

RADIO MIRROR

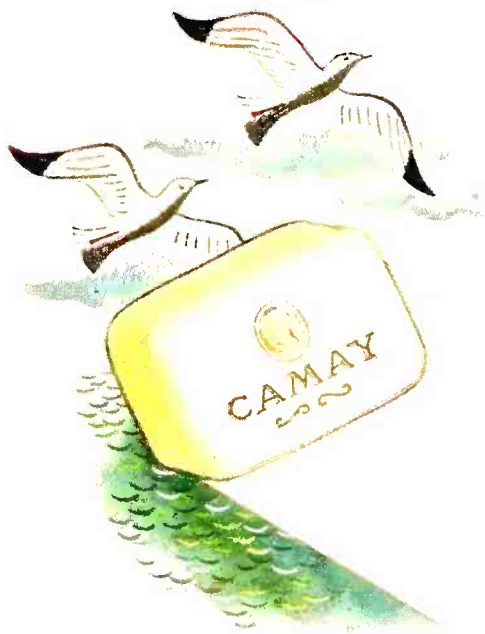
September
15¢



LOUISE
ERICKSON

JOHN J. ANTHONY'S
10 COMMANDMENTS
for MARITAL HAPPINESS

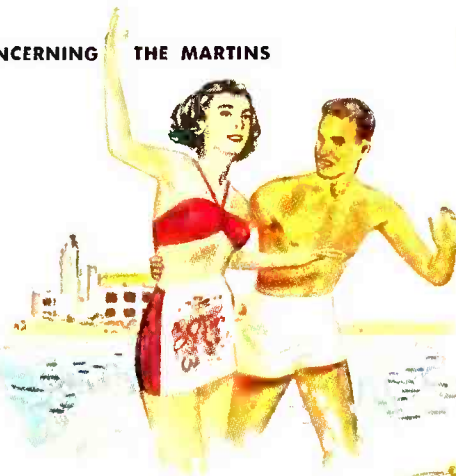
Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by *M. G. ...*

Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!

CONCERNING THE MARTINS



The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"



Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!

The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it!* And *this!* And *this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help* you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam... even *after* I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah... and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

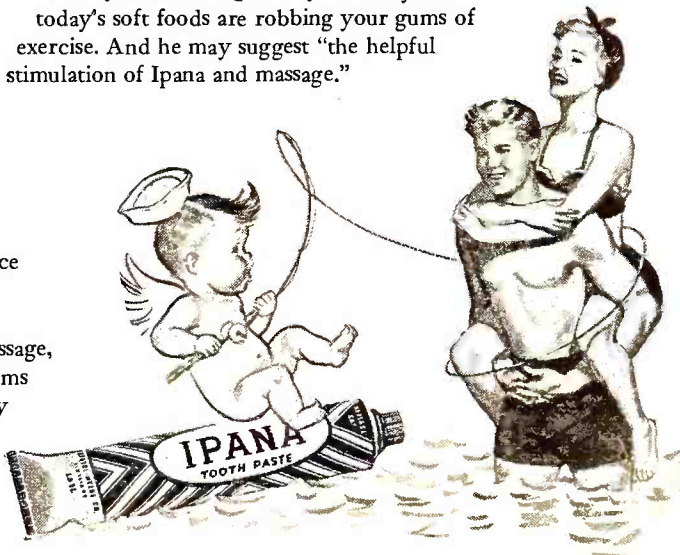
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to *see your dentist right away!* He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance—smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth... and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Coming
Next
Month



Everything's different next month! That's because we'll be having full-color illustrations for the first time. For instance, there will be pages of Living Portraits of the CBS drama *Our Gal Sunday*, with plenty of better, brighter color so that you can really see what Sunday and Henry and their friends look like.

Remember the Gene Autry story we promised? Look for it next month—especially those of you who love horses.

Also new—we're taking you visiting at the homes of your favorite radio stars. You'll find out how they like to live, how their families are run—we've even persuaded some of them to part with their favorite recipes. First stop is the home of Burns and Allen, in next month's *Radio Mirror*.

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ON THE COVER—Louise Erickson of NBC's *Date With Judy* and *The Great Gildersleeve*. Color portrait by John Engstead; story on page 3.

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"Can you answer me these?"



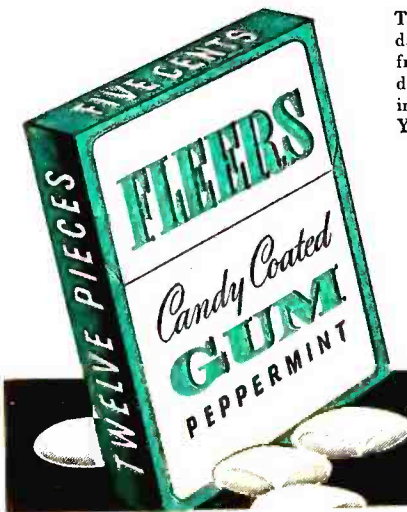
asks **KAY KYSER**

The Ol' Professor of
the "College of Musical Knowledge"

"Are you a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to *your* neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as *you* like, too?"

"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans . . . and of other nations, too!"

There's a trend to candy-coated gum these days, and Fleer's is top o' the trend. It's so fresh and attractive *looking*, so refreshing and delicious *tasting*. Twelve right-bite-size fleerlets in the handy one-at-a-time package, just 5¢. You'll like Fleer's . . . try it today!



Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

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

COVER GIRL



By ELEANOR HARRIS

LOUISE ERICKSON is the sort of girl the father of a seventeen-year-old boy hopes his son will meet.

In real life she is very much like her best known radio role, that of Judy Foster in NBC's *A Date with Judy*. Young, blonde and pretty, she is no swooning bobby-socker and is very definite in naming Bing as her favorite male singer.

Louise was born in Oakland, Calif., moved to Hollywood when she was seven. That same year she made her radio debut in a juvenile radio series called *Uncle Whoa Bill*. Her role was that of a fairy princess.

A few years later she auditioned for a series known as *Dramas of Youth* and played featured parts in that show. In the nine years she has been active in radio, Louise has appeared in twenty different radio series, and has played sub-deb roles on many of the important coast-to-coast shows.

Though she has been very busy around the microphones, this in no way interfered with her education, and she was graduated from Immaculate Heart High School in June, 1944. She has tentative plans to matriculate at USC, but may wait a year before resuming studies.

Louise has appeared in several films, among them "*Rosie the Riveter*," and she recently played the lead in Columbia's production of "*Meet Miss Bobby Socks*." Besides her "*Judy*" role, she plays Marjorie, Gildy's niece, on the *Great Gildersleeve*.

Her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Erickson, live with her in Hollywood, and her father is a restaurateur. She is of Swedish descent.

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That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls 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.

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

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

One of Tony Martin's first guests on his CBS Saturday program—Dinah Shore.



TONY'S BACK

HOLLYWOOD and American radio listeners have rediscovered big, handsome Tony Martin. He's back on the air—CBS Saturdays, at 7:30 p.m., EDST—with the same charm, the same he-man baritone—and the five years, sixteen months he served in khaki, including a long hitch in the China-Burma-India theater, seemed to have helped rather than hindered him.

During that time the singing vogue changed and the soft crooners like Sinatra, Haymes, and Como almost sent to oblivion the guys who like to sing out. Tony still sings out, defiantly, and he might turn the tide again.

"I'm not deliberately trying to do anything," he says good-naturedly, "it's just that I can't croon, don't know how. I just sing naturally."

Tony is no microphone newcomer. Way back in 1928 he was leading a five-piece high school band in Oakland, California. The band was known as "The Five Red Peppers" and Tony, then known as Al Morris, was the saxophonist. With Tommy Gerun's west coast band, Tony shared vocal chores with Ginny Simms and Woody Herman. Tony won a 20th Century-Fox contract, clicked in films, married Alice Faye, lost her, and had his own air show. Then war came.

Tony's military career got off to a bad start. There was a misunderstanding about his draft status and the rumor mongers went to town. Tony had to fight hard to wipe this off the books. That he did is easily proven. With his honorable discharge went the Bronze Star and Presidential citation.

* * *

At this writing a number of your radio singing stars and orchestra leaders are without Fall sponsorship, a situation caused by advertising
(Continued on page 98)

FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



Lovely Langford—lovelier than ever after her vacation.



Parisian Charles Trenet may have a network program.

Don't Ignore These Symptoms!



ITCHING

SCALES

FLAKES

GERMS

HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL 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 on the scalp. 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.

How to help safeguard the beauty of

Your Lovely Hair!

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic. Massage it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do... utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And

does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean*-feeling.

If Infectious Dandruff Starts

If those telltale flakes and scales persist... if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a com-

fort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Infectious Dandruff
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE

START YOUNG,

Stay Young

Radio actress Jasmine Jenks points up this month's beauty lesson: vitality, trimness, elegant grooming, apparent in a bathing suit as in cover-up clothes.



OLD Man Winter helps you to hide your bulges, but, oh, how they show up in the summer. But you can make summer slim-down time, for it's when the "reducing" foods are abundant and plentiful, and they make mighty good eating, too.

Take a luscious cantaloupe, for example, or muskmelon of any type. They contain certain vitamins and minerals that actually help you to get rid of surplus body fat. The same is true of watermelon.

And just a word of explanation about that statement. Technically, no food is fattening or reducing, because it all depends upon what your body metabolism does with the calories you eat.

We say that because certain foods contain special vitamins and minerals which unite to form compounds called "enzymes," amazing substances which split up a molecule of body fat into carbon dioxide and water. When such a division takes place, energy is released, precious pep that you can use to work, play or dance.

All this knowledge is very new and not yet widely known. It has revolutionized our understanding of foods, and it's all been proven beyond any doubt.

The foods that provide the wherewithal to form enzymes are in a class by themselves. For convenience, we call them the catalytic foods.

Take cucumbers, for example. They make a delightful salad and, if you don't smear it too heavily

with some high calory dressing, it's a dish that will give you plenty of the catalytic factors that dispose of body fat. Use the merest touch of sour cream dressing to dress cucumber salad, and a generous sprinkle of lemon juice. Bed it all down on crisp, shredded lettuce. Eat such a salad often.

Asparagus . . . there's a real catalytic food that will help you to slim down. Have it served cold with just a light touch of hollandaise or mayonnaise, and, again, don't spare the lemon juice.

Strawberries are an A-1 catalytic food. They are exceptionally rich in Vitamin C, which can help to perk you up on a droopy summer day. It would be smart, though, if you would learn to enjoy strawberries without sugar and cream. One way to do that is to dress them with orange juice.

You can count any of the berries as your friends, if you're trying to stay slim; and most all the salad vegetables, too, especially watercress. Coleslaw and lettuce are the real standbys, and an apple and celery salad, the familiar "Waldorf," stands high. When peaches are in season, get busy with them. They not only provide you with the factors that form the fat-splitting enzymes, but they give you an astonishingly good supply of readily available food iron.

In passing, you might remember that lobster, shrimp and crabmeat are double-A-1 extra-good proteins for you. They make dandy salads, too, as you know. Best of all, they're very good sources of iodine, a magic food factor which helps to bring up your metabolism rate and that, in turn, automatically helps to melt away unwanted pads of body fat.

The higher your metabolism rate, the less fat you will tend to store.

Yes, summertime is a grand time to get back your figure again!

And while we're on figures, how about your legs? For some ideas on that subject, turn to page 78.



By VICTOR H. LINDLAHR

For more about food as a health and beauty foundation, listen to Victor Lindlahr at 11:45 every weekday morning, over Mutual.

Are you in the know?



Which make good scents for summer?

- Atomic aromas
- Frogile frogrances
- Swoon-perfumes

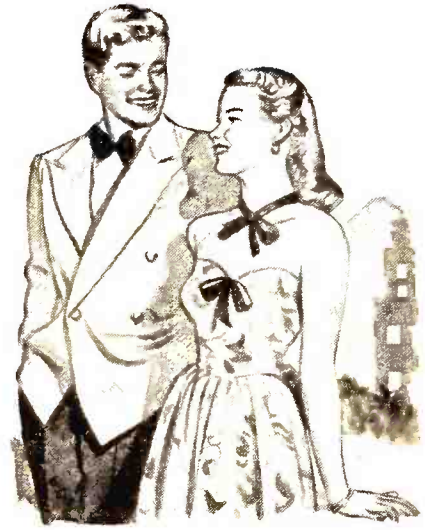
Bewitched by nose-bait? Inxay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep you.



How to rate on a first date?

- Sling o shorp line
- Be o listening-post
- Learn his interests

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself: an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you poise . . . protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!



This fetching neckline's for you, if—

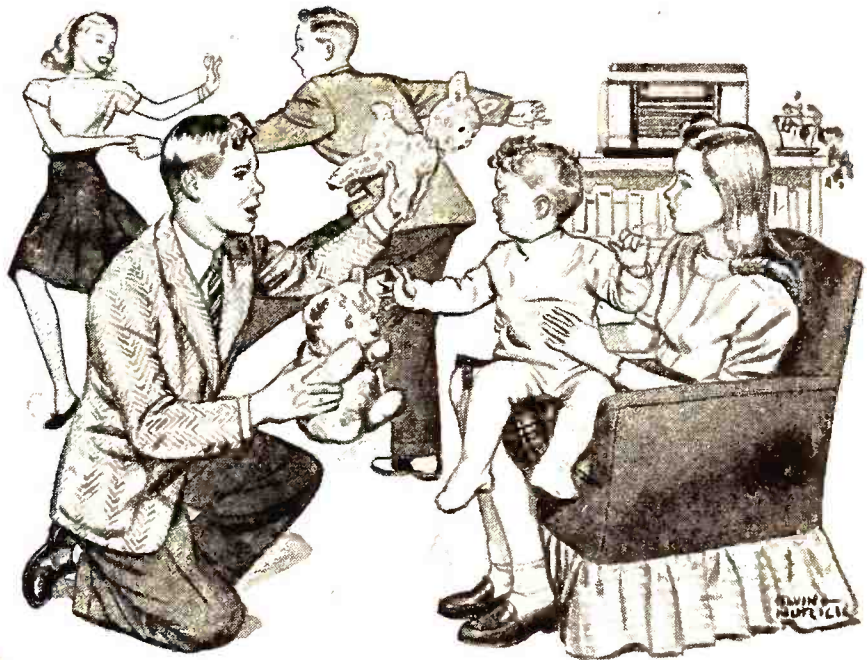
- You're the tomboy type
- You shun o sunton
- You watch your posture

Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hat-rack" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days; for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

- Pack junior off to bed
- Be o stand-in for his Mom
- Ask your gong over

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real *interest* in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

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

More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



Brightness-Yes!

New Color, too.

—with “Make-up”
for your hair!

For after-shampoo lustre . . . trust Marchand's Make-Up Hair Rinse. Swiftly, effectively, this modern hair cosmetic rinses off dulling soap film and rinses on a lovely silken sheen, plus gleaming new color!

With its 12 shades . . . Marchand's Rinse gives you your choice of a variety of color effects! No matter what color your hair may be, you can highlight and flatter its natural tone . . . or, with a different Rinse shade, give it a coppery glow. Certain Marchand Rinse shades even blend little gray streaks in with the original hair color!

So easy to use . . . after every shampoo. Simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, your hair glistens with new color! And it's easier to manage, too.

Absolutely harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair! Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this “make-up” hair rinse is made with Government-approved colors.



Made by the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

Norman Corwin said goodbye to Mrs. Wendell Willkie and CBS's William Paley before setting off on his four-month world tour.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By
**DALE
BANKS**



**Dead-Eye Dick Powell is
back on NBC Sundays in
his Richard Rogue role.**

IT comes to our ears that Perry Como turned down several bids for screen tests of his son, Ronald. Perry said, “When Ronny reaches an age of decision, if he should then want a theatrical career, I’ll do everything possible to help him. Until then, he’s going to have the happy, normal home life that every kid should have.” To this statement of Perry’s, we doff our hats. We have yet to see a theatrical child who’s managed to come through the peculiar —to put it most mildly—life that an acting career calls for without some scars on their unformed and unprepared emotions. Kids need real love and security, but, as a rule, their characters are not strong enough to take the newspaper and magazine adulation that comes with theatrical success. Children need a regular life about which they can be certain at all times and the tug-o-war of professional jealousies and competition in any theatrical field lead

to anything but a sense of security. It takes exceptionally wise parents to guide a child through years of this kind of thing. It takes an even wiser parent to avoid the whole business—as Perry Como is doing.

Do something just and fair and good and you’re bound to bring a few fanatics out into the open. If anyone had any doubts about the advisability of the new story line of Superman, those doubts are all gone, now. Gerald L. K. Smith has added the show to his list of hates and the would-be fuehrer could have done nothing more calculated to make the sponsors, writers and producers of the show certain they were on the right side of a good fight.

Sometimes, fan mail is an eyeopener on conditions in the country. Take for instance the hundreds of letters coming in from all (Continued on page 10)

MRS. RANDOLPH SCOTT—
delightful wife of the dashing
screen star!

“Bewitching!”

says Mrs. Randolph Scott

“That’s why TANGEE RED-RED gets
‘top billing’ here in Hollywood!”

In fabulous Hollywood—where beauty is a fine art—
Tangee Red-Red made innumerable conquests. After
that, the rest of the world was easy. Today, Tangee
Red-Red ranks as the most popular lipstick shade on
earth . . . the richest, rarest red of them all!

CAKE MAKE-UP CAN BE PERFECT!

We know cake make-up can be perfect—because
we’ve made one that’s one hundred percent right!
Its name is Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up, and
it’s ideal in every way. It’s easy to apply—makes a
perfect powder base—stays on for extra hours—is
designed to protect your skin—and does *not* make
you look as if you were wearing a mask.

NOW! Metal Cases
Tangee lipsticks with ex-
clusive Satin-Finish now
available in gleaming,
delicately etched metal
cases. They’re lovely!



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee
and creator of the world famous
Tangee Red-Red Lipstick and
Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.



Use *Tangee*...

and see how beautiful you can be

Janet Waldo (CBS's *Corliss Archer*) helps Sharon Douglas of NBC's *Life of Riley* try on some of Sharon's bridal shower finery.



Vincent Pellitier is Robin, the Crime Guide, on Mutual's *Calling All Detectives*, Saturdays.



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

(Continued from page 8) over the United States in response to that Cavalcade of America broadcast on Alcoholics Anonymous. Hundreds of wives are asking for copies of the script, because they want their husbands to know more about the organization. Briefly, Alcoholics Anonymous is an organization of alcoholics, who've got together to help one another through bad spells of drinking and to aid each other in curing themselves of what used to be called a habit, but has since come to be recognized as a sickness. The organization has a number of cures to its credit and many more in the offing. Just as an odd footnote—many of the most difficult cases began during Prohibition days.

Another revelation as to things by and large in the country comes in the fan mail to the Bride and Groom show. An average of ten to twelve letters a week comes to the supervisor of the show asking the directors to find a husband, or wife, for the writer.

As a touch of humor in this, John Nelson, emcee of Bride and Groom, reports that he has received the request of all requests in his mail bag. An astrologer in Youngstown, Ohio, asked him to give the birthplace of the bride and groom over the air, so he could determine whether the bridal couple were "attuned to each other properly and astrologically."

Did you know that Connee Boswell is an outstanding artist in more ways than one? The popular singer is a self-taught painter in oils and her paintings are given valued and honored space on the walls of a number of celebrities in the entertainment world.

Another art note—Hildegard is having a portrait painted by the famous artist, John Groth. Hildegard has been approached by artists before, but she is too restless and busy to sit for a portrait. Groth, however, works from sketches and requires no posing. He made his sketches sitting in a front row seat at several of Hildegard's broadcasts.

One CBS staffer—whose name shall not be mentioned here—feels like cutting his throat at this moment. Seems he took a little long on the revisions of his book on radio, with the result that it came out two weeks after "The Hucksters" and missed out on all the publicity and exploitation which has been making "The Hucksters" a best seller.

It used to be that when a favorite radio star so much as cleared his throat, cough remedies from solicitous listeners would pour in from every state in the Union. The practice of sending gifts is slowly dying out, however. But radio stars still treasure some of the unconventional gifts which descended on them via the mails.

Some are highly valuable—like the rare set of moon-and-star glassware which an elderly lady from the South sent to Kate Smith a few years ago. When Kate, who collects antique glassware, wrote the lady and insisted on paying for the magnificent pieces, the woman wouldn't hear of it. "It's worth more than any price to me," the lady wrote, "to know that my cherished glassware will be in the hands of someone who will appreciate it. My own children think it's junk."

Some gifts have unusual backgrounds, like the one received by Paul Lavalle last year. It's a baton carved and sent to him by a GI and the wood, the soldier wrote, was from an L.T.C. which was wrecked during D-Day operations.

Have you heard Guy Lombardo's recording of "Rita Went to Rio"? That disc marks a turning point in Don Rodney's career. Don, who is Guy's vocalist, has written (Continued on page 12)

FREE -- Just Pick the 2 Books You Want

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

CHOOSE
ANY ONE OF
THESE BIG
BEST-SELLERS

AND
ALSO CHOOSE
ANY ONE OF
THESE GREAT
MASTERPIECES

HERE is an amazing offer from "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!" Select TWO FREE BOOKS from the six shown below. Choose any ONE of these three sensational best-sellers—PLUS any ONE of these three world masterpieces. BOTH books are yours Absolutely FREE—as new membership gifts! Take advantage of this sensational offer NOW!

THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Ben Ames Williams

ANGEL OR DEVIL—WHICH WAS SHE? To her New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil! You'll gasp at this unforgettable character—soon to be portrayed in a million-dollar United Artists production!



HEDY LAMARR, star of United Artists movie.

THE FOXES OF HARROW

By Frank Yerby

Devil-may-care Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold piece, a pearl stickpin—and a swaggering audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth—won the blue-blooded Odalie—then her sister, Aurore—and finally, the sultry Desiree. A best-seller at \$3.00 in publisher's edition!



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

By Elizabeth Metzger Howard

HE KNEW THE WHOLE TOWN'S SECRETS! As a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of everyone in Willowspring. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a forbidden love for the one woman he could not have! "GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun* of this novel—winner of \$145,000 in cash prizes!



SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT

OVER 50 TALES OF LOVE AND PASSION! Exciting tales of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness and jealousy—all complete and unexpurgated, the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written!

Read all the best works that have made De Maupassant "father of the modern short story."



Pachel—who avenged France, because of one German hit too many.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

By Victor Hugo

STRANGEST LOVE TRIANGLE IN ALL FICTION! Esmeralda, alluring gypsy dancing girl, aroused smoldering passions wherever she went. Strangest of all who loved her were the archdeacon Frolo, and the pitiful hunchback, Quasimodo.

In all fiction you won't find a stranger love story than this stirring drama.



He saved her from death—but how could she return his love?

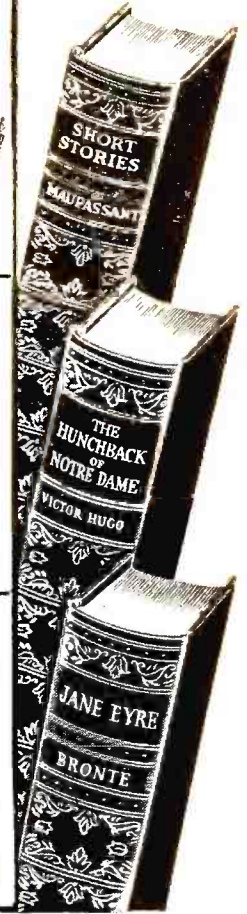
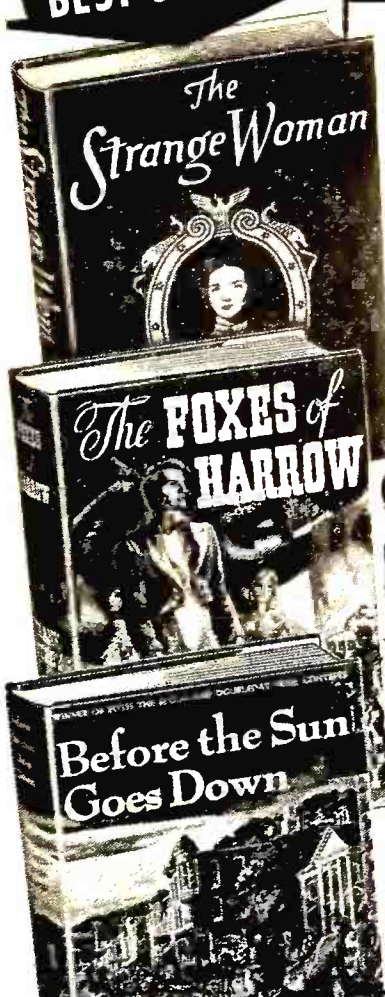
JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED HIS LOVE? His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last he forsook them all for the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?



Orphaned and poor, Jane Eyre, in the 20th Century, Fox Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."



Which 2 Do You Want FREE?

NOW is the most opportune moment of all to begin your membership in the Book League of America! Because NOW—New Members are entitled to a FREE COPY of any one of three widely acclaimed best-sellers (shown at left, above), and at the same time, ALSO A FREE COPY of any one of THREE recognized world masterpieces (shown at the right, above). TWO BOOKS FREE—just for joining "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club!"

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(Choose one from classics shown at right of page)

Within 5 days I may return them if I wish, without cost or obligation. Otherwise, I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only \$1.49 plus few cents postage for BOTH books.

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Slightly higher in Canada: Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Canada

Sad Sack—Herb Vigran—holds down Sinatra's CBS spot for the summer.



(Continued from page 10) a number of songs that never got anywhere and he was getting to the stage of thinking that his song writing would never be anything but so much musical doodling, until Guy happened to hear him humming this tune and got excited about it. Now, nothing can stop Don.

Ever had "sitter" trouble? If you have, you can appreciate the spot Johnny Coons (he plays Johnny Jensen in Bachelor's Children) and his wife found themselves in, when they got a last minute call canceling their "sitter". Johnny's wife moaned that only Superman could find another sitter at that hour, which made Johnny reply that Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy, could probably do it faster. Ten minutes later, Jack Armstrong, ladies and gentlemen, in the person of Charlie Flynn, who plays the air role, arrived in person to sit for his friends.

Talking to Patti Clayton, we discovered that she's started something among her fan clubs that should be a nation-wide project among all clubs of that kind. All members of the Patti Clayton clubs have been given pledges, which they take from door to door throughout their communities asking people to sign, stating they will observe wheatless Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. A good way to spend time and help save millions of lives.

Unusual as it may sound, Carl Brisson, debonair idol of New York's smarter night club set and star of Mutual's A Voice in the Night, says that most of his fan mail comes from men. With a believe-it-or-not smile, Carl says the men want to know how he keeps his trim figure and a practically stock question, "How old are you—really?" The stock question gets a stock answer from Carl—"How old do you think Rosalind Russell's father-in-law would be?"

Another old straw going down the drain! According to Ray Shaw, who specializes in sculpturing famous hands, long, slender fingers do not necessarily mean artistic ability. Miss Shaw has sculptured the hands of many famous musicians and she declares that almost without exception—short fingers!

Robert Merrill, latest love of the



Once a week...
White Clay Pack

2

When mask has set (about 8 minutes) wash off with clear cold water. Then see the radiant new glow in your skin—coaxed there by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Feel its satiny texture . . . ready to take fresh make-up with smooth flattery.

1 Ready, get set for a smoother, dewy-fresh skin—in spite of burning sun and dirt that clogs pore openings. Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax, as this quick-acting beauty mask stimulates tired skin—as it helps dislodge dry, aging top flakes, blackheads.



how to be a peach without a sunparched skin

guard against flaky skin . . . pore clogging with
Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment



Every day...
Homogenized Facial Cream

A pretty picture—you and your smoother complexion!

P. S. Here's another hot weather hint to help your skin feel fresh and cool. Squeeze out pad of cotton in ice water. Saturate with Hopper Astringent Skin Freshener. Pat upward over clean face and neck to remove excess oil and dirt.

Sold at leading cosmetic counters...
25¢, 60¢, \$1.00 sizes

3

Don't miss a day of protective care for your new-found beauty. Pat on Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream with upward, outward strokes (see diagram). Cleanses, lubricates, softens — leaves skin smooth for make-up. For dry skin: a thin film of Cream at bedtime helps to discourage tiny lines.



bobby soxers who manages to bowl over the serious-music minded older folks, too, got himself in solid with high school editors, recently. He was being interviewed by a flock of the kid editors, who went overboard for his informality and simplicity. But what really got them was his answer, when they asked him what his favorite subject had been when he was going to high school. Bob grinned and answered, "Lunch."

Maybe you think that writing for radio—or anything else for that matter—is just a job of sitting down and writing. Not at all. Depending on your subject, of course, sometimes it takes hours and days and even weeks of research before you can think of writing a word. Ask Mort Lewis, who scripts the Jonathan Trimble, Esq. show. His life is one long session after another in the Library research room, finding out facts like what make of automobile was leading the horseless carriage field in 1905, whether belles of the period wore rats in their hair, and just how much ankle showed below their bathing suits.

A while ago, however, Lewis got a break. He was just about to leave for the Library to find out about telephones in 1905, when a repairman arrived to check an out-of-order phone in his house. The man turned out to be a 40-year veteran of the telephone service and he was a gold-mine of information. He recalled from his personal experience that back in the good old days telephone service included weather reports and crop reports, and special telephone "broadcasts" of gramophone records.

Billie Burke takes great pride in the fact that she looks almost exactly like her late grandmother, Cecilia Flood Beatty. The pride comes from Billie Burke's admiration for her grandmother, who lived in New Orleans and, like Harriet Beecher Stowe, was a crusader against slavery. The proof that Billie looks like her grandmother is more than family legend. Billie has a beautiful portrait of Mrs. Beatty, which is one of her most cherished possessions.

Paul Whiteman is always improving things around the broadcasting studios. If he doesn't stop soon, his studio will be so cluttered with gadgets there won't



Milton Berle is the judge on CBS's new Court of Petty Grievances show.

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper. *Instantly*, safely puts a stop to all perspiration troubles. One application gives unflinching protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting* — non-gummy to bottom of jar. Always gentle to skin and fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective. So compare! *See how much faster* Odorono Cream Deodorant works, how much longer it affords protection.



ODO·RO·NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢
Plus Federal Tax

Contains Science's Most Effective Perspiration Stopper

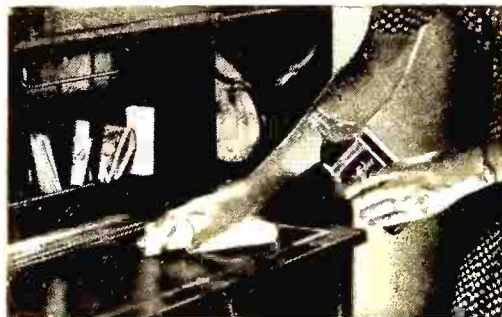
*Money back guarantee if any jar does not last longer than any other leading cream deodorant brand. Send jar to Odorono, Inc., Stamford, Conn. †Made in Northam Warren laboratories.

The Care and Feeding of Fine Furniture



1. Fine woods are like people— they need nourishment to keep them from cracking and drying out. Best diet is a daily dusting with a few drops of O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on your dust cloth. It's the famous polish with the *triple-action*. Cleans, polishes and *protects*—all at the same time.

2. Is your furniture streaked? Or gummed? Don't choke the poor thing with too much polish—or a heavy, sticky polish. Wash off old, caked streaks. Then switch to your mother's old favorite—O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish—for proper care. It leaves furniture with a clean, gleaming finish that's perfect!



3. Spot-and-scratch ailments. Try O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish on a dampened cloth. It's a wonder-worker for watermarks and minor scratches. (If the mar goes deep, use O-Cedar Touch-up Polish, according to directions on the bottle.) O-Cedar Polishes are used by more homemakers than any other brand.

4. Hint for ashes. Wide, flat ash-trays help a lot. Afterwards, "damp dust" with a cloth moistened with O-Cedar Polish. It wipes up dirt and ashes in jig-time, without scattering them into the cracks and crannies. Use it on your dust mop, too. Remember, it's O-Cedar—"the greatest help in housekeeping."



Genuine **O-Cedar**

ALL-PURPOSE POLISH

CLEANS - POLISHES - PROTECTS

IF YOU PREFER A CREAM POLISH—say O-Cedar, too. → Quick—easy—no rubbing—to make refrigerators, venetian blinds, woodwork and other surfaces gleam! O-Cedar Corp'n, Chicago, Illinois; Toronto, Canada.



O-CEDAR "THE GREATEST HELP IN HOUSEKEEPING"

Tom Howard is quizmaster of *Pays To Be Ignorant*; daughter Ruth writes it.



be room for the musicians. His latest invention, like all the rest of them, is designed to make for better broadcasting. It seems there are five members of the 10-man choir, who, willy-nilly have their backs to him, so Pops had a special music stand faced with mirrors built, so these five men can see him while he's directing.

It's time for a zany note and we can think of no one better suited to supply it than Ed (Fire Chief) Wynn. Wynn says he's just completed two inventions which he believes will go a long way toward making a lot of the little men in the street a good deal happier. One revolutionizes the sport of fishing. Wynn cuts a plug of chewing tobacco into small cubes, weights them and tosses them into the lake. The fish chew the chunks of tobacco and when they come up to spit, Wynn hits them on the head. The other invention is a new type Wall Street ticker—it automati-



NBC youngster Anne Francis has a seven-year motion picture contract.

cally switches from tape to rope, when the bottom falls out of the market.

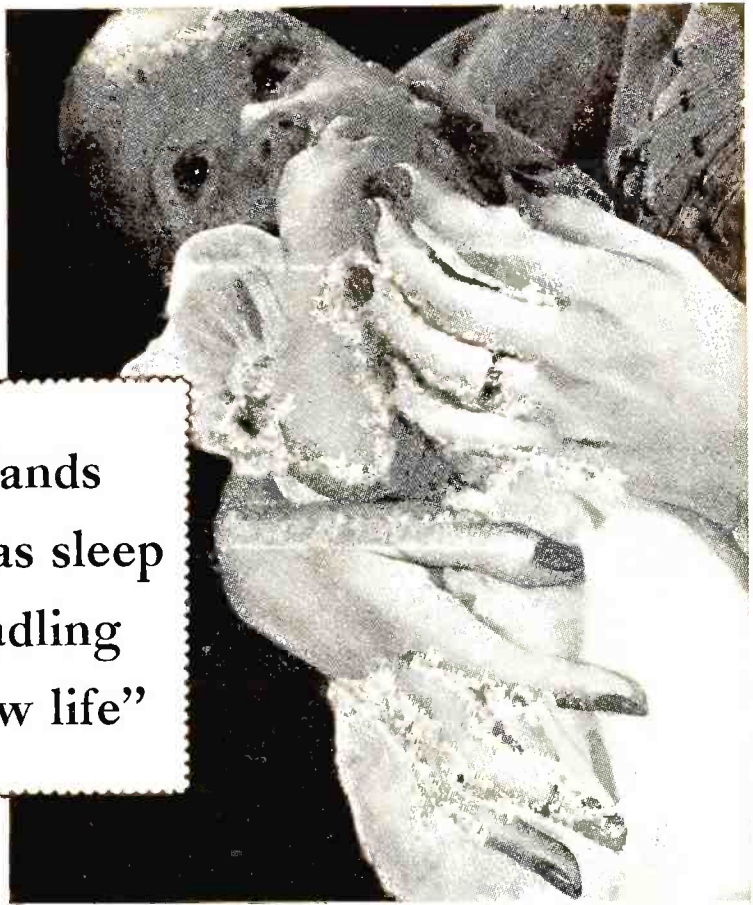
The art of being an undertaker is really a grave responsibility, according to Digby "Digger" O'Dell, the friendly undertaker on the Life of Riley show. Digger ought to know, because the Undertaker Association of America has elected him its honorary spokesman.

GOSSIP FROM HERE AND THERE
 . . . Chances are that Sammy Kaye will turn movie producer in a big way. He's got plans to turn out a Class A movie based on his So You Want to Lead a Band idea . . . Perry Como is scheduled to write a monthly column on radio and music for that new magazine Songs . . . Young Widder Brown has embarked on its tenth year on the air . . . Merrill Mueller, NBC commentator, has been elected vice-president of the Foreign Correspondents' Association in London . . . Believe it or not, movie and radio tough guy from Brooklyn, Leo Gorcey,



Alice Reinheart and Les Tremayne are MBS's detectives Abbott, Sundays.

spends his spare time writing poetry and painting . . . Such is fame! We hear rumors that a community in South Texas will incorporate a village named Claghorn and name one of its streets Allen's Alley . . . Radio departments of big advertising agencies are being shaved of a lot of staffers because of decline in business. Aspirin is the order of the day . . . Life of Riley may be coming out in a comic book magazine as a strip soon . . . Burl Ives, the bal-ladeer, is working on a new Walt Disney film called "How Dear to My Heart." This is something special in Disney pictures, incidentally, since it will be a live movie, with only 300 feet of cartoon film in it . . . Superman has zoomed to top place in Hooper rating for juvenile shows, since it started its campaign for tolerance. Radio would really be on its way up if more serials started to use their time for constructive idea-spreading, instead of mere entertainment which sometimes doesn't come off anyway. However, we know that's asking a lot . . . The Breakfast Club is in its 14th year, now, and promises to go on in popularity as long as there's radio . . . We're no enemy of progress, though—we'd like to see some of the newer shows last that long.



**"Hands
 soft as sleep
 —cradling
 new life"**

Do your dirtiest housework . . . and still have hands "soft as sleep"

Scrub and scour till your home is shining bright . . . but help keep your hands happy with rich-as-cream Pacquins Hand Cream! Shoos away redness, dryness. Makes hands feel comfy as a kitten on a cushion!



Doctors and Nurses use Pacquins

It was originally formulated for them because their hands take such a beating . . . in and out of water thirty to forty times a day! There was a crying need for an extra-rich cream that would turn the trick in a twinkle . . . leave hands softer, smoother, whiter. Pacquins does just that . . . so convenient to use too! No spilling . . . no waste. Pick up a jar of snowy Pacquins, today!



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Family Group One: Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bergen, new-addition Candice, and Charley, of course.



Two: Bill Bendix and Stephanie, 17 months, Lorraine, 17 years.



Four: Three young Linkletters—Art Jr., Dawn, Robert, with their daddy, of CBS's daily House Party program.



Three: Ed "Archie" Gardner with his small son and their best pal.

APPARENTLY, the squeeze is on in radio—and there's a good bit of concern about it in AFRA circles. (AFRA stands for the American Federation of Radio Artists.) Already it has been announced that several of the big star shows will not return to the air this fall. It seems that big advertisers have been cutting down their radio budgets, turning down big package shows (package shows are entire productions sold complete to the advertiser) and substituting more and more audience participation programs.

Now, maybe lots of listeners like these audience participation shows. There's something very gratifying, perhaps, about hearing someone else being shown up as a goof, or flopping on the \$32 question, or even making out well in the end. But consider it from the actor's point of view. Quiz shows and other audience participation shows require very little trained talent.

It used to be that there were only one or two

such shows a day and those mainly on the air during the evening. Actors were able to make a fairly respectable living, working on the daily script shows. A word about that, too. It seems that according to a survey made by AFRA, almost 85 percent of the membership earns less than \$2,000 a year, which is certainly no amount to get starry-eyed about, is it? Now, audience participation shows are being spotted all over the dial and all through the broadcasting hours, so that trained talent is used even less and that \$2,000 average is going lower.

It's something for anyone who is interested in and hopeful for the future of radio to keep in mind. If the situation gets much worse, writers (who are also not needed on such shows) and actors will drift away from radio and the industry, which during the war showed signs of really growing up and becoming a serious and mature artistic and educational and information medium, will deteriorate into something which is less in stature than vaudeville in its most feeble days.

The doctor makes his rounds

● Wherever he goes, he is welcome... his life is dedicated to serving others. Not all his calls are associated with illness. He is often friend and counselor. His satisfactions in life are reflected in the smiling faces of youngsters like this one below, and of countless others whom he has long attended.

Yes, the doctor represents an honored profession... his professional reputation and his record of service are his most cherished possessions.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

*According
to a recent
Nationwide
survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat (see right).

CAMELS

*Costlier
Tobaccos*

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects *your* throat.



Headed for Romance?



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

Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlights!

Gleaming hair smooth as satin and beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all the natural beauty of your hair, all its dazzling sheen . . . when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

"Your hair is truly your crowning glory," says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it lustrous-smooth . . . and wear it becomingly."

Here, Carole shows you these glamorous hair-dos you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do.

Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.



▲ SWEETEST MUSIC EVER when he tells you how lovely you look with this shining cap coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do," asks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?" First Drene your hair to bring out all its natural gleam . . . as much as 33 percent more

lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on each side into a single curl and pin under bottom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!

Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action



▲ HER DOG A CHAMPION, Carole beams happily and looks ever so beautiful with this stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair," she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Conditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

OPERATION CROSSROADS

THE most vital problem facing the American people today is the use of atomic energy. It is now a year since the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, where its fearful destruction was largely instrumental in bringing the war with Japan to a sudden close; but the question "What are we to do with the atomic bomb?" has not yet been answered. To inform its millions of listeners on this supremely important subject, CBS presented an hour-long broadcast under the title *Operation Crossroads*. The condensation of *Operation Crossroads* which follows, published by *Radio Mirror* for the benefit of readers who did not hear this enlightening broadcast, is in the form of question-and-answer dialogues between the various speakers. The questions were asked by ordinary citizens—farmer, college girl, machinist, and others. Although this article is too brief to cover all the material that went into *Operation Crossroads*, it does include many of the atomic-power problems with which thoughtful Americans are preoccupied.

QUESTION: Why don't we find a defense against the atomic bomb? I'll concede that one may be difficult to perfect, but our scientists did the impossible in inventing (Continued on page 67)

In our hands is the atom
bomb—the world's end
or a new beginning. What
can we—dare we—do
with this dangerous yet
wonderful knowledge?



BRIDE and GROOM

This program Arranges every Detail

ORGAN chimes caroled joyously through the room. From table to table, from person to person, an expectant silence fell. On the little flower-banked stage the bride-to-be was young and radiant; beside her the groom was young and shy.

But it was not a minister who faced these two—yet. Johnny Nelson, master-of-ceremonies on the Bride and Groom radio program, was having his say first.

“... and so you proposed to her

while you were dancing, Mr. Stoner. And what did you say, Betty?”

The bride-to-be laughed, and her hand tightened happily on young Mark Stoner's arm. “I thought he was just singing the words of the song they were playing and I told him I didn't like people to sing in my ear. And then I realized . . .”

In the audience a girl leaned forward, listening, her elbows propped on the table. She brushed the arm of the stranger sitting next to her.

“Sorry,” she whispered. Then Anne Best's attention went back to the stage and to the bride who was gaily recounting the mishaps and the misunderstandings that went into the dance floor proposal. Around Anne, the audience, too, kept their eyes entranced on the happy young couple in front of them; their expressions showing their own delight. *Why, it's just as Johnny Nelson said to us when we came in, Anne thought . . . we're not just a*

Anne and Peter, whose wedding is arranged by the Bride and Groom program in this story written especially for Radio Mirror, are typical of all the couples that M.C. Johnny Nelson leads before the Bride and Groom audience each weekday at 2:30 P.M. EDT, on ABC.

Peter pulled Anne gently toward him, and pinned the creamy gardenias to her dress. "They're like you, somehow," he said.



Virginia White, Bride and Groom's final word on accepting couples for the program, knew at once what to say about Anne and Peter.

of a Wedding—Sometimes even Happiness

radio audience—we're a wedding-reception party!

Only one face looked unhappy. Puzzled, Anne glanced again at the gloom overshadowing the features of the young man sharing her table, the stranger she had elbowed. Well, it was no business of hers what was troubling him—but what in the world was he doing in the audience of a radio broadcast dedicated to one of life's happiest moments? Anne shrugged her shoulders and dis-

missed him. It was nothing to her!

"... but tell me, Betty, was the only obstacle to your marriage the fact that Mark sang in your ear while you were dancing?" Johnny Nelson asked the bride. Out of the corner of his eyes he glanced at the clock. It was nearly time for the couple to leave for the chapel.

Mark Stoner groaned.

"There sure was another one! Betty was a hostess at the USO and even though we had known each

other as kids, I was just another guy in uniform there. She couldn't play favorites there and I had to wade my way through dozens of guys every night to get a dance and they were always asking her for dates and writing her notes and sending her flowers—"

Beside her, Anne could feel the dark stranger start and grow tense—an angry, smoldering tenseness. Without thinking—impulsively—Anne's hand (*Continued on page 54*)

The TIME Between

IT WAS a long time before I connected the change in Connie Myles with Quentin Jonas' homecoming. I should have known right away, worried as I was about Connie.

Quent Jonas was Rushville Center's orphan. Everybody in town still remembers the Jonas divorce—a sad case of a quarrel between two young people, each of whom was too proud to take a step toward making up. Both parents remarried later and Quent divided his time between the two houses—but it seems that a little boy with two homes is almost as badly off as a little boy with no home at all. The whole town felt sorry for him, and the whole town took him in. Shuffle—Shuffle Shober is my partner in the lumber business—let him hang around the lumber yard sometimes in the afternoons. The calls he paid about town, to homes and to places of business, were always spaced at gentlemanly intervals, and no one ever got tired of him. He was permitted liberties that were denied to other little boys—he could operate the soda taps at the drugstore, for instance; he could throw the switches at the power house under the watchful eye of the engineer. As for me—well, I've been



Ma Perkins knew
that Connie Myles was unhappy.

But how could you
help a girl who wouldn't tell
what was the matter?

Ma Perkins to all of Rushville Center for almost longer than I care to remember, and there were times, off and on through the years, when Quent was as much at home in my house as my own children.

I think now that perhaps we spoiled him a little, but he was too sound to be hurt much by kindness,

and there was something about him that made people want to be good to him—a wistfulness, as if he wanted a great many things from life, and didn't expect much of anything at all.

This spring, when Quent came home from the war, Shuffle brought him to the house before he was even

Connie stopped as she saw
Quent. I can't describe the way
they looked at each other.



Ma Perkins is played by Virginia Payne, Shuffle Shoher by Charles Egelston. Ma Perkins is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M. EDT, on C.B.S.; 3:15 on N.B.C.

out of uniform. My elder daughter, Evey, and her husband, Willy Fitz, and their son, Willy Junior, had come over for supper that evening, and the four of us were at the supper table. Connie Myles had gone to her room, and Fay, my widowed younger daughter, was upstairs, putting her three-year-old Paulette to bed. When Shuffle knocked, Willy Junior ran to answer; a second later we heard his shout from the hall. "Quent! Hey, Quent—you're a lieutenant!"

And Quent's laughing answer—"Not any more, Willy. I'm Mister

from now on." Then Shuffle's bald head appeared in the dining room doorway, and behind him, towering over him, Quent. He came straight over to me, lifted me half out of my chair. "Ma," he said, "you're still the prettiest girl in town."

I could only laugh and beam up at him, I was that happy. He looked wonderful. There was still a little-boy look about him, in the close-cropped fair hair, the laughing gray eyes, but the wistful look was gone. In its place was a firmness and a self-confidence that had been lacking when he went away. He chuckled

at my scrutiny. "Will I pass muster?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes. Only—I can't quite get used to you grown up."

He kissed Evey, shook hands with Willy. "Sit down, Quent," Willy urged. "Have some cake . . . coffee."

"I can't stay," said Quent. "I have to get on to Mother's. She's invited some people in—"

"Ma, is there anything you want from the—" Connie stood in the doorway, slim and lovely even with her shabby clothes. She stopped as she saw Quent, and his voice and hers died away simultaneously, a faltering (Continued on page 64)

The TIME Between

IT WAS a long time before I connected the change in Connie Myles with Quentin Jonas' homecoming. I should have known right away, worried as I was about Connie.

Quent Jonas was Rushville Center's orphan. Everybody in town still remembers the Jonas divorce—a sad case of a quarrel between two young people, each of whom was too proud to take a step toward making up. Both parents remarried later and Quent divided his time between the two houses—but it seems that a little boy with two homes is almost as badly off as a little boy with no home at all. The whole town felt sorry for him, and the whole town took him in. Shuffle—Shuffle Shober is my partner in the lumber business—let him hang around the lumber yard sometimes in the afternoons. The calls he paid about town, to homes and to places of business, were always spaced at gentlemanly intervals, and no one ever got tired of him. He was permitted liberties that were denied to other little boys—he could operate the soda taps at the drugstore, for instance, he could throw the switches at the power house under the watchful eye of the engineer. As for me—well, I've been

Ma Perkins knew
that Connie Myles was unhappy.
But how could you
help a girl who wouldn't tell
what was the matter?

Ma Perkins to all of Rushville Center for almost longer than I care to remember, and there were times, off and on through the years, when Quent was as much at home in my house as my own children.

I think now that perhaps we spoiled him a little, but he was too sound to be hurt much by kindness,

and there was something about him that made people want to be good to him—a wistfulness, as if he wanted a great many things from life, and didn't expect much of anything at all.

This spring, when Quent came home from the war, Shuffle brought him to the house before he was even

Connie stopped as she saw Quent. I can't describe the way they looked at each other.



Ma Perkins is played by Virginia Payne, Shuffle Shober by Charles Egelston. Ma Perkins is heard every Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M. EDT, on C.B.S.; 1:15 on N.B.C.

out of uniform. My elder daughter, Evey, and her husband, Willy Fitz, and their son, Willy Junior, had come over for supper that evening, and the four of us were at the supper table. Connie Myles had gone to her room, and Fay, my widowed younger daughter, was upstairs, putting her three-year-old Paulette to bed. When Shuffle knocked, Willy Junior ran to answer; a second later we heard his shout from the hall. "Quent! Hey, Quent—you're a lieutenant!"

And Quent's laughing answer—"Not any more, Willy. I'm Mister

from now on." Then Shuffle's bald head appeared in the dining room doorway, and behind him, towering over him, Quent. He came straight over to me, lifted me half out of my chair. "Ma," he said, "you're still the prettiest girl in town."

I could only laugh and beam up at him, I was that happy. He looked wonderful. There was still a little-boy look about him, in the close-cropped fair hair, the laughing gray eyes, but the wistful look was gone. In its place was a firmness and a self-confidence that had been lacking when he went away. He buckled

at my scrutiny. "Will I pass muster?"

I nodded. "Oh, yes. Only—I can't quite get used to you grown up."

He kissed Evey, shook hands with Willy. "Sit down, Quent," Willy urged. "Have some cake . . . coffee."

"I can't stay," said Quent. "I have to get on to Mother's. She's invited some people in—"

"Ma, is there anything you want from the—" Connie stood in the doorway, slim and lovely even with her shabby clothes. She stopped as she saw Quent, and his voice and hers died away simultaneously, a faltering (Continued on page 64)

TEN COMMANDMENTS

I SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE



Be not afraid to lean heavily on spiritual guidance for comfort in marriage. Whatever your religion, select some symbol of importance from your marriage ceremony and lock it deep within your heart. It will be a reservoir of faith and strength. The Minister explains: "Gathered together here in the sight of God." The Rabbi says it thus: "In the presence of God, the Guardian of the Home." The Priest declares: "Husband and wife are united in Christ."

II PERSONAL ATTRACTION



Better a marriage based on a strong personal attraction than a marriage for a hundred other reasons. But a strong personal attraction without love is like no marriage at all. Real love is the greatest gift you have to give. Give it freely. For it is as a cloak of solace around you and your mate. Real love protects from the hail of misfortune, the rain of doubt, the snows of time. Cherish it; you will always be cherished.

III AGE



Who is to rightly answer the question: "At what age is it wise to marry?" Yourself, of course. Age is a gay deceiver. Some look old who are young in heart. Others look young who are old in spirit. All things being equal, twenty-three to

twenty-six is a good age for a man to marry ... twenty to twenty-three for a woman. Pity the man, still vigorous and youthful, who suddenly finds his wife too old. Pity the woman with a husband whose years are far in excess of her own. To avoid one of the deep pitfalls of marriage, keep your ages near together. In so doing, be assured of still another common joy...growing old together.

IV PHYSICAL FITNESS



Value well your health. Good health is the very essence of marital happiness. Health once lost, may be lost forever. See to it that you do everything in your power to stay physically fit. Eat wisely. Exercise moderately. Avoid chronic tiredness. Seek rest through sleep. Above all — don't worry. Blame only yourself if poor health is due to your carelessness. Stay well and you will stay happy.

V LIKES AND DISLIKES



T rue marriage is give and take. Give more than you take, and you will receive more than you give. Your success depends on adjustment to each other's likes and dislikes. There must be adjustments to the details of your beliefs. Adjustments to each other's physical habits...to each other's relatives and friends...to freedom or lack of freedom...to responsibilities. Do not try to remake your mate. Support, instead, those qualities which are finest and best. Above all, work on improving your own inadequacies and shortcomings. Meet each other more than half way.

of Wedded Bliss

VI COMPROMISE



The Golden Rule is the life blood of a happy marriage.

When you treat your mate as you yourself would like to be treated—that is the surest commandment I know for wedded bliss. Your greatest challenge is not in never having a problem, but in sensibly reconciling each problem that arises. Remember this: You have your faults and your virtues. Take advantage of the best in both of you. Above all, put your trust in your love. For love is strong, love is forgiving. Love will endure a hundred quarrels.

VII MONEY



Love of money," says the Bible, "is the root of all evil." It is also the root of much marital unhappiness. Set up a family budget and live within it. Feed and clothe yourself and your family decently within your means. Save for a rainy day. A new car and a summer vacation are nice, but shun debt for them as you would shun a thief. 'Tis better to pay your bills and owe no man, than to have money in the bank and owe it to another. Remember—he who is in debt puts a mortgage on his happiness. Live and plan for the essentials of life. Luxuries will come with your economic growth.

VIII CHILDREN



You know not love if you have not a child. As marriage is the goal of every normal individual, so is motherhood the goal of every normal woman. A marriage without children is like a treasure chest without gold. For it has been truly said, "'tis better to be poor and have children, than to be rich and have none." To you who have no

children but want them, I say this: Despair not! If you earnestly desire children, you can have them. Where medical science may fail, love and charity will win. Adopt a child! And the pleasures of parenthood will be yours to have and to hold.

IX PARENT FIXATION



The emotions of immaturity have no place in the life of an adult. By permitting a mother-father fixation to stand in the way of complete love for your marriage partner, you show immaturity. The years after birth wean you emotionally from the parents who cared for you as a babe in arms. Were that not so, you would remain spiritually a child forever. Compare not your mate with your mother or father. Else you exaggerate in your mind all the good points of your parents and belittle your mate's. No magic formula can solve a mother-father fixation. You must help yourself. For unless you can place your marriage and your mate above all else in the world, you are failing yourself, and society.



X FAMILY

The family is the foundation of the social life of every nation. Only through stability of the family unit can society as a whole progress. Creating a good family is one of the most difficult, yet most rewarding tasks you will be called upon to accomplish. The way is made easier if you strive to carry on the noblest traditions in your own family.

But always be selective. Accept the finest in your heritage from the past. Build on it for the future. Reject all else. Your family is poor indeed if it leaves the world no richer than it found it. Raise your family well, and your sons and grandsons will inherit a treasure.



Young



ANN MALONE is a woman of independence and spirit. She has always had a mature, calmly reasoning approach to the problems that have come up during the years of her marriage to Jerry. They are deeply in love; their marriage has been, on the whole, a very happy one, but now Jerry's work is taking so much of his attention that Ann feels almost unconsciously resentful. (played by Barbara Weeks)

JERRY MALONE is a physician, qualified for his work by more than technical skill. A deep human sympathy guides his handling of patients, and has aided him to win the confidence of everyone in the summer colony of Three Oaks in spite of the confusion resulting from a political conspiracy against him that at first almost succeeded in discrediting him in the town. (played by Charles Irving)

CBS's popular daytime story about a marriage whose strength was tested by adversity

Doctor Malone





MRS. MORRISON, the kindly middle-aged neighbor of Dr. Jerry and Ann, is interested in everything that concerns the Malones, particularly in their lively young daughter JILL. Ready at any time to exercise her neighborly privilege of exchanging gossip or whatever else may be wanted, Mrs. Morrison is also fond of baking pies for her young friends, offering selections of homely wit, and generally lending a friendly helping hand whenever she can be useful.
(played by Ethel Wilson)



ROGER DINEEN was the political master of the town of Three Oaks for long enough to build up his fortune by methods that did not stop short of murder. Altogether corrupt, he mismanaged his private life in like manner. His wife, her mind poisoned by hatred of him, died in an insane asylum; his daughter Phyllis, torn between hatred and love for the man who was, after all, her father, was saved from emotional dilemma by the Malones. Roger's last scheme ended in fiasco, and he was forced out of town and power.
(played by Barry Thompson)



PHYLLIS DINEEN and CARL WARD are two people who have almost literally had their lives remade by the Malones. Phyllis, the daughter of the swindling politician Roger Dineen, could not make up her mind to leave the father she hated until Dr. Jerry made her realize that she was wasting her life and involving herself in an emotional conflict that might lead to serious consequences. Strengthened by his analysis and by Ann's friendship, Phyllis went to live with Mrs. Morrison. There she met Carl, a veteran who was crippled by the loss of a leg. Because the accident was a freak, caused by the overturning of a jeep he was in, Carl became bitter and withdrawn, compelled by a rigid code of honesty to refuse the role of hero. But Jerry, understanding the young man's bitterness, helped him to re-establish his confidence by getting him a job on the town's crusading newspaper. Now that Phyllis has admitted she loves Carl, life promises to proceed on a much stronger, healthier foundation for these two people who have so barely skirted tragedy.

(played by Joan Banks and Larry Haines)





MRS. HALE, a neurotic, self-indulgent woman, descends upon Three Oaks in the summertime and makes a nuisance of herself in every possible way. Completely thoughtless and selfish, she spends her time bedecking herself and attempting to annex all the unattached males who come into view. She has wasted much of Jerry's professional time by calling him to attend her one child. When Jerry ruthlessly told her that the fault lay not with the child but with herself, she determined to make him change his mind about her.
(played by Ethel Everett)



MALCOLM JOHNSTON is precisely the kind of youthful, unattached man who quickly catches the eye of Mrs. Hale. Socially adept, an excellent sportsman, Johnston was at one time engaged to Phyllis Dineen, whom he jilted for a supposedly richer woman. Now, in an effort to reawaken Phyllis's interest, he is exploiting the admiration Ann Malone feels for him. Oblivious of the fact that Johnston is a thorough bounder, Ann does not realize that this plausible man's only aim is Phyllis's father's money.
(played by Les Damon)



Ann and Jerry Malone are not novices at the problems of marriage. In the years since they first fell in love with one another, they have managed between them to weather many difficulties that might have proved fatal to a marriage founded less solidly on mutual regard and understanding. But the problem they are facing now is one that cannot be easily disposed of, partly because it cannot be too easily perceived. Since Dr. Jerry has been in Three Oaks, his work has taken so much of his vital energy and time that Ann has begun to feel neglected. The feeling is almost subconscious, but it makes her all too susceptible to the attentions of Malcolm Johnston. The home that the Malones have created around their adored little Jill is in danger, unless Jerry very soon recognizes Ann's budding resentment and takes steps against it.

Listen to Young Dr. Malone daily at 1:45 P.M. EDT, on the CBS network



BY TED MALONE

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

HEAVY SCHEDULE

Radio Mirror's Poem of the Month

Be warned, my erstwhile darlings who have been
Not always gentle, almost never true:
In the best traditional manner, when I die,
I'm coming back to settle scores with you.

I'll drift around to flicker through your days;
To twist your dreams; make pungent memory
Rise like an incense to becloud your minds.
Oh, you shall never know the lost of me!

And what a weary spirit I shall grow
While playing hob with you! How worn and gaunt!
For boys, in checking up I'm quite amazed
To find how many of you I must haunt!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frames;
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—Robert Burns



FRAGMENT

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Between



SO DO NOT SPEAK!

Is there no way you may communicate
With me, who love you, but by spoken
word?

When feeling is, by speaking, thus deferred,
Emotion slackens, and a towering gate
Bares flood tides of desire, until, too late
The force dammed up is quiet. So, un-
stirred

I listen to your platitude of word.
So do not speak! For I shall gladly wait
Until your thought, swift-mounting like
a song

Of joyous birds that carol to the sky
Shall flood with such communion all day long
My waiting heart, that then in truth will I
Fling all my being open to the strong
And wild surrender of love's wordless cry.

—Beatrice Billing



BLUEPRINT FOR CATTISH BEHAVIOR

Cats should receive an ovation
For perfecting the art of relaxation.

Persons who suffer from nerves
And conflicting verbes
Would do well to contemplate the cat:
There is no doubt that
The creature has great success
In his attempts to outguess
The bird on the ground—
Feathers strewn around
Mutely attest
The bird has been outguessed—
But if the bird rise in flight
The cat is right
In his instant realization
That immediate cessation
From effort is all that will save him from
seeming absurd.
Doubtless another bird
Will appear by-and-by
Who will be slower to remember he can fly.
In the meantime the cat takes his repose,
Languidly, luxuriously, knowing what he
knows.

Tense, over-ambitious persons should vie
in their emulation
Of cats achieving complete relaxation.

—B. Y. Williams

The Bookends



THE CHARM

How beautiful the cloak she wore
Against the prying eyes,
Of those who daily passed her door,
The curious and wise

Who came in eagerness to break
The silence that she kept,
To share what was not theirs to take.
Yet while she laughed or wept

For what had been and what was dead
Or not to be denied,
She gravely wore with lifted head
The mantle of her pride.

Some pitied her, and strangely knew
A hot and furtive shame
At all the murky tales that grew
With mention of her name.

Yet others shrugged away pretense
And envied her the charm,
The mantle of her reticence
That wrapped her safe from harm.
—Sydney King Russell

KITE WISDOM

When to let
The wind ride high,
And sweep the cobwebs
From the sky,
When to stop
And when to start
Is kite wisdom
Of the heart,
When to be
Content to hold
Certain clouds
As certain gold,
Keeping it
A scarlet star,
Not too near
And not too far,
Is something
Only boys of eight,
Speak of slightly,
Hesitate,
Shrug a shoulder,
Stroll, a king
And tie a dream
Upon a string.

—Gladys McKee

UBIQUITOUS

Cocktail party, luncheon, tea,
My dear, it's beyond belief how she
Burns the candle at both ends
With her galaxy of friends.
How on earth does she maintain
Such a giddy pace! It must be a strain!
She simply never stays home. I know.
I see her every place I go!

—May Richstone



THE TOY HORSE

It took so long to grow the wood,
Skilled craftsmen cut and dyed it
Into a horse for my small boy
And how he loved to ride it.
I never could quite understand
It took so long to make it.
That such a tiny boy as he
Took just one day to break it.

—Carrie Cramer

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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.



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I'm coming back to smile across with you.

I'll drift around to flicker through your days,
To take your dreams, make pungent memory
Rise like an incense to bedeck your minds.
Oh, you shall never know the lost of me!

And what a weary spirit I shall grow
While playing hob with you! How warm and good
For keys, in checking up I'm quite amused
To find how many of you I must know!

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MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Involved with our frantic
More pointed still, we make ourselves
Rector, remorse and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
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My dear, it's beyond halloo how she
Burns the candle at both ends
With her glory of friends.

How on earth does she maintain
Such a giddy pool it must be a strail
She simply savat away home. I know,
I see, her avary place I got!

—Mny Nicholson



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Skillful craftsman cut and dyed it
Into a horse for my small boy
And how he loved to ride it.
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The wind rides high,
And sweep the cobwebs
From the sky,
When to stop
And when to start
Is kite wisdom
Of the hour,
When to be
Content to hold
Certain clouds
As certain gold,
Keeping y
A scotch star,
Not too near
And not too far,
Is something
Only boys of eight,
Speak of slightly,
Mistake,
Shrug a shoulder,
Shrill, o king
And tie a dream
Upon a string.

—Glody's McKee

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Sally's the newest.

ANYONE can get married!

by Mrs. BILL GOODWIN

ANYONE can get married. The trick is to stay that way.

So, since this is to be an account of my marriage to Bill Goodwin and what makes it tick, I'll skip over the preliminaries—our meeting on the beach at the Santa Monica beach club, our courting through a hundred or so evenings of dancing to Benny Goodman's wonderful music at the Palomar, our marriage on March 9, 1938, in the brand new, paint-smelling Presbyterian church in Yuma, Nevada—and get on to the important part, the part which begins when the honeymoon ends.

So long, I am convinced, as all the love stories in the magazines end with wedding bells, rather than begin there, so long as American girls continue to believe a mass of complete nonsense about what makes a good husband and what makes a marriage work, just so long will the divorce statistics continue to climb.

There are lots of reasons, of course, why Bill and I have avoided the shoals which wreck so many modern marriages, and which are particularly sinister, apparently, in the muddy waters around Hollywood. We have fun together, we have friends and interests in common. Most importantly, we have our children.

But one good reason why we have not back-tracked over the road to Nevada to have the preacher's work undone is that both of us are realists. We didn't expect too much from marriage, or from one another.

The "perfect idyll" marriages exist only in fiction. Marriage, in a real life situation, must be—as any relationship between contrary and inconsistent human

beings must be—a matter of good days and bad, sunshine and storm, high-ups and low low-downs.

Any girl who seeks in her marriage only the good days, only the sunshine, only the high-ups is destined to marry and unmarry and marry again unto infinity, or at least unto that happy day when she wakes up to the truth—that there are no "perfect" marriages; there are no "perfect" husbands.

I don't know who thought up the "perfect husband," the paragon of a million contradictory virtues—the man who is *always* sweet and tender, thoughtful and considerate (yet withal, tough enough in a hard business world to turn a handy dollar); the fellow who places his wife on a pedestal—she's better than he is, just because she's a woman—yet who, when the occasion demands, is a girl's best pal. As I say, I don't know who dreamed up this fellow, but whoever did should be exposed as a fraud. For there "ain't no sich" fellow—the Perfect Husband is a Big Lie. (So, Bill and a million men would tell you, is the Perfect Wife.)

The story of our marriage, Bill's and mine, will be a great disappointment to the hordes of people who have been deceived by the Big Lie. They will look in vain in any honest account of it for the tender anecdotes, the sentimental whimsies of which they have grown so dangerously enamored.

Bill doesn't fit the myth-man—he breaks all the rules.

For instance, he is very spotty about remembering my birthday. He did get around to buying me an anniversary

It's a mistake to think that the best love stories end with wedding music and orange blossoms. It's not till afterwards that the story really begins . . .



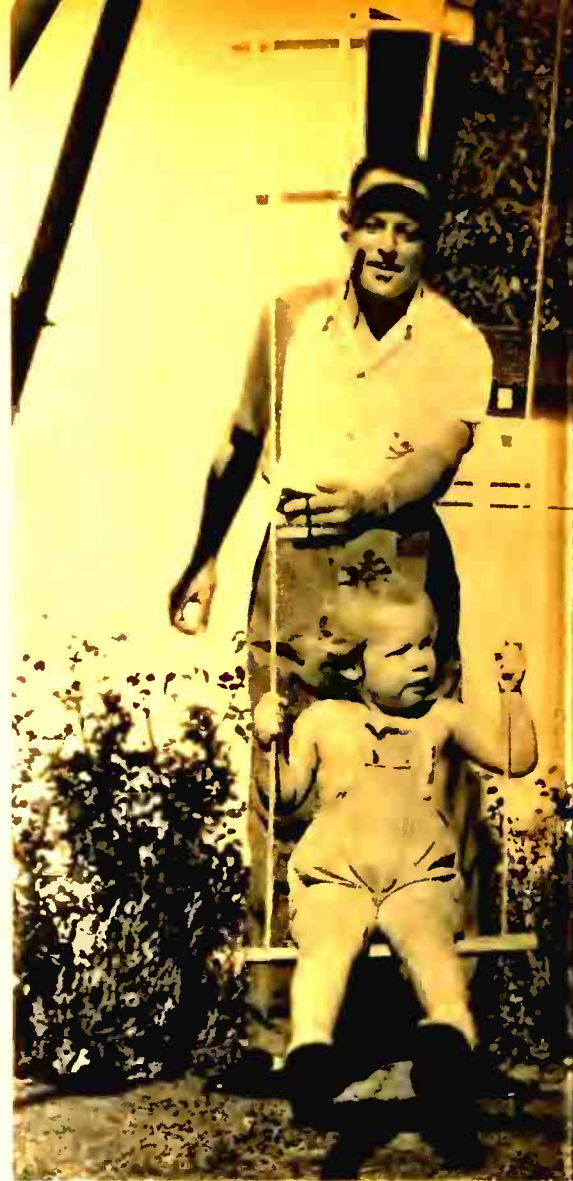
present last year—but three months after the date. He has broken the most venerated rule of all—when our fourth baby was being born he did *not* pace the hospital corridor. He went to a movie. To make it worse, it was a movie in which *he* appeared and he had seen it before.

I had lumbered out of bed that morning pretty sure that this day would be *it*. After going through all the true and false symptoms three times, you just know. Anyway, before Bill left the house in the morning I was having “false” labor pains—the kind that are everything the doctor has told you to watch out for except for one thing, they do not recur at regular intervals.

I told Bill to check in with me from time to time. “I think we’ll probably have to make a rush trip to the hospital,” I said.

“Okay, baby,” he said, kissing me goodbye. “Papa will keep in touch.”

That was at ten in the morning. By five in the evening, Bill hadn’t called. It was not a broadcast day, and he had had no studio call, so I had no idea where to look for him. By six, the false pains had turned truthful—and I found it much more



The big lawn is covered with play-apparatus



The Burns and Allen program means it’s a big night—Dad’s on!

comfortable to pace up and down in the living room than to sit patiently and read a book. Still no call.

I telephoned the doctor. “Better get down to the hospital,” he said, after listening to my symptoms.

“But I can’t find Bill,” I confessed. I was almost in tears.

“Take a cab,” Dr. Rooney ordered.

The cab was on its way when Bill finally called.

“Where are you?” I demanded.

“Why, honey,” he said, “I’m at the Players having dinner with Betty and Mitch.” (Betty Hutton was the star and Mitch Leisen the director of “Incendiary Blonde,” in which Bill had just finished working.)

I told him that he was going to be a father any minute. I had called the doctor, I explained. I added bitterly that I had called a cab.



or Lynn, almost three, Bill Jr., almost four, and Jill, almost seven.



The Goodwins like their fun musical.

"Good," he replied, to my horror.

"I know you won't mind," he added, "if I run over to the studio with the gang to take a look at the new cut of the picture."

My silence was meant for anything but consent, but Bill apparently took it for such.

"Don't have the baby until I get there," he said, and hung up.

One of these times was when Lynn was a tiny baby. I was terribly tired and Jill and Bill had been little monsters—or so it seemed to me in my distraught and driven state—for several days. Part of their trouble, of course, was that a new baby had come along to compete with them for their mommie's attention. With Mommie saddled with the housework and cooking in addition to the care of the little sister,

they were additionally neglected. I had no time to be bothered with their questions, their suddenly multiplied bumps and bruises. So they, very understandably, took to being "bad"—which any child psychologist will tell you is just another way of getting mother's interest.

Bill, seeing what was happening, realized that both the children and I were right. With no reprimands in either direction he took over. He whisked Jill and Bill away to the beach and lavished attentions on them. He took them swimming in the ocean and let them have all the indigestible things they wanted for lunch. He helped them build a fabulous castle in the sand. He brought them home tired and satisfied at sundown and gave them a light supper (*Continued on page 62*)



Bill's very good at this.

present last year—but three months after the date. He has broken the most venerated rule of all—when our fourth baby was being born he did not pace the hospital corridor. He went to a movie. To make it worse, it was a movie in which he appeared and he had seen it before.

I had lumbered out of bed that morning pretty sure that this day would be it. After going through all the true and false symptoms three times, you just know. Anyway, before Bill left the house in the morning I was having "false" labor pains—the kind that are everything the doctor has told you to watch out for except for one thing, they do not recur at regular intervals.

I told Bill to check in with me from time to time. "I think we'll probably have to make a rush trip to the hospital," I said.

"Okay, baby," he said, kissing me goodbye. "Papa will keep in touch."

That was at ten in the morning. By five in the evening, Bill hadn't called. It was not a broadcast day, and he had had no studio call, so I had no idea where to look for him. By six, the false pains had turned truthful—and I found it much more



The big lawn is covered with play-apparatus



for Lynn, almost three, Bill Jr., almost four, and Jill, almost seven.



The Goodwins like their fun, musical



The Hurts and Allen program means it's a bit night—Dad's on!

comfortable to pace up and down in the living room than to sit patiently and read a book. Still no call.

I telephoned the doctor. "Better get down to the hospital," he said, after listening to my symptoms.

"But I can't find Bill," I confessed. I was almost in tears.

"Take a cab," Dr. Rooney ordered. The cab was on its way when Bill finally called.

"Where are you?" I demanded. "Why, honey," he said, "I'm at the Players having dinner with Betty and Mitch." (Betty Hutton was the star and Mitch Leisen the director of "Incendiary Blonde," in which Bill had just finished working.)

I told him that he was going to be a father any minute. I had called the doctor. I explained. I added bitterly that I had called a cab.

"Good," he replied, to my horror. "I know you won't mind," he added, "if I run over to the studio with the gang to take a look at the new cut of the picture."

My silence was meant for anything but consent, but Bill apparently took it for such.

"Don't have the baby until I get there," he said, and hung up.

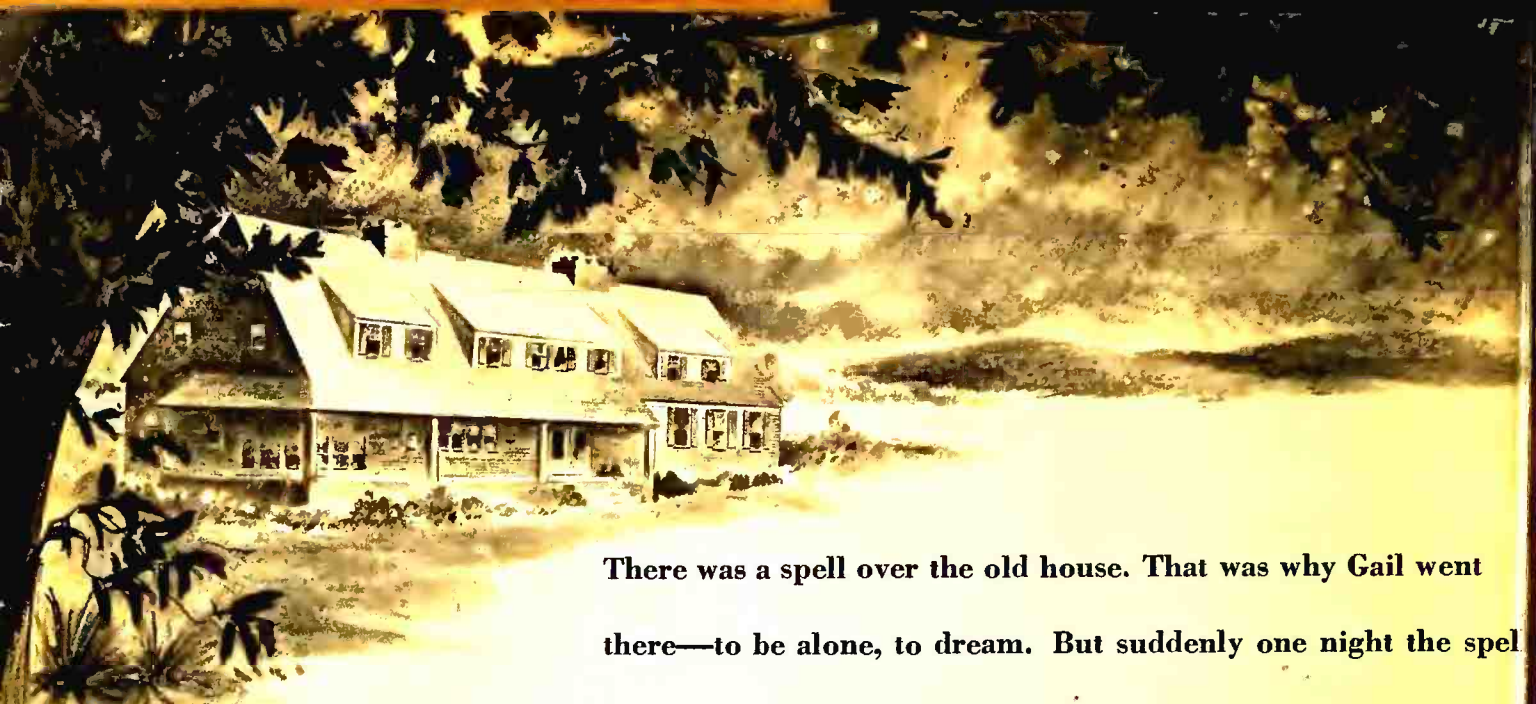
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Bill, very good at this



There was a spell over the old house. That was why Gail went there—to be alone, to dream. But suddenly one night the spel

House of Dreams

A "MY TRUE STORY"

Adapted from a script written for My True Story, which is heard every Monday through Friday morning at 10 ET, 9 CT, 11:30 MT, 10:30 PT, on ABC.

THE old house creaked a little, settling itself for the night, as I unlatched the door.

Little squeaks way overhead. . . . I'll have to set mousetraps in the attic tomorrow, I reminded myself absent-mindedly. And then stopped short. I wouldn't be here tomorrow.

Not if Anna had her way, and she would. After Dad's funeral yesterday, my older sister would have the say-so in our family. I could still hear her as she had talked this afternoon.

"You're just a crazy kid, Gail. No one in their right senses would want to stay on here in this cottage, looking after that big, old, deserted Sissely house. What's in it for you? I could understand Dad not wanting to leave after he had been caretaker here so many years, but you're young."

"I like it here, Anna. I can't explain it, but I belong here. It's right for me to stay here," I had pleaded.

She brushed this aside. "Oh, for goodness sake! There you go again—it's 'right' for you. You always were such a funny, moody kid and you haven't changed a bit in two years. Honey, after tomorrow a lot of things are going to be changed. You're going to New York with me and share my apartment and learn to live and work and have boy-friends, like other girls."

From a practical standpoint she was right. What other girl would be doing what I was doing now—running for comfort to the empti-

It was wonderful, sharing this magic spectacle with someone like Don

and the dream were shattered

ness of the old Sissely house, boarded-up and abandoned? What other girl of eighteen, normal and healthy, would let a thing of wood and bricks and plaster fill the place in her heart that should have been Van Johnson and jive music and Saturday night dates?

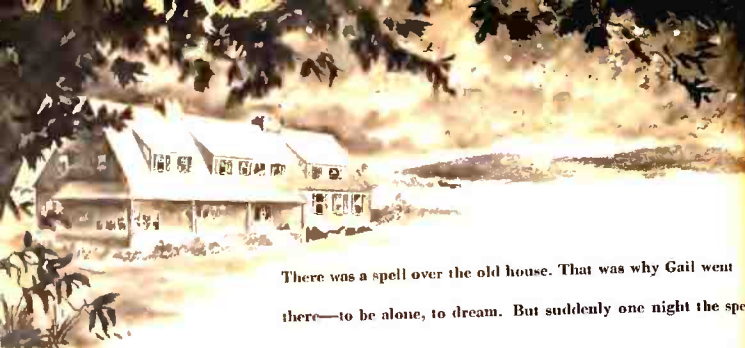
I was crazy about that house. Silly—I suppose—to give so much of my deepest feelings to a tall, ungainly-comfortable house—but I couldn't help it. It had been that way all my life.

Daytimes it was always where I could see it when I worked. If I took a book to read or a dress to mend, it was never to our own cottage porch but to my favorite spot on the big verandah where I could see the sweeping terraces and the wide, shining Hudson River below.

It made my throat ache with its wild, unkempt loveliness. Always, in my mind, this verandah, the terraces, even the river below, were mine.

Late afternoons or evenings I used to let myself in with Dad's keys—and then it was like coming home. There was such a tenderness in me for every piece of faded chintz, for every sheen of polished wood, for every square of leaded pane. I could walk blindfold through the rooms and never bump a chair. Sometimes I would light a little fire in the hall fireplace and sit there, gazing at the quaint dog andirons, curled up comfortably on the faded needle-point footstool. (Continued on page 79)





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It was wonderful, sharing this magic spectacle with someone like Don.

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Adapted from a script written for *My Four Sons*, which first aired on Monday nights, 8 Friday evenings at 10:30, 9 P.M., 11:30 M.P., 10:30 P.M. on ABC.

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"Pretty, Mommy, pretty," Judy Ann exclaimed, fascinated by the bright shoulder-bag Mary wore.



Oh, What it Seemed to Be!

By Joan Edwards

STANDING in the wings of the theater where we broadcast the Hit Parade, I could hear Kenny Delmar's voice over the little speaker on the backstage wall. Kenny makes most of his announcements with the music playing. If the little speaker weren't there, I'd never be able to hear my cue to go on stage. The band blared its fanfare.

"Number One," the voice said. "The tune you put in top place."

I began to be nervous. As soon as I began to sing I knew I'd be all right. But as long as I've been doing the Hit Parade show, that *number one* still gives me a thrill. You can feel the audience waiting, trying, in the split second before Kenny announces the name, to outguess him. It's like an opening night on Broadway, that feeling.

"... from coast to coast... *Oh, What It Seemed To Be*... Joan Edwards!"

Kenny's voice stopped and the orchestra slid into the rhythm of the tune. I walked from the wings out onto the stage. The blazing white eye of the spotlight fixed me in its glare and carried me over to the microphone.

For the first few moments out there, it's no use trying to look at the audience. I bow, but the lights are so blinding that it's like looking into the mouth of some mammoth cave, with a rushing thunder of applause coming out of the blackness.

Mark Warnow turned to me, nodded and smiled. I heard the downbeat from

the orchestra, my cue to begin to sing.

*It was just a neighborhood dance,
that's all that it was . . . but oh,
what it seemed to be!*

*It was like a masquerade ball, with
costumes and all, 'cause you were
at the dance with me.*

A chorus of muted trumpets and trombones picked up the melody.

*It was just a ride on a train, that's all
that it was, but oh, what it seemed
to be.*

*It was like a trip to the stars, to Venus
and Mars . . . 'cause you were on
the train with me.*

The violins sang soft and sweet.

*And when I kissed you, darling . . . It
was more than just a thrill for me.*

*It was the promise, darling . . . of the
things that fate had willed for me.*

The whole band came in full-throated and strong.

*It was just a wedding in June . . .
that's all that it was . . . but oh, what
it seemed to be!*

*It was like a royal affair . . . with
everyone there . . . 'cause you said,
"Yes, I do," to me.*

There was a flutter of applause which stopped short as the orchestra swung into a chorus in dance tempo. I smiled and looked out over the audience. The blackness had lifted now. The auditorium was full of faces, warm friendly faces looking

Joan Edwards, singing star of the Hit Parade, (Saturdays at 9 P.M. EDT) tells the love story of a girl who came to one of her broadcasts—and had her whole life changed.

Joan Edwards, with a Song, brings two Sweethearts together

"Pretty, Monna, pretty," Judge Ann exclaimed, fascinated by the bright shoulder-bag Mary wore.

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up at the stage. A bunch of colored flowers on a hat caught my eye, and almost unconsciously I hoped that the new white dress with huge splashes of flowers in the full skirt looked as well on me now as I'd thought when I tried it in the store.

And then I saw Mary. I didn't know her name, then, and certainly never suspected that I'd soon be playing a part in her life. She was just one of a sea of unknown faces, most of them smiling. But that's what attracted my attention. Mary wasn't smiling. She was making no attempt to conceal the tears rolling unchecked down her cheeks. She was a lovely looking girl—tears seemed foreign to her face.

WHEN the broadcast was over, we all stayed on stage for a few minutes, talking and joking and making hurried arrangements for supper. There is a repeat broadcast for the west coast at midnight, so we usually go somewhere near the theater for a bite to eat between shows.

Julius, my husband, was putting his violin carefully in its case, complaining bitterly about having to wear a tuxedo in the middle of August. Kenny wandered over and the two men joined forces in singing their "straitjacket blues." All the time we were talking, I couldn't get that girl's face out of my mind.

We went up to our dressing rooms to change. I slipped into a light print street dress and went down to the stage door where I could get a breath of air while I waited for Julius. I don't know who ever started that wild myth about husbands always waiting for their wives. In my case, at least, it certainly isn't true.

As I came down the stairs I was surprised to find the girl I'd seen in the audience waiting quietly by the door. The page boy hurried over.

"There's a young lady wants to see you, Miss Edwards," he said. "Says you wouldn't know her, but could she talk to you for a minute."

I looked over his shoulder at the shy figure, and smiled. "Sure, Joey . . . that's all right." He walked back to his post by the door.

"I'm sorry to impose on you, Miss Edwards," she began. "but I don't know anybody to talk to, and I'm all alone . . . and—well, you sang our song. . . ."

"That's all right, I understand." I didn't really, but she looked so small and unhappy standing there, I wanted desperately to help her.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked. She'd been trying to smile, but now the tears won out and she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief. "Oh, Miss Edwards, I don't know what to do! It was just like that song you sang . . . every word. Every word except the part about the wedding in June."

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It was strange. She was so shy, almost timid,

but because I had sung what she called "their song" she felt easy and comfortable with me.

"I'll tell you what let's do, then," I said. "I'm going to take my little girl, Judy Ann, walking in Central Park tomorrow morning. You come along and help me look after her. Believe me, I can use all the help I can get with that youngster!"

She brightened and even managed a real smile. "Oh, that would be wonderful!" She made it sound as if I'd offered her a dozen pair of nylons.

We promised to meet near a certain small playground in the park at eleven, and as she turned to go, I called after her. "By the way . . . you forgot to tell me your name."

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry . . . it's Mary Thorne. And I'll never, never be able to tell you how grateful I am." I suddenly felt all warm inside, and it had nothing to do with the August weather.

The next morning was so hot that as I looked down on Central Park from our living room window it seemed that a quiver of heat was all that stirred the faded summer leaves of the trees. The heat wasn't bothering Judy. She refused to stand still while I dressed her . . . she bubbled with excitement. "Will we see the bears, Mommy? Will I go on the swing? Can I feed the birdies?" The questions tumbled out with no stopping for breath or waiting for an answer.

At last she was dressed; her clothes and hair were straightened for the hundredth time, and we were on our way to the park. Judy had a long argument with the elevator boy. She couldn't understand why he wouldn't come along. He satisfied her finally by saying that he had his elevator to play with and promised Judy that next rainy day she could be his assistant.

She held tight to my hand as we crossed Fifty-ninth Street, but as we entered the park, Judy ran on ahead. I saw Mary standing by the wire fence which surrounds the playground, looking fresh and cool in a simply tailored yellow sport dress that reflected on her clear skin like a field of buttercups in the sun. Judy saw her, too, but it was a large red purse Mary wore on a strap over her shoulder which caught Judy's eye.

"**O**H, pretty, Mommy, pretty!" she exclaimed and reached over to gingerly touch the shiny leather.

Mary was pleased and slipped the bag from her shoulder for Judy to hold. While Mary and I found a bench in the shade, Judy strutted and posed with her new-found glamor.

Mary sat silent for a few minutes, then turned to me and said, "You must think I'm awfully silly to tell all my troubles to a total stranger."

I told her I'd like to be her friend.

She went on, "But when you sang that song, it was as if you were telling the whole story of my life. I couldn't help feeling somehow that you'd understand. You know—all the words seem to fit . . . it was just a neighborhood dance . . . that's all that it was. I didn't have a new dress . . . all the regular crowd would (Continued on page 74)



The purse that Mary sent to Judy Ann was a tiny replica of the one she had worn in the Park, the one Judy Ann had admired so lavishly. And with the gift there came something more important—a letter.

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Greta comes

IT WAS as nice, as peaceful a morning as you could ask for. The birds were happily singing, the flowers busily blooming—in fact, if Tena had ordered the day as a special treat, she couldn't have had it any nearer perfect.

She had, she told Tim, slept like a lark. Tim had come up bright and early to fix a leaking faucet. It was nice, Tena thought complacently, as she took fine, thin peelings off the potatoes, to have a priority, so to speak, on the building superintendent. (As a matter of fact, they were engaged to be married.) Tim always welcomed any excuse to come upstairs, and the minor repairs for which the other tenants had to wait their turns were always done in jig time at the Hutchinson apartment, where Tena worked.

So Tena sat and pared potatoes, and hummed, mildly off-key, *Genta och Jag*. Tim stood by the sink and fixed the faucet, whistling *The Rose of Tralee* and whacking with his wrench in perfect time to the music. You would have said, looking at them, that it was a scene of pleasant domesticity. Even listening to the desultory conversation that was going on between singings and bangings, you would have thought that all was well—even if you might have had a bit of trouble following the thread of the dialogue.

Tena and Tim could hardly have been said to be talking, in the loose way that the term is usually understood. Not talking to each other, that is. Rather, they were taking turns talking. First Tena would say something, and then go back to *Genta och Jag*. Then Tim would say something, and return to *The Rose of Tralee*. Sometimes their sentences would overlap and they would both be chattering at the same time,

but neither seemed to mind the confusion.

"Lulu, she would have made a good wife for Uncle Shamus," Tena said.

"They aren't makin' such good washers any more," Tim sighed.

"I don't see why Uncle Shamus had to go and be so shy of Lulu," Tena went on.

"They're all the time saying at the hardware that they haven't got good washers on account of the war," Tim continued, "but they'll be blamin' things on the war for a good ten years, I bet. They ought to of started makin' 'em agin long before now."

"Tim, why do you t'ink Uncle Shamus vas afraid of Lulu?" Tena eyed the edge of the potato parer critically and awaited his reply.

"If you can't get a good washer, what's the sense of trying to fix the plumbing at all?" Tim demanded, and gave his stillson wrench a final twist.

All at once it dawned on Tena that that was hardly a suitable reply to her query. "Tim, you don't make sense," she reproved mildly. "What's Lulu got to do vit' vashers, for goodness sakes?"

Tim stared at her in amazement, trying unsuccessfully to recall at what point Lulu had become entangled with the plumbing. "Not a thing," he finally admitted. That was satisfactory, and Tena returned to her paring.

But Tena wasn't one to let a golden minute slip by without improving it with conversation, so she started right up again on another tack.

"How long you been janitor here, Tim?"

Tim wiped his hands on a piece of waste and turned to face Tena with a fine, Irish expression of reminiscence dawning in his eyes. "Ever since the time of the fire in

Anyone looking at Greta would have said she was a little girl. But to Tena and Tim—and Mrs. Hutchinson—she was nothing less than an explosion

Home

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Greta comes home

IT WAS as nice, as peaceful a morning as you could ask for. The birds were happily singing, the flowers busily blooming—in fact, if Tena had ordered the day as a special treat, she couldn't have had it any nearer perfect.

She had, she told Tim, slept like a lark. Tim had come up bright and early to fix a leaking faucet. It was nice, Tena thought complacently, as she took fine, thin peelings off the potatoes, to have a priority, so to speak, on the building superintendent. (As a matter of fact, they were engaged to be married.) Tim always welcomed any excuse to come upstairs, and the minor repairs for which the other tenants had to wait their turns were always done in jig time at the Hutchinson apartment, where Tena worked.

So Tena sat and pared potatoes, and hummed, mildly off-key, *Greta och Jag*. Tim stood by the sink and fixed the faucet, whistling *The Rose of Tralee* and whacking with his wrench in perfect time to the music. You would have said, looking at them, that it was a scene of pleasant domesticity. Even listening to the desultory conversation that was going on between singings and bangings, you would have thought that all was well—even if you might have had a bit of trouble following the thread of the dialogue.

Tena and Tim could hardly have been said to be talking, in the loose way that the term is usually understood. Not talking to each other, that is. Rather, they were taking turns talking. First Tena would say something, and then go back to *Greta och Jag*. Then Tim would say something, and return to *The Rose of Tralee*. Sometimes their sentences would overlap and they would both be clattering at the same time,

but neither seemed to mind the confusion.

"Lulu, she would have made a good wife for Uncle Shamus," Tena said.

"They aren't makin' such good washers any more," Tim sighed.

"I don't see why Uncle Shamus had to go and be so shy of Lulu," Tena went on.

"They're all the time saying at the hardware that they haven't got good washers on account of the war," Tim continued, "but they'll be blamin' things on the war for a good ten years, I bet. They ought to of started makin' 'em agin long before now."

"Tim, why do you t'ink Uncle Shamus was afraid of Lulu?" Tena eyed the edge of the potato parer critically and awaited his reply.

"If you can't get a good washer, what's the sense of trying to fix the plumbing at all?" Tim demanded, and gave his stillson wrench a final twist.

All at once it dawned on Tena that that was hardly a suitable reply to her query. "Tim, you don't make sense," she reproved mildly. "What's Lulu got to do wit' washers, for goodness sakes?"

Tim stared at her in amazement, trying unsuccessfully to recall at what point Lulu had become entangled with the plumbing. "Not a thing," he finally admitted. That was satisfactory, and Tena returned to her paring.

But Tena wasn't one to let a golden minute slip by without improving it with conversation, so she started right up again on another tack.

"How long you been janitor here, Tim?"

Tim wiped his hands on a piece of waste and turned to face Tena with a fine, Irish expression of reminiscence dawning in his eyes. "Ever since the time of the fire in

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the basement, Tena. That's when I come here—and it's a long time, to be sure."

"But how many years?" she prodded.

Tim made a brief stab at counting and then gave up almost at once. "Ever since the fire," he repeated firmly. "Figure out when that was, and you've got it." He began to gather up his tools, and Tena, apparently not willing to essay mathematics at the moment, picked up another potato.

As you can see, it was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly normal morning. You would have said, listening to them, that pretty soon Tim would figure that the rest of the tenants rated a little service, and be on his way. You would have said that shortly Tena would put out the potato peelings and maybe go in to side up the living room, or wash out Mr. Hutchinson's blue sport shirt he was so choice of, or something like that. You'd never for a moment have believed, if anyone had told you, that any second now a bomb was going to burst right in the middle of those peaceful lives.

BUT it did. It sounded a warning right that minute, in the form of two short rings of the doorbell.

Tena put down her potato knife and brushed back a wisp of hair from her forehead. "Now, honest," she said with some heat, "and this is yust the morning Mrs. Hutchinson wanted to sleep late!" She disappeared down the hall.

She was back in a minute, a letter in her hand, her eyes green with excitement.

"Tim! For me, a letter! Special delivery!"

Tim laid down his tools and came across the kitchen to her. "What d'ya know! Who's it from?"

Tena regarded the white square as if waiting for it to speak. "Nay, who could be sending to me a special?"

Tim grinned. "Sure, you'll never find out unless you open the thing."

That seemed like a good idea. "Vell . . .," said Tena and slid her finger under the flap. She drew out

the letter, and began to read. As she did, the whole gamut of emotions flickered over her face like an old-fashioned movie, so that Tim was nearly wild with impatience.

"Trouble?" he asked anxiously. "Ya."

"Someone died?" He put the proper sorrow into his tone.

"Nay."

He took half the sorrow out, and tried again.

"Someone sick?"

"Nay."

"Accident, maybe?"

"Nay."

"Well, for the love of Pete," he exploded, "What, then?"

For once, Tena seemed to be struck speechless. Silently, she passed the somewhat crumpled, finger-marked sheet of

paper across to him.

Dear Tena, he read. You know my wife dead three years now. Now I go to new job in lumber camp. Greta I cannot take with. You take care Greta and I send you money so soon I make some. Greta come soon on train I put her on last night. Your cousin, Gus.

"Holy mackerel," said Tim. "Holy mackerel!! She's on her way! Who's Gus—that big no-good cousin of yours in Minnesota?"

"Sometimes he lives in Wisconsin," Tena told him, defensively. "His Karen died when Greta was about three. For goodness mercy sakes, Tim," she exploded, the enormity of it finally dawning on her, "how can I take care of a little baby?"

"She was a little baby six years ago," Tim pointed out, as if that helped any. "She's a big girl now."

Tena looked around the kitchen as if the little girl might pop out of a cupboard. Her eyes lighted on the coffee pot, and with some relief at the thought of that solace, she filled it with water and put it on the stove. "Ve already got two kids here!" she moaned.

"Better turn on the gas if you want that to cook," Tim advised, in

the tone of a superior male who has no little girl arriving to live with him.

"I'm all mixed up," Tena complained. "What should I do, Tim? What should I do? Any minute she'll be here. What should I do?"

"Turn on the gas," Tim offered. "Turn on the gas."

Tena flung herself dramatically into a chair and then flung herself right out of it again, as the doorbell rang a second time.

At the kitchen door, she turned imploring eyes on Tim. "Come vit," she begged.

Tim came with. He wouldn't have missed it for the world. Tena opened the door gingerly, as if a troll might be waiting without.

First they saw a woman with a straw valise in her hand. And then they saw a little girl in a straw hat, with a great shock of straw-colored hair hanging down beneath it. Wordlessly, they stared at each other for a long minute, and then the woman spoke.

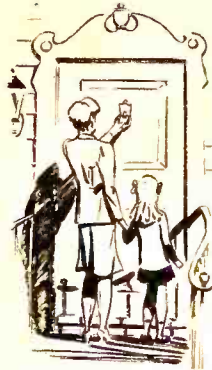
"Are you this child's aunt? I'm from the Children's Aid Society. This little girl got off the train from Minnesota this morning. She had a note pinned to her coat, asking us to bring her to you."

"Go away," said Tena. "I mean, come in."

"Sure," Tim echoed. "Come along inside and let's get a look at the kid."

The little procession trooped down the hall and into the kitchen, with Tena leading and Tim bringing up the rear with something of a flourish. He was rather enjoying all this excitement. Tena wasn't. *What will Mrs. Hutchinson say?* kept whirling around her head, in which there was no answer to the question, until she felt like the vacuum center of a cyclone. It was all so sudden!

The coffee pot was bubbling merrily. The white curtains on the window were blowing. The sun shone, the flowers still bloomed, the birds still sang. It was as if nothing had happened—outside. But in the kitchen there was as much tension as if Tena's cyclone-of-the-head were going to break over them any



When Tena opened the door, she saw them . . .



Greta knew exactly what she wanted . . .

moment in thunderous reality.

Tim, fortunately, had presence of mind enough to offer the Children's Aid Society woman a chair, and he lifted little Greta up onto Tena's high stool. She sat there stiffly, moving only her eyes, careful not to let them meet those of anyone else. Those big blue eyes of hers tried very hard to be full of nothing. Tim, watching her, felt suddenly like crying. He hadn't felt that way since he was a boy, and it was so appalling a feeling that it dried up whatever he might have had to offer in the way of small talk to ease the situation.

"How's your papa, Greta?" asked Tena, obviously duty-bound.

Silence.

"Yeah, how's your old man?" Tim echoed, as if he and Gus had been bosom buddies for the past decade.

Silence. Greta might never have heard of Gus in her life. Or she might as well have been able to converse only in Hindustani. Or she might have taken a vow of silence. Anyway, she wasn't talking. She simply sat, her eyes fixed on far horizons.

"Shy," said the woman from Children's Aid, as if that covered a multitude of cases. "I'd better be getting back to the office," the woman added.

Panic really hit Tena, as if the woman were the last link with the outside world. "Von't you have a cup of coffee?" she inquired anxiously, almost desperately.

The woman shook her head. "I'll be running along. I know Greta will be very happy here with you good people. Goodbye, Greta."

Greta said nothing.

Tena took the woman to the door and came flying back to the kitchen, to find Tim examining the little girl carefully. Tena, too, took her first really good look, and her soft heart began to melt. There weren't tears in Greta's eyes. Perhaps she was too brave. But her blue eyes were bright with something that was very close to terror.

"Poor little kid," said Tim, softly.

"*Stöckars lilla flicka,*" Tena echoed.

Tim squatted on his heels before the stool on which Greta was perched. "Look, honey," he began, and then his voice died away. Greta was looking past him, through him. And it was obvious that she didn't dare look at him, didn't dare ac-



Tena brought out the much-bedraggled letter from Gus, and Mrs. Hutchinson read it over her shoulder. Then she took it away and read it again.

knowledge him, because he was a part of the loneliness, the strangeness, the Gus-less terror.

Tim got up and motioned Tena to follow him into the dining room. "Looka here, Tena," he began. "This little girl's gotta have a home, see? What she needs is someone to love her. What she needs is a mother. She needs somebody to keep tabs on her and teach her how to grow up like other people, see?"

TENA saw. She was thinking how big Greta had grown already, and what kind of a growing-up it must have been, kicking around from here to there with that no-good Gus. But, she told herself, Gus was Greta's papa. She probably loved him.

"Greta's had some hard luck, some mighty hard luck," Tim went on. "Her mother dies when she's a little baby. Her father goes away to a lumber camp now and leaves her. It's hard luck. I wouldn't trust nobody neither, if I was in her boots."

He watched the tears spring into Tena's eyes, and was trying to think of something more cheerful to say,

to check the flood, when Mrs. Hutchinson appeared in the hallway door.

"Good morning, Tim—Tena," she said, stifling a yawn. "What on earth's going on? Have you been staging a parade up and down the hall?"

Nobody said anything.

"I'm going to have some coffee," she went on. "Is there some ready, Tena?" And she started for the kitchen.

Tim caught her, figuratively by the coattails. "Er—a—wouldn't you rather Tena brought your breakfast in?" he began, oiling up his blarney.

Mrs. H. shook her head. Tena stepped in front of her. "I wouldn't go out there if I vas you, Mrs. Hutchinson. There's—there's someth'ing out there."

A *boa constrictor* in the refrigerator? Mrs. Hutchinson thought wildly. A *three-headed calf* in the cupboard? You never could be quite sure what was going to happen next, if Tena had her hand in it.

"It's Greta," Tena blurted out. "My cousin Gus's girl. She come on the train (Continued on page 70)

*Papa David chooses
this month a letter from
a man who has learned a
great truth from his long
years of happiness: that
love has power to create
beauty in the simplest life*

LIFE C

They Created Happiness

Dear Papa David:

Yes, life can be beautiful I think under most any circumstances, and this is my story.

I was the eldest son of a poor family who immigrated to Texas back in the year 1880. At that time I was seven years old. My mother and father died a few years later and I was left an orphan at about fourteen years of age. There were five other children and a family who were our friends took them to care for, which left me to make my own way in the world, which I did.

When I was about twenty-six years old I met and fell in love with a girl who was totally blind and had been for ten years. She was also of a poor family. We decided to get married as each of us believed we could make a living and be happy together. We kept our home; did our own cooking, house-cleaning, laundry and all without any help from anyone else and it was all a pleasure to us and life did seem to be beautiful.

I was a great lover of hunting, so I got some hunting dogs. We lived near a river bottom where there was plenty of raccoon and other fur bearing animals. We went on many a hunt at night in that river bottom and when the dogs would strike a trail and begin running and barking there we would go, trying to stay as near to them as possible so they wouldn't get out of hearing until they treed the animal that they were after. To give us light I had an old fashioned coal oil lantern. Also I had my No. 12 single-barreled shotgun and most of the time in addition to my ammunition and other needs for hunting was our midnight lunch in my hunting bag slung over my shoulder, also a canteen full of drinking water slung over my other shoulder and her hanging onto my left

LOVE and beauty are so much akin that we usually find them living side by side, each one a source of the other. And my one wish is that those who doubt this blessed truth could have spoken as I did to a girl, not much older than Chichi, whose husband Joe was badly wounded in battle. When he returned from overseas he did not give in to his overwhelming desire to rush straight to his home and Rhoda, for his face had been terribly disfigured and he could not bear the possibility of seeing horror or pity in her eyes instead of love.

So Rhoda had to track Joe down to convince him that her love for him had nothing to do with his physical appearance. "I had to pretend to be angry, Papa David," she told me simply. "I had to remind him that all I ever wanted was to share his life and bring his children into the world, and I asked him if he thought that was because of a good-looking face."

Rhoda spoke matter-of-factly, without any attempt to dramatize herself. But when I left her, two lines kept running around in my head:

"True love is quick to find

The beauties hid from common sight."

And I knew that even if Rhoda had never heard these words, her own generous and loving heart had taught her their meaning.

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Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bisby and Don Becker, i

BE BEAUTIFUL

arm as we made our way sometimes in a run to where the dogs would tree. This was all great fun and life was great.

There was a number of other things we did, such as going to the old-time square dances that were popular in those days. We didn't do any dancing but I played the violin and she enjoyed hearing the dancing.

After about twelve years of doing these and many other things we began to feel a little lonesome in the spring and summer time when there was nothing else to do but to work, so after talking it over with each other we decided we were lonesome because we didn't have any babies and believing our only chance to have one was to adopt one we talked of that. But one day my wife said to me "We won't need to adopt a baby" and in surprise I asked her why and she said, "Well, you will see just as sure as two and two make four!"

Now you talk about things beginning to hum to make life beautiful! Well, we thought that there was nothing that could beat that, so in due course of time our baby came and then for the first time in our married life we hired a housekeeper for two weeks. We then let her go and took over the job ourselves again of keeping our home, doing all our work and taking good care of our most cherished object, our babe.

We got many thrills out of raising her. We loved the ground she walked on. We gave her a common school education and at the age of seventeen she got married to a fine young man. Now they have three children.

After forty-six years of life together we have now the darkest spot on our horizon as my dear wife is a bedfast invalid and has been for six months. She is with our daughter at her home and she takes care of her night and day. My wife is now past seventy years of age. We never hear a complaint from her. As for me, I am seventy-three (Continued on page 91)



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Heard daily at 12 M., PDT, 1 P.M., MDT, 2 P.M., CDT, 3 P.M., EDT, on NBC.

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Fresh from the SEA



This is the time of year when oyster-lovers rejoice in the return of their favorite dish. If you're a new recruit, try your first oysters in these interesting ways

WHETHER or not it is true, as the old story has it, that the bravest man in the world was the one who first ate an oyster, there is no doubt that ever since that day gourmets have owed him a debt of gratitude for his deed. One of the tastiest of our sea foods, oysters are also one of the most useful, for they can be prepared in such a variety of ways to add interest and nutritive value to our meals. So with the coming of cool days, watch for the familiar "Oysters R in season," always a sign of good eating, take a supply home with you and serve them in one of these appetizing ways.

Oyster Stew

1 pint oysters
4 tbs. butter or margarine
4 cups rich milk or 3 cups milk and 1 cup light cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
Paprika

Drain oysters, saute in butter until edges begin to curl. Add liquor from oysters to milk and heat almost to boiling point but do not boil. Combine sauteed oysters and milk and cook together until flavors are well blended, about 2 minutes. Add seasonings and serve at once.

Scalloped Oysters and Sausages

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage links
2 cups rolled cracker crumbs, unsalted

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
1 pint oysters
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Separate sausages into link and prick each one with a fork. Combine cracker crumbs and seasonings, tossing lightly until thoroughly blended. Arrange half the crumbs in shallow baking dish, buttered; cover with oysters in a layer, and add remaining crumbs. Combine milk and Worcestershire sauce and pour over crumbs. Arrange sausages on crumbs and bake in 450 degree oven until sausages are done and crumbs are browned (about 30 minutes).

Fried Oysters

1 pint oysters
Flour
1 egg

By

KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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



1 tbl. milk
Pinch salt
Pinch pepper
Sifted bread crumbs
Drain oysters, roll in flour and shake to remove excess flour. Beat together egg, milk, salt and pepper. Dip oysters in egg mixture, roll in bread crumbs and cook in deep fat (390 degrees F.) until golden brown, (1 to 2 minutes). Drain on absorbent paper.

Baked Potatoes and Oysters

4 large baking potatoes
Melted butter or margarine
1 pint oysters
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup French dressing
Hot milk
Salt
Pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered bread crumbs
Paprika

Scrub potatoes, rub with melted butter or margarine and bake in 400 degree oven until done (about 1 hour). Marinate oysters in French dressing for 30 minutes, turning occasionally to make sure all are well seasoned. Drain. Cut baked potatoes lengthwise and scoop out insides. Mash and add sufficient hot milk to make light fluffy mixture when beaten. Season with salt and pepper and return to potato shells. Make hollow in potato mixture, fill (Continued on page 90)

Sunday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
		8:30 CBS: Country Journal
		8:30 ABC: Earl Wilde, pianist
		9:00 MBS: Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00 ABC: White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Renfrew Valley Folks
6:15	8:15	9:15 NBC: Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Tapestry Musicale
		9:30 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Choir Practice
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
		10:00 MBS: Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Church of the Air
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Circle Arrow Show
8:30	9:30	10:30 MBS: Chaplain Jim
8:40	10:00	11:00 NBC: Eternal Light
		11:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
		11:30 MBS: Reviewing Stand
10:45	11:45	NBC: Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00 MBS: Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Invitation to Learning
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: NBC Concert Orchestra
		12:30 MBS: Southern Hour
10:00	12:00	12:30 ABC: String Orchestra
		1:00 ABC: Cliff Edwards
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: People's Platform
		1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		1:15 NBC: America United
	12:15	1:15 ABC: Orson Welles
		1:15 MBS: Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30 CBS: Time for Reason
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
		1:30 MBS: Singing Sweethearts
		1:45 MBS: Bert Howell
		2:00 NBC: Frank Black, Robert Merrill
11:30	2:30	2:30 NBC: Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS: Private Showing
		2:00 ABC: Warriors of Peace
		2:00 CBS: Reader's Digest
		2:15 ABC: Dorothy Claire, songs
		2:30 NBC: Harvest of Stars
11:15	2:30	2:30 ABC: National Vespers
		2:30 ABC: Warrington, news
		2:45 MBS: The World Tomorrow
		3:00 MBS: Open House
12:00	2:05	3:00 CBS: Columbia Broadcasting Sym-
		phony
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Carmen Cavallaro
12:15	2:15	3:15 ABC: Galen Drake
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: A Present From Hollywood
		3:30 NBC: One Man's Family
		3:30 MBS: Vera Holly, songs
		3:45 ABC: Samuel Pettingill
		4:00 CBS: Columbia Workshop
3:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Authors
		4:00 MBS: Mystery Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: The Electric Hour
12:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Right Down Your Alley
		4:30 MBS: True Detective Mysteries
		5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
7:30	5:00	5:00 MBS: Attorney for the Defense
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Abbott Mysteries
1:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theatre
2:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Phil Davis
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Those Websters
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
		6:30 NBC: Ask Me Another
		6:30 CBS: Baby Snooks
		7:00 MBS: Let's Go to the Opera
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Frank Morgan
9:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Gene Autry
		7:30 MBS: Star Show
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Roney's Gallery, Dick Powell
8:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Alec Templeton
		8:00 MBS: Mediation Board
		8:00 ABC: Ford Hour
		8:00 CBS: Richard Lawless
		8:30 MBS: Special Investigator
8:00	7:00	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Meet Corliss Archer
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Exploring the Unknown
5:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
5:15	8:15	9:15 ABC: Louella Parsons' Show
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
		9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
2:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
5:45	8:30	9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler
		9:45 MBS: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
6:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Mystery Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
		10:00 MBS: Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Connie Haines, Jan Savitt
		9:30 CBS: We the People
		10:30 MBS: Serenade for Strings
		10:30 CBS: Bill Costello
10:15	11:00	11:00 ABC: Orson Welles
10:30	11:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



DOUBLY AIR-MINDED

Playing the flying secret agent, Joyce Ryan, in Mutual's Captain Midnight for the past five years has had a marked effect on Marilou Neumayer's private life. The daily dialogue dealing with flying led to a real life interest in airplanes and what makes them run. Now Marilou, with sixty flying hours to her credit and her pilot's license won, would rather fly than eat.

Of course, her radio commitments keep her pretty busy. In addition to Captain Midnight, Marilou is also heard as the sultry siren, Stella Curtis—and here's a piece of type casting, as far as looks are concerned—in the CBS and NBC Ma Perkins show. She's featured on several other Chicago shows, like First Nighter, Freedom of Opportunity.

Undecided as to whether it would be singing or acting as a career, Marilou went to Chicago in 1940 to try her luck in radio there. Her luck, it turned out, was exceptionally good. In two short months of knocking on doors, Marilou won the audition for the part of Joyce in Captain Midnight. Naturally, that made making up her mind very simple. She's been Joyce and an actress ever since.

Like her leaning toward a theatrical career, her interest in flying came sort of naturally, too. Marilou's late father was airminded. He was the first man in Iowa to have a pilot's license after World War I. Mr. Neumayer was a hotel owner. Marilou still remembers with delight the number of times he used to whisk her out to the airport, while she was still a baby, and take her up for a spin in the clouds. She also remembers that there were frequent little squalls at home about these trips, because Mrs. Neumayer always thought Marilou was merely being taken for a visit to daddy's hotel. It was these very early memories that were rekindled by all the talk about flying on the Captain Midnight script, and which led to Marilou's taking lessons.

Marilou is five feet one and all of it energy. She's one of the busiest people in Chicago radio. Quite aside from her full air schedule, she's an active member of the American Federation of Radio Artists, of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, a member of the Board of Directors of the Actor's Club and any benefit work or drive always finds her working like a beaver. Lots of eager and willing people who never can manage so much work are always trying to find out her secret for keeping going. Maybe, she says, it's just that you have to keep interested in everything—interested enough to do something about it all.

Unmarried, Marilou shares an apartment with her mother and her college-age sister.

Monday

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
8:15	9:15	NBC: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45	10:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Married For Life
		10:45 ABC: Club Time
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
		11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malrum
		11:45 MBS: Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: This Is Your Country
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Magg's Private Wire
		12:45 MBS: Naval Academy Band
		1:00 MBS: Club Time
		1:00 CBS: Elg Sister
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Cocktail in White
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
		3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
		3:15 MBS: Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Vogt's Family
		3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	4:00	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:15 ABC: Something for the Girls
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
		4:30 ABC: Our Singing Land
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Mutual's Melody Hour
		4:45 MBS: Hop Harrigan
4:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Young Widdler Brown
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Feature Story
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Who's a Girl? Marries
		5:00 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:15 CBS: Woman's Club
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
5:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45 MBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 ABC: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
		6:30 MBS: Songs by Larry Carr
		6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
10:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Club
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bob Hawk Show
6:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Forever Ernest
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum & Abner
		8:00 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
8:15	8:15	8:15 ABC: Ed Sullivan's Pipeline
8:30	8:30	8:30 ABC: Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Joan Davies
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Case Book of Gregory Hood
		8:00 CBS: I Deal in Crime
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Benny Goodman
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30 ABC: Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
		9:55 ABC: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Conte and Program
		10:00 MBS: Your Land and Mine
		10:15 ABC: Ralph Morgan
		10:15 MBS: Jon Gart Trio
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Tonight on Broadway
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.
		10:30 ABC: Question for America



BAD BOY SPECIALIST

Today, Jackie Kelk, mercurial M. C. of CBS's Continental Celebrity Club (Saturdays, 10:15 P.M. EDT) and squeaky-voiced Homer of CBS's Aldrich Family (Fridays, 8 P.M.), has fourteen years of experience on stage, screen and radio behind him. Jackie is exactly twenty-three.

Jackie was born in August 1923—in Brooklyn. At a tender age, he was sent to St. Gregory's Academy. Shortly after his debut there, he distinguished himself by making a little girl yell bloody murder because he pulled her pigtails. Result? Jackie's parents were asked to take him away and never bring him back. Followed a short spell, when Jackie was not going to school and amused himself by making faces at himself in mirrors. Thus are little actors born—sometimes.

Then Jackie was sent to the Professional Children's School in New York, where his fellow students included Eileen Barton, Billy Hallop and Nancy Walker—who was Jackie's first heartbeat. He was nine and she was eight. The year Jackie turned nine, he also turned professional actor, playing Madge Kennedy's son in the Broadway play "Bridal Wise," the part of a nasty, nasty little boy, incidentally. After that, came the young boy's part in "Goodbye Again" and then Hollywood grabbed him.

His first job in radio was playing the part of "Oiving." Fanny Brice's son in The Cohens. He was still so young he had to stand on a box to speak into the microphone. It's doubtful whether he could manage such a feat, now. He's so restless, scarcely ever stands still enough to stay on a box these days.

In the twelve years he's been in radio, Jackie's chalked up a record. He's child-stooled for Bert Lahr, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Walter O'Keefe and Ethel Merman. He was the original Terry, in Terry and the Pirates, Ned in The Chase Twins, Bob Putnam in Wings Over America, Perry Winkle in Give Us the Funnies and Jimmie in Superman. He got the Homer part in the Aldrich Family five years ago and has since out-lived three "Henrys." And last year, he got his own variety show to M. C., Continental Celebrity Show.

At present, whenever he finds himself with a spare hour, he heads for Poundridge, N. Y., where he recently bought a little old house that is some 180 years older than he is. There, he lives with his mother, and a nine-months-old English spaniel.

He plans eventually to be a gentleman farmer. Most of his friends nod nicely when he says this—and laugh broadly behind his back.

Somehow, they can't see Jackie, who lives now as though there were hidden, but active springs bouncing him around constantly, settled down to the ambling, strolling pace of the successful gambler farmer.

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:30	9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
9:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45	10:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Warriors For Life
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 CBS: Tona and Tim
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Glenn Drake
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 CBS: News For Women
		1:00 MBS: My Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
1:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason
3:00	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: You're In the Act
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: True Confessions
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Young Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
		3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
		3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:35	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
		4:15 ABC: Something for the Girls
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenz Jones
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
		4:45 ABC: Our Singing Land
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
4:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder, Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jess Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:15 CBS: Patti Clayton
10:00	6:45	7:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
		7:30 NBC: Songs by Ward Devoan
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Johnny Desmond, Margaret Whiting, Herb Shriner
		8:00 MBS: Nick Carter
		8:15 ABC: The O'Neills
8:30	8:30	8:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theater of Romance
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
		8:59 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:30	8:59 CBS: Here's Morgan
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Jim Amecho
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ted Malone
		9:15 ABC: Real Stories
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
10:45	8:30	9:30 ABC: Dector Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fred Waring
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
		9:55 ABC: Harry Wismar
7:15	10:00	10:00 ABC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Herbert Marshall
		10:00 CBS: Crime Photographer
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Open Hearing
		10:30 MBS: Peter Hoff
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Sigmund Ramberg
		11:15 CBS: Frontiers of Science

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: This Is New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folk
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6:45	9:30	10:00 NBC: Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Married For Life
10:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
		11:30 CBS: Tona and Tim
		11:45 MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr
		11:45 CBS: Rosemary
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
10:15	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
8:45	10:45	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: At Your Request
		12:30 MBS: Command Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
		1:00 CBS: News For Women
		1:00 MBS: My Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
		3:00 MBS: True Confession
		3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Cinderella, Inc.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
		3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
		4:15 ABC: Beautiful Music
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:30 CBS: Give and Take
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenz Jones
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
		4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder, Brown
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Adventures of the Sea Hound
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
5:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:15 CBS: Jess Bethencourt
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Patti Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Cal Tinney
		6:30 CBS: Songs by Larry Carr
10:00	6:45	7:45 ABC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00 ABC: Headline Edition
4:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lanny Ross Show
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: The Korn Kobblers
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen
6:00	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
		7:30 MBS: Battle of the Commentators
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
		8:00 MBS: What's the Name of That Song?
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
		8:15 ABC: The O'Neills
		8:30 MBS: Beatrice Kay
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Fishing and Hunting
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Life in Your Hands
		8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
		9:00 ABC: Court of Missing Heirs
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Sad Sack
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: McGarry and His Mouse
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: So You Want to Lead a Band
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Academy Award
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
		9:00 ABC: Sports Review
		10:00 MBS: Endorsed by Dorsey
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: David Rose Orchestra
		10:30 MBS: Author Meets Critics
		10:30 ABC: We, the Guilty

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	3:30	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
6:45	9:15	9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
10:30	10:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	10:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
8:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	10:15	10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:45	10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
	11:00	11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
10:00	10:30	11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
	11:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
	11:30	11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Victor H. Lindlahr
	11:45	11:45 MBS: Glamour Manor
9:00	12:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Aunt Jenny
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Morton Downey
	12:15	12:15 MBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: At Your Request
	11:30	12:30 ABC: U. S. Navy Band
	12:30	12:30 MBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
	12:45	12:45 MBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 MBS: News for Women
	1:00	1:00 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Luncheon with Lopez
	1:15	1:15 MBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:30	12:30	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
	1:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	1:45	1:45 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
	2:15	2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
	2:30	2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
	2:45	2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
	3:00	3:00 MBS: True Confessions
	3:00	3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	4:00	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
	4:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Give and Take
	4:15	4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
	4:15	4:15 CBS: Something for the Girls
	4:30	4:30 NBC: Give and Take
	4:30	4:30 ABC: Our Singing Land
	4:45	4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
	5:15	6:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
	6:30	6:30 CBS: Songs by Larry Carr
	6:30	6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
10:00	6:45	6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	7:15	7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
	7:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
	7:30	7:30 ABC: Professor Quiz
	7:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Olmstead Playhouse
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Cap and Midnight
	8:00	8:00 MBS: Elaine Carrington Playhouse
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Meredith Wilson
	8:30	8:30 MBS: Vic and Sade
	8:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Dick Haymes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Duchin, Edward Everett Horton
	9:15	9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
	9:30	9:30 MBS: By Popular Demand
	9:30	9:30 NBC: Jack Haley with Eva Arden
7:0	9:00	10:00 MBS: California Melodies
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Vaughn Monroe
	10:30	10:30 ABC: Here's Morgan
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Blue Barren's Orchestra
	10:30	10:30 CBS: Phone Again Finnegan



ENGLISH IS A DIALECT

Jack Lloyd is one of the busiest actors on the air. The shows he appears in are so numerous it would take too much space to list them, except to mention that they're of the calibre of We, the People, Front Page Farrell, The Kate Smith Hour, and Valiant Lady. The parts he plays on these shows are strictly American style juveniles and romantic leads.

Yet, in the most realistic sense of the word, playing an American juvenile is, for Jack, playing a dialect part. And he had a good bit of trouble learning this dialect. When Jack Lloyd arrived in the United States from Holland in 1939, he knew exactly two words of English. One of them was "yes" and the other "no," by no means an extensive vocabulary for an actor. And an actor was what Jack intended to be, since it was the thing for which he was trained. He had already acquired quite a reputation for himself on the stage and in the movies in Holland.

Learning English was a slow process, at first. But the day that Jack took out his first papers for citizenship, he also took an oath to speak nothing but English from that moment on. He enrolled at Ohio University.

From the university, Jack went out to Hollywood and tackled the radio studios. His ability was obvious from the first moment. But he found himself going after dialect parts only and realized that he was scared to put his new American accent to the test. Then it was put to the test for him. One day, he was called in to play Petruccio in "The Taming of the Shrew." Jack promptly turned it down. But the director would have none of that. He insisted that Jack make a stab at the part. The show turned out so well that Jack's inhibitions about his English disappeared.

Like all other young and healthy males, the call to arms hit him, too. He served in the Army Ski Troops, where he developed a hobby of writing and directing radio shows, a hobby which he's since turned to good use. He's sold several dozen radio and television scripts in the time he's been out of the Army and every chance he gets he arranges to be able to direct as many of his own scripts as possible on local New York stations. Besides this "spare time" activity, he also writes monthly columns on show business for several magazines.

For awhile, after his discharge from the Army, Jack enlisted with the O.W.I. and most of the time he was not appearing on his regular radio stints was spent in broadcasting in foreign languages to occupied countries. Just to show how varied his talents are, here's a list of his dialects—German, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, French, Russian, Continental, Italian and British.

Asked about his ambitions he said he had only two. One was to be as good an all round radio actor as possible and get a few breaks on Broadway, as well. His other ambition is to get married. We heartily approve.

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
	9:15	9:15 CBS: This Is New York
	9:15	9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:10	9:30 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Lone Journey
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Once Over Lightly
	10:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	10:15	10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
1:30	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	10:30 MBS: Married for Life
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45	10:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:45	10:45 MBS: Fun With Music
	11:00	11:00 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
10:00	10:30	11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell's Party Line
	11:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
	11:30	11:30 CBS: Tena and Tim
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Rosemary
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Victor H. Lindlahr
	11:45	11:45 MBS: Glamour Manor
9:00	12:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Aunt Jenny
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Morton Downey
	12:15	12:15 MBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: At Your Request
	11:30	12:30 ABC: U. S. Navy Band
	12:30	12:30 MBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
	12:45	12:45 MBS: Big Sister
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: News for Women
	1:00	1:00 MBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Luncheon with Lopez
	1:15	1:15 MBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:30	12:30	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
	1:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
	1:45	1:45 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
	2:15	2:15 MBS: Smile Time
3:00	1:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
	2:30	2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Time to Remember
	2:45	2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00 NBC: Life Can Be Beautiful
	3:00	3:00 MBS: True Confessions
	3:00	3:00 CBS: You're in the Act
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 MBS: Lady Be Beautiful
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	4:00	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:00	4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson
	4:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
	4:15	4:15 ABC: Something for the Girls
	4:30	4:30 NBC: Give and Take
	4:30	4:30 ABC: Our Singing Land
	4:45	4:45 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
4:00	5:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Adventures of the Sea Hawk
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	5:15 MBS: Superman
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
	6:00	6:00 ABC: Klerman's News Corner
	6:15	6:15 CBS: Waitin' for Clayton
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Songs by Larry Carr
	6:40	6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
	6:45	6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
10:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	7:15	7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
	7:30	7:30 CBS: Tommy Riggs and Betty Lew
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
9:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: The Aldrich Family
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Highways in Melody
	8:00	8:00 MBS: Paul Lavelle
	8:00	8:00 ABC: Passport Romance
	8:00	8:00 MBS: Woody Herman Show
8:30	8:30	8:30 ABC: The Adventures of Sam Spade
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Easy Money
9:30	9:30	8:30 CBS: Kate Smith Sings
	8:30	8:30 MBS: Voice in the Night
	8:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Break the Bank
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Harry Sosnik
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Real Stories
	9:15	9:15 MBS: The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Harry Wismer, Sports
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Boxing Bouts
	10:00	10:00 MBS: Boxing Bouts
	10:00	10:00 ABC: Mollie's Playshop
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Mollie's Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Mercury Summer Theater
	10:15	10:15 MBS: Meet the Press
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Maisie

(Continued from page 21)

P.D.T.	C.D.T.	Eastern Daylight 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: Fashions in Melody
	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
11:00	9:30	10:30 MBS: Rainbow House
	10:30	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
3:30	10:30	NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
	10:30	ABC: Junior Junction
4:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra
	11:00	NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
	11:15	ABC: Bible Message
9:45	11:30	MBS: Land of the Lost
	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: It's Up to Youth
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
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
6:30	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: To Live in Peace
	1:00	MBS: Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Hank D'Amico's Orchestra
10:00	12:30	1:30 CBS: County Fair
	1:30	NBC: The Veteran's Aid
11:15	1:00	2:00 ABC: Chicago Serenade
	2:00	NBC: Your Home Is Buffalo
	2:15	CBS: Adventures in Science
	2:15	MBS: Johnny Pineapple's Orchestra
	2:30	CBS: Hollywood Star Time
	2:30	CBS: The Baxters
	2:30	MBS: Palmer House Concert Orchestra
	2:30	ABC: 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
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
	4:30	NBC: Easy Money
	4:45	MBS: Opportunity U. S. A.
2:00	5:00	ABC: Saturday Concert
	5:00	NBC: Phone Again Finnegan
	5:00	MBS: Sports Parade
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercook
	5:30	MBS: Gray Gordon'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
4:15	5:30	6:30 ABC: Harry Wismer, 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	5:45	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	7:00 ABC: It's Your Business
9:30	6:30	7:15 ABC: Correspondents Abroad
	7:30	ABC: Green Hornet
4:30	4:30	7:30 NBC: Jimmy Edmondson
	7:30	CBS: Tony Martin
	7:45	MBS: I Was a Convict
8:00	8:00	8:00 MBS: 20 Questions
	8:00	ABC: Dark Venture
8:30	8:30	8:00 CBS: Hollywood Star Time
	8:30	ABC: Famous Jury Trials
	8:30	MBS: Juvenile Jury
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
9:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Leave It to the Girls
	9:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
9:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
	9:30	MBS: Johnathan 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 Canover
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Old Opry
	10:30	ABC: Layoff Hoedown

went to his arm in a restraining gesture. He swung around on her. She dropped her hand as if she had been stung. People around them had noticed his abrupt movement, and Anne's face turned red.

What's the matter with me! she thought, outraged. *What an idiotic thing for me to do—grab hold of a complete stranger! But he was acting so queerly—*

The organ music swelled into the solemn "Oh, Promise Me." Anne, grateful for its reprieve, watched the bride and groom now leave the stage and move down the aisle, their faces suddenly grave and uplifted. Before them, the bride's mother walked alone. Behind them paced the maid of honor, her hand resting on the father's arm.

A HUSH fell over the room. In everyone's heart there was the memory or the hope, the promise or the renunciation, come close to them now with the vision of a man and a woman so soon to be wedded in the sight of God and the blessing of the world. The lovely Chapman Park Chapel was only a few steps of flower-bordered paths out the door where bride and groom were now leaving; in a few minutes they would return for the joyful congratulations. But these seconds were hallowed ones and the audience felt it.

The door closed behind them. And Johnny Nelson, one black lock of hair falling over his mischievous eyes, brought the room out of its spell.

"Now—until our bride and groom return, let's talk to a few people here!"

Microphone in hand, he wandered among the audience . . . discovering honeymooners and engaged couples. Laughter and gay spurts of talk rose around him; where he moved there was teasing; there was also the old, sweet story, shyly told, from the elderly couple celebrating their Golden Wedding; there was hand-clapping for the veteran once again united with his wife.

Anne's attention was focused on all this. She had only a glance for the man at her side, sunk in brooding.

Suddenly the doors were flung open, wide.

"Ta-tum-te-tum, ta-tum-te-tum!" The Wedding March pealed from the organ. Bride and groom, the newly-married Mr. and Mrs. Mark Stoner, were back, hand-in-hand, the sunlight through the open door gilding their heads and ushering them in with its benison.

As they once again went up the aisle to the stage, Anne was made forcibly conscious of the young man at her side. He had propped his chin in his hands and his shoulder pressed into hers—of which he was completely unaware, she surmised, reading the despair in his face.

"The bouquet! She's going to throw her bouquet!" The word went round. "Stand up, all you single girls!" Johnny Nelson commanded. "Get ready to catch her flowers—maybe you'll be next!"

Almost without thinking, Anne was on her feet, her arms outstretched.

In the manner of all brides, time immemorial, the girl on the stage hesitated a second, then tossed the beautiful ribbon-decked corsage, her face a mirror of best wishes for the girl lucky enough to catch it.

"There . . . catch it! . . ." Squeals—a flurry of slippared feet—a rush of pretty girls—

"I've got it!" Surprised, Anne clutched the bouquet in her hands.

"So you have." Johnny was pleased with the naive delight on the face of this slender, black-haired girl. "And now, tell us, Miss—"

"Miss Best. Anne Best," she told him, dazed.

"Anne. Tell us, since you seem destined to be the next bride in this room, are you engaged? Do you have anyone in mind?"

"No, I'm not engaged. And I haven't anyone in mind, not right now. There was a boy back home, but I think our romance was mostly just habit." Anne blushed and laughed.

"Aha," Johnny Nelson said, "then you'll have to tell us from what career you're playing hookey this afternoon."

"I work in a dress shop, and they're re-papering the walls this afternoon, so I wasn't needed," Anne explained.

"This won't do. We'll have to see that you finish off your holiday in style. How about you, sir—" turning to the stranger, the young man at her table—"I have two tickets here for Tom Breneman's Restaurant. Wouldn't you like to take Miss Best there for dinner this evening?"

There was no possible way for him to refuse. Dismayed, Anne felt the grudging way he accepted, understood his embarrassment at being thus singled out—when she was sure he had sought this seat deliberately because it was half-hidden behind a pillar. But there was nothing he could do but accept the tickets and introduce himself—Peter Johns.

Then the broadcast was over and she was walking out with him.

"Look—" Anne told him—"Why not find someone here who would like to use the tickets?"

HE stared at her as if he were conscious of her for the first time. "Oh absolutely not. I'd like very much to keep the date—that is, if it's all right with you. It'll be fun."

Looking at his preoccupied face, Anne doubted that. But she smiled and agreed to meet him for dinner at Tom Breneman's, and, sighing inwardly, went a roundabout way back to her little apartment, trying to cheer herself up. After all—anything was better than nothing, wasn't it?

Later that evening, she was ready to answer that question with a violent "No!" She had tried her best, but Peter Johns was truly impossible. She had tried all the likely topics of conversation, then she had racked her brain for the most unlikely ones, and all had been equally fruitless. And as an escort, he was almost insultingly oblivious.

What good does it do a girl to dress up in her prettiest turquoise-blue print and her most entrancing shadow of a hat, when her escort never even gives them a look? Peter Johns might just as well be sitting beside an old maid aunt, instead of—well—she *did* look nice! She had chosen that dress with care for the way it deepened the blue of her eyes and brought out the sheen in her black hair.

That's what really made Anne mad. She had (Continued on page 56)

HER RING
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diamond and
baguettes



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She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

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You *cream-cleanse* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *cream-rinse* with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

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For **PURITY, SAFETY, and ECONOMY** use **PACKER'S** . . . shampoo that's *safe*. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



(Continued from page 54) taken some pains for this rude young man, and her cheeks burned, remembering the length of time she had spent before her bedroom mirror, coaxing her hair to curl under just-so.

She could stand it no longer. "If you don't mind, Mr. Johns, I think you'd better take me home. I'll skip dessert . . . this isn't a party—this is a wake!"

He turned to look at her in astonishment, and then his eyes became remote. When he spoke his words had a studied politeness, almost mocking, in them.

"Sorry. I haven't exactly showered you with attentions and compliments, have I? And that's what girls like, I understand. To be told they're beautiful and they dance like feathers and they have the *cutest* laugh."

ANNE gasped. "You're the rudest—the most—"

"Don't sputter."

"I don't want compliments from you, Peter Johns! They certainly wouldn't be sincere. And—believe it or not—a girl doesn't want compliments if they're not sincere. I like honesty in people."

"Well, I was being honest this evening. I didn't feel like talking—making up a lot of silly conversation—so I didn't talk. Isn't that being honest?"

"That's being self-centered," Anne countered. "Besides, if you don't make an effort to talk, how do you know it wouldn't be fun? You can't be sure I'm a complete dope until you find out."

For the first time, a shadow of a real grin showed in the corner of his mouth. "Okay—what'll we talk about?—men and women? Or, rather, men versus women? That seems to be the usual thing on a first date."

Anne thoughtfully stirred her coffee. Unbidden, there had flashed into her mind the picture of a girl in white satin and orange blossoms, a girl on a tiny stage that morning—a girl who had brought bleak despair to Peter Johns' face. Or had she? Had Anne just imagined it?

"Haven't you ever known honesty in any girl? Hasn't there ever been one girl you trusted—you believed in—" she was stumbling a little.

She felt Peter stiffen beside her. "Yes, there was one girl. As you've probably suspected since you sat beside me today, that girl who was married on the Bride and Groom show—Betty Allingham. Betty Stoner, I mean."

"Where did you know her?"

"She was a hostess at the USO. There was always a crowd hanging around her and I guess I was just one of the crowd. It didn't matter, then. It was enough just to be in the same room with her—to watch her dancing—to hear her laugh. Everyone felt better being around her, she was so lovely and fragile and sweet. She wasn't like other girls. She never giggled or tried to show off. Everyone was crazy about Betty, but I always felt I knew her better than the others." He was turning a match-cover over and over in his strong, thin fingers. "She was perfect."

Anne's eyes blurred as she looked at his face, stripped now of its mockery, fine-drawn in its depth of feeling. A lonely soldier. A girl—sweet, unattainable, worshipped from afar—a girl on a pedestal, this Betty. And Peter Johns to whom she was a fairy princess, an ideal.

He looked up suddenly and his face hardened. "Sorry—I didn't mean to bore you with my life history. Anyway—someone with more nerve and

more persistence than I have got the gal and married her. So it's water under the bridge."

Anne wanted to change the subject but she didn't want it to seem obvious. "It's a good program—Bride and Groom, don't you think? It's handled with so much dignity. I was afraid I would feel that I was prying into someone's intimate affairs by being there, but I didn't. It just seemed to me that I had an invitation to a lovely wedding reception."

That mocking smile of his was back again. "The way you girls go all misty-eyed over weddings—anybody's wedding!"

"You don't like weddings, I suppose," angrily.

He shrugged. "Oh, some work out okay. But all this romance business—! Usually it's second choice or anybody a girl can get or just someone who happens to be around. It's very rarely the right man for the right girl."

Here we go again! Anne thought—quarreling!

It certainly was the oddest evening she had ever spent on a date. Alternately bickering and apologizing—but every sudden while finding themselves surprised into complete accord, finding, miraculously, that they both liked a certain thing, that their tastes were the same.

Just the same, when they finally got up to go, her chief reaction to the whole evening was one of irritation. Peter Johns was a self-centered, egotistical, rude—why, even such apologies as he had made during the evening, were mere formalities and insincere. So—that was that. An odd evening and one not to be repeated.

Then he did the oddest thing of all. They had passed the old flower-woman. Anne had given her a brief glance and gone on walking, hardly conscious that Peter was no longer at her side.

"Here—" he had come up behind her, quietly—"here—I had to stop for these, they're like you, somehow—" and he pulled her gently around, his hands awkward pinning the creamy gardenia spray on her shoulder. "Your skin is like that, especially against that green dress."

SO he had noticed what she looked like and what she wore! Now Anne's feelings were confused. To be as unpleasant as he had, all evening, and then top it all off with such a charming gesture! . . . she just couldn't figure him out!

Not, she decided next day, that she should waste any time trying to figure him out. That would be the last she would see of Peter Johns and his broken heart and his ideal woman—his Betty.

It had been a hot day and the air in the small dress shop had been oppressive. Too tired to cook, she had stopped off in a malt shop for her supper. Now, as she walked up the steps of her apartment house, cool evening shadows were softening the hard brilliance of lawn and stucco walls—and for a moment the bulky shape in the doorway was just such another shadow.

Then—

"You!" She could hardly believe her eyes.

"Don't you ever come home for dinner?" Peter Johns asked, crossly. "I've been waiting here for over an hour and I'm starved!"

"I stopped off for a bite, but I didn't really have a proper dinner. I think I'm hungry again, too." It was downright silly—how strangely glad

she was to see him! "But I don't understand your waiting for me—being here. I thought—"

He shrugged with assumed indifference. "Oh, it just suddenly seemed like a good idea."

He was so offhand that irritation rose in Anne, but the sudden memory of his hands, so awkwardly gentle pinning gardenias to her shoulder, checked the words. She laughed. "Okay, Peter. Let me wash my face and I'll be right with you."

The evening wore a little better than the last. At least, though they bickered as usual, he didn't maintain his boredom.

She found out, for instance, that he could laugh, and when he did he seemed to change completely. So *this is what he is really like*, Anne thought to herself, as she watched him, head thrown back, the taut, thin lines around his mouth and eyes dissolved in laughter. *This is what he could be like, always, to some girl—to Betty Stoner.*

He could be a fine friend, even a gay and tender one. He would always have his wit and the sharpness of his tongue. He would keep a girl on her toes, puncturing any affectation or coyness with a pointed remark. But who would want the sugar and sweet—without the spice now and then?

MAYBE Betty hadn't liked it. Maybe she had resented his teasing her while they danced, or his blunt way of saying what he thought. Or, maybe, he hadn't been this way at all with her—just adoring and worshipful and sweetness-and-light.

"What are you thinking about? My dancing isn't that bad, is it?—to make you look so sad?" There was a juke box in the little beach restaurant they had found, and a cleared spot where they could do a very pedestrian rhumba.

Anne gave herself a shake. The music stopped.

"Sorry, Peter. And I wasn't being sad. I was thinking about something that didn't concern me or my feelings, so how could I be? Come on, this is a favorite tune of mine." The music box had started again to a customer's nickel.

"Not that tune." His face had set grimly and he steered her back to their table. "I'd rather not dance to that one."

Evidently "that one" had been theirs—his and Betty's! Anne felt as rebuffed as if he had slapped her.

Peter seldom mentioned Betty in the days that followed. He didn't need to. On all their dates—which turned out to be every single evening—Anne always felt they were really a threesome, with the ghost of the lovely and unattainable Betty sitting between them. If it wasn't a tune he wouldn't dance with Anne, it was something else . . . and the torch he carried for Betty burned as strongly as it had that day they watched her marry Mark Stoner.

Which was just too bad. Because Anne had fallen in love.

The day she discovered it, she was alone in the dress shop. The owner, who was also manager and other-saleslady, had gone home and Anne was keeping open for any late customers. It was a half-hour till closing time.

Peter had fallen into the habit of dropping in and walking home with her. Now, from behind the sweater counter, Anne watched the door for the first glimpse of his tall figure.

It was then she made the discovery that her heart was pounding, and that, except for her heart, her whole being



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was just an emptiness of waiting—waiting for him to come in and make things right again, make the world come to life, give the emptiness within her meaning and purpose and gladness.

She fought it, after that first shock. This was a hopeless and frustrating love. She had a rival now who couldn't be bested, a girl who was no longer a reality to Peter, with the faults and virtues of a reality—but an ideal to whom no other girl could compare. The jokes he and Betty must have shared, the dances they must have had, their talks and dreams—they would always be more precious to Peter, Anne felt, than any other—because he had lost them.

WHEN he did come in, he didn't seem to notice any difference in Anne. He made straight for the back of the shop where he would be unobserved by customers.

"Come on back and talk to me, Anne," he ordered, propping a book up on his knees and leaning back in the old swivel chair. "You can hear that bell jingle if anyone comes in."

"Is that the book you were telling me about—the one on hydraulics?" She leaned over his shoulder and then drew back, confusedly. It was both terrible and wonderful, this feeling she had being close to him.

"This is the one!" His voice was excited. "You see, Gudreau says these pumps—" and he was launched into the kind of enthusiastic explanation his beloved machines always evolved. Peter was studying to be an engineer in his spare time away from the industrial machine shop where he worked. Anne listened in fascination—not so much of the speech as of the speaker.

The bell in front jingled.

"Darn it—! Just a minute, Peter—oh!" Anne stood transfixed at the curtains separating front from back of the store. "Oh!"

The customer turned around, sharply, from her examination of the dresses on the rack.

"Is there anything—I mean, can I help you—" Anne stuttered. *What was Betty Stoner doing here? In this room!*

The other girl smiled. "I guess not. I saw that dress in the window but now I don't think it would do for me at all. I'm too short-waisted for it—"

"Anne!—you forgot your salesbook." Anne turned frantically, with some idea of heading him off, but it was too late. Peter strolled into the room.

For a second he stood, dazed, staring at Betty. Then Anne struggled for something to ease the tension.

"I believe you two know each other. You're Betty Stoner, aren't you? Peter has so often mentioned you to me." Her smile was stiff on her face.

But the smile slid off completely when she realized that Betty Stoner and Peter had made no move toward each other. They weren't speaking or shaking hands. And, finally the other girl turned to Anne in perplexity.

"There must be some mistake. My name is Betty Stoner, but I don't believe Mr. . . . Mr. . . . and I have ever met before. Or have we?" Her face crinkled up in anxiety.

Peter came out of his daze and his face reddened in embarrassment. "No, we haven't. Anne misunderstood. I used to see you at the USO, many times—and then we were both at your wedding. At least—the Bride-and-Groom part of it."

Betty Stoner's face cleared. "Oh, that's it. Wasn't it a lovely wedding?"

I'm so glad you were there. Mark and I will never forget how kind everyone was to us. And that reminds me, I've got to get socks for Mark and his shoes half-sole'd before I go home or he'll divorce me."

She smiled again, and then was gone. It was nearly a full minute before Peter looked at Anne—and then he looked hastily away again. Her eyes were blazing.

"Do you mean to tell me, Peter Johns, that you never even met Betty? That you didn't know her—you'd never talked to her—never danced with her—that you didn't know what she was like at all? You said you thought you knew her better than anyone else! What you really meant was that you had drawn a picture of her for yourself and you didn't bother to find out whether or not it was true! Of all the silly, selfish—and then, of course, no other girl could compare with her. You'd made her up yourself so she was perfect!"

"Anne—"

"I've been utterly miserable, and all for something that never even existed—just because you're such a child that you can live in a dream, where everything is the way you want it. Instead of with a real person, where you have to work to make each other happy! I I don't want to ever see you again, Peter Johns!" Her head went down to hide the tears.

Perhaps he knew there was no arguing with her then. When she looked up again he had left.

That's good, she thought, fiercely. She meant it when she said she never wanted to see him again—at least her reason told her so. All these past weeks she had felt, humbly, that it was not Peter's fault she hadn't measured up to Betty's standards. He couldn't be blamed for preferring a girl, even if she was lost to him, who was sweeter, better than she—Anne—was.

BUT now—all of those standards had been in his imagination. He had observed Betty from afar. He hadn't really known her. He had created a dream world for himself and his dream girl—shutting out Anne and her little gifts of love and friendship and devotion.

No, he hadn't known her, Anne, any more than he had known Betty Stoner. He hadn't, thank heaven, known that she loved him. "And I'll get over that!" she insisted furiously to herself, through three days of tears and a miserable aching in her heart. "I haven't loved him very long, and now that I know he doesn't care anything about me, it will be easy to forget him!" Then the tears would start again, and the loneliness close in. It wasn't easy . . . it hurt so terribly!

Peter tried desperately to reach her, and that made it twice as hard. He wrote note after note; she forced herself to tear them up. He telephoned her at the dress shop; she refused to answer the phone. Two nights she went directly to the movies so that if the phone rang at home she wouldn't be there to hear it. "Leave me alone, leave me alone!" she kept muttering to him, in her mind. "I'll forget you!"

On the evening of the third day, too exhausted to go to another movie, she took some food home with her, took the receiver off its hook, and started dispiritedly to fry herself a lamb chop. Tears kept splashing into the pan, and as she brushed them away she began

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to get annoyed with herself. "I'm a fine mess," she thought angrily. "I'd better stop this nonsense right away!" There was a knock at the door, and she transferred her irritation to it, calling out snappishly, "Who is it?"

"Telegram, Miss Best."
 Now he's sending me telegrams—something else to tear up! She strode to the door and flung it open—and then, too late, tried to shut it again, but Peter was too quick for her. His foot jammed the opening.

"Please, Anne—let me come in. I have to see you!"
 "You are in," Anne told him, pointedly. She walked to the window and stared out, her back to Peter.

"I never thought about you misunderstanding about Betty, Anne. When I first met you, she seemed so real to me. You were right, of course—I had built her up to be an ideal, but I hadn't meant to pretend that we had been close friends or anything. I never actually spoke to the girl, before the other day. But it just seemed to me that I used to know what she was thinking and feeling and what she was really like—oh, Anne—I've been a darn fool!"

The girl at the window moved sharply. But she stayed turned away.
 "I've been in love with you, Anne, and never knew it. When you told me to get out I felt as if the whole world had come to smash. I need you, darling. I can't get along without you."

"How do you know it's love?" Her voice was muffled against the curtain folds.

"Why—because we get along so well, I guess, and even when we fight, we both enjoy it. Especially making-up afterwards. And we have so much fun together and we like the same things. You're the only person who ever listens to me talk about my work and you're the only person I've ever wanted to tell my dreams and my plans and discuss my work with. We've grown together, Anne. We've been companions and friends, first, and fallen in love naturally and gradually. It's real. It's the stuff marriages are made of."

"I need you, darling. I love you. I'll

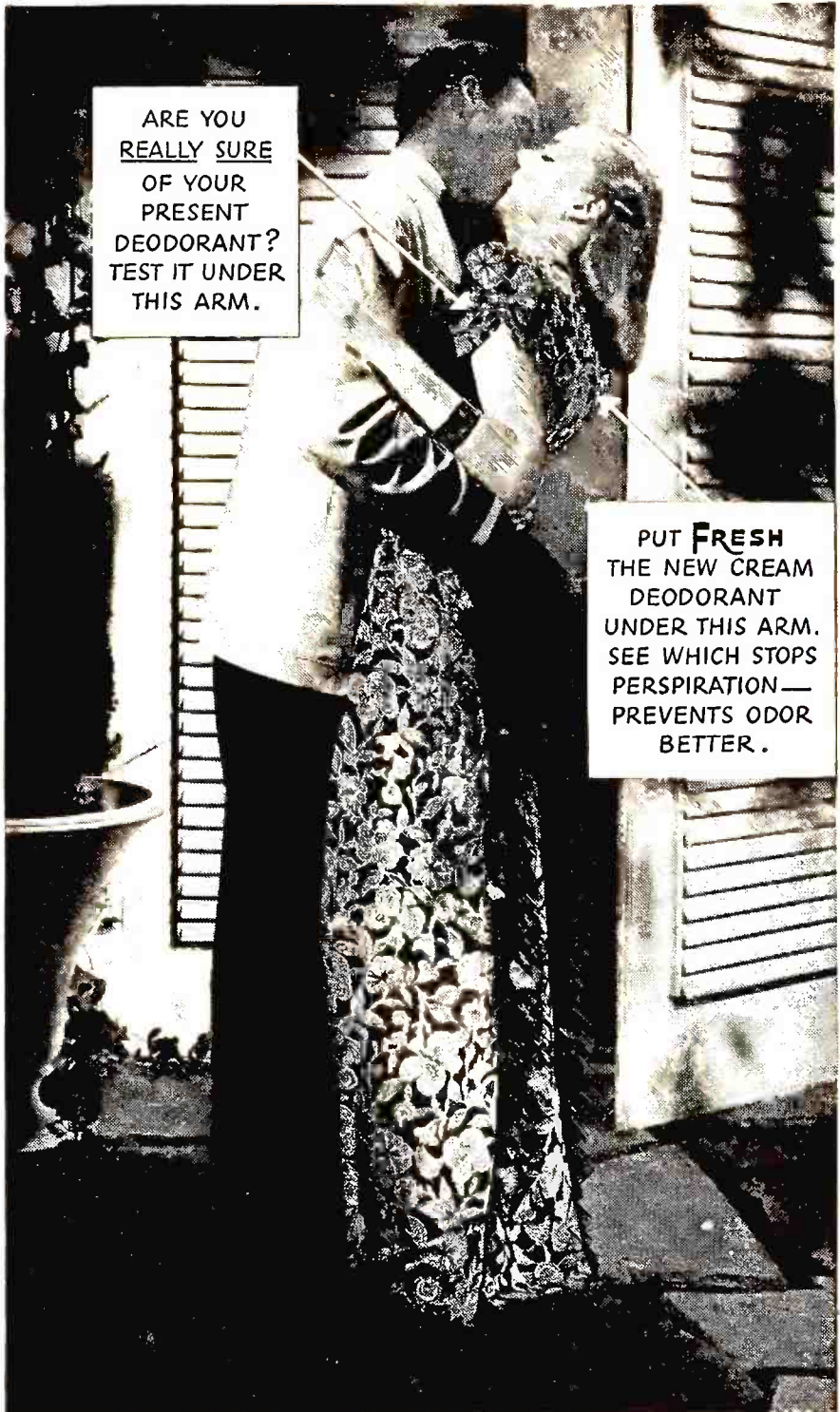
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try to remember to tell you how pretty I honestly think you are—how wonderful you are... Anne!... turn around!—how can I propose to you with your back turned?"

"Oh, Peter—" she only had to turn just a little bit to be in his arms. And his kiss wiped out all the anger and the hurt and in their place was an unbelievable happiness.

"I never believed you could be so romantic," she teased him—later. "I used to think if you ever did ask me to marry you it would be something like, 'Well—what about it, toots?'"

"I'm more sentimental and romantic than you think," he smiled down over her head. "Just to prove it, I'd like for us to be married on the Bride and Groom show, where we first met. It's fitting, somehow."

Oh, then, surely the ghost of Betty must be vanished completely! Otherwise he wouldn't want her—Anne—to take the place Betty had held on that broadcast stage, for them to be married where the Stoners had been married that day of their first meeting!

THIS assurance kept Anne floating on clouds through the next week when they talked to Virginia White, who was Bride and Groom's final word on accepting couples to be married on the show. Virginia was young, herself, and blonde and lovely. She had an unerring eye for those who were genuinely in love and she was graciousness, itself, to Anne and Peter. They were accepted.

"You'll be our first couple who met while they were watching our show. It gives us an added interest in you two," she told them, smiling. She introduced them to Johnny Nelson and to John Reddy, the producer of the show.

They were all so kind! And there was so much excitement—the arrangements to be made—the gowns to be chosen (Anne's wedding gown was to be the one Myrna Loy wore in her last Universal picture!), the rings and the bouquet and the trousseau which was Bride and Groom's gift to them—all the presents, the photo album, the camera, the sterling silver, the gas range, the make-up kit. Peter was completely in a daze over all these wedding details, but even he came to life when Virginia asked them where they wanted to go on their honeymoon.

"Lake Tahoe," he said firmly. "There's a lodge there—I want to show Anne that lake and the mountains. But—Holy Smoke!—do you mean to tell me Bride and Groom arranges that for us, too?"

"We pay all expenses and fly you to wherever you want to go," promised Virginia.

Peter grinned. "That's terrific! I was afraid my old bus with its recaps wouldn't stand up to the trip. Anne—we're going off in style—by plane!"

They were certainly going off in style, she thought, excitedly. The whole wedding was terrific—the minister they had chosen was sweet and gentle and dignified, just like old Reverend Uptegrove back home. Her mother was on the train now and would arrive soon. Under Virginia White and Johnny Nelson's friendliness, her natural shyness had evaporated and she knew she would welcome the audience on the show as special, friendly guests who had come to wish her well.

If there was a tiny cloud on her horizon, it was no more than that. She wouldn't let it grow big and spoil her

happiness. She wouldn't think about the ideal that Peter had created out of his dream of another girl.

So she resolved. But sometimes clouds have a way of spreading and growing blacker and bigger.

Several days before their scheduled wedding, Johnny Nelson showed them the Chapman Park Chapel. With the quick energy that was so vibrant a part of him, he led them along the path—the Pueblo Oratorio. For a second they paused, looking at it, letting its peaceful dreaming benediction seep into their hearts, quieting their voices before they entered. Great trees overshadowed its old-world cathedral tower room; a corner of the high wall sheltered it, making of it a sanctuary in the midst of the hurrying city.

"This is the reception room," Johnny whispered to them. For once there was no mischief in his eyes. His face was grave now, instead of gay. "Notice that here in the nave they have built-in stalls along the walls, instead of pews. That's the way ancient churches were built."

He showed them the dome of the apse—the mural of the Annunciation designed by a famous Mexican artist.

And then they were before the altar.

Anne's eyes stayed on the beautiful hand-wrought candelabra. There were tears, suddenly, in her eyes. Now—here—the trappings and the excitement and the fun of the wedding were replaced in her heart by the realization of the moment that would come in this church. Here she and Peter Johns would be made man and wife. This was the heart, the purpose, and the meaning.

For two people in love—truly in love—it would mean happiness. She and Peter were in love, she told herself, fiercely. Then why was she crying?

"I'm afraid," she whispered to herself. I know he loves me, but does he know it—does he know how much he loves me? I know that no other girl, not even if his dream-girl had come true, could be to him what I can. But does he know it? Or is Peter thinking me second-best? Will we go through our married life together with a ghost?

IT wasn't Betty Stoner, any more. She had only been a frame for Peter to hang his dream on. But Anne knew that sometimes people went through life clinging to an imagined perfection—outwardly leading a contented, normal, happy life—but reserving the best, the reality of themselves for a fanciful world peopled with figures of their own creation.

She didn't want to be cut off from any part of Peter's life! She didn't want to feel shut off from a secret world of his own making! She didn't want to be the earthly being he had to be satisfied with, second-best!

They hadn't seen her tears, Peter and Johnny. In the days that followed she forced herself not to think such thoughts.

And then—all too soon!—it was her wedding day. And now there was too much time for thinking, even with the rush, the hurry, the last-minute preparations, the final donning of the white satin dress.

"Mercy, child—your hands are like ice!" Her mother was there, her eyes anxious and confused. "But I suppose I've forgotten what it was like when I was a bride. And I like your Peter Johns, dear. I was so afraid—but now—"

Her Peter Johns! Would he ever be

hers? Oh, why hadn't she said something to him—talked this out! It was too late now. Maybe they shouldn't be married—maybe—

"We're almost ready." Virginia's tense whisper sent tingles through Anne. They were waiting in the little antechamber outside the broadcast room. From behind the closed doors she could hear the rustle of people finding seats—she could hear the little bursts of applause when Johnny mounted the stage—she could hear the laughter as he talked in his pre-broadcast warm-up to the audience.

A hand slipped through her arm, strong and steady.

"All set? This is it. Anne—are you ready?" Wildly, she looked up at Peter.

Ready?—no!—she wasn't ready! He was a stranger, this tall, dark, slim man. What was she doing here—?

"I think you go first, Mother." He smiled at Mrs. Best and the doors opened and the organ burst into a peal of chimes and somehow—mechanically—Anne was moving down the aisle.

She saw the faces and the smiles upturned to hers. She saw the little stage with its blue-velvet hangings and its gorgeous bursts of flower baskets. Her train floated out behind her and her white slippared feet moved as if they had a will of their own, carrying her up to the stage.

JOHNNY was introducing them—or rather, letting them introduce themselves to the audience. Thank goodness for Johnny—for a familiar face and a friendly voice that was steadying—calming—in this whirlpool she was in.

"Yes, we met for the first time right here at one of the Bride-and-Groom broadcasts," she found herself answering. But she didn't recognize her own voice. She saw her mother smiling from her reserved seat at the front of the stage—so she must look and sound all right. Probably her mother and all these other nice, smiling people just thought she was scared, as any bride would be. If they only knew!

"And then you started going together. Did you pursue her very hard, Mr. Johns?" Johnny was asking. That same black lock of hair had fallen down over one eye. It was just like that other Bride-and-Groom show that Anne had seen. Only then the bride had been radiant. And happy.

"Well—yes—I pursued her." Peter's voice was firm beside her. And there was something else in his voice, too . . . tenderness! "But I was pursuing someone else—or rather something else, too, at the same time."

"Something else?"

"A will-o'-the-wisp, you might call it."

The whirlpool steadied, stopped whirling. What was Peter saying?

Even Johnny Nelson waited for him to finish.

"You see—I was looking for the perfect girl. I thought I knew just what she would be like so I was rude to Anne. I was falling in love with her and I didn't want to." His hand slipped down and found her hand, holding it tight. "I didn't realize what I do now—that I had found the perfect girl. In Anne."

For the first time she really looked at him. And it was true—shining out of his eyes. He knew—just as she did—that their search for dreams was ended. She was his perfect girl!

In the audience a woman leaned over and whispered to Mrs. Best. "Did you ever in your life see such a radiant, beautiful, happy bride?"



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"Anyone Can Get Married!"

(Continued from page 37)

and popped them into bed. In the meantime I had been able to catch up with the household chores, Sally was bedded down for the night, and I could look forward to a pleasant, unhurried, unharried evening. I had even had time to repair my hair and my make-up, and to slip into a fresh dress.

Bill made a cocktail before dinner, and the two of us sat outside in the patio and enjoyed it slowly, reveling in the peace and quiet. We had something for supper—it didn't matter what—and Bill helped with the dishes.

No gift he could have selected for me at the best store in town—even if it came on the very day of my birthday—could ever have been so nice a present as the blessed *time*, the heavenly leisure he gave me that day.

There was another time when our maid left in a huff just two days before Christmas. I didn't blame her. A house with four children never stays clean, and unless you can stand clutter—which Sarah couldn't—you go mad.

I went a little mad myself when I stood in the middle of our messy house and realized that I had to face not only the preparation of Christmas for four expectant kids, but an open house on Christmas afternoon—to which we had invited all of our friends—and a big dinner Christmas evening with our two families invited for turkey and all the trimmings.

WE GOT through even that without disaster. Bill, who honestly felt that it was the spirit of the day which counted and not the frills, the presents or the food, somehow infected everybody who came with his own relaxed good cheer.

At such a moment, I'll bet anything "the perfect husband"—who is also, need be, a perfectionist—would have blown his top.

Having a big family gives life meaning. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But nothing so good is free. Having our four children in such a short span has cost a lot.

There have been more work times and fewer fun times. There have been more pressures—illness, strain, fatigue—than most husbands and wives, still in their twenties, are prepared to accept.

To me, after eight years of marriage and four babies, the variations from the norm are completely unimportant. It's flattering if your husband paces the corridor nervously while you're having a baby. But it really doesn't do any good. Bill got there that night at eleven, cheerful and confident. Just as he had known I would, I guess, I had Sally with no fuss or trouble two hours later.

Bill's refusal from time to time to do the expected thing—perhaps I should call it his ignorance of what is the expected thing—does not make him a villain in my eyes. Bill meets the real test of his worth as a husband and father—the only test that counts—in the day to day standing of the gaff.

And if you think you can be married to any man, even a man you love deeply and like and respect, and still not be up to your neck in gaff now and then you are prey to a dangerous illusion.

Having four babies in eight years is gaff—even if you plan it that way, deciding, as we did, to have your family early so you can have fun with them.

Think of what it means. Half of the time, since we were married, I have either been about to have a baby—and thus have been feeling fat and uncomfortable and cross—or I had just had a baby—and thus was feeling nervous and tired and very cross. There have been times during those periods when I had no household help at all—and at those low low-downs I have been tired and nervous and very, *very* cross.

It couldn't have been much fun for Bill. After all he had picked for a wife a girl who was young and gay—I was eighteen when we met and we were married a year later—who had a figure, and some pep, who liked to go out and have fun. Now what had he? A mother, yes—but a household drudge, sometimes something dangerously approaching a shrew. The wonderful thing was he didn't feel abused. He seemed to understand that it wasn't fun, at these moments, for me, either, and what was even more remarkable, he seemed to understand that this was the way marriage *was*. And he still liked it.

Perhaps I should give you one more example of what I mean. The other afternoon, Bill was on the phone discussing the terms of an important picture contract. Sally, our smallest daughter, was on his lap—drooling on his clean shirt. Lynn, who is two and a half, was clutching him by the knees, howling because she was *not* on his lap. Jill, our oldest, was making a paper lantern and smearing globs of sticky paste on Bill's fine antique desk. And little Bill was yelling from the swimming pool that Daddy should come at once and see him float. I was busy with something in the nursery but I came in at intervals to try to shoo them out, at least to shush them up.

Bill waved me away cheerfully. "Leave 'em alone," he said, putting his hand over the telephone for a second, "they don't bother me." And he went back to his business. The man hasn't a nerve in his body. What, I ask you, is remembering birthdays—when compared to a disposition like that?

Now that the war is over, we've managed to hold on to a cook and a nurse. That leaves what's left for me to do—and with four kids, that's plenty, because no nurse can handle that many. And it isn't only the children. I like to cook! But I don't, not very often,

and not very fancy. I use a can-opener. Fortunately, Bill loves to barbecue on the outdoor grill—steaks, baby broilers, corn on cob with his own special hot sauce, shishkabob. He's good, too.

As for housework—thank heaven, ours is a California ranch house, built around a big flat lawn and a fenced-in pool, so it's easy to take care of. Furnishings are Early American antiques, mostly—except for the nine-by-nine bed in the master bedroom. The study is full of red leather, with a mellow old pine desk. The dining room is bright—flowered wallpaper, an old tavern table and Windsor chairs—and the inevitable baby pen full of junk. Babies come so fast we never have to move the pen.

OUR yard is always full of baby stuff, too—slides and swings and safety gates and whatnot, especially in summer when we simply live outdoors. We spend our days around the pool, have hotdogs or the like for lunch, and go on through naps and more swimming to an easy summer supper, and so to bed. It's fun and comfortable.

For relaxation, Bill flies, in his own plane, and ranches at our place in Northern California. It's just a shack, so far, so I don't go along while he gets his waistline down bailing alfalfa. I will though, just as soon as Sally starts to school and I have a little time on my hands.

No matter how realistic their mother is about husbands, and marriage, you would have a hard time convincing my children that Bill is not the Perfect Father.

He loves the kids, and thinks of them democratically—as people. He talks to Bill about his airplane as though a four year old boy knew all about the theory of flying. He answers Jill's questions about the crops on our Northern California ranch even if he has to look up the facts in the Farmer's Almanac. He is not above changing a diaper, or mending a broken toy.

On the rare occasions when the children are allowed to stay up to hear their father on the radio, they are a sponsor's dream audience. They listen to George and Gracie's jokes with great impatience. What sends them is the pitch for the coffee.

"There's Daddy!" He's the Great Man, their Daddy. Don't tell him so, but I think he is too.

Wait till you see us!

Next month comes something we—and you—have been waiting for. Radio Mirror will use full-color illustrations for the first time!

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The Time Between

(Continued from page 23)

duet. I can't describe the look that crossed their faces—except perhaps to say that it was as if a magician had waved his cloak, had made them disappear for a second and then had brought them back, the same and yet not the same.

I don't think anyone else noticed. Willy's hearty voice exclaimed, "Connie, you must know Quent. Weren't you kids in high school together?" And then Connie was saying composedly, "Hello, Quent. I didn't know you were back."

"Hello, Connie," Quent said. "I thought you were on the West Coast."

"The job was too uncertain after V-J Day," Connie said. "I came back to my old job here. Ma was good enough to give me a room."

"You must find a small town pretty quiet after Los Angeles."

Connie's chin lifted a little. "Oh, no," she said. "I find things to do." She turned to me. "I'm on my way to the mailbox, Ma. Is there anything I can get you?"

I SAID that there wasn't, and Connie smiled at us all and said goodnight and went out. It had been a casual conversation—too casual, although I didn't realize it at the time, for in these days of soldiers' homecomings, the most distant of school acquaintances are greeted as old friends. I noticed other things that night, and attached no significance to them, although I remembered them afterward. For one thing, Quent seemed to forget about the guests waiting at his mother's house. Fay came down after she'd put Paulette to bed, and Quent waited willingly until she guessed Paulette was so soundly asleep that he could be taken upstairs to see the child. When he came down again, he stayed to tell Willy Junior of his experiences in the Coast Guard—or at least that seemed to be his reason. I recall now that there were times when he would forget, mid-sentence, what he was talking about, and his attention would wander to the door. He left a little after nine, about a half-hour before Connie came home. She had gone to a movie, she told me. It didn't occur to me that she might have stayed away deliberately; sometimes, although very infrequently, she walked downtown to a movie after mailing one of the letters she was always writing to her cousins in California.

It was after that that Connie changed, so abruptly that only the blindest could have failed to see that it was an unnatural change and would not have wondered at the reason.

Connie had been with me about six months then, and I had grown to love her very much. To love her—although I didn't quite understand her. I didn't know much about her background—only that her parents had died when she was small, and that she had been brought up by an aunt on a farm just outside of Rushville Center. She'd gone to high school here in town, and had worked for a while at Miss Florence's beauty shop after she'd graduated. Then the war broke out, and she went to work in a war plant in Los Angeles, where she had relatives, and shortly afterward the aunt who had reared her had died.

That much I knew about her; then one day last fall she appeared on my doorstep to ask for a room. "I don't want to inconvenience you, Ma Per-

kins," she said apologetically. "Please tell me if you really feel that you don't want a roomer. But there just seems to be no place at all in town."

Of course I gave her not only a room, but board. You couldn't help liking Connie on sight. She was a vibrant little thing, all glowing dark eyes and quick graceful movement, with a disarmingly direct way of speaking, and a proud way of carrying her head that was appealing in a child so small. Her presence caused hardly a ripple of difference in the household. We saw her at breakfast, pert and fresh and bright as a bird in the morning, and then it was a question as to whether we'd have more than a glimpse of her until the next morning. Her hours at the beauty shop were from nine-thirty until five-thirty, but whenever Miss Florence had a late customer none of the other operators wanted, it was Connie who stayed to do the job. She would come home limp with weariness after a twelve-hour day—and then, when I carried a cup of cocoa and a sandwich or a bowl of soup up to her room, I would find her studying, poring over thick and weighty-looking textbooks on dermatology and diet and goodness knows what else that has to do with making women beautiful. And I would shake my head, wondering that a pretty twenty-two-year-old should stick so hard to this sort of thing, should limit her social activity to dinner once in a great while at the home of a girl friend. I'd sigh and say, "You don't do things by halves, do you, Connie? If you don't stop driving yourself so hard, I'm afraid that one of these days you'll be forced to all-out rest instead of all-out labor."

She would shake back her dark hair, smile up at me. There was hard purpose deep inside the smile, like a pebble lodged in the heart of a rose. "Oh, no, Ma. One of these days I'll own an interest in the shop. Florence has promised it to me as soon as I can pay for it. Then I want a shop in Los Angeles, and some day, perhaps, a whole chain of shops."

I'd go downstairs with the empty tray, my head swimming a little at the extent of her ambitions, trying to reconcile the teen-age Connie I'd used to see around town with the driving, purposeful Connie of today. She had known of course that she would have to support herself until she married, but in that she wasn't any different from most girls. I couldn't recall ever having noticed any symptoms of relentless ambition within her. She was pretty and popular, and she'd enjoyed her popularity, liked to dress well.

That was another thing—her clothes. The Connie who came to stay with me had two outfits: a dress-up coat and suit, and a going-to-work coat, the shabby tweed, and a going-to-work suit as shabby as the coat. She had hardly any other clothes at all—hadn't had any others, I suspected, for a good long time. Even allowing for the fact that she was saving money for her shop, it didn't seem natural that she shouldn't buy herself something pretty once in a while.

Young men called, of course. Goodness knows, with her job Connie had little enough opportunity to meet them, but they saw her on the street and at lunch in the drugstore, and they would remember her from high school, and one after another they would be on the telephone, asking for Connie. Usually, she told me to tell them she wasn't at home; when she did answer, the brief conversation would end with the young

man looking elsewhere for company. Curiosity has never been one of my weaknesses—but that is perhaps because I've never had to ask many questions. More often it's been the other way around: people have come to me and told me things whether I wanted to know them or not. Connie was different. She opened up just so far and no farther; there was no getting really close to her. I asked her point-blank one day if she had never thought of getting married. The answer came so glibly that you could tell she'd been asked the question before, often.

"Maybe someday, Ma. But it seems to me that in these days when women can work and take care of themselves, a man is just more trouble than he's worth."

"But they don't have to work all the time—"

Connie answered shortly, "Well, I do," and bent over to admire the sweater I was knitting for Paulette. "My, that's lovely, Ma! What is it—cable stitch?"

And that is the Connie who, almost overnight after Quent's visit, turned into a social butterfly. Butterfly is certainly the wrong word; Connie began to make dates and to go out with all the determination she had applied to her work. I was pleased at first. Connie was busy at the shop, and she went out on her dates straight from work, so that I didn't know who took her out. I thought that she'd finally found some young man who interested her, and it seemed to me exactly like Connie, who never could do things by halves, to see him every night from the very beginning. Then came a slack week at the shop—and in that week, on four different nights, four different young men waited in the living room while Connie changed from her one shabby suit to her one good suit.

It's queer how everyone seems to wake up to the same thing at the same time. I'd no sooner realized that Connie was going out too often, and staying out too late, with, apparently, almost anyone who asked her, when Fay spoke to me about it. She came downstairs yawning one morning, a good hour after Connie had gone.

"Isn't Connie up yet?" she asked.

"Why, yes," I said. "She left at the usual time."

"Well," said Fay, "I'll give her credit for getting to bed on time, anyway." And then—"I saw her at the Hampton Inn last night, with Milt Cummings."

"Who is Milt Cummings?"

"YOU know who he is, Ma. He's the man who got into that scrape with the Weaver girl last year. He's just no good. And neither are a couple of the others I've seen Connie with. You ought to speak to her, Ma. Everybody's talking."

"Who is everybody?"

"Why—Evey told me that Gladys Pendleton told her—"

"Gladys isn't particularly happy," I interrupted. "She might talk about anyone just to get away from herself. And you and Evey aren't doing Connie any good by discussing her with others."

Fay's lips tightened. "I still think you ought to speak to her, Ma. Surely, she'll listen to you."

I wasn't at all sure, but I decided to try, the night I heard Connie crying. It wasn't by any means the first time I'd heard muffled sounds from her room, but this morning she came downstairs with the marks of tears still plain on her face. She hesitated in the kitchen doorway, and then, seeing that I was alone, she said that she would stop long



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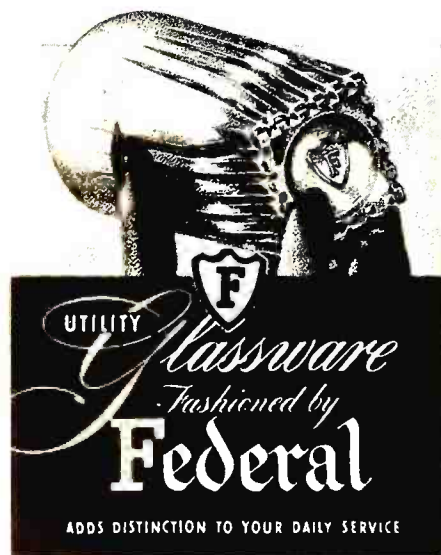
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enough for a cup of coffee. "You look as though you needed it," I observed.

Another girl might have hedged, but not Connie. She could take the wind out of your sails by coming straight to the point in her own way, one which you could not follow. "I do," she admitted. "For some silly reason I woke up crying in the middle of the night. Once I'd started, I couldn't stop. Nerves, I suppose."

"Perhaps you've been trying to do too much. With your work, and going about—"

She shrugged. "I like to keep going. And I'm strong. I can take it."

"People feel that way, when they're running on nerves. You know enough to take better care of yourself. You also know that you're not living in a big city any more, but in a small town, where people gossip—"

She pushed back her coffee cup, looked at me oddly. "You're not suggesting that I look for another room, are you, Ma?"

I was hurt, and then angry, and then I forgave her. After all, a girl like Connie must feel pretty insecure, down underneath. The last thing I wanted to do was to add to her insecurity. "You know I'm not. You can stay here as long as you like."

It hurt, too, the way she jumped up then, as if she'd found out all she wanted to know. She patted me affectionately on the shoulder. "Thank you, Ma. I haven't done anything wrong, and I won't. As for the gossips, they ought to realize that this isn't the middle ages, and a woman has a right to live as she pleases."

It is impossible to stay angry with a foolish, unhappy child who has deliberately played with fire in order to forget another, deeper hurt. For Connie had been hurt, badly, some time in those years she had been away. That much was as plain as the fact that she had tried to work it off and had failed, and was now trying to play it off. How she had been hurt I didn't try to guess; it would have been too easy to build up an entirely false picture.

And then one day I knew.

I'd been down at the lumber yard to see Shuffle, and I'd stayed late. I took my time getting home, knowing that Fay and Paulette were having their supper at Evey's. The house was dark as I approached it, and I went around to the back, stopped in the kitchen to lay out the cold meat loaf, the jellied salad I'd prepared for dinner. Then, with the loaded tray in my hands, I pushed through the swinging door to the dining room—and stopped dead.

I wasn't alone in the house, after all. In the living room, shadowy with the fading light of day, stood Connie—and Quentin Jonas. I thought I had interrupted a conversation—but then I saw that neither of them had heard me. Presently Connie spoke, her voice low, intense. "I'm not proud that I was ever married to you, Quent Jonas, and I wouldn't be again—not for any reason. And I won't stand for your interference."

It's a miracle I didn't drop the tray. "That's final, then," said Quent.

Connie didn't speak. But her silence was enough. Quent turned on his heel and walked out.

The tray rattled as I set it down. I hurried over to her, pausing to snap on the light.

She looked at me dully. "You heard," she said. "Please don't tell anyone, Ma. It'll probably be all over town soon enough."

"I don't know anything to tell—except that you and Quent were—were married. And that's between you two."

"Were married," said Connie. She sat up, moved a little away from me, searched for a handkerchief. "I'd like you to know about it," she went on. "You've been so good, and there were a lot of times when I wanted to tell you."

Something happened to Connie Myles when she was in California—something that shaped her into the defiant, determined woman Ma Perkins doesn't quite understand. What that something was, Ma learns in the concluding instalment of Connie's story, in the October RADIO MIRROR, on sale September 11.



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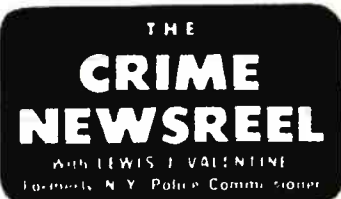
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Operation Crossroads

(Continued from page 19)

the bomb. How do we know they can't develop a defense against it? Why not give our scientists all the money they need, let them take as much time as necessary, and find us a defense?

ANSWER (by Air Force General George C. Kenney): It would be fine, if it could be done—and our Army is already working on it, doing everything we can. But actually, at this moment, there is no way of tracking down an atomic rocket traveling at high speed through the stratosphere, and exploding it. What's more, there's disagreement among scientists as to whether or not it can ever be done. Let's suppose, however, that it is possible. To build and maintain a radar-defense system would cost billions of dollars and require hundreds of thousands of highly-trained men. These men would have to be alert night and day—but experience has shown that no mechanical system is perfect. If thousands of bombs were launched at us in one great atomic attack, there is no guarantee that a few would not get through—and just a few are capable of doing the unthinkable damage we're trying to avoid.

And sending rockets through the stratosphere is not the only way of atomic attack. Agents of a nation planning to destroy us could smuggle the bombs in piece by piece. They could assemble them here and explode them miles away by means of a time-clock. It might even be impossible to identify the nation that planted them. *There just isn't any adequate defense against atomic attack.*

QUESTION: Well, if we can't defend ourselves against atomic bombs once they're used, why not prevent them from being used, by keeping the secret of making them? We and Canada and England are the only countries who know how to make the bomb today. If we don't give anybody else the secret, no other nation can ever make atomic bombs. If they can't make them, they can't use them, can they?

ANSWER (by Dr. Harold C. Urey, University of Chicago scientist who helped develop the atomic bomb): If there were a secret to be kept, there might be some value to your method—but *there is no secret* we can keep for more than a few years. The principles and theories by which the bomb is made are known. You can find them in any public library. All we have exclusively now are certain manufacturing processes and methods, and it is only a matter of years, probably about five, or perhaps no more than two or three, before other nations discover those.

Most other nations have access to the uranium from which the bomb is made. What's more, there is at present the greatest search for new deposits the world has ever known. No one can say where they will be found. There is no lack of engineering skill in other countries, and you don't have to have a large number of bombs. A relatively small number makes every nation equal.

QUESTION: My idea is tough—but in this world you've got to be tough. I don't say that we should go looking for trouble, but we should be ready for trouble, so if any other nation starts something, we can let them have it. Force is always a factor. The Nazis and Japs would never have started the war

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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in the first place, if they hadn't thought we were weak. This time we shouldn't deceive anybody. We have the atomic bomb. That gives us the odds.

ANSWER (by Senator Brien McMahon, head of the Senate Atomic Energy Committee): You are suggesting an atomic armaments race. Well, let's assume that we go all out to keep ahead in atomic bombs and other phases of national security. Consider the atmosphere in which an atomic armament race would be conducted.

The whole world would be turned into hostile, armed camps—the way it was before the last two wars. Trigger-fingers might get itchy. Nobody could guarantee that a dispute among nations would not set off an attack. An atomic attack would be so devastating that the U. S. would have to ward off the attack by striking first on the basis of mere rumor or report. We could not wait. Congress would have no time to debate war. A small group of men would have to decide to push a button and attack the suspected aggressor, without our approval. We certainly would not wish any group to have that responsibility.

The price of a world-wide atomic armament race will be to give up our democracy, live in perpetual terror of sudden catastrophe, disperse cities or take them off the face of the earth entirely, and put them underground. Even that wouldn't help because scientists estimate that you would have to go down two thousand feet to escape the effect of present atomic bombs. More powerful bombs would force you to go further. They would force you to turn back the world's clock to jungle time. Are you willing to pay that price?

QUESTION: Don't you think all the nations ought to make a treaty or something and promise not to use the atomic bomb?

ANSWER (by Mrs. Wendell Willkie): I'm afraid it wouldn't work. It never has. The lesson of history is clear. Treaties to outlaw war and weapons of war have been made and broken far too often for us to put any trust in them. There is no guarantee that a new treaty, however solemnly entered into, will not be broken again.

QUESTION: There must be a correct way of going about this thing. So far we've had nothing but wrong ways. Isn't there a solution?

ANSWER (by Harold E. Stassen, former Governor of Minnesota): Whatever the agreement is, if it's going to be more than just a treaty to outlaw the bomb, it will have to be enforced. It will have to have some kind of law and power behind it. And if there is going to be an agreement, it will probably mean that certain laws will be laid down with respect to the making of atomic bombs and for the peaceful use of atomic energy; that every nation will have to be bound by those laws, and that some system of inspection will have to be worked out to see that every nation lives up to the law. This will mean that an authority will be created to control atomic energy which will be, in one sense, higher than the government of the U. S. or the government of any other one nation. Any nation and any individual found guilty of violating the atomic control laws would be subject to punishment by United Nations authority—and the U. S. and other nations will have to cooperate in the punishment. That is what we mean when we say United Nations law to control atomic energy and power to enforce it.

QUESTION: If that's the best method,

Mr. Stassen, what will it cost us? What's the price we have to pay for that chance of survival?

ANSWER (by Mr. Stassen): The price is that we must delegate a portion of our nationalistic sovereignty to a United Nations authority.

QUESTION: What is this mysterious thing called "sovereignty" actually? How much of it do we have to give up?

ANSWER (by Mr. Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court): Sovereignty is final authority. It is power—supreme power. Those who have the last word are sovereign. In our form of government, sovereignty belongs to you, to me, to every citizen. We do not give up sovereignty or surrender it. We exercise it. We exercise it every time we cast a ballot and elect officials to represent us. When the traffic officer patrols the highway he's exercising your sovereignty for you. Our delegation of sovereignty to our agencies of government is the way we purchase civilization—the way we obtain law and order, freedom, social justice. Through the delegation of our sovereignty we create strength which individually as citizens or as states we would lack—we create power adequate to deal quickly and decisively with the problems of each day.

In our efforts to harness the atomic force, all we're being asked to do is to exercise our sovereignty on a new level—the international one. That doesn't mean forming a full-fledged world government overnight, in which we would all be citizens of a single, world state. All it means is that we shall take some of the powers we delegate and give them to an international agency under the authority of the United Nations. Other nations would naturally do the same. The powers delegated by all the nations will be limited specifically to the field of atomic energy and like matters. The specific function of the new agency of government will be to make atomic energy the servant and not the destroyer of the people.

QUESTION: But how about the argument you hear so much these days—that Russia is out to conquer the world, that she'll never agree to any system of control, and that even if she does, it will only be a stall, a blind, until she gets good and ready to attack us?

ANSWER (by Joseph E. Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Soviet Russia): If conditions are as you say—where do we go from there? There is no hope. For without Russia there can be no control. The Russians, however, are in the United Nations. They have a place on the Atomic Energy Commission. Certainly we cannot assume that they will not cooperate to prevent destruction as long as there remain any ways to avoid it.

QUESTION: But look how the Russians have been behaving in the United Nations.

ANSWER (by Mr. Davies): The Russian attitude in the United Nations is based on fear that the Western World is ganging up on them. They claim that they do not wish to dominate the world, but to protect themselves. If we are to avert disaster we must assume that they are telling the truth. If, however, we are convinced that the Russians are out to conquer the world and that sooner or later they mean to attack us—the logic of the situation would force us not to wait—but to attack Russia first, now. There may be some misguided people in this country who are willing to pursue such a course, but I think we can safely conclude that the overwhelming majority of Americans

reject it. No, as long as the Russians remain in the United Nations, as long as there's the ghost of a chance that international control of atomic energy can be made to work, every means should be exhausted to compose differences.

In my opinion, the Russians are as eager for peace as we are.

QUESTION: There are many people, who, while they hope and pray that future war can be averted, are pessimistic about the chances of doing it. They say it's just "human nature"—and that while mankind may possibly change some old habits of thinking in a million years, there's certainly no chance of changing them in the next five.

ANSWER (by Dr. Albert Einstein): This "human nature" which makes wars is like a river. It is impossible to change the *nature* of the river. But when it continually overflows its banks and destroys our lives and homes, do we sit down and say: "It is too bad. We can't change the river. We can do nothing!"? No, we get together and build a dam which will keep the river in check. We use reason, our ability to think. And this ability to think is also a part of human nature. It is intelligence, which is the ability to learn from experience. It includes the capacity to give up immediate, temporary benefits for permanent ones.

This part of human nature recognizes that man's security and happiness depend on a working society; that a working society depends on laws; and that men must submit to these laws in order to have peace.

Just as we use our reason to build a dam to hold a river in check, we must build institutions to restrain the fears and suspicions and greeds which move peoples and their rulers. We do not have to wait a million years to use our ability to reason. We *are* using it every day of our lives. We can and must use it now—or human society will disappear in a new and terrible dark age of mankind—perhaps forever.

QUESTION: And if we can prevent atomic energy from being used destructively—what are its constructive possibilities?

ANSWER (by Henry Wallace, Secretary of Commerce): No one can predict with accuracy the possible peacetime uses of atomic energy. We do know that within a year a fairly efficient atomic power plant for producing electricity could be constructed. A pound of uranium fully utilized would produce approximately as much heat as two million pounds of coal.

It seems fairly certain to me that altogether new methods of distributing power will be discovered and that eventually small, safe motors for using atomic power will be worked out. The international control of "dangerous" atomic materials, and the release of "non dangerous" materials for competitive use can lead to results which fire the imagination.

For long centuries, men have dreamed of a "philosopher's stone" which would change basic metals into gold, dreamed of freeing themselves from dependence on the soil for their daily bread, of conquering disease and prolonging life and launching out into the far reaches of the universe. Atomic energy has brought all these age-old dreams within the possibility of realization—if man can win for himself the opportunity to use it constructively.



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Greta Goes Home

(Continued from page 47)

like a parcel. I got to raise her like a mama, Tim says, only I got no place to raise her."

Mrs. Hutchinson looked from one to the other of them.

"Tena's not explaining it so good," Tim offered, stepping manfully into the breach. "It's little Greta—Tena's cousin Gus's girl. She came on the train—"

"Tena," Mrs. Hutchinson pointed out, "said that." Tim subsided.

Struck with inspiration, Tena fished in the pocket of her apron and brought out the much-bedraggled letter from Gus. She held it up. Mrs. Hutchinson read it once over her shoulder, then took it and read it through again. Then, without a word, she went out into the kitchen, Tena and Tim close in tow.

GRETA still sat upon the stool. Greta still looked hard at nothing, and kept whatever was going on inside her strictly to herself.

"Good morning, Greta," said Mrs. Hutchinson. "So you've come to visit your Aunt Tena?"

Silence.

"Where do you live?"

Silence.

"She's frightened, poor little tyke," said Mrs. H.

"Stöckars lilla flicka," Tena repeated. She seemed to feel that this was a safe remark which covered all contingencies.

"Lemme try again," said Tim, suddenly. He came across the kitchen and squatted on his haunches.

"Looka here, Greta," he began, in his best cajoling voice. "I bet you can sing real pretty, huh? How about me singing you a song and then you singing me a song, and we'll get acquainted? Listen—"

"Me father kept a boardin' house,
Hullabaloo, balay;
Hullabaloo bala balay,
Me father kept a boardin' house,
Hullabaloo, balay!

The boardin' house was on the quay,
Hullabaloo, balay;
Hullabaloo, bala, balay,
The boarders was nearly all at sea,
Hullabaloo, balay!

A brash young feller named Shallow
Brown,
Hullabaloo—"

Mrs. Hutchinson put her hand on his shoulder. "It's no use, Tim. You're just frightening her worse every minute." Her eyes gathered him and Tena in, and she led the way back to the dining room.

It was Tim, finally, who had the saving idea. All of a sudden he slapped the side of his head with his big hand and shouted, "I've got it—hey, I've got it!"

"What?" cried Tena, anxiously.

"Yes, what?" urged Mrs. Hutchinson.

"Pat Murphy," Tim told them. "Pat Murphy—him that's the officer on this beat! Many and many's the time he's told me how him and his wife would like a child." He pulled his big yellow turnip of a watch out of his pocket and consulted it critically. "Pat'll be around soon," he elaborated. "I promised him some magazines I got in the cellar—some of them detective magazines. I'll be goin' down this very minute so's I'll be sure to catch him."

The child welfare committee broke



Lovely hair deserves fine care...
use a Du Pont Comb



up, Tim to go back to the basement, Mrs. Hutchinson and Tena to trail out to the kitchen. Fortified with a cup of coffee, Mrs. Hutchinson slipped out to the telephone and called her husband at his office, to the accompaniment of Tena's dish-rattling, which could be heard from one end of the apartment to the other. Tena was trying to drive Silence out of the kitchen.

It wasn't long before Tim was back. He marched in with the big patrolman close behind, and led him straight out to the kitchen. He pointed to Greta and said, somewhat as if he had invented her on the spot, "There she is, Pat, my friend. There she is—and ain't she a fine one?"

"That she is, Tim, that she is," Pat Murphy laughed, and nudged the little girl gently with his nightstick. Greta moved only slightly, and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the section of linoleum that disappeared under the refrigerator. "She's a girl after me own heart," Pat continued in a voice that rattled the china in the cupboards. "A fine broth of a girl that'll do wonderful in me house that was never blessed."

THE patrolman turned to Mrs. Hutchinson, who was hard put to it, at the moment, to look as solemn as the occasion warranted. "Would you be mindin' if I used your phone, ma'm? I'll just call Mrs. Murphy and tell her the good news about the little one, here."

The procession moved to the telephone where Officer Murphy addressed the instrument as if it were a three-time loser. Not a dialer, Murphy—what were thim girls for, anyway, if not to get a man a number when he wants it.

When he finally achieved Mrs. Murphy, his voice softened a decibel. "Darlin'? This is Patrick. I want to tell ya that I've found a fine little girl fer us, and I'll be bringin' her home after me tour of duty." He went on to roar in his words the lucky fate that had brought them Greta from Minnesota. Things seemed to be going well until, at one point in his glowing account, a quacking sound was heard from the other end of the line. Officer Murphy's face grew violently red, then subsided to a pale blue-green. A moment later, he hung up.

He turned to his witnesses. "Mrs. Murphy says it would be most inconvenient at the prisint time to be bringin' the child home. She's got the backache somethin' awful. And there's the fall cleanin' comin' on. And..." He let the rest drift off into space. He wiped his brow, put a finger around his tight, red collar-line, and made for the door.

When he had gone, three unhappy faces peering at each other in Mrs. Hutchinson's dining room would have made a charming picture under the title "The End of the Rope." Mrs. Hutchinson looked out the window.

Finally, she said, "Tena! What're we thinking of? That poor child—we never offered her anything—she's probably starving!"

Tena went toward the kitchen to see to her charge, Tim straggling along behind her, while Mrs. Hutchinson went off in the other direction to finish dressing. She could, she felt, face the problems of the day better in her new blue gabardine, and with some make-up on her face.

In the kitchen, Tena and Tim were amazed to find that Greta had finally shifted her position on the stool so that now she faced the wall instead of the window.

"Now," Tena began, "how would you



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-us tough guys say to
summer
skin troubles!"

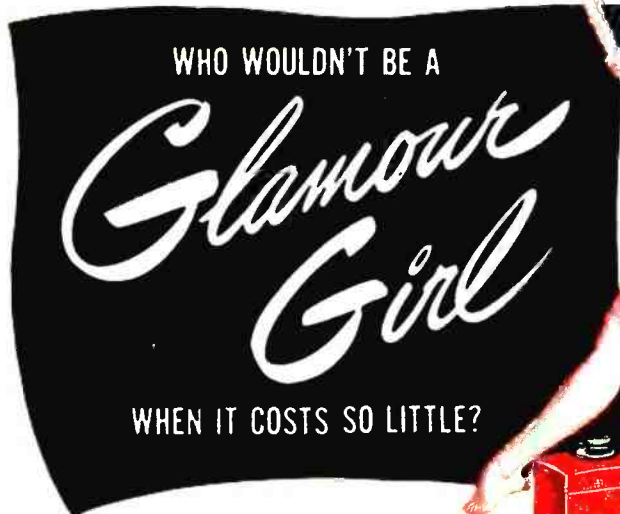
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The Present with a Future

like a big glass of milk and maybe some cookies with raisins in?"

Silence.

Tena set out a brimming glass of milk, heaped cookies on a plate, and set them in reach of Greta. The little girl's eyes widened, if that was possible. Instinctively, Tena put a gentle hand on her shoulder and felt a quiver run through her little body. They knew, both Tena and Tim, that she was hungry. That the milk and the cookies looked like nectar and ambrosia to her. But she didn't dare. How could she eat, in a world that had fallen in about her head?

Tena's eyes, full of tears now, met Tim's above the little girl's head. "You know what, Tim," Tena managed after a moment. "You know what? In a minute I think I make me a big layer cake. Yust about the biggest layer cake you ever lay your eyes on. Only I don't stir so good no more. I wish I knew a lilla flicka to stir me up my cake."

SILENCE. But there was no hostility, no impatience, in the silence on Tena and Tim's part any more. Just pity. Waves and waves of pity so tangible that they must surely find the little Greta's heart in time.

Tena got out flour and sifter and began to sift dry ingredients with commendable vigor.

"What you going to do?" Tim wanted to know. "Why don't you put"—he nodded toward Greta—"in a boarding school?"

Tena threw up her hands in horror and the shell of the egg she'd been breaking hit the ceiling. "Nay! Vhy, Tim, you know about those places. Where they starve the kids, and all!"

Tim knew it wouldn't be any use to argue, so he threw out another suggestion. "Why don't you send G-r-e-e-t-a back to G-u-s?" he spelled elaborately.

Tena smacked another egg on the side of the bowl in violent disapproval. "Didn't Mrs. Hutchinson yust say we couldn't turn her back to the store like a bolt of lightning?"

At that point, Mrs. Hutchinson, fortified with blue gabardine and red lipstick, came back into the room. She stood looking at Greta for a minute, and then went over to the child.

"Greta? Greta, would like to live with us? Would you like to live in this house, and be with Aunt Tena and me all the time? It would be lots of fun for us to have you here."

Tena rushed around the table to grab Mrs. Hutchinson's free hand in her two slightly eggy ones. "Oh," she cried, "Oh, t'ousan' tak, Mrs. Hutchinson. You got such a big heart. Oh, tak sa mycket!"

Mrs. H. smiled. "I talked to Mr. Hutchinson a while ago, and he said it was all right with him, if it was with you and me. So—well, Tena, I guess we've got another little girl!"

She turned again to Greta. "You can stay in Aunt Tena's room, sweetie, and have your own closet to hang your clothes up in, and your own little bed, across from Aunt Tena's. You can go over to the big park down the block every day to play, and in the fall you can go to school, and—and everything." It was hard to keep up enthusiasm, when you wanted to cry, instead. When you were sorrier for the little girl beside you than you'd ever been for any human being before in your life.

She spoke briskly to Tena, to keep her voice steady. "You'd better take Greta into your room, and get her things unpacked. I've got to hurry to

keep my appointment at the hair-dresser's, but I'll be back around two."

The tableau broke up for the umpteenth time. Mrs. Hutchinson moved toward the door. Tim moved vaguely toward his long-forgotten tools. Tena moved to take Greta's hand. And then the doorbell rang.

Mrs. Hutchinson and Tim waited in a sort of suspended animation while Tena hurried to answer it. They'd had enough doorbells for one day.

From the hall came Tena's voice, positively rapturous—"Oh! Oh, välkommen! Välkommen, Gus!"

And in answer, a placid male voice that said, "Tena—god dagen, cousin Tena!"

For the first time, the pent-up little figure on the stool showed signs of life.

In a moment they were all staring at a big, toothy individual in high-water pants, who held his hat as if he expected someone to snatch it any moment, and who shifted morbidly from foot to foot in shoes which seemed impossible to be too small for anyone, but were obviously too small for Gus Swenson. He grinned shyly at Mrs. Hutchinson and extended a huge paw to Tim, while Tena performed the introductions.

"I yust coom in from Minnesota," he informed them. "After Greta vent on train, I got lonesick. I don't want to go to loomber camp. I don't want to go novhere, except vhere my Greta is. So I get on train, too. Now I'm happy, too. How are you?"

"But—" began Mrs. Hutchinson. "What are you going to do? Where—"

Gus made a great, sweeping gesture which indicated that he had the situation well under control, and which gravely endangered Tena's half-finished cake. "Vell, I tell you. I come down on train vith a falla by name of Emil Yacobsen who has big loomber yard here. I tell him about me and Greta and right avay he give me a job."

"You got a job already?" asked Tim. "Gee, good for you, Gus."

"I'm a fast falla," Gus assured him. "I go to york at the loomber yard tomorrow."

"**B**UT where are you going to live?" Mrs. Hutchinson asked. There was a trace of anxiety in her tone. Mr. Hutchinson hadn't agreed to take in Greta's papa, too.

"Mr. Jacobsen has a lilla bungaloo near the loomber yard." Gus treated her to his teeth again. "It needs fixing oop, but I can fix oop any'ting."

Gus turned his grin on Greta. And the child burst into a radiant smile that made her look like a little-girl Gus.

"Hello, Greta," said her papa. "Vhat you like, Greta?"

Greta got off her perch at last, put a cookie in her pocket, and moved toward Gus. It was then that she made her pronouncement. It was then that the spell was broken, the silence shattered.

"I vant," said Greta, "to go home." It was like magic. The sun seemed to come out, though it had been out all the time. All of a sudden you could hear the birds singing and you could practically hear the flowers blooming.

"Gus—you stay for lunch?" Tena beamed.

"I tank I go home now," Greta said, firmly. "I vant to go home."

Gus smiled half in thank-you, half in apology. "She vants to go home," he explained.

They distributed a smile all around. They went home.

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... adds the "finishing touch".

Oh, What It Seemed To Be!

(Continued from page 43)

be there. It just wasn't anything very special. That's what I thought then. But it was that night I met Tom.

"I shouldn't say 'met' because we'd grown up together, but when I saw him at that dance, it was a different Tom than I'd ever known before. He'd been away in the Army four years. When he left, he had been just another boy I knew much too well to have any romantic notions about. We'd had a lot of fun together, but there had never been anything more."

She hesitated, and I smiled encouragement.

"HE came home on leave before going overseas and we'd gone out together. I promised to write, and I tried to keep my letters newsy and cheerful. His were sometimes grim and full of loneliness, but there was never any mention of love.

"Now, after three years, he was home. He was a captain, but that wasn't the only thing I noticed. He was bigger, straighter—and older, too . . . much older than he should have grown in only three years. But when he smiled, he—well, it was like turning on a new lamp in a familiar room. The same—and yet different."

She was lost in her story now—she needed no prompting from me. It was something she had to tell—had to get out of her heart. "Even while he smiled his eyes were serious. He looked at me in a way I'd never known before. He seemed to see right through me . . . right into my heart. And I—I wanted him to. I wanted him to know me, more than I wanted anything.

"We stared at each other for a moment. Then suddenly we said, 'I loved your letters.' Saying the exact same words together like two children reciting in school. It broke the spell and we stood there laughing till the tears started to our eyes.

"He asked me to dance. The whole evening we danced together, and it was like a wonderful dream. I was proud . . . not because he was Captain Tom Morris, with a chestful of ribbons, but proud of what had happened to him inside. He was strong and good; I was proud that he wanted to be with me.

"Being in his arms was just like the song. It was like a masquerade ball, with costumes and all . . . 'cause you were at the dance with me.

"When it was over, he asked to see me home. We walked along streets that were more than familiar to me, but it was as if I'd never seen them before. The houses along the way were full of love, of people living together in happiness. The whole world was friendly and exciting! Tom walked silently beside me, reaching up now and then to pull a leaf from a tree overhead, like a little boy. I knew I was in love. Nothing had been said. Tom hadn't even kissed me. But I guess lots of people fall in love that way—" her voice shook but steadied again.

"It wasn't just me. Tom felt it too. He stopped walking and turned me so that our eyes met, and then he said, 'I love you, Mary.' That was all.

"My heart jumped like a bird trying to escape from its cage. I couldn't speak. When he kissed me, the stars seemed to shower down around me."

Mary stopped talking for a moment and stared into the distance. It was

easy to tell that she was seeing a moonlit street in her mind's eye, instead of the sun-drenched playground.

I went over and retrieved her handbag from Judy. My inquisitive daughter had decided by now that the contents of the bag might prove interesting, and I knew that her next idea would involve a little art work with Mary's lipstick.

When I came back, Mary was still off in her reverie. I leaned over towards her and sang very softly:

*"And when I kissed you, darling
... it was more than just a thrill
for me.*

*It was the promise, darling ...
of the things that fate had willed
for me."*

Mary looked at me quickly. "That's just how it was, Joan," she went on.

"That night I began to be alive. All the little everyday things I'd done suddenly seemed like adventures. Tom called next day, and for three weeks we lived in our own private cloud of joy.

"We danced, swam, talked, walked. Everything was new because we were in love.

"Tom had two maiden aunts who lived in a nearby town. He always teased me that no matter how wonderful he might think I was, Aunt Ellen and Aunt Pris wouldn't think me good enough for him. For one thing, nothing could convince them that any modern girl could cook. Tom was joking, of course, but somehow winning Pris and Ellen became important to me.

"The day we decided to go for a visit I pestered Mother and all her friends till I found enough butter and sugar to bake a coconut cake. We carried it with us on the ugly little country train. Every jolt and bump on the track was a menace to my masterpiece. Tom was no help. He kept on insisting that cake was meant to be eaten, and he hoped that I would drop it so that at least he could enjoy the pieces.

"The cake arrived safely and was a huge success. Aunt Pris and Aunt Ellen gave their blessing. The trip home on that rickety railroad was one of the happiest hours I've ever known. That's one of the reasons that song is really ours—

*"It was like a trip to the stars, to
Venus and Mars ... 'cause you were
on the train with me."*

Mary's pretty face darkened. She struggled to be brave as she said . . . "The end of that train ride was like the end of my dreams. Tom told me that next day he was going away. That no matter what happened to remember he loved me always.

"It all came without warning. I was too shaken even to fully understand what he'd said. And by the time I

realized that he had meant it, he'd been gone for weeks. No explanation; not a word. And my life just fell apart. Until you've known how much fun life can be with someone you love, you don't really know what it is to be alone. Friends try to be kind, but finally you stop seeing them because in trying to be helpful, they remind you too much of what is gone.

"All I knew was that Tom was somewhere near New York, on Army business. I didn't really believe I'd find him by coming here. I had to get away from home. I had to escape those constant reminders of a happiness that I'd lost.

"So I came here and got a job. I live alone in the YWCA on Lexington Avenue. I don't know anyone, but seeing strangers every day is easier than facing friends. I go everywhere alone—movies, and meals—sometimes I get a ticket to a radio broadcast, like last night.

"Then last night when you sang our song, I had to admit to myself that I hadn't forgotten. I watch the thousands of people streaming by me on the streets, and I'm looking always for his face. I want to forget. If he loved me he couldn't have gone away like this with no goodbyes, no explanations! Oh, Joan, why can't I forget!" Mary's unhappy heart cried out for consolation. I didn't know what to say to her.

"If you know it has something to do with the Army," I ventured, "maybe it's a military secret that he can't talk over with you."

Mary looked directly at me. "I've tried to think that, Joan," she said. "But with the war over now, I can't make myself believe it's true. If only I knew the truth it would be easier. If I knew that I was building too much on just a neighborhood dance and a goodnight kiss, I might be able to forget. But my heart keeps telling me that he will come back, and my mind tells me it's through."

Judy had tired of her play and was sitting quietly beside me on the bench, her head resting against my arm. Mary looked down at her and was suddenly embarrassed.

"I'm sorry I've gone on like this," she said. "Little Judy's tired. You should be getting home."

I tried to reassure her, but she was shy again now. The spell of the song that had made her feel close to me was broken, and she fumbled for words when she said, "I really have to go, too. I . . . I'm sorry. I shouldn't have poured out all my troubles to you. It's kind of you to want to help, but there's nothing you can do." Her hand closed tightly on my arm. "I don't know how to thank you, Joan. You're the sweetest person I've ever known."

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FOR YOUR HAIR



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FAMINE

—do you think of that as just a word? You shouldn't, because it's people: men, women, babies, millions of them all over the world, who will starve this winter unless we can somehow help them. People like the family next door—like your own family, except that they're desperately, dangerously hungry. Remember that, and you'll remember that your family, and the family next door, must conserve and send food if these starving millions are to have their chance to live.

It was my turn to be embarrassed. Before I had a chance to speak, Mary jumped up and started down the path. I called after her, but she didn't turn, and I could tell from her back—she tried to hold herself too straight—that she was crying.

Judy and I went back home, and for the next few hours the immediate problems of giving Judy her lunch and settling her down for a nap drove all other thoughts from my mind.

At last the demands for drinks of water were stilled, all favorite teddy bears were in their proper places and peace reigned in the apartment.

Julius was deep in the Sunday paper, but looked up when I said, "Do you suppose Colonel Riley meant it when he said that he'd be glad to do me a favor any time I asked?"

"I'm sure he did, dear . . . why?"

I TOLD him Mary's story. Colonel Riley is the public relations officer who had been so nice to me on camp tours and trips to hospitals. He'd said that any time he could do anything for me not to hesitate to call on him. I told Julius what I had in mind.

"Do you think the colonel could find Tom Morris for me?"

Julius looked surprised. "Joan, are you sure you know what you're doing? It's just possible Tom doesn't want to be found."

I'd thought of that, but after talking with Mary I couldn't help but believe that he was in love with her.

Julius finally agreed and I called Colonel Riley. His voice was friendly over the phone.

"I'll do my best Joan," he said, "but there are a lot of soldiers stationed around New York. He might be in one

of the hospitals or assigned to a port . . ."

I don't know what made me say it, but I broke in on him. "Try the hospitals, Colonel," I said. "I'm sure he's there."

Maybe it was because I wanted to find Tom Morris so badly that made me say I was sure. After I'd hung up the phone I felt a little foolish. Suppose he wasn't there, and I'd sent a busy army officer off on a wild goose chase. For no logical reason in the world, though, I was sure he'd be found.

About nine o'clock that night the telephone rang. It was Colonel Riley. His voice was so jovial that I knew before he told me that his search had been a success.

"Could you do me one more favor, Colonel?" I asked. "Could you arrange for me to go out to the hospital and sing? I don't need anything special. I'll play the piano for myself."

He was charming as usual. "That's no favor to you, Joan. That's a favor to us. How's next Wednesday afternoon?" I rummaged hastily through my appointment book by the phone. "That will be perfect, Colonel. I'll be there, and thanks a million for all you've done."

I was happy and excited as I hung up the phone, but by the time Wednesday rolled around, grave doubts filled my mind. Julius might be right. Maybe Tom Morris didn't want to see Mary. Maybe I was trying to help where my interference wouldn't be welcome.

When I arrived at the hospital, I had a plan. I decided to save the ward where I knew Tom was for the last, and to concentrate on putting on a good show for the other boys. Two soldiers helped me wheel a tiny piano from room to room and the afternoon was almost

over by the time I started into the ward where I'd see Tom.

All the boys in the ward were there only for observation, so when I went in they crowded around the piano. I played and they sang. It was such a thrill to see their faces and how they enjoyed themselves that for a while I forgot about Tom.

ALL the time I'd been playing, I had noticed one boy who didn't quite enter into the fun. I told myself that I was letting my imagination run riot, but I was sure the tall serious lad was the man I wanted to see.

I finished what I'd been playing, then with a few chords I started very softly to sing:

"It was just a neighborhood dance, that's all that it was, but oh what it seemed to be."

As I sang, I watched his face. He noticed that I was singing to him and smiled a little. I could see that every word of the song stirred in his memory. He might not be Tom, but he certainly was a boy very much in love.

When it was time to go, he came over to me. I'd been wondering how to speak to him, but now it was out of my hands.

"I saw you watching me while you sang, Miss Edwards," he said. "I guess it was written all over my face that you were singing my favorite song."

I confessed that I had suspected it. "Could I ask you a very personal question, Miss Edwards?"

Mary had been right, he did have beautiful eyes. They were a deep golden brown. I promised to try to answer anything he asked.

"You see, that song set me thinking, and I wonder if I've done something

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wrong. I've been here almost two months now . . . they've been taking a hundred tests a day. I picked up a bug when I was out in the Pacific and they were afraid there might be something permanently wrong with me. But there isn't. I'm going to be all right."

"I'm very glad," I murmured.

"There's a girl I want to marry, but I was a coward about it, I guess. I didn't dare ask her until I was sure. I had to be positive she wouldn't be tied to someone who had something wrong with him. And now that I am sure, I'm scared. She said she'd be waiting."

I put my hand on his shoulder. "Mary is waiting, Tom. I know."

He looked at me as if I'd suddenly grown two heads. When he recovered from his astonishment, he stammered, "How . . . how did you know?"

I TOLD him the whole story of how I'd met Mary and what she had said to me. His amazement changed to remorse.

"How could I have done such a thing?" he said. "I didn't want to hurt her. That's why I didn't tell her what I feared. And now I've hurt her in a way I'd never dreamed."

"Tom," I said. "You can't undo what's already done, but you can spend the rest of your life making her happy. If you love her."

"Oh, I do . . . I do!"

"Just remember, Tom, Mary loves you and there's nothing she wouldn't face right by your side."

Without warning, wolf whistles started all over the room. Tom actually blushed. I had to laugh. Here I was standing in a corner talking to a man who towered over me, holding his hand, and what was I doing? Handing out advice like his maiden Aunt Pris.

Julius and I laughed about it when I got home. As weeks passed I wondered what had happened to Mary and Tom. I took Judy to the park and I'd find myself looking for Mary as we entered the playground. I even went so far one day as to call her at the YWCA, but they told me she'd left weeks before.

Two months went by, and "their song" had disappeared from the Hit Parade. I went to rehearsal last Saturday and Joey, the page boy stopped me at the door.

"There's a package for you, Miss Edwards," he said.

I took it with me up to the dressing room. I unwrapped a tiny red purse, a perfect replica of the bag Mary had worn that day in the park. A note fell from the tissue that surrounded it.

"This is for Judy," the note read. "It wasn't a wedding in June, but it was like a royal affair with everyone there, 'cause we said 'yes, I do.' Thank you, Joan." Inside the purse was a piece of wedding cake.

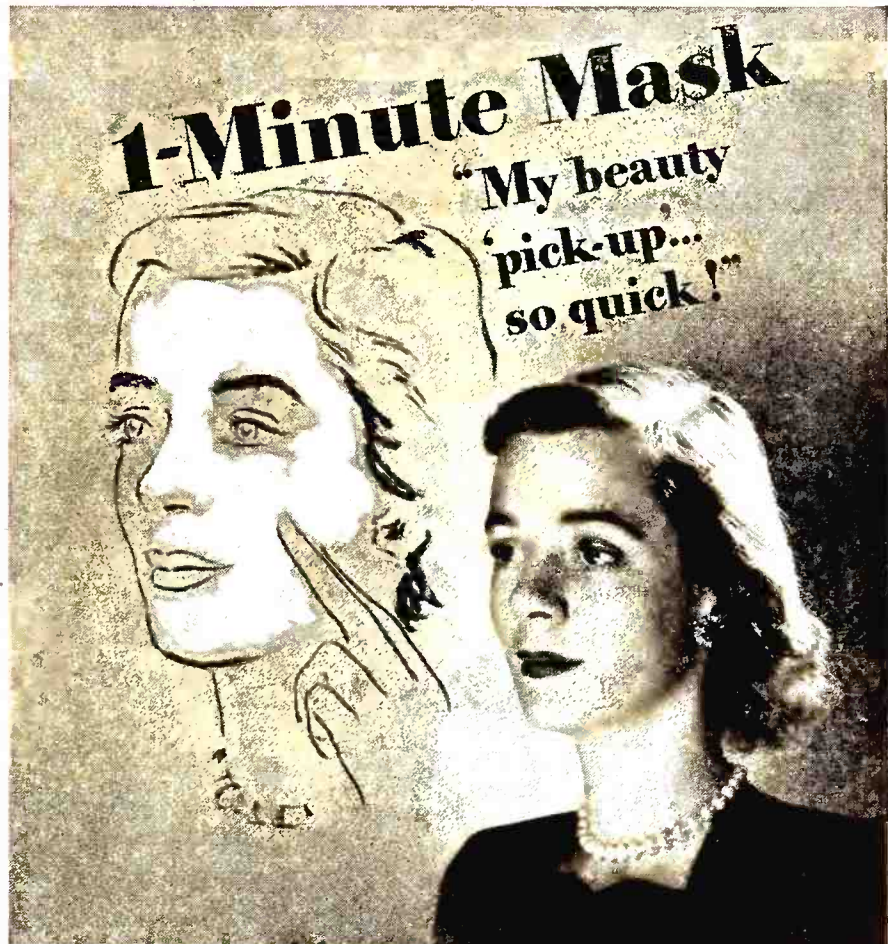
I knew now why I hadn't heard before. As close as I felt to Mary and Tom, she had no idea where I lived. She had to send me that note to the studio. When I walked out on the stage next night and sang to a tiny metal microphone, I felt that I was with Tom and Mary. Every song on the Hit Parade was for them and for everyone who was in love.

Judy's purse is her proudest possession. Some day she'll cherish it even more when she knows the story of Mary and Tom and a Hit Parade song.

The song, "Oh, What It Seemed To Be," was written by George Weiss, Bennie Benjamin, and Frankie Carle, and published by Santly-Joy-Select.

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

With her soft cloud of blonde hair and wide, amber eyes, Mrs. Whitney has the delicately poised beauty of a gold-and-russet orchid. To keep her exquisite complexion always looking fresh and soft, this young Long Island society favorite counts on her Pond's 1-Minute Mask. "A 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream makes my skin feel smoother—look clearer and brighter, right away!" she says.



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Mrs. Whitney says, "I use Pond's Vanishing Cream, smoothed on lightly, for powder base!" Non-greasy. Keeps make-up fresh all evening!

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Mask!



"A Growing Gap Between Us . . ."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that I had spoiled our happiness . . . knowing

about feminine hygiene but risking haphazard care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is important to a happy marriage . . . recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . Oh, Joy! I've Bridged It!"

We're closer than ever, *now!* And happier than ever, now I'm living up to my doctor's advice and being careful about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching, and find it every bit as effective as

the doctor said. Far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. You see, "Lysol" is a true germ-killer—cleansing thoroughly, yet gently too. It's easy and economical to use . . . and it *works!*

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



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

Brand Disinfectant

Legs and Feet

By Jeanne Griffin

There are more lovely legs per female capita in the United States than anywhere in the world.

But what Nature gave us is only part of the story. Good grooming, good leg posture while sitting, standing, walking, the right choice of stockings and shoes can add immeasurably and make poor legs prettier and pretty legs beautiful.

Start giving Grable a run for her money by meticulous grooming. Once a week use a depilatory, a razor or hair remover mitt or stone on your legs. After each shower use a lotion, cream or oil on legs to smooth them, giving rough scaly heels extra lubrication. While the cuticle is soft from soap and water, run around the edges with cuticle remover. When you clip the nails, use an emery board to smooth and eliminate possible snagging of stockings. There are several good foot powders to make feet feel good and keep shoes fresh. Don't overlook them for they're as much a part of good grooming as your underarm deodorant.

Do you know how to display your legs? This is part illusion and part posture and well worth some study for best effect. When sitting, the wide-apart knee position is as ugly a posture as it's possible to assume. Hefty gals, please note. Or if you want a man to think you have the biggest legs he's ever seen this side of a hippo, sit with one calf flattened and spread against the other leg. Some beauty and health experts say we should never cross our legs. It's bad for circulation, etc. But the fact remains—crossing the legs is one habit 't would be well nigh impossible to squelch. So if you must, cross your legs high—above the knees so that the top leg is not flattened or distorted. And point your toes. Toes that point skyward shorten the look of your legs besides creating a very ungraceful line. Sitting or standing, keep feet close together with one foot slightly ahead of the other. Weight should be mostly on one foot. This is a real glamor pointer especially when you're standing.

And how do you walk? Clump, clump as though you were a thousand years old or do your legs swing freely, easily from your hips? If your posture is straight and tall, you won't plod, look as though you're weary in every bone. Watch a child walk and you'll get the right idea. And don't pooh-pooh the grace you can acquire by walking around with a book on your head. Do it daily for ten minutes until you can walk serenely as a fashion model in a \$300 gown. You look taller, more queenly if the whole line of your body has a slightly backward tilt. In other words, don't lead with your shoulders.

There are a few pointers it's well to remember about choosing stockings and becoming shoes. The best shade of stocking for legs fat or thin is the shade currently popular. Lighter shades if not too conspicuously light make thin legs look rounder and the slightly darker shades seem to minimize plumper legs. As for shoes, broad straps make wide fat feet look broader as do the very low cut pumps. A bow or buckle at instep shortens the look of a long foot. Women who must spend most of the day on their feet find oxfords are kindest, give feet the best support. But men, at least the young ones, like high heels for dress-up occasions.

House of Dreams

(Continued from page 39)

Just sit there—dreaming, contented, waiting.

That was the part—the waiting—that made Anna call me a “funny kid.” I had never told her but she suspected.

I was waiting for happiness. It would come, here in this house, if I waited. I don't mean I believed in mysterious voices or premonitions—I just knew.

And now Anna was saying that I must leave here and go to New York with her. Now that Dad was gone there was no excuse for my staying here, alone.

We had heard, too, that the Sissely house had been sold or traded. At least, it had a new owner . . . Dad's last check had been signed “Donald W. Lawrence” in bold, up-and-down strokes of the pen. It seemed strange not to see old Mrs. Sissely's wavering signature.

I CAN'T stand it, I whispered to myself. I leaned my head against the carved stair bannisters in the hall, searching with my hand for the newel post as you might grope for the hand of a friend. I can't leave here!

It wasn't just my love for the house, although that was already becoming a thudding ache in my chest. The wrench of leaving it tomorrow would be nothing to the sense of loss that would grow keener every day I was away. But it wasn't just that—I was panic-stricken at leaving here with my destiny still unfilled. The promise of happiness for me here had not yet come to pass.

It was just then that I heard that step outside on the porch. That hesitant, quiet step on the creaky board.

My heart stopped beating. A tramp? Who else would be coming here at this time of night—to an abandoned estate off the beaten track! It couldn't be Anna—she was busy packing for both of us.

The step came again, closer. I shrank back into a corner by the big hall fireplace. Wedged in like that behind the sofa, I frantically prayed that whoever it was wouldn't see me. Maybe I could slip out, unseen—

Then the square of bright moonlight that was the doorway was suddenly blotted out. Someone was standing there . . . and, in spite of myself, I gave a little gasp of terror.

“Who's there?” the voice was rough and masculine.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. It wasn't a voice I recognized as any of the villagers.

“Who is it?” the voice demanded again and now the figure moved out of the doorway towards me.

Somehow, suddenly, my fright changed to anger.

“It's none of your business who I am,” I answered hotly, standing up straight. “Just what do you think you're doing here—walking into a house as though you owned it, without a by-your-leave? This is private property—”

“I know,” the answer came, dryly. “My property.”

“Your—! Oh!” Still shaking, I tumbled out from the corner. “I'm so sorry! You must be Mr. Lawrence.” He struck a match and in its glow we looked at each other.

“Why, it's a girl! Look, don't be frightened. I thought it was a tramp

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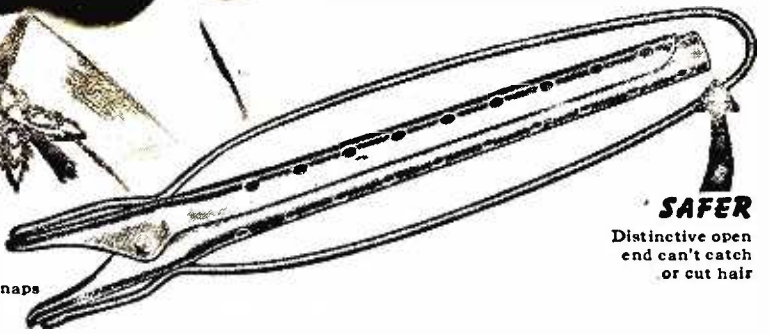


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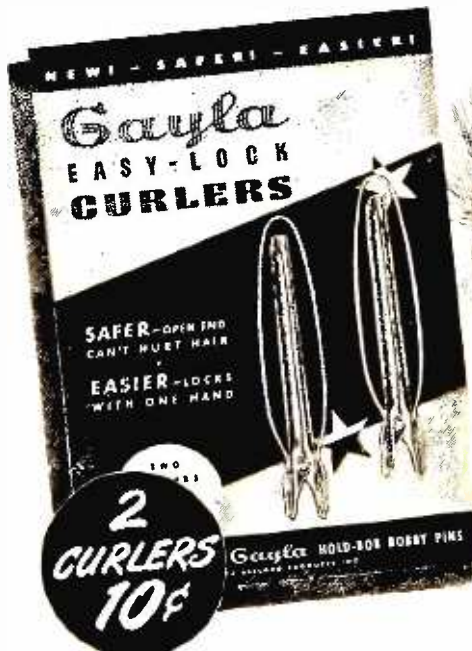


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or a thief or I wouldn't have sounded so rough. Until you spoke, I was ready to haul you out by the scruff of your neck and demand an explanation for using my house as a free hotel."

And he would, too, I thought, sizing him up. The match had gone out and we were in the twilight-dusk, but I had caught a brief glimpse of him and the impression that stayed with me most vividly was his implacable strength. He couldn't have been more than six or seven years older than I, but even his humorous smile held the reflection of a strong person, both physically and mentally.

"I'm Gail Hamilton," I told him. It suddenly struck me that this was a strange introduction, the two of us meeting here in the dark of this house. It made my words shy. "My Dad was caretaker for this house until—until he died."

"I heard about that. I'm sorry, Miss Hamilton," and his voice was gentle now. "It was one of the reasons that brought me here tonight. I thought I'd get in earlier, but I couldn't get away until now. And I had to come, no matter how late."

"ARE you planning to live here?" An odd feeling of both hope and fear seized my throat, and I moved away. He followed my steps as I guided him into the living room, helped by the matches he lit.

Now there were broad banners of white moonlight coming in through the tall windows, making paths on walls and rug, so we could really see each other—though not clearly.

"Live here?" he had jammed his hands into his jacket pockets and he was studying my face, without seeming to. "Good Lord, no. I couldn't afford to. Mrs. Sissely was my aunt by marriage and when she died she left me this house, mortgage and all." So that was it! "I hardly knew her. My branch of the family are the poor relations but it seems she took a fancy to me. I was the only nephew to get overseas and she was proud of that. Pure luck, but she seemed to think I had done her credit."

His lazy, derisive voice somehow enhanced the feeling I had of his strength. It was as though he were so sure of himself he didn't need to bluster or brag.

I found myself liking him and disliking him—and both quite deeply. His tall leanness was attractive and so were the flat planes of cheek and jaw. He was in civilian clothes but the straight line of his shoulders showed me how recently he had been in service.

But I didn't like the way he shrugged off the house.

"You haven't really seen it yet." Somehow it was important to me that he change his feelings about it... I didn't know why. "Look—this is the living room. To me, it's got everything a room like this should have—but so few ever do. I suppose an architect would find fault with it, but it's so graceful and charming and livable. Those big windows going all the way to the floor—and this couch in front of the fireplace—that white mantel up there—the chess table with the chairs drawn up to it... it's all ready for people! I've always kept this copper bowl on the refectory table polished because in the daytime the sunlight comes in and it glows—and you should see the way that other table reflects the white dogwood flowers when I put

a vase of them there in the spring—" I was leading him around the room as I spoke—"To me it's perfect!"

"I can see that." He laughed a little. "Just talking about it makes your eyes glow so I can see them in the dark. And your voice gets tender and proud . . . I'll have to admit it's a lovely room."

Maybe a little of the magic got him, too, because I noticed he stopped and ran his hand along the beautiful molding of the mantel.

"What do they call this, Gail?" he nodded towards the fireplace.

His use of my name startled me—but, then, the whole night was a strange one.

"It's Georgian, I think. It's really the only thing of any value in the house, except for some of the books in the library."

HE stood for a moment, regarding it, and then swung to face me. "I hope you don't think I'm asking a lot—a pretty girl like you probably has a date tonight—but if you have a little time to spare I wish you'd show me the rest of the place. I have to go back on the early morning train."

"I'd love to!"

"Then call me Don and we'll pretend we've known each other a long time and then you won't be frightened at being in a dark, deserted house with a strange man." His words held laughter in them, a laughter for both of us to share.

"I'm not afraid. I know this house a lot better than you do and I know all the places to hide and all the back doors. I could leave you flat." I matched his light tone.

We took the library first and I knew he was impressed at its wealth of books in their neat rows against the three sides of the room. And the shabby leather chairs were inviting and the dim shapes of lamps and tables made cozy nooks even in that big room.

He whistled. "It's a size, isn't it!"

We walked down the hall. Walked isn't the right word, but neither were we tiptoeing. It was rather that we found ourselves moving slowly, softly, as if the drowsy spell of the house had settled on our shoulders. Once again, I felt that rush of emotion for this house well up in my throat. Tonight it was even sweeter, more aching in its enchantment for me.

I wanted suddenly, desperately, to share this feeling with Donald Lawrence.

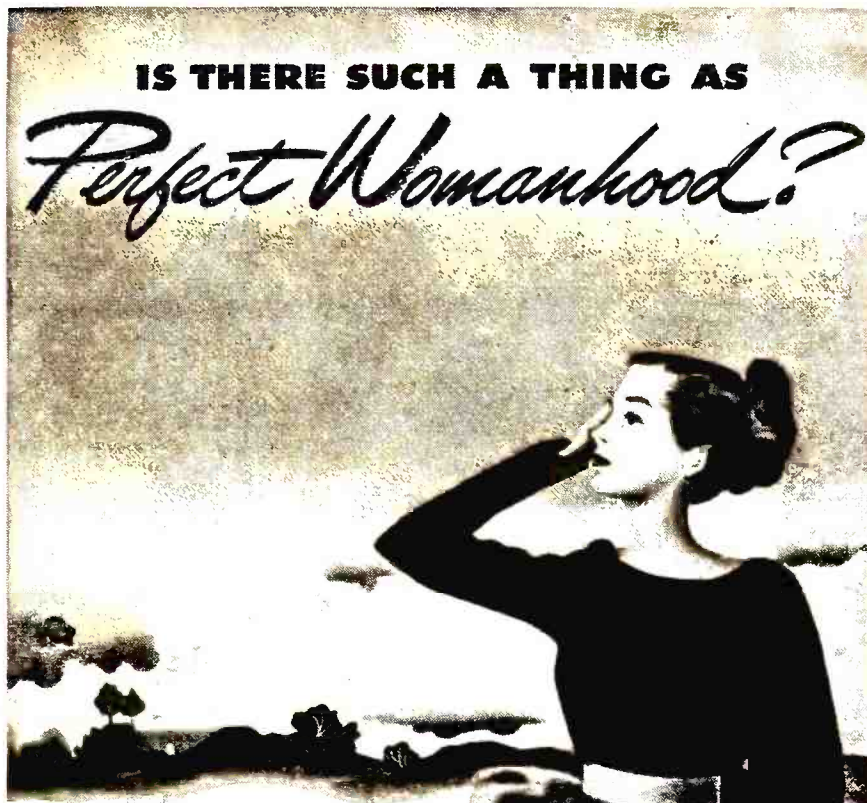
"It talks to me, you know," I told him, swinging the dining room door a little to show him what I meant. And the door made a little complaining sound as I pushed it.

"It creaks, if that's what you mean." I could feel the smile on his face. "It's been hot today, Gail. It would be very surprising if an old house like this didn't settle at night and creak and groan when it cools off."

"You make it sound like a decrepit old man."

"And you feel about it like a lovely lady sleeping away a witch's spell," he answered me, but there was no mockery. "Maybe you're right. It's beginning to get me, too. The shadows make such lovely patterns on the wall and the chandelier sparkles like jewels in the moonlight."

Unconsciously I reached for his hand. "Come here. I want to show you something out this window." We were facing a clump of bushes—behind them, tall trees—and it was a breathtaking



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sight. Literally hundreds of fireflies, glowing, twinkling, seeming to burn with a white-hot flame, starred and disappeared and starred again in the branches of the trees and the tall grass below.

That Don was awed and astounded I knew from the tight grip of his hand on mine. We were like spectators at a very private magic show of fireworks. It was so unbelievably beautiful, so intensely moving—this myriad of tiny lights making the woods into Christmas trees.

Unconsciously we had drawn close together so that his arm touched my shoulder.

"Is it always like that?" His voice was hushed.

"No—not quite like that. Only when we've had a very hot day like today," I told him. It was wonderful, his feeling as I did, sharing this beauty with him.

Reluctantly, I led him away. There was more to see.

"The kitchen's a nice place," he said, approvingly, over my shoulder as we stood in the entrance. "But after what I've just seen I can't get too enthusiastic over just a room."

"Oh, you can't really see it now!" I protested. "It's too dark. In the daytime you can see the copper kettles and pans hanging on the walls and the lilac bushes just outside the window and the stove's so big and it's off the floor so you just know a cat should live there."

HE strode past me and opened the dimly-seen window pane. The almost-overpowering scent of lilacs drifted in and filled the whole room—filled my senses with their drugging sweetness. Even after he closed the window and came back to me, the perfume seemed to hover over the two of us.

For just a second we stood there—a still, breathless moment—close to each other, looking at each other in the dim half-light. It was an odd feeling, bringing a catch to my pulse and a wonder to my mind. He was so big he seemed to loom over me but I wasn't frightened. It wasn't that kind of a feeling. Just a hushed, tremulous waiting—

And then, just as suddenly, it was over. He touched my shoulder.

"Let's go," he said roughly. "I'd like to see the upstairs."

Back to the front of the house we went and up the stairs. The moon was so high now it silvered nearly the whole sweep of the stairway.

"Whew! I hadn't realized there were so many rooms up here!" He was astonished. "You know—I have a funny feeling, every time you open a door, that I'm going to meet someone. Not a scary feeling, as if someone were crouched on the other side—but more as though friends were there."

I was excited. "I always feel that, Don. Dad used to call this the witching hour and it always seemed to me that if I only knew the right words to say the lights would blaze on and all the people who lived here and loved and were happy here, would suddenly come out and meet me."

"But they never have." His hand was light but firm on my arm as I led him into what had once been the nursery.

"No. And now they never will." Suddenly I wanted to tell him. "Anna—she's my older sister—is packing right now to take me to New York tomorrow. I can't stay here any longer, now



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that Dad is gone. Anna thinks I'm growing into a strange, moody person, shut up here with no other young people around. She says I'll be much better off working in an office or store somewhere and meeting people." Now I was beginning to hurt all over again. "I don't want to go, Don. I don't want to leave here. Everything that's me—my dreams, my happiness, is tied up with this house."

"I think your sister's right," he said slowly. "Gail, some dreams are good. They take you into life and give you something to plan for and work for. They're based on reality. They give you direction. But there are other kinds of dreams that take you away from life and isolate you from people. It's no good to cling to that kind."

"You don't understand!" and by now I needed terribly that he be made to understand. "When you've spent every day—part of every day—here, as I have; when you've played here and worked here, as I have; when all your little secret thoughts have been shared with this house—it becomes a part of you. If I go away I'm leaving too much of me behind. I'd be lost. It would be like trying to grow a new body and a new soul—"

"If it means that much to you, Gail," he said, carelessly, "it could probably be arranged for you to stay. If you want to."

I was breathless waiting for his next words. Hope was a sharp pain in me, choking me.

"I'm selling this house," he went on. "The woman who's buying it is planning to turn it into apartments or rooms for ex-servicemen and their families. She'll probably welcome a housekeeper or an assistant who knows the place as well as you do. You'd be a big help to her. If you want, I'll suggest it—or, better yet, I'll make it one of the conditions of sale."

It was so wonderful I could hardly believe. I closed my eyes against the dizziness.

"Here—" his voice was husky with concern—"don't take it so hard. I didn't realize it meant that much—" and his hands closed over my shoulders, holding me against the faintness that had come with reprieve.

"You are a funny kid," unknowingly repeating my sister's words. "Breaking your heart over a big old house like this. But if that's what you want, Gail—to stay here—then stay here you shall."

I opened my eyes and looked at him. "If I want!" I whispered. "Oh, Don, if you only knew what that means to me. To know I'll see tulip trees budding every spring and the pink and white dogwood—and I wanted to transplant the hollyhocks and the brown-eyed Susans this year—there'll be smoke curling up from the chimneys again and I'll polish the door knocker!—Oh, Don, do you really mean it?"

He didn't answer.

That odd, still moment was between us again. The sloping eaves of the nursery brought the ceiling slanting down until it almost touched Don's head, outlined as it was against the beams of the dormer window. I had seen this man for the first time an hour ago—and yet I felt I had known the shape of his head, the feel of his hands on my shoulders, the strength and sureness of him all my life.

I was facing the window and I knew his eyes were searching my face in the dusk.

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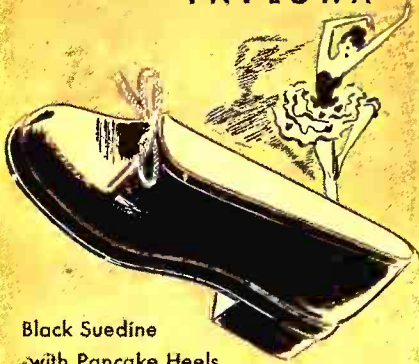
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Slowly his fingers tightened. My heart was beginning to beat to a queer, lurching tempo. There was just that sudden awareness that he would kiss me—a little second to wonder at the uprush of gladness within me and the contrasting panic in my heart—and then I was in his arms.

The first feeling as his lips touched mine was—but we're strangers! It was in Don, too. I'm sure . . . because of the awkward hesitancy of his touch and the little pause as he held me, motionless.

And then it was as if that awareness catapulted us into the blinding knowledge that we weren't—we couldn't be—strangers. He drew me tight into his arms and I let him, gladly.

Certainly, I wouldn't have gone into a stranger's arms under any other circumstances. But this night was special—set apart, somehow, from any other night of my life. There was the moonlight. There was this unreal meeting. There was the old house, and my love for it. And there was a particular magic that was coursing through my veins.

I DIDN'T fall in love with Don. I couldn't have fallen in love with him like that—with a stranger, there in the dark. But love has strange beginnings, and I know now that that kiss of ours was the beginning, the seed, of love.

"Gail—" His voice was very soft. "Gail, is this what you meant, perhaps, by your happiness being tied up in this house? Were you—are you—waiting for someone? Maybe even someone like me?"

I pulled away from him a little. "I don't know. I don't know. I'm so—so confused, and frightened and happy, all at once."

He put his arm around me, very lightly, across my shoulders. "Let's play a game," he said, suddenly. "Let's make-believe—make-believe that I'm in love with you, and you with me. We can't be sure—we can't be! Not this soon. But let's make-believe we are. And then, perhaps, our game will turn real—and if it doesn't, well, it will have been nice to have had our make-believe. It's funny, Gail—it can't be true, but I feel as sure right now, as I've ever been sure of anything in my life, that I love you, that I want to marry you."

"I—I feel that way, too," I told him. "I love you. I—I'd like to be your wife. It's crazy, and foolish—but that's the way I feel. And if it's make-believe, then I love it! I'm sure, too. Maybe it's only for a little bit. Maybe when we get to know each other better we won't feel this way at all. But—let's play the game. Let's make-believe. Because, right now, I'm so sure!"

I leaned against his shoulder in the dark, and felt as if I had come home, somehow. "Anna always laughs at me because whenever I do anything it's because inside of me I know I'm right," I told him. "If I let other people talk me out of it, then I'm always sorry. It always turns out wrong. What if she had persuaded me to leave this house!"

I knew he was smiling at me in the dark. "Well, if you've got second sight, then it's lucky for me. Otherwise you might not have been here and I might not have met you. You waited for me. I wish there was something I could do to say 'thank you' to your Good Fairy in this house, before we leave it."

For a minute I didn't believe I had heard him correctly.



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"Leave here? But, Don, we can't. Not now. The house has been waiting for us to come home. We belong here. You don't have to sell it now—we can turn it into a boarding house and run it ourselves. It will still be our house. I'll be able to show you the way the sumac turns purple in the fall and we can go boating together on the river and skating on the pond in the winter-time. You love it here, too, Don—this is us!"

He had pulled himself a little bit away from me. "Hold on, Gail. My plans aren't changed—"

"But they must." My heart was aching in its insistence. "Don't think I'm being silly. I'm not indulging in a whim. It can't be just coincidence that all these things have happened. If we leave here, Don, something will go out of our love. It won't be the same."

GENTLY he tipped my chin up with his finger. "Remember what I told you about some dreams being good and others not? Some make you stronger. But when there's fear and too much scared imagination, then they weaken you. I'm a mechanic, Gail. I have a chance to buy a partnership in a garage. That's my work and that's my dream. My wife will have to share that with me."

I couldn't move him. The strength I had noticed in him when I first saw him, was forceful and determined in his otherwise gentle words.

"I belong here, Don." It seemed so hopeless. "I can't leave here. It's not right." I could only repeat.

I knew whatever I would say just then would be the wrong thing. We'd been right about our playing—it was only make-believe, the feeling we had for each other. He didn't try to stop me when I ran down the stairs and out the house. He didn't try to follow me to the cottage. The magic had flown.

But I saw him the next morning. I was picking strawberries out in our little patch.

"Hello, Gail." I hadn't known he was there until he spoke.

"Hello."
Kneeling like that, I didn't have to look into his eyes. He couldn't see my swollen, tear-stained face. He couldn't see the embarrassment and confusion. *Had last night really happened? Was it true that I had kissed this man and thought I loved him in that blinding moment—and then cried myself to sleep in the night?*

"Gail—I came to say goodbye. And to tell you I won't go back on my promise. I'll tell Mrs. Jeans she must hire

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you to stay on here if she wants to buy the house. That is, if you still want—"

"Anna left this morning. I made her go on to New York without me." That was my answer and he knew it.

This time I looked at him, trying to make my face hard and indifferent, because I had made a decision and was telling him so.

"Poor little face—" gently he touched my cheeks reddened with crying—"poor little Gail. Are you sure that's what you want? Because I won't be coming back. I won't try competing with a house, with an illusion; I wouldn't want to share you."

"I thought I could make you understand—" tears were in my eyes and I could hardly see his face. It wasn't as handsome as I had thought last night, but it was somehow all the more wonderful to me. A little scar over his eyes I hadn't seen—the way his eyebrows grew too thick for symmetry—the Indian-brown of his face and the straight slash of his jaw—somehow all these resolved my love into reality. This was Don and not the Romantic Stranger.

And then he was gone. But before he left he stooped and kissed me lightly, tenderly—the feel of his lips mingling with the sweet, ripe taste of the strawberries I had eaten and smeared on my mouth.

LAST night when I had left Don everything that had happened that evening seemed fantastic. I was too bewildered—too miserable and confused—to think. And in the morning I could only remember two things: that a man had kissed me and made me love him, but he had also promised I could stay on at the Sissely house.

There was no way of bringing the two memories together. I could not have one, unless I gave up the other. And the new emotion could not supplant the old. I couldn't leave this place.

But now I had seen Don again, in the full force of daylight, and my feeling for him had crystallized into reality. If only he had made my decision for me! If only he had taken me with him by force, because I felt that was the only way I could leave here. I had no inner strength to cut myself loose—my only strength came from my attachment to this land and this house and my dreams and my life here with Dad.

I tried hard and honestly to visualize myself in Anna's apartment. There was a pot of ivy on her low modernistic bookcase and that would be the only growing thing I would see from the time I woke up in the morning until I came back to the apartment at night, except for a peep in a florist's window. Or Central Park on Sundays. There would be no springy turf to walk over in comfortable sandals—there would be only hard pavements and me clicking over them in the tightest of high-heeled slippers.

Don would come calling for me—but there my imagination stopped short. I could not see Don and me in any other setting than this. I could not believe that we would recapture the rapture of the feeling we had known last night. Going to movies, seeing synthetic love on the screen, looking at apartments for when we would be married—apartments that would be replicas of my sister's.

As always, when I thought of her three tiny rooms I had the feeling of suffocation. I had spent weekends with her and I remembered well that feeling

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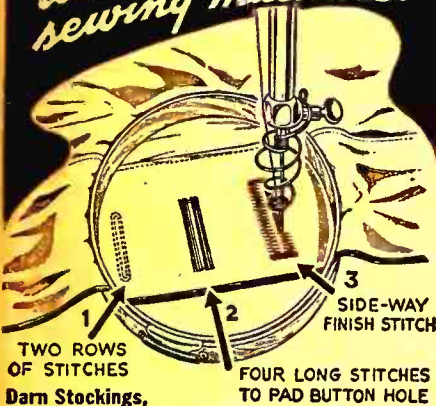
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of not being able to breathe; the walls closing in on me; the lack of privacy; the next door neighbor's radio and quarrels coming through the thin walls; the delicatessen food.

Not that any of this went through my mind in orderly fashion. The new and wonderful love I had for Don was a spreading pool of pain through my body and I could only feel the impossibility of compromise. I couldn't examine it carefully.

This little caretaker's cottage was mine. Mrs. Sissely had given it to Dad and he had willed it to me. I could stay here and as long as I could work in the big house, I could still pretend it was mine.

As housekeeper there I could do that. I could come and go as I pleased in there. I could see to the linens and to keeping the house spick and span. I would watch it come alive again with young people, young servicemen and their wives moving in, the rooms ringing with their talk and their laughter. I could be a part of that life.

STRAWBERRIES brimmed the bowl and I carried it into the kitchen. They should be stemmed and made into jam that very morning, if they weren't to spoil, but I couldn't force myself to do it. I felt aimless... drifting. I couldn't put my mind to any little task—not with such bewildering problems facing.

The strawberries could wait. Irresistibly my feet led me back to the Sissely house—only now it was the "Lawrence" house.

I turned the key in the lock. It stuck. That had never happened before and I was strangely irritated by its obstinacy before I finally made it turn.

As I stepped into the hall I looked about me with practical eyes. I was going to be housekeeper here and there were a million details to be arranged before the house would be ready for occupancy. The chimneys would have to be cleaned, I realized, and new wallpaper put in the hall. The stuffing was coming out of one living-room chair. *Electric-light bulbs*, I jotted down mentally. *Candles. New kitchen curtains. Call Mr. Purley at the village grocery store and settle on delivery days. The plumber, the butcher, telephone—*

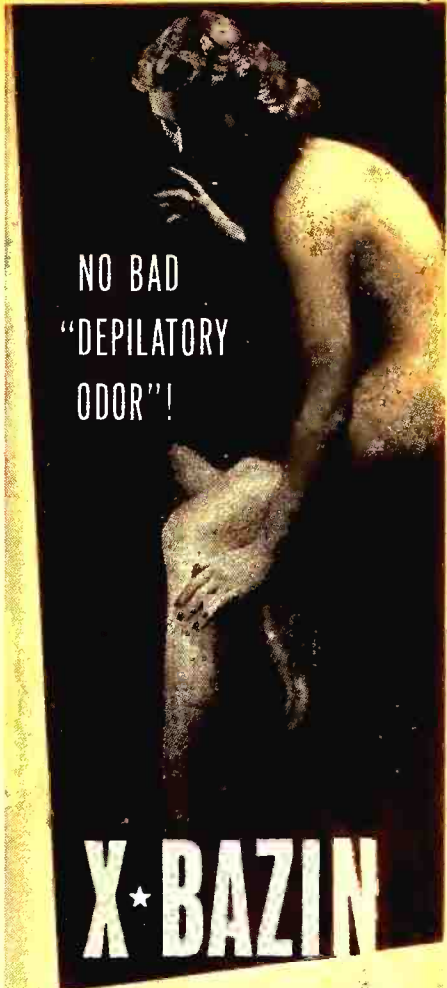
Oh, I was going to be busy! Too busy to even think about Don Lawrence and the slow, determined way he walked, the laughter at the back of his voice, the clear, frank passion in his voice when he had said he loved me.

With a dazed start, I found I had walked unseeing up the stairs to the first landing, above the hall fireplace—without realizing what I was doing.

And right on the heels of that came another shock.

Something was missing. For the first time I had walked into this house—and nothing had happened to me. No quick easing of the heart—no sensation of coming home—no lift of adventure—no quickening of affection. Where had it gone? Was it because I had stepped into the new role of housekeeper, concentrating on work-a-day details? But that wasn't it—that didn't account for the queer, brooding unfriendliness I felt like a curtain around me.

Panic assailed me, as if I had lost something unbearably precious to me. I slid my hand along the bannister. It needs a good coat of varnish, one part of my mind noted—but the other part clamored against the cold impersonality of my touch on the wood. The whole house seemed different. Cold. Withdrawn. I walked a few



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steps upward, trying to banish this sensation.

It was no good. Something had gone out of the house. Or out of me.

And now I was afraid and I knew I had to escape from here. Foolishly, quickly, almost terror-stricken, I turned and ran down the stairs. I had been up and down these same stairs nearly every day of my life, yet now I fumbled—unsure of myself. And in my headlong flight, I fell.

I fell hard and caught myself from pitching down the entire length only by catching at the railing. As it was I came down with all my weight on one foot and just before I lost consciousness, I felt the ankle bone snap.

When I came to pain was all around me. Agony came in shooting stars from my twisted foot. I couldn't move because motion was the signal for another wave of pain from that broken bone.

"Don—!" I was crying—absurdly—because of course he couldn't hear me. He was on the train to New York. There was no one here in this house to help me.

It was odd, but it was as if there were three of me. One Gail who was lying there on the steps—all body—all one piece of racking, constant pain. There was another—a Voice—that called over and over again for Don, crying his name. And there was still another Gail who was detached from the other two and apart from them, floating away,—the part of me who looked at what had happened and thought about it and analyzed.

Don and I. We had fallen in love. I had turned my back on that love. And now I was remembering the things he had said.

He had certainly been right about one thing. He had said my dreams were the kind that isolated me, and certainly no one could have been more alone and helpless than I was then. Strangely enough, I wasn't frightened. It was a serious situation—I might lie there for days before anyone might find me, but I was too busy—in between the bouts of pain which every now and then took me completely in their grip—with thoughts of Don.

I needed him so. I wanted him desperately to be with me and take me with him and never let me go. Not just for this moment, because I was in danger, but forever.

He had said: ". . . I think we've got to leave this house. . . ." And he was right. I had known what he meant then, but I wouldn't acknowledge it. I was afraid to test the strength of this new love. My feeling for the house had been a natural, simple affection but it had become so tangled up in my dreams it had become the soft, unhealthy pull of extreme loneliness. It would be necessary to strip myself clear of these ties, before I was ready for new ones, as Don implied.

Now the pain became so intense I was doubled up with it. But it subsided a little and my mind went relentlessly on.

What difference could it make that I would be living in a cramped apartment; in a noisy city? I would be living! I would be with Don and wherever we were there would be beauty and grace and laughter and joy—because there would be love. I had outgrown my shell. That was why the house seemed so different today—it was I who had changed.

I was crying now and calling Don's

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name in my frenzy. There was no sense in it, but it didn't matter. The pain was making me a little light-headed and Don's name was the only steady thing in the universe.

But I wasn't delirious. For a moment I thought I was—

Because strong arms had gone around me and lifted me up. I hadn't seen him come in—

"Don—?" Then the terrible torture of moving my foot blotted out everything else.

When I awakened I was home and lying on the couch. Dr. Fentree was there, bending over me, and opposite—in our old wing-back chair—was Don. Then I hadn't dreamed it! He had come.

"There. How's that—feel better now?" Dr. Fentree lightly touched my bandaged foot and drew the blanket up around me. "You've got a pretty bad ankle there, young lady. It's a clean break, but you'll be staying off it for some time. I'll send someone up here to look after you until you're better."

I tried to thank him.

"DON'T thank me—thank this young man here. He called me just in time—I was just leaving for the hospital. Goodbye, Mr. Lawrence. It was a lucky thing you happened to be around."

"Goodbye, sir. Luck isn't the word for it. I'll stay here with Miss Hamilton until the nurse comes."

The doctor nodded his approval and left.

I looked up at Don and what I wanted to say must have been there to read in my eyes, because he came and bent over me.

"Gail—"
"How did you find me? I thought you had gone back to New York."

His face seemed leaner and there were smudges of fatigue under his eyes. "I almost did. I tried to go—at least I thought I was trying. But when I missed one train, and then another, and then another—me, who never misses trains or loses track of the time—I knew I couldn't leave. You were still here, Gail, and that was unfinished business. And—besides—that darn house was haunting me."

"And you came to the house and found me."

"No. I went to the cottage. I swore I wouldn't set foot in that house again. But I heard you calling my name and I searched until I found you."

"It was so different today, Don. The house was so empty and cold—I was frightened in it."
He smiled down at me and touched his hand to my cheek. "It wasn't empty, darling. You were. Just as I was at the railway station. When two people fall in love they aren't ever complete again without each other. The house was just the same, but your dreams had changed. That is—" and he grinned—"I hope they have."

Happiness was a sweet and powerful surge, completely obliterating the drugged pain of my foot. The hypodermic Dr. Fentree had given me was making me drowsy. "I have, Don. Honestly. I thought this was my security and I was afraid to go away."

Faintly, from far away, I heard him whisper and felt his lips on my cheek. "I'll be here when you wake up, Gail. I'll always be here."
And then I drifted off—but not to some unknown place. I knew I was really coming home. There was no more make-believe.

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(Continued from page 50)

each hollow with oysters, top with buttered crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Return to oven and bake until crumbs are browned (about 15 minutes).

Oysters in Bread Cases

- 4 tbs. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 pint oysters, chopped
- 1/2 pint oysters, whole
- Bread cases

Make white sauce of butter, flour, salt, pepper and milk. Add Worcestershire sauce and chopped oysters and mix well. Turn into bread cases and bake in 450 degree oven until bread is well browned (about 15 minutes). While they are baking, brown the whole oysters under the broiler flame, allowing about 2 minutes for each side. Place broiled oysters over oyster mixture in bread cases and garnish with chopped parsley before serving. To make bread cases, cut day-old bread into 1 1/2 inch slices. Trim off crusts and hollow out center (reserve trimmings for breadcrumbs for future use) to make baking shell. Brush inside and out with melted butter or margarine before filling with oyster mixture.

Oysters Indienne

- 1 pint oysters
- 4 tbs. butter
- 1 1/2 tbs. flour
- Milk
- Pinch pepper
- Pinch salt
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder

Drain oysters and saute lightly in butter until edges begin to curl. Remove oysters and place on warm plate. Add flour to butter in saucepan and cook over low flame, stirring to smooth paste. Add sufficient milk to oyster liquid to make 1 cup, add to flour mixture together with salt, pepper and curry powder and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until sauce is thickened and smooth. Add oysters and heat thoroughly. Serve with boiled rice or noodles.

Oyster Casserole

- 1 pint oysters
- 1 package egg noodles
- 4 tbs. butter
- 3 tbs. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tbs. each minced parsley, pimiento (optional)
- 3 tbs. grated Italian style cheese

Cook noodles (the broad egg noodles are best for this recipe) according to directions on the package. Blanche under cold running water and set aside. Simmer the oysters in their own liquor until the edges curl slightly. While oysters are simmering, melt butter, stir in flour to make a smooth paste. Season to taste. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until a smooth sauce is formed. Alternate layers of oysters and noodles in a buttered casserole. Stir parsley and pimiento into sauce and pour over the oysters and noodles. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven until heated through and browned on top—half to three-quarters of an hour.

You probably will not have any leftover oysters after serving one of these dishes, but if you have, try using leftover fried oysters in bread stuffing for chicken, and also chopped and blended with chopped hard-cooked egg and sweet pickle relish to make sandwich fillings.

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September Photoplay brings you the unusual story of a woman who not only held Van's hand—but read his palm at the same time! This world-famous palmist makes a startling prediction for Van's future. And you can read all about it in the new September Photoplay.

Read "VAN—HANDS DOWN" by Mme. Margaret Mamluk

NOW you can meet Cornel Wilde through the eyes of his wife, lovely Patricia Knight. Pat gives the low-down on married life with your screen hero . . . tells of their breathtaking courtship, their ups and downs since marriage, and their spectacular plans for the future.

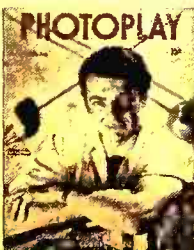
Read "IT'S LIKE THIS TO BE MRS. CORNEL WILDE" by Pat Knight

September Photoplay brings you more behind-the-scenes features on Jane Russell, Alan Ladd, Jennifer Jones, British-born James Mason, Olivia de Havilland, Mark Stevens, Lucille Ball, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple, Don de Fore and many other film favorites.

PLUS thrilling, four-color pin-up pictures of Jane Russell, the Cornel Wildes, Esther Williams, Alan Ladd, Lucille Ball, Van Johnson, Jennifer Jones, Mark Stevens, Lana Turner and Diana Lynn.

AND five pages of fetching fall fashions modeled by Olivia de Havilland and Paulette Goddard.

SEPTEMBER
PHOTOPLAY
IS ON SALE
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Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 49)

past and my greatest desire is to in some way become able to give her every thing that will keep her thinking that life can be beautiful under most any circumstances.

L. F.

And here are other letters I consider so universal in appeal that I wanted to share them with you. To the writers of each of these, Radio Mirror has sent a check for fifteen dollars.

The Friendly Road

Dear Papa David:

A cold, hungry night was lowering over the Wyoming plains. My husband and I were shivering figures alongside a lonesome grey highway.

This was a depression year and we were hitch-hiking from California to Minnesota. We had three dimes and a cent when we left the sunny state, and a suitcase and my pet turtle in a jar.

Rides were few and far between, and jobs, hence food, almost non-existent. For the last day and a half we had nothing to eat. Now with another strange night pressing down, our hearts were as empty as our stomachs.

At the sound of a lone car we scarcely glanced up, and then to our amazement it stopped. It proved to be an old one-seater and behind the wheel was an enormous man in a cowboy hat.

He touched it most politely and then in a western-story drawl said, "Howdy, folks."

He asked us where we were bound for and our prospects for the night. He invited us to his two-room cabin a few miles down the highway and a little off the main road. You can be sure we gladly accepted. There was a simplicity and kindness to the giant that I shall never forget.

He cooked us a meal that strained our seams to bursting and served it to us as though we were royalty. A man of a few words, he treated me with a quiet courtesy that was most flattering as I considered my sun-burned visage and travel-stained dungarees.

The comfortable bunk with clean blankets was more wonderful than we imagined a bed could be. It was our first night indoors since California.

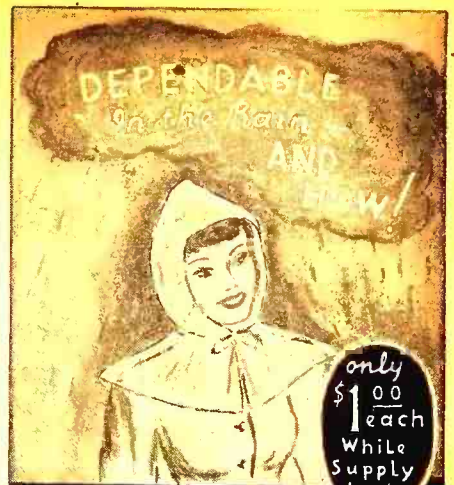
The next morning an immense breakfast, and then a ride to the highway in the battered old car. In his cheerful "so-long" we found fresh encouragement and we watched him out of sight, and the long road ahead assumed a friendlier aspect.

Mrs. W. G. S.

Someone In Need

Dear Papa David:

As my life has been too long to write my full story I will start at sixty-four. At this age, I lost my husband and my business. My only child, a son, wanted to marry a widow three years his senior with two girls, three and five years old. I had always worked hard and enjoyed it. My husband's health failed him and he did not earn a dollar in ten years. I organized a business in my home which was beautiful and very fascinating, and brought in a fine income for seven years. I enjoyed every minute of this work but as time wore on my husband grew worse, requiring more of my time, until I had to give up the work completely and care for him until he died.



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Just mail your name and address where to ship your beautiful RAIN CAPE. We'll do so at once. Deposit \$1.00 with postman, plus C.O.D. postage. OR SEND \$1.00 AND WE'LL PAY POSTAGE. Keep RAIN CAPE 5 days. If not delighted with it, return for full refund. But don't delay ordering as supply is limited.

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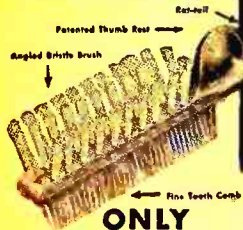
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When my son married that left me completely out in the world. I could not live with him as he only made a small salary. I used to spend sleepless nights wondering how this would ever end. One night I walked to the window and looked out at the beautiful stars above and below. They were glittering in the dark waters of the river at the back of the house. I thought to myself down there would be an easy way out of all this, but the beautiful stars overhead looked so happy. They seemed to say, "No, no, there is more in life for you." Then as I turned my head there was Jupiter, my birth star, shining in all its glory. Somehow this filled my very soul with hope.

A few days later I heard where I could get a job in an institution in another state. I wrote and within ten days I was on a fine job at \$50.00 per month plus board, laundry, room, medical expenses and vacation with pay. I worked there ten years, then retired with a pension to a home I bought during that time. I rented out two apartments and was so happy.

Then the war came. The government requested all surplus rooms to be given to the defense workers at the shipyard in that town. I packed myself up into a porch room and gave up my part of the house, but I found the work too hard for me at seventy-six, so I gave up the whole house to the renters and fled to the mountains to spend life more quietly. I liked it so well I bought a home out here and later sold the one on the coast.

I am eighty now. I enjoy my home and do all my own work and play with the chickens. I have willed all my real estate and savings to the disabled soldiers and it makes life seem beautiful to know after I am gone I can at least help someone in need and make them happy. So good night, Papa David.
M. L. W.

A Fifty-Year-Old Memory

Dear Papa David:

Did you ever ride in a Tally-Ho—a great big yellow Tally-Ho—drawn by six big fine white horses? I did when I was ten years old. It was like this: I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. The biggest department store there at that time sponsored a Tally-Ho ride home for their shoppers one day. My little friend and I saw the Tally-Ho with box car letters on the side: "Free ride in the Tally-Ho for shoppers." We had a nickel each so we walked to the store and bought a five cent handkerchief a piece. We held up the handkerchiefs and went up to the floor walker and said, "We have been shopping and want to ride home in the Tally-Ho."

"All right," he said and carried us back through the store to the office. Everyone we passed was laughing.

When the Tally-Ho arrived we were the only passengers going out just then. Gallantly, we were helped in the Tally-Ho. The driver laughed all the way as he cracked the whip over the horses.

Lillian lived next door and imagine our folks as they saw the Tally-Ho stop and put us out at the gate! It was the greatest thrill of our lives, which I have not forgotten even though half a century has passed.

Miss B. J. O.

A Life Re-created

Dear Papa David:

I live very near an Army hospital, which is one of the largest hospitals in the East for amputations and plastic surgery. When I first started visiting

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A HEADACHE
COMING
YOUR
WAY**



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HEADACHE POWDER
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One glance may kill romance—if your skin is dark, dull or needlessly blemished! That's why thousands of girls and women trust to Nadinola Cream, the clinically-proved 4-way treatment cream. Quickly, gently, Nadinola helps to loosen and remove ugly blackheads—to clear up externally caused pimples—to fade freckles—to lighten, brighten and freshen your skin to creamier loveliness. See for yourself what Nadinola can do in days—what wonders it works in weeks! Full treatment-size jar of Nadinola Cream just 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial jar, 10¢. Also—

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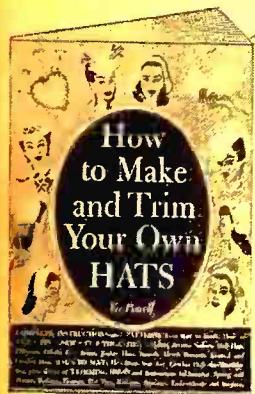
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the hospital I would only go as far as the recreation room—fear, if nothing else, tugged at my heartstrings.

One day when I felt rather blue I wandered over to the record player and started playing "Clair de Lune." I must have been there a good five minutes when suddenly I heard someone say in a heavenly voice—"That song is almost as pretty as you." Knowing that I certainly was no pin-up girl I whirled around to thank the "voice" for such a sweet compliment. I could hardly believe my eyes—there stood a tall sturdy man. It was impossible to even guess his age, but he was a horrible looking character if ever I saw one. One ear was missing, his face was so badly burned that all his features were distorted. He had no eyelashes or eyebrows. And as my eyes left his face they wandered to his hands which weren't even there. It must have been only a moment which truly seemed like hours that I excused myself as properly as possible and made my way to the ladies lounge. I sat down and cried and cried. Then I sat up and gritted my teeth and made up my mind that I was acting very stupid as a USO hostess. I powdered my face and thought, suppose my own brother came home that way?

Again I made my way back to the recreation room and walked directly over to Bill. We talked about things in general and finally he dug out some pictures of himself before the war. He was truly a handsome youth, and my heart ached for him. He was very wary about dancing but after a lot of diplomacy on my part we went into a small ante-room and danced. He put his handless arm around my waist and I put my cheek near his face. We got along famously after that. Neither of us was interested in the other romantically, but I was very pleased with myself knowing that I had helped him.

That same year I was elected May Queen of the USO—not for looks alone but for personality as well which I certainly acquired from Bill. My only problem was who to choose for king opposite me. I weighed the thoughts in my mind—could I ask Bill or would he think I was being sympathetic? He always called me his superior officer. So one day I said, "Bill, are you still under my command?" He bowed and answered without hesitation, "Yes, Your Highness." I knew that it would be easy from there on. The night of the procession things went off wonderfully.

Bill is now discharged; I used to give him a little pep talk every night before an operation. Sometimes he would say, "What's the use—they can't improve this ugly mug." But if people could see him as I've seen him they'd realize just what plastic surgery means. Bill is a different person—mentally as well as physically. He was in love with a very wonderful girl from his home town—I corresponded with her from the time I knew Bill and would give her the low-down on his progress so she would know just what to expect.

Just this week I received a letter from Bill as well as an invitation to his forthcoming marriage. Every bit of goodness in me goes out to them.

Miss M. V. M.

A Courageous Step

Dear Papa David:

My husband operated an appliance and service business in a small northern town. His health was very bad, and the strain kept him continually exhausted and nervous, until finally it looked to



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Apply a ready-to-use ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice comfortably hot. Almost at once you'll feel the moist heat go right to work helping to relieve the pain and soreness. You'll see how it helps bring the boil to a head. The moist heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE works for several hours bringing soothing relief. Feels good—does good.

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2 Sizes for Corns, Sore Toes. Also Sizes for Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes



Special Size for Small Corns



Regular Size for Corns, Sore Toes



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

him that life was a never ending nightmare of noise and hurry. However, we were making a very good living and didn't have the initiative to get into another type of business.

One afternoon I went into a drug-store to select a magazine for him. I casually picked up a mechanic's magazine, but just as the salesgirl reached for my money, something prompted me to change my choice and pick up another of the digest type.

That evening I had to go out for a few hours. When I returned my husband was wearing such an animated expression, and appeared so excited that I immediately knew something had happened. He handed me the magazine saying, "Here, I want you to read this article about farming in the Ozarks." I read it, and we discussed the idea for hours.

A month later we sold our business and our home, and purchased a small farm in a beautiful wooded area of the Ozarks. We left our old home in a blizzard and arrived to find spring weather, with birds singing and lovely jonquils golden with bloom.

We soon acquired a few cows, sheep, and chickens—enough to support our family of four. Now, instead of facing a ten hour day of noise, drudgery and nerve-racking business problems, my husband can do all his chores in about three hours daily, and has time to read, rest and enjoy his happy little family.

Mrs. P. H.

Children Are Teachers

Dear Papa David:

When my two children were small my husband took ill with an incurable disease and for the first six months of his illness it took all of our savings, even to our home, to have different tests, operations and treatment.

His illness was such that he could be up and around the house but I had four mouths to feed and I had to do it right at home for he needed constant care. I baked pies, cakes and cookies and made soft drinks that I could sell right at home. Most nights I would have to sit beside my husband's bed until almost daylight before he could fall asleep, he suffered so and my being with him gave him patience and courage to fight his pain.

After eighteen months of this nightmare he died, taking, as I thought, my heart with him. I was only thirty years old at the time and my boy was nine, my baby girl two. It was a hard uphill grind but I managed to give the children a fairly good education. Then I turned to welfare work and found my salvation.

At first it was only a job, but I figured by working in a Children's Home I would have salary and maintenance. The salary was very low but I did have a nice room and good food and I wasn't hindering my children any by being a burden to them. They didn't feel that way about it but I guess I am young for my years and I thought they may have a long time to keep me after I am eighty.

The children in the Home were not orphans but victims of broken homes. I learned to love each child for himself and they, thank God, loved me. It was then I really began to live and feel that life was not a burden but something beautiful that should be cherished.

What really brought me to my senses was one evening when I was in the little girls department. I had had a very trying day, was tired and ill. I had read the children a bedtime story

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Lovely solid sterling silver cushion shape set ring in your own Birthstone Color given for selling 4 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c each remitting the \$1.00 to you. Send No Money. Order 4 Rosebud Salve by one cent postcard. (Will mailing and 4 salve now, if you send \$1.00 with order.) ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 70, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

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KLUTCH CO. Box 4686-1 ELMIRA, N. Y.

and when we went to the dormitory I was almost in tears. Not wanting the children to see my weakness I told them to kneel down beside their beds for prayers instead of clustering around my knees as they usually did, and just repeat the Lord's Prayer. I was going to stand in the hall outside their door. As I was standing there with my eyes closed and my head bowed, tears running down my cheeks, I thought I felt a slight movement at my feet. Opening my eyes I was surprised to see that fifteen little girls had crept to my feet and were touching my dress or shoes, any place where they could put their hand, trying to comfort me. Do you think, Papa David, there could ever be any doubt in my mind that life could be beautiful?

When I had to resign on account of illness in my family, the children from all departments met in the big dining room and sang songs to me and presented me with a pair of inexpensive lamps which they purchased with their pennies. These are my most treasured possession.

Mrs. H. M.

Strangers Had Faith

Dear Papa David:

My mom died when I was eleven. I lived with Dad and Harvey until I was thirteen. I was taken to a home for delinquents until I was fifteen. I was put out in a private home to live. I went to school and stayed with that family four months then was sent to another family. There I met my future husband.

The people were old and very cranky. They wouldn't even allow us to talk to each other but we fell in love and ran away to be married with \$15.00, all we had in the world. We went to Cincinnati but couldn't be married there. We went to Covington and got our marriage license; we had five cents after getting our license. We were not married and didn't know a soul. Through a chance meeting in the bus station we were sent to a justice of the peace in Covington. He married us, got me a job—house work—and sent us out to meet my employer. She had a wedding supper for us and brought us back to town. The Justice gave us money for a room for the night and food next day. He gave Chester references and money for carfare to hunt work. He was not successful but the Justice never gave us up as most would have. He paid our room rent and helped out on food for three months. When we tried to thank him, he only said, "Do the same for some other young couple next time you get the chance."

All of the constables were swell. One of them and his wife invited us to dinner and took us swimming and for long rides. We have never been able to repay any of their kindness to two homesick kids but God willing we will always try to help make life beautiful for others as these people did for us.

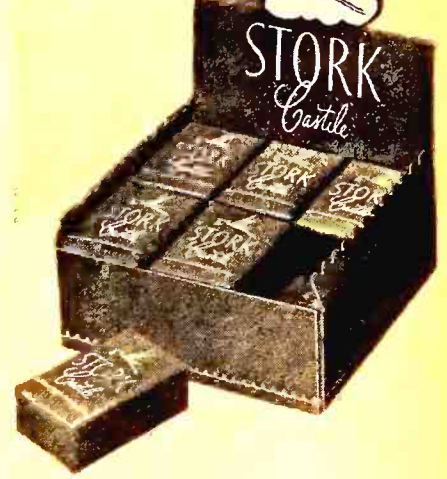
We now have our home, three lovely children and each other and we owe it all to the kind friends in Covington.

Mrs. B. H.

Helping Someone Else

Dear Papa David:

I had never been particularly interested in the drab little woman who came every week to do my cleaning. She was always pleasant and conversational and had told me her only son was in the service in the South Pacific. One day when she came to clean I



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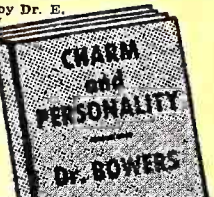
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could see she was excited about something and she told me that her son would be at home for Mother's Day. But the next week when she came, I knew that something was wrong, for her face was pale and drawn. When she started to work I asked, "When do you expect your son to arrive?" She hesitated for a moment. "He won't be coming home for Mother's Day," she said. "I had a letter telling me that his malaria was very bad. He will have to stay in the hospital in San Diego for months. So I won't get to see him." Her voice was brave, she straightened her shoulders and went on working.

After she had finished and left for her home I got to thinking. I had some unexpected money which I had been tempted to use to buy a new bedroom suite which I could easily get along without. So early the next morning I knocked at the door of the shabby apartment where she lived. "I want you to go to San Diego and spend Mother's Day with your son," I said. She at first refused to accept such a favor but I made her see what it meant to me to do a really unselfish thing for the first time in my life. It also taught me that only by helping someone else can life be beautiful.

Mrs. E. C. N.

Life Begins Again

Dear Papa David:
When war was declared on Germany by England I was living with my family in a large seaport city. We were bombed day and night. Our home was wrecked. I lost my job because a bomb hit the store, friends were killed, and finally the young pilot I had been married to for only a few weeks was killed on a bombing mission over Germany. I hated the world, there was no God, I said; I hadn't asked for the war, why should I lose everything I loved? For two years I nursed my grudges. I didn't want any new friends. I wanted to be left alone—if I stayed this way I couldn't lose anything else.

Then it happened. I was returning alone from a show, when a young American boy started to walk beside me and talk to me. I tried to ignore him, but he was so friendly and polite that I soon found myself telling him my name, and inviting him into my home to meet my family.

He became a regular visitor, and my family liked him very much. He was the first person I unburdened myself to, and how lovely it was to receive words of comfort, and to feel those friendly arms around me. Life took on a new meaning. He said he wanted me to come to America to be his wife.

Over two years had to pass before we met again, but the waiting, although filled with worry for his safety, was a happy time. We had our letters and our memories. Such wonderful letters he sent me, full of hope and courage.

I have been in your country six months. We were married three days after my arrival. Luck was with us and we found a little apartment, and furnished it, and one day we hope to have a family and home of our own.

What more could two people want?
G. J. B.

The Edge of Tragedy

Dear Papa David:
This is without a doubt the hardest letter I have ever had to write. Yet, I believe it should be written, for it may serve to set some youngster on the road to straight thinking. I was an average girl of fifteen who

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And you can do it easily, quickly, safely, the *Common Sense Way!* Whether you are overweight, or merely want to rid yourself of overly large hips, heavy thighs, legs or ankles, Sylvia of Hollywood gets right to the root of your figure faults in her amazing book, *No More Alibis!*

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came from a normal and happy home. Like too many people, however, material things meant much more to me than they should have.

My parents, at that time, were not doing too well. The things I thought so essential had to be denied me. After attending a school football game, a girl friend and I went through some stores to pass what was left of the afternoon. It suddenly occurred to us, that to have these things without paying for them would be a simple matter.

We shoplifted such items as stockings, kerchiefs and even went so far as to stuff a jumper piece in a bag we were carrying. We had a considerable amount of goods when we were picked up outside a store by a detective.

We were sent to a detention home. The matron talked to each of us and we were not told what was to be done with us. Two days went by in slow agony. My mind was dazed and I was ashamed and humiliated by what I had done. Still there was no word of any kind, about our parents or our judgments. We were both trembling with fear and regret for what we had done.

When the lights went out in our small room, I fell to my knees on the floor beside my bed; and asked God's mercy and forgiveness for what I had done. I don't know how long I prayed, but into my heart came a lovely peace that I had never felt before, and I fell into a peaceful and blessed slumber.

I dreamed that I was home again; happy and contented. When I awoke I knew that the dream had been God's answers to my prayers. I knew that somehow, for some reason, I would be given another chance.

In a few hours I was asked into the matron's office. My parents sat there. Mother had been crying. Again, I felt such humiliation for what I had done that I could not speak, only hang my head. They talked about what I had done. I scarcely heard a word.

At last I was asked to tell them all, if it was worth the risk to let me go free again. For, the matron told me, if I ever repeated such an act and was caught it would be necessary to put me in a home permanently. I don't remember what my reply was, but they were convinced that I had learned my lesson. Since it had been my first offense, the matron was lenient. The girl who was with me was allowed to go free also.

I was never so happy to leave a place in my life as I was that home.

My own home seemed like heaven to me. It has never stopped symbolizing real happiness. Mother and dad were wonderful. Never a word of reproach for what I had done, and never a sign to show how greatly they had been hurt. It was then that I realized that happiness depends so much on loving and being loved. My values had been all wrong. My parents had shown me by their forgiving attitude that they had not neglected to give me anything that was really needed for happiness. Love, generosity and tolerance are all that can give it. The others are of no lasting value. They only deceive the very young.

My life now is complete. I am twenty-four years old and have a wonderful husband and two adorable little girls. My life would not be what it is, if justice had not snapped me into line. I hope that I can teach my children to be honest and forthright in all they say and do.

If this experience can help me do it, I am glad it happened.

B. C.

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• The new Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder has DDT, Boss, and a combination of other important ingredients that work together to kill fleas... without bothering me. The Sergeant folks worked for years to perfect the formula and it has been thoroughly tested on dogs... it doesn't stir up the fleas... it simply kills them fast, and sure. Come on, let's get it now at the drug store. We can get SKIP-FLEA Soap there, too.

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Got a second? That's all it takes to whisk off your old make-up with a QUICKIE—yes, even cake make-up! Suddenly, you look clean and radiantly fresh again—your skin feels soft and smooth. QUICKIES are the new lotionized pads for quick make-up changes wherever you are. Keep the handy QUICKIE compact in your purse or desk drawer always.

Big jar with compact \$1 at drug and dept. stores



Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

retrenchment. Guy Lombardo, Dinah Shore, Fred Waring, Phil Spitalny are but a few unattached and there's a possibility others like Hildegard will not be renewed. One of the more fortunate is Ginny Simms. She was repacted by her sponsor before the summer.

Disturbing rumors are circulating about the famed Lombardo clan with some whispering of an imminent breakup. Trouble was evidently caused by the alleged inequities of the profits, Leader Guy and brother Carmen have enjoyed more of the spotlight than brothers Victor and Leibert. Even sister Rose Marie has gotten more public acclaim than the last named brothers. Royal Canadian well wishers hope that the gossip is untrue.

One of the most popular American bands abroad is the one headed by Sam Donahue. While Sam was in England last year with his U. S. Navy jazzists, they did more than 200 B.B.C. broadcasts and rolled up plenty of fan mail. Donahue can be heard here over the ABC network.

Latest trick of the modern day swooner is to revive popular songs first introduced by the daddy of swooners, the late Russ Columbo. Most of the bobby sock baritones clicked with "Prisoner of Love." Now you'll be hearing them croon another Columbo click, "You Call It Madness."

Count Basie is celebrating his 10th anniversary as a bandleader. Benny Goodman discovered the dusky pianist a decade ago in the Reno Club, a Kansas City honky tonk. Since that time Basie has made remarkable progress. A month ago he and his band received \$12,500 a week at the New York Roxy theater.

Famous singers and bandleaders who lend their names (at a profit) to west coast gambling casinos and resorts are making serious mistakes. One of our more famous swooners almost succumbed to this easy money but his radio sponsor clamped down. For any of them to do this would nullify all the good work done by many of them in the field of juvenile delinquency.

The most important new Fall show in our book will be the new Phil Harris-Alice Faye show scheduled for NBC. But Phil will need a bicycle to get from the Jack Benny show to his own. They follow each other.

There are now 300-odd recording companies with every singing Johnny-Come-Lately signing a disc contract.

Johnny Desmond will appear in the new movie based on the life of Glenn Miller. It will be called "In The Mood."

Perry Como having plenty of huddles with his sponsor to determine his radio plans for 1947. It is understood that Perry wants to broadcast permanently from Hollywood and on a half-hourly once-a-week basis.

Efforts to build a weekly radio show starring Bing Crosby's kids failed when

the Groaner said no to all invites.

Radio orchestra leaders who double as movie studio maestros have to decide which work they prefer. The film moguls insist they cannot do both.

Victor records are grooming blonde, pretty Betty Rhodes as their disc threat to competitor Columbia's Dinah Shore. The attractive Californian is getting a very heavy promotion campaign.

One great singing personality who has contempt for radio and pictures is Ethel Merman. The veteran Broadway star is the toast of the town in the smash musical hit "Annie Get Your Gun" and frankly doesn't care if she never sees a mike or a camera.

Blond, six-foot-tall Charles Trenet made singing history at New York's Embassy Club. This engaging Parisian is spearheading a French invasion that includes singer Roger Dannes, whose singing is beginning to attract notice, and a possible visit by the incomparable Chevalier later this year.

NEW RECORDS

Ken Alden's Favorites for the month:

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic) The smooth-voiced Chicagoan has a juke box winner in "She's Funny That Way" and "Rickety Rickshaw Man."

ALVINO REY (Capitol) "Sepulveda" is a Los Angeles artery and here's a fast paced musical tribute to it. "Bumble Boogie" is on the reverse.

FRANKIE CARLE (Columbia) Piano magic applied to "One More Tomorrow" and "I'm Gonna Make Believe." A pleasant platter.

VAUGHN MONROE (Victor) The he-man of the jukes spins two new tunes, "It's My Lazy Day" and "Who Told You That Lie," the last partly penned by Eddie Cantor.

GINNY SIMMS (ARA) Richly interprets Irving Berlin's latest "They Say It's Wonderful" and "What Could Be Sweeter."

MIGUELITO VALDES (Musicraft) It's Latin American with an authentic way. Rumba addicts will like "Babalu" and "Rumba Rhapsody."

KAY KYSER (Columbia) Takes a ride on "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time." The former tune is also splendidly chirped by the Sisters Dinning (Capitol.)

BETTY RHODES (Victor) Here's a blonde who sings as well as she looks. Listen to her make music with "What Has She Got" and "I'd Be Lost Without You."

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia) One of the top bands mixes sweet and swing with "Surrender," a torchy ballad, and the torrid "Good Earth."

PEGGY LEE (Capitol) The soothing, infectious stylist gets another platter winner with "Baby, You Can Count On Me" and "Linger In My Arms."

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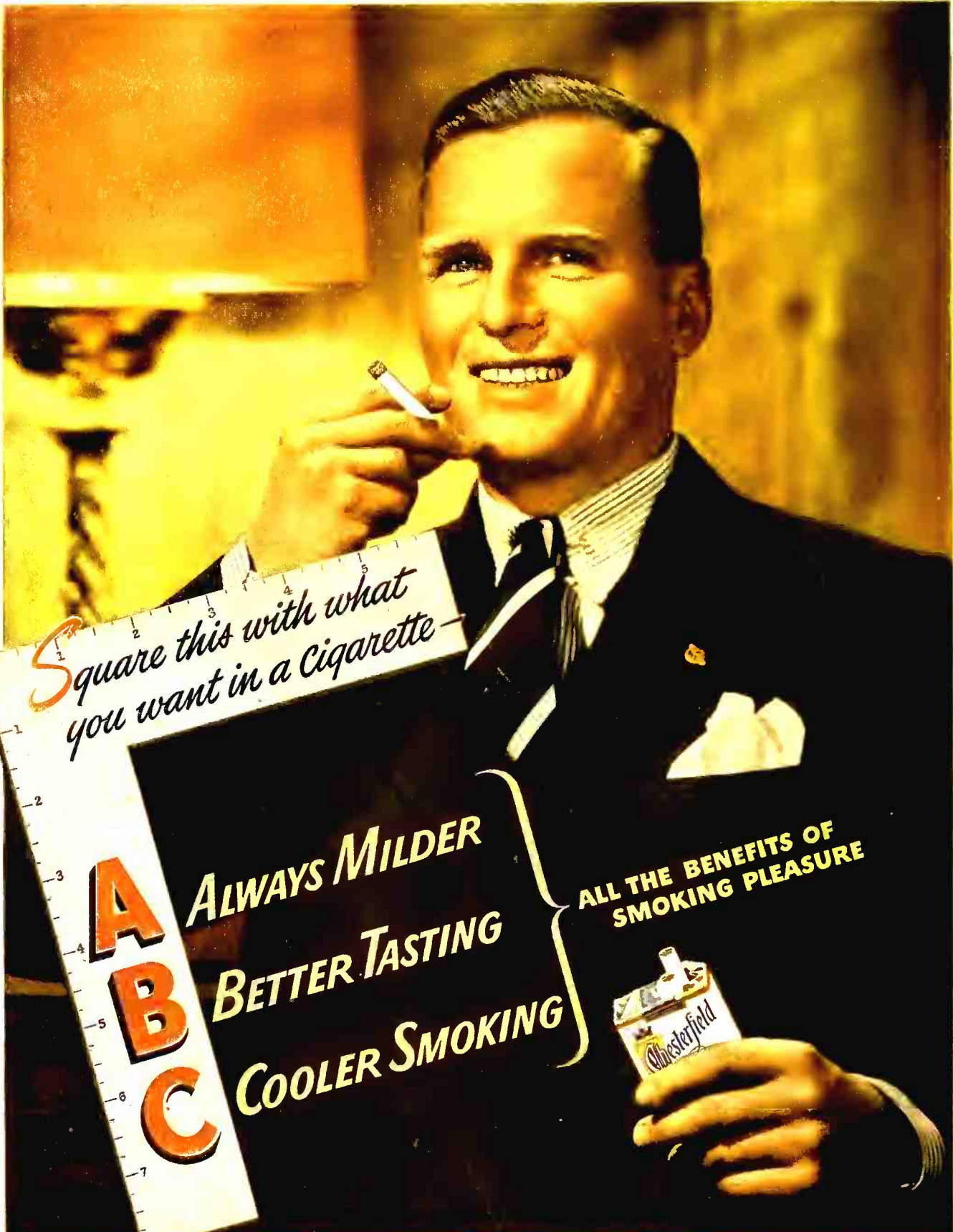
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