

Radio Romances

FORMERLY

Radio Mirror

OCTOBER

15¢



Lorna
Lynn



Living Portraits — AMANDA

ENCHANTED — A Story of Love Reborn

Merle Oberon

in Walter Wanger's
Technicolor Production

"NIGHT IN PARADISE"

A Universal Picture



Tru-Color Lipstick

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

For your most thrilling lipstick experience try
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for your type... lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds,
all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and
all based on a patented* color principle originated by
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BLONDE



BRUNETTE



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HOLLYWOOD
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2211465



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY... WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"



GIRL: Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

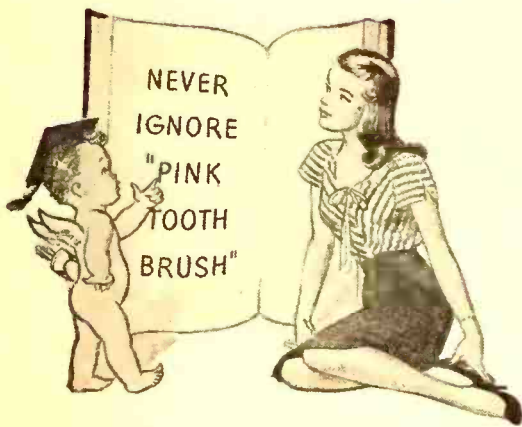
CUPID: But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

GIRL: Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

CUPID: ... or just teach you that even a *plain* girl can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

GIRL: If she *can* sparkle at people... which I *can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?



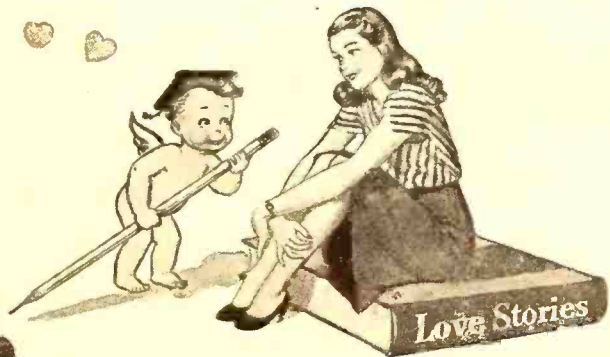
gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. *And* a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!

GIRL: Well, lately, but—

CUPID: But *what*? Don't you know that's a warning to see your dentist? He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And *that'll* help my smile?

CUPID: Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your



Products of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Romances

FORMERLY
Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Lorna Lynn, Radio Actress
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Smolin Studios

irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved 

To seem beautiful is to be beautiful! So keep your lips irresistible . . . divinely soft and lovely with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED LIPSTICK . . . a deep, rich, dynamic tone that goes on smoothly and stays on longer thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXT process. Matching rouge and powder.

10¢-25¢ SIZES

the bride-to-be wears

Irresistible ruby red Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

Radi-1-0

By JACK LLOYD



One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 76. A score between 11 and 14 is good, 7-12, fair, and below 7—well, listen in more often, won't you?

- Can you name the motion picture stars of the following radio shows?
 - Mayor of the Town
 - The Saint
 - Man Called X
 - Adventures of Topper
 - Sherlock Holmes
- The Blue Network recently changed its name. What's the new one?
- Complete the following names of day-time dramas:
 - The Romance of _____
 - Pepper Young's _____
 - When a Girl _____
- Can you name the famous radio crooner who was once a barber?
- What are the first names of the three Andrews Sisters?
- Give the occupations of the following radio characters:
 - Lorenzo Jones
 - Joyce Jordan
 - Brenda Cummings
- Name two dramatic shows on the air with stories about the F.B.I.
- One of the following is *not* a network vocalist. Know which one?
 - Joan Brooks
 - Peggy Mann
 - Mary Small
 - Jo Lyons
- Are the following facts *true* or *false*?
 - "Rochester"'s real name is Eddie Anderson
 - Fred Waring is the originator of the famous Waring household mixer
 - Frank Sinatra is the brother of bandleader Ray Sinatra
 - Famous novelist Kathleen Norris writes Bright Horizon
- Do you know the quizmasters on the following shows?
 - Thanks to the Yanks
 - Truth or Consequences
 - Information Please
- Unscramble the names of the following news commentators.
 - Raymond Schubert
 - Walter Thomas
 - Paul Winchell
 - Lowell Swing
- Who's the happy host of ABC's Breakfast Club?
- Who's the famous baritone who takes a lot of kidding because his name is made of three *first names*?
- What's the name of Henry Aldrich's famous side-kick?

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A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. *That's* when a girl needs Mum!

Mum smooths on in 30 seconds—keeps underarms

odor-free all day or evening long. You're sure of the daintiness men admire.

Mum won't irritate your skin. And, says the American Institute of Laundering, Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes.

You can use Mum before or *after* you're dressed. It's quick, safe, sure. Won't dry out in jar. Why take chances with your charm when you can trust Mum? Get a jar today.

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



Products of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**

Lovely Pattie Clayton, who has not been singing very long on Arthur Godfrey's CBS program, is already "preferred listening" for men in the services.

KATE SMITH'S switch to Friday broadcasts this Fall is good news for everyone. It means the end of the senseless competition between Kate and Jack Benny and for Kate's fans it spells more songs by their favorite and a minimum of needless dialogue. Taking a leaf from Bing Crosby's book, Kate is cutting down on guests, adding more songs.

Some of radio's leading personalities have signed to record for Cosmopolitan Records, new disc company. You'll soon be hearing Joan Edwards, Jerry Wayne, Enric Madriguera, Gertrude Niesen, Barry Wood, and Four Chicks and Chuck, recording for Cosmopolitan.

I met lovely Dinah Shore when she was in New York near the finish of her triumphant open air concert and hospital tour, and she told me a cute story in which she was the amused victim of a practical joke.

Accompanied on her tour by Ticker Freeman, her small-sized and agile pianist, Dinah and Ticker would be met at each stop by a large delegation. The welcoming committee would clamor around Dinah and blithely ignore little Ticker. This would keep up in every town they visited and the neglected pianist would sulk. He yearned for one hour of glory where he could steal the spotlight from his attractive boss.

"Ticker had a friend in a midwestern city who was handling all the ar-



Students Dolly Mitchell, Ferdie Froghammer, Arnold Stang and Georgia Carroll waste no time between classes on Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge.

rangements for us at the Army hospital we were to visit," Dinah said, "so when we arrived there, the crowd was out. Only this time they all ran around Ticker, showered him with compliments and attention. As for Dinah Shore, she was ignored."

This didn't satisfy the ambitious Ticker. That night at the concert, the Army officer made the announcement to the impatient wounded GI's:

"Now fellows, I want to introduce the person you've been waiting for, that great star, the world's greatest jazz pianist, Ticker Freeman! Assisted by singer Dinah Shore!"

Talking about top flight singers, keep your eyes focused on Mary Ashworth, beautiful Boston-born blonde. Featured
Continued on page 109



Grand Ole Opry star Roy Acuff owns several of the finest "walking" horses in Tennessee.



So Sweet to Come Home To!

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



Actor Joseph Cotten recently received one of Jimmie Fidler's service awards for his tireless campaign, via radio and cross-country tour, on behalf of the American Red Cross Blood Donor's Recruiting Service.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

BY THE time you read this, the new Joan Davis show will be well under way—it turned up on Labor Day, and was welcomed by a radio audience that, appreciative of summer fill-in shows as it may have been, was glad to get back an old favorite for steady listening pleasure.

Heard on CBS Mondays at 8:30, EWT, the show, besides the "Queen of Comedy," has Harry Von Zell, Verna Felton and Shirley Mitchell for more laughs, and Andy Russell for songs. This is Russell's first regular role on a major sponsored network show.

Portly, jolly Harry Von Zell is equally at home in radio as an announcer or a comedian. To wind it up, there's a twenty-piece orchestra, under Paul Weston.

Two young radio stars placed high in the first annual fashion award made by a committee of high-ranking designers for the best-dressed teentimers: Patrice Munsel, representing opera, and Janet Waldo, representing radio acting. The choice was made from a nationwide selection of photographs—more than 20,000 were considered.

According to Miss Grace Norman, head of the committee that made the award, the teen age girl is at last com-

ing into her own in the world of fashion. No more bobby socks and sloppy joe sweaters, Miss Norman says. All of the winners expressed a preference for simply cut clothes with good lines, neither too casual nor too sophisticated for their age group. Eighteen-year-old Patrice Munsel, the Metropolitan Opera's youngest star, chooses bright accessories to lend versatility to her brown, navy, and gray basic outfits. Janet Waldo, eighteen-year-old star of CBS Corliss Archer serial, prefers red

and blue in her comfortable, casual California-slanted clothes.

Like the other winners of the teentimer fashion awards, Patrice and Janet make time in their busy days for war work. Between opera engagements, Patrice sings at canteens and at servicemen's hospitals. Janet, who does movie as well as radio work, entertains at canteens and camp shows.

Have you heard the Armed Forces
Continued on page 8



Patrice Munsel (left) and Janet Waldo (above), both outstanding young radio stars, add to their career laurels a fashion distinction. A committee of designers voted them two of the best-dressed teen agers.





You've lived for this moment.
And he must find you excitingly
lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so
endearing... let Trushay guard
their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant,
creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before
everyday tasks, before you do
dishes. This "beforehand" idea
is Trushay's own! And now you
can guard soft hands even
in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch
whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS



“Alluring!”

**says Mrs. Herbert Marshall
—charming wife of one of
Hollywood’s most distinguished stars.**

MRS. HERBERT MARSHALL:

HERE IN HOLLYWOOD, glamour isn’t just a word... it’s a way of life. That’s why I’m so delighted with your alluring new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. My special pet is that exciting Tangee Red-Red.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

Yes, Mrs. Marshall, and I think you’ll agree that the smart new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks are not only lovely to look at... *they’re wonderful to wear!* They don’t run or smear. They stay on for many extra hours. And Tangee’s exclusive Satin-Finish assures lips not too dry—not too moist... vivid lips with a satin-like smoothness that makes them doubly inviting... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America’s fore-
most authorities on beauty
and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be



*Suave Herbert Marshall outwits
all enemy agents as The Man
Called X, Monday nights on CBS.*

(Continued from page 6)
Radio Service show Tokyo Calling? Take a listen and hear the kind of propaganda the Japanese are handing out about us. The show is on the air Mondays at 10 P. M. (EWT) over the American network.

And, talking about Japanese propaganda—Sammy Kaye got word from a GI in the Pacific not long ago, that Tokyo Rose in her Zero Hour broadcasts played an entire Sammy Kaye Sunday Serenade program! Radio Japan probably transcribed it from a program short-waved overseas.

Sammy’s correspondent wrote that as soon as the music was over, on came the “saki-saki” (propaganda). “Do you hear this good music?” cooed Tokyo Rose. “How would you like to be home dancing to that lovely music? You can do it, boys, very soon, if you will stop this war of fighting against the Japanese.” The boys love the music and pay as little attention to the accompanying propaganda as the GI’s did in Africa and Europe when the Germans used the same tactics.

Tokyo Rose, incidentally, we are told by our own correspondent in the Pacific, has been practically forced off the air by the GI’s themselves. The GI’s have set up small radio stations on every beachhead and are putting on swell shows that the Rose can never match. Besides, a few of them have managed to cut in on her wave length occasionally and made her sound plenty foolish. She’s expected to retire into a great silence any moment, now.

Here’s an idea lots of mothers might like to pick up. Constance Bennett has something new in the way of “baby books.” Instead of filling the one she’s keeping for her daughter Gyl with records of when she cut her first tooth and said her first gem of a word, Constance is pasting it full of the important headlines of every day since Gyl was born two days after Pearl Harbor. Gyl’s one girl who’s going to know her place in history right from the start.

Ever since Tommy Dorsey’s been broadcasting from Hollywood, California’s real estate sharps have been hounding him with intriguing but highly inflated deals on the good earth.

But Tommy has a stock answer for them all. "I'm not buying anything," he says, "that I can't load on the Super Chief and take back to New York." Might we suggest that Tommy give them with "Don't Fence Me In" on his trombone?

There's a pat on the back coming to Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Those zanies have their serious side, too, and when they show it—it's good.

This last summer, they put in three weeks playing benefits in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Atlantic City, to raise money for the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation to Aid Delinquent Children. There's been an awful lot of talk during this war about juvenile delinquency. Abbott and Costello didn't talk much—they did something.

In one of his serious moments, Arthur Godfrey ad-libbed some remarks about the U. S. A. that are well worth passing on.

"You know that old saying, it's a small world, is getting truer and truer every day," he said. "I couldn't help thinking that when I looked through the mail the other day.

"I don't know whether you remember, but a couple of weeks ago, I happened to mention that I wondered what all you folks were doing every day when we come into your homes for a half hour of 'nothin'.' I got some very interesting letters.

"There were letters from Maine, from Texas, from Illinois, from Oklahoma—from all over the country. And reading them showed me something I hadn't thought of before. This world and especially this country of ours is really much more of a small town than most people imagine.

"You listeners in Texas who wrote that you had just finished washing the luncheon dishes, or were darning, or dusting, are kind of sisters-under-the-skin with the other women in Maine and Oklahoma and the rest of the country, who were doing the same things at the same time, and had interrupted their work to relax for a few minutes with us, on this crazy clam-bake we call a program. Most of you had children home from school and

Are you in the know?



Do this often, if you're addicted to—

- Tantrums
- Booking blues
- Hickey trouble

You can drown all three sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickeys . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant*. A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!



To use silver correctly, would you—

- Start from the outside
- Start from the inside
- Catch as catch can

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort*. Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.



If he stood you up last night—

- Should you blow your top
- Be a tearful earful
- Bide your time

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center*!

A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin
at no extra cost



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other
sanitary napkins put together

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



Actress Suzanne Tafel adds her talents to CBS' Theater of Romance, heard each Tuesday night.

"Whoopee! I got the
Injun sign on
Prickly Heat!"



"Your little Indian will whoop with joy—"

"Look at my smooth-as-satin skin . . . and you'll know why Mommies an' babies are ravin' about mild, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. It's a won-nderful help in preventin' prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing and lotsa other skin troubles! Here's why I say it's the best for baby's skin. . . ."

1. Most baby specialists prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder to any other baby powder (and 3 out of 4 doctors say baby powder should be antiseptic).*
2. Mennen is smoothest—shown in microscopic tests of leading baby powders. Only Mennen powder is "cloud-spun" for extra smoothness, extra comfort.
3. Makes baby smell so sweet . . . new, mild flower-fresh scent!



Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion*

IT'S BACK!
50¢ Money-Saver Size
(Also 25¢ Size)

Buy me the
best . . .
Mennen!"



*According to surveys

were busy trying to keep them occupied.

"I get so darned tired of hearing politicians and statesmen saying that the country is divided by ideas and customs that are so different that it's impossible for us ever to have complete unity. That's just silly. A few differences in ideas and local customs and accents are never going to keep you—at your radio in Oklahoma City—from bringing up your children and running your homes and living and thinking in the same old U. S. A. way about the things that really count—any more than they will you, in Houston, or Chicago, or Kansas City."

Phillips H. Lord, writer-producer of Counterspy, has a very unusual way of getting his show ready for the air.

He does a kind of "remote" production job. Eight days before each broadcast, the actors do a detailed dress rehearsal which is recorded in the control room of a New York studio. The recording is then sent by plane to Lord, who makes the necessary revisions in his quiet retreat among the pines in Maine.

He listens to the program on a playback machine in his home and, as he listens, he makes notes and corrections as well as written comments on the performance. These are sent back to New York by airmail. By the time the show goes on the air, it's had as complete an editing as though Lord had been sitting in the control booth during rehearsals—which is what most producers do.

We love the idea of Carmen Dragon's "vacation." The thirteen weeks that Toasties Time is off the air, Carmen has nothing to do but direct the music for a couple of films—Hunt Stromberg's "Young Widow" and Danny Kaye's new picture, "The Kid from Brooklyn."

Not all actors are improvident and thoughtless of the future. Lots of them are branching out into other businesses, now, while things are going well for them.

Walter (Service Time) Burke runs a summer resort in Pennsylvania. Arthur (Casey, Press Photog) Vinton raises turkeys. Ted (Big Town) De Corsia sells his own farm-grown vegetables. Santos (Perry Mason) Ortega has a Pekingese kennel.

There's one thing to be said for the Warnow family—they're all staunch individualists. When Mark Warnow gave his kid brother a lift up the ladder of fame a few years ago, the kid refused to capitalize on his brother's reputation—so he changed his name. He is known today as Raymond Scott.

Now, Mark's twenty-year-old son, Morton, just returned from the ETO, where he had been a prisoner of war for nine months, has announced a similar intention. He wants to be a writer when he gets out of the Army—but he's going to get himself a name of his own—and his own breaks.

The Lombardo gang is never so happy as when their travels bring them within short range of Connecticut, where Mama Lombardo lives. That's because, whenever they are near enough, Mama makes regular trips to wherever the band is playing, loaded down with food and delicacies for her brood—and food and delicacies as only Mama can make them, which is what the gang misses most of all when they

(Continued on page 12)

Another Hollywood Star...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin



MOD

Interested in my special don'ts and do's for a heavenly, heart-snaring complexion? Don't cling to half-way care that may do one or two things at most for your skin. Do use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care.

Martha O'Driscoll



Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha... of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths*... that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines... that serves as your protective *powder base*, too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-*arvelous*"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

...it's all you need!

R
R



HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful*. Yes, I found out

the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always*.



AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a

proved germ-killer . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

Check these facts with your Doctor



Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution . . . *always!* Powerful cleanser—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches

deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For

FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 688 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)



Copyright, 1946, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
Disinfectant

always!



Glamorous Ann Sothorn brings the enchanting *Maise* to CBS' new Sunday night comedy show.

(Continued from page 10)
have to go out on tour assignments.

Stories about kids and the war always get us—where it hurts. Like this one—from John MacVane, NBC war correspondent.

MacVane's back in the United States after seven years in Europe. In 1938, MacVane, then a reporter on the N. Y. Sun, went to France with his wife. Realizing that war was coming, he decided to stay abroad, and joined the Paris staff of a news agency. In 1940, he joined the NBC staff in London and was assigned to cover "the invasion of London," which at that time seemed to be imminent.

He accompanied the American First Army on the invasion of France and was injured during the action at Normandy, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart.

MacVane's children, Myles, three years old, and Sara Ann, fifteen months, were born in London and are now seeing the United States for the first time. Recently Myles heard thunder for the first time and told his mother he heard guns. Mrs. MacVane told him he was wrong, that what he heard was the noise made by two clouds bumping together. A few seconds later there was another peal of thunder.

"Well, mother," Myles said, "those clouds are shooting at each other again."

That could well be passed off as a cute saying. But think of it this way. Think of a small kid learning about guns and bombs and death and destruction, before he's had a chance to learn about the natural phenomena of the world. When you think that way, you want to make very sure that tomorrow's kids won't have to go through anything like this.

Karl Swenson feels right at home in his role as Father Brown on the Mutual mystery series. Karl's grandfather was the pastor of the Swedish parish in New Britain, Connecticut, and his family always hoped Karl would be a minister. Early in college, however, Karl switched his interest to dramatics. He has played many religious roles in his radio career, though. . . . John the

(Continued on page 14)

*They had a date with fate...
and a rendezvous with love!*



GINGER ROGERS

as the lovely but lonely star who finds romance!

LANA TURNER

travels from 10th Ave. to Park—on curves!

WALTER PIDGEON

fresh from adventure—and plenty fresh!

VAN JOHNSON

Purple Heart hero with his heart on his sleeve!



M-G-M
invites you
to come on
an exciting
and romantic...

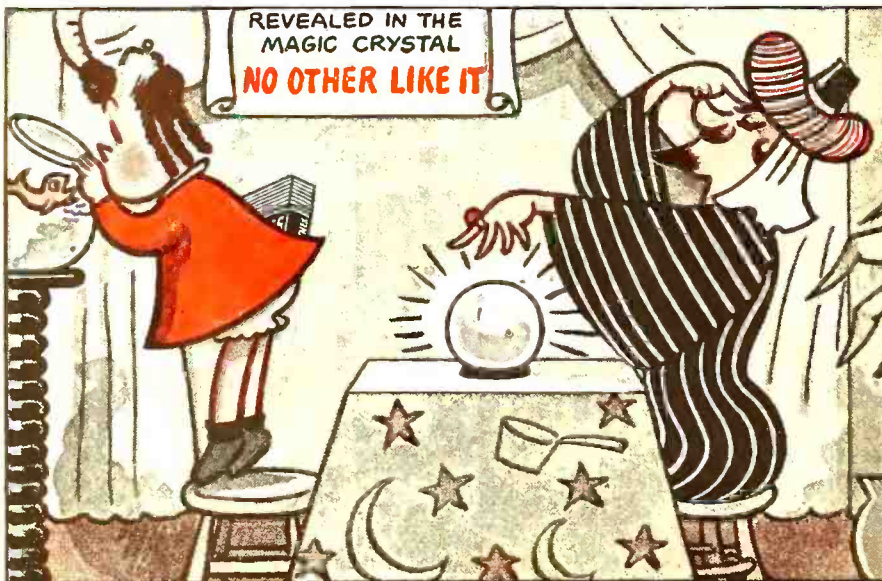
Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD · PHYLLIS THAXTER · KEENAN WYNN · ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES · LINA ROMAY · SAMUEL S. HINDS

and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA · A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLow, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

R
R



Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.

A special process keeps Kleenex
LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex has the Service Tissue Box that gives up two more double tissue at a time!
*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 12)
Baptist on the Ave Maria Hour, Christ for The March of Time and now the detective-priest on the Adventures of Father Brown.

When Don Bell left his home town of Hutchinson, Kansas, eighteen years ago to join the Marines, he had exactly a dime in his pocket. After leaving the service in 1931, he wound up in Manila and settled there as a radio broadcaster for a department store. Came the Jap invasion and Bell became the "voice of liberty" in Manila.

For thirty-seven months, the Japs hunted Don Bell—and he was right there in the Santo Tomas prison. Fortunately for him, he was listed in the Japanese records as Clarence Beliel, his real name, and they never caught on.

After his release, Bell rejoined Mutual as a correspondent. He earned himself a short rest in New York. On his way back to his post in the Pacific, Bell stopped off at his home town for the first time in eighteen years. He was accorded all the honors of a returning hero. Standing before a microphone, Bell was asked by the Mayor what he had achieved since leaving home.

Bell reached into his pocket and pulled out a dime. That was all the money he had. His pocket had been picked the day before on the train.

Bell returned to his home town exactly the way he had left it—with a dime to his name.

Ernest Chappell, new m.c. on the Star Theater, is sometimes kiddingly called "Mr. Charles," by his friends. It's all right, though. He's married to Claudia Morgan, who plays Nora Charles in the Thin Man.

Joe Havnes, honorably discharged from the Marines, finds civilian life—particularly working as a radio sound effects man—fraught with danger. On one program he was assigned to dub in the sound of a turned-over chair and a body fall. He outdid himself on the job and, after the show, discovered he had cracked a rib.

Twenty different government agen-
(Continued on page 16)



Edward Everett Horton is funny even when heard and not seen, as Kraft Music Hall's summer star.

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste**
means cleaner, brighter teeth—

Pepsodent tooth paste
with **Fluorium**

removes the film that
makes your teeth look dull



Use Pepsodent twice a day,
see your dentist twice a year

R
R

"The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—James Whitcomb Riley



Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job . . . cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

Doctors and Nurses found

a way to keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubblings a day. More abuse than most hands take in any day's housework! It was Pacquins Hand Cream that was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with an ingredient (doctors call it "humectant") that helps dry skin feel softer, smoother, more pliant!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Continued from page 14
cies are providing material for the Now It Can Be Told series. Dan Seymour produces the program, based on material most of which has never been revealed before for military reasons.

Irene Kuhn, now being heard as a correspondent from Chungking, was the first woman news commentator in the Far East.

Mrs. Kuhn, widely known writer and newspaper correspondent, whose autobiography "Assigned to Adventure" was a best seller, has spent five years in the Orient. While in China she wrote for various newspapers and in addition broadcast from the China Press-Kellogg station KRC in Shanghai. She was the first woman correspondent in the East and the first person ever to broadcast in the Orient over China's first radio station.

Mrs. Kuhn's travels started shortly after she left college. After a few years on newspapers here, she joined the European staff of the Chicago Tribune and covered assignments all over the continent. Later she covered the Mediterranean, Egypt, Singapore and the Straits Settlements for the Tribune, until she finally reached Shanghai. There she joined the staff of the China Press. Most recently, she's been the assistant director of NBC's Information Department in New York, a post she left to return to China.

Ed Begley, who plays villains and "heavies" on the Crime Doctor shows, has been awarded a citation by the American Red Cross for his efforts in behalf of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service. Ed has done a number of sketches and shows before factory workers, urging them to be regular visitors at the blood donor clinics. He says it's his way of keeping up with his son, Cpl. Thomas M. Begley, who is with the Army Amphibious Engineers in the Philippines.

James Monks, we hear, isn't satisfied with being one of the most sought after young actors in radio. It isn't enough for the guy that he can do a couple of dozen different dialects. Now, he's taking singing lessons!

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER. . . . Look for Perry Como in a picture soon. This one will be titled "Doll Face" and is a screen adaptation of the play, "Naked Genius." . . . Ralph Edwards has signed a contract with RKO which will make him a star. He's to play straight parts and that he likes. . . . Alec Templeton will appear in MGM's movie, "Cabbages and Kings." . . . Brig. Gen. David Sarnoff, president of RCA, in a move to encourage young scientific students, announced a scholarship plan providing for as many as ten students to receive RCA scholarships during the academic year 1945-1946, thirty during 1946-1947, fifty during 1947-1948, and sixty each academic year after that. Each scholarship consists of a cash award of \$600. . . . DuMont Television is building a set to sell for \$150, which will tune in radio stations as well as television. . . . The King Sisters are set for the Rudy Vallee show. . . . Goodman Ace will probably have signed by the time you read this, to write and produce the Danny Kaye show. . . . How about taking a tip from Ed Begley—and becoming regular donors to the Red Cross Blood Donor Service? The war isn't over yet and a lot of our boys are going to need a lot of help to bring V-J Day a little closer.

Cutex color stimulant

SCHIAPARELLI interprets

CUTEX *Alert*

"Alert"... pulse-stirring, heart-warming color to light up beautiful fingertips. Schiaparelli, France's ingenious designer, catches its high excitement with a flame-topped dinner dress... sponsors four other exciting Cutex colors to touch a spark to the Paris fashions in her latest collection. Try and find a lovelier polish at any price!



HONOR BRIGHT



OFF DUTY



YOUNG RED



AT EASE



No other Shampoo

**leaves your hair so lustrous,
yet so easy to manage!**

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining-smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!



Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION
Product of Procter & Gamble



A horrible thought flashed into my mind. Was it possible that Bob knew?



Part of me

THE sun lay hot and bright across the tops of desks that had been scarred and varnished over and scarred again; and dancing motes of chalk dust filled each beam of light as it slanted in through the broad windows. I had erased all the blackboards and wiped them with a damp cloth, had thrown away the stubs of chalk too small for further use and replaced them with long, new sticks, neatly spaced at intervals along the ledge which ran under the boards. I had sharpened my pencils and emptied the sharpener of all its shavings; I had changed the point on my pen; I had done everything it was possible to do on a Friday afternoon. And all the time he had sat there, in the fifth desk of the second row from the window—bent over his book, never once looking up, not speaking, wrapped in inviolable sullenness.

It was utterly ridiculous, I told myself, to be afraid—afraid, mind you!—of a twelve-year-old boy. I was Miss Wilson, the efficient sixth-grade teacher at the Granite Street school, I had been teaching for seven years, I knew how children's minds worked, there should be no problem they could offer me that I did not know how to cope with . . .

Charles was another woman's husband;

Bob was that other woman's son.

But deep inside of Frances there was

something that claimed them both

But I did not know what to say to Bob Lane. I did not know how to reach him.

The clock over the door said 3:49. I could do the cowardly thing—in eleven minutes I could say, "Very well, Bob. You may go. And I hope you will remember, next time, that this is a schoolroom and not a sharp-shooting range." I could say that, knowing very well he would remember nothing of the sort—knowing that on Monday he would be the same handsome, intractable, unhappy boy he was now, and that I would be forced to keep him after school again.

No. That would be begging the question, confessing my own failure—at the very best, postponing what would sometime have to be done anyway. Sitting at my desk, I said quietly: "Bob."

He raised his head—slowly, deliberately, as if to impress upon me that he was doing it in his own good time—and looked at me. "What, Miss Wilson?" he asked.

FOR an instant I couldn't answer. Would I never remember—idiot that I was—how the full, direct gaze of those dark blue eyes always made my heart stop? Would I never learn to steel myself in advance? Of course he was very like Charles. Naturally he had not only Charles' eyes, so level and honest, but the same high prominent cheekbones and square jaw as well. Boys quite frequently look like their fathers. But it would have been so much easier for me if Bob had not.

I made myself say, finally: "Come up and sit in one of the front desks. I thought we might have a little talk."

He got up, moving with that same slowness, not quite openly insolent but so near to it that there could be no doubt he planned it that way. Some boys were awkward at twelve, but not Bob. Already, he had an athlete's control over his body. But the good impression given by his grace was spoiled by his sulky expression and the slovenliness of his clothes. They were expensive clothes—trust Myra for that!—but he wore them with contempt. Pockets bulged and sagged out of shape under an accumulation of heavy objects; his tie was knotted any old way; a smear of dirt ran across one trouser leg. Yet I always had the strange impression that his untidiness was deliberate, intentional, not at all the thoughtless indifference toward their appearance of most boys.

He sat down without a word at the desk I indicated. He waited—hostile, defiant, bored—No, not bored, I realized suddenly. There was alertness in him, alertness hidden and held in check,

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"You know, Bob," I said, "I don't like to keep you after school. I'd much rather not, to tell the truth. But you don't leave me much choice."

"I'm sorry."

"No, I don't think you are at all," I told him, and had the satisfaction of seeing that at any rate I'd surprised him. "Bob—" I leaned toward him, putting urgency into my voice—"why can't we be friends? Your father and mother are both good friends of mine. I used to think you were too. What's happened? Why don't you like me any more?"

For a moment I thought that in my desire to find some way of reaching him, I'd said too much. A wave of painful color spread itself across the clear skin of his face, and his eyes, under their straight, silky young brows, held mine with a kind of agony—as if he wanted to turn them away, but couldn't.

And a horrible thought flashed into my mind. Was it possible that, with the magic intuition of children, he *knew*? Oh, not consciously, of course, but deep down somewhere in his emotions, as a troubling unease, an awareness that something was wrong. He couldn't know it, he couldn't be sure, because I

had never—never by the smallest sign, the least gesture—given a hint of my love for Charles, his father. He couldn't know—but if he guessed.

But then he said, and I went weak with relief: "Gee, Miss Wilson, it's nothing to do with *you*! I never thought you'd think—I mean—I like you all right, honest."

"Why don't you help me, then? You know, Bob, you're the sort of person other people follow." Perhaps he'd respond to flattery, and anyway, it was true. "If you behave yourself in class, the others are likely to behave themselves too. But if you're busy looking out the window or throwing spitballs or making a commotion—then the whole class gets restless. It makes things harder for me."

"Mmm." He considered that, recognized its justice. "Yes, I guess maybe that's right. I never thought of it that way, Miss Wilson."

"Of course you didn't." I smiled at him, pleased with my own cleverness. Why, it hadn't been difficult at all! I had just let panic get the upper hand of me; I'd unconsciously assumed that he was different from any other boy because he was Charles' son. "Then you *will* try to be better, Bob?"

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"Someday you'll be very glad you know how to play it, Bob."

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"So tragic. Cut off at the very start

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Enchanted



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

EARLY in the morning, late in the night—those were the lonesome times. Early in the morning, when you squeezed yourself a glass of orange juice and made yourself a cup of coffee, and drank them, standing, in the kitchen, instead of getting a big cereal-and-eggs-and-muffins breakfast for two, and eating it with your husband at the sunny table by the window. When you, then, opened the shop by yourself, and fed the animals by yourself, and waited, waited, waited, for something to happen.

Late at night, after you had fed the animals by yourself, and closed the shop by yourself, and gone, lonely, to the big bed that had seemed so wonderfully a haven, when it was shared. When you waited, waited, waited, for sleep to come and bring you blessed oblivion until the lonely morning came.

It hadn't been so bad, when Ken was simply away. Other women, too, were waiting for their husbands to return from the war, I'd tell myself as I drank my orange juice and coffee, or as I turned out the light at night. Soon he'll be home, and life will be the way we want it to be, and all our plans will be realities.

But now—now that there would never be a coming home for Ken, when all those plans had turned out to be foolish dreams, the loneliness seemed to creep into my very bones, like winter cold. And it got worse, not better, with the passage of time. I suppose it's logical, when you have no future, to retreat into the past. The present, and the future, were too much for me to face. But the past was different—that was all there is of happiness, because I had shared it with Ken. And so I spent my days going back into the past. The past—the only part that counted, the part spent with Ken—was nearly three years gone.

Three years ago, Ken had left me, and the little pet shop, and the animals he loved so much, and the profession that he was studying so industriously and ambitiously, and gone into the Army. Then I had marked time. Soon, Ken would be home; he'd finish his training at the university's school of Veterinary Medicine, and we'd convert the pet shop, which had earned our living and paid Ken's tuition, into a regular hospital-kennel. That was the future we had planned. But now there was no future, for Ken had died fighting. It was nearly fourteen months since I'd been told of his death, and the sharp agony of new grief had subsided into the dull ache of bitter loneliness.

Now, each morning, I pulled up the venetian blinds which covered the shop's windows, without even wondering what the day would bring, because I knew it could bring me nothing. I simply noticed—as I was noticing this particular morning—what the weather was like, and turned back to the shop. This morning, *it's a nice day*, I told myself, seeing that everything had a bright, freshly-scrubbed look. *It must have rained cats and dogs during the night*. And then I would have given anything to take the thought back. That had been one of our private jokes, Ken's and mine. When I'd complain about the rain, he'd



*Out of her memories, Penny
tried to fashion an enchanted
cloak to keep her warm and
unafraid, to keep out loneliness.
But there is only one spell
strong enough to fight loneliness.*

say, "Why Penny, it's raining cats and dogs—that's good for business!"

Oh, Ken—what am I going to do? What am I going to do without you?

Slowly, I turned away from the window to face the work of the day. I had asked that question so many times, and still asked it, knowing that there was no answer.

As I turned, I saw out of the corner of my eye a little girl running at top speed down the street toward the shop. Her braids were streaming out behind her, and as she drew nearer I noticed that she held a small cocker spaniel puppy in her arms, his big ears flapping like distress signals with every jolt of her flying feet.

In a moment she came abreast of the shop, turned and came panting in. Quite unable to speak for a moment, she held out the puppy to me with a look of mute appeal.

Some of her desperate urgency communicated itself to me, and I snatched the little fellow and began to feel him over gently for broken bones, while I repeated, "What's the matter—what's the matter, dear?"

With a long gasp that was close to a sob the child managed to get the words out. "We were watching a man paint a fence and Smooch drank out of the paint bucket and the man said it was white lead and it was poison and he told me to bring Smooch here and—oh, oh, please, don't let him die, don't let him die!"

Paint—white lead—arsenate of lead—that was arsenic, wasn't it? Hastily I dumped the puppy back into the child's arms and raced for the kitchen, reciting over in my mind the things Ken had taught me—*salt . . . empty stomach . . . egg white . . . milk . . .*

When I got back, I found that the little girl had put Smooch on the linoleum-covered table where I show dogs

I have for sale, and that Cassy, my own little Maltese terrier, had leaped up to console the frightened little fellow with one of her particularly thorough face-washings. When I shooed her down, Cassy promptly transferred her ministrations to the little girl, who needed them by now.

I forced Smooch's mouth open and poured a liberal spoonful of salt on the back of his tongue. There was nothing to do now but await results. I steadied

Smooch with one hand, and put my other arm around the little girl's shoulders.

"What's your name, dear?"

"M-M-Myra. Oh, will he die? Will he —?"

My arm tightened about her. "No, Myra. I think we're doing just the right thing for him, and you were wonderful to bring him here so quickly. But you hold him now, will you, while I go call up a doctor and make sure?"



Dr. Jackson, whom I always consulted about the dogs in the shop, was out of town judging a kennel club show, I knew, so I began to search through the listing of veterinarians in the phone book for one close by. In a moment I found a Dr. Phillip Reeves over on Market Street, just a couple of blocks away.

Dr. Reeves, when I reached him, sounded nice. I explained.

"Any results from the salt?"

I peered over at the table. "Yes; doctor."

"Well, give him some egg white then. Tell you what—you're doing fine, but I'm not busy right now. Suppose I drop over, just to make sure?"

In a surprisingly few minutes he was there, coming into the door of the shop swinging his bag, as Myra and I were inducing Smooch to have another egg white.

Nowadays, when I thought of veterinary at all, I thought of someone fat and old, like Dr. Jackson, not someone young and vital and quick—like Ken. But that's the way this man was. He didn't look like Ken at all—he was dark and Ken had been very fair; his eyes were brown and Ken's had been clear blue; he was taller by a head than Ken had been. And yet the quick movement of him, the ready smile, the gentleness of his hands as he ruffled Smooch's big ears brought Ken back, in a painful twist of memory, closer than he had been in a long time.

"I'm Phillip Reeves," he said. "You're Mrs. Manning?" And he put out his hand.

I gave him mine, strangely reluctant at first, and then pleased with the strength and firmness of his fingers.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Manning. And this is Myra, and this—" with a wave of my hand—"is Smooch."

Cassy came forward, smelled of him gravely, and then put her two little grey paws up on his knees, wagging her tail like mad. Obviously she was saying, *I'm someone you want to meet, too—I'm Cassy.*

"And that's Cassy—my own dog," I added.

He scratched Cassy's ears expertly, and grinned at Smooch. "What did you want to go and drink paint for?" he inquired. "That's an awful fool trick—all it got you was a lot of people fussing around and pouring things down your throat. And it probably didn't taste good in the first place."

He talks to the dogs, I thought, on a caught-in breath. Just the way I do. Talks to them, just as if they understood, and when you do that they really do understand. He talks to the dogs just the way we used to—Ken and I—together.

I watched him as he worked over the little dog, reassured Myra, and finally sent the two of them away. "Come back and see me again some time," I called impulsively after the little girl, as she skipped away. "Come back and bring Smooch to see me!"

I turned away from the door, and found myself looking straight into Dr. Reeves' eyes. "How about me?" he asked, picking up his bag. "How about me—can I come back and see you—and Cassy—again some time?"

I turned my eyes down to Cassy, who was pawing at my knee, as if she were urging me to say yes. "Why, of course, doctor, if you wish," I answered stiffly.

I thought that ended it, but instead of going he sat down suddenly on the edge of the table. "I've walked by here a number of times," he said, "and wondered about the place. Do you own it, or just work here?"

"I—I own it. It's all ours—mine!"

"Oh. Don't you keep any help?"

I shook my head. "No, I can manage quite easily by myself."

He looked at me sharply, and a little frown pulled his straight black brows together. "But—well, as I say, I've passed here often. And you seem to be always open—early in the morning, late at night. Don't you—"

"I like it," I broke in shortly. "It keeps me busy. I haven't anything else to do." And I couldn't keep the bitterness out of my voice. For a moment, I was sure he was going to ask questions, and I was terrified. I didn't want to give him the answers, to repeat the story, and so make it clearer, hurtfully clearer in my mind, how little the world had to offer me.

But he didn't ask any questions. He just looked at me very closely for a moment, and then smiled—a warm, generous, sweet smile that lighted his whole being. Then he picked up his bag again, gave Cassy a final pat, and said good-bye. I watched him as he went down the street, whistling *Oh where, oh where has my little dog gone?* And I thought, *he won't be back,* and wondered why on earth that made me feel unhappier, sorrier for myself than ever.

But he did come back—often. Always, it seemed, in time to give me someone besides dogs and cats and birds and the lone monkey to talk to, just when I felt the loneliest, when my spirits were lowest. Early in the morning, on his way to the office. At night, when he'd been keeping late visiting hours, or had been on an emergency case. At lunch time, once, armed with a basket from the delicatessen down the street—the contents of which we ate picnic-fashion, aided by Cassy, under the big tree in the back yard.

He's good for me, I kept telling myself. It doesn't matter if he does make me remember Ken—I've got to face the fact that Ken's gone, and Phil gives me someone to talk to, someone who understands the problems of the shop, someone to advise me. But I'd know that I was fooling myself—Phil Reeves wasn't good for me. He made me restless, irritable, more discontented than ever. Before I got to know him, I'd been living in a state of suspended animation. Now my thoughts, my feelings were coming awake, under the stimulus of his talk and his laughter, and the awakening hurt. It made me rebellious against life. It reminded me too much of all that I had lost, of all the dreams that were smashed, the hopes that were dead, the plans that had gone awry. But I couldn't tell him to stay away—how can you tell a man, who has done nothing except be pleasant and helpful, to take himself out of your life, please, and leave you to crawl back into your shell?

One afternoon, when he stopped by, he asked, "Penny, is there any good, honest reason why you have to keep this place open until ten or ten-thirty every night?"

I shook my head. "None, except that I might as well—I haven't anything else to do, and (Continued on page 75)



It was strangely sweet, that kiss; I forgot, for a moment, the identity of the kisser.

The story Enchanted was adapted from a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony's daily program, Mutual, 1:45 EWT.

Red Letter Day

All Bob knew about the girl on Sunset Drive was that there were often letters for her from a soldier. So he was afraid he would never know any more . . . until that day!

WELCH
175

I WANTED to wear a uniform and I finally got one.

But I wanted to be Bob Jones, S 1/c; not Postman, third-class.

Turned down at the induction center because I had a punctured ear drum, I had to push back the tears that were bubbling up from a well of disappointment in my heart. All the fellows my age in town were okayed for the Army or the Navy, and some of them made the Marines; and I know darned well that Navy officer had his eye on me. But the doggoned ear scared him off and I cursed the day I had jumped twenty-five feet into the swimming hole and smacked my ear so hard I had trouble with it ever since.

Yes, I can remember coming out of the induction center with a leaden heart and the bright sun of the early morning had become a distasteful yellowish color that painted the world in a sickly tint. The induction center was right across the street from the Post Office, near enough for me to read the inscription cut in the stone base:

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Secretary of the Treasury.

JAMES A. FARLEY, Postmaster General.
Built in 1939.

1939! That was the year I smacked my ear! I cursed again and turned away from the reminder, but half-way down the block I stopped walking and looked back at the building. I punched my right fist into the palm of the other hand and went back to the Post Office, went inside and said hello to Mr. Berg, the postmaster.

"Get that chin out, Bob," he said. "I saw you come out of the induction center. I know how you feel, feller. But what're you going to do, bust out crying? Here. Read this, it just happened to come in."

I knew what he was handing me. He had shown me one of those applications before, and I knew what he was aiming at. I looked at the paper without hardly seeing it; yet the application had a different meaning for me

now. My mind was working at a different pace, as though the wheels were turning over at a slower rate of speed and I could see my life almost standing still; so making a decision was easy, even a decision like that.

"Okay, Mr. Berg. It's a deal. I'll take this home and fill it out. I'll be the best postman you have, or the worst. Suppose I come in tomorrow and go to work."

The postmaster laughed and shook his head.

"Not so fast, Bob. This is civil service and you'll have to go through the regular routine; but I'll have you working here before the week's over. And after a while I can get you a route. You'll love it, Bob. You'll love it!"

His words echoed in my ears all the way home. He was right when he said I'd eventually love the job, but there was more significance to his use of the word "love," as you shall see. Mr. Berg didn't know it, but he was pushing me right into the path of the juggernaut that is love; he was pushing me in front of a steamroller I couldn't resist, one that knocked me flatter than a pancake, and from which I never quite recovered.

The transition I made in my work was just what I needed at that time. I had been working in the Merrel Lumber Company as a sales clerk, selling lumber supplies to people who wanted to improve their homes; window sash, woodwork for floors, screen doors and other items that gave you splinters in your hands. It was okay, but I was glad to quit and go to work in the post office where I was assigned to a mail-analysis job. I had to sort all the mail for the town, mail that came from all over the world; a big sack comes from New York, you unlock it, dump it out on a table, start sorting it for the different routes in town, then break it down into streets. That was my job.

I began to enjoy the new job the second day I was on it. All of a sudden my eyes were riveted on a letter that was addressed to me. Fascinated, I picked it up and called out: "Hey, Mr. Baller. Here's a letter for me."



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"Nuts!" I replied. "It just surprised me, that's all. You just don't expect to see one for yourself."

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"Mr. Berg told me you'll go out on a route Monday," he said. "We're terribly short of carriers. This will be a good chance for you, son. It usually takes a fellow quite a while before he's given a route, but the war makes a difference in everything, doesn't it?"

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I expected it would be like that, and that's the way it was when I was finally assigned to a route. I was the brand new postman, and it was exhilarating to realize I was suddenly an important personage in that square of blocks I covered twice a day.

Take Maple Street, for instance. First house: Mrs. Willis, three kids, husband owned the grocery store; she liked to talk about her neighbors and she pumped me all the time, tried to find out what mail came for them. Second house: Mrs. Kelly, no kids, three cats, she ran out to meet me, took the mail with a silly grin on her face and ran back into her house again like Old Mother Hubbard. Third house: Roger Thorne, the town politician, wrote to his Congressman all the time and got letters that were franked, not stamped, in return. He was always ready to give you his version of town, county or national affairs.

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It was interesting to come down a street like Reynolds Avenue because that's where the foreign element lived. Nice people and friendly but inclined to be noisy. Mr. Pelligrino always yelled out the front door in Italian and I never knew what he was saying. One day he came out with a glass of red wine for me and I had to drink it because he finally made me understand it was his birthday. I didn't like red wine and this was very bitter; but he was delighted to share it with me. He wanted to give me more.

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But there was one street that always held my interest more than the others, I couldn't forget the street because of that dog. Every day I'd come along the little terrier would bound out and raise an uproar; and I don't doubt it was my uniform that excited him. They say a uniform gets some dogs excited. This little mutt just about went crazy when he'd see me. He didn't look vicious, just nasty; and when he'd snap at my feet I'd pretend to pick up a stone and he'd run.

I thought he might get used to me after a while but he didn't, and one day we had an incident that made it a red-letter day, if I can use a mailman's pun. I stopped in front of the house, put the letter in the box on the fence and was just getting away from the place when that black and white canine came charging at me from the front porch. I wheeled around to protect myself but he grabbed my trousers with his teeth and the result was the loudest rip you ever heard. I swore at my enemy, swung my foot at him, slipped, and landed in the road in a sitting position. My mail bag emptied right in front of me.

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WE STOOD facing each other for no more than one minute, but that minute had all the potency of a tidal wave; I hemmed for a second, then hawed, and forgot what I started to say. She was smiling a bit, but she didn't look right at me; and I remembered that later when I was five blocks away.

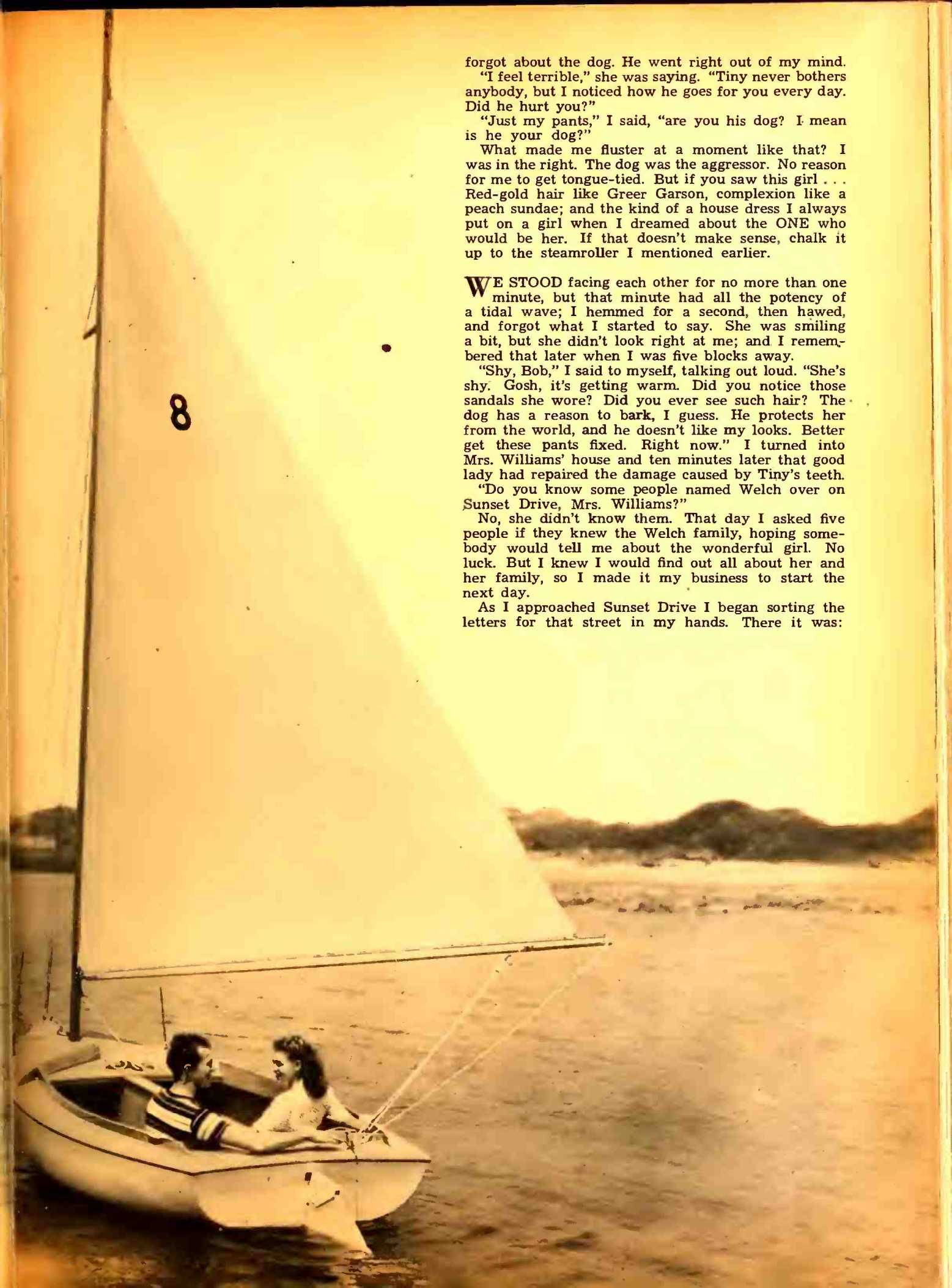
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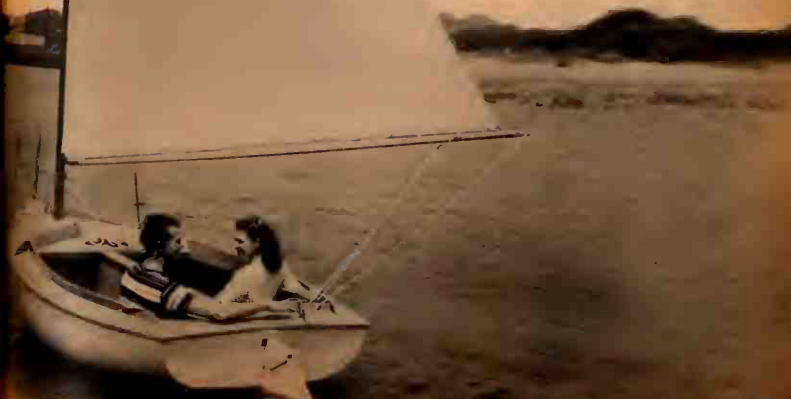
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As I approached Sunset Drive I began sorting the letters for that street in my hands. There it was:



The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, enough breeze for my little boat—and Susan.

"Susan Welch, 28 Sunset Drive." A letter from a soldier. My heart and my head began a race, and it looked as though my head was outstripped; I couldn't get my mind off that letter, and that girl. And when I came down Sunset she was waiting by the gate.

"I locked Tiny in the cellar," she said. "I won't let him out any more in the mornings until you've passed here."

SHE was being sweet to me, and it wasn't hard for her to be sweet. I laughed about the nip her dog gave me the day before and I stalled with my mail bag so I could be with her for a few minutes. Her blue-green eyes were watching the bag anxiously, and when I drew out her letter they were aglow with anticipation. I didn't like that.

"Nice day, Miss Welch," I said, awkwardly. "If I didn't have to work I'd be out in my boat."

"Boat? You sail?" She was still eyeing the letter.

"Oh sure. That's my first love." (I regretted that.) "I mean it's my hobby. The boat's only a 10-footer, little bigger than a catboat; but I can get places—when the wind blows."

She was looking at me, and yet she wasn't. And the natural shyness was tantalizing. I wanted her to talk to me, but she just half-smiled and ran into her house. The steamroller was running over me again. I didn't want her to leave me so quickly; and I almost wished her dog would get loose so I could stay around a while, even if I got into another scrap with him.

Funny how a girl in your life makes all the difference, how she adds to the general picture of your existence; how you think about her when you're shaving in the morning, and again when you're reading a newspaper in the night. The image of her keeps slipping into your consciousness until it gets a permanent niche in your mental apparatus. You see her for a couple of minutes in the morning, and it is like food for the day.

But of course you have to be mentally adjusted for the image to come in clearly. It's like tuning into a radio program; if you're on the beam the experience is delightful, and the song you hear keeps running through your head. I don't know how good I am at explaining the first symptoms of love, but maybe you get what I mean. I kept telling myself that I had met Susan Welch somewhere, sometime; and even though I knew that was improbable, I wanted to believe in something like reincarnation.

Of course I was the kind of a guy who always kidded myself, told myself off in private conversation. And a postman has a lot of time to think things out because when you walk you think; and, believe me, I didn't get those blisters on my feet from riding a bike.

"Hang on there, feller," I'd say. "Don't let yourself go. If you were a sailor you'd hang on to the boat hook when you'd come alongside; if you didn't hang on, you'd find yourself adrift. Watch out, Bob. You can get

killed that way, or anyway badly hurt."

I don't suppose anybody but myself would understand that kind of talk. When I said I could get killed that way I meant I was running up against a situation that might turn out badly, and my reactions to Susan Welch had all the significance of deep water to a sailor.

And yet I plunged right into the whirlpool, determined to see the other side of the river at any cost. But I don't think I would have taken the plunge if certain elements had not figured in the case. It happened this way.

One morning I was coming along Sunset Drive with my mail and I saw Susan picking pansies in her front garden. I felt pretty chipper that day because the weather was so beautiful, the world was so green with grass and the breeze from the nearby harbor had just a suggestion of saltiness. The combination of things, plus the sight of Susan in her garden, made my heart sing—and I whistled something appropriate to my feelings. I tried to appear casual in my approach but you have to try it some time under similar circumstances to understand how hard it is to make your feet walk slowly, and to make your breath come easily.

When I came up to Susan she looked at me, smilingly, and said:

"Penny for your thoughts, Bob Jones."

"You can have them for nothing," I replied, then realized I couldn't really tell her what was on my mind. "Right now I am thinking of orange ice," I said.

"That needs further translation, Bob."

"The dress! The socks! Sue, you look like a dish of orange ice."

HER lovely complexion became decorated by a delightful coloring, and the sight of it went right to my head.

"Sue," I went on, plunging into the unknown, "wouldn't you like to go sailing with me one of these Sundays?"

She was looking down at the letter in her hand, a letter from her soldier; and the realization of the circumstance—the arrival of the letter and my invitation for a date—stopped me cold. I didn't know what thoughts were in her mind, but I had an idea she was confused; and when she looked at me, silently for a moment, I regretted having asked her.

"Here comes a turn-down, Bob. Get set, feller."

"Well," she said finally, "I do appreciate your invitation, Bob, but I never leave Dad very much. You know he's an invalid."

"I didn't know that, Sue. I've never seen your Dad."

"He doesn't get out much. The doctor makes him take things easy, and I'm the only one he has."

In a few minutes I left Susan, left her in her garden picking flowers and it was as though I left part of my heart with her. Of course I put on a good front, told her I'd be seeing her; and she smiled and said she hoped so. I noticed she didn't go into the house

with her letter, noticed she kept it in the little pocket of the orange ice dress; and noticing those things made me all the more confused.

What right had I to feel unhappy? You have to earn unhappiness, just like happiness. That's what I told myself as I trudged along my route. The soldier had a priority, he should come first; and Susan's story of her invalid father should have satisfied me fully. Yet I was miserable and I could sense the lights going out in my thoughts of the future. And with those lights going out came the dissipation of my interest in my job. All at once it became a bore for me to deliver mail, it became a ridiculous job, and the uniform I wore became a mockery. "Civil War Soldier," I called myself.

I faced a miserable week-end. I had, in my subconscious, planned to take Susan out in my boat; and with that disappointment of a turn-down for the date came a lifeless, futile feeling which told me in capital letters that I was in love with the girl and should have known better than to take such a chance with my feelings. Now I was paying for the foolishness of expecting she might care anything about me.

I went down to the boat that Sunday morning and watched the folks of our town take their little craft out into the Bay. They were happy people, and I was jealous of their laughter and conversation. I got my little boat ashore and started to paint it, a job I had been putting off all spring. I thought it would be better if I kept my hands busy so I wouldn't have time to think about Susan; but it was like trying to black-out the sun. All day long her face and her lovely figure kept appearing before my eyes; and her voice was there to haunt me in a tantalizing way.

"That needs further translation, Bob. I appreciate your invitation, Bob. The doctor makes Dad take things easy, Bob."

It was the soothingest, softest voice you ever heard; and with it came the scent of something lovely she used for perfume. It was all there, all day long; a visionary package of loveliness. And I couldn't touch it; it was for someone else, not for me.

The following Monday morning, however, was really the red-letter day for me. I started on my route half-heartedly, telling myself to be sensible; telling myself I had an important job, important for the world. There was Mr. Miller, the retired engineer. He looked forward to getting his mail as though it were the only thing of interest left in life for him.

"Hello, Mr. Miller. Here's one from your boy, Jim. San Francisco APO number." The old man's eyes light up and he pats me on the shoulder.

"Do you play golf, Bob? You know you have a golfer's name—Bobby Jones." He's having a little fun with me.

"No, Mr. Miller. I like sailing . . ." And when I say that the sharp pang of sailing without Susan comes back to bother me.

Little things. (Continued on page 85)

PRESENTING US LYING PORTRAIT

Amanda



The story of a love that steadfastly endures through the trials of a changing world.



*EDWARD LEIGHTON, Amanda's husband, has been discharged from the Army, and is finding readjustment to civilian life rather difficult. Formerly a wealthy young landowner, Edward is dissatisfied with the moderate comfort he can now provide for Amanda. He dreams of making a great deal of money as quickly as possible, and taking his little family back into the luxurious kind of living they once enjoyed at Honeymoon Hill. In spite of Amanda's assurances, Edward cannot overcome his discontent and his feeling that he has somehow disappointed his wife's expectations.
(Edward Leighton played by Staats Cotsworth)*

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert; heard daily at 11:00 A.M., CBS.

CLAIRE TREMAN, Amanda's attractive young friend, married **FRASER AMES**, Washington lawyer, because she was grateful for many kindnesses. Amanda warned Claire that gratitude was not enough to keep her happy with a man twice her age, though Fraser is successful, sophisticated. Very much in love with Claire, Fraser knows that his feeling is not returned, that she loves his nephew Tom. (Patricia Wheel, Reese Taylor)



TOM AMES, handsome young nephew of Fraser Ames, has fallen into a situation that has all the elements of unhappiness for many people. Devoted to his celebrated uncle, Tom would never willingly cause him pain, but he has not been able to deny to himself the fact that he has fallen deeply in love with Fraser's young wife, nor can he remain blind to the knowledge that Claire is in love with him. (Chester Stratton)



*IRENE MILLER, beautiful, vicious, coarse, has caused explosive trouble for the Leightons since Edward first brought her home to act as his model.
(Elizabeth Eustis)*



*AMANDA, beautiful red-haired girl of the mountains, married Edward Leighton when he was the wealthy owner of Honeymoon Hill. She educated herself in order properly to fill her position as his wife, but when they lost the estate she used her education instead to get a job, to help support their young son Bobby.
(Joy Hathaway)*



*MARTIN DOUGLAS, manager of the Foster Aircraft Company, was Amanda's first employer. Now he has undertaken to help her in her effort to get Edward to face life realistically, to be contented and interested in the job he does—a job that provides them a modest, but adequate, standard of living.
(Rod Hendrickson)*

MAJOR BRUCE DOUGLAS, now stationed in Washington with the wife who was his childhood sweetheart, is the Leightons' close friend.
(Lamont Johnson)



RALPH DALY'S role in the lives of Edward and Amanda cannot quite be defined. A progressive, persistent, ruthless newspaper correspondent, Ralph has always claimed friendship with the Leightons, but in spite of his professed loyalty he has been at the bottom of some of their most upsetting troubles.
(Paul Conrad)



JEAN CURTIS, whose husband is overseas with the Navy, is just the sort of friend Amanda needs right now. Practical, down-to-earth, hard-working, Jean has been a source of courage and advice to Amanda, who has never before faced the problem of helping Edward provide for her little family.
(Evelyn Juster)

*Betsy was bitter against the women
who gossiped about her and John. But her
bitterness turned into fear, became a question*

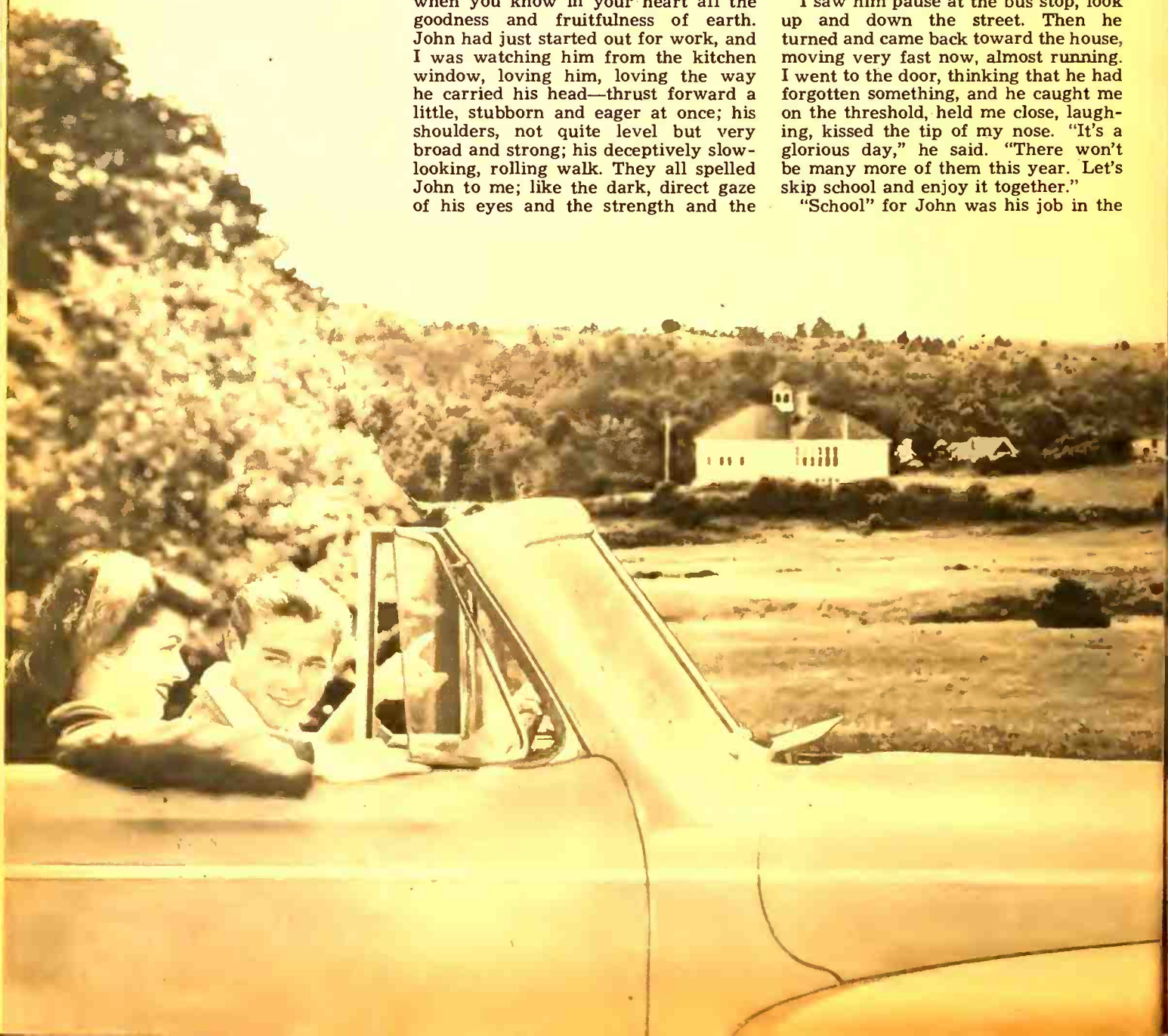
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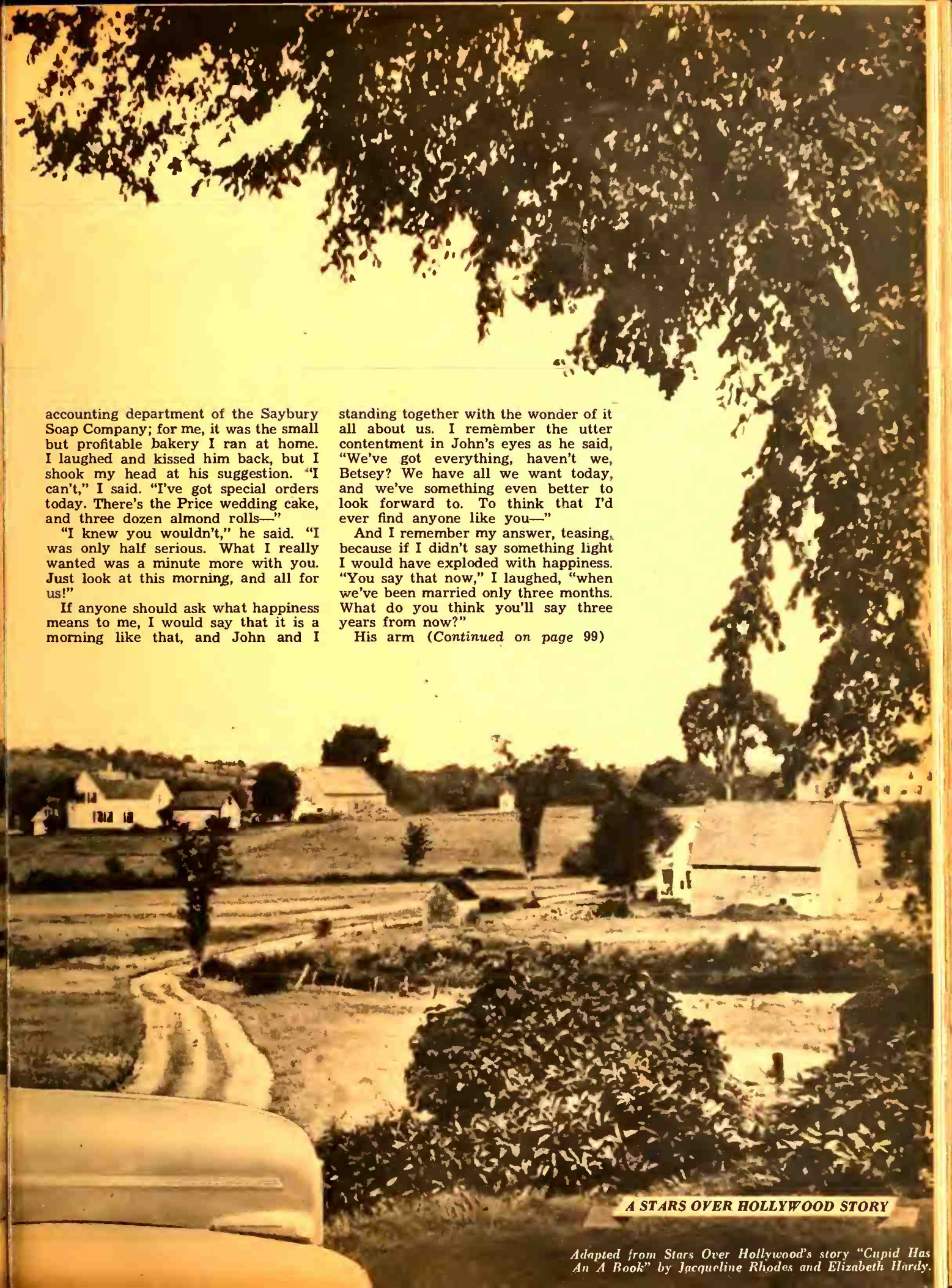
IT WAS one of those mellow autumn mornings, all dusty gold in the sunshine, all softly blended color, when you feel richly at peace with yourself, when you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of earth. John had just started out for work, and I was watching him from the kitchen window, loving him, loving the way he carried his head—thrust forward a little, stubborn and eager at once; his shoulders, not quite level but very broad and strong; his deceptively slow-looking, rolling walk. They all spelled John to me; like the dark, direct gaze of his eyes and the strength and the

gentleness that were in his hands; they set him apart from other men, made him especially wonderful and almost unbearably dear.

I saw him pause at the bus stop, look up and down the street. Then he turned and came back toward the house, moving very fast now, almost running. I went to the door, thinking that he had forgotten something, and he caught me on the threshold, held me close, laughing, kissed the tip of my nose. "It's a glorious day," he said. "There won't be many more of them this year. Let's skip school and enjoy it together."

"School" for John was his job in the





accounting department of the Saybury Soap Company; for me, it was the small but profitable bakery I ran at home. I laughed and kissed him back, but I shook my head at his suggestion. "I can't," I said. "I've got special orders today. There's the Price wedding cake, and three dozen almond rolls—"

"I knew you wouldn't," he said. "I was only half serious. What I really wanted was a minute more with you. Just look at this morning, and all for us!"

If anyone should ask what happiness means to me, I would say that it is a morning like that, and John and I

standing together with the wonder of it all about us. I remember the utter contentment in John's eyes as he said, "We've got everything, haven't we, Betsey? We have all we want today, and we've something even better to look forward to. To think that I'd ever find anyone like you—"

And I remember my answer, teasing, because if I didn't say something light I would have exploded with happiness. "You say that now," I laughed, "when we've been married only three months. What do you think you'll say three years from now?"

His arm (Continued on page 99)

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Adapted from Stars Over Hollywood's story "Cupid Has An A Book" by Jacqueline Rhodes and Elizabeth Hardy.



Betsy was bitter against the women
who gossiped about her and John. But her
bitterness turned into fear, became a question

I love like this

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If anyone should ask what happiness means to me, I would say that it is a morning like that, and John and I

standing together with the wonder of it all about us. I remember the utter contentment in John's eyes as he said, "We've got everything, haven't we, Betsy? We have all we want today, and we've something even better to look forward to. To think that I'd ever find anyone like you—"


And I remember my answer, teasing, because if I didn't say something light I would have exploded with happiness. "You say that now," I laughed, "when we've been married only three months. What do you think you'll say three years from now?"

His arm (Continued on page 99)



A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Adapted from Stars Over Hollywood's story "Capitol Has An A Book" by Jacqueline Rhodes and Elizabeth Hardy.



to be in Love—!

*When a girl's hands are full
but her heart is empty, what can
she do? Can she turn her back
on her man, her job, turn her face toward
a strange, untried tomorrow?*

The girls kept coming to the kitchen door to watch me make the seven pies.



THERE'S a certain time of day that, all my life, I've waked up in the morning looking forward to. It's that little time between afternoon chores—the shopping, the menu-planning, the laundry-checking, the hundred little things any homemaker has to do—and going in to get dinner. My mother always called it the “pulling yourself together” time, and what she meant by that was that you should go somewhere away, all by yourself, and sit quietly, and think. Think about anything you wanted to—your worries or your happinesses, or whether or not you had said the right thing to Mrs. Warner when you met her at the supermarket, or even the book you had read yourself to sleep with the night before. It was seldom a book I had to think about; when you run a busy boarding house for five hungry, lively young girls, as mother and I did, you don't get any time to read books. But mother always saw to it, no matter how rushed we were, that I got that fifteen

minutes or half-hour for “pulling myself together”.

And when mother died, and I started to run Tanner House by myself, I still managed to scrape together a quiet, solitary few minutes each day. I had Maggie Fitts to help me, of course, to set the table and see that the vegetables didn't burn. Maggie described herself as “kind of a maid” and that's exactly what she was, but the girls all loved her dearly because she was always ready to sew on a missing button or mend a torn hem. So they brought their missing buttons to Maggie, and their problems to mother. And when mother died, they started to bring their problems to me. Not right away, of course. There was a time after mother died when all of us went around feeling as though we had lost the only person we could ever really unburden our hearts to. That was the kind of woman mother was, you see; she was never soft with you if she thought you were in the wrong, and never harsh if you were really suffering from one of the thousands of things girls suffer from, things that range from a broken necklace to a—fancied—broken heart. She had, always, the right word and the right smile. There were no words to tell what her death meant to me; I locked my grief away inside me, and plunged into the work of running the house so that it would seem to the girls and to me that she was still around, somehow, managing things the way she wanted them.

One day, about a month after mother

had died, when we were all sitting round the dinner table waiting for Maggie to bring in the blancmange which was her special once-a-week creation, I heard Randy say to Alice, “I don't care, I've got a right to!” There was something in her voice that made me prick up my ears; it was as though she had said *I'll get into trouble if I want to.*

“Got a right to what?” I asked before I thought. Randy shook back her hair and didn't answer, but Alice volunteered, “It's for the dance at the Community Center Saturday night—Randy told Jim she'd go with him, and now she wants to go with the soldier she met yesterday.”

“He's only going to be in town one week-end and he doesn't know anybody else to ask,” Randy said defiantly.

Janet, sitting beside me, looked at Randy with a little smile. “And besides the soldier's in uniform and Jim hasn't had a uniform ever since he was wounded and discharged.”

Randy's long blonde hair hid her face from me, but I could see the edge of her cheek and that had turned red. “I'm not engaged to Jim,” she muttered.

“He thought you were when he gave you that ring you're wearing,” I pointed out tartly. And then, as though someone had prompted me, I added “Jim's too fine a boy to hurt. Why don't you and Jim take this soldier to the dance, together? That way you won't hurt anyone.”

A little silence fell, and out of it Janet spoke softly. “That sounded ex-

She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held tightly to his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.

actly as though—as though Mother Tanner were speaking.”

Just then Maggie clattered in and placed the blancmange before me with a flourish, I busied myself serving it, hoping that my suddenly unsteady hand wouldn't splash it all over the fresh white cloth. It wasn't grief that brought the tears to my eyes; no, it was a strange exalted feeling, as though mother had come up behind me and placed her mantle over my shoulders.

It was after this that the girls started coming to me whenever they needed to talk. By the beginning of fall—six months after mother had died—I had almost taken her place with them. She had trained me well, I suppose; always I seemed to know exactly what she would have told them, and to frame my words so that what I said couldn't be resented.

It was funny, in a way. I was only twenty-seven; that was pretty young to be mothering Randy and Alice and Jenny, who were nineteen, and Mary Beth, who was twenty, and Janet, who was going on twenty-one. I sat on the porch, one September afternoon during my “pull-yourself-together” time, thinking about that. Inside the house Maggie was setting the table, an operation that always sounded as though she stood in the kitchen doorway and threw



the dishes and silverware on to the diningroom table. It had sounded that way as long as I could remember, but she never broke a thing.

As long as I can remember . . . Everything I did, all the things I lived with, went back that long. It was a good feeling, that security and familiarity; pleasant to sit, rocking gently, warming myself in the slender shafts of sunlight that struggled through the vines around the porch, making an identical pattern over my shoulders day after day. Pleasant to know that in a little while the girls would start coming home from the mill, and the house would be full of the noise and laughter of people of whom I was very fond.

Sometimes, behind this comfort and peacefulness, there would be a faint stirring of a feeling I couldn't quite name. Not often; but I could remember the time Marian Stroble had come back from Washington to stay with her parents, who lived across the street. I had waved to her from the porch, and thought of dozens of questions I wanted to ask her about Washington—what living there was like, and working there, what the stores and streets looked like. I never did get a chance to talk to her, though, before she went back; whenever I remembered her, there was this

funny feeling. And sometimes when a car from Walnut Hill drove by, I felt it—Mrs. Tyle in her high-wheeled, solid, old-fashioned limousine, or one of the Byrnes boys in the bullet-shaped roadster that changed its color every two years. These were slender, brilliant threads traced across the pastel pattern of my days. The feeling they left with me was a vague restlessness, a sensation as though I weren't really living . . . But Mrs. Tyle didn't drive down from the Hill very often now, of course. Arthur Byrnes was in the Navy. I didn't know where Carl Byrnes was; I remembered hearing something about his being an engineer.

Then there was the time Walter had asked me to marry him. Walter, who owned the biggest men's furnishing shop in Penbury, who wore glasses and was very sure of himself with other people, but always wistful and uncertain and puzzled when he looked at me . . . that was the time that surprised me most of all. Because I liked him; he came pretty nearly every Saturday and took me to a movie, and sometimes during the week we went for a walk. There wasn't anything wrong with Walter. Nonetheless, I heard myself saying "I don't know, Walter—don't ask me now. I'm—confused . . ." And I was just as amazed as he was. But I couldn't say yes . . .

I hadn't had the queer feeling since then. Tanner House filled my life now, as it had filled mother's; the girls were a whole family, ready-made, for me to take care of. I didn't need anything else. I could call Walter, later, perhaps, and ask him to take me to a movie . . . No. I didn't want to think about Walter right now. I could enjoy myself just as much going alone. I stopped rocking abruptly.

"Rocking! An old lady's trick!" I thought with sudden irritation. The sun went away; I was chilled. It was almost time to go inside, anyway. A car turned the corner, and I thought, watching it absently, "When it passes the house, I'll go in."

But the car didn't pass the house. It came slowly down the street, under the low-hanging trees, and stopped at the curb in front of our house. It was a blue, magnificently long roadster, with the top down so that I could see the way the man in it was smiling down at the small blonde girl who sat beside him. Janet. I stood up without knowing I had, and Janet waved to me and got out of the car, with a low-spoken word to the driver. He waited till she had joined me on the porch, sent us a grin that was a flash of white teeth and a challenging lift of a brown, square-jawed face, and the blue car slipped smoothly off down the street.

"Nice car," I said to Janet as we went into the house. Janet laughed. "Nice man," she said. She squeezed my hand and her voice caught a little. "Oh, Jean—such a nice man! It's Carl Byrnes, Jean. I slipped and turned my ankle when I came out of the gate today and his car was standing there with him in it and he said he'd drive me home—so he did!"

"Catch your breath, dear! Carl Byrnes—what's he doing here? I thought he was abroad somewhere." It took me a second to catch my own breath. There had seemed something familiar about the shape of his head, and now I remembered the car too; the last time I had seen it, two—no, three years ago—the back seat had been piled high with luggage, a golf bag. Someone had been going away; they were always going away or coming home, sweeping through the town without ever seeing it. "Why was he driving you home?"

Janet, halfway up the stairs, turned to stare at me. "Jean—I told you—my ankle, and he was waiting for his father or somebody but he said he didn't have to—"

"Oh, yes, you did tell me." I looked after her until Maggie's urgent "Miss Jean, come quick if you're going to frost this here cake for dinner!" drew me into the kitchen, and it wasn't till we were eating the cake, later on, that I became conscious that I was seeing that little scene over and over again in my mind—the blue car, and the small blonde head beside the dark one—Carl Byrnes' casual smile.

I had never seen Carl Byrnes smile before. As a matter of fact, I had never spoken to him. There was very little contact between the Byrnes family and the rest of Penbury. The closest I had ever been to any of them was walking past their great white house in the middle of its little park on Walnut Hill—the (Continued on page 56)



*Home—the thing most dear to her man overseas—
can be better guarded by a wife who understands
the laws her country has made for her protection*

IT'S a very pleasant thing to have a comfortable home, a pleasant place where you are surrounded by the things you love, that you have gathered together and cherished over the years—a place that spells happiness and security to you. Sometimes you are so happy that you forget that there are people in the world who don't know that measure of security.

I had forgotten, myself, until the other day, when I met a little girl and her mother in the studios as I was hurrying to my broadcast. The mother was obviously urging the child to leave, when the little girl saw me, and cried, "Mommy—that's the Singing Lady. I know it is! I want to say hello to her!" And with that she broke away from her mother's hand and came trotting over to me. I'd just discovered that her name was Dorothy when the mother came bustling up.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "It isn't that I didn't want Dorothy to talk to you, of course, but I've been trying to get her away for half an hour. We really haven't any time to waste—I simply have to spend every spare second looking for an apartment. That's a full-time job, nowadays. I've been dragging poor little Dorothy around with me—I haven't any place to leave her—and she promised she'd be a good girl and help me house-hunt all afternoon if she could just come in for a minute and see if she could get a glimpse of the Singing Lady. She listens to you every day, when we're home, but she hasn't heard you for a week, we've been so busy looking for a place to live."

I talked to the little girl for a moment or two, and then, more to make conversation than anything else, I questioned her mother.

"Are you looking for a larger apartment than you have now?"

She shook her head, and I realized for the first time that the poor woman was almost frantic.

"No. I'm perfectly happy with what we have now. In fact, I did so want to keep the place, just as it is, until John—that's Dorothy's father—gets back from overseas. But the landlord says we have to get out, and that's

that. There's nothing to do but look."

It was then that I remembered my own happy, secure home, and I felt terribly sorry for this young mother and her problems.

"You don't have to move just because the landlord tells you to, you know," I said. "The rent control regulations protect you."

She nodded.

"So I understand—but the landlord has a court order for our eviction, and I guess that makes it legal. It's my personal opinion," she added ruefully, "that he simply wants the place for that good-for-nothing brother-in-law of his."

I thought about it for a moment, and then had an idea.

"Look," I told her. "Why don't you go to the OPA's rent control office and talk it over with them? It wouldn't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. It's possible, you know, that you really



Other People's

Houses



By **IREENE WICKER**

not mean that she had to move, at all. Her landlord had to get a court hearing and a court order before he could make her leave the premises. Going a step further, she found that under the Soldiers and Sailors Relief Act, she was protected against eviction, too. Her landlord wanted her to move because he planned to make a few little improvements and raise the rent on her apartment. This was not allowed under the law.

Much to my surprise, I discovered that OPA Rent Controls protect other people besides tenants. Rent Control is a safeguard against artificial inflation in real estate values. Rents can't skyrocket now, therefore real estate sales made on the basis of earnings from a property stay within reasonable limits in price. And therefore, property doesn't take on a false and higher value than it really has and, when people need mortgages, they can get them at reasonable rates, and for reasonable amounts.

Landlords, strangely enough, benefit even more. It works like this. First, a man who has made his money from renting apartments or houses can go on making a profit without fear of any unsound or unfair rent competition. Rents remain stable and, as a result, the value of his property remains stable. That means he isn't likely to face a collapse in real estate values after the war is over. It also means that his taxes are kept down, because inflation is arrested and living costs are held down as much as possible.

Any one can see how tenants have profited from the law. These days, every tenant knows that there are many others ready to snap up his house or apartment. With the fear of being evicted hanging over them all the time, people would be unable to resist demands for higher rents. A man has to have a place for himself and his family to live. He's got to be sure of it—even if it means collaborating with landlords and paying higher rents than were ever paid before. Remember the stories we used to hear about people paying huge premiums for apartments? Remember the trouble there was in crowded war industry (Continued on page 94)

Irene Wicker is the beloved Singing Lady of American children. She is heard each Monday through Friday at 5:45, EWT, on ABC.

don't have to leave the apartment."

Slowly she nodded her head.

"All right," she said, but she didn't sound very convinced. "I'll try it. It'll be a relief from apartment hunting, anyway."

"You do that," I encouraged. "And I'm interested now—why don't you and Dorothy come back tomorrow and tell me what you found out? I have to run along now."

Sure enough, they were back the next day—and both of them simply bubbling over with good news.

"We don't have to move, we don't have to move," Dorothy sang out the minute she saw me.

We all sat down, and they told me the story. And as I listened, I thought of how many other people there must be who were having the same sort of difficulty, and who weren't fortunate enough to have found out in time what the rent control laws can do to protect them. And I decided then and there, in the name of my own comfort and security, and in the great interest I have in the welfare of children, and their families, to do what I could to see that rent control information was made more generally known.

It seems that the "court order," the eviction form, that was sent to this woman, is not a court order and did

*Home—the thing most dear to her man overseas—
can be better guarded by a wife who understands
the laws her country has made for her protection*

IT'S a very pleasant thing to have a comfortable home, a pleasant place where you are surrounded by the things you love, that you have gathered together and cherished over the years—a place that spells happiness and security to you. Sometimes you are so happy that you forget that there are people in the world who don't know that measure of security.

I had forgotten, myself, until the other day, when I met a little girl and her mother in the studios as I was hurrying to my broadcast. The mother was obviously urging the child to leave, when the little girl saw me, and cried, "Mommy—that's the Singing Lady. I know it! I want to say hello to her!" And with that she broke away from her mother's hand and came trotting over to me. I'd just discovered that her name was Dorothy when the mother came bustling up.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "It isn't that I didn't want Dorothy to talk to you, of course, but I've been trying to get her away for half an hour. We really haven't any time to waste—I simply have to spend every spare second looking for an apartment. That's a full-time job, nowadays. I've been dragging poor little Dorothy around with me—I haven't any place to leave her—and she promised she'd be a good girl and help me house-hunt all afternoon if she could just come in for a minute and see if she could get a glimpse of the Singing Lady. She listens to you every day, when we're home, but she hasn't heard you for a week. We've been so busy looking for a place to live."

I talked to the little girl for a moment or two, and then, more to make conversation than anything else, I questioned her mother.

"Are you looking for a larger apartment than you have now?"

She shook her head, and I realized for the first time that the poor woman was almost frantic.

"No, I'm perfectly happy with what we have now. In fact, I did so want to keep the place, just as it is, until John—that's Dorothy's father—gets back from overseas. But the landlord says we have to get out, and that's

that. There's nothing to do but look."

It was then that I remembered my own happy, secure home, and I felt terribly sorry for this young mother and her problems.

"You don't have to move just because the landlord tells you to, you know," I said. "The rent control regulations protect you."

She nodded.

"So I understand—but the landlord has a court order for our eviction, and I guess that makes it legal. It's my personal opinion," she added ruefully, "that he simply wants the place for that good-for-nothing brother-in-law of his."

I thought about it for a moment, and then had an idea.

"Look," I told her. "Why don't you go to the OPA's rent control office and talk it over with them? It wouldn't do any harm, and it might do a lot of good. It's possible, you know, that you really

Other People's Houses



Irene Wicker is the beloved Singing Lady of American children. She is heard each Monday through Friday at 5:45, EWT, on ABC.

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"All right," she said, but she didn't sound very convinced. "I'll try it. It'll be a relief from apartment hunting, anyway."

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It seems that the "court order," the eviction form, that was sent to this woman, is not a court order and did

not mean that she had to move, at all. Her landlord had to get a court hearing and a court order before he could make her leave the premises. Going a step further, she found that under the Soldiers and Sailors Relief Act, she was protected against eviction, too. Her landlord wanted her to move because he planned to make a few little improvements and raise the rent on her apartment. This was not allowed under the law.

Much to my surprise, I discovered that OPA Rent Controls protect other people besides tenants. Rent Control is a safeguard against artificial inflation in real estate values. Rents can't skyrocket now, therefore real estate sales made on the basis of earnings from a property stay within reasonable limits in price. And therefore, property doesn't take on a false and higher value than it really has and, when people need mortgages, they can get them at reasonable rates, and for reasonable amounts.

Landlords, strangely enough, benefit even more. It works like this. First, a man who has made his money from renting apartments or houses can go on making a profit without fear of any unsound or unfair rent competition. Rents remain stable and, as a result, the value of his property remains stable. That means he isn't likely to face a collapse in real estate values after the war is over. It also means that his taxes are kept down, because inflation is arrested and living costs are held down as much as possible.

Any one can see how tenants have profited from the law. These days, every tenant knows that there are many others ready to snap up his house or apartment. With the fear of being evicted hanging over them, all the time, people would be unable to resist demands for higher rents. A man has to have a place for himself and his family to live. He's got to be sure of it—even if it means collaborating with landlords and paying higher rents than were ever used to hear about people paying huge premiums for apartments? Remember the trouble there was in crowded war industry. (Continued on page 94)

THE STORY:

WHEN I married Woodie, I knew very little about him—only that he was a handsome, intense young man, and that I was in love with him. I knew, too, that he had held a large number of jobs—too many—but I also knew that he did well at them, and I felt that marriage would settle him down. And it seemed to, for a while. He sold automobiles for Acme Agency, and did very well. We had a pleasant apartment, pleasant friends, a pleasant life—in short, we were happy. And then there came a time when Woodie was too happy—too excited, too elated over sales he had made, excited out of all proportion. It was then that I learned something I had not known before—that Woodie had been mentally ill, had spent some time in a sanatorium before we were married. Neither he, nor his mother, who didn't like me, who said I didn't "understand" her boy, had told me. And now Dr. Blythe said that Woodie would have to go back to the sanatorium for a while, but assured me that there was every hope for a complete recovery, that Woodie's love for me, and his complete need of me, would help him to make that recovery. I went to work as a bookkeeper for Acme, and there I met a new salesman, Don Colman, who was very pleasant and friendly. Several times he took me to dinner at that moment when my spirits were lowest—when I had come back from my weekly visit with Woodie at the sanatorium. When at last Woodie was released, I stopped seeing Don, however—Woodie took a job at another

agency, I quit mine at Acme. For a while all was well, but it soon became apparent that something was wrong. Once again the great elation seized Woodie, and this time he himself admitted that he had better go back to the sanatorium. Once again I went to work for Acme, once again I began to see Don. Only this time it was different—this time, we knew that we were in love, Don and I—a hopeless, this-can-never-be love that seemed to be all the stronger because it was so hopeless!

THEY say that love transfigures a woman, that when she is well beloved, she is beautiful. That night after Don left, I went into the bedroom and looked in the mirror and I knew that that was true.

To myself at least, I had always seemed just an ordinary girl with medium features, a clear skin and a slim figure. I had never had any illusions about being really pretty. But tonight my hair was touched with a new brightness, there was radiance in my skin and in my eyes, and my lips somehow seemed softer, fuller. Even my body moved with a new grace, as if to music that only I could hear.

I could look at myself without vanity and be glad at what I saw. This was the way Don had seen me, this was the inner glow that he had stirred to life, that made me prettier than I had ever been before. He had created it and I was glad that it belonged to him.

Then suddenly the glow and the gladness faded. It was as if I had seen Woodie's face beside mine in the mirror. What right had I to be transformed

by Don's love when Woodie was my husband? How could I, bound by marriage and all its vows, to one man, long for another?

Yet it was true. And what I had told Don was true, too. What I felt for him was real and for forever. I knew now I should never have married Woodie. When I met him, my parents had just

Whirlpool

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solid although they could not be seen—walls
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died, I was in a strange town and a strange life. No one needed me. I belonged nowhere. Then *he* had needed me, he had been impulsive and attractive, and maybe even the opposition from his mother had played its part. I had mistaken all that for love. Even from the first day of our marriage, I had been more mother to him than

wife. There had never been the equality of sharing that there should have been.

If Woodie had been well, I would have told him the truth—hard and bitter though it was. I would have asked him to let me renounce those vows, and it would have been for his sake as well as Don's and mine. This

was no temporary infatuation, no unstable leaving of one man for another. This was everything. This encompassed all the kinds of love there were. This was a thing that comes seldom to anyone, and it clamored to be acknowledged.

But how could we acknowledge it?

If Woodie were well . . . The thought drew me, held me. When he was able to leave the hospital again and had had time to get readjusted, surely . . . surely . . .

It was on that note of wild and desperate hope that at last I fell asleep.

The days that came after held a new kind of pain for me and a new kind of glory. Each one meant that I would see Don—even if it were only on the sales floor, across the office, at the water cooler. Even though it meant impersonal greeting, studiously casual. I had only to see him—those dark steady eyes, that sweet, slow smile—to know again the transfiguring love that was in our hearts.

Each evening he came to my house. We were careful that no one should know. Whenever we went out to dinner together, we picked a place where we were least likely to run into anyone we knew. We could not bear the smear of gossip from those who would not, could not, understand. On the surface, the facts were ugly: I, the wife of a patient in a mental sanatorium, playing around with another man. We were not guilty within ourselves, we knew the truth. But who else would believe it or us?

AND so it was as if we made a place of our own and barricaded it against all outsiders. There, we could pretend for a little while that no one else mattered, we could be ourselves, enjoying each other and this new-found wonder. But always and inevitably, there came the intruding, unwanted presence. It came when we kissed each other—and drew back, afraid of the intoxication of those kisses. It came when we talked of what we felt for one another, whenever the word "future" was mentioned. It came when we read the unspoken question in each other's eyes: *What are we to do?* It came because no matter how hard we tried, Woodie was there—stronger than we were.

"We can't go on like this," Don said one night, and his voice was quick, and almost harsh. "It isn't fair to Woodie—or to us. How can I see you, be with you, and not want to take you in my arms for always? We've got to tell him!"

"I know, darling," I said miserably. "But how? When?"

"We have to find a way. But it's got to be soon, Nancy! It's got to be soon."

The first Sunday I went to the hospital, I went with mingled dread and hope. If he were better, then my day of liberation would be drawing near. And if he were a great deal better, if he were well—that possibility trembled in my heart and made me tremble too.

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Whirlpool

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"I had the Ring—"

—but in order to get married, discovered
Marvin Miller, you have to get the ring and the
license and the girl you love all together
in the same place at the same time

By MARVIN MILLER

RADIO is the world's most fascinating business. I have been in the thick of it since I was eighteen, and I love it. But there was a time—back in 1938, when I was keeping moderately busy acting, announcing, producing and writing for only a couple of dozen shows a week—when I wished fervently to be transformed into a shoe salesman. That was the time I had the girl, I had the ring, I had the license—but I didn't have time to get married.

And if Elizabeth Dawson—she was the *girl*—hadn't inherited a sense of humor from her father (my nomination for the century's finest father-in-law) the money spent in the other two items would have had to be written off as bad investments. Elizabeth could see the fun in a honeymoon which began at eleven o'clock at night and ended at noon the next day.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

We met in St. Louis—not, as in the picture of the same name, at the Fair, but backstage at the St. Louis Little Theater.

The theater was a hangout for both of us. Elizabeth, who was rapidly developing a talent for illustration and design, had designed the settings for several productions and I had acted a part or two when my dawn to dark schedule at Radio Station KMOX permitted.

But on the night we met we both were playing the role of Stage Door Johnny—even the more inglorious because we were being kept waiting at the gate.

Elizabeth was waiting for her date of the evening, Kent Adams, the leading man in "Celestial Holiday," the play currently in rehearsal. I was waiting for *my* date, Julie Stevens, the leading lady. Elizabeth and I, total strangers, cooled our heels in the wings while Kent and Elizabeth rehearsed torrid love scenes on stage.

Kent tore off stage, when Elizabeth arrived, long enough to apologize for keeping her waiting, and to introduce her to me.

"Look after my girl, Marvin," he said,

adding cagily, "but just make talk."

She wouldn't even talk, at first. I found out later she had been an usherette during a run of a play in which I played the lead and she was convinced that I was the most conceited person she had ever seen. She shuddered at Kent's suggestion that she sit and talk with me. She was sure, she told me afterward, that I would have one subject of conversation: *me*.

She was right. I did talk about me. But she listened. And the next time we saw Kent, Elizabeth was *my* girl.

"We had a lot to talk about," I told him, and ducked.

It was a year and a half after our meeting before we went shopping for wedding rings, but our courtship was conducted under the most difficult conditions.

My job on the staff at KMOX was a man-killer. I had a title: Assistant Chief Announcer. But I had no privileges. I began working at eight o'clock every morning with a Rise and Shine program, and signed off my last show at eleven at night. My dates with Elizabeth, of necessity, began at eleven-thirty and ended whenever her father's heavy shoe hit the floor above the livingroom in a sort of gentlemanly hint.

We never went to the movies. It was even too late when I got off work to go anywhere for a soda. So we developed our own peculiar dating technique: we

played quiz games and Guggenheim (I, having appeared on a thousand radio quizzes, always won—which kept *me* happy). And it dawned on us slowly that you have to be in love to enjoy a spirited game of Guggenheim at three o'clock in the morning.

So I proposed.

Elizabeth, convinced, I am sure, that if she married me she might be let off Guggenheim, agreed—but she suggested that I broach the subject to her father.

I didn't know Mr. Dawson well then. He was a successful business man, but I knew him better as an actor. He hung around the little theater as faithfully as Elizabeth and I did, and occasionally played a character part.

One night he had scared me half to death when he walked into the livingroom with a shotgun under his arm. It was late, and the lights were low—and how was I to know the gun was only a prop for his current role in the theater?

When I arrived at the Dawson house to make my plea for Elizabeth's hand I was unnerved at the sight of her parents waiting for me in the extremely tidy parlor.

I blurted out my piece, and there was no response. Finally, in the grim silence, Mrs. Dawson remarked,

"John, dear, I forgot to dust the piano."

"It's all right, (Continued on page 97)



MARVIN MILLER and ELIZABETH DAWSON met, fell in love, decided to marry almost without effort. It was only afterward that the trouble started. Courting began at eleven-thirty, when Marvin's announcing chores ended. The wedding was sandwiched into a few scant hours. The honeymoon waited five years, by which time Anthony Dawson Miller was three years old and ready to go along. Now the busy Millers are learning to relax in the Hollywood sun, for Marvin's favorite announcing spots (Coronet Storyteller, Billie Burke Show and others) originate on the Coast.



WHEN A GIRL MARRIES, she learns—as did Joan (Mary Jane Higby) when she married Harry Davis (Robert Haag) that her new happiness brings with it new complications. Life in Beechwood is not always smooth for the Davises, but they are learning, slowly, that if they have faith in the strength of their love, there is no demand that, together, they cannot meet. When a Girl Marries, NBC, is a daily at 5:00 P.M. EWT.

SERENADE

The half-gay, half-wistful theme of When a Girl Marries

Words by J. C. Sangwin

R. DRIGO

Allegretto

Poco più sostenuto

Love! ——— It was but the dream of a day, Ah! ———

p poco rit. *p dolce, espressivo*

— the di-vine il-lu-sion that passed a-way. ——— Her for one glad mo-ment I sought but to

a tempo
hold and in my arms en - fold, _____ O _____ eyes that ev - er

dim. e rit. *a tempo* *pp*



haunt me a - new, _____ O _____ dream, O troub - ling



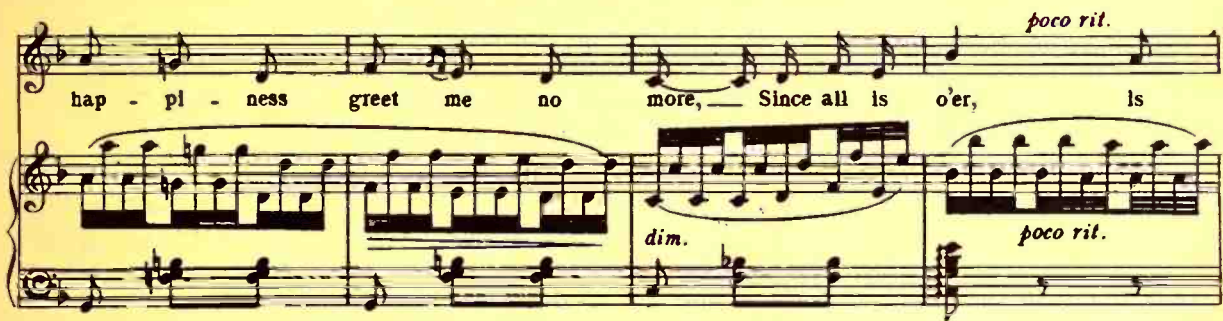
poco cresc.
vis - ion A - dieu! A - dieu! _____ Bound - less joy and

poco cresc.



poco rit.
hap - pl - ness greet me no more, _____ Since all is o'er, _____ is

dim. *poco rit.*



a tempo
o'er. _____ Shall we, too, some day all joys a - bove, _____

p *dim.*



poco rit.
Hold the il - lu - sions of love? _____

pp *poco rit.* *più pp e sempre dim. rit.* *pp*



Packed with GOODNESS

THE children are starting to school again and almost as important in their minds as the new teacher and new classmates is the question of what they will find in their lunchboxes at noontime. It's even a more important question for the mothers who have the responsibility of planning foods which will be just as nourishing and appetizing as those eaten at home. For this reason I have selected this month a variety of recipes which are especially well adapted for lunchbox meals.

Raisin Bran Apple Crisp

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 3 cups thinly sliced apples | ½ tsp. cinnamon |
| 2 to 4 tbs. honey | 3 tbs. butter or margarine |
| 1 tbs. melted butter or margarine | ½ cup sugar |
| ¼ tsp. salt | 1 tbs. flour |
| | 1½ cups raisin bran |

Mix together apples, honey, melted butter, salt, and cinnamon. Turn into

8-inch baking dish. Cream butter; add sugar and flour and mix well. Add bran and crumble together. Spread over apples. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. Remove cover and continue baking 15 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Serve with cream. Makes 4 servings.

Meat Loaf

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| 3 cups corn flakes | 1 tbs. minced onion |
| ¾ cup milk | |
| 1 egg, unbeaten | ¼ tsp. sage |
| 1 cup ground cooked veal | ¾ cup diced celery |
| 1 cup ground cooked pork (fat removed) | 1 tbs. chopped parsley |
| 1 tsp. salt | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| | 2 tbs. ketchup |

Crush corn flakes slightly; add milk and egg. Add remaining ingredients in order given; mix well. Pack into greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 hour. Uncooked veal and pork, ground, may be substituted for cooked meat.

Raisin Bran Bread

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 2 cups sifted flour | ¾ cup milk |
| 2½ tps. double acting baking powder | 3 tbs. molasses |
| 1 tsp. salt | 3 tbs. melted butter or other shortening |
| ½ cup sugar | |
| 1 egg, well beaten | 1 cup raisin bran |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg, milk, and molasses. Add to flour mixture, add shortening and raisin bran, then mix *only* enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased 8 x 4 x 3-inch loaf pan, in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour, or until done. Cool. Wrap in damp cloth or waxed paper and store several hours or overnight before slicing.

Raisin Bran Molasses Cookies

| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | ½ cup shortening |
| ½ tsp. double-acting baking powder | ½ cup sugar |
| 1 tsp. soda | 1 egg |
| 1 tsp. salt | ½ cup molasses |
| 1 tsp. cinnamon | 1½ tbs. vinegar |
| 1½ tps. ginger | 2 tbs. milk |
| | 1 cup raisin bran |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add molasses and vinegar; mix thoroughly. Add flour mixture, alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Add bran and blend. Drop from teaspoon or greased baking sheet. Bake in (400°F.) oven 8 minutes, or until done.

With unusual breads, ingenious fillings, packable desserts, there's no limit—except space—to the goodness that you can pack into lunchboxes, even if you must prepare one or more each day.



By

KATE SMITH

**FOOD COUNSELOR
RADIO ROMANCES**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard CBS, at 8:30 EWT.



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

SUNDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time |
|----------|----------|--|
| | | 8:30 CBS: The Jubalalres |
| | | 8:30 ABC: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist |
| | | 8:45 CBS: Bennett Sisters |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Young People's Church |
| | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: World News Roundup |
| | | 9:00 ABC: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs |
| 5:00 | 8:15 | 9:15 ABC: White Rabbit Line |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: New Voices in Song |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Church of the Air |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: Message of Israel |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 ABC: Southernaires |
| 7:30 | 10:30 | NBC: Words and Music |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 MBS: Radio Chapel |
| | 11:00 | MBS: Pauline Alpert |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Choir |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning |
| | | 11:30 MBS: Rewriting Stand |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: Marion Lovridge |
| | 12:00 | MBS: Pilgrim Hour |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 ABC: News from Europe |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC: The Eternal Light |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Friendship Ranch |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Orson Wells |
| 10:45 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London) |
| | 1:15 | NBC: America United |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orch. |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table |
| | | 1:30 MBS: Sweetheart Time |
| 10:15 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Problems of the Peace |
| 11:00 | | 2:00 NBC: Ford Show |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 MBS: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A. |
| 11:00 | | 2:00 CBS: Stradivari Orchestra |
| | | 2:00 ABC: Washington Story |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: World News Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas |
| | | 2:30 ABC: National Vespers |
| | | 2:45 MBS: Crooked Square |
| 11:55 | | 2:55 CBS: Olin Downs |
| | | 3:00 MBS: 20th Airforce Time |
| 12:00 | 2:05 | 3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic |
| | | 3:00 ABC: Kay's Canteen |
| | | 3:00 NBC: World Parade |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: One Man's Family |
| | | 3:30 MBS: What's the Good Word |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: NBC Army Hour |
| | | 4:00 ABC: Darts for Dough |
| | | 4:00 MBS: Your America |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 ABC: Sunday on N-K Ranch |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: The Electric Hour |
| | | 4:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show |
| | | 4:30 MBS: Crime Is My Pastime |
| 2:00 | | 5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: The Family Hour |
| | | 5:00 ABC: Mary Small Revue |
| | | 5:00 MBS: Adventures of Father Brown |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: Nick Carter |
| | | 5:30 ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Ozzie & Harriet |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 MBS: Abbott Mysteries |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 MBS: Catholic Hour |
| 3:00 | | 6:30 NBC: Men at Sea |
| | | 6:30 ABC: Happy Moments |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 MBS: Opinion Requested |
| | | 7:00 NBC: Wayne King Orchestra |
| | | 7:00 CBS: The Thin Man |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Quiz Kids |
| 8:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: Rogue's Gallery |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Frances Langford, Splke Jones |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Blondie |
| | | 8:00 MBS: Mediation Board |
| | 8:15 | ABC: Raymond Moley |
| | 8:30 | ABC: The Fighting AAF |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey and Co. |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Radio Readers Digest |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Steel Horizon |
| 7:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 7:45 | 8:15 | 9:15 ABC: Hollywood Mystery Time |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing |
| | | 9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler |
| | | 9:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild Series |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm |
| | | 10:00 MBS: Brownstone Theatre |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Meet Me at Parky's |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: We the People |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Bill Costello |
| 10:15 | 11:15 | NBC: Cesar Searchinger |
| | 10:15 | MBS: This Is Helen Hayes |
| 10:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Pacific Story |



OLD LEATHER LUNGS . . .

Jack Bailey, the man who does the most talking on County Fair, broadcast over the American Broadcasting Company's network, Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M. (EWT), is a graduate of the old school of county fair and side-show barkers, having spent several years "making the pitch" for fairs and carnivals from New York to San Diego.

Bailey, who used to be known to his associates on the midway as "old leather lungs"—he put in a stretch of three solid years, ten shows a day, without losing his voice and without missing a show—says he became a barker by a fluke.

It was at the Chicago World's Fair. Jack had dropped in to see a friend who was managing the "Little Orphan Annie Marionette Circus."

"My 'talker' ran out on me, Jack," his friend moaned. Fair people always call barkers, "talkers." Then the manager's eyes took on a strange and wonderful light.

Before Jack could escape, the manager had slapped a derby on his head, stuck a cane in his hand and shoved him on the platform in front of a seething midway crowd. "It was just beginner's luck," Jack says. "I filled the tent clear up to the roof and had them milling around in front of the joint trying to get in for fifteen minutes after the show started. For the next show, though, I laid an egg. The ushers outnumbered the customers three to one."

There are two things Jack won't talk about—his age and his education. He admits he was born in Hampton, Iowa, and usually refers to himself as a "slice of Iowa ham." Jack says his early education was mostly a fiasco, except for the music lessons his family insisted on giving him in the belief that he would one day be a great symphony musician.

After getting his start at the Fair, Jack drifted from fair to carnival to exposition for several years. Then it seemed natural to take a crack at radio. He remembers that he almost frightened the producer and engineer to death at his first radio audition.

The producer wanted to hear how loud his voice was, and Bailey let him have it, full—and almost shattered the transmitter. But he got a job as M. C. and found himself launched on a career.

Soon after breaking into radio, Jack became after the busiest man in the business. He announced Glamour Manor five mornings a week, Meet the Missus five afternoons a week, and four big evening shows each week, Duffy's Tavern, Stop That Villain, Money on the Line and Ozzie and Harriet. He also got calls for odd jobs here and there.

MONDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time |
|----------|----------|--------------------------------------|
| | | 8:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| | | 8:00 NBC: Ed East & Polly |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| | | 9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | | 10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| 2:00 | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | | 10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | | 10:30 NBC: Road of Life |
| | | 10:30 MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: Lisa Sergio |
| | | 10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| | | 10:45 ABC: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:10 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 3:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | | 10:45 11:15 CBS: Second Husband |
| | | 11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Sing Along Club |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | | 11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | | 11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| | | 11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | | 12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister |
| | | 12:15 MBS: Morton Downey |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| | | 11:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| | | 1:15 NBC: Little Jack Little |
| | | 1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Doc Malone |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 ABC: Ethel, I Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Rosemary |
| | | 1:15 MBS: Jane |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| | | 2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 ABC: Best Sellers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: The Smoothies |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 12:00 | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| 12:30 | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: Sing Along |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: House Party |
| | | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | | 4:15 ABC: Jack Berch |
| | | 4:15 MBS: Johnson Family |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| | | 4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| | | 4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| | | 4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Singers |
| 2:15 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Service Time |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | | 5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 CBS: Fortia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 MBS: Superman |
| | | 5:30 MBS: House of Mystery |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| | | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| | | 5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 ABC: Singing Lady |
| | | 5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | | 5:45 MBS: Tom Mix |
| 5:10 | 6:10 | 7:10 CBS: Bill Costello |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| 3:30 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs |
| | | 5:30 CBS: Sally Moore, Contralto |
| | | 6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan |
| | | 6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger |
| | | 7:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond |
| 9:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Vox Pop |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Geo. Burns & Gracie Allen |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 MBS: Prosser Broadway |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Bill Henry |
| | | 9:00 ABC: Meet Your Neighbor |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Lux Radio Theater |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour |
| | | 9:15 MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Rise Stevens' Show |
| | | 9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Contented Program |
| | | 10:00 MBS: Leave It To Mike |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Stuart Erwin Show |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q. |
| | | 10:30 ABC: Reunion U. S. A. |
| | | 10:30 MBS: The Better Half |

TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | Program |
|--------|--------|------------------|---------------------------------|
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 8:30 | ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:00 | ABC: Ed East and Polly |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:15 | CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 9:45 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 9:45 | NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:00 | ABC: My True Story |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | NBC: Robert St. John |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 10:15 | CBS: Light of the World |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 10:30 | CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 10:30 | ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 10:45 | Blue: The Listening Post |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 11:00 | ABC: Amanda |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 11:00 | ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 11:00 | 13:00 | 11:00 | NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| 11:15 | 13:15 | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 11:30 | 13:30 | 11:15 | CBS: Second Husband |
| 11:45 | 13:45 | 11:30 | CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 12:00 | 14:00 | 11:30 | ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| 12:15 | 14:15 | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| 12:30 | 14:30 | 11:45 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 12:45 | 14:45 | 11:45 | ABC: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 13:00 | 15:00 | 11:45 | NBC: Ted Malone |
| 13:15 | 15:15 | 12:00 | ABC: David Harum |
| 13:30 | 15:30 | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 13:45 | 15:45 | 12:00 | CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 14:00 | 16:00 | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| 14:15 | 16:15 | 12:15 | CBS: Big Sister |
| 14:30 | 16:30 | 12:30 | CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 14:45 | 16:45 | 12:30 | ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 15:00 | 17:00 | 12:30 | NBC: Army Air Forces Band |
| 15:15 | 17:15 | 12:45 | Our Gal Sunday |
| 15:30 | 17:30 | 1:00 | CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 15:45 | 17:45 | 1:00 | NBC: Morgan Beatty, News |
| 16:00 | 18:00 | 1:15 | CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 16:15 | 18:15 | 1:15 | ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 16:30 | 18:30 | 1:30 | MBS: Bernardine Flynn, News |
| 16:45 | 18:45 | 1:30 | Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 17:00 | 19:00 | 1:45 | ABC: Young Dr. Malone |
| 17:15 | 19:15 | 1:45 | NBC: Morgan Beatty, News |
| 17:30 | 19:30 | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 17:45 | 19:45 | 2:00 | NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 18:00 | 20:00 | 2:00 | ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 18:15 | 20:15 | 2:00 | CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 18:30 | 20:30 | 2:15 | ABC: Ethel & Albert |
| 18:45 | 20:45 | 2:15 | NBC: Jane Cowell |
| 19:00 | 21:00 | 2:15 | MBS: Today's Children |
| 19:15 | 21:15 | 2:15 | CBS: Rosemary |
| 19:30 | 21:30 | 2:30 | NBC: Woman in White |
| 19:45 | 21:45 | 2:30 | MBS: Perry Mason |
| 20:00 | 22:00 | 2:30 | ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| 20:15 | 22:15 | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 20:30 | 22:30 | 2:45 | NBC: Tena & Tim |
| 20:45 | 22:45 | 2:45 | NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 21:00 | 23:00 | 3:00 | MBS: Milton Bacon |
| 21:15 | 23:15 | 3:00 | ABC: Best Sellers |
| 21:30 | 23:30 | 3:00 | NBC: A Woman of America |
| 21:45 | 23:45 | 3:15 | CBS: Michael Scott |
| 22:00 | 24:00 | 3:15 | NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 22:15 | 24:15 | 3:30 | NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| 22:30 | 24:30 | 3:45 | ABC: Sing Along |
| 22:45 | 24:45 | 3:45 | ABC: "Yours Alone" |
| 23:00 | 25:00 | 3:30 | ABC: Ladies Be Seated |
| 23:15 | 25:15 | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| 23:30 | 25:30 | 3:45 | NBC: Rights to Happiness |
| 23:45 | 25:45 | 4:00 | CBS: Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| 24:00 | 26:00 | 4:00 | NBC: House Party |
| 24:15 | 26:15 | 4:00 | NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 24:30 | 26:30 | 4:15 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| 24:45 | 26:45 | 4:15 | NBC: Stella Dallas |
| 25:00 | 27:00 | 4:30 | ABC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 25:15 | 27:15 | 4:30 | NBC: Johnson Family Singers |
| 25:30 | 27:30 | 4:45 | ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 25:45 | 27:45 | 4:45 | NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 26:00 | 28:00 | 4:45 | CBS: Danny D'Neil, Songs |
| 26:15 | 28:15 | 5:00 | ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 26:30 | 28:30 | 5:00 | NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| 26:45 | 28:45 | 5:00 | CBS: Service to the Stars |
| 27:00 | 29:00 | 5:15 | NBC: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 27:15 | 29:15 | 5:15 | NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 27:30 | 29:30 | 5:15 | ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 27:45 | 29:45 | 5:15 | MBS: Superman |
| 28:00 | 30:00 | 5:30 | ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 28:15 | 30:15 | 5:30 | NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| 28:30 | 30:30 | 5:30 | MBS: House of Mystery |
| 28:45 | 30:45 | 5:45 | ABC: Super Stars |
| 29:00 | 31:00 | 5:45 | NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| 29:15 | 31:15 | 5:45 | CBS: The Sparrow and the Hawk |
| 29:30 | 31:30 | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| 29:45 | 31:45 | 6:10 | CBS: Bill Costello |
| 30:00 | 32:00 | 6:15 | NBC: Jimmy Carroll, Songs |
| 30:15 | 32:15 | 6:15 | NBC: Serenade to America |
| 30:30 | 32:30 | 6:30 | NBC: Eileen Farrell |
| 30:45 | 32:45 | 6:30 | ABC: Clem McCarthy |
| 31:00 | 33:00 | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 31:15 | 33:15 | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 31:30 | 33:30 | 7:15 | ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 31:45 | 33:45 | 7:00 | NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| 32:00 | 34:00 | 7:00 | CBS: Jack Kirkwood |
| 32:15 | 34:15 | 7:15 | ABC: Danny D'Neil, Songs |
| 32:30 | 34:30 | 7:15 | NBC: This Woman's Secret |
| 32:45 | 34:45 | 7:15 | MBS: Listen to the Waves |
| 33:00 | 35:00 | 7:30 | CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen |
| 33:15 | 35:15 | 7:30 | ABC: The Lone Ranger |
| 33:30 | 35:30 | 7:30 | MBS: Mutual Melodies |
| 33:45 | 35:45 | 7:45 | NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn |
| 34:00 | 36:00 | 8:00 | CBS: The Saint |
| 34:15 | 36:15 | 8:00 | ABC: Lum 'n' Abner |
| 34:30 | 36:30 | 8:00 | MBS: Cal Tinney |
| 34:45 | 36:45 | 8:00 | NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North |
| 35:00 | 37:00 | 8:15 | MBS: Now It Can Be Told |
| 35:15 | 37:15 | 8:30 | ABC: Dr. Christian |
| 35:30 | 37:30 | 8:30 | MBS: Fresh Up Show |
| 35:45 | 37:45 | 8:30 | ABC: Fishing and Hunting-Club |
| 36:00 | 38:00 | 8:30 | NBC: Billie Burke |
| 36:15 | 38:15 | 8:55 | CBS: Bill Henry |
| 36:30 | 38:30 | 9:00 | ABC: Curtain Time—Drama |
| 36:45 | 38:45 | 9:00 | CBS: Crime Photographer |
| 37:00 | 39:00 | 9:00 | MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 37:15 | 39:15 | 9:00 | NBC: Nora Martin, Leonard Sues |
| 37:30 | 39:30 | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 37:45 | 39:45 | 9:30 | CBS: Detect & Collect |
| 38:00 | 40:00 | 9:30 | ABC: Jones & I—Drama |
| 38:15 | 40:15 | 9:30 | NBC: Mr. District Attorney |
| 38:30 | 40:30 | 9:55 | ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 38:45 | 40:45 | 10:00 | CBS: Great Moments in Music |
| 39:00 | 41:00 | 10:00 | NBC: Phil Harris & Orchestra |
| 39:15 | 41:15 | 10:00 | ABC: Counter Spy |
| 39:30 | 41:30 | 10:00 | MBS: Human Adventure |
| 39:45 | 41:45 | 10:00 | NBC: Milton Berle |
| 40:00 | 42:00 | 10:30 | CBS: Maisie |
| 40:15 | 42:15 | 10:30 | ABC: Radio Harris |
| 40:30 | 42:30 | 10:30 | ABC: Leave It to the Girls |
| 40:45 | 42:45 | 1:30 | NBC: Dance Band |



WENDY, LIKE IN PETER PAN

Wendy Barrie, who co-stars on CBS's Detect and Collect with Fred Uttal (Wednesdays, 9:30 P.M. EWT), came by her professional name legitimately—if second hand. She was born in London and her real name is Marguerite Wendy Jenkin, the "Wendy" being a compliment to the famous character created by Sir James Barrie in "Peter Pan." Sir James acted as godfather when Wendy was christened and, later, gave her permission to use that name.

Wendy was still an infant when she began her traveling career. Her mother took her to Hongkong, where Wendy's father's interests kept the family for several years. As soon as she was old enough to make the trip by herself, Wendy was sent back to London to attend the Holy Child and Assumption convents. She completed her education at a fashionable finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

During vacation, and if her father felt lonely for her, Wendy packed her things and traveled far and wide to visit him. Sometimes, she traveled across the Atlantic and Canada to the Orient. Other times, she went through the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean. Altogether she made some seven trips around the world.

Wendy wasn't bent on becoming an actress. In fact, she was having herself a fine time in a pretty dizzy social whirl in London—playing tennis, riding, playing the traditional English game of cricket and badminton. Then, as a lark, she and some of her society friends took a "flier" in the stage production of "Wonderbar." That rather turned out to be fun. So, later, when British film producer Alexander Korda spotted her having lunch in the Savoy Grill and offered her a screen test, Wendy jumped at the chance.

That screen test changed the social butterfly into a hard-working girl. Wendy got a contract and appeared in some 19 British made films.

In 1934, she grew restless. After all, she'd spent a long time in one place—long for a girl who'd grown up traveling, that is. Not quite sure what she wanted to do, she came to New York—without any letters of introduction or business contacts. Within ten days the scouts had spotted her red-blond hair and bluish-green eyes and distinctly photogenic face—and she was signed for a Hollywood engagement.

You've seen her in lots of pictures. There will be lots more, probably.

Wendy's a gay girl—has a little of the pixilated quality that you associate with the characters in James Barrie's plays. She has never had to diet and can eat anything she wants without gaining weight, which in itself is rather unique in Hollywood.

In case the boys are getting ideas—that's out. She married David Meyer not long ago, and they are very happy and intend to stay that way.

WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time | Program |
|--------|--------|------------------|---------------------------------|
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| 6:15 | 8:15 | 8:30 | ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:00 | ABC: Ed East & Polly |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:15 | CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 9:45 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 9:45 | NBC: Valiant Lady |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:00 | ABC: My True Story |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:00 | NBC: Robert St. John |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | CBS: Light of the World |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 10:30 | CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 10:30 | ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 9:45 | 11:45 | 10:45 | Blue: The Listening Post |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 11:00 | ABC: Amanda |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 11:00 | ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 11:00 | NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| 11:00 | 13:00 | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 11:15 | 13:15 | 11:15 | CBS: Second Husband |
| 11:30 | 13:30 | 11:30 | CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 11:45 | 13:45 | 11:30 | ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| 12:00 | 14:00 | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| 12:15 | 14:15 | 11:45 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 12:30 | 14:30 | 11:45 | ABC: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 12:45 | 14:45 | 11:45 | NBC: Ted Malone |
| 13:00 | 15:00 | 12:00 | ABC: David Harum |
| 13:15 | 15:15 | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 13:30 | 15:30 | 12:00 | CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 13:45 | 15:45 | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| 14:00 | 16:00 | 12:15 | CBS: Big Sister |
| 14:15 | 16:15 | 12:30 | NBC: U. S. Air Force Band |
| 14:30 | 16:30 | 12:30 | CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 14:45 | 16:45 | 12:30 | ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| 15:00 | 17:00 | 12:45 | Our Gal Sunday |
| 15:15 | 17:15 | 1:00 | CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 15:30 | 17:30 | 1:00 | NBC: Morgan Beatty, News |
| 15:45 | 17:45 | 1:15 | CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 16:00 | 18:00 | 1:15 | ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 16:15 | 18:15 | 1:30 | MBS: Bernardine Flynn, News |
| 16:30 | 18:30 | 1:30 | Paula Stone & Phil Brito |
| 16:45 | 18:45 | 1:45 | ABC: Young Dr. Malone |
| 17:00 | 19:00 | 1:45 | NBC: Morgan Beatty, News |
| 17:15 | 19:15 | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 17:30 | 19:30 | 2:00 | NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 17:45 | 19:45 | 2:00 | ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 18:00 | 20:00 | 2:00 | CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 18:15 | 20:15 | 2:15 | ABC: Ethel & Albert |
| 18:30 | 20:30 | 2:15 | NBC: Jane Cowell |
| 18:45 | 20:45 | 2:15 | MBS: Today's Children |
| 19:00 | 21:00 | 2:15 | CBS: Rosemary |
| 19:15 | 21:15 | 2:30 | NBC: Woman in White |
| 19:30 | 21:30 | 2:30 | MBS: Perry Mason |
| 19:45 | 21:45 | 2:30 | ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| 20:00 | 22:00 | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 20:15 | 22:15 | 2:45 | NBC: Tena & Tim |
| 20:30 | 22:30 | 2:45 | NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 20:45 | 22:45 | 3:00 | MBS: Milton Bacon |
| 21:00 | 23:00 | 3:00 | ABC: Best Sellers |
| 21:15 | 23:15 | 3:00 | NBC: A Woman of America |
| 21:30 | 23:30 | 3:15 | CBS: Michael Scott |
| 21:45 | 23:45 | 3:15 | NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 22:00 | 24:00 | 3:30 | NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| 22:15 | 24:15 | 3:45 | ABC: Sing Along |
| 22:30 | 24:30 | 3:45 | ABC: "Yours Alone" |
| 22:45 | 24:45 | 3:30 | ABC: Ladies Be Seated |
| 23:00 | 25:00 | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| 23:15 | 25:15 | 3:45 | NBC: Rights to Happiness |
| 23:30 | 25:30 | 4:00 | CBS: Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| 23:45 | 25:45 | 4:00 | NBC: House Party |
| 24:00 | 26:00 | 4:00 | NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 24:15 | 26:15 | 4:15 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| 24:30 | 26:30 | 4:15 | NBC: Stella Dallas |
| 24:45 | 26:45 | 4:30 | ABC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 25:00 | 27:00 | 4:30 | NBC: Johnson Family Singers |
| 25:15 | 27:15 | 4:45 | ABC: Hop Harrigan |
| 25:30 | 27:30 | 4:45 | NBC: Young Widder Brown |
| 25:45 | 27:45 | 4:45 | CBS: Danny D'Neil, Songs |
| 26:00 | 28:00 | 5:00 | ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 26:15 | 28:15 | 5:00 | NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| 26:30 | 28:30 | 5:00 | MBS: Service to the Stars |
| 26:45 | 28:45 | 5:15 | NBC: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 27:00 | 29:00 | 5:15 | NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 27:15 | 29:15 | 5:15 | ABC: Dick Tracy |
| 27:30 | 29:30 | 5:15 | MBS: Superman |
| 27:45 | 29:45 | 5:30 | ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 28:00 | 30:00 | 5:30 | NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| 28:15 | 30:15 | 5:30 | MBS: House of Mystery |
| 28:30 | 30:30 | 5:45 | ABC: Super Stars |
| 28:45 | 30:45 | 5:45 | NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| 29:00 | 31:00 | 5:45 | CBS: The Sparrow and the Hawk |
| 29:15 | 31:15 | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| 29:30 | 31:30 | 6:10 | CBS: Bill Costello |
| 29:45 | 31:45 | 6:15 | NBC: Jimmy Carroll, Songs |
| 30:00 | 32:00 | 6:15 | NBC: Serenade to America |
| 30:15 | 32:15 | 6:30 | NBC: Eileen Farrell |
| 30:30 | 32:30 | 6:30 | ABC: Clem McCarthy |
| 30:45 | 32:45 | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 31:00 | 33:00 | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| 31:15 | 33:15 | 7:15 | ABC: Raymond Gram Swing |
| 31:30 | 33:30 | 7:00 | NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| 31:45 | 33:45 | 7:00 | CBS: Jack Kirkwood |
| 32:00 | 34:00 | 7:15 | ABC: Danny D'Neil, Songs |
| 32:15 | 34:15 | 7:15 | NBC: This Woman's Secret |
| 32:30 | 34:30 | 7:15 | MBS: Listen to the Waves |
| 32:45 | 34:45 | 7:30 | CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen |
| 33:00 | 35:00 | 7:30 | ABC: The Lone Ranger |
| 33:15 | 3 | | |

THURSDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time |
|----------|----------|-------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| | 8:00 | ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:00 | 9:00 | NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| 6:15 | 2:30 | 9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Shady Valley Folks |
| | 9:45 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 10:00 | NBC: Robert St. John |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 10:15 | MBS: From Me to You |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Road of Life |
| | 2:00 | 10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: The Listening Post |
| | 10:45 | NBC: Joyce Jordan |
| | 11:00 | CBS: Amanda |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| | 10:15 | CBS: Second Husband |
| | 11:15 | MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 11:45 | ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 11:45 | MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| | 12:30 | NBC: Sky High |
| 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 ABC: Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| | 1:15 | MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Bernardino Flynn, News |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Paul Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:40 | 12:45 | 1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Bernard Casey, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| | 2:15 | ABC: Ethel and Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Rosemary |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cowl |
| | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 ABC: Best Seller |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: A Woman of America |
| | 3:15 | ABC: Appointment with Life |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins |
| | 3:15 | CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Young's Family |
| | 3:30 | ABC: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| | 3:45 | ABC: Yours Alone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| | 3:45 | CBS: Sing Along |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Backstage Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | 4:15 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 ABC: Report from Abroad |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs |
| | 4:45 | ABC: How I Married |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown |
| | 4:45 | CBS: Milt Herth Trio |
| 2:10 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Service Time |
| 2:10 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | 5:00 | MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| | 5:15 | MBS: Superman |
| | 5:30 | CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: House of Mystery |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Singing Lady |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:45 | CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| | 5:15 | CBS: Home Pan America |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 6:30 | NBC: Clem McCarthy |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| | 7:00 | CBS: Jack Kirkwood |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs |
| | 7:45 | ABC: Chester Bowles |
| | 7:30 | CBS: Mr. Keen |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: Bob Burns |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: The Abner |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Suspense |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: FBI in Peace and War |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting |
| 9:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper |
| | 8:30 | MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot |
| | 8:55 | CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall |
| | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Treasure Hour of Song |
| | 9:30 | NBC: Jack Haley |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The First Line |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz |
| | 10:00 | MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley |
| 7:30 | 9:10 | 10:30 ABC: Light of Time |
| 7:30 | 10:30 | NBC: Rudy Vallee |
| 7:30 | 10:30 | MBS: Swing's the Thing |



IGNORANCE IS BLISS—AND DOLLARS

Comically erudite George Shelton, one of the expert nit-wits on the zany quiz program It Pays to be Ignorant (CBS, Fridays 9 P.M. EWT) hasn't always been funny. By his own testimony, he started out as a dramatic actor and shifted to comedy, later, because he studied Shakespeare.

Shelton was born on the Bowery in New York City. He says that his early impressions of that colorful, noisy, down-at-the-heels section did a great deal to enrich his sense of the comic.

He didn't start out as a comedian. He didn't even think of the stage as a career. His first job was as an apprentice printer. He wasn't even interested in the theater, until his family moved to Brooklyn and he got a chance to see some shows in the local stock companies. Somehow, that led him to take up a serious study of the works of William Shakespeare and he found himself keenly interested, especially in the bard's comedies. Soon, his head began to be full of ideas about the stage as a career.

One day he saw a want ad in a theatrical paper he'd taken to buying. It was for a dramatic actor to work in a tent show in Iowa. Shelton took all his savings and went out there—and got the job! From then on, he played everything from drama to blackface comedy and even sold medicine on the side. But his soaking in Shakespearean satire never left him and, eventually, he devoted himself exclusively to being a comedian.

When the first World War broke out, George enlisted. Armistice Day, he recalls, he was cooking pancakes in the trenches. He became a member of the Army of Occupation and formed a unit which toured Germany entertaining the doughboys, topping off a war record of eight major campaigns and two citations. Incidentally, during this war, he's been presented with several medals and awards for his work in entertaining service men.

When George finally got back to the United States after the last war, he went to work in vaudeville. It was there that he met Tom Howard, with whom he has been associated ever since. They toured in vaudeville together and appeared in numerous Broadway musicals and several motion pictures, as a team. They did several stunts on radio before but they feel they've really found their niche since teaming up with Lulu McConnell and Harry McNaughton for the It Pays to be Ignorant show.

Shelton lives in Hempstead, Long Island, these days and spends as much time as he can out there, putting around with carpentry and general handiwork. For relaxation he says you can't beat baseball—he's a Dodger fan from way back (need you ask?). He doesn't miss Shakespeare at all, any more.

FRIDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time |
|----------|----------|-------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| | 8:15 | NBC: Do You Remember |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:15 | 2:15 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| | 9:15 | NBC: Arthur Godfrey |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Shady Valley Folks |
| | 9:45 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Light of the World |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 MBS: From Me to You |
| | 10:30 | CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Betty Crocker |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC: The Listening Post |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Second Husband |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 11:45 | MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| | 12:15 | NBC: U. S. Marine Band |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| | 12:30 | NBC: Sky High |
| 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 ABC: Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| | 1:15 | MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Bernardino Flynn, News |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Paul Stone & Phil Brito |
| 10:40 | 12:45 | 1:45 ABC: Little Jack Little |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Bernard Casey, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| | 2:15 | ABC: Ethel and Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Rosemary |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Woman in White |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cowl |
| | 2:30 | MBS: Queen for a Day |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim |
| 11:45 | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 ABC: Best Seller |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: A Woman of America |
| | 3:15 | ABC: Appointment with Life |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins |
| | 3:15 | CBS: Michael Scott |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Young's Family |
| | 3:30 | ABC: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | 3:30 | MBS: The Smoothies |
| | 3:45 | ABC: Yours Alone |
| 12:45 | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness |
| | 3:45 | CBS: Sing Along |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Backstage Party |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | 4:15 | ABC: Jack Berch |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 ABC: Report from Abroad |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones |
| 1:30 | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Johnson Family Songs |
| | 4:45 | ABC: How I Married |
| 1:45 | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown |
| | 4:45 | CBS: Milt Herth Trio |
| 2:10 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Service Time |
| 2:10 | 4:00 | 5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | 5:00 | MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy |
| | 5:15 | MBS: Superman |
| | 5:30 | CBS: Cimarron Tavern |
| 5:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 MBS: House of Mystery |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill |
| 5:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 ABC: Singing Lady |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:45 | CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk |
| | 5:45 | MBS: Tom Mix |
| | 5:15 | CBS: Home Pan America |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 6:30 | NBC: Clem McCarthy |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 6:45 | NBC: Lowell Thomas |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Charlie Chan |
| 8:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club |
| | 7:00 | CBS: Jack Kirkwood |
| 8:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Danny O'Neil, Songs |
| | 7:45 | ABC: Chester Bowles |
| | 7:30 | CBS: Mr. Keen |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 NBC: Bob Burns |
| 8:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 ABC: The Abner |
| 9:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Suspense |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: FBI in Peace and War |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting |
| 9:00 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Adventures of Topper |
| | 8:30 | MBS: Agatha Christie's Poirot |
| | 8:55 | CBS: Bill Henry |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Chrysler Show |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall |
| | 9:15 | MBS: Real Stories |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 ABC: Variations by Van Cleave |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Treasure Hour of Song |
| | 9:30 | NBC: Jack Haley |
| 6:55 | 8:55 | 9:55 ABC: Coronet Story Teller |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: The First Line |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: Trans-Atlantic Quiz |
| | 10:00 | MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays |
| 7:30 | 9:45 | 10:30 CBS: Romance, Rhythm & Ripley |
| 7:30 | 9:10 | 10:30 ABC: Light of Time |
| 7:30 | 10:30 | NBC: Rudy Vallee |
| 7:30 | 10:30 | MBS: Swing's the Thing |
| | 8:15 | ABC: Your Life Today |
| | 8:15 | NBC: Do You Remember |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club |
| 6:15 | 2:15 | 9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly |
| | 9:15 | NBC: Arthur Godfrey |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Shady Valley Folks |
| | 9:45 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics |
| 8:15 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 10:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 ABC: My True Story |
| | 10:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Light of the World |
| 8:30 | 9:15 | 10:15 MBS: From Me to You |
| | 10:30 | CBS: Evelyn Winters |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Betty Crocker |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:30 | MBS: Fun with Music |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC: The Listening Post |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Second Husband |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell |
| 12:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 11:30 | NBC: Barry Cameron |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Take It Easy Time |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:45 | 11:45 ABC: Ted Malone |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 11:45 | MBS: What's Your Idea? |
| | 12:00 | ABC: Glamour Manor |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:15 | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley |
| | 12:15 | MBS: Morton Downey |
| | 12:15 | NBC: U. S. Marine Band |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers |
| | 12:30 | NBC: Sky High |
| 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 ABC: Baukhage Talking |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| | 1:15 | MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Bernardino Flynn, News |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: Paul Stone & Phil Brito |
| | 1:45 | MBS: John J. Anthony |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Ethel and Albert |
| 11:15 | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Rosemary |
| | 2:15 | MBS: Jane Cowl |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Perry Mason |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | |

SATURDAY

| P. W. T. | C. W. T. | Eastern War Time |
|----------|----------|---------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | CBS: Music of Today |
| | 8:15 | NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist |
| | 8:30 | CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping |
| | 8:30 | ABC: United Nation News, Review |
| | 8:45 | CBS: Margaret Brien |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | ABC: Breakfast Club |
| | 9:00 | NBC: Home Is What You Make It |
| | 8:15 | 9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate |
| | 9:30 | CBS: Country Journal |
| | 9:30 | NBC: Army Air Force Band |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: David Shoop Orchestra |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Give and Take |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Archie Andrews |
| | 10:15 | MBS: Rainbow House |
| 11:00 | 10:00 | ABC: What's Cooking |
| | 10:30 | CBS: Mary Lee Taylor |
| | 10:30 | NBC: Doc, Duke and the Colonel |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Land of the Lost |
| 9:00 | 9:40 | 10:45 NBC: Alex Drier |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 ABC: Johnny Thompson |
| | 11:00 | NBC: First Piano Quartet |
| 1:30 | 11:05 | CBS: Let's Pretend |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 ABC: Vagabonds |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell |
| | 11:30 | MBS: Hookey Hall |
| | 11:45 | ABC: Note From a Diary |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 ABC: Piano Playhouse |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC: News |
| | 12:00 | MBS: Hello Mom |
| 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 ABC: Farm Bureau |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: Atlantic Spotlight |
| | 12:45 | MBS: Red Cross Reporter |
| | 1:00 | NBC: The Veteran's Aid |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 ABC: Fun Canteen |
| | 1:00 | MBS: Luncheon with Lopez |
| | 1:15 | NBC: Music for Your Mood |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Elliot Lawrence, Orchestra |
| | 1:30 | MBS: Symphonies for Youth |
| | 1:30 | ABC: Round-up Time |
| 1:00 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Report from Washington |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: John Mac Vane from London |
| | 2:00 | CBS: Of Men and Books |
| | 2:00 | NBC: Musiciana |
| | 2:15 | CBS: Adventures in Science |
| | 2:15 | ABC: Larry and Irene |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Sky High |
| | 2:30 | CBS: Carolina Hayride |
| | 2:30 | ABC: It's a Hit |
| | 3:00 | NBC: Minstrel Melodies |
| | 3:00 | CBS: The Land Is Bright |
| 12:00 | 3:00 | ABC: Saturday Senior Swing |
| | 3:00 | MBS: This Is Halloran |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 CBS: Syncopation Piece |
| | 3:30 | NBC: Music on Display |
| | 4:00 | CBS: Report from Washington |
| | 4:00 | ABC: Saturday Symphony |
| | 4:00 | Memo for Tomorrow |
| | 4:15 | CBS: Report from Overseas |
| | 4:15 | NBC: Here Comes the Bride |
| | 4:30 | MBS: Music for Half an Hour |
| | 4:30 | NBC: World of Melody |
| | 4:45 | CBS: Report from London |
| | 5:00 | ABC: Duke Ellington |
| | 5:00 | CBS: We Deliver the Goods |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: Grand Hotel |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 MBS: Sports Parade |
| 2:30 | 4:40 | 5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercook |
| | 5:30 | MBS: American Eagle in Britain |
| 3:30 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air |
| | 6:00 | MBS: Hall of Montezuma |
| 3:15 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC: Rhapsody of the Rockies |
| | 6:00 | CBS: Quincy Howe |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: People's Platform |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 ABC: Harry Wismer, Sports |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 ABC: Edward Tomlinson |
| | 6:30 | MBS: Hawaii Calls |
| | 6:45 | ABC: Labor, U. S. A. |
| 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 NBC: Our Foreign Policy |
| | 7:00 | MBS: American Eagle in Britain |
| | 7:15 | ABC: David Willis |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate |
| | 7:30 | MBS: Arthur Halo |
| | 7:30 | NBC: Noah Webster |
| 7:15 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Beulah Show |
| | 8:00 | MBS: Jean Singiser |
| | 8:00 | ABC: Gang Busters |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 ABC: Boston Symphony Orchestra |
| 8:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Viva America |
| | 8:30 | MBS: Symphony of the Americas |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance |
| 6:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 NBC: Can You Top This |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Jean Goldkette's Orchestra |
| | 9:30 | MBS: Calling All Detectives |
| | 9:30 | ABC: Flight to the Pacific |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade |
| | 9:55 | ABC: Coronet Quiz |
| | 10:00 | MBS: Theater of the Air |
| | 10:00 | ABC: Hoosier Hop |
| | 10:15 | CBS: Assignment Home |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry |
| | 10:30 | ABC: Hayloft Hoedown |
| 10:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Talks |
| | 11:15 | 1:30 ABC: Hoosier Hop |

COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Young Lorna Lynn has a fat list of acting accomplishment behind her, and a great career ahead.

IMAGINE a radio star who is blonde, blue-eyed—and who weighs only 85 pounds! Imagine an actress who's had a career for eight years now—and isn't afraid to tell her true age! (Which is eleven years old, of course; you might have known there'd be a catch in it!) Imagine all of this, and you've imagined Lorna Lynn.

Right now she's busily engaged in acting five days a week on the CBS show Danny O'Neil, Songs—in which she plays Danny's mascot Kathleen. But that's only one of the shows in the radio bouquet she carries around. She's also been on The March of Time, Salute to Youth, We the People, Arthur Hopkins Presents, Big Sister, American School of the Air, Here's to Romance, Appointment with Life, My True Story, and Treasury Recordings.

And lest you think for a moment that this tiny twig of femininity doesn't know how to carry her end in a pinch, let us give you this to gnaw upon: on the Ed Wynn Show, which was sponsored by a milk company, Lorna played the part of Beulah the calf; and the calf and Mr. Wynn had a four minute skit together each program. Mr. Wynn, having been a stage veteran for endless decades, rejoiced in ad libbing. One night he got off a very funny crack that wasn't in the script, and then turned to Lorna and asked directly, "Well, how'm I doing?"

Lorna wildly reread the script, but there was no sign of his question or her supposed answer.

"Tell me," Mr. Wynn repeated, "Beulah, how'm I doing? Is it good?"

Lorna came to life. "Why, it's better than good," she said slickly. "It's homogenized!"

Lorna Lynn's been on her own (even though she has a charming mother around to help out) ever since she was three years old. Mother or no mother, it was Lorna herself who went after what she wanted—and won it.

At three, then, she marched down to try out for the Jed Harris production of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," with her small hand tucked in her mother's. Well, the preliminaries were very simple: Lorna outread them all, got the part, helped her mother pack her bags, and set out for Toronto the following Monday to open with the play. The next three months were fairly simple, too: they toured, Lorna's reviews were splendid, and so was the entire show. Ahead lay New York City and Broadway—and trouble.

It came in the form of an order from the Children's Society, which had noted with horror Lorna's age: three.

The order stated that no child could perform in the theater until he was seven years of age. Lorna's three-year-old face was lined with sorrow—and so were the somewhat older faces of Jed Harris, Helen Hayes, and the late Alexander Woollcott, who all made a direct appeal to the Society, explaining how important Lorna was to the play and how impossible it would be to train another child in so short a time. But the Society stood firm. So then there was only one thing to do, which was done. Down went Jed Harris and little Lorna to the City Hall, to see Mayor LaGuardia! Lorna scrambled to His Honor's lap at sight of him, and remained there twenty minutes alternately sobbing and smiling. The result was that she got a special permit—and she (and the show) played for eight rave months.

By the time she was nine years old, she was used to reading her notices over her breakfast cereal and milk. She'd been in the plays "The American Way" with Fredric March, "The World We Make" with Margo, "Love's Old Sweet Song" with Walter Huston, "The Trojan Woman" with Margaret Webster, "Panama Hattie" with Ethel Merman, "Jane Eyre" with Sylvia Sydney, and "Mary Ann" with Ernest Truex.

But so far she's resisted all the movie offers she's had, which have been plentiful. She likes radio because she can play a thousand types of roles—and because it doesn't interfere with her schooling or home life.

Now we're almost done with the incredible story of the amazing Miss Lynn. All but one last item: she's been engaged since the age of four—to Rags Ragland! During a show, he told her solemnly, "Lorna, I'll give you a dime if you promise to marry me in 1950."

"Okay, it's a promise," said Lorna, pocketing the dime. Years later Jerry Wayne approached her on the same subject—also during a show rehearsal. "Lorna," he said, "if I give you a nickel, will you marry me?"

"I'm sorry," Lorna said, "but I got a better offer from Rags Ragland—he offered me ten cents!"

Lorna Lynn thinks on her feet!

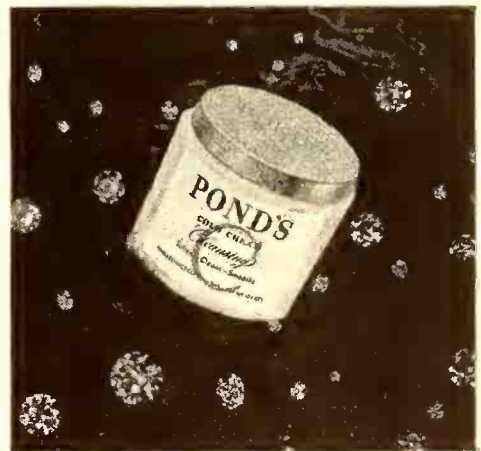
SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



NANCY JANE MACBURNY—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.



JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't you help in your locality?



HER BEAUTY CARE—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

*Nancy Jane Macburney
engaged to
Robert Francis Reynolds
Flying Officer, R. A. F.*



THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .

She smooths white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She rinses with more soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with

little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so clean!"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—every night, every morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a big jar today—you'll love the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Torbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAuloo

To Be in Love

Continued from page 41



*Dreams Can
Come True!*

You've dreamed of the perfect romance—and now you have it!

You've dreamed of the perfect diamond to symbolize that love—and now you can be sure of that perfection by selecting a Bluebird Diamond Ring. For every Bluebird is guaranteed perfect!

Send for your free copy of "The Book That Lovers Love." Complete details of judging diamonds. Mail coupon.

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nearest thing to an "estate" in Penbury. The family had been a part of Penbury life for generations, and there were plenty of poor relation Byrneses scattered around town, but even they held themselves so much apart that I would have been surprised if it had been one of them who brought Janet home. For a Walnut Hill Byrnes to have driven home one of my girls—one of the Penbury Mill girls—was extraordinary. And Carl—the most remote, the most brilliantly-colored of the lot, who flashed in and out of town without ever seeming to touch it, who carried about him the faint report of having been in far-off places—Mexico, wasn't it, or South America . . . ?

There was something wrong with my mental picture of Janet beside him, and I thought I knew what it was. It was because girls who worked in the Penbury Textile Mill didn't get driven home by men who owned the mill—or whose fathers owned the mill, which came to the same thing.

My eyes went to Janet's face and stayed there, caught by something new in her expression. She looked soft and sort of sparkling at the same time—almost radiant; I had never seen her blue eyes so brilliant, or noticed before the clear-cut delicacy of her profile. Her animation troubled me. "It's impossible," I thought. Then—*what's impossible?* I asked myself. *That Janet should have come home in Carl Byrnes' car? But she did. No, what's impossible is that anything more should come of it . . . Janet will be hurt . . .* As if she felt the force of my thought, Janet turned to me with a smile of such vibrant happiness that my eyes wavered from it. She would be hurt!

One or another of the girls often came to my room at night, if there was something special on their minds. That night, when I heard a soft double knock I knew it was Janet, and as I let her in I wondered how to say what I wanted to say without wiping all of that new radiance from her face.

"Carl asked if he could call me," she burst out, almost before she had curled up at the foot of my bed. "I said yes, of course. Jean—did you get a good enough look at him? He's terribly nice—"

"He's been brought up to be nice," I answered, more sharply than I had intended.

"Yes, I guess so. He's been away in South America . . ." Janet stopped and looked at me, her smile fading. "Jean—

what's the matter? Didn't you like him?"

I shrugged. "I don't know him. He looks nice enough, but anyone would in those clothes and with that car. And you don't know him, really; he practically picked you up."

Over Janet's face came the look we all knew. Janet was a gentle, calm girl; she never argued; but when she got that look on her face it always meant that there was something she had decided to do, and that nobody could stop her or swerve her an inch. "That's not true," she said. "I really had hurt my ankle. And anyway, it's not as though he were just anybody."

"Oh, Janet, that's just it—he's not just anybody, he's a Byrnes. And you're Janet Blake, who works in his father's mill. Don't you see? Maybe he will take you out once or twice, and then he'll be off again somewhere, going out with the kind of girls—his own kind of girl. He'll never think of you again. When he falls in love, marries, it will be one of them. That's the way things are, and we can't change them."

"Maybe I am his kind of girl," Janet said stubbornly.

I shook my head. "No, darling. You're as sweet a girl as anyone could want—anyone who was born into the same kind of life as you, and lived in the same way. But Carl Byrnes hasn't. He'll want somebody who was brought up the way he was, and went away to school, and was taught how to manage a mansion like the one he lives in. Someone he can be proud of in front of his parents. Not a girl who's worked in his father's mill. And if you see him at all, you won't be able to forget him so easily."

"I think you're wrong," Janet said. She slipped off the bed and went slowly to the door. "I don't think it's wrong to try to change things. Maybe if you want a thing hard enough you get it. Maybe I won't have to forget him."

And so I had lost. It worried me terribly, all the rest of September and October. I had been wrong about one thing, anyway; Carl took Janet out much more than once or twice. By the end of October her chair at the dinner table was empty one or two nights during the week, and always on Saturday nights. She never volunteered to tell me where they went, or what they did, and of course I didn't ask her. She didn't talk much to the other girls, either; but she kept that glowing softness, and seemed to

★★★

PUT IT BACK IN YOUR POCKET

... that money you were going to spend on something you don't really need! If you don't really need it, it's an inflation-making purchase, and not one American, if he really stopped to think about it, would do a solitary thing to make inflation a reality here. Inflation means danger—danger of the kind we had back in the days of the depression, the bread-line, soup-kitchen, apple-peddler days. So remember, don't buy above ceiling prices, don't buy rationed goods without surrendering ration stamps, and *put that money back in your pocket* until you reach a place where they sell war bonds—the really safe investment for a safe future in a safe America!

★★★

★★★

grow lovelier week by week. She had fun with Carl, I could see that. I began to live in dread of the end that must come. The happier she was now, the more crushed she would be when it was over, and Carl was gone . . . as he would be.

Janet's birthday came at the end of October. That meant a party—Tanner House had a party on the most trumped-up of excuses, and certainly a twenty-first birthday was a real reason for celebration. But I couldn't put much heart into my planning. I was pretty sure Janet wouldn't want to bring Carl, and I was equally sure she wouldn't enjoy it without him, and I didn't know whether I ought to speak to her or not.

Well, it was lovely weather anyway. We'd have a backyard picnic, bring out the three trestle tables and load them with food, sit around on cushions on the grass and have fun—I cudged myself into enthusiasm and went downtown to look for paper tablecloths.

There weren't any. No paper napkins either. No candles of the size I needed for mother's old copper candlesticks. Mr. Schlomm at the ice cream parlor wasn't sure I could have all the ice cream I wanted, even ordering two weeks in advance. There wasn't much enthusiasm left in me as I waited on Carmel Street for my bus. I was tired and vaguely irritated, and still worrying about Janet,—when suddenly I looked up, straight into Carl Byrnes' eyes. He didn't know me, of course—he had only glimpsed me that first time he had brought Janet home; in a moment the light changed and the blue car pulled away, making room for my bus.

BUT in that instant all my formless dissatisfaction crystallized into a single feeling of depression. That odd, gallant lift of his head, those clear eyes, vividly blue—of course Janet wouldn't be able to forget him. And when he had gone everything else would be spoiled for her . . . what right did he have to burst in and upset the comfortable little world we had made of Tanner House? He didn't belong there.

I was so upset that I called Walter that evening and asked him to come over after dinner. I wanted to talk to someone, to try to get my thoughts clear. But I couldn't explain why I was so depressed.

"After all," Walter said soothingly, "it's Janet's life, Jean. She's young, you can't expect her to be satisfied just to be comfortable. She wants fun, a little excitement . . ."

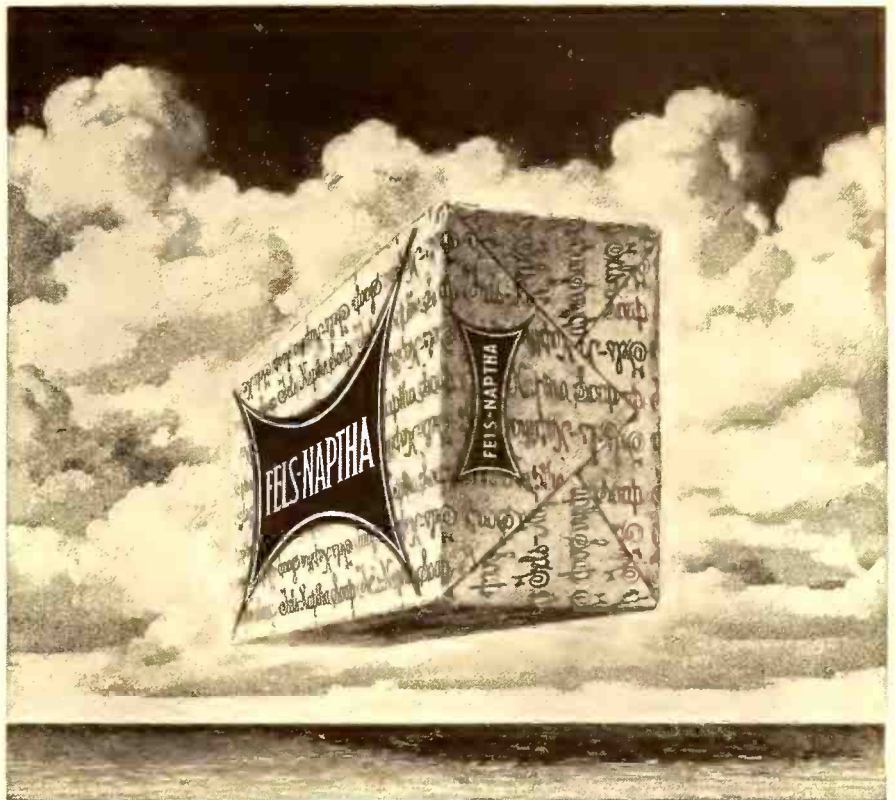
"She wants more than that, that's why it's so unfair," I burst out. "A man like that is more excitement than is good for a girl like Janet. She wants a husband and a home, and after Carl she isn't going to be happy with the nice, quiet kind of boy she's bound to marry."

Walter took off his glasses and polished them carefully. "He might marry her," he objected. "She's pretty enough, nice enough."

"You know better than that!" I snapped. "He comes along, with his good-looking face and all the glamor of his background, all the exciting places he's seen—and as soon as he's ready, off he'll be again. You wait and see," I finished darkly.

"Hey, don't get so excited," Walter said. "Who are you fighting for, anyway? It's not your nice comfortable life he's interfering with; it's Janet!"

I jumped up, exasperated. "Oh, Walter—go home. Anyway, I hear the



Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that you can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it—fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

This Little Time was Ours



In Washington, we could be together. "There's only you," you said, "when your soft hands touch me." How can a wife let her hands get rough! Jergens Lotion hand care is so simple and lovely.



We'd forget to take pictures when our fingers touched. "That a girl's hands can be so soft!" you said. But you must have seen my Jergens Lotion, darling. It's Jergens care that helps a girl's hands stay soft.



Stars in Hollywood use Jergens hand care, 7 to 1.

Gain sure softness-protection for your hands, too, with Jergens. Brings your skin 2 ingredients many doctors use to help drying, coarse skin to unfor-

gettable softness. Hands soon look younger, smoother! Like professional hand care. Yet Jergens Lotion is easy, quick to use. No oiliness; no annoying stickiness. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.



For the softest, adorable Hands, USE

JERGENS LOTION

phone ringing." With a muttered good-night I strode into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Yes," I said grumpily. And when the answer came, I felt as though somebody had poked my heart, it jumped so. Because there was the same challenging quality in Carl Byrnes' voice that I had seen in his face, so that I recognized it before he told me his name.

"Janet isn't in," I told him, wondering because he had never called her at the house before.

"I know it—she's here with me. It was you I wanted, Miss Tanner."

"Yes?"

"It was you, today, wasn't it—on Carmel Street? I thought so, but I just didn't think fast enough to ask if I could take you anywhere."

"That's perfectly all right." In spite of myself, my heart hadn't settled down yet. What did he want, I wondered? "After all, we've never really met."

"No," Carl Byrnes said. "But I saw you once, and I remembered you perfectly well. And about not meeting, Miss Tanner—couldn't we remedy that right now? If I took Janet all the way home—as I usually don't because she won't let me—could we talk a bit?"

Don't try your wiles on me, young man. I'm not a child. I took a firm grip on the phone and said, "Of course. Come right ahead." But when I hung up I discovered I was a little breathless. Nonsense. If he wants to know what I think about him and Janet, I'll tell him what I think. I went back to the porch rocker, fortified with some knitting, and waited.

IN ABOUT half an hour they came, he and Janet, slowly walking up from the bus stop. Close together. Not talking. No car tonight; he must be trying to show me that he can ride on the bus just like other people. "My goodness," I murmured half aloud, "maybe I am a child, or else a very old woman. I ought to be ashamed." I was ashamed—not only because of my peevish desire to find fault with Carl, but because I felt somehow that sitting there in the half-dark, watching them come up the street so close together, was an invasion of something private between them. I slipped into the house, just in time to be coming out of the livingroom as they entered the hall.

Janet put a hand on my arm as she introduced Carl to me, a hand that was chilled and tense. All her hope that I would like him, that I would feel differently toward him was in that hand and in the look she gave me. She said, "I'm rather tired; I'm going right up." She gave me a last glance over Carl's head, held his hand for a moment, and disappeared up the stairs.

I had smiled at Carl, but at his answering smile I froze again, inside. It was everything that disturbed me about him—his charm, the sureness born of having always had and done everything he wanted. I couldn't welcome this man into Janet's life, when I was so certain that he only wanted to stay there for a little while, until he went on his way again.

I led the way out to the porch and sat down, taking up my knitting again. There was silence for a minute; then Carl looked at me and I could see, in the dusk, the white flash of his grin.

"You look about twenty when you smile," he said.

I stopped rocking. "People usually take me for—for older than I am." I hadn't meant to say that at all!

"I'll bet they do. It's because of that funny little worried look you have. You don't look happy—but I beg your pardon."

"I should think so!" I said furiously. "Did you come here to tell me that, Mr. Byrnes? Because—"

"Because if so, I can go and you'd be quite right to say so. I am sorry. It's just that Janet's told me so much about you that I can't help knowing you're not really a lady dragon."

A lady dragon! Was that what Janet thought—was that how I'd been acting?

Carl Byrnes seemed to sense my hurt, because he went on swiftly. "Understand me—Janet thinks you're the best, the kindest person in the world. She can't be really happy when—" his voice became very sober, very grave—"when you don't approve of me, Miss Tanner. When she won't even let me come here or call her because she's so afraid you won't like it. You're all the family she has, you know."

An unexpected, violent surge of rebellion went through me. "I'm not her mother!"

"No," he agreed, "and that's why you shouldn't try so hard to act like a mother. That's what's wrong, that's why you're not happy. You're young yourself. It's wrong for you to be living in a quiet backwater, in a day-after-day routine. You want the same things your girls want, and you ought to have them. Everyone should have them—the things that are fun, adventure. You're not giving yourself a chance, and if you're not careful you'll start taking out your unhappiness on the girls."

His voice trailed away, came back again. "Please forgive me . . . I want to be your friend . . ." I sat stricken, silent, with a little moan in my heart that suddenly became words. "I have been happy—oh, I have been happy," I whispered.

"No." His voice was inexorable, like the voice of doom. He closed one of

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his hands over mine, and went on, "Believe me, you haven't been happy. You've been—oh, safe, sheltered; you haven't gone out to meet the world at all. And now you're beginning to be unhappy, and you won't be honest and admit it to yourself . . ."

"I won't listen!" I pulled my hand from his and ran into the house, up the stairs, not stopping for breath until I had the door safely shut behind me. I wouldn't listen . . . I pressed the hand he had held over my lips to keep back a sob.

"Jean!" Janet's voice came from the darkness. She snapped the light on and came to me anxiously. "I've been waiting—oh, Jean, what is it?"

I stared at her, trying to find words. "You're not to see him," I said harshly. "He's—he's no good for you . . . it's just as I said, he only wants fun. He'll forget you . . ."

Janet drew away from me. "He's good and fine. You were all wrong. I thought, after you talked to him, you would see—Jean, he asked me to marry him tonight. I guess you didn't give him time to tell you."

SHE read my question in my eyes, and nodded. "Oh yes," she said, "I'm going to. Next month. And then I'm going back to South America with him, because he's got to start working with a railroad down there. No matter what you think, Jean, it's not for any reason except that I love him, and I know he loves me. I am his kind of girl. I'll make him happy."

"You won't fit into his life," I said. In spite of myself my voice was trembling. "You won't. You can't, any more than I could!"

"Jean!" Janet's delicate face had gone very white. Her hand clenched round my bedpost until it seemed she must snap it off. "So that's it! It wasn't me at all—it was you all the time you were so upset about. You're jealous, Jean!" She whirled and walked out of my room.

It seemed to me I could see her words lying on the floor before me. They had a life of their own. Jealous. It was a writhing word; it twisted and twined about me, pulling me down into a sodden heap on my bed. I hadn't cried since mother's death, and then the tears of grief had been cleansing. But these were tears of humiliation; they burned my face and left me weak and ashamed, so that no sooner had they stopped than they must start again . . . Because it was the truth.

I faced it that night, and in all the days that followed. Ever since the first time I had glimpsed him beside Janet, that moment when he had actually touched my life, seemed real, for the first time. Or even farther back—when I was discovering that I couldn't think about Walter with placid acceptance . . . ever since I had felt the challenge of his personality, and drawn back from it in fear . . . I knew now that the fear had been, not for Janet, but for myself. Because I knew he was out of my reach, I had tried—frantically, hypocritically—to convince Janet that he was out of her reach too. I couldn't be in love with Carl Byrnes—a man I scarcely knew!

Now, at long last, I had problems of my own to think about during my pulling-together-time. I examined myself rigidly, turning my thoughts this way and that. Be honest, Carl had said—(surely, surely the very fact that he, a stranger, had dared to probe so intimately into thoughts I hadn't even known I had—surely that showed that

he sensed that he meant more to me than any stranger)—and I tried to be. What did I want? Was I in love with him? I saw again those strangely vivid blue eyes, the kind of eyes they say seafaring men always have, that look as though they had seen wonderful things in far-off places. I felt again the single touch there had been between us—the warm, hard clasp of his hand over mine. I heard his voice. Did I want that voice to say things to me, the tender things he was saying to Janet?

I thought I knew the answer.

It was as though I were wrapped tightly in a cocoon, insulated by my thoughts from the old, comfortable, familiar world. The girls came and went, and when they spoke to me I answered, though I never knew what was said. I gave Maggie her orders every day, just as always; I counted the sheets and planned dinner. I was conscious that Janet slipped in and out of the house like a little blonde ghost, but I couldn't do anything about it. Not yet. Not until I knew what I wanted, what I was going to do. Whether or not I would ever be able to get back again into the placid routine—the meaningless, empty routine, I saw now—that Carl Byrnes had shaken me out of. Until I knew, there was no wisdom or friendship or affection in me for anyone else.

On Saturday—the day of Janet's birthday party—I buried myself in preparations. It would be the best party Tanner House had ever had. I managed to get the candles for mother's hurricane candlesticks, and that seemed like a good omen, somehow. Maybe tonight things would get clear, maybe . . . I made seven huge pies, besides the birthday cake. The girls kept coming to the kitchen door, and Maggie and I smilingly shooed them away.

Janet came, a little later than the others, and stopped at the kitchen door. It was the first time we had spoken since that night, and she didn't look at me as she spoke. "I've asked Carl to come, tonight. I—it wouldn't have been any good, without him."

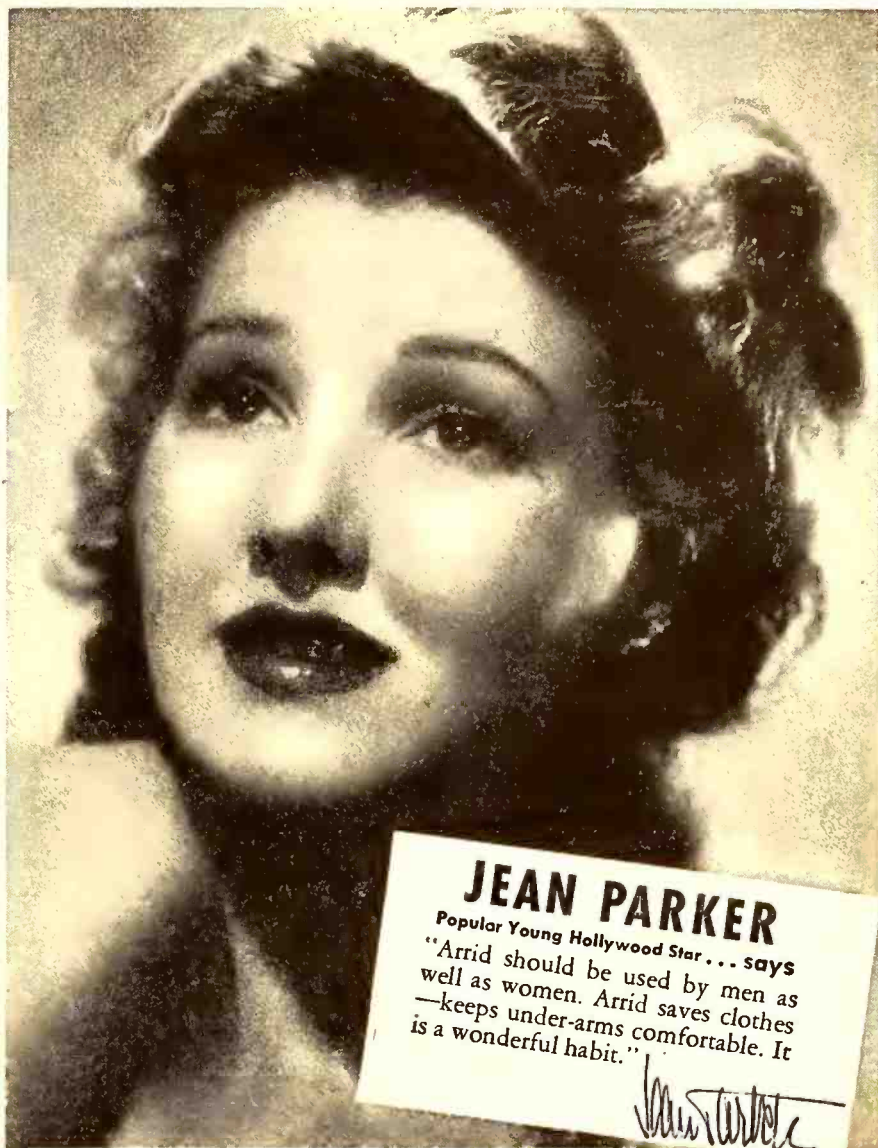
I nodded. I had expected him to be there. "I understand. And he's welcome, Janet, of course. I hope it will be a wonderful party for you."

"I know it will." She hesitated.



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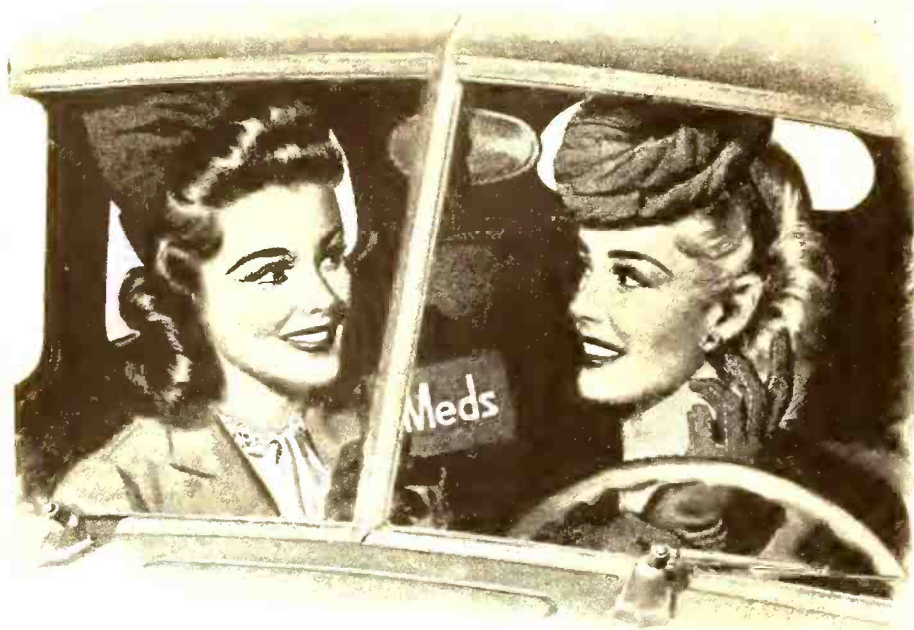
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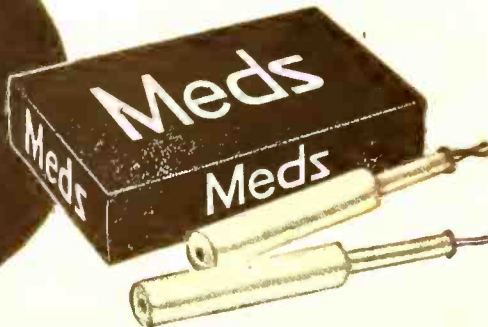
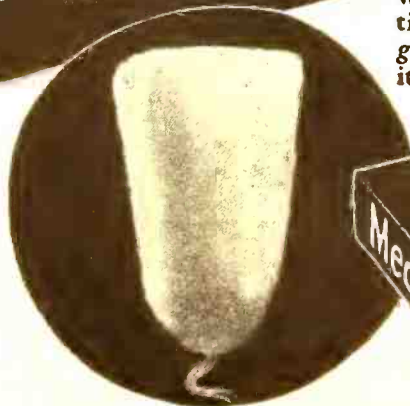
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"Jean . . ." There was an appeal in her voice and in her eyes, but she turned quickly and went upstairs. And what could I have done to answer that appeal? I needed help myself. I, always so grown-up, so very capable and self-sufficient, so well-adjusted. I—who had been playing a part, I thought bitterly; playing a part I wasn't wise enough to play. Telling my girls so definitely what they should or should not do, and all the while not honest enough, not mature enough to know what I myself should do. Or even what, deep down, I wanted to do.

Oh, I must find out! I must know whether or not I was in love with Carl Byrnes. I must admit it to myself, if I were. And then I must try to find some way back to happiness, because even if I loved him it meant nothing, except that I wanted something I could never have. Carl was going to marry Janet. I trimmed the crusts off one pie after another, not seeing them. Seeing only the word Janet had thrown at me that night. Jealous. Jealous because Carl was going to marry Janet.

I TOOK trouble with my dressing that night. I let Maggie fix the tables out in the back yard under the crepe myrtle bushes, and I went upstairs and took a long, relaxing bath and dressed very slowly, very carefully. I took my hair out of its tight, uncompromising knot and folded it into a thick black net in back. I patted and poked the front—it was soft, wavy, uncompromising knot and folded it into a thick black net in back. I patted and poked the front—it was soft, wavy, brown-gold hair, but I had never taken any trouble with it—until it fell in a gentle curve over one eyebrow. I pulled on my new dress, plain, slim, black, high at the throat and with only a fold over the shoulders for sleeves, so that my arms, hard and muscular from working, but still slim, gleamed white-ly against the soft dark fabric. I added earrings, and two wide silver bracelets that mother's mother had worn. I had never worn them before, because they had seemed too daring, too garish. But tonight was different.

I was detached, looking at myself before I went downstairs. At any other time, I wouldn't have believed that it was myself, staring thoughtfully back from the mirror. But somehow, it wasn't surprising tonight. I expected to look different. I felt so very different, so enormously removed from the Jean Tanner who had gone through day after day worried, tense, fretful—living the lives of five other girls because she was afraid to live her own. Or was it just because Carl had said these words to me that I believed them? Was it all because I had fallen in love with a man I could never have had, and who was doubly lost to me because he was in love with someone else? Slowly, the girl in the glass nodded back at me. Somehow, tonight, I'd find out.

The tables looked lovely. Candles flamed in the copper-based hurricane lamps; the tables were laden with great covered bowls of salad, round red-skinned cheeses that had taken all our combined points, the pies Maggie and I had baked. The white-frosted, twenty-two-candled birthday cake would come later, and the ice cream and coffee. I was satisfied. Tanner House knew how to give a party!

The girls looked lovely too. But when I came out they stopped admiring each other, and looked at me in awe. Randy's Jim called out from the far table, where Randy had just firmly taken his finger out of the chicken salad, "Hey—who're you and what

have you done with good old Jean?"

"Oh, I put her to bed and came instead. She doesn't like parties," I called back, and under cover of the general laughter Janet came up to me. In the dusk, in a pale grey dress, she looked all silvery-gold, but there was no gaiety in her face. Only that same appeal, reaching out toward me, and drawing back because there was no answering comfort in me to give her. "You do look beautiful, Jean," she said softly, "You look—different."

"I am different," I answered. "I don't know how, or why—I don't know yet. But don't worry, Janet; try to enjoy the party, and I will too. We'll fix everything . . . somehow . . ."

Maggie clumped out on the back porch and bellowed "Mrs. Warner and Mr. Warner. And Mr. Walter and some other fellows coming through the house—" she glared at them as they passed her and came down into the yard—"instead of going round the side like they knew they should've." Maggie had decided that this was going to be a formal party, apparently. Even Janet and I had to laugh, and then we were very busy greeting people and finding cushions for them, filling their plates . . .

It was some time before Carl came. I knew he was there, even before I turned, because I saw Janet's face as she darted forward. But I didn't immediately understand why everyone fell suddenly silent, until I turned and saw that he wasn't alone. Behind him were a tall, square-jawed, unsmiling man, and a slim gray-haired woman whose eyes seemed to be boring into Janet's upturned face.

Carl had brought his parents to the party.

I guess it was a sort of stage-fright, what I felt then. There was no reason for it, I knew; if they had come for any reason it was to see Janet, they



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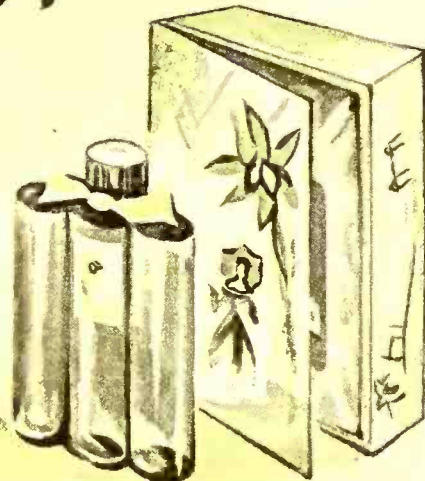
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knew and cared nothing about me. But still I let Janet have a minute or two with them, before I went forward with reluctant steps. I was the hostess, after all—I would have to make them welcome—but what did one say to the Byrneses of Walnut Hill? To the Byrneses, who were only a name and, almost, a legend to all these other people?

I needn't have worried. By the time I reached them, Janet had said something that had brought a smile to Mr. Byrnes' tight-clamped mouth; Carl was looking over Janet's head at his mother, and his mother was smiling back at him and nodding, almost imperceptibly.

There was nothing for me to do but let Carl introduce me.

"Carl promised faithfully that you wouldn't mind our breaking in like this," Mrs. Byrnes said in a cool, high, swift voice. "We've wanted to meet you—" her eyes went to Janet for an instant, and came back to me—"all of you, and since we were driving by anyway to drop Carl off . . ."

"Not at all," I protested. "You're very welcome indeed." It sounded stiff, inadequate.

JANET laughed and reached out a hand to each of them. "We're absolutely delighted you came," she assured them. "Come and let me find you some cushions and fill you some plates."

"We have to run along—" Mr. Byrnes began, but Janet drew them away with her. Her voice came gaily back to us. "Not without tasting the birthday cake Jean's made me. It isn't a birthday party unless you get sick from too much cake and ice cream."

I said urgently, "Go with them, Carl — don't leave her alone."

Carl looked after them. "Janet's all right; she'll manage them beautifully. I'm not worried about Janet."

He took my hand and led me round to the side of the house, where nobody else had come. His hand was as I had remembered it, warm and hard over mine; his touch set my heart leaping up in that sudden jolt. I thought confusedly "It's true then, I do love him—if just touching his hand can do this to me—"

"You look very lovely tonight. Very different from the last time."

"Thank you," I murmured.

"Janet's told you about us," Carl went on, "that we're going to be married and that I'm taking her away with me? I love her terribly, Jean. We'll make each other happy, I know it."

I waited for those words to cut through the cocoon that wrapped me, for the echo of that *I love her terribly* to fill the emptiness inside of me with pain.

"You were afraid she wouldn't fit into my life—she told me that," Carl said. "But she's everything I want, Jean; everything I've been looking for. And look—" he turned me gently so that I could see across the grass to where Janet sat, her hands clasped round her knees, chattering to Mr. and Mrs. Byrnes as though she had known them always—"they're going to love her too. They couldn't help it. There won't be anything wrong, you'll see."

I found the courage to look up at him then; I looked at the clear eyes and the upslanted brows, the wide mouth that was unsmiling now—all the things I had reproduced so often in my mind—and I knew suddenly that, once again, he had revealed the truth to me, a truth that instinctively I had sensed, but wouldn't admit until I heard him say the words. There was nothing wrong.

Janet was right for him; they would be very happy.

At last the cocoon fell away, and a feeling rushed in to fill the emptiness. But it wasn't pain. It wasn't misery. It wasn't love for Carl Byrnes. It was friendship, affection,—love of a kind, the same warm kind I felt for Janet, and if there was excitement mixed in with it, I knew now what that excitement really was.

The next day, in my little interlude before dinnertime, I put it all together in my mind. It wasn't Carl I wanted. Carl belonged to Janet, and that was good and right. But I did want what Carl had symbolized, to me. He had excited me because he was apart from the life I was living—or trying to live; he represented adventure, the challenge of the world I had never gone out to meet, the life I had been pretending to myself that I didn't want.

Now I had a name for the formless restlessness that used to creep over me when the Byrnes' car flashed down the street. The details of Tanner House, the lives of the girls—these had filled my time, but they hadn't filled my life. I had felt suspended, as though I were waiting . . . now I knew that I had been waiting. If it had not been for Carl, I might have forgotten that feeling; I would have made more and more details so that my time would be busier than ever, so that gradually I would forget that I had ever wanted anything but the problems of the House, the peacefulness of late afternoons on the front porch, rocking—and yet, underneath, always, I would have been vaguely, wordlessly unhappy. Fretful, irritable—what had Carl said? *Taken it out on the girls*—as I had almost taken it out on Janet, not wanting her to have her happiness because I didn't have mine. It was cowardice that kept me at Tanner House, cowardice that kept me rooted in the path that mother had made for me; I had been afraid to admit to myself that I wanted to try another path, to test myself in another kind of living, because I had been afraid that I wouldn't have the courage to break away. Carl had given me that courage, now. He had shown me that I had to be honest with myself, deeply honest, if ever I were to have a hope of happiness. I must have courage to try for the things I wanted—and if I failed, I failed. At the very least, I would have lived in another place, besides Penbury; I would have met other people, and done other work . . . And at the very most, I might make a life for myself that was truly my own, the one I wanted, not filled with the tag-ends of other people's lives. Find, perhaps, someone to share that life. At the very most, I would be the girl who had looked back at me from the mirror, very different and yet not surprising, as though she were someone I had been waiting for . . .

I would never have believed that it would have been so easy to move out of an old world, into a new. But to the girl I was now, anything was possible. I waited until after the wedding, of course. It was a small, perfect wedding, at the house on Walnut Hill; and afterwards we all went down to the train with Carl and Janet. They were going into a new life and I shared their excitement, because I too was going.

I wrote to an aunt I had never seen. I had never expected to see her, either, because she lived half way across the country, in a city more than five times larger than Penbury. She would be terribly happy to have me, she wrote back. *Come at once and stay as long*



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as you like . . . Maggie Fitts would manage Tanner House. Why not? She could do it as well as I, except, of course, that she wouldn't mother the girls as I had.

"Come back, Jean," they all said wistfully, as one by one they kissed me goodbye when my train pulled into the station.

I smiled as I kissed them back. "You'll all be married and gone by the time I get back. I'll write to all of you!"

Then they were gone and Walter was there, handing me a small florist's box and a handful of magazines, looking down at me. Then he repeated what the girls had said. "Come back, Jean. We'll—I'll still be here."

I reached up and gently kissed his cheek, and shook my head. "No, Walter. Even if I should ever come back to Penbury, it wouldn't be to you. I don't know how else to say it."

"I guess I've known it a long time, anyway." He sighed. "Here, up you go. Don't forget to write."

I looked back at them from my window until they, and the station, and Penbury itself were far behind.

How different the countryside looked from a train window. I had driven often between Penbury and Eustace, but never had it looked like this—open, field beyond field, stretching to the horizon. I had never let my eyes wander to the horizon before; now I was free to watch the far, thin line of meeting earth and sky, free to wonder what beyond-the-horizon would be like.

The train settled into a steady chugging. Walter's flower box was still in my hands; absently I untied the ribbon, lifted out a single orchid—an orchid!

As I pinned it on, a queer sensation traveled over me. It started at the tips of my new slim calfskin shoes, wandered up to the top of my head. Someone—someone across the aisle—was watching me. I knew instantly that it was a man. I don't know how I knew, except that there was a challenge in the air, as though he were silently daring me to look up. I became suddenly conscious of the way my ankles looked, of the fit of the new green wool suit, of the unfamiliar mist of veil that tied the tiptilted little green hat to my head. Slowly, steadily, I finished pinning the orchid to my shoulder. Slowly I raised my head.

In a second's time, I was going to turn, to meet the challenge in the eyes that were watching me.

Romantic Exciting

PERRY MASON

and the assistants who help solve the mysteries he unearths—

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

in the November issue of

RADIO ROMANCES

on sale October 17th.

Whirlpool

(Continued from page 45)

disease, follows the false elation. This was one of the times when he was most unreasonable, when he felt the whole world was against him.

"No one understands me," he complained. Not even you!"

He had accused me of that many times before when he was like this, and I had learned to accept it as a symptom and not be hurt by it. But today, even as I was moved to pity, I felt the goad of guilty knowledge. What he said was untrue, as it had always been—but had he seen my love for another man written on my face?

He looked at me. Perhaps he sensed something different in my voice. "You've changed," he said suddenly. "It's as if—as if you didn't love me any more!"

That, too, could be the morbid imaginings of his overwrought mind. And yet—for one minute, my heart seemed to stop beating. How could I tell him?

That night I wept in Don's arms. "It was so cruel to lie!" I sobbed. "But it would have been far crueler to tell him the truth now. What else could I have done?"

Don held me close. "Yes," he said, "you had to. He must be stronger before we tell him—and then we must tell him together, not you alone."

"BUT how can I go on lying?" I cried. "How can I let him think I love him when I don't—especially when he seems somehow to know it? I'm letting him, making him believe in me—and then I'll have to take the belief away! Oh, darling—what can we do?"

Well, there was one thing we could do. And that night we decided, together, to do it—no matter how difficult or how unhappy it made us. We would stop seeing each other like this until the time came when we could go openly and honestly to Woodie and tell him we loved each other.

"We have to earn our happiness, the right to our future," we told each other. "If it is impossible to tell him the truth now, then we must act as if what he believes is true, until such time as we can tell him."

And so the goodnight we said was more than for tonight. It was for many nights and days to come. But always with hope burning brightly. And I wept when I kissed Don, wept for the parting, but dried those tears with the faith that the parting would be a short one and a right one and, through it, we would have bought the right for our Some Day.

It was when Don was leaving that my doorbell rang. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and for a moment I could only stare at him helplessly while thoughts of disaster flashed through my mind. Maybe something had happened to Woodie—maybe he was worse—maybe there had been another attempt on his own life.

It was disaster, all right, but not what I expected. It was Woodie's mother.

"I was just passing," she said, "on my way home from a bridge game, and I saw your light. May I come in, Nancy?"

She was already in. She was looking at Don Colman and then at me, and I saw suspicion and then an evil sort of triumph in her eyes. And I saw, too, the overflowing ashtray by the couch, filled with the stubs of the

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AT ALL
GROCERS

many cigarettes we had smoked nervously as we talked in our distress. They were proof Don had spent the evening here. And I knew my eyes were red with weeping, that my hair was rumpled, and, most ironic of all, that there was a small smear of lipstick on Don's mouth, left there by my kiss. My goodbye kiss.

Flustered, I performed the introductions. "Mr. Colman is from the agency. He—he was just leaving."

Don held my hand for a moment at the door and said in a hurried undertone, "If you need me, call me, Nancy. This is going to be hard for you. Would you rather I stayed?"

"No, no," I whispered. "It's better if you go." And I pushed him out.

Mrs. Frazier confronted me when I came back to her. "I thought so!" she said vindictively. "Mamie Webster told me she saw you with that man Thursday night at a restaurant, and, besides, I've had my suspicions for some time. I knew I'd find him here tonight. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"YOU'VE got no right to spy on me!" I cried heatedly. "Whose business is it if I have dinner with a friend?"

"Do you call this 'having dinner with a friend'?" Having a man up here alone, kissing him, carrying on with him! While my boy is out there in that dreadful place! Well, I'm going to tell Woodie! I'm going to tell him what's going on behind his back, you—your cheap little hussy!"

It didn't matter what she called me. I hardly heard the sneering, spiteful words. What did matter, what struck terror to my heart, was the threat.

"You can't tell him!" I cried. "Mother Frazier—it will kill him. He'll never be well if you tell him now. And, besides, it isn't true—what you're thinking! You've got to believe me!"

I took a long breath. I had, above all else, to keep control of myself now. Not to lose my temper, not to try to answer her lies—they weren't important. What I had to do was—somehow—keep her from carrying out the threat that would be a mortal wound to Woodie.

"Mrs. Frazier," I said as calmly as I could, "I know you've never liked me. And maybe it's true I haven't been a good wife to your son though, God knows, I've tried to be. But you must not, you *cannot*, tell him these suspicions of yours now. You will do irreparable harm. Please try to understand me and if I've done wrong, then find it in your heart to forgive me. It's true I love Don Colman. It's true I don't love Woodie. When he's well, we're going to tell him and ask him for a divorce. But he can't be told until he is well. His whole future, his mental health, depends on his believing in me right now. Don't you see?"

Her eyes were completely cold, except for the vindictive fire that lit them. "So it is true! You admit you're carrying on with another man. Woodie's going to know that if it's the last thing I ever do. He's going to know it tomorrow!"

For a moment I felt as if I wanted to strike out—at her, at anything—to find release for the despairing anger that flooded through me. But that would do no good. I had to stop her from venting the jealousy she had always felt for me, on an innocent victim, and ruining not only Woodie's but all our lives. There was only one way.

"Very well," I said. "But not tomorrow. Tonight. You and I are going out

to the hospital and see Dr. Blythe. And if he says you should tell Woodie, then tell him. But first you and I are going to talk to the doctor."

I walked over to the telephone and called the hospital. Late as it was, when I told Dr. Blythe that something had come up I felt was vital to Woodie's well-being, he said instantly, "Come right out."

I saw that Mrs. Frazier did not want to go, that it was not the doctor she wanted to talk with but Woodie. But I gave her no chance to back out.

Dr. Blythe saw me first, leaving Mrs. Frazier in the waiting room outside. I told him the whole story as honestly and frankly as I could. Occasionally he interrupted with questions: when had I met Don, did I see much of him at present, what did we plan to do—things like that. I couldn't tell what he thought.

When I had finished, he sat silent for a moment and then he said: "You are quite right, of course. It is impossible that your husband should be told now, especially in the way his mother would do it. I would not be answerable for his actions or for his ultimate recovery if she did. His whole feeling of security comes from you and his dependence on you."

"But later, Dr. Blythe," I could hardly get the words out. "Later will it be all right to tell him—when he's recovered?"

"We hope for a full recovery. We hope that in the near future Woodie Frazier will be as normal as any man. When that happens—if that happens—then, my dear, telling him is up to you. It will be a blow, of course—it would be to any man. And it will give him pain and upset him. But I think you would be justified because you never should have been allowed to marry him without knowing of his previous illness. Whether you decide to leave him or not depends on where you think your real, your honest, happiness lies. I can't decide that for you. No one can. That is between you and your conscience, as it would be with any woman."

"THANK you for saying that," I said in a low voice. "That's what I think, too. I just had to be sure it wouldn't make him—dangerous to himself again. But I'm afraid of Mrs. Frazier—what she might say or do—"

"You leave Mrs. Frazier," Dr. Blythe said grimly, "to me."

What he said to her I never knew for certain. But whatever it was, it frightened her so that she gave him her promise she would keep silent. I think he must have painted the consequences for her of what would happen to her son if she carried out her threat, in words that even she, in her blind jealousy and over-possessiveness, could not fail to understand. She was very subdued and quiet when she came out, and she dabbed at her eyes once or twice with her handkerchief. Once again, I felt a sorrow and a sympathy for her, and a regret that we two women could not share Woodie's tragedy and strengthen each other in the sharing.

It was very late when I got home but I called Don anyway. I knew he would be worried, and I had to tell him what I had done and what the doctor said.

"You were wonderful, darling," he said, and his voice thrilled me with its pride and love. "All we can do now is hope. And remember this, my sweet—what we feel for each other is real and for forever."



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The tension I lived under during those weeks was terrible. My longing for Don grew so intense it was as if every nerve in my body cried out with it. The only solace I could find was in thinking of our future, planning for it, dreaming of it. Some day this would all be over. We would declare our love. We would be together. And then we would begin to live. All this inner agony of waiting was preparation for that day.

Woodie grew steadily better. I saw the improvement every time I visited him. And I rejoiced—not only for myself but for him. To be free forever of the dreadful blight that had hung over him so long, to be able to take his place with confidence in the world and live as other men—that was what I wanted for him.

I knew Don felt the same way, that he was not selfish in wanting Woodie to be well again. That was one of the wonderful things in our love; without speaking, we knew what the other felt. So, on Mondays, when Don would stroll casually into the office and ask "How was he yesterday?", I would say "Better," and his eyes would light and I knew he was glad in the way I was glad.

"It can't be much longer, then" Don would say, "before he comes home."

It couldn't be much longer, and all my time—my minutes and hours—were measured by that thought. Yet when the day came, it was unexpected. Woodie just opened the door one evening and walked in.

I dropped the plate I was drying, and stared at him. I felt faint.

"I wanted to surprise you," Woodie said and grabbed me in his arms. "Oh, gosh, it's good to be here! Gosh—" He sort of choked up then, and I knew his feeling went too deep for words.

Now is the time to tell him, I thought wildly. Now. Not gradually, but with one clean and final thrust before his happiness becomes too much a part of him. And from somewhere a line of poetry came to my mind. *The kindest use a knife. . . .*

Gently, I pulled out of his arms. "Woodie," I said. "Woodie, I have something—"

"Oh, my darling, my little Nancy—you'll never know how I've waited for this. To come back and find you here as you have always been, to know that, no matter what happened, you were always here—it's all that pulled me through. The treatment wouldn't have worked if I hadn't had you to come back to, to want to live for. I told Dr. Blythe that."

"And he—" I faltered. "What did he say?"

Woodie laughed. "He said he was glad I appreciated my wife, that she was a wonderful person, and that I should remember that all my life, no matter what happened. As if I needed to be told!" He took me in his arms again and I could feel his body trembling.

I stood, unresisting, passive. The life seemed drained out of me and I felt cold as ice. I could see Don's dear face as clearly as if he stood there in the kitchen with us. This was the time to speak . . . this was the time . . . And yet I couldn't. Some force stronger than I, stronger than my love for Don, stilled the words I would have spoken.

Exhausted by the excitement of the day, Woodie went to bed early and fell immediately asleep. I moved quietly around the bedroom, getting ready for the night, and it was as if I were

not myself but another person whose every movement was an effort, whose every gesture brought pain.

I stood by the bed a moment, looking down at Woodie's face in the light of the shaded bedlamp. He looked so young and, in his sleep, so helpless. Like a child worn out and happy from a day's play . . .

I closed the door softly behind me and went into the living-room. I sat there in the dark, hardly moving, until the first light of dawn came against the windows. And when the day came, knowledge came with it.

I knew then that I would never tell him. I knew that there are some things greater than love, even a love like Don's and mine. Responsibility, duty, honor—I couldn't put a name to it. Perhaps what I was acknowledging was made up of all those things and more. I had married Woodie Frazier, for better or worse, in sickness and in health. Ignorant, yes, of his history—but I had married him, believing that my response to the child in him was love. It was that child-like quality that needed me, that had made me think I loved him. Well, that child was still there—in the other room, asleep and helpless. Sometimes sick and sometimes well. But still needing. He hadn't changed. I had.

And I knew what I was doing—not with pride or pity for myself, but with a cold evaluation of the facts. I was giving up the source of any true happiness I would ever know. I was facing a life in which I could be only part myself, deprived of children, deprived of real companionship, deprived of an adult love. Yet it was a sacrifice that must be made without remorse, a just sacrifice.

And when my husband awoke, breakfast was ready and I was waiting.

I cannot bear, even now, to think of the hour I spent with Don Colman the next day, in a secluded booth of a quiet restaurant, facing each other over a lunch that remained untouched. I cannot remember without pain the look on his face when I told him my decision—no, not mine but the decision that had somehow been made for me by forces out of my control—his outburst of disbelief, his accusation of unfairness, and then, slowly, his realization and acceptance. The sharpest memory of all is the way we looked bleakly at one another with eyes that held only misery.

AND out of that bleakness, the way he said, "This is goodbye then, Nancy. I'm going to leave Wilton. I can't stay here any longer."

And then he leaned across and covered both my hands with his. He even managed that slow, sweet smile as he said the words that will always be written on my heart. "If you ever need me, darling, if anything ever happens—I'll always be there, forever."

He got up and left then, without a goodbye. It was better that way. And I watched as he got his hat from the checkroom girl, as he paused for a moment at the door, then straightened his shoulders and went out, not looking back. I watched as long as I could see him, impressing each line of his body, the color of his suit, the angle at which he wore his hat, indelibly upon my memory so that always I could call it up and see him as he was.

Don resigned from the agency that afternoon and left Wilton that night. A few days later came a short note from a distant city, giving his address and wishing me well. That was all.

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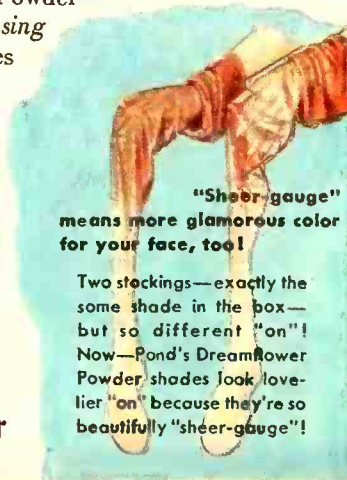
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I remained in my trance-like state. Nothing seemed real or clear, and I only went through the motions of living without knowing exactly what I did. I went to work, I kept house, I talked with Woodie. He, too, seemed unreal. He had a new job now and was doing well at it. The dreaded shadow haunted me, but though I watched him carefully he seemed better than he had ever been—more stable, happier. Once I went out to see Dr. Blythe. I told him I was going to stay with Woodie.

"That was for you to decide, my dear," he said, "and it's not for me to say whether you were wrong or right. But one thing you can always know: your faithfulness and care of your husband during the last two years has played a great part in his recovery. No matter how unhappy you may be, or how unfulfilled, you can always know that."

But knowing didn't seem to mean much at the time. Nothing did. The night that I had made my choice between what I wanted to do and what I must do, had left its mark on me. It had been as if youth ended that night—youth and all its bubbling well-springs of expectancy.

ONCE Woodie said, "What's the matter, Nancy? Lately you seem so absent-minded—as if you were miles away from me."

I roused myself and smiled at him. "Nothing, dear. I'm just tired." But after that I made an effort at least to act as I had before. If Woodie ever suspected the real truth, then my sacrifice would have been in vain. His faith in me must be kept intact, no matter what the cost, for all our sakes.

I tried not to think of Don—it hurt too much. But I dreamed of him constantly, sometimes seeing him clearly and as he was, sometimes in some dim, fantastic guise. Once I dreamed that Don and I were being married in a big, shadowy, cathedral-like place where the only sound was the minister's voice, repeating over and over the words of the ceremony; then suddenly the place grew light and I saw the minister's face, and it was Woodie, smiling and nodding at us. I woke from that dream, weeping. It was so close to what I wanted!

At Christmas, a card came from Don. It was the first I'd heard from him since the note giving his address. There was no message—but I knew what he intended it to say. I told me he was well, it told me that I was still and would always be a part of him. And I knew that even if he met and married someone he could love, as surely some day he would, we would still be an irrevocable part one of the other. Real and for forever, our love would still live, even though denied.

It was right after Christmas that Woodie decided to change jobs again. He wanted to start selling insurance instead of cars. I didn't like the change. He had good arguments for it, as he always did, but I was fearful of what it might signify. Everything he did, I had to question and examine in the light of his past illness, lest it might, somehow, bear in it the seeds of another recurrence. I tried to talk him out of changing, but impatient and impulsive as always, he refused to listen.

"But I'm contented as we are," I told him. "Please, dear—"

"You deserve the best and you're going to have it. Everything bigger and better—that's what I want for you!"

And that was the frame of mind in

which he left that morning—excited, stimulated by new dreams of new worlds to conquer, always looking for the fresher, greener pasture.

It was about eleven o'clock that the boss came to my desk. I sensed something even before I looked up and saw his face.

"I've got bad news for you, Nancy," he said in a low voice. "It's Woodie—he's been hurt—badly, I'm afraid."

I gave a sort of gasping sob. No words would come. "I'll take you to the hospital," Mr. Brody went on. And feeling unable to move, I still found I was moving, supported by his arm, hurrying out to the car at the curb, trying to listen to what he said as we started toward the hospital. "He was struck by a car, Nancy. It wasn't the driver's fault—Woodie was crossing against the lights and he—well, he was in too much of a hurry. He was—over-excited, according to the people who saw it happen. You know what I mean?"

Yes, numbly, I knew. I knew too well. When Woodie was in that mood, nothing could stop him from going where he wanted except—except—

"Will he—live?"

"I don't know, Nancy. I don't know. He's in the operating room now—they'll do all they can." He reached out and patted my hand. "It seems as if, in a way, something like this was bound to happen to Woodie. Being the way he was—"

Being the way he was, perhaps it was inevitable. I don't know. Perhaps the way a person is, does determine in some measure the things that happen to him. All I know is that I sat there in the hospital room beside that bandaged figure and thought, "No one is to blame. This just happened."

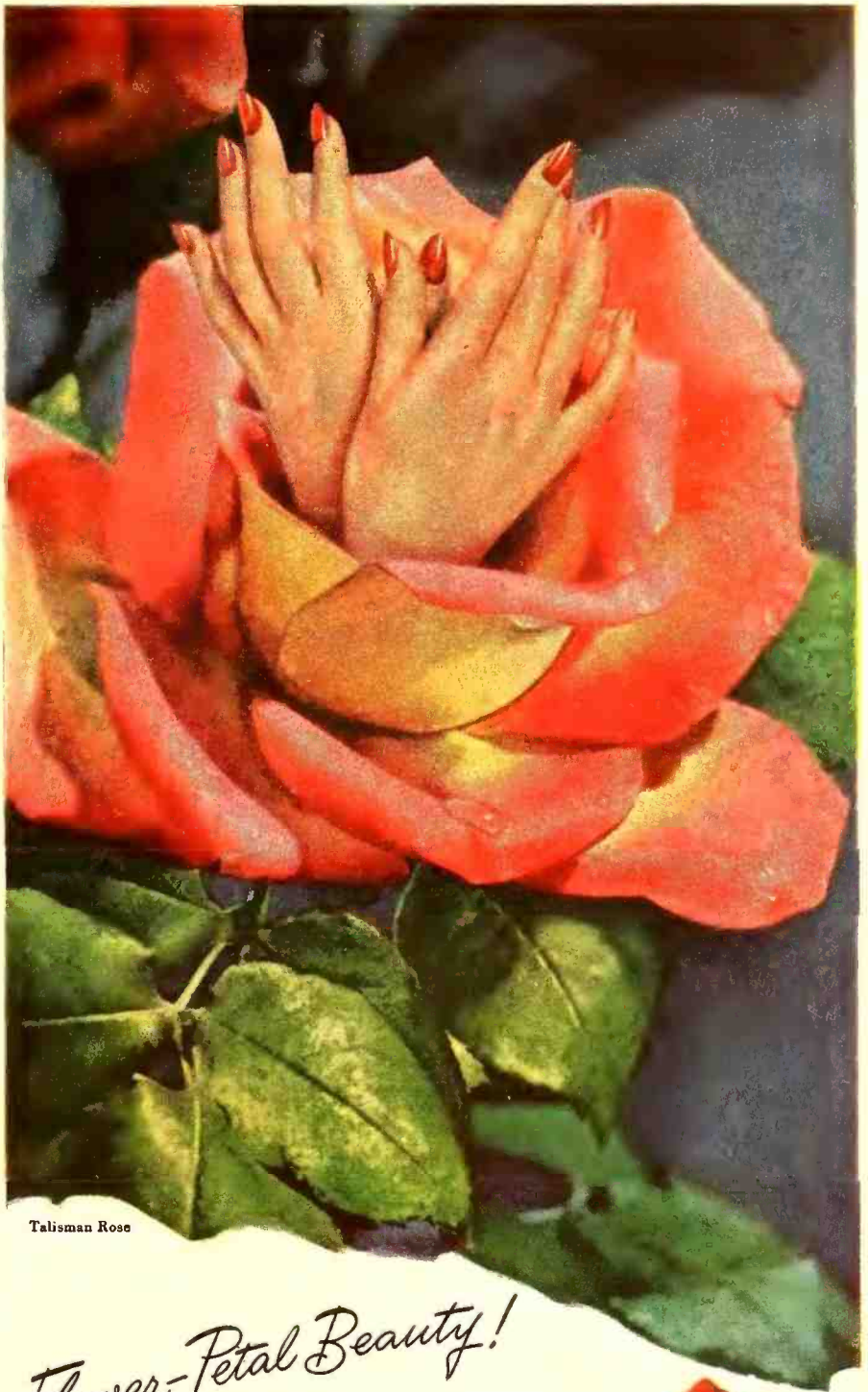
Some day, perhaps, when doctors know more about these things than they do now, we'll be able to say, instead of "This just happened", "This happened because of such and such . . ." "the way to cure it *absolutely* and *forever* is so and so . . ." Then there will be no more fearing, groping in the dark for people like Woodie and those who love them. But for me, waiting there beside Woodie, there was no such comfort. I could only feel that whatever could be done for him had been done, and now there was nothing to do but wait. If he recovered from his injuries, I would still be there, waiting to take care of him; I knew that for certain now. And if he didn't recover . . . that was a thought I would not admit into my mind. I could only wait.

ONCE he opened his eyes and smiled at me. I put my hand in his and he murmured, "Darling—I'm glad you're here."

Half an hour later, with my hand still in his, Woodie died.

Tomorrow I am leaving Wilton for good. There is nothing for me here now. There has never been anything for me here—except the deep lessons I have learned, and maybe they are the most important things of all.

I know that Woodie died believing in my love, and that my lie was justified. I know that as far as I was able, I never let him down. And I know that whatever lies ahead now, I can be unafraid to meet it because Don and I, together, proved that love is more than that feeling—no matter how all-encompassing—between one man and one woman. Love can build but not destroy. And our love built a refuge for Woodie where he was safe until he died.



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Enchanted

Continued from page 25

people who work in the daytime like to be able to come in the evening. That Mr. James, for instance. He buys horsemeat for his Paddy, the Irish terrier, but he never gets home until after seven. My being open at night is convenient for him. And for people like Mrs. Finnely, who—"

He looked at me, and shook his head in mock dismay. "Oh, Penny, there you go again!"

I felt my eyes go wide with amazement. "There I go again doing what, for goodness sake?"

"Talking yourself into something. You do it all the time—no, listen to me, Penny. I mean it. You do it all the time—you talk all around in circles making excuses for yourself. Now look here—don't be angry!"

"I'm not angry." The words sounded like stones being dropped from a great height.

"Then prove it, and prove that all your talk is just talk, by going out to dinner and to the movies with me tonight. This is Friday, so they've got shrimp at Mercy's Grill, and the new Gary Cooper picture is playing at the Rialto. How about it?"

To go out—on a date! A date! Suddenly I was appalled. Why, I hadn't even thought of such a thing. Ken had worked too hard, when he was home, for us to make many friends, and after he was gone, I didn't want to see people, or talk to them. Having Phil Reeves drop in all the time was strange enough, but to go out on a date with him—!

"Or, if that sounds too tame, we might go dancing at the Hilton," he was continuing. "They say that the new orchestra there is swell, and we—"

"Oh, no!" I cried. "Oh, no, Phil—Phil, I've told you that my husband—" I stopped, amazed that he could even ask me to go dancing.

"Penny!" There was amusement and exasperation in his voice. "Penny, you're impossible. I'm no wolf—you sound as if I'd asked you to do something downright disgraceful. Lord, child, you can't stay shut up here for the rest of your life, you know. I may be a doctor for animals, but I know a lot about humans, too, and I know you're going to be a wreck if you don't talk to someone besides Cassy. Let's just say I prescribe an evening out for you—we'll go to the movies, if the idea of dancing is so dreadful. How about it?"

Looking at it in the abstract, it sounded wonderful. If I were just a girl, if I'd never been married, if I hadn't known Ken, it would have sounded like a perfect evening, in perfect company. But to go to Mercy's Grill, where Ken and I had had dinner so often! To dance with someone who wasn't Ken, to feel arms about me that weren't the arms of my love—oh, no, I couldn't do it!

"I can't," I repeated dully. "I can't. It's awfully nice of you to worry about me, Phil, but really—"

But he wouldn't give up and in the end, I went—Phil was very persuasive. And I had a wonderful time. There were whole periods of time, whole seconds, minutes, hours, when the weight lifted from my aching heart, when I forgot that sadness was my companion, sorrow my bedfellow. My voice fell easily back into the pattern of laughter, my feet found easily the pattern

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of dancing. If you've once been gay, once been happy, you never forget how it feels.

I lay awake a long time that night, thinking. I wasn't blaming myself for having had a good time—thank heaven, I wasn't so foolish as to believe that it was wrong for me to have a good time, or that having enjoyed myself was something to be ashamed of. It was simply that I couldn't understand *why* I had enjoyed myself. How could I have fun with another man? Why would being out with anyone but Ken be fun? How could I do, with this comparative stranger, the things, so dear to me, that I had done with Ken, and enjoy them, instead of having them bring home my loss more desperately to me?

PHIL took his vacation the next week, and went home to see his mother and father. And I missed him—there was no hiding that fact from myself. I hadn't realized, until he was gone, how he had lightened the dull routine of the days—indeed, I hadn't realized how dull the routine of the days had been before he came along. The lone company of Cassy, I found, was not enough—oh, not nearly enough. Even the occasional visits of Myra and Smooch, on their way to some important dog-and-child business of their own, didn't help much.

You're an awful fool, Penny, I told myself. Phil's just a friend—why on earth shouldn't you have friends? It's not good for you to sit alone and mope; certainly you can't do it for the rest of your life. The world has to be faced, not hidden from—the sooner you learn to face it, stand up to it, the better. It isn't as if Phil were a beau or a suitor—that would be dreadful, hateful! But he's just a friend, a companion—and what's wrong with that?

There was nothing wrong with it, I finally convinced myself, and there was no disguising the fact that I was glad to see Phil when he finally came back. It was dinner time, and I was feeding

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1. a) Lianel Barrymore
b) Brian Aherne
c) Herbert Marshall
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2. American Braadcasting Company
3. a) ... Evelyn Winters
b) ... Family
c) ... Marries
4. Perry Cama
5. La Verne, Maxene & Patty
6. a) Inventar
b) Dactar
c) Actress
7. a) FBI In Peace and War
b) This Is Yaur FBI
8. Ja Lyons
9. a) True
b) True
c) False
d) True
10. a) Bob Hawk
b) Ralph Edwards
c) Cliftan Fadimon
11. a) Raymand Swing
b) Walter Winchell
c) Paul Schubert
d) Lawell Thomas
12. Dan McNeill
13. Jahn Chorles Thamos
14. Homer Brawn

the animals, when he came. And it seemed natural and simple and right for him to come in with a brief hello, take off his coat, and begin to help me—hampered somewhat by the leaping Cassy, who was frantic with joy at seeing him again.

"Miss me?" he asked, as he scooped down into the big bag of dog food. And then, without giving me a chance to answer, "Well, Cassy did anyway, didn't you, old girl? What are you going to mix this stuff with, Penny—water?"

I shook my head. "No, broth. There's a big pot of it on the kitchen stove—want to get it for me?"

He went out, and in a moment he was back, the big kettle held with two pot holders. "This is a really swell arrangement, Penny," he said, as he poured broth over the dry meal. "The shop, I mean—your living quarters upstairs, the shop here, and that huge back yard. That could be fixed up with some really good runs, and you could accommodate a lot more dogs to board. I wish I had a place like it," he added, and I heard his voice going on about his plans for a new and larger hospital-kennel, but I didn't hear the words. *It could be fixed up*—that was what Ken and I had said so often, so enthusiastically, to each other. The plans—the beautiful, happy, wonderful plans—for a future that never came! I leaned against the wall, suddenly sick, and closed my eyes.

I heard Phil drop the big wooden spoon, stride across the room to me. "Penny—is anything the matter?"

SHAKING my head, I tried to smile at him. "No, nothing—nothing's wrong." But even in my own ears the words sounded false, hopeless, defeated, just as I felt myself.

I felt his hand, gently under my chin, tilting my head up. "Open your eyes, Penny—Penny, open your eyes, because it's not nice to sneak up on a girl and kiss her when she isn't looking. And I'm going to kiss—"

My eyes flew open, my hands instinctively flew up to fend him off. "No, Phillip, no . . . no . . ." But perhaps I didn't even say the words aloud.

And I learned, then, that just as your voice never forgets the ways of laughter, your feet the pattern of dancing, just so do your lips, once they have known the joy of a lover's kiss, never forget the kissing. . . . It was long and deep, that kiss, like cool water after a great thirst, like bread after a terrible hunger—and strangely, incredibly sweet. Strangely, because I forgot for a moment the identity of the kisser. It wasn't that I tried to pretend that once again, for a brief, unbelievable moment, I was back in Ken's arms. But I didn't, either, think of Phillip's lips on mine. It was simply that I was being kissed, sweetly, satisfyingly, and that, for a moment, was enough, and I felt my own welcoming lips responding.

But the moment was fleeting, the sweetness quickly bitter. My hands, stopped in mid-gesture a minute before, found his shoulders to push him away. "Phillip—oh, Phil—!"

He tried to make me laugh. "Penny, you're an enchanted lady, a sleeping beauty, sound asleep behind a wall too high for me to climb. I thought a kiss might waken you, might unlock the gate."

I shook my head. "Phil—you'll have to understand. Never, never, can you and I—can we—have anything like that. I told you about my husband, and how we loved this place, and what

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we wanted to do with it. I haven't told you how I loved Ken, because that's simply something I can't talk about. There are no words for it. I thought—"

"Penny, I didn't mean to—"

But I hurried on, silencing him. "No, listen to me. I thought for a while, Phil, when I first knew you, that knowing you was going to ease my loneliness. But it hasn't. It's simply intensified it. And I can't bear it any longer. It's not your fault—it's simply that you're too much like Ken, in what you do and in what you want out of life. And I can't stand to have Ken brought home to me like this. So please, Phil—please go away, and don't come back again!"

"But Penny—"

Tears were running down my cheeks. "Please, Phil—oh, please!"

He nodded. "I'll go now, Penny. I frightened you. I didn't mean to, and I'm sorry. But—I can't stay away. I think you know that."

I had myself under control a little better now—enough so that I could say, calmly, "You'll have to, Phil. I don't want it any other way," and to sound convincing, as if I really meant it.

When he was gone, the tears came again, and I felt helpless and sick, because I didn't know from what cause they sprang. My mind was a twisting torrent of thoughts—little, unconnected snatches of thought that had no beginning and no end, and no meaning.

Quickly, blindly, I fed the animals, and, although it was only seven, I closed the shop. Taking Cassy with me, I climbed the stairs to the loneliness that always awaited me there—and which seemed, tonight, blacker, more terrifying, than ever.

IT WAS shame I felt, I knew now. Not because another man had kissed me—I hadn't invited that kiss. But because it had answered a need in me, because that kiss had been so wonderful a thing. What kind of woman was I? Was I so lonely, so locked away from the world that I was hungry for kisses simply for the sake of being kissed—any man's kisses, any man's lips where only Ken's belonged? My love for Ken hadn't lessened one whit—then why, why, did Phil's kiss make me feel, for just a moment, as if I were right with the world once more? I didn't love Phil—then how could his mouth on mine bring out in me all the response, the warm, lovely feeling, that a lover's kiss brings?

And once again there came to my mind that cry to which never again would there be any answer—Ken, what shall I do—what shall I do?

And, at last, the answer came. At least, it was like an answer, remembering what Ken had said to me, that last day at the railroad station, before he went away. He'd said, tipping my chin up so that I had to look at him, had to let him see what must have been in my eyes, "Don't be sad, sweetheart—be happy, always be happy! My girl couldn't be anything but a happy girl."

And I had answered, "Darling, ask me anything but that. I'll be brave, I'll be good—but don't ask me to be happy until you're safely back to me! I can't be!"

He had been silent a moment after that, and then he had grinned at me. "Don't ever say can't, sweetheart—anything in the world you've got to do, you can do, if you really set your mind to it. But honey—well, all I can say is this: if you can't be happy, do the best you can! And now, smile

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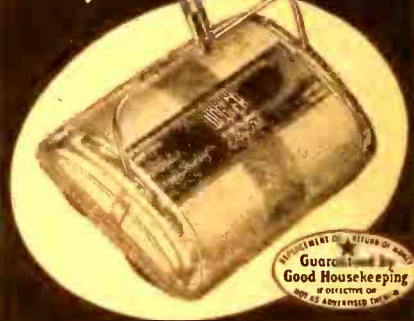
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at me!" And I had been able to smile.

Do the best you can. . . . Had I done that? Was I doing it now? No, of course I wasn't, I told myself honestly. Somehow it all became suddenly clear to me. I'd been acting like a child, instead of a grown woman—the woman Ken had loved, the wife he'd trusted to do the best she could, to find a way out of anything. And I wasn't finding a way out of my misery at Ken's loss—I was nursing it, forever finding fuel for the flame of loneliness, drifting along, taking suffering as part of my daily lot. Ken wouldn't have liked that.

But what could I do? Everything here—the shop, the animals, the house—everything reminded me of Ken, and our plans, and all the things that would never be. With these things to remind me, how could I break out of that wall Phil had spoken of, how could I stop being a cold, enchanted lady, and come alive again?

The answer was that I couldn't—not here. Never could I find happiness, or anything resembling happiness, never could I find contentment, even, or peace, alone here. In this place where our dreams had lived and died, there were meant to be two of us. And now that the other of the two of us was gone, I must go, too. I must go away from the animals, from the shop. I saw that clearly. I must find an entirely new way of life for myself—that way, and only that way, would I be doing the best I could.

And so I went to bed, and to sleep, sure that the new peace and contentment I had promised myself, in the name of Ken, had come to me even with the making of the decision.

I went about my work the next morning in a kind of trance, doing mechanically the things I had to do, but with my mind far away in the future, making new plans—a whole new set of plans for myself, to replace the ones that had been taken from me. I'd get myself a job, I decided, in some big store or factory, where there were lots of people to see and to talk to. And in a big city, where I had never been, where Ken had never been, where there would be nothing to remind me of him. I'd make friends, a whole new set of them. There must be thousands of girls like me, I told myself, who'd lost their husbands, and were adrift and lonely—perhaps I could find one of them for a friend, and we could take an apartment together. Anyway,

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there'd be people to talk to, to go to the movies with, to walk with in the park on Sundays, to . . .

Suddenly I put down the carton of bird seed with which I'd been filling feed dishes. Phil—I'd better call him right now, and offer him the shop. He'd surely want to buy, he—he'd said only yesterday that it was just the sort of place he wanted. And I'd better call him right away—*right away!*

I didn't question the urgency which propelled me to the phone. Of course, it couldn't be that I was afraid that if I didn't call him now, I wouldn't call at all. It couldn't be that—I'd made my plans, and they were right for me, weren't they?

But my hand shook, as I dialed the number, so that I had to steady my elbow on the counter.

He answered the phone at once, and without any preliminaries I told him what was in my mind.

"Phillip, this is Penny. I've decided to sell the shop, and I wondered if you wanted to buy it. You said last night—"

He interrupted swiftly. "Penny! What was that?"

"I said I was going to sell the shop, and—"

"I know, I heard you. But I thought I hadn't heard right." He was silent for a moment. "Penny, are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!"

"You're not just—just talking yourself into something again? It's so sudden."

"NO," I heard myself saying curtly, "I've been called out of town. I've got to sell the place at once." It was a feeble excuse, and my tone must have hurt him, but it brought the right answer.

"Sorry," he said. "Yes, surely I want to buy the place, and I'm sure we'll have no trouble about price, Penny. Suppose I come and talk to you about it tomorrow morning—I'm busy the rest of today. When do you want to leave?"

"As soon as I can." The words sounded terribly like a cry of pain, and I repeated them, trying to make my voice sound normal. "As soon as I can."

"All right then—I'll be around tomorrow morning. If you want to leave, I can take over at once, and just put a caretaker in for a week or so, until I'm able to move."

"See you tomorrow," I said, "and thanks so much, Phil." But the phone was already dead. How strange and short he had sounded—not like Phil at all! Well—that didn't matter. Phil didn't matter, nor the shop nor the animals nor all of Blair's Ridge, any more. I was going away—I was going to do the best I could to find happiness.

I worked furiously the rest of the day, getting the place cleaned up, the books in order. So furiously that I didn't have time to think. And that was a good thing, because whenever a stray thought did come into my mind, it was always, *I'm doing this for the last time, for the last time!*

By evening the whole place, upstairs and down, was spotless and shining, and my plans were more definite. I wouldn't take anything with me, I'd decided, except my clothes. And I'd go to Chicago—five hundred miles away, and surely a big enough city in which to lose my memories. I'd go tomorrow, simply take a train and go! And when I got there, I'd find myself a job and a room and—and another life. . . .

I was too tired to eat, but I made myself a cup of coffee and fed Cassy,

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the privileged one among the animals, out in the kitchen. And as I sat at the porcelain table, drinking the coffee and nibbling at a sweet roll I didn't want, I thought, *This is the last time I'll do this—the last time I'll drink a cup of coffee because I can't bear to get a meal in this kitchen when there's no one to share it with me. The last time.*

I fed the animals, then, and on impulse decided to close the shop early and go upstairs and pack. Something kept telling me to have everything ready, so that there would be no last minute decision, so that I could simply pick up my bags, and go to the station and buy a ticket.

It was after ten by the time I was through, and I was tired—tired enough, I knew gratefully, so that I could sleep. I was about to get undressed when I thought of the downstairs door—had I locked it? I'd better go and see.

I felt my way down the stairs in the dark—it was better not to turn the lights on and disturb the animals, once they'd been bedded down for the night. Cassy pattered down fussily beside me, her toenails clicking on the treads making the only sound.

The door, as I might have known it would be, was locked, and I turned to go back. But at the foot of the stairs I stopped, strangely reluctant. Inquiringly, Cassy thrust her cold, wet muzzle into my hand.

"Cassy," I said, "tomorrow we'll go—" And then I stopped. *Cassy!* I hadn't really thought about her. I hadn't stopped to realize that I simply couldn't pick Cassy up and take her along, as I could the two bags which were packed and waiting upstairs.

"Why, Cassy," I said gently. "*Why, Cassy!*" And I sank down on the little stool I used when cleaning the lower cages. Cassy, with a little sigh of pleasure that I'd finally sat down somewhere, hopped up and curled herself into a neat ball on my lap, and began industriously to wash my hands.

"Daffy Cassy," I said automatically, and as automatically began to scratch her behind the ears. This was a regular evening ritual. *Daffy little Cassy* . . . that was what Ken had called her. Daffy little Cassy, and her terrible pre-occupation with cleaning everyone up!

Why, I couldn't take her with me, I couldn't possibly. Into a strange place, to a YWCA, or a rooming house, where, in all probability, they wouldn't take dogs. To a city, where she'd have no backyard to run in, where, even if I did find a place that would accept her, she'd have to be alone all day. And yet how could I leave her behind? She wouldn't understand—she'd think I didn't love her any more. And anyway, how could I ever get along without her? She was my constant companion, my best friend. She was a part of my heart, a part of my life, just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house.

Just as the shop was, and the animals, and the house. . . . Suddenly, unbidden, tears began to roll down my cheeks, to drop on Cassy's anxious, up-turned face. Hastily she transferred her attention from my hand to my cheeks, trying frantically to kiss away the tears as they fell. And then I began to cry in real earnest, burying my face against her furry little head.

"Oh, Cassy," I cried. "Cassy—what am I doing? What have I done?"

She snuggled close to me, trying to tell me in her own way that whatever I did was right, simply because I did it. Dear little Cassy—how could I leave

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Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.



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her, how could I? Cassy, who had comforted me as best she could all the long months while Ken was gone, who had sat close to me and tried to kiss away the tears in those dreadful hours after the telegram came that told me Ken was gone forever.

I was horribly frightened, and I felt more alone in that moment than ever before. This place was my life—perhaps only half a life, now that Ken was gone, but better than no life at all. How did I know that I would be better off if I went away? How could I be sure that it was best to go? How could I pull myself up by the roots—

Suddenly I sat up abruptly, and dried my eyes. This was silly. Of course it was the best thing. I'd be lonely, I'd be homesick—that was only natural. But the loneliness and the homesickness would pass, and I would find happiness. Of course I was going, just as I had planned. I wouldn't let anything stop me. . . .

We sat for a long time, there in the shop, Cassy and I—somehow I couldn't bear to make her get off my lap. I had to sit, this one last time, and make her realize how fond I was of her—leave her enough love to last her until I could find a way to send for her.

Suddenly Cassy growled low in her throat, and I looked up sharply. There, silhouetted against the door, in the light from the corner streetlamp, was the figure of a man. As I watched, he backed up and looked up at the windows on the second floor of the house, then turned to the door again, and shading his eyes with his cupped hand, tried to peer in through the glass panel.

Cassy recognized him then—Phil. She got off my lap and rushed to the door with yelps of delight at having

company, obviously urging me to open the door.

I crossed the shop and slid back the bolt. "Phil?" I said. "Come in."

He stepped into the gloom of the shop, and shut the door behind him. "I thought I'd stop and talk to you tonight, but I'd just about decided you'd gone to bed, or gone out, or something. . . ." He sounded hesitant.

"No. I was just sitting here. I was very tired—I've been cleaning and fixing the place up all day." There was a curious constraint between us, and suddenly I remembered that the last time I had seen him—was it only yesterday?—he had held me in his arms, had kissed me . . . perhaps he was remembering that, too.

"Well," he said at last, breaking the uncomfortable silence, "What about it? We might as well get this settled, Penny—I suppose you'd like to get away tomorrow, if you can."

Unaccountably, my heart began to thump painfully; the pulse pounded so hard in my throat that it was difficult to force the words past, and they came out in a whisper. "Yes—yes, I want to get away."

"Well, then," he said, "This is what I had in mind. I thought that if it's agreeable with you, I'd make a down payment—"

But I didn't hear the rest. For, all of a sudden, the complete realization came to me. I was going away. This was home, and I was leaving it. This was where happiness had been. This was Ken's place, where his dreams were born, and I was turning my back on it. I was selling it, and it was like selling him. . . .

"I've changed my mind," I heard myself say abruptly. "I've changed my

mind. I'm not going away. I don't want to sell."

Phil moved closer to me. For a moment I thought he was smiling, and then I saw that it must have been only a trick of the shadows, for his face was grave now. "You can't do that, Penny. You can't change your mind. You offered to sell; I said I would buy. You made a bargain—you'll have to stick to it. I want the place, and I mean to have it. You'll have to stick to your bargain!"

I felt myself growing slowly cold, as if the temperature in the shop had taken a swift drop. Why—why, how could he? How could he say things like that to me? This wasn't like Phil at all. . . .

He was very close to me in the darkness now. And I began to remember his closeness of yesterday—how his arms had felt about me, how his lips had found mine, and we had tasted, together, a brief, stolen glory. I hated the remembering, as I had hated it last night. It was cheap, and shameful, enjoying so much the kiss of a man who meant nothing to you, I reminded myself. But I couldn't cleanse my heart or my mind of the memory.

"And there is something else," he was saying—very softly, so that I had to listen carefully to catch the words. "There's something else—I want to add another condition to our bargain."

But I didn't want to listen. And suddenly I knew, with a great wave of shame and fear, what I was doing. I was pressing close to him—unconsciously, I was lifting my lips to him, in invitation. Swiftly I pulled back—but it was too late. His lips were answering the question of mine. I was in his arms once more.

Just this once more, I kept thinking foolishly, over and over to myself. Just this one more kiss, just this. . . .

Very gently he released me. "I did that," I cried, and my voice sounded harsh in the soft, dark silence. "I made you kiss me—oh, why—why, Phil—?" "Because," he said, as if this were the simple answer to everything, "you love me. And I love you."

"Oh, no—no, no!" Everything in me rose up to deny it. It couldn't be—I couldn't love him. Why, I loved. . . . Ken.

"That," he said, "was the condition I wanted to add to our bargain, Penny sweetheart. I want to buy the place—but only on condition that you'll stay here, where you belong, and help me—that you'll marry me."

"Ken!" There, I'd said aloud the name that was beating like a pulse in my mind.

HE PUT his arm around me, steady-ing me against him. "Are you wondering what Ken would say, Penny? I think I know. No—don't interrupt me. Let me tell you. I think Ken would say, 'Be happy, Penny!' I think he'd remind you that this place was meant to be a hospital for the animals that you and he loved. I think he'd remind you of all your plans, and show you that this was a way of making them come true. A second-best way, Penny—I know that that's what it may seem to you. But I think I can make it the best way for you, my dearest—the best, safest, happiest way. I want to try, because I love you so much."

Be happy, Penny. Do the best you can. . . .

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went on. "It will be another kind, that's all. There are all kinds of happinesses in the world, dearest, and when you lose one, when one kind is gone past all redeeming, then you find yourself another kind. I want to be a second life for you, dearest—another happiness."

"I was afraid," I cried, and the very sound of the word brought the memory of that fear welling back. "I was afraid, and so mixed up. At first, I knew I had to sell the place, to go away—I had to. And then Cassy—Cassy made me know that I couldn't do it. And between having to do something, and knowing that I couldn't. . ."

His hands on my shoulders were the very essence of gentleness and strength. His voice—oh, you couldn't help but believe, as the very core of truth, anything he said to you! *This, I remember thinking, is why animals trust him so. Animals, who can't reason, but only trust by instinct. I tried to reason, but my instinct told me to trust him, even when my mind said I must surely thrust him aside.*

His voice—the voice you couldn't help but believe, because what he said was the truth—went on:

"You haven't been running away from me, and from the shop, because both reminded you of Ken, Penny. It was because you were falling in love with me, and you felt it was wrong. Believe me, I know. But dear, it's not wrong—it's right. You weren't meant to be lonely, and afraid. You were meant to live. It isn't that you've lost your love for Ken, or betrayed him. Your love for him will always be there, and I'll always know it, and respect it. It's simply that you've found another love, to make you whole once more."

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. Somehow I knew that he would feel, with me, the inner peace, the resolving of all fears, that had come into my heart. I didn't need to do anything at all, except to turn, once again, my lips up to his—that was answer enough, in itself.

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Red Letter Day

Continued from page 30

Little things you never thought would be associated with the girl you love keep jumping up to hurt you. And the feeling of hopelessness is most intense as you near her house, knowing she's in there.

Mrs. Landry was the one who broke the news to me.

"Plenty of excitement on this street yesterday, Bob. Never saw Sunset Drive so unhappy. That little dog of the Welch girl . . . ran out of the house right in front of a car. Killed. The girl must have loved him, Bob."

My emotions were mixed as I plied Mrs. Landry for more information. It must have happened when I was down with the boat, it must have happened right after lunch time. I guess Mrs. Landry must have wondered why I was so very interested in the event; and, to tell the truth, I was surprised at my own reactions for that little dog had never been friendly to me. Yet I felt sorry for Susan, terribly sorry. I knew how she loved that dog.

When I came abreast of the Welch house there was no sign of anybody. For a moment I felt like ringing the bell, telling Susan how sorry I was about her loss; but I went on. Several times I looked back over my shoulder, but I didn't see the one I longed to see. At the end of the street I stopped and considered the whole matter. What if Susan didn't care about me the way I loved her. What of it! No reason why I couldn't go in to say hello and tell her I was sorry about her little dog, Tiny. I went back and rang the door bell.

NOW I have had surprises in my life, but when Susan's father came to the door I got the real big shock. For a moment I didn't know what to say to him, but he took care of that.

"Come in, Bob. You are Bob Jones, aren't you?" He was a big man with grey hair. He had a cane and he pointed toward a seat for me with it. "Susan's upstairs," he said, nodding gravely toward the ceiling. "Poor girl's all broken up about that little fellow of a dog."

"That's why I dropped in, Mr. Welch," I said. "Just wanted to tell her I was sorry."

I suppose it was our voices Susan heard. In a few minutes she was at the top of the stairs, looking down. She came down and sat alongside me on the sofa.

"I guess I'm pretty silly, Bob," she said, "feeling this way about a dog. But anybody who's had one for five years knows how you feel when you lose him."

I started to say something sympathetic but her father interrupted.

"Now, Sue, I said we could get another dog. No sense talking about Tiny any more. Let's talk about you, Bob. I understand you like sailing."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather!

"Sue told me about it, Bob. I think it's a wonderful sport. I used to sail a great deal when I was a young fellow. A long time ago, Bob." (He winked good-naturedly when he said that).

My eyes shifted from his face to Susan's and I saw the little blush begin to bloom. There was a faint trace of a smile on her lips, but she was holding herself back. I was sure of it!

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"I just mentioned it to Dad, Bob," she said. "You don't mind, do you?" Then her father cut in again and said:

"Why don't you take Sue out in your boat some time, Bob? I think she'd like it." He got up from the chair he was sitting in and walked over to a table to get some tobacco for his pipe. I felt like shaking his hand, pounding him on the back joyously for saying that; and I probably would have done so if he was not an invalid.

"I think it's a swell idea, Mr. Welch. And I'll ask her right now. Susan, will you come out in my boat next Sunday?"

Sue started to protest that she had to stay with her father but he protested he could take very good care of himself; and when he stated that he'd feel much better about everything if Sue accepted my invitation that was the clincher to the argument. Sue gave in, smilingly.

"All right, Bob. It sounds like fun." I can remember walking out of the Welch house in a happy daze, and although Mr. Welch's methods were admittedly a bit embarrassing I had to concede I liked them. And as I walked over my mail route that day my heart was singing a happy tune.

I knew I had only half won the fight, but I was in deep enough then to want to see things through to a finish. Win, lose or draw, I decided, would be the only way to satisfy my yearnings for Susan; and I knew there could be no draw. Well, win or lose, then, I'd settle the soldier matter next Sunday.

The happiest Sunday in my life brought sunshine, a good enough breeze to push a little boat like mine, and the most wonderful girl in the world at my side. Susan looked like a beautiful picture. The white sailor hat crowned her golden-red hair, the pretty blouse was never modeled more attractively, the dungarees she wore added a cuteness I wouldn't trade for all the money in the world. And my pride was at the bursting point when another boat passed ours and two fellows looked at Susan. They should have known their voices would carry over water.

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"Look at the fancy dish, Bill," one said.

"That's strictly um-yum," his friend replied.

Sue and I pretended we didn't hear them; I busied myself at the tiller, and she fussed with the lunch basket. We headed for Bellows Island.

I wanted Sue to see the island because it is one of the loveliest spots in the world. Long ago an Indian Village must have flourished there, for you can find arrowheads and other souvenirs of the red man; and there was a decided naturalness about the little strip of land that made it very romantic. We beached the boat and found a little cove where we built a fire.

The incidents of the morning were a string of priceless events that drew Susan and me closer together all the time. We fished for a while, then relaxed on the sand and talked about the way we'd like the world to be. She told me about her father's successes and I told her about my Uncle Charlie who owned a hotel upstate. We agreed that her father should meet Uncle Charlie sometime.

IT WAS a little sad for me when I saw the sun heading toward the west. It meant the end of something I couldn't bear to lose, so when Susan said she was concerned about her father I decided it was time to speak my mind. I took her hand in mine and said:

"I like you, Sue. Maybe it's more than liking. But before I say more than I should you'd better tell me about Jim Brooks."

I thought for a moment she'd take her hand away, and that moment of hesitation before she spoke seemed eternal.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, Bob," she said. "I don't love Jim Brooks."

That simple statement seemed as revolutionary as anything I'd ever heard, and yet it was something I felt was true when she let me hold her hand.

"Then why all the letters from him?" I demanded. "Gosh, Sue, a girl doesn't write to a fellow, and get as many letters as that. . . ."

"I'll let you in on another little secret, Bob," she said, and this time she was smiling. "I've never even seen Jim Brooks."

"You mean . . ."
"I started corresponding with Jim through my cousin. He's in the same outfit overseas and he told Jim about me, I guess. It's the patriotic thing to do, write letters. I'll let you see the ones I get from Jim, he's quite amusing."

"But, Sue . . ."
"Oh, Bob. I guess I did sort of feel romantic once or twice when I wrote to Jim. But he frightened me out. He's got a girl back home, and he didn't waste any time telling me about her. There was no harm in my dreaming, and it was just a dream—until . . ."

"Until what, Sue?"
"Until Tiny bit you."

You don't know quite what to say when a girl tells you that. You don't know whether you should make some wise crack, just laugh, say something serious, or just put your arm around her and kiss her. There are all those possibilities, and others besides. I guess it depends on the girl.

I put my arm around her and kissed her.



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Princess Pat

Part of Me

Continued from page 21

stood up to leave. No one was to blame; it was the way things happened. You couldn't even blame Myra. With her dark hair and clear pallor, she had been beautiful—she still was, as far as that went—and Charles had adored her. You couldn't have expected him to notice the scrawny, snub-nosed child who lived next door. But if he had noticed me, I thought fiercely, defiantly—if he had waited for me—oh, I would have known how to make him happy! I would have known how to rear his son, his more-than-only-one son!

Myra did not. I knew that now, and should have known it sooner. I should have known it two years ago, on the afternoon I had squirmed in embarrassment because Myra was forcing Bob to play the piano for company. He had behaved very badly. He'd hung back, scowling, muttering, "I do' want to," until Myra, her voice stern, had said, "Bob, get up on that stool and play this instant!" And then, still scowling, he had not so much played the piano as attacked it. I had put his resentment down to shyness, nothing more; I hadn't realized that music was a bondage his mother was putting upon him, and that he hated it.

Since then, I had heard him often enough, practicing in the house next door—and still I hadn't had penetration enough to see what was going on directly under my nose. I had only thought, casually, that he played very poorly, and improved not at all as time went on.

THE music was only part of the whole thing, naturally, but it was the key to everything else. I remembered other things: Myra punishing Bob because he'd got dirt on his clean suit; Myra shuddering in fastidious disgust over the dogs and cats and lizards and birds Bob would collect and try to care for, even though each time she made him give them up; Myra constantly worrying because his school grades were low; Myra forbidding him to play with certain boys and insisting that he play with others; Myra—always and forever, Myra trying in all futility to mold Bob into the pattern she had conceived for him in her mind, the pattern of a man who had died before Bob was born.

If Charles had been able to be with Bob throughout these last three years, I told myself, things might have been different. He might have found ways of neutralizing Myra's misguided influence. But the war had taken Charles, and used him, and only as recently as two months ago had it let him go again.

I came down the tree-lined street to my own home, the comfortable, rather ugly frame house where I'd been born and where I lived now with my mother. The air was filled with the smell of burning leaves, and the dahlia bushes in our front yard were rusty and bedraggled. Any day now we could expect the first snow of the season. Well, it was a good time to dig the dahlia bulbs up and put them away for the winter; a little physical work would be good for me in my present mood. It might keep me from thinking.

I changed from my tailored grey suit into a sweater and slacks and went out again, armed with pruning shears and digging tools. There were elements

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of the school board who took a disapproving attitude toward slacks for teachers, but I wasn't an old maid yet, I had decided defiantly. I would wear them around my own home if I pleased. At least—there was a little vanity here—I had the figure for them. And if the school board thought that a good figure and a reasonably pretty face were liabilities, the children didn't. Becoming clothes, a judicious use of make-up, a new hair-do occasionally—children noticed them all, I was convinced, and liked the teacher who wore them the better for it.

The early dusk fell while I was still busy with the dahlias, and a band of light fell across me from the living room of the house next door—Charles' house. It showed me to Charles himself as he came down the street.

"Hi, Fran," he said, stopping just outside the hedge. "Aren't you picking a funny time to start gardening?"

"Hi." I sat back on my heels, smiling up at him. As always, the sight of his long ranginess filled me with a bitter-sweet happiness—as always, through long practice, I showed nothing of what I felt. "It's these bulbs—I don't want them to freeze in the ground."

"If you'd waited until tomorrow afternoon, I'd have helped you."

"I know. That's why I did it today. I don't want you to spoil me."

BUT that wasn't the reason. I could meet him like this, for a few minutes, and keep up my pose of casual friendship, but an afternoon of working by his side, listening to his deep voice, watching the movements of his hands—no, I couldn't trust myself over any long period of time. Inevitably, the moment would have come when love looked out of my eyes.

It was all the same as it had been before he went into the Army. I'd thought that three years of not seeing him, three years when all my anxiety for his safety had had to be stifled and hidden, would give me a new strength, so that on his return I could easily treat him merely as an old friend. Foolish hope! In the first moment of meeting him after his discharge I had known how foolish it was; I had had to hold my arms at my sides with a muscular effort to keep them from reaching out toward him.

He stepped back from the hedge. "Well," he said, "you know if you ever do need help around the house—you or your mother—just yell and Bob or I will come to the rescue." I thought he was going on then, and he did move a foot or so, but he hesitated. "By the way," he asked abruptly, "speaking of Bob—how's he getting along in school?"

What I did then was done entirely on impulse. I could never have planned it, I would have been afraid. But he was offering me a chance to confide in him—and after all, he was Bob's father, it was his right to be consulted. I said quietly:

"Not very well, Charles. I've had to keep him in quite often—I had to keep him in today, in fact."

"Yes," Charles said. "I know. Not about today, of course, but—" He turned back to the hedge, and I stood up and went to him. All at once, the atmosphere between us had changed. He had lowered his voice, and in lowering it he had brought us together. It was as simple as that.

"What's the matter with him, Fran?" he asked. "Have you any idea? He's not stupid or lazy—I'm sure of that."

"So am I," I told him.



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"I don't know," he went on, and although I couldn't see his face I knew he was frowning, "it's seemed to me since I got back that he isn't—well, he isn't happy." He ended almost on a questioning note, as if he doubted his own suspicion, or at least wanted to doubt it.

I couldn't reassure him, couldn't laugh off his suggestion. But I couldn't tell him it was the truth, either, because then I would have had to tell him why it was true—and that would have meant criticizing Myra. I temporized. "What could he be unhappy about?" I asked.

"I can't imagine, unless—" He broke off. "He was glad to see me come home. I could tell that. But though I've tried, I've never been able to—get close to him. I haven't had much time, of course—I've been loaded down with work." He gestured at the brief case he held under one arm, and added, "Luckily, considering the state of the family finances."

I FELT a warm thrill of happiness at having him admit me into his confidence—although I already knew, naturally, that his three years in the service had been difficult ones for Myra, as far as money went. He'd had a good law practice, the best in town, but he had given it up completely, and now he was making a new start.

"If you'd like me to, Charles," I said, "I'll see what I can do. We had a little talk this afternoon, perhaps I can get his confidence. Probably," I said with false cheerfulness, "it's nothing very important, after all."

"Would you do that, Fran?" The quick hope in his voice, the trust, flattered and at the same time humbled me. "I'd be—I'd be more grateful than I can say. Bob means a lot to me—and somehow I feel as if I were failing him."

"No!" I said, sharply. "You mustn't, Charles—it's not your fault—" I stopped in confusion, realizing all that my sudden, unthinking words implied. Now he would ask me to explain, would demand to know whose fault, then, it was. And I—how would I answer him?

Instead, after a little silence, he said wearily, "Well—do anything you can," and turned abruptly and went on his way.

I stood where I was, my heart hammering. He hadn't asked me to explain—because he knew! He knew as well as I, though he would not admit it to me. Perhaps he would not admit it even to himself. But he knew that if Bob was unhappy, the reason was Myra's insistence upon trying to make him into something he was not and could never be.

I had always loved Charles. Now to that love was added pity—pity for a man caught between loyalty to his son and loyalty to his wife. For he could not help one without hurting the other.

But I was bound by no such double loyalty.

The next morning—Saturday—as soon as Mother and I had finished breakfast, I went through the gate in the picket fence which divided our yard from Charles' and knocked on Myra's back door. She opened it at once and stood there, smiling in the way she had—as if smiling were a social courtesy that must be paid, not an expression of her real feelings. Tall and pale, her black hair piled high on her head, even in a cotton house-dress she had a queenly quality, remote and faintly tragic.

"Good morning, Myra," I said cheer-

fully. "Is Bob around? I need his help."

"Why—yes, of course. Come in." She held the door open for me. "He's upstairs, dressing—he has a piano lesson this morning, you know."

I NODDED. "I wanted to catch him before he left." I sat down at the table in Myra's gleaming, immaculate breakfast nook, and for a few minutes we talked commonplaces—which, as a matter of fact, were all Myra and I had ever talked. It's difficult to explain my feelings toward Myra. They were simply negative. I was not jealous of her, I did not dislike her. She had some fine qualities—she had made a beautiful home for Charles, she had excellent taste, she was kind, according to her conception of kindness. But—she was Myra, who had laughed from her heart for the last time on the day she and Blair Kinkaid came flying down Pine Hill. Except for her beauty, I couldn't see that she had a single qualification for making a man like Charles happy. But I admitted to myself that I was prejudiced.

There was a scuffling sound in the hall, and Bob appeared, a music roll under his arm. "All right, Mom, I'm—" He caught sight of me and stopped, his mouth open.

"Hello, Bob," I said. "I came over because I want you to do me a favor. If I meet you after your lesson, will you drive out to the country with me and help me buy a dog?"

I felt, rather than saw, Myra's involuntary movement beside me. I was watching Bob. There was a flicker of interest, even excitement, in his eyes, but all the same he was cautious, suspecting a trap. "Sure, I guess so," he

said, casually, "if you want me along."

"I do, very much. I've decided I need a dog, but I don't know what kind to get, and I wouldn't know a good one from a bad."

"Well, I don't know so very much about 'em myself," Bob said, thawing enough to be judicial. "O' course, you don't want to get a real thoroughbred anyway, I guess. You—"

"Bob," Myra interrupted. "It's nearly time for your lesson. You and Miss Wilson can discuss the kind of dog you're going to buy later."

"Yes, you run along now," I told him. "And I'll pick you up in the car at—what time is your lesson finished?"

"Eleven."
"A few minutes after eleven, then, wherever you say."

He told me where to meet him, and left. Perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to me he was already walking more briskly, more purposefully. "I hope you don't mind," I said to Myra, "but I remembered how he loves animals, and I thought he'd enjoy it."

Myra lifted her shoulders in a shrug. "If you really want a dog—I warn you, though—the one time I let Bob have one, he almost drove me frantic."

"I'll take my chances," I laughed. I didn't think it necessary to tell her that Mother, when I told her my plans, had had practically the same reaction.

Behind the wheel of the cheap little coupe I'd bought before the war, I was waiting for Bob when he arrived at the street corner near his piano teacher's house—and from the start I was able to create a holiday mood. I suppose I was aided by Bob's own feeling of relief at having the hated lesson safely behind him. We plunged into a

spirited discussion of the various breeds of dogs—I had never realized there were so many, and it worried me to find that Bob's preference leaned strongly toward a Great Dane—which lasted until we'd reached the kennels in the country. Fortunately, they had no Great Danes there, but it seemed to me they had every other kind. Bob immediately went into a kind of dreamy transport of delight, moving from kennel to kennel, while I tagged along behind him. My head was beginning to ache from the barking, but I told myself that simply proved I was a spinster and a school teacher. And a dozen headaches would not have been too much to pay for the privilege of watching Bob with the dog we finally selected.

THE man said he was an Irish terrier, but he looked more like an animated doormat. His legs were twice as long and big as they should have been, and they were always betraying him into toppling forward on his face. He had no dignity, but he had something better—love for all the world.

Bob held him on his lap all the way home. His hands, when he touched the dog's wire-rough coat, were gentle and sensitive, and his sullenness had vanished into a glow of delight. We talked about names, and I suggested all the dull standbys, Duke and Brownie and Sandy and Rex. But it was Bob who christened him.

"Let's call him Shaymus," he said, and I repeated in puzzlement, "Shaymus?"

"Yes," Bob said, and kindly explained. "It's spelled S-e-e-m-a-s. He was an Irish king, I think. Anyway, it's an Irish name, and this is an Irish

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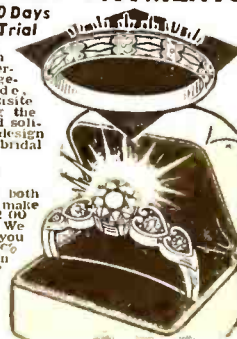
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terrier. Of course, maybe you don't—"Why, that's perfect, Bob!" I enthused. "I never would have thought of it. How did you know about it?" "Oh—read it somewhere, I guess," he murmured sheepishly. All the same, he was pleased. I told him I wanted him to help me train and raise Seamas; I asked his advice about letting him sleep in my garage, and was relieved when he said he didn't think it would be too cold, and that he'd fix a kennel there. "And I'll teach him a lot of things," he promised seriously. "You'll have a good dog here, Miss Wilson—and you need one, too. Everybody—" a little wistfully—"everybody needs a good watch-dog." We were late getting home for lunch, and Myra whisked him inside as soon as we appeared. He was back within half an hour, though, and we spent the afternoon knocking together a dog-house out of odds and ends of lumber. Bob was clever with his hands, as long as they did not have to operate on the keys of a piano.

IT was the beginning, the beginning of something very happy. Bob, as I'd foreseen, could not separate Miss Wilson, the teacher, from the Miss Wilson who owned Seamas. He always came over the first thing in the morning, before school, to feed Seamus and play with him for a few minutes; and although he didn't walk to school with me—that would never have done!—there was a special feeling between us in class, a friendly carry-over from the accumulated hours we spent together with the dog.

And he told me things—how, when he got into high school, he wanted to learn about plants and animals, a science whose name he didn't even know was biology until I told him; how once, four years ago, he and his father had gone on a fishing trip, just the two of them. ("Maybe we'll go again, next summer, if Dad isn't still too busy then.") Little things, revealing things—revelatory not so much in what he said as in what he left unsaid. For he never mentioned his mother, except to say, "I guess I better go now. Mom said to be sure to come in by six o'clock."

His school work—and more important, his attitude in school—were both better now, and I didn't have to keep him in again. It was understood that he would do his afternoon's practicing on the piano as soon as he got home, then come into my back yard to play with Seamas. Once in a while, on afternoons when his mother was out, he was already with the dog when I got home. I knew, then, that he hadn't practiced, but I said nothing. Perhaps it was wrong of me; perhaps I should have sent him in—but I didn't have the heart.

Once — one never-to-be-forgotten Saturday afternoon when the sun glistened on new snow—Charles came home early, and he joined us, and while Seamas frisked about hysterically we made a really majestic snow man, complete with coat and battered felt hat, with a pipe rakishly atilt in his mouth. I saw then that Charles had not forgotten how to play, because his laughter rang on the cold air, and the years fell away from him until his red cheeks and sparkling eyes made him again into the boy I'd fallen in love with so long ago.

But suddenly Myra had come back from her shopping trip downtown, and was standing on her side of the gate

between the two back yards, watching us. "Why didn't you let me know you'd be home early, Charles?" she asked. "I'd have stayed in." Because it was her duty, she seemed to imply, because a good wife was always home to greet her husband.

"Didn't know I could make it until the last minute," Charles said. "What do you think of our snow man, Myra?" Gaily, he struck a pose, his arm around the snow man's lumpy waist, one leg crossed over the other.

Myra's eyes traveled over each of us—from Charles to me, and I was suddenly conscious of my disheveled hair and red nose; to Bob, who was molding a snowball in his two hands. "Very nice," she said, but both her voice and her smile came from far away. "Bob, you're not wearing your heavy gloves. You'll chap your hands."

Bob, his head bent, let the snowball drop; it fell with a faint, muffled thud. And all the zest went out of Charles' face. "It's getting late," he said heavily. "Maybe we'd better go in." He turned away from the snow man—which, all at once, seemed childish, crude, silly.

A sense of tragedy stole over me, and pity for them all—yes, for Myra too! Here in the familiar back yard, amid the lengthening violet shadows of the day, I began to see how completely empty Myra had made Bob's life, and Charles', and her own. The beauty that had first captivated Charles—it wasn't enough now, it needed love to make it glow and live. She did what she thought was right, no doubt; indeed, I was sure of it. But her guide was a dead love, dead and long buried.

THEY were leaving me now—Bob, going through the gate, following his mother into the house, and Charles. But Charles turned back, lingering a moment.

"I wanted to tell you, Frankie—" My heart leaped, it was so long since he'd given my name its foolish diminutive. "You've done a lot for Bob, you and—" he glanced down at Seamas, who sat in the snow, his head cocked quizzically, looking up at us—"you and the dog. But mostly you, I think."

"I'm glad," I said softly. "I wanted to, very much. He's worth helping." And so are you, my eyes said. So are you, my darling.

"I—" But he stopped and shook his head. There was nothing more he could say, really, without criticizing Myra. I understood that, yet I almost cried out, begging him to speak. Anything, so long as it brought us close, so long as it tightened the spell of intimacy between us. Words came battering against my locked lips: "You don't love her! You've stopped loving her—I don't know when or why, but that doesn't matter. Tell me you don't love her—tell me you love me!" But not one of those words could be uttered.

And after all, there was no need for either of us to speak. For suddenly it was all there—in the silence that lengthened between us, in the fury of his eyes, in the baffled gesture he made, stretching out his hand to me and then dropping it quickly to his side. All my life changed and shifted in that moment, however long it lasted. I no longer loved blindly, in the dark, because he had come to meet me with his love. We both knew.

Wild joy seized me. There would be time later for hopelessness, for realization that it was as futile for Charles to love me as it had always been futile for me to love him. Now there was

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only joy, crowding out everything else.

He saw that joy. He made a sound, deep in his throat—almost an angry sound—and tore himself away from the spot in the snow where he had seemed rooted. I saw his back, the broad shoulders, the narrow hips, going away from me. And a movement above his head drew my eyes on and up, so that I saw the curtain in Myra's kitchen window swaying back from where it had been twitched aside. So I knew that Myra had seen us there, tranced in silence—had seen and, perhaps, understood.

Exultantly, Frances and Charles bring into the light their love for one another. But against their small measure of joy are weighed two questions: has Myra seen? And . . . what now? The absorbing answers will be found in the November RADIO ROMANCES, on sale on Wednesday, October 17.

Other People's Houses

Continued from page 43

areas, because workers couldn't find living space unless they paid fabulous prices? Back in the beginning of the war, this did a great deal to discourage workers from moving to areas where their manpower was needed. And it was found that the morale of workers already living in crowded areas was not very good, because they were always afraid they'd be put out of their homes so that they could be rented for more money to newcomers.

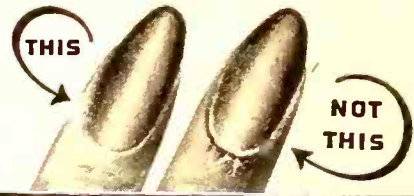
The first thing OPA does in setting up a rent-control system is set a Maximum Rent Date. That date has to be a time when rents were governed by normal bargaining and not by unusual and inflationary demands for housing in the particular area. In most areas the Maximum Rent Date is March 1, 1942, and the regulation says that rents may not be more than they were on that date and services to the tenant may not be less.

There are two main kinds of rent regulations. One is the Housing Regulation, which deals with homes and apartments. The other is Hotel Regulation.

Landlords are required to register all quarters for which rent is collected. This applies also to tenants who sublet to other tenants. Ordinarily, tenants are supposed to know what the rents were on the Maximum Rent Date. Still—except in New York City—the landlord is supposed to show tenants a copy of the registration statement with the maximum rent on it. Tenants should always insist on this. If they are new tenants in a home or apartment, they must be shown the maximum rent on a Change of Tenancy form. New tenants are required to sign this form, which is then filed with the Area Rent Office of the OPA.

In hotels, rooming houses and tourist courts, the maximum rate must be posted in each room. Any tenant who has doubts about the rate can verify it with the OPA. As a further protection, every tenant is entitled to a receipt for what he pays—and he need not pay unless such a receipt for the amount in full is forthcoming.

If people find they have been overcharged—or even if they suspect it—they should notify the Area Rent Office immediately. That way they'll get



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all the information they need to help them recover the overcharge, or to start suit for damages in a local court.

Most landlords have tried to meet the requirements of rent regulation. This honest majority has to be protected and encouraged. So it is very important that the few who violate the rent regulations be brought into line. OPA can't do this alone. It needs the cooperation of every citizen.

We should all keep in mind the provisions for punishing landlords who don't obey the law. Criminal penalties go as high as a year in prison, or \$5,000 fine, or both. If a tenant doesn't sue within thirty days of filing a complaint and the complaint is justified, the OPA may start suit for damages. When damage cases are settled by OPA, the overcharge will be paid back to the tenant, if possible, and the balance will go into the U. S. Treasury. If the case is decided by a court judgment, all the damages are paid to the Treasury. And the amount of damages against a landlord can go all the way from a minimum of \$25 up to three times the amount of the overcharges to each tenant.

SETTING a Maximum Rent Date is a pretty practical way of finding a rent ceiling. It isn't always perfect, of course. That's why there are provisions in the law for making adjustments in rents. These work both ways. For instance, if a landlord has added an extra bathroom to a house, the Area Rent Director may decide he's entitled to get more rent—and how much more. Or, if a tenant can prove that the owner isn't paying the light and fuel bills to the same extent that he did when the ceilings were set, he may get a reduction in rent. But a landlord can't claim more rent because he's made a few minor repairs, nor can a tenant get a reduction because the windows haven't been washed. Any readjustments in rents must be checked with the Area Rent Director.

Now we come to the main purpose of rent control. It is to do away with the danger of American families being put out of their homes because of rent competition. As an over-all thing, OPA Rent Control is a protection against evictions, except in those cases where perfectly legitimate grounds for eviction exist. In other words, a family can't be evicted simply because a landlord can get more money for a house or apartment from someone else.

And this is something I feel must be understood by everyone. Laws about eviction are different in different states. This may be one reason why people don't always understand OPA regulations regarding evictions. There are still too many people who think they have to move out of their homes simply because the landlord says so. There are still too many people who think they have to move because their lease expires.

Perhaps the thing that bothers me most is that there are still too many people who can be scared into moving by any legal-looking document that's handed to them. I get angry every time I think of how unscrupulous landlords terrorize unsuspecting tenants by waving pieces of paper at them, papers full of legal wordage without one bit of real authority to back them up. Like Dorothy's mother, for instance, being frightened by an OPA form, which is not a dispossession notice, but simply a form a landlord has to fill out and file with the OPA when he intends to ask a tenant to move. People must know

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and remember that in most states they cannot be evicted without a final court order.

Whenever there is any question about rent control or evictions, it is a good idea to consult the Area Rent Director. This is especially necessary in cases of eviction, because each case has to be studied as a separate problem. As there always have been, there are still a number of just reasons for evictions.

For instance, take veterans returning from the services. They may have rented their homes to tenants while they were away and, naturally, want to move back into them, now. Within the law, they have a perfect right to ask their tenants to move. On the other hand, it's a very different proposition for people who buy houses today and try to put out the present tenants to make room for themselves. There are restrictions against that.

It's reasonable, though, not to expect OPA to do anything about helping tenants who are far behind in their rents, or "committing a nuisance." Nor can OPA help people who are using a house for illegal or immoral purposes. These reasons for eviction were all in force before the Rent Control Act was passed and there were no valid arguments for changing them. The only thing OPA can do in these cases and in cases where a landlord wants to tear down a building or make big repairs which can't be done with the tenants on the premises, is to make sure that the reasons for eviction given by the landlord really do exist.

IT IS important to remember that OPA does not order evictions. OPA restrains evictions, except for specified reasons and even then proper notices have to be given to the tenant and the OPA. A tenant cannot be removed because he has refused to pay more than the legal rent, nor because his lease has expired—unless he refuses to sign a new lease at no more than the legal rent for a period of no more than one year.

Like all the different classifications that come under OPA regulation, rent control is a strong weapon against inflation. By this time, all of us know how important it is to fight inflation anywhere. None of us—not if we have any sense—wants a short boom period, when we can all feel and act like millionaires, if it will be followed by a period of depression when we'll all be faced by breadlines and unemployment and fear.

Certain things make sense to me. If rent ceilings keep real estate values from rocketing by the artificial jockeying of rents, I can see how that will protect home owners' property values. I can even see a little way ahead and wonder why we shouldn't be considering some such anti-inflationary controls for the future, too. We've all benefited by these controls during the war. We've all been able to get our fair share of food and clothing. We've all been able to relax about having a roof over our heads without it costing us twice or three times as much as we can afford—which was the situation that existed before the Rent Control Act was passed. I can't help wondering why we shouldn't think along this line of a fair share of everything for everybody after the war, too.

But that's a question that lies in the future. Our democracy has always met the needs of the times before. If we are alert, we can make sure that it will do so again.

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"I Had the Ring"

Continued from page 47

Ma," Elizabeth's father answered, "we're not trying to sell him the piano."

After that, everything was all right. Except that there was no time in my schedule for getting married.

I suppose people have managed to get married who got off work at eleven at night and had to report back at eight the next morning, but Elizabeth and I are both romanticists and we wanted more of a wedding than that. We waited, none too patiently, for a break in the Schedule.

It came at last. My boss, the chief announcer, left for a vacation—leaving me in charge of all schedules at the station. I proceeded to clear a Saturday morning for myself, and Elizabeth and I packed our bags.

We left St. Louis an hour before midnight on Friday, and in an hour we were in another—and older—world, in the little village of St. Genevieve, on the banks of the Mississippi. St. Genevieve, unchanged since the French came upriver to settle there in the early seventeenth hundreds, still has its thatched roof houses, some of them built as early as 1740, and a picturesque old Inn of the same period—lantern lit and charming, where I planned to take my bride.

The Mayor of St. Genevieve, Henri Petrequin, also, happily, a judge, was an old friend of mine, having come to St. Louis to broadcast on the occasion of the town's bicentennial.

HE WAS waiting up to marry us, and so were his wife and mother who were our witnesses. Mme. Petrequin had baked a magnificent wedding cake and Henri opened a bottle of old French wine to toast the bride once the simple ceremony was over.

It was a lovely wedding. Elizabeth and I were gay and relaxed for we were rich with time—I didn't have to be back at KMOX until five the next afternoon!

We laughed and sang as we drove leisurely back up the river on Saturday, and we opened yet another bottle of old wine with our early supper for which we stopped at a quaint tea shoppe on the way. I remember the menu well—creamed chicken and waffles, served in antique milk glass egg dishes. I remember—because every year on October 6, which is our anniversary, we eat creamed chicken and waffles from antique milk glass egg dishes. And drink a toast in cold white wine.

We didn't have time for a real honeymoon until June, 1943! Then we had ten wonderful days in Estes Park, Colorado—but we could scarcely call that a honeymoon for by that time our son, Anthony Dawson Miller, was three years old. (Anthony was named for my first big time radio role—the title role in *The Affairs of Anthony*.)

We had moved from St. Louis to Chicago in 1939—in search of time, as much as opportunity. But in Chicago I managed to get even busier. Instead of thirty shows a week, I found myself appearing on forty-five. Variety called me Chicago's "one man radio industry" . . . but the look which grew in Elizabeth's eyes told me that it would take more than one man like me to make a single satisfactory husband.

She urged me more than once to run away, to play hookey for awhile—but I was afraid of alienating my

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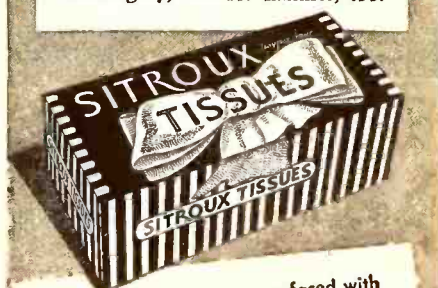
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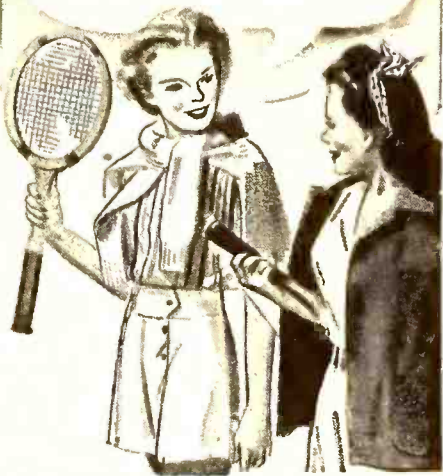
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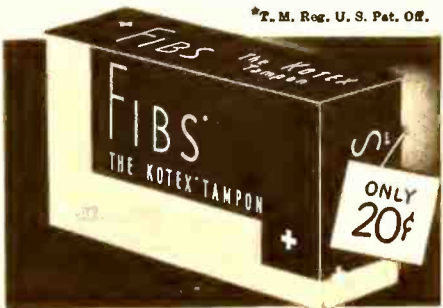
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clients. Finally she put it to me firmly. If she wangled a vacation for me, would I take it? I agreed, but I didn't think she could swing it. I didn't know Elizabeth, I guess—or at least I didn't know how desperate she was for a holiday. In two days she had cleared me with all my sponsors—for ten days!

We went deep, deep into the mountains, and left only a General Delivery address. At Elizabeth's suggestion we checked for mail only on the way home. There, waiting for me, was a week old telegram telling me to return at once—I had been signed for a new show. It was too late to worry.

Ten days away from the mike gave me a chance to get re-acquainted with my wife, but I returned to find that I also was a stranger to my son.

When Anthony prefaced a question one day with "Mr. Walker—I mean Daddy . . ." I had had enough.

Mr. Walker was manager of our apartment house. If Tony knew him better than he knew his own father, I realized it was time for a change.

Elizabeth and I discussed the new move over dinner at the Beachcombers, our favorite Chicago night spot. (Our favorite, probably, because dinner was just as good there at midnight as at seven.) Should it be Hollywood? Or New York?

It was Tony who decided, although he wasn't present in person to debate the question. In Chicago, he had had recurrent attacks of asthma. In New York, although life would be very exciting for us grown-ups, Tony would have to fight the same climate problems. But in Hollywood there was sun.

So we came west. I brought my favorite radio job with me, The Coronet Storyteller, and once on the west coast, I acquired a few more—notably the announcer's spot on the Andrews Sisters' Melody Ranch, and on the Billie Burke show. I also have had an unexpected chance to act in the movies—in "Johnny Angel", "Night in Paradise", and currently in the role of a blind pianist in "Deadline at Dawn."

It is wonderful, out here in the West. In Hollywood it isn't fashionable—even if it were possible in the semi-tropics—to work eighteen hours a day, so I am actually getting to know my family. Even Tony considers me a permanent member of his inner circle—and that is fame enough for me.

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A Love Like This

Continued from page 37

tightened around me; his look made my heart skip a beat. "The same thing. Three years—and thirty years from now."

We were so sure then, both of us—and yet, a few months later we were living apart, separated by John's dream of the future, the dream that had been my dream, too, until it became a reality too soon.

He had told me about his farm on the very first night he'd met me, at a picnic given by the Young People's League. There was folk dancing at the pavilion in the evening, and when I first saw John, I thought how nice looking he was, and I wondered why he was sitting on the sidelines with the older people, not dancing. Then, when I'd flung myself into a chair after a fast Schottische, and he got up and crossed the floor toward me, I saw that he couldn't dance. He limped noticeably, so that there was a pitch in his gait and one shoulder was carried down and forward. "What a pity," I thought—and then he was standing before me, smiling, and it wasn't a pity, after all; the limp didn't matter in the least.

"I watched you Schottische," he said. "You'll want to rest after that dance. Why don't you sit the next one out with me?"

"I'd love to." I meant it sincerely. My heart was beating unaccountably fast, and even then it seemed as if John had come to me, not just across a dance floor, but across all the years of our lives.

WE SAT through not one dance but several, and when other boys came up to me, I refused them, grudging even that little time my attention was diverted from John. He seemed pleased that I chose to remain with him, but once he said encouragingly, "I wish you'd dance, if you want to. I'll enjoy just watching you. I used to dance a lot myself—before I got smashed up in an auto accident."

I didn't quite know how to reply. At my look he added quickly, "I'm glad of it—and that isn't a defensive attitude on my part. I honestly think it was the best thing that could have happened to me. I wasn't a wild kid exactly, but I did like excitement. I liked chasing around to a half-dozen places in one evening; I liked cars and crowds and a change of scene every five minutes. I'd had and quit a dozen part-time jobs before I got through high school. I think now that if it hadn't been for the accident, I'd have been one of those fellows who never want to settle down until it's too late. But a few months in a wheel chair changed all that. I was left to myself a lot then, and I had plenty of time to think about what I was going to do with my life. That was when I began to think about my farm."

"Your farm—?"

His smile was half sheepish, like that of a small boy caught day-dreaming. "Not mine, really—the farm I'm going to have some day. I used to spend the summers on my uncle's farm—and I got to thinking about it when I was in the hospital, and to realizing that those summers were the times I'd worked hardest and been most happy. There's always growth and change on a farm, always enough uncertainty and trouble to keep you jumping. The war came along just when I'd got on my

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feet again, and since I couldn't fight, I did the next best thing and took a job in a munitions factory. I worked at night and went to agricultural school in the daytime, until I was transferred here last month, to the branch factory. I admit that I didn't like it here at first. I've a better job, but we're making soap instead of ammunition, and I had to give up my school. Now—" and his dark, direct look set up a tumultuous response within me—"I'm convinced that there are compensations."

Then I told him about myself. There wasn't much to tell, except that I was Betsey Winters, and that I lived in Saybury all my life, and that the last six of my twenty-four years had been spent helping Mother to run the little bakery she'd started when my father died. There wasn't much to tell—except that tonight I'd met a boy called John Patten, and because I'd met him life was suddenly far more wonderful and exciting than it had ever been before.

WE WERE married a month later. It was as inevitable as spring's turning into summer, as natural as the way I'd come to accept his physical disability, to fit my steps to his uneven ones, to sense when he was tired. He took me out the next night and every night after the picnic; he came to the house whenever he had a free hour during the day, until Mother said that I had better marry him to get him out from under foot. And when John said, "Get me out from under foot, eh? Well, I like that!" she answered calmly, "I don't see why you shouldn't like it. It's a compliment. I'm tired of working. I'd have quit long ago and gone to live with my sister in Florida, except that I didn't want to take Betsey away from her friends here. Now I think I can safely leave her in your hands."

I didn't think that Mother was wholly serious about going away, but she meant it. She stayed in Saybury just long enough to see us married, and then she packed her bags and went to Florida, leaving her share of the bakery to me as a wedding present. John moved into our house, and I engaged a widow, a Mrs. Evenson, who was to come in days and help me with the baking. John wasn't entirely pleased with the arrangement. "We ought to have a place of our own," he said. "Even if it has to be small."

"But this house is our own," I insisted. "Mother gave it to us, and you know yourself that she said I'd earned a good share of it. And besides, there isn't a vacant place in town, except perhaps a furnished room."

John smiled ruefully, as if I hadn't quite understood him, but he dropped that part of the discussion. After all, there wasn't really any other place for us, and it did seem foolish to rent a room when we owned a house. "Still," he insisted, "I don't want you to work, except to keep house for me. I'd like to feel that I'm taking care of you."

And at that I laughed and rubbed my cheek against his. "But you are taking care of me—didn't Mother say that she was leaving me in your hands? And it isn't as if I were going out to work, dear, instead of doing everything right here in the house. Why, I wouldn't know what to do with myself with you gone all day, if I didn't work . . . and then, the more money we make, the more we can save for the farm."

That settled it. John pulled me to him and kissed me hard, and said in a half-choked voice, "Oh, sweet—sweet-heart—" as if he were pleased beyond



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words, grateful beyond words for having found me, and I clung to him, thrilled as always at his nearness, at being close to him.

Close to him—I know now how far apart we really were, and I wonder that we could have misunderstood each other so completely for as long as we did. You see, when John spoke of buying the farm some day, I took "some day" to be far in the future—ten years, fifteen years—a kind of place to retire to, as Mother had retired to Florida. When he brought home books on agriculture, when he turned the dial of the radio to farm programs, I listened to his comments about them with interest; I cut clippings, saved any bits of information I came across if they had anything to do with farming. But my interest was that of a woman who indulges her husband's hobby. When we used precious gasoline to drive in the country on Sunday afternoons, I admired the big barns and the trim white houses, but I looked at them as a bride in modest circumstances looks at expensive homes and thinks that they would be nice to have—sometime in the future.

THE first I knew how serious John was about changing our way of living, and changing it soon, was in November, when we drove out to the Eldridge farm to buy a turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner. We had chosen our turkey, and Mr. Eldridge had promised to have it dressed and delivered to us, when he said to John, "You know, old man Corwin is planning to sell his land and move into town."

John's face lighted, but he said scoffingly, "He's been talking about that for months. He'll never do it."

Mr. Eldridge shifted his pipe. "I think he means it, this time. He's already bought a house in Saybury, and he plans to move in next spring. Why don't you drop over and see him?"

John looked at me. "Do you want to, Betsey?"

I nodded. "Of course. It isn't out of our way." I knew the Corwin place—a toy farm it looked, with a doll-sized house set behind a neat scrap of lawn, with flower beds and shrubs laid out with the charming precision of a miniature garden. We reached it by turning off the highway, driving down a country lane. A tall lilac hedge, brown and feathery now in the chill November wind, shielded the house from the lane; on one side was an orchard. John's eyes swept the place lovingly. "Do you think you'd be happy here, Betsey?"

"Anyone would. It's a dear little place."

"Not so little. It's plenty of work for one man—that's why Corwin's giving it up. It's just what I want. We could have a cow and chickens for our own butter and eggs, and the truck garden would support us."

I sat in the house with Mrs. Corwin while John and Mr. Corwin walked around the grounds. They were gone so long that I began to get restless, and I rose as soon as they came in. John's face was jubilant; he seemed hardly able to contain himself until we were alone, on our way to the car. "We can do it!" he exclaimed.

"Do what?"

"Buy it—the farm. Old Corwin set a high price, and although I don't blame him, especially in these times, I did my best to talk him down. And it worked. I can manage part of what he wants now, and by spring, when we can move in, I'll have more. The rest

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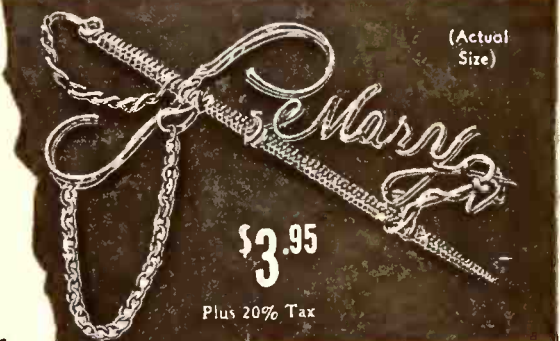
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I walked on, hardly able to believe my ears. Spring! Next spring. "But that's crazy!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it, John—"

"Why not?" I was too excited to notice the sudden stiffness in his tone. I laughed, helplessly. The answer seemed so obvious. "We simply couldn't afford it. I mean—surely you don't plan to make our living off the farm! It's one thing to talk about it and think about it and read about it in books, and quite another to depend upon it for your livelihood. Why, you've never had any actual experience, really—"

John went white. In silence he opened the door of the car; in silence he got in and started the motor. I began to realize how positive I'd sounded . . . almost as if I'd been ridiculing him. I would have given anything, then, to take the words back, to re-shape them more tactfully.

Half-way into town I asked timidly, "Do you want me to drive?" Sometimes, when he was tired, driving was an effort for him, and he had done a great deal of walking this afternoon. Usually, he wasn't in the least hesitant about turning the wheel over to me, but now he said briefly, "No, thanks." We rode the rest of the way home without exchanging a word. As we went up our front walk, thick tears gathered in my throat; on the threshold I turned to him. "John, you can't freeze up this way. Surely we can talk it over—"

HE NODDED brusquely, as if he didn't trust himself to speak, and opened the door. The bell rang in the back of the house, and Mrs. Evenson came hurrying in from the kitchen. "Oh—you," she said. "I thought it was a customer."

"Only us," I said with false cheerfulness. "You can go home now, Mrs. Evenson. I'll take the shop." It wasn't time for her to go home. She was supposed to stay until after dinner, to help with the next day's orders. But she was eyeing us curiously, as if she'd guessed that something was wrong, and I wanted her out of the house.

"Yes, Mrs. Patten." She hesitated. "Only, I was right in the middle of mince pie filling—"

"I'll finish it." I went on out to the kitchen, where I got our own dinner while I stirred the fragrant kettles of mince meat, but all the while my thoughts were in the front of the house with John. Mrs. Evenson took off her apron and put on her coat and hat and left, and still John didn't come out to join me. I waited until I'd finished setting the table, and then I went into the living room to call him. He was sitting on the couch, his chin in his hands. I crossed over to him, knelt beside him. "Johnny, please—"

He turned his head, laid his cheek against the back of my hand, kissed my palm. "I'm sorry, honey. Only, it's kind of a shock, to realize that we don't see eye-to-eye on this thing—"

I felt better now, more confident, with his arm around me, with the warm current that flowed always between us started up again. But I knew that I must be cautious. I'd already said the wrong thing once. "It isn't that," I said carefully. "It's just that I think we ought to be sure before we start anything. We're doing well as it is—"

"You're doing well, Betsey. I'm not. I'll never get anywhere with the job I've got because I'm just not cut out to be a business man. I want my own place; I want to feel that I'm my own

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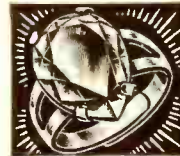
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boss and that I've got some responsibility—"

"You have responsibility," I reminded him softly. "You have me."

His wry little smile twisted my heart. "I think it's the other way around, honey. You have me, the way things are now. You know that if I lost my job tomorrow, it wouldn't make any difference, so far as our comfort is concerned. It—it doesn't give me much incentive to go on filling up ledgers. That's another reason why I'd like you to get used to this farm idea. We don't have to decide right away. Old Corwin likes me, and he likes my ideas, and I think he'd rather have me get his place than anyone else. He's not likely to sell it out from under my nose. Only—think hard about it honey, won't you?"

I nodded, and I promised, but I wasn't thinking about the farm at all. In the back of my mind, I'd already ruled out the farm as the real reason for John's discontent. The real trouble was that he wanted, as a man does, his wife to be dependent upon him . . . and I was dependent upon him, in so many ways, in such important ways that I couldn't put them into words. John was the quick warm thrill I knew at the sound of his uneven step on the porch, the voice that answered mine in quiet talk and laughter in the evening, the deep, sweet contentment of his arms at night, the first sleepy kiss when I awoke in the morning. John was happiness. Surely it wouldn't be hard to make him understand how very much I needed him, to make him see that our household really revolved around him.

I began, after that, to defer to him in unobtrusive little ways. I took care to ask questions about his job; I fussed over the clothes he wore to work, as if he were going each day to an important conference instead of to a desk exactly like a dozen other desks in a big room; I asked his opinion in matters pertaining to the bakery.

It wasn't convincing. You can't make fiction of facts—and the plain fact was that John's job wasn't really important to our way of living, and there was no possible way of making it so. And John knew what I was trying to do—I realized that one day when I asked him whether or not I should try a new type of flour. He didn't answer for a moment, and then he said with an odd,



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slow smile, "I'm not a baker, Betsey. You know more about that flour than I do—and you know it."

I flushed and said defensively, "I thought perhaps you might have come across something in one of your pamphlets—"

"I read about raising wheat, not using it."

We'd stopped talking about the farm. We never seemed to get anywhere in our discussions about it, and then, during December, we were both too busy to even think much about it—I, getting ready for the Christmas holidays, and John, preparing for the January audit. He worked extremely hard all through December and January—and on that I blamed the fact that he often came home low in spirits and short of temper, with a strained look around his mouth. And then in February something happened. A small thing, but revealing. Mr. Farley, John's superior in the auditing department, was in the habit of stopping on his way home to buy rolls for dinner. He always stayed to chat with me for a moment, but on this February afternoon he greeted me briefly, almost curtly, picked up his package of rolls, and hurried out. I stared after his stiff-backed, retreating form. "Now what," I said to Mrs. Evenson, "do you suppose is the matter with him?"

LATER, at dinner, I told John about the incident, and asked him the same question. "I wouldn't know," John said, "except that I almost punched him in the nose this noon."

"John!" And I sent a shocked glance toward Mrs. Evenson, who was working late that night and who was having dinner with us. Then John laughed—a rather strange laugh, but it relieved me. "Oh," I said. "For a moment I thought you really meant it."

He had meant it. He told me about it afterward when we were alone. "I didn't hit him," he said, "but I was tempted to. We had an argument, and I lost my temper."

"An argument? What about?" He shrugged. "It wasn't important—we're usually arguing over something. Don't worry about it, Betsey."

I was shocked. It was the first inkling I'd had of trouble at the office. I didn't understand it at all—and then I began to remember little things—the new tight look about his mouth, his edginess... even back to the October day when John had wanted to play hookey. Was it possible that he was beginning to resent his job so much that he chafed against it and didn't get along with his co-workers? "If you're not happy there," I said, "why don't you quit?" And then I held my breath, afraid that he would take it to mean that his job meant so little to us that he could easily quit.

But he looked hopeful. "And move out to the farm?"

I hadn't meant just that. I'd been thinking of his getting another job in town. But now I wanted to say yes, wanted to say anything that would please him, and yet I was afraid. "Perhaps... if there were some way I could run the bakery at the same time—"

John looked at me, and then he turned back to his newspaper. There was an interminable silence, and then I ventured hesitantly, "We ought to be able to work out something."

"I don't see how," he said levelly. "You don't want to give up your business—and you can't possibly run it from out of town. A thirty-mile trip

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I cried that night, curled forlornly on the far side of the bed from John's stiff, straight form. He must have heard me crying, and yet he didn't turn to me, didn't take me in his arms. And I knew then that I couldn't reach him, for all that I could have touched him by putting out my hand. We'd argued before, over other things, and not once had he hesitated to make up afterward, to kiss me and to smooth the trouble over.

I slept late the next morning, and came downstairs to find John already gone. Mrs. Evenson had turned the bread out of the pans and was kneading it on the marble slab. She looked at me—knowingly, I thought, and I turned my face away, conscious of my swollen, reddened eyes. Then reaction set in after my tortured night, and I told myself angrily that I was making a spectacle of myself over very little. John was dissatisfied with his job, and consequently his farm, which belonged properly, practically, to the distant future, had become an immediate necessity to him, had become an obsession. Surely the obsession would pass. Something would happen to make it pass. He would be promoted at the office, or he'd be offered another job, or he would find another interest. . .

SOMETHING did happen, but it was the last thing I expected. John bought the farm. When he came home that night he greeted me with an air of abstraction, of holding something back. And as soon as Mrs. Evenson had gone, he put down the paper he'd only been pretending to read and said, "Betsey, I bought the Corwin place today."

"Bought it?" I repeated stupidly. "You don't mean—for yourself?" The news was so incredible that the first explanation that occurred to me was that John had bought the farm as an investment and intended to rent it out.

"For us," he said pleadingly. "Please see it that way, Betsey, and say that you'll try it with me. You'll like the life; I know you will, and we just can't fail—"

I hardly heard him. I was staring at the comfortable sitting room, at the deep chairs and the lamps placed for reading, at the soft colors of drapes and furnishings. We had everything one could reasonably want in life, every comfort, and John wanted to leave it. He wanted to give it all up for a wild chance on a job at which he'd never had any real experience. He wanted—

"Before you answer," he was saying, "I want you to know that I've got to go, Betsey, whether you go with me or not. I—I can't stick it out here any longer. But please say you'll come with me—"

"I can't." Had I really spoken them—the words that ended everything between us? "I mean—"

"You mean that you don't trust me to provide for you."

I said nothing. In my heart I knew it was the truth. Already, at the back of my mind, a thought was stirring: suppose he tries the farm—and fails. We'll still have something left. We'll have this house, and the business.

"If it only wouldn't mean giving up the bakery—"

John's face was gray. "But it does," he said wearily. "It's no use, Betsey; you don't understand. Not only would you have to give up this place, but you'd have to give it up wholeheartedly, so that whatever happened, you

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wouldn't reproach yourself afterward. The way you feel now, I—I don't even feel that I can ask you again to come with me."

I didn't understand, not any of it. I moved through the next day or two numb with bewilderment, cleaning his clothes, helping him to pack, to sort the papers in his desk. None of it seemed real. He wasn't really going—not John, who loved me, who was dearer to me than my own life. And even after he had gone, and the house was as queerly silent and still as if death had visited it, I still didn't believe it. I had to remind myself not to set his place at the table; I lay wakeful and tense at night, listening for—expecting—John's step on the stairs, John's voice calling my name. And every morning I awoke with a sense of anticipation. Today I might hear from John. Surely today he would call me, or he would come into town, and I would meet him, even if by chance, on the street. When people asked about him, I told them that he'd bought the farm and had gone out there to "get it started"—as if at any time we would be together again.

BUT the days passed, and there was no word, no sign from him. March became April, and the weather turned warm, and the whole world was aching sweet with spring, and then I began to tell myself, "I must be patient; I must be prepared to wait a long time. Next fall—surely by next fall he will have given up." Mercifully, I didn't realize that he would never give up, and that he would certainly never come back, a failure, to me and to the security I had to offer. I was wretched enough in those weeks; I had trouble enough filling the lonely days, the empty nights, and I worked twice as hard as ever before. When the Methodist Church held its twenty-fifth anniversary celebration, I went all out—baked dozens of loaves of bread for the dinner, dozens of pies and cakes—and I outdid myself on the anniversary cake, a magnificent three-tiered structure, glistening white, with the name of the church traced in silver beads.

I didn't trust anyone else with that cake. I carried it to the church myself, just before the dinner was scheduled to start, carefully maneuvered my delicate burden through the basement door which opened on the serving pantry. The little pantry was deserted at the moment; as I set the cake down to rest my arms I heard the chatter in the kitchen, the banging of oven doors and the clatter of crockery as the women prepared the dinner. I heard something else, too—my own name, and John's.

"... mighty funny to me," a woman's voice was saying. "Betsey says John's gone out to get the farm started. What's there to start about the Corwin place, I'd like to know? The way old man Corwin left it, all anyone would have to do would be to take over. My guess is that there's some trouble between them—"

There was a murmur of agreement and then someone—Mrs. Farley—said moderately, "After all, it can't be too easy, living with a cripple—"

And then came Mrs. Evenson's voice, rising positively. "Of course it isn't! Believe me, I'd have thought twice before I married him, if I'd been in her shoes. In the first place, a woman doesn't feel the same way about a crippled husband as she would a normal man, and in the second place, a man that's got something wrong with his body is likely to have something

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wrong with his soul, too. I've seen his crankiness, and his moods, and I've seen him clam up like a—well, like a clam, many times. And I've seen her the picture of misery and her face all red from crying—"

I still don't recall turning and leaving the church. Blinding fury possessed me, drove me on; I'd walked half way home before I realized where I was, before I had some semblance of thought. Those stupid, stupid women and their prying, pitying tongues! Pitying me for having married John! Oh, I should have told them—told them—You, Mrs. Farley, why do you think it isn't so easy, being married to a cripple? What do you know about it? John's twisted body inconveniences him sometimes, and hurts him sometimes, and at those times it hurts me, too, but otherwise I am no more bothered by the fact that he doesn't look like other men than you are bothered by your husband's having blue eyes. And anyway, no man is crippled who has John's goodness and his strength and his gift of laughter—

I turned in at the house, started up the steps, continuing my furious, unspoken tirade. And you, Mrs. Evenson, what have you seen—And then it was as if a hand had reached out and touched my shoulder, as if another voice had repeated, "What have you seen, Mrs. Evenson?"

I sat down on the steps suddenly, struck down by realization. Mrs. Evenson had seen something that I hadn't seen at all. She had seen the tight lines around John's mouth, and she'd noticed his silences, and the forbidding withdrawn expressions that crossed his face—and she had known what they meant. I hadn't.

"Something wrong with his soul," I whispered to myself. There'd been nothing wrong with John's soul when I'd first met him. It had been a whole and a hopeful and a happy soul. He had changed, and it was I who had changed him—by keeping him at a job that was too small for him, by trying to keep him safe and secure, by doing for him the things that he should have been doing for me, that he wanted to do for me. I'd been afraid to take a chance, to give up my house and my business. . . I turned my head, looked over my shoulder at the dark bulk of the house. An empty house—and what was



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AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

my work except something to keep me from thinking, to keep me from missing John?

I knew then that Mrs. Evenson was right about something else, too, and I would have disputed it violently only a little while before. You don't feel the same way about a crippled husband as you'd feel about a husband who is whole and strong. You don't care about him the same way—you care a hundred times more. You adjust your steps to his; you rest when he is tired; you pick up the things you drop and run little errands that you might otherwise expect your husband to run—and you don't regard these small things as sacrifices; you are glad of them because they help you to express your greater measure of love. Wouldn't giving up my house and my bakery be the same as running a little errand for my husband? Would I be able to give them up wholeheartedly, as he had asked me to?

I waited, there in the spring night, until I was sure of my answer. And then I went into the house—to call John and ask him to take me home.

It is autumn as I write this—the time when you feel at peace with yourself, and you know in your heart all the goodness and fruitfulness of the earth. From my window I can see the sun on the fields, hear the tap of apple-tree branches against the window, hear the spatter of grain in the yard and John's chuckle as he feeds the chickens. In some ways perhaps, the season hasn't been too successful. We've made most of the mistakes that green hands make, and we've just barely managed to pay our own way—but we've profited by our mistakes, and we know that next year will be better. But even that isn't what matters. What matters is that the taut look is gone from John's mouth, and the light and the eagerness for living is back in his eyes, and he is John again, my beloved husband.

And even more—I am his wife again, truly his wife. Not a woman who holds herself apart from him, but one whose only life is the life that she can build together with her husband, a life so all-important that it is more than the sum of their two lives, and has an entity of its own.

NOVEMBER RADIO ROMANCES

Formerly Radio Mirror

ON SALE

Wednesday, October 17th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for November will go on sale Wednesday, October 17th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!



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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

last season on Perry Como's Supper Club shows, Mary is due for a big radio and film buildup this Fall.

Remember Tony Martin? Tony is now a plain GI stationed in India, and according to a letter received from a member of his division, is one of the best liked guys in the ranks.

Strangely enough, bandleaders are having a difficult time getting adequate girl singers. George Paxton is just one of the maestros desperately searching for a suitable canary.

The Spike Joneses have decided that their recent attempt at reconciliation was hopeless. They've been married 10 years and have one child, Linda Lee.

Tommy Dorsey surprised everyone with his good-humored m.c. work this summer and will probably win a regular sponsorship shortly.

Singers Phil Brito and Chuck Goldstein (the Chuck of Four Chicks and Chuck) are two really busy fellows. In addition to their vocal chores both are employed in war plants.

Homespun Heroes

Down south in the steaming, industrial city of Nashville, Tennessee, there is a flourishing radio institution that for nineteen consecutive years has been giving some simple but sound showmanship lessons to the sleek savants of Broadway and Hollywood.

They call it Grand Ole Opry and its sizable stable of 100 singers and instrumentalists are authentic country folk who have learned their musical trades from weazened ancients snuggled in the state's Smoky Mountains. To them Nashville and Grand Ole Opry is America's musical mecca and they'll take New York and California only at the movie shows.

A modern version of the old Saturday night barn dance, these plain people bring their fiddles, guitars, banjos and jugs to town and put on a four-hour show. Three state sponsors and one national one gladly pay the bills. The enthusiastic audience pays thirty-five cents for the privilege of witnessing this southern spectacle. The whole family comes, from wailing babes in arms to whittlin' grandpas.

The performers and the native patrons don't mind if the rest of the nation tunes in for a half hour as long as they maintain respectful distances.

All are self-taught, and as one of them explained, "Our fingers are just cooperatin' with our minds."

Each musician knows a catalogue of folk tunes, and it takes no more than five minutes to run through the two hundred and forty minute musical marathon lineup.

Headman of the network portion is robust Roy Acuff, thirty-three-year-old son of a county judge. To give an idea of Roy's enormous popularity, he was once drafted by the Democrats to run for Governor and with one good chord of his fiddle, could have won hands down. Roy refused.

Several years later the Republicans tried. They got the same answer.

A Tennessee biscuit company sold 3,000,000 barrels a month until they

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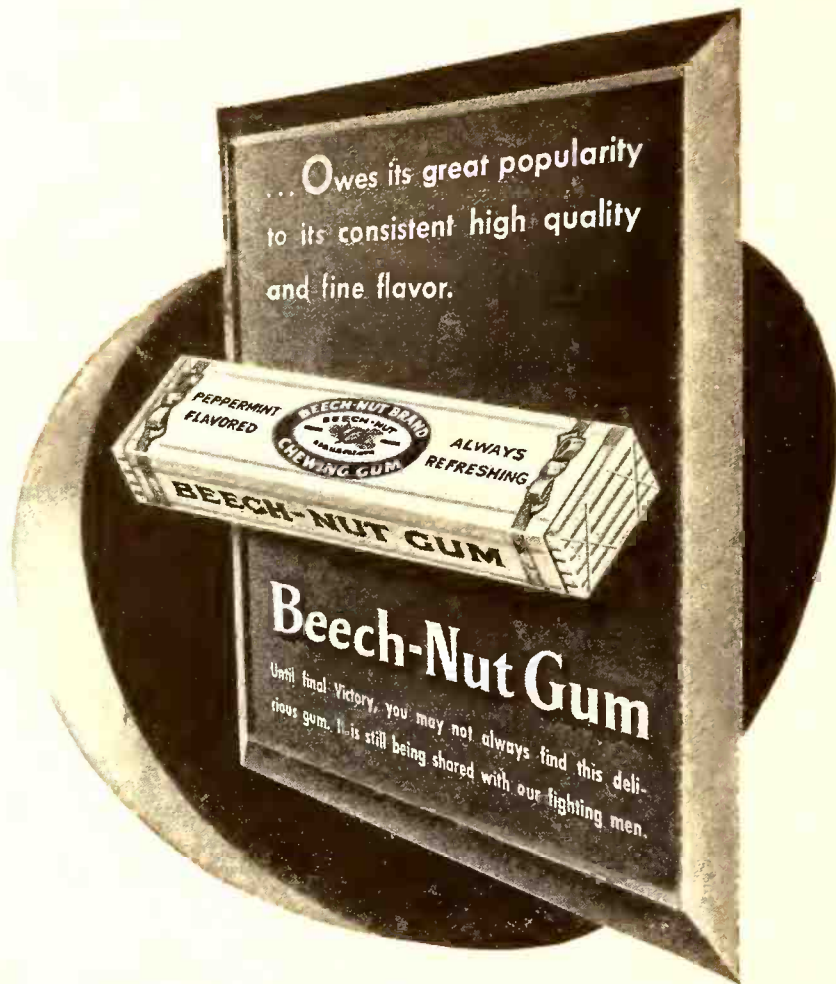
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Dick Powell is the hard-boiled Richard Rogue, detective on the NBC Sunday night mystery show

started calling their product Roy Acuff flour. Then production jumped to 10,000,000.

The brown-haired, well-built singer finds Nashville highly profitable. His radio, films, recordings, song book folios, and theater appearances net him about \$100,000 a year.

This gives him ample opportunity to operate a forty acre farm on the outskirts of Nashville. There he lives with his wife Mildred, schoolday sweetheart, and their infant son.

Roy likes to help friends who have had ill luck but refuses to discuss his benevolences. Recently a friend died, leaving a widow and children. The proud widow refused to accept charity. Roy knew this so worked out a suitable strategy. He visited the woman.

"I want to buy your husband's fiddle. Been needin' a new one for a long time and I always hankered for his."

The widow said she would sell it but couldn't estimate its value. Roy fondled the fiddle as if it were a long lost Stradivarius. He took the instrument and left a check for \$1,000, hundreds of times its original value.

Roy played baseball and football in high school, was the leading scholastic athlete of Knoxville. He turned down a big league baseball career when a New York Yankees scout offered him a job. He preferred to play and sing.

Roy always has time to see new singers for his troupe. He never forgets a promise. Sometime ago a twelve-year-old barefooted, homely little girl pleaded for an audition. The girl showed promise, but was too young.

"Come back in five years," Roy advised.

Five years to the day the girl returned. She was hired. They call her Little Rachel, and she, along with Minnie Pearl, the Smoky Mountain Boys, the Girl Reporter from Grinder's Switch, the Duke of Paducah, Oswald, and Mack MacGarr are the leading members of Roy's gang.

Good-natured, modest, but proud of his work and his performers and public, only one thing makes Roy see red. He hates to be called a hillbilly.

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