

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

MARCH

15¢



NORA MARTIN

**STRANGER-HUSBAND** — The Heart Touching Story of a Soldier's Return

Exciting Color Pictures of **BERNARDINE FLYNN** · A WOMAN OF AMERICA · BIG TOWN

# Want Softer, Smoother Skin? It's yours—with just One Cake of Camay!



"I'll always be grateful to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for the softer, smoother look of my skin," says this lovely Camay bride, Mrs. John L. Cross, Jr., of Mount'n Lakes, N. J.

Skin tests prove Camay's *magnificent mildness*. Complexions grow lovelier... day by day

Tests on skin like yours!



Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild care . . . to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care . . . on over 100 complexions! And the very *first* cake of Camay made most complexions bloom!—softer!—fresher!

Mildness that cleanses  
without irritation!



These tests demonstrated Camay's *mildness* . . . proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay is really mild," the specialists said, "it cleansed *without irritation*." Remember this . . . and stop being haphazard in your skin care. Get Camay . . . and see the fresh new radiance that comes to your skin.

Go on the  
Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



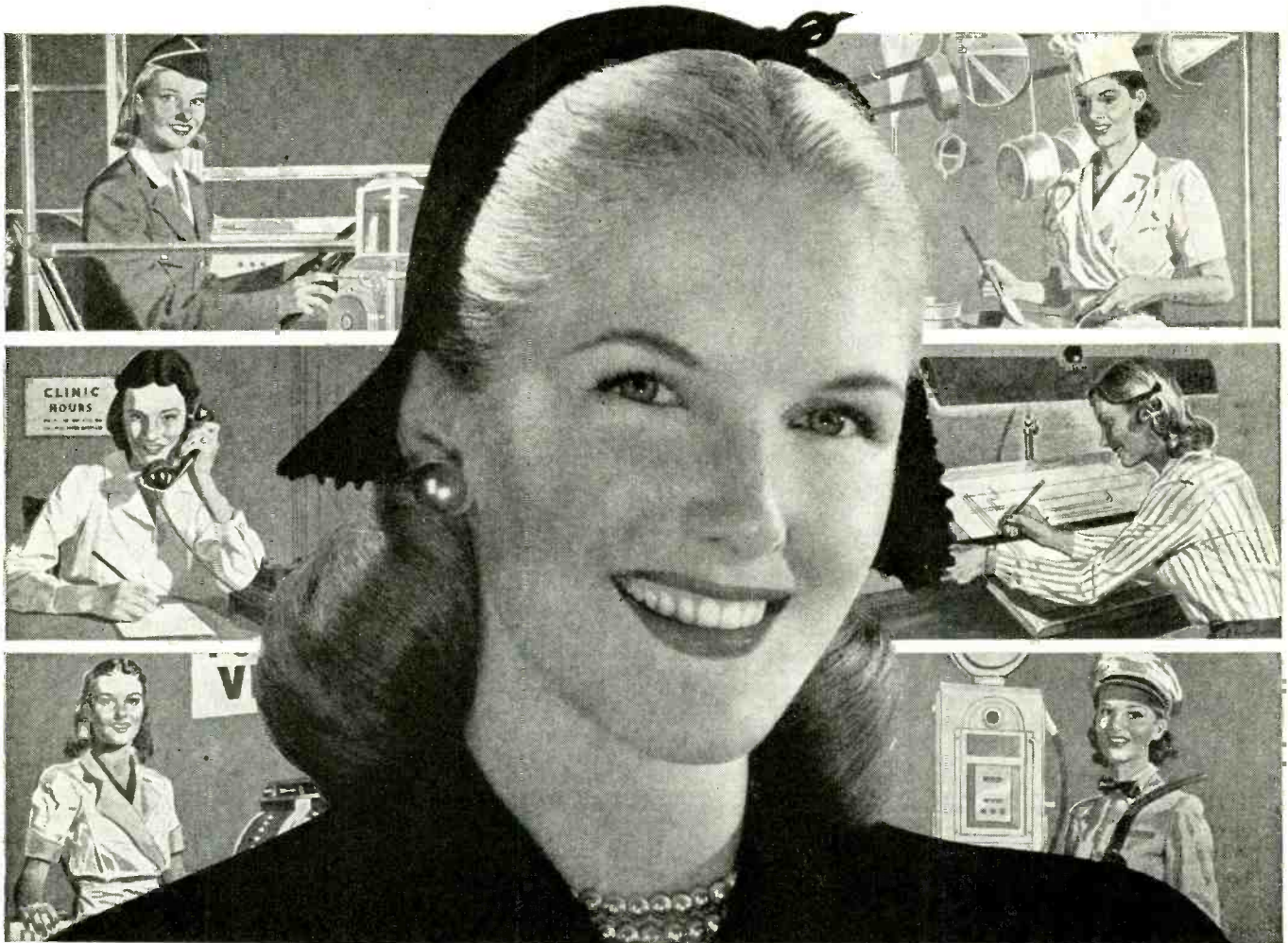
Take only one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water.  
*Dry skins* like a touch of cream too. *Oily skins* benefit from a lively cold splash after the warm rinse.  
That's all—and skin's lovelier with *one cake* of Camay!

## TREASURE YOUR CAMAY—

Make it last as long as possible—for soap is made of precious materials. Use just enough Camay to work up a good lather. And keep your soap dish dry—wet dishes waste soap.

# After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

THERE'S a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a

smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

### "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 our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid

the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

### Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

FRED R. SAMMIS  
Editorial Director

DORIS McFERRAN  
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN  
Associate Editor

JACK ZASORIN  
Art Editor

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ON THE COVER—Nora Martin, singing star of Eddie Cantor's NBC program—Color Portrait by Tom Kelley

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**IRRESISTIBLE** \*\*\* *as always!*

We dedicate to the  
**ARMY NURSE CORPS**

**IRRESISTIBLE** *Yankee Red* **LIPSTICK**

A brave, bright red as spirited as its name. Wear it like a badge of cheer as a "pick-up" for service shades or any costume color! Easy to apply, non-drying... Irresistible Lipsticks are WHIP-TEXT through a secret process to stay on longer... smoother. Brilliant time-saving aid to the clear shining beauty of today's American woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face 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



# The cover girl



Eddie Cantor calls her the girl with the vibraphone voice. She's Nora Martin, his new discovery.

SHE'S been nicknamed the "girl with the vibraphone voice." She's another Eddie Cantor discovery. And she's lovely enough with her red hair and blue eyes to bring forth a whole new crop of goggle-eyed stares like Eddie's.

She's Nora Martin, the singing star of Eddie Cantor's Time To Smile show, heard over NBC, Wednesdays at 9:00 P.M.

Nora was born in Portland, Oregon, just in time to miss being an April Fool's Day baby—on March 31, 1921. Her parents, were strictly non-professional. Her father, Thomas M. Martin, is a lumber inspector.

Throughout her school days at St. Helens, Oregon, and Washington High School in Portland, Nora spent a good deal of her time singing and winning contest after contest. The range of her voice is as remarkable as its beauty of tone. She can sing E above high C with perfect ease and clarity. No mean achievement for a girl who is a "natural" singer—which Nora is. She's never had a teacher.

Much of Nora's childhood and almost all of her 'teen age days were spent in the glamorous aura of show business, yet, she's by no means a carefully nurtured hot house flower. Nora has a healthy and normal interest in outdoor sports. She rides horseback, plays tennis and swims. She's an expert swimmer and, at the age of twelve, was already strong enough to rescue one of her girl friends from drowning in the swift currents of the Columbia River. Nora's also quite a fishing bug and, being a native of the Northwest, her favorite game fish is the salmon, of course. She can also cook.

It was while Nora was still attending Washington High School that Stephen M. Janik—then, looking for talent for a radio show called Hayloft Jamboree—heard her sing. Nora got a spot with him on that show, which in turn led to engagements on various other broadcasts originating in Portland. And, in a short time, Mr. Janik became Nora's manager, a job which he still holds.

Then, Nora happened to take a trip southward and chanced to meet Eddie Cantor. Eddie has a penchant for making "discoveries." He's credited with having brought Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen and Dinah Shore into the radio limelight. Even such a perennial discoverer, however, as Eddie was bowled over when he first heard Nora sing. "Her voice is sheer magic!" he's reported as exclaiming.

## "Why does that red head always pick on my date!"



**Jean:** With all the men she's got, you'd think she'd let *my* date alone! I'd like to give her a piece of my mind. Bob's skated more with *her* than with me!

**Ann:** She's a snazzy skater—but that needn't curdle *you*, glamour puss! You're much prettier, Jean, and you can stop worrying if you'll listen to a word of wisdom.



**Jean:** ... but underarm odor! You know I never miss my morning bath!

**Ann:** Baths can fade fast, my pet. Why not play safe with Mum, every day!



**Jean:** What a silly goose I was not to know baths simply wash away *past* perspiration. But Mum after every bath prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*.



HEY, HOW ABOUT TURNING THAT SWEETNESS MY WAY?

(TO HERSELF)  
M-M-MUM! BOB REALLY THINKS I'M SPECIAL—SINCE I MADE A HABIT OF MUM!



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Don't let underarm odor spoil your charm!  
**MUM is quick!** Only 30 seconds to use Mum—prevents underarm odor all day or all evening.  
**MUM is safe**—safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving. Won't harm clothes!  
**MUM is sure**—Trust Mum to guard your daintiness through busy days or dancing evenings. Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around.

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

# What's New from Coast to Coast

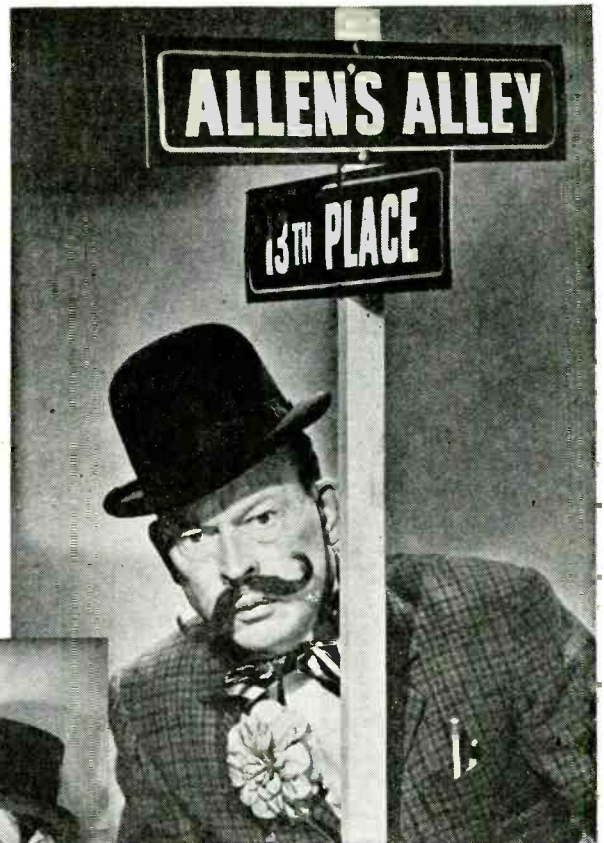
By DALE BANKS



You've been wanting to know if Constance Moore who sings on Ceiling Unlimited, is the movie star. She is. Right, comedian Fred Allen didn't desert radio after all.



Charlie McCarthy has a new girl friend. She's pretty, 14-year-old Jane Powell, who's often been on Edgar Bergen's NBC program.



PEOPLE have been writing in to ask whether the Connie Moore who sings on America—Ceiling Unlimited is the same Constance Moore who acts in the movies and was starred on Broadway in "By Jupiter." Yes—she is. And she can trace her career back to a start that contradicts the established conception of a girl fighting her way upward, bit by bit.

Connie had a benevolent godfather. She had the talent and the desire to go places and do things—and her godfather took care of the fighting.

Godfather's name is Jack Marvin and he owns a chain of drugstores in Texas, where Connie was born. When Connie, at the age of fifteen, expressed a desire to sing on the radio, Uncle Jack promptly took her to the CBS station in Dallas for an audition. The directors liked Connie fine, they thought her voice was very good, but, unfortunately, they didn't have a place for her on any of their sustaining shows and all the sponsored ones were provided with singers.

That didn't faze Uncle Jack. He turned around and bought her a whole network show to sing on. Six months later, Connie was signed up by CBS as a staff singer. Two years later, Connie was on her way to Hollywood, with a nice fat contract in her handbag.

Connie's been a busy girl, but she's found time to get married to John Maschio—even found time to have a small daughter.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—From County Fair to "big time" . . . via WBT Charlotte summarizes, literally, the amazing success story of four music-minded lads who decided, over ten years ago, that they'd rather entertain than eat.

The Tennessee Ramblers have just made a triumphant return from Hollywood. Their latest picture is "My Darling Clementine," starring some of radio's best known personalities.

If you've seen "Swing Your Pardner," currently showing at neighborhood theaters, you remember the Ramblers as the coveralled milkwagon attendants who'd stop anywhere, at the slightest provocation, pull bass fiddles, clarinets, guitars and other musical paraphernalia from the most unlikely hiding places and break into one of those tuneful, fast moving ditties that characterize the Ramblers' music.

It's no wonder the Tennessee Ramblers have achieved unique success. Even the way the group got started was out of the ordinary. Three youngsters met at a hot-dog-and-pink-lemonade stand at a little county fair down in South Carolina. One was tooting trumpet in the carnival band, another picked banjo in a traveling minstrel troupe, the third just came to the fair to show his uncle's blue-ribbon heifer. "Montana Jack" Gillette (born in Providence, R. I.) was the horn tooter. Jack is the leader and business manager of the Ramblers and much of their success is due to his keen sense of show-

manship, versatile musical talent, and astute head for business. Jack "doubles" on the trumpet and fiddle, plus musical novelties of his own creation.

The banjo picker at the pink lemonade rendezvous was Cecil "Curly" Campbell, who says his home town is Belews Creek, North Carolina, and isn't at all sensitive about the fact that very few maps refer to this little village. "Curly" sings baritone in the trio and doubles on Hawaiian guitar. He helps write the musical arrangements and is responsible to a great extent for the smooth pace and close harmony of Rambler vocal numbers.

Third member of the group, whose business at the fair was in the nature of "exhibitor," was Claude Casey, of Enoree, S. C. Claude knew a few chords on the guitar, and enjoyed picking out a tune as he hummed the melody. In his secret heart he wanted to sing and yodel like they did in the movies and on the radio. It's no wonder, then, that Claude was all in favor of starting a "band." Today Casey is one of the most popular radio stars in the South. As "Handsome Claude" the "Yodelin' Champion" he's listened to by millions on the CBS Dixie Network Jamboree (Thursdays, 8:30 PM EWT) and other popular WBT programs.

Don White, of Chapmanville, West Virginia, joined up with the Trio as the fourth man in the outfit. Don plays bass fiddle and guitar, and supplies the tenor harmony in the vocal numbers.

The Ramblers had a fine time in Hollywood, but they say their main interest is radio. They're back on WBT delighting listeners every day with their songs and music.

SACRIFICE REWARDED: Frank Mattrace, crippled newsboy whose stand is in the Merchandise Mart, home of NBC Chicago studios, couldn't go to war himself, so he enlisted his Belgian police dog in Dogs for Defense. When

Continued on page 6



## RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

WHEN the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, to be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of the troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body resistance so that a threatening group of germs called the *secondary invaders* can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such "mass invasions."

### *Kills Millions of Germs in Tests*

The prompt and *early* and repeated

use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack . . . get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria : : : gives Nature a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

### *Fewer Colds for*

#### *Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests*

*These tests showed that regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.*

Just remember, that fifteen minutes

after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted . . . and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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

**LISTERINE  
ANTISEPTIC**  
*for oral hygiene*



When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn *internally*; so there *cannot* be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying. . . . Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is *no odor*.

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and an average month's supply will fit in your purse.

Ask for Tampax at drug stores or notion counters. *Three absorbency sizes:* Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Buy a supply today! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 Absorbencies**  
REGULAR  
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
INSTITUTION OR  
ANY OF ADOPTING TESTERS

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



Continued from page 4

members of NBC's Backstage Wife serial heard about it, they bought Frank a five-week old Alsatian shepherd. Frank Dane and Vivian Fridell, members of the serial, presented him with the pup. \* \* \*

Ann Thomas, husky voiced Casey in Abie's Irish Rose and Miss Thomas in Easy Aces, has put her hobby to work in a good cause. Her hobby is collecting dolls, of which she has over 300, each with a history. One of them, "Fat'ma," is a gift from a friend in Algiers. "Victoria," a 19th Century bisque doll, once belonged to Cornelia Howard, the original Little Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Usually, the dolls live in a large room rented next to Ann's apartment. At the moment, they're on display at the Professional Children's School, Ann's old Alma Mater, where they are serving the purpose of adding to the school's scholarship funds. \* \* \*

Now that Fred Allen's back—it can be told. The genial comedian wasn't in complete retirement all the time he was on his so-called vacation. He spent a good part of his "rest" doing special programs for exclusive transmission to the overseas Allen addicts in the Armed Forces.

The feud between Jack Benny and Fred Allen promises to be more deadly than ever. And who can say that Fred won't have a good part of the right on his side, with Minerva Pious and John Brown definitely committed to the Benny show? \* \* \*

BOSTON, MASS.—Marion Elliott, a little girl with a deep, rich contralto voice, is the new songstress on the Yankee House Party, originating from WNAC, Boston, key station of the Yankee Network, and carried by the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Boston's Judy Garland sings modern romantic ballads and blues songs. A native Bostonian, Marion studied voice under Frederick Lamb and at the New

England Conservatory of Music. She comes from a musical family of two boys and two girls, all of whom sing and play piano. She is following in the footsteps of her father, a vaudeville trouper for twenty-five years.

The petite miss, only 5' 3", sings in USO volunteer shows and is very popular with the soldiers, sailors, and marines who go for her version of such numbers as "Sunday, Monday, and Always," and "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To."

Radio is her first love, however, since Mrs. Elliott prefers to have her sweet daughter sing for the radio audience rather than travel around the country.

Marion's hobby is sewing and a most practical one at that in these days. She designs and makes her own clothes, as well as doing a little interior decorating on the side. With her father, brothers, and sister, Marion helps make Boston women more beautiful in their family beauty shop. \* \* \*

Until recently, William Lee, who plays "Never Fail" Hendricks in the Mary Marlin show, was inclined to be a little sensitive about his baldness. Now, he pays no attention.

When they were casting the Broadway production "Mexican Hayride," William bravely donned a toupee and sallied forth to get an audition. He didn't get it. In fact, they scarcely looked at him. Deeply disappointed and annoyed, William went backstage and angrily tore off the toupee and threw it into a corner. With his bald head shining merrily, he went back to the stage and joined the line-up that was being looked over by the producers.

He got an audition—and the job. Now, he's so happy about his role that he just grins gayly, when his close friends kid him about his being a Mexican hairless. But you have to be a close friend. \* \* \*

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Remember the three smart girls in the Universal pic—  
Continued on page 8



Here are WBT's Famous Tennessee Ramblers. Left to right, Don White, leader Jack Gillette, Yodelin' Claude Casey, Cecil "Curley" Campbell.





## Workaday hands can have a "Luxury Look"!



Yes—busy hands can stay on the beauty shift! The secret's Trushay—a different kind of lotion—made to a special formula. You use Trushay beforehand—before you wash undies, or do the dishes—before hot, soapy water can mar soft hands!



You need two pairs of hands these days. (You're wanted in so many jobs.) Well, Trushay's next best! Used before soap-and-water tasks, it helps you keep "Sunday hands", every day in the week—guards against roughness and dryness!



For look-prettier evenings, Trushay's marvelous! Use it beforehand to guard your hands. Then try it as a powder base. (It's clinging, fragrant.) Or for all-over body rubs. Inexpensive. Get Trushay at your druggist's.



# TRUSHAY\*

\*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different name—but the same "beforehand" lotion.

PRODUCT OF  
BRISTOL-MYERS

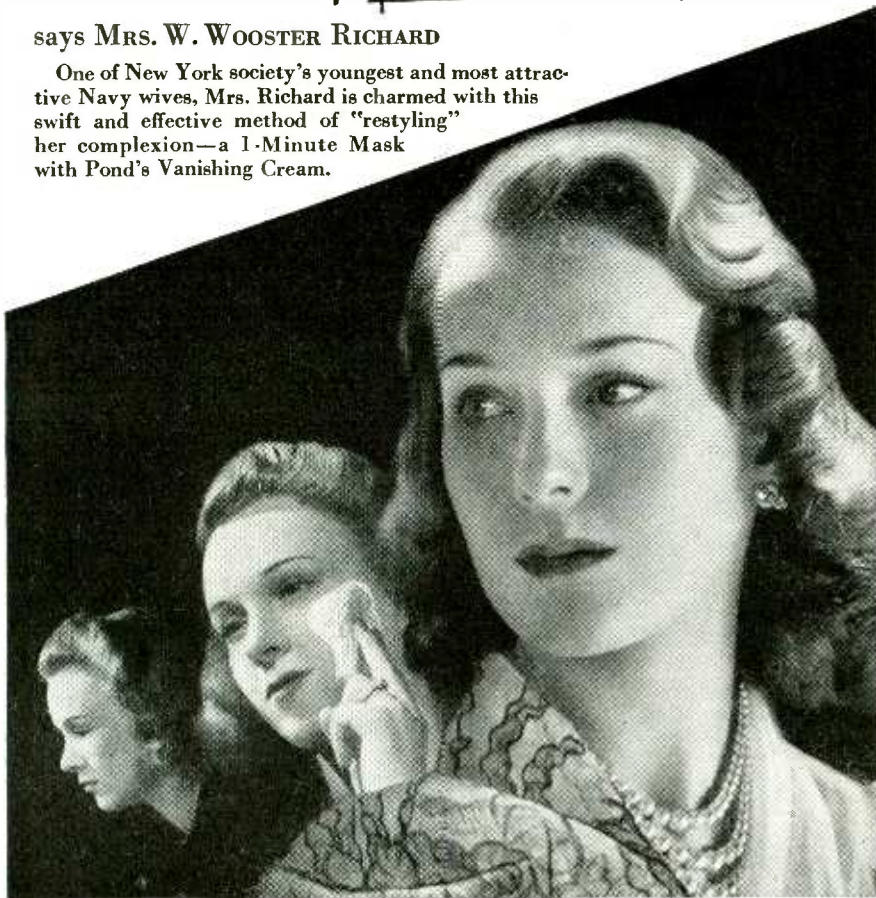
THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water

# "The 1-Minute Mask

makes such a lovely quick difference in my skin"

says MRS. W. WOOSTER RICHARD

One of New York society's youngest and most attractive Navy wives, Mrs. Richard is charmed with this swift and effective method of "restyling" her complexion—a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream.



"When powder snags on my cheeks and nose—and when my skin looks just half-fresh, half-bright . . .



"I hide my face under a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Richard. "—Nothing shows but my eyes! Then for 60 seconds I relax—while the Cream's 'keratolytic' action loosens and dissolves tiny powder-catching flakes of chapped skin—and specks of imbedded dirt, too! Then I tissue everything off—clean . . .



"—And gloat over the heavenly effects of my 1-Minute Mask! My face looks cleaner and lighter—and when I feel how much smoother the Mask has made my skin, I know my make-up problems are over. Powder goes on perfectly—and stays!"

*Glamorous Mrs. Richard suggests:*

"Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week—and on the other days, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Just a very light film holds make-up for ages!"



Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



Frank Matræce, crippled newsboy, enlisted his Belgian police dog in the war, so Frank Dane and Vivian Fridell gave him another.

Continued from page 6

ture of the same title?

Well, four smart girls, namely Dinah Shore, Kitty Kallen, Jeri Sullavan and Kay Armen, all made the big time in radio via WSM, Nashville, Tennessee.

Miss Armen, last of the quartet of smarties, leaves the talent staff of the Southern National Broadcasting Company affiliate at the turn of the year to play a supporting role to Miss Gertrude Lawrence in a musical version of the Somerset Maugham opus, "Rain."

Kay Armen came to WSM from Chicago, where she worked for two years as a singer on windy city radio stations. She also worked with dance bands and guest-starred on a number of network programs during this time.

Kay got her start in radio through an amateur contest. Then came the break at WSM and an opportunity to work in a number of NBC network shows originated by the Nashville station.

Later, Miss Armen began to make records, some of which have become extremely popular.

Recently, during a trip to New York, she was cast for the part of the trader's wife in "Rain," in support of Miss Lawrence.

\* \* \*

Sometimes it takes the wisdom of Solomon. Awhile back, when the Moylan sisters—Peggy Joan and Marianne—finished singing at the Stage Door Canteen, a young gunner from a B-17 gave them his wings as a token. Both the girls prized the token and, of course, there were slight complications about which one of them would wear it. Mama Moylan settled the dispute by having a jeweler cut the wings in half and mount the halves on separate pins.

\* \* \*

Basil Rathbone, by now thoroughly identified with the character of Sherlock Holmes, has developed quite an interest in the history of the fictional character and its author, Conan Doyle. Many famous actors have used the pipe-smoking superman of detection as a stepping stone to success.

While going through some old files, recently, Basil came across a choice tidbit—an old theater program. It seems that "Sherlock Holmes" was presented at Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Theater in London, back in 1901, and the boy character of "Little Billy" was portrayed by none other than—"Master Charles Chaplin, an orphan boy of

talent." Chaplin never played the role in America. Over here, the beloved artist found another medium called the movies.

An odd thing: Back in 1929, when the stock market was still booming, Bob Hawk (Thanks To The Yanks) was a U. S. mail carrier in the daytime, while he was trying to break into radio in the nighttime. Now, in one mail delivery, he receives more fan letters than he used to deliver in three days.

With insufficient gas and cabs a rarity in suburban New York, a certain commuter had an acute problem in getting to the West Nyack railroad station about two miles from his home. That is, until one morning, when he virtually shangaied a cabbie. As they drove along, the cab driver tuned in the radio and talked about his favorite programs.

"I like Big Town best," he volunteered. "That fellow Pawley is great as Steve Wilson. Sure is great."

That's right. His passenger was Edward Pawley and he no longer has any trouble getting to his train on time. His favorite cab driver is waiting to pick him up every day.

Gossip—here—there—and elsewhere. The Goldbergs celebrated their fourteenth anniversary on the air this year . . . And you can chalk up a twenty year anniversary for Ransom Sherman, who made his debut on radio as a singer, of all things . . . Clap hands! Many more of you will get a chance at that \$64 question. Phil Baker's just signed a new three year contract for Take It Or Leave It . . . Nuptials—Elaine Kent, Miriam of Young Widder Brown, married to Charles J. Oppenheim, director of publicity for WOR . . . Anne Elstner gets bills for Stella Dallas from her butcher, baker and milkman regularly. They all listen to her on the radio . . . People running around the Your Hit Parade studio during rehearsals shouting, "Mice!" are merely paging "Mice-tro" Mark Warnow . . . A Date With Judy, for three years one of those substitute programs for summer-vacationing stars, now has a permanent all year round spot of its own . . . Tommy Dorsey's new vocalist, Teddy Walters, sounds a great deal like the famous Sinatra. Get your swoons ready, girls! . . . And that's all, until next month.



Marion Elliott's is the new, rich contralto voice you hear on the Yankee House Party over Mutual.

# "I don't want to be an Absentee — but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how can we keep going, at times when we feel like this?



## Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"!

It's a brand new booklet written for you by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for every woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.



"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to all women!

## Don't Lose Another Minute!

Send today for your free copy of the 24-page booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"! Remember, each time you stay at home—you slow up production—keep our boys away from home, longer! We take pride that we are able to give you this authentic information. Just as we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex\* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

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



To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

## Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

**DeLong**

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

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HOOKS & EYES      HOOK & EYE TAPES  
SNAP FASTENERS  
SANITARY BELTS      D-N DELNAPS



The bridegroom helps cut the wedding cake. Below, Coast Guard Lt. Rudy Vallee and his wife, who was Betty Jane Greer. Left, Jeanne MacKenna's soothing contralto voice is heard on Roy Shield and Company and Design for Listening programs, over NBC.



## Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

THREE major musical marriages had the rice throwers busy along radio row. Lieut. Rudy Vallee of the Coast Guard wed beautiful model Betty Jane Greer, Dinah Shore tied the knot with film hero George Montgomery, now in the Army Air Force, and little Bonnie Baker is now the wife of Lt. John H. Morse.

Charlie Barnet, reportedly in 1-A, may have his former wife, Harriet Clarke, singing with his band again.

Will Osborne was not as seriously ill as previously reported and he should be back on the bandstand by the time you read this.

Artie Shaw is back in this country with his crack Navy band. They finished a thumping 68,000-mile tour of the South Pacific. After a furlough the band will reunite at a naval training station on Long Island.

The biggest record hit in years is Decca's great album of tunes from the smash musical hit, "Oklahoma." Other records can't be released because supplies are being allocated to manufacture of the album.

Duke Ellington's newest composition entitled "New World A-Comin'" was inspired by Roi Ottley's best-seller. It was premiered at the Duke's second Carnegie Hall concert.

Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Barnet copped top places in Downbeat Magazine's swing popularity poll.

When the war ends Xavier Cugat will make a tour of South and Central American countries.

Dick Rogers has junked his band. He found travel problems too difficult.

Blow to all music lovers was the death of Lorenz Hart, lyricist of the great writing team of Rodgers and Hart. He was 48, composed such hits as "My Heart Stood Still," "Where or When," "I Could Write a Book," "Blue Room."

Amy Arnell is reported leaving Tommy Tucker's band to become a soloist in her own right.

Carmen Cavallero's experiment in swing was short-lived and he has reverted to sweet stylings.

Sgt. Dave Rose is conducting the orchestra for the Army Air Force's great spectacle, "Winged Victory," and doing a bang-up job.

Vaughn Monroe's unexpected 4-F status has forced him to reorganize his band completely.

Gloria Van, Hal McIntyre's new vocalist, is the wife of tenor sax man Lynne Allison of Captain Glen Miller's Army Air Force band.

Dinah Shore's co-star in the film "Belle of the Yukon" will be author-strip teaser Gypsy Rose Lee.

The bandstands used by Woody Herman's orchestra are covered with war stamps, purchased by the Herman musicians. Incidentally, Woody's new stage presentation is the liveliest viewed on Broadway in many a moon, with infectious bass fiddler Chubby Leonard almost stealing the show.

Continued on page 12

# Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE KIT

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*Natural Looking*

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*At Home Easily... Cool-ly... Comfortably*

Now, try this modern way to add exciting beauty to your hair and quickly gain new loveliness and charm. Smart ensembles dictate a lavish display of dazzling curls and shimmering waves which glisten with life in daylight and glow with enchanting highlights at night. They're yours, if you want them, and as simple as putting your hair up in curlers. Treat yourself to a luxuriant cold Charm-Kurl permanent wave today—it requires no heat, electricity or mechanical aids. More than 5,000,000 thrifty women have already tried it and cheered.



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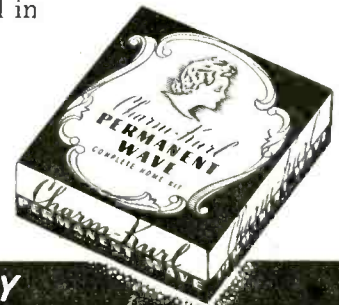
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Charm-Kurl is the simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of natural looking curls and waves into your hair. Straight, stringy, hard-to-manage hair quickly takes on new beauty. Bleached, dyed and gray hair responds marvelously.



The Charm-Kurl home way is sheer magic. Each kit contains permanent wave solution, a generous supply of curlers, shampoo, wave set and complete, easy-to-follow instructions. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia—it's SAFE for every type of hair. See for yourself how lovely your hair will look, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions.

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Lovely VIRGINIA GREY  
appearing in 20th Century-Fox  
Picture "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

that can still be yours



Today's revival of earlier American style, so sweetly glamorous and appealing, begins with the romantic hairdo of yesteryear... and many a proud American beauty of those exciting times can now tell her lovely granddaughters the "beauty secret" of her own youth! Yes, Glover's Medicinal Treatment gave beauty to American women then, as it does today... but now you have the advantages of ALL THREE Glover's preparations—the modern 3-Way Glover's Treatment for use at home—any ONE separately, or all three in a complete treatment!

Follow the good advice of beautiful Virginia Grey and many other leading Hollywood stars—use Glover's Mange Medicine—Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo—and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Try all three—ask for them at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today! You will receive the Complete Trial Application pictured below: Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton, with complete instructions and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

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Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.



### HINTS FROM THE STARS!

Virginia Grey, Sheila Ryan, Mary Beth Hughes, Jean Parker—these are only a few of the many Hollywood stars who use the famous Glover's Medicinal Treatment for lovely hair.

Continued from page 10

Sammy Kaye's two sisters run a beauty parlor in Cleveland, their home town. Sammy's band will be the first sweet outfit to play that citadel of swing, Hollywood's Palladium, early in 1944.

### \* \* \* SLICK AND SPANISH

THE first time Spanish-born, slick-looking Enric Madriguera realized that popular dance music had certain obvious advantages over the classics, was one cold and wintry night when he fingered a thin dime, his sole remaining capital.

"I had just given an informal violin concert for some of the Rockefellers," Enric recalled. "Everything was very artistic. I played for free. I saw many priceless art objects. We discussed literature and paintings. I heard fine praise for my playing. But, alas, my rent was due. I was hungry and I was getting absolutely nowhere."

Proud Enric refused to seek out a patron or sponsor to finance him over the rocky road to fame. The concert stage at that time was in a serious slump. Good violinists were a drug on the musical mart. And handsome, talented Enric Madriguera of Bourbon blood, the child prodigy of Barcelona, and the pupil of the great music composer, Leopold Auer, was broke and as blue as a blue blood could be.

Next day Enric scanned the want ads, selected one that called for a room clerk. However, en route to the hotel, a friend hailed him. He had a small dance orchestra playing in Newark. He needed expert help. Would Enric accept \$75 in advance? Madriguera rushed to the rehearsal hall, impressed the men with his musical knowledge and whipped the band into shape.

Today his full-sized, twenty-two piece band, sprinkled with Latins, is a renewed hit in New York's Commodore and can be heard regularly over two networks—CBS and Mutual.

Enric organized his first band in Havana, Cuba, and was the first to realize the commercial potentialities of the torrid tropical rhythms of the rumba, conga, and samba. Back in New York as the musical director of Columbia records, Enric made so many Latin-American disks that he was



He knows the art of playing those intoxicating Good Neighbor rhythms—handsome leader Enric Madriguera.

forced to use different names on the record labels so that the public wouldn't think there was only one musician who could play the Good Neighbor tunes.

An executive of New York's swank Biltmore hotel became a Madriguera record fan and he wanted to try a rumba band in the hotel's supper room. Thinking his hero was somewhere in South America he had agents busy searching from Lima to Buenos Aires. One day an excited secretary informed him that Mr. Madriguera was on the line.

"Hello! Hello!" screamed the hotel man.

"Stop shouting," Enric implored.

"Where are you?"

"In New York, just five blocks from the Biltmore."

By the time they revived the astounded executive, Enric was in his office, signing a contract.

Madriguera's first New York hotel engagement was a rousing success and soon other dance bands were injecting Latin-American tempos. Pioneer Enric encouraged and helped them.

Then some ill-advised attempts to convert his band into a purely North American one cost Enric time and money.

Discouraged, Enric junked one band after another, and only recently, spurred on by his pretty wife, made a comeback with his present "Band of the Americas."

Enric is a slim, brown-eyed, dark-haired, smiling chap, belying his thirty-nine years. His Spanish ancestors go back 700 years. His father, a prosperous Spanish perfumer, educated his son in Jesuit schools and then at the Barcelona Music Conservatory. At fourteen, young Enric and his talented sister, Paquita, played joint concerts here and abroad. Enric's first visit to the United States convinced him this was the place to live.

Paquita continued her concert travels alone. Today she is one of the concert stars of South America and is the wife of the great guitarist, Andres Segovia.

Enric is married to blonde, beautiful Patricia Gilmore. She was a well-known singer in her own right before she joined Madriguera. They have one child and expect another by the time you read this. Enric is counting on a boy.



A featured vocalist with many popular bands, Gloria Van is now singing with Hal McIntyre's orchestra.

## Which of these 6 Skin Troubles is Yours?



Read How My New 4-Purpose Face Cream Helps Bring Back Your Smooth "Baby Skin!"

BY *Lady Esther*

What is the first thing people see when they look at you — look closely at you? *Your skin!*

Are you proud of it—or a little ashamed of it? Is it a soft, fresh, young-looking skin? Or is it dry and coarse? Is it blemished and *uninviting?*

You can't expect to have a lovely skin by covering up the blemishes. *You must remove the cause.* And the cause of many skin troubles is an accumulation of dirt, stale make-up, dead skin cells . . . lodged firmly in the mouths of the pores.

**Four aids to beauty in a single jar of Cream!**

My 4-Purpose Face Cream is scientifically designed to bring your skin four important aids to beauty—all in a single jar of cream! It cleans out the mouths of the pores, removes the rancid accumulations, eases away the dry, dead skin-flakes. Try it—and see what a thrilling difference it makes in the appearance of your skin!

You see, under the surface layer of your

skin, a new and fresher layer is constantly forming. This is your new-born skin, your "baby skin." My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently but thoroughly removes every last bit of clogging tissue . . . and gives your "baby skin" a chance to show itself.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does all these four vital things for the beauty of your skin—every time you apply it: (1) It thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, relieves flaky dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

**Living Proof—in Your Mirror!**

Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like — but *try it!* When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks — how much smoother and more youthful — it's time enough to get the largest, *most economical* size. But for living proof this is the most *beautifying* cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar today!





The 1944 vogue:  
**Triple-Thrill Bathing**

**1**  
 BATHASWEET

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:  
 1. *Before* bathing, add *Bathasweet* to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.  
 2. *While* bathing, use *Bathasweet Soap*. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps  
 3. *After* the bath, use *Bathasweet Talc Mitt*. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness

Bathasweet also makes 3 alternative products: Foam Bath, Shower Mitt and Cologne.



**3**  
 BATHASWEET  
 Talc Mitt



*Bathasweet*

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—  
 Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

*You,*  
**INCORPORATED**

By Roberta Ormiston

**E**VERY successful business takes inventories regularly. The first and primary business in which you are engaged—whoever you are, wherever you live, whatever you do—is “You, Inc.” Obviously the closer you come to being everything it is possible for you to be—which very few people ever are, incidentally—the fuller measure of personal success and, in turn, professional or business success you will enjoy.

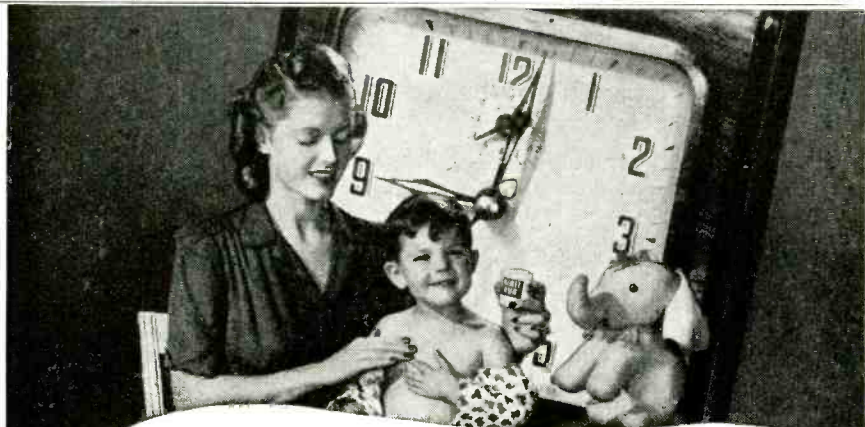
Business men take inventory when their stock is lowest. Which brings us to the matter of a mid-winter inventory for “You, Inc.” Likely enough this inventory, if it is taken honestly, will indicate that your stock right now is lower than you realized.

Stand before a mirror! Stand naturally; don't pose. Do your eyebrows and your lips tilt upward, as they should? In the mask of Tragedy, you will remember, these lines go down! Who wants to be a tragic mask? Counteract any tendency of your eyebrows or lips to tilt downward with a flip of your make-up brush.

Examine your eyebrows further—to discover if they have grown too close together or too bushy. Also check to see that you haven't plucked them and plucked them until they are a little too thin and a little too arched. You never can be careful enough about your eyebrows and eyelashes and the make-up applied near your eyes. Your eyes themselves have no expression whatever, you know. It is the movement of the face around your eyes which makes them seem to sparkle or to be heavy or sad.

Have you been jumping into bed without removing the day's grime with cleansing cream or having a quick massage with nourishing cream? The texture of your skin in your face and neck and the general high visibility of even those web-like wrinkles will give a complete answer to that question. Also have you been negligent about using hand lotions or creams or complexion milk on your hands, your elbows, your knees and the back of your heels? This is the time of year skin, unless carefully cared for, chaps and hardens and ridges.

What about your make-up palette? Is it a little off-key, a hodgepodge of the rose beige powder you bought when your summer tan had almost disap-



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**SPEED, MOTHER!** Minit-Rub hurries relief from cold distress *three fast ways!* Rub it on chest and back.

**1. IN A MINUTE,** Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of heat. That *swiftly* helps relieve surface aches!

**2. QUICKLY** Minit-Rub's pain-

relieving action soothes raspy local irritation.

**3. IMMEDIATELY** Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors ease that nasal-stuffiness feeling. Mother, it's amazingly quick relief for *both* children and grown-ups! Greaseless! Stainless! Won't harm linens! *Get it now—at your druggist's.*

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**FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS**



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





Every woman should take a seasonal inventory of herself, says Margaret Daum of NBC's Sunday American Album of Familiar Music.

peared; the too vivid lipstick you bought that day you needed cheering up; a rouge not nearly as flattering as one of the new and more subtle shades might be—and so on? Check, too, on the way in which lipstick and rouge complement the color or colors you are favoring this season. Don't come to any final conclusions about the new cosmetics you are going to buy or even a single change you are going to make without consulting one of the experts who are on hand in the stores to advise about such things.

Raise your eyes to your hair. Have you straggly ends which should have a bit of permanent put in them? Does your hair-style *really* suit you? Again seek the advice of an expert at your beauty parlor.

Above all, keep your hair soft. Hair that is stiff adds too many years to your age. And buy a good hair-brush, not the ornamental variety of brush, and wear it out as quickly as possible. Hair that is brushed regularly—with swift upward strokes—has a vitality and sheen which are beauty-giving.

Now then, stand back from your mirror and walk toward it. Don't pose while you do this. An honest look at yourself is what will really count. Unless you have been conscious of your posture recently—we'll bet you haven't—you likely aren't standing or walking with that buoyant grace which is so greatly to be desired as far as appearance goes. It is the woman who possesses this buoyant grace who stands out in any group, irrespective of how beautifully dressed or how beautiful those surrounding her may be.

Seek a feeling of buoyancy when you walk. And consider your balance. . . . In other words don't poke out your head, don't hobble like a water bird who is not accustomed to walking on land, keep your shoulders in a normal position—neither hunched up nor thrown too far back, pull in your abdomen and your posterior, keep your chin up, keep your weight on your heels, have a stride which is easy and natural for the length of your legs and act as if you were glad to be alive.

Incidentally, by holding your hands on the back of your hips you will attain a beautiful posture.

A mid-winter pick-up this is called. And now is the time for it!

# "What's happened to our Marriage?"



1. I met Stan when I went to work in a war plant. We fell in love, were married . . . and at first had a beautiful life. Then suddenly . . . a barrier between us! I, who counted so on our precious hours together, was crazy with grief!



2. Then one night, we went out with Kay and George, our closest friends. Later, Kay and I were alone and she asked why I looked so tragic. Anxious for sympathy, I told her my troubles. "Sue, darling," she said when I finished. "It's so simple. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love if she's neglectful about . . . well, about . . . feminine hygiene . . ."



3. "See here, Sue," she suggested. "Why don't you try Lysol disinfectant? My doctor recommends it for feminine hygiene . . . says many modern wives use it." Then she told me how this famous germicide cleanses thoroughly . . . deodorizes, too. "And besides," she added, "Lysol's so easy to use. Just follow directions—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Now, Stan and I are more happily in love than ever before! Kay was absolutely right about Lysol. It is easy and economical to use—and it works wonderfully!



### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is **not** carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful

**germicide**, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **Spreading**—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. **Lasting**—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



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★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

R  
M



**WORKING  
HANDS**  
one minute

**ROMANTIC  
HANDS**  
the next

 **Quick care  
for busy hands**

**R**OMANCE and war work go hand in hand, these days. Busy hands can be soft, adorable and tempting to romance if you give them the softening protection of Campana Balm. Used regularly, it's a swift, sure aid to hand beauty, regardless of how much housework, office work or war work you do—and regardless of drying weather.

#### Try This DIFFERENT Lotion

Campana Balm will convince you, in one trial, that it is *different*—richer and lusciously concentrated. It contains both skin softening and skin protecting ingredients. Thus it helps to overcome dry skin and protects against outside irritants.

These ingredients function *wisely* on your skin, for Campana Balm is accepted for advertising in the highly respected "Journal of the American Medical Association."

*The Original*  
**Campana Balm**  
FAMOUS SKIN SOFTENER

Campana Balm comes in the green and white carton. Campana Cream, Balm, the new lotion with Lanolin, comes in the bright yellow and white carton. Both are beauty creations of the famous Campana Laboratories.

For sale at drug, department and dime stores in 10c, 25c, 50c and one dollar bottles.

Experimenting with soybeans opens a new type of cookery for the nutrition-wise housewife. Here's a tasty spaghetti dish to try.



## Menu Newcomer

**T**HIS month I am going to talk about a product which has been too long neglected by this department—soybeans. They are nature's gift to nutritious, low-cost menus because they are so high in protein and fat that they can be used in place of—or as extenders of—meat, cheese and eggs, and because they are available in so many forms. Soybeans call for cooking ingenuity, for their own flavor is bland and not too interesting. However, a bit of "fixing" can turn them into dishes that would grace any table. And the fact that Uncle Sam has asked us to use them, makes them worth a bit of experimenting!

Green soybeans, fresh from the garden or canned, may be served the same as any other green beans. Dried soybeans are more neutral in flavor and for this reason require greater seasoning. However, since they have the additional advantage of being ration free, I am going to start off with dried soybean recipes.

#### Soybean Spaghetti Dish

- 1 lb. soybeans
- 1 tbl. salt
- 8 peppercorns
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 small bayleaf
- 1 lb. whole wheat spaghetti
- 1 lb. spinach
- 4 slices bacon
- 1 medium onion
- 1 clove garlic (optional)
- 2 tbls. minced parsley
- Juice of 1 lemon

Wash soybeans and soak overnight. The following morning, add salt, pepper, bayleaf and onions and simmer in the water in which they were soaked, to which sufficient fresh water is added from time to time to keep them from cooking dry. (They will require about three hours' cooking time but they will never cook apart the way other dried beans do because their oil content will keep intact their crisp, nutty consistency.) Cook whole wheat spaghetti and spinach (separately), drain and add to soybeans. Cook bacon

until crisp and break into tiny crumbs. Sauté garlic and minced onion in bacon drippings. Add bacon crumbs, parsley and lemon juice. Pour over soybean mixture and toss as you toss a salad. More salt may be needed, depending upon the saltiness of the bacon.

#### Savory Soybean Casserole

Soak and cook 1 lb. soybeans as in the foregoing recipe, adding 1 tsp. chili powder to the other seasonings. In a greased casserole arrange alternate layers of soybeans and the following seasonings:

- 2 medium onions
- 2 medium green peppers
- 1 clove garlic (optional)
- ¼ lb. mushrooms
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1 tsp. dried basil (optional)
- ¼ tsp. dried oregano (optional)
- 2 tbls. margarine

Blend tomato paste with an equal quantity of water (or the liquid from cooked soybeans). Run onions, peppers, garlic and mushroom stems through food grinder and stir into tomato paste together with other seasonings. Bake in 350 degree oven 45 minutes to 1 hour. Just before serving, garnish with mushrooms which have been sautéed in margarine. (The cooking time for both these recipes may be reduced by using tenderized soybeans.)

Soybean grits will make a small quantity of meat go a long way if they are combined in a loaf.

#### Soybean Meat Loaf

- 1 cup soybean grits
- 1 lb. ground beef
- ½ cup diced salt pork
- 1 medium onion
- 1 tbl. minced celery leaves
- 2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsps. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ cup chili sauce or catsup

Cover soybean grits with one cup boiling water and allow to stand while you prepare remaining ingredients. Cook salt pork until golden brown, sauté minced onion and celery in drippings and stir into beef together with salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Combine with soybean grits and mix well. Turn into buttered loaf pan. Blend chili sauce (or catsup) with ¼ cup water and pour over loaf. Bake in 350 degree oven for one hour.

**BY KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

Lucretia Young

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Max Factor \* Hollywood  
Face Powder!

- 1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
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- 3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

Blonde! brunette! brownette! redhead! accent the natural beauty of your type with your color harmony shade of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll love the look of youthful beauty it imparts...the satin-smooth make-up it creates...the way it stays on and looks lovely for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today...One dollar.



MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP  
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



# How to Write a Short Story:

## 1. Take a girl with a problem (beauty)

... Jane's at an officers' dance—and something's wrong! The music's grand—but she isn't dancing. It's a dinger of a night for a twosome—but she's a lonesome. If only ...

## 2. Add a handsome Marine . . . (her rival's).

He says, "Hello!"—and his smile lifts her heart. But it falls with a thud—when he passes her by to dance with somebody else. Somebody with a complexion as smooth and radiant as—say! . . .



## 3. Bring in a beautiful baby (her sister's).

Maybe *that* is the answer—she's always bathed with gentle Ivory Soap. Doctor's orders. No soap is purer than mild Ivory—it contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. Better change to regular, gentle cleansings with Ivory—Jane!



## 4. YOU write the happy ending!

Does Jane meet the handsome Marine again? Does he fall like a ton of bricks? Does she marry him? Could be. It's easy for a gal with a baby-radiant skin! Better start using gentle Ivory for *your* skin—tonight!

99<sup>44</sup>/100% pure . . . It floats.



★ ★ ★  
Save Soaps! They Use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN THE WATER when you're through lathering yourself.
2. BE SURE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

Look lovelier with IVORY—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



# STRANGER—HUSBAND



*This is not Jean's problem alone—it is the problem faced by every newly married woman who kisses her soldier goodbye*

I WALKED in happiness that winter afternoon, on my way from the office where I worked to the pretty apartment where I lived.

I had everything in the world to be happy about. I had something wonderful to look forward to—the end of the war, when Larry, my husband, would come back to me. I had something wonderful to remember and to dream about—my meeting with Larry, and the five wonderful days we'd had together before he sailed.

It didn't seem that a year had passed since I'd first seen him at the canteen where I helped out three nights a week. Every detail was still vivid—the

picture of Larry as he'd stood at the coffee bar, not waiting to be served, but drawing with a stub of pencil on a piece of paper before him. He was such a big man; the bronzed outline of cheek and jaw, the shoulders muscular under the G.I. shirt, were assertively masculine—and yet, with his black hair rumpled, in his complete absorption in what he was doing, there was a little-boy look.

He raised his head suddenly; his eyes met mine, and I flushed, aware that I'd been staring. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Jean Owens."

"I'm Lawson Laramie—Larry." His

eyes, very blue, very penetrating, seemed to measure me, to make a place for me in his thoughts. I was suddenly glad that I was looking my best that night, that my hair was brushed to a dark honey color, that my skin made me look eighteen rather than my own twenty-five years, that careful grooming had brought me as close to beauty as any rather plain girl could be.

He turned the paper toward me. "Want to see my house? I mean—it's the house I'm going to build some day."

I looked, out of politeness at first, then with startled attention. It was a sketch of a (Continued on page 71)

## *A Just Five Lines Drama*

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



*It was enough that the  
world was at our feet—  
the two of us together.*

*A First Nighter Drama*



# Tomorrow is ours

*How could she marry him with this stain on her heart—  
to live in constant dread that he'd discover the truth?  
No, she could never love or be loved, Beth reasoned*

**I**F you have never lived with shame, you have been happy. You may have been lonely, or poor, or sick—but there have been moments when you were happy. Shame is different. It is a stain on your heart, a festering spot in your soul. It is there at brightest noon, when you are busy doing your work, and it is still there at midnight when you waken and stare into the darkness.

This is the story of what shame did to me.

The season was over at Ashmore Lodge, but Mrs. Ashmore had asked me to stay on for a while and help her put everything away for the winter. The linens had to be counted and stacked in their closets, the pillows and blankets piled on the beds and sprinkled with strong-smelling powders to keep the mice away. The floors had to be swept, the blinds drawn, the store-room checked; and the windows were to be boarded up, too, but Mrs. Ashmore's nephew, Toby, would attend to that when he came.

I was glad to stay. Going back to the city meant looking for another job, and looking for another job meant answering questions. "Birthplace? Parents' names? Previous employment?" And there was always the chance that something—my name, an old memory, the answer to one of the questions—would ring a bell in my prospective employer's mind, and he would know. For I would not lie, and I could not go very far away. Eventually, I would have to leave the Lodge, eventually the questions must be answered, and a new job found, but meanwhile, each day's delay was that much gained.

Mrs. Ashmore liked me best of the three waitresses she had hired for the summer trade. She had felt sorry for me at first, I guess. "But you're *thin, child,*" she'd said when I came to the Lodge in the spring. "Are you sure you're strong enough to carry those heavy trays?"

"I've been sick," I explained. "I had a bad case of the flu, but I'm better now. And I've been a waitress before. I know how."

"Well, the mountain air ought to be good for you," she said—which, as a matter of fact, was why the doctor had told me to find work in the country for the summer. "And we'll see you get plenty of good food."

Now it was fall, and the hollows in my cheeks had filled out, my arms and shoulders and neck had lost the painful angles that had been there four months before. Mrs. Ashmore took a personal pride in the way I'd changed.

"You're a pretty girl," she said bluntly, "now you've stopped looking half-starved. You remind me of myself when I was your age." Since Mrs. Ashmore was big and muscular, with a weathered skin and crinkles around her eyes and gray hair caught up any old way on top of her head, this

didn't sound like the compliment she really meant it to be, but I understood and felt a glow of gratitude. She liked me . . . but of course she didn't know.

We were sitting in front of the fireplace in her cabin, after supper. Outside, the pines sighed faintly in the darkness, but here it was warm and cozy, with the pitch bubbling in the cracks of the burning logs. We were both comfortably tired after a day of work, tired but filled with the sense of accomplishment that makes even weariness pleasant.

"It's nice to be young," Mrs. Ashmore said wistfully. "Young, and with the future in front of you. You're twenty, aren't you?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty-one now," I answered. "I had a birthday this summer." But the question, innocent as it was, had tightened every nerve in my body. She mustn't go on—mustn't ask me where I came from, who my parents had been. To divert her thoughts, I seized the first subject that came into my mind.

"Your nephew's coming tomorrow, isn't he?" I asked, and she brightened.

"Yes—the early bus." She pushed herself back and forth in her old-fashioned rocker for a minute. "You know, I feel guilty letting him spend his leave here. There's his mother in New Jersey, just dying to see him—but if he went there he'd use up most of the time traveling. And it was his own idea to come here. He was always pretty fond of his old Aunt." She tossed her head proudly, and I smiled to myself. She'd never had any children of her own, and her love for her sister's son was sweet to see.

I wondered what he'd be like. His picture, in a silver frame on the wall, showed a white sailor's cap set cockily on dark curls, a broad forehead, eyes squinted against the sun, very white teeth in a laughing mouth. Good-looking, I thought, even if hardly as devastatingly handsome as his aunt seemed to think. Not that it made—not that it *could* make—any difference to me how he looked or what he was like. I was glad for her sake that he was coming, and for her sake I hoped he'd be nice.

He must be rather nice, I added after a moment, to come up here and spend his precious leave working around his aunt's summer camp. That was a point in his favor.

There is no such thing as premonition. If there were, I would have known, that night as Mrs. Ashmore and I sat before the fire, I must leave the Lodge before Toby Marsh arrived. But no man had ever yet made me forget that I was apart from the world. No man had ever given me the courage to fight against the shame I carried with me.

He stepped off the bus the next morning, his blue bag slung over his shoulder, laughing at the sight of Mrs. Ashmore just as he was laughing in the picture. He dropped the bag and, big as she was, he picked her off the ground and kissed her.

"Toby! You stop it!" she scolded delightedly. "Let me down!" He did, still laughing, and she shook her skirts straight. "The Navy hasn't taken the starch out of you a bit!"

I felt his eyes on me—bold, appraising in their merriment. "You didn't tell me you were going to have a pretty girl here," he said to his aunt.

"You leave Beth alone," she cautioned him. "Beth's a nice girl, and I won't have you bothering her." She sketched an introduction. "Beth—Toby Marsh."

"How do you do," I said as coolly as I could. I didn't like him; he was too sure of himself. I knew the kind—I'd had to deal with them before. And I wished Mrs. Ashmore had used my last name when she introduced us. Now he'd have an excuse to use only my first.

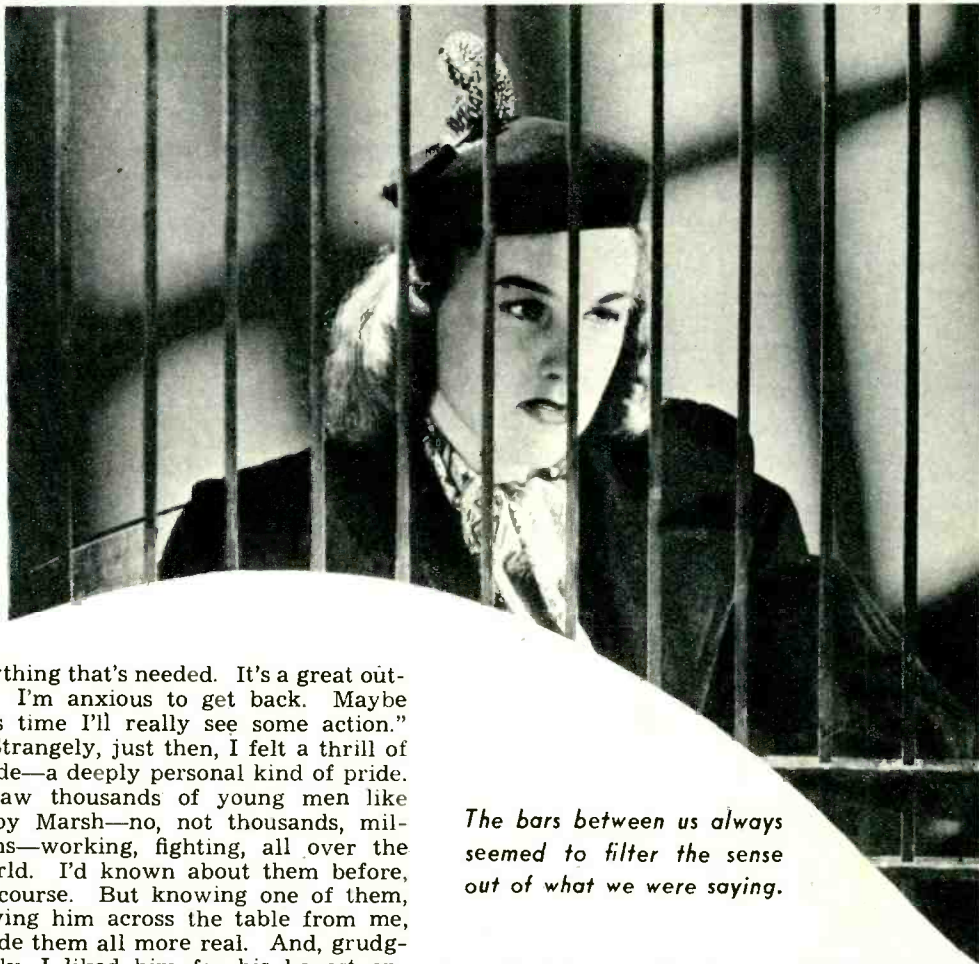
"Got some breakfast for me, Auntie?" he asked. "Feed me, and then lead me to the work."

"I'll start on the table linen," I told Mrs. Ashmore, and left them, going into the empty dining hut. Now that the camp was closed, we used Mrs. Ashmore's kitchen for our meals. The dining room, with its tables stacked one on top of another, seemed twice as large as it ever had during the summer, when it was filled with people. My footsteps echoed as I crossed the bare floor, and it was cold. But I was glad to get away from Toby Marsh. He was unsettling, with his questing, adventurous glance, his vitality and healthy exuberance.

I had to admit, though, when the day ended, that he hadn't come up to the lodge to lie around in the sun. He could work, and he liked to work. He lifted the heavy boards for the windows as if they'd been so much paper, never pausing to rest except when Mrs. Ashmore stopped on her way to and fro to talk. He didn't waste any time with me, either. He was all business.

But that evening, while the three of us sat around the table and ate the food Mrs. Ashmore had cooked, he relaxed. He told us about his training, about life on board ship and ashore in Alaska and the Aleutians. For he was a "Seabee," a member of the Navy's Construction Battalion. "We build things," he said. "All kinds of things—

Inspired by an original drama, "Ladies in Hiding," heard on First Nighter, Sundays at 6:00 P.M., EWT, over Mutual.



*The bars between us always seemed to filter the sense out of what we were saying.*

anything that's needed. It's a great outfit. I'm anxious to get back. Maybe this time I'll really see some action."

Strangely, just then, I felt a thrill of pride—a deeply personal kind of pride. I saw thousands of young men like Toby Marsh—no, not thousands, millions—working, fighting, all over the world. I'd known about them before, of course. But knowing one of them, having him across the table from me, made them all more real. And, grudgingly, I liked him for his honest enthusiasm.

**H**E and Mrs. Ashmore turned to talking of Toby's family, his father and mother in New Jersey, his sisters and brothers, and I stood up and began to clear the table. "Here," he said abruptly, "let me help."

"Don't bother," I said crisply. "I'm used to this kind of work."

"You may be used to it, but that doesn't make it fun," he over-rode my protests. "Come on—which'd you rather do, wash or dry?"

Picking up a dish in each hand, he led the way to the tiny kitchen, and there was nothing for me to do but accept his help.

Even more than before, while I washed the dishes and he dried them, I had to change my mind about him. He wasn't really the masterful young swashbuckler who had stepped off the bus that morning. That, I sensed, was a pose—a part of being young and a fighting man on leave. He kept forgetting to play the part, and whenever he forgot he was innocent and sweet. Once, when he reached for a dish I had just put down, our hands touched. That morning I would have taken it for granted that he'd done it deliberately. Now I wasn't sure.

"How about walking down to the lake after we finish?" he suggested. "There's a moon."

"I think you ought to stay and keep your aunt company."

"We might ask her to go along," he teased, remembering his role.

But I agreed quietly, "We might," and

was pleased to notice that he had no answer ready.

He had his triumph later, when the dishes were done and we went back to find Mrs. Ashmore asleep in her chair by the fire. "See?" he whispered. "She doesn't want any company. So put on your coat and come on."

Yes, I could have said I was tired. I could have left and gone to my own room in the next cabin. I could have—but I looked at him and I didn't want to snub him. After all, he was nice, I said to myself very carefully, and where was the harm? In another week all the work here would be finished and I'd leave, and we'd never see each other again.

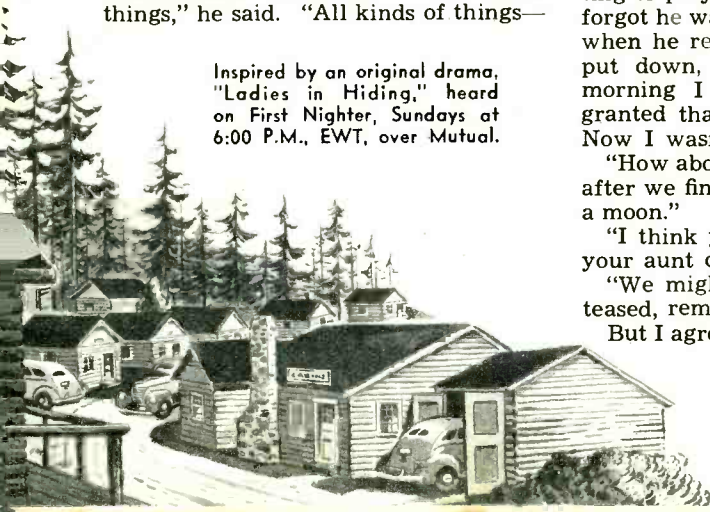
"All right," I said.

The lake wasn't really much more than a pond. In the summer, good swimmers used to go all the way across it and back. Tonight, though, under the sky with the moonlight turning its surface into blue-gray silk, it seemed to stretch away to the darkness of distant shores. There was a little dock, and when we'd walked out to the end of it and sat down, dangling our feet into space, it was easy to imagine that the water below was hundreds of feet deep, instead of barely waist high.

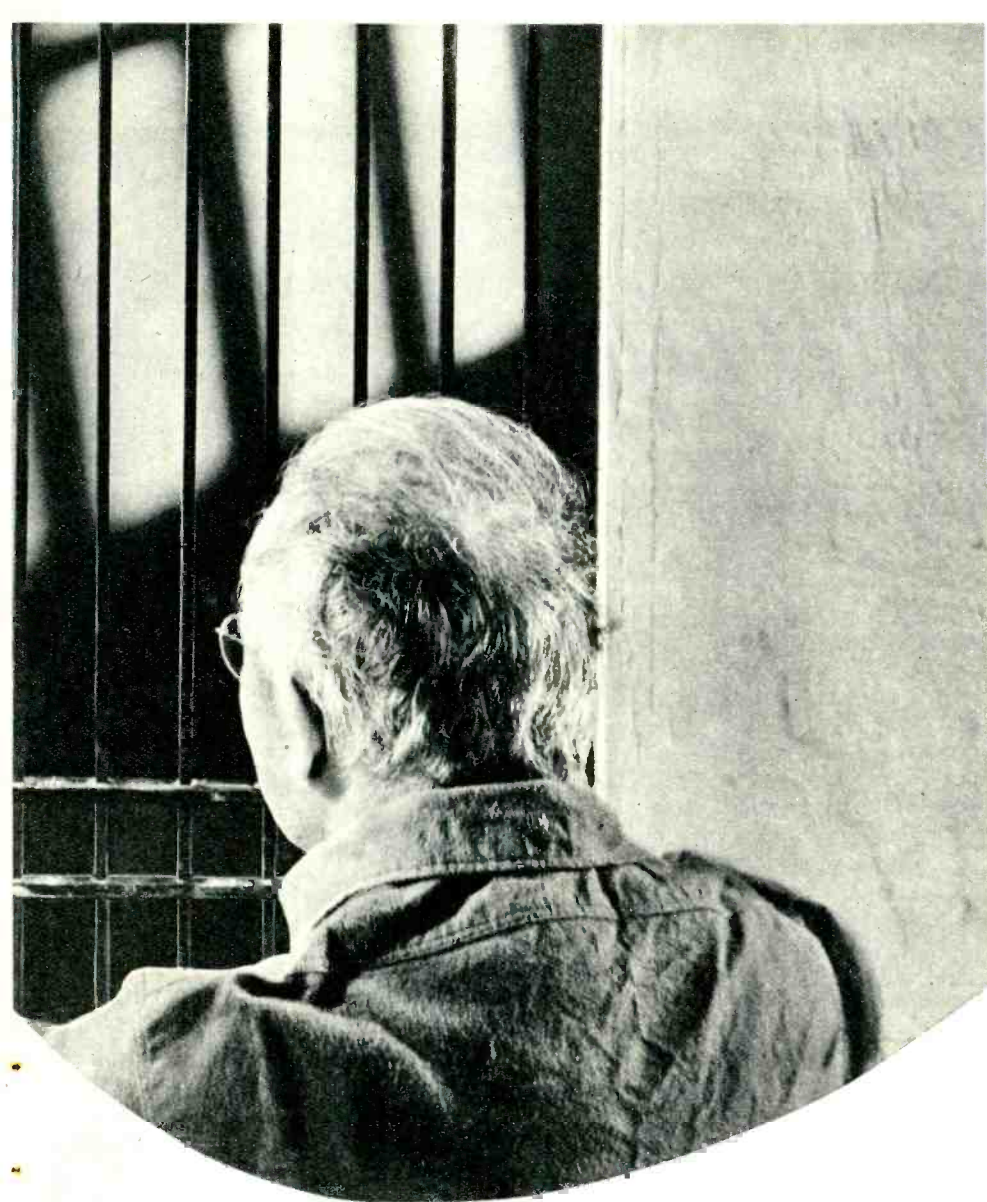
"I used to come here every summer," he said musingly. "Aunt Belle always gave me a job, but it was more like a vacation. It's swell in summer, isn't it?"

"Yes," I agreed. "And Mrs. Ashmore's so nice to work for."

"She's been like a mother to me," he said. "More than my real mother, in fact. But then, Mom had plenty of kids—seven besides me—and Aunt Belle never had any, so it sort of evened things up." He turned and looked at







me curiously. "You live around here?"

They were coming—as they always did. The questions, the inquiries. Why did people always want to know about origins, backgrounds, things that were past and done with?

"No. I live in the city." And now he would ask—and he did—"With your family?"

"No. Alone." After that, spoken so shortly, he could hardly go on, could hardly ask if my parents were alive or dead. Abashed, he fell silent, and I was sorry. To make amends—because it wasn't his fault, he'd only been showing a friendly interest—I smiled and said, "It means a lot to your aunt to have you here. She's so proud of you—she hardly thought of anything else the week before you came."

"Oh—well—" He was pleased, though. He liked having people proud of him. I could understand that. I would have liked it, too.

The water was perfectly still, and all around us there was a silence in which our voices were very tiny. And slowly, a dream-like peace stole over me. It was so lovely to sit here, on a moonlit night, like any other girl—a boy beside me, the air cool and crisp in my lungs while my body was warm in its coat. Lovely to pretend, for a little while, that I had a right to moments

like this, that Beth Gage was only what she seemed, a girl, a rather pretty girl any boy might like to be with.

He moved closer, put his arm around my waist. And I was back in reality. "Don't," I said sharply, and twisted away. "Please don't do that."

After a startled pause, he said stiffly, "I'm sorry. I just thought you might be cold."

I wanted to laugh, and I wanted to cry. I wanted to laugh because his excuse was so endearingly transparent, and I wanted to cry because I had hurt him. But how could he know that at his touch my whole soul had leaped with a longing to relax, to let him pull me closer and to lay my head on his shoulder—to let him kiss me if he wanted to? It was only the night, of course—the night and the healthy youth of my body rebelling against the restraints I had imposed on it. I wouldn't take him seriously. "But you might. You might!" a warning voice said.

Shaken, torn between the awareness of danger and the almost overpowering wish to let him know I wasn't offended, I began to get up. "I—I am a little cold," I said. "Maybe we'd better go in."

Silently, he stood up, and we walked back up the pier. I was utterly miserable. Why hadn't I just laughed and

moved away after a minute? There were ways to discourage a flirtation without being rude about it, ways as old as feminine instinct. Now he would think I didn't like him—and I couldn't bear to have him think that.

I caught my breath and opened my mouth, and at the same instant he did the same, and we began to speak together, and interrupted ourselves in confusion, and waited for the other to begin again.

"What—?" he said at last.

"N-nothing. What were you going to say?"

"Why, just—just that I was sorry, and I hope you're not sore, and let's try to start all over again and be friends." The words came out in a rush, and they were his farewell to play-acting. He wasn't a cavalier any more, he was only a boy my own age, rather lonely and anxious to be liked.

"I was going to say the same thing," I admitted softly—quite deaf, now, to the warning voice inside.

He held out his hand. "Shake?"

"Shake," I said, and felt his fingers close, warm and strong, around mine. Or were they closing around my heart?

I'm not sure, now, whether or not I realized that there could be no retreat after that moment. I think I did, dimly, whenever I was alone; but when he was with me—and that was nearly all the time—I forgot everything except a happiness which was like the brief, glorious autumn days, as poignantly beautiful and as certain to end very soon. For I was counting on the work of closing the resort being finished in another week. After that, there would be no reason for me to stay. I would go back to the city and find another job, and one of the first things I must do, once I was settled, would be to take the bus and travel out across the broad, flat valley to that bleak, angular huddle of buildings, ugliness expressed in stone and concrete—

But I wouldn't think about that now.

With Toby's help, our work went rapidly. It wasn't necessary to keep busy all day long; there was time for Mrs. Ashmore to sit on the porch in the afternoons and knit on a sweater she was making for Toby to take with him, time for Toby to get out one of the canoes and launch it on the lake, or suggest that he and I hike to the top of the mountain behind the lodge.

The country spread out around us, that afternoon, like a rumpled green carpet, flecked with spots of gold where the coming winter had touched the aspens and poplars in the hollows. Far below, the lake glittered like a pale jewel, and the buildings of the lodge were the size of toys. Toby sat beside me, long legs stretched out, sunlight accenting the planes and angles of his face, and we talked as people talk who don't really need words at all to share their thoughts. "That's Kisko Peak—and to the right, Mt. McEvers—you can just see the lake at its foot—" And I said, "Yes," but neither of us was particularly interested in picking one mountain out from the other. It was enough that the world was at our feet, the sky (Continued on page 97)

# Don't give my love away

*What happens when a girl meets a man and falls in love but that man wants her to be his brother's sweetheart? Begin the heartwarming story of Paul who tried to guide the destinies of Chris and Sue*

**B**EAUTIFUL. He had said I was beautiful.

Not in words, of course. No, this man with the dark, sharply modeled face, the intense black eyes and eagerly moving red-lipped mouth, had looked across the counter that separated us, and he had asked the questions that were part of his job to ask me. But there was an almost breathless interest in his voice, and his eyes on me were brilliant with excitement as he listened for my answers. Even his hand holding the pen stopped and he forgot to write in the blank spaces of the form he was filling out for me. He was lost, as I was, in the wonder of our meeting in this ordinary, commonplace way.

I had thought, when I walked into the Personnel Office of our plant, that I was merely going to have my hours changed. But it was my whole life that was changed in those few minutes.

It was just a matter of transferring from the swing shift so that I could take night classes in Chemistry at Rawlins Tech. But when he asked me why I took the courses, I saw, amazed, that this really mattered to him. And so I told him, though I had kept those deep ambitions of mine a secret up till then, especially from men, for I knew it made me seem different from other girls. But with him I knew suddenly that was exactly what I wanted. He would understand my longing to make my contribution to the world's knowledge through helping, however humbly, in scientific research. I wanted

him to know me exactly as I was. And he would not think that I was queer. And he didn't. He leaned across the counter, his dark head close to mine. "I wouldn't have believed it," he told me wonderingly.

"Wouldn't have believed what?" My voice was shaky because his hand had come to clasp my round, blue-sweated arm, and the touch gave me an odd, dazed, floating feeling.

"It's hard to explain," he said, his voice low and almost puzzled, looking into my face. "The way you are, I guess. You see my brother goes to Tech, and he told me that girls who went there were never—" he hesitated, as if afraid to speak the word that had come to his lips. "Never like you," he ended abruptly. But his eyes said, "beautiful." That was the word he had wanted to say.

I knew it. It was one of those certainties that come to you sometimes, in which there can be no doubt. He did think I was beautiful.

Of course, people had said complimentary things about my looks before, especially my hair—not red and not blonde but a soft shade in between, falling without any waves at all but thick and smooth about my shoulders. Yet I was not the kind that boys kept busy at the telephone. I was quiet, shy. A little too thin, always, and growing tall a little earlier than the others, so that I had a habit of what my mother called "drooping." At school I liked to watch rather than take an active part in things, and sometimes in class my

daydreams carried me so far away I'd have to be brought back by my teacher's sarcasm. My nickname of "Dreamy" hardly suggested the ideal type for High School popularity.

Sometimes, though, when I caught a sudden unexpected glance into a mirror at the clean, smooth modeling of my narrow face with its pure skin and big, gray-blue eyes, I'd get a funny kind of thrill. I'd think, in spite of myself, "Some day, someone will think I'm beautiful." And now, at last, it had happened. Paul McKenzie had looked across the counter at me, with all the noise and bustle of the crowded office around us, and he had really seen me. I knew then that something tremendous had happened to me.

Paul's hand tightened a little on my arm. He asked quickly in a low voice, "Could you go to supper? With my brother and another girl? Tonight?"



## *A Manhattan at Midnight Drama*

Inspired by an original radio drama, "My Kid Brother," by Milton Wayne, heard on Manhattan at Midnight, over the Blue.



*It was fun to be with Chris. He tucked my hand into his arm and swung me in rhythm to his stride.*

I never thought of declining. I never thought of technique, or my mother's training, I didn't think at all. I simply said, "Yes. Yes, I'd love to."

The rest of the day was different from any day I had ever lived. I had been dreamy, before. But now I moved in a different sort of dream, one that shut me off from my surroundings more effectually, but was not vague, far-off, unreal. No, what I kept seeing

instead of my bench and my equipment was Paul's face—very near, very immediate, very much alive. And I myself felt different, like a different person. I was aware of my own body in a new way, proudly, so that I moved more quickly, more alertly, and got an actual physical pleasure out of performing each swift efficient part of my complicated routine. The time seemed to flow past like the moving belt on which I thrust each finished part to be carried to the next girl's bench, and yet it seemed to me that eleven-thirty would never come.

**M**Y anticipation seemed to swell up inside me in long rhythmic waves, and each time I'd have to reason it away in order to breathe again. "It can't turn out to be as wonderful as all that," I told myself.

But it did. At first, I mean. Paul looked even more impressive than I remembered him from the office as he stood waiting for me under the street-light outside the Number Four gate. He seemed taller, very broad-shouldered and erect, the wind whipping his raincoat and ruffing his short crisp black curls. The wind was driving me toward him and I had to hold my hat with my two hands. I laughed as I came up with him, his arm catching mine to hold me protected on his leeward side. "I'll try to find a taxi," he said.

"Oh, no," I told him. "I love this!" And I did, though I had always hated storms before. But tonight it seemed somehow right, this moment with this man in the wild windy rain.

He smiled down at me with that same look of incredulous discovery. "I do too," he said wonderingly. "But I never met a girl who did, before—"

That, too, was right. Of course he found me different from other girls. And maybe he himself had changed. Maybe he too had never cared for storms but found this moment with the sound of trees thrashing in the woods across the road, the clouds hanging low and faintly glowing in the sky above us, peculiarly thrilling and right because he was with me.

He tucked my arm into his and swung me off with him, down the road, not talking, just becoming part of the noisy wild night. But when we boarded the bus and sat together, he turned to me. "I guess I told you my brother goes to Tech," he said. "He's a great kid. Always looking for a jam to get into, but smart. Not just in the ordinary way, schoolbooks and stuff, but something special. You'll like him."

"I'm sure I shall," I told him, but I was thinking of Paul, "He's sweet, to be so fond of his brother." And thinking how the wind had brought the fresh color to his face and the rain highlighted his cheekbones and left his eyelashes in wet thick points that made his eyes look blacker and brighter than ever. I hardly heard the stories he told me of his brother, the remarkable talent he had shown as a child, presaging a brilliant future. "That's why he's at Tech," Paul finished with a frank

pride I found very attractive. "And he gets his deferment right along because the Government needs men educated in science. Oh, he'll do great things some day!"

I had never seen a man so selflessly pleased at the accomplishments of someone else. He had not told me a word about himself. But that would come later, I thought as we got off the bus. There was plenty of time ahead. Time for wonderful things!

After the raw dark night the restaurant seemed bright and warm. As Paul led me along the aisle among the crowded tables I looked to see if I could pick out his brother. My eyes paused at a table beside the dance floor where a couple sat. The boy was handsome, with the same dark hair and eyes as Paul's, but otherwise so utterly opposite that at first I thought I must have guessed wrong. In his face the sharp clean lines and planes of Paul's were blurred to a softness that seemed somehow too young for his age. But mostly the contrast showed in the way he sat there, slumped in his chair in a sort of idle listlessness, his half closed eyes wandering without interest over the chorus line that had just come dancing out into the spotlight. And as to the girl he was with, she might as well not have been there for all the attention he paid her. Looking at her,



I wondered why she *was* there. She was the sort of girl you could meet several times without remembering you'd been introduced before; blonde in a way that made her seem colorless, dressed correctly in clothes that looked so carefully chosen that they gave a dowdy effect; a girl born looking like an old maid. But when she looked up at us her face suddenly changed. Color came into it, and as her eyes met Paul's they shone with such adoration that I felt a stab of sharp, deep jealousy.

It was from that moment that everything began to seem puzzling. I couldn't put my finger on what was lacking, but something was wrong. As we approached, Chris stood up like a soldier coming to attention, and stood stiffly while we were introduced, his eyes inspecting me coldly while his lips made the proper greetings. He waited, standing, longer even than

courtesy required, and I had the crazy feeling that his extreme politeness was almost an insult.

I thought, "Well, my lad. Your brother said I'd like you, but I'm not so sure."

Paul spoke in a friendly, cheerful way, ordering our drinks and telling of the storm through which we had come. Looking at him, I could tell myself it was my imagination playing tricks.

But no. Paul said at last, "Chris, did I tell you Miss Merrill's going to be spending her evenings at your school after this?"

And for the first time Chris looked straight at him. "You told me," he said. His tone was indifferent, but his eyes were actually hostile.

Paul went on as if he had not noticed. "She's taking chemistry. After eight hours on the assembly line, won't three hours in the lab make quite a project?"

Chris did not favor me with a glance. He said flatly, "Yes."

Our food had come, but I felt too uneasy in this atmosphere to eat. Paul guessed, and smiling kindly at me, asked, "Shall we dance?"

Out on the crowded floor I tried to forget the scene. I was in Paul's arms, that was enough. It was wonderful to dance with him, not because he was especially practiced or skilled, but because the way he moved was like himself: masterful, controlled, sure. Following him was inevitable, I could relax and just enjoy the strength of him, the sense of being in contact with a mysterious deep power. I had never felt anything like it before, in all my life.

But Paul broke the spell. He said, "I'm afraid Chris seems a little standoffish at first meeting—"

I laughed. "He didn't seem exactly overjoyed to meet me." But I wanted to say, "What does it matter, Paul? What does anyone else matter, you and I are together. When I'm dancing with you, nobody else exists!"

But Paul went on seriously, "He'll be different when he knows you better. I guess all talented people are—well, sort of temperamental. He's just a kid, after all."

I looked at his grave, sweet face above mine and I thought, "You're nice, making excuses for your brother. But I said, 'You're not much older, are you?'" He was the one I wanted to hear about.

"Four years. I'm twenty-seven," Paul said. He grinned. "I guess I sound like his grand-dad. But Mother and Dad both died when he was hardly in his teens. And—well, I was all he had left for parents." His deprecating smile touched me. I could see him as a young, thin ardent boy taking care of his little brother, when they were both left orphans. Questions crowded to be asked, but before I could think how to put them, the dance had ended.

The others were sitting at the table just as before, and Chris jumped up in the same perfunctory way as Paul seated me.

As soon as (Continued on page 88)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# A WOMAN OF AMERICA

*The exciting and colorful adventures of covered wagon days are brought to life for you in this story of the settling of the west. Here are the pictures you have waited to see*



*Prudence Dane and her son, John, talk over their plans for the future.*

A Woman of America is heard daily at 3:00 P.M., EWT, over NBC. It is the story of the Dane Caravan, and a group of hardy pioneers who ventured across the prairies to make new homes for their families.



*PRUDENCE DANE* is a beautiful young widow who left her home in Sandsport, Pennsylvania, in the year 1865 to establish a new home for herself and her 13-year-old son, John Dane, Jr., in the unexplored West. Prudence is all that a fine woman should be—sweet, kind, considerate of others and quick to champion anyone less fortunate than herself. Recently, she has fallen in love with swashbuckling Wade Douglas. His gratitude to Fanny Carlyle, a dance-hall girl who saved his life, prompts him to invite Fanny to join the caravan. Fanny's presence fills Prudence with jealousy, heartache and doubt.  
(Played by Anne Seymour)



*WADE DOUGLAS is the dashing young Southerner who loves Prudence. When the wagon-train was in desperate straits and in danger of breaking up, Wade assumed leadership and held the band together, guiding them to safety. While on a secret mission for Gideon Wells, Secretary of State, Wade was shot and seriously wounded. Fanny Carlyle nursed him back to health. Wade, hoping to give her a chance for a new life in the West, doesn't realize how Fanny's presence hurts Prudence. Yet he is powerless to ease Prue's doubts with an explanation, and he turns to Peg Hall for sympathy and understanding.*

*(Played by James Monks)*



*EMMIE HATFIELD, below, is Prue's best friend. This older woman gives Prue wise counsel and helps her in the many little ways only a close friend can. Having had a great disappointment in love, Emmie is skeptical of Wade, and cautions Prue about him. (Played by Irene Hubbard)*

*SLIM STARK and PEG HALL are members of the Dane Caravan. Slim is a cruel, money grabbing villain of the worst type. He was employed by the plotters of Lincoln's death to get the papers, naming these arch villains, which Prue had. However, the papers were burned, and now Slim plans to have the wagon-train robbed and all his friends killed. Peg was at first an easy prey for Slim because she feared for her brother's life, since she thought his name was on the list. She knows now what Slim is and detests him thoroughly.*

*(Played by Kenneth Lynch and Nancy Douglass)*





CALEB JACKSON, below, is another evil character. He's a penny-pinching New Englander who joined up with the caravan with but one purpose—to make loans to the poor pioneers, and eventually get their land away from them after they built their homes. (Played by Ed Jerome)



FANNY CARLYSLE and EMILIO PRIETO are two more members of the Caravan who play important parts in the lives of Prudence and Wade. Fanny is a typical dance hall girl who never knew the true meaning of love until she nursed Wade Douglas back to health. Then a radical change came over her and she is seeking to forget her past. Emilio is a Mexican, with a heart of gold. As Wade's closest friend and companion, Emilio wants to see Wade happily married to Prudence and resents the appearance of Fanny. (Played by Louise Larabee and Jackson Beck)

# If you break my

*It was so little that she wanted—just to keep Jeff beside her, safe from harm.  
Helen didn't know that love of a man, like love of country, demands sacrifice*

**P**ERHAPS what happened in Gardiner happened in a lot of little towns from one end of the country to the other—I don't know. I suppose it did. And I suppose that what happened to me and to the other girls in Gardiner happened to girls everywhere, to some degree. Maybe it happened to you.

But I only know about Gardiner—sleepy, pretty, quiet little Gardiner, that found itself suddenly caught in a kind of madness, a strange, feverish wildness. And I know about me—I know that I suffered a sort of madness, too, something different from what the town knew, but both, I suppose, symptoms of the same tragic illness, the fear and loneliness that find their way into women's hearts when men go marching away.

I remember the day that the madness struck. There was something special in the air that day—the trees seemed fresher along the streets, and the sun looked like a bright new penny up in the sky. It was September, but there was a feeling of spring about everything, as though Gardiner were awakening from a long winter's sleep. It was the day that a hundred cadets in the Air Corps were arriving to take special science courses in the little college that gives the town of Gardiner its excuse for being.

Maybe we—the girls who lived in Gardiner—can't be blamed too much. Everything had been so quiet for us since the war began. It's only a small town, but it had always been kept lively by the students at the college. Until the change brought about by the war, I can't remember a time when the streets weren't full of boys and girls, gay chattering crowds of them, and the air wasn't humming with some sort of activity—young activity. Parties, and dances and football games and graduations, and young people walking two-and-two through the wooded park-like land that sloped down from the college campus to the river, dreaming their dreams out loud.

And I was part of it—part of the very

center and being of the town. Even when I was a little girl, the college was the center of my life. My father was the head of the Physics Department, and he was always bringing home one or another of his most promising students for dinner and extra work in the laboratory out in back of the house. Later, when I'd outgrown pinafores and pigtails, and my freckles were no longer a burden to me, I used to think this habit of Dad's was wonderful—and what girl wouldn't think it was wonderful to have a collection of good-looking young college men delivered to her doorstep? And, of course, when I was ready for college I went to Gardiner myself, and found out that I could do pretty well in the social way without help from Dad.

Then the war came and everything was changed.

I don't mean to give the impression that Gardiner became a completely manless town overnight. There were boys and men left in town, of course. But there weren't enough of them to go around. What used to be a co-ed college, gradually took on the look of a girls' school. It seemed strange at first to see girls everywhere, in groups—on the campus, in the classes, in the Rendezvous having sodas and dancing with each other to the juke box, but, after awhile, we became accustomed to it.

Still, it won't seem strange that most of us were excited about having the Air Corps cadets stationed at Gardiner. The prospect opened up a whole new life for us. As soon as Dad had told me that the soldiers were being sent there, I'd got my friends together and we'd started making plans.

All that morning, the phone rang frantically. Cora Brand wanted to check with me on what dress I was going to wear to the big dance we'd planned as a welcome. Belle Parsons wanted some help with the decorations. Old Mrs. Grimble wanted me to work on a Committee to set up a Recreation Hall for the service men.

Dad, passing through the hall while

I was in the midst of my twentieth conversation, grinned and patted me on the shoulder. "Easy there, Helen," he said. "Those boys are coming here to study—not for fun."

Dad was right, of course, but I think I was partly right, too, in the answer. I gave him. "I'll remember, Dad—but everyone has to have a little fun. Those boys will work all the harder if we make their spare time happy and full, don't you think so?"

And I felt that I'd been very right the night of the Welcome Dance for the first class of cadets. I had a wonderful time, and the boys were just as happy as we girls were. I whirled from partner to partner, knowing again the wonderful feeling of being sought after, of having more men wanting you to dance than you can ever get around to dancing with. It was almost like being well again, after a long convalescence. It was sweet to dance all evening, dance until you were tired, instead of sitting around hoping for a partner to materialize out of nowhere.

The orchestra played *It's A Sin to Tell A Lie*, that night, I remember. It was an old song, one that was first popular before our dancing days. Teddy, the younger brother of Cora Brand, my best friend, had found it among a pile of old records that summer, and somehow we'd all taken to singing it, so that now it was a regular request at our parties. Even the proprietor of Rendezvous had managed to get a recording of it for his juke box, and we had played it over and over on those long summer evenings when there wasn't much for the girls in Gardiner to do but get together for a soda with the other girls. Now the words took on more meaning—it was personal, not just a song.

... If you break my heart, I'll die!  
So be sure it's true, when you say  
"I Love you"

It's a sin to tell a lie . . .

Yes, the madness in Gardiner dated from that day the cadets arrived, from the night of the Welcome Dance—for there was romance, or hope of romance,

## *A Stars Over Hollywood Story*

Inspired by an original radio drama, "Next Time," by John Oberg,  
heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday at 12:30 P.M., over CBS.

*heart*



back in our lives once more.

In a few days, though, after the first excitement had died down a little, things settled into a sort of routine. There were week-end dances, and there were smaller gatherings at one house or another. There was an occasional movie with one of the boys. And, as there always has been and always will be when men and girls are thrown together, there began to be what my father jocularly described as "pairings-off"—people once more walking two-and-two through the lovely parkland down to the river, or sitting whispering together on the porch of the Union, or taking the bus ride out to Lake Lorrimer on Saturdays for a twosome picnic.

Somehow, those things didn't happen to me—right then. I was helping out in the college office during the day, and doing some extra work correcting freshman papers in Physics for Dad at night, and most of my spare time was spent working on Mrs. Grimble's committee. So I didn't have as much time as some of the other girls to spend with individual soldiers. Not that I didn't have my full share of fun. I did. I went to the dances, and I helped run the Recreation Hall when we got it set up. But that was all.

It wasn't all with my friends—Cora Brand, and some of the others. In a way, I was so busy that I didn't really know what was happening to some of them until it had happened. Perhaps what did happen was caused by the long, dull months that had gone before. Perhaps it was what people call "war hysteria." I don't know.

One evening, while I was correcting papers, Cora phoned. "Helen," she said in an excited voice, "can I come over?" I hesitated, thinking of my unfinished work and she went on with a rush, "Please, Helen. I've got to talk to somebody or burst."

"All right," I said. After all, we'd grown up together and she was my best friend.

Cora was sort of shining all over when she came in—her eyes were shining, her face, her hair. She threw her arms around me and laughed strangely, low in her throat, as through she had some tremendous secret delight buried away inside of her.

"Helen! I'm going to be married!" she announced.

I stared at her. So far as I knew Cora wasn't engaged to anyone, or hadn't even been seeing more of any one man than another.

Cora laughed gayly. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"Of course," I said. "But who is it?"

Cora's eyes were dancing. "His name's Henry—Henry Boyd." She plumped herself down on my bed and hugged her knees, looking like a delighted pixie.

"And who is Henry Boyd?" I asked.

Her eyes grew dreamy. "Henry? Oh, you've met him, I'm sure. He's one of the cadets. No—he isn't one of them. He's *the* one. He's the tall, blond one—the handsomest one, the one with the biggest grin and the nicest eyes."

"Cora," I said softly, "how long have

you known him? What do you really know about him?" Obscurely I felt frightened, although I couldn't have explained the fear if you'd asked me to.

Cora pulled her eyes back from her visions. "Oh, don't!" she cried. "You sound just like Mother, when I told her. You don't have to know a man for years to be in love with him."

"No," I said, slowly, "but—"

"Don't, Helen," Cora pleaded. "I did think *you'd* understand." She jumped to her feet. "I don't care! I don't care what any of you say. I'm going to marry him. I'm going to get what happiness I can—while I can."

What could I say to that?

"I do understand," I told her. "I was—just—well—"

"Well, don't," she snapped. "Nothing will make me change my mind this time!"

I could understand that. Cora had almost been engaged to Frank Little before he went into the Army. That was over a year ago. But she had listened to her parents then and had let him leave without any promises being made on either side. And Frank had married a girl in Louisiana before being shipped overseas. It had taken Cora quite awhile to get over that blow. Yes, I could understand.

**B**UT, when I met Henry—and I remembered him, once I saw him again—I was confused. There was nothing wrong with him. But there wasn't anything very wonderful about him, either. He wasn't nearly as handsome as Frank had been or as full of fun or as clever.

The obscure fear I had felt when Cora told me that she was going to marry Henry strengthened immeasurably as the days went by. I realized suddenly how insecure, how unstable a world my friends were creating for themselves. In a few weeks more these boys would be gone, the whole class of them, lock stock and barrel, and a new class would replace them. What would happen to the girls who hadn't gone as far as Cora, the ones who were only in the first stages of a romance with one of the cadets. Would that romance break off abruptly, to be replaced by another when the new batch of soldiers came, as easily and as completely as the actual replacement of the men in the classes?

Oh, it *was* madness that had seized Gardiner, I knew then. Cora wasn't the only one who seemed to be living under some sort of spell. There was something like a fever in the air, contagious, spreading from girl to girl among my friends. The little groups were beginning to break up, break up in petty jealousies, in unpleasant rivalries for the attentions of the soldiers. Girls who had gone around together all their lives, who had run in and out of each other's homes, who had borrowed dresses and loaned hats back and forth, suddenly weren't speaking to each

*It was like a dream, being alone like that with Jeff. I found out all the lovable things about him.*





other any more. Old friends were turning into rivals—and all because of the cadets who had been sent to Gardiner College, all because of a handful of men!

Of course, it wasn't as clear as all that to me, then. I just knew that something was wrong, just knew that I was afraid. Afraid, and glad, too—fiercely, exultingly glad that I hadn't got myself mixed up in this, that I had kept my heart free!

Suddenly the pace accelerated. The first class of cadets was due to graduate in a few short weeks, and everything moved as if the end of the world were coming at the end of those weeks, and that all of living and loving and laughter must be packed into them, enough to last forever.

Mostly I was afraid for Cora—afraid first that she would elope with Henry, and then afraid for her happiness because she did elope with him. The fear came to me because she was so wildly, assertively sure about the fact that she was happy—telling me over and over, as if, in convincing me she might be convincing herself as well. It seemed to me that her whirlwind marriage had been prompted more by the desire to get a husband than to make sure she was marrying the right man. Poor Cora, she wanted happiness so desperately, no matter for how short a time! And I think she really did love Henry—she must have!

For the first two weeks after she was married, Cora went about with glowing eyes and a secret sort of laughter always in her voice. Many of the girls envied her. I know lots of the cadets envied Henry, because, since he was married, he was permitted to stay at Cora's house nights, instead of having to keep Army hours like the men quartered in the dormitories.

It would have been better all around, if Henry had had to keep regulations. He was having much too good a time, being in love with Cora. He neglected his work and, in the final exams, he was flunked out. Dad tried to help him, but there was nothing he could do. Unfortunately, Henry had known that if he was flunked out it meant being transferred from the Air Corps to the Infantry and being shipped overseas, at once.

It was awful watching Cora after he left. She was like a lost, little wraith. She pretended. She smiled bravely. She clung to me and the other girls. She worked almost slavishly at the Recreation Hall, dancing with the soldiers, laughing with them, driving herself to be cheerful.

Then, one evening, as we were going home from a dance, I noticed she was unusually silent. I asked her if something was wrong.

"No-o," she said. "No—no—" she repeated. Suddenly, she stopped and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Helen," she was crying bitterly. "I'm so lonely and frightened and miserable—"

I put my arms around her. "It'll be all right, darling," I said. "Henry will come back, and everything will be—"

She didn't let (Continued on page 62)

# The Third Enemy

Here is the truth about the serious problem we are facing—the battle that we on the home front must fight and win, if we are to have comfort and happiness after victory

SOMEDAY, listening to the Daytime Newspaper which Durward Kirby and I broadcast daily, Monday through Friday, you might hear Durward say in that authoritative voice of his: "We have been fighting the Germans in Italy and on the continent . . . we have been fighting the Japs in the Southwest Pacific, in China and in Burma . . . but today we are fighting a third enemy who has declared war upon us, an enemy which can starve us and paralyze us, an enemy which can lose us the peace even when we win the war."

I can hear Durward saying, finally, "No soldier in Europe or Asia or the Far East or in the South Pacific can fight this third enemy—only you and I, we who are fighting the war in the Zone of the Interior—we who buy Bonds and pay taxes and 'hold the line' on wages and prices can hope to win this battle—this desperate battle against the Third Enemy who can be better described as the *Higher Cost of Living*."

The other night when I sat in a restaurant I heard a woman talking very loud—too loud. She was complaining about taxes, and about the trouble she had buying the food she liked because of rationing restrictions, and about her income which she insisted *should* be higher and she was going to see to it that she got paid more. If she didn't get paid more she was going to walk out of her job.

Well, her talk was human and understandable—and you and I have both heard a lot just like it. These are difficult times, nobody enjoys the restrictions that the war and all its problems put on him. Everybody wishes that he could buy tires or steak or a new car or refrigerator or vacuum cleaner or that favorite perfume, or nylon stockings. Every day it seems that something else has been added to the list headed "you can't get it."

What of it? It's pretty trite to remind ourselves of what boys can't get in the South Pacific. His list makes ours look like a spoiled child's complaint.

The important point is: Will our Third Enemy beat us?

The answer is up to every one of us—because he is in one sense more insidiously dangerous than the German or the Jap.

The danger lies in our own natural, selfish tendency to do the things which help that enemy.

## By Bernardine Flynn

Take Mrs. Henning. I don't think she meant to be a traitor, but if she had tried to please Hitler she couldn't have been more successful.

Her husband works in a war plant and his salary is half again what it was before the war. He is too old to be drafted so she is confident that they will be on easy street as long as the war lasts. Mrs. Henning has bought some War Bonds but she isn't holding onto all of them. She's too interested in buying whatever she can get her hands on. Last month she ran over her budget, despite the higher income, so she went to her husband's bank and borrowed money on the strength of an insurance policy the Hennings bought years ago when things weren't so good.

Frankly, what bothers me about Mrs. Henning is that she's a nice woman—just thoughtless, that's all. But no matter how nice she is she's fighting you and me in so many of the things she does. She's complaining because they have taxes to pay (two years ago they didn't!) Furthermore, since she has more money than ever before she isn't careful as she used to be about avoiding waste and making things last longer. Now that they're so well off she's stopped worrying about saving money or buying life insurance.

REALLY, it makes me sad to think of Mrs. Henning because I know she's human and that all of us are doing some of the things she's doing.

You see, it's all very simple and logical: the government is trying to stabilize prices and salaries. The big war costs put huge sums in our pockets and there just aren't enough goods for us to buy with those sums. Our income last year (1943) was about 140 billions as opposed to half that in 1939. More than 40 billions of that haven't any goods to buy! If that vast amount were thrown into the economic mill without restrictions prices would bound upward proportionately. So not only must prices be held down artificially but also ways must be found to absorb that more-than-40 billions. How? Taxes. War bonds. Savings. Insurance. Furthermore, ways must be found to keep that excess from increasing. That means keeping wages and prices down.

Why must we do all this? Why not let things zoom—let prices and wages

go up and take a chance on the much discussed inflation? But—

The BUT is what every good American must keep in mind every single day of this dreadful war:

The cost of the war would rise and so might easily help to lengthen it.

The war effort would be hurt by the confusion caused among the fifty million people who are engaged in that effort. They wouldn't know from one day to the next what the rising prices and wages meant to them. Results: confusion, bad morale, labor disputes, slowed up production.

When the war is over what would the uncontrolled higher prices and wages mean? Well, after the last war, inflation was followed by drastic deflation. Result? Panic and depression.

A serious rise in prices and a later price collapse would mean that we would lose the peace. Business stagnation would eat up our savings and rob us of *Freedom from Want!*

I don't know much about economics but it all seems such easy common sense. If we're all going to be like Mrs. Henning, I don't have much hope for us. But if we really want to defeat the Third Enemy, as well as Hitler and Hirohito, here is what we must do:

1. Let's buy and hold as many War Bonds as we can afford.
2. Taxes being the cheapest way of paying for the war, let's pay them willingly . . . even increased taxes if necessary.
3. Let's pay off our debts and not contract new ones.
4. Let's take care of our families' futures by sufficient savings and life insurance.
5. Let's buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps—and let's pay no more than ceiling prices.
6. Let's take proper care of our possessions, avoid waste and buy only what we need.
7. Let's not try to profiteer on this war. Let's *not* ask for higher wages or salaries.

It's hard to make those resolutions. Mrs. Henning is human—and so are you. And so am I.

Remember, though, what would happen if the boy in the South Pacific were more human than he is—and less heroic.

When—and if—he ever gets back, let's give him a life in America *free from want*. We owe it to him.



*BERNARDINE FLYNN during a broadcast of her new program, the Daytime Newspaper, heard daily at 1:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS, on which she relates human interest items while her partner, Durward Kirby, gives headline news.*

# In your embrace



*There was Lola, his wife, in another Madge told herself. "Will he turn*

feel like a small, young, insignificant zero.

"Hi, Madge," she would say, drawing on her gloves. "Staying in again tonight? And you eighteen! My Lord, don't you have *any* friends?" She wouldn't wait for an answer, didn't expect or want one; she would bend swiftly and kiss me and add, "I may be late—we're going into Boston. Be good."

And she was gone, slamming the apartment door behind her with a gay, high-spirited sound. For a while I would sit there, the radio droning at my elbow, every nerve in my body aware that Ray's latest letter was in the room, lying on the sofa or the end-table, or in the wastebasket—wherever Lola had carelessly tossed it when she'd finished reading it.

They came twice a week, those letters, addressed in Ray's sprawling, generous handwriting to "Mrs. Raymond Danton, 44 Burns Street, Prynne, Massachusetts." Now that Ray had finished his basic training and had a little more time, they were longer, covering five or six sheets of notepaper. There was really no reason why I shouldn't read them—none except that I wanted to, so much. Lola wouldn't have cared, nor Ray, if he'd known.

Once—just once—the longing to look at words he'd written, to pretend that he'd meant them for me, had been too strong to resist. I picked up one of the letters, unfolded it, read it through. And I had my punishment, for at the end it said, "Give my love to the kid sister."

That hurt, terribly. I would rather not have been in his thoughts at all, than be there so casually.

And the rest of the letter—how could

**B**EFORE Ray went away, the telephone hardly ever rang. But now, as soon as Lola was home or even before, it began. I answered it at first, but after a while I learned to wait until Lola could rush from her bedroom—half dressed, perhaps, or still clutching a hair brush—and embark on one of the long, laughter-filled conversations which always seemed to begin where some earlier one had left off.

Sometimes the person at the other end of the wire was a woman, and sometimes it was a man. I could tell, from the tone of Lola's voice, though I tried not to listen. I could even tell how well she liked whoever it was. And while the conversation went on, I would wash the dishes or try to read, with dis-

gust and anger battering at my tightly closed lips.

Finally Lola would hang up and go back to her room, humming a little song under her breath. A little later, she'd appear again, dressed to go out. Lola didn't have many clothes, but those she did have were clever—a soot-black silk with a daringly red flower on one shoulder, an emerald green sheer wool with long sleeves so tight to her arms they were like a second skin, a soft beaver coat Ray had bought for her on time, impudent hats she made herself out of things she found in the dime store. In them, with her bright hair, her full red lips and long, slanting eyes, she was lovely enough to make any man watch her for the simple pleasure of filling his sight with beauty.

She was lovely enough to make me



man's arms. "Now Ray knows,"  
to me—give me his love at last?"

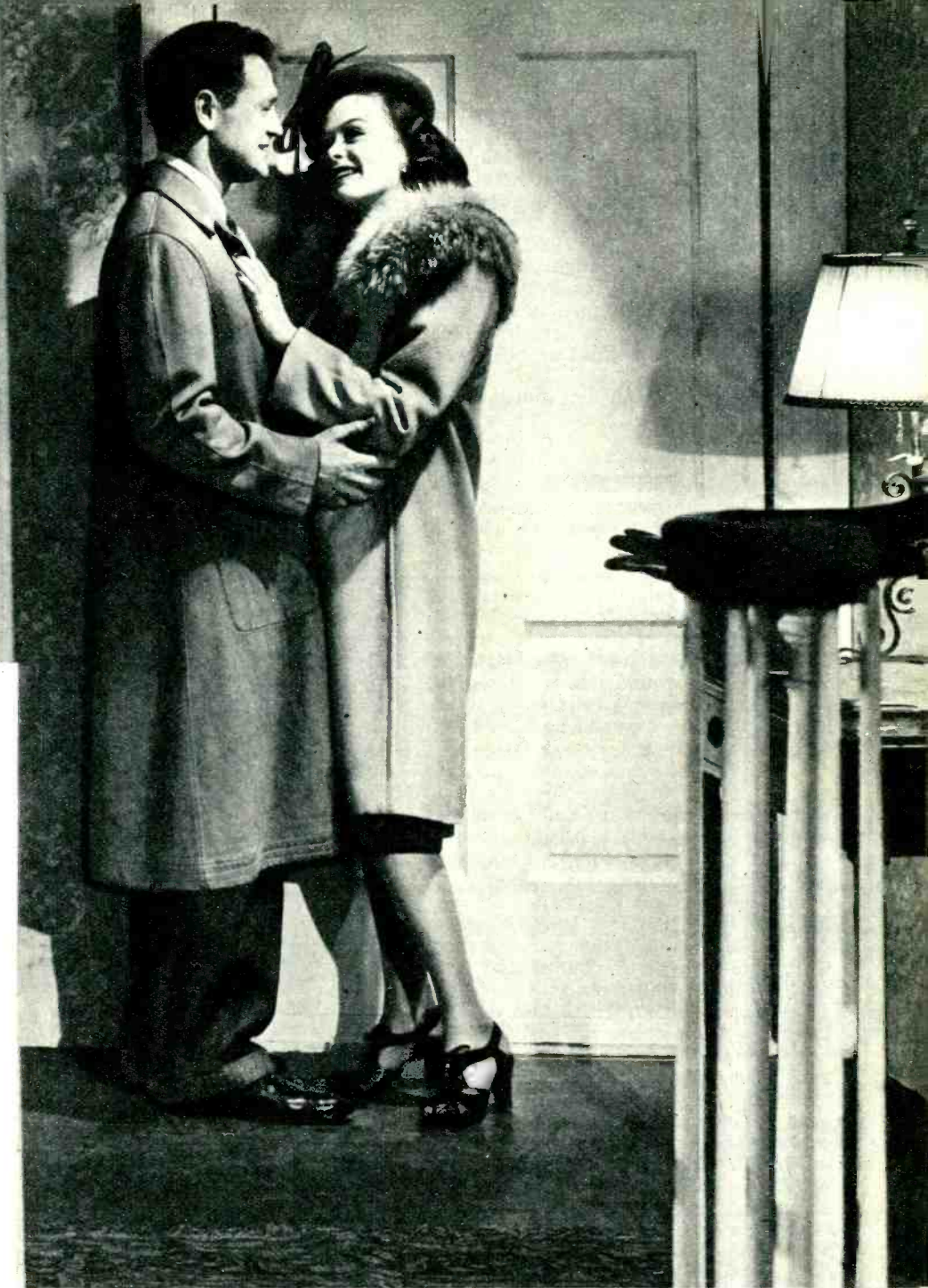
Lola read it and not be ashamed? "I think of you all the time, sweet, and hope you're getting along all right. If only I were stationed in Boston, or somewhere not too far away, it wouldn't be so bad—I could get home on week-end passes once in awhile, anyway. . . ."

Sometimes prayers are answered. A month after Ray wrote the letter I read, he was stationed not too far from Boston, at an air field in New York, and he did come home occasionally. He didn't know—but I did—that when the letter came announcing the transfer Lola read it and shrugged. "Ray's going to be in New York," she remarked. "He'll come up week-ends, sometimes."

Just that—indifferently, showing no pleasure and no regret. Ray—Ray with his disarming smile, his crisp dark hair and clear skin, his gentleness and his warm gayety—Ray was her husband, and still she didn't particularly care whether he was ten miles away or a thousand. Not particularly, although she leaned a little in favor of the thousand.

Sometimes I wondered how Lola could be my sister. We were so utterly unlike, in looks, in nature, in instinct. I had none of her beauty, although when she wasn't around for people to compare me with, I was pretty enough, with a slender figure, wide forehead and pointed chin, grave eyes that were the brown of my hair. But, I thought, I could never have Lola's poise, her ability to get her own way by shaping circumstances to her will. I wasn't sure I wanted to, because Lola had paid rather a high price for that easy arrogance of hers.

Of course Ray loved her. She could make any man love her if she wished



to. And maybe once, four years ago when they were first married, she'd loved him. Or rather, she'd loved him as much as she could love anyone but herself.

There had been triumph in her eyes the night she brought him up to the shabby bed-sitting room where we lived in Boston and said, "Meet your future brother-in-law, Madge. Ray—the kid sister." I'd stood with my hands behind my back, touching the rim of the table where I had been studying, and felt my cheeks hot with embarrassment. I was only fourteen, and it was cruel of Lola to tell me her news so unexpectedly, and in front of him. But of course Lola didn't mean to be cruel. She hadn't thought about it, one way or the other.

Ray was almost as uncomfortable as I. He grinned, and held out his brown

hand—short-fingered and square-nailed—and said, "Hello, Madge. I hope we're going to be friends." Then his eyes left me, strayed to Lola's face, clung there.

After he'd gone, Lola told me about him. She'd met him at a party a few weeks before. He was head maintenance man at an auto-parts factory in Prynne, a town a few miles out of Boston. "He makes good money," she said. "He told me, before he asked me to marry him. He hasn't any family—that is, not here in the East. His father and mother and a brother live somewhere in Indiana." She glanced around the room—at the screen which hid an electric plate in the corner, the two couch beds with their faded green covers, the rickety furniture, and she breathed a long sigh. "Lord," she said, "it's going to be wonderful to get out

of places like this and live like human beings for a change."

The remark, coming so close on the heels of what she'd said about Ray, gave me a little pang of something like shame. "Do you—do you love him?" I asked timidly, because at fourteen you stumble over the word "love."

Lola's eyes came back to me, from far away—and she laughed. "Love him? Of course I do, monkey. He's—sweet." Her voice dropped until it was as if she were talking to herself. "He'll be good to me—to both of us. He's . . . crazy about me."

He was crazy about her, and he was good to her, to both of us. There was no doubt about that. We moved to Prynne, to a four-room apartment in a new building, and Ray told Lola to go out and buy whatever she needed to fix the place up the way she wanted it. I entered the Prynne high school, taking a business course so I could earn my own living after I'd graduated, and Lola met Ray's friends and fitted in with them as if she'd known them all her life. She liked people—liked to have them around her and liked to see them having a good time just as much as she liked a good time for herself.

Living there, with a comfortable and pretty room of my own, knowing that there was money to spare for a movie or an ice-cream soda if I wanted one—it made the old days seem like a dream. Not a very pleasant dream, either.

Our mother had died when I was five, and after that Pop wasn't a great deal of use as a father. He meant well, and he kept us clothed and fed, but he didn't understand us and we were more of a burden to him than a pleasure. I guess he was really never very happy. The winter I was eleven and Lola was seventeen he caught pneumonia, and in four days he was dead, leaving an insurance policy that was exactly big enough to pay the doctor and funeral bills.

Lola took charge. She got a job as a waitress, and then a better one as a sales clerk in a department store. Once a man from some night club offered to hire her to be in his floor show, and she was tempted but she finally decided against it.

"Maybe I'm wrong," she said, "but I've got a hunch it would be a mistake. I can't sing or dance, and there are plenty of girls besides me who can stand around and look beautiful. It just isn't secure enough."

Security. That was what Lola had always wanted. That—and a good time.

Ray gave her both, until he was drafted. The war was one thing Lola hadn't counted on.

So Ray went away, and Lola got a job in the millinery department of Prynne's best and biggest store, and I had graduated from high school by then, so I was working too. We kept the apartment. And the telephone used to ring for Lola. . . .

That was when I discovered I loved Ray. I can remember the exact moment. It was three weeks and two days after he had left, at seven o'clock in the evening. Lola was at the phone,



*It was absurd to care so much, but I did. Even this one, small offering I had to give him was a failure.*

talking to one of the new acquaintances she'd met at the store, and she was laughing and saying, "All right, I'll meet you at the Lido in about an hour. And you call Pete and Elsa and see if they can come too."

A wave of anger burst over me, and for an instant the room went dark. That Lola could laugh, could plan to go out and dance with other men, while Ray was away at an Army camp—it was monstrous, horrible!

Lola hung up, and caught sight of me as she turned. "What's the matter, Madge?" she asked. "You feel all right? You look as white as a sheet."

"I'm all right," I mumbled. But then my fury got the better of me. I raised my chin and said, "I just don't think it's fair for you to be going out and having fun when Ray—"

"Oh?" Lola smiled. "Well, suppose you let me worry about that, honey. After all, you know, it's absolutely none of your business."

Still smiling, she walked past me into her bedroom, and shut the door, and I sank down into a chair.

She was quite right. It was none of my business. Only—I thought of the time when, for a birthday treat, Ray

had taken me into Boston to spend the day. Lola hadn't wanted to go along, and I had been glad, in a secret corner of my heart where I wouldn't even look. We'd gone to the Zoo, and then to a matinee, and then we had dinner in a wonderful restaurant. It had been the best birthday I'd ever had, but not because of all the places Ray took me—simply because I was with him. I'd been sixteen then, and I'd loved him, but I hadn't known it. Now I did.

"If I were Ray's wife," I thought, "I'd want to stay home at night and write him long letters—funny letters, so he'd laugh. And I'd try to think of little surprises to send him in the mail, because he loves surprises so. And I'd give up this apartment and live in a furnished room so I could save enough money to go see him."

After Lola had gone out, that night, I did write Ray a letter. It was long, and I did my best to make it funny. But it didn't help much, because I knew when he got it he'd chuckle and say to himself, "Little Madge—she's a smart tyke . . . I wonder why I didn't get one from Lola?"

I tried to see Lola's side of it, and if I hadn't cared so much for Ray I



might have succeeded. Lola had her code, and perhaps it was a twisted one but it was hers and she lived by it. It was as if she and Ray had made a bargain, and while he'd been able to keep his part of it she had kept hers. Before he was drafted, she had never thought of going anywhere without him. They liked the same people and enjoyed the same things—or if they didn't, Lola always followed Ray's lead. She made his home bright and happy and kept it that way, and she wasn't extravagant. She spent money, but never more than Ray could afford. Yes, she'd been a good wife to him—while he was supporting her.

But now he was gone, and Lola seemed to have decided that their bargain had ended. She was supporting herself, and she did as she pleased. Even here she was honest, in her way. His Army allotment came to her as a matter of course, but every month she sent most of the money back to him. "He needs it," she'd say, "and it's really his, anyway."

When he began coming home on occasional week-ends, she would refuse all other dates, or call them off if she had to, and for a day or two everything would be as it had been before—Ray following Lola with his eyes as she moved around the apartment, Lola smiling and poised, taking his love as he offered it, a tribute to her beauty. And I—I watched them both, jealousy and sorrow eating at my heart.

It was hardest of all when Ray teased me about growing up. "Say," he exclaimed on his first visit home, "why don't you call up your best boy friend, Madge, and we'll all four of us go out

to dinner together?"

I couldn't meet his brown, merry eyes, and I was miserably conscious of Lola standing by, listening. "I—oh, you and Lola go out alone," I stammered. "There's nobody—"

"Madge doesn't know any boys," Lola said in her cool, amused voice. "Or if she does, she never lets them come around."

"Don't be like that, Madge," Ray said. "Give the kids a break. Golly, you're too pretty not to have a dozen of them hanging around you."

His tone was easy, bantering, affectionate. It would have made him happy to have boys calling me up, wanting to take me out. But I didn't want boys—they couldn't help, they'd only remind me how much better than any of them Ray was!

I said, "No—you two go out. I want to stay home." I didn't mean to sound short and rude, but I couldn't help it. Afterwards I kept the memory of his face—taken aback, a little hurt—and I knew he must be thinking that I was sulky, unappreciative. But that was better than having him know the truth—that I loved him so much I couldn't trust myself to be with him without showing it.

How much did he know of Lola's activities while he was away? That was the question which tormented me. I had to admit that she made no special effort to hide them from him. Matter-of-factly, she'd remark that she had seen this movie, or been to that dancehall. And Ray would say nothing. But wasn't there a tightening of his lips, a shadow passing over his face? I couldn't be sure. Perhaps he wanted to protest, but didn't because he knew that nothing he could say would stop Lola from doing as she pleased. Perhaps he tried to believe that he mustn't expect her to stay quietly at home and do nothing, that all her running around meant nothing.

It did mean something, though. I knew that after a while.

Little things told me. One evening when Lola was late getting home from the store, the telephone rang and it was a man's voice, deep and smooth, asking for her. "Tell her Larry called," he said when I'd said she wasn't in. And the name of Larry—Larry Brent—came oftener into her telephone conversations with other people, and these other people were mostly women now.

He came to the apartment for her once—a tall man, older than Ray, expensively dressed and with a look of sureness about him, the same poise Lola herself had. I knew, when Lola introduced him, that this man, too, did as he pleased. I didn't offer him my hand. I only nodded, and went into my own room; and I stayed there until I heard him leave.

"You might be more polite to my



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

friends," Lola said sharply the next morning. "Larry noticed the way you acted last night, and he didn't like it very well."

And this, too, was significant. For Lola had never before cared how I greeted the few of her friends who had come to the apartment.

"You know how I feel about you going out with other men," I said. "I can't help showing it." I'd started out being calm and distant, but I couldn't keep it up. My voice broke. "I think it's—it's horrible, and I won't try to be polite to them when they come here!"

Lola's coffee cup rattled as she set it down. "Madge," she said angrily, "you're not a child any longer. Don't act like one. *What I do is my business!*"

"It's Ray's, too! How would he feel if he knew you were seeing so much of this Larry Brent?"

She looked at me steadily. "He wouldn't like it," she said. "Is that what you want me to say? Well, all right—he wouldn't. But there isn't a single thing he could do about it, and he'd know that, too. So maybe you'd better not go telling him things."

"Don't you care for him at all?" I cried. "Don't you love him?"

Lola reached for a cigarette before she answered—lit it, puffed out a cloud of smoke. She said quietly, without expression, "I like him. I always did. I wouldn't want to hurt him—but if I ever have to, I guess probably I will." She raised her eyes and stared with calm defiance into mine.

My anger dissolved, leaving only a kind of horror at her flinty hardness, her unswerving selfishness. And yet she wasn't wholly selfish—she couldn't be, she'd taken care of me all those years after our father died! That was different, though, I realized in a moment, that had been part of her pride—another bargain that she'd made and scrupulously kept as long as the contract was in force.

That weekend Ray came home again, and Saturday night they went out together. But on Sunday there was a strange, tense atmosphere in the apartment. Ray was restless—he wandered about, picking up the Sunday paper, glancing at it, dropping it again, and there was a question in his eyes when he looked at Lola. I wondered—and hated myself for the surge of hope that came with the thought—if they had happened to meet Larry Brent the night before, and Ray was becoming suspicious. Or they might have seen one of Lola's other friends, and a hint had been dropped, enough to make Ray wonder. . . .

But Lola's composed, lovely face gave me no clue, and that evening Ray went back to the air field where he was a ground-crew mechanic, and the next evening Lola was out with Larry Brent again.

On Friday, she remarked, "I think I'll run into Boston tomorrow and see Mary Stewart. I'll probably stay all night and come home Sunday sometime."

"All right," I said, but inwardly I was filled with questions, conjectures, doubts. Mary Stewart was a girl Lola had known fairly well before she was

married, but not so well that she should suddenly take it into her head to spend the night with her. Was she going to meet Larry Brent?

I shook off the thought in disgust. Lola wouldn't do anything so sordid, so underhand! Or—and now I didn't know. Maybe she would. Maybe she could justify anything she wanted to do.

She broke into my speculations. "If you have to get in touch with me," she said—as if she had read my mind!—"you can call me at Mary's. You know the number."

"Yes," I said, more than ever confused and doubtful.

Lola packed a bag and took it with her Saturday morning, planning to catch the Interurban as soon as she left the store, and that night when I came home I looked in her closet. The emerald green wool wasn't there, and it was her best dress.

I went back into the living room. On the table were the packages I'd bought on my way home from the office where I worked—two thick lamb chops, one for today and one for tomorrow, vegetables, coffee. The idea of cooking and eating alone oppressed me. I wanted to go out, to some place where there were music and laughter, I wanted to dance. But the man who held me in his arms, who danced with me to the ghostly music, had Ray's face. I couldn't dance with anyone else, even in my imagination.

The hall door clicked, and an instant later Ray was standing there, looking at me.

"Hello!" he said, and his smile came and went so quickly I wasn't sure I had seen it at all. He glanced past me, to Lola's door standing open on the darkness inside. "Lola not home yet?"

No, Lola wasn't home, and she wouldn't be home. . . . "We didn't expect you this week," I heard myself saying.

"I didn't expect to come. It was a last-minute break." He dropped his cap softly onto a chair, and all at once he sounded afraid. "Isn't Lola home yet?" he asked again.

"No, she—" I fought to speak steadily. "She went into Boston, to stay all night with Mary Stewart. You—you could call her there."

"Oh," he said. "Oh—I see." He took an uncertain step toward the telephone and stopped. "D'you think she'd be there yet?" he asked.

All of him—his mind, his emotions—was focussed on Lola. I didn't even exist for him. He didn't know I was there, except as somebody to answer his questions. I wanted to cry out. "Ray! Look at me! I'm Madge, and I love you. Stop thinking about Lola and look at me!" But I didn't. I only said, "I should think so, by now."

"Do you know the number?"

I gave it to him, and he lifted the receiver. I went into the kitchen and closed the door, but still I could hear the low, interrupted murmur of his

voice, rising and falling, all the time I was opening my packages and putting things away. Then it stopped, and I went back. He hadn't moved from beside the telephone. He saw me come in, and his gaze followed me abstractedly, idly—as you might watch a wisp of smoke drifting through the air.

"Did you get her?" I asked.

"Yes. She said she didn't want to come home. Mary Stewart had bought tickets for a show, or something." He seemed to examine the words in wonder. "So I told her I guessed I'd go back to camp, and she—she said all right."

He didn't mean to tell me this, I knew. He hardly realized he was telling me, and in a minute he'd wake up and know he'd been thinking aloud, and he'd be sorry. And there was nothing I could do to help him. I might have said Lola wasn't worth his love, his sorrow—but that was the last thing he wanted to hear.

He was waking up now. Gradually he was becoming aware of me, of the room, of himself. The wound Lola had just given him was still there, but he was beginning to try to hide it. He was telling himself he mustn't show that he cared—mustn't even show me. He managed a laugh.

"Well—I guess it serves me right for coming home without warning," he said. "Lola seemed to think so, too." He left the telephone and walked to one of the windows, aimlessly. "Golly, I never thought I'd have a pass in my pocket and be heading back to the field before it was up!"

I put my hands behind my back. I'd never have the courage—but I did.

"Why do you?" I asked. "Why don't you stay?"

Turning, he looked at me as if I'd just suggested that he fly back to the field instead of taking the train.

I hurried on: "You could stay, and invite me to go out to dinner with you—some place where we can dance—and maybe we could arrange to have a good time even if Lola isn't here!"

He threw back his head and laughed—too loudly, perhaps to be quite natural, but it was laughter, and good to hear. "You're right!" he exclaimed. "We could!" Coming closer, he bowed with exaggerated gallantry, and it was all I could do not to reach out and touch his dark, close-cropped head. "Miss Baker, will you honor me with the pleasure of your company for dinner tonight? At the Cape Inn?"

It was a game, a bit of play-acting. It wasn't real. But even a game was better than nothing. I curtseyed. "I'd be delighted, Mr. Danton," I answered.

That evening—what was it? Oh, it was the muted song of a violin, it was Christmas Eve when you were seven years old, it was moments hurrying by, never to be recaptured. It was dancing

on the edge of a precipice and it was coming home when you are tired. It was everything lovely and heart-breaking.

He was lonely and disappointed. That was why he'd agreed to my suggestion, and why he took me to the best restaurant and ordered food he couldn't afford and led me out to dance every time the orchestra played. It was why, when I came out of my room wearing my one dress-up dress, dark blue crepe with a bolero jacket, he'd looked at me and said, "One thing about the Baker sisters—they're both beautiful." Only because he was lonely and disappointed. I told myself that, while his admiration warmed me like wine.

But it was easy to pretend that he wasn't married to Lola, because tonight he didn't want to remember it either. His pride made him try to forget that I was second choice—that his wife had shown plainly she had better things to do than go out with him. Resolutely, we both turned our backs on reality. We banished Lola—his wife, my sister.

After midnight we came back to the apartment. Ray threw himself down in one of the two easy chairs, sighing with contentment.

"You know something?" he asked.

"What, Ray?"

"Tonight was the best time I've had in—oh, in months."

"I'm glad," I said softly. "It was—" I hesitated. But why not tell him this much of the truth, when I wanted to so terribly? "It was the best time I've ever had."

He glanced up at me quickly, then away, and at that moment Lola seemed to enter the room. Lola, with her cool smile, her arrogance, her assurance.

She mustn't come in—I wouldn't let her! I said, "Shall I make some coffee?—some scrambled eggs? Or there's some whiskey in the closet. Would you like a highball?"

"M m m—highball, I guess," he said absently, but when I'd brought it he set the glass down after a single sip, and Lola was still there.

If I told him about Larry Brent—told him how often Lola saw this one man, that probably she was with him this very moment—would that cut her forever out of his heart?

No loyalty to Lola need keep me silent. She didn't care—she'd as much as told me so. Why not say, then, quite simply, "Lola isn't good enough for you, Ray. When you're not here, she forgets you. She goes out with other men, one in particular. She's selfish and hard, and if you let her, she'll break your heart." Why not say that?

Abruptly, Ray stood up. "It's late," he said. "We ought to go to bed." He glanced over at the empty door of Lola's room, with a kind of dread. "Good night," he said softly. "Thank you for everything."

All I wanted to say was on my lips, trembling there. (Continued on page 79)



Vacations are usually spent at his Lake Placid home—Ted Collins, his wife Jeanette and daughter Adelaide.



# “Ever closer together”

**S**OME men and women have a personal brightness. Wherever they go, whatever they do, you are aware of them first of all and you remember them longest. They seem to meet life with arms outstretched, these men and women. Like Ted Collins . . .

You are aware of Ted Collins today because he is a news commentator and analyst to whom millions listen five days a week at twelve noon over CBS . . . because he is, in a sense, the discoverer of Kate Smith's voice and, very definitely, her manager . . . because he picked Abbott and Costello and the Aldrich Family out of nowhere and plugged them to popularity . . . and because he introduced Rudy Vallee to fame. . . .

However, we're willing to bet the brown ration stamps we've been saving for a two-rib roast beef that

## By Adele Whitely Fletcher

people always noticed Ted Collins and that his personal brightness has played an important part in putting him where he is today. There is his personal history and his love story to prove it. . . .

There is magic in a summer day. Ted Collins knew this first, consciously, one July afternoon back in 1909 when, a stocky, sun-tanned ten-year-old, he lay on a Long Island beach, the sand warm beneath him and the sun on his back, squinting at the far-off line where the green blue of the sea merged with the hazy blue of the sky.

"Hello!" She stood, slight and straight, beside him. Her two heavy golden braids rested against the sailor collar of her dark blue bathing suit. She retied her red sailor bow.

For answer, he pointed seaward. "There goes the S.S. *Lusitania*."

She sat down. "How can you tell that's the *Lusitania* when it's so far out it's only a speck of a boat?" she wanted to know.

"I can tell by her smokestacks," he insisted.

"Oh you!"

"Gee," he said, "it must be terribly exciting to get on a big boat and crossing the Atlantic . . . seeing different people and different countries. . . ."

"Wouldn't you like to see our own country first?" she asked.

"Sure Mike! And I'm going to when I grow up. Wait and see! I'm going to travel everywhere. . . ."

He was given to boasting in front of her. And once he had told her he would do a thing he must do it. She was, in her (Continued on page 85)

*It was a magic summer day when Ted Collins, at the age of ten, told Jeanette he was going to travel—and he did, bringing fame to himself and to others as well*

# BIG TOWN

*Introducing the characters who work for Steve Wilson and Big Town's crusading newspaper, the Illustrated Press*

**T**HE exciting story of Big Town concerns the adventures of Steve Wilson, the crusading editor of his own newspaper, the Illustrated Press. With the loyal assistance of Lorelie Kilbourne, Danny the office boy and Eddie, a friendly and helpful cab driver, Steve wages a never-ending fight against crime in his home town. Steve is always on the side of right and justice, and often has barely escaped with his life in upholding those principles. He is a stubborn defender of the down-trodden, and makes it his business to break up rackets, large or petty.

But crime and corruption are not Steve's only concern. Once, for instance, he used the power of the Illustrated Press to find a little boy's dog, and saved the child's life. Nowadays, he is concerned, too, with the battle which the press of this country is waging against subversive influences and fifth column activities which seek to use newspapers as an outlet.

The story of Big Town, which is also the story of the romance of Steve Wilson and Lorelie Kilbourne, is heard each Tuesday night at 8:00 P.M., EWT, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



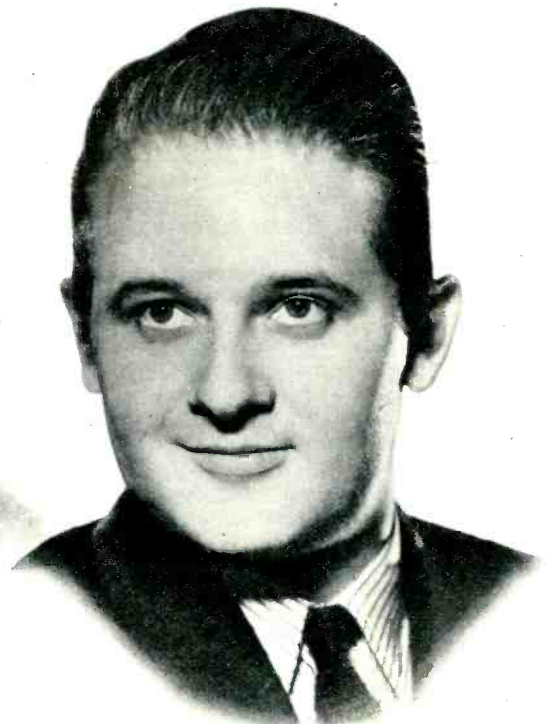
*Fletcher, city editor,  
played by Bill Adams*



*Danny, office boy,  
played by Junior O'Day*



*Eddie, cab driver,  
played by Ted deCorsia*



*Dusty Miller, photographer,  
played by Lawson Zerbe*



*"The freedom of the press is a flaming sword! Use it justly. Hold it high. Guard it well." That is the motto of the Illustrated Press, as Steve reminds Lorelie in discussing the latest war news coming in on the teletype (Lorelie Kilbourne played by Fran Carlon—Steve Wilson played by Edward Pawley)*

# TUNE TOWN SHUFFLE

*Here's a new swing tune you'll be dancing to. It's by Count Basie,  
a wizard of the piano and one of danceland's favorite bandleaders*

Words and Music by  
MILTON EBBINS  
COUNT BASIE  
R. WINSTON

Moderate Jump Tempo

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *mf-f*. The lyrics are as follows:

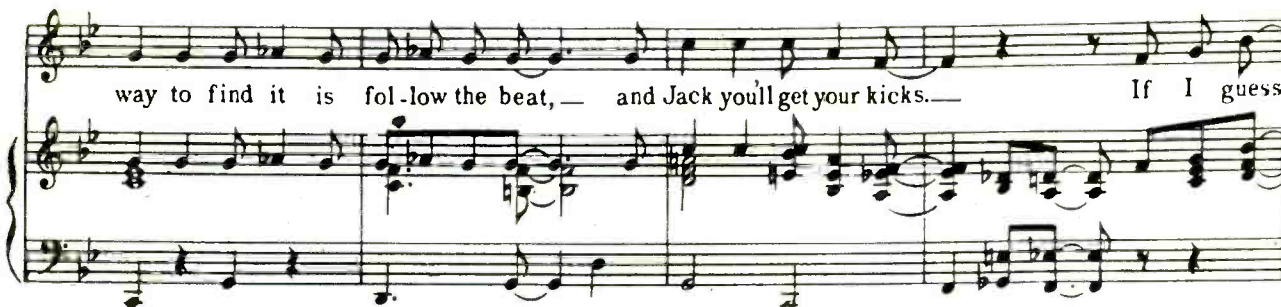
It's a new — rhy - thm, with a hep — rhy - thm. when those tune —  
town — hep — cats — shuf fle down. — (way down) It's a real  
sen - der, just a toe — ben - der, when those tune  
town step — cats light - ly shuf - fle to town. Now



tune town's off on a lit - tle side street — where all the cats are a - jump - in'; the



way to find it is fol - low the beat, — and Jack you'll get your kicks. — If I guess



— right - ly you'll be there — night - ly, where the tune



— town' hep — cats shuf fle down. — There's a new



'way on down. Tune Town's jumpin' to - night.



RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH



# This is my secret

## THE STORY

**E**VERYTHING David Knowles did was daring, impulsive—and I, Marianne, caught some of that daring, that impulsiveness, when I was with him, partly because I knew that one of the reasons for his love for me was that I had never shown myself to be a coward. It was the impulsiveness and daring that led us to find a minister to marry us that day in Stanford—to marry us even though we did not have a license, because it was a legal holiday. And so, when Dave went back to the Air Transport Command next morning, I was a wife in the eyes of God, but not in the eyes of the law. And I soon learned that I was to be a mother, too, and I was as happy as any woman ever has been, until the dreadful news came—the news that Dave had died in service.

After little Davy was born, I left him with my mother and went to Chicago to begin life over. There I met Joel Chandler—gentle, kindly Joel, the exact opposite of the restless, exciting Dave. After a while the pain of losing Dave became less, and I fell in love with Joel—fell in love with him and married him. People in my home town knew nothing of this—they knew me only as the widow of David Knowles. Mother came to spend our first Christmas together with us, and one afternoon, when both she and Joel were out, I opened the door in answer to a ring—to find David. David, alive, back from the dead, standing there on the doorstep.

**T**HERE was a wrenching inside me, as if my heart had been seized and twisted. I went sick at the sight of him, at the change from the Dave who'd been young and lithe and strong into this wretched shadow of a man.

"Dave—" The cry was torn from me, and my arms went out to him—not as to one who'd been my lover, but as a mother reaches out to a child who has been lost and is terribly hurt.

I wasn't thinking. I didn't realize, until his mouth pressed hard, hard on mine, until the thin arms closed convulsively around me, how Dave felt, that he had come to me believing that I was still free and waiting for him. When I did realize it, I couldn't free myself. My nerves, shocked useless, wouldn't carry the message to my muscles.

A sound broke us apart. Joel, his arms full of Christmas packages, was standing in the living-room doorway.

*He stopped and stood waiting for me. Joel's smile reached out to me, drawing me to him.*

For a while there was only a taut silence, while Dave stared at Joel and Joel looked from me to Dave. I sat as if in a trance, powerless to move or to speak.

Then a cry came from upstairs—Davy, awakening from his nap—and the situation swung into focus for me. Gripping the arm of the sofa, I pulled myself to my feet. "Joel, this is Dave—"

Dave rose swiftly, like an animal springing. He put his hand on my arm, and as I felt the shock, the sudden tightening in him, I knew that he was beginning to understand whose house he was in, what Joel was to me. I must have known what he was going to say because I turned to him with some thought of stopping him—but it was too late.



*Marianne knew in that one revealing moment which of the two loves that had struggled for the possession of her heart had won it—now and for always, “until death do us part”*



His voice lashed out defensively, blindly, like a blow struck in the dark. “I’m Dave Knowles,” he announced, too loudly. “I’ve come back for my wife.”

I couldn’t look at Joel. I knew what he was thinking—that Dave wouldn’t have come for me directly, openly, wouldn’t have walked into a strange house in a strange city to find me, unless I had been his wife. Joel was

thinking that I’d lied to him when I’d told him that Dave and I hadn’t really been married.

I heard him turn toward the stairs, and I started across the room after him, crying, “Joel—” But he was too far ahead of me. Half-way up the steps I stopped, knowing that he didn’t want me to follow. Dave’s voice called me back.

“Joel—” he mocked.

Slowly I retraced my steps. His mouth was a bitter line, and his eyes weren’t good to see. “Civilians have all the luck,” he remarked. “They have nice, warm houses with fireplaces and Christmas trees. They have their wives and their kids to come home to. You didn’t wait long, Marianne—”

I recoiled. “Dave, don’t—”

He moved a step toward me, and I could feel the tension in him reaching the snapping point. His words exploded at me. “Don’t what, Marianne? Why do you suppose I came back out of that hell? I thought I had a reason for living. I thought I had something that was my own—”

He took another step, and stumbled. Automatically, my hand went out to help him, and he brushed it aside. Perspiration shone on his forehead and around his mouth; he held himself and his voice straight with an effort. “I’ve—got to get back to the hotel. I’ll see you tomorrow, Marianne. Right now, if you’ll call me a cab—”

I went into the hall to do as he asked, thinking that he belonged not in a hotel but in a hospital. If there wasn’t anything actually wrong with him, he was still very weak, too weak to have attempted the trip from Middleton to Chicago, in no condition at all to have met the shock of this afternoon. I returned to the living room and found him sitting on the couch in an attitude of posed ease, as if to show that he didn’t need the rest it afforded.

“Dave, you’re ill—” I realized instantly that the words, and the pity in them, were a mistake.

He stiffened. “Maybe,” he said carefully. “But I’m not too sick to want to get things straight. Marianne, are you coming home with me?”

His feverish eyes held me, permitting no evasion. I knew then that I couldn’t give him the soothing, meaningless phrases one uses for invalids. If I said yes, I would have to say it convincingly; I would have to believe it myself.

And—there was nothing else I could say. He was a sick man, a man who’d fought his way back from death to find the whole meaning of his existence threatened. I couldn’t tell him that he’d survived for nothing.

“Yes, Dave,” I answered. “Of course, I’m going home with you.” My eyes didn’t flinch. My tongue didn’t trip over the word home.

He was convinced. I saw it in his smile, a ghost of the old, pleased

smile he used to give me in the days that I'd dared to do the things he did, the things he wished me to do. And, as in the old days, it didn't occur to him that it might be hard for me to come up to his expectations. As he saw it, I was only doing what I ought to do.

The taxi came, and Dave—afraid, I suppose, that I might think he needed my support—refused to let me go down the walk with him. I watched through the window until the cab had started down the street, and then I flew up the stairs. Davy was still crying fitfully in his crib, demanding attention, and—where was Joel? With Davy in my arms, soothing him, I went from room to room, searching, not daring to call out for fear that I should come upon Joel and know that he'd chosen not to answer.

**T**HE search ended at the kitchen window overlooking the backyard and the garage. The garage doors were closed, but there were tire-tracks in the drive, and arc-shaped ridges of new snow that had been swept back as the doors had opened. While I'd been talking to Dave, Joel had gone down the back stairs and had driven away.

More clearly than words those tire-tracks in the snow told what had happened to me, to my life. A little while ago I had talked to Dave about leaving Chicago, about going back to Middleton with him. I had spoken convincingly, but it had been as if I'd been reading a play, and the lines I spoke came not from me but from the script. And somehow, all the while, I hadn't really believed that what was happening in the script was happening to me. Now this was actuality. Joel was gone.

I heard the front door open, heard Mother call out a greeting, heard the click of metal hangers in the hall closet as she put away her wraps. She came through the house, calling to me, and still I couldn't tear my eyes away from the driveway, couldn't shake off the shock of realization long enough to answer.

"Marianne—" She was in the kitchen now, her arms full of packages. "Oh, here you are! Where's Joel?"

Slowly I turned to her, formed the words, "Joel's gone."

"Gone? What—"

I hesitated. "Mother—" I wanted to tell her to prepare herself for still another shock, but I didn't know how. I said boldly. "Dave came back. He was here this afternoon."

"Dave!" she repeated. She stared at me, and then she sat down on the kitchen stool and began to set her packages on the table with exaggerated care, as if stacking them there were the most important thing in the world.

"Joel wants me to have time to get over the shock, to make up my mind about what I'm going to do, I suppose," I told her. "And—well, Dave called me his wife. Perhaps Joel, knowing I lied to him before, can't be sure that he knows the whole truth now."

Mother sat squaring a small green paper package with a larger one until I wanted to scream and snatch it from her hand. "Dave?" she questioned final-

ly. The name came strangely from her lips, as if it were difficult to fit it to a living man. "How did he come back—"

"I don't know. We didn't have a chance to talk. Joel came home right after Dave got here, and Dave didn't say much of anything—except that he wants me back in Middleton with him."

Mother drew in her breath sharply. "Are you going?"

I couldn't speak, but there was only one answer, and she knew it. There was a silence, then, sighing, she rose and gathered up her purchases. Her glance around the shining kitchen was regretful. "Well—it's a good thing I didn't rent the Middleton house and move in here as you wanted me to. At least, we'll have a home to go to. And thank heaven, I didn't tell anyone you're married to Joel! With Dave coming back from the dead, the town'll have enough to talk about without adding scandal."

I slept fitfully that night, half-dozing, half-dreaming, and in the morning I awoke unrefreshed, tempted to believe that everything, including Joel's going and Dave's return, had only been a part of the nightmare. But the pillow beside mine was untouched, and when the telephone rang, Dave's voice came over the wire. He thought he'd better take it easy for a while, he said, and asked if I would come to the hotel to see him. I promised, and then tried to reach Joel at his office. He was out, I was told, and did I want to leave a message?

"No," I said. "No message."

**T**HE trip that afternoon to the small midtown hotel where Dave was staying was the hardest I'd ever taken. With each step I felt that my unwilling feet were being held inexorably to a path that had been laid out for them long ago.

It was harder still to put on a good face for Dave—to enter smilingly, eagerly, like a woman going to meet her lover, to cross to the bed where he lay to bend down to kiss him with my heart on my lips. How could he know that the hunger, the urgency of his arms and his lips was frightening to me?

I straightened, and he let me go reluctantly. His hands kept mine firmly prisoned while I sat down in the stiff little chair beside the bed. He lay looking up at me, smiling, and then his eyes darkened with a kind of hesitant questioning. "Marianne, you never wrote me that we were going to—"

I nodded, swallowing back my tears. "Davy's eight months old, Dave. He was born last May. He's wonderfully healthy, and he looks like you—"

His thin, pain-marked face was actually radiant then. "Say, that's fine—And a boy! Where—you couldn't bring him with you?"

"He's with Mother." I couldn't say that Davy was at the house, Joel's house. "I'll bring him to see you tomorrow. But today, I thought we'd have so much to talk about—"

He let go my hands and turned restlessly in the bed. "Such as why I didn't keep that date to come home a year ago? Marianne, it's Christmas Eve, and

everything's so nice right now—do we have to talk about that?" And then, before I had a chance to speak, he answered his own question. "But, sure—you've got a right to know why you didn't hear from me, and about that false report that I was missing. You see, our lifeboat got separated from the others, and we weren't picked up when they were. We floated around for a while—"

"Dave! How long?"

"A while," he repeated evasively. "There'll be time for details later. Anyway, I got hurt when the ship was struck, and when we finally were picked up and put ashore, I filled space in a hospital for a few months. By the time I was well enough to think for myself, I found I could get passage back here. I figured you'd be shocked enough to hear from me, and that I might as well come in person. I didn't stop to think that you might have—"

I dreaded what was coming—having to tell him about Joel. I told it quickly, giving the plain facts of how I'd met Joel and when we were married. Dave didn't seem to care to hear more. He didn't ask any questions, and he hastened to change the subject.

He hitched himself to a sitting position, patted the covers at his side. "Marianne, come sit over here. I want you where I can touch you and know you're real—"

I moved over and leaned back against his arm. He sighed softly, contentedly, nuzzling his chin against the curve of my neck. "I can't tell you," he said, "how many times I've dreamed of this. When it was dark—at night, and then in the hospital, where it seemed to be always dark—I'd pretend you were there, and I'd reach out, almost believing I could touch you. Marianne—remember Stanford?"

I looked around the room. "This reminds me of it—a little."

He laughed. "There'll be no more hotels for us, Marianne, when I'm on my feet again. Remember the furniture we picked out at Strauss' in Middleton?"

I remembered. It seemed unreal now, and far away—two children playing at a game of setting up house.

"We'll buy all of those things we planned," he went on. "We'll get a house of our own. I've got it all figured out. There's my insurance, and when I get back in the A. T. C.—" he hesitated, and continued determinedly, "I can get back in, you know, when I'm fully recovered. I know it's a lot to ask of you, but I want to go back, and if you don't mind—"

**A** STRANGE, surprising thing happened then. I loved Joel, my husband. And yet, when Dave spoke of returning to all of the old dangers, a queer, fluttery fear rose inside me. It was doubly strange, considering that I'd never been afraid for Dave before. "Will it be soon?" I asked.

His jaw hardened against my cheek. "As soon as I can make it. Not that I want to leave you again, but—I nearly went crazy, those last couple of weeks in the hospital. It was awful, knowing what was going on outside, and not being able to (Continued on page 54)

# 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
9:00	9:00	CBS: News of the World
9:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
9:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs
9:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
9:15	9:15	NBC: Commando Mary
9:30	9:30	NBC: Marcia Niel
9:45	9:45	CBS: God's Country—Milton Bacon
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	Blue: Message of Israel
9:00	10:00	NBC: Highlights of the Bible
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings over Jordan
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
10:00	11:00	MBS: Pauline Alpert
10:00	11:00	Blue: Lionel Hampton's Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Egan Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30 MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: NBC Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch.
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Starring Curt Massey
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: These We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: America—Ceiling Unlimited
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Meylan Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Hanson Baldwin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Hot Copy
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Al Pierce Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lands of the Free
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera Audition
5:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony—Leopold Stokowski
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Where Do We Stand
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Irene Rich
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Nightly
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Great Gildersleeve
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: America in the Air
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: William L. Shirer
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Dick Benny
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ray Henle, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Jerry Lester Show
5:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Mediation Board
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
8:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Keepsakes
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
7:30	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
8:15	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Revlon Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:15	9:15	10:15 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Bob Crosby
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Guy Lombardo
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Thin Man
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
8:00	10:00	11:10 Blue: Everett Hellis
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Olga Coehle & El Charro
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: John W. Vandercook
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



### WHIRLWIND ON THE KEYS . . .

Blue eyed, dark haired and pert, she sits down before a piano keyboard and things begin to happen. Pauline Alpert is called the "Whirlwind Pianist" on her present WOR-Mutual program, heard Sundays 11:30 A.M. Fred Allen used to invite her to guest on his show again and again and always introduced her as "the girl who sounds like two pianos."

Pauline was born in New York City in 1910 and started taking piano lessons when she was ten years old. Her mother was her first teacher, but turned her over to a professional after a year. Not long after that, Pauline's father died and mother and daughter moved to Rochester, New York, where Pauline later went to East High School and won a scholarship at the Eastman School of Music.

Her original intention was to become a serious concert artist. But that takes lots of time and lots of money, even for a girl who wins scholarships. While she was still going to school and only fifteen years of age, Pauline discovered a talent and liking for jazz piano. She got a job playing sheet music in a music store in Rochester after school hours. That was her first job.

There were vaudeville appearances that took her to practically every important theater in the country. She made a great number of Duo-Art Piano Rolls. (Remember the player piano, which wasn't so long ago, at that?) She also appeared in two Vitaphone shorts.

By this time, her special style and technique was well established and radio beckoned. She guest-starred with Paul White-man, Fred Allen, Lanny Ross, Rudy Vallee and many others, besides holding down her own commercial jobs.

In addition to playing, Pauline is quite a composer. Naturally, she wrote her theme, "Dream of a Doll." Some of her published numbers, which, incidentally are not for the beginner on the piano, are "March of the Blues," "Piano Poker," "Merry Minnow" and "Ivory Tips." These are all in the jazz medium, of course, and Pauline is very insistent that she is not a swing pianist, but a jazz pianist and that there's a very big difference.

Miss Alpert has just finished making an album of records for Sonora—some of her own compositions are included and all the arrangements were made by her.

Pauline is married to a doctor, but she says she doesn't have many housewifely virtues. She doesn't like to cook very much. The only things she likes to make are fancy desserts and she's a genius at making fudge.

Most people would be satisfied to play the piano one tenth as well as she does—and let it go at that. The fudge is extra.

## MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
8:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	9:45	NBC: Special Assignment, News
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	10:15	Blue: Singo
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Humbord Family
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
1:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David H. Ross
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lowe Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Air Lane Trio
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M. D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lancel Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Martin
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Merton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
2:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: New and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolic
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: Lorenze Jones
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: To Your Good Health
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph G. March
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
	7:05	Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	7:30 Blue: Blondie
	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lup 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Counter Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor J. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry W. Warner, 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: Centented Program
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Broadway Showtime
	10:30	Blue: National Radio Forum
	10:30	NBC: Information Please

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



KEY MAN . . .

That's quite a job Doug Edwards has on The World Today, heard Monday through Saturday at 6:45 P.M., EWT, over CBS. It must give him a great sensation of power to be able to say, "Come in London," and with those magic words to carry the listening audience half way around the world.

Doug's a fortunate fellow—one of those lucky people for whom life has actually made it possible to work in the career he chose at the ripe old age of twelve.

Doug was born in Ada, Oklahoma, in 1917. His mother was a principal of schools in Oklahoma and Alabama. Doug went to Troy High school in Troy, Alabama, later attending the University of Alabama, Emory University in Atlanta and the University of Georgia Evening College.

By the time he was twelve, Doug had definitely decided he wanted to be a radio announcer. He claims that his mother is mainly responsible for his present success. While his incessant chatter must have been maddening—he used to practice being an announcer by reading news stories from the local papers into the telephone mouth-piece—his mother encouraged him and helped him with his diction.

When Doug was going to High School, some of his friends rigged up a 100-watt commercial radio station and Doug got his first experience in real radio broadcasting. Throughout his college years, he continued working in a radio.

His first "senior" announcing job was with WAGF in Dothan, Alabama, where he was staff announcer for three months.

Between 1938 and 1942, Doug worked variously as an announcer and news reporter on stations WXYZ in Michigan and WSB in Atlanta, where in 1940 he was made assistant news editor of the station.

In 1942 CBS hired Doug as a staff announcer. A few weeks later, the man in charge of a daily four o'clock news period had to give up the program. Doug was asked whether he would like to fill in for awhile. Doug not only filled in—he got the job permanently.

His present job is no cinch. Ten minutes before The World Today goes on the air, Doug has to read all the latest news bulletins and write an up-to-the-minute news summary. He also has to check on the foreign correspondents to be called in and the times they are scheduled to speak. Then, the show goes on the air. Doug gives the opening news report, introduces the correspondents stationed in the strategic news centers of the world and—most important of all—keeps the show within its time limit to the split second.

Red-headed, twenty-seven years old and kiddish-looking, Doug is married to the former Sara Byrd of North Carolina. They have a two-year-old daughter called Lynn Alice. Doug likes to attend football games and play tennis. His favorite pastime is reading every book he can get his hands on that concerns the war.

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	8:30 Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	9:45	NBC: Special Assignment, News
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: To be announced
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Humbord Family
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:55	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
	3:30	3:30 NBC: This Life is Mine
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:25	3:25	4:25 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:55	6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Salute to Youth
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy Tavern
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Congress Speaks
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: America Tomorrow

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life is Mine
8:30	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:45	NBC: Special Assignment
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: To be announced
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Humbord Family
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lowe Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
	3:30	3:30 NBC: This Life is Mine
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe, News
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:55	6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: H. V. Kaltenborn
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Sammy Kaye, Orch.
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Cal Tinney
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:00	8:00 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30 MBS: Take a Card
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Battle of the Sexes
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Beat the Band—Hildegard
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Joseph Dunninger
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Key
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Cresta Blanca Carnival
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Star For a Night

THURSDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	9:45 NBC: Special Assignment
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	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: The Humbard Family
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Bill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
8:45	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
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lou Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 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	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder 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
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:55 CBS: The World Today
	6:55	8:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: House on "0" Street
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum & Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Jean Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Wings of Victory
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



STARRING CURT MASSEY . . .

If there's a musical strain in your family, the thing to do is move to a ranch and let the rest take care of itself. It's pretty convincing advice, too, coming from Curt Massey, handsome dark haired, dark eyed, six-foot-two baritone, who warbles those ballads on the Starring Curt Massey show over NBC on Saturdays at 5:45 P.M., E.W.T.

Curt was born on a ranch in New Mexico, May 3, 1910. The nearest neighbors were five miles away. Which was a good thing, because the Massey family—seven brothers and one sister and father—was inclined toward music. All the kids played several instruments, veing with each other, in fact, and sang. Thus, Curt learned very early and through the trial-and-error method to play the violin, piano, celeste and trumpet.

Curt made his debut at eleven—in a jail. The Sheriff was throwing a party and wanted the "best doggoned old-time fiddler in the county." And young Curt was it. By the time he was seventeen, Curt was trouping with his father, his sister, Louise and his brother, Allen. He helped make the musical arrangements for the family group, known as the "Westerners," and directed its instrumental activities. He also wrote a number of Western tunes of his own.

When he was eighteen, he decided that music was going to be his career and went to Kansas City. He studied harmony and perfected his instrumental and voice technique at the Horner Conservatory of Music. Immediately on his graduation from the Conservatory, he joined the orchestra of Kansas City's Million Dollar Ballroom—the Pla-Mor. In a little while, he was directing the band there.

But Curt was hankering for new fields. Radio attracted him. So, three years later, he quit the orchestra and took a flyer at radio. Again "The Westerners" cropped up—this time in radio and Curt began attracting the attention of both professionals and non-professionals, who felt that he should have solo billing.

He got it, finally, in July 1943 when he was starred with the Vagabonds, a Negro quartet, over NBC. The show was called "Curt Massey and Company" and Curt began getting away from being identified as a strictly "western" song singer.

Right now, Curt is playing nineteen shows a week, besides his half-hour coast-to-coast program, Starring Curt Massey. A rather full routine, still, he finds time to appear at War Bond rallies and travel to Army camps to put on entertainments for the boys.

Though music is his first love, Curt has a large place in his heart for the West and the great outdoors. He owns a ranch in New Mexico and hopes to be able to retire there some day. Or, perhaps, this is one of his plans for his son, Stephen, now aged two—so that the youngster can have the benefit of the sort of free-for-all jam sessions in the family ranch house that led to his papa's career.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	9:45 NBC: Special Assignment
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Humbord Family
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor, Baritone
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
8:45	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
	12:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lou Miles
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: This Life is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder 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
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:55 CBS: The World Today
	6:55	8:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: House on "0" Street
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum & Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Jean Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Wings of Victory
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

This Is My Secret

Continued from page 50

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC: News
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:15	NBC: Ralph Dumke
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	Blue: United Nations, News Review
	8:45	CBS: Women's Page of the Air
	8:45	NBC: News
	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Music from Manhattan
	9:15	9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter
	9:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	9:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Yankee Doodle Quiz
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Road to Danger
	9:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Green Hornet
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Saturday Showdown
	9:40	10:45 NBC: Bob Becker's Pet Parade
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: On Stage Everybody
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Hook 'n' Ladder Follies
	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Fashion in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Lighted Windows
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Blue Playhouse
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: International Exchange Program
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Campana Serenade
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Horace Heidt's Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Here's to Youth, Drama
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Baxters
10:15	12:45	1:45 CBS: Report from Washington
10:15	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Grantland Rice
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Calling Pan America
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: People's War
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: First Piano Quartet
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Columbia Country Journal
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F.O.B. Detroit
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News and Reports from Washington
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Doctors at War
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Report from London
1:30	3:15	4:15 CBS: The Colonel
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Corliss Archer
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Your America
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Popular Music
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Caesar Saerchinger
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Kern Kobblers
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: I Sustain the Wings
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Storyland Theatre
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Andy Russell
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Leon Henderson
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: What's New—Don Ameche
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Ray Henle, News
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Able's Irish Rose
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Boston Symphony Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
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 Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Million Dollar Band
	10:15	Blue: Army Service Forces Present
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Talks
	10:45	Blue: Betty Rann
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

do a thing about it. I'd have done anything to get back in. I'd have peeled potatoes. I begged for orderly work—anything, rather than sit plastered in the wheel chair as if I'd grown there."

A second time I was surprised, but at Dave, now, not at myself. It was odd to hear him speak of menial work in a voice so sincere that there was no doubt that he would have been willing to do it. The Dave of a year ago had taken a special, pardonable pride in his job; he wouldn't have thought of taking a lesser place than that which was rightfully his—the pilot's seat of one of his big ships. "He's changed," I thought with a twinge of pride. "He's growing-up." Aloud I said, "I know how you felt. You probably fumed yourself into a relapse."

"I didn't help myself any," he admitted shamefacedly. "But it'll be different when we're home again. Just being with you, and knowing that everything's all right between us, will put me on my feet again. I'd like to start for Middleton tomorrow—"

Tomorrow! My heart buckled at the thought of leaving so soon. "Dave," I protested falsely, "you won't be well enough and besides—" that wasn't a valid objection either, because my plans for the holiday were completely shattered now—"tomorrow is Christmas."

IT WAS a strange Christmas. I left Dave on Christmas Eve afternoon, promising to return the next day. The next morning Mother and I packed, and after lunch I took Davy to see his father. Dave was somewhat better. He was dressed and sitting in the room's one upholstered chair when we came in. The light in his eyes when he saw his son compensated in some measure for all that the day might have been.

I put the baby in his arms, and he sat holding him awkwardly, while Davy kicked and blew a bubble at him by way of greeting. "He's big!" Dave exclaimed. "Gosh—I always thought babies were kind of pint-sized, but this fellow's a handful. And strong—hey, Marianne, look at the grip he's got on my finger!"

I looked, and duly marvelled. And there was a break in my laugh; tears weren't far behind. For all of his adventure, Dave had missed a lot of living. The curled pink petal of a baby's fist was a revelation to him. There was so much to make up to him . . . I welcomed the thought. There was a great deal to do in this life I was beginning with Dave. Perhaps I could keep the days so full that there would be no time to remember another city, and another man.

Joel neither called nor came to see me before we left for Middleton. Mother and I shipped Davy's crib on ahead; we took our clothes and our personal belongings, but otherwise we left the house as it was. The Christmas turkey, still uncooked, hung in the protecting cold of the back porch; the stockings I'd been stuffing on the afternoon Dave had come to the house lay half-filled on the buffet beside the Christmas cards. We had drawn the shades against the sun, and

the picture I carried away with me, the last I saw of the rooms where I'd been so happy and so secure, was the dark form of the Christmas tree beside the fireplace, the gifts piled unopened beneath it.

I pulled the door shut and locked it, and dropped the keys in the envelope I'd prepared. It was stamped and addressed to Joel at his office, and the single folded sheet of paper it contained was blank. The keys would be enough to tell him that I had gone.

It wasn't a pleasant trip for any of us. Davy fretted and Dave was sick, and Mother and I were kept busy trying to take care of them. When we reached the house—I still couldn't think of it as home—in Middleton, there were the necessities to be unpacked, beds to be made, a tired baby and a sick man to be made comfortable. I called Dr. Leeds, who came out and prescribed a complete rest for Dave.

"And I mean rest," he warned. "Stay in bed, and avoid exertion or excitement of any kind. Don't as much as read a newspaper if it stirs you up."

"For how long?" asked Dave. "Until you're better," answered the doctor. "A month of quiet won't hurt you at all."

Weary as I was, I almost laughed at Dave's stricken expression. Dr. Leeds might as well have told him to join a sewing circle and like it. To Dave, life without action wasn't life at all.

But he was a good patient at first, almost too good. He stayed quietly in bed; he allowed himself to be read to and waited on. At night, at ten o'clock he took the cup of hot milk I brought to him and drank it submissively. He was too submissive. He was making himself be obedient, while underneath he seethed with impatience.

But he did get better, and in a couple of weeks he was well enough to come downstairs to sit in the big chair by the living room window. The next day he moved around a little, cautiously. That afternoon after I'd put Davy to bed and went down to sit with Dave, I found him smiling, quite pleased with himself. "Turn on the radio," he suggested. "Music. I want to see if I remember how to dance." He laughed at my horrified expression. "Silly—I mean only a step or two! It won't be as strenuous as climbing the stairs."

IT SOUNDED reasonable. I turned on the radio, and found among all of the women's programs, one that featured dance music. They were playing an old song, *Remember*, and as the strains floated into the room, Dave rose and held out his arms.

And we did dance only a step or two. Dave was humming to the music. "Remember?" he said, and stopped. His hand slid from my shoulders, down my arm to my wrist. "You were my wife once," he reminded me.

The words of the song beat into my brain. *Remember the night, the night you said I love you . . .* I remembered too much. It was too soon, too soon for Dave—

I tried to be light about it. "You remember," I said severely, "what Dr. Leeds said."

Continued on page 56





MARTHA PRICE has a fair-skinned, golden loveliness . . . her wide-apart eyes are deep amethyst blue, her hair a glinting red-gold, and her complexion has that sweet, soft-smooth look you notice about so many girls who care for their faces with Pond's.

HER RING—the handsome diamond has three baguettes either side, all surrounded by smaller diamonds set in platinum.



THIS IS MARTHA'S WAR WORK—She gives a whole day every week at the Child Care Center seeing that little boys and girls are kept happy and healthy while their mothers work. Workers like Martha—full time or part time—are badly needed. Perhaps you could make this your war work, too!

*She's Engaged!*  
*She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

**B**ETROTHED to Air Corps Officer—exquisite Martha Price of Cleveland, another Pond's Bride-to-be, is engaged to Thomas Liston of Chicago, now with the Army Air Force . . .

When you see a girl with a complexion as luminous and gossamer-fine as Martha's—you naturally want to know what she does to help keep it that way!

Martha says—"I simply use Pond's Cold Cream."

Every night, every morning—Martha beauty-cleans her lovely face, like this: She smooths on snowy-soft Pond's, pats all over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more luscious Pond's, working her cream-tipped fingers round and round for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off.

It's no accident engaged girls like Martha, great society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for a big jar today. Use it night and morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

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



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!  
It's patriotic—saves glass and manpower. You may find different color "war-caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality.

R  
M



yet means so *Much!*

Of course he will notice your lovely hair-do—but never the tiny "round-wire" heads of your HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. You know how important they are! That narrow spring loop is a marvel of hidden strength... it really holds. Ask for HOLD-BOB Bob Pins as you do other beauty accessories—by name. Say "HOLD-BOB", for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have a new stock very soon.

**FLEXIBLE—FIRM**  
Tapered from tips to powerful round-wire head, with 5 crimps, HOLD-BOB Bob Pins go on easily and stay in! Satin-smooth enamel finish. Smooth round ends for protection.



**HOLD-BOB** *Bob Pins*  
*Are Better* *Bob Pins*

THE HUMPHREYS MFG. COMPANY, CHICAGO

Leeds said—"Dr. Leeds—" Then his fingers tightened on my wrist; his other hand cupped my chin, forcing my eyes to meet his. "Is it my welfare you're thinking of?" he asked bluntly, "or don't you want me any more?"

I felt myself pale; it took superhuman effort to keep my eyes on his, to keep my voice steady. "The most important thing in the world to me," I said, "is your getting well. Dave—don't you believe me?"

My voice rose in quick alarm, for he had released me suddenly and was sitting down, busying himself with lighting a cigarette.

"Of course I believe you," he answered, looking not at me, but at the frost-covered window. "After all, you came here to take care of me—"

"Dave—" I stopped, unable to finish. His words had been, somehow, an accusation, and I didn't know how to answer.

**HE SHIFTED** the subject. His glance crossed obliquely, returned to the window. He asked abruptly, "You're still married to Joel, aren't you?"

I was afraid that he would see what the mere mention of Joel's name did to me. But I was relieved, too. At least, in this, I had an answer for him. "Dave," I said gently, "you know I can't get a divorce here. Everyone in Middleton thinks that I'm your wife, that I've never been anyone else's. When you're better, I'll go away and start proceedings. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime," he flung at me, "it—it's hell for me here. What do you think I'm made of, Marianne—that I can see you around the house, have you coming into my room at night—to bring me hot milk!" He broke off suddenly, turned to spin the dials of the radio. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "Forget I said anything, Marianne."

I was puzzled and hurt and shaken, and I wouldn't have forgotten it at all if the next morning I hadn't received a letter from Joel. From the moment I saw the familiar handwriting, the address—to Mrs. Joel Shelton, in care of my mother—I knew the queer, half-hurtful thrill of happiness remembered, as I slit the envelope.

Dearest Marianne:

I'm writing to ask your forgiveness twice over—first of all for walking out on you at a time when I might, if I had staved, have been of some help. I think you know that I left because, not being sure of the circumstances, I felt in the way, to say the least.

And then if you can, I hope you'll forgive what I did just last week. I checked up on you in Stanford. I'm glad now that I did—I'd rather know that it was I, not you, who were wrong.

I don't expect an answer, although I'd like to know whether or not you're happy. I hope you are, but I want you to know that your house is still here, and—if you can use him in any way—so is

Joel.

I didn't know what to do. I cried a little, and laughed a little, and thought how courtly those blunt, forthright phrases sounded, coming from the generosity of Joel's heart. I put the letter in my apron pocket, then took it out and laid it on top of the stove, where

I could look at it while I cooked.

I was humming gaily when I carried Dave's tray up to him. "Happy?" he asked as I bent to kiss him good morning. Then I felt him stiffen, and my eyes followed his. Joel's letter was still safely downstairs on the stove, but the envelope with the return address was sticking out of my apron pocket!

I tried to minimize its importance by bringing it into the open quickly, as I would have done with any small thing. "I am," I said boldly. "I had a letter from Joel."

"I see." Just two words, but no words had ever been so cold, so curt.

They shook me; I fought for composure as I replied, "I'm afraid you don't see, Dave. Joel thought I'd lied to him about you and me, and he's written to tell me that he knows now that I didn't. It wasn't pleasant, leaving Chicago, knowing what he thought of me. Can you blame me for being glad that things are straightened out—"

"Are they?" He hardly breathed the question. But there was a larger questioning in his eyes, a question directed at me, and—I felt somehow—at himself.

"Certainly," I said sharply. "You know that everything between Joel and me is finished—"

His hand came up in a silencing gesture. "Sure, Marianne, I know. You don't have to talk about it." The hand went to his temples, rubbed them as if they ached unbearably.

I stared at him, bewildered and uncertain, and then Davy cried, and I had to leave the room. When I came back a few minutes later, Dave was asleep—or he was pretending to be—and his breakfast hadn't been touched.

Dave was changed from that day on, and in a way that I didn't understand. He had been a good patient before; he had been cheerful and hopeful, and he had done everything that might help him to get well. Now he seemed almost to enjoy being an invalid. He became demanding, and for everything he used the state of his health as an excuse. He was either indifferent to food, or finicky about it. His bed must be turned down a certain way, the windows lowered just so; the radio couldn't be on unless he wanted it; when Davy cried, he had to be hurried upstairs because his crying got on Dave's nerves.

**THE** change was unbelievable. For Dave to be fussing about things like food and radio programs, when he could have been down at Smiley's garage, talking with the men and lending a hand when cars came in, was incredible. He wouldn't be coaxed out of the house. February passed, and March came, and still day after day he sat in the big chair by the living room window."

And yet he looked well, like himself again. Softer, perhaps, not lean and brown as he had been, but he looked healthy. And I knew that he was on his feet a great deal more than he cared to let me know. I would come into the house to find a glass used and not returned to the kitchen cupboard, or I'd find him reading a magazine which, when last seen, had been in an upstairs room. I knew that if Mother or I had been at home when he'd wanted the glass of water or the magazine, there would have been no question but that one of us must fetch it.

Continued on page 58

Be a Saver, Not a Buyer—See that Prices Go No Higher

# Who are they? — It's Confidential!



**2** War workers, nurses, business girls, teen-agers, mothers wrote frankly and intimately. Included were letters from women who had used practically every type and brand of napkin. But they *all* switched to Modess—and for reasons amazingly alike! When their letters were analyzed by an independent, impartial concern . . .

¶ **8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess for its wonderful softness, for its comfort or for its dependable safety!**



**4** Mrs. J.W.B. wrote: "Having four small daughters, doing my own work, being church organist and teacher, I must have a comfortable, safe napkin. It's Modess!" Thousands of women whose jobs keep them on the go every minute are switching to Modess for greater safety! Modess has a full-length, triple shield at the back for full-way protection—not just part-way protection, as some napkins give.

Discover the Difference . . . Switch to

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS



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

**B**ut you'll be glad thousands of busy women had the courage to write frankly—telling *why* they switched to Modess! "So soft," "Such comfort," or "So safe," say 8 out of 10!

**1** Their names are a secret—you'll never know them. But here's how 10,086 women, from every state in the Union, recently did you a good turn. They found time in their hurrying, war-busy lives to write *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins!



**3** Wrote Miss D.P.: "I'm a high school girl—and I find Modess softer, less likely to chafe through the necessarily longer wearing time at school." There's a reason for this greater, heavenly softness! Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. And because it's softer, it fits like a dream. (No hard tab ends to cause tell-tale outlines, even under the sleekest dress.)



**5** How about *you*? Have you tried Modess recently? Doesn't the experience of these thousands of busy women make you wonder? Why miss a world of greater softness and greater safety that you *need* these hurry-up days? See what a difference Modess makes! Yet it costs no more. Ask for Modess—today!



Every woman  
can afford  
internal  
protection  
now!

**MEDS**  
are only  
**19¢**

**FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS**

Meds offer you safety, comfort, freedom from old-fashioned bothers—ALL at a new lower price.

- Meds are made of fine super-absorbent COTTON.
- Meds' dainty applicators make them EASY-to-USE.
- Meds satisfy INDIVIDUAL needs.
- Meds' exclusive "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much more, so much faster—up to three times its own weight in moisture—assuring you greater comfort, greater protection.

"Next time," why not try Meds?



And then one night I understood. It was very late, along toward morning, when Davy's fretting awakened me. I got out of bed, examined him, found nothing wrong, and went back to bed, only to hear the fretful a-ah from the crib start up again. For a few minutes I weighed my need of sleep against the chances of spoiling Davy, and then I went down to the kitchen to heat him some milk. I was starting up the stairs when my ankle turned under me, and I fell.

I cried out involuntarily—not a loud cry, and no soundly sleeping person could have heard it—and in a moment Dave was standing on the landing above.

"Marianne! What—"

"I tripped. I'm sorry I woke you—" I started to rise, but he was down the stairs and beside me, bending over to pick me up. "Dave! It's nothing—I turned my ankle—"

**HE PAID** no attention. As easily as if I'd been Davy's size he carried me up the stairs and down the hall to my room. My head rested against his breast, and I couldn't hear his heart beat under the thin pajama top. And Dave was supposed to be an invalid!

He laid me gently on the bed and bent to examine my ankle. I had forgotten about it. "It's nothing," I insisted. "I tell you I just turned it."

When he was satisfied that there was no bruise and no swelling, he pulled the covers over me, tucking them close. His arms lingered.

I forgot, then, the discovery I had just made, forgot everything in the mounting importance of the moment. For a little bit, for a little breathless, timeless while, with his arms holding me warm and protected in the blankets, it was as if the year that had come between us had never been.

Dave felt it, too. I saw it in his eyes, and I put out my hand to touch him, to prove the illusion real. "Dave—"

With the whispered word the spell was broken. He shook his head as if to clear it, and was once again the man he had become. He drew back a little.

"I—feel a little shaky," he mumbled. "Guess I tried too much—"

It was overdone. The words, the gesture, were a shade too dramatic to be convincing. I gasped, and then I caught myself and said, "Of course, Dave. You'd better rest."

He rose and asked, "Shall I turn out the light?"

I glanced at Davy. He had gone to sleep. "Please—"

Dave snapped the switch and tipped from the room.

I couldn't sleep. I had just seen too much. A man who was in perfect health, who was strong enough to carry a hundred pounds up a flight of stairs without even breathing hard, was pretending to be an invalid, letting himself be waited upon by women!

I knew why, now. The knowledge had come all at once, in one revealing moment. I refused to admit the full force of it immediately, while I lay remembering, checking with my mind the thing my heart knew. There was Dave's reluctance to talk about Joel, even in discussing my proposed divorce. There was his haste to get me away from Chicago, when he must have known that the trip would be bad for him. There was his intense eagerness to get well, and then his in-

explicable preference for invalidism. There were his own words—"You came here to take care of me—"

He had believed that I had come back to Middleton with him only out of a sense of duty—poor David, so forthright himself that he couldn't understand how I was torn, then, between my love for him and my different, utterly different love for Joel. Perhaps he would never understand that I would always love Joel, in a way, no matter if I never saw him again—love him as one loves a wise, gentle, understanding brother, not with the depth and the heights of love I had known, and would know again, for Dave himself.

And there was more, too, to Dave's reluctance, to his playing invalid, I knew in that moment of revelation, that moment that had come to me because Dave and I had once again, at last, been really close together. Dave was afraid of another thing—afraid that the Air Transport Command would not take him back. Of course—that was it! He feared that when he went for his examination and check-up, they would reject him—and so, as long as he was an invalid, he was postponing that evil day, believing, making himself believe, that it was better not to know than to know the answer would be negative.

My poor David! My heart ached for him as I lay there in the dark. Well, I could remove one of those fears. I could assure him that I was completely his, now and forever. And with that assurance, I told myself, he would have strength enough to fight off the other fear, courage enough to look life in the face once more.

I had once thought of Dave as being selfish, compared to Joel. Perhaps he was—but it was the natural selfishness of a young man wholeheartedly in love. After all, it was I who had been truly selfish, in my blindness toward Dave's feelings. It was I who had pretended most. I had promised myself to him—and I had withheld my heart.

**THERE** was a way of proving it to him, of making him sure of me for all time, of giving back to him the life that belonged to him. I had long put off taking it, because it would mean the severance of my last tie with Joel. I had to take it now—and I wanted to.

I didn't go back to sleep that night. At four I was up, quietly dressing, writing a note for Mother, saying that I would be back that evening. At five I was at the station, and Reedy, the station master, routed out of bed for the emergency, was signalling the flyer to stop for a passenger. At eleven in the morning I was in Chicago, bound for the offices of Bates and Goodman.

I still think that it was no coincidence that I met Joel. Not only was I in the neighborhood of his office, on my way to see his lawyers, but also, from our first meeting, Joel had been there when I needed him. We saw each other while we were yet a half-block apart. He stopped and stood waiting for me, his hat in his hand, sunlight touching the crest of hair. And before I was close enough to see his features clearly, his smile reached out to me.

Joel's greeting gave him away. It was too cheerful, too casual. "What," he asked as I came up to him, "are you doing in town, Marianne?"

I turned my face up to him, my eyes

Continued on page 61

# Quit Worrying

## ABOUT VITAMINS AND MINERALS



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## QUICK COCOA SYRUP

$\frac{3}{4}$  cup cocoa      1 cup Karo Red or  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar      Blue Label  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water

Combine cocoa and sugar; add Karo and water. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, then cook for 10 minutes. Store in a covered jar in refrigerator until needed. Makes  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups syrup. Practical suggestions: Use this as a topping for ice cream, puddings, and cake too.

*To Make Quick Cocoa:* Put 2 tablespoons syrup into each cup. Bring milk to boiling, stir a little into each cup. Then fill cup, stirring in hot milk gradually.



Karo Is Rich In Dextrose  
... Food-Energy Sugar



## BUTTERED KARO

Heat 1 cup Karo Waffle Syrup, or Karo Blue or Red Label. Add 2 tablespoons or more of butter or margarine and stir until melted. Serve hot on pancakes, waffles, French toast. This saves serving butter at the table, and the amount of butter used may vary according to your supply. Also it will help to keep foods piping hot.

*Flavorful suggestion:* Add a little chopped, cooked bacon or ham to hot Karo. This carries meat flavor without spending many points.



## KARO NUT FROSTING

Dip top of cup cakes or individual cake squares in Karo Red or Blue Label, then in finely chopped nuts. Turn slowly until top is covered with nuts.

*Party suggestion.* Place half a red cherry and a green leaf in center of each, or a tiny mound of melted chocolate.

Continued from page 58

suddenly blinded. "Joel—" I began haltingly.

He understood. He took my arm, fell into step beside me—I think so that we wouldn't have to look at each other. "I've been expecting it," he said, "ever since you didn't answer my letter. Don't try to explain," he added almost roughly. "I can guess how things have been with you. Marianne—do you want me to go with you now?"

I didn't understand just then all that he was offering. I was only enormously relieved that I wouldn't have to go alone to face the lawyers, the questions and the explanations I dreaded. I looked up at him, and my relief and gratitude showed in my face. "Oh, Joel," I cried, "if you would—"

It was over in a little while. There were questions, with Joel doing most of the talking. There was a paper I signed, and Mr. Bates' assuring me that he would let me know well in advance the day I was to appear in court. Then Joel and I were riding down in the elevator, and I had an hour before the next train for Middleton.

"We'll have lunch—" Joel suggested. "Joel—no, please—"

He was suddenly insistent. "Yes, we will, and you'll say afterward that it was one of the best lunches you ever tasted. You'll thank me for it."

Even then I didn't understand what he was doing for me. All I knew was it was an unexpectedly pleasant hour, that there was no strain, no heaviness at lovers' parting as we sat across from each other in the quiet little restaurant, that Joel's talk was easy and diverting, and that sometimes, when we fell silent, it wasn't because our hearts were too full for speech—but because we had nothing more to say to each other!

It was after he had seen me off at the station, after I was on the train with the candy and the magazines he'd bought tucked under my arm, that I discovered the greater gift he'd given. Joel had not only helped to set me legally free that morning; he'd set my

heart free, too.

I cried a little as the miles rolled out between us—not for myself, but because I'd hurt a man who was good, and unselfish beyond most men, who had known how to protect me even from myself.

Protection—a thought dried my tears, brought me bolt upright on the seat. It was a tangled thought, but at the bottom of it was a truth I'd been searching for for months, perhaps for years, and I knew why I was going back to Dave, why I wanted to go back to him.

I had been a coward ever since I could remember. Joel had been the symbol and the substance of everything I'd craved; he was dear and companionable; he had made me comfortable, shielded me from the unpleasant parts of living. And Dave was—like life.

He had demanded much of me, as any worth-while way of living demands much. He had given me laughter and tears, piercing happiness and pain unbearable, such as life gives. And if he were exciting, as unpredictable, and sometimes as difficult as life itself, he was also as vital, as much a part of me as the breath in my body.

It was dusk when I reached Middleton. A few lights winked comfortably at the station; around them the purple shadows lay slumbrous, deep and quiet as the new-found peace within myself.

I was looking for the familiar shape of Ed Peabody's taxi when a figure detached itself from the shadows—Dave.

He didn't say anything. He just came up and put his arms around me, holding me fast as though he'd never let me go. I clung to him in an embrace that was both an answer and a promise, and then I struggled free. "Dave, listen—I have news—"

He interrupted me. "Marianne!" he cried, "I almost went crazy, haunting this place. I thought you weren't coming back!"

"You thought—" I stared up at him incredulously. "Didn't you see my note?"

"Yes, but—" His eyes were half-ashamed, but probing, too, as if even then he dared not believe in me completely—"after last night, when you found out—"

"Dave, hush!" I remembered where we were. Ed Peabody had come up, and he and Reedy, the station master, were standing by, open-eared. And then, because I couldn't hold it back any longer, I told Dave in an excited whisper why I had gone to Chicago.

And for answer to that, he caught me in his arms—his strong, beloved arms—and his cry was wondering and exultant, "Marianne—my darling wife!"

I went to Chicago another day, several months later, and I told my story quietly in court to a kindly judge. And then it was over, and I was no longer Joel's wife, and free to be David's. Free to go home to Middleton, to hold my head high, to make a new life for us, as a family—for David and for little Davy and me.

Of course, David went back to the Air Transport Command. He's there now, as proud to be back in service as I am to have him there. But before he went back, we drove out of town one day, Dave and I. We drove to a town called Stanford, over the state line, and there, we reaffirmed our promises, before that same kindly wise old minister—the promises we shall keep, Dave and I. until death us do part.

THE END



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**If You Break My Heart**

Continued from page 35

me finish. "You—you don't understand! Oh, Helen—come on in a minute. I—I want to show you something. I have to tell someone about it, or I'll go crazy."

I followed her up the steps, and into the house. In the living room Teddy, her brother, was sitting by the phonograph, and the machine was grinding out the words:

Millions of hearts have been broken  
Just because these words were spoken;  
I love you, yes I do, I love you . . .

Cora ran quickly up the stairs, I behind her, and into her room. And there I heard the story, gasped out between sobs, and I read the letter from Henry, the letter which said that he thought they had made a mistake, that he had a girl back home whose heart he couldn't bear to break—the letter asking Cora to release him.

"I—I don't know, I don't know," she repeated over and over. "I'm so mixed up, Helen. Sometimes I can hardly seem to remember what Henry looks like, it all happened so fast, and other times I think I'll die if I don't see him. And—oh, Helen—this is the terrible part. I—I think I'm going to have a baby. All my life I've wanted a baby, and now it has to be like this! I don't know what to do."

WHAT could I say to her? I said all the quieting, soothing things I could think of—that she must tell Henry about the baby, that everything would straighten out. But she only repeated dully, over and over, "He doesn't want me. He doesn't want me—he says so."

She followed me down to the door when I finally left, and stood there as I walked slowly down the path. I looked back and saw her, silhouetted against the light, and heard the mournful voice of the phonograph behind her complaining once again:

I love you, yes I do, I love you;  
If you break my heart, I'll die.  
So be sure it's true. . . .

That was the last time I ever saw Cora Brand alive. She helped herself to her mother's sleeping pills that night, and took enough to assure herself of a long, dreamless sleep with no awakening.

With that day, the day Cora died, the madness of Gardiner changed for me from something foolish to something tragic, almost wicked. More than ever, I wanted no part of it. In the Recreation Hall, at the dances, along the paths of the park that sloped to the river, it seemed to me that ever and always I could see Cora, hear her soft, excited laughter. And at last I couldn't bear it any longer—it was better to stay away from those places. It was all I could do to be civil to the cadets when I met them on the street, for it seemed to me then, in my grief for Cora, in my anger against the world that had hurt her so, that they were to blame—that if they hadn't been sent to Gardiner Cora would be alive now.

But in a little place like Gardiner, especially when it's overrun with extra people and extra things to do, you can't

hide yourself away for long. After a few weeks of my staying close to home, Dad came into my room one morning before going to his classes. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You haven't been going out lately," he said.

"No," I said. "I've had too much to do."

He took my hand. "It's Cora, isn't it?" he said gently. I nodded. "Helen," he said, "you've got to be sensible about this. Cora—Cora was never a very stable character. We have no way of knowing that she wouldn't have done this—sooner or later—no matter what the circumstances."

"No!" I said. "It's the war and all this craziness that seems to go with it!"

"Perhaps," Dad said. "But other people don't lose their heads like that. For instance, I know you wouldn't—"

"You bet I won't!" I said positively.

Dad smiled softly. "There's not much danger of your doing anything as long as you stay away from everyone like this. It isn't good for you, Helen, this brooding. I'm worried about you."

"I can't help it, Dad," I said. "I'm always thinking of her. I see those boys, dancing and laughing up there, as though nothing had happened—and—it makes me hate them."

"They weren't to blame," Dad said. "Besides, these aren't the same boys as you knew when Henry was with them. There's a new group now."

I could see the wisdom of Dad's advice. I couldn't help Cora by brooding about her. But I made sure that all the boys who'd been in Henry's class were gone before I took up any of my old activities. I'd go back to my work at the Recreation Hall, I told myself, and to the weekend dances. But I won't get involved with any of those boys, I vowed again. I'll be careful—I'll keep my heart free!

AS I walked into the Recreation Hall the evening of the first week-end dance I attended after Cora's death, everything seemed very different. The soldiers, of course, were different—new faces. The girls seemed different, too, all gay and festive in their new winter evening dresses. There was nothing to remind me too much of Cora. I had been afraid of that.

The first part of the evening was ordinary. You found yourself dancing with someone in uniform, smiling up at him, asking him the usual questions. "How long have you been in the Army? Where's your home?"

Then, suddenly, it was different. I was smiling up into a pair of gray eyes and a strong featured, well tanned, good looking face.

"Hello," the voice, low and deep, that somehow seemed to go perfectly with the face, said. "You're Professor Wilder's daughter."

"How did you know?"

"I asked the last girl I danced with," he grinned. "I said—who's that lovely creature with the almost red hair and the green eyes?—and promptly got my shin kicked. I found out, though, that your name's Helen. I like it. But then, Professor Wilder would choose a good name like that. He's quite a man, your father."

Continued on page 64





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"I like him, too," I laughed. His name was Jeff Halliday. We finished that dance and the next one. Then, we didn't dance any more. We sat in a corner, talking.

Very quickly, I realized that in spite of the light touch in our meeting, he was rather serious and quiet—not in a boring, dull way, but as though he knew what he was about and where he was going and just what he wanted to do. That in itself was a change. Most of the fellows I'd met were confused, some of them unhappy about the way the war had interrupted their lives, many of them still undecided about themselves and the future they would have after the war was over. Jeff Halliday was not confused. He was going to devote his life to science, to research in Physics. There was a wonderful sense of solidity and security about him.

THAT was the thing I kept remembering about him, while I was getting ready for bed, that night. His smile was nice, spontaneous and infectious. His gray eyes were friendly and intelligent. His hair was dark and brushed back and perfect with his tanned face. I thought of all these things, too, but only fleetingly. It was his self assurance that kept coming into my mind, as I brushed my hair.

It's good to meet someone like that," I thought. "They're so rare—people like that."

Suddenly, it was as though Cora's face was next to mine in the mirror. The past came flooding back. It was almost as though Cora were there, warning me—"Be careful! You'll fall in love with him—and it won't last. A few weeks—months at most—of happiness and then he'll be gone—maybe never to come back—and you'll be alone—alone!"

I shook off my momentary terror. After all, it was silly, I told myself. I had just met another soldier—slightly different, it's true—but I had no right to leap to conclusions, either about him or myself. If anyone had told me that I had already fallen in love with him, I would have denied it hotly. I didn't believe in love at first sight.

And yet, no matter what I told myself I did or did not believe, Jeff caused me a sleepless night. I couldn't drive him out of my mind. And, along toward dawn, I admitted to myself that if I wasn't in love with him, I could be. Oh, so easily. And I knew I couldn't face that. I knew it would be better to wrench him out of my mind—and, secretly out of my heart—now. Far better never to know any happiness with him at all, than to suffer as Cora had done.

In a way, I tried. It was impossible not to see him, because I had my work at the Recreation Hall and he turned up there regularly and sought me out. I couldn't run away and hide again. But I was as casual as I could be. I wanted him to be aware of the fact that I wasn't paying any more attention to him than I was to the others. I was careful to dance as often with other men as I did with him.

Somehow, none of this did much good in the end. It was all very well, as long as he continued to appear at the dances alone, or hovered in the background waiting for his turn, while I was dancing with someone else. But, when he began turning up at the dances with Ellen Anderson, more and more regularly, no amount of telling myself

to be sensible could keep my heart from turning over with pain. Emotions are like that, I guess. They don't make very good sense.

It was Dad who finally—and unwittingly—broke down all my good resolutions. Dad hadn't brought home any students for a long time. I guess he hadn't come across many promising ones.

"Helen," he said at breakfast one morning, "I'm bringing someone home for dinner tonight. Brilliant fellow—want to show him a few things in the laboratory."

Of course, it was Jeff. And, seeing him there in our house, listening to him talking to Dad, seeing how well he fitted into our scheme of living, I knew I couldn't deny this thing deep inside me, this thing I had been fighting against. I think it was that evening I knew I had loved him from the very first moment. I knew I loved him and wanted him, no matter what.

Jeff was at our house often, after that. Dad liked him, quite aside from his ability. Of course, they didn't work all the time. There were lots of evenings when we sat in the living room, toasting ourselves before the fire and just talking. Sometimes, Dad would sit with us. More often, Dad would disappear like the angel he was after a few minutes.

Actually I didn't realize that I was waiting, almost holding my breath, until it happened. But I was. One evening, Dad made his excuses in his usual fashion, and in his usual fashion Jeff grinned, and said, "Thank you, sir." After that we usually sat and talked, close by the fire, Jeff and I. But that night was different—what I was waiting for, unknowingly, came at last. Almost before Dad had disappeared up the stairs, Jeff turned to me, and in a moment, very simply but very wonderfully, I was in his arms. In his arms, where I had wanted to be, with his mouth against my mouth and my heart as near to his as two hearts can be.

"That's what I thought," Jeff said, finally, holding me at arm's length. "Now, let's do something about it."

MY knees felt weak. The taste of his kisses was still on my lips, the feeling of his arms still sharp on my flesh.

"Do—something about it—" I murmured.

"Naturally," Jeff grinned. "When two people love each other—they generally get married. I've already asked your father. He thinks it's a fine idea."

I sat down suddenly. I had to collect my thoughts. This was what I wanted. Now that he had kissed me, that his very touch had burned its way into my body, I knew it more than ever before. I wanted him—for all time. That was it! For all time—how long would that be? Another three or four weeks. The memory of Cora flashed up sharply before my eyes.

Jeff sat down beside me. "What's the matter?"

"I—you should have asked me first—" I stammered.

"You love me," Jeff said quietly. "I know you do. And I love you."

"That's it—" I was grasping at straws. I needed time to think. "How can you be sure?" I asked. "How can I be sure? Everything is so topsy-turvy these days. So many people make mistakes—the war—how can you be sure?"

"I'm sure," Jeff said. He dropped

# "A LUX Girl?"



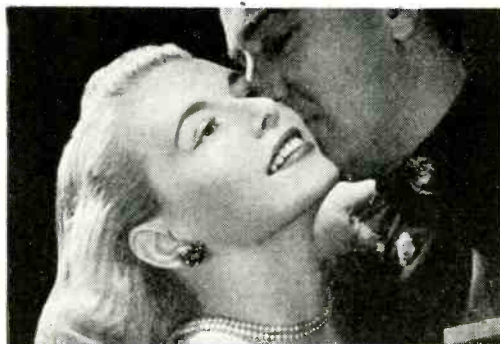
*You bet I am!"*  
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Co-star of Walter Wanger's  
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**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**



*"If I didn't respect you, would I order Pepsi-Cola?"*

*Continued from page 64*

his voice so it was scarcely more than a whisper. "There isn't much time, darling. I'll be through at Gardiner soon. I love you very much. I'd like to marry you before I leave. I'd like that to think about—when I'm overseas. I'd like to be able to think of you, here, waiting for me. I'd like to have that to live for—to come home to."

*And I?, I thought. What will I have, waiting for you? Wondering—lying awake nights, wondering whether you're safe or whether you're lying dead in some field, or hurtling earthward in some burning plane?*

"I—I don't know, Jeff. Honestly—this minute—I don't know."

He smiled and kissed me very gently, almost sadly, as though I had hurt him by my hesitation. "A girl has a right to a little time to make up her mind," he said. "Just don't make it too long. I haven't very much time left." He went away—leaving me with that, the very words that terrified me the most.

All night long, I lay awake, staring at the ceiling of my room. I thought of Jeff and I felt his arms about me again and heard his voice and the things it said. And I hated myself. I knew I was a coward and a fool. I thought of all the other women in the world, waiting for their men, and I wanted to be like them. I thought of all those women whose husbands would never come back, and I was afraid again. Then, I thought of Jeff once more, and the tears came bitterly, because I couldn't make up my mind to marry and, yet, I couldn't make up my mind to say no.

I was almost afraid to go downstairs

for breakfast and face Dad the next morning. I was sure he would notice the effects of my sleepless night. But I didn't dare not to go down. It would have been even more awkward to have Dad come upstairs, asking embarrassing questions.

I need not have worried. Dad was very preoccupied with his own affairs. He was reading a lot of official looking letters.

"Joe Hoskings must think I'm three men," Dad said, throwing a letter on the table. Major Hoskings was in the War Department and an old friend of Dad's.

**W**HAT is it, now, Dad?" I asked grateful not to have his attention centered on me.

"They're sending three hundred more boys up here, next week," Dad said. "Three hundred more cadets—and they want the course shortened by a month."

"But this present class won't be through—" I said. "And three hundred—you haven't got the staff to handle them—"

"I know that better than you do, young lady," Dad said. "But Hoskings is determined that I do it, somehow. He always did expect miracles of me." Dad sank back into his speculations.

Miracles, I thought. Maybe this was it.

"Dad, you can do it," I said. He looked up at me. "You'll need some help, of course—but that's simple. What about Jeff? You say he's brilliant. Wouldn't he be more useful here as your assistant than going off with the others?"

Dad smiled thoughtfully. "You

know," he said, "for once a good idea has come out of that red thatch of yours. Jeff could help me. In fact, he'd make a perfect assistant. He knows what's needed. I'll write to Washington at once. If old Joe expects me to come through for him, he'll just have to swing this for me."

I mailed Dad's letter myself and sent a little prayer with it. But I was sure it would be all right. I had typed the letter for Dad and he'd made his urgent need very clear and his praise of Jeff's work and usefulness at the college even clearer.

I could hardly wait for evening to come. I was almost tempted to go up to the school, but I didn't. Instead, I left a message at the dormitories for Jeff to come to dinner—and early. The moment he stepped inside the door and saw my face, the shining light in my eyes, he took me in his arms. "That's my girl," he whispered.

We had a sort of celebration that evening. Dad even brought out a bottle of champagne he'd been saving for Victory. He was very pleased and even fell in with my mood, when I drew him aside and asked him not to mention our plans for Jeff.

"I'd like it to be a sort of surprise," I whispered. "Like a very special wedding present."

After that, the days flew by. Jeff arranged for a three days pass. We were married at the chapel at Gardiner and there was rice and a military cheer from Jeff's buddies. Then, we got into Dad's old car and drove off by ourselves.

Three days!

If you thought you had only three days in which to experience all the happiness you wanted out of life—what would you do? Well—we did all those things and probably a few more. We found a small inn way off in the hills. It was beautiful and quiet. We were alone except for the caretaker, who cooked grand meals and kept out of our way.

It was like a dream. Jeff was wonderful and, being alone like that with him, I realized that I hadn't really known all the most lovable things about him—his gentleness, his thoughtfulness, his ability to laugh and play jokes like a boisterous urchin.

**T**HE evening before we had to return to Gardiner, we lay in each other's arms before the huge roaring fire in the inn lounge.

"It's been perfect," Jeff whispered, his lips close to my ear. "It's been wonderful and you've been wonderful—and, even if I had to leave you tomorrow—it would have been worth it."

"You won't have to leave me tomorrow, darling," I whispered contentedly.

"Almost tomorrow," he said. Then, he laughed. "But we're not going to think of that, now. Tonight's ours—and tomorrow, too." He pulled me into his arms. "There's still a little time—and so much love!"

When we got back to Gardiner Jeff was immediately busy with his final exams. He was permitted to live at our house, of course, but in a way it was scarcely better than if he had still been at the dormitories. He spent

hours every evening studying and I didn't dare disturb him. He was very serious about his work and I'd grown up in a scientist's house. I knew when to stay out of the way. Besides I knew it didn't matter.

The day the examination results were posted, Jeff came home in a fury. I thought for a moment that something had gone wrong and he'd flunked out. But that wasn't it.

"Look at that!" he said, disgustedly throwing a letter in front of me.

It was his orders. They had come through! He was appointed Dad's assistant at Gardiner.

"Why, that's wonderful!" I cried. "Oh, darling, I'm so glad. You won't have to go away after all."

He stared at me and I was shocked by the look in his eyes. "Wonderful?" he said. "I'm a soldier—not a teacher. There's a war to be fought and won and it needs men—lots of able-bodied men. There are plenty of people better fitted to teach than I am. Why should they pick me? Why tie me down, here, while other men are fighting in my place?"

It was my turn to stare at him. And I had thought he'd be pleased! I had thought he loved me enough not to want to leave me, that he wanted to be with me as much as I wanted to have him with me—for always.

I didn't dare say any of these things. "But—darling," I said, "maybe they think you'll be more useful here, giving a lot of men the benefit of your knowledge. That's fighting, too, in its way."

"There are better men for that than I am," he insisted.

"But it's a War Department order, Jeff," I said lamely.

"Yes," Jeff said. "I'll have to obey, of course, but they can't make me like it."

I watched him go slowly upstairs and I wondered why he hadn't once thought of me in all this. Why couldn't he see? Why did he have to have heroic ideas, without its occurring to him that I might want him near me, that I might not be able to face the possibilities of his getting killed?

When Dad came home, I was sitting silently in the darkened living room. He sensed that something was wrong, at once.

"What is it, Helen?" he asked from the doorway.

"Jeff got his orders," I said. "He's been made your assistant. We—I—I don't know—"

"That's splendid," Dad said. "Was he pleased?"

"No!" It was Jeff, answering from the stairs. "No, I'm not pleased a bit. I want to get into this fight."

**D**AD was surprised, too, a little. "I'm sorry to hear that, my boy," Dad said before I could stop him. "If I'd known how you feel, I wouldn't have asked for you."

"Wait a minute!" Jeff's voice was cold with anger. "You mean you requested me?"

Dad looked at me, then. He was bewildered, completely unprepared. "Yes—I—I couldn't handle the job alone and you've done such good work. Yes, I wrote to Washington and asked to have you assigned to my staff."

**Fight for the Boys at the Front—Buy War Bonds**



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**far less irritating to the nose and throat!**



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In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste . . . more enjoyable.

But Jeff wasn't listening to him. "Helen!" Jeff was glaring at me. "Did you know about this?"

"I—" I didn't understand what was happening, what was going on in his mind. "I—oh, darling, I just wanted to keep you here—near me. I—I couldn't face it without you. They don't need you to fight—to get killed—and I do need you."

"Professor Wilder—was this Helen's idea?" Jeff asked. And poor Dad nodded. Jeff turned back to me. "And I thought you loved me—loved me enough to understand! You were thinking of yourself. You wanted to keep me here—for yourself. You wanted to keep me safe—for yourself. You wouldn't even admit you loved me—or consent to marry me until you'd made sure I'd be tied down here."

**O**NLY because I love you—" I cried. "You're only one man—they'll never miss you—"

"One man!" Jeff said bitterly. "And all the other men—the other people? Don't you suppose other people love one another and need one another? What do you think they're fighting this war for? For you? So you can have a nice quiet, peaceful life, hanging on safely to all the little things you want to cling to—to all the things you don't want to give up, even for a little while—is that what men are dying for all over the world? And what do you think would happen to your safety—to all the things you cherish and want to keep—if everyone thought the way you do?" He looked at me for one long endless moment, before turning away.

"And I thought you really loved me," he murmured as he left the room.

Dad had listened to all this in silence. Now, he spoke very softly. "There are many things you still have to learn about men. You fell in love with him, because he's the kind of man he is—because he understands his responsibility to the rest of men—and then, you thought you could change that. It's a bitter lesson, Helen."

A few minutes later, Jeff came down the stairs again. He was carrying his suitcase.

"I'm going back to the dormitories," he said. There was no anger in his voice, now, only sadness. "I'm going to write to Washington and ask for overseas service. I'm sorry I can't be the way you want me to be—I'm not made that way. Maybe we both made a mistake—you, too. It may take some time for them to change my orders and I'll probably have to start working with the next class—but I don't think we'd better see each other again."

He was gone. Dad was gone. I was alone—more dreadfully alone than if I had just heard that Jeff had been killed. Because he had gone away of his own volition.

"There are many things you still have to learn about men," Dad had said. "You fell in love with him, because he's the kind of man he is—"

And I did love him. Suddenly, I knew I loved him more than ever. Suddenly, I understood him more clearly than I had ever understood him before. It wasn't so much the things he'd said that had made it so clear. It was the way he was—with his whole life planned

in the service of mankind, with his whole being intent on making it possible for him to carry on that life's work in safety. Through him, I understood everything—how horrible it would be for the world, if too many people thought the way I had been thinking of their own safety only, of their own interests. Yes, I began to understand.

But how could I show Jeff that I did understand? How could I make him see that I was ready to love him, now, the way he wanted to be loved, the way he deserved to be loved? How could I make Jeff know that I had come to my senses?

**I**T WASN'T until hours later that the very simple solution came to me. Jeff wanted to be released from his appointment as quickly as possible. And I could do that for him. It was simple, but it wasn't easy to do. I had known Major Hoskings ever since I was a little girl, still it wasn't easy to write him that letter, explaining to him how I had made the suggestion about Jeff to Dad, without Jeff's knowing it—and why. It took me almost all night to write that letter. But, when I finished it, I could sleep—at peace with myself.

And now, I'm at peace with Jeff. Major Hoskings understood everything. There were no obstacles put in Jeff's way. He's in England, now.

But, before he left, we saw each other again, and I was able to go East with him and it was like finding each other for the first time—new and wonderful—far more wonderful than it had been before. Because, this time, we really knew each other.

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# THE VICTORY TROOP



Joe Seiferth—Master of Ceremonies

**T**HE WJZ Victory Troop was originated in March of 1942 when the Audience Promotion Department, under the supervision of Station Manager John McNeil with Joe Seiferth as director, brought seventy-five girls from the American Theater Wing to Fort Dix for a special show.

Originally organized to help build morale in service camps, the WJZ Victory Troop has grown in every way. It commenced getting calls from Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marine bases, hospitals, canteens, industrial plants, and War Bond rallies. Each and every one was accepted.

Since that day in March, 1942, the Victory Troop has played over 200 performances, has sold \$50,000,000 worth of bonds and has traveled many thousands of miles.

All the talent is gratis. Among the entertainers are "Whispering" Jack Smith, famous radio and recording artist, now heard nightly over WJZ from 11:55 to 12:00 midnight; the Kibitzers—Toby David and Larry Marino, the two funny men of Manhattan heard over WJZ at 8:00 a. m., Monday thru Saturday; Donald Bain, animal imitator heard on any program requiring that type of artist; Elissa Minet, a ballerina with the Metropolitan Opera Co.; Vicky Vickee, beautiful songstress; Jim Robertson, cowboy troubadour, heard Monday thru Friday at 8:15 a. m. over the Blue; Jeanne Roy, a comedienne; Tom and Anna Galati, champion jitterbug dancers; Jean Graham, Hawaiian dancer; Ilene Woods, youthful songstress heard nightly over WJZ at 11:20 p. m.; Jessie Matthews, a talented dancer, and Joe Seiferth himself, the master of ceremonies.

They are inexhaustible. They've done nine shows in one week, traveling here and there under any and all conditions, and they've performed for the night shifters at industrial plants at 4:00 a. m. in the morning as well as at 2:00 p. m. in the afternoon.



Vicky Vickee—Beautiful Songstress



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## "HASTEN THE DAY"

A NEW and totally different type of war-time radio show is rapidly building a nation-wide audience—it's called *Hasten The Day*, and concerns the Tucker family whose problems at home are as real and as human as the problems you and your own family bump into every day.

The Tuckers, moving to a crowded war-time city where Mr. Tucker has taken a job as foreman in a war production plant, find that the only vacant building they can rent to live in is a former gasoline station. They move in, settle down to live behind the brightly painted gasoline pumps outside their front door—and the story goes on from there. *Hasten The Day* is presented as a regular weekly feature by stations in cooperation with their local Civilian Defense Councils.

Long standing theater traditions of "type casting" were shattered when Jean King and Jack Smart were cast in the leading roles of Mary and Robb Tucker, mother and father in the series. Jean King is known to millions of radio fans through her character roles in the series, *Death Valley Days*, during the past twelve years. Instead of assuming a Western accent and a voice twice her age, Miss King breaks away completely from character acting to play the role of an average housewife, lovable, sincere and intelligently aware of what it means to try to raise a family during war-time. Jack Smart, who is the Robb Tucker of *Hasten The Day*, has been playing radio and stage character roles of all kinds, including assorted villains, the role of Sherlock Holmes, and a recent appearance with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Pirate." When Mr. Smart accepted the role of Robb Tucker, he said, "It'll be wonderful to act like a normal human being for once!"

Two teen-age veterans of stage and radio are reunited in the Tucker family, for Gloria Mann and Jackie Grimes play sister and brother. Both made their New York stage debuts as child actors in the Pulitzer Prize play "The Old Maid" which opened in 1934. Both have been behind the footlights since their toddling days and have been heard hundreds of times by listeners throughout the country.

Typical adventures of the Tucker family center around their mistaking Mr. MacMinn, their Air Raid Warden, for the man who's come to lay the linoleum, which leads into unforeseen complications, or on Mrs. Tucker's frantic search for a laundress who turns out to be the lugubrious Mrs. Posey who oils the Tucker washing machine with liquid poison gas.

*Hasten The Day* is written by the outstanding network radio writer, Pauline Gilsdorf, who has scripted many of your favorite radio dramatic and comedy programs on both the NBC and CBS networks these past six years. In collaboration with her husband, she has written "Lorenzo Jones," "The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet," "Wings for the Martins," "Home of the Brave" and other well-known series. A catchy original musical theme which listeners will soon be whistling on the sidewalks has been written by Charles Paul especially for *Hasten The Day*. The show is directed by Charles Schenck, who developed and produced the first March of Time programs, inaugurated Ma Perkins and has just completed for the British Broadcasting Company a series of transatlantic broadcasts telling the British people how Americans live and what they do.

You can hear *Hasten The Day* on your local station—check your newspaper for station and time.



## Dreamflower Beauty in "Natural"

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, young society leader, is a charming subject for this Dreamflower portrait. Hair of pale gold . . . tawny hazel eyes with wide velvet-black pupils. And a delicate blonde complexion soft-misted with Pond's sweet Dreamflower "Natural" powder.

"I have never found a powder shade that made my skin look as smooth and fresh as Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Ryan says. "The color is really lovely—fragile shell-pink with an unusually flattering touch of cream. And Pond's new Dreamflower texture is just as soft and smooth as it sounds!"

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TAKE A JOB! THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



# Stranger-Husband

Continued from page 19

house on a hill overlooking a river. I recognized the wide windows, the sun porch at the side, the sloping terrace. It was the kind of house I'd always dreamed of having. "Why," I exclaimed, "that's my house!"

The blue eyes hadn't once left my face. "Yes," he agreed, "I think maybe it is."

I couldn't miss his meaning. I must have shown my confusion, because he was suddenly laughing at me. "Don't say you don't know me, Jeannie," he warned. "You don't have to. I'm a construction man—in civilian life, and now with the Engineers."

THAT was the beginning, and from the first I couldn't help myself. I hadn't known many men. My parents had died when I was in high school, and I had been too busy supporting myself, advancing my life to a smooth plane of comparative security to have much time for dates. Certainly, I'd never known a man like Larry—a bold man, sometimes, with unexpected reticences about the things that were dear to him; a carefree, laughing man with the devil in his eyes and the touching faith of a child. He took me out the next night, and the next, and on Sunday we walked along the river to the place I'd picked for that dream house of mine. We walked a little apart, suddenly self-conscious, suddenly terribly newly aware of each

other. When we came to the hill I ran ahead over the hard winter ground, eager to show him all I'd planned about the house.

"This will be the living room," I explained, "and the side porch here, and here a hall—"

I stopped, feeling that he was laughing at me. "Jeannie," he commanded, "come here."

I went toward him slowly, trying to hold myself back while my heart raced uncontrollably ahead. He wasn't laughing at all. "You're shivering," he said. "Is the wind so cold, Jeannie?" He opened his coat, and I walked straight into his arms.

I couldn't help it. It was wonderful and terrifying—to be held close to him, warmed by his warmth, with his coat enveloping both of us. I couldn't fight it. He didn't kiss me—not just then. His arms shook a little with the effort to hold me lightly; he brushed his cheek tenderly against my forehead, whispering, "This is where you belong. You know that, don't you?"

I made a desperate try for self-possession. "I don't," I protested. "How can I—"

"You do, though. And will you marry me, Jeannie—right away?"

How could I think? Oh, my mind knew all that was against it—I'd read and heard all of the warnings about wartime marriages, and I had never in my life been hasty about anything,

no matter how unimportant. But my heart had logic, too. My heart, beating frantically against his chest, said that never again would there be another man like Larry, that our time was short, and our future uncertain.


We were married the next morning. I took time out from the office, and Larry, on the promise that he would be on three-hour call, was given leave. We had five wonderful days at a tourist hotel down the river. It was between seasons, and there were no other guests—just the two of us, who had a whole world to explore in each other. On the sixth day we came back to town, and some time that night—even I didn't know when—Larry was one of a long line of men who marched aboard a ship.

I WENT back to my job, to my war work, to my friends. I didn't miss Larry, as other wives, who had lived long with their husbands, did. Our time together had been too short, too set apart from every-day life, to make a difference in my routine. I had his letters; the money he sent every month I added to my own savings for the house on the river. I wrote to him, and dreamed of the day when our life together would really begin.

I was happy about little things that February afternoon when I let myself into my apartment—about the shining, cozy neatness of the tiny liv-

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ing room, the lovely golden color of the Java lilies on the coffee table, about the thick lamb chop I carried, which the butcher had considerably saved for me.

I hung away my coat and hat, paused to straighten a pillow unaccountably disarranged on the davenport, and stopped, staring at the wing chair opposite. Lumped in the chair was the khaki shape of an Army overcoat! And there was something else—from the hall which led to the kitchen came a spicy smell of cooking!

I was too stupefied to call out. Mechanically, I moved toward the kitchen. He had heard me, I suppose, for in a moment he was there, and the look of him caught my heart mid-beat and held it still.

"You're early," he said, and his tone was an imitation of an aggrieved housewife's. "I wanted to have dinner all ready—" He put down the spoon and came over to me. "Darling," he said in a very different voice.

IT WAS all right, then. I could believe my senses. In Larry's arms, with the remembered pressure of his mouth hard against mine, with my head resting against the curve of his shoulder, I could believe that he was really there. In a little while, when I could talk, when I could get out a complete sentence without having it stopped by kisses, I asked, "Why didn't you let me know?"

He released me, grinning, pleased with himself and his welcome. "I got here as soon as a letter could have. And besides, I wanted to surprise you."

"How—how soon will you have to go back?" I asked fearfully. I wasn't ready to give way to happiness if Larry were to be snatched away soon.

"I don't." I didn't understand him at first, nor the tight, suddenly closed-in look on his face. "I'm a medical discharge," he added.

"You're—" "I dropped an I-beam on my toe." His flippancy told me that he wasn't yet ready to talk about it. He'd loved the Army; except for me, he'd been glad to go overseas, glad to be sent to the front.

"Larry!" "All right," he admitted, "I got hurt. But I'm perfectly sound now, even if the Army doesn't want me around. Anyway, I'm well enough to be rousing hungry after riding a bus most of the day."

Automatically I began to clear a space on the dinette table. Larry is home, my mind kept repeating. Larry is home, safe. I didn't know how I felt. This was what I'd waited for, dreamed about. Only—I wasn't prepared for it.

I could feel Larry watching me, and somehow, I couldn't look straight back at him. After a moment he swung me around to face him, looked searchingly into my eyes.

"Look here," he said sharply, "is anything the matter?"

"Of course not—" And then I knew I had to tell the truth. "Only—have you thought what you're going to do, Larry? Or where we'll live? Or—"

He laughed, bent quickly to kiss me. "Is that all? Honey, we can live anywhere this side of the world! There's work in the Caribbean and in Alaska and in Brazil, or I can go back to my last job, with the Caliente Company in Texas. They need a good electrical installations man—"

"Not Texas!" Sure that he was joking, I pretended to shudder. "Miriam White—she's Miriam Leonard now—the girl who shared this apartment with me when I first came to town, went there after she got married. You remember my telling you about her. She hated it—"

"I'll bet she loves it now." "I guess she does," I admitted. "But that's the point, Larry—don't you see? I'd just get fond of the place, when we'd have to pack up and move."

The discussion had suddenly turned serious. How serious, I didn't realize at the time. I didn't know Larry well enough to recognize the danger signals—the muscle jumping at the side of his cheek, the bland, watchful look in his eyes. Even so, the mere thought of being torn away from the town I'd grown to love, from my friends and my accustomed ways, brought me close to tears. "Larry! How could I? There's my job, and the lease on this apartment, for which I'm responsible. I can't pack up and leave just like that—"

"Oh—" Slowly, the muscle in his cheek stopped jumping. His eyes softened, and his arm went around me reassuringly. "Forget it, honey. I guess I'm just not used to thinking about someone else. We'll stay here for a while, if you want. I'll get work in town, and this apartment's big enough for two, I suppose." He looked dubiously around the pillbox-sized kitchen.

FOR a while! Had he forgotten about the house we were going to build on the river? I would have asked him about it, but he was saying, "Meanwhile, I'll have to write to Caliente, anyway. They were good enough to keep my civilian clothes while I was gone—"

It touched me immeasurably—that reference to the construction company's keeping his clothes. It reminded me that he'd been a wanderer for years, that he had no living relatives, no one close to him, except me. How could I expect him to think practically of things like the house on the river, when he'd never had a real home at all? I drew his head down on my shoulder, gently rubbed my cheek against the rough, curly thatch of his hair. I'd make it all up to him, I promised silently. We'd be wonderfully happy when we were really settled—

**APRIL RADIO MIRROR  
 ON SALE  
 Friday, March 10th**



Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. To help lighten the burden, RADIO MIRROR will be on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for April will go on sale Friday, March 10th. The same applies to subscription copies—they are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late. So please be patient!

But we had almost quarreled on that first night he came back, and later I saw it as an indication of the real quarrels that came afterward. Perhaps they were inevitable, with two determined people shut up in rooms so small that there was scant breathing space and no privacy at all. I was almost primly neat; Larry was careless about his personal belongings. I was careful about money; Larry was lavish. Lending and borrowing were as natural to him as inhaling and exhaling. Larry disliked his job at the factory in town; he was used to outdoor work, and he said that sitting at a bench all day made him edgy. There was a limit to the joys of staying at home in our two-by-four living room, and our ideas of what constituted entertainment were totally different. I liked to dress up and go visiting, or to dinner in a restaurant. Larry liked the kind of places, where, as he put it, he could relax over a beer without having to dress up after a day at the factory. He liked juke boxes, and he was especially fond of a wild tune called *Corinne Corini*, which the proprietors of such places always seemed able to get for him.

"If you call *that* music—" I said once, disdainfully.

It started a quarrel that ended hours later, when Larry snatched his pillow and a sheet off the bed and stamped out to sleep on the couch in the living room. In the morning, when I went out to wake him, my heart misgave me. Big as he was for that cramped space, he looked like a tired child, his lashes dark against his cheek, his mouth sweet and defenseless in sleep. I tried to remember our dispute, tried to make my voice chilly as I spoke his name, but he awoke suddenly and smiled, and opened his arms as he squeezed against the back of the couch to make room for me beside him, and all of my firmness melted.

THE reconciliations were wonderfully sweet; the quarrels were about such small things that they seemed unimportant—until one day when a few words showed me how terribly wrong everything was for us.

It was Larry's payday, usually a time of minor dissension in which my impulse to get the money budgeted and in the bank conflicted with Larry's desire to celebrate. On this day, however, he hadn't brought any money home at all. I didn't believe I'd heard correctly when he told me the reason.

"I loaned it to McNulty at the plant," he said. "His wife's just had an operation—"

"You loaned it—Larry, the whole thing?"

"Sure. For Pete's sake, Jean, it's nothing to get upset about! He'll pay me back eventually, and if we're short, I can borrow until next week—"

"No borrowing!" I was ready to cry—not about the money, but because he was so far from understanding why I wanted it! "Larry, that isn't the point. I wanted half of it to go to the bank, along with half my check. You can't be sure when McNulty will pay you back, and until then that money just comes out of what we've been saving for the house—"

He had sat down with the evening paper. He put it aside now and looked at me, honestly puzzled. "The house?"

I was afraid to go on, but I had to know the truth. "Our house," I said steadily. "The place we picked out on the hill above the river. I thought, that



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at the rate we've been saving money, we'd be able to buy the lot this year, and that we could begin to build just as soon as the war is over."

"Of course I remember." But there was no assurance in the way he said it. His eyes were curious and withdrawn, and his smile was strange as he said, "You don't waste any time, do you, Jeannie? I'll bet you even know the plumber you're going to call in—"

"Certainly!" My voice cracked with anger. I was glad I could be angry. If I hadn't been, I would have cried, and not for anything in the world would I have let Larry see how disappointed, how terribly hurt I was.

Something left us that night, something precious and vital that had kept our love alive even when we were most at odds. We didn't quarrel as much after that. We were courteous; we deferred to each other in small things, as strangers would have.

That was all of our trouble—we were strangers to each other. I knew it now, knew we'd never been more than strangers, really, even in those ecstatically intimate days of our honeymoon. I knew now that if we had time to think, if we'd known each other longer in the beginning perhaps we wouldn't even have married at all.

I knew that there must be others like us—many of them, in these times—men who came back from long absences to find their wives changed, women who found their returning husbands utterly different from the person they'd waved goodbye. I knew that there must be others like us who'd found out—too late—the falseness of the live-for-the-moment philosophers, others who found out that love has to be something you can take with you into your future, something you can count on all of your life, or it isn't love at all, but an imagined thing, without substance, unsatisfying even for the moment. Larry and I still loved each other, but we had no future together. Knowing it, each tenderness was bitter-sweet, each kiss as poignant as a farewell.

The end came inevitably, as naturally and as suddenly as our meeting. Larry's birthday was in April. He had mentioned that he wanted to have his birthday dinner on the river shore, a steak fry for just the two of us, but with the wall of that new, strained courtesy between us I thought that he was only telling me not to go to the trouble of a party.

Even now, I don't like to remember the agonizing embarrassment of that evening, when the apartment was decorated and ready, the candles lighted on the cake, the guests assembled—and Larry didn't come home. I don't like to remember the things Larry and I said to each other when he did come in, long after I'd gone to bed. I was blind with rage and humiliation; I didn't see the defeat, the utter wretchedness of Larry's face as he admitted that he had gone down to the river, preferring being alone to joining a party he hadn't wanted at all.

"You mean," I flung at him, "you preferred being alone to considering me. You didn't think about the position it put me in—"

"I did think about you, Jeannie." His quiet voice cut through my fury. "I thought about you, and the injustice I've been doing you, trying to fit in with your friends and the things you like—"

I interrupted him, knowing what was coming, frantic to say it first and save my pride. "You won't have to try any more, Larry. This is the last time—"

I felt him looking at me, felt the heavy silence in the room. For a second a wavering doubt struck me—perhaps I'd spoken too fast. The silence seemed suddenly laden with all of the things he'd been about to say and had decided, now, not to say. Then he agreed quietly, finally, "Yes—it is the last time."

In the morning he was gone. I slept heavily through the night, exhausted by the emotional storm of the quarrel. I don't know how long I stood there looking at the empty bed, realizing what had happened.

**SPRING** can be cruel, sometimes. When it speaks to you only of remembered happiness, when each sign of new life in the earth reminds a woman that there can be no rebirth of the things her heart has cherished, spring can be the cruellest of all seasons. I wanted, that April and May, just one thing—release from the pain that had begun with Larry's going. It wasn't a real pain at first, just an empty feeling inside me, like hunger. It grew, became an actual, physical hurt from which I was never free. I tried to ignore it, tried to believe that the day would come when I would no longer miss my husband, but the pain remained, and little things sharpened it.

There was the stain on the kitchen linoleum where Larry'd spilled the sauce the night he'd come home; there was the Corps of Engineer insignia which had somehow got into my box of costume jewelry; there was a shirt, forgotten at the bottom of the laundry bag. . . . There was McNulty from the factory, who came one day to repay the money Larry had loaned him. McNulty was a middle-aged, defeated-looking man; his wistful expression sat oddly upon him. "I sure wish your husband was here, Mrs. Laramie," he told me. "We miss that laugh of his at the factory, and I sure would have liked to thank him again for the loan."

It was after McNulty's visit that I gave up my fight against myself. That night I wrote to the Caliente Construction Company. I didn't know where else to try to locate Larry; he had no home but the one he shared with me, no connections outside his work.

In a week came the answer. There was no one, the Caliente Company advised me curtly, named Lawson Laramie on their payroll.

It's strange how, when your heart and mind are tied up with one problem, you can be blind to seemingly irrelevant facts. I had written to the Caliente Company a week ago; I had been writing quite regularly to my old friend, Miriam Leonard, in Texas—and it hadn't occurred to me that her post office and that of the Caliente Company were the same!

Without giving myself time to reflect, or to hesitate, I wrote to Miriam. I would be glad, I told her, to accept her long-standing invitation to spend my vacation with her, if she still wanted me.

I felt foolish after I'd mailed the letter, and discouraged. It was a wild-goose chase; I was disgusted over giving up my plans for a pleasant, economical vacation near home for an idea that had no basis in fact. But in my secret heart I wasn't convinced. When Miriam's enthusiastic answer came, I

knew I'd done the right thing. Then, for the first time since Larry had gone, the ache inside me subsided.

My vacation came in June, and although there was barely time beforehand for the necessary shopping, it couldn't be soon enough to satisfy me. When the day finally came when I boarded the west-bound train, I was seething with impatience. I was too excited and too anxious to arrive at my destination to enjoy the trip at all. I think, if it would have helped, I'd have got out and pushed.

Ted Leonard met me at the station. He was a big young man with a wide, white smile in a sun-browned face. He was almost a stranger to me, since I'd barely met him at the time he married Miriam. Now his unconcealed pleasure at seeing me made me ashamed of my hidden motives for coming.

"You finally got here!" he marvelled, helping me into his car. "Miriam wanted to come to the station to see the miracle, but Bucky—our two-year-old, you know—fell off the porch at the last minute, and she had to give up the idea. Say—too bad your husband couldn't come."

"He's working," I said briefly, and I was doubly glad I hadn't told them that Larry had left me.

"Well—you're here, and that's more than we hoped. Gee, Miriam'll be tickled—"

I, too, was glad that I'd come. I was doubly glad a little later, when I saw a sign over the arched gateway to a dirt road leading across the prairie. The sign read, "Caliente, Inc., Constructors."

**WHEN** we reached the ranch house, I forgot momentarily every thought of Larry. Miriam came running across the yard to meet us, five-year-old Ted, Junior beside her; in her arms a fat brown baby with a grin as wide as the strip of court plaster on his forehead. And I hardly recognized her.

The Miriam I'd known had been a fragile blonde, with a skin like porcelain and clothes that were feminine and fashionable from her silly, pretty hats to her silly, little pumps. This Miriam was a brown, wiry woman who wore a faded shirt tucked into the top of a pair of shabby denim slacks. Her hair was bleached silver by the sun; there were fans of fine lines at the corners of her eyes.

I'm afraid I showed my amazement. Miriam's eyes glinted wickedly; when she led me up to my room, she asked mischievously, "Do you think I've changed, Jean?"

"You certainly have!" I blurted. "If I'd thought six years ago—"

She laughed. "If I'd thought six years ago that I'd be a field hand . . . I am, you know. We just can't get men, and since I've got Rosita in the kitchen, I've been helping Larry with the outside work. And I love it."

"It shows," I said slowly. "You and Ted—you seem made for each other—"

She stared at me, and again her laughter burst out. "Jean!" she cried. "Haven't you found out that no two people in the world are made for each other? Ted and I fought like cat and dog at first—believe me, it took a lot of adjusting to keep us together. And you know how I hated ranch life; I never thought I'd see the day when I wouldn't have any other."

I was grateful when she left me to bathe and rest before dinner. She had



## "Wait for me, sweet, you said"

I'd loved you, dear, since I wore pigtails. But I was always just "the kid next door".

And—now—there was to be a party to tell you "Goodbye".

I looked at my hands. Grubby and rough. My job takes the natural softeners from my hand skin.

At the office, one of the girls found me crying. "Use Jergens Lotion," she said. I never can thank her enough.

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given me a great deal that I wanted to think over, alone. No two people in the world are made for each other, she'd said—and I'd put the whole blame for the failure of my marriage on the fact that Larry's ways and mine hadn't jibed perfectly from the start! It hadn't occurred to me that it took work and thought and careful tending to make a marriage, to make—yes, to make a comrade of the person you loved. And adjustments—I hadn't thought much about making adjustments. I'd been too busy worrying over Larry's being unable to adjust himself to the life I wanted.

I didn't go to the Caliente Company in the morning. Now, after Miriam had unknowingly shown me the truth about myself, it was more important than ever that I find Larry. It was so important that I dared not risk disappointment—not so soon—in case the company could tell me nothing. It wasn't hard to put off going from one busy day to another. I helped Miriam in the garden; I took care of Bucky and played with Ted, Junior; I had known how to ride once, when my parents were living, and now I relearned, and learned also how to saddle my horse and how to wipe it down after a ride. At night I slept soundly, dreamlessly, after the active day in the open air.

Perhaps I might have gone back home without daring to approach the Caliente Company, if one night Miriam, Ted and I hadn't stopped at a tavern after we'd finished shopping in town.

"It's not what you'd call a fancy

place," Ted apologized, "but the steaks are wonderful. Miriam and I always get a kick out of watching the crowd—"

I looked almost fondly at the people around us, smelled the malty odor of beer with something like nostalgia. It was exactly like the places I'd once visited—under protest—with Larry. I didn't notice the one thing that made it especially familiar until Miriam put her hands to her ears. "That music!" she exclaimed. "How anyone can stand it—"

I heard the music now, and it went through me like an electric shock. It was a wild, staccato tune, the kind you had to learn to like. *Corinne Corini*, the record Larry had asked for from one end of the country to the other. . . .

Ted was calling the waiter, holding out a handful of change. "Can't you put another record on the machine. The women don't like—"

I protested without thinking. "Oh, no! Let it play—"

"You like it, huh?" The waiter beamed down at me. "I do, too, now. We got it for one of our customers, a big Irish fellow from the construction job. He comes in 'most every Saturday night."

I didn't have to know any more. I didn't think of anything but that Larry was only a few miles from me. I went through the rest of the evening in a dream, through dinner, and to the movies, with my mind already on the next day. In the morning, long before anyone of even that early-rising household was up, I was downstairs and writ-

# WHAT ABOUT YOUR INCOME TAX?

## WHO must file an income tax return this year?

Fifty million of us, including ten million taxpayers who have never filed a return before. Every single person whose total income in 1943 was \$500 or more. Every husband or wife, either of whose individual income was \$624 or more. Every husband and wife whose combined total incomes were \$1,200 or more. Every individual who paid or owed a tax on 1942 income. If your salary is liable to the withholding tax, you must still file a return, because you must get your books straight with Uncle Sam for 1943, and you must estimate your income for 1944 and the taxes on it.

## WHEN must the return be filed?

On or before the 15th of March, 1944. But Uncle Sam says—*please file before that date if you possibly can.* Do it early!

## WHERE can you get help in making out your tax return?

You'll get a statement from the government showing the amount of your 1943 tax, and the payments made on it and a sheet of instructions to aid you. You'll get a statement from your employer showing your earnings and the amount of tax paid under the withholding tax system. Deputy collectors will make field tours of plants, offices and shops to assist you in making up your return. Accountants and lawyers have been asked to volunteer their services, and they will be posted in banks, school houses and post offices to help you. Be sure, if you need help, to get it from one of these sources, and not from some self-styled expert, who may mislead you.

## WHY must we pay these taxes?

*Because they will pay for the winning of the war.* War is expensive, and income taxes are a definite, positive contribution toward defraying that expense.—*ninety-five cents out of every one of your income tax dollars goes directly to war!* More, taxes pay for the war now, without increasing our debts. And, taxes are an important aid to curbing inflation, that enemy within our home-front ranks.

ing a note telling Miriam not to worry about me; I was outside and saddling Queen, the horse Miriam called mine.

It was a long ride to the job site, much longer than it had seemed by automobile. My muscles were aching when I came to the Caliente Company's arch, and my faith in myself was suddenly gone. A group of men working on a foundation nudged each other, winked, as I turned in under the arch. I forced myself to ride up to them, to ask my stumbling question. "Have you an Irishman working here on electrical installations—a tall, dark man?"

**T**HEY looked at me dubiously. "Don't you know his name?"

"It—Larry," I said, hesitantly.

"Oh—Larry!" One man stepped forward, lifted his battered hat. "You'll find him over the next hill, somewhere around a graystone building—"

It was the longest part of the whole journey from home to Texas, from the ranch to the job site—those last few yards I rode after I saw Larry from the top of the hill. I couldn't mistake the breadth and the set of his shoulders under the blue shirt, the wind-ruffled dark hair. I sat frozen in the saddle, every nerve taut, as Queen plodded toward him.

He looked up from the square of paper he was consulting and saw me. For a moment I thought there was unbelief, and something warm, in his eyes, but I couldn't be sure. It was gone in an instant.

I had wanted to run to him, to throw myself into his arms and tell him that I was sorry, to tell him that we had to try once more. And now I couldn't. The set of his mouth stopped me, told me that everything between us was the same as it had been the day he had left.

"I figured you might come after me," he said at last. "You're a strong-minded woman—which is one of the reasons I married you. And one of the reasons I had the company tell you I wasn't here, when they turned that letter of yours over to me."

"That doesn't make sense—" my voice sounded strangely normal, to have come from my aching throat.

"Maybe not," he said. "But this much makes sense. It was torture for us to be together the way things were, and you know it. Here, I've got my work, at least, and here I'm staying, in case you had any ideas about asking me back to the candy-box apartment."

It was incredible that the months, the miles, behind us could end in a few seconds. It was incredible that so much could end in so little, that I must believe what Larry was asking me to believe—that he didn't want me any more, at all. I couldn't see, couldn't feel, couldn't think. I sat limp in the saddle, will-less and powerless, letting Queen pick her own course away from Larry.

Her stopping and snorting indecisively brought me to myself again. I looked up and saw that we were on the edge of what appeared to be a village. Actually, then, I had one panicky moment in which I was afraid I'd lost my mind. I knew that there was no village for miles around. Yet here there were houses, neat rows of them, some with curtains and boxes of geraniums in the windows.

I stared, unbelieving, and then with added confusion I realized, from the

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**AFTER WORK**—and after every wash-up—use Hinds again. Even one application comforts rough, tender hands... gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look. *Benefits* skin abused by work or weather. On sale at toilet-goods counters.

approach of a man with a pick on his shoulder, that I was still on the Caliente site. I gestured mutely at the houses, asked, "What are they?"

He gave me a tolerant glance, swung down the pick to lean upon it. "Houses, of course, Miss. Workmen's houses."

"Oh," I said faintly. "Do you—could you tell me which is Lawson Laramie's—"

"Sure!" He was cordial now, almost hearty. "The one on the end, nearest the creek. If you're a friend of his, there's no harm in your looking around, if you like. This being Saturday, no one'll be here until noon, when the boys are through for the day."

I was already dismounting, leading Queen to a shady spot under the cottonwoods by the creek.

I LEARNED, from that little box-like house, all I wanted to know, all I needed to give me back everything I'd lost. There were no curtains, no flower boxes at the windows. Inside, the sink was stacked with unwashed dishes; there was a drift of soiled shirts across the bureau in the bedroom; the living room was a hopeless litter of newspapers and magazines. Careless as he was, Larry had always liked his reading matter to be in order, the most recent periodical on the top of the pile.

They were humble, inanimate things, but they spoke eloquently of how much a man needed me—and wanted me. I saw Larry suddenly now, his loneliness, his pride. He hadn't sent me away from him a little while ago; he hadn't asked me to stay with him, either—but then, he had asked me before to share his life, and I had refused. He wasn't a man to take another refusal.

By noon, when the village street was suddenly alive with men coming in from the job, I had the rooms swept and straightened, and I was at the sink, drying dishes. I heard Larry come in, heard him stop dead on the threshold. I went on drying dishes. After hours, it seemed, he sat down in the deepest chair, picked up a paper from the stack beside it. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him look at the date, first doubtfully, then with approval.

There was silence. Only a lingering doubt kept me from laughing aloud—this was like another homecoming, when Larry came back from the war and had tried to hide the importance of the moment under an interest in spaghetti. I flicked the last dish dry, went to hang the towel in the sunshine of the doorway. Larry's paper went down: his hand reached out and caught my skirt. "Is this a social call, or do you live here?" he demanded harshly.

I looked straight at him. "I—live here."

I didn't have to say any more. I was on his lap, pulled roughly, tenderly into his arms. I spoke only to hold back the great, rising tide of happiness that threatened to carry me beyond myself. I was crying, for some foolish reason, and my voice skidded. "Why shouldn't I live here?" I asked shakily. "There's a river, and a hill—and they're the things I've always wanted..."

I had more. I had found order in my life at last. It was real order; it had nothing to do with the location of a house or an arrangement of furniture, nor with plans carried out according to clock and calendar. It was the simple, perfect pattern of living for the man I loved.

**Invest in the Four Freedoms—  
Buy War Bonds**



## In Your Embrace

Continued from page 42

But before I could speak he turned and went into Lola's room, closing the door behind him. The moment—if it had ever existed at all—was gone.

I turned out the light and went into my own room. Through the wall, as I undressed, I could hear the faint sound of his footsteps—could hear them for a long time after I was in bed. And all at once I was crying—soundlessly, into my pillow, because he was so near and still I couldn't go to him and comfort him. He didn't want comfort from me.

In the morning I was up early. This at least I could do—get up and put on a fresh house dress and go into the kitchen to make popovers for Ray's breakfast. He liked them better than anything, and if there was nothing else I could give him—well, I would have to be content with something as humble and prosaic as food.

I WAITED, though, until I heard the shower running; it wouldn't do to have everything ready too soon. The popovers were in the oven, and coffee was bubbling on top of the stove when he came out, skin glowing from his bath and shave, his tan tie neatly tucked into his shirt—very military, very alert, very masculine, and smiling as if overnight he'd got rid of all his loneliness.

"Something out here smells awfully good," he said, and I nodded wisely.

"Wait until you see," I said.

"Not—popovers?"

"M-hm," I said. If we must be light-hearted this morning—well, then, I was prepared. As long as he was here, as long as I could be with him, I would mirror whatever mood he liked. I would be whatever he wished me to be.

We set the table where sun slanted in through the window—white cloth, sparkling silver, the peasant china Lola had bought—and I fried crisp curls of bacon. I was his wife, I said to myself; I would prepare many breakfasts like this for him, morning after morning, time without end.

But then I opened the oven door—and something had happened to the popovers. Instead of being miniature, puffed-up mountains of goodness, they were dispirited, sagging, heavy.

It was absurd to care so much, but I did. This one small offering I had wanted to give him—even it was a failure.

"Oh—they're spoiled!" I said in a choked voice, and stood there looking down at them through a mist of tears.

I heard his laughter begin, and then break off before it had fully started. "Why," he said in tender surprise, "You're crying!" He put his hand beneath my chin and tried to tilt it up. "It doesn't matter, Madge," he said. "They'll still be good. Why darling! don't cry."

He put his arms around me, and kissed me, and at first it was only a kiss, but suddenly, like clouds breaking away before the sun, it was all my love gathered and packed into one instant, one embrace.

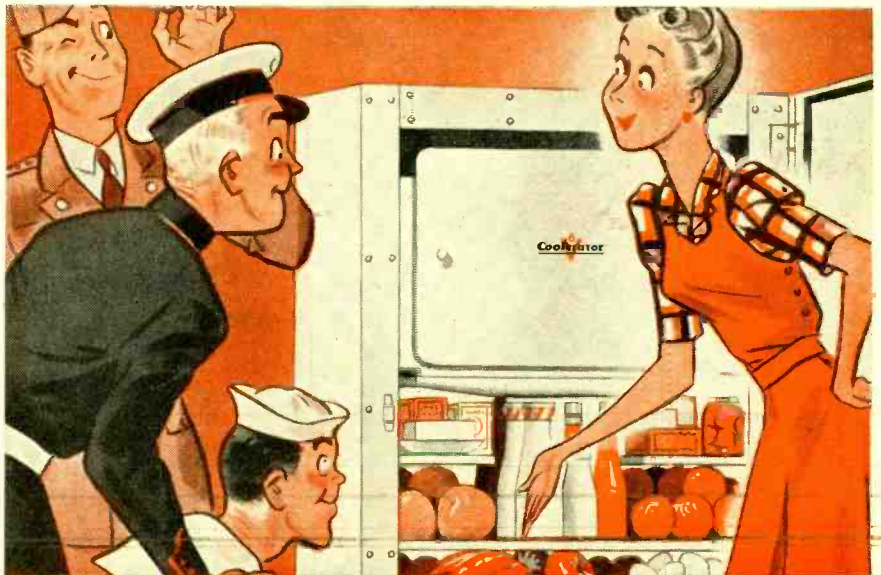
Ray dropped his arms and stepped back, away from me. I looked at his face, and what I saw there—embarrassment, shame, regret—told me he hadn't meant that kiss to be anything, not anything at all. He'd intended to kiss

# LOOKEE! FRESH FROM MY COOLERATOR



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A Portrait by Maria de Kammerer

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*Be Alert...and Alluring!*

**By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

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**TANGEE Lipsticks**  
with the new Satin-Finish

**TANGEE Face Powder**  
with the new Petal-Finish

me like—like a big brother kissing a little sister. Lola was all he wanted, Lola, Lola, always Lola!

Again I longed to tell him all I knew about Lola, and all I suspected. I would tell him—right now, this minute!

The words wouldn't come. They would not come. Telling him—turning his doubts into certainties—was cruelty, and I loved him too much to be cruel.

Instead, I did something that used up every scrap of courage I possessed. I made myself laugh. I made myself say, lightly, "Well!—that was a surprise. But a nice one! Now, let's eat these awful popovers."

It was the only way I knew of denying the love he'd felt in my kiss—of telling he needn't worry, I wasn't going to bother him, I was still just little Madge, the kid sister. It was clumsy, I suppose, but it was the only way I knew.

He laughed a little doubtfully, but content to follow the lead I'd given him. We sat down at the table, and even if the popovers were spoiled, the rest of the breakfast was good. When we'd finished, while he leaned back in his chair and lit his pipe, Ray said:

"I'm not going back until tonight. How about taking a walk, and then seeing if there's a good movie somewhere?"

He's staying, my heart sang. I'm not boring him, or irritating him! He's staying!

Aloud, I said, "All right. I'd love to."

All day long, neither of us mentioned Lola. We walked, and sat in the park and fed peanuts to some squirrels, and walked some more, so much that we never did get to the movie: He told me stories about the men he knew at the air field, and what he did there every day; and we talked a little bit about the war, but not too much because it was so big and neither of us knew enough about it. Now that I'd given up all

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thought of telling him about Lola I felt light, clean, unafraid. I could be natural with him, and savor every second of our time together.

Late in the afternoon, when we'd had a meal at a diner where Ray said he'd often eaten when he was a bachelor, we came back to the apartment . . . back to Lola. For although she hadn't returned, the apartment was filled with her presence. All day we'd shaken her off, but now she was with us again. He was thinking of her when he opened the hall door and listened for a moment to see if she was in, and he was thinking of her when he glanced at his watch and murmured, "I ought to catch the seven-thirty train," and then he did not leave in time to catch it after all.

Conversations between us were born and died again—and still he waited, there in the darkening room. In the silence, I heard my heart beating thickly. There was something ominous about this waiting—as if he were held in a spell that wouldn't be released until Lola walked in at the door. I wanted to get up and turn on the lights, but the spell held me, too; I couldn't move.

I didn't know—Was he so much in love with Lola that he would not leave without seeing her? Or did he want to ask her where she had been last night, what she had done?

At last there was the scrape of a key in the outer door, an instant of silence—then Lola's voice, soft and intimate, coming to us clearly although she herself was hidden by the angle of the wall.

"I guess Madge is out. You can come in for a little while, but you mustn't stay. I don't want her to walk in and find you here."

A man—Larry Brent—laughed under his breath.

Without knowing it, I was on my feet, my mouth open to warn Lola that Ray and I were there. But Ray's hand closed around my wrist, silencing me. We listened—and heard nothing but silence, a long silence in the semi-dark, with a sigh at the end.

**R**AY'S grip on my wrist relaxed. Whatever he had waited to learn, he knew now. He stood up, and was standing to face them when Lola switched on the light and they entered the room.

Lola stopped when she saw us, and her head went up. But she wasn't afraid. Lola was never afraid. The man behind her blinked in the light, and Ray's body tensed. For a second I thought he would strike Larry Brent, but instead, he said, "I don't want you here. You'd better get out."

"I—" Brent looked from Ray to Lola, hesitating, and Lola made a slight movement of her hand.

"Yes," she said: "You'd better go, Larry. I'll call you," she added, her eyes defiantly on Ray's.

He went then, silently, and the three of us were left alone. Once I would have gone, too. But when Lola glanced at me, silently dismissing me, I lifted my head. I had a courage now—a courage I'd never had before. At last, it was Lola on one side and Ray and I, together, on the other. I would stay.

She sensed that, and accepted it with a shrug. "There's no reason for you to look at me like that, Ray," she said sharply. "Larry brought me home from Boston, that's all."

**Don't Buy Rationed Goods  
Without Stamps**

# "But I've Never Worked Before! — what kind of war job could I do?"

**"The More Women at Work—  
The Sooner We'll Win!"**

Experienced or not, there's a job you must do—you and millions more women—to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!



**You can take any Civilian Job . . .**  
Restaurants, hotels, department stores, transportation—all are war jobs! Read your newspaper want ads for the job that needs you! Or get advice without obligation from your U. S. Employment Service Office. Full or part time, you're wanted—*immediately!*



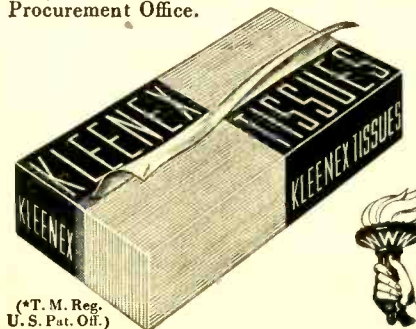
**You can work in a War Plant . . .**  
If there is a war factory in your community, or a shipyard, or a government arsenal—there may be dozens of different kinds of jobs you can do to help bring Victory closer! Read the want ads or ask your U. S. Employment Service office.



**You can be a WAC or WAVE . . .**  
— Spar or Marine. Send a soldier to fight, bring our boys home sooner! If you qualify, you'll be serving your country, and learning an important job you may need, after the war. Get full details at any U. S. Army or Navy Recruiting Office, or Naval Officer Procurement Office.



**You can be a Cadet Nurse . . .**  
Healthy? 17 to 35 years old? A high school graduate? Get free training, with pay, to replace nurses who are with the armed forces. War workers—ill or injured, civilians needing operations, new mothers and babies—depend on you! Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps!

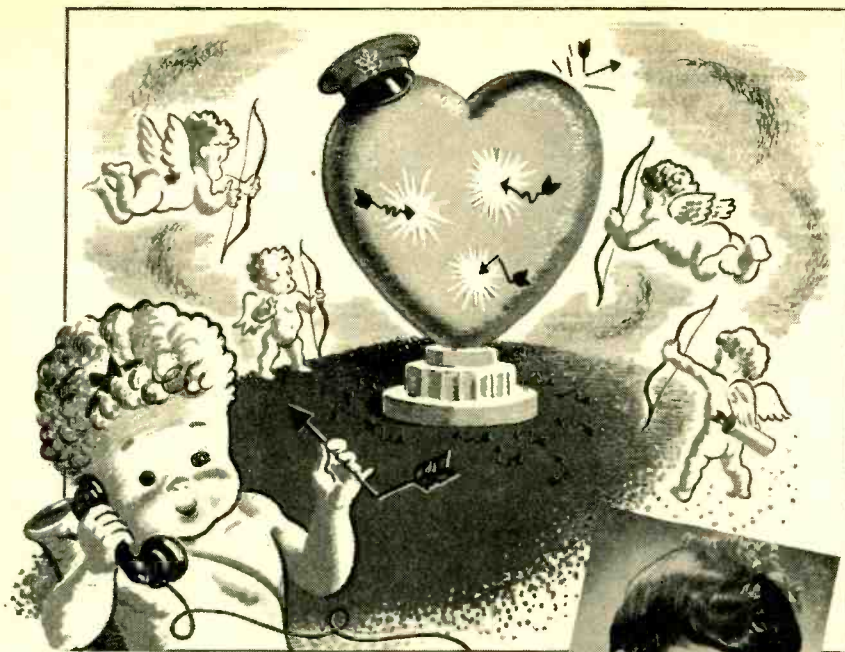


(\*T. M. Reg.  
U. S. Pat. Off.)

Published in the interest of the  
war effort by Kleenex\* Tissues

Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex* quality in every particular, consistent with government regulation.

R  
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"Did he?" Ray asked, as if it didn't matter. He was still staring at her. "I used to think you were beautiful," he said in wonder. "But now I look at you and you aren't."

Lola's pale skin slowly darkened, the flush beginning at the hollow of her throat, climbing until it covered all her face. For with those few words Ray had stripped her of her power over him, and she knew it.

"Not beautiful at all," he repeated. "I always knew you didn't care as much for me as I cared for you. That was all right—you were so beautiful it was enough that you let me love you. I was satisfied with that. I stayed here to-night—waited—just to get a glimpse of you, to take back with me. And now I've seen you, and you—you aren't anything at all."

"That's—nice for you to know," Lola said, trying to find her old self-assurance, trying to use it against him. "That's very nice—especially when I've done my best to keep you contented whenever you came up here from New York—when I didn't complain at being left to earn my own living again—"

"Lord!" Ray breathed. "You are selfish, aren't you? Even a war doesn't mean anything to you!" He looked around him, found his cap, snatched it up. "I've got to get out of here!"

In another second he would be out of the room. I knew that, and I knew I didn't even exist for him, in his anger and humiliation. He would go out, forgetting me.

**B**UT I wouldn't let him forget me. I needn't be proud, like Lola.

"Ray!" I called when he was at the door. "Wait—I'm going with you." And I ran after him, snatching up my hat and coat, paying no attention to Lola's exclamation of scorn. That was the difference between us. She would never have run after a man; she brought men to her.

In silence we went out of the apartment house together, in silence down the street toward the Interurban station. Imperceptibly, Ray's footsteps slowed, until I could keep pace with him without hurrying.

"Are you going back there?" he said.

"Only to get my clothes."

That was all, until we reached the station. A train was waiting, and the sign at the barrier showed it would leave in another minute. He stopped, looking down at me—his face tired, drained of emotion.

"Write to me, Madge," he said.

"Yes, I will."

He bent and kissed me tenderly, his lips warm against mine. "I'll come back whenever I get a pass," he promised, and then he ran for the train.

I stood and watched it until it was gone and only the rails shone in twin straight lines. He'd come back, he had said. He'd come back, and some day, somehow, my love would fill his heart so that there would be no room in it for the memory of Lola.

John J. Anthony symbolizes to those who have problems which seem too great for solution, a kindly, intelligent, sympathetic listener. That is the purpose of the Good Will Hour. Mr. Anthony is an able domestic relations counsellor as well as a humanitarian, so that his advice combines authenticity with common sense. For drama that is exciting and heart-warming because it is true, listen to the Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10:15 P. M. EWT, over Mutual.

# WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

Here are three letters received by the daily serial, Bachelor's Children, (CBS, 10:45 A. M. EWT) in response to the query "What We Are Fighting For—What America Means To Me." The program offered a \$25.00 War Bond for letters used. Radio Mirror has chosen these letters for their inspiring message.

WHAT do I want the world to be like after the war? I would like to see a form of government throughout the entire world in which every man, woman, and child is free to live, to speak, and to worship in his own way so long as he obeys the laws of God and those of a just government. In America let us have better homes, real homes, where mothers can train their children, build strong moral characters. Since education is the backbone of civilization, we must not cast aside the fundamentals of learning which have played so vital a part in the building of our great nation. The same holds true with the churches. Let us have a little bit more of the "old time religion" and teaching of the Bible. (Mrs. Marie Thompson, Galesburg, Illinois)

\* \* \*

I gave my only son in this war, and in return for the sacrifice of his young life, I ask these things: In our plans for peace we make no promises which are impossible of fulfillment; that in all our dealings as a nation and as individuals we remember God's teachings and live by the simple rule: "I am my brother's keeper." These are our only hopes of a lasting peace and a better world to come. (Mrs. Frank Clarke, Chicago, Illinois)

\* \* \*

I am just an ordinary mother who is seldom anywhere except here at home. I feel sure, yes, positive, that I know the remedy for a better world and a lasting peace. It is simple and I know the results would turn this world into a place of calm and rest and bring joy to our hearts and to our homes. We mothers must take the time each day to talk to God in our simple way and to make known to Him our fears, also our thoughts and wishes for this better world. (Mrs. Siveigert, Cressona, Pennsylvania)

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chooses a gay printed two-piece dress of unusual design and of lovely material. STYLE 728

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# Overheard

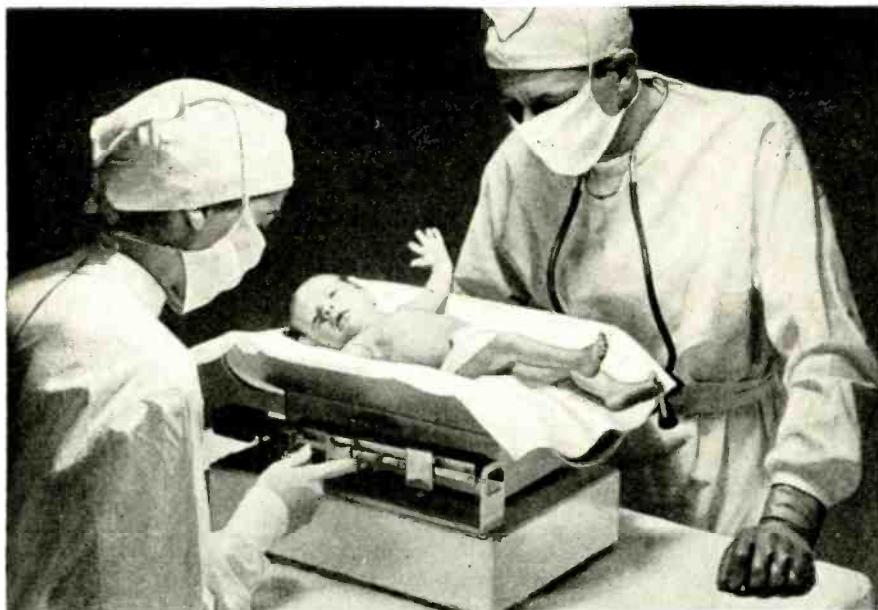
**R**EGINA COLBERT, singing darling of the Musical Steel-makers program, says that too many women allow their beauty salon coiffures to interfere with the care of the hair. Brushing never harms a hair-do, says Regina, and recommends a hundred strokes with the hairbrush night and morning. If your hair has become dry and lack-lustre from too many permanents, she says, give yourself your own re-conditioning treatment. Rub hot olive oil on the scalp two hours before washing, wrap a scarf around the head and allow the hot oil to penetrate the pores. When washing hair, apply one egg, thoroughly beaten, with a sponge or cloth, then wash twice with a recommended shampoo, rinse well, and finish off with the juice of one lemon in ice-cold water.

Alma Kitchell, women's commentator, who knows what it is to have two healthy young boys around the house, comes up with a tip on how to mend large holes in sweaters. Place a piece of mosquito netting over the hole, advises Alma, and tack in place on the inside. This makes a good firm foundation for the darning.

Polly, the distaff side of "Ladies Be Seated" pranksters, has found a way to lighten her laundry problems. Polly says she's discovered when she washes clothes that a handful of salt, added to the last rinse water, will keep the clothes from freezing as you hang them out during cold weather. And, heating clothes pins, too, before hanging out the clothes, keeps the fingers warmer because the wood in the clothespins retains the heat.

Isabel Manning Hewson, domestician and author of "Land of the Lost" shows, says if you add one tablespoonful of jam or jelly to cookie dough, it'll give flavor and make the cookies stay moist longer. And, Miss Hewson goes on to say, sweet potatoes and apples will not turn black if placed in salt water immediately after peeling.

Lina Romay, featured singer on the "Dubonnet Date" program, gives a few don'ts for short girls who want to look taller. Never, says Lina, wear a long jacket with your suit, or a three quarter length coat. These chop off the height you have and by ruining the long line you need, make you look shorter than you really are. Long-haired furs are not for you, warns Lina, if you're under 5' 3". These tend to make you look bulkier and therefore shorter.



WHEN WEIGHING BABY (AND AT ALL OTHER TIMES), HOSPITALS GUARD INFANT AGAINST GERMS

## Compare YOUR knowledge

Important to every mother: A leading medical journal asked 6,000 physicians, including most U. S. baby specialists, these vital questions about baby care. Read answers below:



**QUESTION:** "Do you favor the use of oil on baby's skin?"

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of physicians said yes. Hospitals advise the same (almost all hospitals use Mennen Oil—because it's antiseptic).



**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used all over baby's body daily?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—antiseptic oil helps protect skin against germs).



**QUESTION:** "Should oil be used after every diaper change?"

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 physicians said yes. (Antiseptic oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



**QUESTION:** "Up to what age should oil be used on baby?"

**ANSWER:** Physicians said, on average, "Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old." Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



**QUESTION:** "Should baby oil be antiseptic?"

**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 physicians said baby oil should be antiseptic. Only one widely-sold baby oil is antiseptic—Mennen. Helps check harmful germs, thus helps prevent prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is mildest, safest, keeps baby's skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the best for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

## "Ever Closer Together"

Continued from page 43

quiet way, a perpetual challenge to him. When she was on the beach he was possessed to dive from the high board and to swim like a porpoise. It never mattered how rough the surf. And in early autumn, before the summer families closed their big frame houses, abutted on all sides by porches adorned with buzz saw gee-gaws, if she stopped at the football field to watch him practice he was on his mettle. Invariably, too, as she leaned over the handle-bars of her bike, he would play brilliantly. Even then he was one to perform best when most was at stake.

THEY were not, however, in the most remote degree, childhood sweethearts. They considered each other with the speculative and realistic eyes of youth, still too absorbed in discovering themselves to become involved with any outsider. In spite of this, however, they were often admiring of and interested in each other. It was, Ted firmly believed, this interest and admiration—and nothing more—that took him to Brooklyn that May day in 1915 for his first date with Jeanette. He was sixteen and he had two dollars in his pocket. Going over the Williamsburg Bridge in the train he read in the paper of the man who sat beside him that the Germans had sunk the *S. S. Lusitania*.

"Will we go to war now?" Jeanette asked him.

"We've got to," he said vehemently. "Who does that Kaiser think he is anyway, I'd like to know—killing women and children . . ."

"The minute war is declared I'm going to enlist, you can bet."

They went to the movies and stopped on their way home for a banana split, the latest ice-cream-parlor concoction. It was served in special dishes shaped like the banana halves on which two kinds of ice-cream, whipped cream and a cherry reposed magnificently.

War was not declared for another two years. But during all that time, with war threatening, with stories of Zeppelin raids upon England and appeals for help for the starving Belgians filling the newspapers, no one felt secure. And those who were important to each other drew closer together. Like Ted and Jeanette . . .

Whenever he could afford it they went dancing at a hof-brau house near her home. With Jeanette in his arms, her golden hair puffed upon her head now that she was sixteen, he was proud and executed both the one-step and the turkey trot adeptly. Sometimes he also saved enough from his allowance—sadly depleted and sometimes borrowed upon in advance to satisfy his interest in phonograph records—to take her to the theater in New York. They favored musical shows and talked for weeks and weeks about the wonders of Montgomery and Stone in "The Wizard of Oz."

"Sometimes," he said, "I wonder if I really want to be a doctor like Dad . . . It takes so darn long to become a doctor and establish a practice. I don't think I want to wait that long . . ."

She didn't ask why he didn't want to wait for financial independence. She knew.

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"Besides," he told her, "I like music. I think I'd do all right in show business. I have a feeling for it. And it's important to do whatever it is you have that special kind of a feeling for, don't you think...?"

Every day war was nearer. And every day Jeanette dreaded its coming more. For with every day she and Ted were more important to each other and the time they spent apart was longer.

She knew when the call came for volunteers that the dreaded moment was upon her. He telephoned one evening and said, "Remember that sailor suit you used to wear? With stripes and stars on the collar? Well, I've got one just like it, except that mine has pants, tight pants!"

"I'd like to see you in your sailor suit," she said. To her intense annoyance and his horror, as well as his delight, her voice was not too steady.

"I'll be over on one condition," he told her. "That you don't ask me to pick up anything. I'm still not too sure about bending over..."

It seemed a long war but we were in it only nineteen months. Then bands played, flags flew, and our boys paraded up Fifth Avenue. Faces pressed against every window along their glorious line of march. And they were happy faces even though eyes were misty and some wore little gold stars over their hearts. For it was over...

"K-k-k-katy," they sang. And "Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

That was the day Ted gave Jeanette her ring.

"I'm not going to be a doctor, I've decided," he announced. "With Dad gone it isn't so important. There wouldn't be any practice left to take over by the time I got through studying for it. Besides, as I told you a long time ago, I like show-business. I've got myself a job that should lead straight to it, too. I'm going to sell records and needles for the Columbia Phonograph Company. Nights I'm going out to shows and nightclubs and scout for talent..."

"I'm glad," she said. And she was glad, because of the eagerness in his voice and the brightness in his eyes. For years these had been her barometer.

In his Ford he rolled over Long Island roads, taking orders for both records and needles in such quantities—because store-keepers liked to see him come in and because he talked about his wares with an honest enthusiasm—that, at twenty-three, he became sales manager for Columbia and later the youngest recording manager they ever had.

Days he spent with his customers. Evenings he spent in theaters and nightclubs. Jeanette often was beside him, in his car, in a theater or a nightclub—sometimes in a theater or a nightclub in the most out-of-the-way, out-landish places—because he had heard about a singer or a violinist or a band that entertained there.

She could tell, before Ted said a word, when he was excited about new talent. Whenever he was pleased he would reach for her hand, automatically, not even looking her way sometimes, and give it a hard squeeze.

They were married at her home. They honeymooned during the few days he could spare at Atlantic City. And they went to live at Rockaway

**Keep the Cost of Living Down—Don't Profiteer**



Park, the scene of their childhood.

Winter and summer they lived at the beach, at first because a baby was coming, and Ted wouldn't let Jeanette move into town; then, because Adelaide was there and they both felt it was healthier for a child to grow up in the country.

Under summer skies, across winter snows Ted rode the midnight train from town and hurried home from the station. He knew a table would be spread on the terrace or in the living room by the fire and Jeanette would be waiting to have supper—a rarebit, perhaps, or grilled sardines or hamburgers or combination sandwiches and beer or coffee—with him.

When Adelaide was old enough and Ted was in show-business, having discovered Kate Smith and turned his talents to radio, they toured together. There was scarcely a town in the land they didn't touch once anyway.

"Remember," Jeanette said to him one night when they were having ham and eggs in a diner, "that day on the beach when we were kids . . . You said when you grew up you were going to travel? Little did you know!"

Everywhere Ted went Jeanette went too. But the road to fame he had to travel alone. For as they would get off trains and ships and planes the photographers and reporters who were waiting always would concentrate upon him. "This way, please, Mr. Collins," they would yell, pushing everyone else—Jeanette included—aside.

IT didn't worry Jeanette. But it horrified Ted.

"This is my wife!" His manner made his displeasure very clear indeed.

Quick to catch on, the newspaper boys then would say "How about you posing, too, Mrs. Collins?"

They never fooled Jeanette, however. She would shake her head at Ted, smile, and say, "Go ahead boys. Forget about me. I only came for the ride . . ."

On every other road and at every other time they have, through all their good years together, stood shoulder to shoulder. As they did recently when Adelaide married that young man with the honest blue eyes and the wings on his uniform whom they like so well.

"Look," Ted said over the wedding wine. "There's one thing I'd like your generation to get straight. It's not Hitler you're fighting. Any more than it was the Kaiser we were fighting. We thought it was. But we were wrong. Don't forget, people, one way or another, make their own leaders. It's aggression and militarism that has to be crushed—for all time. So your kids, twenty years hence, won't be having war-time weddings . . ."

He sounded calm and contained enough. But Jeanette knew he wasn't at all. By the painfully hard squeeze he gave her hand.

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## Don't Give My Love Away

Continued from page 26

the music started again Paul said, "I picked this place, Chris, because you like the band."

Chris jerked his head toward me, as if Paul had pulled a string. "Dance?" he asked with a chilly smile. Nobody had ever looked at me like that before. I was suddenly furious.

A sharp refusal was on my lips, but suddenly I was getting up. All right, I'd have this out with him. I'd see what lay behind his frozen mask.

Walking toward the dance floor, I formulated my opening. But I never used it. Suddenly, Chris had whirled me into a rumba that swept away all thought. He flung me from him and jerked me back, he swung me into dizzying spins, and before I could recover breath or balance he had lifted me in a wild whirl, my feet flying in a wide arc through the air.

I HAD done very little of this kind of dancing, but somehow I knew I dare not fail now. For it was a kind of challenge. Chris was trying to prove something, somehow, against me, make me absurd. But I wouldn't let him!

I don't know just when I began to enjoy it. In an odd, perverse way, the hostility between us made it more exciting. By the time the music had changed to a slow waltz, I leaned back against his arm breathless, glowing with the intoxication of the exercise and rhythm, and I looked up into his flushed boyish face and smiled. His eyes were shining with the same thrill I felt. I knew I couldn't be angry with him any more. I said, "That was wonderful."

But he didn't answer. His lips tightened again into a cold line. Then I felt really hurt. I said slowly, "I don't understand. What have I done to you?"

"Nothing yet," he said darkly. "But don't worry. I'm on guard."

I shook my head, trying to laugh. "Do you always talk in riddles?"

He studied me. "Mean to say Paul hasn't given you your instructions?"

I stopped dancing. "I haven't any idea what you're talking about," I told him. "Cross my heart." Even then I had no premonition.

He put his arm around me again, and when he spoke, his voice wasn't harsh any more. "If you keep it that way we'll get along," he said. "And we can always dance."

Back at the table, Paul was helping Jeannie on with her coat. He said, "We both have to get up early. So maybe you'd drop Miss Merrill off on your way to the dorm, Chris."

And with hardly a backward look at us, Paul had hurried Jeannie out of the restaurant. I turned to Chris, bewildered. For the first time he smiled. He seemed about to speak, to explain. But he just shrugged. "That's that," he said. "And as I said before, we can always dance. How about another turn on that postage stamp floor?"

But I shook my head. All the thrill had gone from the evening. I was suddenly tired. I said, "No, it's late. I—I have to go home too."

It was a queer, silent ride home in the taxi, two people sitting at opposite ends of the seat, together for no reason

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at all. But at my door I had to speak. I couldn't let the evening end this way—the evening that had promised so much. It was as if my world was ending. I asked Chris, "Why did he run off like that?"

"Paul?" Chris laughed. "Ask no questions, little one. I've found that's the only system, with Paul. Leave everything to him; he knows best." The wry gayety that had been in his voice faded to bitterness. "It'll all come out the same in the end. That," he ended in a queer mocking tone, "is my brother. A fine guy, the best in the world, but strictly the boss."

We were standing on my steps now, and before I could answer he had bowed very low, turned with an exaggerated flourish, and was gone.

I stood in my doorway, miserable without exactly knowing why.

In the morning I told myself my doubts were silly. I had just expected too much. It had just been shyness that made Chris act so unfriendly with me at first. Or maybe a line; lots of handsome boys were arrogant and many girls seemed to like it. And it was perfectly natural for Paul to take Jeannie home; he didn't want to cut short my evening. If his explanation had seemed awkward and forced, it was just because I was too disappointed to look at anything straight. When we saw each other again, everything would come right and clear again.

**B**UT apparently we were not to see each other again. Three awful days went by, each longer and emptier than the last, and no phone messages came from him; no letters, no visits to my bench at the factory.

I knew what was wrong, then. There was no escaping the knowledge. The secret of that awful evening was very plain. Paul had not really liked me, after all. He had been sorry he had gone too far, too fast, when he first saw me, and he could not wait to show how little those first few minutes had meant to him.

When I had finally faced the facts, I felt better in an odd way. Numb. I had worried and wept too much, I was past feeling.

I was standing over my centrifuge at the lab when I heard the voice that made me jump. "Hold everything. It's just McKenzie, the Lesser."

I whirled around, smiling up into the youthful handsome face of Chris. I could have taken his crew-cut head between my two hands and kissed him right there, such gladness and relief swelled through me.

"Though the jaws of the trap yawn before me," he said grinning, "I step right in. Willst go to the pictures with me, Suzy?"

I said, "The minute I finish." I hurried my work and joined him outside. "What did you mean? About a trap?"

He gave me a teasing smile. "Aren't all women traps?"

I wasn't satisfied. "Certainly not. And you meant something—"

"Let's forget all our little problems while the dramas and romances of Never-never Land flicker their dancing way across the silver screen." He tucked my hand into his arm and swung me with him in the easy gay rhythm of his stride.

Well, why not? Why should I spoil every moment with my nagging doubts? It was fun to be with Chris.

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And maybe it would lead to seeing Paul again; perhaps Paul, after all—No, I would not let myself hope. I would look at the picture and I would laugh at the kidding, cynical remarks Chris made about it. I would let him hold my hand cuddled warm and friendly in his big one, and I'd feel alive and warm and real again.

And I did, till that awful moment of getting back to my rooming house. Loneliness loomed ahead of me, bleak and cold. I said, "Chris, what did you mean? About stepping into a trap?"

He drew a long breath, studying me thoughtfully. "I'll take it all back, Suzy," he said. "You're sweet, and it's not your fault Paul used you for bait to lure me along the path to learning."

"Wait a minute." I felt my face getting cold and stiff. My hands were damp, so that I absently wiped them on my handkerchief. "Are you telling me that Paul meant me—for you?"

"Hey . . ." Chris tipped up my face with his fingertip beneath my chin. "Is that idea so repulsive?"

I couldn't answer. My throat was tight with pain.

He went on, "I admit I wasn't so keen on the arrangement myself, at first. Paul's run my life ever since I was a kid, but picking out a girl for me did seem a bit steep. However—" he paused, with a wry twist of his lips. "I don't like to think you shared my distaste. In fact—" He drew me suddenly against him, there in the darkness of the steps—"In fact, I won't have it. Do you see?"

**B**UT my body was tense and numb in his arms. I said, dully, "I—I'm sorry. I think you're very nice. But Paul—" I broke off, too miserable to go on.

He dropped his arms and stood up straight. "Look here, Sue," he said almost sternly. "What's the matter? Your heart belong to Paul?"

I couldn't speak. But my silence was an answer. He said in sudden fury, "I might have known. I should have kept out of this. But I thought for once Paul had given me something I wanted. And now look. The first girl I ever fall for, and she's crazy about Paul. That would be my luck—"

The bitterness of his voice frightened me. I said quickly, "Of course I'm not crazy about your brother. I was just—shocked." I steadied my voice.

After a moment he said, very soberly. "I'd like to believe that's all. But don't get Paul wrong. He was only thinking of me—of my so-called career. That's all he's ever thought about. Supported us both ever since he was fifteen, sent me through school, even managed cash for me to throw around, and never a kick out of him. Plugs along at a stuffy job himself so I can step into a world he pictures as a kind of Heaven."

His last words were so mocking that I was caught out of my own trouble. "Don't you like it?" I asked incredulously. "Don't you like science?"

"The less said about that the better," he answered shortly. "But whatever happens, it won't be because Paul didn't do his best. The guy is absolute tops, let's get that straight. And if he sort of overstepped himself this time, it was just to hand me what he figured was the biggest prize he could find." He put his hands on my shoulders, very gently. "See, Suzy?"

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I looked up at him and smiled. "I see." I wondered if I did. I wondered if I dared catch at the hope that was in his last words. If Paul thought of me that way, then there must be some way—

I checked myself abruptly. Chris was asking, with a sweet, little-boy smile, "Now are we forgiven? May I see you again?"

"Of course," I told him. But I couldn't keep down that thrill of hope.

It was like a dream, that next date. Because this time Chris led me into the same restaurant where Paul had led me that first night. And sitting at the table was Paul and Jeannie. It was as though Fate had set the scene for a tremendous sequel.

I was sure of it when Chris asked Jeannie to dance.

I had hoped to see Paul, but I was not prepared to be with him alone so soon. I lowered my eyes to the tablecloth, my fingers slowly tearing a match from its book and splitting it into layers until it was like a tiny fan. Our silence made a little island in all the noise of the restaurant.

Paul said, "Chris is giving me a chance to apologize. I'm sorry."

**T**HE deep sweetness of his voice brought hot tears to my eyes.

"I should have made it clear at the time," Paul went on. "But somehow I thought you'd understand. It seemed so obvious to me that you were both—you and Chris—well, special." He broke off, at a loss for words.

"You see," he went on, "Chris is gifted. Dad saw it when the kid was only nine and built a radio set from a lot of scraps he'd picked up everywhere. I'll never forget Dad's face when he listened to that thing play. He whispered—under his breath, but I heard him—'He's the one.' I guess he'd always been hoping that a son of his would do what he'd wanted to do himself. But he'd never had money or health. As a matter of fact, that same winter I'm telling you about, he died."

He stopped, his eyes dark with memory. I was afraid the music would stop before he'd tell me—everything. I asked, gently, "Then you've worked all these years to make your father's dream come true?"

He asked, quite simply, "How else was Chris to get what he was meant to have?"

"But wouldn't you have liked to study?" I asked him curiously. "I mean, the way you tell this, I get the feeling you were always giving Chris what you wanted yourself."

He looked up then, straight into my face, intensely. And only when he answered did I realize, too late, the import of my own words. He said, almost harshly, "But Chris was the one they were meant for. He was the one. I had to give them to him, even if I wanted them, even if I wanted—you—"

I gasped, shocked at his face. For he was obviously appalled at what he had said. Even though his words were the ones I had longed to hear, there was no tenderness in his expression. He was white and tense with the pain of his control.

I said, almost pleading, "Paul . . . If that's the way you feel—"

He shook his head. "Don't you see, it has to be Chris? You're studying the same things, headed for the same goal. And he—he needs you."

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There were dozens of things I wanted to say. I wanted to protest at the idea of forcing human beings to fit into planned out patterns. I would have cried out, "Doesn't love count?"

But the music had stopped. Chris and Jeannie were coming back to the table. And Jeannie, looking at Paul's white, troubled face, and then at the emotion that must have been written on mine, said, "I'm tired, Paul. Won't you take me home?"

I just couldn't bear it. Again an evening—my life—was being snatched away before my eyes. But no. This was not the same. This time I knew Paul loved me. Things would have to come right. I could wait!

I turned from the closing door of the restaurant and smiled at Chris. "Let's dance!" I cried out almost wildly.

He put all the crazy intensity into it that he had the first time. My cheeks were hot with the same intoxication I had felt before. I looked up and saw that Chris too was elated. His eyes shone into mine with almost too brilliant light.

**B**UT as we walked back to the table, I saw the light fade from his eyes, his lips sag into heavy brooding gloom. "In dancing," I said slowly, "you can really forget everything, can't you?"

"The only catch is that they don't stay forgot," Chris said. The words were light, but his tone startled me. Then I saw that his eyes were looking at me but were not seeing me. They were seeing horror.

"Chris," I said, "what's wrong?" "Nothing new," he said heavily. "It's just the payoff for the whole mistake that happens to be my life."

"I don't understand," I told him. "Paul said you were doing so well at Tech. You keep on being deferred—"

He said, "Listen, I've been able to squeak through, up till now. But there comes a time when you have to start getting the idea behind the facts you're cramming into your skull. From there on, brains are called for; the brains I haven't got. I reached that point quite a while ago."

"Are you sure?" I asked, staring at him unbelievably.

"I'll tell you what I haven't the nerve to tell Paul," he said almost in a groan. "I've flunked out."

I didn't know what to say before the stark misery of his face.

He went on, his voice rising, hoarse with desperation. "All I can see is that patient look coming over Paul's face. I can hear him saying, 'Take it easy, kid. Try it over. You'll lick it next time.'" Chris broke off, his lips trembling. I tried to loosen the big fingers that were clenched into white-knuckled fists. He lifted his face to me, his brown eyes shining with tears. "I can't," he muttered brokenly. "I can't face him, I tell you—" Then he lost control completely. His shoulders shook with sobs. "Before I'll tell him I've let him down, I'll turn on the gas some night and forget to light it. And I wouldn't be the first guy at Tech to do it."

I knew, looking at him, that this was no hysterical threat. He meant it. He had been planning this escape, and he would carry it out. I knew it was true, too, that he would not be the first boy who had taken this way out of a world that had made impossible demands of him. I knew now that I had stepped

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into tragedy, that day I walked into Paul's office.

I tried to keep calm. "Have you ever tried to tell Paul how you felt about your work?"

"Sure. Over and over. But he gives me the old line about how all great guys have their ups and downs. He reminds me that Edison never made the grade even in grammar school. But he can't see that's just the point. They didn't try to make Edison take a degree. Not that I'm any Edison, but I do have a knack of my own. I can take things apart and I can put them together again and make them work. I don't know why they work, maybe I don't even want to know. All I know is I have to have the stuff in my two hands and fool with it. It's in my hands, what I've got; not in my brain."

He was talking rapidly, excitedly, but he was a different person from the desperate, miserable boy he'd been a minute before. His eyes were alight, shining as even dancing had not made them shine. He no longer looked like a rebellious, spoiled kid. He was seeing visions, the kind of visions every boy needs to see stars to steer by toward maturity. He was saying, "Oh, my hands are okay. Why, I know I could go into that designing room of yours where Paul says they're running into so many snags, and I could take one of those models in my hands and before they know it I'd have it operating. I could give those guys something to pin on their drafting boards!"

**SUDDENLY** I knew that was where he ought to be. Only there would he lose his frustration, gain back the self-respect that had been denied him so long through years of repeated failures. There he would have a chance to grow up and become a man. "Yes," I said quietly. "I believe you could. I think that's where you belong, if you're to serve your country best."

His head jerked up. "Serve my country? You mean it's my duty?" I said, "Of course. You know that what you have is needed in our plant. You could help there, to get this war over. You must start doing that."

"You think so?" He stared into my eyes. "Look, Sue. Paul was right when he thought you'd mean a lot to me. If you tell me I ought to do this—well, you'd better put it to me straight—"

"I am putting it to you straight." My voice was small with fear. I was taking someone else's life into my own hands. But I had no choice. It was the only way to save Chris. I said, "You owe a lot to Paul, but even more to yourself and to your country."

I was awfully afraid, then. Afraid the prospect of defying Paul would be too much for him. He didn't look up for long seconds. Then he gave me a smile that was as appealing as a child's. "Will you stick by me, Sue? Will you come with me now to tell him?"

That was more than I had bargained for. I couldn't do that. But I had gone too far to turn back now. I said, "All right. If you want me, I'll go."

I don't like to tell about that scene. Chris stumbled through his explanation, not lifting his shamed eyes. "I'm sorry, Paul, but men who should go in for science are made of different stuff. They see what they're getting at, they don't just pack facts into their heads the way I was doing. If I went to

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Tech a million years I still wouldn't get the idea. But in the factory I could do a job—"

"In the factory!" I saw then, in Paul's eyes, the hatred he felt for his own job. To him the factory had always been a prison where he served time, day after day, year after year, so that his brother might be free. And now his brother wanted to walk into that prison.

"But Paul, it's different with Chris!" I couldn't help breaking in. "Your father would have realized it if he had lived. He might have seen that you were the one with the long vision. What Chris has is in his hands. His gift is knowing how to take things apart and put them together and make them work. It's a priceless gift right now, you know yourself how they're crying for it in the Testing Department—"

Paul turned to me as if he saw me for the first time. "So it was you." The quietness of his words was no measure of their lashing scorn. "You have done this. You have encouraged him to throw away his education on a thankless, dirty job in the most dangerous department of a dangerous shop. Without you, he'd never have dared to come and tell me such a thing."

THERE was nothing I could say. I couldn't cry out, "But a man must dare! He must build his own life if he's to be a man at all!" And of course I couldn't tell him that an hour ago his brother had been a weakling, a failure who knew he was beaten, ready to take the coward's way out rather than admit it. And now he was facing Paul to fight for his life like a man.

But was he? I looked at Chris, at his trembling lip, his downcast eyes. I said, "Yes, Paul. You are right."

"Just a minute!" Chris raised his eyes and looked squarely into his brother's face, his breath coming fast. He came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder. "If it's Sue's fault, it shouldn't be! I should have been able to decide for myself where I was going to serve my country. And I hope I have!"

Paul gave Chris a look in which I saw incredulity slowly fade to conviction—unbearably bleak, sick conviction: defeat. But all he said was, "All right, Chris. Come into the office in the morning and I'll get you signed up, if that is what you want."

I had never admired him so much as in that moment. But then he went on, even more quietly, "After that, I don't think I'll be seeing you again." His dark eyes came round to me and I saw a deep, implacable hatred in them that chilled me. "Either of you," he added distinctly.

No furious denunciation could have left me more stricken, no storms and shouts of bitter invective could have hurt Chris more. I thought for a moment that Chris would not be able to take it, after all these years of love and dependence. His face was white and bewildered like a lost child's. I reached out to him and felt his hand cling to mine. Then slowly a change came over his face. The jaw thrust out as firm and unyielding as Paul's, the soft, self-indulgent mouth tautened into a hard, strong line. He said in a voice as deep and firm as Paul's own. "Okay, I'm sorry. But if it has to be this way, that's the way it is."

And his resolution held. He took Paul at his word and went in the next



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morning to sign up. I think the first few weeks were very trying for him. It was a hard life for which his training had not prepared him. He must have longed, from force of habit, to tell his troubles to Paul.

He told them all to me. Sometimes I felt as if I had taken Paul's place in his life. It was an awful responsibility.

This sharing brought us very close, Chris and me. In a very special sense, the Chris of these days was mine. So it seemed right, that soft April night, when he asked me to marry him.

"I never got the idea before," he said in the half-jocular tone that was always in his voice when he talked of serious things. "I always thought marriage was—well, not for me—But these days, the way you listen to every little grouch of mine and always find something to say that makes me see it's nothing for a great guy like me to hurdle—" He laughed. "Well, I figure that's what this business of matrimony is. And I—I guess I'm for it."

**I** WAS touched, that speech was so thoroughly Chris. And it was true, I thought. He was right. Marriage was a matter of being to a man what he needed. And it was wonderfully worth while. I looked up at him and saw how he had changed. He was no longer a spoiled, undeveloped kid. For some time I had not had to try to think of encouraging things to say to him. I had not had to collect bits of gossip from his department so as to praise him for his small successes. Now his successes were known all over the plant and they were not small. He had solved the problem of welding studs to overhead surfaces so that workers in our plant were now welding 1000 studs in eight hours instead of forty. Things like that can make an important difference in our whole country's war effort. He was beginning to be what Paul had always dreamed—a great guy. And I had helped. Whether Paul saw it yet or not, there was a deep thrill to that knowledge.

I lifted my face to Chris and felt his lips come eagerly over mine, warm and rich with an intensity of feeling which his maturity had added to his kisses. I did not have to say any words. Chris took the kiss for what it was—the seal of promise. And he made it into a moment so overwhelming that there was no room for thought—no room for anything but the sense of our lips, of our warm young bodies close together.

By mid-summer he was a hero, worshipped at the factory as devoutly as any war-wounded soldier who talked to us during bond drives. In August, a colonel pinned an award on his breast before the whole day shift assembled at lunch. As I watched Chris leave the platform, I hoped desperately that Paul could see him. Then he'd have to know that Chris had found the place for which he had been meant.

Chris was still excited when he met me that night after class. Excited and gay, and very, very charming. I was terribly proud of him. As always, I glanced around the restaurant where we had gone to dance, and caught the familiar look of envy on other girls' faces. No one had ever had such an attractive fiance as I had.

I could hardly keep my mind on the stream of technical talk that I always heard from Chris before an important test. The next day they were trying



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out his method for installing the new safety-glass-and-plastic gun turrets. I didn't understand the details of the problem but I could tell from his boyish boasts—even from his almost nervous gawty itself—that he was terribly keyed-up with suspense.

"Boy, when we get out to that testing field tomorrow we'll show them something," Chris said, his brown eyes bright. "Provided I've been able to drum those signals into the kids' heads." He paused, a faint line of worry creasing his young forehead. "If only the Army hadn't figured it needed Riggsy worse than we did and pulled him out of the shop, it would be smooth sailing."

"It will be all right, won't it?" I asked him quickly.

"Oh, sure." He patted my shoulder. "Trust Papa."

"I do," I said, smiling into his eyes. "So let's dance."

Our dances together were still the most exciting moments we shared. And so that evening ended on a note of beauty. I shall always be glad of that.

It was three the next afternoon when the note was brought round to my bench by one of the guards. I knew, almost before I read it, what was in it, and my feet had started toward the hospital. Chris had been hurt.

Running down those endless corridors and paths between the buildings, the guard puffing to keep up with me, I still could not run fast enough to leave the awful fear behind me; the fear and the guilt.

What if Chris was seriously injured? What if he died?

It would be my fault. Whatever happened to Chris was my doing.

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# Tomorrow Is Ours

Continued from page 23

overhead, the two of us together. Then, abruptly, he said, "My shore leave's nearly half over."

I turned, startled and afraid because his tone had given a deeper meaning to the simple words—had made the length of his leave something personal and important to me as well as to himself. I turned, and once my eyes had met his I could not tear them away.

"Nearly half over, so there isn't much time. Beth—Beth—"

He broke off, and swept me into his arms. I could not resist. I couldn't go on pretending he meant nothing to me. He meant everything—and had, ever since the first time I saw him, even that first time when I had tried to persuade myself that I disliked him because he was brash and exuberant. I lifted my lips to answer the demand of his kisses.

This could do no harm, I thought wildly—this little time of love. Soon we would part, and never meet again and if we could each take with us a tender and beautiful memory, then no one would suffer for it. It wouldn't be wrong, because I'd be true to him forever afterward.

**B**UT then his voice broke through the tumult of my thoughts.

"We can be married tomorrow," he was saying. "We can get Aunt Belle to take us to Holly in the morning, and we'll have more than a week before I go back."

I stiffened in his arms, leaning back against them. "Oh, no," I gasped. "No, Toby—I can't marry you. Don't ask me. Please, don't ask me!"

"You can't—" Refusing to let me go, he looked questioningly down at me, tried to laugh. "You mean, because we haven't known each other very long?"

"I don't know—I can't be sure." I was trying to use the excuse he'd unintentionally offered me, but what I said was a lie because I *did* know, I was sure. "Anyway, it isn't that. I just can't marry you, Toby. I can't."

The muscles around his jaw tightened. "Why? You're not—you're not married already, are you?"

"Don't ask me why—I can't tell you." "You can tell me anything."

For one flashing instant I had a wild hope. If he meant it, if I could tell him about my father and not see his face change, not hear him say, "You're that Elizabeth Gray? Tom and Marion Gray's daughter?" If he wouldn't see me, then, as someone different, someone set apart!

But—I shuddered, pulled away from him, buried my face in my hands—that was too much to expect. Probably he would even remember—he'd lived near here for the last four or five years, he'd told me. And even, if by some miracle he didn't remember the trial, the newspaper stories, the lurid brutality of everything—still, I would change for him. I would no longer be Beth, the girl he wanted to marry. I'd be a murderer's daughter.

A murderer's daughter—with the framing of the words in my mind, the high, wind-swept mountain top faded away, and I was sixteen again, back in the shabby little house in the factory district of the city. I was being wakened at night by my mother's screams, I was huddled in my bed while the sounds



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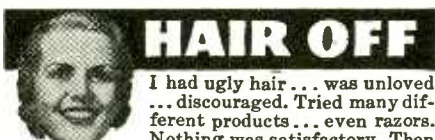
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of struggle came from the next room. I was listening to my father's dragging footsteps and to the slam of the front door as he went out. I was creeping across the floor, into the bedroom where my mother lay, strangled by my father's hands.

They caught him, and they tried him and convicted him and sentenced him to death. My father—a big man whose muscles seemed all to have lost their strength after that last, most terrible effort—sat silent and dazed in the courtroom while lawyers argued, reporters scribbled notes, spectators gaped. It was as if he were no more than a spectator himself. They asked me questions—had my parents quarreled often, had I ever heard my father threaten my mother, questions, questions, questions. I answered them all truthfully: yes, they quarreled a great deal, but I had never heard Father threaten my mother—

They sentenced him to death, but the Governor commuted the penalty to life imprisonment.

Those visits—they were minutes of pain, one piled on top of the other. I was all he had now, the half-hours of talk with me all he lived for. Yet we couldn't talk much. The bars between us always seemed to filter the sense out of what we were saying.

"You getting along all right, Beth?"  
"Yes—fine. I've got a new job, you know."  
"Have you? That's good."  
"I brought you some cigarettes."  
"Oh—thanks."

STILTED, cautious words, painfully marking off the passing seconds. Perhaps it didn't matter. Perhaps he knew, from the mere fact of my presence, how I loved and pitied him. My mother had made his life one long torment, with her rages, her drunkenness, her selfish laziness. She had driven him to murder, slowly and surely. Now he was being punished, and I knew he deserved the punishment for nothing could alter the truth that he'd taken a human life. But still I loved him, not for what he was now, but for what he had been once.

This brooding, sorrowful love for my father was something hidden deep within me. I couldn't bring it out and show it to anyone else—not even to Toby. There was no way I could make it plain to him, even if I had dared to try. And I didn't dare. He might say it didn't matter, he might feel bound to say that—but that wouldn't wipe out the stain. A murderer's daughter. Nothing could change that.

Not tell him? Marry him, and keep my secret? But if I did that, we wouldn't be married at all, because a secret like this would cancel out the very meaning of marriage. To live in constant dread that he'd discover the truth, to make my visits to the prison by stealth, to lie and evade—no, this I could not do!

"Beth!" he said, very near to me, trying to pull my shielding hands away from my face. "What's the matter—why are you acting this way? Tell me!"

I shook my head and jumped to my feet. "No," I said with my head averted. "Don't talk about it any more. And let's go down—right now."

"All right. But I'm going to talk about it some more," he said slowly, decisively. "I'm not going to stop talking about it. I don't know what's the matter. But whatever it is, it isn't enough. Beth,

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you must believe me!" he exploded. "I love you, and I'm going to marry you!"

In silence, we went on down the trail to the Lodge. It was late afternoon by now, time for me to set the table for supper, but first I went to my own room to wash my face and put on make-up against Mrs. Ashmore's sharp old eyes. I had moved temporarily into one of the guest cabins the day the Lodge closed, and my two worn suitcases stood in a corner of the room.

There was nothing else to do, I realized drearily. If I stayed, my resolution would break. I would have to tell him—either that or agree to marry him without telling him. I couldn't hold out against the love that shook me whenever he was near. So the only thing was to go—leave by the morning bus.

Supper that night was rather horrible. I had to force down each mouthful, aware all the time of Toby's bewildered, unhappy eyes on me. Mrs. Ashmore was, at first, her usual cheerful self, and although Toby and I tried to be natural, telling her about our hike up the mountain, she soon knew something was wrong. "Doesn't seem to have done your appetites much good," she commented sharply.

And afterward, there were the dishes, which Toby and I had always done together. I couldn't avoid his help.

"Look," he said as soon as we were in the kitchen. "I've been thinking over what you said this afternoon, and it's silly. I don't understand you, unless— Well," his face reddened, "I know I haven't got much to offer you. I'm just a sailor—"

I RAN the water loudly into the sink. "Please, Toby," I murmured. "Not now. We can't talk—your aunt will hear."

"Then let's hurry and finish, and go outside."

"I'm tired," I pleaded. "Wait until morning."

He lapsed into a restless silence—and I knew, more than ever, how right my decision to leave was, because I wanted to break that silence by telling him how much I loved him.

All the rest of the evening, while we played rummy with Mrs. Ashmore, I kept thinking: "One word—just one little yes—that's all I need to say. And his face will light up, and he'll hold me close, and his lips will be against mine. We'll have a week together, before he leaves, and in such a short time I'd hardly have to lie to him at all, to keep him from finding out. . . . But when he comes back, when the war's over—then the long time of keeping the secret will begin. Maybe I could tell him then, more easily?—But it will never be easy to tell him. Never."

At last, at the end of a hand, I pushed my chair back. "I'm awfully tired," I said to Mrs. Ashmore. "I think I'd better go to bed. You two go on playing without me. Good-night." Swiftly, to give Toby no chance to follow me, I went out, running the few feet to my cabin in the chilly autumn night.

In furious haste, as though I had only a few minutes before catching the bus. I threw clothes into my suitcases. Dresses, shoes, underwear, sweaters—and then suddenly I was done, and the night stretched endlessly ahead.

I undressed and got into bed, but I could not sleep. I tried to read, until I realized that the printed words brought me no meaning. Finally I lay

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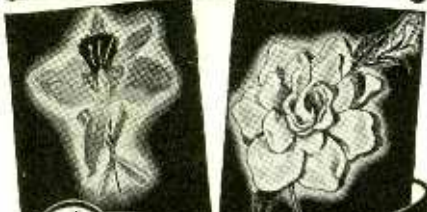


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there, with the light on, and looked around the room, imprinting it—its pine-panelled walls, its gay curtains and rustic furniture—on my memory.

Footsteps, hurried footsteps, echoed on the planking of the porch outside my door. A voice—Toby's voice—called "Beth!"

I sat up in bed. I wouldn't see him, wouldn't talk to him. But he pounded on the door and called again. "Beth! You're wanted on the telephone."

Sudden fear had me by the throat. No one would be calling me here—no one except—

I leaped out of bed, seized my dressing-gown and was still putting it on as I opened the door. I rushed past Toby, along the plank walk and into Mrs. Ashmore's living room, where the fire was now only a heap of glowing coals.

THE receiver was dangling from the telephone on the wall. I snatched it up, said "Hello," and "Yes," and listened.

"We have a telegram for you," the voice said. "Regret to inform you that your father, Thomas L. Gray, died suddenly this afternoon as result of heart attack. Signed, M. P. Havens, Warden State Prison."

"He's dead," I said, unconscious that I spoke aloud. Father, who had ridden me on his back when I was a little girl, whose loud, merry laugh had become rarer and rarer as the years went by, who had endured my mother's spite and cruelty uncomplainingly until he was goaded past endurance—Father was dead. I would never see him again. I forgot that for four years I had only seen him through the mesh of a wire screen, forgot that death must have been a merciful release for him, forgot he was a murderer. I remembered only that he was my father.

From far away, Toby's voice came to me. "Dead?" he repeated. "Who, Beth?"

"My father," I said automatically. "That was a wire from the Warden, saying he died this afternoon."

He came and held me, offering wordless, awkward comfort. At his touch something snapped in me, and I began to cry. I cried for Father, but I cried

too for all the time of sorrow since they sent him to prison, and I cried for my own loneliness, and for the devil in Mother that had led her to destruction.

I felt an overwhelming need to justify Father, and I sobbed, "It wasn't his fault—he was really good and kind—and I suppose it wasn't all Mother's fault either—but they were unhappy together—"

Toby's fingers stopped my lips. "Don't," he said. "You may be sorry you said all this, after a while."

I stood very still, looking into his eyes, while realization came back to me. I'd told him the telegram was from the Warden; I'd tried to explain why I could still love Father. Involuntarily, I had told him everything but the one crucial fact—and now I was going to tell him that, too.

"My father was serving a life sentence in prison," I said. "He killed my mother." And I said it not in shame, but in pity.

There was pity in Toby's face, too—pity and love. "Why didn't you tell me before?" he said in tender reproach. "Dear, you didn't think it would make any difference to me?"

"Yes—I did." I laid my head against the broad hardness of his chest, and heard the strong, rhythmic pumping of his heart, and for a long time its sound filled my ears. It was steadfast, that heart—how could I have believed it could be changed by something in the past?

But then I began to understand. I had been sick with shame—it had been a growth, a cancer in me. But as the surgeon's knife can cut out a cancer, the shock of Father's death had banished my shame, and I was well again.

I could love and be loved. I could share Toby's life and let him share mine. I could meet the gaze of a stranger without dread—because now I did not care who knew I was Tom Gray's daughter! Father was free of his prison, and I of mine.

With trembling lips, and with tears still wet on my cheeks, I smiled up at Toby. "Yes," I said again, "I did. I know better now."



## Say Hello To-

BARBARA LUDDY, star of First Nighter. Variety is the spice of Barbara Luddy's life as an actress. Though petite (four feet-ten inches tall; ninety-five pounds), friendly by nature and an all around agreeable sort of a person, Barbara has, nevertheless, portrayed every type of character on First Nighter.

Barbara is known as the "most married" actress in radio because she has been "married" more than two hundred times in First Nighter scripts. In real life she made the trip to the altar only once, when she became Mrs. R. Ned LeFevre, wife of a Chicago announcer-actor, on September 18, 1942. Shortly thereafter Ned joined the Coast Guard.

Barbara's career dates back to the time when she made her debut as a singer at the age of six. After two years as a child prodigy in the concert field, she switched to acting and appeared in many stage shows. By the time she was fifteen she was an established actress. She left the stage for radio in 1929, taking a job as an announcer.

After appearing in a number of notable stage and radio productions she was offered First Nighter's leading lady role and has appeared at the "Little Theater Off Times Square" ever since. Her leading men on this program have included Don Ameche and Les Tremayne.

Barbara is somewhat of an old-fashioned girl at heart. She likes to sew and weave rugs. For the LeFevre apartment on Chicago's near north side, Barbara has made cretonne slip covers for a davenport and two lounge chairs. In addition, she recently finished six needlepoint covers for their dining room chairs, two hooked rugs for the bedroom, and a grospoint rug for the living room.

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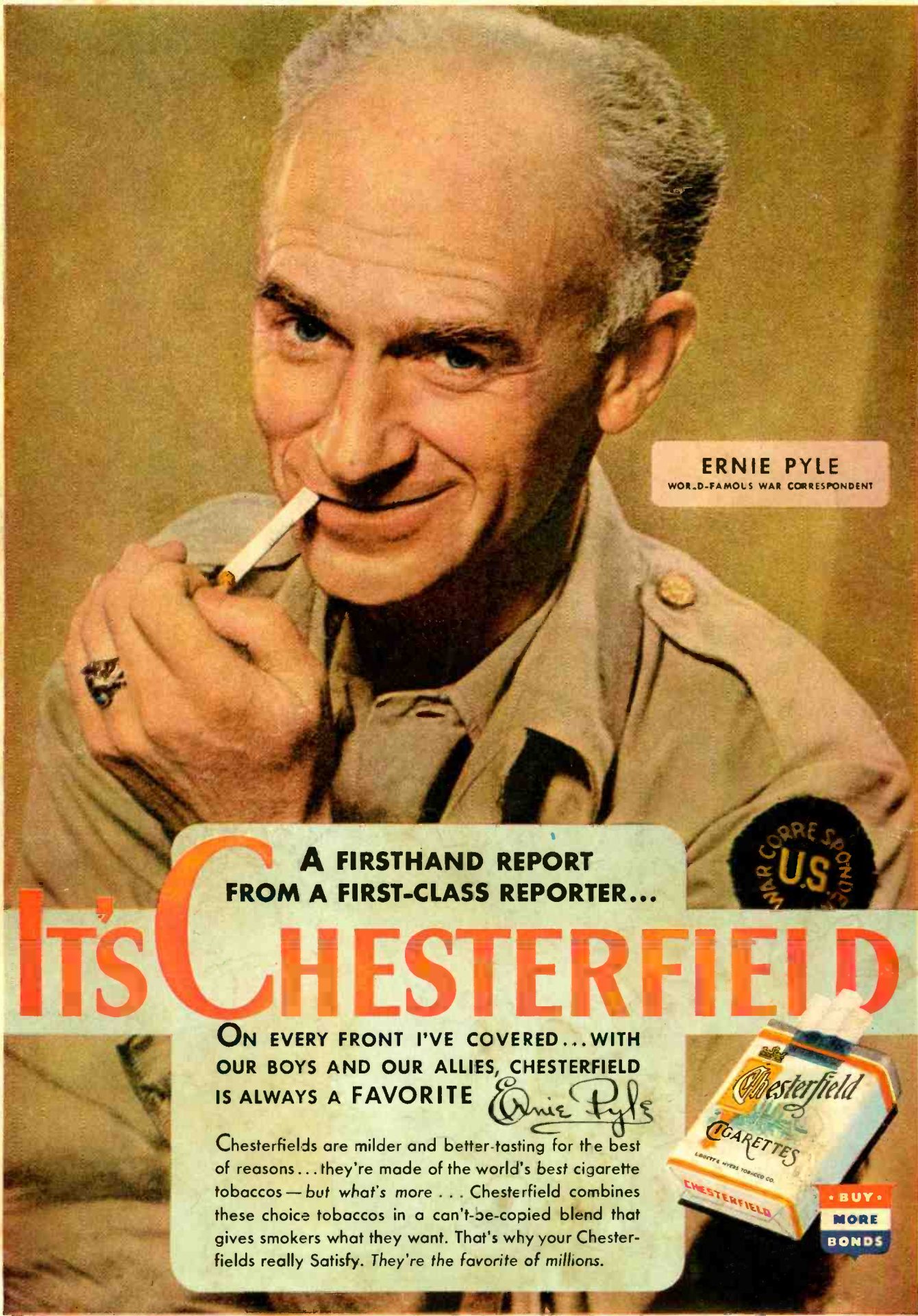
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