

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

NOVEMBER
15¢



DALE
EVANS

HOMECOMING—The Heart-Touching Story of a Wife Betrayed
Exciting Real Life Pictures—**BIG SISTER** and **BREAKFAST AT SARDI'S**

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CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY NATURAL APPEARING COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS ...
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This remarkable discovery, Tintz Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Cake Shampoo works gradually ... each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades; Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for \$1.00)



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Take advantage of this introductory offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c (\$1 for 2) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal hair tint. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay, order today!

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NAME (Print Plainly)
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CITY STATE

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

the whole world
loves a radiant smile!



Give your smile a winning sparkle with the aid of Ipana and massage!

CHIN UP, PLAIN GIRL! Glance at the most popular girls in your crowd—girls who win admiration, invite romance. Very few can claim real beauty. *But they all know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a faint, half-hearted smile but a radiant smile—the kind that gives you a magic charm. Yes, smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Just mas-

sage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



All eyes are upon the girl with a lovely, radiant smile! Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE—NOVEMBER 1933—NOVEMBER 1943

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ON THE COVER—Dole Evans, singing star of the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show, NBC. Color Portrait by Tom Kelley

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IRRESISTIBLE

as always

WE DEDICATE TO THE **MARINES...**

IRRESISTIBLE



**Candy
Stripe
Red**

LIPSTICK

Irresistible salutes the new woman... fresh, vital, confident... with Candy Stripe Red... a clear, high-hearted red destined for beauty-duty in the service or on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer lasting... dependable source of beauty for today's woman power. Complete your make-up with Irresistible matching Rouge and Powder.

10c AT ALL 10c STORES

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME **10c**



Did you know?

THE Food Distribution Administration is talking turkey right now—meaning the birds for our holiday tables. They warn us to be particularly on guard against what will probably be a tremendous black market in turkeys unless we marketing housewives the country over band together in a refusal to pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Here are more holiday food tips: serve sweet potatoes, but use the white ones more sparingly—they store better than the sweets, and can be saved for use later in the winter. Onions give the tang to soups sent overseas, so we're asked to be sparing in our use of those too. There'll be plenty of cranberries, enough apples and nuts to go around, too.

Still on the subject of Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays—don't forget, when you decide to invite a serviceman to share your festive dinner, that there will be plenty of servicewomen away from home, too.

If all wearable clothing, discarded and hanging useless in American closets or tucked in family ragbags, were put back into service, it would relieve a large part of the strain on new production of these necessary items. It's time we threaded our needles and got our sewing machines whizzing on a mass remodeling and reconditioning job! Make it over and make it do!

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"This couldn't mean ME!"



Kay: Jeepers, Peg—who does that sign mean? It can't be me! Or is it? Bob has been making himself sort of scarce lately.

Peg: Look, Kay! I don't want your ro-

mance to come to grief—so I'll leap to the rescue. You bathe every morning, yes! But did you know that bath-freshness can vanish on the way to work? Well—it can!



Kay: You mean I am the office pest, Peg?

Peg: Kay, any girl can slip up on charm—and not know it. But here's an easy answer—every day, after every bath, use Mum.



I'll see Bob at the company dance tonight. Now, with my bath to take care of past perspiration and Mum for the future, I'll be nice to dance with all evening long!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Why let underarm odor hamper success? Guard charm—use Mum every day, after every bath! It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use Mum! It's safe—Mum won't irritate your skin, won't injure fabrics. It's sure—Mum prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration—protects your charm.

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this important purpose, too.



Left, the original Rhythm Boys had a reunion on Paul Whiteman's show. They're Bing Crosby, Al Rinker (he's producer of the Bob Hawk Quiz show) and Harry Barris (now in motion pictures). Below, the brothers Lombardo celebrate sister Rosemarie's marriage to Lt. Henry Becker.



Facing the Music

THE Bob Chesters have a brand new baby daughter. Bob's wife is a former dancer.

Rosemarie Lombardo, Guy's kid sister, has left the band to marry Lt. Henry Becker of the Army Air Corps.

Sammy Kaye solved the transportation problem very neatly the other day. After waiting two hours for a bus to take his orchestra from Atlantic City to New York, the bus and driver finally arrived, but the driver was in such a state of heat exhaustion that he couldn't go on. So Sammy, taking the wheel in his own hands, drove his men and the bus all the way to New York.

Hal McIntyre's band, now playing in New York's Hurricane restaurant and broadcasting over Mutual, just completed work in the new Columbia film, "Hey, Rookie." Another radio musical star signed for pictures is Ethel Smith, Hit Parade organist. She'll face the M-G-M cameras.

If you've wondered what has happened to those swell Glenn Miller singers, Paula Kelly and the Modernaires, they're busy playing Army camps.

Four members of Charlie Spivak's band solved the Hollywood housing shortage.

The lads, saxmen Henry Haupt and Frank Ludwig, trumpeter Dan Vanelli, and trombonist Frank D'Annolfo, pooled their resources and rented an elaborate Hollywood showplace containing 18 rooms and a swimming pool. Rental on the place, understood to be about \$350 per month, when split four ways was not out of proportion to the cost of a family size apartment.

BY KEN ALDEN

The Los Angeles Symphony orchestra has blazed a trail many another top-flight concert organization might follow. They have named American-born Alfred Wallenstein as their new maestro. Wally will continue to conduct the Firestone NBC show, as it is planned to move the series to Hollywood.

A talented musical fellow to keep your eye on is Jimmy Lytell, clarinetist, whose band is currently heard on the Blue and NBC networks. Jimmy played with the original Dixieland Jazz Band when he was only thirteen. Later he joined the Memphis Five, another immortal pioneer swing band.

The networks' spirited battle for concert music has gone one step farther. Mutual has just signed the famed Cleveland Symphony conducted by Eric Leinsdorff. CBS now has the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia, NBC its own highly-touted orchestra with Toscanini and Frank Black, and the Blue has Koussevitsky and the Boston.

When Paul Whiteman staged a radio reunion of the original Rhythm Boys—Bing Crosby, Al Rinker, and Harry Barris—Bing received \$5,000, the other lads \$250 apiece. But the generous Groaner insisted on dividing his earnings with his old friends. Barris is now a movie actor. Rinker produces the Bob Hawk quiz, Thanks to the Yanks.

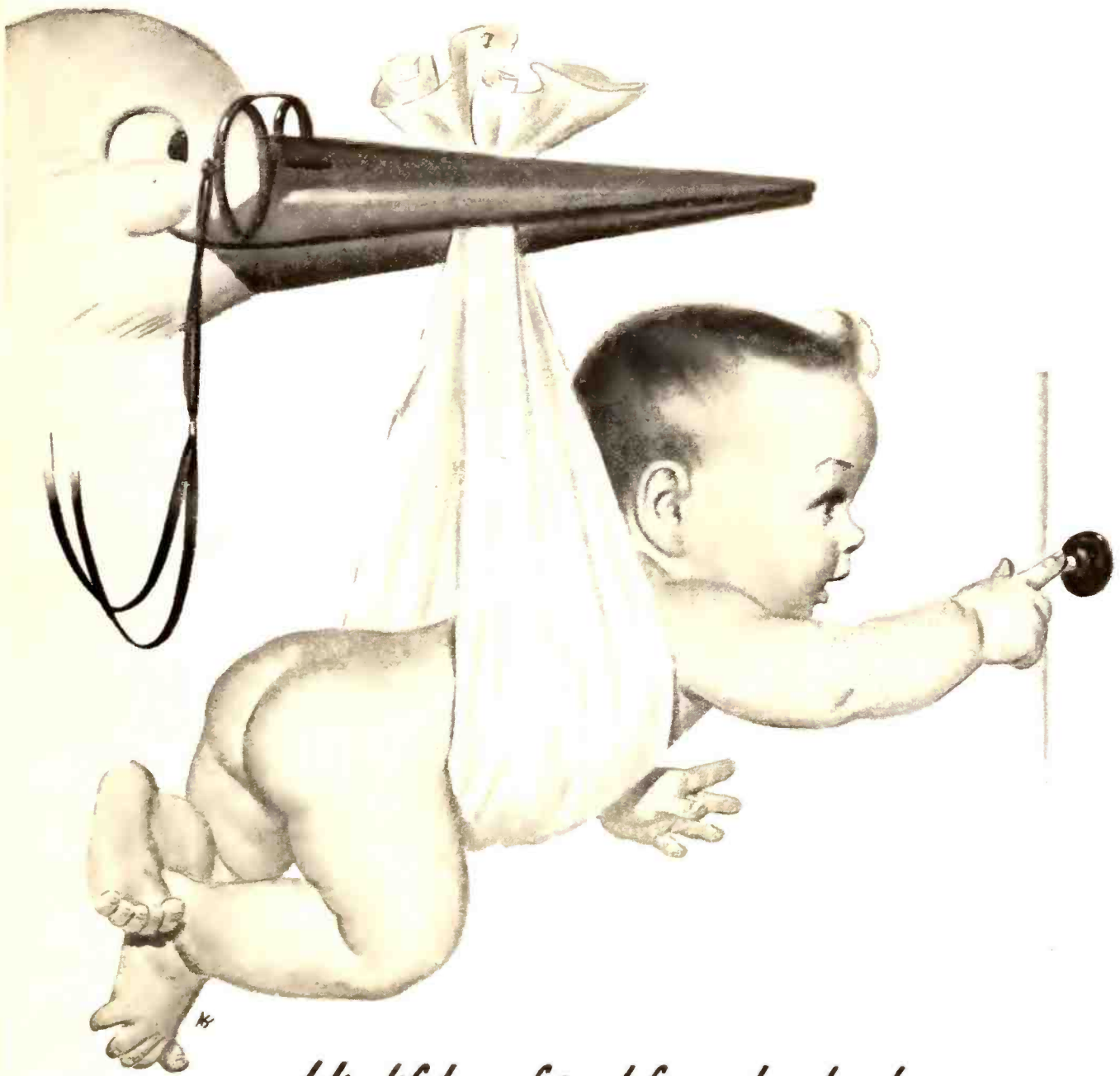
NOTE THESE: One of Cleveland's best known orchestra leaders, Louis Rich, died last month . . . Sonny Kendis,

society maestro who won plaudits at the Stork Club, is enlarging his band to fifteen men and hopes to become a nationwide favorite . . . Duke Ellington's newest find is Al Hibbler, blind romantic baritone . . . Composer of the new hit tune, "In the Blue of Evening" is orchestra leader D'Artega, now conducting an all-girl band . . . Lt. Rudy Vallee plans to take his Coast Guard band on a Good Will tour of South America . . . Lucy Monroe, now on a tour for the Treasury Department, took time out to count up how many times she has sung the national anthem. The count: 6,000. . .

What happens to all those drafted musicians? Well, here's where a few have gone—to the Army Air Forces Band, under the baton and command of Captain Alf Heiberg. Among the tooters and blowers you'll find Sgt. Don Hammond, former tenor man with Tommy Dorsey, and Sgt. Harry Rantch, a Glenn Miller alumnus, who do the arranging for the band. Then, Sgt. Gordon Pulis and Corporal Freddie Vogelsband were respectively first trombonist and violinist in the Philadelphia Symphony. Other players from name bands are Sgt. Joe Stabile—from his brother Dick's band, Corporal Bruce Snyder, from Tommy Dorsey's, Pfc. Tris Hauer from Charlie Spivak's, Pfc. Gordon Lee Tanner from Sunny Dunham's, and Sgt. Bob Santomassino from Tony Pastor's orchestra.

Within the band made up of eighty-eight men from eighteen states there is a seventeen piece popular orchestra and, within that, a quintet, which the boys call "A Kernel of Corn." Under the expert leadership of Captain Heiberg, the band is always ready for a parade, a broadcast—or a dance.

Continued on page 16



His lifelong friend from the day he arrives

In his diaper days he'll first appreciate its cool, antiseptic action to relieve chafing.

A few years later he'll learn about it when a little finger is cut or a little toe is skinned and Mother adds an additional kiss to "make it well".

Then, in his school days, he'll probably discover—and remember all through life—how useful Listerine Antiseptic often is in helping to halt a sore throat or head off a cold.

And, equally important, when he becomes "girl-conscious", he'll realize what a pal Listerine Antiseptic can be in keeping him in the good graces of his Lady Fair . . . how often it guards against offensive breath when non-systemic.

By the time he's twenty-one he'll be a lifelong member of a club that numbers millions . . . men and women who feel that home isn't quite home unless this safe antiseptic is handy to

meet the countless little emergencies that so frequently arise. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that it is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

SIXTY YEARS IN SERVICE

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES

What's New from Coast to Coast

By
DALE BANKS



Dinah Shore heads her own half-hour variety show over CBS, Thursday nights at 9:30 P.M., EWT.



Robert Young, star of the new CBS series, Passport for Adams, reads his lines to Walter Stewart.



Kate Smith's back on the air on Friday nights, after a country-wide tour of Servicemen's camps.

IN case you missed Don Voorhees' appeal, we want to repeat it. Don would like to know what musical numbers the American people would like most to hear on a program to celebrate the final defeat of Hitler. He wants to get it ready ahead of time, so that when Victory comes, he will be prepared.

Here are some of the suggestions he's already received. Grace Moore thinks the program should have a medley of the national anthems of all the United Nations. Lily Pons wants to sing "The Marseillaise" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Jasha Heifetz has asked to be on the program to play "Hebrew Melody" and Schubert's "Ave Maria."

Listeners have also sent in their ideas. Some of them are, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," "When The Lights Go On Again," "God Bless America" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." There's lots of room for everyone to contribute his ideas. How about it? Don is compiling suggestions at his office, 145 West 45 Street in New York City and when they're all in, he plans to have a committee of notables select the final program which they feel best expresses the wishes of the people of these United States.

Nashville, Tenn.—Lonie and Tomie Thompson, the Singing Range Riders of WSM's Grand Ole Opry, returned to

the show recently following Thompson's discharge from the Army.

His service in World War II was the singing cowboy's second hitch as a soldier, the first was in France in 1918.

Tomie is a Texan and his wife, Lonie, hails from Oakdale, La., near where the Thompsons were married on a Grand Ole Opry tent show stage in 1942. Fourteen days after the wedding Thompson was inducted into the Army for his second period of service.

After several weeks in a parachute ski outfit Tomie was injured and hospitalized. His second discharge followed some time later.

Thompson is a veteran cowpuncher and horse breaker, having served the government in the latter capacity in New Mexico in the days before he joined Uncle Sam's fighting men.

He worked in films for a while and shortly after Thompson was seriously injured in a rodeo spill at Salinas, Calif. This kept him out of the saddle for quite a while and it was during that time that he got the idea of joining the Grand Ole Opry.

Radio Row is mourning the death of its veteran entertainer, Frank Crumit. He and his wife, Julia Sanderson, were known to millions as "Sweethearts of the Air," and were the originators of the popular Battle of the Sexes program, on the air for more than twelve years. Listeners will long remember Frank Crumit and the songs he sang.

On September 10th, Elaine Carrington, writer of Pepper Young's Family, celebrated that program's 2,000th consecutive broadcast over one network for one sponsor.

Probably, one of the reasons for the true to life quality in the script is the fact that Elaine gets a lot of her ideas from actual things that happen around her own home. In fact, so many things do seem to go on with her son and daughter that she has plenty of material for her other show, too—When a Girl Marries.

BOSTON, MASS.—From the Cradle of Liberty, historic Boston, comes a salute to all things American from popcorn to baseball, from old folk tunes to the more rhythmic music of Cole Porter on a new half-hour variety show, Thanks to America, from 5 to 5:30 p.m. every Sunday.

The biggest radio show coming from Boston, it is aired over WNAC and the Yankee Network throughout New England, as well as in the Cleveland and Akron areas.

First, John Stanley, popular master of ceremonies, introduces the cast of forty-five performers, to the studio audience of close to 1,000 people.

The chorus of eight professionally trained voices consists of: John Metcalf, Mutual's popular baritone; George Wheeler and Ruth Owens, of Yankee House Party and Army-Navy House Party shows; Elizabeth Golden, Katherine Deane, Edmond Boucher, Wesley Copplestone and Robert Gibb.

A tuneful trio of singing sisters, Mary, Rita and Rosemary, offer popular songs of the day in their own rhythmic way. Natives of Lynn, Massachusetts, they are well-known in radio and theaters all over New England.

The orchestra of twenty-five pieces is led by Bobby Norris, who is no newcomer to New Englanders, since he has been associated with musical broadcasting for many years. Ted Cole, featured tenor soloist, sings current love ballads each week. What makes Thanks to America different from the usual musical variety show are the inspiring stories of contemporary Americans on the home front which

Continued on page 8



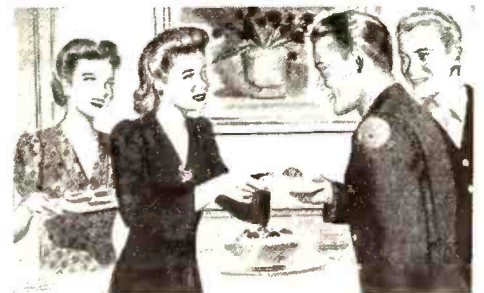
What have these
soft, smooth hands been
doing all day?



Every day is maid's day out now—and there are meals to get, dishes to wash, undies to be tubbed. *Before* you tackle any soap-and-water task, always smooth on Toushay! It's a marvelous new *beforehand* lotion—guards lovely hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water and helps to keep them soft, smooth, and white!



Volunteers are urgently needed for war work at the hospital—so you're helping out every afternoon! No place here for rough hands that catch on surgical gauze. But Toushay-guarded hands are smooth. Just see for yourself how this wonderfully creamy, fragrant lotion helps *prevent* dryness and roughness, instead of waiting until the damage is done.



Supper guests tonight? Let lush, flower-scented Toushay help you look glamorous. This new-idea lotion does all the things other lotions do for you, *plus* its "beforehand" use. Try it as a powder base—or for all-over body rubs—or last-minute smoothing to arms, elbows, and throat! A generous-sized bottle costs little—lasts a long time. Ask for Toushay—the *beforehand* lotion—at your druggist's.



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

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



Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs that are in the air everywhere. But you can give skin vital extra protection against germs by using Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder.

Baby's normal motions (shown by speed camera), even when held by father, create constant friction and danger of chafing. New protection is provided by improved Mennen baby powder, pounded to amazing fineness by special "hammering" process.

STARTLING DIFFERENCES IN BABY POWDERS!



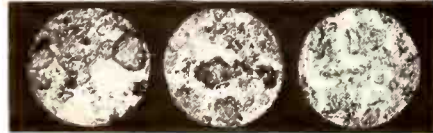
3 out of 4 Doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

troubles in which germs play a part. Tests also show that improved Mennen powder is smoother than others, thus guards skin better against painful chafing. (See photos at right.) Delicate new scent of Mennen powder keeps babies lovelier. You owe it to your baby to use the best powder on his skin—improved Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. Best for baby, also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

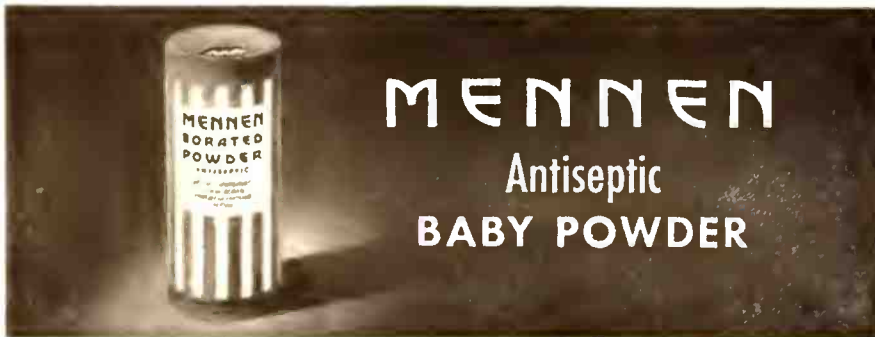
EVERY MOTHER wants the best for her baby... but many do not realize that today there are startling differences between various baby powders! Laboratory tests prove that Mennen baby powder is more antiseptic than others—hence protects baby's skin better against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin



Greater smoothness of "hammered" Mennen Baby Powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, guards skin better against chafing. Use Mennen powder in diapers, and all over body.



Antiseptic superiority of Mennen Baby Powder is shown above in test by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (right), germ growth has been prevented.



MENNEN
Antiseptic
BABY POWDER

(Continued from page 6)
are interpreted philosophically by Dr. William L. Stidger, reporter of the American scene. Dr. Stidger is nationally known for his Church of the Air over CBS.

There's a young boy of twelve who's worth watching. His name is Skippy Homeier and you hear him daily on the radio in *The Right to Happiness* and, if you're lucky enough to live nearby, you can see him nightly in the Broadway success "*Tomorrow The World*," in which Skippy's performance as a nasty Nazi-conditioned child brought rave notices from New York's critics.

Skippy—real name George Vincent Homeier, Jr.—was one of those kids who could go to the movies or the theater and come home and act out what he had seen and heard—and do it well. At five he was sent to dancing school, not with a professional career in mind, but so he could learn poise and make friends easily. That's what his mother thought.

When the family moved to New York, Skippy soon found himself auditioning for Madge Tucker—and he had a job on her Little Blue Playhouse. Mrs. Homeier then gave in to the inevitable, did a bit of scouting around on her own and pretty soon Skippy was one of the busiest juveniles around NBC. He's played in such shows as *Mary Marlin*, *Portia Faces Life*, *Cavalcade of America*, *The March of Time*, *Against the Storm* and many others.

In spite of his strenuous career, Skippy finds time to pursue the normal activities of a healthy American boy. His hobby is building model airplanes and he's an ardent swimmer and diver. Like most other youngsters his age, he is heart and soul for winning the war. He is the president of the Children's Section of the Ambijan Committee for the Relief of Russian Children. The organization sends necessities to the needy children of heroic Stalingrad and other Russian cities.

Skippy's work is cut out for him. When "*Tomorrow the World*" finishes its successful run in New York, Skippy will be due in Hollywood to fulfill an MGM contract. Not bad—for twelve!

Surprised to hear Fred Allen's celebrated "*Mrs. Nussbaum*" on Jack



Judith Evelyn, star of the Broadway show, "*Angel Street*," replaced Madeleine Carroll on her CBS show.



Phil Hanna and Dyana Gayle are a popular singing team from the coast, on CBS' Your Home-Front Reporter.

Benny's show? Simple. Jack and Fred have forgotten their feud for long enough to catch the good-neighbor, lend-lease spirit. "John Doe" falls into the same category.

"John Doe" is played by John Brown, who was a jewelry salesman and an amateur actor, until 1934, when he first began getting parts on the Eddie Cantor and Fred Allen shows. Since then, Brown has been John Doe, the perpetual answerer of public opinion polls, a race track tout, a haughty vice-president, a typical Dodger fan, a gold brick salesman, or just a wise guy. In real life, Brown is a typical married man, in love with his wife and crazy about his two children.

Minerva Pious—Mrs. Nussbaum—has been with Fred Allen for nearly all his ten years in radio. Min, as everyone in radio calls her, was born in Odessa, Russia, was brought to this country as a child and finished her education in Bridgeport, Connecticut. While she was still going to high school, she played in stock companies, every time they would give her a chance.

Since her advent in radio, the five foot, 108 pound voice mimic has played almost every type and kind of feminine role. She plays dumb stenos, dowagers, debutantes, secretaries, housewives, burlesque queens, gum chewing dames and more such. Chiefly, however, she has become famous as Mrs. Pansy Nussbaum and Mrs. Socrates Mulligan.

Versatile is the name for James Monks. Aside from his many and varied roles on Radio Reader's Digest, he plays the villain in Our Gal Sunday, the valet in We Love and Learn, innumerable character parts in School of the Air, in addition to having worked in the movie, "How Green Was My Valley" and in "Joan of Paris." During the long run of "The Eve of St. Mark" on Broadway, he shuttled between the stage door and the radio studios and between hops made recordings for the Treasury Department. One explanation for the demands for his services, of course, might be the fact that he can do thirty-three dialects—and well.

After all, radio people are show people. And show people are reputedly superstitious.

So, add to your list of good luck

She Almost Missed Being a Mrs.



1 Poor girl—she was a spinster . . . and oh, so lonely! Romance had passed her by . . . for she looked old . . . though she really wasn't! Her face powder added years to her age . . . 'cause its color was dead and lifeless . . . so her skin looked that way, too!



2 Then—lucky girl—she heard about the glamorous new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder . . . shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth! What a difference! What a thrill . . . for her and for you . . . because there's a new shade of Cashmere Bouquet to bring out your allure . . . all the natural, young coloring in your complexion, no matter what your age!

3 And now—happy girl—she's joyful and gay . . . for the man she loves, loves her . . . thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look that Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! She's found, as you will, that her lucky new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet is color-blended . . . never streaky! And it's color-smooth . . . goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly for hours and hours!

4 Remember there's a new youthful shade of Cashmere Bouquet that's just right for you . . . color-harmonized to suit your skin-type perfectly! So, start today to bring out the natural youth and beauty in your complexion with Cashmere Bouquet! You'll find it in a 10¢ or larger size at all cosmetic counters!



**CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER**
In the New Youthful Shades



Skin look drab?

Does your powder "catch" on little face roughnesses?

"My 1-Minute Mask— solves these complexion problems beautifully"

—says MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES

New York social leader, grandniece of the late Mrs. James Roosevelt. "I've never known a treatment to brighten and soften my skin as quickly as the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream!"



DON'T get panicky when your make-up goes on like sandpaper instead of velvet—and don't give up when specks of imbedded dirt refuse to be dislodged.



Do "re-style" your skin right away with a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just slip a white coat of the Cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave Mask on for one full minute. Its "keratolytic" action will loosen and dissolve tiny roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles!



RESULTS—your face is softer . . . smoother! It looks fresher and clearer—noticeably! Your make-up goes on evenly and clings like goodness knows what—makes your skin look finer-textured!

"A heavenly powder base, too!"

"I 're-style' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," Mrs. Forbes says. "—And daily, before each make-up, I slick on a film of the Cream for powder base. It takes make-up so smoothly!"

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE . . . Help shorten the war—take a job! In many areas, women are urgently needed to fill the home-front jobs of fighting men. Check your local Help Wanted ads for specific needs in your area. Then get advice from the local United States Employment Service.



Now there's a glass shortage! When you buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones, you save glass now needed for food jars.



They're Lonie and Tomie Thompson, the Singing Range Riders of WSM's Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tenn.

gestures—Joan Davis kisses her script in plain sight of the studio audience to bring her luck . . . Ralph Edwards, Truth or Consequences emcee, lifts up the announcer's trouser leg and tickles him, while waiting for the engineer's signal . . . Jay—Mr. District Attorney—Jostyn tears off a corner of his script . . . Olivio, the boy yodeler, knocks three times on his guitar . . . And Woody Herman pats the head of his nearest musician.

* * *

Trudy Erwin, Bing Crosby's NBC singing partner, who has herself made more than 300 appearances at the various desert camps in and around California, has a few tips for the gals who plan to set out to entertain or dance with the soldiers.

First—make sure you arrive looking your best. After any long ride, stop a mile or so away and freshen up—if possible, change your costume.

Second—never refer to any other branch of the service. Each man likes to think his own is the best.

Third—at hospitals, be a real cheerer-upper. Disregard anaesthetic odors and don't shudder and discuss misfortunes. By no means express pity.

Fourth—don't talk about the war. Talk about the Dodgers—and anything and everything else.

Fifth—be a good sport. If you're invited for a ride in a tank, don't hesitate. Go into the nearest tent provided for dressing and change into overalls. Even if you get black and blue marks from the tank ride, it's worth it.

* * *

If you've seen the movie, "The Human Comedy," you'll be bound to remember Van Johnson's powerful portrayal of Marcus MacAuley, the small town soldier boy who never lost faith in his country.

Five years ago, this same Van Johnson was an unknown—and typically struggling—young actor in a small stock company in New York. At about that same time, Bob Novak, now director of the Manhattan at Midnight shows, was just putting out feelers as a director. Novak spotted Van and decided right away that here was genius that shouldn't be allowed to go to waste. And, as Novak's career as a director moved ahead apace, Van Johnson got the breaks that were coming to him and, with Novak's coaching, made good use of them.

It's small wonder that Bob Novak takes such personal delight in Van's rise on the cinema horizon.

Frank Hummert, producer of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round among other shows, is well known for his ability to pick a song that will be a hit. He doesn't do so badly in picking a voice that will make the songs hits, either.

Several years ago, he happened to hear a voice in a church quartet in East Orange, New Jersey—and he liked it very much indeed. Investigation revealed that the voice belonged to a young lady named Marian McManus, who had come east from California to compete in the National Federation of Music Clubs auditions—and had flunked out!

Mr. Hummert still liked his own judgment best and gave her a spot on one of his big musical shows. He went on liking her voice to the extent of featuring her on three shows.

Incidentally—Marian, busy as she is these days, still finds time to sing every Sunday in the East Orange church quartet.

* * *

NEWS NOTES FROM HITHER AND YON: Martha Stewart has gone to Hollywood and Bea Wain is back on Your Hit Parade, while her hubby Capt. Andre Baruch runs an Army radio station in North Africa . . . Perry Como, tall, dark and handsome, is threatening to replace Frank Sinatra as the swoon king . . . Sgt. Gene Autry is off the airwaves for the duration. He's gone out on active duty . . . With the departure of Neil Reid, trombonist, Woody Herman has given the last member of his original band to the armed services . . . Latest on Dinah Shore—that girl's always in the news—is that she has added to her titles "The Girl We Wish Would Come To Dinner," given to her at the ninth annual Butlers' and Maids' Ball . . . Since March, 1943, Alec Templeton has never once repeated any piece of music, any impression, or any gag he has ever used on his program . . . So, Vera Vague has finally landed her man! Barbara Jo Allen—that's her in real life—married Norman Morrell, former production manager of the Bob Hope insanities . . . Incidentally, have you been listening to the Blue Network's Swing Shift Frolics on Saturdays from noon to 12:30? Lots of opportunities for war workers with talents hidden behind their overalls. . . . There are lots of things to listen to—keep listening. More next month.



Mary, Rita and Rosemary sing the popular songs of the day on Thanks to America over the Yankee Network.

Beautiful
Ilona Massey
recent star of the
famous Ziegfeld Follies
says:

"Of course I use Arrid, and I don't see how any person of refinement can fail to use it.

"The way I look at it is this — if you can protect your clothes from under-arm perspiration, and also protect yourself from offensiveness both at the same time just by using a little Arrid once a day, it's the only sensible thing to do. I really think Arrid's a wonderful product and I am delighted to endorse it!"

Ilona Massey

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely

STOPS *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents odor. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days.
3. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



39¢ a jar

(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT



A recent portrait of
CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
by Maria de Kammerer

LEADING A *Double* LIFE?

Discover Tangee's Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

—says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Most of you are "racing the clock" these days... somehow finding time for new wartime duties in addition to your regular activities. That is the big reason, I'm sure, why so many women have welcomed our new LONG-LASTING Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

For here are lipsticks that, once on, *stay* on! An exclusive SATIN-FINISH brings your lips a satin-y smoothness that defies both time and weather. Neither too moist nor too dry—but just right—your Tangee Lipstick will actually seem to smooth itself on to your lips... holding its true and glowing color for hours and hours.

If you have been longing for just such a lipstick, I urge you to ask for "Tangee." And, for best results, wear your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick together with the matching rouge and Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"... Is always most flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



TANGEE

SATIN-FINISH



Cover Girl

Dale Evans sings on Edgar Bergen's show, but what's just as important is that she composes songs, plays the piano and has a swell idea for a new radio show for servicemen.

SLEEK and sophisticated, isn't she—our cover girl this month? The paradoxical thing about her is that she's not what she appears to be, or even sounds like. At heart, this singer of slick "champagne" ditties, is a simple girl with strong leanings toward the outdoor life, which tendencies she comes by naturally.

Dale Evans was born in Uvalde, Texas, which means the wide open spaces, back in 1917. She went to school in Italy, Texas, and later in Memphis, Tennessee, where she was graduated from the Central High School. There was nothing startling about her childhood, no big display of talent, or extraordinary ability.

After her graduation, Dale got a job as a stenographer for an insurance company in Dallas, Texas. Which started everything. It seems this company sponsored a radio program on one of the local stations and, one day, when Dale's boss heard her humming around the office, he suggested she might go on the program. Dale auditioned—and she was on. In a little while, she got another spot, too, as featured singer on an early morning "cheer-up" show on WFAA in Dallas.

But Dallas didn't seem to hold enough opportunities. So, Dale packed up and went to try her luck in Chicago. Luck was good. She got a job singing with Herman Waldman's orchestra and then went to Los Angeles to sing with Anson Weeks' band at the famous Coconut Grove. After that engagement was over, she toured the country in vaudeville with Anson Weeks, finally landing back in Chicago, where she was starred in various shows over WBBM.

In 1941, she signed a contract with Twentieth Century-Fox studios and has lived in Hollywood ever since, broadcasting from there. What spare time she has from her picture and radio work, she devotes to traveling to Army camps and entertaining the servicemen. Already, she has been voted an Honorary Captain in the Air Force for her work.



Since she started on her career as a singer, lots of new and hidden talents have cropped up in her. En route to one of the Army camps, Dale composed a song to keep from being bored on the train. It turned out so well that she's kept at song writing ever since. You've heard some of her songs—for instance—"I'm In Love With A Guy Who Flies In The Sky" and "My Heart Is Down Texas Way." She also plays the piano—in fact, one of her earlier ambitions was to become a piano teacher. Now, of all things, she's studying tap dancing, because she's discovered that there seems to be a shortage of dancers for the Army camps and the boys always enjoy them so much.

You'd think that her movie assignments, her rehearsals and performances on the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy Show, and her trips to the camps would be enough for one small girl. But no. The wheels in Dale's pretty head keep going around and she has now become an "idea" woman, too. She's worked out an idea for a radio show that will soon be hitting the airwaves. It's an audience participation show for the men in the services, a show in which girl singers will do request numbers for the sweethearts, mothers and wives of men writing in to the program. She plans to use "Goodnight Sweetheart" as the theme song. The idea has been okayed by the War Department.

Listening to her on NBC, Sunday evenings, as she sings with Ray Noble's orchestra—Ray, by the way, says she's a "musician's singer," having perfect pitch and voice control—her voice creates a picture of a smooth young lady in, perhaps, clinging gowns that could come only from the smartest Fifth Avenue shops. Which is the way she looks when she's working. At home, however, she's more likely to be reverting to her real type, knocking around in a pair of slacks, her hair tied up in a bright bandana and, maybe, beating up a batch of flapjacks for her husband.

**3 ways to tell
a Fib**
(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS*
of all tampons
give you all three

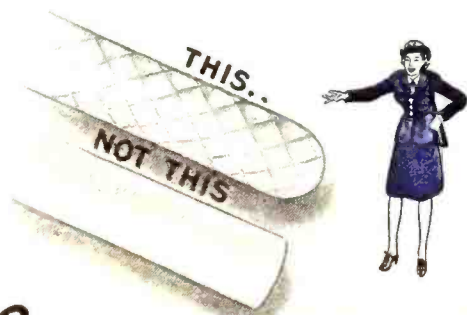


1. FIBS ARE QUILTED



... for more comfort, greater safety in *internal* protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting *controls* expansion... so Fibs don't stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. FIBS HAVE ROUNDED ENDS



... smooth, gently tapered ends—for *easy insertion!* Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs *must* be easier to use! Furthermore, you'll like the comfortable, just-right size of Fibs... they're not too large, not too tiny.

3. FIBS - THE KOTEX TAMPON



... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. Only brand made of Cellucotton*, the soft, *fast* absorbent that's used in Kotex* and demanded by many famous hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality...you get protection as safe and sure as modern science can make it.

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

The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

R
M

Trim your curves



Virginia Routh, who is lovely Judith Adams in Young Widder Brown, the daily serial heard over NBC, slims down for her new autumn wardrobe.

By Roberta Ormiston

SOME of life's most wonderful moments come in the late autumn and early winter—when we put away summer prints and cottons to don new fall suits or slim black numbers. However, to get the most out of our fall and autumn wardrobe we must be ready for it. Hips and tummies that bulge, arms that are overweight and bumps on the knees and neck are not fair to our clothes—or to us! Furthermore we do not have to endure them.

To Reduce Your Tummy—Take a lie-back position on your bed. Place your arms beneath your head. Breathe in hard enough to pull your stomach in. Until it hurts! Until it hurts back and front! Breathe out. Your tummy should protrude as you do this. Breathe in again. Pull in again. Breathe out and let out. Do this twelve times, night and morning. Make sure it hurts every time too. Otherwise it will be an utter waste of time.

Your Hips—Lie down on the floor and face the ceiling. Fold your arms

across your chest. Raise your feet and shoulders about four inches from the floor. Roll, *turning on your hips*, to the left—so far to the left that you face the floor. Return, *turning on your hips*, to your starting position. Proceed in the same way to the right. To the left, to the right—*turning on your hips always, keeping feet and shoulders off the floor.*

Arms—Stretch out your arms. Shake them. Shake them until they hurt.

Knee Bumps—Place your hand on the outside of your right knee for support. At the same time press the flesh inward. Apply a firm circular motion with your other hand. Begin inside your leg and work up from your knee.

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

Give each knee this work-out for five minutes a day—and rejoice at the end of ten days or two weeks!

A Bump on the Neck—Lie on your bed—face down. Ask someone to beat the bump on your neck for three or four minutes. Have them keep their hands in a vertical position and spread their fingers so only their little fingers strike your flesh. When your flesh is soft and warm have your "masseuse's" fingers start between your shoulder blades and—with a circular motion—push your flesh up towards the left shoulder and up towards the right shoulder. Over and over, every day.

Now then, do you want to feel better than you have in a long time and, at the same time, increase your grace and your physical poise?

Lie on your back. Flat! Hold a large book or some other object that is about the same width as your shoulders and weighs about three pounds in both hands. (As you become conditioned to this exercise increase the weight of this object to twelve pounds.) Bring your arms to the floor behind your head. Then bring your arms and your legs towards the center of your body—at the same time! Move them stiffly! Move them slowly! Return to your starting position. Repeat this exercise six times a day at first and, gradually, increase it to twelve times a day.

This routine, especially popular on radio row, does things—the right things—for your stomach, chest, back, hips and thighs.

Be Beauty Wiser

S. R., McKeesport, Pa.—Liquid leg make-up will—to a great extent—disguise the protruding veins in your legs. The exercise we recommend for reducing legs and, at the same time, making them shapely isn't an easy exercise. But it is efficacious . . . Kneel. Keep your chest up, your head up, your shoulders back. Place your hands on your hips. Bring your heels together. Keep them together. Bend backward—*slowly!* The further back you bend the more you will tense your legs which incidentally should press against the floor—and the more good the exercise will do them.

Josephine M., Milwaukee, Wis.—Lemon juice and Tartar Salts will brighten blonde hair. Use the juice—strained, of course—of two lemons and one tablespoon of Tartar Salts to a quart of hot water. Have your hair thoroughly wet when you apply this mixture. Rinse it well. And dry your hair if you can, in the sun.

Helen T., Northampton, Mass.—A simple exercise rejuvenates the throat. Throw back your head—as far as possible—until you feel the strain. Now then, move your head in a wide circle. Make six slow circles moving your head first to the right and six circles moving your head first to the left. Cream your neck faithfully every night—to build up the neck tissues.

Alice M. C. D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Epsom Salts provide a remarkable facial. Fill one bowl with warm water and another bowl with icy cold water. Cleanse your skin thoroughly. Put two tablespoons of Epsom Salts into each bowl of water. Let them dissolve. Apply a cloth dipped in the warm Epsom Salts to your face and neck. Do this six times. Apply a cloth dipped into the cold Epsom Salts to your face and neck about twelve times. Pat your face dry. Do not use an Epsom Salts facial more than once or twice a week.

Your lovely, lustrous hair is sure
To make him fall for your allure!



No other shampoo
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



THE SUIT is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a topcoat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!

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

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

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

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

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

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



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

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

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

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

Facing the Music



They said she couldn't do it, but Ina Ray Hutton proved them wrong. Above, she makes a striking appearance before her all-man orchestra.



Left, the Kim Loo Sisters, a new addition to the Hutton band. They never saw China, being born in Minneapolis.



ily came to New York when Ina was twelve. Gus Edwards, the star-maker, heard of her talents, soon had the girl singing and dancing in his vaudeville unit. Then came similar tasks in George White's Melody Revue and the Ziegfeld Follies. The school authorities were completely fooled.

"I was thirteen and looked seventeen," Ina said laughingly.

Her mother accompanied her everywhere, helped teach her piano and music. A far-sighted booking agent with a flair for the unusual, suggested the band-leading idea and Ina agreed to try it. The girl band clicked overnight and then faded when the novelty wore off.

A girl bandleader has to meet one problem the men never have to worry about. At the beginning Ina usually had to summon the management's strong-arm squad for physical support, when one of the men who had come to dance stayed to pester.

"Now," she says confidently, "I just fluff 'em off. If you ignore the fresh guys you can nip in the bud whatever they're thinking."

Ina has never been married and has no intention of taking the plunge while her career is on the ascendancy.

"I have plenty of time to settle down."

However, friends tell me that the blonde batoneer does have several dates and they're usually with musicians.

Ina is a very lucky girl. She eats ravenously but never gains an ounce. She recently turned down an attractive movie offer because it meant solo work.

"It was too tough organizing this band and I'm not going to sacrifice it now for anything," she explained.

Latest addition to the band is a girl trio—the Kim Loo Sisters. These three Chinese-American girls never saw the Good Earth country. They're from Minneapolis where their parents run the Nankin restaurant.

Many radio fans confuse Ina Ray with movie star Betty Hutton and singer Marian Hutton who was formerly with Glenn Miller's band. Ina Ray is not related to them nor to heiress Barbara Hutton. About the latter Ina says, "No, I'm not related to her but I sure would like to be Cary Grant's sister-in-law."

"They said I couldn't," Ina says defiantly, "organize a band of men who are tops in the field. It took me nine months to show 'em."

Ina doesn't attribute her success to lady luck.

"If you think this was a picnic, just try it," she challenges.

Ina will tell you it wasn't only like that: a musical merger of sex appeal and solid rhythm. In the early days when Ina had an all-girl band, her troupe tried to make up for musical deficiencies with novelties. Ina not only led the band, but did cartwheels, tap dances and "practically everything else."

The music-wise jitterbugs tired of the novelties, demanded a band that played real swing.

"I knew it couldn't last," she admits, "there's a limit to how far a girl band can go. The girls couldn't improvise or train themselves to swing tempos."

So in 1940 she broke up the distaff side orchestra and replaced them with men.

Ina says she is twenty-five. Her fam-

ALL THIS AND HUTTON TOO

INA Ray Hutton, the Betty Grable of the bandstand, possesses certain obvious advantages over her celebrated male colleagues. When she wears one of her 300 tight-fitting evening dresses, and gives the delicate downbeat, Harry James and Benny Goodman must concede defeat. Her deep blue eyes are more than a match for the swooning stares of admirers on the dance floor and her honey blonde hair and 103 well-proportioned pounds earn the envy of the girls in the room.

But Ina Ray Hutton is that rare combination of beauty and brains. Having batoned a band for nine years, she has learned from bitter experience that physical appeal is not enough. It's still the music that wins audiences.

Currently, the Hutton band is on a tour that will culminate in Hollywood for a picture contract. The band usually gets about \$5,000 a week.

Hats on to MAZOLA!



★ FOR FRYING



FRIED CHICKEN — tender, golden brown, digestible — Use 2½ to 3½ lb. chickens, cut into pieces. Wash and dry. Dredge each chicken thoroughly in large bowl containing mixture of 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper. Pour Mazola into heavy frying pan to depth of 1 inch. When hot, add chicken and brown both sides (uncovered). Reduce heat to low, cover closely and continue cooking. Turn frequently until done—40 to 60 min.



★★ FOR SHORTENING



PIE CRUST — that "melts in your mouth" — for apple, fresh fruit, berry or any pie!

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup Mazola
Cold water to moisten
(about ¼ cup)

Sift together flour and salt. Mix in Mazola lightly with fork or pastry blender. Add water, a little at a time, and work lightly with a fork. (The dough should be soft.) Roll out at once on floured board. Makes top and bottom crust for one 9-inch pie, or two 9-inch pastry shells.



★★★ FOR SALADS



FRENCH DRESSING — quick and easy to make; delicious with all salads.

¾ teaspoon salt ⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon sugar
¾ cup Mazola ¼ cup vinegar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.



Mazola now comes to you in a crystal-clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

© C. P. S. Co., 1943

**MAZOLA IS AS GOOD AND DELICIOUS TO EAT
AS THE GOLDEN CORN FROM WHICH IT COMES**

Mazola is a pure *vegetable* oil — all food value. It contains no moisture, no air, no animal fat. When you use Mazola for frying, for shortening, and for salads, you save butter, you need no other solid fats, you make *fresh*, delicious salad dressings at low cost.

The *economy* of Mazola has little to do with its popularity. The *purity* and *quality* of Mazola are paramount in appealing to particular people. All grocers sell Mazola in crystal-clear bottles protected by sealed outer cartons.

CORN PRODUCTS SALES COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Sure Fire for Sweet Romance



a Varga
com

*your Luscious
Lovely Face*

Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the New Jergens Face Powder



YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK

You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to bring your skin a young, *alive tone*. Her dresses made even plain women smart. Her shade for you can set hearts a-spin with your fresh loveliness!



YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK

Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of fragrant Jergens Powder is velvetized—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear *your* perfect Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!



CHOOSE YOUR SHADE

Peach Bloom (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look. **Rachel** (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. **Naturelle** (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. **Brunette** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. **Dark Rachel** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look. **Big Boudoir Box \$1.00 . . . Try-it sizes 25¢, 10¢.**



*At his touch my whole
body suddenly recoiled.
Every nerve was jangling.*

Homecoming

It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. She tried to read Dave's face, hoping to find some clue there to his thoughts. What—or who—had come between them?

IT WAS half-past five, and everything was ready. The house didn't have a speck of dust even in the darkest corner, all the slipcovers had been washed and ironed, the table in the tiny dining room was set for three with our good silver and china. There was a cold bottle of beer in the ice-box, and beside the stove, waiting to be broiled, was the thick, tender steak for which I'd been hoarding ration points throughout the last two weeks.

Dickie had been scrubbed within an inch of his young life, and he was too busy keeping his vigil at the window to be in any danger of getting dirty again. And I was wearing a dress of soft blue

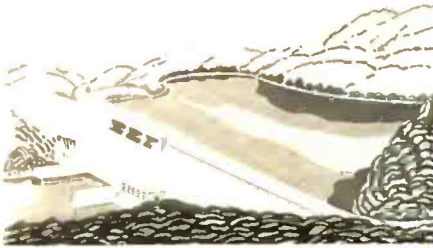
wool—not a new dress, an old one, one that Dave had always liked. I'd looked at myself in the mirror, long and critically, wanting to be quite sure that his first sight of me after such a long time would please him. The woman in the glass looked back at me—a woman with smooth, soft brown hair and an oval face, one whose widely-spaced blue eyes were filled with a quiet, certain happiness, a woman who was sure of her place in the world and in the heart of the man she loved.

Eight years, I thought. Eight years of marriage, and not all eight of them lumped together had been as long as these six little months we'd been apart.

Never a quarrel, never a time of boredom or irritation, never a moment of doubting the other's love. I've been blessed, I gave humble thanks, truly blessed. I have a home, a son, a husband—everything in the world that a woman needs.

Dickie shouted from the front room: "Mommy! Mommy, he's here! Come quick!" And I jumped up from the dressing table and ran, with an eagerness as great, as youthful, as Dickie's own.

I stood in the doorway while Dickie tore yelping down the walk to the curb where Dave was getting out of his mud-spattered car. Our embrace,



"Homecoming" was suggested by a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Sundays at 8:00 P. M.

Dave's homecoming kiss—they mustn't be spoiled by the glances, amused or envious, of the neighbors. So, waiting there, I saw him whole—saw the sparks struck from his sandy hair by the late-afternoon sun, the muscles in his bared forearms as he swept Dickie up, the dear squareness of his jaw.

"Hello, Laurie."

"Hello, Dave," I said softly, and lifted my lips for his kiss. It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. But of course, I said to myself, laughing at my own disappointment. This is no time for love-making, not with Dickie dancing around us in seven-year-old hysteria, asking a thousand questions and not waiting for the answer to a single one.

He let me go and looked around him and released his breath in a long sigh. "It's swell to be home again. You don't know how good the place looks."

"This is the first time it's looked right since you left," I told him, and for a minute I thought I might have to blink back the tears. He gave my arm a quick squeeze and turned away—as if he, too, had felt himself coming dangerously close to emotion.

"I'm hot and dirty," he said. "Can I have a shower?"

"Of course," I said. "There's lots of hot water. You go on and I'll have dinner ready when you're finished."

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Still . . . it was good to know that his part of building the dam was done, and to have him home. Good to hear him splashing at this very moment in the shower, even if—and I felt a frown pucker the skin between my eyes—he wasn't singing "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" in his usual discordant way.

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Dickie finished his apple pie and slid off his chair. "Mommy, can I go out and play a while?" he asked. I nodded, and then we were alone, sitting one on each side of the table. I put my hands out of sight, on my lap, and clasped them together, tightly.

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"I felt—I can't tell you how I felt the next morning," Dave went on. "Ashamed—hating myself. I couldn't understand how it had happened. Since we've been married I've never even



looked at another woman—never even thought of it. And then, all at once—it was as if some other fellow got control of me, told me what to do. That's the only way I can explain it . . . Laurie," he pushed his chair back with a sudden rasping sound and stood up, "Laurie, don't look at me like that!"

I shuddered. Some of my strength came back, and I pressed the palm of one hand against my forehead, feeling the skin clammy under my touch. Nausea gathered in the pit of my stomach, rose and beat in my throat, and to conquer it I spoke, saying anything, the first words that came to my lips.

"I'm sorry . . . I didn't know I was looking at you any way in particular . . . I didn't know . . ." Somehow, I found myself on my feet, moving blindly toward the door—not knowing

where I was going, just impelled to get away from this room where such a terrible thing had happened to me.

But he followed. He wouldn't let me take my hurt away and nurse it. "Laurie! Please forgive me! Please see it the way it was—a mistake, something I shouldn't have done, something I'm sorry for. Don't hate me!"

It was impossible not to answer that cry of agony, impossible not to know that his suffering was as great as mine. I stopped where I was. Hate him? No, of course not. I could never hate Dave, not even if he'd beaten me. And I did know that everything had happened exactly as he'd told it. He hadn't meant to be unfaithful; he despised himself now for having been. But there my thoughts stopped. After that, there was nothing but emotion,


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"If you'll give me time—let me alone for a little while," I murmured through stiff lips. "I'll try to understand."

He caught his breath as if to speak—then let it slowly go. "All right, dear," he said, and turning, went into the living-room.

I looked around me—at the pattern of ivy on the wall, at the ornamental glass shelf and its knick-knacks hanging in the window, the table with its dishes and remains of food. Impossible that they should still be here, all these familiar things! Impossible that there should still be dishes to wash, food to put away, Dickie to call in from play and put to bed! Everything else had changed—why not my home, my duties?

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It seemed that I could see her standing between us, laughing, because she had stolen Dave's love.



"Homecoming" was suggested by a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program on Mutual, Sundays at 8:00 P. M.

Dave's homecoming kiss—they mustn't be spoiled by the glances, amused or envious, of the neighbors. So, waiting there, I saw him whole—saw the sparks struck from his sandy hair by the late-afternoon sun, the muscles in his bared forearms as he swept Dickie up, the dear squareness of his jaw.

"Hello, Laurie." "Hello, Dave," I said softly, and lifted my lips for his kiss. It was cool, that kiss, cool and quick. But of course, I said to myself, laughing at my own disappointment. This is no time for love-making, not with Dickie dancing around us in seven-year-old hysteria, asking a thousand questions and not waiting for the answer to a single one. He let me go and looked around him and released his breath in a long sigh. "It's swell to be home again. You don't know how good the place looks."

"This is the first time it's looked right since you left," I told him, and for a minute I thought I might have to blink back the tears. He gave my arm a quick squeeze and turned away—as if he, too, had felt himself coming dangerously close to emotion.

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I take thee

I THOUGHT I knew myself. I thought that I, Jane Dillon, was the person I understood best in all the world. I carried a picture of this Jane in my mind, and it was the picture of a woman who wanted certain things of life, and knew how to get them. There are two kinds of women, I had decided—those who are made for love and those who are made for work. I was one of those who had been made for work. And I was content.

Then, one crisp autumn afternoon, I learned that I wasn't the sort of person I had believed I was. I was someone quite different.

But the moment when I met the real Jane Dillon isn't the beginning of my story—in fact, it's very nearly the end. The beginning—well, it could be almost anyplace, but the best starting-point is the evening my sister Diana brought Lieutenant Jim Miles to meet me, saying shyly, "Jane—this is Jim."

I took one quick look at him, and warm, incredulous hope flooded through me. I hadn't dared to believe before—I still didn't quite dare—but perhaps he really was the man I'd longed to see standing here, in our shabby old living room, holding Diana's hand in his.

I hardly glanced at his uniform, or at the single bar on each of his shoulder-tabs. I knew about these—Diana had told me. What I wanted to see was the level honesty of his brown eyes, the width and firmness and quiet humor of his mouth, the decision in his movements. And—yes, they were all there, these signposts to his character. They were all there, to say he could make Diana happy, that he could control her, guide her. If she loved him . . . but she did, she'd told me she did, and wasn't that love shining in her eyes now?

This wasn't the time to remember that there had been other occasions when Diana had looked like this—just as adoring, just as rapt. Particularly, this wasn't the time to remember Tommy Lester. Diana was a year older now. She was almost eighteen, and if she hadn't yet fully learned that love





All the world seemed to stop. Jane looked at the beautiful diamond, felt the pressure of Jim's fingers, and knew she was in love. But Jim was not hers. The ring was for Diana

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I held out my hand to him. "I'm very happy to know you," I said. And then, deliberately, I added, "But I really feel as if I know you already—Diana has talked so much about you."

"Has she?" he asked, and smiled. "I was afraid she forgot all about me the minute I was out of sight."

Diana touched his arm. "You know I wouldn't do that," she said softly, looking up at him from under her long lashes—a look to make any man's heart skip a beat. Even I, who had seen it before, couldn't believe that this time it wasn't real.

We sat down to dinner then, the dinner I had prepared so carefully, fruit cup and the first roast we'd had since rationing began and tender, buttery squash, green salad and homemade ice cream. Usually we ate much earlier, just before Dad left for his work on the night shift at the factory, but tonight it was late enough to light the candles Diana had bought at the dime store. Their soft glow centered on the three of us at the table, didn't go far enough to show him the brown, old-fashioned wallpaper, the scarred kitchen door, the patch on the ceiling where rainwater had seeped through from Diana's window above, left open one night when she rushed out on a date.

Not that he'd have cared about these things. I realized that now. He came from a home like this himself—one that was a little run-down, very much lived-in. A happier home, perhaps. Ours hadn't been happy in seven years, not since the night of Mother's death.

I longed for her again now, as I'd longed for her so often before. She had been like Diana, and she would have understood her so much better than I. She would always have known what to do—and I so often did not.

It wasn't Diana's fault that she had a face like a merry angel's, a mouth made for laughter and kisses, a body that danced even when she only walked across the room. All her life she'd been courted, admired, loved—

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what wonder was it if she had no sense of responsibility, no defenses against the impulses that swept her first this way, then that, like a leaf in the wind?

Dad hadn't been able to help me with her, because Mother's death had left him utterly shattered. It had been all he could do to keep on living; he hadn't wanted to, very much. Slowly, so slowly, he'd made a kind of peace with his loss, so that he was able to work and provide the money that kept us all going, but the father I'd known until I was sixteen disappeared completely when Mother died. In his place there finally emerged a man who lived in his memories—a kind and gentle man, but one who often seemed not to be there even when you were talking to him. For the last two years he'd been foreman on the night shift at the factory, and that—working at night, sleeping through much of the day—had taken him even farther away from Diana and me.

No, Dad couldn't help. He'd backed me up, passively, in the one big crisis of Diana's life so far, but I was the one who'd made the decisions, taken the responsibility.

That had been almost a year ago, when Diana and Tommy Lester had wanted to be married.

It was ridiculous, of course. Tommy was only a year older than Diana—eighteen, at the time, to her seventeen. He was a gangling, bright-eyed boy with a devil-may-care charm about him and not a thought in the world beyond marrying Diana and getting into the Air Corps. There were tears, threats of an elopement, passionate scenes in which Diana accused me of trying to ruin her life—and then Tommy was on his way to an Army air school in Florida and Diana was red-eyed and sulky for a week or so. Only for that long. She got over it, as I'd known she would. She found other boys, other thrills, other good times. Tommy and she corresponded—I saw the envelopes sometimes—but less and less often as the months went by.

And now she was in love with Lieutenant Jim Miles—but this time I wouldn't stand in the way of her marriage. This time I would foster it, because Jim was the kind of man who could make her happy—and because I was tired, desperately tired.

"You've got a head on your shoulders, Jane," Dad had always said. "I never worry about you, or about Diana when you're taking care of her."

A head on my shoulders. . . . Yes, a plain head, serviceable and neat, useful but certainly not ornamental. All



A fictionization from a radio script
"FOR RICHER, FOR POORER"
by TRUE BOARDMAN

broadcast on Manhattan at Midnight.

The clerk's voice came from far away: "It fits the young lady perfectly," I heard him say.

right. I'd accepted, long ago, the fact that Diana had all the looks of the family. But I was twenty-three years old, and I wanted a chance to use that so-efficient head for myself, for my own life. I wanted freedom from worrying about Diana. There was a place in the world for me; I knew exactly where it was; and I wanted to take it.

I was grateful to Jim Miles. Grateful for his good looks, because without them he would never have attracted Diana. Grateful for the way he watched her, so tenderly smiling, because that meant he would love and cherish her. Grateful even that he was a lieutenant, because that meant he could be with her wherever he was stationed until he went overseas.

He hadn't proposed—not yet. He was the kind who would show himself to a girl's family before he said anything. But he would. He must!

We were very gay throughout that dinner. Jim told us about his life at camp, about some of the friends he'd made there, the work he did.

"It's funny," he said, sobering a little. "When I went into the Army I didn't expect to like it. I only joined up out of a sense of duty. Now that I'm in it—well, I wouldn't want any other kind of life."

"I know how you feel," I told him. "Dedicated—to a job, a good job. Part of a team. That's why I—" I stopped suddenly blushing, but Diana laughed.



"Jane wants to join the WACS," she said, "but she can't, because she thinks she has to stay home and look out for me."

I was conscious of his eyes on me, intent and grave. He *did* understand! He didn't think it odd, as Diana did, that I should want that clean discipline, that willing forgetfulness of self. He knew my need, because it was in him too.

"The WACS are doing a fine job," he said quietly. "I think you'd make a good one."

"Thank you," I answered. "I'm—very anxious to join." And then I laughed, lightly, and leaned over to touch Diana's hand. I knew what I was doing. I was telling him, in all but so many words, that I expected him to ask Diana to marry him. I said, "And maybe it won't be so very long before I can." I gave it just the right inflection of merriment, the right note of questioning.

He understood, and so did Diana. I could tell that from their embarrassed



laughter, the flush that came to their cheeks, the way Jim covered Diana's other hand with his.

At that moment, as if to settle matters, the telephone rang. Diana jumped up to answer it, but it was for Jim. We heard his voice in the hall, curt and brief, and then he came back into the dining-room.

THAT was the O. D. at camp," he said. "Orders just came through—I'd been expecting them, but not so soon. I'm being transferred to the administration school in Kansas."

"Jim!" Diana cried. "When?"
"In a week."

In silence, he moved to stand behind Diana's chair, touching her shoulders. "It's not much time, is it?" he asked. "Do—do you think it's long enough to arrange a wedding? . . . That is, if you'll take me for a husband, and Jane will take me for a brother-in-law?"

Diana's little face was radiant. "Oh, Jim!" she breathed. "Of course it is—and of course I will, and—and of

course Jane will, too."

He bent over her, laughing—and hurriedly I slipped away, out of the room. It had happened, I thought, it had happened! Thanks to—to what? When the telephone call came and he knew he would be leaving in a week, would he have asked Diana to marry him, even without my pointed hint? Or—Well, it didn't matter. Perhaps I had speeded things up a little, but the important thing was that they were in love, and they were going to be happy, and I was going to be free.

I began to plan. Only a week—probably a day or so less than that, to give them time for a honeymoon of sorts. Diana would want a church wedding; her romantic heart had always hungered for one. That made everything more difficult, but we'd manage, we'd manage somehow. The bridal gown and veil would have to be bought ready-made . . . it was a good thing Diana was a perfect fourteen. I'd be the bridesmaid, and Dad would give her away.

Then I remembered something that seemed a good omen. Diana's birthday was next Wednesday—just five days away. It would be ideal to have the wedding then.

I poured it all out for them, a little while later, when they came from the dining room, and they listened approvingly. Diana laughed and said, "Isn't Jane marvelous? Here we'd hardly thought of when or how we'd be married, and she has it all worked out." It seemed to me that her voice grew a little shrill. "Darling, you're a wonderful organizer."

"I've had to learn to be," I said, a little hurt. A girl who'd been keeping house when other girls her age were learning to dance and flirt—a girl whose face was undistinguished, plain—just what was there in life for her but efficiency, the ability to get things done?

And I did get things done in the next four days. I reserved the church, and ordered a cake and a punch-bowl and things to put in it. I made up a list of Diana's friends, and telephoned them all because there wasn't time to mail invitations. I cleaned the house thoroughly, so it would look nice when we all came back to it after the ceremony. I talked to Dad. . . .

He and Jim met on Dad's night off, Saturday, and they seemed to get on well together. I'd been sure they would, because Jim was Dad's kind of man, the kind of man Dad himself had been, years ago. When Jim had left, and Diana had gone with him as far as the bus-line to camp, Dad and I sat together, companionably, over coffee in the kitchen. It had been a long time since we'd talked to each other as freely, as intimately, as this. There hadn't been time, I supposed. Or perhaps Dad hadn't wanted to.

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"Only what, Dad?"

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"Oh, she's crazy about him, Dad!" I exclaimed.

"Mmm—that wasn't exactly what I meant," he murmured. "Diana's pretty much of a youngster yet, Jane. I know she's excited and happy, but I just wondered—maybe it's the idea of marrying a soldier, an officer . . . the hurry and bustle . . . the business of going away and living at an Army camp . . . all that."

I laughed. "It's partly that, of course. But she loved him before it all started—(Continued on page 83)

what wonder was it if she had no sense of responsibility, no defenses against the impulses that swept her first this way, then that, like a leaf in the wind?

Dad hadn't been able to help me with her, because Mother's death had left him utterly shattered. It had been all he could do to keep on living; he hadn't wanted to, very much. Slowly, so slowly, he'd made a kind of peace with his loss so that he was able to work and provide the money that kept us all going, but the father I'd known until I was sixteen disappeared completely when Mother died. In his place there finally emerged a man who lived in his memories—a kind and gentle man, but one who often seemed not to be there even when you were talking to him. For the last two years he'd been foreman on the night shift at the factory, and that—working at night, sleeping through much of the day—had taken him even farther away from Diana and me.

No, Dad couldn't help. He'd backed me up, passively, in the one big crisis of Diana's life so far, but I was the one who'd made the decisions, taken the responsibility.

That had been almost a year ago, when Diana and Tommy Lester had wanted to be married.

It was ridiculous, of course. Tommy was only a year older than Diana—eighteen, at the time, to her seventeen. He was a gangling, bright-eyed boy with a devil-may-care charm about him and not a thought in the world beyond marrying Diana and getting into the Air Corps. There were tears, threats of an elopement, passionate scenes in which Diana accused me of trying to ruin her life—and then Tommy was on his way to an Army air school in Florida and Diana was red-eyed and sulky for a week or so. Only for that long. She got over it, as I'd known she would. She found other boys, other thrills, other good times. Tommy and she corresponded—I saw the envelopes sometimes—but less and less often as the months went by.

And now she was in love with Lieutenant Jim Miles—but this time she wouldn't stand in the way of her marriage. This time I would foster it, because Jim was the kind of man who could make her happy—and because I was tired, desperately tired.

"You've got a head on your shoulders, Jane," Dad had always said, "I never worry about you, or about Diana when you're taking care of her."

A head on my shoulders. . . . Yes, a plain head, serviceable and neat, useful but certainly not ornamental. All

The clerk's voice came from far away: "It fits the young lady perfectly," I heard him say.

right. I'd accepted, long ago, the fact that Diana had all the looks of the family. But I was twenty-three years old, and I wanted a chance to use that so-efficient head for myself, for my own life. I wanted freedom from worrying about Diana. There was a place in the world for me; I knew exactly where it was; and I wanted to take it.

I was grateful to Jim Miles. Grateful for his good looks, because without them he would never have attracted Diana. Grateful for the way he watched her, so tenderly smiling, because that meant he would love and cherish her. Grateful even that he was a lieutenant, because that meant he could be with her wherever he was stationed until he went overseas.

He hadn't proposed—not yet. He was the kind who would show himself to a girl's family before he said anything. But he would. He must!

We were very gay throughout that dinner. Jim told us about his life at camp, about some of the friends he'd made there, the work he did.

"It's funny," he said, sobering a little. "When I went into the Army I didn't expect to like it. I only joined up out of a sense of duty. Now that I'm in it—well, I wouldn't want any other kind of life."

"I know how you feel," I told him. "Dedicated—to a job, a good job. Part of a team. That's why I—." I stopped suddenly blushing, but Diana laughed.

"Jane wants to join the WACS," she said, "but she can't, because she thinks she has to stay home and look out for me."

I was conscious of his eyes on me, intent and grave. He did understand! He didn't think it odd, as Diana did, that I should want that clean discipline, that willing forgetfulness of self. He knew my need, because it was in him too.

"The WACS are doing a fine job," he said quietly. "I think you'd make a good one."

"Thank you," I answered. "I'm—very anxious to join." And then I laughed, lightly, and leaned over to touch Diana's hand. I knew what I was doing. I was telling him, in all but so many words, that I expected him to ask Diana to marry him. I said, "And maybe it won't be so very long before I can." I gave it just the right infection of merriment, the right note of questioning.

He understood, and so did Diana. I could tell that from their embarrassed

laughter, the flush that came to their cheeks, the way Jim covered Diana's other hand with his.

At that moment, as if to settle matters, the telephone rang. Diana jumped up to answer it, but it was for Jim. We heard his voice in the hall, curt and brief, and then he came back into the dining-room.

"THAT was the O. D. at camp," he said. "Orders just came through—I'd been expecting them, but not so soon. I'm being transferred to the administration school in Kansas."

"In a week?"
"In a week,"
In silence, he moved to stand behind Diana's chair, touching her shoulders.

"It's not much time, is it?" he asked. "Do—do you think it's long enough to arrange a wedding? . . . That is, if you'll take me for a husband, and Jane will take me for a brother-in-law?"

Diana's little face was radiant. "Oh, Jim!" she breathed. "Of course it is—and of course I will, and—and of

course Jane will, too."

He bent over her, laughing—and hurriedly I slipped away, out of the room. It had happened, I thought, it had happened! Thanks—to what? When the telephone call came and he knew he would be leaving in a week, would he have asked Diana to marry him, even without my pointed hint? Or—

Well, it didn't matter. Perhaps I had speeded things up a little, but the important thing was that they were in love, and they were going to be happy, and I was going to be free.

I began to plan. Only a week—probably a day or so less than that, to give them time for a honeymoon of sorts. Diana would want a church wedding; her romantic heart had always hungered for one. That made everything more difficult, but we'd manage, we'd manage somehow. The bridal gown and veil would have to be bought ready-made . . . it was a good thing Diana was a perfect fourteen. I'd be the bridesmaid, and Dad would give her away.

Then I remembered something that seemed a good omen. Diana's birthday was next Wednesday—just five days away. It would be ideal to have the wedding then.

I poured it all out for them, a little while later, when they came from the dining room, and they listened approvingly. Diana laughed and said, "Isn't Jane marvelous? Here we'd hardly thought of when or how we'd be married, and she has it all worked out." It seemed to me that her voice grew a little shrill. "Darling, you're a wonderful organizer."

"I've had to learn to be," I said, a little hurt. A girl who'd been keeping house when other girls her age were learning to dance and flirt—a girl whose face was undistinguished, plain—just what was there in life for her but efficiency, the ability to get things done?

And I did get things done in the next four days. I reserved the church, and ordered a cake and a punch-bowl and things to put in it. I made up a list of Diana's friends, and telephoned them all because there wasn't time to mail invitations. I cleaned the house thoroughly, so it would look nice when we all came back to it after the ceremony. I talked to Dad.

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A fictionalization from a radio script
"FOR RICHER, FOR POORER"
by TRUE BOARDMAN

broadcast on Manhattan at Midnight.

Give me back my heart

She had been so lonely—no wonder when Paul's lips met hers Sally felt she had come alive at last. But soon she realized that life was not all kisses and walks in the moonlight

ISN'T it funny how you can want something all your life, hope for it, yearn for it, dream about it, and then, when your hopes are realized, when your dreams come true, you get—well, I don't know how to put it, exactly, but you get too much all at once?

That's the way it was with me. For the first eighteen years of my life I was lonely. I wanted companionship, and—yes, I wanted a boy friend all my own. You see, I didn't have the chance that most girls have to meet boys and go out with them. I didn't go to high school with other boys and girls. I didn't have a brother who brought home his friends, or a sister who brought home hers. I didn't have any family at all, or any friends, outside St. Mary's Academy, which is just a fancy name for a very strict orphan asylum.

So I was lonely—lonely in a way you girls who have lived a normal, happy home life have never even imagined being. And then, suddenly, when I was eighteen, my whole life changed. I went out into the world outside St. Mary's walls, to make my own way. And I found, in a short space of time, not one man of my own, but two, Paul and Jim—I, so innocent and unworldly, so badly equipped to meet on his own grounds even one man!

First there was Paul, and the way

I met him seemed to me like the fulfillment of the dreams I'd always had, the dreams that had been intensified when I saw and answered the ad posted on the bulletin board at St. Mary's, under *Jobs For Seniors*.

Wanted: Waitresses at Ocean View House, Sea Cliff. Liberal time off amid beautiful surroundings.

That little notice had given me new dreams—of myself as the center of a laughing group of young people in bright bathing suits shouting and dashing in and out of the rushing surf, like you see in the ads in magazines. The new dreams were shattered on the hardness of reality when I got the job and found out how different it was from what I had imagined. I was just learning how rigid social barriers were in Sea Cliff, I was just feeling the first shock of bitter disillusionment, when I met Paul.

He came into the dining room of Ocean View House one night with an elderly lady who had that silver-and-ice look that I'd learned, even in my brief career as a waitress, meant I must be on my toes every second.

Paul didn't say anything then, of course. He didn't need to—I could tell that he liked me from the way he looked at me all the time during dinner, while I moved about the table waiting on them. His eyes were deep brown, shadowed by thick black lashes be-

neath straight black brows. His hair was black, too, and curly, but brushed down into a neat, shining cap on his well-shaped head. Everything about him was neat and orderly, his brown linen suit fitting perfectly over his compact, stocky body, his tie the exact shade of green, as his socks and the border of the handkerchief that emerged in a sharp little triangle from his pocket. He looked so nice!

I thought, when he and his mother got up and left the room, that he was just like the other figments of my dreams, that he had come and was gone, and that was the end of it. With a little sigh, I began to clear their table. Then, as I lifted his plate, I caught the flicker of a five dollar bill.

My heart fell. I didn't want money from him. I didn't want him to feel sorry for the poor little waitress—it was romance I wanted and life, and adventure, not sympathy. But gradually, as I finished up my work, I figured it out. After all, he had seen me as a waitress, and he knew that waitresses live on tips, and that tips were seldom as big as the one he had left. He must have wanted me to realize that he was interested in me. A big tip was the only way he had of leaving that message for me. So that five dollar bill was romance, after all!

By the time I was through working I was sure that I had understood him right. I slipped quickly out of my uniform and peered into the mirror in my hot little room up under the roof.

I'd never thought much of my face. It was so small, so pale, the cheekbones so prominent, making great hollows

A Theater of Today Drama

Adapted from an original radio play by Cameron Hawley, entitled, "The Musical Marians," heard Saturdays at noon on CBS.

We were laughing so hard we had to stop playing. "I never had such a good time in all my life," I told Jim happily.



from which my blue eyes had always stared out wistfully, forlornly at a world which seemed to give the simple things I longed for to everyone else but me. But tonight I didn't look pale. Excitement had brought with it a glow of color to my cheeks, a new brightness to my eyes. The ash blond hair that had seemed so dull above the black of my school uniforms was now transformed under the little, glaring electric bulb into a burnished gold. Why—I was pretty!

EVERY night of the week I'd gone straight to bed after work, too tired to think of anything, even food. But tonight my feet seemed to dance in anticipation. I put on the only pretty dress I owned—or had ever owned—the white one in which I'd graduated from the senior class a few months before. It had old-fashioned embroidery around the neck and sleeves with blue ribbon run through it. I'd thought

it the most wonderful dress in the world when it was made; but now it seemed childish and sleazy after the beautiful, simple gowns I'd seen on the girls who came to Ocean View House. But it was the best I had, and nothing could spoil the wonderful sense of anticipation I had as I ran down the narrow stairs to the employees' entrance of the inn.

I saw the shadow there, deepening the shade of the arbor, and I knew who the shadow would be.

"You're Sally Granger," Paul said. "Why—how did you know that?" It seemed such a miracle, just that he knew my name.

He had a nice, easy laugh, as if he really liked laughing. "Oh, I have ways of finding out important things like that," he told me. "I'm Paul Starrett."

"I know." And then I blurted out, "I asked one of the other girls."

Then I couldn't say anything more. I just stood there like a little wooden figure, feeling the importance of the

moment like a physical shock, as tangible as my hair hanging free of its confining pins for the first time, softly moving over my shoulders in the breeze from the sea.

But Paul didn't seem to care that I was silent. He tucked my hand into the crook of his arm, and we turned down toward the shore. "Let's walk down here, where we can get acquainted," he said.

"I'd like that," I told him honestly. It was sweet, after a long, hard day with the smell of hot food all about me, to walk along the cool, fragrant road under the trees that opened now and again to give a glimpse of the shining waters of the bay.

"You're lovely," said Paul, very seriously. "You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

Nobody had ever said anything like that to me before. This was the stuff of which my dreams had been made—summer, and a lovely place, and a man

beside me in the falling darkness, saying the things I'd only imagined that men could say to me. Somehow, just these few minutes with Paul were beginning to make up for all the years of loneliness, all the years of living my life in a uniform, regulated by the clanging of a brassy bell, finding my only joy in long hours of practicing at the piano, and trying to find in it a sort of queer substitute for the warmth and the gaiety I needed . . . and the love. I wanted to tell Paul about it, to make him understand.

"I've always lived at St. Mary's Academy—" I began.

HIS smile warmed. "So that's it," he said. "I knew there was something different about you. Something quiet and—and ladylike. Not like these other girls around here."

He had been thinking about me, then, speculating, figuring me out, setting me apart from other girls!

"I'll tell you how I knew," he said, his eyes laughing down at me. "You blushed. I haven't seen a girl blush in ages." He was laughing, but it was a kindly, warm laugh, because I was blushing again.

And then he stopped me, right there by the edge of the road, near a big rock. He put his hand on my cheek, very lightly, and let his fingers trail down it, and on my neck. I hardly breathed. I was afraid—not so much of what he might do, but of what I might do, because I suddenly felt that this was dangerous, that I should run away.

Desperately, I tried to turn the conversation away from me, to safer ground. "Tell me," I said breathlessly, "tell me something about you. I—I don't know anything about you at all."

This time his laughter had a ring of pride in it. "Most people around here know about my family," he answered easily. "We own Northeastern Fireworks factory over at Raven's Point."

"Where they make munitions?" I asked, awed. From the bus window I'd seen the gleaming new barbed wire wound intricately on poles for miles and miles, guarding acres of small buildings which produced the dangerous materials of war.

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"Naturally, I took over when Dad died. Mother made quite a fuss over some of what she called my 'young ideas', but now that she sees what a fine job we're doing she doesn't have a word to say about them any more."

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"Wonderful?" He grinned. "Yes, it

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It's hard to find words to tell you what that kiss did to me. I'd never even known the most casual, careless touch of a man's hand, before. When Paul's lips touched mine, lightly at first, then hard, I felt something that was like fright, only far more overwhelming. I was suddenly burning hot, and every fiber of my body went weak and limp. I trembled against the strength of Paul's arm, holding me to him.

Paul was staring down at me. Very slowly, he said, "Tell me something, Sally. Have you ever been kissed before?"

I shook my head, half ashamed.

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There must be something I can say, I thought wildly, but I was horribly tongue-tied, frightened to death that Paul would think me nothing but a silly, uninteresting little school girl. He didn't say a word until we were within a hundred yards of the inn. Then he slowed his pace, and stopped me once more with his hand on my arm.

"Sally—will you listen while I tell you something? There are a lot of fellows around here—young fellows up for the summer with nothing much to do and too much money to spend—who wouldn't understand a girl like you. You'll have to watch your step, and be very careful not to get into something you can't get out of. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes!" I didn't really, but I was so grateful that he cared enough about



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me to bother about my welfare!

He smiled again, a very impudent, cock-sure little smile, then. "Maybe you'd better avoid any trouble by not going out with anyone but me. How's that?"

"That—" How could I tell him? "That's—wonderful!"

"All right. It's settled then." He sobered again. "Another thing—there's no place in the world like a resort town for gossip. What people don't know they can't talk about—that's logical, isn't it? So just you leave everything to me. Don't talk about going out with me to the other girls, and I'll take my time breaking you to Mother. She has a lot of funny, old-fashioned ideas, and I don't want her upset right now. It just happens that there's a lot going on at the plant at the moment that's in a very delicate state of expansion, and I wouldn't want her to have one of her saying no spells. You see, she wants me to go with what she calls the best people, and all that, and right now I have to toe the mark and keep her happy. But you leave it to me, and

everything will be all right."

"I see," I told him. I didn't see at all, but I was happy enough just trying to realize that Paul wanted me to be his girl without bothering about anything else.

I stood in the shadow of the arbor watching him go, drinking in great breaths of the fragrant night air. My dreams had all come true. I wouldn't be lonely any more, ever!

The thought of Paul and our evening walks together, our kisses by the old rock on Cove Road—those were the things I lived for all that summer. I didn't mind the work, the hot, crowded dining room, the people calling me from all directions at once. I knew that I'd see Paul afterwards, for each evening was a repetition of our first evening together. I loved to walk slowly beside him, to get him to talk about the plant, which seemed so far-removed, so much more exciting, than anything I'd known before. I didn't understand all he told me about the Army and Navy officers who controlled the contracts, or about the constant

surveillance of the government inspectors, but it all sounded terribly exciting.

"Oh, I wish I could work there," I told him one night late in the summer. "I—I hate my job!"

Paul only laughed and kissed me. When he kissed me I could forget the way the months went by with everything unchanged between us, with our meeting only on the sly while he took the other girls—the resort crowd—to plays at the little theater, or out dancing.

But when he wasn't kissing me, I grew more and more impatient. Perhaps I was growing up, realizing that all of life can't be just kisses and walks in the moonlight. Labor Day came and went, and then there were only a few late vacationers in the hotel dining room, and regulars like Paul and his mother, who ate there every Thursday, their cook's night out.

The Thursday after Labor Day, I tried again. "Paul," I told him, "the summer's over. What are we going to do—about us?"

"Us?" He smiled that impudent smile, and for the first time I didn't thrill to it.

"Yes, Paul."

"What about us? I like us just as we are—and like us better all the time. Don't you?"

I TRIED to return his smile. "Of course I do—you know I do. But—why can't we go out together like other people?" I hated to be the one to put it into words, but *someone* had to say it. I couldn't go on like this. "I want to—oh, just go to the movies with you, and stop at the drugstore for a soda afterwards, and—"

He looked down at me very gravely. "Sally, I thought you understood. I thought you were my sweet, understanding girl—the girl who wanted to help me get ahead, the girl who was willing to sacrifice a little now to make way for better things later. I've told you over and over that I don't dare let Mother know about us just yet. I run the plant, Sally, but it's Mother who owns the controlling interest. If I don't do as she wants me to, she might even make me get out and hire a new manager. Why, it would shake the whole plant up, honey! It'd probably mean a terrific slow-up in production. You wouldn't want that?"

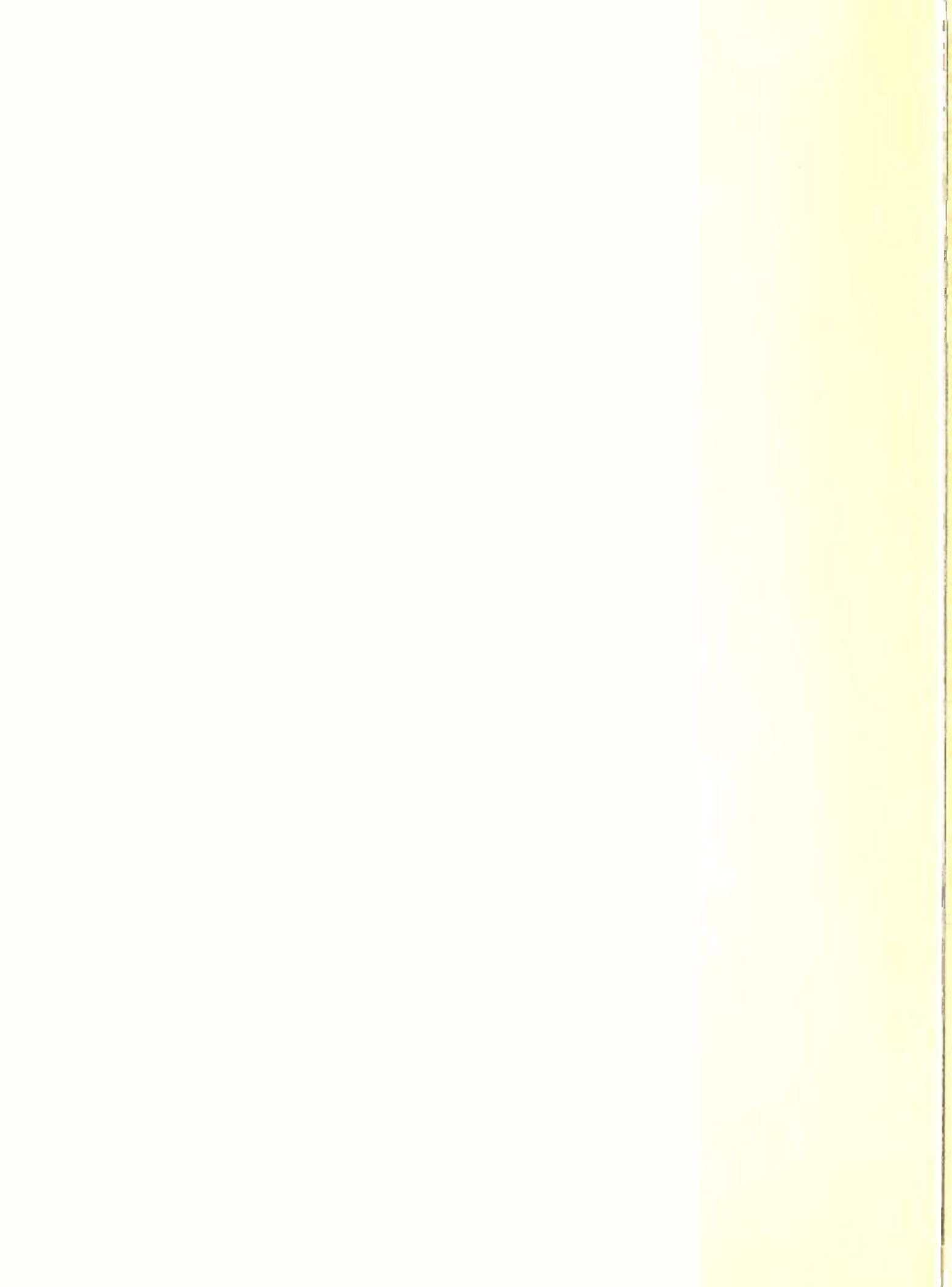
I heard my own voice, very small, answering him. "Of course not."

"Be patient, then." He held me very close to him again. "Trust me, Sally—just trust me a little longer and everything will be all right. I told you that."

But even in his arms, my mind was made up. I'd thought about it for a long time, and now I knew what I was going to do.

The next morning I presented myself at the gate of Northeastern Fireworks Company. I knew that I was going to get myself a job, if I could—but I didn't know what else was waiting for me inside that (Continued on page 61)





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"Sally—will you listen while I tell you something? There are a lot of fellows around here—young fellows up for the summer with nothing much to do and too much money to spend—who wouldn't understand a girl like you. You'll have to watch your step, and be very careful not to get into something you can't get out of. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes!" I didn't really, but I was so grateful that he cared enough about

me to bother about my welfare! He smiled again, a very impudent, cock-sure little smile, then. "Maybe you'd better avoid any trouble by not going out with anyone but me. How's that?"

"That—" How could I tell him? "That"—wonderful!"

"All right. It's settled then." He sobered again. "Another thing—there's no place in the world like a resort town for gossip. What people don't know they can't talk about—that's logical, isn't it? So just you leave everything to me. Don't talk about going out with me to the other girls, and I'll take my time breaking you to Mother. She has a lot of funny, old-fashioned ideas, and I don't want her upset right now. It just happens that there's a lot going on at the plant at the moment that's in a very delicate state of expansion, and I wouldn't want her to have one of her saying no spells. You see, she wants me to go with what she calls the best people, and all that, and right now I have to toe the mark and keep her happy. But you leave it to me, and

everything will be all right." "I see," I told him. I didn't see at all, but I was happy enough just trying to realize that Paul wanted me, and that I was his girl without bothering about anything else.

I stood in the shadow of the arbor watching him go, drinking in great breaths of the fragrant night air. My dreams had all come true. I wouldn't be lonely any more, ever!

The thought of Paul and our evening walks together, our kisses by the old rock on Cove Road—those were the things I lived for all that summer. I didn't mind the work, the hot, crowded dining room, the people calling me from all directions at once. I knew that I'd see Paul afterwards, for each evening was a repetition of our first evening together. I loved to walk slowly beside him, to get him to talk about the plant, which seemed so far-removed, so much more exciting, than anything I'd known before. I didn't understand all he told me about the Army and Navy officers who controlled the contracts, or about the constant

surveillance of the government inspectors, but it all sounded terribly exciting.

"Oh, I wish I could work there." I told him one night late in the summer. "I—I hate my job!"

Paul only laughed and kissed me. When he kissed me I could forget the way the months went by with everything unchanged between us, with our meetings only on the sly while he took the other girls—the resort crowd—to plays at the little theater, or out dancing.

But when he wasn't kissing me, I grew more and more impatient. Perhaps I was growing up, realizing that all life could be just kisses and walks in the moonlight. Labor Day came and went, and then there were only a few late vacationers in the hotel dining room, and regulars like Paul and his mother, who ate there every Thursday, their cook's night out.

Thursday after Labor Day, I tried again. "Paul," I told him, "the summer's over. What are we going to do—about us?"

"Us?" He smiled that impudent smile, and for the first time I didn't thrill to it.

"Yes, Paul."

"What about us? I like us just as we are—and like us better all the time. Don't you?"

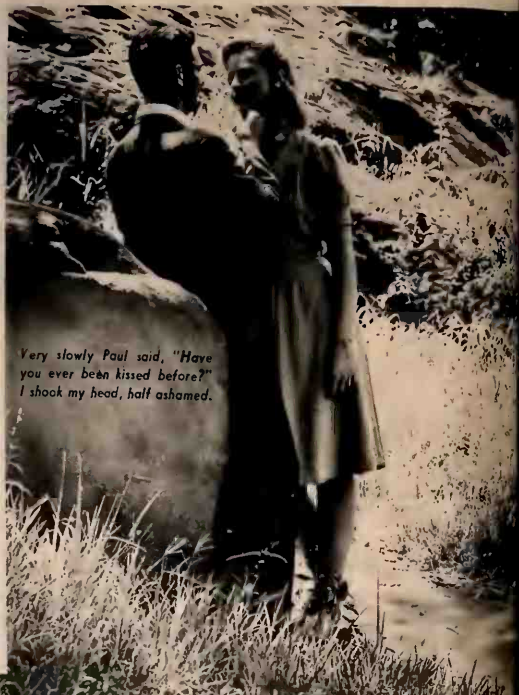
I TRIED to return his smile. "Of course I do—you know I do. But—why can't I we go out together like other people?" I hated to be the one to say it into words, but someone had to say it. I couldn't go on like this. "I want to—oh, just go to the movies with you, and stop at the drugstore for a soda afterwards, and—"

He looked down at me very gravely. "Sally, I thought you understood. I thought you were my sweet, understanding girl—the girl who wanted to help me get ahead, the girl who was willing to sacrifice a little now to make way for better things later. I've told you over and over that I don't dare let Mother know about us just yet. I run the plant, Sally, but it's Mother who owns the controlling interest. If I don't do as she wants me to, she might even make me get out and hire a new manager. Why, it would shake the whole plant up, honey! It'd probably mean a terrific slow-up in production. You wouldn't want that?"

I heard my own voice, very small, answering him. "Of course not."

"Be patient, then." He held me very close to him again. "Trust me, Sally—just trust me a little longer and everything will be all right. I told you that. But even in his arms, my mind was made up. I'd thought about it for a long time, and now I knew what I was going to do.

The next morning I presented myself at the gate of Northeastern Fireworks Company. I knew that I was going to get myself a job, if I could—but I didn't know what else was waiting for me inside that (Continued on page 61)



Very slowly Paul said, "Have you ever been kissed before?" I shook my head, half ashamed.



PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Big Sister

See them as they really are—all the people who play an important part in the life of Ruth Wayne, one of Radio's most lovable heroines



BIG SISTER, as she is better known, is Mrs. Ruth Wayne of Glen Falls. Her husband, Dr. John Wayne, has recently been officially reported killed in the South Pacific campaign. Ruth is active in war work, is serving as a trained nurse and she devotes her spare time to knitting for the Red Cross. As her nickname implies, she's a big sister to all who know her. At the moment, Ruth has consented to marry Dr. Reed Bannister who was her husband's friend and professional associate. (Played by Marjorie Anderson)

REED BANNISTER has been in love with Ruth for a long time. Reed is a doctor who came to Glen Falls some three or four years ago where he went into practice with Ruth's husband, Dr. John Wayne. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, he went on a medical mission to England with John. He was injured while there and because of this he was rejected by the War Department and has remained in Glen Falls conducting a private practice. Before John Wayne left he asked Reed to look out for his wife if anything happened to him. (Played by David Gothard)

The serial, *Big Sister*, is heard daily, from Monday through Friday, at 12:15 P.M., EWT, over the Columbia Network.





FRANK WAYNE is the brother of Ruth Wayne's missing husband. He arrived unexpectedly in Glen Falls about a year ago and up to that time no one was aware of his existence, as John had never spoken of him. The reason for John's silence concerning Frank was that Frank, through unscrupulous manipulation, succeeded in getting his hands on John's legacy, left him at the death of his father. Frank spent this money and never repaid John. He is conscienceless, suave, malicious and attractive and is the cause of a lot of the troubles that have beset Ruth since she has learned of her husband's death.
(Played by Eric Dressler)



DORIS MONET is the young wife of Peter Monet. He is intensely jealous, particularly because Doris, before they were married, told him she was at one time in love with another man. The man was Reed Bannister, although Peter does not know this. She had been Reed's office nurse in another town and had left his employ when she found that he did not return her love. Now, in coming to Glen Falls, she has met him again and at present is torn emotionally because of her unhappy marriage, her old love for Reed and the knowledge that he is about to marry Ruth Wayne.
(Played by Joan Tompkins)



NEDDIE EVANS is Ruth's seventeen-year-old brother, who goes to high school. He is a typical young American, interested in doing his share in the war effort, and is active in the crop corps. His attempt to enlist in the Navy was unsuccessful because of a physical defect. Recently, Neddie had his heart broken through the unhappy termination of an adolescent love affair.
(Played by Michael O'Day)



DIANE CARVELL RAMSEY is the foster daughter of Dr. Carvell, an old family practitioner of Glen Falls. Dr. Carvell had previously been in love with Diane's mother but she had married another man and Dr. Carvell welcomed the opportunity of raising the little girl when she became an orphan. Diane is strongly attached to Dr. Carvell, but she is a self-willed, highly emotional young woman. At one time she was very much in love with Reed Ban-nister. However, about six months ago, she married, after an ardent and exciting courtship, a young artist named Eric Ramsey who came to town a short time before.
(Played by Elspeth Eric)



ERIC RAMSEY is the son of a prominent American painter. But, because of trouble between his father and mother, Eric has been highly emotional, nervous and excitable and had suffered a complete nervous breakdown prior to the time he came to Glen Falls. His physical condition has prevented him from joining the Army which he has resented very much. Diane gave him a new outlook on life and the news that she expects a baby in the fall, has changed his attitude completely. He is now preparing for an exhibition of his paintings which is to be given by his father in New York.
(Played by Dick Widmark)

To dream with courage

These are the golden days she had always dreamed about—for Nadine had faith in her man, Walter Cassel

By Adele Whitley Fletcher

HE COULD feel her eyes upon him, challenging, laughing. He determined he would not look up. In the same minute, however, he was staring across the choir loft at her.

He had another girl and he told her so, as they stood outside the church later, after choir practice.

"Can I help it," she asked, "if my father insists I be interested in you? You wouldn't have me be disobedient, or would you?"

He took mental inventory of her. Compared to his girl he found her lacking in attraction—an undeveloped school-girl in pleated skirt and sport socks . . .

"I don't believe your father told you to be interested in me," he said.

"He did—really!" she insisted. "He said, 'Nadine, why can't you take up with someone like Walter Cassel? He has good sense. He's practical!' Those were his very words. Cross my heart, Walter! He liked you the minute I introduced him to you the other night at the vocal studio. And he doesn't like the high-school kids I go with. He complains they drive like fools!"

Walter lived in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Nadine lived in Dundee, a suburb of Omaha, Nebraska. However, like everyone thereabouts Walter knew Nadine's father, founder and owner of the successful Blackburn flour mills, by reputation. He was flattered at first to have this man's approval. The more he thought about it, however, the more irked he became by the adjectives Nadine had quoted her father using to describe him and the more convinced he was that Nadine, repeating these adjectives, had been mocking.

A week later they were rehearsing in the studio. While the basso and the contralto, who also was pianist, were working on a musical phrase which gave them trouble, Walter and Nadine wandered into the hallway.

"I told my father how I've tried and tried to lure you," she announced. "But without success! Usually, I must say, I don't find it so difficult to make a boy care." She danced toward him and her eyes laughed.

"I'll teach her a lesson," he thought. His arms closed around her. His



A star and his family out walking on a Sunday afternoon—Mary, young John Walter, Mother and Daddy Cassel and Katherine Jean.

mouth dropped on hers. When he let her go again she was trembling.

They stood there under a spell.

"Ready!" called the pianist. "Ready!" boomed the basso. They scarcely heard.

"Let me take you home," he whispered.

She shook her head. "A boy's coming for me . . ."

"I'll follow in my car—get rid of him!" It was a command.

"Another boy's waiting home for me." Her words dragged reluctantly.

"Get rid of him too! I'll park down the block and wait!"

Thus began their incredible magic. Afterward to be complete they must be within reach of each other's hand. To say goodbye even for a little while filled them with deep loneliness.

"It won't last," Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn told each other. Then, sensing the deep poignance between Walter and Nadine they changed their tune. Angrily they said, "Don't be ridiculous! You're little more than children. What do you know about the responsibilities of marriage!"

Nadine's answer never varied. "I love him so," she always said.

One Saturday night, living up to his reputation as a man of action, Mr. Blackburn drove Nadine to the girls' school where Walter was playing the trumpet in a dance band. During intermission Walter joined them outside.

"I want you kids to be sensible," Mr. Blackburn told them. "I want you to put the idea of marriage out of your heads—for the present anyway . . . I want you to give yourselves a chance to get your emotional bearings and discover a few of the other boys and girls who still inhabit this planet . . ."

It was midsummer. The trees were in full leaf. In the soft dark sky the moon was a big gold lantern and the stars were bright spangles. There was the cry of crickets. Occasionally, inside the school, someone struck a chord on the piano, beat a drum, or blew upon a horn . . .

Walter's hand went seeking Nadine's. He had to (Continued on page 81)

Love is a living thing

IN EVERY woman's life there are some moments when her heart is given eyes to read the unreadable, when it has ears to hear the unspoken word, when it uncovers surely, in one revealing instant, the hidden things her mind learns later. Such a moment marked my meeting with Randall Preston.

A room full of people separated us. Beside me was Aunt Kay, who was giving the party to introduce me to the young people of Amity. We were laughing at a story one of the young men had told, and I didn't see the door open, nor did I hear the late-comer enter. I didn't know what made me look suddenly toward the door, nor what wiped the laughter from my lips and from my eyes, as if to make way for something far more important. What happened then happened quickly, in the second it took him to shut the door, before Aunt Kay went forward to greet him.

He stood with his hat in his hand, and there were drops of rain on his gray gabardine coat, and he was smiling a little, as if the fringe of our laughter had brushed him. Part of that moment's miracle was that although he was a stranger, I knew him suddenly, more intimately than those others who were his friends knew him. I saw that his smile was an echo, and I looked past it into his eyes. There was something young and hungry in them, and something old, too, that leashed the hunger and him.

The other half of the miracle was that he knew me, as I knew him. He nodded once, gravely, affirmatively, without taking his eyes from my face, as if he'd found in me the answer to an old question, as if I were a story he'd heard often and had never believed, a story which had finally been proved true.

Aunt Kay drew him toward me. "Janet, this is Randall—Rand Preston. Rand—my niece, Janet Taylor. She's come to live in Amity."

"I'm glad," he said, and his smile apologized for the inadequacy of his words.

One of the other men asked me to dance, and the evening was half over before I spoke to Rand again. But his eyes followed me when I danced, when I helped Aunt Kay, wherever I went. After supper I went upstairs to repair my make-up, and when I came down again, Rand was at the foot of the stairs, quite frankly waiting for me. He took my hand to help me down the last few steps. "It's stuffy in here, don't you think?" he said.


Without question I followed him while he led me through the front hall out to the porch. "Is it too damp for you?" he asked. "Or too cold?"

The rain which had started earlier in the evening was coming down in earnest now, flowing off the porch roof in shimmering curtains which closed the two of us in an intimate world of our own. "No," I answered, "I like it." "You like a lot of things, don't you? You like living."

The envy in his voice startled me. "Why—doesn't everyone?"

He seemed not to have heard me. He spoke as if to himself. "You were laughing when I came in tonight. I'd never heard such happy laughter. It made me want to laugh, too. And I watched you while you danced and talked—you fairly sparked happiness, from the top of that bright, reddish head of yours to the ruffy thing-umbobs on your skirt. And your smile—" He reached out suddenly and laid a finger on my cheek at the corner of my mouth, lightly, as he'd touch something rare and infinitely precious.

His touch unsettled me, set my heart



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to thudding, shook my voice. "I am happy," I said. "Everything has been wonderful since I came to live with Aunt Kay. And only today I got word that one of my best friends is safe in England—" I stopped wondering why I'd started to tell Rand Preston about David Humphries. Certainly he wouldn't be interested in a person he'd never met and never would meet. But he seemed to be waiting for me to continue.

"David's nineteen, now," I said.



"I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—" Those were the heartbreaking things he told her on their wedding night!

I was too choked with happiness, with a kind of shaky wonder at what had happened, to do more than nod my acceptance.

When I was getting ready for bed that night, Aunt Kay came into my room. "Did you have a good time, Janet?"

"Wonderful—"

She caught my tone, saw my shining eyes, and smiled. "That good? I noticed that Rand Preston paid you a lot of attention."

I turned back to the mirror to hide the thrill the mere mention of his name gave me. "Is it unusual for him to pay attention to a girl?"

"Rather." She was serious now, and I could feel her eyes studying me. "He hasn't looked at a woman since his wife died five years ago."

I felt chilled, and my hand shook as I picked up my brush. When I spoke, I tried to sound casual. For some reason, I didn't want Aunt Kay to know that Rand hadn't told me about his wife. "What was she like?" I asked.

"Agnes Preston?" My aunt thought a minute. "She looked like Rand, a little. She had the same white skin, that never burns and never tans. Her hair was as black as his, except that hers was straight. Her eyes were gray, while those dark blue eyes of Rand's have set every girl in town dreaming, at some time or another, of becoming the second Mrs. Preston. Not that it did any of them any good."

I cleared my throat. "Do you mean that he's—that he's still in love with his wife?"

"With the memory of her," Aunt Kay corrected. "I don't know, my dear. They had been married only a little while when they came here to live, and a few months later, she died. He never mentions her, but I know that

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I nodded. "Last winter. That's why I came to live with Aunt Kay."

"Then you know what it is, too—to lose someone you love—" He stopped abruptly, and I sensed that he regretted having spoken.

"I suppose everyone does, sometime," I said, and I added quickly, "Shouldn't we go inside? It seems rude to stay away from the party."

He gave himself a little shake and took my arm, holding me back a moment at the door. "This party," he said, smiling into my eyes, "—I was very glad of it when I first came, and saw you. Now I'm anxious for it to be over and for tomorrow to come so that I can see you alone."

"We grew up together. He was an only child, and so was I. My father died when I was small, and Mother worked to support us until I was old enough to support myself. I spent most of my time when I wasn't in school at the Humphries house. He's in the Army now, and hearing from him was more than hearing from just a friend—it seemed to bridge the gap between my old life in Halcott and my new life here in Amity. Everything in Halcott seemed to stop



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he adored her while she was alive. There was a special reason for it, I think," she added thoughtfully. "I believe that Rand had been seriously ill before he met her—paralysis, I think. He was sick a long time, and the effects lingered—that's undoubtedly the reason why he's not in the Army. He must have loved Agnes all the more because she clung to him, depended upon him, as he'd had to depend upon others. She was a slender, delicate thing—too delicate to live."

AUNT KAY crossed over to me, put her hands on my shoulders. "We all love Rand, Janet," she said softly. "There are some people who are more capable of loving than others, just as some people are unusually strong, or unusually intelligent. Rand, I think, is one of those who loves deeply, completely, if he loves at all. That ability to care is a wonderful thing, but it could hurt him, too; it could make it much harder for him to forget his loss. And Janet, whatever you do, remember that there's no rival as formidable as a dead rival—if she still lives in a man's heart."

I saw Rand often in the next few weeks, and in time I almost forgot the story Aunt Kay had told me. I forgot that he was eight years older than I, and that in those years he had loved another woman and had suffered from the loss of her. I forgot it in the eagerness of his eyes when he saw me, of his arms that reached out to me, in the quick, hard way his lips—lips that were strong, sharply cut, but almost too sensitive for a man's—sought mine. I don't remember when we first said we loved each other. Saying it wasn't important. We had known that we belonged together from the very beginning.

If there was a shadow on his heart, he never let me see it. There were a few nights when he neither called nor came to see me, but the next evening he would be doubly happy that I was with him, doubly anxious to please me. Once he broke a date, but he gave me a valid excuse—that he had to work late—and the next day he left the office early to take me driving.

We didn't take our usual road that afternoon, toward the country or toward the lake. Instead, Rand turned into one of the newer suburbs and



"Love Is A Living Thing" was adapted from an original story, "The Bride Come Home," heard on My True Story, broadcast daily at 3:15 P.M., EWT, over the Blue Network.

drove through the streets slowly, aimlessly—I thought. "Would you like to see my house?" he asked suddenly.

The unexpectedness of the question and the tautness of his voice startled me, but I tried to answer naturally. "Of course, Rand."

He turned a corner, stopped the car, and pointed across the street. "There it is." An English cottage, wide and low, sheltered by several magnificent old elms, stood toward the back of a beautifully-kept lawn.

"It's beautiful, Rand."

"I built it for my wife." His voice was still taut, and he spoke doggedly, as if he'd rehearsed a speech many times and was determined to get it said aloud. "You know, I suppose, that I was married, and that my wife died."

He was trying too hard to sound as if it no longer mattered. I did my best to help him. "I could hardly help knowing, in a town the size of Amity." But my lightness fell flat, and I knew that I couldn't go on any longer without being sure how he felt about those years of his life in which I'd had no part. "Rand," I began, "don't you think—"

In one of those moments of insight which often told each of us what the other was thinking, he must have guessed what I was about to say. He turned the switch and started the car. "That's all past," he said.

"But, Rand—"

"It's all past," he insisted. "Let's drive."

A week later when he asked me to marry him, I accepted. Perhaps I wouldn't have been strong enough to refuse him under any circumstances, but I felt that he had as much as promised me that the past would not come between us. The kind of wedding he wanted reassured me, a regular wedding with everyone we knew in Amity present, with me in a white dress and a white veil, as if there had been no other marriage and no other bride for Rand. And in the kiss he gave me after the ceremony there was something of finality and something of a salute—as if he had come home, at last, after a long, lonely journey.

Rand was quiet during the drive to the inn at which we were to spend our honeymoon, but he held my hand most of the way, and I took his silence to be a sign of the same deep, sweet contentment which filled me. It was late when we reached the inn. A sleepy porter admitted us, checked our reservations, and led us up the curving staircase to our room. I unpacked our bags while Rand went downstairs to put the car away, and then I picked up my overnight case and retired to the little curtained alcove off the bedroom. Rand had been pleased to



see me in the white satin and the veil of traditional bridal clothes; now I wanted to appear before him in the gown Aunt Kay had made for me, in the swirling skirt of white chiffon and the fragile lace bodice, in the filmy, full-sleeved negligee. I heard Rand come in, and I hurried to my dressing, expecting at any moment to hear him call out to me. When I had given my hair a quick brushing so that it hung soft and shining to my shoulders, I stepped out into the room.

Rand was standing at the window, his back toward me. I crossed softly over to him, put my hands on his shoulders. "Rand—"

Without speaking, without turning,



There was a little smile on his lips. He looked happier than he had ever been in my company.

he reached back his arm and pulled me to him, holding me close and hard against him—desperately hard. I was conscious suddenly of the thin layers of cloth which covered me, defensively aware of my body as I had never been aware of it in all of the time Rand had courted me, in all of the times I had rested securely in his arms. At that moment it was if a stranger had touched me in my near-nakedness.

Then he turned his head and looked down at me, and I saw his face in the lamplight. I'd heard of people going to pieces, but I'd never realized that the phrase could be literally true. Rand wasn't Rand any longer; he was distorted pieces of himself—tortured eyes, twisted mouth, hands that held me hurtlingly hard and then pushed me roughly away. His voice wasn't Rand's voice; it was a ragged thing, torn out of him and flung at me. "Now do you see what I am, Janet? Do you see what a wreck of a husband you've got?"

I couldn't answer. My throat felt paralyzed, my head as numb as if it had been struck hard, against a stone wall.

"I'm a great pretender," he cried

harshly. "I walk around like other men. I go to work, and to dinner, and to parties. I see others laughing and talking, and I laugh and talk with them. And it's pretense, every motion I make, every sound—"

"You made love to me. Was that a pretense, too?" The question asked itself.

The fierceness left him, and he looked like Rand again—miserable, ashamed, but Rand. "No, Janet," he said humbly, "that wasn't pretense. From the very first I wanted you. You were a whole person, a happy person. There was a glow about you that warmed even me. Then I fell in love with you. I don't know when. At times it seems I'd always loved you. I do love you, Janet, but—" His voice hardened, and he put out his hand and stepped back, as if to keep me from going to him. "You must understand that I've tricked you. I've let you think that I could be happy with you. Perhaps I can. But I'm not sure; I've gambled your happiness for the sake of my own—"

I didn't see him leave the room. My eyes were wide open, and I wasn't crying, but I stared blindly at nothing,

at the nothing that was left of everything I'd thought I had. I felt a great hurt and a great humiliation, and a kind of shamed loathing of myself. I felt the soft stuff of my gown, saw its filmy folds, and I wanted to tear it from me, to rip the frail cloth shred from shred. And I would have torn it, if I hadn't remembered the loving care Aunt Kay had put into the making of it, the hundreds of tiny, patient stitches she'd taken.

The thought of her gave me what I needed then, the things Aunt Kay herself was—sanity and common sense. I began to think, to really think about Rand instead of myself and my hurt. He loved me. He'd said he loved me, even while he put me from him. And more, I felt that he loved me—the thing that had drawn us together from the start was stronger than any words could affirm or deny. He'd admitted that he'd gambled with my happiness, but without him I'd never have known the highest happiness, the miracle of being with him. Loving him, I had to be big enough to gamble, too.

I went to the window and saw a dark figure (Continued on page 56)



he adored her while she was alive. There was a special reason for it, I think," she added thoughtfully. "I believe that Rand had been seriously ill before he met her—paralysis, I think. He was sick a long time, and the effects lingered—that's undoubtedly the reason why he's not in the Army. He must have loved Agnes all the more because she clung to him, depended upon him, as he'd had to depend upon others. She was a slender, delicate thing—too delicate to live."

AUNT KAY crossed over to me, put her hands on my shoulders. "We all love Rand, Janet," she said softly. "There are some people who are more capable of loving than others, just as some people are unusually strong, or unusually intelligent. Rand, I think, is one of those who loves deeply, completely, if he loves at all. That ability to care is a wonderful thing, but it could hurt him, too; it could make it much harder for him to forget his loss. And Janet, whatever you do, remember that there's no rival as formidable as a dead rival—if she still lives in a man's heart."

I saw Rand often in the next few weeks, and in time I almost forgot the story Aunt Kay had told me. I forgot that he was eight years older than I, and that in those years he had loved another woman and had suffered from the loss of her. I forgot it in the eagerness of his eyes when he saw me, of his arms that reached out to me, in the quick, hard way his lips—lips that were strong, sharply cut, but almost too sensitive for a man's—sought mine. I don't remember when we first said we loved each other. Saying it wasn't important. We had known that we belonged together from the very beginning.

If there was a shadow on his heart, he never let me see it. There were a few nights when he neither called nor came to see me, but the next evening he would be doubly happy that I was with him, doubly anxious to please me. Once he broke a date, but he gave me a valid excuse—that he had to work late—and the next day he left the office early to take me driving.

We didn't take our usual road that afternoon, toward the country or toward the lake. Instead, Rand turned into one of the newer suburbs and

drove through the streets slowly, aimlessly—I thought, "Would you like to see my house?" he asked suddenly.

The unexpectedness of the question and the tautness of his voice startled me, but I tried to answer naturally. "Of course, Rand."

He turned a corner, stopped the car, and pointed across the street. "There it is." An English cottage, wide and low, sheltered by several magnificent old elms, stood toward the back of a beautifully-kept lawn.

"It's beautiful, Rand." "I built it for my wife." His voice was still taut, and he spoke doggedly, as if he'd rehearsed a speech many times and was determined to get it said aloud. "You know, I suppose, that I was married, and that my wife died."

He was trying too hard to sound as if it no longer mattered. I did my best to help him. "I could hardly help knowing, in a town the size of Amity." But my lightness fell flat, and I knew that I couldn't go on any longer without being sure how he felt about those years of his life in which I'd had no part. "Rand," I began, "don't you think—"

In one of those moments of insight which often told each of us what the other was thinking, he must have guessed what I was about to say. He turned the switch and started the car. "That's all past," he said.

"But, Rand—" "It's all past," he insisted. "Let's drive."

A week later when he asked me to marry him, I accepted. Perhaps I wouldn't have been strong enough to refuse him under any circumstances, but I felt that he had as much as promised me that the past would not come between us. The kind of wedding he wanted reassured me, a regular wedding with everyone we knew in Amity present, with me in a white dress and a white veil, as if there had been no other marriage and no other bride for Rand. And in the kiss he gave me after the ceremony there was something of finality and something of a salute—as if he had come home, at last, after a long, lonely journey.

Rand was quiet during the drive to the inn at which we were to spend our honeymoon, but he held my hand most of the way, and I took his silence to be a sign of the same deep, sweet contentment which filled me. It was late when we reached our reservations, and led us up the curving staircase to our room. I unpacked our bags while Rand went downstairs to put the car away, and then I picked up my overnight case and retired to the little curtained alcove off the bedroom. Rand had been pleased to

see me in the white satin and the veil of traditional bridal clothes; now I wanted to appear before him in the gown Aunt Kay had made for me, in the swirling skirt of white chiffon and the fragile lace bodice, in the filmy, full-sleeved negligee. I heard Rand come in, and I hurried to my dressing, expecting at any moment to hear him call out to me. When I had given my hair a quick brushing so that it hung soft and shining to my shoulders, I stepped out into the room.

Rand was standing at the window, his back toward me. I crossed softly over to him, put my hands on his shoulders. "Rand—" Without speaking, without turning,

he reached back his arm and pulled me to him, holding me close and hard against him—desperately hard. I was conscious suddenly of the thin layers of cloth which covered me, defensively aware of my body as I had never been aware of it in all of the time Rand had courted me, in all of the times I had rested securely in his arms. At that moment it was as if a stranger had touched me in my near-nakedness. Then he turned his head and looked down at me, and I saw his face in the lamplight. I'd heard of people going to pieces, but I'd never realized that the phrase could be literally true. Rand wasn't Rand any longer; he was distorted pieces of himself—tortured eyes, twisted mouth, hands that held me hurtlingly hard and then pushed me roughly away. His voice wasn't Rand's voice; it was a ragged thing, torn out of him and flung at me. "Now hair a quick brushing so that it hung soft and shining to my shoulders, I stepped out into the room. I couldn't answer. My throat felt paralyzed, my head as numb as if it had been struck hard, against a stone wall.

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I went to the window and saw a dark figure. (Continued on page 56)



"Love Is A Living Thing" was adapted from an original story, "The Bride Come Home," heard on My True Story, broadcast daily at 3:15 P.M., EWT, over the Blue Network.

No other

Happiness had come to her at last, and yet Allie knew that she must run away from this wonderful world she had just found. Could she never escape the shame of the past?

HAVE you ever known what it is to be afraid?

Not physical fear—fear of injury or of death—but mental fear, anguish that makes you shrink from contact with everyone, that makes you afraid to go out on the streets because you must face your neighbors, that keeps your eyes forever cast down to the ground, that makes your soul sick, and your very heart cringe?

If you have known that dreadful fear, you know what I felt during those long months after Terry went away, and again during those dreadful months when I lived alone at Pine Ridge Farm, outside the little town of Fleetwood. If you have known that fear, and have conquered it, if you have found a haven in the peace and security of a happy, normal existence once more, how you must thank heaven each day of your life for that deliverance!

Security, you must have learned as I did, is a state of mind, not of body. You can be poor and alone, and still be secure. You can be rich and famous, and still have no security. It, like the fear itself which steals precious security away, is within you. If you can't search your mind and your heart and find it there, you will find it nowhere. You will be a craven coward, a wretched, frightened, fleeing thing, as I was—as I was the day I locked the door of Pine Ridge Farm behind me, leaned panting against it, and swore that I would never face the world outside again.

That was a dreadful day, but the days that followed it were worse. You've seen pictures that are out of focus, blurred and distorted—well, that's the way my life was then. I know now that it was wrong of me to shut myself away from the world like that—the worst possible thing I could have done to myself. I suppose I knew it even then. But I couldn't help it.

And remembering made those long, lonely days worse. Of course, I didn't actually keep my promise to myself that I would never face the world outside again, but I kept to it as nearly as I could. My work as a dressmaker was gone. The dark little house was called

Pine Ridge Farm, but I had neither the interest nor the knowledge to farm the land that surrounded it. Only once a week did I venture out, and then only to bicycle to Fleetwood for supplies—a trip I made as hastily as I could, and as inconspicuously. I couldn't read; I couldn't sew—I couldn't keep my mind on those commonplace, everyday things. I hardly even bothered to do anything about the house—just washed the few dishes I used, the few clothes I wore, and let the dust and the dirt pile up. What was there, then, to fill the days but remembering?

Most of the time I sat by the window, staring out, watching with uncaring eyes the winter change almost imperceptibly to spring. It was safe to sit by the window; very few people passed along the lonely road which ran by the farm, and when someone did I could shrink back out of sight behind the curtains. But that seldom happened; there was little to disturb me. I didn't want to remember, but I couldn't help it. So much had happened. The fear had been with me so long; even during those happy days in Fleetwood, before I ran away to the farm, it had been gathering over my head like storm clouds, ever since, long ago, I had met and loved and married and lost Terry Cassis.

It was in my home town of Marston—far away from Fleetwood and Pine Ridge Farm—that I met Terry. I was a typical small



can I love



town girl, just out of high school, going on weiner roasts and dancing on Saturday nights with the other young people my age, singing soprano solos in the choir on Sunday, helping the neighbor who had taken over Mother's dressmaking business when Mother died the year before.

Terry was the most romantic thing that had happened to sleepy little Marston since I was born, and certainly he was a more romantic thing than I had ever expected to happen to me. He was a small, dark, compactly fashioned man, with warm brown eyes and skin that was like gold. Even now I can see him clearly, and then, at Pine Ridge, when I had nothing to do but remember, the memory of him burned like fire. Terry had slipped into Marston like a shadow. No one knew where he came from, why he was there, what he did for a living that was good enough to buy him his beautifully tailored suits, the long, gray car he drove, the diamond ring that twinkled on his dark hand.

He was well-versed in the ways of making love, too, Terry was. Beautiful phrases came easily to his lips, phrases which in anyone else would have been almost funny, but which fitted so well with Terry's foreign softness of speech, the liquidity of his voice, the effortless ease with which he moved, the heady, hot excitement of his laughter. Do you wonder that I fell in love with a man who told me that my lips were the very shape of kisses, that my hands were fashioned to hold a heart between them? Do you wonder that I, eighteen years old, never one day away from Marston and the things Marston stood for, fell in love with Terry and cried a breathless, "Oh, yes—yes!" when he asked me to marry him?

WE would stay on in Marston, Terry had told me. We would build a little stone house on the hill above the river, and live there forever. But we didn't. The little house was just plans on paper, our marriage was still in its infancy, when two more strangers came to Marston. Two strangers with official papers they presented to Sheriff Granger. Then the sheriff and the two strangers took Terry away. I didn't know the whole story until later—until it was all over town that Allie Barnes had married a Chicago gangster, that Federal agents had arrested him and taken him back for trial. That he had chosen Marston as a hiding place, had used me as a part

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I didn't believe it—I mean that literally. My mind absolutely refused to credit what my eyes and ears told me was true. I could believe a story like that about almost anyone else, but not about Terry—not Terry of the soft voice, the gentle hands, the wonderful words to tell me of his love and the lingering caresses to demonstrate it! Not *my* Terry—those hands could never have held a gun that spoke of death, those lazy, dreamer's eyes could never have been hard and cruel and calculating. I *couldn't* believe it.

But I had to, at last, because it was true. And then love and hate, so closely akin, tore me apart. I was like two women, one of them ashamed and sick and angry because she had married a man who was a public enemy, a killer, and the other half of me lying lonely, terrified in the long, dark nights, remembering her lover. I *had* to remember him that way. No matter what he had been to the rest of the world, to me Terry had been gentle and kind.

You can imagine how tongues wagged in Marston! Nothing like this had ever happened before, or was likely ever to happen again. And I, walking about the streets, was a constant reminder to everyone of what had occurred. I got so that I hated to go out, hated to hear what people had to say to me. There was a great deal of difference of opinion in Marston about Terry and me. Some of the men gave me what I suppose I was meant to interpret as worldly, knowing looks. Some of them, men and women both, clucked their tongues and began their gossip with, "Well, I declare I don't see how a woman could live with a man like that and not *know*. Sometimes I wonder if Allie Barnes didn't know him for what he was all along!" Some of them just passed me by, their eyes averted. And some, worst of all, nearly wept over me. "Poor, dear Allie! Poor child. You must come along home with me and have a cup of tea and tell me all about it!"

I couldn't stand it. I tried staying in my room, but that was awful. That was too lonely; I felt as if the walls were moving in to crush me. I knew that if I talked to these people who were my friends I'd scream at them all the things pent up in my heart. And everything in Marston was a reminder of Terry—all the good and the bad of Terry. There on the hill above the river was the gaping hole that was all that had materialized of our little stone house. There was the movie house on Main Street where we'd held hands in the dark, and the little tavern on the outskirts of town where



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we'd danced to the juke box on Saturday nights.

I knew at last that I would have to go away. On the day that Terry was sentenced to life imprisonment I crept out of Marston forever, determined to go where no one would know me, where I would be allowed to forget.

I chose Fleetwood because the name sounded pretty to me as I ran my finger down the long list in a timetable. It was far enough away so that no one would know who I was. I didn't have much money, but I knew I'd manage somehow. It didn't matter what happened to me then, how I lived—just so that I got far, far away from Marston and everything that Marston meant to me!

FLEETWOOD was like heaven. The streets were wide and cool and shady, and the rows of houses had a welcoming look. If people bothered to look at me at all, it was with a friendly, impersonal curiosity.

I found a room almost at once with Mrs. Lambert, whose son was Rev. Paul Lambert, the United Chapel minister. I liked them both on sight. Mrs. Lambert was a motherly sort of person with snowy white hair and small, plump hands that made fluttery little gestures when she talked. Her son was going to be plump, too, when he got a bit older, and his twinkling, kindly blue eyes were duplicates of hers. They were my first friends in Fleetwood, Paul and Mrs. Lambert, and for a while they were my only ones. I was shy of making friends with strangers, now.

But it seemed as if my luck had really changed. Mrs. Lambert took me to see old Aunt Ella Eames, as everyone in town called her. Aunt Ella Eames lives on the edge of town in a lonely little brown house called Pine Ridge Farm, and she had been Fleetwood's only dressmaker for years. Now she was old, and nearly ready to retire, and she was more than happy to welcome a capable assistant who could gradually take over the work. Two weeks later I moved out to Pine Ridge Farm with Aunt Ella, and soon I found that I could sing again in time to the swift, busy humming of my sewing machine.

I worked very hard, because I soon found out that you can't work and brood at the same time. It was a little lonely at Pine Ridge Farm, especially in the evenings, because Aunt Ella seldom went out and few people came except those who wanted a fitting or those who were going to discuss whether a brown worsted dress or a blue serge would be more practical for little Susan, or if it was worth while making over Pa's winter suit for little Johnny.

To everyone who seemed to care I told the story I had so carefully rehearsed on my way to Fleetwood—the story of how I'd married my childhood sweetheart, how he had died, how I had felt that in my grief I couldn't bear my home town any longer. It was pure fiction, but I felt justified—I would have felt justified in doing al-

most anything that would help me to escape the past. I know now that I should have told the truth, but I hated the truth so, I was so ashamed of it!

I was happy in Fleetwood. The days flowed along in a smooth, even course. I had work to do that I liked, and even if I was shy of making friends, everyone was pleasant and friendly. I got so that I went to church sometimes on Sundays—Paul's church—and I even began to wonder if they'd let me join the choir. I knew I had a nice voice, and I'd loved singing in the choir at home.

About five months after I came to Fleetwood Aunt Ella Eames decided to move to a nearby town to live with a grandson, to help take care of his children while he and his wife worked in the defense plant. And I took over Aunt Ella's tiny home, and her business. I knew that I could manage the small rent Aunt Ella asked, and now I felt secure enough here to let myself take root a little. I'd almost forgotten Terry by then, both the pleasure and the pain of him. I remembered him only when it was forcibly brought to my attention that I was a woman set apart from other



"No Other Con I Love" was fictionized from an original radio story entitled "You Are Close to My Heart," first broadcast on My True Story Program, heard doily at 3:15, over the Blue.

women—when I made party dresses for other girls, for instance, and knew a great desire to dance again in a man's arms and smile up into his eyes. Or when I made Ann Baxter's trousseau, and knew with a heavy heart, as I sewed fine lace on filmy nightgowns or hemmed gay kitchen aprons, that such things would never be for me. Or when I made maternity dresses for Jane Sparks and felt the almost intolerable longing that sometimes comes to every woman to hold a baby of her own in her arms.

Once in a great while I would think: suppose these people find out who I am? Suppose they learn that I am married to Terry Cassis? Suppose I have to run away again, and find a new place, and then run from there, too—run away all my life long? Then, when I thought those things, I would sit very still, with fear a dark, un-

wholesome visitor beside me, dreading the very thinking of what might happen. Those times were almost like—well, like a rehearsal for the later days when I crouched there by the window at Pine Ridge Farm, yearning to go back to the everyday world, and not daring to.

But as time wore on my fears grew less and less until they almost vanished. And with their going, I realized something else. I was terribly lonely—lonely, but still a little cautious, a little shy, a little afraid of being rebuffed. I wanted to hold out my hand in friendship, but I didn't quite dare. What I needed was someone to extend a hand to me, wholeheartedly, first. I needed a woman friend my own age, and maybe, even, I admitted to myself sometimes, a man friend, too.

I had come to that stage—the stage of wanting companionship—when Lee and Derek Lester came to Fleetwood.

I met Lee first. I had walked in to town for my groceries that day because my bicycle tires needed air and I hadn't the energy to pump them. I was coming home, my arms full of bundles, when an ancient car tooted at me and then pulled over. There was a girl at the wheel—a sunny-haired, sunny-smiling girl I'd never seen before.

"Hello!" she called. "Want a lift? You've got a lot to carry."

Oh, it sounded so good, that friendly voice! So good that before I stopped to think about it I was in the car beside her.

"You live in the little brown house, don't you?" she asked. "I've seen you out in back a couple of times. I'm Lee Lester. My brother Derek and I have rented the old Macalister farm next to yours. We just moved in last week, and Derek's working like a Trojan to be ready in time to get a crop in. Do you farm that place all by yourself?"

I shook my head. "No—I just live there. I'm a dressmaker."

Lee's smile broadened. "Oh, then maybe you'd give me some advice. I'm absolutely shameless about getting free advice out of everyone, because we're trying so hard to make a go of the farm, and I do want to help Derek. He was invalided out of the Army, and he has to get his start all over again, you see. I'm trying to fix the house up a little—curtains and chair covers and things—but I'm an awful dub at sewing. Of course if you're too busy. . . ." She let her voice trail away in a question mark.

I knew then just how lonely I really had been. Suddenly Pine Ridge Farm, which had seemed a haven of refuge, was a dungeon, a place where I was imprisoned. I could have fun out of life again—and I wanted it so badly!

"Of course," I told her. "Of course—I'd love to help you. I'll tell you what you do—you put my portable sewing machine in your car now, when you let me off, and take it home. Then I'll come around after supper and help you—or tomorrow if you'd rather."

Lee hesitated for a moment. "Have you any plans for supper or—company coming?" or (Continued on page 90)



Breakfast at Sardis's

SIXTY or more invited women guests come each morning to Sardis's famous restaurant in Hollywood, are given beautiful corsages at the door and are ushered in to enjoy a delicious breakfast. Then they sit back to relax and take part in a fun-filled program. This is the program you hear at 9:30 A.M., PWT and 11:00 A.M., EWT, every Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network.

Breakfast at Sardis's started out on a Los Angeles independent station January 13, 1941. It proved so popular that the Blue Network purchased the show nine months later.

The show has no script. It's all informal and gay. Tom Breneman, the Master of Ceremonies, who originated

the idea, just takes the mike and wanders around the room, letting his and his guests' remarks fall where they may. In the beginning, in order to get women audiences that early in the morning, Tom Breneman used to pick them up in cars and bring them to the studios. Now, the demand for invitations to the broadcasts is so great that there are always thousands of unfilled ticket requests. Every once in a while there are servicemen parties at Sardis's when each serviceman present is given five dollars.

Each morning, the oldest woman is presented with an orchid . . . a prize is awarded to the woman with the screwiest hat. Part of the fun is Tom Breneman trying on the different



Tom Breneman

guests' hats . . . each morning Breneman reads the Good Neighbor letters while the program is on the air, saluting women who have been good neighbors in different communities around the country. Orchids are air-expressed to the writers of the best letters . . . each morning Breneman selects some visitor to whom he presents a sterling silver "Wishing Ring" . . . sometimes if you're the tallest you'll get a prize . . . sometimes if you're the fattest. It's a lot of spur-of-the-moment fun and it makes for an entertaining morning.

Take a peek at what goes on behind the scenes of radio's most hilarious morning show. Here are pictures of the impromptu incidents which up to now you have only imagined



Above—it was soldier's day at Sardi's and Private James O'Connor helps Tom distribute dollars to the doughboys.



Above right—the little lady who is in her late eighties gets her first orchid and a big kiss from Breneman.

Bobby, the Filipino bus-boy who helps Breneman.



Below, Tom discusses Hollywood glamour with Columnist Erskine Johnson.



Above—who's fatter, Mrs. Fox or Mrs. Fair? Tom finds out.

Below—here's a man who turned up at the party uninvited.





Above—one of those
new hats. Belongs
Evelyn Schwartz.

"Who is the taller,
Mrs. DeLong or her
daughter?" Tom asks.



Unexpected happening—
Marine Jack Martin pops
the question to pretty
sweetheart Dona Bowen.



Left—visitor Kay Kyser re-
ceives the wishing ring and
makes his wish for Victory.

Below left—good neighbor orchids. Tom
is assisted by Arnell Olson in select-
ing the prize good neighbor letters.

Below—this lucky lady won a make-up
kit which is awarded each morning on
the broadcast of Breakfast at Sardi's.



SIX P.M.

Words by
GLADYS SHELLEY

Music by
TED MOSSMAN

Moderato

Refrain

Gmi.7

C7

Gmi.7

C7

Ami

Dmi.7

F

G#dim

At six P. M. When day is through, I leave my

cares be-hind, And find my world with you, We have our

din-ner at a ta-ble set for two, And as I

hold your hand, I whis-per, dar-ling, Tell me what's new? At nine P.

cresc.



Here's the song you've heard Paul Lavallo feature on his program, the Chamber of Music Society of Lower Basin Street, heard Sundays over the Blue Network

Gmi.7 C7 Gmi.7 C7 Ami. Dmi.7 F G#dim.

M. _____ We stroll the park, _____ And watch the

Gmi.7 C7 Cmi.7 F7 Gmi.

pass - ing crowd, — The lov - ers in the dark, — And we're so hap - py, time flies

mf più espr.

Bbmi. F G#dim. Gmi. C7

by, We re - al - ize and sigh, It's twelve P. M. _____ We kiss good -

1. F C7 F G#dim. 2. F Gmi. C7 F

night. At six P. night.

mf

Red. p *



RADIO MIRROR'S HIT OF THE MONTH

Soldier's Wife

THE STORY

I WAS so terribly lonely when Jim went overseas! During the day I was busy with my job as receptionist for two doctors, but the long evenings were hard to fill. Of course, I went out sometimes. I went out with Alec Holden, one of the doctors for whom I worked. One night, when we had a blackout, he made passionate love to me; then I realized I had made a mistake. My friend, Avis Brooks, happened in and saved what might have become an embarrassing situation. It didn't take long for Alec to transfer his attentions to blonde and flirtatious Avis. The very next day, Avis decided it would be the best thing for the both of us to live together and she moved in. Soon after, I discovered that she had fallen foolishly in love with Dr. Holden even though I warned her what would happen if she became involved with a man like Alec.

I was wrapped up in my friendship with Carl Haggard who I met at the USO Canteen. I was attracted to him because of his resemblance to Jim. I was seeing Carl steadily since he was staying at the Ruells', my in-laws, while on furlough. After helping me stop Cissie and Teddy from eloping, he had fitted right into the family, and they were happy to let him have Jim's old room. I should have known that Carl was falling in love with me—I should have known it the day he left to go back to camp and kissed me goodbye. But I was too upset to think of anything else but my worries about Avis, whose affair with Alec had progressed to the point of her wanting to write to her husband, Jack, for a divorce. We had a bitter argument and Avis packed her bag and left the apartment.

When Carl called the next morning from camp to say he had a one-day pass and asked if I wanted to see him, I almost cried with relief. I had to see him to tell him my troubles. And yet, when he came, I didn't know where to begin. "I shouldn't burden you with my problems," I said. "It isn't fair." "Anything that concerns you, concerns me, too," he said. "I love you, Connie." His eyes held mine as he pulled me to him. I tried to fight his sweet and tender kiss. But the answering urgency was too great, too strong.

SHOCKED, I drew back from the heady sweetness of that kiss. What was happening to me? It was like climbing a giddy mountain peak, higher and higher, lured by what is strange and dangerous, until suddenly you can no longer find a landmark and your familiar earth is out of sight. "You mustn't . . . you mustn't!" The whispered words were a plea to myself as well as to Carl, and he knew it. Gently, his hand urgent against my

throat, he turned my face up to his. "We must," he murmured. "We can't help it . . ."

We can't help it. For a moment I gave myself up to it, forgetful of anything except the insistence of my own desire. Strong arms around me, a lover's lips on mine . . . it had been so long, so long. Only . . . this wasn't Jim!

This time I did pull away. I was trembling. Blindly I crossed the room,





"I'm not going to tell Mom, if that's what you're worried about," Cissie cried as she rushed out.

When a woman is lonely, she's like a patient with no resistance to disease—that's what the kind old doctor told her. Was this why Connie let Carl Haggard fall in love with her?

other man's wife behind his back. I'm in love with you, you—you've filled my life since that night at the canteen. I knew you were married and I tried to forget you. But when you got me the room at the Ruells', and I saw you every day, I knew it was fate and there was no use trying to forget. You love me, too. Maybe your words can deny it—but your kiss can't."

"I can't be sure," I whispered brokenly. "I—I'm scared. There's always been—just Jim."

"But these things happen, Connie—"

"Oh, don't! I tell you, I'm not sure. And I've got to be. Please go, Carl."

"You mean go and not come back, is that what you want?"

It was as if he were torturing me. "I don't know *what* I want with you standing there looking at me," I cried hysterically. "You've got to give me time to think, to decide. You've got to go!"

His face tightened angrily and I knew he, too, was suffering. Without a word he picked up his cap and started for the door. One word from me would stop him, bring him back. I couldn't say it.

"Okay, I'll go. But when you do make up your mind what you want, make it up for good. I won't go through this any more."

Then he was gone, out into the bright Sunday sunshine that looked so calm and peaceful.

There was no calm or peace for me that afternoon. The apartment was suddenly unbearable, as if the walls were imprisoning me as closely as the confusion of my thoughts. I threw on a light wrap, hurried down the stairs, and began to walk—as if I'd been driven to escape.

"Jim?" I whispered. "Jim?" I longed to summon him there beside me, walking our well-known streets, that I might sort out all this confusion and be sure again that I loved only him. But he wouldn't come.

Then I realized a strange and frightening thing. Not only couldn't I see him there—I couldn't see him at all! Anywhere. I knew his eyes were bright blue. I knew what his hair looked like when the sun was on it, and that he was exactly six feet tall. But I couldn't put them all together; I couldn't remember his face. Jim had become, quite (Continued on page 73)

out of reach, trying to quiet the response that still cried out to him.

Carl watched me. "Don't try to fight it, Connie. You love me. You know you do."

"But I *don't* know!" I cried. "I'm

all mixed up—I don't know anything. Just—please don't touch me. Don't kiss me again, I beg of you."

"Is it Jim?" he said finally.

I nodded, unable to speak.

"I'm not trying to make love to an-

Have you tried using sour cream as a substitute for whipped cream in your desserts? As a starter, treat your family to this delicious banana rice pudding.



Something

FOR THE SWEET TOOTH

HAVE you given up desserts for the duration because so many of your favorites call for whipped cream? Well, stop worrying and begin to think about using sour cream. It is still plentiful. Its possibilities in modern cookery are almost unlimited—and once you have tried apricot walnut whip and some of the other recipes suggested this month I am sure your only regret will be that you have never experimented with sour cream dishes before.

Apricot Walnut Whip

- 1½ cups cold cooked apricot pulp
- Sugar to taste
- ¾ cup chopped walnut meats
- ¾ cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. almond extract

Add sugar to apricot pulp which should be fairly firm rather than juicy, then add nut meats. Add sour cream and flavoring and stir until well blended. Serve cold in parfait glasses. If leftover whip tends to dry out, stir in more sour cream, a little at a time, until mixture reaches the desired consistency.

Banana Rice Pudding (illustrated)

- 2 cups cold cooked rice
- 3 medium bananas
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup sour cream
- Maraschino cherries (optional)

Pack rice tightly into measuring cup to measure. Chop very small two of the bananas (there should be a generous cupful of the prepared fruit). Combine rice, banana, nutmeg and sour cream and mix thoroughly. Pile lightly into parfait glasses and chill

for at least one hour. Serve garnished with banana slices and maraschino cherries. Fresh peaches, cherries, strawberries or other berries may be used in place of bananas and unless they are very sweet they should be sprinkled with sugar, after chopping, and allowed to stand for an hour or so before being combined with the other ingredients. Well drained crushed pineapple and shredded coconut are additional variations.

Apple Nut Crunch

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 heaping tbl. flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg 1 apple
- ¾ cup chopped walnut meats
- Sour cream

Combine dry ingredients and beat in egg. Peel apple, chop small and add with nuts to flour and egg mixture. Mix thoroughly and spread thin on buttered baking pan. Cook in 350 degree oven until apple is tender and mixture begins to brown and harden around the edges. Cool thoroughly. Crumble between the palms of the

hands or with a rolling pin to form coarse crumbs. Measure crumbs, add an equal quantity of sour cream and mix well. A teaspoon vanilla extract or a quarter teaspoon ground mace, nutmeg or cinnamon may be added with the sour cream if desired. The crumbs will keep well after baking, but the dessert should be eaten soon after the cream is added, otherwise the crumbs will lose their crispness.

Chocolate Crumb Dessert

- 4 ounces sweet chocolate
- 4 tbs. hot water
- ½ cup cake crumbs
- ½ cup chopped nut meats
- ¾ cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Combine chocolate and water in top of double boiler and stir over low heat until chocolate is melted. Cool thoroughly. Fold in cake crumbs, nuts, cream and vanilla. Pile into serving glasses and chill before serving.

Sour cream cookies are easy to make and economical too since they require neither eggs nor shortening.

Sour Cream Cookies

- 3 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. soda

Sift together flour, salt and soda. Blend sour cream, sugar and vanilla. Add flour a little at a time to cream mixture, beating well after each addition. When dough can be handled easily, chill thoroughly. Roll thin, cut into desired shapes and bake on buttered cookie sheet in hot oven until brown—six to eight minutes.



BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:00 CBS: News and Organ
	8:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 NBC: News and Organ Recital
	8:30	8:30 CBS: Musical Masterpieces
	8:30	8:30 Blue: The Woodshedders
8:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World
8:00	9:00	9:00 Blue: James McDonald, News
8:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: News from Europe
8:15	9:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
8:15	9:15	9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line
8:15	9:15	9:15 NBC: Commando Mary
8:30	9:30	9:30 NBC: Marcia Niel
8:45	9:45	9:45 CBS: English Melodies
9:00	10:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	10:00 Blue: Wake Up America
9:00	10:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
9:30	10:30	10:30 Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	11:00 Blue: Guest Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: SALT LAKE TABERNACLE
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Modern Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 Blue: This is Official
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: TRANSATLANTIC CALL
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: This is Official
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrew from London
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: We Believe
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Coronet Little Show
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Martin Agronsky
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: America—Celling Unlimited
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Sunday Vespers
11:30	1:50	2:55 CBS: The Muffet Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Those Good Old Days
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Hanson Baldwin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: The Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Hot Copy
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lands of the Free
		5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony—Arturo Toscanini
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00 Blue: Where do We Stand
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Irene Rich
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Here's to Romance
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Great Gildersleeve
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Green Hornet
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Jerry Lester Show
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Dorothy Thompson
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: We the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		8:00 CBS: Calling America
		8:00 MBS: Meditation Board
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: "That's A Good One"
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Keepsakes
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer & The News
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St.
8:15	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Thin Man
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
		11:10 CBS: Everett Hollis
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Olga Coelho & El Charro
		11:15 NBC: Gil Trio
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons



GIRL WITH A VOICE . . .

If you're up on what it takes to make a dramatic soprano, you'll know that Eileen Farrell, at twenty-three, is something special. And other singers know it. Laurence Tibbett, who has never met Eileen, has nevertheless taken the trouble to phone in and congratulate her on her singing. Ditto Elsa Maxwell. Besides, Gladys Swarthout, who has also never met her, was the one who suggested Eileen be hired to take her place on the Family Hour during the summer.

Maybe's Eileen's background has something to do with her fine voice and quick rise to success. She is the youngest of three children in a musical family. Way back—before there was an Eileen Farrell, at all—her mother and father were appearing in vaudeville and on the concert circuits as the O'Farrells, singing together. Came the family, and the O'Farrells settled down in Storrs, Connecticut, and father went to work at the University of Connecticut, teaching dramatics and music and mother set herself up as a vocal coach.

In spite of this musical atmosphere, however, it was some time before Eileen could make up her mind whether she really wanted to be a singer, or whether she preferred being an artist. The singing was taken care of at home, so, after she was graduated from High School, Eileen went to the Vesper George Art School in Boston, seriously intent on learning all she could about painting.

It wasn't until mamma forced the issue that Eileen made up her mind. Her mother took her to sing for Merle Alcock, the Metropolitan Opera star who had been coached by Mrs. O'Farrell. Alcock impressed Eileen with the fact that her voice was much too good to waste on an art career. Whereupon Eileen gave up her classes at art school, moved to New York and settled down to singing in earnest.

Not that success came immediately, or easily. Eileen studied and worked and looked for a job, but it wasn't until after she had auditioned for CBS executives six times that she was finally given her solo sustaining show on Thursday nights. After that the letters and phone calls began to pour in and Eileen was all set. Right now Eileen's is the lovely voice you hear on the American Melody hour on CBS, Tuesdays at 7:30 P.M., EWT.

In her short, but extremely active young life, Eileen has managed to learn Italian, German and Spanish fluently—all for the sake of her art. Her repertory is no slouch, either. Oddly enough, although she was born right here in the United States, she speaks with a very slight but a melodious brogue.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: News
8:00	9:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
8:15	9:15	9:15 CBS: Chapel Singers
8:45	9:30	9:30 CBS: This Life is Mine
		9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
		10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John, News
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
		10:15 Blue: Roy Porter, News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
		9:30 10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute
		9:30 10:30 NBC: Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Love Problems
		9:45 10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: God's Country
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
1:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		10:45 11:45 Blue: "Living Should Be Fun"
		10:45 11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Roman of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Cal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
		12:45 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
		12:45 1:45 Blue: Paul Lavalley's Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Merton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Johnny Gart Trio
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
		4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry & The Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:05 Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Blondie
		6:30 7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Adventures of Nero Wolfe
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 MBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wimmer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Three Ring Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Johnny Morgan Show
		10:30 NBC: Information Please

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
		8:30 Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00 Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00 NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS:	Melodie Moments
	8:45	9:30 CBS:	This Life Is Mine
		9:45 CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS:	Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC:	Robert St. John, News
		10:00 NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45 NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue:
	8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC:
	8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS:
	8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC:
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue:
	10:45	11:45	NBC:
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS:
	9:15	11:30	12:30 CBS:
	9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue:
	9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS:
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
	10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue:
	10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC:
	10:55	12:15	1:15 CBS:
	10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue:
	10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS:
			1:45 CBS:
	10:45	12:45	1:5 NBC:
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC:
	11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC:
	11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue:
	11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS:
	11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC:
	12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS:
	12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC:
	12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS:
	12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC:
	1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS:
	1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC:
	1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue:
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS:	Mountain Music
		4:45	Blue:
	1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 CBS:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 Blue:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 NBC:
	3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS:
	3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue:
	3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC:
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
	4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS:
	4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC:
	4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS:
	4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC:
	8:15	7:15	8:15 CBS:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC:
	5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC:
	6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS:
	7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS:



B U S Y B O Y . . .

That's Dick Kollmar, familiar to you as Michael in CBS's Bright Horizon show heard daily at 11:30 A.M., EWT, over CBS. He's branching out, now, back to his first love—the theater. And with his production of "Early To Bed," a new hit on Broadway, of which Dick is producer, director and leading man, he's earned himself the distinction of being Broadway's youngest producer.

Dick was born in Ridgewood, New Jersey, and all through his elementary and high school days, his mind was set on a musical career. However, a year at the Yale Dramatic Workshop, which was then conducted by Professor George Pierce Baker (who seems to have had a tremendous influence on several of our outstanding playwrights and directors, by the way), changed Dick's mind. Music was out and acting was in.

Like all the other students at the Workshop, Dick's time was not devoted entirely to acting. He had to study directing, staging and lighting. He spent more time studying at Columbia University and at Tusculum University in Greenville, Tennessee, but the directing-producing bug had already been planted in his mind.

His first professional acting job was in a summer theater at Whitefield, New Hampshire. After that experience, he moved in to New York and tackled Broadway, as what potential actor doesn't? But Dick was young and handsome—and lucky. For several seasons, he moved from hit to hit: "Knickerbocker Holiday," "Too Many Girls" and "Crazy With The Heat," and in between times he did not neglect radio. He played in Bill Bachelor, Myrt and Marge, Aunt Jenny, Claudia and David, Pretty Kitty Kelly and many other shows.

Then his old ambition came back and he found himself being co-producer of the hit musical "By Jupiter," the singing-dancing version of the old Broadway and motion picture hit, "The Warrior's Husband," in which Katherine Hepburn first attracted attention.

His new hit, "Early To Bed," is the first production he's bossed completely. Of course, like most producers and directors he's got a pet idea that he wants to put across one of these days. He wants to produce a fantasy—something on the order of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"—although he's almost positive he'll lose his shirt on the venture, knowing that artistic productions are usually more soul satisfying for the "artist" than anything else.

Dick is married to Dorothy Kilgallen, the New York columnist, and they have two children. They met after Dorothy had given him several good mentions in her column—which is always a nice way to start a romance.

"Now that we're married, though," Dick says jokingly, "I never get a mention at all. As far as Dorothy's column is concerned, there might as well not be any Richard Kollmar."

W E D N E S D A Y

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
		8:30 Blue:	Texas Time
	8:00	9:00 CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00 Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS:	Chapel Singers
		9:30 CBS:	This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45 CBS:	Sing Along
8:30	9:30	10:00 CBS:	Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC:	Robert St. John
		10:00 NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS:	Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC:	The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue:	Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue:	Love Problems
	9:45	10:45 NBC:	A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue:
	8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC:
	8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS:
	8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue:
	8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC:
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue:
	10:45	11:45	NBC:
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS:
	9:15	11:30	12:30 CBS:
	9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue:
	9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS:
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
	10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue:
	10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC:
	10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS:
	10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue:
	10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS:
			1:45 CBS:
	10:45	12:45	1:5 NBC:
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
	11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS:
	11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC:
	11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC:
	11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue:
	11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS:
	11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC:
	12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS:
	12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue:
	12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC:
	12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS:
	12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue:
	1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC:
	1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS:
	1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC:
	1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue:
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS:	Mountain Music
		4:45	Blue:
	1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue:
	2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue:
	2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue:
	2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue:
	2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 CBS:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 Blue:
	2:55	4:55	5:55 NBC:
	3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS:
	3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue:
	3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue:
	3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue:
	3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC:
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
	4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS:
	4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue:
	4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC:
	4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS:
	4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue:
	8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC:
	8:15	7:15	8:15 CBS:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue:
	9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC:
	5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC:
	6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue:
	6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC:
	6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC:
	7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS:
	7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS:

THESE ENGAGED GIRLS ARE ALL WAR WORKERS !

You are needed too!



ANNE NISSEN—handles explosives in a big munitions plant. This was Anne's first job. She has been promoted step by step, and has become a "job-instructor," training other girls.



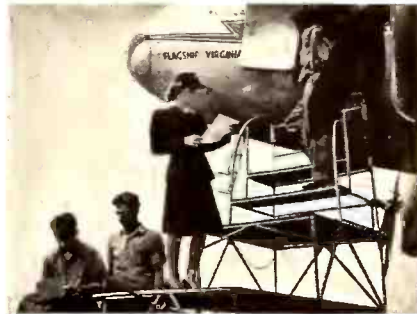
MARTHA MONTGOMERY—an accredited first-aider, is especially interested in wartime care of small children. Proper care for children of working mothers is one of the most vitally important home-front war jobs, and one in which under-standing workers are urgently needed.



PHYLLIS GRAY—tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, uniforms! She went straight from college into war industry, working for a big Textile Company.



MURIEL LUNGER—is gravely serious about her war job at Bendix where she tests altimeters for planes. Muriel's mother has a war job at Bendix, too—on the assembly line.



ROSEMARIE HEAVEY—is one of the new airline girls affectionately dubbed "hangar helpers." They work in 8-hour shifts—in jobs that only men were filling a year ago.

Any job that frees a man is a war job... find yours today !

SLIM AND PRETTY Anne Nissen, engaged to Larry Van Orden (now in the Army), sums it up like this: "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting, I wanted to do my share"... so she took the job a man left behind!

What are you doing?

Right now there are hundreds of different war jobs for women and girls—especially necessary home-front jobs that need to be filled because the men who held them are now with our armed forces.

Women and girls must take their places. Many areas need women in all kinds of civilian jobs—in stores,

offices, restaurants, plants, laundries, in transportation, in community services.

Experience is not necessary. Hundreds of thousands of girls and women who never dreamed of working before are stepping into these jobs every day.

There's a war job for you, too!

Look through the Help Wanted section of your paper for needs in your area. Then get advice from your local United States Employment Service. They will gladly help you find the job you are suited to serve in. America at war needs women at work. Apply for your war job now!

Typical of so many gallant American girls and women today...

... these girls have given up personal ambition so as to back up their fighting men. But they are none the less feminine for all their efficiency. Keeping lovely is very much a part of their everyday living—on their jobs, and off!

And Pond's Cold Cream is their favorite way to help keep their faces feeling and looking clean—fresh, smooth and soft.

As Phyllis Gray says—"A war job doesn't leave much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh and soft to touch."



Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK — THE SOONER WE'LL WIN

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	8:00	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: The Sophisticators
		9:30 CBS: This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Sing Along
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Love Problems
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Off the Record
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry & The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: John B. Kennedy
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3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
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4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
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4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
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5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
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	8:00	9:00 CBS: Astor-Ruggles-Auer
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6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
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6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
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7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
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7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Jimmy Durante
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: The Eyes of the Air Force
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Revlon Revlon
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



H E G O T M A D . . .

And then, John J. Anthony decided to do something about it. He's been doing it ever since.

Born in New York City in 1896, John J. Anthony had the normal childhood of a New York boy. It gave him a keen insight, even while he was very young, into the troubles inherent in economic insecurity. He was a good student and his first ambition was to be a lawyer.

He set out after that goal, but right from the beginning he saw very sharply that sometimes laws as they existed were more hindrance than help in really solving problems for people in need. He was particularly interested in the marriage and divorce laws, which seemed to him to be lacking in understanding and frequently unfair.

His search for knowledge and means for remedying these evils was insatiable. He studied psychology, both here and abroad, and the further he delved the more sure he became that many of the problems in society had their cause in marital disturbances. He made up his mind to do what he could and on his return from Europe, opened the first Marital Relations Institute in the United States.

Through this Institute, he fought for marital reform, making exhaustive surveys, touring the country giving lectures, suggesting new legislation, and aiding in the reconciliation of marriages that were going on the rocks, as well as giving advice to young people contemplating marriage.

The Institute was operated like a modern hospital—because Anthony felt it concerned itself with the ailments of our social life. People who could afford to pay for the services were charged fees, others received attention in the special clinic which was an important part of the Institute.

Today, more than a dozen years after he started out on his crusade, many states have modified their marital laws and more are on the way to doing so. The importance of preparing young people for the responsibilities of marriage has also become clearer and many universities now have courses on marital relations.

He finds his work on the Good Will Hour, heard Sundays at 10:00 P.M. EWT, over the Blue Network, rich and rewarding. During the six years the program has been running, he's reviewed more than 9,000 cases and has secured employment for over a thousand people. He feels that his program is a further proof that people are aware of one another and always willing to help—if they know what needs to be done and where they are needed most.

For those who have never seen him and to whom his voice might create the illusion that he's an old, wise man—Anthony is a slight, dark haired, dark eyed man with what might seem like a detached air, but is in reality only his ability to remain objective so that his mind can really be clear in analyzing and giving advice in each case.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	8:00	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: Chapel Singers
		9:30 CBS: This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Sing Along
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Love Problems
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Johnny Gart Trio
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Off the Record
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
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4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: Wings to Victory
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
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4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
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4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
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	8:00	9:00 CBS: Astor-Ruggles-Auer
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Lum and Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Death Valley Days
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
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6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
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6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Harry Womer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Jimmy Durante
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: The Eyes of the Air Force
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Revlon Revlon
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Eimer Davis

"for a skin that's T.N.T.—try my* W.B.N.C."



PAULETTE GODDARD CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Says Paulette Goddard:

"Nothing shatters a man's defenses like a super-smooth complexion. No wonder so many of us in Hollywood trust all to our W.B.N.C. That's film-star fast talk for . . .

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Tonight, try Paulette's W.B.N.C. First, cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then, smooth on more cream. Pat gently—tissue off again. Let a trace remain on your skin all night.

Your complexion is left exquisitely *softer and smoother*; tiny dry-skin lines are less apparent—thanks to 4 special softening, smoothing ingredients. There is also an ingredient that acts constantly to purify the cream in the jar, helping protect against germs from dust—germs which might cause blemishes. No other cream at any price has this fifth ingredient!

Tonight, and every night, take the W.B.N.C. with Woodbury Cold Cream. Every morning, see your lovelier look! . . . and see men pay attention.

Over 1000 women tested Woodbury Cold Cream against highest priced creams. The majority definitely preferred Woodbury. Big jars \$1.25, 75¢. Also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



WOODBURY COLD CREAM

the complete beauty cream

SATURDAY

Love Is a Living Thing

Continued from page 39

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC: News
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	Blue: Bob Hamilton
	8:30	NBC: United Nations, News Review
	8:45	CBS: Women's Page of the Air
	8:45	NBC: News
	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
	9:15	CBS: Red Cross Reporter
	9:30	CBS: Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Nellie Revell
	9:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: John Freedom—Drama
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Babe Ruth in Person
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Xavier Cugat's Orch.
	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
	9:00	11:00 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	9:00	11:00 12:00 Blue: Game Parade
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC: News
	9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
	9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: Mirth and Madness
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Campana Serenade
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Beverly Mahr, vocalist
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Sketches in Melody
		1:15 Blue: Nightclubbing at Noon
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Highways to Health
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
		1:45 Blue: Singo
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: News
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Musette Music Box
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05 CBS: I Sustain the Wings
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43
		2:30 Blue: Tommy Tucker
11:35	1:35	2:35 NBC: Lyrics by Liza
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: People's War
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: What's Your War Job
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: George Hicks Reporting from England
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: The Marshalls
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Saturday Concert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Report from London
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voices
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: It's Maritime
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Horace Heidt
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Chips Davis, Commando
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, Alex Drier
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Message of Israel
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Art of Living
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Leon Henderson
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: What's News—Don Ameche
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: For This We Fight
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
8:00	6:30	7:30 Blue: Roy Porter
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Able's Irish Rose
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Grumit and Sanderson
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Boston Symphony Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth Or Consequences
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer and the News
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: John Vandercook
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Million Dollar Band
	10:15	Blue: Army Service Forces Present
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Quiz
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell
	10:45	Blue: Betty Rann
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

outlined against the white bench on the hotel lawn. I called him, and he rose slowly, like a sleepwalker, and began to move toward the porch.

He came in with his head bowed, came straight toward me, and then in a quick movement he was kneeling beside my chair, hiding his face in my lap. "Oh, Janet—"

"Rand—" My hand lay lightly on his head; my fingers smoothed the short, roughly curling black hair. "Rand—what happened tonight, a little while ago—was it because you felt that in marrying me, you were being unfaithful to—Agnes?"

I felt him stiffen at the name, but I was glad I'd spoken it.

After a moment he said, "I don't know. Perhaps it was. It must have been. I don't like to admit it."

"I'm glad you did, Rand." I cradled his face in my hands, tilting it so that his eyes had to meet mine. "I know where I stand, now. And I—I'm willing to take a chance, too, Rand. If you want me—"

He didn't let me finish. Half rising, he closed his arms around me, pressed his face against my breast. "Want you—Janet darling, I need you so . . ."

I WISHED afterward that he hadn't said that—that he needed me. The thought of it nagged at me sometimes, spoiling a little of the happiness of those first weeks after we'd moved into the English cottage where Agnes Preston had once lived. Rand was happy, I think, for a while. He seemed almost relieved that I'd taken my rightful place in his home, as if he'd been secretly afraid all along that I wouldn't, and he responded in the little ways a woman appreciates. He made me feel important and necessary.

Sometimes, when he held me in his arms, when that sensitive, sharply-cut mouth of his sought mine, I felt too necessary. His lips pressed too hard; his arms held me too tightly—they clung. I wanted him to need me, of course, as every woman wants the man she loves to need her—but she also wants the assurance that she would be loved and cherished even if she were no practical good to him.

Little things happened, unimportant in themselves, but significant enough to shake my faith in myself and in my marriage. It was hot in Amity that summer, and one sultry evening I asked Rand to take me riding down the Cold River Road I'd heard about, a wonderfully cool, shady drive that wound between the river and the bluffs into the heart of the woods. Rand agreed without hesitation, and we went riding that evening. But when we reached the River Road, he slowed the car without turning it from the highway. "We shouldn't really go down there, Janet. It's rocky traveling, and hard on the tires."

I hadn't the heart to insist. He was making excuses, I knew, and I knew just as surely that the Cold River Road had been a favorite drive of Agnes'.

I asked him to bring me flowers to go on the pie crust table beside his chair in the living room. I suggested something bright—field flowers, perhaps. Rand brought home white roses. I thanked him for them, although they weren't what I'd wanted. They weren't

my flowers at all. They belonged to another woman, a woman as fragile and pale as their own petals. After that he brought flowers home quite often—white roses.

I could have overlooked those incidents and others of the same kind, if they hadn't been accompanied by a gradual change in Rand's attitude toward me. He began to talk less to me when he came home at night. He began to try more and more to get out of engagements he himself had made—dates with our friends. The excuses he gave were flimsy—that he didn't care to see the Warrens that evening, for instance. Edith and Howard Warren had been his best friends for years. Or he would say that he was tired, and then if we did stay at home, he wouldn't go to bed early. I would leave him still sitting in the living room with his papers or a book, and it would be hours, sometimes, before he came upstairs.

I didn't understand. By his own admission Rand had wanted me enough to trick me into marrying him; he had been humbly grateful when I agreed to stay with him. Now, as the months went by we were growing further apart; more and more Rand shut himself away from me to the point where he openly resented my attempts to talk to him, to draw him out.

And then one night I understood too well. It was the custom in Amity for the men to hold a stag poker party once a month, and on that night their wives had a sewing party for the Red Cross. Edith Warren came by to drive me to the bridge game, and I left Rand sitting in the living room, his hat and coat draped over a chair, taking a last glance at the evening paper before he started for the poker session. I returned home around one o'clock, in a taxi, supposing that the poker game would not break up until much later. But there was a light in the house, a dim light in the living room. Something, some caution or some inexplicable fear, made me approach the house by the lawn instead of by the walk, made me peer through the living room window.

RAND'S coat and hat were as they had been when I'd left the house, and Rand himself was in his deep chair. There was a curious stillness about him, as if he'd been sitting in the same position for hours, his pipe and the white roses beside him, looking at something I could not see.

And he looked—happy. He looked happier than he had ever been in my company. There was a little smile on his lips; his face was relaxed, at peace.

Rand hadn't gone to the poker game. He had stayed at home—with Agnes.

I saw then that I had failed, as clearly as if the sentence had been written and held up for me to read. Rand had thought he could be happy with me, had thought he needed me. Actually, he was happier without me. I, not Agnes, was the intruder in his home. In those years after Agnes Preston had died, Rand had found comfort in memories, memories so vivid that they had become more real than the things around him.

I went around the back of the house, made my way quietly upstairs. I didn't

Continued on page 58

You don't have to wait until after the war

ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops — all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!



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Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Brewed with JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS — none of the bitterness

Continued from page 56

know when Rand came upstairs. It was much later, as it had always been when he'd made some excuse to stay up after I'd gone to bed. In the morning I didn't get up to prepare his breakfast. He spoke to me once when he was dressed, and I let him think I was asleep.

After he'd gone I dressed and went downstairs, forced myself to go about household tasks. I wanted to see Aunt Kay, to weep out my misery and defeat on her shoulder, but a last loyalty to Rand prevented me. He hadn't wanted me to know the truth about him; I couldn't tell it to anyone else. I didn't need Aunt Kay's advice. I knew what I had to do. Rand was beyond my help, and our marriage was beyond saving.

When the doorbell rang, when the postman handed me a letter and a package, I signed for them automatically. I sat down on the couch and studied the return address stupidly, unseeing—who was Mrs. John Humphries in a town called Halcott? The letter was pitifully brief.

David was killed in action on August 27th. I think he would have wanted you to have these snapshots and other mementoes of the time you children played together . . .

I READ and re-read the words before I understood. Halcott and anyone in it had slipped far back into my past. And then, when I did understand, David's going seemed somehow too much to bear. I lay back against the sofa cushions, crying as I hadn't been able to cry over Rand, weeping until my tears brought me to the point of exhaustion when, at last, I slept.

When I awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and Rand was bending over me, shaking me. "Janet—Janet—" And when he saw my eyes open—"Janet, who is David Humphries?"

His tone shocked me fully awake. It was strained, edged with an emotion I didn't immediately recognize in him—jealousy. "You know," I answered dully. "I told you about David long ago, when I first met you. He was a childhood friend, a very dear friend. There was nothing—"

"Nothing! And you've been crying—" "Not because of David—" I broke off, shaking my head mutely. I wasn't yet ready to talk to Rand about himself, and how else could I tell him that it was my misery over him that had sharpened the blow of David's death? I would grieve over David for his own sake—later. It would be a passive kind of grief, without tears.

Rand shook his head in bewilderment, and I felt my tears start again. Rand's expression changed. His mouth twisted with some emotion I couldn't name, and a light came into his eyes, a light that terrified me. He bent over me, tried to take me in his arms. His voice, broken, compassionate, was more tenderly intimate than I'd ever heard it. "And so he's dead . . . Janet, dearest, you mustn't cry. Let me help you. I know what it is when someone you love goes."

I pulled myself upright, out of his reach, pushed him roughly away. "You don't understand!" I was still crying, and my voice skidded hysterically, but my words were clear and hard—the truth as I saw it. "You'll show me nothing, Rand—not your way. I won't have it. I'd be ashamed of it, as I'm ashamed of you. You've wrapped your-

self in your grief, protected yourself with it, protected yourself from living. You nursed it, and let it grow until, when you wanted to escape it, it was too strong for you. You asked me to help—and then you resented my help; you resented me. I don't want you to reach out to me now, more than you have before. I don't want any affection between us based on a morbid bond of sorrow."

The hysteria died out of me, leaving me without strength to go on. I rose shakily, walked around Rand toward the stairs. Rand pivoted, following me with his eyes. "I love you, Rand," I whispered huskily. "I love you, but I have to leave you. I've been no good to you, and if I stay here in this—in this death-house, I'll be no good to myself. Love is a living thing, and I want to stay alive. I—I couldn't bear to be like you."

Then I went swiftly up the stairs to my room, and I locked the door.



Stella Unger (left), NBC commentator, recently appointed Radio Director of the AWYS, discusses radio plans with Mrs. Bernard Gimbel, who is Director of Public Relations for that organization.

I packed a little that evening before I went to bed. I slept dreamlessly—but then I would never again, waking or sleeping, have anything to dream about. In the morning, after I heard Rand leave the house, I rose and resumed my packing.

At noon the last bag was filled—except for the large square one which was to hold my heavy coats. I went up to the attic to get it, and when I came back to my room with the dusty, clumsy thing bumping at my heels, Rand was there waiting for me. I wasn't surprised. He'd clung to me before, and I'd half expected him to try to hold me now.

I walked past him to the window seat, lifted the bag to it. Without looking at him I sat down and began to work at the leather straps.

"Where are you going, Janet?"

"Home. To Aunt Kay's."

"Is that home?"

I had to look at him then. His face was unreadable, but there was something new in it, a sharp awareness, although he looked as if he'd spent a sleepless night. "Rand, if you've come

to torment me—"

He came to me and took the suitcase from me, sat down beside me. "I haven't come to torment you, Janet. I'll never torment you again, just as I'll never be tormented again—if you'll stay with me."

"Rand, please don't try to tell me you've changed overnight—"

A smile touched his mouth. "Not overnight. I began to change when I met you at your aunt's."

The sentiment disgusted me, and I started to rise. He caught my wrist. "Listen to me a while, Janet, and then if you want to leave, you can." His words, softly spoken, were a command. I sat down again. "About the Humphries boy—I didn't understand who he was last night, until after you'd gone upstairs, when I opened the box and looked at those old snapshots, and the things you'd told me about him made sense. But at first I thought—" He broke off, and there was triumph in his smile. "Janet do you realize that it's over five years since I've been jealous of anyone?" He didn't wait for me to answer. "A good, human emotion—jealousy. That was shock number one. Shock number two—I went maudlin on you, and you lashed out at me, just as I deserved. Shock number three—you told me that you were going to leave me, and after I thought it over, I realized that you were perfectly right in doing so."

His smile faded, and he was deadly serious as he paused, searching for words. "I'm not trying to excuse myself, Janet, but try to remember that I'd had no one but myself to think of for several years. I'd got out of the habit of considering others. You said something last night, the thing I've needed to be told all along. 'Love is a living thing'—and I've been only half alive. I thought I was loving you, when I was loving only myself, dramatizing myself and a misfortune that happened long ago. I took everything you gave me, and I gave you nothing. Last night I awoke to those things. Do you understand?"

I nodded, my throat swollen hurtfully tight.

HE reached out and took my hands in his. "I learned something else, too," he said huskily, "when you said you were leaving me. I learned what I'd be losing, and that is—everything. Whatever you do, you must believe that I love you, Janet, more than I've ever loved anyone else. Whether you go or stay, will you believe what I've told you—and forgive me?"

I had to believe him. Everything I wanted to know was in his face, in the tone of his voice. "Do you want me to stay, Rand?"

"You know the answer to that," he said quietly. "But I won't ask you again. If you stay, it has to be because you want to, because I can do something for you, not because you feel that you can help me. I know what I've been. I knew it before. But I'm cured."

"And—Agnes?" I was foolishly still a little fearful of saying her name.

He looked at me squarely. "She's dead."

That was true, too. I had visible proof later when Rand and I went downstairs together, arm-in-arm. My husband—and he was at last really mine—had stopped to buy flowers on his way home. On the table where the white roses had been were field flowers—deep purple asters, flaming red marigolds and bright yellow daisies.



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Give Me Back My Heart

Continued from page 29

gate. I didn't know that Jim was there.

I was so frightened and excited that I could hardly explain my errand to the guard at the gate, hardly tell the personnel man what I thought I could do. "Waiting on tables doesn't quite prepare you for the work you're thinking of," he told me. "It calls for unusual manual dexterity."

"Manual dexterity. . . ." I repeated the words dully. Then I said suddenly, "You mean good with your hands. Would piano playing help?"

His tired face brightened. "How well can you play?"

I told him, but he hardly let me finish. He sent a guard to fix me up with a temporary badge and take me to the Fuze Assembly Department.

I don't remember getting there, I was walking in a rosy haze. But I remember meeting the foreman. He was tall and as I looked at him bending over a table explaining something to one of the girls I had to laugh. It seemed funny that a foreman should have a lock of hair sticking up from the crown of his sandy-red head. Then he had straightened with a swift gesture and was looking down at me, as if one steady long look of his gray-green eyes would take me all in completely.

THAT was the way I met Jim Marjion. He took my card, glanced at it and said, "Sally." Just like that, as if he was fitting my name to me. And he nodded as if it suited him. "Okay, Sally, let's hear you run through a Rachmaninoff Rhapsody over here."

I wasn't nervous as I took my place. I knew I could do better than I'd ever done at anything before.

"Now you pick up this detonator—" His big hand darted to a box and brought back a little cylinder only an eighth of an inch high "—and place it in this fuze body."

I did what he did, my hands following his, my ears straining to take in every word as I watched for the meaning of his strange phrases. "Screw it down, hand-tight. Pick up the completed round with the left hand, place fuze in the tightener fixture, and with the right hand pull down the handle that lowers the chuck onto the fuze body. When the chuck makes contact, leave it there momentarily."

Even when he explained why it must not stay there longer, how it contained a high explosive—lead azide and tetryl—and how the spinning set up a friction which made heat, I wasn't frightened. "Let it stay too long," he told me seriously, "and the whole round might go."

It wasn't that I didn't understand the ominous significance of his words. I did. But his voice inspired confidence. I knew I could take my part in that terrific responsibility.

I picked up the detonator and completed the second round. Then a third, a fourth, and a fifth.

"Say, I'm supposed to teach you this operation," he said, laughing, above my shoulder. "Do you want to lose me my job?"

I laughed, too, but I didn't stop. I went on assembling fuzes. I had never felt so good in my life.

When the first day's shift was over I won't say I wasn't tired. But I was glowing with a sense of accomplish-

ment I'd never felt before.

"Say, Sally, the whistle blew fifteen minutes ago. Give the next girl a chance at this table, will you?" That was Jim's voice. I already thought of him as Jim. He was that kind; I never even thought about it. "I was just waiting to see if these were all right," I told him.

He looked at the pile in the Finished box and whistled. "If you're not careful you'll have the standards department setting up a new quota in here." He was pleased, I could see that. He picked up a few rounds and examined them carefully. "Perfect," he said. "I'd never have thought it of you."

"And why not, may I ask?" My back stiffened indignantly.

"Well—" He laughed in a funny, little-boy way. "It's just that—well, every time a girl walks into this shop who looks like somebody I'd like to meet on the outside—well, she never turns out to be worth a darn here. I'd just about given up keeping my eyes open for one—" He stopped, as if he'd gone too far.

I had to laugh. He was so funny—and so sweet.

He said, "Don't get me wrong. No girl has to go out with the foreman to get along in my department."

I said, "Why, I never even thought of that."

"You didn't?" His gray-green eyes sparkled and the whites looked clean and shiny against his tan skin. "You wouldn't think I was being fresh if—" Again he stopped, with that shy, sweet smile. "I mean, would it be all right—"

I laughed again. "It would be all right if you finished your sentence, anyway," I told him.

"Well, it's like this," he began. "We—our family, I mean—are a kind of orchestra. But since my sister Marj joined the WAVES we haven't anybody to play piano. That kind of leaves a hole in the harmony. I—I was wondering if you'd come home and—"

I GUESS I knew right then I'd go. It had the most wonderful sound I'd ever heard, that invitation. I said, very quickly, "All right. As soon as I've dressed I'll meet you outside."

The Marions lived in an old Cape Cod cottage that had the look of a house so full of fun and good times that any minute it might start bursting out at the joinings of its weathered shingles. Mom—to me she was Mom from the minute I saw her chubby flushed face bending to taste from an enormous pot of stew that was simmering on the stove—took one look at me over the spoon, eyed me shrewdly from head to foot, just as Jim had, and then—also like Jim—suddenly smiled. I felt that from that minute everything was all right in my world. I felt as if I'd been taken in, mothered, given a home. She said calmly, "Jim'll show you where we keep the silver. You can set the table."

Pop was in the living room running through his cello score, and when I was through with the table, I was sent in to go over my part with him while Jim's younger brother Cal tried to drown us out with his trumpet. In the kitchen Jim was helping Mom make cherry sauce for his favorite pudding.

I'd never cared much for food before, but then I had never eaten with a

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big, noisy family with so much to tell each other that Pop had to be chairman to keep order. I ate so much that I didn't see how I could play.

But they seemed to think the piano part went all right. When we had wound up "America the Beautiful" with a fine flourish, there was a sudden strange little silence. I looked up in time to see Jim's triumphant grin at his mother, her glance at Pop, and then an emphatic nod that showed her double chin.

"You're in," Jim said, smiling at me with a warmth that gave me a funny feeling in my throat, made me want to cry for no reason.

"In what?" I asked.
"In the Musical Marions," he said. "That is, if you want to be."

"We've got a date to play at the Bond Rally next month," his father explained. "And we'd be honored to regard you as an act of Providence, turning up just now."

"But—but I couldn't," I said, catching my breath.

"Why not?" young Cal demanded belligerently.

"Well—" I thought of Paul. I had promised not to go out with other men. But I really wasn't dating Jim; I was friends with his whole family; surely there was no harm in it. Of course not! "Why not indeed?" I asked in sudden joy. "Of course I'll play, if you want me to!"

JIM'S fiddle and Cal's trumpet answered that with a wild little duet of triumph. And I joined in with some boogie woogie that sent Dad's cello and Mom's viola into some highly undignified capers. We all ended up laughing, for no real reason, so that my side was still aching when Jim and I started walking home. "I never had such a good time in all my life," I told him, out in the sudden dim quiet of the street.

"I never did, either," he said quietly.

"Ah, but you're lucky," I told him.

"You've always had fun like that."

"Not quite," he corrected me gently.

"Not quite like that."

I didn't answer that. I didn't know what to say. I said, "Your family is exactly like the one I've always dreamed about."

"Dreamed?" He looked at me, his eyes gentle. "And why did you have to dream a family?"

I told him what I'd wanted to tell Paul, and somehow never had.

But now I told Jim, and as I talked he took my hand and held it in a warm, strong clasp of sympathy. When I finished he said in a voice that was sort of gruff, "Well, you've got a family now, you know. Don't forget, you've been made a member of the Musical Marions, Unlimited."

"I won't forget," I told him.

When we stopped before the Ocean View House, Jim said, "What goes on? You don't live here, do you?"

"Not after tonight," I told him. But I didn't explain.

He said, "What are you holding out on us? You know we don't admit princesses or heiresses to the Musical Marions, even if they're incognito."

"Well, I'm neither," I said, laughing. "I'm going to find a room tomorrow."

He said, after a moment. "I think the Graysons across the road from us could use the income, and you could join

our car pool. Want me to ask them?" I said, "That would be wonderful."

But when I met Paul under the arbor, and walked down the cove road with him, I didn't tell him. I guess I was afraid. Things were too nice to change. In my new contentment I loved him more than ever—I loved the whole world. But I didn't want to tell him about the Marions just yet. He might not like it—and I did so want to go on playing with them!

The numbers we played at the rally weren't anything very elaborate—we were a small part of a big program including most of what could be called local talent—but the last week I was running across the road from the Graysons once a day or more. And I actually broke a date with Paul. "It's a surprise," I told him, explaining.

It was a surprise he couldn't miss. For he was one of a panel of Sea Cliff's prominent business men who were speakers at the rally.

He made his speech, too, though when I saw him looking across at us, I wondered how he'd be able to say a word. His face was dark with anger. He spoke well, just the same. His voice was smooth as he told of the difficulties and problems of managing a war plant.

"—And now it's up to the rest of us to buy bonds!" There was a burst of applause and a flurry of buying. I was proud of Paul. He had been kind to me, he was the first one to give me affection when I had needed it, and I could never forget that.

He was stepping down off the platform, then, people were shaking his hand. But he came through the crowd, over to where the Marions were packing up their instruments.

He said, "Good evening, Sarah."
I said, "Hello, Paul."

There was a moment of silence. The Marions were stopping, waiting. But I couldn't speak.

THEN Paul said, "Well, Sarah, aren't you going to introduce your new—friends—" He said the word politely, but there was something in his tone that bothered me, just the same. Then he added "—to your fiancé?"

Jim carefully finished placing his violin in its case and straightened up. Then he came to stand beside me. I saw the pallor of his bony face under its tan when he looked down at me and said, "Yes, Sally. You shouldn't hold out on your—friends."

That was just what I had done, I knew then, miserably. I said in a faint, painful voice, "Paul, these are the Musical Marions—"

"I know Jim," Paul said easily. "I ought to know the best foreman in my plant." His voice was hearty, and his hand went out, but Jim didn't see it.

And I knew, when I turned to go, my hand tucked into the crook of Paul's arm, that I had lost my membership in the Musical Marions. I had lost my jolly, wonderful family!

But that was nonsense. I had just what I wanted. Paul had publicly announced our engagement. He would tell his mother tonight. Soon I would go to that great square white brick-ended house with its four chimneys that stuck up at each corner so tall and important looking and I would meet Paul's mother. I would become part of his family, with all the bonds of legality.

Continued on page 64

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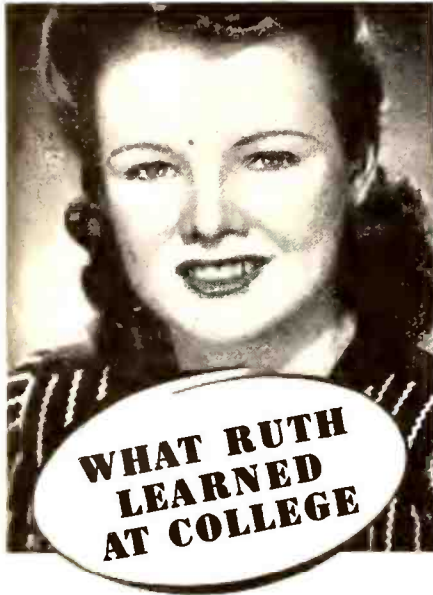


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Walking from the Change House to my department the next morning, I was more scared than I had been the first day. Something was going to happen. Something bad.

When I got to my place, it did. Jim was standing there. He said, "I was waiting for you."

He said, "I'm recommending you for my job. You're so good now that I figure I can get away to enlist."

"Enlist?" I couldn't do anything but echo him in that sick, still way.

"Yep. Ground crew. I don't know when I'll be going, but we'd better get you trained."

We were together all that day and the next. We had to be, while I learned my job, but it wasn't any fun. Yet there wasn't a thing I could do about it. And what on earth did I want to do? It was perfectly simple: everybody had to say goodbye these days to friends going off to war. That was all he had been to me—a friend.

But the factory was a different place after he left. The new orders were swamping us. The management kept calling for more speed. We couldn't possibly produce enough to meet the deadline on the schedule.

"Paul, shouldn't you let some of the orders go to a bigger company?" I asked him one day.

"That's my worry, baby," he said. "Yours begin and end with fuze assembly, and I mean just that." His eyes narrowed. "Look, honey. I have enough of these headaches at the plant. Let's leave them there, okay?"

"I'm sorry," I told him dubiously.

One night in November, thinking of the concert I was going to hear, I forgot and left my badge on my discarded work jumper. The guard at the gate would not let me out without it, though he knew me perfectly. I ran back, fuming at my carelessness, afraid I'd be late. Passing the store-room, which was connected by a covered passageway to our department, I saw a light and heard the scraping sound of a heavy box being shoved across the floor. I looked in the door and saw Gus Steichen, a grumpy old man who had spent his life working as gardener on the Starrett estate and had lately been given a job as porter at the plant. He was on his knees in the right-hand

near corner of the store-room, unpacking one of the boxes that had been stamped with the Government's symbol of approval.

"What are you doing?" I asked him.

He shrugged. "Boss's orders."

There was no use questioning him. I would ask Paul.

But we were late, and Paul had to drive fast. He wasn't in good humor.

After half an hour of music, my small problem was lost in the wonder of the soaring strings and I didn't think of it again, till weeks later.

It was nearly Christmas and I guess I was purposely walking slowly past the Marion house, maybe peering in, trying to see if they had a Christmas tree, trying to guess whether Jim would be coming home for Christmas. I heard the sound of "Holy Night" being played softly on the violin, and I stopped, my throat suddenly tight with tears. At that moment the door opened and Cal exploded out of the house, barely missing me. "Excuse me—Oh, Sally!" He grabbed me by the arm. "Look, Mom wants you!"

I hesitated. Paul was waiting for me in the bar of the Ocean View House.

"Come on in," Cal urged. "It's something Jim wrote—"

Mom gave me a sweet smile, but I saw the worry lines around her eyes. She gave Cal a little push. "Get along son, and be sure to get home soon's the library closes." She shut the door on his inquisitive face.

"Did Jim—send a message to me?" I asked, suddenly breathless.

"No. Or rather, he did. I mean, he didn't say so, but I know—" She went to the old secretary desk in the corner and fumbled in a cubbyhole. "Maybe I'm getting a case of war nerves," she said with an apologetic smile. "But when things like this are going on, I can't help thinking it might be my boy next, and I have to do something—"

My heart stopped. What danger was threatening Jim?

She brought back the letter, which looked soft and worn from handling. She handed it to me and pointed.

"It's not that I can't take such sights. I expect to see plenty of guys get theirs before I'm through. Dave's number just came

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Johnny Gart puts his French poodle, "Brandy," to work at the CBS studio during a rehearsal for his show, *The Johnny Gart Trio*, daily at 3:30 P. M.



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in "MINESWEEPER"
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Continued from page 64

up a little ahead of schedule. And I can't explain it away by saying how much I thought of Dave, either. The fact is, Mom, and it may sound crazy, but the reason I can't get this off my mind is that Dave was shooting an Oerlikon 25 m. when it happened. That hits pretty close to home, as you can imagine. I can't shake the idea that it might have been a defective job of fuze assembly that made that shell go off while it was still in the gun. It could have been, all right. And don't tell me there are plenty of other shops it might have come from beside Northeastern. I know that. But just the same I keep thinking I might have saved Dave if I'd stayed home on the job instead of going haywire and rushing off to shoulder a gun."

I didn't read any more. That was his message to me, and it was an accusation. He might not have meant it that way, but that's how I had to accept it. It was my fault he had gone "haywire." I knew it now, I couldn't avoid facing it. And now I had his job. If any defective shells were coming out of my department, it was my responsibility.

"I had the feeling he'd want you to know," Mom said softly. "Jim's proud, he'd never write to you himself. But I think he figured I'd tell you this. And you'll do what you can. I can tell him that, can't I?"

I NODDED. My mind was suddenly very busy. A memory that had been lost came up again in my mind. I was seeing a picture of Gus Steichen kneeling in the corner where the accepted lots were stored.

I guess I'd been shying away from the idea of investigating behind Paul's back. But that was silly. The whole thing was perfectly all right. Any other idea would be unthinkable.

The next night, half an hour after quitting time, I went back to our building, walked in quietly and went to the store-room door. I opened the safety lock without a sound and peered into the dimness inside. For a moment I thought no one was there. But then I saw a flashlight glow out suddenly in the left-hand back corner. It was Gus, as before, kneeling by a box. But this time he was not unpacking approved boxes. He was packing into a box labelled with a rejected lot number.

I waited, forcing myself to keep quiet and simply watch. Half a dozen times I had to stop myself from shouting incredulous questions at Gus as he moved back and forth doing deliberate, senseless things. Or they seemed senseless to me. I thought he had gone crazy. I wanted to think so. Because after a while they made sense that I didn't want to recognize.

But I remembered Dave, who had been Jim's friend. I had to stay. I had to understand why he was packing rejected rounds in boxes that bore the approved stamp and were addressed for shipment, and putting the good rounds in the rejected boxes.

I would have to risk Paul's anger. Perhaps he did not know that this was going on. I hurried off to meet him, a hundred questions on my lips.

I did not wait a minute to plunge into what I had to say. "Paul, come out and take a walk," I begged him. "I've got to talk to you."

He took one look at me, gulped his drink, and followed me outside.

"Paul, I've got to know what's behind this business of switching the lots in the store-room—"

He jerked his head angrily. "Look, I told you your job ends with fuze assembly. What becomes of them afterward is strictly not your business."

"Well, I'm making it mine," I said excitedly. "I can't help it if you fire me. Is it true that the rejected lots are being sent out under stamps of approval, and the good ones sent through to be re-inspected and approved?"

Paul said with a brusque laugh, "Your face is going to be pretty red when I answer that one. And I bet it'll make you keep your nose out of other people's business from now on."

I hardly heard him. I was waiting for my answer. He went on, his tone perfectly easy and light, "There's been a relaxation of Government specifications. Now are you satisfied?"

He was right, I blushed. I felt as foolish as every woman feels when she has been suspicious of her man and found an innocent explanation of her doubts. And I should have felt a wonderful relief. I would have, if he'd just left it that way.

"And about time, too," he said with sudden vehemence. "Those specifications are fantastic, and the inspectors just try to be finicky. The Government likes nothing better than to wind us up in so much red tape that we can never get anything done, and then penalize us for being behind schedule. If they'd just keep those Boy Scouts out of our operations we'd be able to produce twice as much."

I said hesitantly, "But they're necessary, aren't they? I mean, they can't take chances on things like munitions, can they?"

HE whirled on me furiously. "Look. Which would you rather have—a secretary that could type one letter a day perfectly, or one who could type fifty and get most of them right?"

I wanted to scream out, "But typing letters isn't making bullets! One misspelling in a letter doesn't kill a human being!"

But I didn't dare. His strange disproportionate fury made it impossible for me to talk to him. I felt as if I were with a stranger, a man with dark, alien secrets that shut him off from me. I was afraid. I wasn't afraid of him. But I was afraid of the truth that lay behind his angry words.

The next morning I went to work reluctantly. Always before, no matter how tired I had been the night before, I went to work eager to start another shift. But today I was going to do something that violated all the unwritten rules of our plant.

I had been as chilling and non-committal as anyone else to the Government inspectors. It is a constant annoyance to feel that someone is watching everything you do. But today the first thing I did was to call one into the cubicle where I kept my records.

I asked him calmly for a copy of his

Continued on page 68

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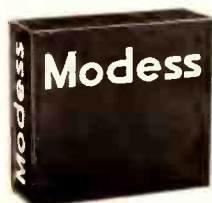
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MODESS fits as though designed for you—and you alone! The softspun filler molds itself neatly to your own body lines. No telltale outlines, either, for Modess has sheerest gauze where some napkins have hard tab ends.

Continued from page 66
latest specifications. "Latest?" He gave me a curious look as he took the mimeographed sheet from his pocket. "It's the one we've been working by all year."

I looked at the date. He was right, it was nearly a year old.

I said faintly, "I was wondering if they might not ease them up a bit—"

"Not a chance," he said positively. "Safety's safety and you can't change that by writing things down on paper." I could see how he welcomed the chance to express himself. "Safety's got to be built into munitions and we're here to see it is—"

I waved away his lecture. "That's all I see." I tried to smile at him.

But I knew what I had to do.

Knowing it all day, looking ahead and planning, didn't make it any easier. I never had done anything so physically difficult as lifting each foot, one after another, up the steps of the building in the city that housed the FBI. Stating my errand to the girl at the desk was like speaking out of a throat packed with dry sawdust. If she had delayed me, placed any obstacles in my way, I would have run from the place. But when I told my business, the doors began to open, leading straight to the chief.

HE made it as easy for me as possible, though he could have had no idea what I was doing to my own life. He seemed to understand how hard it was for me to place those two carefully labeled shells on his desk. "This came out of the box addressed for shipping, with the stamp of approval on it," I told him, pointing to the defective one. "And this I saw repacked into a box labeled with a rejected lot number. Those 'rejected' lots have been sent through for re-inspection."

The chief picked up the shells and gave me a grave look. "I'll send them to Washington tonight for examination by the experts," he said. "Now we'll draft an affidavit for you to swear out to send along with it."

When that ordeal was over I sighed deeply. "Now am I through?" I asked

him. "Can I go—away?"

He shook his head. "If you're going to help us, you'll stay right here on the job as if nothing had happened. And when the time comes, we'll be counting on you to come through."

I thought it had been hard before. But imagine working through those next five days, going out with Paul at night, speaking to him and his mother as if I were the girl who would marry him in June. It was almost a relief, after the endless suspense, when the call came to go to Paul's office.

Well, it didn't take long. The questions were asked and answered. I looked into the face of the man I had promised to marry and I said words that made him a traitor to his country. And then I was free.

DID I say free? What tragic irony was in that word for me! I, who had come to Sea Cliff with the dream of making friends, of finding love, was leaving it with nothing—no one. The man who had almost been my husband hated me now, as he waited for his trial, and none of the people I had met with him had ever been more than acquaintances. The friendship of the Marions I had forfeited long ago.

But I did go to see Mom that night before I left, late though it was. I wanted her to know what happened at the factory before she read a garbled account in the papers. "Tell Jim the Government's taken over, so he can be sure they'll never get another premature from the Fuze Assembly Department of Northeastern." That's all I told her. I didn't tell her I was going. I didn't dare, for then she'd guess how miserable I felt.

I went to the city, took a room at the YWCA, got a job in a small precision instrument company working. My spare time I filled with music, taking a course at the Conservatory.

It was hard, at first. But after a while I began to understand that loneliness is not all bad. There was something good about this kind, something clean and strong. I had tested myself, I had proved I could serve my country, I could face the life I had hated. And

now I didn't hate it any more. There was something wonderful about the kind of pain I felt when I remembered Jim; though I would never see him again I could admit to myself at last, that I loved him.

It was Spring, and I was hurrying to get out of the Conservatory to get a breath of it before dark. But as I put my hand to the heavy door I stopped. Through the circle of clear glass left in the black dim-out paint, I saw a soldier standing on the steps. A tall soldier, very straight.

For a minute I couldn't open the door. But I laughed at myself, and pulled my muscles into working order. "It couldn't be!" I told myself.

But as the door swung open, he whirled and his hand went up to take off his cap. I knew then.

Oh, I had known before, too. I couldn't mistake the set of the broad shoulders, the queer, swift way he had of turning, that was like the way no one else had ever moved; but when I saw the sandy hair sticking up in a war-lock at the crown, I had to laugh.

And then I was laughing and crying, blinded by tears, so that I stumbled and would have fallen down the great stone steps if he had not reached out with one of his quick, sure motions, and caught me in his arms.

I stayed there, and we did not even talk, for—oh, I don't know how long, maybe seconds, maybe minutes, till we realized that other people were around us, coming out of the building. And even then we did not talk, we just started walking through the streets, not caring where we went.

It wasn't till later that I learned that Jim had been trying to get a furlough since his mother had sent him my message with the clippings from the newspapers. This was the first he had had.

NO, later we talked of that. But now we sat in the restaurant eating a little, looking at the people passing outside and then back into each other's eyes, smiling, and then we walked some more, before we spoke of anything important.

"So you're still keeping up with your music," was all he said to start with.

"Of course," I said, "I've got to think about my future." I could feel the color heating my face and neck as I said it.

"You don't mean your future in some kind of musical organization, do you?"

"Why, how did you know?" I tried to smile into his eyes, but I was dazzled at what I saw there, and I looked away.

He said, "Maybe you're too good by now for such a small outfit as the Musical Marions."

"Well," I said reasonably, "any organization can grow." I tried to laugh, but my breath caught on the words.

"That's right," he said softly. "Do you know what I've been thinking, Sally, all the time I've been away? I was thinking that another fiddle, and maybe one of those wood-wind things like an oboe would be good."

I whispered, "Jim, how long does it take a little girl to learn to play a harp?"

But by that time we had to stop trying to joke about it. We had to talk about our plans for getting married.

I went south with him when his leave was over. For a while I worked in an airplane factory near his camp; then I had to take a leave of absence. I'm waiting now to go into the hospital to have my little harpist. Maybe he'll turn out to be a violinist, like his dad.



Ginger Rogers and her husband, Private Jack Briggs of the Marions, had a wonderful time before, after and on Groucho Marx's radio show. Before the broadcast they went for a jeep ride. Left to right, Fay McKenzie, Groucho, Ginger, Briggs.

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Homecoming

Continued from page 21

sin confessed still a sin? Confusedly, I knew that I owed it to Dave to meet him half way, to grant him the forgiveness he'd asked for.

I wanted to forgive him. I wanted our life together to be as it had always been. As it had always been! Bitter laughter fluttered in my breast, because the idea reminded me of my thoughts just before Dave's return. That calm, secure happiness—it had been a delusion.

I made myself think about the movements of my hands and body. Turn on the hot water . . . add soap powder . . . scrape the dishes . . . take three steps to the ice-box, four to the stove. The clock said seven-thirty when I'd finished, and I went through the dining room to the front door. Dickie was playing with some other children a little way up the street; I stepped out onto the porch and after a minute he glanced over and saw me, and came trotting in, in obedience to my gesture.

"Come in and talk to Daddy awhile, Dickie," I said quietly. "Then it'll be time for bed."

Why I wanted to see them together, Dave and Dickie, I could not have told. It might have been an obscure need to find more evidence that nothing had changed, and if that was so, I found it. For Dave's face lit up in a smile as Dickie ran in, and in a moment he had Dickie in the chair beside him, telling him an exciting story about the dam which I was sure had never happened. It was exactly like any night before Dave had gone to River Run. If there had been anyone to pass the open doorway and look in at us he would have said to himself, "Here is a happy family."

AND, as we always had, Dave and I went together into Dickie's room when his bed-time came, to say good-night. He lay looking up at us from those eyes that were so like his father's, and he smiled sleepily.

"You glad to be home, Dad?"

"You bet I am, old man," Dave answered, his voice husky.

Dickie snuggled deeper into the pillow. "That's good," he said. "I'm glad you're home, too."

When we'd tiptoed out and closed the door, Dave turned to me. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks, Laurie, for bringing him in to me. I knew it meant you'd— you'd forgiven me."

I looked up, startled. I hadn't thought things out like that—bringing Dickie in, giving them their half-hour together, had seemed necessary, that was all. But perhaps he was right—perhaps without knowing it I had already come to the point of forgiveness.

"Forgiven you?" I said. "Why, I—"

I got no farther. His arms were around me, he was seeking my lips.

There are things your muscles do for themselves. If your hand touches scorching metal it snatches itself away. If you begin to fall, your arms fling themselves out to protect you, instinctively, automatically. It was that way now. At his touch my whole body recoiled—not because I willed it so, but because there was something in my flesh that would not suffer contact with him. Every nerve, suddenly, was jangling, and before I knew it I had torn myself away.

He dropped his arms. His face went

pale under the tan. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess you haven't forgiven me after all." Quickly he turned and left me, and a moment later I heard the front door close.

I began to tremble so that I could hardly stand, and supporting myself against the wall I crept to a chair and sank into it. I was living over again, over and over, the few seconds when disgust and repulsion had exploded in me like a bomb.

After a long while I got up and went to bed, but I didn't sleep. I lay stiff and unrelaxed, waiting for Dave

light of hope. "Laurie?" he whispered.

It tortured me to destroy that hope, but I had to. I said hastily, "I wanted to see you before Dickie got up. I wanted to tell you, Dave—I do forgive you, truly, but I can't—I just can't—let you touch me—kiss me. It's not that I won't . . . I can't. Maybe, if you'll wait—give me time—I'll try."

He sank back. "Of course I'll wait," he said heavily. "What else can I do?"

Nothing, I thought in pity for us both. Nothing.

SO we settled into a way of life that wasn't living. On the surface, while Dickie was present, we were just as we'd always been, but when we were alone a pall of silence, thick and heavy, settled down upon us. Each night Dave slept on the couch, and each morning he was up, putting away the blankets, before Dickie was awake.

I began to wonder, that first day after Dave's return, what she had been like. Cheap, of course. She had worn flashy clothes, with too much make-up, and she used a cloying perfume. Her voice was loud and shrill, and she laughed too much and too often. These things about her I knew. But was she tall or short, blonde or brunette? What did she want from life, what made her go with a man she met one night in a bar? Had she no dreams except those of lust? Oh, how I hated her!

And because I hated her, I couldn't forget her. She was there in the evenings, after Dickie had gone to bed. There would be that utter silence in the room, while Dave sat in his chair with a book and I tried to sew, and if I looked up it seemed that I could see her standing between us, watching me and laughing. I knew why she laughed. It was because she had taken from me something that was valueless to her, but the most precious thing in life to me—Dave's love.

The days passed, grouped themselves into weeks—one, two, three. Not once did Dave touch me, not once did he relax his air of grave courtesy.

One morning I caught sight of myself, unexpectedly, in the mirror—and I stopped, aghast. I was old, old! I was twenty-nine, and my eyes were dull and my lips slack. The life had gone out of me. And that evening I saw that the same thing had happened to Dave. There was a droop in the shoulders that had been so erect and proud.

In a panic, I knew that I was destroying us both. This walking death couldn't—mustn't—go on.

We had just finished supper, and Dickie was outside. I said impulsively, "Dave . . ." and the new note in my voice brought him to my side. Wordlessly, I turned to him, and he gathered me into his arms.

But it was useless. He felt the quiver that passed through me.

He pushed me away, violently. "What do you want me to do?" he cried desperately. "I can't tell you again I'm sorry—you know I am. I can't think of any new way to tell you I love you. What can I do?"

"I don't know," I sobbed. "I don't want to be like this, Dave—I want to be like we were before, but I can't. Whenever you touch me, I—I think of you with her, and I—Oh, why did you tell me?"

There, I had said it—said the thing I had never even thought, the thing

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Wednesday, November 10th



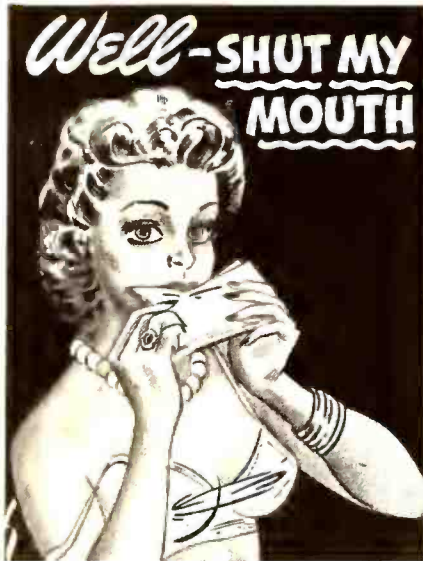
To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for December will go on sale Wednesday, November 10th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

to come home. When at last he did, it was so quietly that I hardly heard him—for he did not come into the room. The linen-closet door clicked open and shut again, and a few minutes later there was the faint creak of springs from the living room couch. Then—as swiftly as a match flame is blown out—I fell asleep.

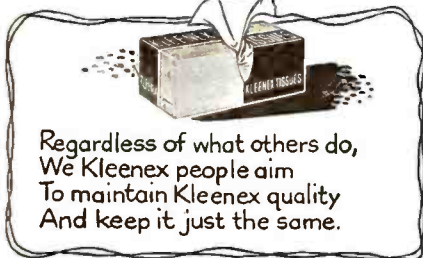
The blue, misty light of the autumn dawn filled the room when I woke up. Beside me the other bed was neat and untouched, and I looked at it, thinking, "That is where Dave should be." But I knew I could not ask him to occupy it. Not now. Not yet.

I slipped out of bed and put on a robe and slippers, went out of the room and along the hall as silently as a ghost. Dave was asleep on the couch—deeply asleep, unmoving, the blanket pulled up crookedly around his shoulders. I could be glad that the couch was long and comfortable, glad he'd found some rest.

While I watched, his eyes opened. He saw me, and began to smile—but then memory returned, and his face darkened exactly as if a shadow had passed over it, a shadow that was followed in quick contrast by the sun-



I shut my mouth on a KLEENEX Tissue to give my lipstick that neat, natural look. These days it's a crime to stain a towel! (from a letter by D. B., Detroit, Mich.)



Regardless of what others do, We Kleenex people aim To maintain Kleenex quality And keep it just the same.



Working Girl's Friend!

How's a girl to work hard all day—then wash dozens of hankies during colds? (You know about laundries these days!) Thank heavens for Kleenex!

(from a letter by A. G., Indianapolis, Ind.)

Reduce Absenteeism — EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!



Authorities say that 1/2 of all work-time lost in war industries from illness is due to the common cold.

Drool Days!

Kleenex for bibs protects dresses from drools—saves laundry—gives mother more time for Red Cross!

(from a letter by E. A. H., Worthington, Minn.)



TELL ME ANOTHER says KLEENEX*

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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

I would not let myself think.

"I told you because I had to," he said tightly. "Because we've loved each other for eight years and in all that time there's never been anything about me you haven't known. I guess I was wrong—but somehow I still can't be sorry I told you. Not even," he added so low I could hardly hear, "not even if this is the finish."

The finish. Yes, I knew what he meant.

"I'll leave tomorrow morning," he said after a moment, "while Dickie's in school. I'd rather not have to pretend in front of him any more. You can tell him I left in a hurry for another out-of-town job—at least until we've decided what's the best thing to be done. I'll get a room in the city and let you know where I am. . ."

HE stopped, as if he'd run out of words, and out of energy to say them. Suddenly, I felt that he mustn't go—that if he left this house our last hope of being happy again would go.

"No, Dave—don't go!" I cried. "Stay a little while longer. Maybe—maybe we can still work this out. . ."

Then, briefly, I saw anger rise in him. "Stay!" he said with dreadful contempt. "You do want to see me squirm, don't you?" Almost at once he was hopeless again, dead in spirit. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that. But I can't stay. Living here with you, wanting things the way they used to be, knowing it's my fault they aren't—no, Laurie, I can't take it any more."

That was our last word. The rest of the evening was like all the other evenings since he'd come home. Or . . . no, not quite. There was that half-hour before Dickie went to bed which was different. Dave had said he didn't want to pretend in front of Dickie any more, but perhaps this last night he wanted to make that pretense convincing. They romped, they laughed, they raced through the house until Dickie was a breathless bundle of merriment.

With a pang of sorrow, I thought—"If this were a motion-picture, I suppose we'd stay together because we both love Dickie so much." But in real life, things didn't work out so conveniently. All the love in the world won't help a child if his parents aren't happy together. There was only one thing we could do for Dickie now, and I made a silent resolve to do it. If Dave and I were to live apart, I would see that Dickie spent as much time as possible with his father—no matter how lonely it made me.

Dickie's play-time came to an end, and tonight it marked the end of the evening too, because outside Dickie's closed door Dave said quietly, "I'm tired—I think I'll go to bed now if you don't mind." And I knew, or thought I knew, that this was his way of saying he had finished talking.

I went to bed, but not to sleep. This was the way things ended, then. Not with a violent quarrel, not in anger, but softly, wearily, like a clock running down. The tears came, and soaked into the pillow. They were tears for the loneliness I saw ahead, tears for the happiness we'd lost.

Finally I drifted into an exhausted half-sleep, in which I still seemed to be talking to Dave, going endlessly and fruitlessly over the same arguments. And then—it was blue dawn again, and I woke to the silence that

comes after the shutting of a door. I got out of bed and hurried into the living room, but before I entered it I knew what I would find—blankets folded neatly on the couch, the hall closet empty of the clothes Dave had been keeping there . . . a note propped up against a table lamp.

"Goodbyes are pretty awful, and I couldn't sleep, so I'll just write this to you and be on my way as soon as it's light. I've been thinking about Dickie, and I've decided it would be better if I didn't see him again. It's hell on a kid, especially one as sensitive as him, to have his affections yanked back and forth from one parent to the other. If we have to separate, that's our own business, but we can't make Dickie suffer for it, and he would if he spent part of his time with you and part with me. We might not mean to, but I know that as time went on we'd each start trying to keep him from caring too much for the other one—we'd be jealous, and begin fighting our own battle all over again, with him as the battle-ground.

"So I'm turning my share of him over to you, Laurie. He's still young enough so he'll take any explanation you decide to give him, and I know you will be able to make him happy and bring him up to be a man we'll both be proud of. You needn't worry about money—I want you to keep the house, and I'll arrange for you to get whatever you need. And if you decide you want a divorce, that will be okay with me, too. I guess I'll always love you, but if we can't make a go of it, we can't, and that's that."

I put the letter back on the table, gently. In the fireplace were shredded, black ashes that hadn't been there the day before, and they told me the story of how many times Dave had tried to write this, the most difficult letter of his life. I could see him, frowningly intent, writing a few words, crumpling the paper, trying again. And my heart broke with sorrow—a new kind of sorrow, a clean kind.

DAVE must not do this. Giving up Dickie was the greatest sacrifice he could make, because he adored Dickie, Dickie was his life. If he had been a libertine, a drunkard, a criminal—even then I would not have thought of asking him never to see his son again. I began to cry—I, who had thought the night before that I was shedding the last tear I possessed. But perhaps this was a special store of tears, a reservoir which couldn't be drawn on for myself, only for someone else. Last night I had wept solely for myself—my own unhappiness, my own sense of shame. Now I wept for Dave. I hungered for Dave's kiss, his arms to hold me. My tears—the tears I cried for him—had washed away in one healing flood the last trace of repulsion I felt for him.

Level sunlight came in at the window, and the clock said seven-thirty. I went to Dickie's room.

"Time to get up, Dickie," I said to the little round face under the tousled hair—and because I was so happy, because I had to say it at once, even though he was still half-asleep and probably wouldn't hear, I added, "Daddy had to go out on a job last night, so he won't be here for breakfast, but we'll call the office—shall we?—and ask them to tell him to be sure he's home in time for dinner!"

Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 49

suddenly, just a person I'd once known. It hadn't been Carl's kiss that had made him go away, I knew now. That had been happening for a long time.

I walked faster.

I'd once turned to Carl because he'd reminded me of Jim. Now he reminded me of no one but himself, and I could still feel his kiss, still hear him say 'you've filled my life.'

When I turned home again, hours later, only one thing was certain: I couldn't see Carl again until I knew better what was in my heart. It was too dangerous.

A messenger boy met me at my door, with a note. It read, simply: "Please send the rest of my things with this messenger, Avis." That was all.

So the break was final then. As I packed the rest of the lovely dresses, the filmy lingerie, I knew how much I'd counted on her coming back. She'd come in, gay and light-hearted as ever, and say, "I'm sorry. It was all a silly mistake. Let's pick up where we left off and forget it." Now she was gone for good, and I felt deserted.

THE next day I confronted Alec Holden in his private office. I'd waited until his patients were gone and his nurse out of earshot.

"It's none of my business," I blurted, "but I think I have a right to know. Are you in love with Avis?"

"Why, Connie." He gave a light, amused laugh that infuriated me. "I'm flattered at your interest. I thought you didn't like me any more."

"It's Avis I'm interested in. Look, Alec—if you really love her, then I'll admit I'm wrong and apologize from the bottom of my heart. But I've an idea you're just playing and I've come to beg you to consider what you're playing with. You know she's crazy about you. She's willing to give up Jack for you. And I can't bear to see her hurt."

"Your concern for Avis does you credit, my dear." His eyes were mocking. "I didn't know you were such good friends. In fact, from what she said, I'd gathered there had been a quarrel—"

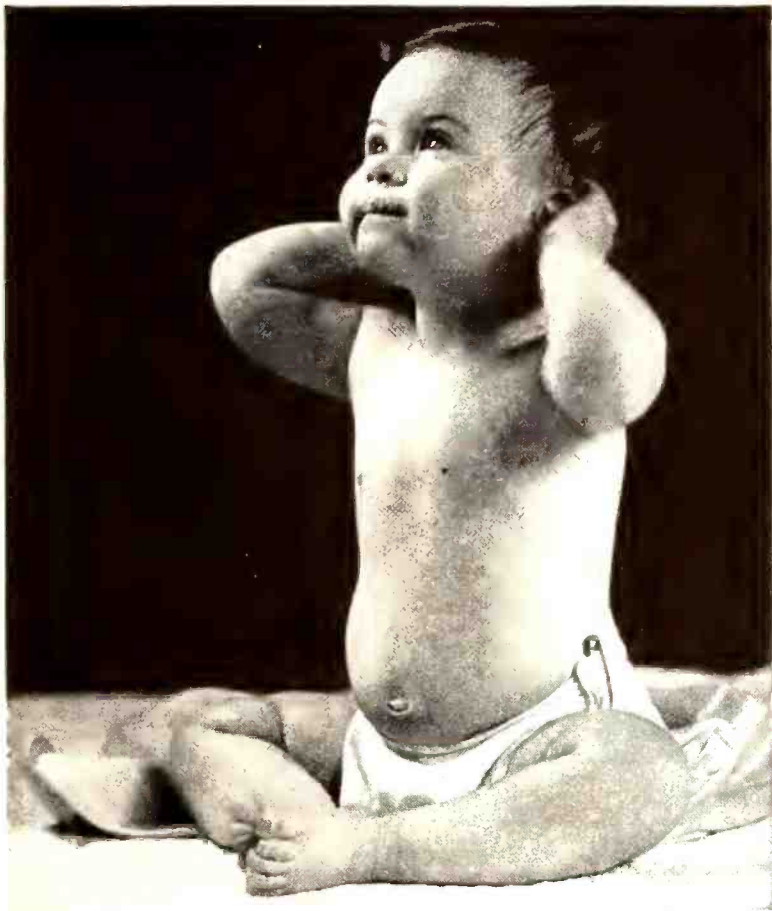
The blood heated my cheeks. So she'd told him we quarrelled because I was jealous! "Let's get this straight," I said furiously. "I think you're cheap and conceited and a chaser. But it was through me you met Avis and on account of me you saw her again. I feel responsible—"

He pushed back his chair and stood up. He was really angry. "And I feel you're making a meddling fool of yourself! What Avis and I do or feel is our affair, not yours. If she didn't make that clear to you last night, then I will now. Have I?"

I made myself stand perfectly still when I longed to strike out at that superior, self-assured face. "Yes, you have." I said quietly. "But please remember that if you hurt her, I'll make you regret it."

As I closed the door, tears of mortification stung my eyes. I'd made a mess of it. I'd come, out of some misguided attempt to help Avis. Instead, I'd done it all wrong. I'd made a fool of myself and an enemy of Alec Holden.

I hurried down the hall to Dr. Rudd's office. I was going to give up



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FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.
ESTABLISHED 1885



my job. I couldn't stay here any longer.

The old doctor looked tired and harassed. He was the senior physician in the suite of offices and, although all the doctors paid my salary, it was Dr. Rudd who had hired me five years ago. He had always seemed more counsellor and friend than boss.

"Leave?" He passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "I've got no right to try to change your mind, but we do need you desperately. We're all overworked as it is, and you'd be devilishly hard to replace. You've got tact and sympathy and—is it a question of more money, Connie?"

NO, Dr. Rudd. Not that I couldn't use it but—well, I'm not very happy these days and I thought a change of job might pick me up and sort of straighten things out for me."

"You young wives left alone. I know." And he looked at me with such wise understanding that I wondered just how much of the truth he did know. "When a person's lonely like you are now, he's like a patient with no resistance to disease. All sorts of things hit you—emotions, people, new experiences. I wonder if you've kept yourself busy enough?"

"Why yes," I said, half defensively. "I've this job and my apartment and the USO and—and—"

"You've kept your time occupied pretty well. But what about your spirit? Sometimes people rush around doing things just to fill up the emptiness in themselves instead of figuring out they've got to give, not get, to be happy. It's always seemed to me one of the troubles with the world is that everybody is so all-fired concerned

with his own grievances, his spirit just up and died on him . . . There, I didn't mean to get wound up and give a lecture." And he grinned heartwarming-ly, as if at himself. "Speaking of doing things, I've been meaning to ask you if you'd take a nurse's aide course at the hospital. We're terribly short of nurses, and you'd be really valuable."

"I—I don't think so, Dr. Rudd. I mean, I'm pretty busy—" I faltered guiltily. Was I one of the people who did things just to fill up the empty spaces? "I'll think it over," I hurried on, "and meantime, since you're so rushed at the office, I'll postpone leaving for a while, at least until you can get somebody else."

"Good! You won't be sorry." But I was. As I went home, I reproached myself angrily for my promise to stay on. It was all very well for Dr. Rudd to talk of things of the spirit. He wasn't a girl, alone, confused, and feeling—what did I feel?

All I knew was that I thought of Carl Haggard. I longed to be with him, and the fear he might soon be transferred—and out of my life—made that longing almost unendurable.

And Jim remained silent. The newspapers were full of the fighting in his war-theater, and the old fears were gnawing at me all the time, even when I thought of Carl. I avoided seeing Mom as much as possible. In our effort to avoid talking of our mutual anxiety, we only made the other more

nervous, more worried.

One night I was feeling especially dispirited, when Cissie came. She seemed subdued and I sensed, in the lackadaisical way she answered my questions, that she had something on her mind.

WHY haven't you been over lately?" she said finally. "Mom's quite hurt about it."

"Because I thought with all of us so anxious about Jim, my coming would just make it worse. You know how it would be: we'd sit there and try to make conversation, all the time knowing what the other was really thinking about—and yet not able to talk about that, either . . . But I don't like her being hurt. I'll call her up."

Her answer was almost too casual. "It wouldn't have anything to do with Carl Haggard? Would it?"

"With Carl?" I felt a stab of premonition. "What do you mean?"

"We-ell—I saw Dr. Holden on the street today and he invited me to have a soda and he asked me a lot of questions about you and Carl. The way he asked them, I got to thinking how Carl seemed to like all of us but he liked you the best. And a boy from camp told me he was in town one Sunday not long ago but he didn't call us up. And I just wondered if maybe he'd fallen in love with you and you were sort of embarrassed—or something." Then for the first time she looked directly at me, with the candid, demanding eyes of youth. "Has he?"

I felt myself blushing furiously, uncontrollably. I tried to say "Of course not!" and pass it off. But under that clear searching gaze, I couldn't. The

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memory of that Sunday was still too close. I could only look back at her helplessly, feeling everything reflected in my face.

"I see." She got up and her young mouth twisted bitterly. "It looks as if you liked his being in love with you, too! When I think," she cried accusingly, "of the way you two preached to Teddy and me about serving our country and being noble by not getting married yet, and all the time you were carrying on behind our backs—You ought to be ashamed! With Jim out there, maybe wounded or dead—"

"Cissie! It isn't that way at all. Listen to me—" But what could I say to make her understand?

I TRIED to stop her headlong rush to the door, but she was too quick. "I'm not going to tell Mom, if that's what you're worried about," she flung back.

Alec had planted his malicious seeds of gossip all too well. After all my struggle to play fair with everybody, all the battle I'd fought against longing for Carl, to be accused of 'carrying on' behind their backs—it was too much! Why struggle any longer? Why not, like Avis, take life as it came and let the chips fall where they would?

Before I went to bed that night, I wrote a long letter to Carl. I told him I wanted to see him Saturday if he could come.

Even when I saw him, I tried to be honest. "Don't misunderstand," I told him gently. "I still don't know—about you and me. I'm still all mixed up. But does that have to keep us from seeing each other? Can't we go on being friends as we used to be?"

I felt the granite-like hardness in

him that I'd come up against once before. "You mean I'm to be on probation, is that it? I can go on seeing you but I can't make love to you till you make up your mind?"

"Oh, don't," I cried. "It's not that black-and-white. You want me to say 'Yes' or 'No' right off, and I can't. But I seem to have lost all my friends lately and—I need you, Carl. I hoped our friendship meant enough to you so that you'd be willing to—to have it this way."

"All right," he said at last. "Half a loaf's better than none when a guy's starving. And that's what I've been doing—for you, Connie."

So we had our half a loaf. It was a dangerous game, I knew, but by now I was reckless of danger. I gave up my job at the USO so that Saturday evenings would be free, and every minute Carl could manage to get away we spent together. We danced. We talked. We laughed. Over it all hung the thought he might be transferred any day, and that quickened each hour together into a new awareness of each other.

I put him off when he tried to talk seriously of the future. And I evaded all but the most fleeting caresses. Sometimes he was angry or hurt but I could always talk him out of it. And for myself, I no longer tried to think. I was beyond that now, taking each day as it came.

Until the one that I won't ever forget, as long as I live.

I'd come hurrying home, late from work, to dress for a date with Carl. When I unlocked the door, my rush was checked as if by invisible wires.

Avis Brooks was sitting on the couch.

She tried to smile, and it was like a pale imitation of her old one. "I still had my key so—I just walked in. Do you mind?"

"I'm so glad," I said sincerely. "I—I've wanted to see you."

"I know. I've been a fool and I came to tell you so." She shifted so that the light fell on her face, and I was shocked at the change in it. The white skin that had been so lustrous was drawn tightly, and there were dark smudges under her eyes. And in them was an expression I'd seen sometimes in patients—hysteria, tightly held in check. "I was afraid you'd never speak to me again, after the way I acted, but—oh, Connie, I need your forgiveness now. I'm in trouble—"

She put out her hand in a groping gesture, and I hurried to her. "Don't talk about forgiveness. All that's over with now," I consoled. "Tell me what the trouble is."

YOU'RE being wonderful, Con . . . I don't deserve it. Maybe you won't feel this way when you know. It's—Alec."

"What about Alec?" I asked sharply.

"I—I think he's trying to get out of marrying me. I mean, he knows I've asked Jack for a divorce on account of him and now—well, he won't commit himself to anything definite. He acts—" Avis' lips quivered—"as if he didn't love me any more."

Mentally, I killed Alec Holden several times over. There was no satisfaction in the fact he'd behaved as I thought he would. "Forget Alec, honey. He's not worth shedding a single tear over. You don't really love him, and if you and Jack—"

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GIRLS IN COLLEGE USE JERGENS LOTION, NEARLY 4 TO 1. Yes, nearly 4 times as many of the smart college girls use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care.



FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Something in her bleak eyes stopped me. "It's not that simple," she said slowly. "You see—I'm going to have a baby."

The blood seemed to drain from my body, leaving me icy cold. I stared at her, the words sounding over and over in the silence. Avis turned from me and beat her clenched fists against her knee, in mute, despairing protest more eloquent than any words. "Oh God," she moaned. "Oh God."

"Does he know?"

She nodded. "You see, he couldn't marry me now anyway—I'm only half divorced. But that's not the worst of it. I don't think he wants to marry me—ever. He's promised to look after me till the baby's born—I could go away somewhere—but then—Oh, Connie, I've tried to talk to him a thousand times about our future. He just dodges. You've got to help me!"

"Anything, Avis. But what can I do?"

"Help me make him realize. If someone like you knows, then he'll have to listen, he'll see he can't just drop me—" There was a rising note of hysteria in her voice now, and her eyes were overbright. "I told him to come here for me tonight. When he comes, you've got to talk to him—there's no one else I can turn to and I'm desperate. . . . Sometimes I think I—I could kill myself!"

I CHAFED her cold hands, thinking frantically. "Of course I will." But what could I say? What could I do? Alec Holden hated me and I was the last person he'd listen to—if he could be made to listen to anybody.

The doorbell rang, and Avis started violently.

"It's probably Carl," I said.

"Don't let him in! I can't see anybody now—can't you tell him to come back later?"

"Hush, dear. I'll fix it."

I slipped out into the hall and closed the door after me. "What's the matter—" Carl began.

"It's Avis Brooks," I whispered. "She's in terrible trouble and I've got to help her. Could you go and wait for me somewhere—just for a little while?" I put my hand on his arm. "I wouldn't ask you, Carl, but it's really important . . ."

"I can wait in the drugstore on the corner," he said slowly. "But—are you sure I can't do anything?"

"I'm afraid nobody can . . . I'll come as soon as possible."

I went back to Avis and as we waited for Alec, I tried to quiet her.

When Alec came, he lacked his usual self-assurance. He looked suspicious and uneasy, but he tried to pass it off. "Well, this is like old times," he said with an attempt at lightness. "I'm glad you girls have made up. Ready to go, Avis?"

"Not just yet." She was trying hard to steady the tremor in her voice and I found myself praying O, Lord, don't let her cry. Let her be poised and sure like she used to be. "I asked you to meet me here because I want to talk to you—about our future."

He looked quickly from her to me and back again. "This is hardly the time or place for that, my dear," he said, and I knew he was angry.

WAR BONDS

Speak Louder Than Words

"There never is a time or place for you, is there?" Avis cried. "Well, you're going to listen now and you're going to answer me! What about after my baby comes—are we going to get married or not? *I've got to know—*" The words broke shrilly.

"Really, Avis! You still *are* married. And I can't see what conceivable interest Connie can have in this ridiculous scene—"

"I'm Avis' friend," I broke in. "I'm not going to stand by and see her life wrecked. She's given up everything for you, and it's only fair to know what you intend to do about it!"

Alec's face was white with rage. "This is as nice a little frame-up as I've ever seen. But you needn't think you're going to high-pressure me into anything—"

Avis' scream cut him off.

It was a paralyzing sound—a scream of pain, of terror, of desperation. It froze me where I stood and in that one second, like in a crazy nightmare, I saw her rushing toward the open window. Under her frenzied blow, the half-screen gave way. I can still hear the sharp clatter of it as it hit the street, three stories below, and still see, simultaneously, Avis' knee on the sill and her wild, distraught face.

Alec and I moved at the same time.

She struggled against us savagely for a moment. "Let me alone . . . let me do it . . . I want to die . . ." And then, suddenly, she collapsed, an inert heap in Alec's arms.

HE carried her to the couch. Sweat glistened on his face and he was trembling, but his hands were sure and professional as he bent over her. In a moment, he straightened.

"Please get her coat. I'm going to take her to the hospital."

She gave a little groan as we wrapped her in the coat. "Let me come," I said. "When she comes to—"

"It's better not," he said quietly. "I'll call you—later."

I watched him carry that still unconscious figure down the stairs, and it was like seeing people in a dream.

I found I was so weak I couldn't stand. I sank down on the couch.

It was as if an explosion had rocked my world. It swept the foundations from under my feet, and I knew suddenly how precarious those foundations had been. For I knew with awful clarity that Avis, in her own tragedy, had somehow held the mirror up to me; in the exaggerated, distorted reflection, I saw the image of my own life as it might be, as it could be. Unchecked emotions, "living for the moment," had driven her as far as she had come tonight. How far would I be driven?

Suddenly, I wanted Jim.

The things that had obscured him had been shattered, too, leaving only him. I reached out to him—and he was there. No longer a vague figure in the background of memory, but alive and real and my own.

I looked up. Unheard, Carl was standing there. I had forgotten him.

"What on earth—" he demanded. I stared at him dazedly. "I got worried waiting for you and started back up here. Just as I was crossing the street, I heard a woman scream—and the next minute something fell from your window and it looked like somebody



— a Kiss he'll dream of if your Face is Smooth as Satin



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CUTEX

OILY CUTICLE REMOVER

was trying to jump. When I got to the downstairs door, Alec Holden came tearing out carrying Avis. I yelled to him but he didn't hear—"

"Avis," I said quietly, "just tried to kill herself."

I told him the whole story then, from the beginning, and he heard me through with shock and anger.

"Holden ought to be horsewhipped," he said grimly. "And I'd like to be the guy who does it. He ought to be made to pay—"

"I think he is paying—some, anyway. I saw his face when he realized what she was trying to do.

"You must have gone through plenty yourself." He looked at me anxiously. "How do you feel, darling? Are you all right?"

"Yes. I haven't been so all right in a long time." And then, as gently as I could, I told him what I felt. I told him there was only Jim, for me. "It's as if poor Avis had shown me how far away I'd gotten from my real self. And so," I finished, "Under the circumstances, it would be better if we didn't see so much of each other."

HE stared at me, and for a moment I thought he was going to laugh. Then he shook his head incredulously. "I wouldn't have believed it. Do you actually think you can keep me dangling around for weeks and then just say, 'Run along now, little boy—I've changed my mind?' Do you honestly think you can get away with that?"

"But Carl—" I felt bewildered. "You knew I wasn't sure. It was with that understanding—"

"You knew I was in love with you. And you whistled me back, when you needed me. Just because you got lonely and things went badly for you, you let me keep on seeing you, giving me hope. By God, you've used me as much as Holden did Avis—a filler-in for your own unhappiness."

"I didn't! I told you frankly—" Again he cut me off. "Maybe you can jerk some people around like a doll on a string. But not me. You're not going to get away with it."

I pressed my fingers against my aching temples. This was fantastic! Then I took a deep breath. "I'm sorry," I said quietly, "if you've misunderstood and if I've hurt you. But let's not quarrel now. You'll be leaving Camp Jackson soon and we probably won't see each other again for a long, long time. Can't we part with fine memories of each other instead of bitterness? I can't bear for you to remember me with—with hate."

This time he did laugh—shortly, bitterly. "That's what I was going to tell you tonight. I'm not leaving Jackson. I'm staying on indefinitely to help with new troops—I got the orders today. Oh, no, Connie, you're not rid of me as easily as that. I want you—and I'm going to have you."

And for the first time I sensed an implacable will beneath that quiet strength, a granite hardness in that determination. For the first time I felt afraid of Carl Haggard.

Connie, sick with despair, realizes that her mistake, of its kind, is as great as Avis'. Can she rescue her love for Jim from this tragic mix-up? Read the thrilling final instalment of "Soldier's Wife" in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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Introducing



PAUL LAVALLE

TWO years ago, Arturo Toscanini was in dire need of a capable saxophonist who could play a difficult solo passage. The maestro, whose memory is legend, had heard such a saxist a few weeks previously on a radio program, so he sent out a call for Paul Lavallo—then a studio musician. Lavallo, slight of stature, with dark curly hair and a friendly smile, played with such ease and skill that the bravos still lingered after he had hurriedly left the studio to play on another program which featured hot jazz! A year later, Toscanini again sent for him to do a repeat performance.

Paul Lavallo didn't want to be a musician. His ambitions were directed toward the field of law. But surrounded by a musical family, it seemed predestined that he should fall in step.

Born in Beacon, New York, on September 6, 1910, Paul became acquainted with music through his older brother, who had his own band. He was only eleven at the time. At thirteen, Paul organized his own eight-piece band for school functions and small parties. At this time, he still had the fever for law and enrolled for a course at Columbia University. While there, he tried for a scholarship which was being offered by the noted Juilliard School of Music. He won the scholarship, which changed his entire future. Then followed jobs in Havana, which gave him the opportunity to study Cuban music, which resulted in his composition, "Symphonic Rhumba." Then he played with many noted orchestras. He devoted his spare time to studying composition, conducting and arranging. A few years later, confident of his ability, Lavallo approached Dr. Frank Black, conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and asked to be allowed to conduct his own program. Black agreed and Lavallo was an immediate success.

Since that time Paul Lavallo's contributions to modern music have been many. For example, his Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, heard Sundays over the Blue Network, has nine woodwinds, with Paul himself playing the clarinet. Then he has his own concerts on Saturday, Fantasy in Melody, over the Blue Network. He also manages to put in some time at a local war plant.

When Dinah Shore, the popular radio songstress, made her debut on her own commercial series, she chose Paul Lavallo and his woodwind unit for her background. When she left for Hollywood, she asked that he come along. However, other program commitments made the trip impossible for Paul. When Dinah returns to New York, it's understood that he will again resume as her musical director.



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OVERHEARD

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

WATERMELON FOR CHRISTMAS

There is a method of preserving a whole watermelon—I've been told it really works—which I am going to try this fall. You simply put paraffin on the stem and wax the whole melon . . . and you can have watermelon at Christmas-time!—Nancy Craig, The Woman of Tomorrow, Blue Network.

TO TEST YOUR MAGIC

When you're laundering curtains, don't iron the run for the rod. You will find it easier to insert the rod and make the curtains hang straight.—Isabel Manning Hewson's Morning Market Basket, Blue Network.

TEACHING CHILDREN TOLERANCE

To prevent development of prejudice, I know a mother who makes a habit of taking her two children into the various foreign quarters of New York City. They hear different languages, eat different food, talk to the waiter and gain a little feeling for another people. In our own home we follow the custom of inviting people of different races and creeds to visit us. The children then have the opportunity for a positive and

pleasant association with people they might otherwise fear and distrust. Instead of lecturing them on tolerance we try to give them the opportunity to express it.—Dr. Ernest G. Osborne, Teachers College.

FOR REVENGE IN THE SPRING

I finally stopped the rabbits from invading my garden—and eating up rows of beans, peas and cabbage—by treating the pilferers to a dose of Epsom Salts. I made a solution of a half a cupful to a gallon of water, and sprinkled that on the plants.—Chuck Worcester, Garden Gate Program, CBS.

WHAT WILL THEY THINK UP NEXT?

Scrambling an egg without removing it from the shell is an achievement recently patented. A needle with two flat metal springs is inserted through the shell, the springs spread, and rotation does the scrambling.—Adventures In Science, CBS.

WHIPPING UNWHIPPABLE CREAM

Sprinkle one teaspoon gelatine over 4 teaspoonfuls of cold water and let stand for a few minutes. Use one cup

of light cream. Take 3 tablespoons out to scald . . . add to the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add the remainder of the cup of cream, mix well and chill in the refrigerator for 2½ hours or longer. If possible, chill in the bowl to be used for whipping. Beat with rotary egg beater for 4 or 5 minutes.—Mystery Chef, Blue Network.

WORTH KNOWING

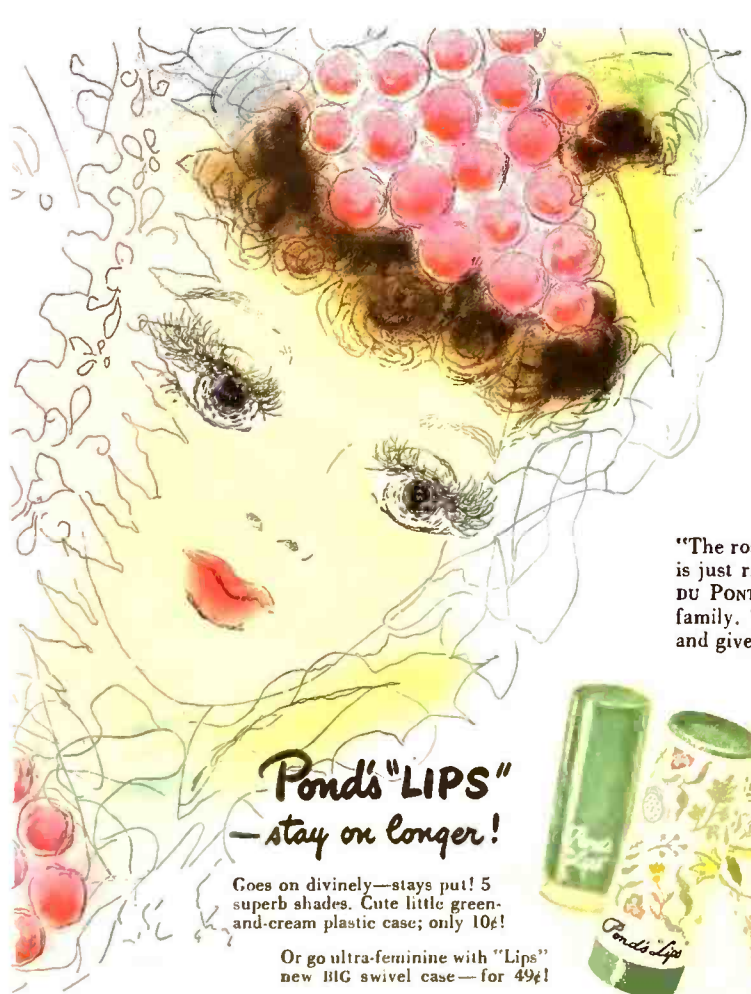
A little lemon juice squeezed over avocados after they are once cut, will prevent their turning dark.—Isabel Manning Hewson, The Blue Network.

SAVE TIME

Instead of cutting baking power biscuits in rounds, cut them in squares—new shape and saves time in handling the dough.—The Morning Market Basket, The Blue Network.

BREAKING 'EM IN

If you're trying out new shoes at home to make sure they're comfortable, slip a pair of men's socks over them. This way, you can walk about in them.—The Morning Market Basket, The Blue Network.



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49¢
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To Dream with Courage

Continued from page 35

keep pulling it back. Once he thought her hand was about to move to meet his; but it didn't, it stayed still in her lap. "If she would only speak," he thought.

"You're young," Mr. Blackburn was saying, "and you have God-given voices, both of you. No telling what may lie ahead for you—if you'll only be sensible and not throw everything overboard because of this—this—infatuation!"

Walter stepped back from the car. "Goodnight Nadine," he said. "Goodnight sir . . ."

He hesitated. "You may count upon me doing whatever you and Nadine wish. I'd like to straighten you out on one score, however. The feeling I have for Nadine is not infatuation. It's much better and finer than that, sir. It's love, true and deep . . ."

Walter's steps sounded on the flagged walk. He disappeared through the lighted doorway. Mr. Blackburn stepped on the starter. The engine throbbed. "Tell you what, Nadine," he said, "I'll talk to your mother about getting you a car of your own for Christmas—tell her I'm in favor of it . . . That's what you want, isn't it?" Nadine strangled back a sob.

ONE o'clock that night when Walter let himself into his house the telephone was ringing. He sprang to answer it before his aunt and uncle, asleep upstairs, awoke. Hope welled quickly in his heart. But his mind, remembering the hurt he had known earlier that evening when Nadine had remained

silent, urged him to caution.

Nadine's voice came over the wire. "Walter . . . I had to call you . . . I love you . . . I always will, Walter. Come past church after Young People's meeting tomorrow," she whispered. "I have to go now, Walter . . . Someone might hear me . . ."

He was driving through the streets of Dundee the next day waiting until Young People's meeting would be out when he met the Blackburns. They honked at him to clear the center of the road where he was ambling along at a low speed. However, abreast of him, recognizing him, they smiled pleasantly and called "Hello Walter . . ."

He felt guilty because he was about to meet Nadine without their consent.

When he reached the church he saw a boy he and Nadine knew. "I want you to do something for me," he told him. "I want you to drive Nadine out to that real-estate development outside the town. I'll be waiting there." He was apprehensive now about waiting at the church lest the Blackburns come by and see him.

Half an hour later when Nadine pulled up in that boy's car and, thanking him over her shoulder and flew to Walter, he thought his heart must burst with joy and pride.

"I promised Dad nothing," she began at once. "He did frighten me into a kind of numbness temporarily though—and you misunderstood—I know . . ."

She clung to him. "Never leave me again . . ." She rested her head on his shoulder.

"You'll never be sorry," he prom-

ised. He sounded as completely solid as her father first had said he was.

They planned to telephone their families from Logan, Iowa, the nearest county seat where a license could be secured. But, increasingly alarmed that they might be overtaken before they established legal right to each other, they stopped at an intermediate town to call their homes. "We just got married," they lied, one after the other.

"I'll have it annulled," Mr. Blackburn stormed.

Walter's uncle was more philosophical. "If it must be it must be."

IN their hearts, Nadine and Walter were married then. The ceremony—when the venerable justice of the peace opened his parlor for business and marshaled in his wife and four children for witnesses, when they lied about their ages, when Walter slipped the white gold wedding ring he had bought, with the few dollars he had left after buying gas for the trip home—was for them a mere formality. They needed no ritual to unite them.

Family pride on the part of Walter's uncle proved their salvation. He told them not to worry about their marriage being annulled, that Mr. Blackburn would achieve this only over his dead body. And he gave Walter a job in his sign shop. "I can't pay you much," he said, "but added to what you can earn with your trumpet you can manage . . ."

They managed beautifully. It didn't matter they had to count pennies, more carefully than ever after John Walter

I was petrified!



From across the room his eyes flashed a dare I could not accept! My heart responded! But I ran away. He must not see that dandruff kept me from being lovable. That was two months ago, before a beauty operator advised me to use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo each week. I discovered that beauty operators depend on the Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application. They know that Fitch Shampoo reconditions dry, oily and normal hair, because it penetrates and cleanses the tiny hair openings. If you're worried about dull lifeless hair, and humiliated by dandruff, ask for a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your favorite toilet goods counter, as I did. And I hope you have as good luck as I did—we're being married next month.

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GOODBYE DANDRUFF

1. This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.
2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.
3. Microphoto shows hair shampooed with ordinary soap and rinsed twice. Note dandruff and curd deposit left by soap to mar natural luster of hair.
4. Microphoto after Fitch Shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.



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See these
nice, soft
hands?

*Fighting the War
in the kitchen
sink!*

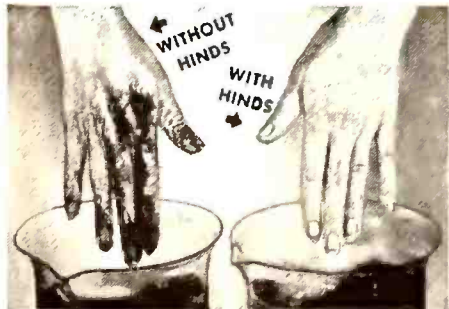
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against grime
and chapping.
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PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did *not* use Hinds before dipping into dirty oil. Grime still clings to it, even after soapy-water washing. Hand at right



used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But see how clean it washes up. Whiter-looking!

BEFORE WORK—smooth on Hinds hand lotion to help protect your hands against drying effects of rough work, soapy water, and ground-in grime.

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HINDS for HANDS

at home
and in
factory!

Junior arrived. Joy, trouble, weariness—whatever happened to them—brought them closer.

It took the depression to uproot them. "I'll have to let you go," Walter's uncle told him. Instead of new signs going up old signs were coming down. The flour mills, however, continued to prosper. And Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, convinced by John Walter Junior among other things, that Walter and Nadine had known what they were about when they had defied them, urged Walter to bring his family to their big house on the hill and go to work in the mills.

When Nadine and Walter had been with the Blackburns several months Walter found Nadine giggling in their room. "Just heard Dad boasting to our dinner guests about you," she said. "He's forgotten he ever tried to separate us, ever threatened to have our blessed state of matrimony annulled."

He took her within his arms and her arms flew around his neck.

"You've never been sorry?"

"I've never been sorry . . . What's more I never expect to be—even when you go to New York and I stay behind. That's not going to be fun at all. But we've got to do it. You must have your chance to sing—and be heard by the right people so . . ."

"The baby who's on the way will postpone that expedition for a year or two," he told her.

She wiggled out of his arms and looked at him squarely. "Nothing is going to postpone that expedition," she insisted. "If only it didn't cost so much to travel!"

"When the time comes," he said, "I know a way I can get to New York free. A fellow down at the freight yards has been telling me how I can travel as a chaperon to steers . . ."

"In cattle cars!" Her voice rose in horror.

"What difference," he asked, "as long as I get there?"

LATE on a December night about a year later, Walter went away. Nadine drove him down to the freight yards.

Whether or not their families approved of their enterprise, they didn't know. They suspected there were reservations. Everyone, however, had been too stunned by the last minute announcement to demur.

"Goodbye," Walter told Nadine. "I'll be seeing you—in New York."

The stars were bright in the winter sky. The cattle cars were dark silhouettes on the siding.

Not once did he turn around. They had planned it all before. His only luggage was a brief case of music. The one hundred dollars he had to keep him until he could make his voice heard in the great city, he carried for safe keeping in his shoe.

Nine months Nadine worked and waited for Walter to send for her and the children. But when it was over it wasn't too long. For always she had her dreams of the days ahead . . . when she would sit in a red velvet chair in the Metropolitan Opera House listening to Walter sing . . . when they would settle comfortably in a big house in the country and Walter would commute to the city to star on his radio show, *Calling America*, heard over CBS, Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M. EWT. . . . when there would be another baby and, if it were a girl, they would call her Nancy . . .

And like all good dreams dreamed with courage, her dreams came true.

I Take Thee

Continued from page 25

before he asked her to marry him. She told me she did."

"She's forgotten all about Tommy Lester?"

"I'm sure she has," I said. "I don't think they even write to each other any more."

Dad stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "I expect you're right," he said finally, almost in relief. "I just thought I'd mention it."

I looked at him with loving pity. Poor Dad!—he felt that he should take more interest in his daughters' lives, but they weren't real to him. Nothing was real to him except memory, the past.

We went upstairs arm in arm, and at the door to my room he kissed me goodnight.

The hours raced by, swallowing up Sunday, Sunday night, Monday morning. At noon Monday the telephone rang, and when I answered it I heard Jim chuckle with relief.

"I'm glad it's you," he said. "I need your advice. I want to get Diana a—well, a sort of combined birthday and wedding present. Any suggestions as to what she'd like?"

"Why—I don't know," I said. "Let me think a minute."

"Something really nice—suitable to the occasion." He laughed.

It came to me then—the one thing that Diana would like more than anything else. "A ring," I said, "a diamond ring, Jim. That wouldn't be too expensive, would it?"

"It's perfect," he agreed enthusiastically. "I was a fool not to think of it myself—but this is the first time I've ever been engaged, lady! Just one more favor—would you help me pick one out? I could get away for about an hour this afternoon and meet you in town."

"Of course," I said, although I was in the midst of ironing curtains. "I'd love to."

"About two, then, at—Where's the best place?"

"Herz's, I guess."

"Meet you there," he promised, and rang off in a hurry.

I went back to my work, but somehow I hardly saw the white curtains as the hot iron slid over them. It was fun, having a wedding in the family, planning and preparing. For seven years I had schooled myself not to feel emotions—to accept life as it was, without pleasure or pain, to do what had to be done quickly and well, without fuss. But today I felt a singing joy bubbling up inside me I didn't know why, I only knew it was there.

Up in my own room, I looked discontentedly at the row of clothes hanging in the closet. For the first time, they seemed dull, mousy. A trip to help Jim buy an engagement-birthday-wedding present for Diana deserved something bright and festive—something, in short, that I didn't have. Finally I selected my blue plaid suit. It was tailored and severe, but it was the best I possessed.

Jim was already in front of the jewelry store when I got off the bus.

"I guess I'm an awful coward," he said, "but it scares me to death to think of picking out a diamond ring by myself. It's swell of you to help me out."

"Do you think I'd miss the chance?"

I laughed as we entered the store.

"What woman would?"



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Only \$1.69

A middle-aged clerk showed us rings against a black-velvet pad. Stones in plain gold Tiffany settings, old-fashioned and quaint; square, sophisticated diamonds in platinum; one huge one set off with lozenge-shaped rubies.

I heard myself exclaiming softly over each new delight the clerk brought out, I felt reverence in my fingers when they held the tiny, exquisite things—and part of me stood aside in amazement. Was this Jane Dillon—quiet, self-contained Jane—going into raptures over a tray-full of expensive baubles? It was really rather silly, considering that no one would ever buy one of them for me!

"I can't decide," Jim said when we'd narrowed the field down to two possibilities—one plain gold ring with a medium-sized, brilliantly white stone, the other a diamond and tiny pearls in a more elaborate setting. "Which do you think?"

Involuntarily, my finger went to touch the plainer ring. If I had stopped to think, I would have known Diana would prefer the other, but the one I chose was so pure, so perfect, I couldn't resist.

"Try it on!" Jim urged. "Just to see how it looks. Here!" He picked it up, and before I could protest he had slipped it onto the third finger of my left hand.

The world seemed to stop turning. I stood there, looking down at the ring, seeing its cold fire, feeling his fingers against mine, and I knew I was in love. It should have been me he was giving this ring to, with all the love it symbolized.

THIS was the reason for my tremulous anticipation while I dressed to meet him—the reason for the way I had yearned over the rings on the counter! I had been in love and—poor innocent, untaught fool—I hadn't even known it until the chance touch of his hand awakened me.

I wanted to raise my eyes and let him see in them what I was feeling—let him be shocked, as I was, by the terror of that knowledge. But I heard the clerk's voice, coming from far away:

"It fits the young lady perfectly." And the spell was broken and I knew Jim mustn't be allowed to know. Through stiff lips I said, "Oh, it's— it's not for me. It's for my sister."

"Let's take it, then," Jim said briskly—why, he was the same as a moment ago, he didn't know that the heavens had shivered and cracked and the earth turned to ash! He held out his hand for the ring, and woodenly I took it off and dropped it into his palm.

We waited for the clerk to put the ring into a box, and Jim said, "I'll give it to her tonight. She doesn't suspect anything?"

"No," I said. "She—she wasn't even in the house when you telephoned. One of her friends was giving a luncheon for her."

"While you were home working, I'll bet," he said mockingly. "Has it ever occurred to you how much you pamper your little sister?—Very poor training for the future bride of a second lieutenant who's just spent practically his life savings."

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I made myself speak lightly. "She'll learn to do things for herself. It's surprising how much you learn if you have to." Oh, yes. You learn to pull on your gloves, and to look casually around you, and to do everything to hide the fact that inside you're shaking with despair.

The clerk came back and gave Jim the box. Then we were outside, and Jim said, "I still have a few minutes before I'm due at camp. How about a soda or a cup of tea?"

"No, I—I've got to hurry home. There's so much to do." Why did I say that, when all I wanted was to sit across a table from him?

"All right, then. I'll see you at the house tonight." And flicking the brim of his cap with his finger-tips, giving me a quick smile, he was gone.

But I knew that I'd make it my business to be out when he came, bringing Diana her ring.

It was funny, funny, funny. Laugh, Jane, laugh until the tears roll down your cheeks! You wanted to find a husband for Diana, a husband exactly like Jim Miles, and one came along and you did everything you could to get him engaged and married to her in a hurry. You edged him into a proposal, and thought you were so clever when you did it. But now you're in love with him yourself. You, who were so sure you weren't interested in loving or being loved—you, so reserved and efficient. It is funny, isn't it? Then why don't you laugh?

WEDNESDAY afternoon at three o'clock — day after tomorrow — forty-eight hours. Thank heaven it was such a short time. For that long, at least, I could hide what I was feeling. I could go about, keeping busy, making everyone think I was the old Jane, and then, after the ceremony, it would be all over. Nothing would matter any more. They'd be married, and they'd go away, and the thing would be finished, over and done with.

Until then, don't let anyone guess, don't let anyone know.

I made an excuse to go out that evening, and didn't come home until late.

Tuesday morning, Diana showed me her ring—holding her hand out, turning it a little so the light caught and was flung back like sparks. "It's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" she sang. "I've always wanted one, and now I have it!"

I made myself smile, agree, admire, but I was glad when I could say, "Better get down to the beauty parlor, Diana. The appointment's for ten o'clock, you know."

Arrangements, telephone calls, deliveries—the day was mercifully full. But that evening, after supper, it was suddenly empty. Everything had been done, every detail had been thought of. There was nothing left but to sit in the living room, wishing I had neglected one task. Diana too was at loose ends. Jim had managed to arrange for a three-day furlough, but tonight he was busy with last-minute work at camp, and wouldn't be around to see her. She drifted about, picking up a magazine and dropping it again, inspecting her already-perfect nails, making inconsequential remarks, until I wanted to scream at her.

When the telephone rang, she rushed into the hall to answer it. If I'd tried



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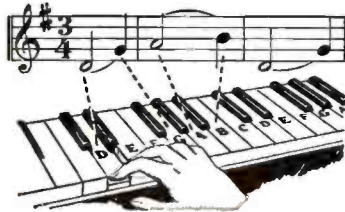
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to listen, I suppose I would have heard her end of the conversation. But I was tired, and I had my own thoughts, and all day long Diana's friends had been calling up for endless discussions of the wedding. I leaned back, hearing nothing but a low murmur until Diana called in to me, "I'm going down to the Candy Kitchen for a little while, Jane—be back in an hour or so."

"All right," I called back. "Was that Jim?"

For answer, there was only a mumble, cut short by the slam of the door. But it probably had been Jim, I thought.

It was no good torturing myself with thoughts of Jim holding Diana in his arms, kissing her lips—but I did it. It was no good wishing that I hadn't gone with him to select the ring, because then I might not have realized I loved him so terribly—but I did that too. And finally the silent, familiar room became intolerable to me. I went upstairs, leaving only the hall light burning for Diana, undressed quickly, and got into bed.

Almost at once, I was unconscious, completely exhausted.

I awoke with a start. Sun was streaming in at the window, and the hour hand of my bedside clock stood at eight. I went quickly downstairs and into the kitchen. After I'd made some toast and coffee for myself, I began to wash the dishes. Oh, it was good to be busy! Good to know that soon flowers would arrive, to be arranged in vases, that the punch must be made, and—

THE doorbell over my head buzzed sharply, and I ran to answer it, drying my hands on the dish-towel. Through the curtain on the front door I caught a glimpse of broad shoulders, the glint of brass buttons. What was Jim doing here so early?

It wasn't Jim. It was Tommy Lester.

It was Tommy Lester, but I hardly recognized him at first. He was so much bigger, and so very much older. The school-boy slouch had given way to a poised, erect carriage, and the lips that I'd been used to seeing curled into a crooked grin were firm and straight. But I didn't have time to get more than a vague impression of all this before I realized what his coming meant—realized that he mustn't see Diana.

"Hello, Jane," he said quietly. "Are you very busy? I'd like to talk to you a few minutes."

"Diana's asleep," I blurted out. "And she's going to be married today."

"I know," he said. "I saw her last night, and she told me."

"You—" So it was Tommy who had called last night—Tommy, Diana had rushed out to meet!

Politely but firmly, he walked past me into the hall. "I want to find out what kind of a fellow this Jim Miles is, that's all. I didn't come here to make any trouble. But I want to know if he'll make her happy."

"Why, of course, he's— They're in love with each other. They—" Standing there, feeling Tommy's intent gaze upon me, I was all at once uncomfortable, unable to talk sensibly. He was—he was like a judge. A young,

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stern judge. And that was foolish, because what did he have to judge me for?

He made a slight, impatient gesture. "You don't seem to understand, Jane. I came home on leave thinking that maybe this time Diana and I could be married. I've worked hard, the last year. I know we were pretty young, before—but in the Army, a fellow grows up fast, especially if he wants to. So I figured maybe you'd see me—see how much I'd changed—and wouldn't object so much to letting Diana marry me. And then—" His voice broke a little, reminding me that he still was very young, very vulnerable to suffering. "And then I got into town and the first thing I found out was that Diana was going to marry somebody else."

I groped for words, but there was so little I could say. "I'm sorry, Tommy. It's been a whole year, as you say, and Diana—Diana's changed too, you know."

"I'm not arguing about that," he said, with pathetic dignity. "I told you I wasn't here to make any trouble. I just want to be sure he's—he's all right."

"He's very much all right, Tommy," I said gently. "He's . . . fine."

TOMMY'S shoulders lost, suddenly, some of their squareness. "Okay," he said. "If you say so—I know you've always done your best for Diana." For just an instant, I saw the tousle-headed, bright-eyed boy who had squired Diana to her high-school dances. Then he was the soldier again. "Goodbye," he said. "Thanks." He turned quickly and went out the door.

"You've always done your best for Diana." The words rang in my ears as I closed the door behind him. He was right, I had—I had.

"Jane—" I whirled. Diana stood on the stairs above me, her face pale in the dim light. She came down a few steps, and I saw in amazement that she was fully dressed, and in the same clothes she had worn the night before.

"That was Tommy," she said before I'd had a chance to recover. And then she seemed to trip—she came down the rest of the steps in a rush and collapsed in a crumpled, sobbing heap at my feet.

"Jane—I can't—now that I've seen Tommy again, I can't—can't marry Jim. I don't love him. I love Tommy—I always will. Oh, Jane, I'm so unhappy! I wish I were dead! I've sat up in my room all night, thinking things over, and I know I—I love Tommy."

Tears choked her, and she pounded with clenched fists on the shabby carpeting of the stairs. I bent down, trying to comfort her, but even as I touched her shoulders I knew I could do nothing. Once I could have found the right words, the sensible words—once I could have been brisk and cool and matter-of-fact. But today I was weak too. All my strength had been left behind me somewhere—perhaps in the jewelry store where Jim had slipped Diana's ring onto my finger.

I stammered, "Diana—dear—you mustn't. It's too bad Tommy had to come home just now, but if he hadn't you'd never have thought of him—"

Diana twisted herself around, con-

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vulsively, to face me. Her eyes were blazing.

"Don't talk to me!" she shrieked. "It's your fault all this has happened! If you'd let Tommy and me be married when we wanted to we'd be happy now!"

"You were too young!" I defended myself—I, who had never found it necessary to defend myself before. "Tommy admitted that himself, just now. He said he knew I'd always done my best for you."

"Your best!" she flung at me. "Your best! It's always been you, you, you. You decided I shouldn't marry Tommy, you decided it would be a good idea for me to marry Jim. Oh, I know I'm silly, sometimes, and impulsive—I think I want one thing one day, and the next I want something else. I ought to know it—you've done enough to teach me that's the sort of person I am. But I'm me! If I want to make a mistake, I have a right to! I've got a life—but you've never let me live it!"

I fell back, stricken by the accusation in her eyes. She, too, was a judge now. Like Tommy, she had judged me and found me guilty. For she was right. I knew it.

"I—I was wrong," I said, and my voice didn't sound like my own voice at all. "I'm sorry, Diana."

SHE didn't answer, but after a moment, still crying, she took my hand and pressed it, as if to tell me wordlessly that she forgave me. I sank down beside her on the lowest step, and held her in my arms. Finally she stirred.

"I guess I'll have to see Jim," she murmured, "and tell him I'm a—a silly little idiot that doesn't know her own mind." She caught her breath. "Oh, Jane, I don't know how—I don't know what to say to him. It's such a terrible mess!"

I patted her shoulder. This, at least, I could do. "I'll tell him. Don't you worry—you go find Tommy, and make your peace with him."

"Oh, would you?" she cried. "Jane, you're an angel. I'm—I'm sorry I said those terrible things to you."

I smiled wryly. "Maybe they needed to be said."

When Diana had gone I sat down at the telephone and dialed Jim's office at the camp with shaking fingers. This would be the hardest task I had ever set myself. To tell him, to watch his face, wanting to comfort him and knowing that I could not, because comfort from me would be the last thing he desired—this would be torture. But it had to be done.

Lieutenant Miles was not in his office. They thought he was with Captain Somebody, on the firing field, but I could leave a message. "Ask him to call Miss Dillon, please," I said. "The minute he comes in. It's—it's terribly important."

Then there was nothing to do, nothing but pace the floor and rehearse ways of telling him, rehearse them and discard them because in all the language there were no words that would not hurt. The clock kept ticking, ticking. Once I had urged those flying minutes on their way, now I longed to stop them. For suppose I couldn't reach him—suppose he came to the church, to face the curious, whispering people we'd invited to see him marry Diana?

I HADN'T thought of that. They would all have to be telephoned, told that the wedding wouldn't take place. But I couldn't use the phone now, while waiting for Jim's call.

It rang, and before it had stopped I had the receiver off the hook, was saying huskily, "Hello?"

"Diana?" Jim's voice was normal, unconcerned. "Did you call me?"

"No—it's Jane. Can you come to the house, Jim—right away?"

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"It's something I can't tell you over the phone. Please come—as soon as you can!"

He didn't waste any more time asking for explanations, but still it was another half-hour before he burst in at the front door, his face pale, his eyes seeking past me for Diana and, when they didn't find her, returning fearfully to me.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What's the matter?"

"I—I don't know how to tell you." I clenched my hands, praying for a way to help him. "Jim, she—she can't marry you. She doesn't love you."

He stood stock-still, his face expressionless, as if I were talking in a foreign language he didn't know.

"You mustn't blame her too much," I hurried on. "It was my fault. A year ago she was in love with a boy. They wanted to be married, but I—I wouldn't let them. He went into the Army, and I thought she'd forgotten him. Perhaps she had—because she really thought she loved you, Jim, until last night. But Tommy came back, you see..."

Still he didn't move, still his face was puzzled, probing for some meaning to what I said.

"It was my fault," I repeated. "Jim, I'm so sorry, so horribly sorry..."

"You're crying," he said suddenly. "Don't

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cry. It's not that bad." He shook his head, like a boxer shaking off the effects of a blow. "It's—please don't cry. I thought you were the sort of person who never cried."

"I can't help it," I sobbed. "When I think that what's happened has been my fault. I can't help it."

"But that's the funny thing about it," he said wonderingly. "I don't feel anything. I can't quite understand it myself. I suppose I should be mad, or at least disappointed, but I'm not... She's such a sweet, funny little kid," he went on, half to himself. "I liked to kiss her, liked to hold her in my arms. I—I couldn't help wanting to marry her. But I guess all the time I knew she wasn't my kind. I guess I knew, even if I wouldn't admit it, that our marriage probably wouldn't last much longer than the war. I can't imagine Diana standing in the door of a cute little bungalow, waving to me every morning when I left for work."

He raised his head and looked at me—a long, clear look. "It wouldn't have worked, would it?" he said. "Not possibly. Marrying Diana would be an adventure, and I'm not quite the type for adventuring. I want someone who'll work with me, as well as play—someone who'd even be willing to sit down occasionally, just sit quietly, without talking." He paused, and laughed a little at himself. "In fact—somebody like you."

I turned my head aside, sharply, thinking I heard sarcasm in his words. "Don't!" I whispered.

INSTANTLY, misunderstanding me, he was apologizing. "I'm a fool—I say things just the way they come into my head. I know you don't care anything for me. I wish you did—I wish I'd met you first—"

I pressed a handkerchief to my quivering lips. It couldn't be true—he didn't mean it. But the last barrier broke in me then, and I knew it was true. I was a woman, and desirable. There could be love for me! "It's not too late now," I said, and the catch in my voice was both sob and a laugh.

"Jane!" He took me, and turned me so he could see my face. "Jane, dearest!" His kisses were sweet on my tears.

Then, all at once, he let me go and shouted: "What're we waiting for? We promised people a wedding today, and we've got to deliver. Maybe we'll give 'em a double one, if Diana and What's-his-name are willing!"

The next three hours are nothing but one vast jumble in my memory—one mounting frenzy of finding Diana and Tommy, getting new licenses, explaining to Dad, talking to a minister who was first disproving and then indulgent. But somehow, at not much after three o'clock, we were standing, all four of us, at the altar in the church. The organ was playing, the minister saying, "Dearly beloved..."

One moment, though, is very clear. It was when we came out of the church, into the sunshine, and I looked up into Jim's laughing eyes and heard him say, "Hello, Mrs. Miles."

Mrs. Miles. I was glad that there was no longer a Jane Dillon. She'd been so wrong. Why, she had actually believed that there were two kinds of women, the ones made for love and the ones made for work! She hadn't known what I knew now—that there is only one kind of woman, the kind to whom love and work are equal joys.



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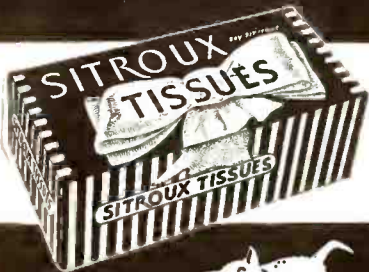
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No Other Can I Love

Continued from page 42

Company coming! I suppose Lee wondered a little why I laughed. "No. No, I've no company coming."

"Then do have supper with us! I've a big pot of lamb stew, and I'll make dumplings—Derek loves dumplings."

I felt as if I had come quickly from a dark cellar to the sunshine outside with no intermediate period to accustom my eyes to the brightness. "I—I don't think I'd better."

But Lee isn't the sort to be put off easily. "Nonsense—don't think for a moment you're imposing on us. Why, it's you who are doing me a favor—please come! You'll like my brother."

Lee was right—I liked her brother. I liked him from the moment he came out of the house and across the yard to the car to carry in the groceries Lee had bought in town and the sewing machine which we had picked up at my house. Derek was long and lean and loosely fastened together. The sun had lightened his hair and darkened his face over many years, and his eyes were very blue and very merry. He treated me as a friend as easily and as naturally as Lee had.

OH, that was a wonderful evening! I suppose you would have thought it uneventful—just getting supper on the table and eating it and washing dishes and settling down to make red and white checked gingham curtains—but to me it was heaven. It was so good to talk and laugh just as if nothing were wrong, to settle down afterwards to sewing with Lee, while Derek stretched out in a big chair and smoked his pipe and read the papers Lee had brought from town. It was so good to have Derek walk home with me across the fields later in the quiet darkness, to hear him say, "We're lucky to have found a friend like you living so close by," to have him touch my shoulder in a brief, comradely goodnight before he turned away, to know, as I got ready for bed, that I would see Lee and Derek again tomorrow.

That wonderful evening marked the beginning of a new life for me. It was as if I had come alive again, as if I'd got well after a long sickness. Lee and I finished the curtains and hung them. Derek found time to come to my house and turn over a little plot of ground out in back so that I could plant a vegetable garden. I helped Lee make a dress, and showed her how to turn the cuffs of Derek's shirts when they were worn. We ran back and forth across the fields until there was a path worn from my door to theirs.

Through Lee and Derek I learned really to know, at last, the people of Fleetwood. I suppose it was because the Lesters were strangers, too, that made it easy—we all got acquainted together. Lee was such a friendly, sparkling little person, no one could help liking her, and she made friends so easily. Derek, although he was quieter and a little more reserved, entered right into the spirit of every gathering, too, once the ice was broken.

I told Lee about wanting to join the choir, and she solved the whole thing by saying, simply, "Why, let's join then!" That made me laugh, because Lee had a voice like a sparrow, but it was happy, friendly laughter. So we joined the choir, and it wasn't long before Mrs. Sparks, the organist and choir leader, was asking me to do

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soprano solo parts, just as I had done so long ago in Marston.

Lee and I joined the Junior Guild, too, and that was fun—meeting for lunch every Wednesday in the Guild Hall, sewing, listening to the weekly book review, chatting with the young women of Fleetwood as if I'd lived there all my life. Oh, I was so grateful—I liked Lee and Derek so much.

No, that's wrong. I liked Lee so much. I loved Derek.

I knew it almost at once, I think, although I wouldn't let myself believe it. I kept telling myself that it was just that I had been so long cut off from the friendship of any man that I was mistaking my own reciprocal friendship for love. But I couldn't make myself believe it. You can't be in love, my mind told me. You don't dare be; you haven't the right to be. But my heart knew the answer—I loved Derek.

Half-sweet, half-bitter, loving Derek was. When I was with him I rode high in the sky on clouds of pure happiness, but when I was alone I came down to earth again, remembering that I had a secret hidden from him.

I didn't think of Terry as my husband any more. I had washed my heart and my soul clean of him—but in the eyes of the world, in the eyes of God, he was still my husband. I hadn't any right to love Derek. But it didn't really matter, I told myself. If Lee and Derek found out my secret, they'd stop seeing me, and that would be the end of that. For I hadn't enough faith in myself, enough faith in the goodness of life, to believe that Derek might be falling in love with me, too.

THE fears began to come back again a little now—at night, when I lay in bed and had time to remember. And now, too, I knew what the vague yearning was that had been in my heart all these months. I knew what it was that could make the fears go away forever. I wanted the joyful security of a man's arms around me. I wanted kisses for my mouth, and little, foolish words whispered in the night. It wasn't just my mind and my body that were lonely—my heart was lonely too.

I lay very still one night, thinking of those things, idly watching the pattern that the moonlight made pouring in my window. I thought how wonderful it would be to whisper into the shadows, all the darker in contrast to the path of the moon, "Dearest, are you awake?" and have the answer come, "Yes, I'm awake," and a hand go out to meet mine. My mind drifted hazily between waking and sleeping. And suddenly I heard a low whistle outside my window.

Even as I told myself I must be mistaken, it came again. Cautiously, I slipped out of bed, to the window. There, in a pool of moonlight, Derek stood.

"Come on out," he whispered.

I was barefooted when I went out to him, because I couldn't find my slippers in the dark, and an old seersucker housecoat covered my serviceable cotton pajamas, but I might well have been wearing satin and lace the way I felt. I was suddenly proud, confident, sure of myself—supremely happy.

"Derek! Here I am."

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He didn't say a word. He just opened his arms to me, and I crept into them, with a wonderful home-at-last feeling. For a long time we stood very still, listening to the beating of each other's hearts. And then Derek said, shyly, haltingly, "I got to thinking about you, tonight in bed, and all at once I knew why. I knew I was in love with you, and there didn't seem to be any reason why I shouldn't come over and tell you. And ask you if—if you love me, too. Do you love me, Allie?"

There couldn't be any hesitation in answering that, no false shyness. "Yes—oh, yes, Derek, I love you, too!"

His arms tightened about me and I raised my lips to meet his in a long, hard kiss, as real, as genuine, as truth. Then he let me go, and I saw in his eyes the same strange wonder, the enchantment that I knew was in mine.

"I—I'll go back," he said, at last. "I don't think I'd better—stay any longer. Come over in the morning—early—and we'll tell Lee."

I felt my way back to bed in the dark. This was why I'd been born. No foolishness of liquid voice and insinuating caresses, no nonsense about lips the shape of kisses and hands to hold a heart. This was real.

Lee was almost as happy as I was, next morning. And I was happy—I wasn't even going to let myself think about what must happen, for a little while. I knew, of course, that I must tell Derek about Terry, but somehow now I had faith, faith discovered last night, in Derek's arms. I was sure that Derek would understand, that he would be patient and kind while I could somehow arrange to divorce Terry, that he would wait for me, that we would be happy together soon.

LEE was getting ready to go into town for supplies when I got there in the morning, and she met me at the door, her eyes dancing.

"Allie—Allie, I'm so glad. Derek didn't intend to tell me, but I caught him coming in last night, so he had to. It's wonderful—now I'll have a sister, too!" She threw her arms around me and gave me a quick, impulsive squeeze. "I was going to ask you to ride into town with me, but I suspect you'd rather stay here with Derek."

Derek didn't get much work done that morning. Most of the time we sat in the old lawn swing under the elm tree out in back and talked. Our words were slow and lazy, like the gentle movement of the swing, warm and glowing, like the sun that smiled on us. We talked about the future, and most of our sentences began, "After we're married—"

I knew that I must tell Derek about Terry, and about all that had happened to me of my own free will, before he found out some other way. I knew all that, and yet I shrank from beginning. How do you tell a story like that? You can't just say, "Dearest, I am already married—to a gangster." Not when the sun is shining and the birds are singing and your lover is dreaming aloud—not then, you can't.

I'd wait a little, I told myself. I'd wait until the proper moment presented itself—some time in the darkness, when the night would hide my face. I'd wait until tonight, when the moon would bless us as it had last night, and Derek would understand.

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I'd tell him tonight—I wouldn't wait a moment longer than that. But now—now I'd just be happy. I wasn't really afraid, either, of what Derek would say. Derek was fair. He loved me.

Lee didn't honk the horn when she came back, as she usually did, to let Derek know that he could come and help carry things inside. She came quietly so that I didn't know she was there until I saw her over Derek's shoulder.

Her face was still and white, and she looked somehow saddened, as if she had to do something she didn't want to do. Just then Derek—who hadn't seen Lee yet—leaned over, laughing, to kiss me, and the sadness on Lee's face changed into a quick blaze of anger.

"Get up!" she cried, her voice sharp with fury. "Get out of here. Leave my brother alone, you—you gangster's moll!"

I GOT to me feet, feeling cold and defeated. Over and over again I kept saying, almost without my own volition, "Please, Lee. Please, Lee—" "Please, Lee!" she mocked me. "Please what? Please help you keep your filthy secret? Oh, I found out about you—and what fools we were not to have found out before. You with your quiet ways—Derek, this is Terry Cassis' wife. That is the one he was living with when they arrested him last year—remember? This is—"

She stopped short and slammed down on the swing the newspaper she had been holding in her hand. A Chicago tabloid, with huge headlines.

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The whole world rocked as if thunder had shaken it, and then it was still, and sickly silent. With a kind of fierce calm I made myself glance at the story. Terry had escaped from prison. The paper carried a huge picture of him, and, at the bottom of the page, a picture of me, too—one that had been printed before when Terry had been caught in Marston, and which some enterprising reporter had dug up now to wreck my world.

I forced my eyes around to meet Derek's. There would be understanding there. His arms would open to shelter me. He—but his mouth was a straight, tight line, his face gray. The words burst past the tightness of his mouth as if he couldn't keep them in. "Why didn't you tell me? Were you just going to go ahead and marry me and not tell? Did you think—?"

I knew once more the sheer panic I had known that day the strangers came to Marston. "Tonight—tonight—" I repeated, foolishly, madly. "I was going to tell—tonight—tonight—" And then I began to run. I had to run—run far and fast, leaving the world behind me. Leaving behind this new and wonderful world I had just found.

I don't remember how I got across the fields from the Lesters' to my own little lonely Pine Ridge Farm. I know that I fell once, and got up almost without stopping, to run on again, as if by keeping on going I could leave



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behind the pain in my heart. I closed the door of Pine Ridge Farm behind me and locked it. I put my back against it and leaned panting there. I knew now that I had never really known before what despair could be. There were no tears in me. There was hardly even pain. There was just a terrible dullness, a knowledge of the world's end.

I don't know how long it was before Derek came to the door.

"Allie," he called, "let me in. I want to talk to you, Allie."

I shook my head numbly, and then, realizing that he couldn't see it, I raised my voice. "Go away," I cried.

The tears came then, tearing out from deep inside me. And I could hear my sob-wracked voice crying over and over, "Go away. I'd never bring you anything but misery and unhappiness. Go away and leave me alone—oh, go away!"

And at last he went away. Things happened fast then. First Janie Briggs' mother called: "About Janie's coat—I won't be bringing her in for a fitting this afternoon. In fact, I believe it's far enough advanced so that I can do the finishing myself. I'll ask Mr. Briggs to pick it up on his way home from work tonight."

Then Mrs. Chambers came to the door: "I've come for that piece of blue crepe I left with you yesterday. I've decided not to have the dress made up right now."

I HAD to go to the store for groceries next morning. Ann Baxter and Mrs. Sparks were there—but they immediately became too engrossed in the price of eggs to realize that I had come into the store. On the way home a group of little boys giggled and whistled, a small girl gave me a wide-eyed look and hurried into her house.

That finished it. I went home, too sick for tears, too tired to feel any real pain. I went to the chair by the window and I sat there like a dead person, staring with unseeing eyes straight ahead of me. I was a woman apart. I would stay here forever. I would live out my life here. I would never have to see people, endure their laughter or their dark looks or their sympathy or their averted eyes.

After a while Paul Lambert came to the door, and like Derek yesterday, he called to me when I didn't answer his knock.

"Allie—open the door. I have something I want to show you."

I couldn't bear to see him. "No," I called. "No—go away."

There was silence outside the door for a moment and then he said, quietly, "All right—but I'll be back, Allie, when you've had a little time to get hold of yourself. And I'm leaving what I wanted to show you here on the steps."

When I was sure he was gone, I looked outside. What he had wanted to show me was a paper—another edition of that Chicago tabloid. This time the headlines screamed a new message:

**POLICE KILL GANGSTER IN RECAPTURE ATTEMPT
Terry Cassis dies . . .**

I didn't read any more. Terry was dead. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered at all. I went back to my chair by the window, to take up my vigil, endlessly, endlessly looking out at nothing, alone with my memories. In the endless days that followed I

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tried to convince myself that the interlude with Lee and Derek had never been, that I had never gone happily across the fields to the Lesters', that Derek had never held me in his arms, pressed his mouth, hard and gentle at once, against mine. I tried to tell myself that I had only dreamed that happiness. I forced myself to a routine of loneliness and silence, of hurried, almost furtive trips to town, of solitary makeshift meals, of nights when I slept only because staying awake was intolerable, of long hours spent by the window, looking out at nothing, remembering.

No one ever came to the house, now, except Paul Lambert. It was his duty as a minister, I told myself, to keep trying, but I never let him in. I always kept very still and pretended to be away. And that's the way I lived—almost as if I were just living because I hadn't the energy to die.

And then one day it happened. I rode into Fleetwood for supplies that day, stood at the counters with my eyes down, seeing no one, getting my packages as quickly as possible and hurrying out of each store. As I put the last purchase into the carrier of my bicycle, I felt a hand on my arm.

I turned to face Derek. "Allie," he said, very gently, "I want to talk to you."

I DIDN'T want to talk to him. I had covered my hurt with a film of half-alive dullness—I didn't want it to quicken into agony again. My very heart wept to see him standing there, so dear, so infinitely dear to me, within the touch of my hand and as far away as the stars.

"No," I cried—"No! We talked about love and marriage and the future and we can't talk about those any more. We couldn't have those things, Derek—I was a fool to even think about them. I've got to hide all my life—"

His hand was like a band of steel about my wrist. Anger—and something worse, contempt—had replaced the gentleness in his face, had made his voice harsh. "You're right, Allie—you're a fool. And we haven't anything to talk about. We can't talk of love and of marriage, certainly. I wouldn't mind marrying a gangster's wife, because I know the whole story now—but I could never marry a coward. I could never marry a woman who couldn't hold her head high, who couldn't meet the eyes of the world, who couldn't give the gossips back as good as they gave. I wouldn't ever marry a woman who felt that running away, hiding, was the only way out—"

I wrenched my wrist free of his grasp. It was true, all of it, and I had known all along that it was true, but I didn't want to hear it. Hearing it in words only made it worse.

I started home fast, but by the end of the ride I was going very slowly. I was thinking. And that was a new sensation—I had never stopped to think, really. I had just remembered, and agonized.

By habit I went to the chair by the window when I got home. I sat very straight in it, as I had not sat before. I sat very still, and I searched the corners of my heart and my mind, scouring them to find a point on which Derek could not rightfully have called me coward.

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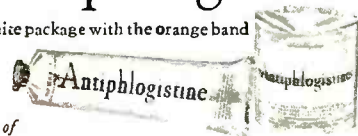
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I was so preoccupied that I really didn't hear the doorbell until it had rung insistently several times. And then, so preoccupied was I still that I rose and answered it, as anyone would have done, instead of sitting in silence, waiting for the intruder to get tired and go away.

It was Paul Lambert. I invited him in, and he followed me into the living room. Some instinct made me avoid the chair by the window. I sank down on the old davenport, and Paul sat across from me.

"You wanted to talk to me, Paul? What about?"

He looked about him, disregarding the accumulated dust of months. "This is a nice place, Allie. I've always wanted to have a place of my own outside town somewhere. Gives you a feeling of permanence to own a piece of land." He leaned back and smiled. "Well—here's what I wanted to talk to you about. I want you to sing at a bazaar the Junior Guild's planning. Now wait a minute—don't say no right off. It's for a very worthy cause, Allie. We're trying to raise funds to start a day nursery for the children of mothers who work in the war plant over at Buxton. I thought I'd ask you if you'd be willing to run the fishpond for the youngsters and sing a couple of songs on the program in the evening."

JUST as if I hadn't been away! Just as if I'd sung my soprano solo in church as usual last Sunday! "But Paul—" I began.

He went right on as if he hadn't heard. "We've missed you in church, Allie," he said quietly. "The choir needs your voice, and the Guild can always use your hands at sewing club. Better come back next Sunday."

"Paul," I cried—"Paul, how can I?" He looked me straight in the eye. "Why not? Better come in to choir practice tomorrow night, and you can run over whatever numbers you choose for the bazaar with Mrs. Sparks, and kill two birds with one stone. Can we expect you?"

"But Paul—" He got up from his chair. "I can't sit around chatting, much as I'd like to. There's lots of work to be done, and none of us can afford to spend all our time on ourselves. I can count on you for the bazaar, Allie?"

My heart was beating wildly. "I—I don't know."

I followed him to the door. He was out on the porch when he turned back. "I want to say one thing to you, Allie, and then we'll let the whole matter drop. It's this: ostracism isn't a wall people build around you to shut you inside, away from them. Ostracism is a wall you build around yourself, by your attitude and your actions and your fear of facing the world, that shuts other people out." He smiled and put on his hat. "I'll see you at choir practice tomorrow night. All right?"

"All right," I echoed. But I couldn't tell whether I had said it aloud, or just in my heart.

I turned back into the house. Suddenly the very sight of it made me sick. The windows were clouded with dirt, dust lay in rolls in the corners, and like dirty snow on the furniture and window sills. In the kitchen there were sticky dishes. Upstairs the bed was unmade, and the hamper was full of clothes.

With a deep breath, I pitched in. It took me nearly all night, but I cleaned that house. I scrubbed it from cellar to garret until it shone. I polished the brass and the silver. I washed curtains and linens and didn't realize that it was midnight when I hung them out.

And all the while I was cleansing my heart and my mind, too. Cleansing them of bitterness and self-pity. I had to do that to my whole life, clean it out, wash away all the past. At ten in the morning I fell into bed and slipped at once into a dreamless sleep, waking just in time to get dressed and go in to choir practice. I didn't let myself think at all while I was getting ready. I just went ahead and put on my clothes—clean, fresh clothes—and hurried into town. And marched into the vestry with my head high.

It was bad. I knew that it would be. But not nearly as bad as I thought. Paul was there, although he seldom attended choir practice, and that helped. And when I heard my voice soaring high above the others, when I saw the choir mistress nodding approval, I knew it was all right.

And it was. I made myself go to Guild the next day, too, and I sewed doggedly and patiently until one by one the women came and spoke to me. I knew that Paul Lambert had talked to them, probably, but I knew, too, that they wouldn't take me back unless they really wanted to.

The bazaar was Saturday night, and that was harder than the other meetings with people, because I knew that perhaps Lee and Derek would be there. I heard again, on my way into town, the scorching voice of Derek, saying, "I wouldn't ever marry a woman who was a coward!"

But they weren't in the Guild Hall when I got there, nor did they come by the fishpond. And then it was time for the program.

I WASN'T nervous. I had always liked to sing better than I liked to do anything else. Singing was fun. Singing now, to all of these people I hadn't seen for so long, was wonderful.

I sang a group of old songs, *Danny Boy* and *Santa Lucia* and *How Can I Leave Thee*. And it was while I sang the last one that I saw Derek—saw him in time to sing it just for him.

Thou only hast my heart,
Dear one, believe.

Thou hast this soul of mine
So closely bound to thine,
No other can I love, save thee alone!

Derek was waiting for me as I stepped down off the platform, applause sounding in my ears. I was excited. My heart was thumping wildly.

He held out his hand to me. "Do you have to go back to the fishpond?"

I almost laughed. "No—it's closed. The children have all gone home." "Then come outside. I want to talk to you." He pulled me along behind him, out the door, into the yard that was hedged with lilac bushes, sending out their heady scent.

"Allie—do you remember what it was you said the other day? About the only things we could talk about, I mean?"

I remembered. "Love—and marriage—" I faltered. "Oh, Derek—oh, darling!"

His mouth was just as I remembered it on mine—hard and gentle.

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