

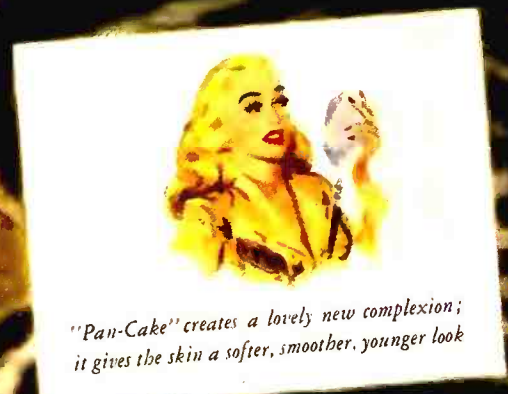
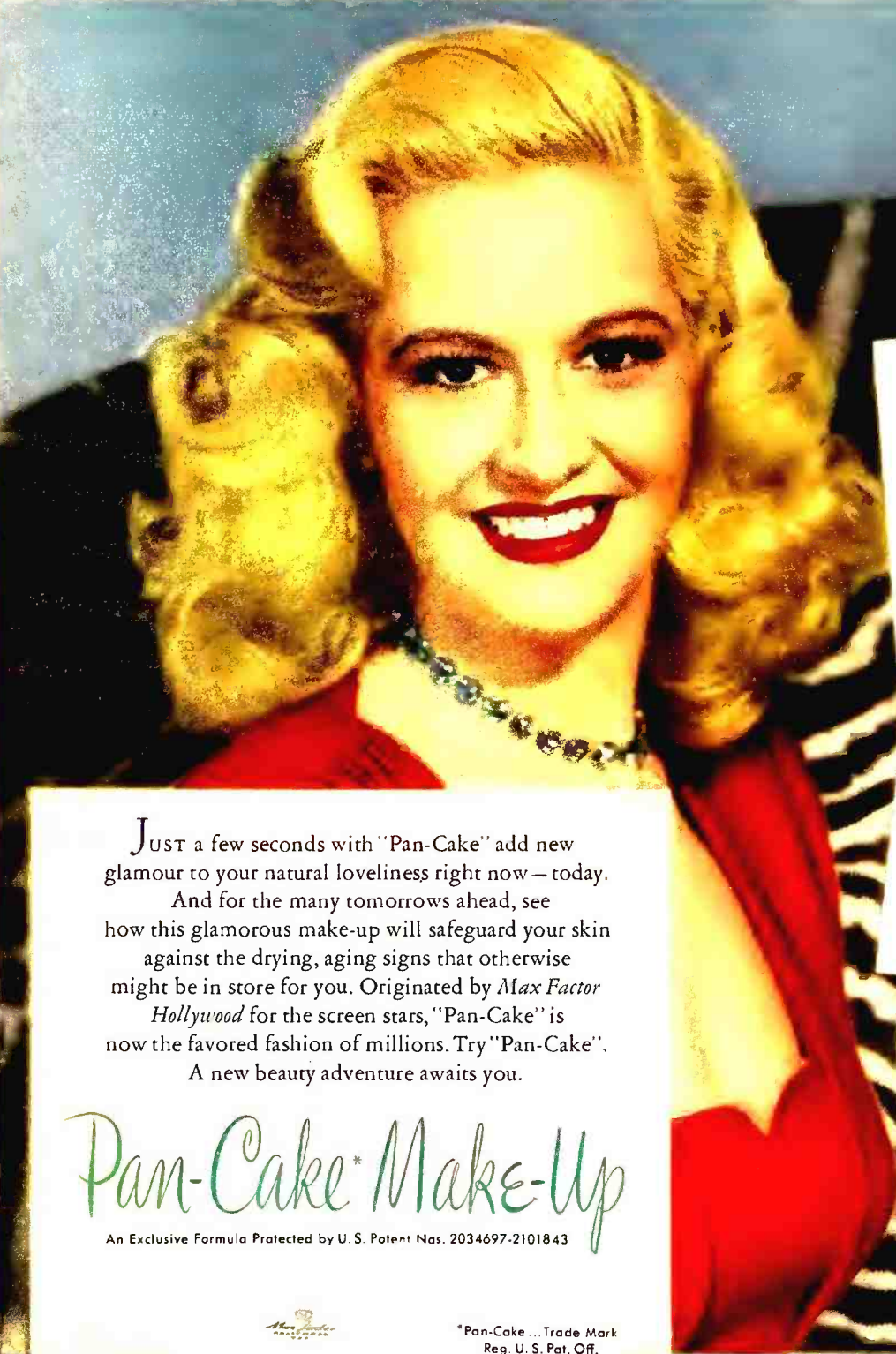
RADIO MIRROR

October
15¢



New! Full Color Pictures - Our Gal Sunday

Glamorous Today...lovelier tomorrow



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion; it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds; and it stays on for hours without retouching



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults; the exclusive formula guards against drying

Just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" add new glamour to your natural loveliness right now – today. And for the many tomorrows ahead, see how this glamorous make-up will safeguard your skin against the drying, aging signs that otherwise might be in store for you. Originated by *Max Factor Hollywood* for the screen stars, "Pan-Cake" is now the favored fashion of millions. Try "Pan-Cake". A new beauty adventure awaits you.

Pan-Cake Make-Up*

An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843



*Pan-Cake... Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PHOTO BY CLARENCE BULL



Marilyn Maxwell
In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"THE SHOW-OFF"

ORIGINATED BY *Max Factor* Hollywood*

"Sister... what that pumpkin
could teach
you!"



GIRL: Okay, Cupid. What could the pumpkin teach me? How to be a pie?

CUPID: How to be a Mantrap, my dateless darling. To smile. Don't you know what even the plainest girl can do if she's got a sparkling smile?

GIRL: Sure. If she's got a sparkling smile. But what happens to me, when I brush my teeth, is a smile full of *no* smile.

CUPID: And "pink" on your tooth brush, perhaps?

GIRL: So?

CUPID: Listen, my airy friend, that "pink" happens to be an urgent warning to *see your dentist!* Let him decide whether it's serious or whether it's simply a case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may very well recommend "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Ipana. Massage. Dentist. So what's about the smile you were talking about?

CUPID: *Precisely* why I am here. Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth. And sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help gums. Let your dentist decide whether you need this famous dental routine—gentle massage with Ipana after you brush your teeth. Check on it, Cinderella... and start on a smile that'll have you "man-haunting" come Hallowe'en!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

RADIO MIRROR

Coming
Next
Month



Thanksgiving's coming, and with it a special holiday story. Built around CBS's Big Sister, it's as warm and inspiring as the season out of which it grows.

* * *

Notice the new kind of story on page 44 of this issue—the picture adaptation of a Front Page Farrell mystery? Next month we're doing the same thing with an exciting story from the files of the CBS network's Crime Doctor—a series of on-the-spot photographs to take you swiftly from the beginning of one of his fascinating tangles to its triumphant conclusion.

* * *

And in Living Portraits, NBC's Right to Happiness: Carolyn Kramer, in brilliant full color, and pages that open the door into her family life.

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ON THE COVER—Janet Waldo, radio actress. Color portrait by John Engstead; story on page 3. Picture story on Front Page Farrell was photographed at Primrose House, New York City.

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"What's cookin' at your house?"

queries **PERRY COMO**

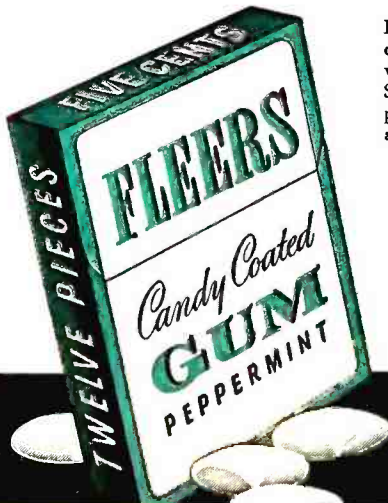
Star of NBC's Famous "Supper Club"



"Whatever's on your dinner menu, I bet it isn't grass soup, raw tree bark, or bread that's made with sawdust. That's what plenty of our friends around the world have had to call food these past few years.

"Lucky us! We don't have to starve ourselves to send food a-plenty to Europe and Asia. We can just eat a little less, waste a little less, grow a little more. And we'll enjoy what we do eat all the more, knowing our small 'sacrifice' has been the bread of life itself for some fellow human being."

Fleer's is more and more the favorite gum of young Americans. Try it and you'll see why there's a trend to candy coated gum. Such refreshing freshness. Delicious peppermint flavor. Twelve snowy fleerlets in a handy package. Enjoy Fleer's today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

COVER GIRL



By ELEANOR HARRIS

WANT to meet the dizzy, daffy and delightful Corliss Archer of CBS' Meet Corliss Archer? Well, step up and meet her—but first erase two of those adjectives. For Corliss Archer in real life is Miss Janet Waldo; and Janet Waldo is only delightful. She's five feet three and 110 pounds, with lovely brown eyes and chestnut brown hair. All of this beauty is usually encased in bright peasant clothes or in dressmaker suits—and she has one foible by which you could place her anywhere: she never removes her grandmother's diamond engagement ring from her right hand. "It's my good luck piece," she explains.

Janet lives in a house much like the one imaginary Corliss herself lives in—a big, rangy, two-story house in Los Angeles. Under the same shingles live her mother, who was a coloratura soprano before she married, and her father, who is a retired railroad executive. Also present is her sister Elizabeth, a concert violinist—once she was a member of Leopold Stokowski's All-American Youth Orchestra; now whenever the Waldo family wants to see her of an evening, they get seats for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.

Originally Janet and her talented family hailed from Grandview, Washington. There Janet was born on a fruit farm, and had a pet sheep, which ran with the dogs squawking "Baa" whenever they barked. She learned to swim (beautifully) in an irrigation ditch, learned to love mountain trails, snowstorms, and howling winds. "Some day," she says, "I'll write a book about my childhood."



Some things you just can't mask, Pigeon!

CUTE COSTUME, slave girl. And you go so well inside it.

But what good is your masquerade if underarm odor gives you away? Don't ever take chances with your charm. Put your trust in Mum.

Tonight's bath was fine . . . for washing

away *past* perspiration. But to *stay* sweet and nice to be near . . . to guard against the risk of *future* underarm odor . . . play safe—use Mum!

→ better because it's Safe

- 1. Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.
- 2. Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.
- 3. Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

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

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

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Allen, Benny and Rochester, no musicians, sit in with the King Cole Trio and Maurice Rocco, good ones.

Jon Gart, MBS conductor, rehearses before a responsive audience.



Facing the Music

By **KEN ALDEN**

ON GART

IF YOU'VE dialed The Carrington Playhouse, Saturday Night Revue and a flock of other Mutual network shows, the name of Jon Gart should be a familiar one. He is one of radio's busiest men of music despite the fact that he got into radio by accident.

Jon came over to this country from Poland with his father, who was scheduled for a concert tour. The elder Gart, a fine baritone, was determined to conquer America. Although his son had been studying at the Imperial Conservatory in Kiev he was still far from being a polished Polish pianist. Accompanying his famous father was strictly a happy holiday.

New York's traffic changed this. The third day in Gotham, Gart's father was struck down by a cab. Although he was not seriously injured, the tour had to be postponed. Jon had to get a job and he did, as pit maestro for the Loew theater chain. This was still the era of silent films and the young foreigner provided musical accompaniment for the muted screen stars.

After one year of this work, Gart was persuaded to try this new-fangled radio. He joined a now-forgotten radio station, WFBH. Gart still remembers those pioneer days vividly.

"We had only one room and no way of setting up. We had to do it while the show was on. Musically, those early programs must have been ridiculous. We tiptoed in while a singer or lecturer was on the air, put our instruments anywhere we could so long as we were quiet, and then took the air just like that. If our music was too loud or too low, an announcer came up to me while I was conducting, pecked at my sleeve, mouthed a stage whisper. Can you imagine that informality today?"

Don't tell Gart about outraged critical reaction when some venerated classic is jazzed up. He thinks he may have started it back in the crystal set era when he syncopated such choice items as "By The Waters of Minnetonka," and the love duet from "Samson."

In addition to his Mutual chores, Jon has contributed many a musical backdrop to Superman, Big



Frank Jr. and Nancy get early music training from Dad Sinatra, who's heard Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EST, CBS.

Town, Ellery Queen, and the CBS Workshop series. He envies Hollywood musicians.

"An average picture runs some two hours. The scenarist can lead up to a tense scene for fifteen or twenty minutes and finally give the musicians their chance to heighten the tension or enhance the drama. A radio show takes thirty minutes. The musician has to get in his blows in ten or fifteen seconds. It's a tough job."

Jon likes to recall the days when he conducted a dance band in an obscure night club. There was a vocalist there who wanted none of the corny arrangements which girl singers of the day seemed to favor. She was independent and knew what she wanted.

"I've never forgotten that girl. Her name was and is Dinah Shore."

A modest, retiring person, Gart shies away from comedy shows. He's timid about reading lines with jokesters and still remembers a harrowing experience from his vaudeville days. The great pantomimist, Jimmy Savo, used to get a laugh by reaching down in the orchestra pit and snatching off leader Gart's tie. At one performance this failed to get a laugh. So the buffoon decided to work on the embarrassed musician's shirt, coat and pants. Midway through this early strip (*Continued on page 74*)

"Oh, she's a Blonde and can get away with it!"



MAYBE a blonde *can* get away with it for a little while . . . but a brunette—never! Those telltale flakes and scales show up all too plainly and people begin whispering "infectious dandruff" and draw away.

Look Out, Lady!

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff—flakes, scales, or itching—better start at once with the delightful treatment that has helped so many . . . Listerine Antiseptic and massage. Make it a part of your regular hair washing routine.

Remember, infectious dandruff is nothing to fool with . . . and women as well as men can contract it.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Early and regular Listerine Antiseptic treatment may often head off the infec-

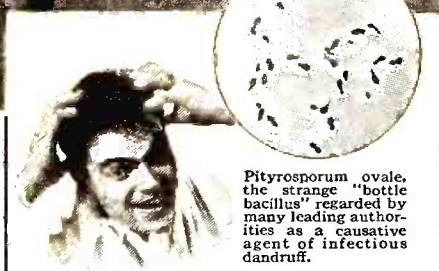
tion or relieve its severity. Here's why:

Listerine Antiseptic gives the scalp and hair an antiseptic bath. Right away it kills millions of "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*), the ugly little germ that many a noted dermatologist looks upon as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

It's Easy . . . It's Delightful

There's no mess, no bother, no smell, no grease about the Listerine Antiseptic treatment. It's easy . . . it's delightful . . . and you simply have no idea how fresh, clean and exhilarated it makes your scalp feel. You will be delighted also, to see how quickly embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

Get in the habit of using Listerine



Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

The TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

Antiseptic as a part of your regular shampoo. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

At the first sign of Infectious Dandruff . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** — *Quick!*

Anne Shepherd, who acts in many a radio drama (MBS' *Bulldog Drummond* among them) starts with a lovely skin, does a make-up job that's precise, subtle—and lasting.



Lucky you if you have nice ample eyebrows. They're a modern sign of beauty, so pluck only wayward hairs.

Eyeshadow is a party thing and on big occasions or small should be used sparingly and blended. For most girls eye-cream, lanolin, or vaseline spread lightly over the lids is enough—is all that's needed.

Unless your eyes are framed with dark lashes as long as daisy petals, you probably need mascara, for everyone's eyelashes are paler at the tips. Blondes and most redheads need mascara particularly, for light eyes can look lifeless without emphasis and the framing job that dark lashes give. Hoist your eyelid with one finger if you want to sweep mascara on the full length of your lashes. This helps you avoid, too, poking yourself in the eye with the brush. An only slightly dampened brush conveys more color but please don't try for beadwork on your lashes like an old-time vamp. Another taboo is wearing mascara on your lower lashes. It diminishes the size of your eyes amazingly. Like your hairline, and your eyebrows, the lower lashes should be brushed free of powder but that's all.

You'll never have a prettier mouth than when you apply your base coat of lipstick with a tiny fine brush. It's a make-up trick to master if you want your mouth to "stay put" and keep its firm outline in spite of hot coffee and "chicken in the rough." It may cost a dollar but a lipstick brush is an economy.

Spread your lips firmly over your teeth and start with the brush at the center of your upper lip. Do the outline, then fill. The first layer of lipstick should be dusted lightly with powder and blotted. Repeat the whole thing; your lovely mouth should last for hours and hours.

As time goes by, lips lose their roundness. When that times comes for you, don't imagine for a second that a load of vivid lipstick will make you look younger. Make-up for the older woman should be kept soft, ever so subtle to really look young and pretty. But no matter what your age, keep this in mind. Make-up can be like a perfume that you've worn often for a long time. You can become so accustomed to it that you're not aware that you're wearing any. That's when too many of us make the fatal mistake of using more than we need for a lovely effect.

you of you. But it's doomed to semi-effectiveness unless you start with skin that's clean . . . free of old make-up. Every girl to her own method—soap and water and/or cream. If, till now, you've harbored any old-hat inhibitions about powder foundation, get rid of them now. Whether you use the cake type or a creamy liquid base, your skin takes on a clear, smooth glowing evenness that makes you look rested, happy, lovely. Foundation helps hide circles under eyes, blends in freckles if you don't happen to like them, gives a glow to sallow or muddy skin, tones down minor blemishes. Use only a shade that matches your skin or is a trifle darker.

The same is true in your choice of face powder. Too light a shade gives a ghostly, unnatural effect that is most unflattering. Dust powder onto the skin, don't scrub it in, squirt, or push your face around when applying. Powder puffs should be kept clean, obviously. Sanitary reasons. But that's not all. A clean new puff powders better.

Most girls look fresher, sweeter if they wear a little rouge, but remember—a little. Where Nature puts the pink, so should you, unless your face needs make-up modeling. Applied in a soft triangle, rouge for the thin face should be blended toward the outer curve of the cheek but toward the *inner* curve for the face that's chubby.

*It's
an
Art*

IF your make-up assembly-line includes a powder foundation, lipsticks, powder, mascara, rouge, eyebrow and possibly an eyebrow pencil—all in shades that suit you to a "T" and if you use them consistently, adeptly, don't read further. The following is a short-short on make-up for the Timid and the Uninitiated. Or it's a refresher for any girl who hasn't had a pep-talk on make-up in the last six months.

The right make-up can make a new

Of all leading brands we tested . . .

No other Deodorant **STOPS PERSPIRATION** **AND ODOR SO EFFECTIVELY, YET SO SAFELY!**

To protect your precious clothes against perspiration . . . to prevent embarrassing odor . . . use the new, improved Postwar Arrid!

Our laboratory comparisons of Arrid against all other leading brands show Arrid is more effective in stopping perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes.

Arrid gives you the utmost safe protection. Guards your clothes against perspiration.

Prevents embarrassing odor. You'll adore the new, improved Postwar Arrid!



ROMANTIC DRESS, of black silk brocade! Hip bustles, tied underneath, accentuate the tiny waistline and snug-fitting bodice with its graceful neckline. Underarm perspiration can easily ruin this type of dress. Rely on the new, more effective Arrid! Arrid gives utmost protection against perspiration and odor with safety to skin and clothes!

Fashion Forecast for Winter Evenings



Shoulders completely bare . . . above a bodice which fits like the paper on the wall! The season's most important trend! With this kind of snug-fitting bodice you'll need the utmost protection against underarm perspiration. Use the new, smooth, creamy Arrid. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.

All Postwar Arrid packages have a star ★ above the price.

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough 5-way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our tests.
3. Does not harm fabrics. Does not irritate the skin. Antiseptic.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy . . . easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to clothes.

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

New Improved Postwar **ARRID**

SOME OF THE MANY STARS WHO USE ARRID: Diana Barrymore • Jane Froman • Gertrude Niesen • Connee Boswell • Beatrice Lillie • Joan McCracken

Rita Daigle -

WALTER THORNTON
Pin-Up GIRL

uses Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICAL TREATMENT
for Beautiful Hair



Overnight
Lovelier Hair
for You, too!

YOU don't have to wait week after week—try just one application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment tonight—and tomorrow you'll see the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all three today—Glover's Original Mange Medicine—GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

Free Trial Size



SEND COUPON for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet. *The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair.*



GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St.
Dept. 5510, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Latest addition to the husband-and-wife programs is the Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary combination, heard mornings on NBC.



Stuart Erwin and Florence Lake have telephone troubles galore on CBS's Phone Again, Finnegan.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

COMMERCIAL radio is still branching out over the globe. Awhile back, we reported on the efforts being made to set up a commercial radio station in Europe. Now comes word that the first commercial broadcast station has been established in the Bermuda Islands—Station ZBM. ZBM has joined the Mutual network, bringing the number of Mutual stations up to the grand total of 323.

Television broadcasting is also expanding. The American Broadcasting Company is out in front of the field with, at the moment, five stations in its television line-up, having added station WBKB, in Chicago to its list of outlets. ABC regularly presents television shows over WABD, New York; WPTZ, Philadelphia; WRGB, Schenectady; and by coaxial cable to WTTG, Washington, D. C.

By

DALE

BANKS

By the time you read this, veteran radio-ite Louella Parsons will be back on the ABC air at her regular time (9:15 P.M. EST), recovered from her recent illness, ready with first-run news fresh out of Hollywood.

Here's a note of warning to veterans. Many vets have had a nibble at radio and radio performing in an informal way during their days in the service and many of them have developed a yen to continue in this field. As a result, there has been a great increase in the demand for special training in the various phases of radio. The catch is that, as seems to be usual whenever a new demand arises, many so-called radio schools have sprung up all over the country, making particular appeals to ex-servicemen.

Veterans should check very carefully on the credentials of any schools they intend to attend, before plunking down their enrollment fees. Otherwise, they are liable to be rooked for their money and get little (Continued on page 10)

Angel... or Devil? WHICH WAS SHE?

To the world, she was a charming, charitable woman . . . But to 8 men—her father, husbands, sons, lovers—she was a shameless and passionate she-devil!



HEDY LAMARR in the movie, *The Strange Woman*, a Hunt Stromberg Production, produced by Jack Chertok and released through United Artists.

This MILLION-COPY Best-Seller

YOURS-FOR A 3¢ STAMP

If You Join
"America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

THE *Strange Woman*

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' Sensational 700-Page Best-Seller
And Million-Dollar Hunt Stromberg-United Artists Production
Starring the Lovely, Exotic HEDY LAMARR!

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Caruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-like bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years! To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature, shameless and merciless! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton!"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who once boasted to his friend John Evered that he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met and usually found it, too! Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had saved her from a shipwreck—and then spent a winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—a character you'll long remember, now being immortalized on the screen by HEDY LAMARR!



MEMBERSHIP IN THE BOOK LEAGUE IS FREE!

It costs nothing to join "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." And every month you receive a best seller by an author like Ben Ames Williams, John Steinbeck, or Ernest Hemingway—selling for \$2.50 and up in the publisher's edition.

IN ADDITION, for every two Selections you accept, you get—FREE—a BONUS BOOK, a masterpiece by Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Dumas, Zola, etc. These BONUS BOOKS are handsomely and uniformly bound; they grow into an impressive lifetime library.

You Do NOT Have to Take Every Monthly Selection

The best-seller selected each month sells at \$2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only \$1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only six of your own choice during the year. Each month the Club's "Review" describes a number of other popular best-sellers; if you prefer one of these to the regular Selection, choose it

instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Mail coupon without money, and receive—for just that 3¢ stamp—*The Strange Woman*. You will ALSO receive, as your first selection, your choice of any one of these 3 best-sellers:

- The Foxes of Harrow**—650,000-copy best-seller of flaming passion in wicked Old New Orleans.
- Before The Sun Goes Down**—The amazing best-seller that won \$145,000 in cash prizes!
- The Block Rose**—Magnificent romantic thriller of love and adventure—2 MILLION COPIES sold!

Send coupon without money—just enclose a 3¢ stamp. Read *The Strange Woman* for five days. If you are not then convinced that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," return the book; pay nothing. Otherwise, keep it—your 3¢ stamp will be considered full payment; your subscription will begin with the selection you choose in the coupon. Mail coupon NOW! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-10, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail this Coupon to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. MWG-10, Garden City, N. Y.

I enclose a 3¢ stamp. Please send me *The Strange Woman*. Within 5 days I may return it if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep it, and the 3¢ stamp will be considered full payment. Then I will continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections—at only \$1.49, plus few cents postage. Also send me, as my first selection, the book I have checked below:

Foxes of Harrow **Before the Sun Goes Down**
 Block Rose

For every two monthly selections I accept, I will receive free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new selection; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review" describing a number of other popular best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of these to the regular Selection, I may choose it instead. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

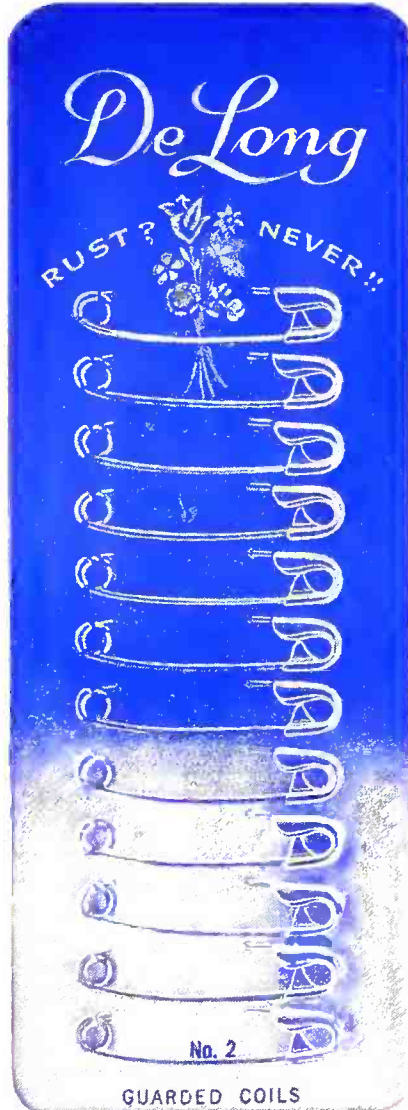
MR. _____
MRS. _____
MISS _____ (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____
Zone No. _____
CITY _____ (if any) STATE _____

Occupation _____ If under 21 age, please _____
Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St. Toronto 2 Canada



The
Name You Know—
The Quality
Baby Deserves



All Brass . . . Won't Rust
Guarded Coils . . . Won't Catch

(Continued from page 8) or nothing in return for it. It's nasty, but it happens.

* * *

We liked Gabriel Heatter's story of the French Deputy—mainly because it contains the germ of an idea which might be put to excellent use in the halls of our own Congress on occasion. Heatter told about this French Deputy submitting a bill for five dollars for the repair of his umbrella. The deputy claimed that he was entitled to be reimbursed by the government, because his umbrella was broken in the service of his government. Simply, he had used it to fell a fellow member of the chamber, who had spoken for nine hours.

One way to break a filibuster?

* * *

Maybe you think a good way to get a watch is to go shopping for it, plunk down your money and carry it out of the store. Not so Tuffy Goff—Abner of the Lum 'n' Abner show. Tuffy has a very fine stop watch in a beautiful gold case—and he didn't buy it. Nor was it a present from an admirer.

Seems Tuffy was a spectator at Santa Anita, when a strange young man approached him for a loan of \$60, and insisted on leaving his watch as security. Tuffy thought at first it was a dodge. But the young man looked honest—and the gold watch was obviously no phony, although Tuffy had no idea of the value of the watch. He decided to trust the young man and forked over the money. That young man never came back—which could have made Tuffy suspicious. But when Tuffy had the watch cleaned, he was told that it was a very valuable timepiece, worth many times the amount of the loan.

* * *

Bernardine Flynn is busy arranging for music lessons for her eight-year-old son, Anthony. The discovery that Tony had musical talent was quite accidental. Bernardine, who plays Sade on the Vic and Sade show, had to take Tony to a rehearsal with her one day and, while the cast was busy going over its lines, Tony wandered around the studio until he came across the electric organ. The kid sat himself down and tore off a few tunes that were definitely recognizable. It was when everyone complimented Bernardine on her son's talent that it came out her son had never been near

an organ before much less studied it.

Another talented youngster is Geraldine Kay's small son. He takes piano lessons to develop his talent, and he's not too crazy about that aspect of the music. The other day, Gerry was surprised to hear him practicing his lessons when she opened the door. Thinking that a new era had set in, Gerry praised her son for his diligence and asked him how long he'd been at the piano. She got the startlingly honest answer, "Since I heard you coming in the front door." Gerry plays Mrs. Boyd on Those Websters.

* * *

Rita Ascot proves herself a fine actress on Tales of the Foreign Service. Her artistry as a cook, however, leaves much to be desired. But Rita tries and tries—sometimes with comic results. There's one recipe for a hamburger-rice dish, which is her husband's favorite and which Rita hasn't ever been able to make properly. It happens to be a recipe distributed by the Edison Home Service and Rita took to writing them letters, asking for advice and reporting her unsatisfactory results after each new attempt. Finally, Rita got a short note from the Service which read: "Our only other suggestion is that your husband learn to like the dish the way you make it."

* * *

Any day now, Alec Templeton will be introducing listeners to a new performer on his show. Back in July, Alec's wife gave him a talking Mynah bird and Alec's been training the little black creature to do imitations in the almost inimitable Templeton manner.

* * *

Genevieve Rowe, soprano on An Evening With Romberg, is happy to be able to sing under her own name again. Last year, when she was appearing regularly on two network shows, Genevieve was asked to use a pseudonym on one of them. She was both Irene Hill and Genevieve Rowe. "It's hard enough to try to build up a reputation under one name," Genevieve says. "But have you ever tried to carve two careers, at once?"

* * *

Much has been written about artists



With a citation commending her radio work in war and in peace, Kate Smith is welcomed by Dorothy Lewis as the one-thousandth member of radio's Association of Women Directors.



Linda Johnson is behind those terrified screams on CBS's *Suspense*.

who have risen to success in spite of afflictions, but little has been said about those who used those very afflictions and turned them into deciding factors for the big time. To anybody else, a wart on the larynx would have spelled doom to a singing career—but not Bing Crosby—it's given him that special whatzis that's been the envy as well as the model for dozens of would-be imitators. . . . Andy Devine's throat condition gave him a unique place among comedians. . . . That nasal twang so identified with Fred Allen is the result of a deviated septum. . . . Jackie Kelk's sinus is responsible for the peculiar intonation he's able to give in his character of Homer on the *Aldrich Family*. . . . An accident in the Navy kept Danny O'Neil voiceless for months, but when his vocal chords mended, his tenor voice picked up an additional half octave. . . . Jane Froman's speech impediment made it necessary for her to speak slowly, and her measured cadences in song are the result. . . . Hildegard had a Milwaukee accent which she couldn't lose, so she put it to use, played it up and it became the "Continental" accent which zoomed her to success. . . . Yvette has a speech defect—she can't pronounce her "R's" clearly, they roll. She capitalized on them and, with a build-up based on a French setting, has done very well.

* * *

Bob Dixon, emcee of CBS's *Cinderella, Inc.*, is in the Navy, but it doesn't mean a thing in the way of sea duty. Bob has received a citation from Nebraska's Governor Griswold, making him nothing less than an "admiral" in the "Nebraska Navy." The rank carries with it nothing—because all the members are admirals. The Nebraska Navy bears a strong resemblance to the Swiss fleet.

* * *

Ordinarily, there's seldom a dull five seconds for sound effects men on a network dramatic show. It worked out just the opposite for soundman Harry

Are you in the know?



When you don't know the routine, would you—

- Try it anyway
- Soy your feet hurt
- 'Fess up frankly

Why lumber through a rumba—or spoil a jitt-bug's "shine?" If you aren't hep to the step, say so. 'Fess up frankly. Droons

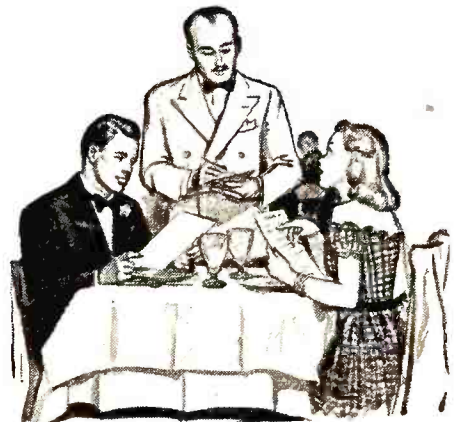
rush in where smoothies fear to tread. But at "certain" times, there's one fear a smooth girl can forget (with Kotex): the fear of telltale outlines. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that prevent revealing outlines. And you can dance the hours away in *comfort*, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*.



For camouflaging freckles, do you—

- Take the cake
- Apply lemon juice
- Wear a dotted veil

Freckle-heckled? To camouflage the summer's sun spots—take the cake (*makeup*, that is) and apply with wet sponge. Blot surplus with a Kleenex tissue; blend well with fingertips while damp. Then let dry—and you've got 'em covered! It's easy, when you know how. Like keeping dainty on problem days. You'll know how to stay dainty, charming, when you let Kotex help. Each Kotex napkin contains a *deodorant*—locked inside so it can't shake out!



How would you give your order?

- To the waiter
- To your escort
- Let your date choose your dinner

If you're a menu mumbler—speak up, sis! Choose what appeals to you (without blitzing his allowance), then tell it to your escort; he'll pass it on to the waiter. Be sure of how to order and be safe from embarrassment. That's one for your memory book. It's something to remember, too, when choosing sanitary protection. Choose Kotex, because Kotex has an exclusive *safety center* that gives you *plus* protection, keeps you *extra safe*—and confident!

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

"I keep going
and comfortable, too
with Midol!"



"Sensible girl," you say? "And practical, too," we add! For here is another woman who has discovered that Midol can help see her through the menstrual period physically and mentally carefree. One who has learned that by taking Midol, much of menstruation's functional pain is often avoided.

Midol tablets are offered especially to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in these three ways bringing fast, needed relief from pain and discomfort: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue."*

Try Midol next time—at first sign of "regular" pain—see how comfortably you go through those trying days. Ask for Midol at your drugstore.

MIDOL

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.

Write Dept. N-106, Room 1418,
41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

Essman the other night on the Encore Theatre show. For 24 minutes, Harry relaxed in a comfortable chair beside a pair of old shoes resting on two large blocks of wood. Suddenly, Essman reached for the shoes, put them on, stood up and for exactly five seconds produced the sound of walking on wood. Then his night's work was over.

More about sound effects men. The manager of a New York department store was no little perturbed, recently, when Jim Goode, sound effects man on True Detective Mysteries, started breaking up china during a search for crockery that cracked up with the proper acoustic effect. Jim dropped a few samples on the floor to test the ring and placated the hastily-arrived manager with the biggest single order for china ever sold by the store—and all of it for breaking.

Eddy Duchin, pianist-emcee on Kraft Music Hall, has a peculiarity that tends to drive radio engineers slightly batty. He has an irresistible urge to sing while he plays the piano—which is all right unless there's a highly sensitive microphone picking up his singing. Since one recent broadcast, during which engineers aged ten years trying to tune out Duchin's voice, without killing his piano performance, too, engineers and Duchin have a gentlemen's contract. Duchin will not sing—except at rehearsals.

Puzzle . . . Robert St. John is still trying to figure out how come he got two fan letters from Ireland a couple of weeks ago. St. John's daily Facts and Faces program isn't carried by any short wave stations, and New York local station WEAJ is a full 3,000 miles from the Emerald Isle.

Radio business is in a dither. It's estimated that over ten million dollars worth of talent will be leaving the air-



Sydney Smith is the swashbuckling Richard Lawless over CBS.



Often a bridesmaid is Diane Courtney, singer on the NBC Honeymoon in New York show.

lanes this fall. That's quite a figure!

Quiz shows, we hear, are cutting out stunts which involve food until the present shortages are over. A pie in the face isn't funny, when there's no bread on the table. We have long wondered whether it was so darned funny—even when everything was plentiful.

Probably checking up on income tax—we can't think of any other reason for sitting down and figuring it out—but Ed Begley, busy actor about New York town, reports that during 1942-43 he appeared on more than a thousand radio shows, which he thinks might be some kind of a record.

Did you know that Stuart Erwin and Bud Collyer are related? Yep. Bud's sister is the former movie star, June Collyer and June is Stu's ever-loving wife.

Bob Novak, a producer-director of Mutual Network programs, is the only radio director who uses what looks absolutely like a musical conductor's technique to get the effects he wants. He weaves musical background, sound effects, narration and action into a smooth pattern, with a series of arm and hand gyrations that look for all the world like a symphony conductor extracting the last tender note from a passage marked *con amore*. But then, there's a strong note of *amore* in most of the shows he directs.

Lloyd Shaffer has been waiting for this chance for a long time. Seems the music biz is just as cut-throat as any other and sometimes you're on one side of the game and sometimes on the opposite. For years, Lloyd's been finding excellent musicians, training them and then having them lifted out of his band by rivals who had more to offer. Now he's getting his own back with a little fancy raiding of his own. There's a reason, of course. The Supper Club

program is broadcast five nights a week, with repeat broadcasts for the West Coast and long rehearsals. A man working in the Supper Club orchestra has a chance to pick up a nice piece of change. Besides, there's the added attraction of staying in New York and no one night stands, long bus hauls and general discomfort. Latest recruit to Shaffer's ranks is Bernie Previn, former trumpeter with Benny Goodman.

* * *

Joan Alexander, who plays Lois Lane on the Superman show, is really quite a girl. In radio, she has shuttled between roles of 80-year-old women to young ingenue leads. She's also appeared on Broadway in dramatic plays put on by the esteemed Theatre Guild,



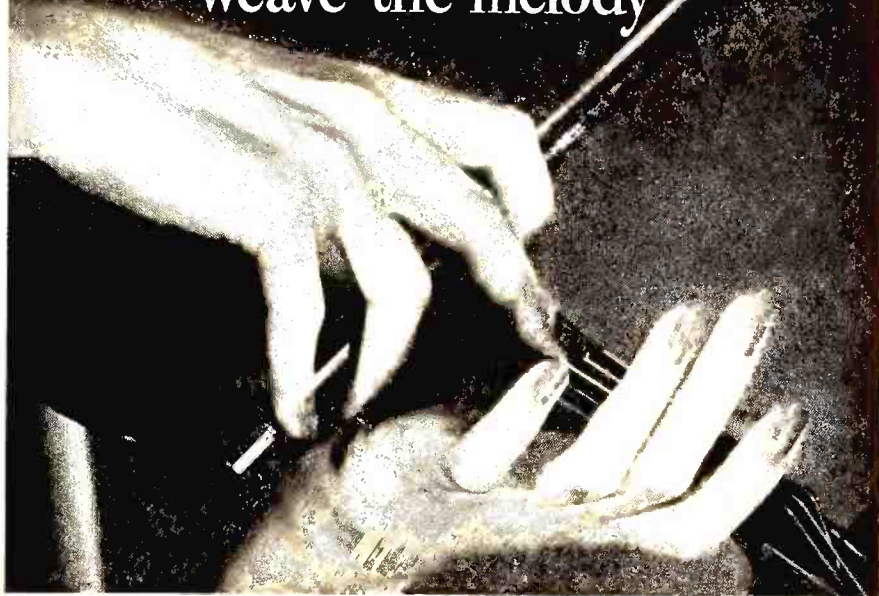
Randy Stuart bought a new gabardine suit to celebrate her second season with the Jack Carson Show.

as well as frolicked in musical revues. She's busy as a citizen, too, being an active member of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, for whom she is always willing to go out on a speaking date—and her speeches are good and make good sense. Hollywood has crooked the finger at her some dozen times, but she's turned all offers down. She doesn't want to be separated from her husband, a New York businessman.

* * *

Stars are steeled to getting all kinds of mail from their fans, but James Melton is still chuckling over a missive from a gentleman in Philadelphia. The man suggested that Melton hire him for the job of signing Melton's name to his pictures. He went on to explain that he was quite a forger and could easily reproduce Melton's autograph after an hour's practice. Lest Melton think this was the offer of some mere amateur, the correspondent cited two prison

“Soft as a star-sung serenade,
her *White Hands*
weave the melody”



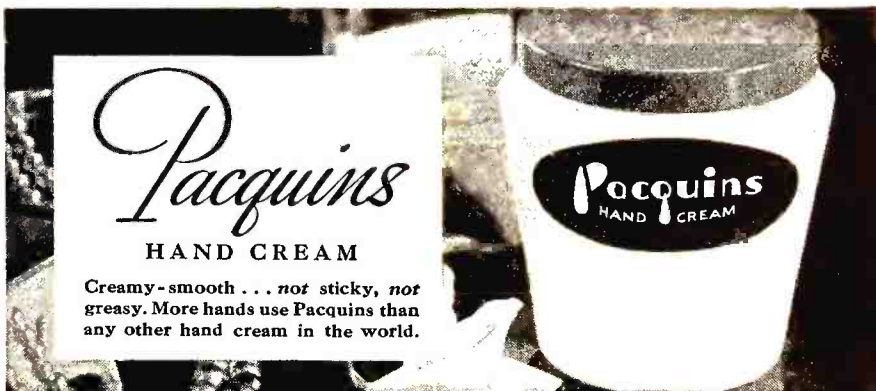
Wring a mop and still have white hands? Yes, it's possible!

Of course, housework is hard on your hands... but that's no reason for having unattractive red hands! Try Pacquins... this fluffy-light fragrant cream brings a look of fresh beauty to rough hands. They'll seem whiter, softer, smoother... Mm-mm—so sweet to hold!



Doctors and Nurses use this extra-rich cream!

Pacquins was originally formulated for Doctors and Nurses. They have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. To keep hands soft and smooth... they need a cream that's super-rich in skin-softening ingredients. And that's just what Pacquins is! Use Pacquins yourself... See if your hands don't look soft and lovely!



Pacquins
HAND CREAM

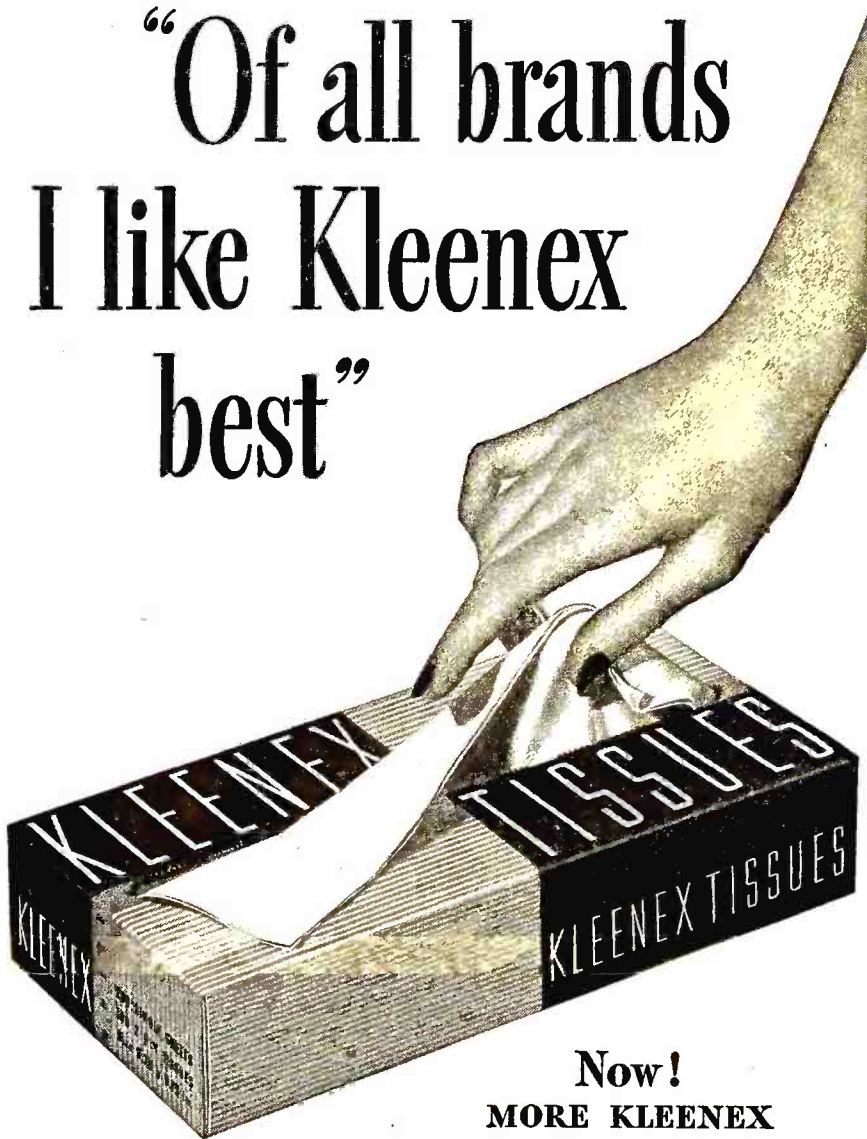
Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



7 OUT OF 10 TISSUE USERS SAY

**"Of all brands
I like Kleenex
best"**



**Now!
MORE KLEENEX**

*being made than ever before.
So keep asking for it!*

One tissue stands far ahead of *all* other brands in public preference . . . and that one tissue is Kleenex!

In a certified nation-wide poll of thousands of tissue users, 7 out of every 10 went on record to say: "*Of all tissues, I like Kleenex best!*"

7 out of 10. Such overwhelming preference shows there must be a real difference between Kleenex Tissues and other brands. A special process used only for Kleenex keeps this tissue luxuriously soft, dependably strong. That's why others can't be "just like Kleenex."

And only Kleenex of all tissues gives you the handy Serv-a-Tissue Box. Yes,

only with Kleenex can you pull a tissue and have the next one pop up ready for use.

So keep asking for Kleenex—America's favorite tissue. Each and every month there'll be more and more Kleenex Tissues for you.

**There's only
one Kleenex^{*}
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE**

terms he served for forgery—as reference.

* * *

So impressed were members of Fellowship House in Philadelphia, when Kate Smith spoke before them on the need for tolerance—international, racial and religious tolerance—that they bestowed on Kate the title "Miss America." Asserting that Kate exemplifies the principles intrinsic in that title, the organization said further that there would be only one "Miss America" to them for all time—Kate Smith.

* * *

Odd bits that turn up on unrehearsed shows. . . the information about one of the ex-GI's who appeared on the Honeymoon in New York show. Marine Cpl. Hugh Lowery of Fairplay, Md., used to shear sheep while he was an undergraduate at the University of Maryland—so what did the Marines assign him to when he went into the service? To barbership duty!

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . Richard Widmark, heard on Mr. and Mrs. North and Mystery Theatre, will desert radio for awhile. He's playing the male lead in the road company of "Dream Girl," which reaches Chicago September 2. . . Radio's Crime Doctor branching out. A new mag, "Max Marcin's Crime Doctor Magazine," is hitting the stands this September. Each issue will contain a fiction version of one of the Crime Doctor broadcasts, as well as stories by top-flight mystery writers. . . Henry J. Taylor, commentator and economist for Mutual, has written a book which is just out. Called "Men and Power". . . Hildegard is also authoring a book of memoirs . . . Robert Merrill of the thrilling voice has been invited to sing at the famous Milan Opera. He hopes he can make it, but too many commitments stand in the way at the moment . . . Paul Lavalle is hoping to be able to get enough musicians together who are willing to leave the country to make a tour of the world.



Mother and Father Barbour of One Man's Family—Minetta Ellen and J. Anthony Smythe.

Bill Hahn, Knight of the Breakfast Table, is heard every morning at 8:15 on WNAC-Yankee network.



Introducing BILL HAHN

UP in New England they call Bill Hahn the "Knight of the Breakfast Table," because in his chats over the coffee cups he's such a friendly host on Breakfast with Bill.

Born in Rockford, Illinois, twenty-two years ago, Bill first came east to study at Harvard University where he majored in American history and literature. After having lived in Boston for the past six years, he is almost as New England as Main Street.

Bill got his start in radio by selling bonds in his home town with a group known all over Illinois as Commandos of the Home Front. He was such a good salesman that WROK asked him to do special-events shows for them on war bond selling.

With his recent election to the Advisory Board of IBS he now ranks with radio leaders such as David Sarnoff, of RCA Victor, and Nathan Strauss, of Station WMCA, New York, who also serve on the board.

His friendly, sincere manner and homey philosophy between records on the Breakfast with Bill show have won for him thousands of loyal fans from Maine to Connecticut. Highlight of his morning program is the "Thought for the Day" for which he gives away a dollar bill for the most clever saying sent in by a lucky listener.

New Englanders like the variety of tunes, including novelty arrangements, old-timers, popular ballads and semi-classical numbers, which he serves them on Breakfast with Bill. They also learn the weather, time, historic happenings of the day.

Mrs. Hahn is the former Betty Berry. She is a bride of a year and met her husband at WNAC, Yankee's key station, when she, too, was a disc jockey, building record shows for Yankee's ET department. She is one wife who really understands her husband's business and Bill says that she is his severest and best critic.

GRAND EATING



made with SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots

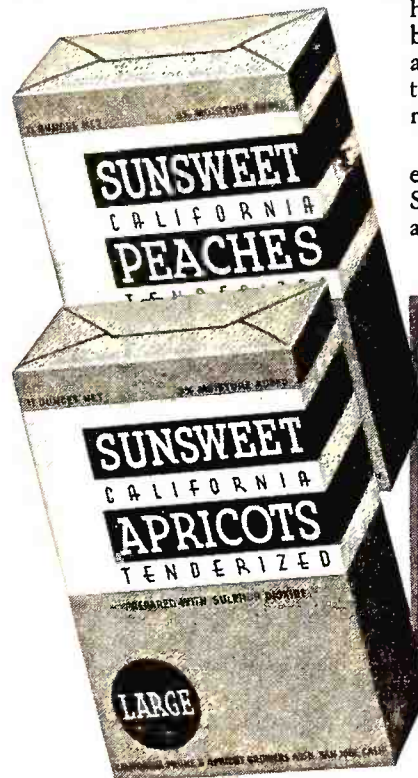
Looks good! You bet it does! It's real, too. No fancy painting this! No-siree! It's a real *portrait* of a pie, photographed just after the whipped cream finish went on!

And it's as good as it looks. A pie you can really get excited about!

SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots are always in season... and always *full-ripe* with the fine rich flavor that only *full-ripe* fruit can have. You can't dry green fruit or half-ripe fruit to SUNSWEET quality. It has to be *full-ripe*. That's why SUNSWEET Peaches and Apricots make such fine-tasting pie. And that's why you should always look for the name SUNSWEET on the package.

They're rich in vitamins and valuable minerals, too. "Tenderized" for quick-cooking. Sealed in *foil* for perfect protection. Packed and guaranteed by the *growers* themselves.

Your grocer has 'em or can get 'em for you.



HOW TO MAKE IT

Rinse and drain 2½ cups SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots. Add 3 cups water, bring to a boil, and continue boiling about 20 minutes. Add 1¼ cups granulated sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon and bring to a boil again. Add 4 tablespoons cornstarch moistened in ½ cup of cold water and cook and stir about 5 minutes. Pour into baked pastry shell; cool. Decorate with whipped cream and additional cooked, sweetened SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Peaches or Apricots. Serves 6 to 8.

● For free illustrated recipe book, address SUNSWEET, Box K, San Jose 5, California.

SUNSWEET

"Tenderized"
PEACHES

"Tenderized"
APRICOTS

"Tenderized"
PRUNES

Pure Natural
PRUNE JUICE



It was Fred Allen's birthday, so the cast of Allen's Alley sent him a cake, complete with their pictures. Portland helps cut it.



Murray Forbes, of Today's Children and Ma Perkins, has published a first novel.



Eleanor McAdoo is chairman of CBS's daily Women's Club.



Lovely Lesley Woods plays Ann William, girl reporter, on CBS's Crime Photographer.

More gossip and stuff . . . Dennis Day has signed a contract to record exclusively for RCA Victor Records . . . Burl Ives, after his success in "Smoky," looks like a permanent fixture in Hollywood. 20th Century-Fox has signed him for the lead in "The Hollywood Story" and right now he's busy on a Disney film, "How Dear to My Heart" . . . Beatrice Kay will be back on Broadway this fall in a musical based on life on the Barbary Coast . . . Sponsors are dickering with model mogul Harry Conover for his half-hour show idea called Adventure in Beauty . . . Wonder what radio's really going to be like in the near future? Things going off the air and other things coming on—looks like lots of changes are going to be made. Well, we'll hear. A couple of new ones—but not so new that they haven't had time to find out whether they're good or bad—are on Mutual, the place where a whole lot of good shows start. They're Juvenile Jury, on which a collection of thoughtful youngsters answer their contemporaries' problems, and Jonathan Trimble, Esquire, which mirthfully turns the pages back to the 'teens of this century. There are some other good ones, but these two particularly rate your listen-in.

* * *

The French Touch reigned in New York's swank Embassy night club, where the ropes held back eager cash customers swathed in furs and jewels and expensive suitings, and all acting like bobby sockers crashing the Paramount when a Sinatra or Como is appearing "in person." The magnet for this sophisticated adulation is no new American-made microphone threat to these box office baritones. He's a six-foot, blond, blue-eyed Parisian named Charles Trenet. And unless expert show business prognosticators are wrong, "Le Fou Chantant" (The Singing Fool) is going to be in our midst a long, long time.

Radio and picture offers for Trenet are pouring in but his importers, the veteran talent agents, William Morris, are calmly and patiently weighing them

before determining just when, where, or how millions of Americans can meet up with the French star. One possibility is that the 31-year-old ex-poet will be on the air next Fall with Joan Davis.

Trenet has a magic, continental touch. He is a stylist who one minute can sing as romantically as Sinatra and then crush his funny-looking felt hat and become a Gallic facsimile of Danny Kaye. A composer and lyricist in his own right, Charles relies on his original material.

Trenet was born in Narbonne, a small city in southwest France. He made his professional debut in a Parisian Music Hall in 1935 and was an overnight sensation.

By 1937 he was one of France's reigning stars of stage, screen and radio. When France went to war in 1939, Trenet enlisted in the Air Corps and was an airman until his country's fall. His time during the occupation was spent in avoiding the Boche and entertaining prisoners-of-war. When the Allies liberated his country he was put to work singing for our fighting men in Belgium and at Paris' famed Club Etoile.

When he isn't singing, Charles is busy learning English, and learning highly useful American show business techniques.

Another import is young Roger Dannes, also a Parisian. He was just starting to make the grade in his home city when war broke out. He was captured early in the war and spent some dark days in a Nazi prison camp. He bided his time brushing up on English (a language he learned in a British school) and praying for his release and eventual trip to America. Dannes is not as experienced as Trenet of whom he speaks almost reverently. "Oh, he," he said, "is a big star, a very big star."

And just to add to the French singing "invasion" the daddy of them all, the incomparable Maurice Chevalier, is expected here soon, straw hat and all. Chevalier is almost sixty but those who saw him recently in Paris insist he has lost none of his vitality. After the liberation of France many were suspicious of his political leanings but he was subsequently cleared.



Introducing

LARRY CARR

LARRY CARR, the young Texan baritone who has just achieved stardom on his own coast-to-coast show, *Songs by Larry Carr* (CBS, Monday through Friday, 6:30 PM, EDT), has been a long time getting there. About twenty years, in fact. The long climb to stardom started when Larry was twelve—a climb during which he has been singing steadily on the radio, except for an eighteen-month hiatus in the Army—where, of course, he sang, too.

In 1938, Larry went to Hollywood, where he played at all the top flight night clubs.

In 1943, the Army beckoned. Larry was sent touring for eighteen months with the "Hey, Rookie!" show, a tour which took him through North Africa, Sicily and the CBI Theater. In Naples, his number almost came up. When enemy planes appeared and started dropping their deathly "eggs," Larry ducked under a truck. The attack over, Larry crawled out to discover that he had been hiding under a truckload of TNT.

Larry had a rather lost feeling when he was discharged from the service in February of 1946 and landed in New York City. He had no job prospects and, if some friends hadn't taken him into their house, he wouldn't even have had a home. He did have lots of ambition, but not much direction, at the moment.

Then, when he least expected it, Larry got his big break. At a party, Larry was asked by the host to sing, which he was only too happy to do. It so happened that there was a CBS executive at the party. That did it. Larry impressed the executive so well that the next step was a program of his own—coast-to-coast. Immediately after that, Larry won an assignment at the "Blue Angel," one of New York's swanky night spots.

Larry Carr's distinctive and intimate style of singing has won him much admiration from people like Frank Sinatra and Charles Trenet—and from many fans on the distaff side. Nevertheless—and quite inexplicably—Larry is still single. His hobbies are painting—all that's left of his years of art school training—collecting records and, secretly, composing.

Creamy enchantment

Woodbury *Rachel* Powder



FRANCES GIFFORD . . . A cream in honey complexion makes—a honey of a gal! Give your skin this tempting sweet tone . . . with Woodbury RACHEL Powder. Exciting and color-full . . . for it's Film-Finish blended, exclusive with Woodbury! As perfect on your skin as in the box. More bewitching than the powder you're wearing—just compare! Woodbury's velvet veil clings color-fresh . . . covers tiny flaws. Eight Star shades.

Glow! Pat on WOODBURY Creampuff POWDER BASE. Perfect blend with any powder shade.



Woodbury *new film-finish* Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP

*... all 3 for \$1**

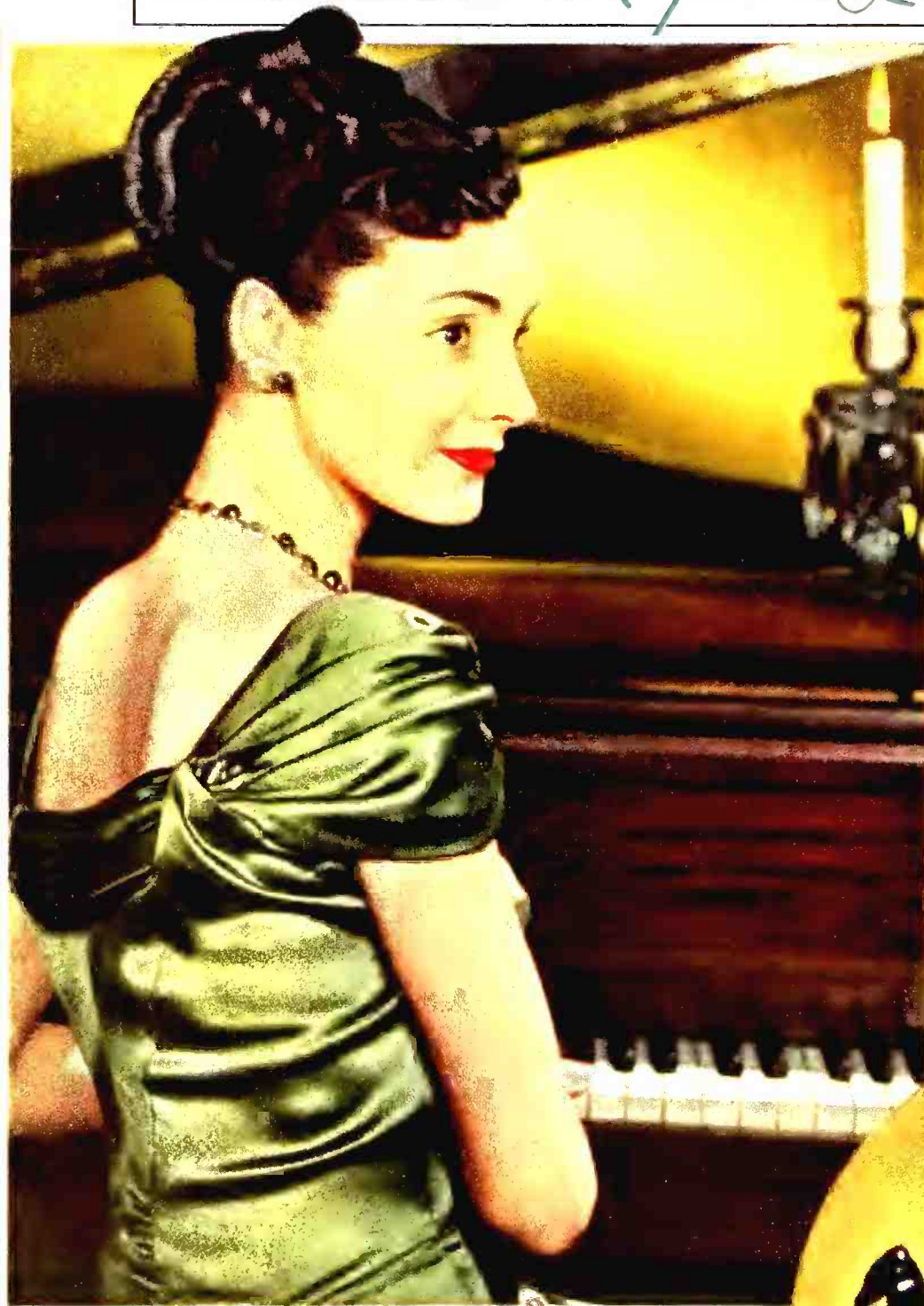
1. Big \$1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick . . . your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge . . . right for you

FREE . . . 8 POWDER SHADES! . . . MAKE-UP CHART!

Try all eight . . . find your most exciting shade! Make-up chart shows your own skin type . . . and the powder shade that flatters it . . . selected for you by Hollywood experts! Mail coupon to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 332 Volley St. Cincinnati 22, Ohio

NAME

Key to Romance



No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Shimmering, lustrous hair, whether dark or fair, always strikes a responsive masculine chord. And to be sure that *your* hair is at its gleaming, glamorous best use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. "Hair that is satin-smooth and alive with all its natural lustre is one beauty asset I'll treasure for keeps," says lovely Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jean Lord. "Here are my favorite hair styles. Try them at home or ask your beauty shop to duplicate one after your next Drene Shampoo." No other shampoo, only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE RIGHT NUMBER is Jean's day-time "do"... her bright Drene-lovely hair arranged in this simple center-part with shining-smooth turned up roll. "Never let dandruff spoil the sleek beauty of your hair," warns Jean. See how Drene removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.



JUST THE RIGHT NOTE to draw admiring glances... charming Jean Lord's Drene-lovely hair gleams in upswept flattery. Because Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do... actually reveals up to 33 percent more lustre! "And," says Jean, "It's easy to keep shining curls and rolls in place when you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action."

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action





Another Milestone—

EDITING a magazine makes the years fly swiftly by. Thirteen of them have flown by since the first issue of Radio Mirror went on sale—thirteen of what have been very pleasant, lucky years for us, spiced with the rewarding results of hard work.

Those thirteen years have seen myriad changes in their swift passage. There have been changes in our method of printing, in the way the magazine is designed, in the content itself. Important changes, many of them. But none so important, we are sure, as the change which comes with this, the October, 1946 issue. For this month, Radio Mirror brings you, for the first time, *pictures of your radio favorites in full, natural color!* Not only for the first time in Radio Mirror, but for the first time in any magazine, anywhere, devoted to radio.

These are pictures which are full of the excitement of vibrant color—the next thing to seeing these radio favorites of yours in person. Not only are these illustrations presented to you in color, but you'll see your radio friends just as they are in the programs which you hear on the air—pictures taken as they go about their daily lives, in their homes, their offices, with their children.

In this issue of Radio Mirror, for instance, you'll find Joan Davis, of *When a Girl Marries*, on page 31. Turn to pages 34 and 35 and there are Sunday and Lord Henry Brinthrope along with a living portrait gallery of your other friends of *Our Gal Sunday*. And on page 38 you'll find radio's beloved Ma Perkins, shown in her own home in Rushville Center. Next month there'll be more of these pictures in the matchless reality of full color—next month, and every month hereafter.

As you've followed Radio Mirror's progress the past few months, you've doubtless become acquainted with many new features, designed to give you, with every issue, an increasingly interesting, exciting magazine . . . *Life Can Be Beautiful*, *Between the Book-ends*, new picture stories, "how they live" stories, to mention just a few. And now, as Radio Mirror's thirteenth birthday present to you, we give you the best of all—the glory, the aliveness, of color.

The Editors



Gene Autry could see that young Joe knew a lot about horses.

But he didn't know much about something more important—himself

I GOT to thinking about love stories the other day. You read them in magazines and books, you see them in the movies, you hear them on the radio. Now I don't know too much about June moons and soft talk and orange blossoms. But, I thought, there are other kinds of love besides the kind that you usually think of in connection with June moons and soft talk. There is the love between a man and his son. There is the love of a man for his horse. There is the love you feel for good companions—for the people you work with and talk to, day after way.

That's the kind of love story I want to tell you about today. There aren't any June moons in this story, but there are a man and his son and a horse. And I don't think I'll ever forget either the man, or his son, or the horse.

It all started one day just after we'd finished playing an afternoon

rodeo show near St. Louis, Missouri. It was a pretty hot day and I'd gone to my quarters to take my boots off and get cleaned up before supper. I had one boot off and was working on the other one when Shorty, one of the wranglers, stuck his head in the door.

"Hey, Gene," he said, "there's a kid out here wants to see you."

"A kid?" I asked. "What kid?"

"I don't know. Just a kid. Says he wants to talk to you."

"Well, I'm not so darned important that I have to avoid people who want to talk to me, even kids. So I told Shorty to send him in. And that was my first glimpse of Joe Smith.

He wasn't much to look at. He was about fourteen or fifteen, I figured, but small for his age. His hair was brownish, his eyes were blue, his nose was sort of snubbed at the end, and he had freckles that started up on his forehead and kept going down to his chin. His clothes looked

**By
GENE
AUTRY**

Gene Autry, whom you see on his own horse in the picture opposite, stars in a variety program every Sunday at 7 to 7:30 P.M. EST, on the Columbia network.

pretty worn and shabby, but I noticed that he kept his chin up and his shoulders back, and when he spoke, he looked me right in the eyes.

"Mr. Autry," he said, and I knew right away that he wasn't from Missouri, but from some place back East, "I'd like a job with your outfit."

I wasn't surprised at that. Lots of youngsters would like to have a job with a rodeo show. "Well, I'll tell

you, son," I said, "I've got all the cowboys I need right now. And besides, you're kind of young to be looking for a job in a rodeo, aren't you?"

"I'm old enough," he said shortly. "And I didn't want a job as a cowboy, although I don't think it would take me long to catch onto the work. I'd like a job around the stables, looking after the horses. I'm pretty handy with horses."

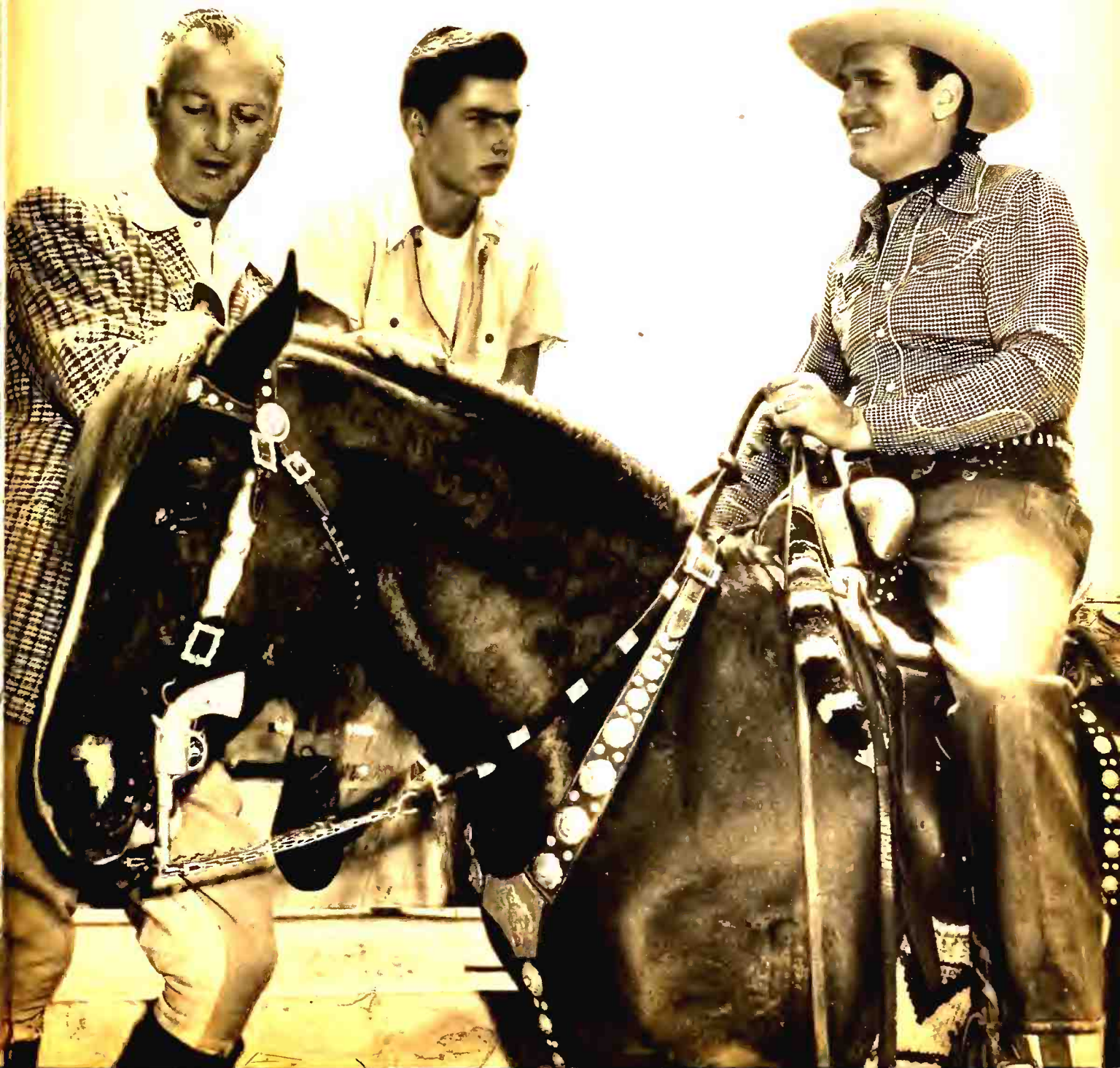
I didn't need another stable hand,

either, but I was beginning to be kind of interested in this youngster who looked me right in the eye and asked for a job as though there were no doubt in his mind that I'd give it to him.

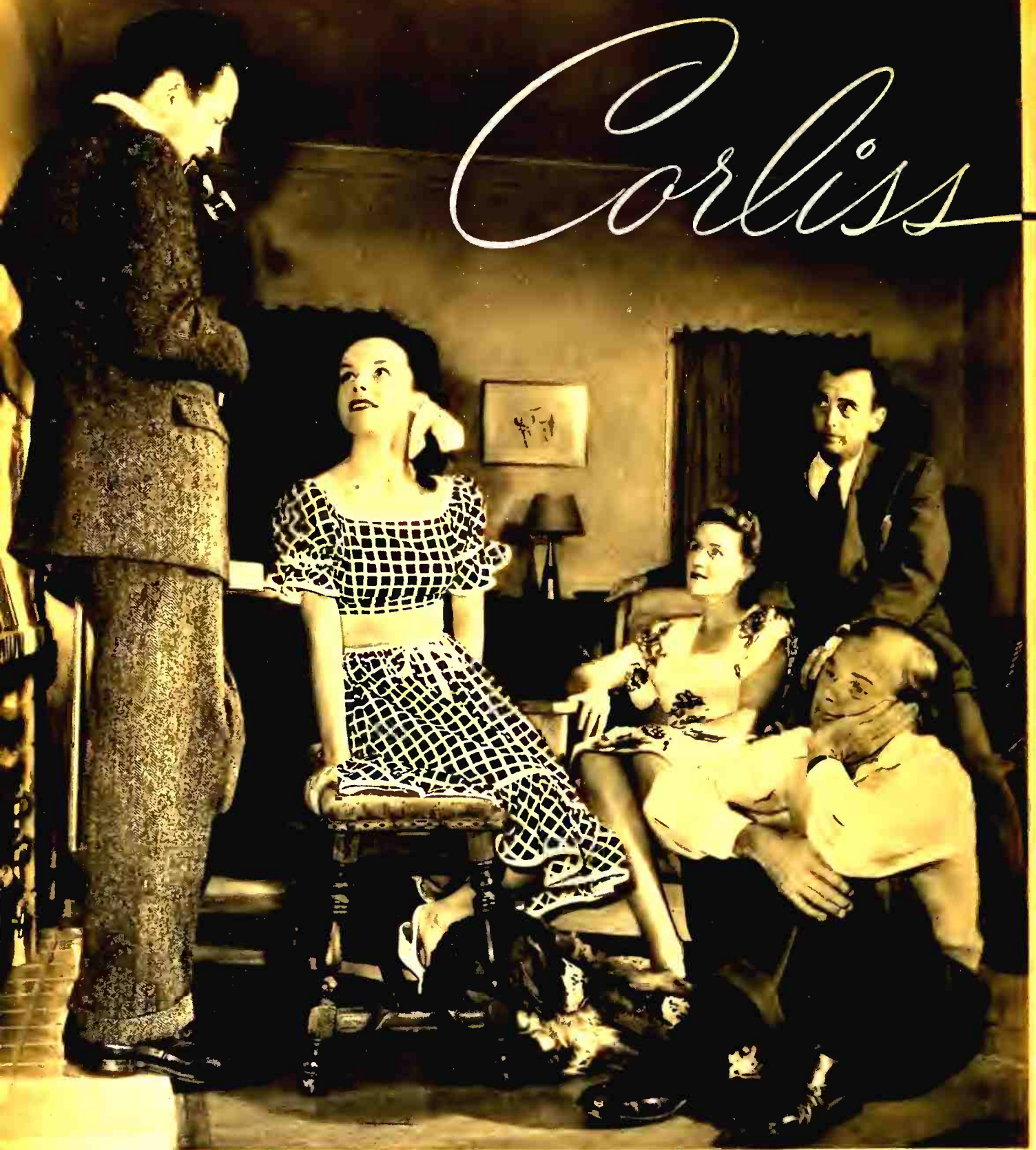
"What do you know about horses?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I noticed for one thing that you're not using the best horse on your string. He's just standing there in the stable and I don't think (Continued on page 54)

Wooster tried everything he knew to make his son like and trust him.



Corliss



♡ Corliss expected the Last Bohemian to revolutionize her life — but not that the shock would be felt as far as her attic!

Archer,

POET LAUREATE

THE two girls and the boy sauntering away from the school grounds were in no particular hurry. The sun was pleasantly relaxing, lessons were over for the day—and who knew what troublesome task their mothers might think up for them when they reached home?

“... and then Betty said her mother said she could have that simply drooly red dress in Swanton’s window. The one you liked so much, Corliss. And then Betty said it was much too sophisticated for you. She said you were the healthy type—the cat!” Mildred was loyal.

“Nuts! All you girls think about is clothes!” Dexter snorted.

“And then I told her— Corliss! You haven’t heard a word I’ve said!” Mildred turned indignantly on the girl in the middle. But, since Corliss continued walking, her eyes staring into space, Mildred found herself talking to the back of her curly hair, spreading fan-wise over her shoulders.

“She hasn’t heard anything I’ve said for two days!” Dexter complained. “What’s the matter with you, anyway, Corliss Archer? The way you’ve been going around dreamy-eyed lately! You aren’t worried about me getting hurt in football practice, are you? Are you?” His voice rose, hopefully.

“Clothes. Football.” Corliss sighed deeply and scornfully. “*When I consider how my light is spent, Ere half my days in this dark world and wide—* Milton,” she added in sweet and tolerant explanation to their astonished faces. “Yes, I suppose I am dreamy-

eyed—all poets are dreamy-eyed. It’s the psyche at work.”

“Poets!”

“Psyche!” This last from Dexter who followed it with a groan. “Here we go again! Gee, Corliss—are you going into this poetry spin again? And what’s this psyche business?”

“Psyche is—well, psyche is—you know, the thing that’s—it’s—it’s the real me. That’s what it is, my real innermost self.” Seeing the blankness of their eyes, she hurried on. “Let me explain. All my life I’ve been looking for the way—I mean, the medium—in which to express myself. What I really thought about and how I felt about life and love and—”

“Huh. Any time you want to express yourself to me about life and love, you don’t need to make up verses about June and moon and croon,” said Dexter, plaintively.

But Mildred was more enthusiastic. “Oh, Corliss—I think it’s wonderful! Maybe you can get to be poet laureate of our class this year and Mrs. Thackeray will publish your poem in the year book, instead of Betty’s.”

“I don’t know.” From being skeptical, Dexter had progressed to suspicion. He had found, often to his sorrow, that Corliss’ ideas had a way of bouncing back and hitting you in the face. “What started you being a poet, this time? You don’t know any poets . . . the nearest thing we have to poetry in this town is that stuff old Mrs. Blane sends in to the Herald-Chronicle about her peonies.”

“Mrs. Blane!—how can you call her

In this new Corliss Archer story written especially for Radio Mirror, the visiting poet is welcomed by Corliss (Janet Waldo) and her mother (Irene Tedrow), observed by Mr. Archer (Fred Shields) and just endured by young Dexter (Sam Edwards, on the floor) who can’t see another man taking up Corliss’ time. Meet Corliss Archer is a CBS program, Sundays, 9 P.M., EST.

a poet? How can you mention her name in the same breath with a man like Byron Warwick?"

Dexter wasn't conscious that anyone had mentioned Byron Warwick in any breath, but practice told him he was getting to the bottom of things. "I never heard of Byron Warwick and what's he got to do with your behaving like a walking zombie?"

"Byron is just the most famous poet in the world, I guess!" Corliss defended enthusiastically, if not quite accurately. "He's the Last of the Bohemians—that's what the biography I read of him said. He spent his early years on the Left Bank in Paris where he was in love with a model and sat around in cafes sipping aperitifs! And he's so romantic-looking—" she pulled a much-creased and worn newspaper clipping out of her pocket and showed it to them.

Dexter and Mildred saw a young man with flowing black locks and soft shirt open at the throat, the better to show off the slim neck and classic profile, a meerschaum pipe clenched in white teeth. The eyes gazed soulfully into space. Quite unreasonably, perhaps, Dexter hated the portrait on sight.

"You're right," Mildred breathed, "he is dreamy-eyed!"

"As soon as I saw his picture, I knew I had found a kindred spirit," Corliss

informed them. She sighed again. "How's he going to know about your being a kindred spirit, with him on the Left Bank in Paris and you on the North side of Hayworth Street?"

"Because—" Corliss interrupted dramatically, "—because he's coming here! The Women's Reading Club has invited him to be a guest speaker next week at their Wednesday evening meeting!"

"Oh—!" Dexter groaned miserably. "Why couldn't that old Reading Club stick to *Forever Amber*? Why do they have to go out of their way to make trouble in my life?"

Possibly if Mr. Archer had known what Dexter did, he would have condemned the Reading Club just as vehemently that evening at dinner table but all he knew was that Corliss was acting very strangely. He had learned to anticipate shocks from his daughter but at least he had the right to expect her to talk English.

"Corliss, this is the third time I've spoken to you. Will you pass the pickles, please?"

She turned unseeing eyes upon him. "Angel?"

"Corliss! Can't you answer me? . . . I'm asking for the pickles! Can't you talk?" A tinge of purple mounted in Mr. Archer's cheeks.

"Oh," sighing. "Sorry, Daddy—"



*They said it was
an opium den, a
smuggler's cave.
Even Mrs. Archer
looked worried.*

would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that come up in me—”

“That arise in me, dear,” her mother said, gently. “Isn’t that Tennyson?”

“Yes . . . one of the Immortals.” She caught sight of her father’s face and hurriedly passed the pickle dish. “Forgive me, Angel. I’m so distraught. Poetry is running through my head and I can’t seem to think about anything else. Art is a selfish taskmaster, you know.”

MR. ARCHER sank back in his chair. “Corliss, are you turning poet again? If you are, just remember that I’m not going to have you running barefoot around in the dewy grass for inspiration, the way you did last time. All the inspiration you got out of that was a temperature and a sneezy nose and I got the doctor’s bill.”

“I was just a child then,” Corliss replied, indignantly. “I should think you would take more interest in my desire for the better things of life. I may be poet laureate of our class this year—even if Mrs. Thackeray says I can’t scan.” She lapsed into silence. Her eyes grew dreamy again. Her lips moved silently.

“What are you doing now?” Mr. Archer asked suspiciously.

“I’m creating. Listen!—*Tho’ some have said I cannot scan—I know I can! I know I can!* There—what do you think of that?”

From her place at the table Mrs. Archer leaned over and patted her husband’s hand, comfortingly. “Personally, I don’t think we have a thing to worry about. Anyway, I have something really important to discuss with you, Harry. We will be having a house guest next Wednesday and I want you to be polite to him. I know how you feel, but it’s my turn to entertain the visiting lecturer for the Women’s Reading Club this month, and it will only be for one day and night.”

Mr. Archer’s sour expression *might* have come from the pickle he was eating.

“Who’s the social lion this time?”

“A Mr. Byron Warwick.”

“Byron Warwick!” With a crash Corliss was out of the clouds. “Byron—oh, no. It couldn’t be! Mother, do you mean to sit there so calmly and tell me Byron Warwick’s going to be here, in the (Continued on page 86)



←♥ Here, thought Corliss, is a truly inspired being, a representative of the artistic psyche. Byron Warwick would teach her how they lived on the Left Bank.



The Great Gildersleeve

SETTLES a

NBC's Great Gildersleeve (played by Harold Peary), with the doubtful aid of Leroy (Walter Tetley) weathers a crisis created especially for Radio Mirror. For more adventures, tune in Wednesdays, 8:30 P. M. EST.



MONUMENTAL PROBLEM

THE warm late-September night was an insidious, tempting invitation to sit on the front porch, rocking gently and considering the way of the universe, but Gildersleeve nobly ignored all such pleasant distractions. He bent over the desk in the living room, pen in hand, sheets of paper spread before him, frowning darkly. Leroy, his nephew, who was seated on the other side of the room near the radio, kept one anxious eye on Gildersleeve, the other on the clock. In a scant ten minutes it would be time for Zeke Muldoon, Gang Smasher, his favorite radio program, and if Unc hadn't finished by then he would miss it. He had already tried to turn on the radio once, only to be asked sternly how he thought his uncle was going to concentrate with all that racket going on?

Leroy wished fervently that someone—anyone—other than J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve had been asked to deliver the principal address at the annual Founders' Day banquet. For a week now Unc had worn a portentous air of abstraction, broken at times by periods when he would murmur soundlessly to himself, purse his lips, shake his head, and go off into another gloomy silence. And Leroy noticed that the paper on the desk was as clean as it had been last night and the night before. So far, Unc hadn't written a word of his speech.

Gildersleeve cleared his throat. "Leroy," he inquired, "did you learn anything in school about the fellow that first settled this town—what's-his-name—Homer Quink?"

"Sure," Leroy said. "Lots."

"Well, what sort of a man was he? I mean, did he ever make any speeches?"

"Nope. Had a farm and ran a blacksmith shop."

Gildersleeve sighed and said testily he'd known that much him-

self. Somehow, Homer Quink didn't seem to be an inspiring peg upon which to hang a Founders' Day address. The truth was that Gildy, seldom at a loss for words, was suffering from stage-fright. When the committee had first asked him to deliver the speech he had been overcome with pride. But the importance of the occasion made every idea that entered his head sound trifling. Rising to his feet, resplendent in his dinner jacket, to speak to the assembled nobility of the town, he felt he needed a subject so thrilling, so meaningful, that it would bring them all cheering to their feet at the end of his talk. What such a subject would be, he hadn't the foggiest notion.

He passed a weary hand over his brow and Leroy, noting the gesture, said shrewdly, "Don't you think you ought to knock off for tonight, Unc? You can't work when you're tired."

"Perhaps you're right, my boy," Gildersleeve agreed, and began to put his unsullied white paper away. Leroy reached out eagerly for the radio switch, and at that moment there was a knock on the front door, accompanied by a familiar voice calling, "Gildy? Are you in?"

Judge Hooker (Earle Ross) was no help!



"Aw!" Leroy muttered, as his uncle stood up and went into the hall, crying, "Right here, Judge. Come in, come in!" Judge Horace Hooker was a nice old guy, Leroy thought sadly, but he always stuck around talking for hours, and he would consent to sit on the porch only on the hottest summer nights. For the hundredth time, Leroy vowed to have a radio of his own, up in his room, where he could listen without distraction.

Judge Hooker came in and lowered his thin frame into the most comfortable chair in the room. "Well, Gildy," he said, "how's the speech coming?" (Con't. on p. 62)

*All of a sudden it was up to Gildy to settle the big war memorial fight—
and he didn't see how he could do it without losing every friend he had.*



By **TED MALONE**

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., EDT, on ABC.

PLACES REMEMBER

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

Places remember all that once occurred
 Within their shadow—every joy-blown hour,
 Each love-won midnight, every casual word,
 The starry interval, the bitter flower.
 Events, like vibrant chords of music, grow
 Dim with the years; yet always they remain,
 Held by the past, forever doomed to flow
 Where first rang out the splendor of their strain.

For us attuned to listen, comes a time
 When tragedy, or wonder, or delight
 Breaks through the silence in a singing chime
 Or in the crashing thunder tones of might—
 And in that instant we become a part
 Of all o' place holds to its secret heart.
 —Esther Baldwin York

QUERY

Perhaps it is not you I love
 But one who lies behind your smile,
 Wise as a witch, calm as a dove
 And innocent of guile.

Perhaps it is not you I kiss
 But one I have not seen at all
 Who lurks behind the artifice
 By which you draw me at your call.

If I be utterly undone,
 Is it by love, or love's disguise,
 Can it be you I love, or one
 Who hides behind your laughing eyes?
 —Sydney King Russell



NOT SO DUMB

"Study, Rose, as Mollie does . . ."
 The family did beseech 'er
 Till Mollie won the scholarship
 And Rosie won the teacher!
 —Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Between the

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
 Ah, she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me,
 A traveler came by,
 Silently, invisibly:
 He took her with a sigh.
 —William Blake

From "THANATOPSIS"

So live, that when thy summons comes to
 join
 The innumerable caravan, which moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall
 take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his
 couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant



GRANDMOTHER AND WEBSTER

Grandmother had at the tip of her tongue
 Phrases that she had combined,
 And I understood each time she spoke
 The thought that she had in mind.

One thing on which she would always insist
 Was my sticking to something I started.
 She would assign the task to be done
 And I would begin half-hearted.

Then grandmother, noting my restless stance,
 And knowing the juvenile,
 Would say as her needles clicked neatly away,
 "Just situate for a while!"

And now as I go about my days
 I thank both the stars and fate
 That grandmother fashioned the fitting phrase
 That taught me to "situate!"
 —Jessie Farnham

Bookends

APOLOGY TO A SPIDER

I know I'm a vandal, a housebreaker, thief;
I have ruined your domicile,
Caused you this grief.

But please do believe I'm sincere when I say
I have reason a-plenty for acting this way:
Company's coming today—

My mother-in-law! Her middle name's formal;
But after she's gone,
We can get back to normal;

Once more our respective pursuits we'll begin
My dear Mrs. Spider . . .
I'll sit, while you spin.

—Clara Dawson



I FLUNG A ROSE TO YOU

I flung a rose to you—
My one red rose—
Swiftly I flung it, eager, reckless, blind,
My life's red rose—
You caught and kissed it
And were only kind.

You might have trampled it,
My one red rose,
Blest it with death, as men humanely kill
A foolish, hapless thing,
You might have crushed it
And been kinder still.

—Mary White Slater

LET ME LAUGH

O Lord, let me laugh of myself
For the blunders I make every day,
And not keep my woes on the shelf
To make o' tear-jerking display;
Let me not be too deeply concerned
With any mistake I have made
Except for the lesson I've learned
From life in the primory grade.
Help me look of my neighbor and smile
When he does o' silly thing, too,
For it's certain that offer o' while
I'll look like o' moron to you.
Lord, keep me o' regular guy
Who's oble and willing to see
That there's no one so expert as I
At making o' monkey of me! —

—Cecile Bonhom



UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long
day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours
begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in
sight?
They will not keep you standing at that
door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

—Christina Georgina Rossetti



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

There was a little girl, she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And when she was good, she was very,
very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

RADIO MIRROR will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.

Denny finds a Father

Joan Davis learns that sometimes it's wiser not to mind your own business in this new When A Girl Marries story

I THINK it's natural to want to help people when they're in trouble. My husband, Harry, says though that there's a very fine line between helping people and just plain meddling in their affairs. He says people can usually straighten things out for themselves and will like you better if you leave them alone. Being a lawyer, I suppose he ought to know! But I don't always see eye to eye with him on that. When things go wrong for people, I have the feeling that it's up to me to help out as much as I can. Harry says it's going to get me into trouble some day, but I'll probably continue to reach out what I'll always think is a helping hand, even if it gets slapped once in a while! And I'll think of little Denny Benton when I try to make up my mind whether or not to reach out that hand. He'll always be a sort of symbol to me, I guess.

Denny was visiting us for a couple of weeks some months ago. There had been an epidemic of whooping cough in his nursery school, and his mother was at her wits' end wondering what to do with Denny while the school was closed down. Sue supported herself and her son by working in Stanwood's largest department store, and having Denny home unexpectedly for a few weeks was a big problem for her. It meant having to hire someone to stay home and look after him, which would have been a drain on her fairly lean pocket-book. Anyway, when I found out about it, I phoned her and invited Denny to stay with us on the farm in Beechwood while his school was closed. He and my son, Sammy, like each other and he would be no trouble for us. So Denny came along to the farm to visit.

Sammy and Denny and I were down by the creek watching some of the village boys fishing when we first saw the soldier. He was leaning against a tree near the edge of the stream, chuckling at the excitement of the boys as first one and then another pulled in a gleaming flopping fish.

The two children edged over toward him and he spoke to them casually. "Look at that big one in the shadow over there," he said, "he must be the grand-daddy of them all."


Sammy and Denny looked. "He is a big one," acknowledged Denny with awe. "Oh, look—he's going to take a bite at the worm on that hook. He did it! He did it! He swallowed the whole thing! Look at him try to get away!" He was dancing up and down in his excitement, and the soldier looked at him and grinned.

He had a nice grin. It showed clear white teeth and brought out the laugh wrinkles around his eyes. He was not as young as the majority of soldiers you see nowadays. He must have been in his early thirties. His face was tan and rugged. His hair was light brown, what I could see of it beneath his overseas cap, but his eyebrows were jet black, like Denny's.

He was offering the children some popcorn now out of a bag he held in his left hand. Sammy helped himself and thanked the soldier politely and then Denny plunged his hand into the bag, not waiting for a second invitation. I saw his eyes get big as they fastened on the soldier's hand. The tip of the soldier's little finger was missing. With the forthrightness of childhood, Denny asked him about it.



Joan Davis lives on a farm in Beechwood with her lawyer husband, Harry, their small son Sammy, and a very new little daughter, Hope. When a Girl Marries is heard Monday through Friday at 5 P.M. EST. over NBC. The part of Joan Davis is played by radio actress Mary Jane Highy



Denny was happier than ever with Lefty, who treated him as an equal.

"Gee," he said, his eyes on that little finger, "did that happen to you in the war?"

I suppressed a gasp, having read a lot of those articles in the magazines about being careful not to ask veterans about their experiences or wounds. But the soldier took it in his stride as a natural question. Thoughtfully, he lifted the finger and looked at it.

"Well," he said slowly, "yes and no. I got it while I was overseas. I'd like to be able to brag about it and say it got shot off by a German bullet or sliced off by a German bayonet. But the honest truth is that I was doing K.P. one day . . ."

"What's K.P.?" interrupted Denny.

"That's Kitchen Police. It means working in the Army kitchen."

"Oh," said Denny, "and what happened?"

"So I was doing K.P.—peeling potatoes—and I was kind of sore about it because I figured I was too important a guy to be peeling potatoes, and I got careless. The first thing I knew, I'd sliced my finger."

"Did you cut it right off?" asked Denny breathlessly.

"No, it was just a little cut. I didn't even bother to put a bandage on it.

The trouble was, it got infected later on, and then the Doc had to go to work on it so the infection wouldn't spread. It just goes to show you that you have to take care of yourself, even with little things like cuts." He looked down at Denny seriously. "You haven't got any cuts you're neglecting, have you?"

Denny spread out both his small hands and inspected them carefully. "No, I guess I haven't today," he said with relief.

"That's good," said the soldier, "but if you do get one, you be sure to wash it good and clean and put a bandage on. Then it'll be safe."

"I'll remember about that," said Denny earnestly and shoved both hands, with a funny little important air, deep into his coat pockets. This soldier was treating him like an equal—talking to him man to man—and Denny enjoyed it. It made him strut a little. It pleased me, too. Usually when grownups talk to children, it's in a sickening kind of baby talk. Or they ignore them completely and say things like—"What a pretty little boy," or "Has he learned to read yet? He looks quite bright." Denny had suffered under his share of such insults, I knew, and it was

only natural that he should blossom under the kind of adult treatment the soldier had been giving him. Too bad more grownups couldn't be like that, I thought.

He must have felt my eyes on him, because he turned slightly and looked squarely at me and smiled.

"You don't mind my talking to the children, do you?" he asked. "It's always more fun when you have someone to talk to."

I smiled back. "Not at all," I told him. Of course he was a complete stranger, but on the other hand the fishing hole was certainly public enough and in our little town we aren't too cautious about being friendly with people—strangers or not. Besides, the soldier seemed harmless and impersonally interested in the children, and there could be no doubt that he was lonesome. So many people in this world, I thought, are just plain lonesome!

Denny must have been thinking pretty much the same thing, because he suddenly piped up, "He's nice, Aunt Joan—he's real nice." He looked up at the soldier and smiled and the soldier winked back at him. They had already become good friends. So (Continued on page 78)



"Gee," he said, his eyes on that little finger, "did that happen to you in the war?"

I suppressed a gasp, having read a lot of those articles in the magazines about being careful not to ask veterans about their experiences or wounds. But the soldier took it in his stride as a natural question. Thoughtfully, he lifted the finger and looked at it.

"Well," he said slowly, "yes and no. I got it while I was overseas. I'd like to be able to brag about it and say it got shot off by a German bullet or sliced off by a German bayonet. But the honest truth is that I was doing K.P. one day . . ."

"What's K.P.?" interrupted Denny. "That's Kitchen Police. It means working in the Army kitchen."

"Oh," said Denny, "and what happened?"

"So I was doing K.P.—peeling potatoes—and I was kind of sore about it because I figured I was too important a guy to be peeling potatoes, and I got careless. The first thing I knew, I'd sliced my finger."

"Did you cut it right off?" asked Denny breathlessly.

"No, it was just a little cut. I didn't even bother to put a bandage on it.

The trouble was, it got infected later on, and then the Doc had to go to work on it so the infection wouldn't spread. It just goes to show you that you have to take care of yourself, even with little things like cuts." He looked down at Denny seriously. "You haven't got any cuts you're neglecting, have you?"

Denny spread out both his small hands and inspected them carefully. "No, I guess I haven't today," he said with relief.

"That's good," said the soldier, "but if you do get one, you be sure to wash it good and clean and put a bandage on. Then it'll be safe."

"I'll remember about that," said Denny earnestly and shoved both hands, with a funny little important air, deep into his coat pockets. This soldier was treating him like an equal—talking to him man to man—and Denny enjoyed it. It made him strut a little. It pleased me, too. Usually when grownups talk to children, it's in a sickening kind of baby talk. Or they ignore them completely and say things like—"What a pretty little boy," or "Has he learned to read yet? He looks quite bright." Denny had suffered under his share of such insults. I knew, and it was

only natural that he should blossom under the kind of adult treatment the soldier had been giving him. Too bad more grownups couldn't be like that, I thought.

He must have felt my eyes on him, because he turned slightly and looked squarely at me and smiled.

"You don't mind my talking to the children, do you?" he asked. "It's always more fun when you have someone to talk to."

I smiled back. "Not at all," I told him. Of course he was a complete stranger, but on the other hand the fishing hole was certainly public enough and in our little town we aren't too cautious about being friendly with people—strangers or not.

Besides, the soldier seemed harmless and impersonally interested in the children, and there could be no doubt that he was lonesome. So many people in this world, I thought, are just plain lonesome!

Denny must have been thinking pretty much the same thing, because he suddenly piped up, "He's nice, Aunt Joann—he's real nice." He looked up at the soldier and smiled and the soldier winked back at him. They had already become good friends. So (Continued on page 78)

Denny was happier than ever with Lefty, who treated him as an equal.





In Living Portraits

OUR GAL SUNDAY

**CBS's story of a woman
who believes that you
must work for happiness**

OUR GAL SUNDAY was named by the two old miners who found her—a little baby—on the doorstep of their cabin in Silver Creek, Colorado, years ago. Sunday's charm and loveliness captivated LORD HENRY BRINTHROPE, and they were married. As Lady Brinthrope, Sunday's courage and faith have been put to the test many times, for her circumstances now are far different from the conditions under which she was brought up. Lord Henry, a tided Englishman, is everything any woman could wish for in a husband. The years have proved that he and Sunday belong together in spite of the differences in their birth and upbringing, and for him the sun seems to rise and set on his beloved young wife.
(Vivian Smolen and Karl Swenson)

Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Our Gal Sunday is heard every Monday through Friday at 12:45 P.M., EST, over Columbia.





LILI FLORENZE is guided—and spoiled—by her mother, the COUNTESS FLORENZE, from whom she inherits her sulky, temperamental beauty. Arrogant and demanding, the Countess is a formidable personality, who has plainly shown that she will not allow anything or anybody to interfere with her plans for Lili. Nothing must stand in their way! (Lili is Inge Adams; the Countess is Ara Gerald)

LONNIE, who is doing some of the family shopping at the small country store owned by SUSIE ROBINSON and her husband, is the adopted oldest child of Henry and Sunday Brinthrope. The mutual affection that exists between Lonnie and the rest of the family is as strong as though he had been born into it. Lonnie is a constant joy to his foster-parents. (Venezuela Jones is Susie; Alastair Kyle is Lonnie)



IRENE and PETER GALWAY, a neighboring couple, have a warm and sturdy friendship with the family at Black Swan Hall. The comforting words and understanding aid of the Brinthropes have helped Irene and Peter over many rough spots, and in return Sunday and Henry know that if ever they are in need of help, the Galways would be ready at once to offer it. (Fran Carlon, Joseph Curtin)

PEARL TAGGART and SAINT-JOHN HARRIS are two young people Sunday worries about a great deal. "Sinjun" is an artist, attractive, as unpredictable as one of the arrows he uses in his favorite sport, archery. Pearl, a girl from Sunday's old home town, is a trial to Sunday because of her strange conviction that her magnificent hair will get her everything she wants. (Anne Shepherd, John Raby)



STEVE LANSING, a friend of Sunday's guardian Jackie from Silver Creek, is the sweetheart from whom Pearl Taggart ran away. But Steve has Sunday's encouragement, because she understands that, while he is not the most sophisticated of men, he is capable of making Pearl happy. Now Sunday is endeavoring to get the confused, wilful Pearl to realize this truth for herself, and to find contentment. (John McQuade)



The TIME Between

Ma Perkins was absolutely sure that Connie and Quent

were still in love. The trouble was that they, themselves, didn't know it!

WHEN Connie Myles came to me asking for a room, I couldn't possibly refuse her. The housing shortage had struck Rushville Center, just as it had other towns and cities all over the United States. Besides, she was a pretty, appealing little thing—and independent!

She had lived in Rushville Center before the war, and had taken a course in beauty culture. But when the war broke out, Connie had gone out to the West Coast to work in a defense plant. Now she was back, working once again in one of the local beauty parlors—working very hard, and saving her money, because, she said, she wanted to buy a beauty shop of her own. She was a normal enough girl, it seemed to me—ordinarily happy, but not very much interested in men, or in clothes. She only wanted to save money for that beauty shop. It was all she cared about.

And then, almost overnight, Connie changed into a social butterfly. It was a long time before I connected the change in Connie with Quentin Jonas' homecoming, but I finally did. Quent was Rushville Center's orphan. Everybody in town still remembers the Jonas' divorce—a quarrel between two stubborn young people, each too proud to take the first step

toward making up. Both parents remarried later, and Quent, when he was a child, divided his time between the two homes. The whole town was sorry for him, and the whole town took him to its heart.

This spring, when Quent came home from the Army, Shuffle Shober brought him over to my house the very first evening. And there he met Connie, whom he had known before, of course—as young folks in towns like ours always know one another. It seemed to me that that meeting between them held a lot of constraint, too many things unspoken. But I felt it was none of my business, and let it pass. It was right after that that Connie began to go out with the town boys—not with Quent, but with practically everyone else. Some of them certainly not the nicest boys in town, either. I was worried about her—real worried.

Then one late afternoon I came home from the lumber yard and heard Quent and Connie quarreling in my living room. My head whirling, trembling with shock and dismay, I heard Connie cry out, "I'm not proud that I was ever married to you, Quent Jonas—and I wouldn't be again. I can take care of myself and my own; I don't need your help and I won't stand for your interference!"

Connie—*married!* To Quent Jonas! I heard Quent slam out, and then Connie turned and saw me in the doorway—realized that I had heard. Her eyes filled with tears, pleading with me not to tell anyone, she began to tell me the story. (Continued on page 68)

Ma Perkins, in this original Radio Mirror story, thought she knew, now, how to make Connie understand. (Ma Perkins played by Virginia Payne. Heard Monday through Friday, 1:15 P.M. EST, on CBS; 3:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.)



Come and Visit

When George and Gracie are at home being part of the Burns family, they're the kind of people you'd love to have next door

YOU can't tell from the outside of houses what manner of people live in them. Take the formal white house in which George Burns and Gracie Allen live. With Sandra, twelve, and Ronnie, eleven. With Suzy too—the chic-est little toy French poodle you ever saw.

It stands on one of the best streets in Beverly Hills, the Burns' house, with French windows on either side of the big front door that is approached by a brick walk bordered with rose trees. It's a house of great charm and beauty but it's also conventionally elegant and so doesn't remotely suggest George or Gracie.

This isn't too strange. The Burnses had nothing to do with this house until the day they chanced upon it, in the very neighborhood they had agreed upon, and promptly bought it.

It was Gracie's intention to preserve the feeling of formality which the house suggests by her furnishings. And in the living room, to the right of the front door and the hallway with its beautiful circular stairway, she has remained true to this purpose. It's done in soft colors and mirrors, with pastel velvets and brocades, with petit point, with crystal and china lamps, with chairs that

sit on little curved legs, with inlaid tables—with a French decor, really.

The grand piano stands in this room beside one of the damask-hung French windows which overlooks the formal lawn and the rose-bordered walk. And if you chanced to visit the Burnses, as we did, before Sandra and Ronnie were to play in a piano recital, you'd trail into this room with George and Gracie and Suzy, who follows Gracie everywhere, to hear them play Chopin.

"Now, this is a good opportunity for you children to come on just the way you will at the recital," Gracie said in an Allenish rush.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," she announced, "the next two numbers on our program will be played by Miss Sandra Burns and Master Ronnie

"Come again!" say George and Gracie, Ronnie (who's eleven) and Sandra (who's twelve) as we end the first visit in Radio Mirror's new series, which will take you into the homes and families of some of your favorite radio personalities. Burns and Allen are heard Thursdays at 8:00 P.M. EST, on NBC.

BURNS and ALLEN





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Ronnie and Sandra like an outdoor life, but it doesn't interfere with piano practice—which Gracie insists on, and which they really enjoy.



Breakfast isn't official till Variety—and chic little Suzy—arrive in bed.



Burns. . .” And everybody bowed.

Both Sandra and Ronnie play with the crescendos and the loud pedal effects as well as the rare emotional quality of virtuosos. They well deserved the enthusiastic applause in which George led.

“I want you to get there early, mama,” Sandra said, “so you can sit in the front row.” Ronnie’s eyes made it clear he wanted this too.

“Let’s go back to the other room,” George suggested. “The only time we ever come in here is to hear the kids play. . .” The kids dashed ahead and George stepped up beside Gracie. “Look,” he said, sotto voce very fast, “you’ll-have-to-cancel-out-on-that-luncheon-Gracie-or-you’ll-be-late-to-that-recital-and-they’re-both-counting-on-you-up-front-like-they-said.” Gracie’s eyes got twice as big and twice as blue as they always are. “But of course George!” she told him.

Leaving the living room, you realize that Gracie’s plan to keep the house elegant and dignified throughout was short-lived. (Continued on page 76)





It's instinct with the Burnsés not to be satisfied with anything amateurish. Even when the young ones dance for fun, they put on as good a performance as they know how.



Favorite household gathering-places: the kitchen, where the good food comes from, and the dining-table, where it's eaten by candle-light while everyone's views are aired and everyone's activities come in for discussion.



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FRONT PAGE



*David and Sally
do a beautiful job in a
dangerous situation*

DAVID FARRELL, a crusading New York Eagle reporter, and his wife, Sally, often find themselves involved more deeply than they intend to be in some of the stories that David covers for his paper. The scene of this adventure is a beauty shop, to which David is sent by his paper because the shop's proprietor, Lizette, had been shot at the night before. (Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Front Page Farrell is heard every weekday at 5 P.M. EST, on CBS. David is played by Staats Cotsworth, Sally by Florence Williams, Sherry by Athena Lorde, Nick by Peter Capell, Lizette by Eleanor Sherman.)

1. Lizette is calm about the attempt on her life, which makes David suspicious. He questions customers who had appointments the day before, finds them unaccountably afraid. Sherry, a dancer, was at the shop at midnight.



4. David pays a late visit to the shop as Nick leaves. He sees the machine; Lizette explains that she likes music.



5. At home, David and Sally read that Sherry's engagement to a wealthy man has been broken. And what about Lizette's other customers who seemed strangely afraid? Smacks of blackmail.

FARRELL



2. David and Sally talk to Sherry, who says she was at the shop to have her hair done for her midnight show. Sally later tells David that Sherry has lied; her hair has not been washed and dressed recently.



3. Lizette and Nick, her assistant, play records Lizette has made of customer's conversations. They have cleverly inserted lines to make customer's originally innocent remarks about her husband appear to refer to a fascinating new sweetheart.



6. Sally, posing as a wealthy customer, goes to Lizette's, overhears Lizette threatening another customer but can't make out with what. She tells David; he suggests that she go back the next afternoon.



7. Lizette, while working on Sally's hair, asks all sorts of personal questions, such as does she love her husband?



8. Lizette leaves Sally under dryer. David comes in, posing as electrician. He finds recording device, asks Sally if she'd told Lizette anything that could be used to blackmail her. She says no—nothing dangerous.



9. Machine has been playing all the while. David blurs out his and Sally's conversation by replaying record and muffling their words with the sound of the dryer. Lizette enters, is furious because machine is on, snatches it up and carries it away. Now David and Sally are sure that the record means something.

12. The next day in a teashop across from Lizette's, David gives Sally some fake jewels which she is to offer in return for the record, which he wants as evidence. At Lizette's Sally is led to a booth away from the others.

13. Sally forgets to answer to her assumed name of Marshall, and Nick and Lizette go through her purse, find out who she is and where David is by threatening her with acid.



10. David comes to the shop after hours to chat with Lizette—and to place a bit of paper in the lock as they leave, so that he and Sally can come back later. He takes Lizette home, gets Sally, and they return to shop.

11. In the shop David and Sally play the record Lizette made of her conversation with Sally, find that the record has been so changed that Sally's confidences about how happy she is with her husband now become complaints, with talk about the new man she has met. They know that Lizette will try to blackmail her.



14. Lizette goes to the teashop, demands that David sign a statement saying that any accusations he may make against her are false—or Sally will be burned with acid. David signs.

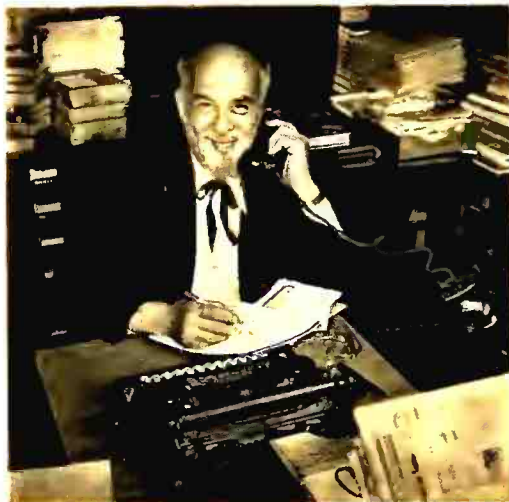
15. David goes back to the shop with Lizette to get Sally, wrenches acid away from Nick, throws it on the statement he has just signed, destroying it completely. He snatches up the record, calls the police. . . . Another case is solved.



Life CAN BE

THE proof of the philosophy that *Life Can Be Beautiful* is all around us—every one of us, every day. Each of us must find it, teach it to himself, learn it well. A conversation I overheard once between two friends made this more meaningful than ever. One was complaining that she had never had much real happiness. The other replied thoughtfully, "I remember a time when I too thought that way. But when I was twenty-two, I learned to think differently. It was when my first baby died. Life was black and useless. And then, after a while, I began to understand that I was still alive, and that while you are alive your life is your own, to do the best you can with. Because nobody can bring happiness and hand it to you. If you do not make your own life as beautiful, as useful as it is in you to do, somebody else, friend or stranger, must watch your misery. If it is one who loves you, he must bear your burden as well as his own.

"And we have no right to ask that of another."



For Their Loved One's Sake

To the writer of this letter RADIO MIRROR has sent one hundred dollars.

Dear Papa David:

Twenty-three years ago my husband was in an accident that left him with a broken back, fractured skull, and crushed ribs. He was thirty-six and I was thirty-four. We had one son, age fourteen. We did not know which way to turn. Son and I went to hospital day after day for two months. Instead of getting better we saw my husband was slowly dying.

The doctor told me he might live six months, not longer; I said I would take him home. He said to leave him where he was; he would be better off, that I did not know anything about taking care of him. I said it was a good

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BEAUTIFUL

time to learn. Doctor said, "You know he will never be a man again." I said, "Yes, I know, the doctors told me, but that makes no difference, he is the man I love. I will take care of him some way." Then I went in to my husband and ask him if he wanted to go home with me. He began to cry, and said, "Oh yes!"

I bought a hospital bed and fixed his room cheerful and nice. Next day I called an ambulance, called the doctor, told him I was taking my husband home, and would he please call soon. He said he would. And as soon as doctor came and saw him he said he was looking better already. From then on he began to improve. His back and legs were covered with bed sores. Doctor said I would never heal them. I said I would, and I did, but it took me one year to do it. I never let him get another one. His position had to be changed every fifteen to twenty minutes, day and night, when he was awake. Only God knows what we went through. Our son had to have rest and sleep to keep up his school work. I hired a practical nurse to help me during the school term. One day our son rushed in all out of breath, said, "Oh mom, you won't have to do any more of that hard lifting. I am having a rack made for Dad's bed, and he can shift his position himself." I said, "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Oh mom, I heard of a man in same condition as Dad. I went to see him, to see if I could learn anything that would help us to take better care of Dad. He had a rack over his bed like I am having made for Dad."

Next day the rack was delivered. It was so simple we were all surprised that we did not think of it ourselves. But I think it saved my life, and Daddy's. In our eyes there never was such a wonderful son.

As our son grew .(Continued on page 96)

*Revealed in this
month's best letter
is the story of love
and fortitude that
kept a family together*

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As our son grew. (Continued on page 96)

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and fortitude that
kept a family together*

Around the Clock



5 tbs. melted shortening
3 egg whites, beaten
1 cup fine-cut cooked ham

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine beaten egg yolks and milk and blend with flour. Add shortening and mix until smooth. Stir in ham, then quickly fold in beaten egg whites. Boiled or baked ham may be used, or in place of ham canned luncheon meat, or other diced cooked meat may be substituted, or grated cheese.

Raisin Waffles

Use any of the waffle recipes given, adding 1 cup chopped raisins.

For a main dish, serve waffles with any desired a la king or other creamed mixture—a very good method for making a cup or so of leftover meat or fish go a long way.

There is almost no end to the variety of toppers you can serve with waffles. Jam or jelly of your own making is good for either a breakfast or a dessert waffle, and here are suggestions for other waffle accompaniments: seasoned strawberries or other small berries, fresh sliced peaches, pears, bananas or oranges.

For additional variation, bake or broil any of these, seasoned with sugar and cinnamon.

ONE way to help keep food costs lower and mealtime enjoyment higher is to serve waffles. They are already a round-the-clock favorite, you know, just as delicious for a lunch or supper main course, or for dessert as they are for breakfast, and here are recipes which will make every member of the family a waffle enthusiast.

Sour Milk Waffles

2 cups flour
¾ tsp. soda
1 tsp. double-acting baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups sour milk
2 egg yolks, beaten
4 tbs. melted shortening
2 egg whites, beaten

Sift flour, measure, add soda, baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine beaten egg yolks and sour milk and blend with flour. Add shortening and mix until smooth. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks, then quickly fold into batter. Bake in hot waffle iron.

Ham Waffles

2 cups flour
2 tsps. double-acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
3 egg yolks, beaten
1¼ cups milk

Waffles needn't be confined to breakfast. Trimmed up as we've suggested, they make elegant additions to your luncheon and dinner menus, and new-tasting desserts.

By

KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**



Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard over the Columbia network at 8:30 EST.

(Continued from page 21)

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
		8:15 CBS: Phil Cook
		8:15 NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30 ABC: Musical Novelty Group
		8:45 CBS: Margaret Arlen
8:15		9:00 ABC: Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
6:15		9:30 CBS: Carolina Calling
		9:30 NBC: NBC String Trio
		9:45 NBC: A Miss and a Male
9:00		10:00 ABC: Buddy Weed, Trio
11:30	11:30	10:00 CBS: Give and Take
		10:00 MBS: Albert Warner
		10:00 NBC: Perculator Party
		10:30 MBS: Rainbow House
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30 NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
3:30		10:30 ABC: Junior Junction
	10:00	11:00 ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra
4:30		11:00 NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05		11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
		11:15 ABC: String Ensemble
		11:15 MBS: Vacation Symphonies
9:45		11:30 ABC: Johnny Thompson
		11:30 CBS: Billie Burke Show
		11:30 NBC: Home Is What You Make It
		11:45 ABC: Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
		12:00 MBS: Fun With Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
10:00	11:30	12:30 ABC: American Farmer
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Smiling Ed McConnell
		12:30 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
		1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
6:30	12:00	1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: Checkerboard Jamboree
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:00	12:30	1:30 CBS: Country Fair
		1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
4:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: Chicago Serenade
		2:00 NBC: Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:15 CBS: Adventures in Science
		2:15 MBS: Johnny Pineapple's Orchestra
		2:30 CBS: Of Men and Books
		2:30 NBC: The Baxters
		2:30 MBS: Palmer House Concert
		2:30 ABC: Orchestra Hill Toppers
		2:45 NBC: Stories by Olmstead
		2:45 ABC: Melodies to Remember
		3:00 MBS: George Sterney's Orchestra
		3:00 CBS: Assignment Home
11:00		3:00 ABC: Piano Playhouse
		3:00 NBC: Saturday Showcase
11:30		3:30 ABC: Roundup Time
		3:30 MBS: George Barry's Orchestra
		3:45 CBS: Cross Section AFL
		4:00 NBC: Doctors at Home
		4:00 ABC: Duke Ellington
		4:15 MBS: Herb Field's Orchestra
		4:30 MBS: George Barry's Orchestra
		4:45 MBS: Opportunity U. S. A.
1:00		5:00 ABC: Saturday Concert
		5:00 NBC: No Happy Ending
		5:00 MBS: Sports Parade
		5:30 MBS: George Town's Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:15 ABC: Jimmy Blair
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: American Portrait
		6:15 MBS: Lorenzo Fuller
4:15	5:30	6:30 ABC: Harry Wismser, sports
		6:30 MBS: Los Angeles Symphonic Band
		6:30 CBS: American Portrait
2:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45		6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
		7:00 MBS: Hawaii Calls
3:00		7:00 ABC: It's Your Business
		7:15 ABC: Correspondents Abroad
9:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Green Hornet
		7:30 NBC: Curtain Time, drama
4:30	4:30	7:30 CBS: Tony Martin
		7:45 MBS: I Was a Convict
		8:00 MBS: 20 Questions
		8:00 ABC: Dark Venture
		8:00 CBS: Hollywood Star Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Life of Riley
		8:30 ABC: Famous Jury Trials
		8:30 MBS: Juvenile Jury
		8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
		9:00 MBS: Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
9:00		9:00 ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
		9:30 MBS: Jonathan Trimble, Esq.
5:30	9:30	9:30 ABC: Berkshire Festival
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00 MBS: Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Judy Canova
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: Grand Old Opry
		10:30 NBC: Hayloft Hoedown

you've ever used him. I think I know why, too. And I think I could do something about it."

Then I was interested. He was talking about Lone Eagle, the prettiest piece of horseflesh I've ever owned, and just about the meanest.

Somewhere, way back in his family tree, there probably was an outlaw—a horse that couldn't endure restraint—that refused to bow to man's will. And Lone Eagle must have been a throw-back to that ancient ancestor. It showed in his eyes. It showed in his laid-back ears when anyone came near him. It showed in the vicious baring of his teeth, and the murderous lashing out of his hooves. He was a bad actor, and I should have gotten rid of him a long time ago. But every time I'd decide to sell him, I'd go take another look, and I'd change my mind.

"What would you do about Lone Eagle?" I asked.

He twisted his hat in his hands. "I don't like to brag about things before they're done, Mr. Autry. But I'd like a chance to try a couple of things. I think that horse is unhappy. That's his main trouble. Why don't you just let me hang around for a couple of weeks and see what I can do?"

Aside from the fact that I would have grabbed at any chance to make a good horse out of Lone Eagle, there was something about this boy that appealed to me. Almost involuntarily I heard myself saying, "All right, son, if you want to try it, it's okay with me. I'll give you the regular stable boy wages, and you can bunk in with Shorty."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Autry," he said. "There's just one thing—it's kind of a personal thing—would you mind not calling me 'son'? Call me Joe. Joe Smith."

I blinked a little at that. This was certainly an odd youngster. But then, everybody has peculiarities—young or old. "Okay, Joe," I said. "And now, beat it. I've got to get washed up. I'll see you around."

AS it happened, I didn't see him around for a couple of days. I was busy with one thing and another, and it wasn't until two days later that I asked Shorty how he was getting along. "Oh, him," said Shorty. "You mean Joe. He's sleepin' in the stables. Got himself a pallet and a couple of horse-blankets, and stays down there all the time."

"How's he getting along with Lone Eagle?"

"Well, you know—it's a funny thing about that horse. He seems to like the kid. Joe stands in front of the stall and talks to him—just like you'd talk to a person. And he's got a harmonica that he plays. The darn horse listens to the talk and the music like one of them bobby-soxers listenin' to Frank Sinatra. He eats out of the kid's hand, too. I never thought I'd live to see the day!"

"Well, that's fine," I said, and went on with my work. A few days later, Shorty cornered me after dinner.

"Say, Boss," he began, "maybe I'm tellin' tales outa school, but I think you oughta know about this. You know that new kid—that Joe Smith?"

"Yeah."

"Well, he's put Lone Eagle into the big box stall. He put him in there so

there'd be room in there for Daisy, too."

"Daisy?" I asked.

"Yeah, that little gray donkey that belongs to Lopez. Lone Eagle likes him."

I reached for my hat. "This," I said, "I've got to see."

We walked over to the corral and into the stables. Sure enough, over by the box stall, there was Joe, leaning against the front of the stall with his hands full of apples, neatly cut into quarters. I motioned Shorty to be quiet, and we just stood there for a while and watched. Joe was talking to Lone Eagle in low tones, and the horse was listening to him with his ears pricked forward. Every once in a while, Joe would give him a piece of apple and keep on talking. Then I noticed a little gray nose poking over the stall door next to Lone Eagle and edging toward Joe and the apples. Lone Eagle was reaching for another one when the little gray nose pushed him aside and got the apple first. Joe laughed and patted the nose. "Atta-boy, Daisy," he said softly, "Don't let him make a pig of himself."

I MUST have chuckled at that, because suddenly Lone Eagle's head went up and his ears twisted back. And Joe whirled around.

"Oh—hi, Mr. Autry," he said, and turned back to the stall again. "Take it easy, boy," he whispered to Lone Eagle, "everything's all right. Nothing to worry about. It's just Mr. Autry and he's not going to hurt you."

"Pretty fond of each other, aren't they?" I said to Joe.

"Oh, yes," he told me eagerly. "I noticed first thing that they were friends. Daisy used to wander in here and Lone Eagle always nickered at him and they'd kind of talk to each other. So I thought I'd try putting them together. It's calmed Lone Eagle down a lot."

"It has, at that," I agreed. And then "How soon do you think it'll be before you can ride him?"

Joe's eyes widened. "Who—Lone Eagle?" he gasped. I nodded. "Oh, gee, Mr. Autry, not for a long time yet. That's one of the things that's been bothering Lone Eagle—people tryin' to make him do things he doesn't want to. He thinks people want to be mean to him. He's got to get used to just being liked first."

"You're quite a psychologist, aren't you, Joe?" I teased.

He flushed a little and his eyes dropped. "I must seem like an awful smart-aleck to you, Mr. Autry. You've had so much more experience with horses than I have. But I kind of feel a little better now that I know just how Lone Eagle thinks. I put myself in his place and try to figure out how I'd react to things. And generally it works out. If people don't like you or don't want you around, you're not apt to like them either. So I thought the only way to make Lone Eagle like me was to like him a lot, first."

I felt a lump gathering in my throat as Joe talked. He sounded as though he'd had a lot of experience with wanting to be liked. He was crediting Lone Eagle with all the loneliness and craving for affection that a fifteen year old boy can feel.

I patted him on the shoulder. "You keep right on (Continued on page 50)

MISS MARGARET COLEMAN—She has luscious honey-gold blondeness, a bewitching soft-smooth complexion. Another charming Pond's bride-to-be, Miss Coleman is the daughter of the well-known Dr. and Mrs. George A. Coleman, of Philadelphia's fashionable "main-line" suburb Wynnewood, and is to be married to H. Stephen Casey, Jr., of nearby Wayne, Pennsylvania.



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(Continued from page 54) liking him, Joe." I said. "And I hope it won't be too long before he catches on."

"I sure hope so, too, Mr. Autry. He's a wonderful horse."

"He's sure a funny kid," mused Shorty later. "But he's darned good with the horses. The other night when that snake crawled into Whitey's stall and scared the daylight out of her, Joe was the only one who could get in with her and throw the snake out. He had her quieted down again in about five minutes. Just talked to her. And every one of them horses likes to listen to him playin' on that harmonica of his. Like a bunch of humans at a band concert."

"Well, it's probably like he said," I told Shorty. "He likes them, so they like him, and vice versa. I guess he hasn't had many people liking him."

"No. Prob'ly not. He's a nice kid, but he's pretty stand-offish and shy with the boys. Like he's scared of 'em or somethin'."

"There's something odd about him, all right. Well, we'll likely find out all about it one of these days."

I FOUND out about it a lot quicker than I expected to. A state trooper dropped in one day, a week or so later, looking for a fifteen-year-old boy named Bobby Wooster. The boy's description, according to the trooper, was: "Height, 5' 6"; Weight, 140 lbs.; Brown hair; Blue eyes; Freckles." He was also supposed to be very fond of horses. The trooper had been canvassing rodeos and horse shows. I thought of Joe immediately, of course, and asked the trooper what the boy was wanted for.

"Shucks," said the trooper, "this isn't a criminal case. It's a Missing Persons Bureau job. The kid ran away from some boarding school back east and his father's looking for him. Well, if you hear anything about him, or if he shows up here, let me know, will you?"

I said I would, and the trooper got into his car and drove off toward town. I sat there for a while and thought about it. Then I got up and walked down to the stables. Joe was in Lone Eagle's stall, currying him, while Lone Eagle and Daisy munched peacefully at the manger. I walked in to where I could see Joe plainly and then called sharply, "Hey, Bobby!"

Joe started as though he'd been shot, his hand poised in mid-air. He turned to stare at me, and in his face was a look of mingled fear and despair. "Oh," he said slowly. "So you found out about me?"

"Sure," I said. "Partly, anyway. But I don't see why you have to get so upset about it. Why don't we just talk it over? It can't be as bad as you think it is."

Joe—or perhaps I'd better call him Bobby from now on—put the curry comb away and vaulted out of the stall. We went over to a pile of feed sacks and sat down.

"Now, why don't you tell me the whole story?" I suggested.

"Well," he said, groping for words, "there isn't really much to tell, after all. I don't get along with my father, and I never seem to be able to do the things he wants me to, and I hate the schools I have to go to, so I just ran away and came out west. You're not going to send me back, are you, Mr. Autry?"

"We'll figure that one out later," I promised. "Now tell me—why don't you and your father get along?"

There was a long silence and then he blurted out, "My father just doesn't

like me, Mr. Autry. And how can you like somebody who doesn't like you?"

"What makes you think he doesn't like you?"

"Well, he doesn't want me living with him—at least he sends me away to school all the time. And he never wants me to do what I want to do. He wants me to be an engineer. Well, I don't like engineering. All I like is horses. I'm no good at Math, and you have to be good at Math to be an engineer."

I nodded.

"But I am good with animals," he went on. "I don't have to kid myself about that—I know it. And they're the only things I like, so it seems like just plain foolishness for me to try to learn some other kind of business. I'd like to go to a Veterinary College and learn everything about all kinds of animals, but Father says I have to go to Engineering School. That's what made me decide to run away. I'm glad I did."

"Look, Bobby," I said, "tell me a little about your father."

"He works in the office of one of those big trucking companies in New York. He's a bookkeeper. He likes Math—I guess that's why he thought I ought to like it, because he does. It's a funny thing—he was born out in Nevada, but he could never make a go of things out west, so he went east. And now he's a bookkeeper!"

"What about your mother?" I asked. "I never knew her. She died when I was born."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "That makes it tough. But we've still got to decide what to do about you."

Bobby's face whitened. "Please, Mr. Autry—please don't make me go back east. I'll work twice as hard here. I'll work for nothing. But I don't think I could stand it if I had to go to Engineering School!"

"But, Bobby," I tried to reason with him, "your father has to know where you are. Think how worried he must be about you."

"He doesn't care a rap about me," he insisted.

"He cared enough to get in touch with the Missing Persons Bureau and get them started combing the country for you. There was a trooper out here just half an hour ago looking for you."

Bobby's jaw dropped. "Honest, Mr. Autry? They're looking for me? State troopers?"

HE WAS impressed. "Gee," he said, "I didn't think he'd ever do a thing like that. But just the same, Mr. Autry, I sure hope you won't think it's your duty to send me back."

"I'm not thinking so much about my duty as I am about yours," I assured him. Then I had an inspiration. "Bobby, I've got to go to New York next week to see about a radio show. Why don't you give me your dad's address, and I'll look him up and talk things over with him. You're still a minor, you know, and you'll pretty much have to do what he tells you to, but maybe I can explain things so that he'll see them your way."

"Gee, that'd be dandy, Mr. Autry," he said, rather doubtfully. But I saw he didn't think it would work.

I was in New York on Monday of the following week. And after I'd finished my radio business, I went one evening to the address Bobby had given me. John Wooster wasn't as hard to talk to as I'd been afraid he would be. He was a tired man with heavy worry lines etched into his face, and he was pathetically grateful for news.

I took a deep breath and plunged in. "Something's likely to happen to Bob if you don't do something about it pretty quick, Mr. Wooster."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You want him to go to Engineering School." Mr. Wooster nodded.

"Maybe you don't realize it, but Bobby's interests and abilities lie in an entirely different direction."

"You mean that crazy idea he's got about being a veterinarian?"

"That's what I mean, but I don't think it's a crazy idea. He's what we call a 'natural' when it comes to animals. People like that are few and far between. Don't you care what he wants, Mr. Wooster?"

A puzzled look came over his face. "Of course I do. But he's only fifteen years old. How can he know what he wants to do for the rest of his life? I figured that engineering would make a good solid career for him. Something I never had. I want his life to be safe and sure. I don't want him ever to have to wonder where his next meal is coming from. Maybe I haven't been a very good father, Mr. Autry. But it wasn't because I didn't want to be. I did the best I could. I don't know much about kids, so I sent him to the very best schools I could afford—and to some I couldn't afford."

"In other words, you gave him just about everything except the one thing he wanted and needed."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Autry."

"The one thing Bobby has always wanted, Mr. Wooster, was a father who cared about him."

WE MUST have talked for two hours after that, and I found myself liking Bobby's father more and more. He wanted so desperately to do what was right, but most of the time he just fumbled in the dark. Finally, on an impulse on both our parts, we decided that he should come out west with me when I went back. He had almost a month's leave due him from his job and a bit of money saved up. Money, he explained, that he had planned to use for Bobby's Engineering School.

I felt pretty pleased with myself when I went to bed that night. A whole month with my rodeo show ought to get Bobby and his father off to a pretty good start. They'd get a chance to know each other for a change, and settle a few of their differences.

Of course, like so many other things, it didn't work out exactly as I'd planned. As a matter of fact, I began to be afraid that it wouldn't ever work out. John Wooster had come out west with me—nominally as my guest. But he said he'd rather be working at something while he was there, and I agreed that it was all right with me if it made him feel any better. So as far as everyone else was concerned he was taken on as a general handy man for the rodeo. The men all liked him, and he fitted right in. But Bobby couldn't accept the situation. He was convinced that I'd double-crossed him and was on his father's side.

Wooster was heart-broken. He tried everything he knew to make Bobby like him. He talked to him about Lone Eagle. He brought him presents from town. He tried to treat him like a grown-up. But none of it did any good. Bobby was convinced it was all just an act to lure him into Engineering School.

Then it came time for us to move on farther west. It was about a three day trip, and we were using big trucks and vans to transport the horses and cattle.



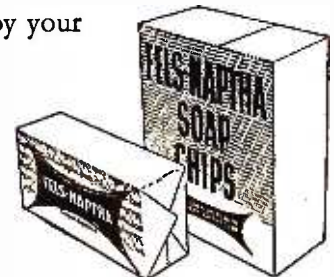
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The second day out we started having trouble with my car. One of the boys who handled mechanical work for us estimated it would take three or four hours to get it fixed up. He said if we could find a place to stop for the rest of the day he could get the job done and also do some greasing on the trucks. So we started looking for a good place to stop and found it about an hour later. It was an abandoned farm next to an old overgrown logging road that seemed to cut right through the mountains. It was fifty miles from the nearest town by the main road, and probably ten miles by that old trail.

We were all unpacked by noon, and had fixed up the farm's old corral for the animals, figuring that a day's rest would do them a lot of good. Bobby, as usual, was sticking close to the horses, especially Lone Eagle; and his father, also as usual, was sort of hovering around the edges, trying to get a glimpse of Bobby.

It got too much for me, finally, and I went over to where Bobby was adjusting Lone Eagle's blanket.

"Listen, kid," I said, "why don't you give your dad a break?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, but he knew well enough what I meant.

"I MEAN that he's trying to be nice to you, and all you're doing is giving him the cold shoulder. Why don't you meet him half way? It's what you always wanted, wasn't it—to have your father be interested in you?"

"Awww—" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "he doesn't mean any of that stuff. It's just a gag to get me to go back east again."

I got a little annoyed then. "Sometimes kids like you give me a pain in the neck. You think you know so much. You listen to me for a minute. Do you remember telling me that Lone Eagle had to be liked before he could like anybody? And that it would take a long time to convince him that you liked him? Well, did you ever stop to think that your dad is trying to get you to like him—by liking you first? And you're acting just as suspicious and sulky as Lone Eagle did at first. Only worse. Because Lone Eagle finally did catch on. I sometimes wonder if you ever will."

An hour or so later I wandered over by the corral and found the boys all sitting around in a circle, talking cowpony talk. John Wooster was there, and then I blinked. Sitting next to him, chatting away nice as you please, was Bobby. *Hmmmm*, I thought, *evidently what I said to him made some impression*. I went over and sat down near them. Bobby looked at me and I could see that his eyes were shining. Evidently all he had needed was to have his father explained to him in terms that he could understand.

Wooster's eyes were shining, too. He looked as excited as a schoolgirl at her first dance. I had an idea what it must mean to him to have his son sitting there at his side, and I guess maybe my own eyes were shining, too.

The talk drifted to broncho busting, and Wooster was telling about some of his experiences back in Nevada as a boy. Bobby listened to him in open-mouthed wonder, and his father must have felt the admiration and interest in his son's eyes, because his talk got more and more excited. He began to brag a little about how good he used to be. The other boys teased him some about how that was in the old days and he probably couldn't do half of those

things now. He fell for it. Goaded by the boys' good-natured taunts and his own desire to be a hero in Bobby's eyes, he suddenly offered to show everybody that he could ride any bronc in the outfit right then and there.

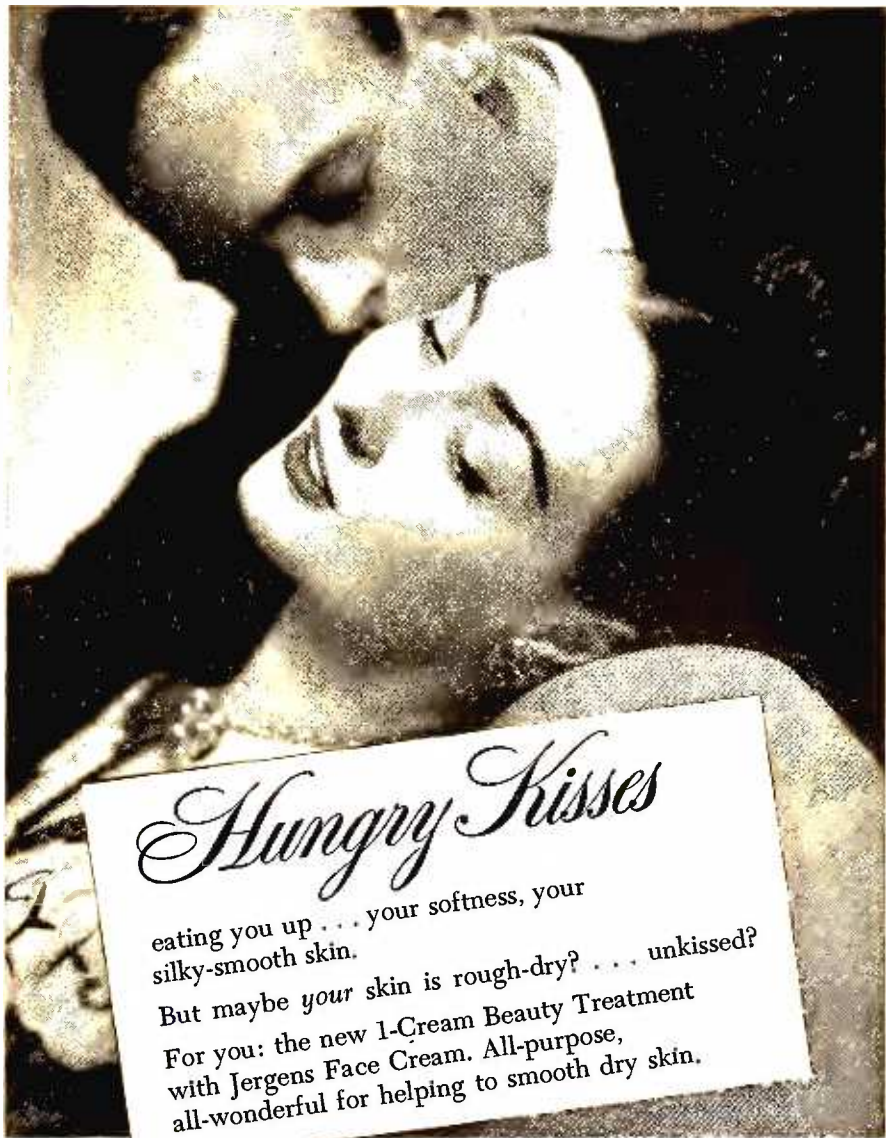
Well, we didn't have any man-killing horses in our outfit. Lone Eagle had been probably the meanest horse I owned, and under Bobby's care even he had lost most of his viciousness. But we did have some half-wild ponies and one or two experienced exhibition buckers. They might have been considered dangerous, but we were so used to them that we no longer thought much of it. So, although I started to interfere, I changed my mind. After all, Wooster was a grown man and this evidently was important to him. The boys looked at me questioningly, but I just shrugged my shoulders. One of them whooped and ran to the pen where the broncs were. "You're on, Wooster," he shouted. "We'll give you a try at old Red Eye."

It started out all right. They got Red Eye roped and led out with a bandage over his eyes, and saddled him. Then Wooster got into the saddle and they jerked the bandage off. Red Eye was an old hand at this, and the struggle began. He went through his simplest maneuvers first—stiff-legged leaps into the air, landing with a jar that must have shaken Wooster to his teeth. Then as the little man clung desperately to his saddle, Red Eye went into more subtle bucks—twists and jerks and two-legged antics. Probably Wooster could have stayed with him—if he'd spent all his life doing nothing else. But it had been a long time since the older man had even ridden a horse, let alone tackled one of the wisest broncs in the rodeo business. He was game enough, but it was an uneven fight. The sweat was pouring from his forehead and there was a desperate twist to his lips. I glanced at Bobby and saw that his hands were clenched and his eyes frightened.

I WAS just about to call a halt to the thing, even if it would disgrace Wooster in his own and his son's estimation, when it happened. Red Eye had worked his way over toward the corral fence and then started his specialty—a sort of see-saw prancing that was deadly in its precision and force. Wooster took it for about thirty seconds and then his hands loosened from the reins and he pitched out of the saddle. Ordinarily, that wouldn't have been too bad—it's not such a long fall from a pony's back, even though the fall amounts more nearly to a push. But Wooster fell between Red Eye and the corral fence, and his sudden removal from the saddle threw Red Eye just enough off balance so that he stumbled and lurched against Wooster—jamming him against the fence.

Bobby was the first to reach his father. When the rest of us got there, he was wiping the dust off Wooster's unconscious face with a grimy handkerchief, and helpless tears were streaming from his eyes. We straightened the man out flat on the ground and found, thankfully, that his heart was still beating. How many internal injuries he had, we couldn't tell.

I tried to think quickly. We had to get a doctor right away, but my car was in no shape to travel—with half its insides strewn beside it on the ground as Sam tinkered with the engine. And the vans all had governors on them so that they wouldn't go over



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forty miles an hour. But it was the best we could do.

"One of you had better take a van and drive to Allerton," I said. "It's fifty miles away, but it's the nearest place there's a doctor. He's probably got a car of his own. Tell him to get out here as fast as he can. It'll be quicker than bringing him in the truck."

Shorty spoke up then. "You know, Gene, a good fast horse could probably make it over the mountain in a lot less time than it would take the truck. It's only about ten miles through that gorge where the old logging road goes. A car couldn't get through it, but a horse could."

I considered that. It was a chance. But on the other hand, we knew about the main road, and we didn't know about the old logging road. There might be all kinds of obstacles in the way after all these years of disuse. I figured the truck on the main road might be a trifle slower, but it would be safer.

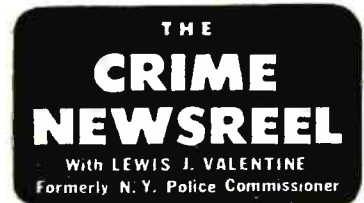
Bobby had disappeared while I was making up my mind, and I was so busy getting the van out and directing one of the boys about driving it, that I didn't notice what the boy was up to. Then there was a slight commotion in the corral and I looked around. Looked around and stared. Bobby had a bridle and a saddle on Lone Eagle and had led him to the center of the corral. He had heard Shorty's suggestion about the logging road and had decided to act on it. Maybe I should have stopped him right then, but I couldn't help feeling a quick rush of admiration for the kid. I knew that this was the most decisive situation he had ever faced. He had just found his father—the real man that his father was—and now he was in danger of losing him. He felt that he alone could save him.

So I didn't try to interfere. Besides, I thought quickly, even if he doesn't make it as quickly as Shorty had predicted, the truck would still be on its way by the road. "Okay, Bobby," I shouted. "Go ahead and try it."

Bobby talked to the horse in a low voice for a minute or two and laid his head against its satiny nose. Then he vaulted into the saddle. We held our breaths, and I admit that my heart was pounding. Lone Eagle snorted wildly and his eyes rolled as he reared up on his hind legs. We could hear Bobby's voice as he cried, "Now's the time, boy,

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now or never. Show 'em you can do it!"

When Lone Eagle started, it wasn't for the open gate. Bobby put him right to the fence rail. Lone Eagle gathered his hind legs under him and sailed over it—his ears pointed forward now, not twisted back.

"Attaboy!" yelled Bobby, and every cowboy in that camp yelled with him. Then we watched in silence as the boy and the horse thundered across the yard toward the gorge through the hills.

Lone Eagle had done it—and so had Bobby. Between them, they'd helped each other grow up.

Well, Bobby did get there first. He made lightning-quick work of getting hold of a doctor, explained, and the doctor arrived in exactly two hours from the time Lone Eagle took the corral fence. Wooster had come out of his coma by that time, and the doctor examined him. There weren't any serious internal injuries, but there were four broken ribs and a rather bad case of shock. The doc taped up his ribs and gave him a sedative, and we all breathed sighs of relief.

The truck arrived an hour later, with Bobby and Lone Eagle in the back. When it drew up, Bobby hopped out and ran over to us. "Is he all right?" he demanded. We told him his father was asleep but he'd be all right.

"No more rodeo stuff for quite a while, though," I told him. "It'll be a couple of months before he'll get over that tossing." To myself I added the words "—if not longer," but there was no use saying that to the kid. First of all, he'd had just about enough for the time being. Second, I knew, as I looked at his serious face, that he was pretty well aware, himself, just how close his dad had come to going out.

"THAT'S all right," said Bobby, and this face had an adult look that hadn't been there before. "I'll be taking him back east pretty soon." Then he turned and went back to the truck. They let the ramp down for Lone Eagle, and Bobby led him out. The horse looked hot and tired, but he nuzzled Bobby's shoulder as they came toward us.

"I think he'll be all right from now on, Mr. Autry," Bobby said proudly as he stopped in front of me. "See, he's not afraid any more."

I put out my hand and patted Lone Eagle's neck. He didn't flinch or draw back. He just snorted tiredly through his nose and looked hopefully toward the corral.

He wasn't an outlaw any more. He was now what I'd always hoped he would be some day—the best cow pony I'd ever laid eyes on.

"You've done a good job, son," I said slowly and deliberately, "an all-around good job."

His eyes glistened, and I knew he was just as aware of that word "son" as I was. "Thanks, Mr. Autry," he said, and led Lone Eagle away to the corral.

We were on our way again the next day, but Bobby and his father left us a week later for New York. It was all settled before they left—Bobby was to go to Veterinary College in the fall, but he was going to enter a college right on Long Island so that he could spend all his weekends with his father. And the next summer they planned to put in as many weeks out here with my outfit as they could spare.

"Maybe, Mr. Autry," said Bobby with just a trace of a grin lighting up his freckles, "we can get in some more practice on Psychology!"



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The Great Gildersleeve Settles a Monumental Problem

(Continued from page 27)

Gildy drummed his fingers against his knees. "Well—" he said. "To tell the truth, Judge, I don't seem to be able to get a start on it. Been so busy, with one thing and another—"

"It occurred to me," the Judge said, "this town ought to erect itself a memorial to the boys who fought in the war. Been a whole year now since hostilities ceased, and we haven't done anything about it. A good granite monument in the square would look mighty nice—don't you agree with me, Gildy?"

"I certainly do!" Gildy nodded his head solemnly.

"So I thought, when's a better time to start the ball rolling than at the Founders' Day banquet? Folks'll be in a generous mood, all full up with civic pride, and they'll all be there in one place, so we could decide on the kind of monument we wanted, and appoint a committee to get prices." The Judge leaned back. "How's that for an idea?"

GILDY struck one hand into the palm of the other. "By golly, Judge," he exulted, "it's perfect! That's one speech I can really get my heart and soul into. Why, you're right—it's a shame and a disgrace that nothing's been done yet to honor those boys who fought to save our homes!"

"Exactly," the Judge agreed. "And you better make a note of that phrase to use in your speech, Gildy—it's a good one. Now, look—once people decide to put up a memorial, they're going to start arguing about what it should be, and we don't want that to happen. So I think in your speech you ought to stress the need for a nice, dignified monument in the Square."

Before Judge Hooker departed, he had produced a pencil and drawn a sketch of the kind of monument he had in mind—a granite column, very plain, with an inscription around the base.

The following day, however, Gildy found that not everyone in town was in such perfect agreement. Dropping into Floyd Munson's barber shop for a shave, Gildy was startled to hear Floyd observe:

"Commissioner, you're an important man in this town. How about doin' something about this war memorial deal some of the folks're cookin' up?"

Gildy stiffened in the friendly barber's chair. "War memorial deal?"

"Mean you haven't heard about it?" Floyd applied lather with expert swoops of his brush. "Well, there's a movement on foot to collect money for one. That's a good thing; I'm all in favor of it. But some parties—I ain't sayin' who, just certain parties around town—want to knock together some kind of a stone monument and stick it up in the Square. Now, I'm asking you, Commissioner—what good's a hunk of stone? Who's goin' to get any fun out of it?"

"Why—I don't know, Floyd," he said. "But it'd be pretty."

"Pretty!" Floyd snorted. "Might be and might not. Point is, we don't need any monument, and what we do need in this town is a park, with tennis courts and swings for the kids and maybe a swimmin' pool. Way it is now, there's



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nothin' for young folks to do but go to the movies or sit around some bar or drug store drinkin'. You ought to know that, Commissioner, with a niece and nephew of your own."

"Um—yes, of course." Now that he thought of it, Gildy did remember that Margie and Leroy had often complained over the lack of tennis courts and such. "Cost a good deal of money," he said cautiously.

"Sure it would, and that's what's eating Judge Hoo—I mean, the parties that want just a plain old monument. They got wind o' the way people were talkin' up a memorial, and they begun advocatin' a monument right away, figurin' it was the cheapest and least likely to raise taxes. But what good's a thing if you can't use it?"

FLOYD sounded aggrieved; in fact, Gildersleeve had seldom heard him speak so vehemently on any subject. He squinted at Floyd's razor, being wielded in wide, angry sweeps, and decided that this was no time to irritate him further.

"Well," he said carefully, "I'm certainly glad to get your point of view, Floyd, and I'll look into the matter . . . Better give me a massage, too."

Judge Hooker dropped in again that night, and Gildy cautiously brought up the matter of a recreation park. He'd heard, he said, that some people favored a park instead of a monument.

The Judge bristled. "And where," he asked, "did you hear all this?"

"Well . . . several places," Gildy exaggerated.

"Any place in particular?" The Judge assumed his courtroom manner.

"Floyd Munson mentioned it," Gildy admitted, and the Judge snorted.

"Thought so! He's been going around telling everyone he knows the town needs a recreation park. I'm surprised you were taken in by it, Throckmorton. Didn't you remember that Floyd's cousin Neeley Herkimer owns the bottling works?"

"Ah? That so?" asked Gildersleeve, wading knee-deep in confusion. "I mean, yes of course I know it, but what's it got to do with Floyd thinking a recreation park would be good?"

"People get mighty thirsty playing tennis and swimming, don't they?" the Judge inquired. "Ever see a swimming pool or public tennis court that didn't have a soft-drink stand close to it?"

"Oh," Gildersleeve said. "Oh, I see. But just the same—" He struggled with the rights and wrongs of the situation. "I mean, just because one man is interested in getting a park for a selfish reason—that doesn't mean the town oughtn't to have a park, does it? I mean, a park would still be a good thing for the youngsters."

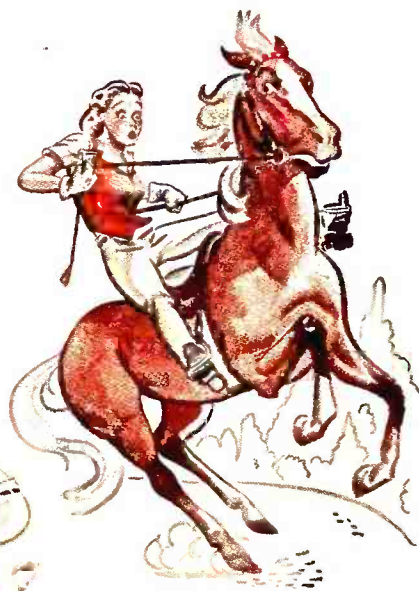
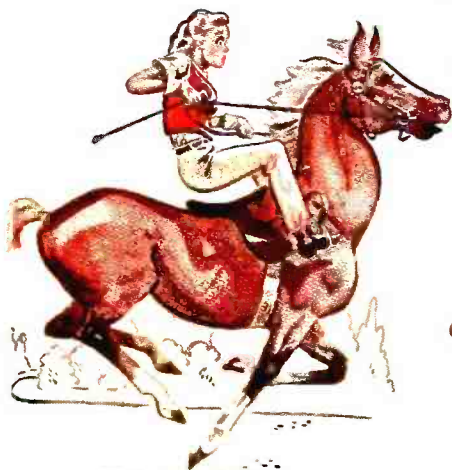
"Out of the question," Judge Hooker said firmly. "And you ought to know it as well as I do. A park'd cost thousands of dollars—town would have to float a bond issue—and there's the cost of maintenance—gardeners, caretakers, water, lawn-mowing machines . . . Tax rate'd go up by leaps and bounds. Property-owners'd go broke paying the bills, non-property-owners'd get all the benefits and it wouldn't cost 'em a cent. Out of the question."

Judge Hooker, Gildy saw, disapproved of a park just as strongly as Floyd Munson approved of one.

The question was, whose side was he, J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve, on?

It kept him from sleeping that night, and in the morning he was irritable to Margie and Leroy, and even to Birdie,

Rita rode off on a spirited horse



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pearl among cooks and housekeepers. Afterwards he was sorry, gave Margie and Leroy each a dollar, and apologized humbly to a weeping Birdie.

After a troubled day, he went next door and called upon Mrs. Leila Ransome. She was the most soothing person he knew. Her pink-and-white complexion, her soft voice that reeked of magnolias and moonlight, were like balm to his soul. But tonight she failed. "Leila," he complained, taking long sips at the tall glass of lemonade she made for him, "I need your advice."

Leila fluttered her eyelashes. "Now Throckmorton," she said, "what possible advice could poor little me give to you? Why, I declare, sometimes it seems that you know everything!"

"Well, I don't know the answer to this one. You know, I'm supposed to give the address at the Founders' Day banquet Saturday night . . ."

"Yes, I do know, and I'm so terribly proud of you!"

Automatically, Gildersleeve sat straighter in his chair. "Oh, well—" he said modestly. "Anyway, I thought I'd talk it over with you." He told her about Judge Hooker's visit, about Floyd Munson's advocacy of a recreation park. "The worst of it is," he finished, "I can see ways they're both right."

Leila had been gazing off into the middle distance. Now, very gravely, she shook her head.

"No, Throckmorton," she said. "They are not both right. Neither is right. What this town needs far, far more than either a monument or a park is a lovely model theater. Why, I remember when I first came here from down south, how disappointed I was to find that there was no auditorium—except the one at the high school, of course,

and it doesn't count, it's so bare and ugly, and the stage is so small." She leaned forward, impulsively putting her small hand on his arm. "Why, Throckmorton, just think! Think of what a wonderful thing a little theater would be here! A place where we could all get together and put on beautiful plays."

Her words conjured up a charming picture in Gildersleeve's mind. He saw her on the stage—as Juliet, perhaps, while he was Romeo. Lights, applause, the smell of grease-paint . . . and Leila in his arms. Nearly every play had some kissing, didn't it?

Reluctantly, he came back to reality. "I don't know, Leila," he fretted. "Another idea for the memorial—that makes three. And I don't expect either the Judge and his crowd or the Munson bunch would go for it."

"Well, you must do as you think best," Leila remarked a trifle stiffly. "I wouldn't dream of interfering. Because of course I realize I'm only a woman, and a comparative newcomer in town . . ."

Gildersleeve had finished his lemonade, and he was hoping she would offer him another. But she didn't, and after a while he went back home, uneasily aware that Leila was not pleased.

It was still early, and he decided to walk down to the drug store and talk his problem over with Mr. Peavey, its proprietor. Peavey was a level-headed sort of person, and he always looked at both sides of a question.

Peavey gave the matter careful consideration. Nodding in time to Gildersleeve's words, he caressed his chin with his hand and listened.

" . . . and Judge Hooker thinks a monument would be just the thing," Gildersleeve said.

"Excellent. Very appropriate and tasteful," said Mr. Peavey.

"But Floyd Munson and some others want a park with tennis courts and playground equipment . . ."

"Fine thing for the town. Youngsters need someplace to play. Keeps 'em healthy."

"And Leila Ransome suggests that a model theater where we could have local talent shows and musical recitals would be better than either a park or a monument."

"Charming woman, Mrs. Ransome. Always felt we needed a theater for home-town plays around here. Fine idea, just fine." Peavey sounded really enthusiastic.

"Then you'd say that a theater was the best bet?" Gildy asked, and Peavey drew back from the counter where he had been leaning.

"Well now, I wouldn't say that, exactly," he replied. "Not the best—no. Some folks mightn't want to see shows—might like to play tennis better."

"You'd favor the park?" "No-o-o," Peavey said on a rising inflection. "Not necessarily. Some folks don't play tennis, you know, or go swimming. Might be they'd just like to look at a monument. Takes all kinds to make a world, like the fellow said."

Gildersleeve drew a deep breath. "Look—suppose I were to ask you which you'd favor, personally—just you, yourself—what would you say?"

Peavey thought it over. After a silence he shook his head. "Don't believe I can answer that question, Mr. Gildersleeve. Too many angles to it, and besides this store keeps me so busy I never get a chance to see shows or play tennis anyway, and if there was

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a monument on the Square I couldn't see it from here. Whatever the rest of you people decide'll be all right with me—but thanks for asking, just the same."

"A fat lot of good asking *you* did me!" muttered Gildersleeve wrathfully, and banged out of the store.

The day had one more tribulation for him. When he returned home he found Margie in the living room, looking severe.

"Unkie," she demanded, "where in the world have you been? You've had a visitor."

"I have?" Gildersleeve sat down wearily. "Who?"

"Mrs. Pettibone. She waited until after nine o'clock, but you didn't show up, so she's going to see you in your office. Somehow she heard that you were going to talk about the new war memorial at the banquet Saturday night, and she thinks you ought to recommend a new public library. The one we have is a disgrace, she says—and Unkie, she's absolutely right. Have you ever been in there? They haven't got a novel newer than *The Sheik*, and—"

Gildersleeve clutched his head in both hands. "Don't you start, Margie," he begged. "I warn you, I can't stand any more. Monuments, parks, theaters, and now a library! By this time tomorrow somebody will be pestering me to say we ought to build a stadium!"

"Now you're cookin' with gas, Unc! A football stadium—that's what we really need!"

GILDERSLEEVE whirled. Unheard, Leroy had come in and was standing in the archway between living room and hall. Uttering the cry of a wounded banshee, Gildersleeve brushed past his nephew and sought the peace of his own room upstairs.

At five-thirty on Saturday afternoon, Gildersleeve had not yet written his speech. Worse still, he had no idea what he was going to say. Mrs. Pettibone had, as promised, called on him at his office, and had presented the case for a new library in full detail. Floyd Munson had returned to the subject of the park when Gildy went in to get a shave, and had been so eloquent that for the past two days Gildy had been forced to shave himself. Judge Hooker had drawn up and brought around to exhibit another sketch of a monument. Leila Ransome, apparently knowing that her theater had no partisans except herself, was indulging in a fit of ladylike sulks.

A wild notion crossed his head as he started to change from business clothes into his dinner-jacket. He could send word to the banquet hall that he was sick! Nobody would expect a sick man to appear—particularly tonight, when it looked as if it might rain. And actually, he didn't feel too good. He was pretty sure he had a fever.

He was standing, indecisive, in the middle of the bedroom when the doorbell rang and Birdie called up the stairs, "Mistah Gil'sleeve! Miss Eve Goodwin's here—say she goin' to the banquet an' wondered if you-all wanted to walk 'long with her."

Gildersleeve jumped. Eve Goodwin—cool, crisp Eve, the best teacher the high school had ever had, and an expert at telling when pupils were really ill and when they weren't. If he sent down word that he was sick she'd be up here—and know perfectly well the minute she set eyes on him that he was healthy as a mule.



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"I'm just dressing," he called down. "Ask Miss Goodwin if she'll wait."

There was no escape now. Gloomily, he put on his clothes. He surveyed himself in the mirror, getting no satisfaction from a reflection which ordinarily he would have thought distinguished. Neither did he get any pleasure from the sight of Eve smiling up at him as he came downstairs.

"What are you going to talk about?" she asked as they walked down the street. "The new war memorial?"

"Guess so," Gildy grunted. "But I don't know what to say." For a moment he had an impulse to confide in Eve and ask for her advice, but he put it aside.

"Whatever you say," Eve said calmly, "I'm sure it will be very interesting."

THE dining room of Summerfield House was crowded with the most prominent citizens of town, all in their best clothes and raising a polite buzz of conversation. Judge Hooker, in an antiquated set of tails, bustled up to them, crying, "Ah, Gildy! We've been waiting for you. And Miss Goodwin! Do those kids at school know how lucky they are to get a chance to look at you every day?" He winked and prodded Gildy with a jovial elbow. It looked as though Judge Hooker believed the monument was in the bag.

The banquet began. Fruit cocktails. Fried chicken with mashed potatoes and green peas. Waldorf salad. Apple pie a la mode and coffee.

"You're very quiet tonight, Throckmorton," Eve said beside him. "Are you thinking about your speech?"

"Yump," he said.

Judge Hooker was toastmaster. He introduced Gwendolyn Quink, descendant of the founder, who played a cornet solo, and Mrs. Pettibone, who sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka" and looked meaningfully at Gildy before she sat down. Then, with a flourish, he introduced "a man everyone here knows and loves for his warm heart, ready laugh, and keen judgment—Water Commissioner J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve!"

There was applause.

Gildy stood up. A funny story he'd heard the day before came into his head, and he told it. Everyone laughed, so he told another. This was greeted with more laughter, but during it he caught Judge Hooker's eye, and the Judge frowned and gave his head a tiny shake, as if to signal that this was no time for too much levity. "But to turn to more serious matters," Gildy said hastily, and stopped.

They were all waiting.

"I want to talk to you tonight about an important—uh—thing," he said. "Many good people of our town, following in the immortal footsteps of the founder, Homer Quink, whose every thought was for the good of the community he—er—fathered, have come to me in the last few days urging a memorial for the brave boys who left us to fight in the war. It was suggested that I take this opportunity to—ah—start the ball rolling, so to speak..."

He heard his voice going on and on and on, stringing one word out after another. Somebody coughed, and somebody else followed suit, and Judge Hooker stared at him glumly.

"... so let's all get together and contribute to a fund for a beautiful war memorial," he said desperately, "something that will be a lasting inspiration to ourselves and our children. It can be a stone monument, as some of you

have suggested—or a park—or a theater or a new library building—I don't think it matters much *what* we finally decide to build, as long as we build something fine and permanent."

A rustle ran around the hall, and people could be seen to sit straighter in their chairs, ready to jump to their feet and begin talking as soon as Gildy had sat down. They'd be at each other's throats in another five minutes, he thought, and it would be all his fault.

He felt a gentle tug on his coat-tail, on the side where Eve was sitting. "Throckmorton!" Her whisper was low.

Under cover of taking a drink of water, he bent down toward her.

"I've been wondering," Eve whispered—"has anybody thought to ask the war veterans what they'd like to have for a memorial?"

"Huh?" said Gildy. His jaw dropped. "Why—no! And—" A glad light came into his eyes. "Of course!" he said.

It was the real J. Throckmorton Gildersleeve who straightened up then and faced his audience—a man unafraid, sure of himself, a noble crusader. "It doesn't matter what we decide on for our war memorial," he said loudly. "Just one thing does matter. It's got to be something that is approved of by the boys it's supposed to honor. There's no sense in the rest of us, who stayed safe at home throughout the war, making up our minds what we want. Who cares what we want? It's not a memorial to us—it's a memorial to every man who left this town and served in the Army or Navy, the Coast Guard or Marines—those that came back and those that never will come back. And by golly, we've got no right to be even thinking about how we'll spend the fund until we've consulted them. Now, what I think we ought to do is ask the different veterans' groups in this community to appoint a joint committee to sound out sentiment among their members, and report back in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, the rest of us will start raising the fund. And just to get things started, I hereby pledge a contribution of one hundred dollars to the War Memorial Fund!"

EVEN Judge Hooker, Mrs. Pettibone, and Floyd Munson—all looking a bit abashed—joined in the storm of applause that burst out and rose to a roar as Gildy sat down.

An hour later, Gildy and Eve walked home together. The stars were out, and there was a faint smell of wood-smoke in the air. It was a perfect night, a peaceful time in which to remember the congratulations, the pledges rolling in, the spirit of goodwill which had brought the Founders' Day banquet to a beneficent close.

Gildy took Eve's hand and tucked it through his arm.

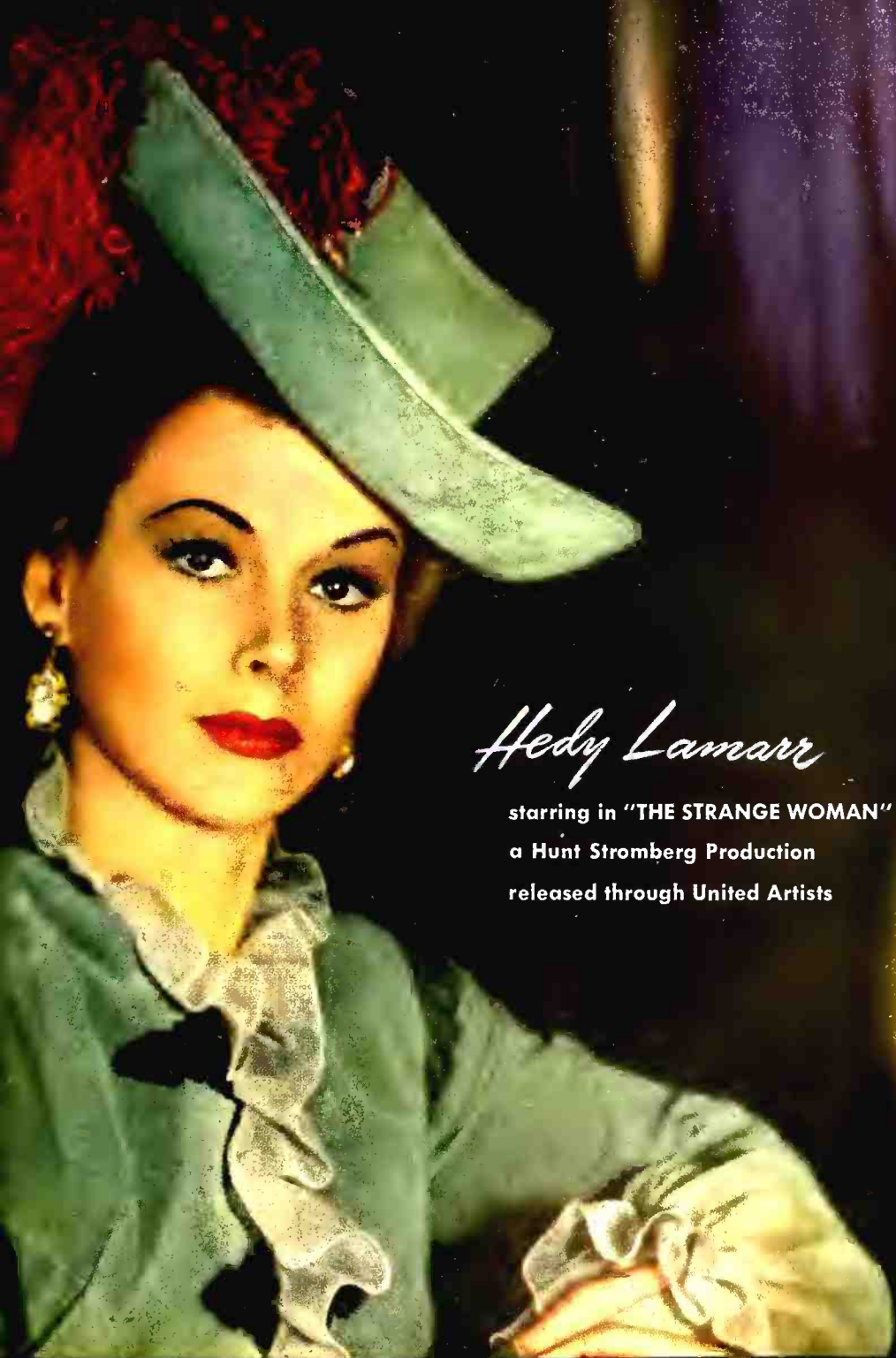
"I was so proud of you, Throckmorton," Eve murmured. "The way you handled the situation—the tact and finesse you showed— No one else in town could have done it so well. I just know the fund is going to be immense—and best of all, there will be no hard feelings over the way it is spent. There *can't* be, after tonight."

Gildy sighed. At the moment, he felt humble. Maybe tomorrow he would begin to believe that consulting the veterans had been all his own idea, but tonight he knew better.

"Eve," he said with heartfelt gratitude, "all I know is that next time I get myself into a spot like that, I'm going to make sure beforehand you're around to get me out."

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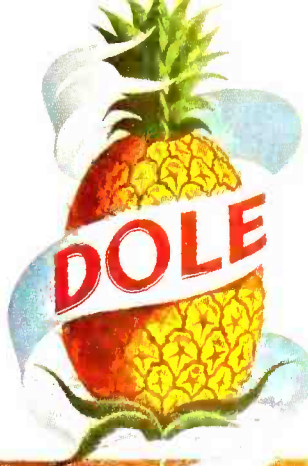
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PINEAPPLE SAUCE CAKE

Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar; beat in 2 egg yolks, 1 drop almond extract, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. each vanilla and lemon extract. Stir $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda into $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Dole Crushed Pineapple and add to mixture. Stir in $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour sifted with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. baking powder. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt to 2 egg whites, beat stiff, fold in. Bake in greased 8" x 8" x 2" pan about 40 minutes.



DOLE RECIPE 48-5

PACIFIC COCKTAIL

Arrange chilled, slightly salted tomato wedges, Dole Pineapple Chunks, and cubes of cucumber in cocktail glasses. Pour a little of the pineapple syrup over all, garnish with perky sprigs of mint or watercress, and serve very cold as a refreshing and appetizing first course. The same combination can be served with French Dressing in crisp lettuce cups.



DOLE RECIPE 48-6



The Time Between

(Continued from page 39)

She pressed her lips together, shook her hair back defiantly. "We were married," she said when she was calmer, "almost three years ago, when I was working in Los Angeles and Quent was stationed at San Pedro, a few miles down the coast. We didn't tell anyone back here about it because with my aunt dead and Quent's parents separated, we didn't feel that we had anyone really close. We just had each other. That was the big thing—to belong so completely, to know that there was somebody to trust and love you, and be altogether on your side—" A bitter smile curved her lips briefly, and was gone. "I had a nice apartment in Los Angeles, one I'd shared with a girl friend before I was married, and Quent managed to get a pass almost every weekend. We were very happy, until one week he came in on a Friday instead of a Saturday, quite late at night, and found me kissing a soldier in the patio." She looked at me sideways. "Aren't you shocked?"

"No," I said. "I assume that there must have been good reason for it."

SHE nodded vehemently. "I thought there was—but Quent didn't. What had happened was that one of the girls I worked with had taken sick earlier in the week. She was new in town, without friends, and her husband, a soldier, was expecting to be shipped out any day. She'd been living in a miserable little room, and I moved her into my apartment, and was so busy taking care of her that I didn't have time to write to Quent. On Friday night she went to the hospital—she was to be operated on in the morning. I went with her and her husband, and he took me home afterward. I took him in and made him coffee and sandwiches, and promised I'd go to see Jean at the hospital every day and then let her stay with me until she was well. The poor boy had been nearly crazy. He was sure he wouldn't get to see her again before he left, and when I said I'd look after her, he was so grateful he cried. I was so sorry for him I felt like crying, too, and when he kissed me goodbye—well, it was a real kiss. That's all Quent saw. He didn't see that at that moment I was the only person in the world Tom could depend upon; he didn't see that I kissed Tom back because—well, I was so terribly sorry for him, and lots of times you feel sort of tender toward someone you're sorry for."

I nodded. "Anyway," she went on, "Quent marched up to us, and there'd have been a fight if I hadn't made Tom leave. He was late, and I thought he'd gone through enough that day. Then I tried to explain to Quent, and he wouldn't listen. He said finally that he understood, and he said 'Forget it'—and that's what made me furious. Forget it—as if he were forgiving me! And it was he who'd been wrong; he who owed me an apology. I told him that if he didn't have any more faith in me than he'd just shown, I'd rather forget our marriage, and he said that was all right with him. He walked out then, and went back to San Pedro."

I waited. Surely there was more. Even a very young girl, even a proud, high-strung girl like Connie, wouldn't be foolish enough to let her marriage be

ruined for so little reason, unpleasant though it was. But Connie said nothing, and I asked finally, "Was that all?"

She shrugged. "Just about. Oh, he came to see me again—but nothing was ever right between us after that. I suppose Quent had started to pay attention to the talk of other men at the base—talk of unfaithful wives and all that sort of thing. He'd look around the apartment suspiciously, and he'd say little things—and finally I couldn't stand it any more. Quent signed the papers permitting me to divorce him—and I didn't even know when he was shipped out. Sometime while the divorce was in process—I didn't care. All I cared was that he left before he found out about Robbie."

My heart turned to stone within me. I didn't have to ask who Robbie was. Her voice when she spoke his name, the look on her face, were enough to tell me. "He was born a few months after the divorce," said Connie. "I never intended that Quent should know about him. That's why I came back here—to live cheaply, to save every cent so that I could some day buy a shop in California."

I stared at her, too stunned to think. That she had been married was shock enough—and yet, I could understand it, had almost expected something of the sort. But that she'd been divorced over a misunderstanding that a few calm words could have cleared away, that she had borne Quent's son, intended to rear him alone—I couldn't grasp it. Connie herself seemed a child to me—a child who was sitting here as calmly disposing of her own life, and a man's, and a little boy's, as if she were playing with dolls!

"Where is Robbie now?" I asked. "With my cousins in California. That's why Quent came to see me. I mean—one of his old buddies from San Pedro, who knew both of us but who'd been out of touch with Quent for a couple of years and didn't know about the divorce, went to see my cousins . . . and he found out about Robbie, and told Quent. Quent came here this afternoon to ask me to re-marry him—for Robbie's sake!"

I was so relieved that Quent knew about his son that I missed the bitterness with which she said "for Robbie's sake!" All I could think was that Quent knew, and he could straighten things out. Undoubtedly, his had been the fault in the beginning, but I had faith in the Quent who had come to the house this spring, faith in the firm, self-confident look of him. Quent would

make things right for Connie and him.

Because they still loved each other. There wasn't a doubt in my mind but that Connie still loved Quent. She wouldn't be fighting him so hard if she didn't, and there were the tears she'd shed into her pillow at night, and the quick about-face in her way of living after he'd come back to town. I was as sure that he still loved her, remembering now how he'd looked when he'd seen her that night here at the house, and how he'd hung around, watching the door after she'd gone out, and his coming straight to her after he'd learned about Robbie. . . .

Connie's lip curled scornfully. "As if I'd go back to him! I was alone when Robbie was born, and I've taken care of him every minute of his life so far. If Quent thinks he can step in now—"

"But, Connie, do you think he meant it that way? Don't you think he means it for Robbie's best interests—"

She laughed harshly. "That's what he said, at first. But when I refused, and he knew I meant it, the truth came out. He wants Robbie, and he says if he can't share him with me, he'll—he'll have him taken away from me."

I felt sick. Suddenly, the whole frightening picture fell into place—the picture of Connie warped by hurt and bitterness, refusing to believe anything good of Quent, the picture of Connie tearing her life down around her out of her own blindness and rebellion. Because Quent could take Robbie away from her—and Connie herself had made it possible. I knew Rushville Center, knew that it liked Quent. And Connie—well, her behavior lately would not be in her favor if it came to a contest.

I tried to keep my voice steady as I said, "I'm sure he wouldn't do that, Connie. He would have to go to court, and there'd be trouble and unpleasantness—"

Her chin lifted, and her eyes glowed with a dark fire, as if she would welcome trouble. "He'd better not try! I'll fight him with everything I've got. I'll show him—"

I had to stop her. She was working herself into a real fury. "Connie," I said carefully, "don't you feel at all sorry for Quent?"

She looked at me blankly. "Feel sorry for him!"

"Yes. A father has a right to know his child, and you're taking a great deal upon yourself—"

She stood up, walked a few steps angrily. "Robbie is *my* child—and Quent gave up any right he had over me, or anything that's mine, when he

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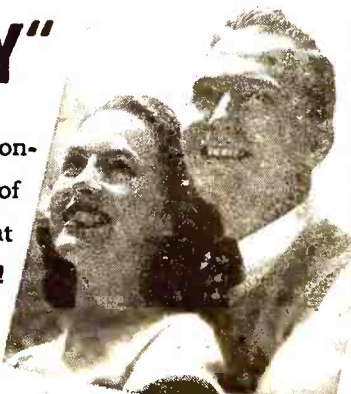
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treated me as he did. Maybe women used to have to stand for a man's treating them any old way they pleased—but they don't any more. I'm free and self-supporting, and I can care for Robbie as well as Quent can—"

There it was again. Connie waved her independence like a flag. I bit my tongue, made myself say reasonably, "Have you ever stopped to think what may have made Quent act and talk as he did? I don't think he behaved very well—but then, he'd never had a very good example set for him. He's a fine boy, and everyone here likes him—but did it ever occur to you that his home background may have given him a feeling of insecurity that could make him flare up at the slightest hint of danger to the home he shared with you? He knows how divorce can affect a child, Connie. That's why he must be sincere in wanting to—"

I'd gone rattling on—and I should have known from the first sentence that there was no use trying to talk to Connie that day. She stared at me, her eyes widening, darkening, and then she cried out in a breaking voice, "Oh, you—you're on his side!" And she ran from the room, up the stairs.

I **CROSSED** to my chair by the fireplace, picked up my knitting with shaking fingers. Dinner was forgotten; I had to do something with my hands. It was too bad, I told myself angrily, that one could live to be as old as I was, and yet not learn to hold one's tongue. I should have waited until she was calmer, until she had had a chance to think and was no longer under the strain of Quent's visit. Next time, I'd be more careful. . . .

But there weren't any next times. I simply could not talk to Connie after that—not about anything that mattered. She was friendly; she was pleasant—and, yes, she began to stay at home once in a while—but I could not reach her. I could not, of course, talk to her when Fay was with us, and when we were alone, she was on guard every minute against a mention of Robbie or Quent. Most alarming of all was the fact that Quent neither telephoned nor called at the house again, as I'd hoped—expected—he would. The days slipped by without a word from him, and each day his silence seemed steadily more ominous.

It was Shuffle who inadvertently told me that my fears were well grounded, the day he came to drive me and my contributions to the charity bazaar at the church. "Do you suppose the Jonas boy is having trouble, Ma?" he asked me. "I saw him go into George Ferguson's office this morning—"

I skipped a breath. George Ferguson is Rushville Center's foremost lawyer. "Seen him up there two-three times," Shuffle went on. "It must be something urgent, because I know Ferguson's busy right now."

"Maybe," I suggested, "it has something to do with the veterans' benefits—"

But I knew it hadn't. All I could think of was Connie's face when she spoke of Robbie, Connie crying at night. If I could only find a way to make her listen. . . .

Well, as always . . . God works in mysterious ways. And I think God must have a sense of humor, too. There's no other way of explaining what struck me that afternoon at the bazaar. I was looking at a nice old pewter pitcher, when I heard Mrs. Joe Elton's voice across the room. She was lifting something out of a suitcase, laughing. "It's



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FOR EVERY HAIRSTYLE

my first party outfit," she was saying to the women around her. "I saved it for years, but now that we're moving, I just had to get rid of it. But can you imagine ever wearing anything like that—" There were exclamations, screams of laughter from the women. I took a good look at the dress Mary Elton was holding up before her, and crossed over to her. "I'll buy it, Mary," I said.

Everything worked perfectly. Fay went out after supper that evening, and Connie and I were left alone. Connie didn't go straight upstairs, either, as she usually did. Instead, she sat down on the couch, began aimlessly to turn the dial of the radio. I carried the box I'd brought from the bazaar into the living room, began to open it. Connie watched me idly. "What is that, Ma?"

"A dress I bought at the bazaar. Would you like to model it for me?"

She looked puzzled as I lifted the folds of pale-colored georgette from the box, but her eyes were alight with interest. She really was a child, I thought; any sort of dress-up game appealed to her.

WHILE she was upstairs changing, I went into Fay's room, searched through her dressing table until I found an old lipstick, grainy with age, but of the proper garish shade. I took rouge, too, and a comb, and the whitest powder I could find, carried them back to the living room. Connie came downstairs, fingering the panels of the short, straight skirt, the huge rose that rode jauntily on one hip-bone. "How in the world did you come to buy this—"

I couldn't help smiling. "Wait," I said, "you're not complete." She stood while I combed her hair straight back, slick against her head, in the best imitation I could manage of a boyish bob. I added spit curls at cheekbone and forehead, made a pousy little cupid's bow of Connie's nice, generous mouth, applied two high bright spots of rouge and a generous dusting of white powder. Then I turned her to the mirror. "Too bad," I said. "Your eyebrows ought to be a hairline . . . but if you'll put your hand on your hip and throw your hips forward and cave your chest in a bit, you'll achieve the flapper swagger. I think that's what it was called—"

Connie laughed in spite of herself. "Ma, really! Women never dressed like this! Why, the waist is down on my hips! And my knees—"

"Oh, yes, they did," I assured her, "just about the time you were born. And if you want to know, that's about the way you look to me in your everyday clothes."

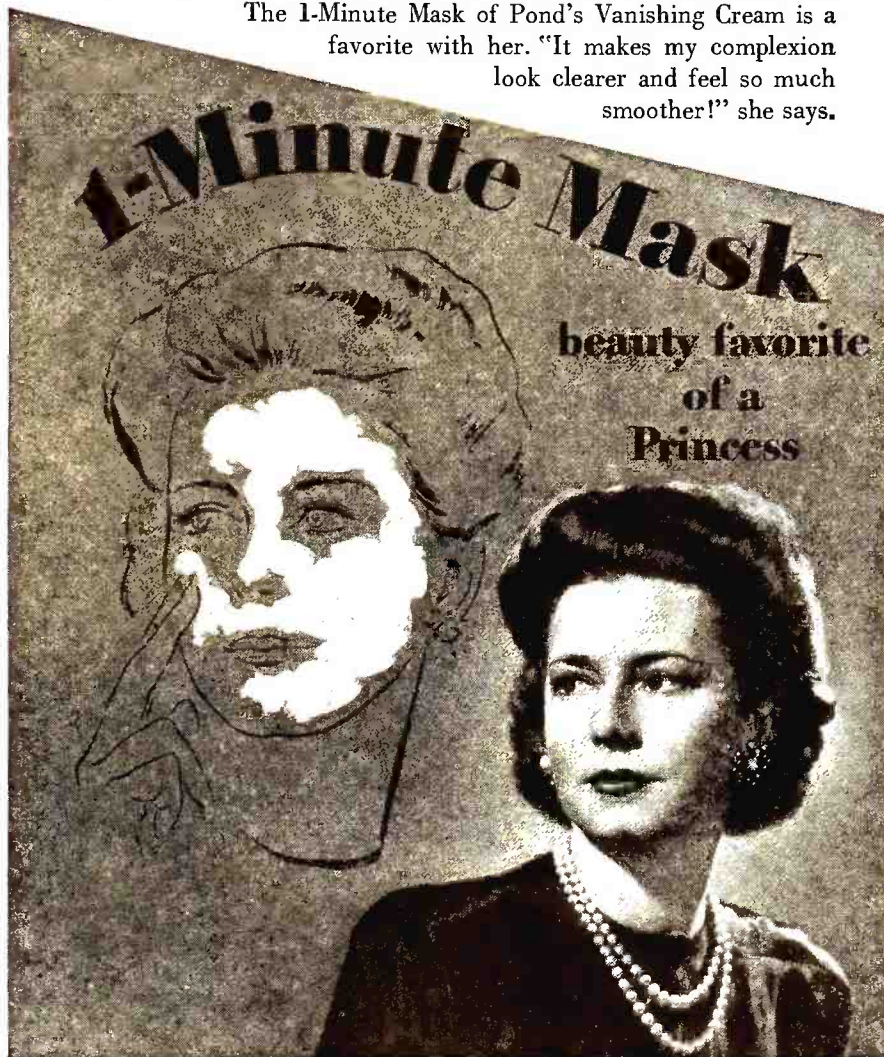
She swung around, staring at me. There was a suspicion in her eyes, but I wasn't afraid. I had her interest now; she would listen. "You see," I said, "things were all mixed up after the last war, just as they are now. There was a great deal of talk about the emancipation of women, and women did a lot of silly things to prove how emancipated they were. They shaved the backs of their necks and cultivated a flat-chested look, and tried to look and act as much like men as possible. And the crimes that were committed in the name of freedom and independence—! Why, Quent's parents would be together today if Evelyn Jonas hadn't thought it was smart to prove she could get along without Quent's father. I notice she married again, soon enough, after she found out that Will Jonas wasn't coming back to her."

Connie moved restlessly, lifted the

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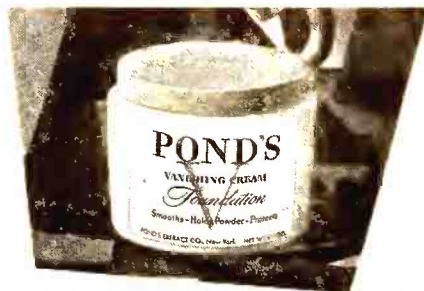
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prickly georgette away from her shoulders. It was a hot night for May, and even though the doors and windows stood open, the room was warm.

"All of it," I went on, "grew out of the fact that during the war a lot of women who'd never before worked outside their homes had jobs—men's jobs, many of them. The same kind they had in this war. They had pay checks for the first time, and they thought that their pay checks made them independent."

Her head went up. "Well, why shouldn't they? If they could take care of themselves—"

"Taking care of themselves didn't seem to make them happy, in the long run," I said softly. "Are you happy, Connie—all alone?"

She stared at me without answering. Then she said, "Besides, it isn't the same. I worked before the war."

"At Miss Florence's. The difference between what she paid you and your war plant salary was probably as great as the difference between no pay at all and a weekly salary twenty-five years ago. You couldn't have paid for your baby all by yourself, and paid for its care, on what you made at Miss Florence's. You'd have had to turn to Quent."

SHE shut her lips in a firm, tight line. "Never!"

"Then what would you have done?" Her eyes avoided mine. "I—I'd have managed some way." But she didn't sound convincing—or convinced.

"The sad part of it," I went on, "is that money was—and is—a false issue, Connie. Why, women have always earned their way in this world, even if their services weren't measured in cash. A light washing fifty years ago, for instance, meant carrying wood and water, and heating the water in kettlefuls on a slow wood range, or even over an open fire, sometimes, and the irons were great, twenty-pound things . . . you think that wasn't a man-sized job? The fact that women have lately started to work more outside their own homes doesn't alter the real facts much. Money doesn't make a woman independent of her man—don't you ever believe that for a minute, Connie. It may give her a roof over her head, but it doesn't give her a home. It can buy an awful lot of things, but it can't buy love and companionship. Money can't give a girl a partner in life—a person to share things with, to talk things over with. It can't take the place of a father to a little boy—"

Connie's face went whiter than the powder. "Better no father at all than a bad one, Ma—" But it was an unfair argument to apply to Quent, and she knew it. She amended, "Anyway, we'd be fighting all the time. That's no decent home life."

"Of course you'll fight," I told her, "unless you grow up and have sense enough not to. A child fights with everyone. You and Quent have both behaved very badly, and you're being criminally childish in not admitting it. You—" I stopped a moment, sure that I had heard a step on the porch. But apparently Connie hadn't heard, and I started to go on. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw something that Connie didn't see—a shadow on the open door. And I knew, somehow, as well as I knew my own name, who it was. Quent.

My heart began to beat a sight faster than a woman my age likes it to, and when I spoke again I had to force myself to go on, to sound natural, knowing that in a way I was betraying Connie.

But there were things that ought to be said—things that both of them ought to hear.

"You need Quent, Connie," I said. "You wouldn't be lying awake nights, crying, if you didn't. And Quent needs you. He's foolish not to admit it, and not to admit he's wrong—"

"I tried to, Ma—I tried to admit it. I tried to tell her." Quent stepped into the room.

Connie gave a little scream, and her hands went up, as if to hide the breaking-up of her face. For a moment she was as still as stone, and then she made a little darting movement, like a frightened animal that wants to run away. But Quent caught her, held her firmly by the wrist.

"I tried to tell her, Ma," he repeated. He was saying it to me, but it was Connie his eyes were on—as if he hadn't seen her in a long, long time, as if he might never see her again. Hungry and pleading and prideful, all at once. "I tried, but I guess I used the wrong words or something, because she wouldn't believe me."

Connie found her tongue then. "How could I?" she flared. "You—you *threatened* me. You said you'd take Robbie!"

I COULD see the little muscles at the corners of his mouth twitching and all of a sudden I was desperately sorry for him. Sorrier, even, than I was for Connie. He'd tried, only what he'd tried had been all wrong, poor Quent!

"I was wrong about that, too," he told her, and the pleading had come into his voice, too, now. "I realized that, after I started to talk to Lawyer Ferguson about it. I—I could never have gone through with a thing like that, Connie. It was just—just words, all of them trying to make things better, and all of them always making things worse!"

He drew her closer, looked down into her face—into her eyes, and what was behind them. And his voice was very gentle. "Connie—did you really cry? Did you—" And then he seemed to notice, for the first time, the get-up I'd put on her. "Connie, for *Pete's sake*, what have you got on?"

I thought for a minute she'd flare up again. I could almost hear her saying, *Quent Jonas, don't you yell at me!* But she didn't, after all. Bless her heart, she giggled like a little girl. And then they were both laughing—together.

"Ma got the dress at the rummage sale today," Connie explained, "and she—asked me to put it on because—"

"For a joke?" Quent finished for her. "Gosh, Ma, did girls really—"

But Connie interrupted. "No, not for a joke, Quent. I—I'd like to tell you about it sometime. Not now." Her laughter was all gone, and her eyes, as she looked up at him, had grown suddenly gentle.

He nodded, as if he understood, and patted her shoulder. "Well, anyway, go wash your face and change your clothes, Connie—you can't go anywhere looking like that."

Although she knew the answer by then, she asked him, "Where am I going, Quent?"

He grinned. "Watch your grammar, darling—it's *we*. We are going—home."

I guess they forgot all about me, then. They forgot about the whole world, holding each other tight like that, after such a long time, and saying all the sweet, half-finished little things that people in love always say to each other. But I didn't mind. I just slipped off to the kitchen and made myself a good cup of tea. I needed it.

New Help for Linoleums - a Wax that's "Plasticized"!



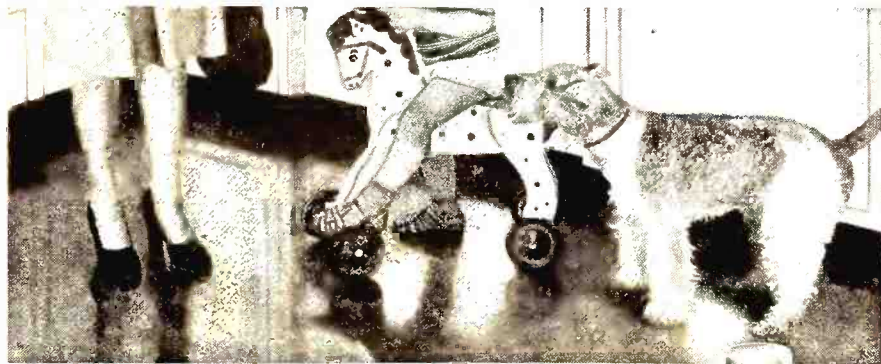
Easy as mopping! Just pour out a little O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax on your linoleum and spread with a soft cloth or applicator, using an easy stroke. *No, don't rub!*

O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax is "plasticized" to dry with a *lovelier* gleam if you *don't* use pressure. O-Cedar dries *faster*, too—in a record 17 minutes!



Quick cleaning! Just wipe up spills and splashes with a paper towel. Get 'em quick—and there's no harm done to that gleam-

ing "plasticized" finish. You can skip heavy scrubbing with O-Cedar Self Polishing Wax on your floors.



Lasts longer! Weeks after you've given your floor a quick-and-easy O-Cedar waxing, its "plasticized" finish is still gleaming, still saving you work. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."

O-Cedar SELF POLISHING WAX

WHEN YOU WANT A PASTE WAX—say O-Cedar, too. Its "balanced formula" makes O-Cedar Paste Wax *soft* enough for easy application, *hard* enough for longer wear. O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Ill.; Toronto, Can.



ATTACHMENT OF A MEMORANDUM OF UNDERSTANDING
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
a division of
THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF HOME ECONOMY

O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

BORDERLINE ANEMIA*

leaves girls listless and lonesome!



How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

LISTLESS GIRLS—girls who are low on pep and “personality”—can often blame their blood. For medical records show that up to 68% of the women examined—many men—are the victims of a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.


Yes, if you're pale and weary without quite knowing why, you may be a victim of this common Borderline Anemia. Your red blood cells may be too faded and puny to release all the energy you need. If so, build up your red blood cells—your supply line of energy.

Help Build Blood, Energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets


Take Ironized Yeast if your color and pep seem to have faded due to a Borderline Anemia. Ironized Yeast Tablets are specially formulated to combat Borderline Anemia, to help bring your red blood cells back to full size and health and thus restore your normal energy and appeal. Of course, continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor

may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have this Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their energy, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They'll help you build up your red blood cells—your natural vitality and charm.

***BORDERLINE ANEMIA**
 resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency can cause
TIREDDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR



Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.



Borderline Anemia. Many have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS



Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4) tease, Jon fled from the pit, up the aisle and into the street.

Gart's special pride these days is the Jon Gart trio (organ, harp, and violin) which can be heard daily over Mutual.

Despite all these ethereal activities, Gart is not too well known. The other day he was stopped on the street by a stranger, who announced, "Say, I remember you from radio. Weren't you on WFBH?"

Andy Russell has scored such a hit on The Hit Parade that, if plans can be worked out between the baritone and the cigarette sponsor, he will continue on the show in the Fall, broadcasting from Hollywood. The major portion of the program—Joan Edwards and Mark Warnow's orchestra—will remain in New York, and a special band will be hired just to accompany Andy on the West Coast. In addition to this chore, Andy will probably return to the Joan Davis show.

Andy did so well at the New York Paramount this summer that in addition to his reported \$5,000 a week

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden recommends:

FRANK SINATRA: Takes two new tunes, "How Cute You Can Be" and "Five Minutes More" in his stride. (Columbia)

BOYD RAEBURN: A superior orchestra revives "Summertime" and "You've Got Me Crying Again." (Musicraft)

ARTIE SHAW: The unpredictable jazzist scores with two show tunes, "Got the Sun in the Morning" from "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Along With me" from "Call Me Mister" and it's all very pleasant. (Musicraft)

XAVIER CUGAT: With Buddy Clark doing the lyrics, here's a tip-top disc treatment of "South America, Take It Away" and "Chiquita Banana," the familiar refrigerator warning. (Columbia)

WOODY HERMAN: What Woody does to "Humoresque" won't please the longhairs but most of us won't mind. By the way, it's now called "Mabel, Mabel." Reverse is the tune "Linger In My Arms." (Columbia)

JANE FROMAN: Certainly among the country's best song stylists. You'll know why when you hear her sing "I Got Lost In His Arms" and "Millionaires Don't Whistle." (Majestic)

VAUGHN MONROE: The muscular-voiced juke box star is in form singing and playing "When The Angelus Is Ringing" and "Just the Other Day," the latter being a dressed-up version of a radio jingle. (Victor)

ELLA FITZGERALD-LOUIS JORDAN: A crack combination whip out the crazy Calypso "Stone Cold Dead In The Market" and "Petootie Pie." (Decca)

ST. LOUIS WOMAN: An album of hits from the Broadway musical with the original sepia cast. A disc treasure. (Capitol)

SPIKE JONES: You know what to expect of "Hawaiian War Chant" and "Glow Worm." (Victor)

salary, the happy management gave him a munificent bonus.

Johnny Desmond quit that NBC program because of difference of opinion with the sponsor. However, the chances are that the ex-GI will be back on the air again with a new bankroller.

I spent some time with Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery when the happy pair were in New York recently. It was George's first glimpse of Gotham, and Dinah, who first gained attention in the Big Town, got a great kick showing her movie mate the sights. Neither of them drinks or smokes and wherever they went, 21, the Starlight Roof, or the Stork, knowing headwaiters immediately dispatched their underlings to set up orangeades and cookies for the couple.

I asked Dinah what her major entertainment thrill was on this belated honeymoon-vacation.

"Seeing the young comedian Peter Lind Hayes at the Copacabana," she replied. "I predict he will be one of our biggest radio and movie stars."

Both Dinah and Ginny Simms have been trying to get young Hayes to join their radio programs. Incidentally, Dinah has got herself a brand new sponsor. She turned down offers to co-star with Frank Sinatra and Bob Burns.

The band New York is talking about is piloted by young Elliot Lawrence, a promising Philadelphia pianist and son of Stan Broza, program director of WCAU, Philadelphia. He was a solid hit at his New York Hotel Pennsylvania debut and veteran dance band experts compared Elliot with Claude Thornhill.

Jo Stafford dropped those forty pounds by strict dieting. Incidentally, Jo beat out Dinah Shore in Billboard magazine's popularity poll of college students. It was the first time since the poll's advent that Dinah lost first place. Peggy Lee jumped to third position and Ginny Simms dropped down to twelfth.

Charles Trenet's temperament is holding up the ambitious plans his well-wishers mapped out for him. The singing Frenchman lost a number of friends when he refused to cooperate with publicity and magazine people and provoked arguments with the orchestra accompanying him.

Unless Hildegard substantially reduces her radio salary it is quite possible that the Milwaukee-born Miss Sell will be off the air this season.

Charlie Barnet got so mad the other night while performing in a New York night club that he walked off the bandstand and the pleading manager had to chase him twelve blocks and beg him to finish the session.

Interested in adding to your Bing Crosby record collection? A man recently advertised in the trade paper Variety that he owned the largest collection of the Groaner's discs and would sell them for \$10,000.

Yelling and whistling by ballroom hepcats when any Hollywood dance band starts playing its theme song, and other forms of synthetic enthusiasm, along with announcers who fancy themselves as comics "without wit or script" have been ruled off the Mutual network, it was announced recently by Charles Bulotti Jr., Program Director. A step forward!



"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

It's true—a statue couldn't be any more unresponsive than Ben was, to my caresses. Yet he'd been such an affectionate husband! How was I to blame? You see, I thought I understood about feminine hygiene. But

I'd foolishly trusted to *now-and-then* care. My doctor brought home to me the truth that such neglect can kill married happiness. And he stressed using "Lysol" brand disinfectant always, for douching.



"Now our love has come to life!"

Our love, our happiness, have found breath and life again! And I can thank my doctor and his good advice about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" now, in the douche, and find it really works! Being a true

germ-killer, of course it's far more thorough than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Then, besides being an effective yet gentle cleanser, it's *easy* and *economical* to use! *Every* wife should know "Lysol"!

More women use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene than any other germicide . . . for 6 reasons

Reason No. 2: NON-CAUSTIC . . . GENTLE . . . "Lysol" douching solution is non-caustic, non-injurious to delicate membrane—not harmful to vaginal

tissue. Try the easy-to-follow "Lysol" way!

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

Brand Disinfectant

Come and Visit Burns and Allen

(Continued from page 43)

Behind the living room is a large room which the Burnses had added. Actually it is the living room, with easy chairs upholstered in tans and rose beige and terra cotta.

It was here Sandra and Ronnie danced the boogie duet they learned recently at dancing school. And, like their piano recital, it was something to see. Otherwise you'd never see it. For both George and Gracie judge even their children's entertainment by professional standards.

"Piano lessons, dancing lessons," George muttered into his cigar as Sandra and Ronnie left the room. "Tennis lessons, riding lessons, French lessons—what else, Gracie?"

Where winter brings cold and storms the fireplace becomes the heart of a house. But the heart of the Burnses house is its big oriel window. It overlooks the back lawn, the white-picketed swimming pool, the white cottage that houses dressing-room and a large billiard table, a white brick wall with large pots of pink geraniums swinging on iron brackets and the snapdragons which grow in colorful splendor beside the kitchen wing.

EVERYONE gravitates to this window. It's here Gracie waits for George to come home from the golf game he plays in the afternoon, after work; that Lou Holtz, a close friend, sits down with the evening paper when he drops in for dinner, that George reluctantly faces Sandra or Ronnie when Gracie insists the time has come for paternal discipline.

"I can handle them one at a time," George says, "but when I have to lecture both at once and Ronnie, dead serious, says to Sandra 'Listen to him. He's always right!'—well, it throws me."

"Tell about the time Ronnie stuffed the funny sheet in the downstairs lavatory, George," Gracie said, "and the water overflowed all over the blue carpet in the hall. And I was waiting at the front door when you came home and said 'After all, George, he's your son. . . .!'"

George shook his head. "All the way upstairs—where Ronnie had been sent to wait for me—I'm preparing my speech. Ronnie was at his door. 'Dad,' he says, pointing to his head, 'do me a favor! Tell me what goes on in here. Tell me why I do such things!'"

"Whereupon," said Gracie, "George retreated!"

At the rear of the front hallway and to the left of the playroom is the dining room. It and the adjoining breakfast room are furnished in eighteenth century mahogany. The long Sheraton sideboard, inlaid with satinwood, is waxed and polished to a soft lustre. The long table, its graceful legs tipped with brass claws, reflects the large shallow bowl of garden flowers that stands upon it.

Here Gracie serves Dutch suppers, promptly at twelve on Wednesday nights, when the crowd—most likely consisting of Lou Holtz, Mr. and Mrs. Harpo Marx, George Jessel, Mrs. William Burns (George Burns' sister-in-law)—meet here for poker. After which the party breaks up for they all have work to do in the morning.

Behind the dining room is the kitchen, a large white enamel workshop, where the Burnses' cook holds full sway. The cook, the upstairs girl and an outside man comprise the perma-

nent staff. A splendid cleaning woman, who keeps the house immaculate, comes twice a week. So does a laundress.

Of course Gracie gives the cook hints sometimes. She tells her, for instance, "Never serve Mr. Burns a thin soup with a piece of lemon floating in it, please! In this family we have thick soups!"

And, as Poncho at the Beverly Hills Club can tell you, Gracie's culinary suggestions are not bad. When the Burnses gave a dinner party, too large to be held at home, Gracie went into a huddle with Poncho.

"Let's not," she said, "have any of those little canapes that they spray with embalming fluid—to keep the grated egg and curlicues in place. And for an entree let's have lamb stew!"

"Lamb stew, Mrs. Burns! Are you sure?" asked Poncho. Gracie was sure. Now he's sure too. The Burnses' guests were so enthusiastic about the stew and asked for it so often afterwards that it has become part of The Club's famous cuisine.

To the left of the big front door as you enter the Burnses' house and across the hall from the living room is the library. There's a fireplace and walls of waxed pine. There's oak furniture, rich and seasoned. Here they often dine with the candle flames casting a soft light on the old chintz that pulls across the French windows and on all their faces as each in turn eagerly talks of the day's activities.

When George and Gracie go out of town, Gracie's sister, Aunt Bessie, takes over. Or Sandra and Ronnie go to stay with Aunt Bessie at her house. Aunt Bessie is fun; full of stories about San Francisco when she and Gracie were children. George loves Aunt Bessie's stories, too, and the running gag for more than one Burns and Allen radio script has been born with George and the kids gathered around the oriel window listening to Gracie and Aunt Bessie reminisce about San Francisco and Mama.

George has an office in the Hollywood Plaza Hotel where he and his writers work on radio scripts in the morning and through lunch at the Brown Derby just across the street.

WHEN a script is completed, the day before the broadcast, usually, George brings it home to read with Gracie. She asks for changes only when she is given a line she never would say, either because the phrasing is strange to her tongue or because she is at odds with the sentiment.

George breakfasts about nine o'clock. By this time the house is quiet, for the children, supervised by their governess, have partaken of their fruit, cereal, eggs and milk and rushed for the corner where their respective buses take them to their respective schools.

At breakfast George reads the Daily Variety and the Hollywood Reporter. Gracie, therefore, cannot breakfast until he is through. For Variety and The Reporter start her day too, arriving on the tray with her fruit juice and coffee. Suzy follows upon the maid's heels and George brings up the rear—to kiss Gracie goodbye and tell her not to miss a certain gossip note or industry story.

Their bedroom is large but their bed is almost larger, leaving room only for a table and a chair or two. It's the joy and pride of their lives, that bed, with

its upholstered and inlaid headboard and beautiful spread appliqued with a huge "B" and a smaller "G" on either side. The only time they're ever unhappy over that bed is when they need sheets. Weeks and weeks go by before they're delivered.

On either side of the bed there's a door. The door on the right leads to Gracie's dressing-room and bath.

Dainty is the word for Gracie. From her beautiful soft coiffure to her tiny, beautifully shod feet she achieves that simple, casual look which, because it doesn't emphasize the meticulous care her appearance has occasioned, becomes the very epitome of grooming.

Gracie, however, sleeps on the left side of the bed because George one day asked her to switch sides. After six years he had decided he was unhappy sleeping on the left side. So now she has to walk all around the bed to get to her dressing-room.

She humors him, no doubt. But he humors her too. He worries about anything she worries about.

For instance, Gracie insists the children should be taught the proper thing to do as they go along. So George worries about their manners even though he really thinks if you let kids alone their pride will make them do the right thing when they're older.

He also worries over Ronnie being on the thin side—in spite of the fact that Ronnie has picked up as he's grown up, just as the doctor said he would—because Gracie is forever fussing that Ronnie is too thin.

RONNIE'S bedroom just down the hall from George's and Gracie's, is virtually a little sitting-room, decidedly masculine in feeling. There's a rough-woven coverlet on the pine bed. There's a tailored simplicity to the draperies and wall paper. And in the center of the room there's a gate-leg table of pine with facing arm chairs and a bridge lamp with an adjustable arm which provides a perfect light for reading and study.

Sandra's room, further down the hall, is ultra feminine, all frilly and chintzey with canopied twin beds, a dressing-table, a slipper chair and a little chaise longue.

Across the rear of the second floor is a large room that is the children's playroom. For years the window shelves have been crowded with fairy tales, the Oz books and countless volumes of other juvenile series. Railroad trains have raced through miniature tunnels and halted at miniature stations. Dolls and teddy bears have slept not only in their small appointed bedsteads, cribs and cribs but on chairs and under oddly assorted quilts on the floor.

It's about to be done over. The very young books, read and reread, are being given away. The trains have lain idle for months now. And the dolls have been long neglected.

Now that Sandra's twelve and Ronnie's eleven . . .

"I think," George said to Gracie the other day, "it's time we changed that room completely. Let's get the kids a combination phonograph and radio so their gang can dance up there. . . ."

"A ping pong table would be nice too, George," Gracie added.

Life goes on. And it's houses like the Burnses', in which life is rich and full and forever changing, that grow lovelier with the years.

Read what you
get in
2 GLASSES of
OVALTINE

MORE VITAMIN C
THAN 4 OUNCES OF
TOMATO JUICE

MORE
PROTEIN THAN
3 EGGS

MORE VITAMIN D
THAN 10 OUNCES OF
BUTTER

MORE FOOD-ENERGY
THAN 2 DISHES OF
ICE CREAM

MORE VITAMIN A
THAN 2 SERVINGS OF
PEAS

MORE VITAMIN G
THAN 1 POUND OF
SIRLOIN STEAK

MORE NIACIN
THAN 6 SLICES OF
ENRICHED BREAD

MORE, IRON
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
SPINACH

MORE VITAMIN B₁
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
OATMEAL

MORE CALCIUM
AND PHOSPHORUS
THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF
AMERICAN CHEESE

Extra Benefits

THIS NEWER WAY
TO TAKE **VITAMINS!**

Take them in fortified food—
the delicious Ovaltine way!

If the vitamins you're taking aren't doing you all the good you'd hoped, this may be the reason! Authorities now agree, vitamins do most good in combination with other food elements, which are absolutely necessary for best results.

For example, Vitamins A and C need protein. Vitamin B₁ needs energy-food. Vitamin D requires Calcium and Phosphorus, and so on—and you get them all in each glass of Ovaltine made with milk.

For Ovaltine is an all-round supplementary food that supplies—besides vitamins—nearly every food element needed for robust health, including those elements needed for vitamin-effectiveness.

So why don't you turn to Ovaltine, as so many people are doing? If you're eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins needed for buoyant health—in a way they can do you more good!



FRAIL, UNDERWEIGHT CHILDREN often pick up surprisingly, lose their jumpiness, when Ovaltine is added to each regular meal. It supplies all-round food values—protein for muscle-building, energy-food, precious minerals—as well as every recognized vitamin a child needs!

Denny Finds A Father

(Continued from page 33)

I sat down under the tree and we watched the fishing and talked quietly about what a nice day it was and finally Denny and Sammy wandered away to investigate the possibilities of a nearby blackberry bush.

The soldier turned to me. "Are you really Denny's aunt?" he asked casually.

"Oh, no," I laughed. "I'm Joan Davis—a friend of his mother. But I'm terribly fond of both Denny and his mother. And it always seemed simpler for him to call me Aunt Joan."

"How about his father?" he continued, casually. "Does he have a father?"

"I guess so," I answered, "but I've never seen him. He and Denny's mother are divorced—have been for years. I don't think Denny's ever seen his father. Sue, that's his mother, has supported Denny ever since he was a baby. She works for a department

store in Stanwood—a town about one hundred miles from here. Denny's just visiting us."

"But doesn't he go to a nursery school or something?"

"Yes, but the school is closed down temporarily and there was no one to look after him until it opens again, so I told Sue he could stay with us in the meantime. It's pretty lonesome for him when he can't go to school."

"Yes, I guess so," he agreed, and then, softly, "poor little kid."

His tone was so odd—so sad and yearning—that I turned to stare at him. He caught that stare and returned it with a thoughtful expression, as though he were trying to make up his mind to say something. Finally, he bit his lip and looked away.

"What's the matter?" I asked impulsively. "Is something troubling you?"

He buried his head in his hands for a moment, then leaned back against the

tree and looked straight ahead and began to talk, almost as though to himself.

"I was hoping you'd ask me that," he said. "I was wondering how I was going to begin. You see, I have a confession to make—and a very great favor to ask of you."

My eyes widened, but I didn't say anything. He reached into an inside pocket and brought out his wallet. Taking his identity card from the wallet he handed it to me without a word. I looked at it, wondering what this was all about. I didn't have long to wonder. "Dennis Benton," the card read. "Age 31, Height 5' 11½", Weight 175 . . ." I looked up at him.

"Then you must be . . ." I began, and broke off as he nodded.

"Yes," he said, and his lip twisted wryly. "Yes, I'm Denny's father. I'm the ne'er-do-well who couldn't support his family, so his wife threw him out. I'm the guy with the bright ideas and

STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

Cleans teeth best say dentists 2 to 1



Just this one is recommended so overwhelmingly by dentists



There are only 3 basic brushing surface designs found among all leading tooth brushes: straight line, convex and concave. When 30,000 dentists were asked which design cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Most people's teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs—actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Every **Pepsodent Brush** has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend

no staying power. Only I've learned my lesson now—or I think I have."

"Exactly what happened?" I asked. "Sue never told me the details."

"Well, it was just an accumulation of things—or rather, a piling up of the same old things. I had a little money when we got married and I guess I thought it would last forever. So I was careless about the jobs I got. I was always losing them because I wouldn't settle down and really work. I was always going off on a tangent on some idea that I thought was brilliant but that somehow never turned out right. Sue kept pleading with me about it—nagging, I called it in those days—but I breezed right along, doing as I pleased. Then when there was only about a hundred dollars left in the bank account, I thought I'd double it in a crap game. You can figure out what happened. I lost it all. And then I was so ashamed and sick about it that I took a few drinks to soften the blow. Softer the blow! I was paralyzed when I got home. And that was the last straw for Sue."

I LOOKED at him curiously. It wasn't a nice picture he had painted of himself, but at least he had been honest enough about it. "And what happens now?" I asked.

He shrugged. "That's my problem. As I said, I've learned my lesson. I'm a big boy now. Only, I don't know where to go from here. How does a prodigal father win back his wife and child? Do you know?"

I shook my head, "I'm afraid my experience along those lines is pretty limited. What is it you want to do?"

"Well, I learned a lot in the Army. I was a radio operator on a heavy bomber, and when I completed my first tour they transferred me to the Public Relations Office. I was only a mediocre radio operator, but I hit a pretty good stride in the PRO. They handle contacts for the Army with the press, among other things, and I've always had a yen for newspaper stuff. There were some old-time newspaper guys in that office, too, and they helped. If I could do it in the Army, I could do it in civilian life."

"That sounds reasonable," I nodded, "you could probably get a job as a reporter or a publicity man."

"That's what I thought," he said eagerly, "and then when I really hit my stride, I can go to see Sue and find out if she'll have me back. I don't think she really hates me. It's just that she couldn't trust me. Well, if I can prove that I'm trustworthy, don't you suppose she might consider giving me a second chance?" He looked at me with such an earnest wistful expression that I had to turn away to hide the sudden tears that sprang to my eyes.

"I don't know," I said cautiously, "she doesn't say much about you, but I think she's still pretty bitter." Then, to change the subject, "But how did you happen to be in this particular spot on this particular day? Don't tell me it's just one of those coincidences."

He grinned a little sheepishly. "Well, as a matter of fact, it isn't a coincidence at all. I found out where Sue was, and then I found out that Denny was staying with you, so I came to Beechwood. I followed you out here today. Silly, I guess, but I had a terrible urge to talk to Denny and get to know him. He's a swell kid, isn't he?"

"He certainly is," I agreed. "Do you think he likes me?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm sure he does," I told him. "You

won him over the very first thing."

He relaxed and a pleased expression crossed his face. "I don't want to force myself on him, and it wouldn't be right to tell him who I am until Sue agrees, but I'd like to get to know him better—as a sort of friend. And that brings up the favor I wanted to ask you. Would it be all right with you if I happened to turn up here on the afternoons you come here with the children? I know it sounds kind of—well, clandestine and all that, but I don't see how it could do any harm, and it would mean a lot to me. Would you mind too much?"

I thought hastily of Sue. In a sense it would be betraying her—I knew how she felt about her ex-husband.

I looked at that man now. He didn't look like a weakling. He didn't look defeated. A little humble now, under the circumstances, yes; but he had the air of a fighter. Maybe the Army had done it for him. Maybe the years away from Sue had stiffened him. At any rate, he gave the impression of a man able to do a man-sized job. And I thought that if I had been an employer and he had come to me for a job, I would have been inclined to give it to him. I liked his frankness in telling me about himself, too.

"We'll probably be here Thursday afternoon, about three," I said. And then I added, severely, "But don't come loaded down with candy and stuff."

Dennis laughed. "I'll stick to Ry-Crisp and apples," he promised. "But I'll be here Thursday at three. Is it a date?"

"It's a date," I agreed. "And now it's time for us to be leaving." I called the children, and we said goodbye to the soldier.

"If I should happen to run into you again some time," he said to Denny seriously, "you can recognize me by my little finger."

"Yes," Denny said, "but oughtn't I to know your name? You know mine."

"Well," said his father, "in the Army they always called me Lefty, so I guess that's what you'd better call me, too."

"OK, Lefty," said Denny. "So long."

That night Harry couldn't get home for dinner—he had to discuss a law case with one of his clients—but Sue drove out for a weekend with the children and me. At dinner Denny excitedly told his mother all about his new friend, Lefty. Sue listened patiently and made suitable comments at the right time. Later, when the boys had been put to bed, she said lightly, "The soldier certainly made an impression on him, didn't he?"

"Yes," I said noncommittally, "he was very nice and friendly."

"You know," said Sue, wrinkling her brow thoughtfully. "Denny really needs masculine influence. He's getting to the age now when just a mother isn't enough. I've been trying to figure out what to do about it."

"How about his own father?" I asked innocently. "Maybe he could see him once in a while."

Sue's eyes flashed. "Not if I can help it! Dennis gave up any claim to Denny five years ago. If he'd had any interest in the child at all, he would have shown it long before this. But no, he was only too willing to sneak out and let me take over his responsibilities."

"But at least you've got Denny," I said temperately.

Her face relaxed. "Yes, bless his heart, I've got Denny. And he's justification enough for anything, I guess." Then her voice changed and became

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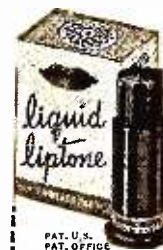
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brisk. "Joan, I've decided to get married again."
I gasped. "Good gracious, Sue! When, and to whom?"
She laughed at my stricken expression. "Oh, it's not as imminent as all that. I haven't even been asked yet. But the time has come for Denny to have a father—he's got to have a man around the house. I thought once I could give him everything he'd need, but lately, and especially tonight when he went into rhapsodies about that soldier, I realized that he's getting too old to be just a Mamma's boy. I don't want him to grow up to be a sissy!"
"But whom would you marry, Sue?"

SHE grew thoughtful at that. "Well, there's always Charley Brown at the store. But he must be at least fifty. And there's young Jim Crowley, but he's such a dreamy character that it would be like taking another child to raise. Joan, do you know Henry Colbert?"

"The insurance man? Yes, I know him slightly, but I can't say I like him much. A little too smooth, I'd say."
"Maybe you're right about that, but he's been giving me a terrific rush lately. And he makes good money and he doesn't have any bad habits that I know of. Besides, he's very handsome."

Her eyes softened as she spoke about him, and I could feel alarm mounting inside me. I knew all about Henry Colbert, and in my opinion he was a selfish, vain, opinionated prig. Oh, he could be charming, there was no doubt about that, and he was evidently turning all of that charm on Sue these days. But compared to the bronze-faced soldier with the straight back and the laugh wrinkles, who was Sue's ex-husband, Henry Colbert reminded me of a tailor's dummy—the kind that has a superior sneer painted on its face.

"Well," I told Sue, "it's your life—yours and Denny's—but don't make any rash decisions, and for goodness sake give yourself plenty of time before you make any decisions."

"I will," she promised. When Harry got home that evening, I told him the whole story. His first impulse, as usual, was that I should leave well enough alone, but gradually he began to agree with me.

"I guess a man can change his ways," he said finally, "especially if he's got a good reason for changing them. And I suppose there couldn't be a much better reason than his son—his own flesh and blood."

"I'd like to help him," I said, "but aside from bringing Denny down to the fishing hole, I don't see what I can do."

Harry looked thoughtful. "You say he's a newspaperman?"

"Well, he did something like that in the Army. But I don't know what it was, exactly. And I don't even know if he's any good or not. But he said he liked it, and I guess if he liked it he must have been pretty good. People don't usually like things they're not good at."

Harry nodded his head. "I wonder if Phil Stanley might have some ideas."

I looked up at him suddenly. "Harry, you're wonderful! Phil Stanley, of course. I'll call him first thing tomorrow. He'll know exactly what to do about Dennis." Phil Stanley was one of my oldest friends. He'd just gotten out of the Army, and if anyone knew the "angles" he did. I was sure he'd know someone who could help Dennis get a start in the right kind of field.

Of course I was probably being overly optimistic. When I called Phil the

next day he protested that he didn't know "exactly" what to do about Dennis, but after a certain amount of talking on my part, he said he'd see Dennis and talk things over with him.

I beamed over the telephone, and told him Dennis would be over to see him late Thursday afternoon if he cared to make the long drive. As I hung up the receiver, I couldn't help chuckling to myself. With Phil and Harry and Dennis and Denny and I all working together, Henry Colbert wouldn't stand a chance! And Sue—well, Sue would just have to bow to majority rule, that's all!

Thursday afternoon, sure enough, who should we run into at the creek but Denny's friend, Lefty! Denny was so pleased that I thought for a minute he was going to burst from sheer happiness. Some ducks were swimming quietly near the bank, and Dennis miraculously had a bag of peanuts in his pocket, which he and the children doled out to the cackling paddlers. It wasn't long before Denny had a firm grip on his friend's hand and was babbling excitedly about what he was going to be when he grew up. Dennis gravely discussed various fields of endeavor with him and when they finally arrived at the conclusion that commercial aviation was a logical kind of business for an up-and-coming young man, I had difficulty keeping down a big lump in my throat. They liked each other so much!

I TOLD Dennis that I had arranged for him to talk to Phil Stanley that afternoon, and at first he was a little annoyed. He preferred making his own arrangements and going his own way without help, he tried to say as politely as possible. But after we had talked a while, he agreed that at least Phil could give him some pointers as to what jobs might be available and said he'd be glad to talk to him.

I had the feeling that he was going to see Phil mainly as a favor to me, and I thought how difficult it was to help the people you really want to help. Because if they're the right kind of people, they usually prefer to sink or swim by their own efforts. Pride, I thought, that's what it is—a kind of false pride. But I couldn't help admiring Dennis for it.

As it turned out, I was really justified this time. Because Phil and Dennis liked each other immediately, and on the strength of that liking, Phil gave Dennis a letter of introduction to a publicity firm that needed an extra man for a temporary campaign. On Phil's recommendation, they hired Dennis.

Dennis wrote to me about it the next week. "It's just the opening wedge I needed," his letter said excitedly. "And they're going to know I'm around if I have to sit up all night every night, dreaming up new ideas. I've got one I think is pretty good right now—if it works out I'll tell you about it. If not, I'll just pitch in and try again."

Well, I thought—so far, so good. And I wasn't a bit ashamed of the warm feeling of smug satisfaction that swept over me.

The following Sunday Sue came out to Beechwood to get Denny—school was starting again. She was going to see Henry Colbert that night, she said, and her cheeks were flushed. Dennis is going to have to hurry, I thought—things are coming to a climax with Sue. Pretty soon something definite is going to happen—and I'll bet I'm not going

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But I needn't have worried—Dennis was hurrying. Phil Stanley called me the next afternoon, bubbling over with excitement, to say that Dennis' idea—the one he'd told me about in his letter—had been a howling success, and the firm was tremendously pleased. "He's got a flair for publicity, all right," Phil told me with immense satisfaction, as if he'd invented Dennis all by himself.

As I left the phone I told myself that all Dennis had to do now was to get himself a permanent contract that Phil had been hinting at, put some money in the bank, and start courting Sue all over again.

And fate, as it has a way of doing, stepped in in a very strange and terrifying manner.

It was about two weeks later that, one morning, I got a frantic telephone call from Sue. Her voice, over the wire, was a thin high wail of pure terror. "Joan—oh, Joan—Denny's sick!"

I HAD momentary visions of measles and chickenpox and the other things that children so often had, and I couldn't imagine what had put that stark, unreasoning terror into her voice.

"Sue, calm down, dear—what's the matter?"

"Denny—he's terribly ill. The doctor isn't sure, yet, what it is. They're making some tests at the laboratory now. They're going to take him to the hospital in a few minutes. Joan, can you—will you come and be with me?"

Of course I said yes—I hardly even remember saying it before I was rushing away from the phone, unbuttoning the neck of my housedress as I hurried into the bedroom to change my clothes.

By the time I got to Stanwood, Denny was in the hospital.

"Typhoid," Sue told me, as I almost ran across the corridor to take both of her hands in mine. "Typhoid, with all sorts of complications. Joan—you talk to the doctor. I—I'm so mixed up I don't know what to do!"

I did talk to the doctor, and after that there was nothing to do but wait. And we waited, Sue and I, hands tightly locked. Silent, for the most part. Once she told me that Denny had been sick for several days, but she had thought it was one of the colds he seems to get, and she hadn't thought it was serious. I couldn't, then, tell her it was better to think a child's illness serious and be wrong than to think it was not serious, and be wrong that way.

But, as I say, for the most part we sat in silence. Every now and again I would query the nurse, and from her, "We will hope for the best, Mrs. Davis," we derived small satisfaction. I don't know what Sue was thinking of in those long, waiting hours, but I know what was in my own mind. Dennis.

Dennis should be told. He had a right to know. He had earned that right, now. I tried to tell myself that this was Sue's business, not mine. But I couldn't believe it. I knew, now, that I had the greatest faith in Dennis. Dennis had to be told—and I would have to tell him. And Sue—would she hate me for it? Would she hate me for meddling, interfering?

By late afternoon, I knew that no matter what trouble it caused between Dennis and Sue, I must telephone him. I slid my hand gently out of Sue's, told her I was going to phone Harry, and went out of the room.

I did phone Harry, to explain that

I didn't know when I'd be home, and then I asked for Long Distance. Dennis, bless him, was wonderful. "It'll be all right with Sue," he said, his voice tight. "It will have to be all right with her. I'll be there tomorrow morning, Joan!"

The next morning we were outside the door of Denny's room, talking to the doctor, when Dennis came. The doctor was saying, "I think it's best to give him a transfusion this morning, Mrs. Benton—perhaps then we can look for a rally. The child isn't progressing as well as we might hope, and I think that the transfusion is definitely indicated."

Sue had begun to say, "Of course, doctor—" when Dennis, coming around the corridor corner, said, "A transfusion? I'm the boy's father, doctor, and I'd like to be the donor if possible. I know my own blood type, and—"

I FELT suddenly removed from the others—almost as remote as if I were watching a play. Dennis smiling and saying, very simply, "Hello, Sue." Sue's eyes flashing anger, and then the almost visible remembrance of Denny's illness, and the fading of the anger. You could see how she put her own feelings aside. There were more important things to be done now. And then Dennis was shaking hands with the doctor, and the two of them were hurrying away to check blood types and get ready for the transfusion.

Sue and I went into the room, to stand beside Denny's bed, as we had so many hours yesterday and during the long, dark night. And in a moment, Dennis was back. Without hesitation, he walked across to Sue, put his arm around her. And then, as she turned her anxious face up to his, he kissed her, very gently. "It's going to be all right," he said. "I can give the transfusion, Sue. We'll get Denny well again, and then we can talk about—other things. Trust me now, will you?"

I didn't realize that I was holding my breath, until I saw her nod, and try to smile at him.

And then Denny's eyes opened, and Dennis looked down at his son. The little boy's face was pale and wasted, as if he had been ill for many days. His little hands outside the covers looked blue and pinched. He stirred uneasily, and then his eyes focused on Dennis, and he tried to smile. His lips shaped themselves soundlessly to one word—"Lefty . . ."

"Well, I guess I got here in time, all right," Dennis told him briskly. "We're going to fix you up in a jiffy. I decided I'd better come right down and find out what was the matter. They tell me you need the loan of a little blood, son—think you could use some ex-soldier blood in your veins?"

Denny managed the slightest of nods, and then lay there looking adoringly at Dennis. The doctor came in to make preparations for the transfusion, and motioned me to take Sue out of the room. I led her into the waiting room and we sat silent, holding hands tightly.

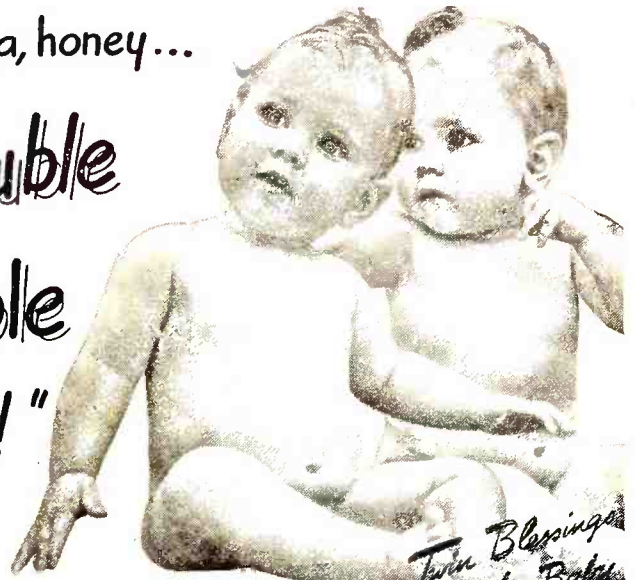
It wasn't much more than fifteen minutes later that I saw Dennis out in the hall beckoning to me with his finger to his lips. Quietly, I put Sue's hand in her lap and went out into the hall, closing the door behind me.

"Listen, Joan," he said. "Transfusion's over—the doctor says all we can do now is wait and see. You and Sue have been doing enough of that—it's my turn now. Get her home, will you,

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and make her eat something and rest?" I went back to the waiting-room. Gently I explained to Sue that the transfusion was over and that Denny was sleeping and that the doctor thought he would be all right. The best thing for her to do, I said, was to go home and get some rest, and some food. I needed both, too, I added. Dennis would take up the vigil—he would let us know if there was any change.

Sue wanted to stay right where she was, looking at me with dull, pleading eyes, but I helped her to her feet and with my arm around her led her out of the hospital.

It wasn't until we were safely inside Sue's house, and I was warming us some soup, that she mentioned Dennis. "How do you suppose he found out about Denny, Joan?"

I smiled at her. "I think he's been keeping better track of you two than you realized," I told her.

"He—he looked different, somehow," she said bewilderedly. "He looked—oh, grown up—as though he were responsible and adult."

I WAS determined to be casual about it. Perhaps if she accepted Dennis now, in this bemused, lethargic state of hers, she would accept him as a natural thing, and then, when Denny was well, the shock of having him back would not be so great. If she learned now in this time of crisis to rely on Dennis, learned that she could rely on him, half the battle would be won.

And so I simply said, as if it didn't matter too much, "Well, it's been five years since you've seen him, hasn't it? It's natural that he should seem older."

I brought her a cup of soup and she drank it docilely and then I tucked her into bed, promising to take my own nap on the couch in the living room so that I would be sure to hear the phone if Dennis called from the hospital. Finally, there was a call—after I had catnapped for a couple of hours. It was a nurse, calling for Mr. Benton, she said, to say that Denny was coming along very well. He might need one more transfusion, just to be on the safe side, but Mrs. Benton was not to worry.

I woke Sue to whisper the good news to her. She smiled at me thankfully and then we both went back to sleep.

During the next two days, we seldom saw Dennis, except for a murmured greeting in the corridor of the hospital, a brief consultation about Denny. Dennis would "go off duty" in his watching with little Denny when Sue and I came, after needed rest. Sue was still perplexed, I knew—and still so numb and limp from the shock of Denny's grave illness that she had little feeling left in her for anything else. But from the few things she said, and from the way she looked at him, I could tell that a lot of changes in her thinking were taking place gradually. Once, as we stopped to talk a moment to Dennis before he went away to get some sleep, I purposely asked him about his job. "You won't lose your wonderful chance, will you, Dennis, by being away?"

He shook his head. "This is more important. And besides, they understand—they're swell people." There was warmth in his voice—the warmth and certainty of a man who is secure in the knowledge that his job will be there because he's wanted back; a man who has confidence and self-respect.

It was that evening that Sue asked me how I knew Dennis. "I realized this afternoon, when you asked him about his job, that you had known him

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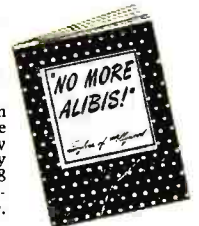
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before," she said. And so I told her, as gently and quietly as I could, how Denny and I had come to meet Dennis. About the job, and Dennis' plans, I said as little as possible—that was for him to tell her.

And the next morning, he did. He was waiting for us at the hospital, as usual. And so was Denny waiting for us, looking much brighter than he had since he was taken sick.

"Mama," he greeted Sue, "I'm practically all well again—practically."

"Practically," Sue agreed.
 "I guess it was that ex-soldier blood, the way Lefty said. He said he'd have me fixed up in a jiffy."

Sue's eyes met Dennis' across the bed. "A fellow needs his Dad," Dennis said softly, almost pleadingly. "Needs him when he's well, too. And a man needs his son—and his wife."

Sue looked from Dennis to Denny and back again. Her lips were trembling and her eyes were very bright. And then, suddenly, she was around the bed, and in Dennis' arms, sobbing wildly, clutching at him as though to convince herself he was real. He held her close to him, murmuring into her ear those small, meaningless things that are so comforting to a woman, and that are never meant for other ears to hear. I turned away and made some sort of convincing answer to Denny's question, "Why is Mommy crying—why?"

FINALLY Sue's sobs died away, and she stood quietly, leaning against Dennis. "I don't care, darling," I could hear her telling him huskily, "I don't care where you've been or what you've done, or anything. The only thing that matters is that you came back to us when we needed you."

"I'm staying, too," he said quietly, but with a touch of grimness in his voice. "I'm never going away again."

"I—I don't know what we'll do," Sue began uncertainly. "I have lost my job I suppose—or I will have, by the time this is over. It—it never was such a very good job, anyway."

Dennis grinned. "You don't need a job," he told her firmly. "I've got one—a darned good one. If you ever take another job it'll be strictly for the fun of it—not because you have to."

Sue looked at him with those big grey eyes of hers brimming with tears—happy tears. And suddenly the old Sue, the full-of-fun girl I'd known so long, reasserted herself. She began to giggle. "My, my," she told him, "How times have changed!"

Dennis looked at her sternly for a moment and then they both broke into shaky laughter and hugged each other again as if they'd never let go. . . .

I'm sure they never will let go again, either. They're just about the happiest people I knew. A few months ago, when Hope was born, they came to see me in the hospital—"for old times' sake," they said. And we talked, then, about the time when Denny was in the hospital, and the time, not so much later, when Harry and I went with them when they were married for what Sue said was the second and last time. And after that, how we all went out to the fishing hole at Beechwood for what Dennis insisted was the best honeymoon picnic he could think of.

When they came to the hospital, I noticed that Denny was still calling him Lefty. He just couldn't think of him as a parent, even yet. He thought of him as his best friend. And what better way, after all, for a boy to think of his father?

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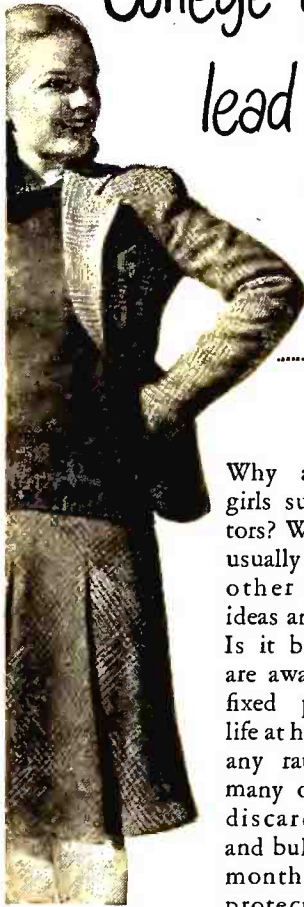
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Corliss Archer, Poet Laureate

(Continued from page 25)

same house with me—eating here—sleeping here—? Oh!" her voice went up to a squeal.

Harry Archer looked at his wife for an explanation. He was exhibiting marvelous self-control.

"It's all right, dear," she told him, hastily. "Byron Warwick is a poet, so naturally Corliss is a little excited."

"A little excited? Mother, don't you see what this means? Daddy, it's the greatest thing that's ever happened to me! Never in all my dreams did I ever dream of being near Byron Warwick, except maybe to just get his autograph—" Suddenly her manner changed. Her eyes grew horrified. "What are we going to do with him?"

"I don't know what you mean, Corliss. We'll entertain him, of course. We'll give him a nice, restful day and one of Louise's good home-cooked meals and if he likes bridge—"

CORLISS clasped her hands in prayerful dismay. "I was afraid of that. Look, darlings—you must listen to me. Byron Warwick is not like other men—he's cast from a different mold. He's an artist and a Bohemian and he's sensitive to moods and surroundings. You just can't treat him like you would an ordinary visitor. The aura is so important to him—if we disturb his train of thought we might ruin forever his great creative genius."

"I don't see how in the world one of Louise's orange-layer cakes is going to de-rail his train of thought," Mr. Archer snorted.

"What else would I give him, Corliss? You know Louise does wonders with creamed chicken and peas and—" She stopped abruptly at the distress in her daughter's face.

"Creamed chicken is for Babbitts . . . absolutely. And I just can't have Mr. Warwick think we don't know about such things. We don't want him to despise us for being mundane, grubbing souls, do we? Do we?" her voice rose dramatically. "Imagine him strolling the Paris boulevards, sitting in the little sidewalk cafes—and asking for creamed chicken! Daddy, we've just got to get him some absinthe!"

Harry Archer stared at his offspring. "What do you know about absinthe?" he demanded.

"They all—poets and artists and such—drink absinthe," she told him. "You never hear about them eating. They're always sipping an absinthe frappe. I wonder," she added, dreamily, "if it's anything like a pineapple parfait?"

Both parents choked a little. Then her father told her, gently but firmly, "No, Corliss. Absolutely no. And we will have none in the house, even if absinthe does make the heart grow fonder . . . that's a joke, daughter. That's a joke." He looked at the blank faces of his two women. "Well, maybe not, but it was a try."

Corliss knew an ultimatum when she heard one; she discarded the thought of herself and Byron Warwick sipping absinthe together. But she had other ideas.

"Tea. High tea. Crumpets and scones and strawberry jam. In front of the fire. I can see us now, sitting there—the mood and the setting mellowing his shy, sensitive nature—" Corliss sensed her mother was weakening



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and she hurried to press the attack. "Look, here's his biography and his picture. You want him to give the Reading Club a good lecture, don't you? You want him to tell the other ladies about how good a hostess you are, don't you? I can just hear him saying: 'Mrs. Archer is one of the few women who really understands me.'"

Mrs. Archer's doubts went overboard. "We—ell, I'll talk to Louise, though goodness knows how she'll take to the idea of having her mealtimes and menus disarranged like this. But no one can ever say I don't think of my guests first—if Mr. Warwick needs atmosphere, we'll see he gets it. Harry, that will mean you'll have to come home early, for the tea."

"Why? Am I part of the atmosphere? Do you want me with a Tyrolean feather in my hat or shall I wear a velvet smoking jacket?"

Corliss missed the sarcasm. "Angel! That's wonderful—I know where you can buy a smoking jacket, too. And be here early—remember—*The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, The plowman homeward plods his weary way—*"

Mr. Archer threw down his napkin and left the table. "Now she thinks I'm in the dairy business!" he muttered, as he went out.

BUT Mrs. Archer proved herself to be more amenable to Corliss' suggestions. The days that followed were a perfect flurry of house-cleaning and furniture re-arranging before Corliss could announce herself satisfied. On tables everywhere one looked there were open books of poetry or weird pieces of sculpture borrowed from an arty neighbor. Corliss had scoured their own and friends' houses for all the pipes she could find. They were all there, ranged on the mantel, from meerschaum to corn-cob. Family portraits were hastily relegated to the closets, as being—Mrs. Archer and Corliss agreed—a little too homespun. Brass andirons shone, and the ottoman before the fire was moved at least a dozen times a day until Corliss could find the right spot . . . since here she planned to sit at the feet of the Last of the Bohemians.

And then it was Tuesday afternoon. "I'm glad you're home early, Corliss—with Mr. Warwick coming tomorrow." Mrs. Archer had a harried look. "You and Dexter can help me carry out the mattress in the guest room. I want it sunned and the clean blankets aired before I make up Mr. Warwick's bed."

Together the three of them trooped upstairs.

"Don't tell me," Dexter grumbled, "that Mr. June-Moon Warwick actually goes to bed like other people. I thought poets were always out at night hanging over bridges looking at the water or in cemeteries making up stuff about death and how tired they were of it all."

"Now Dexter—" Mrs. Archer began. But Corliss interrupted her. Her lower lip was pouting out a little, as it always did when she was thinking.

"Mommy—I wonder if Dexter doesn't have something. Oh, I know he was just trying to be funny, but—somehow—this room doesn't do anything to me. As a poet, I mean. And I don't think it's quite the proper setting for Byron, either—all these ruffles and curtains and things. I seem to see a different room, much different. Wait!" she looked around once more and then her eyes brightened. "Wait—I'm getting it

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—I know what it is—it's the garret!" "The garret? You mean our attic, Corliss?" Mrs. Archer was horrified.

"Of course! Only in books they always call them 'garrets'. It has to be, Mommy. Just think of that poor man traveling around the country, living in hotel rooms or other people's guest rooms—all the same. The same bed and the same chairs and the same curtains and the same night tables with the same detective stories on them—why, it must be terrible! All poets live in garrets. They're used to them and they feel at home there."

"But, Corliss—" her mother protested—"it's full of old trunks and the only light is just an electric light bulb hanging from the ceiling and there's only one tiny window and it's dusty and dark—"

"It sounds perfect." Dexter raised his voice in mock-ecstasy. "Couldn't you throw in a few rats and a broken skylight or two, Mrs. Archer? Just to make Byron feel completely at home."

"I'm ignoring you, Dexter Franklin." Corliss gave him one of her best raised-eyebrow looks. "I'm ignoring you completely. This is far more important than even we can imagine. Suppose—just suppose—that Byron Warwick were to walk into that garret and find himself so completely at home—so inspired—so sort of back in the Left Bank—that he were to compose a new poem—right in our house!"

"He couldn't do that in the guest room?—no—" Mrs. Archer hastily answered herself—"no, I see what you mean. Or I think I do. And it would be nice if he were to dedicate his new book to us . . . To those who made this possible or something like that."

"Oh, gee, Mrs. Archer—you, too!" Dexter sighed.

But when it came to transforming the "garret" the job fell to Corliss. Watching her daughter's strange flights of fancy, Mrs. Archer had to admit she didn't have quite the feeling for the work. All that was hostess in her revolted.

"Not that old camp bed, Corliss! Surely he won't want to sleep on that! It's so lumpy and—"

"Well, it's the best I can do." Corliss' face was smudged with dirt and wet from her exertions in lugging the old cot up the stairs. "It really should have some broken slats and be a little more rickety, but I think it will do. Now, let's shove those trunks back under that eave and then I can put these old orange crates here for chairs. The table's got to be pretty big and sturdy, though. He'll probably want to lean his elbows on it when he writes."

The table they found was big and sturdy, though it was a hideously scarred and much-painted-over one that had once graced their kitchen in a summer camp. But Corliss declared it perfect—after she had carefully spilled a bottle of ink all over the top.

It was past bed-time before she was through and Mr. Archer and Dexter were called up from their gin-rummy game to inspect the results.

For a moment they just stood and looked, in awe, stunned silence.

"Holy Smoke!" breathed Mr. Archer. "Gee Whillikens!" whistled Dexter. "It's an opium den," opined Mr. Archer.

"It's a smuggler's cave," guessed Dexter.

Their eyes went back in simultaneous fascination to the scene through the open attic door.

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A torn strip of carpet marked the little clearing in the otherwise-jumble of old trunks and boxes and miscellaneous catch-all of accumulated years of housekeeping. In the center of the rug was the ink-stained table and around its edge, in casual disarray, were the orange-crate chairs. An old beer bottle with a candle guttering from its neck, the wax dripping slowly along its sides, occupied the center of the table.

But it was the bed, huddling in one corner near the tiny window, that held their gaze. Over it, and only partly hiding the brown Army blanket below—was Mrs. Archer's prized red-and-blue Paisley shawl!

"I think that was really a stroke of genius on my part. It gives the final touch of color and abandon the room needed," Corliss explained complacently.

"Oh." There didn't seem to be anything more for Mr. Archer or Dexter to say. They were, for once, completely at a loss.

Even Mrs. Archer looked a trifle worried. She turned away with a slight shudder.

"Let's go downstairs," she suggested weakly, "and see if there aren't some cookies left from dinner. I need something."

"Coming, Corliss?" Dexter seemed to be still in a daze.

"Thank you, no. I still have one line of my poem to write—the one I'm submitting tomorrow to Mrs. Thackeray. If I'm going to beat Betty this year and be poet laureate of our class I have to make some sacrifices."

They filed down the stairs in silence, but at the landing Mr. Archer pulled himself a little out of his shock. "Corliss, you may be right." And now there was a reflective look in his eye, an odd look that somehow checked Corliss' elation and made her feel disturbed. "Yes, that room may be just the thing for certain people. Just the thing. And, if you'll forgive a mundane, grubbing businessman for quoting—remember—'What's sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander!'"

School was a problem for Corliss next day and she found it hard to concentrate. The last class was barely over when she was on her feet and flying homewards. There were things she had to do. In fact, so many things to do that she only just made it—with a flying leap downstairs into the living room as she heard the sound of the family car spurring gravel in the driveway.

He was here! Byron Warwick was coming into this house!

Indeed he was. The young man, following Mrs. Archer through the front door and into the hall and struggling with a suitcase in either hand, was indeed the young man of the portrait. The profile was there and the dark, shadowed eyes and the hair cut longish and curly. More than this, Corliss couldn't see very clearly, because part of her preparations had been to lower all the blinds, leaving the living room in a sort of undersea gloom.

She looked at them through horn-

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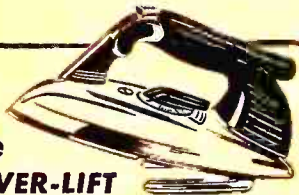
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rims spectacles which weren't her own. When she spoke her voice was sepulchral. "O World! O Life! O Time! On whose last steps I climb—you know."

"Shelley," Mrs. Archer supplied automatically, and then recovered her poise with a gasp. "Corliss, stop that! Mr. Warwick, this is my daughter, Corliss."

"Mr. Warwick!" Corliss came out of her trance with a bounce. Even the horn-rimmed spectacles couldn't conceal her excited eyes. "You must forgive me. But being a poet yourself, you'll understand how rapt a person can get when a person is communing with her psyche."

Perhaps Byron Warwick's communing had never been done in the middle of a living room, in front of an audience. At least, there was a slight hesitation before he spoke.

"Ah, yes. When one is—ah—communing—it is certainly a soul-shattering experience to be so interrupted. I find it so." He picked up a statuette from the end table—a piece of sculpture Mr. Archer privately believed to have been conceived in a nightmare. "You know, this is almost—well, nearly quite good, you know. I knew a girl in Paris, once—" giving the two entranced women the full benefit of his profile as he seemed to gaze back into memory—"who did this sort of thing. Wonderful artist, Mimi. Kept goldfish in her coffee-pot and made coffee in a pie-plate. Said it kept her out of a rut, you know."

Corliss was in ecstasy right down to her tingling toes. Mr. Archer, coming in the front door and overhearing, was downright disgusted.

"Mr. Warwick—my husband, Mr. Archer."

Mr. Archer thrust out his hand gingerly. And then he winced. Strangely enough, this poet-fellow really had a grip!

But now he was elevating that chin again and looking soulful.

"The sun!" he exclaimed as Mrs. Archer raised the shades. "Oh, the sun. Great Giver of Life and Healer of Sorrows—as a poet, I'm a sun-worshipper, you know."

"I thought poets were moon-gazers," Mr. Archer muttered.

For just a second he thought he caught a glimpse of something that looked peculiarly like laughter in the back of Byron Warwick's eyes, but then the visitor strode to the fireplace and leaned his arm negligently against the mantel. Again the profile. Mr. Archer decided he must have imagined the laughter.

"Please do sit down, Mr. Warwick," invited his hostess. "We so rarely have this opportunity of meeting an authority on modern verse. Your visit here is exciting—like someone from an outside world. I read your *Streams Flowing Softly* and enjoyed it—"

"That? My worst effort, a weakness of my sentimental adolescence." His tone was superciliously rude and Mrs. Archer's cheeks turned pink.

To Corliss the rudeness was the poet's prerogative and her eyes were still adoring. But to Mr. Archer it was inexcusable and he had opened his mouth to tell this young puppy what he thought of him, when Louise entered with the tea tray. The awkward moment was saved.

"A crumpet, Mr. Warwick?" Corliss offered.

"Thank you, no," he replied, absent-mindedly, putting his untasted cup of

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tea on the mantel. "I had a hamburger on the train—"

He stopped. Three faces stared at him in consternation. Byron Warwick's face was a study... but he recovered himself, quickly.

"Ghastly things, those hamburgers—but as a poet I believe in forcing myself to these experiences. It's a part of Life, you know."

Corliss nodded her head solemnly as if she certainly did know, and her pleasure was almost unbearable when he condescended to occupy the big easy chair near her ottoman.

And then she saw Dexter, his head poking surreptitiously around the kitchen door. Mr. Archer saw him, too.

"Come in, Dexter! Come in, my boy. Never was so glad to see anyone! You must stay for dinner—sit down—I won't take no for an answer." As often as he had considered Dexter a nuisance around the house, here at least was someone who talked normally—who didn't talk about Life and Experiences.

"But I don't know anything about poetry, Mr. Archer," Dexter objected. "Are you sure I won't be in the way?"

"If you want my opinion—yes—"

BUT Mr. Archer cut in. "What Corliss means is 'yes,' you certainly are welcome, Dexter. Sit down, my boy. Mr. Warwick, this is a neighbor of ours, Mr. Dexter Franklin. He and Corliss being around the same age, they naturally see a lot of each other and we naturally see a lot of *him*—" conscious that he was rambling a bit disconnectedly, Mr. Archer stopped short.

In fact, all conversation stopped short. Even if the others could have thought of something to say to their guest—what could you do when Byron Warwick wasn't listening?

Byron Warwick was fast asleep in his chair.

When he woke a half-hour later only his host and hostess were in the room. Dexter and Corliss had been sent on errands.

"Oh—look—I'm terribly sorry!" Still not entirely awake, the superciliousness and the rudeness had vanished from his face and he looked honestly ashamed. He had forgotten his profile. "That was an awful thing to do, going to sleep when you were talking to me. But I'd had a long train trip—"

"It's quite all right, Mr. Warwick," Mrs. Archer reassured him. "I'm always glad when my guests feel enough at home to relax and be comfortable. We're very informal people."

"Thank you, Mrs. Archer." He looked at her gratefully. "You know," he went on, rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out of them, "I think this is the first moment I have felt really relaxed for months, ever since I started on this tour. I almost feel like I'm back home, with my own folks."

Harry Archer's baleful regard faded, although there was still wariness as he looked at the poet. "Where are your folks?"

"Iowa. I was born there and when I get through with these lectures next month I'm heading back there as fast as I can... they're real people there—real friends and neighbors. I do my best work there."

His two listeners sat stunned, their mouths open. *Iowa!* A far cry from the Left Bank!

"Well—Great Godfrey—young man—" Mr. Archer finally managed, outraged—"if you didn't put on such an act with people—all that rudeness and

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that business of Life and goldfish and the Sun, the Great Giver of Life, and that nonsense, you'd find people here are just the same as they are in Iowa."

Byron Warwick's tone was humble, but he shook his head. "They may be just ordinary with other people, Mr. Archer, but there's something about a poet that makes them dithery. They expect a show. They'd be disappointed if they found out I liked hamburgers and country fairs and that I helped my mother do the family shopping. Putting on that act, I try to live up to their expectations of what a poet is like. At least, those are my instructions from the publicity agent who arranged this lecture tour."

Mr. Archer began to laugh. "Sure—look at Corliss. And look at—"

"Harry!" warned his wife, her cheeks flaming. And he subsided into chuckles.

At dinner, Corliss was still in a daze. She was sitting right next to Byron Warwick, their elbows so close they almost touched!

"Did you have a nice nap, Mr. Warwick?" she asked, timidly.

"He certainly did," chuckled her father. "He had quite a snooze. Of course," turning to his guest, "Corliss, here, was a little disappointed. She was hoping to discuss iambic pentameter with you."

"Oh?" the poet smiled back at his host. "Do people really discuss such things?"

Of course they don't, Corliss thought to herself, furiously. At least, not in front of—of—unbelievers like her parents and Dexter. And who wanted to be bothered with the more mechanical things of poetry, like pentameter? Once she and Byron were alone, she was sure she knew the way to draw him out, to let him pour out the pent-up beauties of his soul.

Poor Byron! In spite of all she had tried to do for him, here he was eating creamed chicken and peas, and forced to listen while Dexter and Daddy did their usual armchair quarter-backing of last Saturday's football game! What must he think of them?

"Daddy—we mustn't bore our guest. Mr. Warwick doesn't care about Lefty Polchak's left-side run, or whatever it was. Football is such a primitive sport," she apologized to Byron, "but grown men do seem to have a childish delight in seeing other men run down a field with a silly old ball and beat each other up over it."

"It's our psyches, Corliss," Mr. Archer said, complacently. "It's the real us coming out."

There was a definite twinkle in Byron Warwick's eyes. "Oh, I don't know, Miss Archer. Have you ever seen a fast quarter-back streaking down for a fifty-yard run, weaving in and out, straight-arming the safety man? That's real poetry—poetry in action. It's a game, yes. But isn't much of life a game?"

This was something like it! Corliss thrilled to her fingertips. "Isn't much of life a game?"—now he was talking like he had before! "You're right, of course, Mr. Warwick. You're so right. Life is just a game and we are merely players, all of us. Actors who speak our few paltry lines and then exit off the stage when Death gives us the cue."

And the resemblance to his picture was much more marked when he tilted his head that way and gave her that side-long glance. Even his eyes seemed to be infused with strong emotion and the muscles around his mouth twitched. "I see what you mean, Miss Archer.

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"Keats!" breathed Corliss in rapture. And so transported was she that she quite missed the long look that passed between her father and their guest. She didn't even notice that the conversation had reverted to football.

"Mr. Warwick—" breaking into the passing strategy of Ohio State—"when you were struggling for an existence on the Left Bank in Paris—"

Byron coughed. "I'm sorry, Corliss, but I never was on the Left Bank. My publicity agent took a few liberties, I'm afraid, with that biography. I was in Paris, but I was taking a college course at the Sorbonne and working my way through by being night clerk in a hotel. I didn't have much time for the kind of life my biographer so delightfully describes."

Dexter whooped.

"Dexter, you're being impolite," Mrs. Archer admonished.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Archer . . . I've had a few laughs, myself, reading that biography." Then, seeing Corliss' crushed look, he added, kindly, "But I did go up into the Eiffel Tower, once. And I wore a beret—one day."

THE rest of the dinner was a hurried affair. The elder Archers and Byron Warwick were due at the Reading Club by seven-thirty and Mrs. Archer rushed them through dessert.

When they were finally left alone, Dexter turned on Corliss.

"Now what do you think of old June-Moon Warwick? I think he's a phony. He's no more of a real poet than I am."

"You just don't understand him," Corliss defended hotly. "You can't see under that polite, sweet manner of his to the sensitive soul beneath. You heard what he said about life being just a game. Well, that's how he feels. He knows families like ours have certain habits and he's kind enough to play up to us and pretend to like the same things we do. I saw how he was suffering . . . you and your football!"

"For a man whose soul was suffering he sure knew plenty about triple plays and T-formations."

"Oh, Dexter, you just can't see!"

"Nuts. I can see you're acting dopey—as usual."

Corliss drew herself up. "If that's what you think of me and my aspirations for better things, then you can just go home."

Dexter folded his arms and settled himself back in his chair. "Not me, chick. I'm sticking around to see Lord Byron get settled into his little nest under the eaves."

At the mention of the attic room, a warm glow of rapture spread over Corliss. Yes, that would make up for it. "A place," she glowered, aloud, "where he can escape the shackles of civilization and be himself."

"Yes—that's what it is, that attic. A home from home." Dexter snickered.

But Corliss wasn't paying any attention. She was re-living her first sight of the poet. The pin-pricks of disillusion were vanishing. She could forget Byron sleeping in the armchair, she could forgive his not ever having lived on the Left Bank in Paris. She could overlook Dexter's and her father's disparaging remarks.

She was living in a dream world. Soon the others would be coming home and she would be able to take Byron up to his room. She would show it to

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him, nonchalantly, and then start to leave him.

But he would put his hand, softly, on her arm. He would say "My dear girl—how did you know?" No . . . that wasn't emotional enough. He would say "Corliss, why didn't I know I would find you someday, like this, waiting for me? Then he would kiss her hand and drop it and turn away into his sanctuary, the fire of inspiration burning in his eyes.

And she would sit, through the long night, huddled on the steps outside his door, knowing her presence there would help him. And he would find her there in the morning—when his candle had burned low—and he would say—

"Corliss!" The door banged open. She jerked herself back to reality. She was still in the living room, with Dexter playing Harry James records. "Yes, Mums . . . I'm here. Wasn't it a simply thrilling experience? Did he read his poetry? Aren't you just overwhelmed?"

SHE could hear him coming up the walk outside, his laughter mingling with her father's.

"Yes, dear. It was lovely. He has a way of making poetry seem almost—well, almost understandable, if you know what I mean. But that's not why I called you. I want you to fix a tray of sandwiches and milk, or would you rather have coffee, Mr. Warwick?"

"Neither, thank you, Mrs. Archer. Don't bother for me. I have to watch my diet—my publicity manager insists on it. He says fat poets don't have publics. So I think, if you don't mind, I'd like to go straight to bed tonight."

"Bed?" Mrs. Archer's bright smile faded away and an expression of horror stole over her face. "Bed."

"Yes, Mums. I'll be glad to escort Mr. Byron to his room."

"No—let me." And Mr. Archer grabbed his guest's suitcases and firmly took the head of the procession, as the whole family trailed after and up the stairs . . . Corliss exulting in anticipation . . . Dexter hovering behind her . . . and Mrs. Archer agonizing.

So close were they on each other's heels that when Mr. Archer stopped short on the second-floor landing, they couldn't stop. For a moment there was a confused jumble.

"Oh—excuse me!—this way, Mr. Warwick. Follow me, Mr. Warwick," Corliss called gaily, edging towards the door that led to the attic. "This way—Daddy! Angel!—you're going the wrong way! You're taking Mr. Warwick's suitcases into my room. They go up—"

"No, Corliss. You go up. The suitcases stay here, and so does Mr. Warwick." So fast it happened Corliss couldn't take it all in—but in a second the suitcases were in her room, Mr. Warwick was in her room, and his goodnights were echoing through her bedroom door!

Stunned, she faced her father.

"Oh, I agree with you, Corliss," he said, hastily, "That attic room is just the thing for a poet—for a budding young poet who wants to learn about life the hard way. But I talked it over with Mr. Warwick and, unfortunately, he has one of these odd, artistic attachments to a soft bed and curtains at his window and he even has a detective story he wants to read before he goes to sleep. So, you see, we just had to give in to his whims."

"Angel!" Corliss wailed. "You mean I've got to go upstairs and sleep on that hard old camp bed?" An aw-

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ful thought struck her. She remembered, suddenly, that strange reflective look her father had given her when she had first shown him the attic room.

Harry Archer tucked his wife's hand inside his arm, moving her along the hall. Laughter shook his shoulders. "Why, I'm doing you a favor, daughter! You'll never have an opportunity like this again to expand your horizons and grapple with Art." And firmly their door closed behind them.

It was a crushed and dejected Corliss who followed Dexter down into the living room.

"Gee, Corliss—do you really want to sleep in that attic? It seems such a funny place, but I guess you do. I'm so dumb about poets."

"Dexter Franklin, you're just plain dumb! Who wants to sleep there?—oh, to think I trusted that man! That—that Byron Warwick—he's nothing but a fraud—" and she bowed her head on the arm of the chair.

Dexter's hand stole awkwardly to her shoulder. "Don't you care. He doesn't know anything about poetry. He and Mrs. Thackeray at school—"

"WHAT about Mrs. Thackeray?" the words came muffled, ominously, from Corliss.

Dexter looked as if he could have bitten off his tongue. "I'm sorry, Corliss. I didn't mean to tell you like that. You left school so fast today you didn't stop to find out about the poetry contest. Mrs. Thackeray said your poem showed lots of imagination but she gave the prize to Betty again and she's going to be poet laureate this year." Since no answer came from the huddled form beside him, he hurried on. "They don't know anything. In books all famous people are misunderstood when they are young. Some day—don't cry, Corliss!"

She sat up suddenly and threw her hair back off her face in a coltish movement. "I'm not. I'm not crying, Dexter. Jeepers—I'm so relieved."

"You're what?"

"I'm simply, utterly glad. You've no idea what a strain it is upon a person's life, being a poet. Having to go around with a dreamy expression all the time and looking up things to quote and I always get them mixed up—I mean, I just never know Shelley from Kipling! And not being able to talk like a human being and gazing up at the stars all the time when I'd much rather be listening to Dorsey records. Oh, it's a terrible strain, Dexter. And now I've been so cruelly disillusioned—it just isn't worth while! All I was trying to do was be kind to Byron Warwick, and now I have to go up and sleep on that awful camp bed and think about mice! Dexter . . . nobody understands me but you! I never want to hear another line of poetry."

In a second he was transported to happiness. "You mean that? Then—tonight—will you do me a favor, Corliss? Will you really kiss me tonight, instead of just blowing a kiss at me the way you usually do?"

"Well—just this once, Dexter. It's no more than you deserve."

He swayed, awkwardly, towards her—when, suddenly, to his horror, out of the associations of the past ten days, out of the treachery of his subconscious—he heard himself saying—"Oh, Corliss! What bliss—!"

She sprang away from him, her eyes shedding sparks. She ran up the stairs. She stamped her foot.

"You get out of here, Dexter Franklin!—you—you poet, you!"

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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

older he learned to drive the car. Then he fixed the car so we could roll Daddy's sunshine bed into the car. We would take Sunday trips, and when Son was out of school we would go camping. Those wonderful trips will never be forgotten! Son would bring us home, and work the rest of school vacation. One day Son said, "Let's take Dad out to see the bright lights." He asked his father if he would like to drive over to Los Angeles. When we arrived we drove into a drive-in picture show. I never saw anyone so excited as Daddy was—his eyes sparkling. The last show he had seen was the kind where you read what the actors are saying. He was so happy and excited over his show that he kept talking to me until four o'clock in the morning.

He said, "You and Son are always springing surprises on me, but, oh, how I love you for it. It makes life worth living even if it is one big pain after another."

WE took him out a great many times. We had many trips to mountains and beach with friends. God bless them for helping to make his life more beautiful. You, Papa David, Chichi, even helped to make his life beautiful. His radio stood beside his bed. I have seen him in great pain holding his side and laughing with you. I want to thank you for your part in his life.

He was a college man, and with the aid of his radio and reading he kept himself posted on everything worthwhile. He could talk on any subject that our friends wanted to talk about, right up to the last. He lived for twenty years in his helpless condition; passed away two years ago. A few days before he left us, he said, "I would not take anything for the past twenty years we three have spent together. You have been a wonderful wife and no man ever had a better son. You both have stood by me all these years and I love you."

Mrs. C. C. B.

Here are the other letters Papa David selected as telling stories you will want to read. Each of the writers has received a check for fifteen dollars.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW'S STORY

Dear Papa David:

So many families living together in war times seemed to develop or bring to light a special crop of wicked mothers-in-law, at least everywhere I went I heard wild stories about some husband's dreadful mother. My youngest son's bride must have heard these witch's tales too, for she treated me with cold politeness, always on guard from the moment she came to live with us after her husband went overseas. I needed the comfort of this beautiful girl's love, for all three of my sons were in the war's danger zones. But I must have overdone things in my effort to prove that I wanted to be a decent mother-in-law, for she only became more suspicious.

The mail was her life. At first she would rush home from her war job, grab up his letters and dash past me to her room. I knew then that she had heard the story about the mother-in-law who insisted upon reading all of her son's letters.

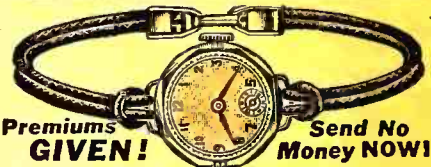
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Then there was no overseas mail for a month. The young girl began to droop from not eating or sleeping much. She stayed home from work one morning and I heard her sobbing in her room. Timidly I knocked. There was no answer for a moment, then a tearful, "Come in." There she was, sitting up in bed holding a large photograph that was signed "All my love and kisses."

"I hate her," she wailed, "I found her in a box of his things when I first came. I hate her. Even when I put the box away I know she's there grinning."

I took the picture from her. "That was just a high school affair," I said. "She's married now and has two children." I tore the picture into bits and threw it into the wastebasket.

My daughter gave me her first warm smile. Then all of a sudden she threw her lovely arms around me and wept. "Mother, oh mother, why don't I get a letter? Do you suppose something's happened?" I held her close while I told her all the fairy stories I could think of why mail is delayed. They sounded so real I almost believed them myself. We both heard the click of the mail slot and the young girl rushed to the door. There was a happy cry and she ran back to me. "Sixteen letters," she shouted, healthy color coming back into her face. "Don't go, mother dear," she said, and with her head pressed against my shoulder, she read the last letter first, partly out loud. And then I knew that life can be beautiful between a mother and her son's wife.

MRS. P. V. L.

LIKE A BAD DREAM

Dear Papa David:

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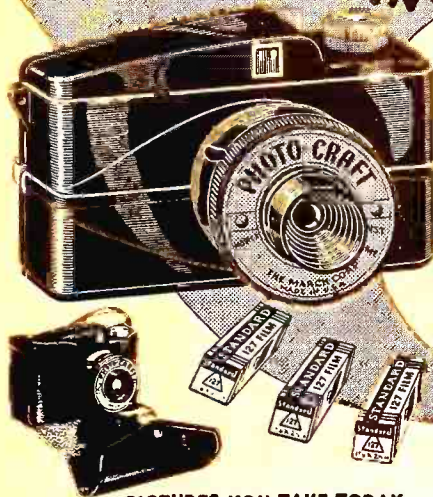
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filled my throat and nostrils, making breathing difficult.

I took the baby from her crib, wrapped a cloth about her head and feeling the wall made my way through the bedroom and living room and finally to the yard. Clean fresh air has never felt so good!

We live on a farm and my husband works in town. He was at work and the two older children in school. There was no one at the house but the baby and myself. Soon neighbors and friends, attracted by the smoke and flames, gathered in the hope that they might help us, but it was too late. We stood in the yard and watched our beautiful country home, our furniture and clothing go up in the angry flames. There was a dull thud as the rafters gave away and the house fell to the ground. I can't explain the feeling of helplessness and despair that enveloped me as I looked on. My first thought was, "School tomorrow, and no clothes for the children—darkness will soon be here, and no roof over our heads." Later I was ashamed of my lack of faith in God and our friends!

WE learned before nightfall that our cloud of misfortune had its silver lining. Numerous friends offered us shelter and food. Clothes were provided for the whole family in a surprisingly short time. Gifts of money and necessities continued to pour in until we were overwhelmed.

Now, four years later, we have a new home and the experience seems almost like a bad dream. When I get the blues now and am tempted to doubt, my mind goes back to those testing days. I remember the ladies of the missionary circles at the church, my husband's fellow employees, good neighbors, relatives and friends who made life beautiful for us at a time when the clouds were heavy. I often recall the sweet face of a gentle widow woman as she handed me a quilt for my bed. "Don't give up dear, you are still rich as long as you have faith." Perhaps the sweetest memory is that of my dear husband. As we stood beside the ruins of all that we had worked and saved for over the years he smiled and said, "Well, Darling, we still have what we started with—each other!"

MRS. J. R. G.

TEN YEARS OF HOPING

Dear Papa David:

My parents brought me to the United States from Mexico when I was one year old and during the following fourteen years, I learned—without actually realizing it—what a privilege it is to live in this country. I was in my Junior Year in High School when my parents decided to return to Mexico and we did.

From then on, all my plans and my work were made towards just one determination. I learned Spanish—I knew very little when I left here—and studied a commercial course which enabled me to work later as an English and Spanish stenographer. It took me five years before I was able to return and then, only on a short vacation trip.

I knew I'd make it for good someday. However, at about this time, romance took a hand in my life and two years later, when I married my husband, I realized that I would have to make the best of living in Mexico.

During all this time my dearest friend remained as staunch in her loyalty as ever and a month after I was married, visited us in Mexico. By now, my husband knew all there was to know of

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my love for this country and my friends. They met as old friends.

When a year and a half later, our baby girl was born, my desire to return to this country seemed a thousandfold stronger because I wanted her to become what I had so longed to be and hadn't been able to accomplish—an American.

Papa David, Mexico is a fine country and I made some good friends there, but can any compare with ours? Yes, I say "ours" because in my heart, it has always been mine too.

When my baby was four months old, one day my husband surprised me by asking if I would like to return to the United States. Did I say he surprised me? I could scarcely believe I had heard correctly. He obligingly repeated the question and I shall never be able to put into words my feelings at that moment. I only realized that my prayers were being answered.

That very day my husband and I settled the very great question and began to make the necessary arrangements, which were so complicated at times, I realize now how great my determination was to do my utmost in carrying out our plan.

It took us ten months to arrive at our destination, considering the time it took to arrange our trip, but what were ten months compared to almost ten years that I had waited for this moment? My husband and I will have to work hard to start our life anew here, but we think we were very fortunate. He was able to get a job almost immediately after our arrival, thanks to my dearest friend's unflinching encouragement and help, and we were able to find a three-room flat, which I think is beautiful. Can we ask for more to begin with?

MRS. C. D.

"THY WILL, NOT MINE . . ."

Dear Papa David:

I was the youngest of ten children—born when my mother was forty-six years old. My father died six years later and it was then that the phobia that almost ruined my life took hold of me.

I lived in constant terror of mother dying. I would waken in the night and listen for her breathing while stealthily feeling for a heartbeat. Of course it was an unhealthy attitude, but I couldn't throw it off.

After high school, I got a job and Mother and I took a small apartment together. The other children were all married and deep in their own lives, so it was just we two—growing closer together every day. Even the usual quota of romances didn't affect this relationship because Mother always came first. Marriage didn't enter my mind until Lou came along. I think I always knew that he was the one for me, but it took six years for us to get together and decide to get married. Of course Mother came with us. I continued to work and although she was old—almost seventy and not too well—Mother kept house for us.

Lou wanted children but I must confess that I was lukewarm to the idea. I wasn't too disappointed when no babies arrived. Mother was still occupying first place with me.

We had been married five years when Mother became seriously ill. She developed a malignant growth that made it impossible for her to swallow anything. The old panic gripped me and I was galvanized into action. We found that X-ray treatments would help, so



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TING is both fungicidal and anti-septic. It is a dainty, pleasant-to-use, non-greasy cream that kills certain types of fungi *on contact!* It may be just what you need to help clear up the skin condition that is bothering you. Even if other products have failed, get TING Antiseptic Medicated Cream today. Only 50 cents at your druggist.

Mother had them and was finally able to swallow liquids. She lived two years on liquids—constantly hungry and growing thin and weak. Then the growth recurred and this time, a radical operation was the only thing that would prolong her life. I know now that she didn't want to have the operation. She didn't want to continue fighting the futile battle for a life that was at best a miserable one, but I wouldn't let her make her own decision. I begged—pleaded, used every emotional approach to make her have the operation and she finally consented.

I suppose the operation was a success because she lived—bedridden, in constant pain, fed artificially.

Then, almost a year later, I became pregnant. At first I couldn't believe it, then I was frightened and resentful by turns. Then the miracle began. I began to realize that the tenacious hold I had exerted on Mother's life was not out of concern and love for her but because of my own selfishness and fear of losing her. I gradually relaxed my grip on her. She still received every care but I no longer willed her hysterically to live. She seemed to sense this change—to realize that I was going to be all right and that she could relax and take the rest and peace she had deserved for so long. A month later, she slipped quietly away. My grief was deep but not soul-consuming as it would have been if God had not sent me this compensatory child.

SEVEN months later, my little boy was born, and when the nurse placed him in my arms, I finally realized the great truth that "Life Can Be Beautiful." It can if you will learn to accept things and learn not to try to change life's pattern—to learn to say and mean "not my will, but Thy will be done."

MRS. L. D.

A SIMPLE INCIDENT

Dear Papa David:

Quite often some simple little incident can help to shape a happier outlook on life or remain indelibly impressed on the individual's mind as an event you're glad you did not miss.

One day, during wartime, I was walking up Broadway. It was a bitter cold day and the wind was blowing like a Texas tornado. So I dropped into a Times Square Automat to warm up over a hot cup of coffee. However, to my pleasant surprise I witnessed a simple but unforgettable scene which was more heart-warming than all the coffee in Brazil.

As I was sitting at a table watching the noisy carefree crowd that gathers in this restaurant, a soldier and a marine with two attractive young ladies, perhaps their wives, came to a table adjoining mine. Both military men, judging from their several rows of campaign ribbons and purple heart, showed mute evidence that they had been on many hard-won battle fronts. Ordinary men with their battle experience would turn into hardened tough hombies, but blood-stained battles didn't seem to leave their mark on these splendid soldiers.

After the ladies were comfortably seated, both men went to the counter for food. Upon their return the dishes were quietly arranged. When finally set, all four, oblivious to the noise and chatter surrounding them, bowed their heads in silent reverence and the marine said grace. Imagine, here in the heart of gay Broadway, four young people took time out to say grace.

I was deeply touched as never before.



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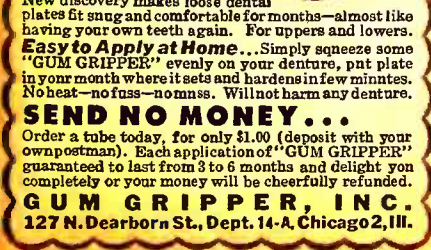
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Here were two young men tough enough to withstand the hardships of battle, who never lost their fine homely virtues nor surrendered their faith in God or in democracy. And here were two young women, probably not a day over twenty, who gave a definite answer as to whether our young women crave only gaiety or mink coats.

I left the restaurant with my heart all aglow, and with the feeling that as long as America has such fine young citizens she need have no fears about our country of tomorrow.

M. G.

ONE FAITH

Dear Papa David: I was born in Germany. My father was a well-known surgeon who spent his life trying to bring health to those who were sick, poor, and miserable. He never asked them their faith, or beliefs, or what God they worshiped.

When the Nazis robbed, killed, and plundered their way into power, they burned down his hospital, because it was named for a great man of the Jewish faith, and tore my father out of his wife's arms to send him to a concentration camp and death. Even to the last my father told me to believe that somewhere life was beautiful.

My mother and I fled from Germany to Switzerland and then to Casablanca. Many times we wished ourselves dead and contemplated destroying ourselves but always we remembered father's words.

Finally one day we learned that a cousin of my father's had volunteered help in getting us to America. We were surprised that a stranger should go to so much trouble in helping us when we had no way of repaying him.

After two months of traveling and wondering what awaited us in America we arrived in Boston.

One week in America showed me that life could be beautiful. No one told me I couldn't go into a park or a theater, or a school because I was of one faith and they of another.

How wonderful everyone was to us, not just helping us with money, but with their very kindness and advice.

My one hope is that the other half of the world, the half that houses millions of homeless, hungry, hopeless people will someday find out as I did, and as my father always told us, that life can still be beautiful. Perhaps all those people will know that in these United States of America everyone is trying so hard to help them realize it.

L. B.

Now you have read all the letters that we had space enough to print this month. They are only a handful taken from the hundreds we've received. Every one of those hundreds has moved both Chichi and me to smiles, sighs, sometimes even tears. And every one has, above all else, made us proud and grateful that our philosophy has meant something real to the person who wrote it. Have you sent us your story?

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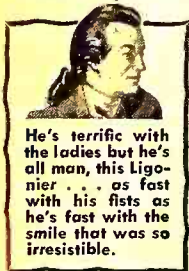
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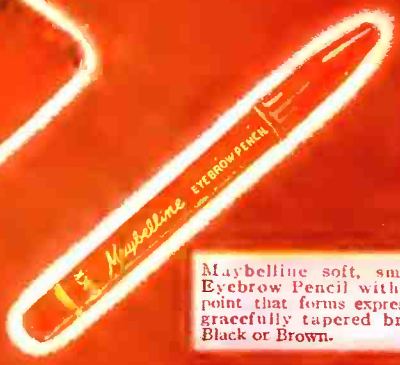


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