softly, knowing that these were the words which could change the course of my future. "Red and I . . . aren't happy together. When he left, we didn't know whether or not we'd ever—ever live together again."

Don lifted his head, and his gaze commanded me to meet it, to see there the flickering flame of joy. "Does that mean," he asked, "that maybe it still isn't too late for me to repair an old mistake?"

I passed the palms of my hands across my knees, nervously smoothing the rough tweed of my skirt. "I don't know, Don," I said. "I—I'm the one who has to make the decision, and—I *did* love Red once. We were happy together. Then—oh, time went on, and one day I woke up to find that we were just two people who happened to be occupying the same house."

HE said soberly, "People change. I've changed. Being with you means more to me, now, than being successful or seeing the world. And when you *have* changed, it's a mistake to stick to a bargain you made long ago."

I smiled a little ruefully. "You make it sound awfully simple and easy. But there must be something wrong with me. If there weren't this wouldn't have happened to Red and me."

"You have too much conscience—you worry so much about what's right and what's wrong that pretty soon everything seems wrong to you." With a strong, decisive movement Don pushed himself upright. "I tell you, Lee, don't stick to a bargain just because you made it. The only hard part is making up your mind whether you *want* to stick or not. And even that won't be hard, in your case, if—" his voice dropped, almost to a whisper—"if you love me. Do you? Do you, Lee?"

"I don't—" And then, because I wanted to be honest—"I could," I said simply, "if I'd let myself."

Exultantly, he cried, "Then do let yourself! Stop being afraid. Lee! This war won't last forever, and there's a wonderful life ahead of us, if only we're not afraid. Lee!"

He was bending toward me, his arm was around my waist, his lips near mine, all the force of his will battering at my defenses. While he kissed me, nothing else mattered. The thought of Red, my doubts, my indecision—they all seemed to vanish, as if they'd never existed. There was only Don, and me, and the sand and a gull wheeling overhead.

We walked back to town at dusk—slowly, watching the faint, dimmed-out lights come on in the streets, feeling the Sunday peace. We didn't talk about ourselves any more. There was an understanding between us, a sympathy too deep for words.

Marion had planned a Sunday night supper with an elaborate buffet of cold lobster and a huge green salad and a cake she'd made while we were out. The other people had arrived when we got there, and the house was full of noise and laughter. Don and I separated; he talked to the group in the living room, and I went to help Marion in the kitchen.

Just as we were about to have supper the telephone rang, and Marion answered it. I heard her say, "Oh, hello, Red," and I stopped where I was, the big coffee pot in my hand, feeling dismay tight in my throat. "Yes," she went on, "Lee's here. But we're just going to have supper, Red—why don't you come on over?" There was a pause, and then, "All right, just a minute." She held out the phone to me.

Slowly, I took it. Oh, why had everyone in the room stopped talking? Of course they weren't trying to listen—they were only being politely quiet, so I could hear, but they could hear too, every word.

"Hello, dear," I said in a surprised voice that sounded high and false. "When did you get in?"

"About half an hour ago." There was a smile in his voice—a timid smile, as if he were hoping I'd be glad to hear him, but was afraid I wouldn't be.

"Why don't you come over?" I echoed Marion's invitation.

"N-no—I guess not." This wasn't what he had wanted me to say, I knew. He wanted me to tell him, and tell him happily, that of course I'd leave the party right away and come home. But I couldn't. I couldn't face him now, without warning, without time to decide what I would tell him—no, decide how to say what I must tell him.

Knowing that I had to say something, I seized desperately on, "Are you home for good?"

"No," he answered. "We're laid off for a couple of days. I—I just thought I'd run up and see you. But—well, you stay where you are, and have a good time, Lee. I took the midnight train and sat up all the way. I'll go to bed." His voice was quiet and expressionless. "See you in the morning."

THERE was no reason for me to be ashamed, I told myself after he hung up. He'd only been gone a little more than a week, and—I saw Don watching me, and made my lips smile. It was all over between Red and me, anyway. I would have to tell him so in the morning.

Someone told a funny story, and I laughed because the rest did. My fork went up and down from the plate to my mouth and back again, but I tasted nothing. I had the feeling of something stormy and disastrous on its way.

Time raced. I looked at the clock and it was nine-thirty. After what seemed only a few minutes I looked again and it was ten. We had finished supper, helped Marion with the dishes, and Joe's sister and brother-in-law were getting ready to go home.

"I'll have to go, too," I said, and Don offered quickly, "I'll walk along with you."

After the farewells, the thanks for a good time, we were outside, walking once more through the shadowy streets—Don and I, side by side. Only this

time it was different. Before, it had been the beginning of a mild flirtation. Now it was the beginning of everything, of a new life—no, of a life made over. After this we would always be side by side.

I felt suddenly frightened. *It's only because of what's ahead,* I told myself.

The silence was heavy about us, but I prayed that Don would not break it. I was afraid of what he might say, afraid that he would urge me to tell Red that I wanted a divorce, afraid that he might try to tell me how I must go about breaking the news to Red. I was going to tell him, of course—but I wanted to do it my own way, in my own words, at the time I chose. I didn't want Don to mention it.

And, surprisingly, he didn't. He walked beside me in a silence that told me he knew what I felt, an understanding, sympathetic silence, leaving me alone to the thoughts that went around and around in my mind.

I wasn't aware of the flickering orange light that had blossomed over the bare trees ahead of us until a siren moaned. "A fire," Don cried. "Come on—maybe we can watch it."

"Oh, I don't—" I began, shrinking back from the urging of his hand on my arm. Fires frightened me. They gave me none of the excitement most people find in them. I could only think of the destruction and the waste and the ruin of someone's hopes. Once Red had gone to asleep with a cigarette in his hand. It had fallen on his crumpled newspaper and started a blaze. I had been terrified then, just as now I—

"Don!" I screamed, suddenly sure where that flower of flame was rooted—seeing Red unconscious while the fire grew and crackled about him. I gripped Don's arm, pointing. "It's over there—on our street, in our block. *Don*—it's my house!"

I began to run, aware that Don was beside me, but not caring. This was the disaster I'd felt coming—and the punishment. "It's Red," I sobbed. "He told me he was tired, and he always

sleeps so soundly—he'd never wake up, not if the house burned down."

No matter how fast we ran, the ground flowed under us sluggishly. The trees and bushes came toward us in a sort of lazy, stately dance.

Then we turned the corner and could see the length of the block where I lived. It wasn't our house that was burning. It was the one two doors down, the Wilsons'.

I felt as if a heavy hand had clamped down over my nose and mouth, shutting out the air, making everything swim hazily before me. From somewhere far away I heard Don say, "Here—sit down a minute, Lee. Sit down here—you'll be all right."

And I was, of course, after a while. I was sitting on the curb, and things had stopped whirling and come back into focus. Down the street, in the light of the fire, I could see the red-painted engines, the people running back and forth, the hissing arch of water from a hose. I pushed my hair back from my damp forehead and tried to laugh. "I'm sorry I was so silly, Don. But I'm so afraid of fire. More afraid of it than of anything else in the world, I guess. And I thought—"

YES," he said. "I know what you thought." He was beside me on the curb, between me and the fire, and I could see his profile etched sharply against the light. It looked stern and withdrawn. And hurt.

"It didn't mean anything—" I began. My voice sounded defensive and shrill, as if I'd been caught doing something shameful. "I don't want—" But the words faded away. I didn't know what it was I wanted Don to do. But I knew what I wanted—I wanted to go home to Red.

Don turned his head and smiled gently at me. "I guess you have the answer now, don't you?"

"The answer—?"

He nodded. "Remember, this afternoon? You said that you didn't know whether or not you still loved your husband. You didn't think so, but you weren't sure. Well, you know the answer now, don't you? You knew it back there when you first saw the fire, when you started to run. Lee, listen to me. It was instinctive with you to run toward that blaze, run in deadly fear that your husband was caught in it. Instincts are always right, in the end. Dear, it wasn't your instinct that told you to leave Red for me. I had to persuade you, argue you into it. But the first time something happened—this fire, when you thought he was in danger—well, instinct told you which of us you love, didn't it?"

I forced my eyes up to meet his—his, so very wise and understanding, now. "I—I don't know. Life with Red has been so—so empty. We—"

"Of course." His voice was very gentle. "Things get hard sometimes. Or monotonous, and that's worse. They're bound to, when two people live together day in and day out, year in and year out. Sometimes they even stop loving each other. But that hasn't happened with you and Red, has it? Not really. Don't you know what you said just now, after you'd seen that it wasn't your house that was burning?"

"I didn't realize I'd said anything."

"You did, though. You said, 'Red—oh, Red, darling! Thank God!'"

It was true—all that Don said and all that I was feeling now. There was a stronger bond between Red and me than the ecstacies and transports of first love—stronger than the little day-by-day irritations which seemed so important at the moment and were really so trivial. Whether I liked it or not, Red was a part of me and I was a part of him.

But I did like it! The terror that had gripped me when I thought he was in danger—that was love. It was the unselfish face of love, the forgetfulness of everything except the beloved one; and now that the danger was past I yearned to see Red and hold him in my arms, reassuring myself that he was safe and unharmed.

I put my hand on Don's arm. "Thank you," I said. And I said it humbly. It was little enough, heaven knows, to say in friendship, in apology, in farewell. But he understood.

He stood up and held out his hand to help me to my feet. "Don't worry about me, Lee. I came back here to see how things had gone with you—and they've gone fairly well, everything considered. And—well—good luck, my dear."

He kissed me—swiftly, lightly—and then he was gone.

I walked down the street toward my house and the fire. The flames were dying down and in their place there was a great deal of muddy gray smoke.

And then I saw Red. He was carrying a big easy chair from the Wilsons' lawn to our house, to put it with a pile of other furniture on the front porch.

We met on the sidewalk. Red put down the chair so that it stood between us. "Hello, Lee. Lot of excitement—"

"Yes. Yes—too much. Oh, Red! Red, let's go into the house—"

He came swiftly around the barrier between us. "Why, honey," he said, "there's no reason to cry. Sure we'll go in. You mustn't—"

But it didn't matter now, whether we went into the house or not. I *was* home—Red's arms were home, and the sound of his voice. I pressed my face against the smoky smell of his white shirt. The roughness of his hands caught at my hair when he patted it. But he didn't ask why I cried. He only held me close. Close to the strong, steady beating of his heart.

*Official U. S. Navy photo*

*Congratulations to Art Jarrett, band leader and singer (right), on receiving his commission as lieutenant, junior grade, in the Naval Reserve.*

# Six Quick Tricks

*Continued from page 50*

degree oven for 30 minutes, invert on plate and serve at once.

### Orange Ginger Upside Down Cake

2 oranges — 2 tbls. brown sugar
2 tbls. margarine
1 package gingerbread mix — 1 cup milk

Melt margarine in skillet or casserole and add sugar. Peel oranges, break into sections or slice crosswise and arrange on the margarine and sugar mixture. Place in oven until sugar begins to melt. Combine gingerbread mix and milk and pour over oranges. Bake at 375 degrees F. about 30 minutes.

Onion shortcake may have a strange sound, but it has a mighty fine taste which seems just made to serve with chops, steak or hamburgers.

### Onion Shortcake

2 lbs. onions — ½ cup drippings
1 cup thick white sauce
2 cups biscuit mix
1 cup milk or water — Melted margarine

Quarter onions, slice very thin and sautee in drippings (there should be 3 cups after sauteeing). Add to hot thick white sauce (unless the sauce is highly seasoned add salt and pepper to taste). Combine biscuit mix and milk (or water) as directed on package and roll into two layers about 8 inches in diameter. Place one layer in pan, brush with melted margarine and place second layer on top. Bake at 400 degrees F. until done and nicely browned (about 20 minutes). Split the layers apart and pour hot onion mixture between layers and over the top.

## FOOD QUIZ

Food is one of the most important weapons for winning the war and one which we can all do something about if we will buy the plentiful foods, observe ration regulations, waste nothing and never ask for more than our share. To test your knowledge of food, fill in the answers that belong in the blank spaces below, then check your score by turning the page upside down for the correct ones.

1. Compared with pre-war, the total amount of food set aside for U.S. civilians in 1943 is ..... (¼ less, about the same, ⅓ more).
2. Of the total food supply this year we are sending our allies through Lend-Lease about ..... (1/10, ¼, ½).
3. Most of the food we send to Russia goes to ..... (women and children, the army, war workers).
4. About ..... of our food supply is wasted or lost every year (1/10, ¼, ½).
5. Keeping down food costs is important for everyone, particularly for the ..... million people whose incomes have not increased (1, 8, 12, 20).
6. One big reason for food price control is that the American people as a whole have ..... to spend than there are things to buy (much more, much less).
7. You can share food fairly through rationing if you ..... (use the right number of stamps, give expired stamps to your grocer, buy rationed goods without giving up stamps).

Answers: 1. About the same. 2. 1/10. 3. The Army. 4. ¼. 5. 20. 6. Much more. 7. Use the right number stamps.

# For You, Alone

*Continued from page 25*

When we stopped before my house, he reached over as if to open the door, and then paused with his hand on the latch. I felt his restless, intent eyes upon me. "I'm sorry you won't come to work for us," he said reflectively. "But maybe it's better after all. And this way, I feel freer to ask if you'll have dinner with me some night."

The unexpected question startled me, and I felt trapped between his arm and the back of the seat. "Oh, I couldn't!" I gasped. "I—"

He laughed and snapped the door open. "Maybe some day you can."

I turned into the house with a curious mixture of feelings. I was a little flattered, and a little, inexplicably, frightened—and then common sense, and intuition, came to my rescue. Harry Todd, I told myself, was the sort of man who would ask any personable girl to dinner.

I forgot about him completely in the mounting excitement of the next weeks. There was Christmas, and New Year's, and then, in January, Peter came home! I didn't even know he was in town, the afternoon I put on my birthday present from Mother and Dad, the coat with the small fur collar and the matching muff, and went walking toward the Sweet Shop where I might, if I was lucky, find someone to talk to. It was a crisp, sunny day, and I felt crisp, myself, and lady-like, with my collar fastened high and my hands folded in the prim little muff. Then, as I neared the Sweet Shop and saw a tall figure in a khaki overcoat ahead of me, I completely forgot to be dignified. "Peter!" I shouted.

HE TURNED. Even before I saw that he had a girl with him, I saw his face—and it was as if every step of mine had been a bullet aimed at him.

"Diane," he said slowly, and the look in his eyes set my heart thudding with a strange excitement. "Diane," he said in a different, firmer tone, "this is my wife, Arbelle."

*This is my wife*—I couldn't see her, couldn't see Peter. It was as if my eyes were turned inward at the moment upon what was happening inside me—the great black chasm that yawned open as my heart split, the ball of flame that rose rocket-like from the depths and exploded to rake every nerve and deaden it, leaving me powerless to feel or to think.

Peter and Arbelle and the placard behind them in the Sweet Shop window, reading "Sundaes—Twenty Cents" swung back into focus.

"Pleased to meet you," said Arbelle, and she smiled uncertainly. Peter's face pinked.

It was the last thing he could have wanted, but his embarrassment was like a pointer directed at Arbelle. I saw her now—a girl who looked as flashy as her name, and whose voice sounded as hard. She had shiny, worldly-wise eyes, and shiny red lips, and her coat was pulled tight to show the lines of a voluptuous-looking body.

I looked from her to Peter, with his thin, fine face and his sensitive mouth, and my disbelief must have showed.

"I—I hope you'll be happy," I managed, and then I walked past them.

I didn't know what else to do.

I didn't go into the Sweet Shop. I don't know where I went that afternoon, don't know what I felt. I knew a gaping emptiness, a sense of loss too big to grasp. Peter, who had been so close to me for so long, who had filled every dream, every waking thought in the past months, was gone. And I—I couldn't see into the days ahead.

And Arbelle—what I felt about Arbelle was small enough for me to face. I was incredulous and ashamed; it didn't occur to me that Peter had turned to me once, and that I had sent him away. What I believed now was that he had preferred Arbelle to me.

I tried to stay in the house those few days that Peter was in town. I didn't answer the telephone, but I couldn't prevent the gossip from reaching mother, and through her I got the whole story. Peter and Arbelle had been married before Christmas. Peter hadn't written home about it; he had wanted his parents to know Arbelle first, and to like her. But the Fieldwells had been furious; they had threatened annullment proceedings, and doubtless would have started them if Peter had not said he'd remarry Arbelle again in February, when he would be twenty-one. He and Arbelle had moved into a room at Kelley's boardinghouse.

"Poor Peter," Mother said, and a voice within me cried, "Peter has what he wants! What about me?" But I knew that he was unhappy. Twice he'd tried to call me, and I ignored his messages. Then on Friday, when I ventured out of the house to get my weekly supply of books at the library, I found him on the library steps, waiting for me.

I WOULD have passed him, but his voice stopped me. "Diane—I've got to talk to you."

"Yes?" It was enough to keep my voice steady for that one small word. I couldn't bear to look at him.

"It's about Arbelle," he began hurriedly. "She— well, you've probably heard about how my parents have acted—" He broke off, and I felt his eyes on my face, pleading with me. I still couldn't look at him, and he went on doggedly, "I'm asking you to help me, Diane. We used to be friends, and now there's no one else I can turn to. I'm being sent away—across the country for special training. Arbelle can't possibly go with me; she hasn't any people, and this is the only place for her. But I can't go, thinking that she might be alone here, and friendless. You could help, Diane. If you made friends with her, and sort of—"

It was torture to see Peter at all, to hear his voice—and it was torment to know that his pleading and his concern were for Arbelle. I wasn't thinking of him, then; I was too deeply hurt myself. "Peter," I said thickly, "I can't—"

He misunderstood. He heard it as *I won't.* A soft, explosive exclamation came from him, and as I looked up, I saw a bleak hopelessness in his eyes, but something else, too—a comprehension, as if, remembering what I had done at another time, I had done now only what he might have expected. He jammed his hands deep into his pockets. "I might have known," he said flatly, "that you wouldn't understand. You

**Keep the cost of living down—pay taxes willingly**

wouldn't understand Arbelle, either. She's warm and human and friendly. She knows what it's like to be alone, and to see uncertainty ahead. She knew how I felt when other people thought the war was a great big laugh—"

That was too much. I ran, then, not caring that he saw me run. I fled from him and the sound of his voice into the winter dusk, and I stopped only when I could run no farther.

I did the best thing I knew to put Peter and Arbelle out of my mind. The following Monday morning I was in the personnel office of the munitions plant, seated across a desk from Harry Todd. He had read my application, and I had a job on the night shift—the best he could offer, he said, from the standpoint of salary and hours. I thanked him, and as I rose to leave, he said, "You report back at four this afternoon—and good luck to you."

Good luck—the words came back to me with bitter irony when I reported for work later in the day. Deliberately, I had chosen to work at the plant instead of in the Mills so that I wouldn't be with my friends, wouldn't be reminded of Peter and wouldn't have to talk about him and then, the first person I saw in the noisy room was Arbelle!

SHE half-smiled, and I felt her watching me while the foreman talked to me, while I struggled with the whirling, jumping machine before me. Later in the evening, when we filed out for lunch period, she waited for me near the door. "Diane," she said, "a bunch of us usually eat together, and if you'd care to join us—"

"I've already promised someone." The words came out involuntarily, in defense, as I would have answered Peter. They were a lie, and Arbelle knew it. In the months we worked together, she approached me only once again, and that was a long time later. But she was there, and her presence was at once an irritant and a stimulant. She was popular with the girls at work, the city girls who were new to Bayview, but she spent her free time alone—I knew it in the way that everyone in town knew what everyone else did—and I found a grim satisfaction in knowing that she couldn't have the friends she wanted, Peter's friends. I saw, too, the shadows unhappiness painted under her eyes as the months went by, that she was getting heavier and less attractive. Her bright clothes, although clean, weren't as scrupulously neat as they had been. There were lines where a seam had been let out; a sash hid a gaping placket. I was sorry for her obscurely, and still I couldn't bring myself to do anything about it. And the anger I felt at my own inadequacy I took out against Arbelle.

If Arbelle was the irritant in my life, Harry Todd was the balm. He had kept his promise. He hadn't asked me out again—but one spring night his car was waiting for me at the gate of the plant. I found out that night that it was easier not to think about myself when there was someone to keep me dancing until I was tired—so tired that I went directly to sleep when I got home to bed. After that I went out with Harry often, and as summer came and I realized fully how completely my working hours had cut me off from my old friends, I was glad of his attentions. I was grateful for the hours

at the beach, for the drives along the lake shore and for the rides out to the Grill for a sandwich and dancing.

I was shocked, then, when Arbelle stopped me one midnight when I was leaving work. Harry's car waited at the gate, and she inclined her head toward it as she spoke. "Listen," she said abruptly, "you don't like me, and you won't like what I'm going to say, but be careful of that guy. I've seen a lot of Harry Todds. They're no good."

As if to prove her wrong, Harry was especially considerate that night. When we rode home I rested my head against the back of the seat and sighed with sheer pleasure at knowing someone who could make the time pass so smoothly.

"Are you happy, little one?" he asked.

"Yes." It wasn't true, but for the moment I was content. The car slid to a stop, and I saw we had reached home.

HIS hand stole over to cover mine. "I'm glad," he said. "I want you to be happy. I want to make you happy. You know that, don't you, Diane?"

"Yes." I don't know why I whispered it, except that he was bending over me, and I was lost in those unreadable dark eyes of his, and my heart had set up an excited fluttering that made it impossible to speak naturally. I knew that he was going to kiss me—and I was waiting for it.

I didn't know the storm it would awaken in me, didn't know about the violence that would sweep through my body and leave me spent, with barely enough strength to tear myself from his seeking hands and to run on weak and shaking legs to the house.

And then I was sick. Upstairs, in the safety of my room, I fought down nausea while I stared into the mirror and tried to realize that it was I who had responded to the caresses of a man whom—I admitted it now—I didn't even like! Arbelle had been right. She was proved right, as I remembered Harry's exultant, whispered words about a weekend in the city, where, as he put it, we would be free to be together. I burned with shame at the memory of those words, and yet I had known all along, underneath, that they were coming. And I had encouraged him. Why?

I learned a great many things that night, as I lay in the troubled darkness of my room. One of them, the most important, I think, went something like this: When your heart is gone, there is nothing left to tie your body and your mind together. My mind had told me that Harry was cheap, that he'd been tiresome and trying to impress me with all of his talk. My body had felt the caress in his eyes and his voice and had said that he was desirable. A woman lives by her emotions, and without my heart to guide me, how could I know where I was going?

I knew now what Peter had asked of me the night of the dance. Loving me, knowing what I hadn't fully realized myself—that I loved him—he had wanted the promise of my love to carry away with him, to bridge the past and the future, a certain star in a shifting world. I had been blind and deaf; I had sent him away as casually as if he'd meant no more to me than any of the other boys in Bayview.

I could understand his marrying Arbelle—the hurt and the lost feeling and

**Black Market racketeers are Axis racketeers—support rationing**

the quick snatching at what remained of life that had led him to her. I could understand it even knowing—yes, even while I knew that Peter still loved me. He wasn't the sort who could give his heart and take it back as circumstances demanded. And I—there was only one reason for my bitterness toward Arbelle, my cruelty to Peter.

The memory of the scene on the library steps came to me suddenly, sharply, like a long-sought answer. It wasn't too late to make up in some measure for the hurt I'd dealt him. I could do the little he'd asked of me, and then I could write to him and let him know that he had my understanding and my help.

The next morning, Sunday, found me at Kelley's boardinghouse, climbing the stairs to the third-floor room which Mrs. Kelley, with some surprise at seeing me, had pointed out as Arbelle's. I knocked once, and then again before Arbelle opened the door.

"Arbelle," I began, "I—" and stopped, staring at the room, at the suitcase, open and half-packed, in the center of the floor. On top of the pile of smoothly-folded dresses were pictures—Peter in his uniform, a small framed snapshot of Peter and Arbelle on what must have been their wedding day. They stood arm-in-arm, smiling.

My eyes went from the suitcase to Arbelle's face, white as death, puffed from weeping. "I'm going away," she whispered. "I don't belong here. I never did. I knew it, but I tried to stick it out because he wanted me here. But—"

SHE turned away, and I saw what I should have seen long before if I'd thought to took for it, if Arbelle's own sturdy figure hadn't been a natural camouflage. And strangely, in that moment that I learned she was carrying Peter's child, our positions were reversed, and it was I who was suddenly older and wiser than she. "You can't go now—"

She whirled on me fiercely, tears streaming down her face. "Oh, yes, I can!" she cried. "That's why I have to go. No one knows about it except you and me—and you're not going to tell! Don't you see—Peter doesn't love me. He never did love me. I knew it—he was just a lonesome kid when I met him; he had a feeling about what was coming, and he was crazy to live before life got out of his hands. He was easy for me, and I had to have him. I'd never met anyone like him—"

The fire died out of her suddenly, and she reached to the bedpost for support, sank heavily to the mattress. "I didn't know what I was doing to him," she went on dully, "until I came here, and saw his family and friends, and knew that I didn't fit in. And then, after he was so swell to me, and stuck by me, I couldn't—I couldn't use his baby to tie me to him. Besides—" a ghost of her old saucy smile touched her lips and was quickly gone—"he's in love with you, Diane. He tried not to show it, and he tried not to talk about you, but the way he said your name, the way he looked at you was enough."

I shut my eyes so that she couldn't see the uncontrollable, glad acknowledgment in them. "Arbelle," I said, "listen to me. You tried to give me some advice last night, and I wouldn't listen, although you were right. Now I'm right. You don't honestly think you could get away from Peter, do you?"

She was shaken, but she said

**High prices cause inflation**

defiantly, "If I went where he couldn't find me—and he's sure to be sent out of the country soon—"

"That doesn't matter. He knows you love him. No one would have to tell him why you'd left. And when he came back, he wouldn't rest until he'd found you, would he?"

It was heart-breaking, the glad, proud light that shone in her face. "I guess he wouldn't. He's that kind."

"You see—you have to stay." I looked around at the cramped, dingy room. "But not here. You're coming with me."

I didn't hear her protests. I was on my way to the telephone in the hall to ask my father to come after us.

She wasn't our guest very long. On the way home she quietly keeled over in my arms. Father carried her upstairs while I called the doctor, and she lay on my bed only until the ambulance he summoned arrived. I rode to the hospital with her, and then, when she was settled in a room there, I went back home. There was nothing I could do to help her. There was nothing I could do to help Peter's small son fight his way into the world, two months ahead of time.

THE next day Mrs. Fieldwell called my mother to thank us for what we'd done for Arbelle and to tell us that Peter had come home unexpectedly during the night. Arbelle's condition was critical, and Peter was with her.

I tried to ignore the quickening of my heart at the thought of Peter's being in town, told myself that it must mean nothing to me but that I couldn't go to see Arbelle as I had planned. Now, as at no other time, there would be a chance that she and Peter would be drawn together. More than I wanted my own happiness, I wanted her to have that chance.

I tried to ignore, too, the heavy sense of foreboding that came when I went to work that afternoon and saw Arbelle's empty work bench. I tried to keep my eyes from it, my thoughts from the hidden threat of its emptiness. And then at midnight, when the third shift came in, one of the girls brought the news I'd prayed not to hear.

The girl was one of those who was new to Bayview, and she didn't know, as she told it to our silent semi-circle in the locker room, that either Peter or Arbelle meant anything to me. "I got it straight from one of the nurses on the case," she said, "and she told me it was the most beautiful and the saddest thing she'd ever seen. Her young husband was there, home from camp, and Arbelle died right in his arms. And she was smiling as if she'd got everything she ever wanted out of life."

Arbelle got one thing more she'd wanted. She got the attention of Peter's family and friends—too late. All of Bayview came to her funeral. Dr. Holmes spoke simply, movingly of the stranger who had been in our midst for a little while and who had gone, leaving behind her the most precious gift woman could give to mankind.

I was thinking of Arbelle, and of the baby she'd died to give life to, and I couldn't cry any more. Tears were a petty tribute to pay to the woman who had taught us that love was more than a moonlit garden, more than the assurance that a girl would be waiting when you came home from your journeying. Love, if you let it be,

was all of living. If you accepted it as Arbelle had accepted it, without compromise, it was the beginning and the way and the end of life, and it formed a perfect circle that made your immortality.

I couldn't grieve for Arbelle, but I grieved for Peter, knowing all of the things that must be in his heart. There was nothing left now of the things he had wanted of life. Arbelle was gone. He had wanted Bayview to remain, and he had come back to find it already changing in even this short while. It was a factory town, now, and strangers walked the streets that had once held only familiar faces. And I—I had twice failed him, and now that there was no restitution, we were farther apart than ever before.

For myself, I was glad that I had changed as Bayview had changed. Like the town, I had work to do now. I was grateful that it was hard work and that I could look forward to the blessed weariness that helps one to forget.

You see, when Peter walked out of the church that afternoon and saw me and gave no sign, I thought that he hadn't forgiven me. I had no way of knowing, then, what Arbelle's love had done for him—that in dying she had given him back the one thing she couldn't give him while she lived. I had no way of knowing, when I went to work that evening, that Peter would be waiting for me when I came home.

HE WAS sitting on the porch steps, a silent, waiting shadow in the still summer night. He didn't rise as I came up to him—just reached out his hand and drew me down beside him, and rested his head on my shoulder with the sigh of a tired child.

Presently a muffled sound came from him; a sound like, "Thank you, Diane."

I straightened. "Peter, don't!" I cried. "I was too late."

He sat back, silencing me with a finger across my lips. "No, you weren't. She told me everything—about how you'd kept her here. If she'd tried to leave, as sick as she was, I'd—I'd never have seen her again. And she told me—Diane, how can I say it now?"

I sat very still, afraid to move, almost afraid to feel. "Don't try," I whispered.

His hand tightened on mine. "But I want to tell you part of it. It's true—how I feel about you. It seemed wrong, because of her, but I couldn't help it. And the strange part is—" he paused, groping, finding the words to say it—"the strange part is that even when it was wrong, even when it hurt, it was the thing I'd wanted all along—the thing that never changes."

That was over two years ago. It happened here in Bayview, where I'd once gone to a dance dreaming of cavaliers and troubadours and knights in armor. And, just as real love doesn't change, the most romantic dreams don't change much, either, when they come true.

Peter and I were married a year ago on his last furlough before he was sent abroad. So you see—I'm still waiting for my knight in armor, and I have his son with me, to fill the days until he comes home. And if my knight's sword is a Garand rifle, and his armor a mud camouflage, it doesn't matter. The courage, and the high hopes, and his faith in the things he fights for are still the same.

**FIGHT FOR THE BOYS AT THE FRONT—BUY WAR BONDS**

# A House Divided

*Continued from page 29*

Charles laughed. "Take it up with your mother. She's the teacher in the family."

Obediently, Andrea, very still and expressionless of face, came over to me with her homework.

Perhaps I should have spoken to her then. Perhaps I should have brought it out into the open, right then and there, before Charles.

Only, I didn't know what the problem was, really. How could I have known, or suspected? Oh, I should have realized that Andrea was too young to have some of the ideas she had, but I had the feeling that when a stepmother had trouble with a child it was the stepmother's fault, and it was her business to straighten things out. I think I could have, if there had been any serious, tangible problem to straighten. But there wasn't—just an accumulation of little things.

IT was gradually borne upon me that nothing I did was quite right, at least as far as Andrea was concerned. When I made a devil's food cake for Charles' birthday, Andrea waited until I had the last swirl of frosting on it to tell me that her father didn't like chocolate cake very much and really disliked divinity icing. When I bought her a puppy as a surprise, she thanked me sweetly and a day or so later said how much she'd always wanted a kitten.

I felt terribly sorry for her. Heaven knows, she wasn't happy—anyone could see that. And that made me all the more determined in my efforts to please her, for I knew that Charles and I could never be completely, perfectly happy together unless Andrea was, too.

I would have liked another child; sometimes I thought that that would break down Andrea's reserve, and at other times I was sure it would make her retire into herself more than ever. Once I tried to talk to her.

"Andrea, how would you like a baby brother or a baby sister? Wouldn't it be fun to have a baby around the house?"

She looked at me—no, *through* me—for a moment, and then she said, "That would be very nice for you." She might as well have added, *but not for me.*

I tried to draw her out. "Wouldn't you like to help me take care of it?" I went on. "You could learn to bathe the baby, perhaps, and wheel it in a buggy, and—" My voice trailed away.

"Of course, I would be glad to help you," Andrea answered, in a precise little voice. "I don't know whether I would be very good at it—I never cared much for dolls. And I don't think Daddy would like a baby crying around the house. He's very tired when he comes home from the office, you know."

"But darling, it would be Daddy's baby, too."

"Yes," she said. "Yours and Daddy's." And again I could hear the unspoken addition—*but not mine, nothing to do with me.*

Oh, surely, I thought, this isn't a child talking! How has she managed to get her poor little self all tied up in knots like this?

Agatha came in a little later, her mouth set in a firm line. "I don't like to intrude, Mrs. Steel, and maybe it isn't any of my business, but Andrea's been just like my own—"

I put down my darning. "What is it Agatha? What's wrong?"

"Well, it's just that she's in her room crying her heart out. She says that you were talking to her about you and Mr. Steel having a baby, and naturally the child feels that a baby would replace her in your affections—and in Mr. Steel's. Andrea's very sensitive, and—well, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Steel, but sometimes I wonder if you make a great enough effort to understand her. Of course I know it's hard for you, just having been married and all that, and being naturally more concerned about Mr. Steel than about anything else, but all Andrea needs is someone who understands her.

Suddenly I could bear the deferent, quiet voice no longer. I stood up abruptly. "I'll go see Andrea right now, Agatha," I said.

But Andrea's door was locked, and in spite of my alternate pleadings and commands, locked it remained until Charles got home. I explained the matter to him swiftly, and his eyebrows drew together.

"Martha, do you think it was wise to talk about a baby to the child?"

I remembered then, the thousand little things that had been happening, the things I'd been keeping from him partly because they seemed too trivial to bother him with, partly because I felt that I should work this problem out myself.

"Charles," I said abruptly, "this thing is getting to be too much for me."

HE SWUNG around to face me. "Too much for—what thing, Martha?"

"This business of trying to win Andrea over. Charles, the child seems actually to hate me. It—it's terrible, more for her than for me. Something's got to be done—we've got to come to some sort of understanding with her, Charles. She feels out of place, I think—feels that she's no longer a wanted, useful member of the household. She's so quiet and solemn, she makes me think of a little old lady rather than a child. I tell you—"

Charles smiled suddenly and patted my shoulder. "Now, Martha—I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill. Seems to me that every time I see Andrea she's happy and full of stories about school, and—"

"Yes," I interrupted desperately, "that's the way she is, with *you*. But with me, she's different. When you're not home, she's like a different person entirely."

"All right," he said, "let's go up and have a talk with her. Let's get this thing out into the open and clear it up, once and for all." He turned and started up the stairs, and I followed. At the locked door he paused and called, "Open up for Daddy, honey."

The door opened at once, and there was the pathetic little figure of Andrea, her hair mussed, her eyes red and puffy, her face tear-stained. My heart went out to her. I wanted to gather her up into my arms, to cuddle her a little, to comfort her and make her believe that everything was all right. I know now that I should have followed my impulse then. But I couldn't overcome, so quickly, the feeling of not

being wanted, the feeling that Andrea wouldn't like me to touch her. Perhaps if I had acted like a real mother then, everything would have been all right.

But the moment was past, and Charles was saying, heartily, "Well now, what's my girl been crying about? You've been worrying Mother—she's all upset."

Andrea curled up on his lap like a kitten and nestled her head on his shoulder. I felt a sudden jealous pang—how happy we'd all be if only she'd feel like that toward me! Charles began to talk in that pleasant, soothing voice of his, telling Andrea how I hadn't meant to make her unhappy, how he wanted us to love each other and be happy together. "You understand, don't you darling?" he finished. "Mother and I both love you dearly, and I want you to love Mother just as you love me. That's the only way we can be a family instead of just people living together in the same house."

Andrea smiled at him through her tears. "Of course, Daddy. And I—I'm sorry."

He laughed. "All right then—run along and wash your face, and we'll have dinner before Agatha comes up to tell us it's spoiled."

I followed him out of Andrea's room, and he slipped an arm about my shoulders as we went down the stairs together. "You see, Martha," he said. "Just a tempest in a teapot—you got yourself all worked up over nothing. Everything will be all right from now on—don't worry."

But I did worry. Because I knew this wasn't finished yet. And it wasn't.

FOR a few days everything was quiet—but that was nothing new, because things always were quiet. It was the very quiet that I was trying to battle against. I wanted to kill the stillness with the sound of my laughter and Andrea's, mingled with the sound of our voices talking things over as a mother and daughter should.

And then, at last, came open rebellion. One afternoon I was lying on the couch in the living room. I had caught a cold, and along with it I had a splitting headache. I heard Andrea come home from school and make straight for the kitchen, where Agatha was, as she always did, but a few minutes later she wandered into the living room, answered my greeting perfunctorily, and walked, after a moment's hesitation, over to the piano.

Andrea had had piano lessons a few years before, but had given them up because she refused to practice. Now, with the perversity of children, she seemed to be interested in the instrument again, and sometimes she'd sit at the piano carefully picking out with her right hand the melody of the music in front of her, and at other times she'd simply bang away, seeming to take delight in the awesome volume of discord.

I remember thinking, as she sat down, that I must talk to Charles about giving her lessons again. The thought struck me, too, that she might be tone-deaf because the discords she produced did not seem to offend her ears, as they did mine. Then Andrea began to play. At first she laboringly and haltingly picked out the melody of a popular song that was on the rack, but a moment later her hands began the unguided drumming.

For a few seconds I stood it, but at last I said, "Andrea, do you mind not playing this afternoon? I've got a splitting headache."

She rose at once and without saying a word she left the room. But in ten minutes or so she was back. Still silent, she crossed once more to the piano and began to thump it with all the force in her small hands. A second later she stretched out her foot to depress the loud pedal so that the cacophony took on a resonant reverberation that beat into my ears as if someone were striking my aching head with a hammer.

"Andrea," I cried, "Andrea, please, dear—don't play the piano."

But the sound persisted. Apparently, she didn't hear me above the din. I raised my voice. "Andrea! I asked you not to pound that piano!"

The playing went on. "Andrea, stop it! Stop it at once, do you hear?"

The music continued, uninterrupted. Anger welled up inside me and brought me quickly to my feet and across the room. My hand on Andrea's shoulder turned her about to face me, and the music stopped with a final crash. I'm afraid I shook her a little, in time to the shaking of my voice, as I said, "I asked you repeatedly to stop that noise. Now *stop!*" I meant, then, to say something more, something quiet and reasonable, to try to get out of her an explanation for this unprecedented behavior, but the pounding of my headache was too much. I knew that there was nothing but anger in me at the moment, and that I mustn't let anger rule my tongue in dealing with Andrea, so I turned and left, running swiftly up to my own room, shutting the door behind me, falling onto the bed, and at last, in a turmoil of indecision, dropping off into a doze.

IT was Charles who awakened me—Charles standing beside the bed, his face very stern and troubled.

"I'm sorry you're not feeling well," he said perfunctorily. He hesitated a moment, and then went on. "But—but Martha, I didn't think that you'd take your headache out on Andrea. Nothing could excuse your striking her."

Hastily I sat up, sleep fleeing. "Strike—? Charles, did Andrea tell you that I hit her, or slapped her?"

He shook his head. "No, not Andrea. I don't think she would have tattled, Martha. It was Agatha who told me—she felt that I ought to know."

With as much control as I could muster, I explained exactly what had happened. Charles sat down on the edge of the bed, looking at me queerly. "That doesn't sound like Andrea at all," he said, at last. "She's never, to my knowledge, been wilfully disobedient like that. Are you sure that your headache didn't exaggerate the thing in your own mind, Martha? And anyway—well, frankly, I don't think that you'll ever get anywhere with Andrea by those tactics. She's sensitive, as any child is."

Swiftly I interrupted him. I knew that if this went on we were going to quarrel, Charles and I—our first quarrel. I didn't want that. "Charles," I said, "my head is still splitting. Perhaps I acted hastily—perhaps not. But let's talk about it later, shall we? When I'm able to think properly."

After a moment he went away, leav-

ing me to the twilight of the bedroom—and to a new knowledge which had suddenly come to me. Fantastic as it seemed, incredible as it seemed in a child, Andrea was trying to break up our marriage.

The next few days were not pleasant ones. The talk that Charles and I had resolved nothing, and now there was tension in the house when Charles was home, as well as when he was away. To make matters worse, I was still ill, and I knew why, now. The baby I had talked to Andrea about was a reality. I didn't tell Charles about it at once, for I knew that he would tell Andrea, and that things would get worse instead of better. I was determined that something must be done to solve the problem before we could face the prospect of a new member for our family.

I went to see Dick Force, who had been our doctor for years and who had met Charles several times before our marriage, partly to confirm my belief that I was going to have a child, and partly because I needed someone to whom I could talk—some unbiased person to whom I could tell my troubles, who might help me to find a solution. Dick was kind and wise. No, he told me, he didn't quite know what the solution might be at first hearing, but he'd be glad to come to the house, to drop in as a casual visitor, meet Andrea, and then see what he could do.

NEXT afternoon Dick turned up and talked to me and a quiet, almost hostile Andrea for a while. I went out with him afterwards and we drove through the park while we talked.

"All that you tell me about her, and what I've seen of her, just doesn't seem normal," Dick told me. "She's more like an adult in her thinking—in her plotting and involved planning—than a child. It's almost unbelievable that a little girl should be like that. And it's a sad thing for her, too—we've got to help her, Martha, and we'll help you by that method and that alone. We've got to make the child snap out of it, get to the root of whatever's bothering her. It's just possible that I, a stranger, can make friends with her and find out what's wrong." He chuckled. "I'm just a family doctor, but I sort of fancy myself as a psychiatrist, just the same. Here's my chance to prove my mettle. If you don't mind I'm going to take to dropping in in the afternoons when my house calls bring me out this way."

And so Dick came several times, and it was his coming that offered us the solution to the problem—but not in quite the way he had imagined that it would. One afternoon, just after he had left. I went out to the kitchen to see how dinner preparations were coming, but the sound of voices stopped me at the kitchen door. Agatha's voice, firm and yet very solicitous, very comforting, and Andrea's, harsh, tearful. For a moment I listened to them, hardly believing my ears. Panic swept over me, and then I realized how foolish the panic was. I had done nothing wrong. Let Andrea go ahead with her plan—perhaps that, at last, would prove to Charles that I was not imagining things! I turned and walked softly away, forming a plan of my own.

I waited until Andrea was in bed that night, until Charles, after dinner,

was stretched out in his favorite chair before the fire. Even then I wasn't sure that I was doing the right thing—

"Charles—Charles, darling."

He put his paper down, looked at me quickly. It had been many days since the tenderness between us had gone to be replaced by tension. His voice was gentler than it had been for a long time.

"What, lovely?"

"Charles—remember the first night we were home? You said that I was beautiful, most beautiful of all, in the firelight. Do you still think so?"

He reached out his arms to gather me into them. "More beautiful than ever," he assured me, and then, when I was safely settled in his arms, "Darling this is the way it should be between us. What's been wrong these past days—I've been angry and you've been distant, and—it's all wrong, Martha. It shouldn't be that way."

I put my hand across his lips. "Let's not talk about that now," I begged. "I've got something wonderful to talk about, dearest. Charles—what would you say if I told you that we were going to have a baby?"

He was silent for a long moment, then, but in his eyes was all the tenderness, all the devotion in the world. Then he said, very gently, "I'd say it *was* wonderful, darling—that it was all we needed to make our life complete."

WE STAYED by the fire for a long time in the glorious silence that is better than any words when two people understand and love each other, and at last Charles got up, and, still holding me in his arms, carried me to our room.

With Charles and me together again I felt safe and happy, as if my plans for tomorrow need not be carried through. But deep inside me I knew they must be—they must be if our happiness were not to be continually in jeopardy.

Dick dropped in the next afternoon, and I told him at once of what I had overheard Andrea telling Agatha yesterday, of what I suspected, of how I hoped things would work out.

He shook his head. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't know. Perhaps you're right, Martha—I'm willing to let her go ahead, anyway."

So we were close to the living room door, listening, when Andrea, her voice tearful, called her father. And we were ready and waiting when, a little later, we heard him come in, heard Andrea say, "She's in there, Daddy—in there with that man who comes to see her every day."

I opened the door then, saving Charles the embarrassment of choosing between knocking and bursting in. "Hello," I said, forcing my voice to sound normal. "What are you doing home at this time of day?"

"I—Andrea called me—" his voice faded away.

"Here's Dick Force," I went on. "You remember him, of course. He's been telling me that I'm a normal, healthy specimen and shouldn't have a bit of trouble with the baby."

Charles turned to Andrea. "Now, young lady, what's all this nonsense? This man is Dr. Force, a friend of mine and your mother's. Your mother hasn't been feeling well and so of course she consulted a doctor. What was it you were telling me about his coming here all the time, and about Mother's going

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out to meet him?"

Andrea stood there, small and forlorn, not quite knowing where to look. Her father's face, as her eyes traveled from one to the other of us, was unrelenting. I felt, as I had before, that I would like to catch her in my arms, to comfort her, to make her understand. And this time I obeyed the impulse. I crossed to her and knelt beside her, taking her resisting little body into my arms.

"Come on, Andrea," I pleaded—"Tell us all about this. Tell me how you happened to plan this with Agatha—"

The tears that were in her eyes then overflowed, and her stiff little form relaxed into my arms.

"I *want* to tell you," she cried. "I *want* to! I've been so bad, and so mixed up, and I didn't know what to do, and all the time Agatha kept saying—"

"Agatha's been telling you what?"

"All the time—ever since before you and Daddy got home—she kept telling me all about how bad stepmothers are, and how they try to get rid of their husbands' children and everything. She told me you wanted Daddy all for yourself, and that you'd tell him bad things about me and make it seem like I was a bad girl, so he wouldn't love me any more. I—I didn't like it, any of the things she told me to do, but she said if I didn't I'd lose Daddy, that he'd put me in a school somewhere, and I'd hardly ever see him. Like the day I banged the piano. When you asked me to stop the first time, I told Agatha, and she said to go play some more. She said the only way I'd ever get Daddy back was to make trouble so that Mother would go away. Oh, I—"

FOR the first time, naturally, of her own accord, Andrea had called me Mother. I held her close to me, crooning the little, comforting things a mother says to her child. "Don't cry, honey—everything's all right now."

Charles moved away. "I'm going to talk to Agatha," he said. Dick Force followed him. "I'll go along," he added. "It seems to me that it's Agatha, not Andrea, who needs a psychiatrist."

Agatha is gone now, and we are, as Charles puts it, a family at last—Charles and Andrea and little Ronnie and I. A happy family. So happy that we've all but forgotten the stormy months when we were a house divided. But I will never quite forget, and so I've written this in the hope that it will reach other stepmothers like me, and help them to understand, look for deeper causes, if they cannot find love in the hearts of their stepchildren.

Dick Force is our fast friend nowadays. He explained Agatha to us one night before the baby came—how muddled she had been in her mind, that we must pity her, not blame her. "She really loved Charles, I think," he told us. "She is one of those repressed spinsters who refuse to recognize their own emotions and so substitute others for them. She substituted hatred for Martha in place of acknowledging her love for Charles, and she used poor little Andrea as her tool."

But it's all over. You should see us now—right now, this happy, peaceful Sunday afternoon, as I'm writing this. Charles is in his big chair. Ronnie is in his play pen on the floor, and Andrea kneels beside it, patiently and laughingly retrieving the toys he throws outside for her to pick up.

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# "Somebody Loves You—"

*Continued from page 45*

wrap in the powder room. The men told her the same thing with their eyes. She flushed with triumph because she thought Perry would be proud. But he seemed to misunderstand her triumph, and to believe she was set on conquest. When they danced, he was strangely silent. He didn't once whisper that he loved her. He didn't once say there should be a law against any girl being so pretty and so sweet. Roselle sought to still her misery by pretending she was having a lovely time. Even after Perry danced three times with another girl, Roselle pretended all was well. But when Perry sought that girl for a fourth dance her pretenses were shattered. She went home—alone.

PERRY telephoned. But she would not talk to him. Perry wrote. But she did not reply. She blamed herself for all that had happened. She was convinced she had been mistaken in letting him know how devotedly she loved him.

Her loneliness was like a great sickness. Those supposed to know about such things told her it would pass with time. However she noticed no change. She tried to interest herself in others. But boys and girls alike found her frequently distrait. She was forever watching for Perry. . . .

One evening when Roselle came home after visiting with a friend, she found her mother on their second floor porch threatening someone in the back yard. "There are hoodlums down there," she explained to Roselle, "hoodlums acting rowdy. I've given them fair warning I'll have no more of their noisy nonsense. . . ."

At that moment the stillness of the evening was broken only by an insect chorus. But soon ukes and a guitar sent up soft music . . . Then a voice sang "Somebody loves you, I want you to know . . ."

Roselle put her hand on her mother's arm. "Mother," she said. "It's Perry!"

"Perry . . . Perry . . . Perry . . ." she called and her heart sang in her voice for the world to hear.

"So long," called Perry's gang as they disappeared in a rush. In a rush, too, Perry mounted the stairs to where Roselle waited for him with open arms.

Perry started a small bank account. Every week he deposited a percentage of his income — salary and tips. Even when he worked in another town and had board to pay, he managed to put this amount aside. He had no trouble getting a job at any time. For he sang while he worked and many a nostalgic barber recalling the good old barber shop quartettes hired him for his voice as well as his tonsorial prowess.

It wasn't long before Perry's customers' enthusiasm for his fine baritone voice bore fruit and he found himself engaged by a band playing at a dance pavilion at nearby Lake Conneaut for the summer. He sang love songs through a megaphone sprinkled with stardust and planned how, between appearances, he would drive to Meadowlands to see Roselle—even if only for an hour.

"Come back to the lake with me," he begged her one summer day, "and pack something suitable for a wedding. . . ."

She had a new white dress with a cape. It had blue glass buttons for something blue. A pin that had belonged to her grandmother which she borrowed from her sister was something old and something borrowed too.

Without success they shopped for a wedding ring. They couldn't find one beautiful and simple enough to please them. "After all, I'm going to wear it forever," Roselle would say to Perry as they walked out of one jeweler's.

"That's right," Perry always agreed.

They were young. They were modern. They were realistic. But in their scheme of things there was no room for any doubt that their love for each other would survive as long as they themselves should survive.

The drummer drove them to their wedding. "With this ring I thee wed," said Perry slipping his signet ring on Roselle's finger. Temporarily it would serve. Later, they would find a ring Roselle would always wear.

At the end of that summer Perry opened a barber shop on the outskirts of Youngstown, Ohio. He believed there was opportunity there and, as he said to Roselle, he was a married man and it was high time he forgot about singing with a dance band and settled down. They decided, however, not to buy furniture or a house until they saw how things panned out. They rented a furnished apartment and Roselle made gay curtains.

Before Perry had the barber shop outfitted completely, Ted Weems played a one night stand in their town—heard the "singing barber"—and signed Perry.

Perry and Roselle threw their clothes into bags and were on their way . . . On their way to a nomadic existence in Pullmans and hotels. It never occurred to them that it wasn't enough. It was enough that they were together.

While they waited in railway stations for trains overdue, ate in diners and packed and unpacked, they said to each other "Soon we'll settle down, have our own home."

It wasn't until their son Ronald, three now, was born, however, that Perry's radio success made their hopes come true.

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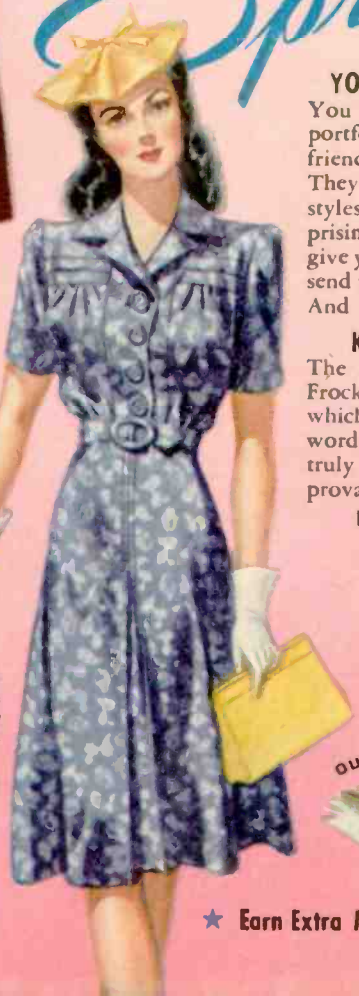

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