

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

## Radio Romances

JULY  
15¢



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These Bonds Today!

Mrs. Kenneth Bryan Neal, New York City  
 "I'm devoted to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," confides  
 this lovely bride. "My very first cake of Camay  
 brought such delicate new softness to my skin."



*For romance...win*  
**Softer,  
 Smoother Skin**  
*with just  
 One Cake of Camay!*

*Actual tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!*

The magic of a softer, more velvety complexion can be yours... with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, you can have lovelier skin as quickly as *that* when you change from improper care to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this care on over 100 complexions. And with the *first* cake of Camay, most complexions sparkled with fresh new radiance, looked more sweetly soft.

**It cleanses without irritation**

In these tests, you see proof of Camay's *mildness*... proof it can benefit skin!



"Camay is really mild," said the doctors, "it cleansed without irritation." Surely the Camay Mild-Soap Diet can bring such striking improvement to *your* complexion... so start with Camay tonight.

**Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!**

Take just one minute, night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse warm. If your skin's oily, add a C-O-L-D splash. With your *first* cake of Camay, you'll see enchanting new beauty.



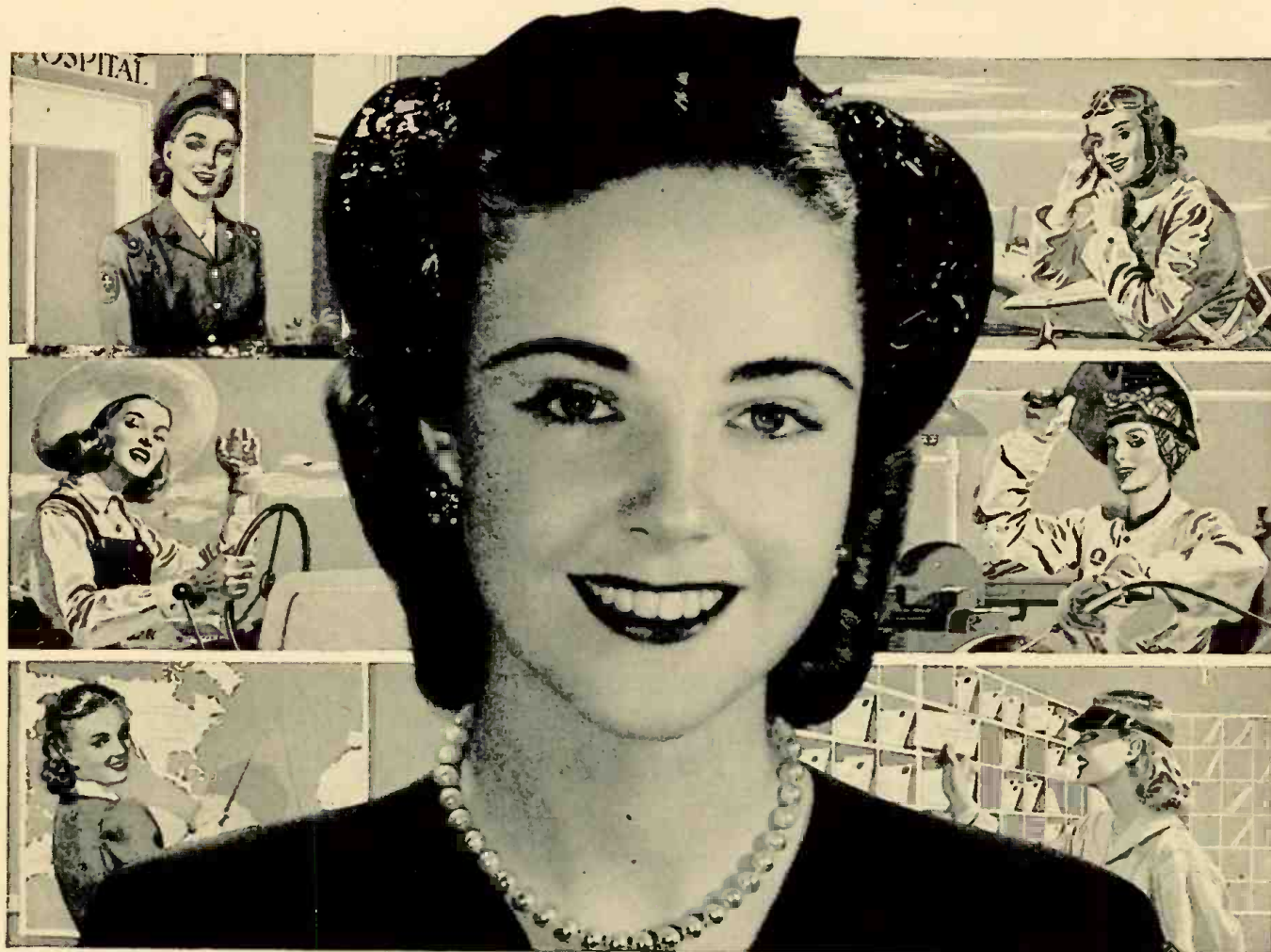
*Precious materials go into Camay. make it last!*

Be saving with *all* soap during wartime. To help your Camay last, do this:

- ★GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on Camay.
- ★TAKE CAMAY FROM THE WATER after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.
- ★TUCK CAMAY SLIVERS inside a bath mit. You'll get grand lather!

# After Hours—

hearts are drawn to a bright, sparkling smile!



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

**Y**OU'LL celebrate Victory with a clear conscience. Because you're working hard toward it now. Good girl. After hours, you rate the best in fun, and romance!

So powder your nose—and smile. Go out and have FUN! That smile, now—how'd it look in the mirror? Did it sparkle? Was it bright and captivating?

That's the kind of smile that turns heads and hearts! If you'll notice, most popular girls aren't beautiful at all. But they all have a beautiful smile!

So see to it that *your* smile is at its radiant *best*. Remember, a sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums.

**Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!**

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

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

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—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.

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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**IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**  
STAYS ON LONGER . . .  
S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R-T



That "Irresistible something"  
is IRRESISTIBLE PERUME






## The Lady on the Cover

**S**HE'S still standing in New York Harbor. Her light has been dimmed, but it hasn't been put out, yet. She stands majestic and tall, her arm raised high toward the sky, her face turned toward the incoming ships. She's the most famous statue in the world. The Statue of Liberty.

Liberty is a word that lives deep in men's hearts. Since the world began, men have struggled and fought and died for it. And, today, our sons and brothers, sweethearts and husbands are fighting and dying all over the world in the most deadly, most widespread, most serious war that has ever been waged in all of history to decide whether men shall be free or live as slaves.

This war is our war. We are the people—you and I—and we are the ones who have the most to lose, if this war is not won by the freedom loving peoples of the world.

Think. Think of walking down familiar streets only when armed guards give you the permission. Think of working where you are told to work, for unlimited hours, for scarcely enough pay to keep body and soul together. Think of having your children taken from you and put in the care of specially trained teachers who will educate them to live by the New Order, because that is good for the State. Think of being afraid all the time, afraid to talk above a whisper, afraid to trust your friends and families, afraid to protest against injustice, afraid to pray.

It's hard to think of these things. It's hard to conceive them. Yet, in many places in the world, men and women and children live with these fears, day and night, every hour. What has happened to them, must not happen to us. What has happened to them, need not happen to us, not if we act in time, not if we act in unison, not if we fight, each in his own way, so that victory can come soon and liberty may again be every man's right, from the day he is born.

We cannot all fight at the front. We cannot all even work to make the weapons our fighting men need. But all of us can and must help to support these things. What if it means sacrifice? What greater sacrifice is there than that made by our fighting men? They give their lives, willingly, that we may be free. How small then does anything we give, anything we do, become when it is compared with this?

The Statue of Liberty still stands in New York Harbor, the symbol of freedom—more—the symbol of America. The money you lend now, today, will keep her there. Your money loaned to your government to preserve your freedom!

Buy that War Bond today!

## Half a minute with Mum . . .



and your charm is safe for hours—through busy day or dancing date. Use Mum every day, after every bath . . . Mum's quick!

## prevents risk of underarm odor



Mum works instantly—, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing risk of underarm odor. Mum's sure!

## keeps you nice to be near!



**Y**OU TRY new ways to enhance your appeal! The glamour of a smart hair-do—the lure of frills and ruffles.

But even these clever tricks can fail if daintiness is lost—if the tiniest trace of underarm odor tells on you.

So keep dainty this quick, sure way . . . use Mum! Even the most refreshing bath simply removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor!

And Mum's easy to use! It smooths

on with just a touch of your fingertips . . . even after you're dressed. For Mum's safe for fine fabrics, safe for your skin. Let Mum make *your* daintiness sure!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important use.

Product of Bristol-Myers

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Charlie McCarthy was in his glory as nurses from the 51st General Hospital at Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas, flocked around him on a recent visit. Below, radio is proud to have Walter Pidgeon as star and master of ceremonies on CBS' "The Star and the Story."



## What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



Blondie (Penny Singleton) and Dagwood (Arthur Lake) celebrate five years on the air. Andy of Amos 'n' Andy gives daughter Dorothy a hand with her job taking care of Junior.



peared in a featured role in the movie "Around The World" and in the stage hit, "They Can't Get You Down." Now, she's going to have a chance to combine both. NBC has just signed her as an actress-singer.

Actors are discovered in the strangest ways. Alastair Kyle, a 12-year-old English refugee, who plays the role of Dickie in "Portia Faces Life," was discovered while he was talking with his parents in England over shortwave radio. He was sent over here for safety, during the days of the Battle of Britain.

Hal Peary's whole career is a mass of contradictions. Unlike most Hollywood celebrities, the Great Gildersleeve not only does not have to lose weight, but must not lose any. Now that he's in the movies, he's got to stay plump and round. Then, too, he has to lie about his age—again not the way other people do. He didn't make himself younger, he added years. He's only thirty-five, but Gildersleeve had to be older it was decided—so Peary became older. The biggest contradiction of all is that Peary started out to be a singer and wound up by being so popular as a minor character, Gildersleeve, on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, that he was given his own program.

There must be something about writing letters to people you don't know personally that sets the writers free of any and all inhibitions they might have. Practically everybody who has achieved any sort of renown, small or large, in

(Continued on page 6)

WE HAVE to take time to take off our hats to Bing Crosby. He'll hate it, but he deserves a million slaps on the back. Very few people, besides the soldiers themselves, have any idea just how much Bing does for our fighting men. True, every once in awhile, you read that Bing is planning a series of exhibition golf matches for the Red Cross or to sell bonds, or to further one cause or another.

What you don't read about is the number of times Bing just drops in at Army Camps unannounced and without fanfare and sings his head off for the boys. All his trips are made at his own expense, as are all his other activities on behalf of servicemen.

Besides this, Bing and his brother Larry, have organized a complete unit that tours the camps like the USO shows. A very unique source supplies the funds in back of this touring outfit—the royalties from Bing's recordings

of the sacred songs, "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles."

Anything for the boys. When a graduating merchant marine at the Kings Point, New York, Academy wrote to Nora Stirling—mistress of ceremonies on Serenade to America—that he had no one to stand by and watch him graduate, Nora stepped in graciously and filled the place that should have been occupied by his mother, sweetheart, or sister. And one more fighting man was made happy.

A very versatile young lady is vivacious, redheaded Julie Conway. Being featured vocalist with bands like Kay Kayser's and Johnny "Scat" Davis's wasn't enough. Julie has been hankering for an acting and singing career ever since Gertrude Lawrence heard her and got her a job in a Chicago night spot. She got a taste of acting when she ap-



## **T**ime alone is the measure...

LEEUWENHOEK, the crotchety genius who first saw germs through the crudest of microscopes, found the world indifferent to his thrilling revelation. Today his name is deathless.

Tireless Pasteur, devoting his life to the study of the "little beasties" that swam before Leeuwenhoek's eyes, fought an uphill battle against ignorance and skepticism to prove that they were a living source of disease and death. Now he is immortal.

The great and good Lister, using antiseptic to control the deadly germs that Leeuwenhoek saw and Pasteur defined, performed his life-saving miracles in surgery before a hopeful few and a doubting many. "An instrument in the hands of God," he is enshrined in Westminster Abbey.

As with man so with medicine; the endless tides of Time write the verdict to guide the world. The mediocre are forgotten and fail; the meritorious survive and succeed.

It is a matter of pride to us, that Listerine Antiseptic, named for the great Lister, today serves humanity's needs as

ably as it did more than half a century ago when it was acclaimed an outstanding *non-poisonous*, non-irritating antiseptic.

Listerine Antiseptic stands ready to aid you in a thousand little emergencies calling for quick germ-killing action with complete safety... a delightful, effective solution. Make this a "must" for your family medicine cabinet.

### **GOOD NEWS!**

Most stores have received recent shipments of Listerine Antiseptic for civilian use. You should now be able to obtain Listerine Antiseptic in some size at your favorite drug counter.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

*In service more than 60 years*

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

**LONG KNOWN  
TO DOCTORS**



**NOW DISCOVERED  
BY WOMEN**

A NEW outlook on the whole problem of monthly hygiene is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle of internal absorption has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for women in general.

• Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or external pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Another advantage: no odor can form. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton and a month's supply will go into an ordinary purse. Each individual Tampax is wrapped in patented applicator. Easy to insert, quick to change—and no disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month's supply costs 29¢—or 4 times the quantity in the economy box for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 Absorbencies**  
REGULAR  
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
MAGAZINE

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



The Great Gildersleeve is running for Mayor of Summerfield, and he and Eve Goodwin are inspecting campaign pictures. Below is Sgt. William Tracy of the movies, who plays "Roosty" in Mutual's comedyseries, Roosty of the AAF, Sundays.



almost any field, has grown used to finding one or more astounding items in the morning's mail. The most frequent type of letter is one of admiration and praise, of course, into which, somehow, the writer almost always manages to squeeze a description of himself or herself. The next most frequent type is the begging letter, asking for all sorts of things from money to advice. Probably the most unusual letter in this latter kind is one cherished by Isobel Manning Hewson, writer of Land of the Lost. It's from a girl who writes, "I'd like to be a bride. Have you any suggestions?"

Tom Breneman of Breakfast at Sardi's has some choice letters in his files. For instance, recently, he got a letter from a girl in Kansas, who's been working very hard to save up the bus fare to Hollywood. But, she writes, since she doesn't know anyone in the film city and would be terrified of arriving without anyone to meet her—would Tom please meet the bus, if she lets him know when it arrives? Another woman, from Texas, described in detail her great difficulty in finding something in her community which her son, who's fighting in the South Pacific, had requested. She felt sure Tom could get it for her, Hollywood being Hollywood. What was it? Mustache wax!

Lum and Abner have a prize letter from a fan in Attica, Iowa, which reads, "Attica is a wonderful town. It is 96 years old; has never owned a jail, never had a murder or a saloon. When you boys retire, we'll give each of you a lot and hope you will make it your home."

Odd things turn up, sometimes, too. Like the letter Jane Powell—Charlie McCarthy's 14-year-old heart throb—got not long ago. The writer asked whether Jane was sure her name was Powell, because she looked so much like a girl who used to be the writer's best friend, but the girl's last name was Burce. To prove the resemblance, two pictures were enclosed, one of Jane clipped from a newspaper, the other a

time-yellowed tintype of a girl in leg-o'-mutton sleeves and wearing a pompadour. It happens that the writer was right. Jane's real name is Burce and the tintype girl was one of Jane's aunts.

Maybe the weirdest letters of all turn up in the mail of the various house-keeping and cooking experts, especially now that so many women who never saw the inside of a kitchen before have had to take over or starve. NBC's Mystery Chef actually has a letter from a woman asking what kind of thread you use to baste a chicken!

Don't get the idea that people don't like to get fan mail. They love it, whether it's the kind that wrings their hearts or makes them chuckle, because it gives them a feeling of knowing their audiences. They nearly always do their best to answer each letter personally, too. So don't let any of this stop you from writing. We were just speculating on why it seems so easy to write to people you don't know.

In case it has ever occurred to you to worry about what happens to the schooling of the Quiz Kids when they travel around the country on Bond Selling Tours—never give it a thought. Just wish your own children had a chance to do the same thing. Not only is travel broadening, it's one of the best ways to get a thorough education in history, geography and a million other things in the most painless manner.

The principal of a school attended by one of the Kids says that a trip to New York or Boston is worth two months in school. And, almost after each trip, the Quiz Kids appear in the auditoriums of their various schools, telling the other students what was seen and learned by them.

Radio people are used to strange things popping up all the time. Fan mail is only one of them.

Take Paul Whiteman, when he was broadcasting one of the Hall of Fame series. Just after the show, a woman pushed her way up to the stage and demanded that she be given a place on one of the programs. Stammering, Pops asked her what she thought was her claim to fame.

"I," she answered excitedly, "have brought into the world and raised twenty children. Isn't that enough?" At that, maybe she was right.

That the music of Roy Harris—one of the most important composers this



country has ever produced—is as completely American as the rumble and creak of the covered wagon making trail to the West and the fervor and shouting of the revival meeting has been said over and over. And it's perfectly natural. Roy Harris's family had a share in shaping this country of ours.

There was a Harris with Daniel Boone when that pioneer cleared trail to "Kaintuck." And Roy Harris's father, who later became known as Old Man Harris out in the Oklahoma Territory, as a young firebrand left Kentucky to join the Union Army. With the end of the war between the States, Harris—by then a Captain—hit the trail West.

He blended well into the exciting, hard fighting and hard riding tradition of the pioneer land. It wasn't until he rode into Iowa and met a deeply religious Iowan girl and fell in love with her that he laid aside his weapons and took up the Bible. With his bride and his possessions heaped in a covered wagon, Harris struck out for Kansas, where he soon won the respect of the God-fearing and the fear of the Godless, as the best circuit rider in the state.

But the love of adventure and the thrill of creating a new world finally lured him away from his preaching and he became a railroad man. In time, he prospered and became a banker. Then, feeling that he was a match for the best financial brains in New York, he travelled East to try his luck. In a short time, Wall Street had cleaned him out.

By this time, sixty-three, but still walking erect to his full height of six feet three inches, Old Man Harris went back West, this time to live with one of his sons who had just staked a claim in the Cimarron Land Rush, in what is now Lincoln County. Even at his age, he had no difficulty in winning the rail-splitting championship of the County. He was a superb weaver of tales and held the neighborhood youngsters spellbound for hours at a time. Old Man Harris became a legendary figure—and remained one. For one day while Roy was still a boy, after living with his son for several years, leaving only occasionally to visit one of his other twelve children, Old Man Harris saddled his horse and rode off. He was never seen or heard from again.

With all this as a background, it isn't surprising that Roy Harris has caught the pioneer scene so perfectly in his



Former film star Colleen Moore is star of Mutual's Safety Legion Time, children's show heard daily at 5 P.M.

## TRUSHAY\* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today —at your favorite drug counter.

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



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is

**IMRA**

Keep your legs glamorous, free of unwanted hair, with IMRA\*. This exquisite cream depilatory removes superfluous hair sweetly! No bad smell. No razor nicks. No ugly razor bristle.

Just smooth it on. Later...rinse it off. Such a difference! Skin is hair-free as alabaster. Lovely! Try IMRA today! At fine drug and department stores. Large 4½-oz. size

\$1

(plus Fed. tax)

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U. S. PAT. PEND.

ARTRA Cosmetics, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

music. As if to make Roy even more unmistakably American—he was born on Lincoln's Birthday.

One of the biggest headaches ever presented to the engineers in radio was to find out how best to control and transmit the music of the First Piano Quartet. Pianos, like pianists are individual, no two of them ever being similar in dynamics—which in your language and mine means simply that one piano will sound louder than another piano even when played with the same touch.

When the program first went on the air, six microphones were necessary to pick up the quartet. But that set-up placed too much responsibility on the man at the controls, who had to scramble around a good bit to "mix" the component parts for the best results. To simplify matters, a single undirectional microphone was substituted and the pianos shifted a bit. The pianist with the strongest touch was placed farthest from the microphone and a balance was taken for each instrument, just as is done for different sections of a symphony orchestra.

The pianists have their problems, too. Their combined touch must be clear and crisp, which means they can practically never use the pedal. They also have to play together with split second precision, for the slightest deviation sounds like a major mistake.

Each of the pianists is, of course, a concert artist in his own right. Oddly enough, every one of the four was a child prodigy. Adam Garner gave his first public concert at the age of six and when he was eight years old appeared as guest artist with the Warsaw Philharmonic. He is a Pole by birth. Vladimir Padwa is Russian and was giving concerts in his teens. Frank Mittler, originally Austrian but now a citizen of the United States, gave his first concert at nine—and as a violinist. Later he switched to the piano. Edward Edson, the youngest member of the quartet, is a native American, born in Chicago 23 years ago. He started studying the piano at five and gave his first concert at the age of eight. Edson has also played with the Indianapolis Symphony and the Chicago Opera Orchestra—but not the piano. He doubles in brass and next to the keyboard he likes to play a French horn best.

If there are any favorite compositions

you'd like to hear arranged for four pianos, send them in. The First Piano Quartet will be very happy to make the arrangement and play it.

Another popular quartet, but one which doesn't give the engineers any trouble, except maybe with their eyes, is the Irresistibles, those four singing lovelies you hear over NBC.

Clara Frimk, who used to sing with Ina Ray Hutton's band is the organizer and manager of the group. When her sisters got married and broke up the team known as the Frim Sisters that used to sing over station WEEI in Boston, Clara came to New York for a vacation, met Diane Carol and Diane introduced her to Virginia McCurdy and quite by chance the three girls met Sue Allen and they got an idea. And a quartet was born.

All the girls had plenty of singing experience before setting up on their own. Diane once had a quartet of her own and besides sang as a soloist with Reggie Child and Eddie Oliver. Virginia has sung with such outstanding bandleaders as Jan Savitt, Raymond Paige, Phil Spitalny and his brother Maurice. And Sue has been featured singer with Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller.

They know what they're doing and when you hear them, you'll know it. Listen—

The war is certainly stretching the long arm of coincidence by a mile every now and then. One of the more amazing stories is told about himself by Robert St. John, the news commentator.

Not long ago, St. John telephoned to the government censorship office for clearance on a script only to be asked gruffly by the censor, "Where's my gun?"

The story goes back 18 years, when St. John was operating several small newspapers near Chicago. He was carrying on a campaign against Capone and the underworld and the air for a good couple of miles around him wasn't too healthy. Since St. John's life was almost in constant danger, a newspaperman with a permit to carry a gun was almost always with him.

One night, the armed newspaperman had to leave and—just in case—he loaned his gun to St. John. Of course, that was the night the Capone henchmen actually attacked St. John and



Thor, Les Tremayne's Great Dane, scoffs at rationing—he's a vegetarian. Les's actress wife, Eileen Palmer watches as Les feeds Thor a tasty carrot.

beat him up badly. And, of course, St. John never got a chance to use the gun. Somehow, things happened so quickly after that, St. John never did get a chance to return the gun to its owner.

Now, the ex-newspaperman doesn't need a permit to carry a gun. He's a colonel in the U. S. Army.

P.S. After a nice long chat about old times, St. John's script was cleared for the broadcast.

It's always nice to hear about people who made the grade the easy way. Charlotte Manson, sultry-voiced dramatic star of radio, is one of them. She had no intention of being an actress. As a matter of fact, when she started going to high school, she was so shy, she had to force herself to study public speaking so she could get over her fear of speaking before people. She did so well that she was the first girl ever to be admitted to the school's debating society. Then, at college, where she was majoring in law and criminology, she had overcome her shyness to such a degree that she was one of the leaders of her class. That was when she was invited to audition for an NBC dramatic program. She won the audition and promptly forgot about being a lady lawyer. One of the many regular assignments now is the part of Charlotte Bertrand in *Backstage Wife*.

Remember when . . . The Radio Guild had a classic hour-long drama on the air every week? . . . And the Tony Wons Scrapbook program? . . . When Ed East was a Sister of the Skillet? . . . When Kate Smith first introduced a new team to the air, known simply as Abbott and Costello?

**GOSSIP AND STUFF** . . . Rumor has it that the younger generation is turning from rug cutting to sentiment and Guy Lombardo is getting popular all over again . . . Tommy Dorsey has his fingers crossed about his present vocalists, Skip Nelson and Betty Brewer. He's lost so many singers to the next rung in the ladder to fame—Frank Sinatra, Jack Leonard, Edythe Wright, Connie Haines—that he's worried . . . Now Joe E. Brown has written a book. It's called "Your Kids and Mine" and tells of his three trips overseas to entertain the men at the fighting fronts . . . Beatrice Kay is being featured in the Twentieth Century-Fox film "Billy Rose's Diamond Horse Shoe" . . . Of all things! Ronald Colman carries his lunch to the studio in a box—the restaurants are too crowded . . . Some 9,813 women, ranging from high school students to a few ambitious grandmothers, answered Phil Spitalny's call for America's Singing Cinderella. That's a lot of women . . . Bob Crosby has collaborated on a movie story to tell the real and final truth about the birth of Jazz and is hoping it will be bought by Pine-Thomas Productions . . . Official films of the fighting on the various war fronts are now being telecast by WNBT, NBC Television station in New York . . . Fibber McGee and Molly will be on the screen soon in a picture called "Heavenly Days" . . . Have you heard Charlotte Greenwood in the substitute spot for the Bob Hope show? A welcome sound for sore ears. The long-legged comedienne was always one of our favorites . . . Did you realize that Abie's Irish Rose first saw the light of the Gay White Way twenty-two years ago? Doesn't seem possible that it was so long ago, does it, when you listen to the radio serial?

## Are You in the Know?



In writing your soldier, do you—

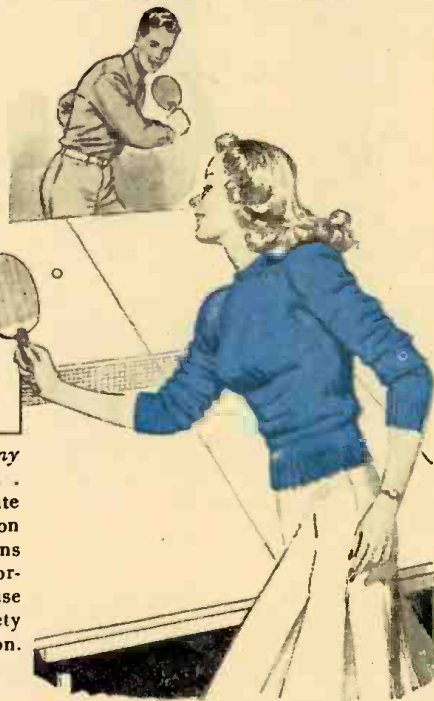
- Rave about your dates
- Tell him your troubles
- "Talk" to him as you always did

Don't be a tear jerk . . . or killjoy! "Talk" to him gaily . . . give with the latest gag. Let your heart have a word, about the talks, walks, dances you shared. You'll be glad you didn't break those dates, when your calendar said "stay home." You didn't—for you'd learned Kotex isn't like other napkins . . . doesn't just "feel soft" at first touch. That Kotex is more comfortable because it stays soft while wearing.

What is she doing?

- Playing with dolls
- Studying Fashion Design
- Learning puppetry

Got a knack with the needle? Good style sense? Fashion design offers a rosy future! Meanwhile, join Home Ec and Art classes. And as shown here, practice fashion design with miniature models. Fashion, you know, inspired the flat, pressed ends of Kotex. This is a patented Kotex feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby. You can wear the clingiest creation with nary a telltale line!



Should you try this if you are—

- Shy
- On the prowl
- A five by five

Each answer is right, and here's why. Any active sport unshells the timid soul . . . pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.



Know your napkins—

More women use KOTEX\*  
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\*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest\* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. Quest destroys odors completely. It's unscented, safe, sure.



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# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Carlos Molina claims he had the first Latin-American band in the country, and he can prove it. Left, Julie Conway sings and emcees on *Sincerely Yours*—Julie, on NBC weekday mornings.

CAROL BRUCE, personable singing star of screen and radio, is Gene Krupa's constant companion these days and intimates insist that as soon as the drummer man can clear himself of court charges (which he is appealing) he will wed Carol.

Incidentally, Tommy Dorsey has now given Gene equal billing. It's strictly a personal friendship tribute.

The Charlie Spivaks have a brand new son. Their oldest boy, Joel, is now six. Charlie, who plays the "sweetest trumpet in the world" is looking for the Army's "sweetest bugler in the world" and G.I.'s are telling Charlie their favorite rooster-rouser.

"I want the kind of guy whose bugle even sounds sweet at 5 a.m.," explains Spivak.

Sammy Kaye, Perry Como, and Bob Crosby are all 1-A in the hearts of their respective draft boards. But Carmen Cavallaro is a 4-F.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Monroe have furnished their new Manhattan apartment in a unique way. Almost all of the apartment furnishings were bought as the band toured the country. They have at least one item from every town the band has ever played.

Shep Fields reports that it has now become almost impossible to transport a band on one night tours. He points to a New England experience where the town he played was allowed only one taxicab by the OPA. Shep and his crew had to wait at the railroad station while the cab shuttled back and

forth, loaded down with men, music, and instruments.

Captain Glenn Miller has signed a seven year post-war contract with 20th Century-Fox films.

Lina Romay has left Xavier Cugat's orchestra for a handsome MGM contract.

Nat Brusiloff, director of the quiz, *Double or Nothing*, is planning a new air show featuring famous orchestra leaders of yesteryear.

The hottest band right now belongs to the quietest fellow in the business—mild-mannered, piano-playing Frankie Carl. In a few short weeks he won the coveted Hotel Pennsylvania spot, the Old Gold CBS show, and a \$6,500 a week engagement at the New York Capitol theater. Frankie's piano solos recorded by Columbia sell heavily.

Frankie used to play with Horace Heidt and he was quite contented and it took a lot of plugging on the part of his well-wishers and managers to urge the pianist to form his own band.

Did royalty ever have the entourage that followed in the Voice's wake when he arrived in New York recently? In addition to a bevy of managers, hangers-on, agents, and executives there were Frank Sinatra press agents representing his own management, CBS, RKO films, the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency and the record company. Such is fame! But in the milling crowds that gathered outside the broadcast theater for his first eastern

show, I overheard one unhep stroller who was quite oblivious to Frank's new-found fame. To a friend he said "No wonder there's a crowd here to-night. Lauritz Melchior of the Metropolitan Opera Company is this fellow Sinatra's guest star."

**RHUMBA REVOLUTIONIST**

**I**F you think one of those frequent South American revolutions are loaded with T.N.T., you can just imagine how tense the rivalry is among bandom's South of the Border bolero barons, as they fight for the self-styled sceptre of rhumba king.

Right in the thick of this one-two-three kick feud is handsome, brown-eyed Carlos Molina. A proud native of Bogota, Colombia, whose ancestors have all been active in that South American nation's destiny, he is renewing his efforts to take the supremacy away from the fast stepping Xaviar Cugat and energetic Enric Madriguera.

Molina claims he had the first Latin-American band in this country and "I've got the papers to prove it."

Carlos substantiates this claim by pointing out that his chief rivals are Spanish. "I am 100 per cent American. They're foreigners."

When I saw colorful Carlos he was to his neck in a lawsuit. His attorneys were trying to restrain Madriguera from using the title of "Music of the Americas." The case is up with the musicians' union and no verdict was available at press time.

Despite these battles, there's plenty of room for all of them and Molina is doing very well, thank you. His fifteen-piece band, of which fifty per cent are authentic Latins, just finished a successful engagement in New York, broadcasting over CBS and Mutual, and is now on the road.

If the movies hadn't learned to talk, Carlos wouldn't have given a maraca for the rhumba revolution. Hollywood film gold would have kept him too busy. Bearing a startling resemblance to Rudolph Valentino, he was enjoying an active career in silent flickers. He was Joan Crawford's faithful Indian in "Rose Marie" and Norma Shearer's dancing partner in "Strangers May Kiss." But his thick accent worried early talkie directors, who probably would have shunned Charles Boyer and Paul Henreid in those exciting days, and poor Carlos' cinematic



Radio singer Connie Haines stars in her first movie role in Universal's "Maon Over Las Vegas."

# "Was our Marriage a Mistake?"



1. Like so many wartime marriages, ours had been sudden . . . on the spur of the moment. At first our happiness was dreamlike. But now Ed was becoming so indifferent, so cold. Puzzled and heartsick, I began to wonder if we had rushed in too blindly . . .



2. One day, Mrs. S. . . . my next door neighbor . . . came over for a chat and found me in tears. Desperately, I told her the whole story. "Why, child," she said, "perhaps you're at fault . . . There's one neglect . . ." And then she told me how a wife can lose her husband's love through carelessness about feminine hygiene.



3. "Why don't you do as my doctor advises?" she said. "Use Lysol solution for feminine hygiene." She explained how it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes . . . doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the directions," she added. "It's so easy—thousands of modern wives use Lysol."



4. I'm sure now that our marriage wasn't a mistake! Thanks to dear Mrs. S., I use Lysol disinfectant regularly and find it wonderfully effective. Just as she said, it is easy to use . . . and so inexpensive, too!

**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

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career, like his Indian characterization, bit the dust.

Molina was born in Bogota, Colombia, a good thirty-five years ago, the son of Colombia's consul general to neighboring Venezuela. Carlos' famed grandfather, Pedro Antonio Molina, was a Senator and Presidential nominee. After studying violin at the Colombia Conservatory, the twenty-year-old lad came here with his talented sister, a concert pianist. He organized an early four-piece band and played vaudeville with Trini, the Spanish dancer. After his brief but active film work, Carlos reorganized his band. At that time Madriguera was recording director for Columbia Records and Cugat was playing in Vincent Lopez's orchestra.

Carlos admits, like Madriguera, that Cugie ran away with the leadership because the enterprising ex-cartoonist played more familiar tunes, rather than confining his beats to the authentic folk rhythms of the Americas. So loyal to the true music of his people, Carlos features prominently in his orchestra a unique accordion-like instrument known as the bandoneon. He has the only bandoneon in this country. Parisians and Argentinians know its strange sounds better.

Molina's band got its first start in the Hollywood film colony. His good friends Charlie Chaplin and Mae Murray helped get Carlos his first engagement at the Coconut Grove and it was a rousing success.

"I will always be grateful to Chaplin and I regret his present difficulties. Chaplin is not only a fine musician but a wonderful tango dancer."

Carlos' fiery, dark-eyed wife, Cuban-born Rosita Du Val, is an expert dance teacher and numbers among her early pupils, Norma Shearer and her husband, the late Irving Thalberg, Anita Louise, Ginger Rogers, and producer Sidney Franklin.

The Molinas met at a banquet, fell in love instantly. Since they have no family, they don't maintain a permanent home. Rosita travels with the band.

"I got enough kids in the band," explains childless Carlos. One of Car-



Jessica Dragonette, of Saturday Night Serenade over CBS, reads her fan mail.

lo's proteges is his Cuban singer, eighteen-year-old Bobby Rivera.

Carlos and Rosita believe Hollywood's best all around dancers are Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and Charlie Chaplin. Caesar Romero is the smoothest at the tango and George Raft excels in rhumbas.

Carlos is confident that Latin-American music's future in this country is only beginning.

"It will become stronger as our relations between the United States and Latin America grow. Remember, this is your music too. There is only one America and one World."

Although he still holds a patent on it, Will Osborne has given up "slide music." Will, a Canadian, who gained fame in and around New York, has now what he calls his "new Hollywood orchestra," a sweet-swing aggregation.

You remember Will. He's the man who, with Rudy Vallee, tripled the national sale of megaphones in 1929. Out of the hundreds of imitators that Osborne and Vallee inspired, only the two originals remain—both still going strong.

If it weren't for a strange trick of fate, James Melton might be another saxophone player instead of one of the Nation's leading singers.

Back in 1923, Melton applied to Francis Craig for a job as a saxman. Craig didn't need an instrumentalist but was looking for a singer. Melton, who needed a job, put down his sax case and sang, without accompaniment, "Deep In My Heart." Craig signed him at once—and that's why the country has one less sax player.

It's a long way from Chicago to Scotland, but the far-reaching arm of coincidence stretched that distance easily recently for Ralph Nyland, tenor soloist of the Carnation Contented Hour, heard Monday nights on NBC.

A letter from Ralph's brother, Clarence, stationed in Scotland with the AAF, told of the coincidence: Some weeks ago, a kind soul sent a box of records to the base and Clarence was among those who dived for the phonograph to hear the newest contributions. The men put on the first record and



Alice Patton, NBC pianist, and her four-year-old daughter, Brenda Lee, like to wear identical dresses.

Clarence nearly went sky high—from the recording came his brother's voice, singing the Contented theme song. It was a transcription of one of the broadcasts.

**FAN-WEAR**—Brad Reynolds, tenor on CBS' Friday on Broadway, wears only ties knitted by Mrs. Sam Ott, 95-year-old fan in his home town of Union Star, Mo.

Burl Ives, Columbia's "Wayfaring Stranger" and one of the country's great troubadours, has joined the Four Clubmen in a new Tuesday and Thursday program of folk songs, fighting songs and ballads over CBS.

Burl introduces each number with something of the history and derivation of the music, or brief explanation of the characters presented in songs.

Burl was a member of the cast of This is the Army. When the show went to Hollywood, he asked for a transfer to the Air Corps, but was honorably discharged from the Army and returned to civilian life.

Take some notes on Sunny Skylar, one of the up and coming young band leaders: His real name is Selig Shaftel—changed to Sunny Skylar by Vincent Lopez who believes in the importance of names numerologically arrived at . . . Born October 11, 1913 in Brooklyn . . . In school he was interested in track, baseball and football, and played character parts in school plays . . . His mother and father did a dance and comedy act in vaudeville . . . He started singing with Harold Stern's orchestra at the St. Moritz, at the age of seventeen . . . Has made many theater appearances and movie shorts . . . Thinks Frank Sinatra is the most interesting person he has ever met . . . Has written many songs, both music and lyrics, including "Just a Little Bit South of North Carolina," "Don't Cry," "Move it Over," and "Besame Mucho." . . . Likes shrimp, rare steak and lobster . . . Married to a very pretty dancer . . . Carries a goodluck charm—an old penny . . . Ambition—to be a successful song writer and make a million dollars.



Danny O'Neil, tenor of the Blue Jacket Choir heard on CBS Sunday mornings, rehearses with a Great Lakes Blue Jacket at the organ.



## Ever hear the 3 secrets of summer daintiness?



Even on the hottest, most disagreeable days . . . the stickiest summer nights . . . here are 3 secrets of keeping cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Yes, 3 secrets you can depend upon.

**1 HOW TO KEEP COOL**—First, your bath! Then dry yourself gently. Next shower your body generously with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. It quickly dries up lingering moisture; makes your skin smooth as new satin; sets the stage for *cool comfort*.

**2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH**—Next, before you dress, smooth some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the trouble spots. You know, those places that chafe easily. You slip into your girdle slick as a wink . . . no chafing or rubbing.

**3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY**—Finally, for dramatic climax, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum gives your whole person a haunting, sweet perfume . . . the "fragrance men love". So—be sweet! Be fresh! It's such an inexpensive luxury.

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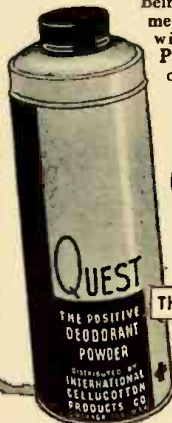
**Use Powder for  
Sanitary Napkins**

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

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Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.



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Official U. S. Marine Corps photo

This story was written by Sgt. Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., Washington, D. C., Marine Corps Combat Correspondent. The picture shows the Mosquito Network, built in a coconut grove in Guadalcanal, set to go on the air.

**T**HIS is the American Expeditionary station at Guadalcanal. . . .

Up in the hills back of Lunga Ridge, members of an artillery unit pause and move nearer their portable radio. Along the Tenaru River, infantrymen, busy cleaning their rifles, look at each other puzzled. In a coconut grove, Marine veterans, dreaming of homes they haven't seen in months, break into smiles.

Guadalcanal at last has its own radio station, real American entertainment, "just like home."

Housed in a typical muddy grove of coconut trees in a central part of this historic island, the new station is just what thousands of sailors, soldiers, and marines have long been yearning for. Long isolated, thousands of miles from home, dependent on short wave programs full of static from the United States, Australia, or even Japan, Uncle Sam's troops now have shows specially recorded and speedily shipped out—news, jazz, and symphony records. What's more, it's always clear, with no interference and no fading.

The station, which opened March 13, is operated by a staff of two Army officers and eight Army enlisted men, veterans of broadcasting in the United States. The programs they put on are presented in typical United States style, with formal announcements and a strict time schedule.

The constantly-expanding program schedule is under direction of Captain Spencer M. Allen, U. S. A., formerly with WGN, Chicago.

"As an armed forces station," he explained, "our facilities are open to all the different services stationed here. Half an hour each night across the board we plan to keep open for programs by the different units. We also plan many other local shows, including programs by the Red Cross, band concerts, and pick-ups of religious services at the Lunga Memorial Chapel on Guadalcanal."

Descriptions of prize fights held on the island are already being broadcast, with ringside blow-by-blow summaries to the thousands of men unable to get to the bouts.

The station, already dubbed "The Mosquito Network," was constructed

by Army engineers and signalmen, under supervision of the Armed Forces Radio Branch of the Morale Services Division of the War Department.

The station's one kilowatt transmitter, operated under supervision of Captain Wilford H. Kennedy, U.S.A., formerly with WKRC, Cincinnati, has a loud, clear signal. Its normal range is 35 to 50 miles, but on good nights, it has been heard on Bougainville, to the north, and Tarawa, more than a thousand miles to the east.

The most popular programs, according to fan mail already received from the troops and from ships at sea, are straight broadcasts of music, swing and symphony, with a minimum of talk. Next come news and big name programs from home. The latter are recorded "off the air" in the United States, minus their commercials, and are shipped to Guadalcanal, arriving in two to three weeks' time. Along with them come special armed forces programs like Command Performance, G. I. Jive and G. I. Journal, together with the latest recordings.

The troops' reactions to the new station have been enthusiastic. There are many portable sets in each camp, and one hears them blaring in the morning, during the noon period, and at night after work. Indicative of the zooming of morale is a letter received by the station from a Seabee:

"Your announcement has instilled a joy in our hearts that cannot be expressed in words. Practically isolated on this island, we welcome this contact with the memories of our life left behind."

To many, the station is still unbelievable. Guadalcanal is still too near the front, still too closely identified with misery and hardship, in the minds of weary, mud-caked veterans, to have them understand that a real, modern American radio station is broadcasting to them right from their own island, thousands of miles from home.

But each day, as they hear the station break announcement, "This is the American Expeditionary station on Guadalcanal," they realize more fully that home isn't so far away, that somehow, something they associate with home has actually come to them.



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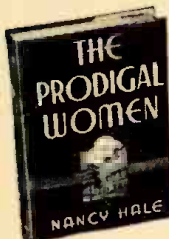
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By Stuart Cloete

In a jungle "Garden of Evil," nine men fight for one beautiful woman . . . a German officer, a mad artist, a British big game hunter — even a missionary! "A double-barreled thriller." — N. Y. Times. \$2.75 in the publisher's edition.



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By Ben Ames Williams

To the New England world, Jenny Hager was a charming, righteous woman. But to eight men who really knew her — father, husbands, sons, lovers — this Maine *Cleopatra* was a shameless, passionate *she-devil*! 700 pages. \$2.75 in the publisher's edition.



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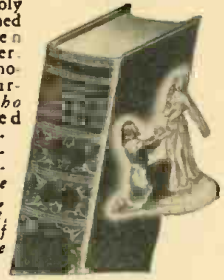
Contains, together with other Zola masterpieces, the famous novel which Parisians bought secretly, carried home under their cloaks — scarlet story of harlot whom Zola took from streets and made into immortal NANA — who drove men to despair, ruin, death!



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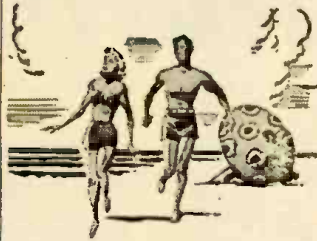
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# THE Sunshine WILL GET YOU—



By Pauline Swanson

THOSE first glorious days of summer sun are here, and we're all aching to be out of the house or the office, and into the briefest of sun-suits, and to stretch out in the warm, relaxing glow of it.

But be careful!

Sunshine is one of the prerequisites for vital good health, and summer's first warm days will chase away those lingering rainy-weather colds, bring a healthy glow to sallow skins, and rout, with a natural injection of Vitamin D, the easy fatigue of winter. The sun will do all of those things—and medical experts agree with sun-worshippers to that point.

But the sun can do a number of other things, too—things not so pleasant. That's why the medical experts follow their advice to get out into the sun with the emphatic warning: beware of over-exposure.

Let's consider the things that sunlight can do to you. In the first place there's sunburn, of course, and that's bad for you whether it's the deep burn which makes you physically ill or the lighter touch of sun which causes only a slight discomfort. But the sun doesn't only burn. Too much of it coarsens fine skins, is responsible for headaches, a dull, heavy feeling that robs you of summer's fun, and may even cause your skin to break out in unsightly blemishes. It's those things that cause science to agree that for the average person somewhere between twelve and twenty minutes of summer sun is quite enough.

It is not the heat of the sun which causes sunburn, but rather the ultra violet waves of sun light.

All of us are not equally susceptible to the sun. Women and children require less sunlight than men; brunettes are more resistant to sunburn than blondes. And if you are one of those redheads with "baby skin"—watch out! Wear a big straw hat when you go out of doors, or carry one of the old fashioned parasols that have become a lovely new fashion once again—but stay out of that sun!

Tanning, science says, is merely nature's protective method of turning us all into brunettes so that we will be safer from the dangerous ultra-violet waves of sunlight. A good tan, gradually and very sensibly acquired—by very short periods of exposure to the sun over a long time—can be a barrier to serious sun injury. But never, never, the doctors say, expose already burned skin to more sun, in the hope of turning sunburn into tan. Once your skin is burned by the sun, it must be cured like any other



Shirley Mitchell  
is Alice Darling on  
NBC's Fibber Mc-  
Gee and Molly.

first degree burn. If you had scalded yourself, surely you wouldn't do anything so foolhardy as to pour more hot water over the burn, would you? Of course not—and it would be just as unwise to take a case of sunburn out into the sun again. Once the sunburn is cured, you can, if you're careful, begin the tanning process all over again.

The symptoms of first degree sunburn are familiar to nearly everyone: skin reddened, tense and swollen. Unlike illness from too much heat of the sun—prostration—the effects of too much sunlight appear several hours after exposure.

Prevention, as always, is the best treatment. If you *must* tan, gradual exposure—a little sun, not more than five minutes "on each side" every day until the protective tan appears—is a sure method for avoiding burns. The large assortment of anti-sunburn oils and unguents on the market are an effective help in preventing a burn, but, if you swim, remember that they come off in the water. The swimmer's best preventative is an application of a dilute solution of acetic acid—have your druggist make it up for you—prior to exposure.

A final word for those of you to whom this word to the wise comes too late.

If you are sunburned: continuous wet dressings of acetic acid, one-half to one percent solution, will relieve the pain. Use oil, not water, for cleansing burned areas of the skin. Local treatment is the same as that for any first degree burn.

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

## Did you know?

IF you're a lettuce-squeezer or an orange-pincher, you're a saboteur. Yes—because rough handling of fruits and vegetables by careless customers in markets results in a loss of a half a million dollars to retail stores each year. And that's enough money to put four new PT boats into service. PT boats cost \$145,000.

\* \* \*

When we were children our mothers used to tell us to eat our bread crusts because they'd make our hair curly. But now there's a much more valid reason for eating every bit of a slice of bread, instead of just taking a couple of bites out of the middle and leaving the rest. Listen to this: If every family wastes one slice of bread a week—just one slice for the whole family, mind you—the total loss is two million loaves a week. This waste alone would buy seventeen quarter-ton jeeps every week. A jeep costs \$1,165.

\* \* \*

American boys and girls everywhere say that they don't get a chance to do their share in the war effort. Everyone has a right to do his part for victory—how about finding some useful, purposeful jobs for those youngsters of yours? In the Victory Garden, for instance, Sis and Junior can fight weeds and insects, take care of the tools, water young plants, and help in the picking of the vegetables. In the community canning kitchen (and there are a lot of these, this year) the young people can do K.P. duty and save their elders steps and time; they can help sterilize jars and cans, peel tomatoes and peaches, snap the beans, hull the peas, cut corn off the cob, slice potatoes, shell beans; they can rush fruits and vegetables from gardens to the cannery, print or type labels. Many school-age children are now doing the family shopping, too—and are learning to be efficient young consumers.

\* \* \*

The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor warns that there is an increasing shortage of doctors and nurses to take care of this year's bumper crop of babies, and recommends that every community have a "well baby" clinic to which mothers may bring healthy babies for check-ups and to receive advice on keeping the baby well. This insurance against avoidable illness will conserve the time and energy of doctors for the really sick people of the nation.

## Why Hedy Lamarr wears Woodbury Brunette



HEDY LAMARR, APPEARING IN "THE HEAVENLY BODY"  
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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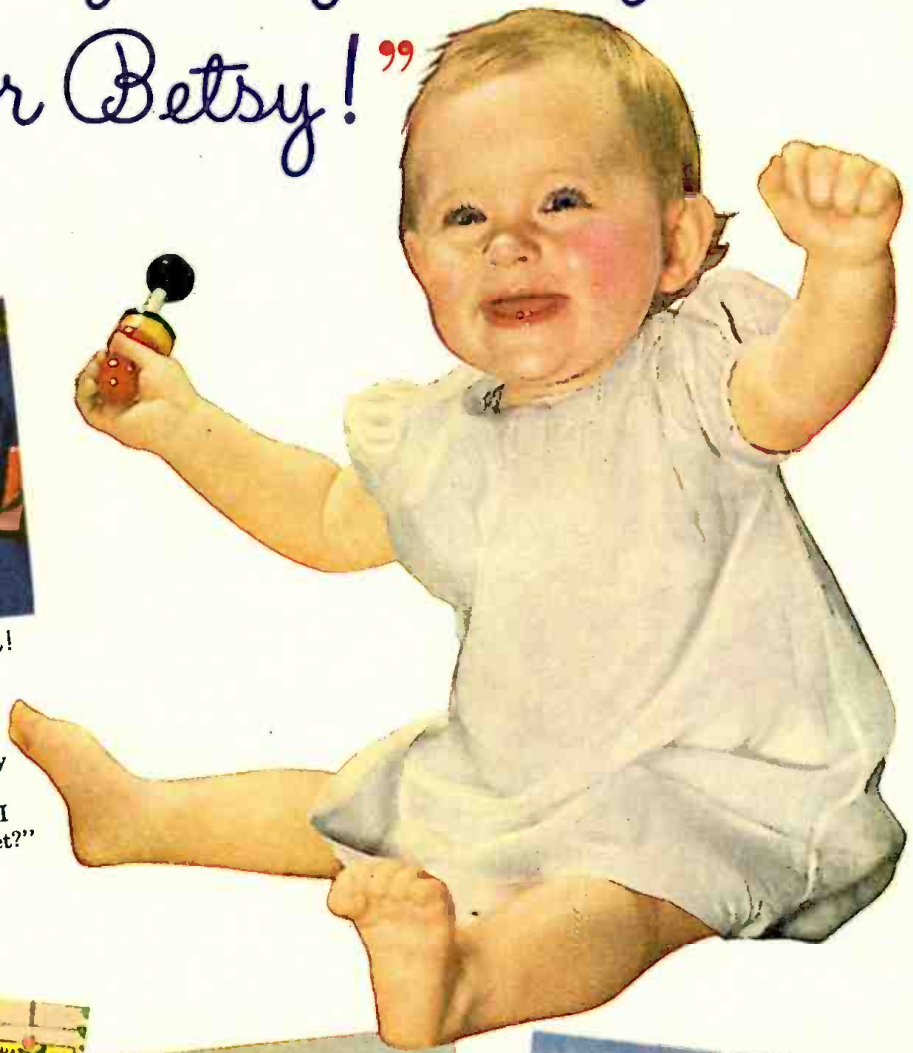


# "Hooray! My Beauty Secret worked for Betsy!"



Cousin Betsy was bored 'n' blue!

Always selling wedding presents—never getting any. Then one day Mommy 'n' me stopped in at the shop. "That baby's luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet," sparked Cousin Betsy. "Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?" Mommy winked at me. "Try our doctor. He'll put you wise!"



So she saw the nice man

who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. "You see," he went on, "Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That's why it's so safe even for baby's tender skin!"



Now see who's getting gifts ...

wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that "Ivory Look" now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant's heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says my beauty tip is still the best gift she's had. Bet she'll always think so—if she always sticks to Ivory! 99 44/100 % pure . . . It floats

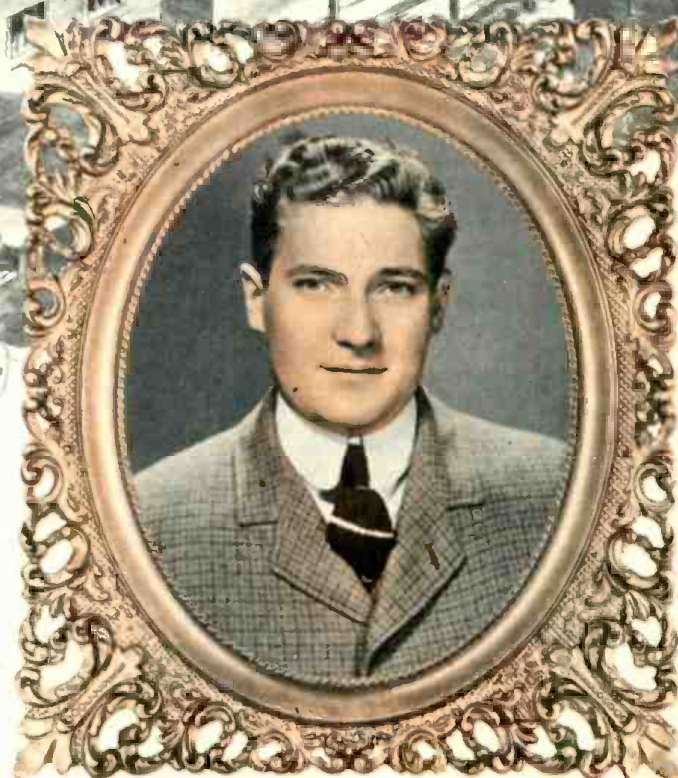


Look lovelier with Ivory—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

**M**ilitary secret! DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water. Keep it in a dry soap-dish. Use up every last sliver.



# Jenny Tucker



This is more than a story. It is the heart of a woman laid bare. No one who has ever loved, who has known security in a man's arms and consecration in his kiss, could help but weep for her

**T**HERE'S not much that goes on in a small town that everybody doesn't know about. At least, that's the way it was forty years ago when I grew up in one, and I guess it's the way it is now. Some people say radios and automobiles make a difference now because folks haven't got as much time as they used to have, to pry into their neighbors' business. I don't know. It seems to me, human nature being what it is, that we're all of us likely to be interested in our neighbors.

Some of that interest can be a fine, healthy thing—a neighborly sharing and generosity in time of trouble. People who live in big cities don't get

much of that. But sometimes it can be a deadly, vicious thing that leads to spying and gossip and the real ruin of people's lives.

As it did in the case of Miss Jenny Tucker.

Miss Jenny was teacher of our little country school when I was a little fellow about eight or nine, in the third grade. She taught all grades of course—there were only about fifty kids all told. It was her first year in Tomkinsville and she was the best teacher we ever had. She was also the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

You'll have to remember this was back around 1904 and there weren't

any movies with glamorous stars to get your ideas of beauty from. I can still picture the first day of school—the first time I ever saw her. She walked in and faced the class, all of us strangers to her, and my breath choked in my throat she was so pretty. She looked different from my mother and all the other women I knew. She had soft, dark hair, fine-spun and piled up on top of her head in the fashion of those days. She wore a high-necked shirtwaist and a long sweeping skirt, and she looked slim as the willow tree that grew down by the swimming hole. She always reminded me of that tree—slender

## A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Inspired by the original story, "Jenny Tucker," by Peggy Blake, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday, 12:30 P.M. EWT on CBS.

and graceful and kind of swaying in the soft breeze. Of course I didn't really think any of these things then. I just knew she reminded me of something I thought was beautiful and that I loved to look at her. She had a soft, clear voice that you liked to listen to.

We'd never had really good schooling before—Tomkinsville was a poor farming town and the School Board didn't have much to spend. But Miss Jenny was young—about twenty then, I guess—and willing to work for a small salary, and she was naturally a good teacher. She made you want to learn. She'd come from a larger place and she boarded with the McAllisters, down the road a piece from the schoolhouse.

SHE had to be pretty strict with us the first few days, cracking down on the older boys who thought they could cut up because she was a woman and trying to get us younger ones into the habit of studying. If she thought we weren't doing our best, she'd keep us in after school. That was how I happened to be there the day she met Matt.

There were a bunch of us kept in that day—Bill Meacham and Freddy McAllister and Tommy Andrews. We were sitting in the back of the room studying spelling when Matt walked in the door.

I've heard women in town say that Matt was "a looker, all right." I guess he was good-looking, though a kid my age doesn't have many standards to judge by when he likes people and I was terribly fond of Matt. He was a well-built man, tall and rugged, and he had a quiet, self-contained kind of face. He could get mad or stirred up occasionally and then his dark eyes would blaze, but usually they were just gentle and strong looking. He lived on a farm a couple of miles out from town and eked out the small living that poor land gave him by doing light hauling jobs with his horse and small rig.

Now he stepped quietly through the door and said, "Miss Jenny Tucker?"

All we kids looked up. It wasn't only that his coming gave us an excuse to quit studying, but there was something funny in the way he said it. There was something hushed in his voice, like the way I'd felt when I first saw Miss Jenny.

"Yes." She said it uncertainly, as if she'd sensed that thing in his voice, too.

"I've come to see about hauling your trunk to the McAllisters. I've just picked it up at the depot. When do you want it delivered?"

Miss Jenny didn't answer right away. It was as if she couldn't, as if she were held by the same sort of stillness that held Matt. Then she turned to us and said, "You boys may be excused now."

The three of us grabbed up our books before she could change her mind and started hightailing out. I was the last one and at the door something made me stop and look back. Matt and Miss Jenny were still stand-

ing there, not moving, and staring at each other as if they wouldn't ever stop.

Of course, you never can know exactly what's going on in another person's mind, or exactly what they're going to say to somebody when you're not there to hear it. But I knew Matt well, and later came to know Miss Jenny, and I can make a pretty good guess at what each of them must have thought and said after we left.

"I'd like to have the trunk when—whenever it's convenient for you, Mr.—Mr.—" Miss Jenny said, and she must have sounded out of breath.

"My name is Matt."

"Whenever it's convenient then, Mr. Matt."

"No. That's my first name. I'd like you to call me by it. . . . I'll take you home now, as long as school's out."

Automatically, Miss Jenny began gathering up her things and putting on her hat and the loose cape-like coat she wore that spring. She wasn't very tall, and as they started down the road to where Matt had hitched his rig, she reached hardly to his shoulder. She looked fragile as she walked beside him, trying to match her steps to his long strides.

They got in the buggy and Matt turned the horse around. The trunk was tied on the back of the rig. "Let's take a little drive first," he said.

"But I—I don't go riding with strangers, Mr. Matt."

"Just Matt," he said gently. He looked out over the softly rolling hills, and the long fingers of shadow spread over them by the sinking sun. "You're not a stranger. I saw you the other day at the depot when you got off the train. You had on that blue cape and a blue hat, and I just stood and looked at you. I didn't even wonder what your name was, because it was as if I knew you already. You're not a stranger to me. . . ."

"I think," Miss Jenny said in a choked voice, "you'd better take me home right away. I—I have some papers to correct."

"You don't have to work at being a schoolmarm every minute—let the papers wait. Besides," and he looked directly at her, "that's not the real reason you want to go home. The real reason is that you don't like my making personal remarks. Just re-

member this, Jenny Tucker: once in a hundred years maybe, two people meet who don't have to make any bridges like 'How dodo' or 'Pleased to meet you' to get to know each other. Because those two people have been knowing each other already since time began, even if they never came face to face till an hour before. And that's the way I think it is with you and me," he finished simply.

Miss Jenny didn't answer. She couldn't. She knew, deep down inside her, it was true.

So the two of them drove slowly on as the sun began to sink and the dark began to come. I can see them in my mind's eye—Miss Jenny slim and erect, her dark hair framing her white face, the narrow, gold watch-chain she always wore around her neck catching the last gleams of the sun, and her hands folded motionless in her lap. And Matt, big and quiet, sitting there beside her, swaying a little with the motion of the buggy, and his black eyes dark and glowing. There wasn't any sound except the clop-clop of the horse's hooves in the soft dirt. They didn't talk much. They didn't want to, and there wasn't any need. Both of them were feeling that strange kind of hush that had come when they first saw each other in the schoolroom—feeling it and wondering at it and being afraid of it, all at the same time.

Finally Miss Jenny said, "Please take me home now, Matt. It's getting late and Mrs. McAllister will be worried."

Matt gave her a gently mocking grin. "As you wish, ma'am. I'm not one to impose on a lady—especially when she's so sure of her own mind." He gave the reins a twitch, and the horse stopped dead in his tracks. "What do you know—Ginger's gotten stubborn on us. He gets like that sometimes and nothing on earth'll make him move."

"Ginger—giddap!" She looked pleadingly at Matt. "Make him go. Please don't tease me, Matt. I really have to get home—"

The words broke off as Matt's arms went around her slender body and pulled her close. His eager mouth came down on hers, and the hug that had held them deepened and spread until it seemed as if the whole world were still with it. Then, trembling, Jenny pulled back.

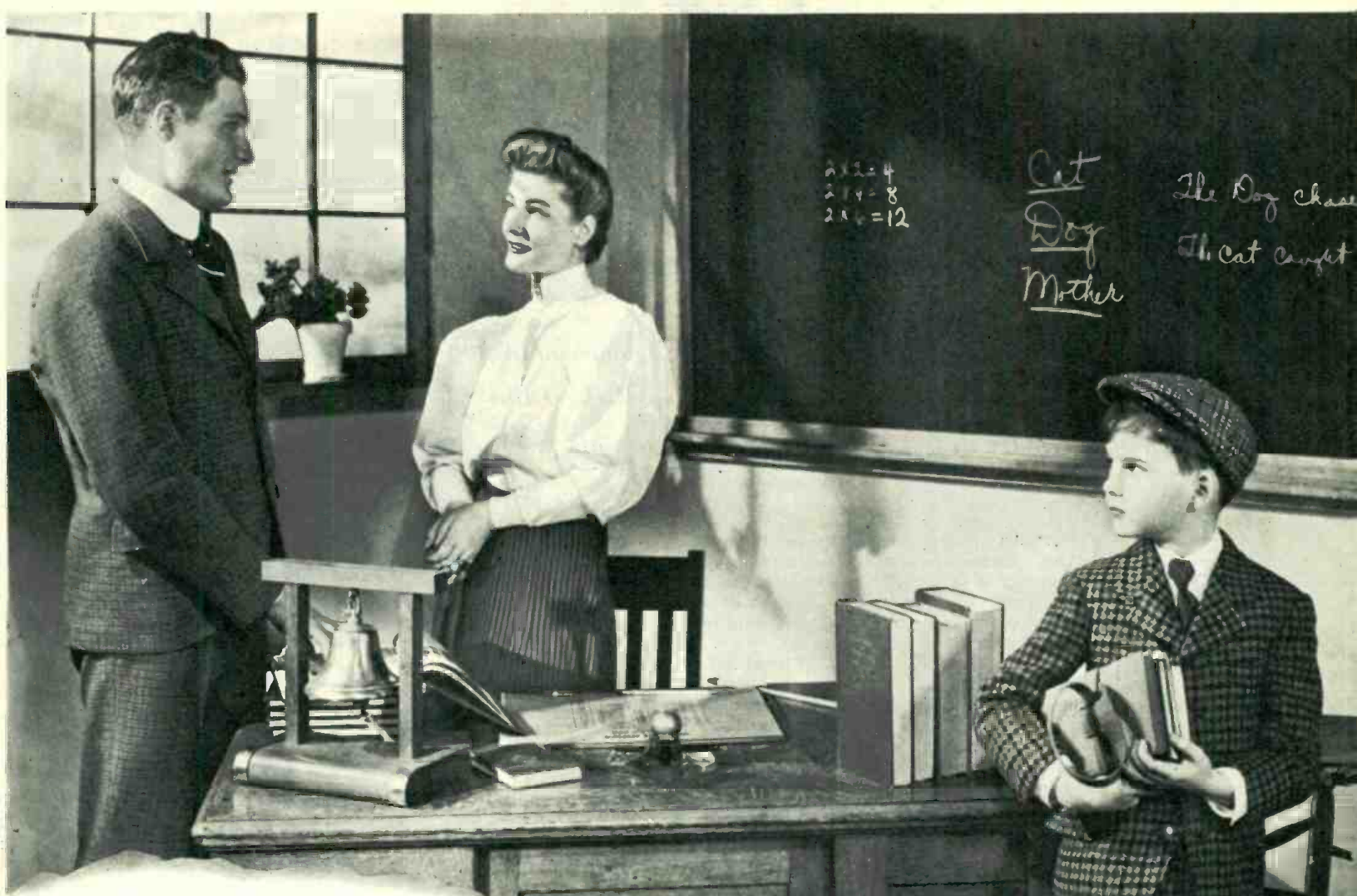
"Stop it!" she cried angrily. "This is cheap—it's ugly—it's—oh, take me home!"

"Honey—please. It's not cheap and ugly. I'm crazy about you. You belong to me like you were part of myself. . . . Don't cry. It's my fault. I shouldn't have done it but I—I just couldn't help it. . . ."

"No, it's my fault," she whispered through the tears. "Driving with you like this—after we only met this afternoon—you had every reason to think just what you did think. It's not my habit to—to—I've never been kissed before!"

His eyes darkened and he put one arm gently around her shoulders. "I know, honey. I shouldn't have. Don't





*I looked back—Matt and Miss Jenny were still standing there, staring at each other as if they wouldn't ever stop.*

be upset—I'll take you home now. Giddap, Ginger!"

There was something beautiful and fine about the honesty in Jenny Tucker. You don't find that kind of honesty in most people. When she faced him now, it was without a trace of flirtatiousness or coquetry—but just bravely and simply.

"It—it would make it easier for me if we'd been properly introduced, Matt—by the McAllisters or somebody. Will you call on me? Will you call on me tomorrow, at my home?"

His eyes stayed fixed on the reins. "I can't," he said at last. "I'm not in town much and when I am, I haven't got time for calling on people. Bowing to you over a teacup won't make any difference in the way I feel, Jenny."

"It would to me."

"I know, but—I can't. Believe me, Jenny. Believe in me and the feeling I have for you."

She was silent a moment. "I do, Matt—honestly, I do. But—when will I see you again? Won't you—" and she smiled with soft shyness—"fetch the teacher an apple tomorrow?"

"I—can't say, honey. Not tomorrow. But maybe Friday. Maybe a week from Friday. I'll come—but I don't know when. Farming keeps a man's nose to the grindstone. Just believe

that I'll want to come even when I can't, and that I'll always want to come. Can you believe that?"

She looked at him with shining eyes. "Yes . . ." she said, almost inaudibly. "I believe it with the strange, wild singing inside me. I believe I always will."

It was black dark when they drove up to the McAllisters'. He helped her out of the buggy and she turned and whispered, "Goodbye—Matt."

His face was a blur in the dimness, but she felt his eyes, hot and glowing, on her face. He said, "No, hello. Hello—Jenny Tucker. . . ."

That was the way it started.

And that was the way it kept on. Matt didn't ever call on Jenny at the McAllisters'. Instead, he used to come to the schoolhouse and they'd sit and talk after we kids had gone home. Or he'd wait for her down the road a piece and they'd drive for a while. He didn't kiss her again, and Jenny wondered but was glad. They had time, she thought—all the time in the world to let this thing between them flower of itself. Like Matt said, they didn't need the ordinary bridges to understanding that other people had to use.

Well, as I said in the beginning, there's not much that goes on in a

small town that everybody doesn't know about. And start to talk about. Maybe the kids let something drop. Maybe somebody saw Matt come quietly through the schoolhouse door one day. Whatever it was that started it, there was talk.

Miss Jenny sensed it and it made her unhappy but she never really complained to Matt. She believed in him too much for that. She knew he was busy, and she also knew he was different from anybody else she'd ever known. But I guess she didn't know just how much talk there was.

The school kids picked it up from their parents' whispers and began to whisper among themselves, especially the older ones. There were two factions—those that half believed the sly insinuations, and those that didn't because they loved Miss Jenny. Tommy Andrews was one of those who didn't believe. He hated the whispers he only half understood. He knew only that this was something ugly and that it touched two people he loved. He defended his belief so fiercely he got himself nearly (Continued on page 71) 21

# Dearlly Beloved—

*Marilyn thought that this would be a real homecoming —the beginning of a new life for her and Rick. But he had a cruelly different reason for bringing her home*



IT'S hard to describe the moment when memory and recognition meet, when you see suddenly a face you know very well and yet have not expected to see at all. Such a moment marked my meeting Rick Stevens on the train.

I was going through the lounge car to the diner, intent on my progress, catching at chair-arms and tables to balance myself, when something as definite as a hand on my shoulder made me look up. Ahead of me in a chair at the end of the car sat a slim figure in gray gabardine, one knee crossed over the other, one well-shod foot swinging negligently with the movement of the train. He was oblivious to everything but the folded newspaper he was reading, and his face was in profile, but I knew every detail of it—the sweet, almost womanish sweep of dark brows and lashes, the surprising blue of his eyes against white skin, the equally surprising pugnacious thrust of the jaw.

Rick Stevens.

I don't know whether I halted my determined, if wavering, progress to stare; I don't know how long I debated the advisability of passing him without speaking—but a few seconds later I was settling myself into the empty chair beside him, quite as if that was what I'd intended in the first place. I said in a casual voice, "Hello, Rick."

The paper went down, and his head turned. For one long, dreadful moment when I met a blank, blue stare, I thought he wasn't going to recognize me. Then the glint of a smile in his eyes told me that I was to take his hesitation as a little foolery, instead of the play for time that it really was. "Hello, Marilyn. How are you?"

"Very well, thank you." My voice skidded with relief.

"Where— Are you going far?"

"Just to Monroe." I tried to sound off-hand, as if I made trips to Monroe often, but I couldn't quite manage it. Monroe was a sizable city, much larger

than my home town of Beau Clair, and a day and a night's journey away. Furthermore, the trip was my first taste of freedom in many months.

Rick raised one eyebrow. "Unchaperoned?"

I flushed. I couldn't mistake the tone, the sardonic curl of his lips. I shrank a little from him. I hadn't expected him to be pleased to see me, but now he'd sounded almost cruel. I answered quietly, "I'm going to visit Aunt Beth."

"I see." The sardonic grin faded, and for a moment he seemed to ponder. Then he was smiling again, his own, real smile, the infectious smile that made everyone want to smile with him. His head turned to me in the quick direct way that made you feel that he was especially interested in you. "You'll like Monroe, Marilyn. It's a pretty town, with some nice restaurants, and a beautiful park, and good theaters—"

"You seem to know it very well." The question slipped out of my closely-guarded store of curiosity about him.

"I should. I've been there for some time. I'm director of music at Station KNBX."

He stopped abruptly, and I had the feeling that he would have recalled his words if he could have, and with them the note of pride that had crept out when he'd mentioned his job. His smile faded, and the sidelong glance he gave me was intent, somehow watchful. "Perhaps I'll see you when you're in town. I'd like to take you to dinner at the Palm Room—"

My heart rose on a wave of relief and gladness. Relief that Rick didn't resent seeing me, after all, gladness—oh, unutterable gladness—that he wanted to see me again.

"Perhaps," I agreed. Then I was afraid that my very coolness would betray how eager I was, and I added. "I'd like it very much."

His eyes held mine, and then, as if he thought that even a look could say too much, he glanced away, out the window. I could think of nothing more to say. I, too, transferred my gaze to the window. And so we rode, both of us with our faces straight ahead, our eyes on the flying scenery.

There is, I suppose, nothing especially remarkable in that, except that I was Marilyn Stevens, Rick's wife, and I hadn't seen my husband for over a year.

A year—it was more. It was a lifetime and over, because Rick and I were strangers now, more so than if we'd never known each other at all. I didn't know what he was thinking; I couldn't feel sure, in spite of his suggestion that he see me in Monroe, that he was pleased about our meeting. Was he thinking about Beau Clair, I wondered? Was his mind, like mine, turning back to a summer night nearly two years before, and to a boy singing a love song, an impudent yet wistful lit-







*All sight and sound around me were blotted out in the dear, remembered long-wanted nearness of my husband.*

the tune, while a girl danced by the piano.

"If I could be with you one hour tonight . . ."

My whole life had changed that night, with that song. What had started out to be a perfectly ordinary evening of dancing at the Castle Gardens with the crowd I'd known from high school,

was suddenly something very different, full of wonder and magic and far removed from everyday life. I felt different, and I looked different. I caught a glimpse of myself in one of the mirrors that reflected the dancers, and I was startled to realize that the vibrant looking creature with the enormous eyes and the cloud of dark hair was

really I. My feet drifted with the music; I was a part of the melody and the changing rhythms, and everywhere there was the face of the man at the piano, smiling after me, and his voice singing love songs, pointing them directly and unashamedly at me. In the face and the voice there was a sweetness seldom found in a man.

He was determined, too.

At intermission, when a group of us were sitting at a table on the terrace, he came out and lingered near us, and then, very casually and naturally, managed to get himself introduced all around. Not that we weren't glad to have him. Even to the boys, because he was the pianist in the big band the Gardens had brought from Chicago for its summer opening, he was a cosmopolitan figure, almost something of a celebrity, and we were proud that he'd singled us out. Bunty Upmeier, my escort, asked him to sit down, and Rick drew up a chair between Bunty and me, but not so close to the table that he separated us. Then when the others were busy listening to a long and involved joke, he turned to Bunty and asked directly, "Tell me, is Marilyn your girl?"

I ALMOST laughed. I'd known Bunty since kindergarten, and our relationship was as comfortable and as casual as an old shoe. Bunty looked startled, and then perhaps under the stimulus of having acquired an out-of-town guest, he rose nobly to the occasion and made a gallant little speech. "I'd like to say so—but she's only my date." "I'm glad," said Rick gravely. Then he turned to me, and for the first time I found how disturbing his blue eyes could be at close range. "Did you hear me singing *One Hour Tonight*? I meant it for you, every word of it."

I'd never been good at hiding how I felt. Now, with my heart hammering in my throat, my eyes as wide as the summer moon, I felt much younger than my eighteen years, and the best I could do was to stammer, "I—it's impossible—"

"I know it is," he said quickly, "—tonight. But I'd like to take you out tomorrow afternoon."

That was the beginning of two weeks of the most exquisite happiness I'd ever known. Everything was perfect for us. Even the weather—blue and gold days, sweet-scented and quick with the colors of a countryside in the first bloom of summer—was a perfect backdrop for two young people who swam and walked and rode—whenever Rick could borrow the bandleader's car—and talked endlessly. . . . I loved to listen to him talk. He was only twenty-four, but he'd been playing in orchestras for six years, and he'd worked in towns and cities all over the country. He had an inexhaustible fund of stories—about the time he'd been stranded in St. Louis and the wonderful job he'd stumbled into when he was down to his last dime, about trips in crowded band buses, when the musicians had to take turns pushing the bus out of muddy ruts and digging it out of the snow, about long trips in luxurious well-appointed Pullman trains.

I listened breathlessly, living every experience with him in my imagination. Rick wasn't only the most fascinating man I'd ever met, and the most endearing, but he was also the most—well, unconquerable. I couldn't picture his ever being beaten, ever surrendering to dullness and boredom, ever being held down by the prosaic things that weighted other men. It seemed to me that life, to Rick, was only a reflection of his own bright, gay spirit.

We had the long, sunny afternoons together, and in the evenings I went out to the Castle Gardens. I couldn't go there alone, of course, but that was the summer before America entered the war, and there was always Bunty, or some other town boy, who was glad to take me there at Rick's expense and to dance with me until Rick got off the stand. I wondered later why my parents didn't object to my seeing him so constantly—but then, they knew that he'd be in town only a short while because the Gardens couldn't afford to keep the band he played with for a long engagement, and so long as Rick and Bunty, or whoever else escorted me, brought me home promptly at one o'clock, they didn't worry. Besides, they, and everyone else in town, agreed that Rick was a gentleman. They liked his unobtrusive small courtesies, his nice hesitancy even when he was being most direct about getting something he wanted, his directness itself.

One day, the most memorable in all of that enchanted fortnight, it rained. Rick and I sat in a booth in Turner's Drug on Main Street, and felt snug and protected, and pleased at being shut in together. That was the afternoon he told me that the band was scheduled to leave town. "We have to be in Glenview tomorrow," he said. "We leave tonight after the job." Then he added, "Wives aren't allowed to travel with the band."

My heart flew up to my throat and stuck there. He hadn't mentioned marriage to me, nor love, hadn't even kissed me. It was as if the thing between us was too big to be approached with words, too powerful to be tempted with small caresses.

"Do—do you have to go?" I asked tightly.

"No," he said slowly, "I don't. I could manage to stay in town. I've been making inquiries. I can play Friday and Saturday nights for the barn dances on Highway 8 and Wednesdays at the Oaks ballroom. Then there are organization parties, like the Elks', once or twice a month. It isn't much, but we could manage until we got enough to leave town." He raised his eyes, and I was shaken by their blue intensity, their steady seriousness. "Do you want me to stay, Marilyn?"

"I do," I whispered. "You don't know how much—"

He leaned across the table and pulled me to him, and all of the unspoken words, the withheld feeling of the past weeks were released in a kiss that left us shaken and a little frightened of the magnitude of the thing to which we'd committed ourselves. Rick released me suddenly and sat back, saying hastily, warningly, "I oughtn't to ask you to marry me, you know. I haven't any money saved—I never had a reason to save it before I met you. And I'll lose my union card if I can't



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



get a man to replace me in the band—and it looks right now as if I can't. I ought to go on with the band and wait until I get settled some place where I can send for you decently. Only—I'm so darned afraid something might happen, and I might lose you, and that'd be impossible—"

Incoherent as he sounded, I knew what he meant, and I felt exactly as he did. In one way, it seemed that nothing could ever separate us, at least not for long, and then again, it seemed that such happiness as we knew couldn't last, that nothing so lovely, so exquisitely perfect, could stay forever.

I didn't have the slightest idea of what he meant when he said we oughtn't plan to be married right away. I knew that in his profession there were good times and bad times, and I didn't mind facing poverty with him. I expected to live very modestly, even when

didn't know how pinching pennies, and down-at-heel shoes, and washing out clothes in a washbowl, and eating in cheap luncheons could wear a dream thin.

It wasn't that way at first, of course. At first there was excitement piled upon excitement, so that everything had a story-book quality. There was the band's leaving town, and Rick's coming out the next day to tell my parents that we wanted to be married. There was my parents' dismay, and their indignation at the thought of my marrying anyone, when they'd expected to have me at home for a couple of years at least, and, when they saw how serious we were, their attempts to be calm and reasonable and their suggestion that we wait a while and perhaps see less of each other. . . .

The next afternoon Rick and I drove to a neighboring county in a rented

Clair, to a hotel room with a gaunt iron bed and peeling brown wall paper, and a cracked washbasin with a dripping tap. In that dreary place we didn't feel quite as gay and sure and daring as we had, and although we laughed at the room, we clung together, too, as if for protection.

My father forgave us—it was his own word for making the best of what he considered a bad situation. He came to see us soon after the wedding and offered Rick a job in his hardware store. Rick thanked him, and refused. Father's face turned quite red, but he managed to keep his temper. He even managed to sound jovial. "Now, look," he said, "You've got a wife to support, and you've got to think about that. You want a real job, a man's job. You can't expect to live by going plinkety-plink on a piano—"

Rick's face went white, but he answered quietly, "I intend to support Marilyn, and in the best way I know. I can't throw years of work and study overboard—"

Father looked at the room, and the wallpaper and the cracked wash basin. "Well," he said, "you can't stay here. At least you can move in with Mother and me until you decide—"

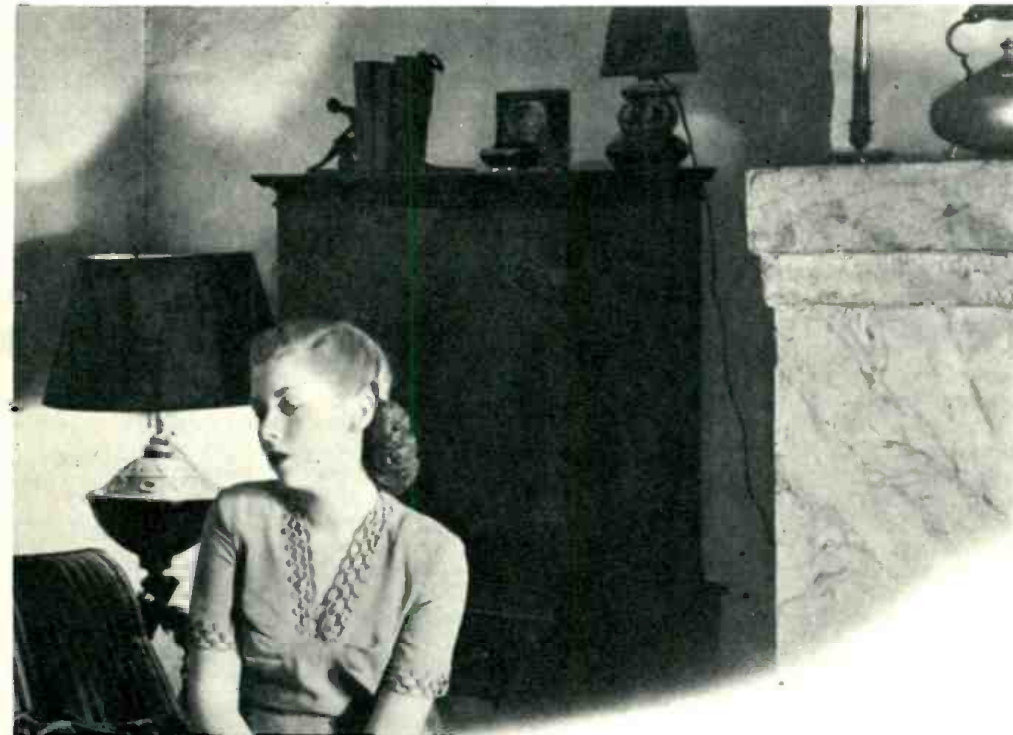
Rick's glance met mine, and a kind of silent affirmation passed between us. We both saw what living with my parents would mean. It would mean having the advantages of the hardware business extolled day after day in dozens of ways.

"We're grateful," Rick told him sincerely, "But we'll stay where we are. It would be imposing to move in on you for the little while we'll be in town. We won't always be living here."

I believed that then, but as the weeks and the months went by, it became increasingly hard to keep believing it. It became increasingly hard to hold up my head and to explain blithely to my friends that Rick and I would be leaving town any day now, to face the smug, I-told-you-so look on the faces of the townspeople. Music as a profession was looked down upon by the citizens of Beau Clair. As they saw it, it was fine to be talented, to be able to play for a dance occasionally, but you also had to have a real job, a steady, nine-to-five job. To live by your finger-tips, to work at night and to sleep in the day-time—well, it was so far from the town's standards of normal living as to seem almost indecent.

Rick laughed at them, but after a while, his laughter, like his collars, became a little frayed. I begged him to take me away. "Anywhere, Rick," I urged. "Let's go now—any place but here, where our business is everyone's. Even if we have to hitchhike—"

He chuckled, but his mouth twisted with desperation. "Honey, it's impossible. I've explained that to you. You know I lost my union card when I left the band, and without that card I can't play a decent job anywhere. We can't leave until we've money enough to pay my fine and to see us through the waiting period before the card is re-issued. But don't worry, sweet. Something'll turn (Continued on page 76)



*I knew then why I couldn't leave him. Rick and I had nothing, were nothing, if we weren't together.*

he earned a good salary, because we meant to save toward the day we could settle down and Rick could devote himself to the arranging he wanted to do. But—I didn't expect to be poor in Beau Clair. I knew that Rick could make only a bare living there, and I didn't think that we'd be staying more than two or three weeks at the most. I didn't foresee how the attitude of the townspeople would change once Rick ceased to be a guest and became one of them and therefore open to the close observation and the criticism they gave each other. I didn't know what it would be like to be a bride, living in a dingy room at the Beau Clair Hotel, when the other young matrons, almost without exception, lived in pretty cottages in the new section of town. I

car, and were married. The clerk who made out our license took one look at our faces and said, "You two don't want to be married by a justice of the peace. You want to be married in church. Got any witnesses? No? Then I'll close shop and go along with you. . . ."

It was a beautiful wedding. There was the tiny country church, and the clerk and the minister's wife standing at one side, beaming, and the flowers Rick had bought me trembling on my shoulder. . . . And the hum of bees in the flowers outside, and the low rays of the sun slanting in through the church door at our backs as we knelt to hear, "Dearly Beloved. . . ."

Nothing ever spoiled my memory of that. Nothing could.

That night we went back to Beau

# Have faith in me

All over America, girls are endlessly waiting for their men. Their love is being tested—just like Linda's in this story of broken faith

LETTERS from Larry usually came in the afternoon mail, so it was always hard for me to eat my lunch. Excitement and anticipation choked my throat, and the rapid beating of my heart made it seem impossible that I had ever been hungry, or ever would be again.

Today, eating was a complete impossibility. I kept telling myself over and over that I couldn't hope to get an answer so soon, but I did hope. It had been only a few days since I wrote my pleading, urgent question to him—even with air mail as fast as it is, you can't expect to trade letters with a flyer in England that quickly. I repeated that in my mind, trying to discipline myself into eating the tasteless sandwich in front of me, hardly hearing the talk that clattered around me in the lunch room of the Marshalltown Commercial College. For I had a foolish, unreasonable certainty that I would get my answer today. Oh, not a direct one—it might be a letter written before I'd even put my longing into words to send to Larry—but it would be an answer, just the same. Somehow, something in it would tell me what I wanted to know. And then—my heart almost smothered me with its beating as I thought of it—then perhaps I could go away from here. Perhaps I wouldn't have to sit here any longer, waiting—endlessly, endlessly waiting! I wouldn't have to listen to the silly chattering of the girls. I could put my loneliness behind me, and go to Larry, and be happy and safe forever in his arms.

"Don't you think so, Linda?" The words, repeated, brought me out of my dreams and back to the lunch room, back to the circle of faces around the table.

"Don't I think what?"

"Don't you think it's mean of Connie not to tell us how she met that corporal who brought her home last night?" Martha's small pointed face was all animation, all eagerness, her topaz eyes lighted with excitement.

So little to be excited about—so little to really care about, I thought. *Where are you going tonight? . . . What dress are you going to wear? . . . Did you dance with that ensign? . . . Did he ask you for a date?* Forever questions—questions whose answers didn't

mean anything, really. Questions about men who came into their lives for a brief evening and went their way again, leaving memories that faded quickly in the greater concreteness of another brief reality. I didn't want to talk that light, meaningless talk—I wanted to be left alone to my remembering and my dreaming, and my looking ahead to the golden future.

I didn't want to say a word. I wanted to bury myself in my own thoughts, to dream of Larry's gay, rugged young face with his wide grin and bright blue eyes, topped by a stubble of straw-blond hair. I wanted to keep reminding myself of how he'd held me hard in his arms when he said goodbye, and murmured against my hair, "It may be a long time, honey. But it won't seem so long because we both know what we're waiting for."

He was echoing my brother John's words, I knew. How often John had said to me, "The road is never so long if you know what goal you're heading for." Larry had only known John since they started their training together in the Air Corps. But I knew he felt the same respect for him, so deep it was almost like worship, that I'd felt ever since I could remember, tagging after him from the time I could walk, trying to do what he did, share his dreams and ideals, and trying to be the kind of person he would want me to be.

"Linda's snooty—don't mind her." That was Connie, laughing, bringing me back again to the girls at the table. "Sometimes I wonder if you'd be so interested in that wonderful, far-off captain of yours if you could find yourself a real flesh-and-blood corporal right here at home."

I flushed. I hadn't meant to be standoffish. "I'm not interested in the bars on anyone's shoulders," I protested, my cheeks hot. "I'd feel the same about Larry if he were a private."

"I don't know." Martha's laughter wasn't altogether pleasant. "Sometimes you act as if Larry had given you a halo instead of an engagement ring, Linda."

"I don't mean to be that way," I tried to explain. But there are some things you just can't explain to girls like Connie and Martha. Things like those my

brother John had always told me about never doing anything you wouldn't be proud to tell people about, later, and—

"It's silly," Connie put in flatly. "It's not noble—it's just silly. What will it ever get you, sitting out the war waiting for some man who's probably forgotten you ever existed?"

That hurt. I'd passed off Connie's barbed remarks before, but this one frightened me. What if it were true? A year and a half is a long time. The words you remember may stay the same, but the man who said them may be changed.

I wouldn't believe it. I *couldn't*. I had to depend on Larry. He—his love—was all I had, now. For John had gone down in flames over Berlin four months ago.

Martha was waiting for me to speak, the doubt coming back again to her big dark-blue eyes. I tried to think of the words John had given me to hold to, when he and Larry left.

I said, trying to keep my voice firm, "It's just that somebody's got to do this job too. Some of us have to wait. Perhaps we're foolish to pass up a chance to have a little fun, but—"

"You certainly are—"

"Well, maybe not!" Somebody had joined my side. "Maybe Linda is right, some of us have to keep things straight for the fellows to come back home to—"

The voices clashed, everybody talking hotly at once. They were off again, back in the same old argument. Sooner or later it always came to that. I knew that the girls—even Connie and Fran—said more than they really meant. Somehow they just had to put on this mask of bravado. They felt the need of shocking and impressing the others, and they didn't realize what traps they might be setting for themselves. It was just the war atmosphere, all mixed up with the fact that there wasn't a single boy of our own age living in Marshalltown now to have the regular normal kind of dates with that girls always used to count on having. We were all feeling the same inside ourselves, I guess, just showing it differently. We had come to the point where none of us could think of anything but boys. But I couldn't bear it

*Larry—I remembered his wide grin and laughing blue eyes*



*He was looking at me with tenderness, and his voice was soft. "Won't you come to Boston, Linda?" he said.*



*John—my brother who had given me everything I had.*

any more. I thought I couldn't stand another day—another hour. That was why I'd written Larry that I wanted to leave school.

Before Larry and John left, we'd made a plan. I'd take two years of business school—for I was barely seventeen then—and then if Larry was where I could join him I would go to him and use my business training in some work that would help in the war. Almost as soon as they got to England they wrote me that the Army needed stenographic help in London. "You learn those pothooks, honey," John wrote. "They're going to be dictating some mighty important things around here soon, and they'll need girls who don't make any mistakes."

Those words had got me into the advanced class of shorthand after only five months of elementary. And Larry had kept on writing, "Hurry up, honey. You can run a typewriter just as fast with a wedding ring on your finger. I've found a little flat for us where I want to start spending my leave." Oh, who wouldn't have worked hard with that ahead?

**M**AYBE I could have kept on without ever wavering if John had lived. But when he went it seemed as if he took all my courage with him. He had given me everything I had. We'd had only each other ever since we were little, and living with an elderly aunt and uncle who didn't waste any affection on us, we grew up very close to each other—maybe too close.

Perhaps John meant too much to me, so that his death wrecked something in me, something I needed terribly. Anyway, afterwards my room wasn't just empty and dreary, my evenings long and dull with too much study. No, the room seemed to crowd in on me as if it would crush me, and my thoughts swarmed around me until I was dizzy with a strange, awful panic. I couldn't bear it! I couldn't! I had to escape!

And so I had written Larry that I wanted to come. I'd come as soon as he could arrange the passage, if he wanted me.

If he wanted me. Why had I put those words into the letter? Why are people so afraid to believe in themselves, in their own happiness? That was my trouble, I know now. That was why I chose the path I did. But I couldn't know that then. I only knew that Connie's words made me shiver and shrink up, with a cold doubt.

And I was in that mood when Larry's letter came. Alice, the front-office clerk gave it to me as I went through the hall on my way to Word Study. "I knew you'd be wanting this," she said, slipping it into my smock pocket because we were supposed to wait till after school to get our mail.

"Oh, I do!" I told her.

But I didn't. Not that letter. I knew it the moment I opened it.

I suppose it really wasn't as terrible as it seemed. But I'll never forget the despair that gripped me when I unfolded that single sheet of thin air-



mail paper and glanced up and down at the hasty scrawled lines. It was what I didn't see that frightened me.

Larry wasn't ever eloquent on paper. Always his letters were brief, impersonal records of things that had happened to him. And this one was outwardly the same. He was all right. He had chalked up his twenty-third mission, through fierce weather, but his ship had held together. He'd spent a weekend in London, and had seen a show with some of the fellows in his squadron. He had run into Enid—it seemed that her outfit had been sent home from Italy and would be stationed in Kent from now on. She seemed glad

to be back home—and right there the letter broke off abruptly. "There's my call, so that's all for now, Linda. As always, Larry."

No, it wasn't so terrible. Why shouldn't he mention seeing Enid? I'd heard a good deal about her before—I'd even expected her to be my sister-in-law. She was an English girl, pretty in the fresh blonde English way, as I'd seen from the snapshot John had sent me, and very trim and smart in her WREN uniform. Naturally, Larry had come to know her well when John was seeing her every leave, and he had been the one to write her of John's death. Why should I get this dreadful feeling just because he'd mentioned she was back in England and glad to be there? Why did it seem so terribly significant that he had broken his letter off so sharply? Why was I so sure that he had reached the point where he wanted to say something more about Enid—something that he couldn't quite make up his mind to say to me just yet? And so had finished



Suggested by the story, "Help Wanted, Female," by Amzie Strickland and Robert Arthur, heard on Just Five Lines.



*My knees were shaking, my head felt cold. I could see the girls' faces and their questioning, raised eyebrows.*

with "As always, Larry." Not, "Your own Larry." Not, "With all my love." Not even, "Keeping my fingers crossed for that big day—"

The big day was the day I would arrive in England. It was the first letter he had written in which he did not make some sweet, shy reference to our meeting. That was what was missing from this message. He had not even mentioned our plans. What if he regretted them? What if he wished he had never asked me to come over and marry him at all?

Once such thoughts get a start, there is no stopping them. Those last words of Larry's began to echo in my head with an ominous sound: "As always." What did they mean? What if he never really had loved me? Would he have agreed to wait two years to marry me if he had felt about me as a man should feel about the girl he wants? Would he have let John persuade him that I was too young?

John . . . John could have convinced him of anything. Perhaps it was only being John's sister that had given me my attraction for him. Maybe the one real thing we had in common was our feeling about John. And now John was dead. Maybe Larry's love was dead, too.

This was a new, terrifying thought. I tried to drive it away, but I couldn't. I couldn't think of anything else. Miss Slade asked for the differentiation between "imply" and "infer," and not till the other girls started laughing did I realize she had been speaking to me. And even then the words resounded in my head blankly, without meaning.

After class I went to the cloakroom and stared into the mirror. Queer how you can look in the same glass and one time see an attractive person and another time one you're sure nobody would give a second glance. Now I saw a plain, narrow face, white and thin, with gray eyes big and shadowed with grief and doubt. Even my hair lay in quiet, brown waves, without its usual bronze-lighted springing liveliness. I turned away, discouraged. Oh, worse than that—despairing!

And it was in that mood that I got the call from the front office: "You're to take dictation in Booth One."

I felt as if I had been rescued from drowning. Here was something to do—something to keep my mind and my hands busy. More than that, it was like a sign from Fate. It wasn't true that everyone had forgotten me, that no one cared. Jay Ransom had re-

membered me. He asked for me.

I almost ran to the first of the booths that our business school provides for the small business men of the town who cannot afford, or have no use for, stenographers of their own, and who dictate their occasional letters to the advanced students of the school as special business practice for us. Jay Ransom wasn't one of those small business men—in fact, he had a very flourishing business, not in Marshalltown at all, but up in Boston. He had come into Marshalltown on business one day, and had dropped into the school because the public stenographer at his hotel had been busy, and I had met him then.

It was almost as if, by going into that little booth, and seeing Jay waiting for me, I were escaping from something dreadful. I'm sure that Jay had never seen such genuine welcome in my smile before. Always I had been a little uneasy with him, flattered that he preferred to come here and dictate to me when his father had an office full of stenographers, but not quite comfortable.

He said, "I had a hard time getting them to call you, as usual." The words were casual, but there was a warmth, a pleasure at seeing me in his wide-set brown eyes—the look that had always disturbed me before, made me feel somehow as if I were not being completely faithful to Larry just by sitting here in this little closed room and taking dictation from Jay. But this time I was glad to see the warmth, the pleasure lighting his eyes. I wanted terribly to know that someone cared about me.

"But you know why," I explained, as I had before. "We're not supposed to do this sort of work until the last half of our last year. It was just an emergency that first time. The other girls were busy, and—"

"I know. But rules were made to be broken, Linda, and it's fun to break them with someone like you. "Maybe you'll believe that I mean it someday when I carry you off with me."

"I certainly would, if you did," I said, trying to match the lightness, the gentle, kindly bantering in his voice. He had threatened often he would someday persuade me to give up my plans, and come to Boston to be his secretary. "And so would I." But suddenly I wondered. Suddenly I wished, for the first time, that I knew whether he were just teasing, or whether he really meant it.

"We—we ought to be getting to work," I faltered, glancing through the glass partition to see if any of the front office girls were watching—for I felt my cheeks grow hot as his eyes caught and held mine, his eyes, with all the teasing gone from them.

But then, in a moment, the laughter was back in his eyes and in his voice. "I really came just to see you, but I suppose I have to find a little business or the school won't let me in again. Let's see—" and he began to leaf through the papers in the small brief case he had brought.

I watched (Continued on page 84)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# We Love and Learn

Here is a glimpse of the people you think of as friends—the “paying guests” who live in Mrs. Van Cleve’s brownstone boarding house



*BILL PETERS is the only son of an adoring mother, and he's in love with Andrea Reynolds. He was reared in the strict traditions of small town discipline. His family provided him with every advantage in their power and now Bill is in New York supporting himself at law school by holding down a war job at night. Bill has inherited most of his family's frugality and has elected to finance his studies without help from anyone. His main weakness is an unwillingness to sever the apron strings completely.*

*(Played by Frank Lovejoy)*

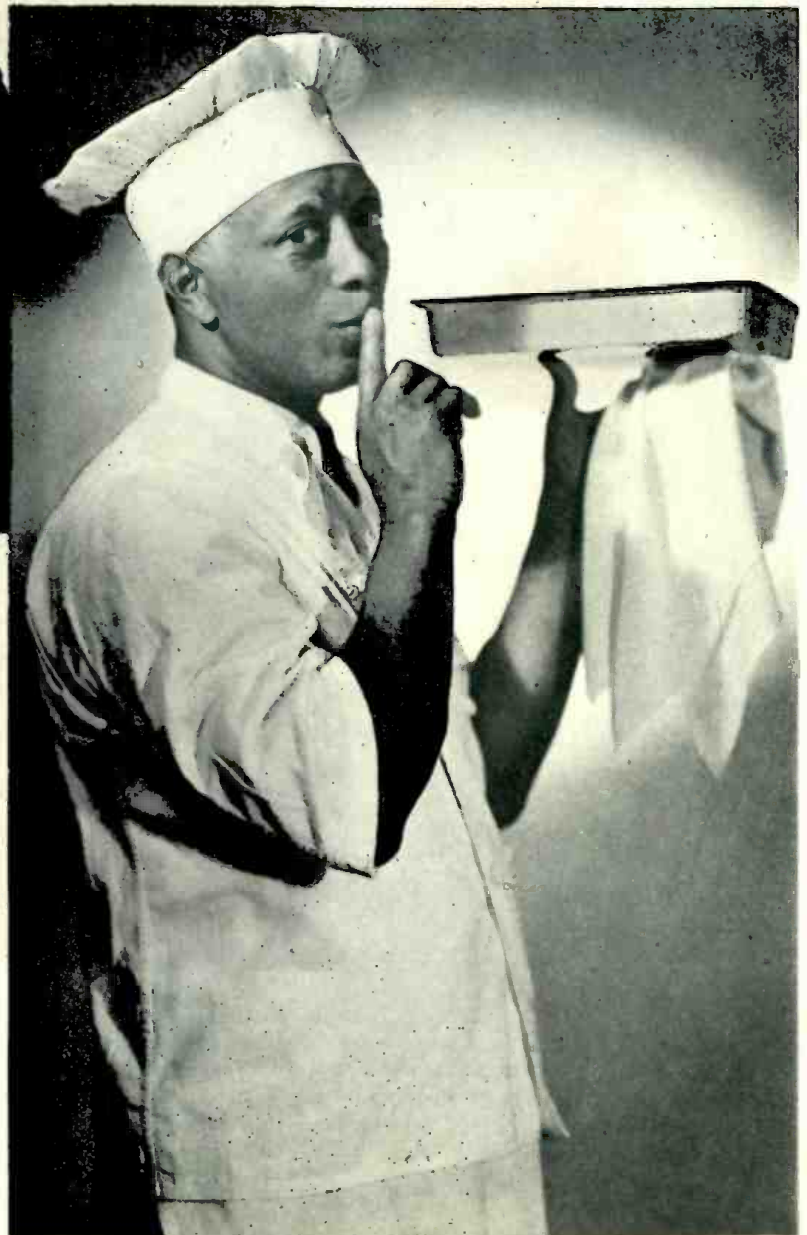




*ANDREA REYNOLDS is blonde, petite, alluring and unspoiled. She was a former small town school teacher and is now learning to be a designer in New York. She's twenty-five, very beautiful, with a peculiar charm that attracts men of all types. Andrea is ambitious and intelligent and while her experience thus far has given her a certain self-reliance, the ways of New York City are somewhat bewildering to her. Coupled with the novelty of this new experience is her emotional entanglement with Bill, who is about to go overseas. Their love is threatened by his devotion to his mother.*  
(Played by Joan Banks)



**TAFFY GRAHAME** is one of Mrs. Van Cleve's "paying guests." She was born and brought up in Brooklyn, and is determined to become something more than a Brooklyn housewife. So she left her parents' humble home, changed her name from Maggie Grady to the more glamorous Taffy Grahame, and came to live at Mrs. Van Cleve's. She is now quite a successful model, but is not the hard-boiled type. Although she wants to associate with only the so-called "right people," she is friendly and is definitely a swell person.  
(Played by Mitzi Gould)



**ABRAHAM LINCOLN WATTS**, who has been affectionately nicknamed "Mr. Bones," is cook and chambermaid in the old brownstone house. He was, in the old days, Mrs. Van Cleve's stableman, and his devotion to his mistress equals that of the butler, Harrington. In the course of a long and busy life he has acquired a philosophy which provides him with the answers to most questions, and his good sense is a stabilizing influence on all the people who are Mrs. Van Cleve's boarders.  
(Played by Juano Hernandez)

*MRS. VAN CLEVE is a sweet little old lady, who was once very wealthy. The loss of family fortune and her husband's death forced her to find a way to keep her home and quiet way of life intact. This she succeeded in doing by taking in boarders—but she calls them "paying guests." Her guests find the quaint, somewhat dusty dignity of her old brownstone home a welcome relief from the hustle and bustle of New York life. Her hobby of collecting dolls is outstanding, and she takes pride in showing them to her friends.*  
(Played by Grace Keddy)



*HARRINGTON is Mrs. Van Cleve's butler and he has been with her family for years. When the "crash" came, and she could no longer afford his services, he refused to leave, but stayed on as her butler, assuming the burden of managing her complicated financial affairs as well. He is a typical butler and considers it a privilege to act as one. He is an accomplished musician—plays the accordion exceedingly well—and occasionally entertains the "guests" when they have dinner together.*  
(Played by Bill Podmore)

# Together

*Lucy remembered the toll that life had taken of her father and mother. She couldn't bear to see that happen to Dan and herself—and so she grew frightened and did this desperate thing*

**G**RAY, angry-looking clouds hanging low in the skies and a strong wind blowing colder than was right for the time of year. That's the way I remember it. And, between the singing gusts of wind, a strange, eerie silence.

Silence. Then, running footsteps through the yard and a man's tight, frightened voice calling, "Miz Carroll—Miz Carroll!"

I remember my mother as she looked then, her face white, as though she already knew. We were in the creamery, scalding the separator. Her hands slow and steady, as if it took all her strength to keep them from trembling, she put down the kettle and went to the door.

"Yes?" she called. "We're here, Harry."

Harry turned toward us. He looked bewildered and more useless and incompetent than when my father had hired him to help with the harvesting, hired him with misgivings because there wasn't money to get a real farm hand.

"Miz Carroll—" Harry mumbled, stumbling toward us. "Mr. Carroll—down in the field—he's—hurt."

Mother was running, then, and I was running beside her, both of us struggling for breath and tripping over the furrows in the corn field. Behind us came Harry, wheezing and trying to talk against the wind.

"Accident . . . the Harvester . . . fell off it . . ." only scattered words of what he said came to us.

Mother stopped suddenly. "Harry—run to the Petersen's farm—down the road—and phone the doctor. That's quicker than going for him. Hurry!"

The old man started off across the field and Mother and I ran on in the opposite direction. I remember, as I ran I was angry—no, resentful. "Run to the Petersen's and phone." When we needed someone, I thought bitterly, when we needed something we had to

run to other people. We were too poor to have our own phone.

We reached the top of the rise. The Harvester Mr. Petersen had loaned my father was over on the other side of the field and we had to push our way through the still unreaped wheat, the wind thrusting the stalks stingingly against our faces. Then we saw him.

Always I will remember him that way.

He didn't know us. His eyes were wide open, but he didn't know us. He was lying on the ground, his body heavy on the crushed wheat and oddly twisted. Then, the wind died down and there was a sudden, horrible silence.

Violently, as though the earth itself were thrusting him upward, my father's twisted, shattered body flailed itself about on the ground in one last spasm. A cry came from his lips and filled the silence with unbearable agony. And then, it was more silent and more horrible than before.

I fell to my knees, my hands vaguely pulling at him as if I could make him more comfortable, as if he could still feel. I knew he was dead, yet I didn't know it—because I couldn't believe it. I looked up at my mother.

She was standing very still, her face lifted to the glowering sky. I spoke to her, my voice rather than my words asking for comfort, for reassurance. Slowly, she dragged her eyes downward and stared at me, as though she didn't know me.

"It's going to storm," she said finally. "Someone will have to finish cutting the wheat—before—before it's ruined."

That made all my vague, pent-up feelings about our life burst out. Always, ever since I could think about it, I had felt dissatisfied. I had been sure there must be more to living than the endless drudgery and monotony and ugliness and poverty that seemed to be our lot. It had seemed to me for a long time that our farm was like

some huge leech, sapping the vitality and strength from all of us and giving nothing in return.

"I hate you! I hate you!" I cried, tearing at the wheat with my hands and beating against the earth around me. And my pain became rending sobs of laughter. "I hate you—hate you—you killed my father—he's dead—and—and we have to cut the wheat! We have to cut the wheat!" I screamed that, over and over, laughing uncontrollably.

Mother's hands pulled me roughly to my feet. "Lucy!" her voice was sharp. "He—your father—Joe—he would hate this." Suddenly, her voice went to pieces. "Lucy—he's—he's gone—" the tears which had not come before rolled down her cheeks. "I—you've got to help me—Lucy—"

I had never seen my mother cry before. I had never known her as anything but strong and unbending and brave. It was almost worse to see her like that, her face covered with her work-reddened hands, her whole body shaking with her sobs, than it had been to watch my father die.

Men came—Harry and Dr. Boden and Mr. Petersen—and my father was carried to the house. As Mother and I walked after them, I kept thinking, thinking, "I've got to get away from here. I've got to get Mother away from here. He's gone. That's my father they're carrying. That was my father. That was my father, who used to laugh and sing as he worked—my father who used to toss me high in the air until I shrieked with glee—my father who was tired and sick and should have stayed in bed this morning, but who had to get in the wheat before the rains and the early frost should kill it—my father who was killed instead. I've got to get away—away—"

They were kind to us, all the neighbors. And I hated that, too. Always, we were the poor ones, the ones who needed help. Mr. Petersen and some

## A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Inspired by the story, "Honeymoon For Sale," by Lew Reed, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday on CBS.

Then I was caught in his arms, laughing while the tears ran down my cheeks.



other men harvested the wheat before the storm broke that night. The women helped Mother. And—I—I sat in the bedroom, aware only of the terrible stillness, the complete nothingness of death.

It was still raining when my father was buried two days later. Back in our house, after the funeral, I knew that we must leave it soon for many reasons. The emptiness left by my father's going was unbearable. I couldn't stand seeing my mother going from room to room as though she were looking for something and not finding it.

**P**ERHAPS it was that which made it so easy to persuade her to come away with me. There was the money coming from the wheat when it was sold and Mr. Petersen was willing to take over our live stock as a return on a loan he'd made my father the previous year. And perhaps we could sell the farm, too.

The day we left, even the sun seemed a symbol of better things to come. It shimmered along the road and turned the frost-bitten trees into flaming glory. Mother looked backward with tear-dimmed eyes as Mr. Petersen's car carried us away from the house where I was born. There were no tears in my eyes. My eyes were on tomorrow.

For me, that tomorrow more than fulfilled itself. We got to Carlton and found an apartment in a few days. Then, two days later, I got my first job in the office of a war plant.

Carlton isn't a very large city, not like Chicago or New York, but to me it was huge. And I loved that. I loved the ride out to the factory on the outskirts of town. Even when winter set in and the mornings were dark and bitter cold, I loved to sit by the car window and hear the clatter of the wheels on the rails and watch the busy streets coming to life, with the store windows bursting into light and color and the picture houses having their bills changed—and people—lots of people everywhere. I loved it all. Except for the stabs of pain at the memory of my father, I was happy and contented. I felt as though I were a part of something big and exciting.

Mother, however, wasn't happy. As the winter passed and the days grew longer, she became more and more depressed. At first, she would wonder aloud how things were back home. We had had no offers for the farm and she began to worry that it would suffer from neglect and emptiness. Then, gradually, she admitted she wanted to go home.

"I miss the things I know," she said, "the house—the people. It's different for you. You're young. Maybe you can make your life here. But mine is back there—back there where—where your father is—back with the things he loved and tended."

"Yes," I said, bitterly, seeing him again as he had been when we found him

in the field, "the things that killed him—all the struggle, the worries, the ugliness!"

"No, Lucy," she said. "It was hard—yes. But it wasn't ugly. I can understand how you feel, dear. But you must understand me, too—and your father. To us it wasn't ugly. It was beautiful. We built it together. We put so much into it. It was a part of us—and—somehow—we seemed to belong to it."

I couldn't fight against that and, in the end, I had to let her go. For awhile, it seemed strange to come home to an empty apartment and prepare my own meals. Then, when I got used to that, it made me feel much freer. Now, my life was truly my own, to make of it what I wanted.

What I wanted. I wanted a full life, a rich one, with excitement and beauty in it. But I didn't know how I was to find it, not really. For a time, it was enough that I was a part of a bustling, hustling metropolis. There was joy in that and adventure in every small excursion I took.

But, I was twenty-four and, without realizing it, I was lonely. Oh, I had made some friends among the girls at the plant and we had fun together, going to the movies, visiting one another in the evenings, but it wasn't quite enough.

It was while I was dressing for a dance the union at the plant was giving one Saturday night, that I realized something was missing from my life. I looked at myself in the mirror, smoothing my new dress over my hips and admiring the way its color brought out the deep blue of my eyes. My hair was clean and shining with reddish lights in its yellow. I had taken such care with my looks—and for what? I found myself smiling a little sadly. It seemed a lot of trouble to go to for a few girl friends.

That was before the dance. After it, everything was different. My whole life was changed in a few hours. I found the excitement, the delirious, mad happiness I was seeking. I found Dan Miller.

I was a little frightened, at first. Well, perhaps not frightened, but a little shy. I'd never been to a dance like this before. Back home, I'd always gone dancing with people I'd known all my life. Here, I knew no one except a few girls and they had long since disappeared in the crowd. I was feeling a bit left out of things and just wondering whether I ought to go home, when I saw him.

He was leaning against the side wall.

He wasn't exactly handsome—not in the accepted sense. His features were irregular, his nose a bit aquiline, his chin a little square, his dark eyes deep set. But somehow there was something much more attractive about him than just good looks. Then I saw what it was. It was his smile, warm and friendly and coming from inside. Then, I realized he was smiling at me



—and coming toward me.

"You look lost," he said in a low, clear voice.

"I—" I smiled with embarrassment, "I don't know anyone."

"My name's Dan Miller," he said. "Now, you know me. Shall we dance?"

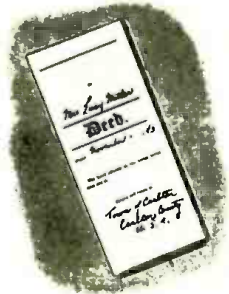
I nodded and murmured my name. I was in his arms and my feet were moving to the music. Suddenly, for no reason, I wasn't lonely any more. I wasn't shy. He was like someone I'd known all my life, easy to talk to, easy to laugh with. The dance ended and we moved toward the entrance.

"Ever see the plant with the moonlight shining through the skylights?" he asked. "It's something."

He led me to a corner of the yards and pointed toward the massive factory buildings, their windowed faces gleaming in the moonlight. It was impressive and grotesquely lovely to see. All of a sudden, I heard him catch his breath sharply. I looked up at him. He was staring at me.

"The moonlight does things to you, too," he whispered.

The next instant, he was kissing me, almost timidly, as though he weren't sure of himself. I liked his kissing





The next morning Dan was at the apartment. We had breakfast and read the Sunday papers together.

me, but I pulled away from him, remembering how he had sensed my discomfort inside and come to my rescue and thinking this might be more of his kindness.

"You didn't have to do that," I said softly.

"I—" he grinned suddenly. "You know, Lucy Carroll—it did start out as a gesture—but—now—you know, I think I did have to do it. I think I'll have to do it often—only better—" he had me in his arms, now, "like this—"

It's hard to describe what happened to me then. I was dizzy and almost frightened. I felt like laughing and crying. Inside, I felt all weak and trembling and, yet, strong as never before. I felt wonderful and miserable. Somehow, it seemed as though I were really feeling deeply for the first time in my life.

I realized I could breathe again and opened my eyes. Dan was looking

down at me, his brown eyes searching my face.

"I don't believe it," he said quietly. "I don't believe in love at first sight."

I wanted to laugh, but couldn't manage it. "I—I still don't believe it. You don't know me—I don't know you—"

"That's simple," he laughed. "Daniel Miller, born and raised on a farm. Graduate of Holmes College—you never heard of it, it's a small Agricultural college—rejected by the Army because of an old knee injury, supervisor of Department 19. Ambitions—very simple—to help get this war over with fast so people can live decently again—and—to talk a girl named Lucy Carroll into marrying me."

I shook my head in a daze. He meant it. It was folly, madness. But he really meant it. "I—you don't know me," I mumbled, my heart pounding inside. "How can you want to marry me—how can you know—?"

"I know," he said seriously. "I guess I knew the minute I saw you." He kissed me again, holding me very close, his lips hard on mine. "And you know, too," he whispered, finally, brushing his lips against my hair. "You do know—I can feel it. But, if you need time—I guess I can wait a couple of days for you to make up your mind."

He was right. I knew then that I loved him. I didn't know why and it wasn't until very much later that I found out how much, but I did know I loved him.

Even if I had wanted time to think it over, Dan didn't give me any. He took me home that evening and he was at my apartment the next morning before I'd had time for breakfast. We spent the Sunday together. We had breakfast and read the papers and went to a movie and had dinner at the nicest hotel in town. We danced and talked and laughed and, with every other breath, Dan kept telling me he loved me and wished I would hurry up and marry him. Right away.

"You're in such a rush," I laughed. "You take my breath away. We don't even know each other yet—our likes and dislikes—"

"Everything happens fast these days," he said. "Besides, we'll have a whole lifetime to discover each other."

Dan was not to be denied—even if I had thought of doing it. We were married the following week. It was rushed, yes. It seemed reckless and thoughtless. But it was wonderful to be so sure of your love and, yet, not to take the time to think it over, to argue with yourself, to fill yourself full of doubts only so you could drive them away. It was exciting and mad and marvelous.

Every day after that was an adventure. Every day, I discovered Dan all over again, some new facet to his nature, his humor, his strength, his gentleness. And always, I felt there was still more to discover, that he was still a little mysterious, that still I didn't know all of the wonder that had become mine with that first kiss.

We rented a tiny apartment, and although Dan laughed at its size, I loved it. Aside from the all-encompassing magic of living with Dan, there were small marvels, too, in those rooms, of which I never tired. Hot water out of a tap, a shining, enameled range on which to cook Dan's meals. All of my life, before I'd come to Carlton, I'd struggled with a coal range and an auxiliary kerosene stove. Dishwashing was child's play, in that porcelain sink with its drainboard and gadgets. I whisked through my housework, and, since the personnel office at the plant had considerably shifted me to the stockroom where I worked a thirty-hour week instead of the forty-eight I'd worked before, I found that I had time on my hands.

I took walks, in the hours I had free before Dan came home, enjoying my first spring in the city. I'd walk through the residential districts, idly envying the people who lived there. Not really envying them, though, because I felt (Continued on page 60)

# The Wrong Track

**F**OR a long time I've had something in mind that I've wanted to say to parents—something I've wanted to tell all of you mothers and fathers, things I've learned recently about young people and the troubles that they are having in this war-busy world.

Everybody says this is a hard time for young people—especially youngsters in their middle 'teens, the ones who ought to be just beginning to find their place in life, and who are finding instead that there's really no place for them in this war-busy world. They say the war has done it. It's the change in our day-to-day lives, the breaking up of families, with so many children suddenly put on their own. They call it juvenile delinquency but I think what they mean is that a lot of children are on the wrong track, and that they need to be shown the way to get back on the right one.

Sometimes it seems as if there just isn't any signpost to show them the way, or anyone to lend a hand. And in a lot of cases, that's true. That's the very reason why we—I and a lot of other boys and girls who have been fortunate enough to keep out of trouble, to find our place in our own world—got together to form the Future Champions of America. We think that the FCA can serve as the signpost, can lend the helping hand just where it's needed, and that's why I want to tell you about it, and about some of the kids whose stories prove that they need a helping hand, and deserve one.

Lucille, for instance.

Lucille was arrested the other day. She had "bought" some clothes in a store. Well, *bought* is the wrong word. She'd got away with them is what I mean. She'd charged them to other people's accounts. In three weeks she and two other girls had got away with about \$80 worth of stuff!

How do things like that happen? How do kids get on the wrong track?

What happened to Lucille was that she was one of a very large family—she had six brothers and sisters. Her brother Paul was the favorite child and Lucille knew it. Her dad was always worried about taking good care of his family but never got around to doing anything about it. At one time the parents were brought into court on a charge of neglecting the children, but they begged to be allowed to keep them at home. They were permitted to do that but "under the supervision of the court."

This isn't a pretty case, I know. But it's true—and we'd better face facts

*Juvenile delinquency—that's just another way of saying that some of our youngsters are on the wrong track and need help, says the leader of Future Champions of America*

**By JACK ARMSTRONG**

like these so we can do something about them.

Lucille had a nice way about her. She was even sort of pretty, well developed and healthy-looking. Naturally, she didn't have very pretty clothes and longed for some. She wanted friends, and to have fun with people who were friendly to her. There wasn't much of that kind of fun-making in her home. She felt that her father and mother preferred Paul to her. They did praise her for taking care of the younger children—and these few kind words gave her confidence and made her want to be a nurse. That was her ambition.

But the trouble was that Lucille didn't feel accepted at home and didn't know quite where to turn for friendship. Like many girls, she was thrilled by the sight of a man in uniform and dreamed of having a sweetheart in the armed forces. She and an older girl whom she'd met while having a soda one day at the corner drug store used to walk down the street and smile at soldiers or sailors—to see if they could strike up a friendship. The girls were so young and badly dressed that the boys just whistled and laughed and went on their way. So the girls decided to try the trick which later got them arrested. They stole clothes by an elaborate method of charging them to other people. And that's just one story—there are stories like Lucille's everywhere.

Take the case of Jimmy who was caught stripping tires from a roadster.

At first the idea was just to steal a ride. The owner had left the key in the ignition. So Jimmy and Tom and Pete had taken a ride, then stopped off for a hamburger and met a couple of "big guys" who listened to their boasting with amused snickers. Why not cash in on those white-walled tires?

Maybe they could sell them for the kids.

Jimmy was a little nervous about the idea, but he didn't want to seem like a coward. So he started taking off the tires. Then the police came.

How did Jimmy get off the track? Well, he didn't like school, for one thing. His father was sick and a drunkard. The teachers, he said, were sourpusses, not making any effort to give him a break. And so he used to play hookey all the time. But one day a nice teacher took an interest in him, saw that he liked model airplanes, tried to encourage him to join a group at Sunday School who were learning to make different kinds of models. Jimmy thought it was sissy to join them so he didn't go—but at least he stuck to school for the rest of the year. Then the nice teacher left and another came along in her place—one who didn't like Jimmy because she'd had trouble with his brother.

Isn't it odd how little accidents like that can make the difference between the *right* and the *wrong* track?

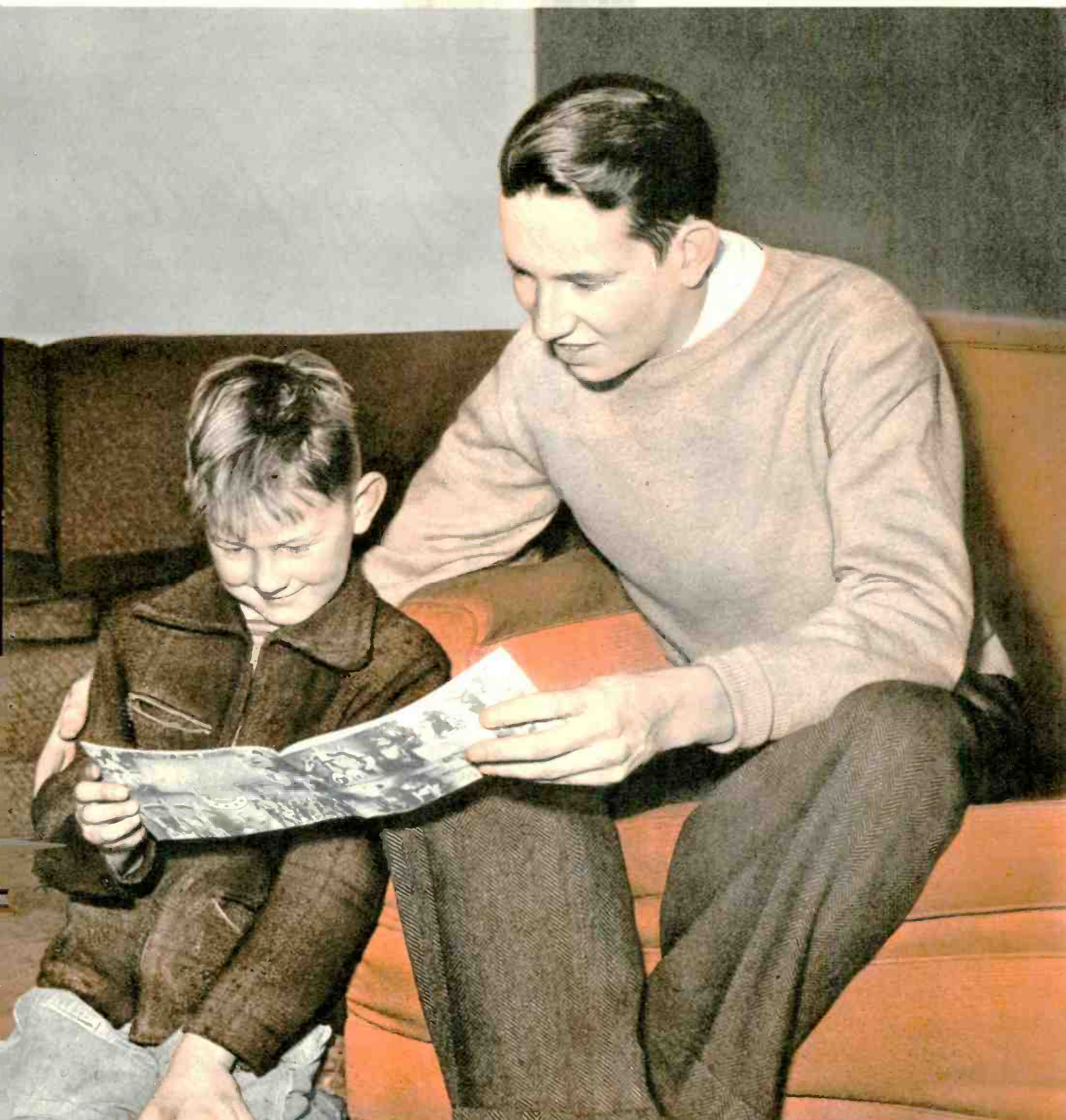
Jimmy started skipping school after that, got in trouble with the truant officer, started going out to the race track, ran away to another city after Pearl Harbor. Then he tried to enlist, but they found out that he was under age. He started sleeping in subways and stealing food, ashamed to go back home. At last the police picked him up and sent him home anyway.

*Home?* That's what they thought. His mother was dead. Dad was a drinker and Sis worked in the war factory during the day and at night she wanted to have fun. *There just wasn't any place for Jimmy!* That's how he got tangled up with Tom and Pete. That's how they started to take that ride, just for the fun of it, and ended by stealing tires. That's how Jimmy got off on the wrong track—for good.

**P**EOPLE say it's war that's doing this to us young people. But war or no, I believe this above all else; we need real friends—we Future Champions of America (FCA's) call such friends coaches—to put us on the right track, to show us how to keep well and busy, to save us from the unnecessary mistakes which we don't really want or need to make.

Here's how the Future Champions of America feel about such things. We feel that nobody goes off the track—for good. Our idea is that anybody between the age of eight and sixteen can live a life that will make him stronger, more (Continued on page 94)





*JACK ARMSTRONG, the typical all-American boy, explains the rules of the Future Champions of America to a new recruit. The FCA, which was launched a short time ago, now has a membership of two million. The purpose of the club is to find ways to keep children busy, happy and well, so vitally important in this time of war-broken homes and curtailed recreational activities. The exciting adventures of Jack Armstrong are heard daily, 5:30 P.M., EWT., on the Blue Network. (Played by Charles Flynn)*



# Wanderer,

chairs drawn up close, and tea steeping in the pot.

"I'm homesick," I thought. "This is like home used to be."

And then, "This is like home should be."

Aloud, I said, "I like Marysville, Steve. I wish we were going to stay here more than just one day."

"You'd go crazy if you did," he replied, laughing. "What could you do in a little town like this, except go crazy?"

"Steve," I faltered, "you know, I think I'm homesick."

"Why, baby," he said, and taxi driver or no, staring children or no, he put his arms tight around me and kissed me.

But my mood wouldn't be chased away. I sat at the window in the hotel room after Steve had left to see Mr. Jenkins, and watched the people below, the women with shopping baskets on their arms calling to one another across the street, the business men, bare-headed, hurrying from their shops to make their Saturday deposits before the bank closed.

What I had told Steve half-jokingly was true. I *was* homesick—not for my parents' house, but for a home I'd never had. A home I wanted so desperately, needed so badly. We both needed that home, Steve and I, but only I would admit it. Perhaps Steve didn't even realize that he wasn't happy.

It would be a home-like one of these in Marysville, I thought as I looked out of the window. A nice, neat little white house, with a patchwork yard of grass and garden, with spanking clean white curtains at the windows, and a well-arranged little kitchen where I could get dinner for Steve, and watch out the window to catch the first glimpse of him when he came home from work. And there'd be a room—oh, my fancy was making the little house very real, now—a room that could be converted to a nursery later, when a tenant for it came along.

I'd never dared to think much about babies, with Steve. Life was too unsure, too unsettled. But I wanted a baby, a warm, live part of Steve and of me to hold close in my arms, to fill that corner of a woman's heart that no husband, however dear, can reach. Oh, I'd been happy with Steve, and I

**S**TEVE MORGAN, all of our friends agreed, was the nicest guy in the world. He was always good for a laugh. But he never would amount to anything. Any man who can get to be thirty-three years old without learning how to hold onto a job—or apparently without *wanting* to—was hopeless.

You could *like* him. You couldn't help liking him. But it wouldn't be smart to hitch any wagons to his star.

Everyone told me that, my mother, my boss, who was Steve's college roommate, all my friends. "Of course," they said, "you can't help liking Steve, but . . ."

But I loved him. And I wanted to marry him.

He didn't have a job. He didn't have a red cent. So I loaned him two dollars to buy the license, we looked up the nearest justice of the peace, and I married Steve Morgan.

That was five years ago.

The people who had warned me against marrying a drifter had a lot of chances to say "I told you so" at first. What else could they say, watching Steve and me drifting from job to job, from town to town, never having more money than just enough to pay our bills, never staying in one place long enough to make friends? Home was a series of cheap hotel rooms,

or dreary furnished apartments.

But we fooled them, at first. We didn't worry about money. Steve was always so sure that the next job would be the "big break" that he convinced me, for a time. We didn't need friends, we were so busy discovering all there was to know about one another. Home, to me, was wherever Steve was.

It wasn't the sort of life that my mother had wanted for me. It was far from the story book marriage, complete with honeymoon cottage and white picket fence I had envisioned when I started putting hand-made linens and the sterling silver spoons (two every Christmas, "with love from Mother") into my hope chest when I was sixteen.

But it was life with Steve, and it was good enough. Until we came to Marysville.

The town did something to me, in the short space of the ride from the sleepy little station to the Palmer Hotel, "Marysville's best."

I loved the shaded streets with their rows of red brick and white frame houses, the neat little Victory gardens in almost every yard. The leaves on the maples were turning red and yellow. As we passed one house the scent of wood smoke recalled the first crisp autumn afternoons at home when I was a girl, with a fire on the hearth,

## A Theater of Today Drama

Inspired by the story, "A Man of Ideas," by Kenneth Webb, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays over CBS.

# come home

*Her life was far from the story book marriage she envisioned when she was sixteen.*

*but it was life with Steve, and it was good enough—until they came to Marysville*

was still happy with him—don't mistake me about that. Steve was enough to make up for all the insecurity, all the hours of fear for the future. In his arms was my security, and wherever he took me, there was home because Steve was there, too. But I think in that moment, there by the window, looking down at Marysville, I must have known that Steve, and Steve alone, would not always be enough. He was now—he would be next week, next month, next year—but how about all of the years, the long, long years ahead? Would they, too, be like the little, flashing scenes in a moving picture—a bit of this town, a little of that city, never settling down, never knowing, never being sure, what life would hold for us tomorrow?

I wouldn't acknowledge it to myself, then, but I think I must have known the answer. There would be a time, there would come a day when all the little petty things which troubled me about our gypsy life would pile up into a burden too heavy for me to bear, and even Steve—dear, lovable Steve, who was as much a part of me as my own heart—would not balance against them.

And then, the sudden sight of Steve crossing Marysville's main street, coming back to the hotel, drove everything else from my mind, as he always had the power to do. Steve was coming back to me, and all the dreams of a home, all the fears for the future, fled. I wondered, as I turned away from the window, how Steve had made out with Mr. Jenkins.

"The old man's eccentric," Steve's boss at the insurance company had told him, "but he's rich as Croesus. He should be good for a fat annuity."

"And that," Steve had told me later, "would mean a fat commission. Enough money to get us out of this grubby insurance business—give us time to look around until I found something really good."

I had heard that before. Steve, bless him, was always trying for the big sale, or the big commission, that would get him out of one job—always the "grubby" job—and into another—always "something really good."

"I wish," I thought, as I heard Steve's step in the hall and turned to open the door for him, "I wish we could settle down somewhere."



*I looked up at Ted. He was radiant. He can't see the tears, I thought.*

As I opened the door, I realized that Steve's mood was blacker than my own.

"Jenkins wouldn't go for it," he said, glumly. "Says he doesn't want to invest his money in anything he can't keep an eye on."

"Give me a modest little business," he said, and Steve mimicked the old man's gestures. "Give me a grocery store, or a filling station—something I can watch over myself. No young idiot's going to sell me any fancy gilt-edged papers."

"I argued with him," Steve went on. "Gave him the best sales talk I knew how, but he wouldn't budge. I could have . . ."

"Oh, what's the use?" Steve shrugged. "Never mind, Steve," I managed to comfort him. "You'll make it up on the next one."

"Well, I'd better be quick about it," Steve said, more bitterly than usual. "We've got just enough money to pay our hotel bill and get back to Chicago. I'm tired of being broke, baby. I want a good break for once, so I can give you the sort of life you deserve. A nice house, and pretty clothes, and . . ."

This was my cue, the signal to be cheerful. I found I could rise to it once more.

"Right now," I said, "I'm more interested in a pretty steak. I'm starved. Let's go across to the Colonial Kitchen for dinner. I've been watching the customers come out all afternoon and they looked contented and well-fed. And afterwards, maybe we can find a good movie, and then . . ."

"And then we'll start worrying. All right, you win," Steve said, and his scowl disappeared. "You can't do any really first-class worrying on an empty stomach."

We were wakened next morning by church bells.

"Good Lord, what's that?" Steve said sleepily, "an air-raid drill?"

"No, my darling," I chided him, "just church bells. Don't tell me you're so blase and sophisticated that you've forgotten how church bells sound."

I pulled on my old blue dressing gown, and stood at the window brushing the snaggles out of my hair.

"Get up, lazy face," I said, "and look at the happy, scrubbed people. Everybody in Marysville is all dressed up and scrubbed behind the ears and going to church to be counted."

And then, impulsively, "Hurry, Steve, and get up. Let's go to church too." Suddenly I wanted nothing so much as to be one of those happy, scrubbed, settled people, with my Sunday precisely planned. First church, then fried chicken and mashed potatoes for dinner, and then a nap, perhaps—or a walk.

"Mrs. Morgan," my husband was saying from the bed, "I see I must get you out of Marysville. This climate is affecting your mind."

By the time we were dressed and had had coffee, church was over. From my perch on the window sill I watched the people streaming out. Steve was deep in the Sunday paper, the classified ads again. I wondered what fate the closely printed pages had in store for

the drifting Morgans this time.

"Honey," called Steve, answering my unspoken question, "how would you like to own a grocery store?"

"Oh, just fine," I said. "Who's giving away grocery stores this week?"

Steve was in the throes of an idea. The classified section listed a grocery store "for sale, owner, terms reasonable."

"Old Jenkins wants a grocery store," Steve recalled, "so we'll buy this grocery store, and sell it to him."

**D**ON'T think I'm just a stickler for details," I put in, "but there are one or two questions. First, what do we use for money? Second, how do you know Jenkins will want this particular grocery store?"

"Don't be a wet blanket," Steve chided.

He was off, I could see, on another Big Deal.

"Let's go talk to the fellow, anyway," he said, and I knew that it was no use to try to stop him. I had seen all this happen before.

I changed into street clothes slowly, as if by delaying I might make time for something to happen to head Steve away from this new idea. I wanted—oh, I didn't know what I wanted. I only knew that there was a feeling in me very close to fear, and I hated it. I hated it because I had always trusted Steve, and Steve's ability to get us out of what he got us into. But now . . .

However, I couldn't stretch my dressing into the whole afternoon, and at last I had to turn from the mirror and say, "I'm ready."

We walked out into the peacefulness of a sunny Marysville Sunday afternoon, and made our way through the town to the address mentioned in the ad—an address on a rather run-down looking little side street.

"This must be it," Steve said at last, peering at the dusty glass of the door for a number.

It wasn't much of a grocery store. The show windows were filled with dusty cereal boxes; the shelves we could see through the dirty glass were half empty. There was a second story which apparently served the owner as living quarters.

Our ring brought a gray little man, followed by a boy, about twelve, big-eyed and solemn.

"The place is run down," the little man began, with woeful lack of salesmanship. "Used to be a good store. Should be. Good location."

"I guess it's my fault . . . my wife died three months ago . . ."

The little boy was listening, his eyes wide and, it seemed, frightened.

"Poor kid," I thought, "his mother . . ."

The little man went on.

"Can't seem to get hold of myself. Decided I'd better go away, somewhere . . . somewhere . . . not reminded . . ."

I was concerned for the child. The man was close to collapse and the boy was so young.

Steve was talking business.

"We can only give you \$100 down," he was saying.

"And that's the money for our hotel



bill and return trip tickets," I thought.

"But we will pay you \$20 a week until the balance is paid off."

"I'd expected to get more down," the owner was hesitating.

"We may be able to pay it off more quickly, and if we find we can, we will, of course, increase the payments."

I realized Steve was counting on a quick re-sale to Jenkins. He had whipped a pen from his pocket and was drawing up an agreement.

"Well," the owner said, "if your wife will sign, too."

"Of course," I agreed, with some misgiving. What was Steve getting us into this time?

"My wife would never cheat anybody," the sad little man explained.



*Ted loved the camera Steve gave him. The first picture he took was of Steve and me outside the store.*

"and she wouldn't let me . . . 'no short-weights, no short-change around here,' she used to say. I just seem to trust women, after her . . ."

I signed the agreement, with a silent vow that his faith would not be abused.

"There's one other thing," he went on, in that pathetically listless voice.

"Ted," he said to the boy, "will you run out and play for awhile?"

"That's a good kid," he smiled, as the child, still silent, complied.

"Ted doesn't want to go back to the orphanage," he went on when the door had slammed. "We were going to adopt him. Never could have any kids of our own. Had the first papers when . . . but I don't know . . . I'm so confused. Thought maybe if the right kind of people bought the store, and knew about . . . well, would you take him?"

The poor little boy. No wonder he was so frightened.

"Oh, Steve," I appealed, "couldn't we?"

"I'm sorry," Steve was saying to the

owner. "Our plans are too unsettled. If we were permanent here . . ."

The man bridled a bit at this.

"You're permanent here if you just bought a grocery store. Besides," he went on, "the kid helps around the place. He's a good delivery boy. The customers like him."

Steve's answer was directed to me.

"It would complicate everything to have a kid on our hands."

"I think he would be a help," I said, firmly.

It was the first time in our marriage that I had really defied Steve. But suddenly giving that scared little boy a chance was more important to me than the Big Deal.

His eyes flashed angrily for a second when I promised the boy's guardian that we would look after Ted.

But when Ted came in a moment later he was the sweet, kind Steve I loved.

"These folks are going to take over the store, Teddy," the widower said. "They want you to keep your same

room upstairs, and go on doing your job after school.

"I told them," he said, and I could see he was close to weeping, "that they couldn't run the store without my Ted."

"Then they are my new family?" Ted asked him. He looked from his guardian to Steve.

"Sure, kid," Steve reassured him. "We're going to get along swell."

"And I won't have to go back to the home?"

"No," I answered that question, "you won't have to go back to the home."

It was very late that night before Steve and I could get to sleep. We had brought Ted to the hotel with us, and he was fast asleep on a cot we had brought into the room.

Lying there, asleep, he didn't look frightened any more.

Steve was restless. "I wish we hadn't taken on the responsibility of that kid," he said. It was dark but I could sense the familiar worried scowl.

"He'll be all right."

"I know. But we aren't going to be in Marysville forever. No longer than it takes me to get the store in shape to show to Jenkins. And when we move on, what are we going to do with the kid?"

"Let's worry about that when we come to it."

"But I don't like to make promises I can't keep."

"I keep my promises."

There was no answer. My husband was there beside me in a double bed, in an ugly little hotel room in Marysville. But he seemed a stranger.

It was daylight when I fell asleep, and not much later when Steve was shaking me.

"Wake up, Mrs. M., there's work to be done. You too, young fellow," he shouted to Ted, "or you'll be late for school."

It was the old, familiar Steve, bouncing with energy, eager to be at the new job.

"He's always eager, at first," I thought. "How long will it last this time? When it happens, when he wants to move on, this time, what will I do? What about Ted?"

In the next weeks, as Steve worked staggering hours reorganizing the store, getting in new stock, listing ceiling prices and slaving over the books after the doors were locked at night, I was reassured.

Surely, I thought, he isn't doing all this to make a future for Jenkins.

He put up signs in the show windows—"Under New Management"—and was proud when his good service, accompanied by the best Morgan charm, lured back the old customers and wooed new ones.

"Marysville is falling in love with you, Steve," I told him.

"Can't have me, baby," he said. "I don't want to love anybody but you."

But there was no more talk about "moving on."

Every Saturday, after his trip to the bank, he mailed a check for \$20 to the store's former owner. And there was no more talk about Jenkins.

The two rooms and hole-in-the-wall of a kitchen upstairs over the store

were just another hotel room to me at first. Steve had always been imperious to his physical surroundings and didn't seem to mind the ugly overstuffed sofa—which sprouted Ted's bed at night—or the yellow oak bedstead, vintage 1914, which crowded our tiny bedroom to the bursting point.

When I confessed, however, that I would go stark mad unless I could get a brush into a can of white paint and a needle into a length of bright chintz he encouraged the project.

"Fix it up then, baby," he said, "it might discourage trade if the people of Marysville knew I had a mad woman locked away upstairs."

**W**HEN the flowered slip covers were finished for the living room sofa and chairs, the new curtains hung, and the ugly bedstead relegated to the storeroom, I felt a glow of ownership and permanence which warmed my very marrow.

I wasn't the only member of our family who bloomed in the new home-like atmosphere.

Ted began to sprout, up and out. The old look of fear in his eyes disappeared as the inches and pounds piled on, so I knew the phenomenon was due to something more than three substantial meals a day.

He had never mentioned the orphanage, after that first day, and we didn't discuss it in his presence.

I had visited the home soon after Ted was left with us, and explained the situation to the matron. I told her all that had happened—except for one thing: that Steve and I had quarreled about the boy.

"This is very irregular, Mrs. Morgan," she had told me. "In normal times we could not leave Ted with you under these circumstances. You would have to make formal request for adoption, and after that, if your references proved satisfactory, we would assign the boy to your care. But times are not normal. The war has put a very great strain on us here. We are terribly overcrowded—war has many ugly manifestations, but none worse, I think, than the homeless babies it leaves in its wake.

"If you are willing to give Ted a home, Mrs. Morgan, all I can say is that you are helping us with a serious problem, and we are very grateful.

"I think after you get to know Ted, you will want him for your own—he's such a sweet child. Come see us if you do, and we will do what we can to arrange it."

"I hope we can," I said.

"I'm sure you can," she answered.

Ted fitted into our lives as though he had always been there, and I, at least, began to feel that he always had. Steve, too, although he was reluctant to admit it, found that Ted was making a place for himself in his heart. He took to buying the boy little presents—a football, a new sweater, a small box camera. "A fellow's got to have things the other boys have," Steve explained sheepishly.

Of all the things he was given, Ted liked the little camera best. The first thing he did with it was to take a pic-

ture of Steve and me, outside the store, and when the picture was developed he thumb-tacked it to the wall beside his bed, so that it was the first thing he saw when he woke up in the morning.

His twelve-year-old energy matched Steve's own, and he rushed from the breakfast table to school, from school to the store, there to hop on his bicycle and rush again until dark delivering groceries without a hint of tiring.

Steve was the first to object to this schedule. "Other kids play football after school. Ted should too. I'll hire an older boy to make the deliveries."

Ted beamed when we told him the news, then quickly added:

"But I want to help, Mr. Morgan. I promised to help."

"You can help if we get in a jam, kid," Steve grinned. "Now run on out in the sunshine."

I was glad it was Steve's idea, for the boy idolized him. When he spoke to Steve, it was always very respectfully, "Mr. Morgan, may I go with the boys to the movies?" or "Mr. Morgan, the other kids go to Sunday School. Shouldn't I, too?"



But I overheard him in an argument with his young friends saying, "My father never sells over ceiling prices."

It was Ted who was responsible for our becoming respectable members of the community.

He asked one night at supper if Steve and I were going to the P.T.A. meeting. "You've missed three meetings straight," he said sternly.

I'd paid no attention to the mimeographed announcements Ted had carried home each month. Steve hadn't even seen them.

"The room that has the most parents present gets a prize," Ted went on. "We never get it," he added bitterly.

"Why don't we go tonight, Steve?" I said impulsively.

"Can't baby, I have a government report to get out."

"Do you mind if I go alone, then?" I asked. "It seems to be important to him."

Going to a P.T.A. meeting, it seems,

is only the beginning. At the meeting that night I was appointed to a delegation to appeal to the city council for funds for playground supervision.

At the council meeting I caught my first glimpse of Steve's old nemesis, Mr. Jenkins.

Someone pointed him out to me as the chairman of a Taxpayers Committee which was fighting further playground expenditures.

I felt a little sick.

"I'm glad Steve isn't here," I thought. "Might give him ideas."

Seeing Jenkins there, feeling the threat of his presence in the same town with Steve, I realized sickeningly that I couldn't face another upheaval, I couldn't move on any more. Marysville was home to me, as my instinct had told me that first day in town. I didn't want to give it up—to Mr. Jenkins.

After the council meeting I was introduced to him.

"This," said our chairman, wryly. "is 'the enemy.'"

If she only knew!

"So you're Mrs. Morgan," Mr. Jenkins was saying. "I hear that husband of yours has actually made a going concern out of his grocery store on Grove Street. Never thought the young idiot had it in him. Tried to sell me \$100,000 worth of fancy paper."

"Steve is doing very well," I cut in, icily. Young idiot, indeed!

"If he is," Jenkins chuckled, "it's a miracle."

He was pleased that I had risen to his bait.

"If it's such a good business, maybe I'd better drop in and look it over. Always thought I'd like to own a good grocery store."

My eyes were burning with quick tears. I tried to answer, but it was no use. I fled.

I told Steve about the interview.

"You wouldn't sell the store to him, would you Steve," I pleaded. "He's a dreadful, nasty old man."

"The old Skinflint wouldn't pay me what the store is worth," Steve replied.

"But if he would . . ."

"Don't worry, baby, he won't."

If only I could have believed it.

The next few days were an agony. Then, when a week had gone by, a month, without Mr. Jenkins' putting in an appearance, I decided we were safe again.

It was almost Easter. The first green buds were showing on the trees, and a brave crocus or two pushed through the still frozen ground in the garden across the street.

We had been in Marysville six months.

Six months isn't a very long time, a half a year—but this half a year had given me everything in life I really wanted. My husband was doing a job he liked, and doing it well. We had a home, and friends, and we had a son.

When Ted's Sunday School teacher came to call and said, "Your son is a fine boy, Mrs. Morgan," I glowed. It was not just that he liked Ted. He had called him *my* son!

"I wish we could induce him to join our boys' choir. He has a fine soprano voice." (Continued on page 90)

"WHY DON'T YOU

*Fall in love with me?"*

**W**E insisted upon a simple wedding. We had waited so long for this moment that we just wanted to be married, and then to be let alone.

But before I tell you about the wedding, I'd better stop a minute to set you straight on who we are. I—well, I'm the luckiest guy in the world, I guess. I'm the voice you hear when they announce that Harry Cool is going to sing, on the Here's to Romance show on CBS every Thursday night. I have success, after a long struggle to achieve it, and I have the most wonderful wife in the world. Who could ask for more than that? Even now I hardly believe it—it seems like a dream, and I have to pinch myself every now and then to make sure it's real.

I started to tell you about our wedding. As I said, our friends wanted all the trimmings—champagne and wedding cake, rice and old shoes. But we said no fuss. And they finally agreed.

When the appointed hour came—high noon, Thursday, April 20, at New York City Hall—there were quite a few people there just the same. Mayor LaGuardia performed the ceremony. I had always wanted to meet the Little Flower, but he could have been Justice of the Peace from Sleepy Corners that day for all he impressed me. My friend, Mack Davis, was on hand as best man. And my pianist, Doris Gribin, was Pat's matron of honor.

I didn't see anyone but Pat.

She was SO beautiful, in her new tan suit, her hair shining and black under the silly little tan hat with white feathers and a veil. (Beige, not tan, Pat says, reading this over my shoulder, and white, with luggage accessories.) All right, so it was beige. The white camellias I had picked out at the florist's an hour before were still damp and fresh on her shoulder. And they were shaking a little. Pat couldn't have been shaking. (Oh, no! she says.) But the flowers were.

Every air raid siren in New York could have blown the moment Pat said "I do" and I wouldn't have heard them.

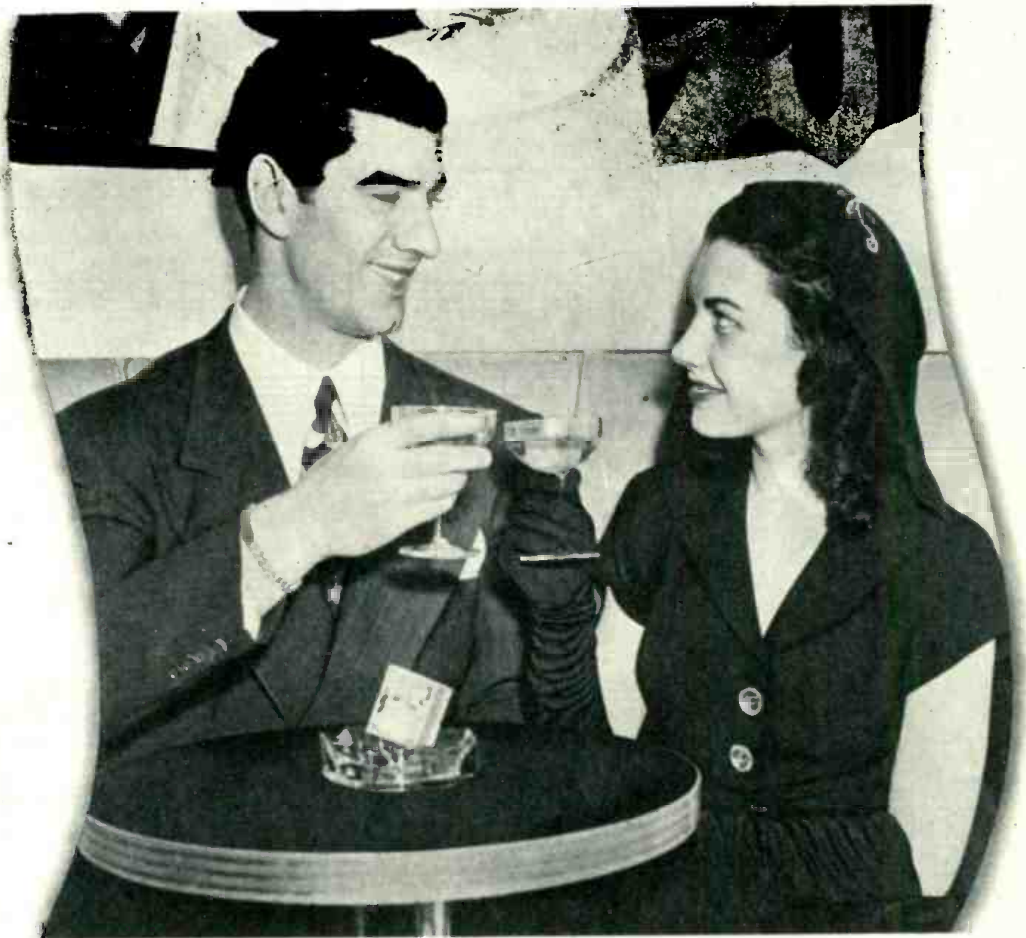
"I pronounce you man and wife," said the Mayor.

"At last," I muttered under my breath. I was still looking down at Pat.

"You may kiss the bride," he prompted me after a moment.

A pleasure.

We probably would just have stood



*"And she did," relates this newest singing star of radio. "And now I've won success and the most wonderful wife in the world. Who could ask for more?"*

### By Harry Cool

there, obeying His Honor's instructions, all afternoon, if Mack—who is my business agent as well as my good friend—hadn't nudged my arm and reminded me that rehearsal was at two o'clock.

Rehearsal? On our wedding day?

But we had planned it that way.

Pat went back to rehearsal with me, and the gang admired the new wedding ring, and the silly hat, and wished us well while I ran through the numbers for that night's broadcast of Here's to Romance. At dinner time we slipped away to the suite I had ready for her at the Marguery, where the manager, making up for my bridegroom's jitters, had put huge bowls of white flowers around, and a bottle of champagne in the ice box.

I went back to the broadcast, and left my beautiful bride sitting alone—which probably is the fate of all beautiful brides whose husbands are in the radio business. But once the broadcast was done, we had the whole, long, fine weekend stretching ahead of us.

We spent our honeymoon right in New York. We could have been more fashionable, I suppose, but it was what we wanted. Pat had never been in the big city before. She wanted to go to all the places, do all the things we had read about. So we went to the Stork Club, and "21" and El Morocco. We took a midnight ride on the Staten Island ferry and saluted the Statue of Liberty. We hired a hansom cab and went for a drive in Central Park, the leisured clackety-clack of the horse's hooves on the drive fitting soothingly into our honeymoon mood.

"I'll bet you (Continued on page 68)

# REMEMBER ME

You'll like this nostalgic ballad, composed by Skyland Scotty, who sings it to Lulu Belle on your favorite Saturday night show, the National Barn Dance

Words and Music  
by  
SCOTT WISEMAN

## CHORUS

Re - mem - ber me when the cand - le lights are gleam - ing Re - mem - ber  
when I'm gone for I'll be yearn - ing For you each

me at the close of a long, long day It would be  
night far a - way on the deep blue sea Don't cry for

so sweet when all a - lone I'm dream - ing Just to know you  
me But keep our love light burn - ing When I'm gone sweet -

still re - mem - ber me. You told me  
heart re - mem - ber me. me.

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RADIO MIRROR'S  
HIT OF THE MONTH





*LULU BELLE and SCOTTY, as they are known to National Barn Dance fans, are husband and wife as well as air partners. They have two children, a daughter, Linda Lou, aged seven, and a son, Steven, aged three. Scotty's real name is Scott Wiseman and he loves to sing the old time mountain songs his mother taught him when he was a boy in the hills of Ingalls, North Carolina. Lulu Belle's real name is Myrtle Cooper. She started her career by singing at socials and picnics near her home at Boone, North Carolina. With her husband, she has published a collection of fifty Home Folk Songs, the kind they like to sing in the Old Hayloft. The National Barn Dance is heard on NBC, 9:00 P.M., EWT, Saturday night.*

# I'll bring you sorrow

*Julian and Elisabeth sought only happiness,  
but it was not that simple. There can be no  
simplicity while human souls are buffeted by  
the winds of prejudice, confusion and fear*



## THE STORY:

**B**ARVILLE was a normal, everyday sort of little American town—the town where I was born and brought up—until Julian Weber came to live there. The first I knew of Barville's feelings toward Julian was from my father, the town's doctor. Julian was a doctor, too—and Julian was a Jew. For the first time in my life I encountered racial prejudice, racial hatred—in my friends, in Randy, the boy I'd gone with for years, even in my own father. I couldn't understand it, for I met Julian soon after he came to town, and I liked him at once. For the first time, my father and I quarrelled bitterly, because I insisted on seeing Julian again. And I did—several times—and found him nicer on each meeting. One night I took him to a party at the house of a friend. It was that night that the hatred and prejudice came out into the open, for Randy insulted Julian—said unpardonable things about the Jewish people, taunted Julian for not being in uniform. It was that night, too, that I realized that I loved Julian, that I wanted to marry him, to share his sorrow and his burdens. On the way home from the party, he began to tell me a little about his life before he came to Barville. "I come from Germany," he said, and it was as if he had said, I come from hell.

**I**N two words, Julian had given me his whole story. Now I knew the reason for the sadness that could not be banished from his eyes. I knew it, from all the things I had read in newspapers and magazines in the last ten years; and I knew it from the spitting, senseless hatred I'd seen in Randy Thompson's face a few minutes

ago; and I knew it from my father, who had said, "He's Jewish."

We walked slowly down one of the lovely, home-lined streets of Barville. It was night—an American night, which meant that the sky was filled with stars and not with death. The faint humming in the air came from crickets, not from coursing airplanes. The uniformed soldier we met and passed was no threat to us: he could not stop us and harshly say that it was forbidden for us to be together. (Forbidden—it was such a twisted, heavy word, like a club!)

There was peace here in Barville, a peace that boys from these houses remembered while they lay in Italian or New Guinea mud, offering up their lives to preserve it. Did they know that the enemy was here too, hiding in the minds of their fathers and mothers and friends, getting ready to strike?

No, I answered myself swiftly, hopelessly. They didn't know, couldn't be expected to. For them, the enemy was a Japanese or a German, not an abstract thing like hatred. You could send a bullet into their kind of enemy, blow him to pieces with a bomb, eliminate him with one of the other weapons human cleverness had devised. But nobody had ever been clever enough to invent a weapon that would cut hatred out of a man and leave him whole, and so we'd got into the habit of killing men and calling them our enemies. All the same, that was wrong. The real enemy was in people's minds, even in the minds of people here in quiet, friendly Barville. It spawned there, like a destroying cancer.

"Yes," Julian said, "I come from Germany, Elisabeth. I was nineteen, a student, when my father was arrested. Before that, I knew the sort of thing we saw tonight. At school,

some boys wouldn't associate with me because I was a Jew. I—we—were Germans, yet not quite Germans, you see. Just as now, although I have my American citizenship papers, there were people in that room who did not consider me quite an American. That is the way it starts."

He took a deep breath, pacing beside me.

"They came and arrested me, a year after they took my father. I was put into a concentration camp. My mother spent two years trying to find me, trying to arrange for my release. We had been—not wealthy, you understand, but comfortable. There was money at first for bribery, and later she got help from relatives in France. Perhaps that is the reason they didn't arrest her, too—because she could bring them money from outside. I don't know all that she endured. She has never told me. I only know that she succeeded at last, and that now she is no longer the mother I used to have. She is always afraid—she will see no one, move not one foot out of the house. In New York she lived with some other refugees while I finished my medical training. I hoped that here, in a new environment, away from all the old tragedies, she would be better, but—"

He left the sentence unfinished. There was no need to finish it. We both knew that he and his mother had not left the "old tragedies" far enough behind.



*The word that was scrawled there wavered before my eyes. I tried to wipe it away, but it wouldn't come off.*

"Julian," I said, "I'm so ashamed—of my town, my friends." I might have added, "My father," but I still hoped that Daddy meant nothing to him but a name, a cipher, someone who was neither for him nor against him. "It was inexcusable—what Randy said."

"Oh . . ." The single word seemed to dismiss Randy, personally, to scale him far down in the list of important things. Our steps slowed, and he turned to face me. Light from a street-lamp showed me the pain-filled line of his mouth.

"Why I am not in uniform," he said, "is something I would never tell him. But I would like you to know." He said, very truly, "that the war is my fight. Of course it is, just as it is the fight of any civilized person. I have tried, again and again, to be part of

it. No service will take me." A kind of shame came into his voice. "I—I left too much of myself in that concentration camp. My heart, my lungs, the scars on my body—"

His hands dropped to his sides and he looked away.

"That was in New York, of course," he added simply, after a silence. "I tried to persuade myself it didn't matter—that doctors were needed at home, and I asked for a list of places where there was a shortage of them. I picked Barville because—"

He broke off abruptly, and I thought, "How queer! He's afraid he's hurt my feelings by telling me that Barville was listed as a place that needed a doctor, although it already had one—my father. And once—earlier this evening, perhaps—my feelings would

have been hurt. Now it doesn't seem to matter. Because it's true. Daddy is old, and overworked, and not very up-to-date, and a second doctor here would be a help to him . . . if he would only realize it."

Aloud, I said, "It's all right, Julian. I understand. Why did you pick Barville?"

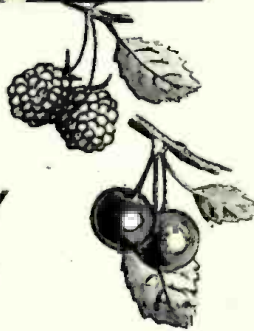
His laugh was little more than an exhalation of his breath. "Because it is in the middle of a farming community, away from industry. And because it is small. I thought, so close to the earth, to find . . . tolerance . . ."

Of their own accord, moving without orders from my will, my arms went around him. "You will find it!" I said desperately. "What happened tonight was only an incident—it didn't mean anything. The (Continued on page 54)

Now is the time to stock up your jam closet so you'll have a supply of delicacies to liven up your winter desserts.



Let's look ahead



**A**LMOST any day now when you go to market you will find fresh strawberries, cherries and rhubarb—and what mouth-watering desserts you will make of them. To my mind nothing quite tops fresh-fruit shortcakes, tarts and pies, but jelly or jam on hot biscuits run them a close second for flavor. So while fruits are in season I hope you will make a supply of these delicacies to liven up next winter's menus. It's easy, really, and you need to buy only a quart or two at a time—and the first thing you know you will have a jam closet that your grandmother would be proud of.

#### Strawberry Jelly

5 cups juice  
7 cups sugar  
2 boxes powdered fruit pectin

Make juice by crushing thoroughly about 3½ qts. fully ripe strawberries. Place fruit in jelly bag and squeeze out juice. If there is not enough juice, add a little water to fruit pulp in bag and squeeze again. Measure juice into saucepan and place over hottest flame. Add pectin and stir until mixture comes to hard boil. Add sugar (Note: In all jelly and jam recipes your work will be easier if you will measure the sugar

into a separate container before putting the liquid on the fire, so that the sugar will be ready when you are ready for it.) and continue stirring until mixture comes to hard rolling boil. Boil for ½ minute, remove from fire, skim off froth and pour into glasses. In this and in the other recipes that follow, pour melted paraffin onto hot jelly immediately after putting it into glasses.

#### Strawberry Jam.

4 cups prepared fruit  
7 cups sugar  
½ bottle fruit pectin

Prepare fruit by grinding or crushing thoroughly 2 quarts ripe straw-



BY  
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR'S  
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

berries. Combine fruit and sugar, mix well and bring to full rolling boil over hot flame, stirring constantly until it has boiled for 1 minute. Remove from flame and stir in fruit pectin. Stir for five minutes removing froth as it appears, pour into glasses and add paraffin as directed above.

#### Sour Cherry Jelly

3½ cups juice  
7 cups sugar  
1 bottle fruit pectin  
½ cup water

Prepare juice by stemming and crushing (do not pit) 1½ pounds ripe cherries. Add water, bring to boil and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Squeeze juice through jelly bag. Mix juice and sugar in pan, bring to boil over hot flame and add pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to rolling boil and boil hard for ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour into glasses and add paraffin.

#### Rhubarb Jam

3½ cups prepared rhubarb  
4 cups sugar  
1 box powdered fruit pectin

Prepare fruit by trimming and slicing fine (do not peel) 1 pound small red-stalk rhubarb. Add ½ cup sugar and allow to stand for 15 minutes. This cup of sugar is in addition to the 4 cups specified above. Measure fruit (if the last cup isn't quite full, fill it with water) into saucepan, place over hot flame and add pectin. Stir while mixture comes to hard boil. Pour in sugar, bring to full rolling boil and boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. (If mixture foams excessively, add ¼ tsp. butter). Remove from fire, skim, pour into glasses and add paraffin.

#### Rhubarb and Red Raspberry Jam

4 cups prepared fruit  
7 cups sugar  
½ bottle fruit pectin

Prepare fruit by crushing 1 quart raspberries and slicing ½ lb. rhubarb. Combine fruits, add sugar and bring to full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute, still stirring. Remove from fire, stir in fruit pectin. Alternately stir and skim mixture for 5 minutes. Pour into glasses and add paraffin. In place of raspberries, blackberries, boysenberries, dewberries, loganberries and youngberries may be used in combination with rhubarb. Sweet cherries and gooseberries may be crushed thoroughly or ground, then combined for jam by following this same recipe.

#### Raspberry Jelly

4 cups fruit juice  
7½ cups sugar  
1 bottle fruit pectin

Prepare juice by crushing 3 quarts ripe berries, and squeezing through jelly bag. (If berries lack tartness substitute ¼ cup lemon juice for ¼ cup prepared juice.) Mix juice and sugar, bring to boil over hot flame and add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to rolling boil and boil for ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour into glasses and add paraffin. Any of the berries listed in the preceding recipe may be prepared in this same way, and any two of them may be combined.

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

## SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	Program	Station
		8:00	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet	
		8:00	Blue: News	
		8:00	NBC: News and Organ Recital	
		8:30	CBS: Columbia Ensemble	
		8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders	
6:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: News of the World	
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe	
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad	
	8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs	
	8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line	
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Commando Mary	
	8:30	9:30	NBC: NBC String Quartet	
	8:45	9:45	CBS: New Voices in Song—Milton Bacon	
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Message of Israel	
	9:00	10:00	NBC: National Radio Pulpit	
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires	
	8:00		Rhapsody of the Rockies	
	11:00		MBS: Pauline Aipert	
	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	
	10:45	11:45	NBC: Marion Loveidge	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle	
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: News from Europe	
	11:00	12:00	NBC: NBC Orchestra	
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Josephine Houston, Soprano	
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Transatlantic Call	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
10:00	12:00	1:00	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	
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Josef Mardis	
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: Talks	
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Those We Love	
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: World News Today	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: John Charles Thomas	
	2:30	3:00	Blue: National Vespers	
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: New York Philharmonic	
	2:00	3:00	Blue: The Life of Riley	
12:00	2:00	3:00	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 Pearce Show	
	3:00	4:00	Blue: World of Song	
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lands of the Free	
2:00		5:00	Blue: NBC Symphony—Frank	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour	
	4:00	5:00	Blue: Mary Small Revue	
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Upton Close	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: The Shadow	
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers	
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer	
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: First Nighter	
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour	
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Great Gildersleeve	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: America in the Air	
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy	
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny	
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Dorothy Thompson	
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Perry Como	
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain	
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: We, the People	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Quiz Kids	
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Fitch Bandwagon	
	7:45	8:45	MBS: Samuel Grafton	
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel	
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Service	
	8:00	9:00	Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Goodyear Show	
	8:00	9:00	MBS: Mediation Board	
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor	
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Keepsakes	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: One Man's Family	
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter	
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Ned Calmer, News	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Radio Listeners' Digest	
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival	
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round	
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street	
8:15	8:30	9:30	CBS: Texaco Star Theater, Fred Allen	
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue: Jimmie Fidler	
6:30	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: Listen, The Women	
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: The Thin Man	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Bill Costello	
	11:10	12:10	Blue: Everett Hollis	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Eileen Farrell	
10:15	11:15	12:15	NBC: John W. Vandercook	
10:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Pacific Story	



### BUSY BOY . . .

You have to go some to keep up with Peter Donald, who reads the gags on Can You Top This, heard Saturday nights at 9:30 P.M., EWT, over NBC. In eleven years on the radio, hardly a day has passed when he didn't have some job or other on the air.

Peter was born in Scotland—as if you wouldn't know he was Scotch with that name—of an Irish mother and a Scotch father. The Donalds came to the United States when Peter was very young and Donald, Sr. soon became a familiar name in vaudeville, appearing in an act called "Donald and Carson." Peter made his debut on the stage at the age of three, when Will Rogers, who was on the same bill as Donald and Carson were playing, took the youngster by the hand—and marched him out on the stage and said, "This kid is going to be an actor. He might as well start, now."

While he was still attending the Professional Children's School in New York, Peter was kept busy modelling for thousands of advertisements and making his mark in the theater in plays on Broadway. He had a long run in "Bitter Sweet."

At thirteen, Peter was the youngest master of ceremonies on the air, on a commercial show. Radio has proven a rich field for Peter, who is only twenty-four, now. It has given him a chance to show his versatility. He is actually capable of playing children's parts—which he did, playing Tiny Tim in the annual presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" one year—and old men—which he did several years later, by playing Scrooge in that year's Christmas script. He also works as a straight dramatic actor on many of the network shows, including the Corwin series.

On the Can You Top This? show, he's instituted a new warm-up technique. Instead of spending the last few minutes before air time in warming up the studio audience, Peter uses that time to get the joke masters into the right frame of mind. He insists that they're the ones who have to be pepped up and in the right mood. The audience doesn't need to be warmed up, because if the gags are funny, they'll laugh anyway.

Peter is really radio's child, having spent all his growing up years and as much of his adult life as he has already lived, working steadily on the air. He's of average height, red headed and his eyes, under heavy straight eyebrows, have a good natured, good humored Scotch gleam in them. He's single and likes to spend what little spare time he has at what he calls a summer home in Eddysville, New York. He doesn't have much spare time.

## MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern War Time	Program	Station
		8:00	CBS: News	
		8:00	Blue: Breakfast Club	
		8:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness	
6:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air	
	8:15	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson	
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady	
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama	
6:45		9:45	NBC: Alice Corwell	
	10:00		NBC: Lora Lawton	
8:45	9:15	10:15	NBC: News of the World	
	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle	
	10:15		Blue: My True Story	
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate	
	9:30	10:30	CBS: The Open Door	
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children	
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue: Air Lane Trio	
	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	NBC: 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	
	10:45	11:45	Blue: Baby Institute	
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister	
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Romance of Helen Trent	
	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: Baukhaug Talking	
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Humboldt Family	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News	
	12:30	1:30	Blue: Living Should Be Fun	
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs	
	12:45	1:45	Blue: Pantry Party	
	12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life	
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: The Guiding Light	
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.	
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue: Mystery Chef	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Today's Children	
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Light of the World	
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone	
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	
	2:00	3:00	Blue: Good Neighbors	
	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, News	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins	
	2:15	3:15	Blue: Appointment With Life	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family	
2:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Now and Forever	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness	
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Ethel and Albert	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: This Life is Mine	
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	
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: News	
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Watbrook Van Voorhis, News	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo 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 Widder Brown	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Fun With Dunn	
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	NBC: We Love and Learn	
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Dick Tracy	
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill	
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: MBS	
2:45	4:45	5:45	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: Quilley Mow	
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Bill Costello	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Serenade to America	
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	Blue: Marijinsky, Songs	
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today	
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News	
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Joseph C. Harsch	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: I Love a Mystery	
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Horace Heidt's Orch.	
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Ed Sullivan	
7:30	9:30	7:30	Blue: Blonde	
	7:30	8:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger	
	7:30	8:30	Blue:	

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



MASTER MIND . . .

Ever wonder what goes on in your husband's—or wife's—mind? Well—try hard enough and long enough and maybe you can do what Joseph Dunninger does. He claims a child of three could learn to read minds—with about thirty years practice. You can hear his magic talk Wednesday night at 9:00 P.M., EWT, over the Blue network.

Joseph Dunninger is one of those rare individuals—a native New Yorker, having been born in that Metropolis just before the Twentieth Century began. He's always been interested in magic, though where he got such an interest no one can explain, since his father was a Bavarian textile manufacturer and his mother just a plain housewife and guardian angel.

By the time he reached sixteen, Dunninger was a professional magician. His first real job was at the Eden Musee, where he worked for a whole year. From there he went on a vaudeville tour and initiated something new in mind reading acts—the mind reader who didn't use stooges. He never has. In fact, if you want to earn yourself \$10,000, all you have to prove is that Dunninger does by some devious and well guarded means use an assistant.

Magicians like Houdini and Thurston spent many hard hours trying to find the secret of Dunninger's magic mind reading. And with these genuine artists of magic, Dunninger took up his campaign of "illusion busting," mainly against fraudulent spirit mediums. Here again, Dunninger backs his charges with money. \$10,000 will go to the medium who produces spirit phenomenon which Dunninger cannot reproduce by purely material means.

Besides being a mind reader, Dunninger has developed a vast number of magician's illusions, many of them used by magicians all over the world. When commercial radio started, he was one of the first paid entertainers to go on the air. His first show was a demonstration of hypnosis by radio. Later, he was heard as a psychic detective. Neither one of these shows caught on, though, so he went back to the theater until last year, when he became an overnight radio sensation.

Anyone who thinks this business of being receptive to thought waves is easy had better think again. Dunninger loses a pound or more at every performance—and it's the energy required that does it, he claims, not the perspiration. So, Dunninger's private life is a very quiet one. He has a home in New York, where he likes to spend his free evenings, with his scrap books, his albums of photographs and his almost fabulous collection of Oriental art. Sometimes, he likes a good movie or a drive in his car for relaxation. Since the war, of course, driving is out, and he probably spends his time thinking over the thoughts he's surprised in the thousands of brains he's dug into all over the world.

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim	
	8:30	Blue: News	
	9:00	CBS: News	
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club	
6:00	8:00	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	
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell	
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton	
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle	
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story	
	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World	
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate	
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door	
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post	
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room	
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill	
8:00	10:00	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: Baby Institute	
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum	
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
	9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:15	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
	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: Elizabeth 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	
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Living Should Be Fun	
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs	
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Bastly, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life	
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	
12:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children	
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World	
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone	
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	
	3:00	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: Appointment with Life	
	3:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever	
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine	
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family	
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness	
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Ethel and Albert	
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee	
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Ozark Ramblers	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas	
	4:25	5:25 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	5:45 CBS: Sea Hound	
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown	
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn	
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 NBC: We Love and Learn	
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy	
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: American Melody Hour	
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong	
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill	
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Woman	
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight	
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell	
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe	
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	
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America	
	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	
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News	
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsh	
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time	
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Milton Berle	
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery	
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World	
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Ronald Colman Show	
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town	
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News	
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms	
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Famous Jury Trials	
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: A Date with Judy	
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show	
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's 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 Blue: Fibber McGee and Molly	
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller	
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: Charlotte Greenwood	
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Charlie Presents Corwin	
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton	
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks	
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: "Creeps by Night"	

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:10 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
	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: My True Story
	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
9:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	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: Baby Institute
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force 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 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Bastly, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Three Pianos
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: The Mystery Chef
12:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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 Blue: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Appointment with Life
	3:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Ozark Ramblers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 MBS: True Detective Mysteries
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Woman
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
	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
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsh
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Milton Berle
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Ronald Colman Show
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's 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 Blue: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
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: Charlotte Greenwood
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Charlie Presents Corwin
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: "Creeps by Night"

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

## SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		P. W. T.	C. W. T.
	8:00	8:00	CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
	8:00	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	8:00	NBC: News and Organ Recital
	8:30	8:30	CBS: Columbia Ensemble
	8:30	8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
6:30	8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
	6:15	9:15	NBC: Commando Mary
	8:30	9:30	NBC: NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS: New Voices in Song—Milton Bacon
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Message of Israel
	7:00	10:00	NBC: National Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
	8:00		Rhapsody of the Rockies
	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
	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
	11:00	12:00	NBC: NBC Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Josephine Houston, Soprano
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Josef Mardis
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: Talks
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Those We Love
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: John Charles Thomas
	2:30	Blue: National Vespers	
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: New York Philharmonic
		3:00	Blue: Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: The Life of Riley
12:00	2:00	3:00	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 Pearce Show
		4:30	Blue: World of Song
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lands of the Free
2:00		5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony—Frank Black
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue: Mary Small Revue
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: William L. Shirer
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	NBC: First Nighters
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: Catholic Hour
8:00	5:30	6:30	NBC: Great Gildersleeve
8:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: America in the Air
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Dorothy Thompson
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Perry Como
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
7:45	MBS: Samuel Grafton		
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Service
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Goodyear Show
	8:00	MBS: Mediation Board	
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Keepsakes
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Ned Calmer, News
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Radio Listeners' Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
8:15	8:30	9:30	CBS: Texaco Star Theater, Fred Allen
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	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: Listen, The Women
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	CBS: The Thin Man
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Bill Costello
	11:00	Blue: Everett Hollis	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Eileen Farrell
10:15	11:15	Blue: John W. Vandercook	
10:30	11:30	Blue: Pacific Story	



### BUSY BOY . . .

You have to go some to keep up with Peter Donald, who reads the gags on Can You Top This, heard Saturday nights at 9:30 P.M., EWT, over NBC. In eleven years on the radio, hardly a day has passed when he didn't have some job or other on the air.

Peter was born in Scotland—as if you wouldn't know he was Scotch with that name—of an Irish mother and a Scotch father. The Donalds came to the United States when Peter was very young and Donald, Sr. soon became a familiar name in vaudeville, appearing in an act called "Donald and Carson." Peter made his debut on the stage at the age of three, when Will Rogers, who was on the same bill as Donald and Carson were playing, took the youngster by the hand—and marched him out on the stage and said, "This kid is going to be an actor. He might as well start, now."

While he was still attending the Professional Children's School in New York, Peter was kept busy modelling for thousands of advertisements and making his mark in the theater in plays on Broadway. He had a long run in "Bitter Sweet."

At thirteen, Peter was the youngest master of ceremonies on the air, on a commercial show. Radio has proven a rich field for Peter, who is only twenty-four, now. It has given him a chance to show his versatility. He is actually capable of playing children's parts—which he did, playing Tiny Tim in the annual presentation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol" one year—and old men—which he did several years later, by playing Scrooge in that year's Christmas script. He also works as a straight dramatic actor on many of the network shows, including the Corwin series.

On the Can You Top This? show, he's instituted a new warm-up technique. Instead of spending the last few minutes before air time in warming up the studio audience, Peter uses that time to get the joke masters into the right frame of mind. He insists that they're the ones who have to be pepped up and in the right mood. The audience doesn't need to be warmed up, because if the gags are funny, they'll laugh anyway.

Peter is really radio's child, having spent all his growing up years and as much of his adult life as he has already lived, working steadily on the air. He's of average height, red headed and his eyes, under heavy straight eyebrows, have a good natured, good humored Scotch gleam in them. He's single and likes to spend what little spare time he has at what he calls a summer home in Eddysville, New York. He doesn't have much spare time.

## MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
		P. W. T.	C. W. T.
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	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
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Corwell	
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton	
	10:15	NBC: News of the World	
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
	10:15	Blue: My True Story	
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30	CBS: The Open Door
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue: Air Lane Trio
	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: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: 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: Baby Institute
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	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: Humboldt Family
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:30	1:30	Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue: Pantry Party
	12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Forie Faces Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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
	2:00	3:00	Blue: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Appointment With Life
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: New and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Ethel and Albert
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Blue Frolic
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Lorenzo Jones
	4:45	Blue: Sea Hook	
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: Fun With Dunn
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	NBC: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	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	NBC: Serenade to America
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
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Horace Heidt's Orch.
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	7:30	Blue: Blondie
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: News
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: 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
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Stars
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue: Top of the Evening
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Broadway Showtime
	10:30	Blue: Melody in the Night	
7:30	9:30	10:30</	

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



MASTER MIND . . .

Ever wonder what goes on in your husband's—or wife's—mind? Well—try hard enough and long enough and maybe you can do what Joseph Dunninger does. He claims a child of three could learn to read minds—with about thirty years practice. You can hear his magic talk Wednesday night at 9:00 P.M., EWT, over the Blue network.

Joseph Dunninger is one of those rare individuals—a native New Yorker, having been born in that Metropolis just before the Twentieth Century began. He's always been interested in magic, though where he got such an interest no one can explain, since his father was a Bavarian textile manufacturer and his mother just a plain housewife and guardian angel.

By the time he reached sixteen, Dunninger was a professional magician. His first real job was at the Eden Musee, where he worked for a whole year. From there he went on a vaudeville tour and initiated something new in mind reading acts—the mind reader who didn't use stooges. He never has. In fact, if you want to earn yourself \$10,000, all you have to prove is that Dunninger does by some devious and well guarded means use an assistant.

Magicians like Houdini and Thurston spent many hard hours trying to find the secret of Dunninger's magic mind reading. And with these genuine artists of magic, Dunninger took up his campaign of "illusion busting," mainly against fraudulent spirit mediums. Here again, Dunninger backs his charges with money. \$10,000 will go to the medium who produces spirit phenomenon which Dunninger cannot reproduce by purely material means.

Besides being a mind reader, Dunninger has developed a vast number of magician's illusions, many of them used by magicians all over the world. When commercial radio started, he was one of the first paid entertainers to go on the air. His first show was a demonstration of hypnosis by radio. Later, he was heard as a psychic detective. Neither one of these shows caught on, though, so he went back to the theater until last year, when he became an overnight radio sensation.

Anyone who thinks this business of being receptive to thought waves is easy had better think again. Dunninger loses a pound or more at every performance—and it's the energy required that does it, he claims, not the perspiration. So, Dunninger's private life is a very quiet one. He has a home in New York, where he likes to spend his free evenings, with his scrap books, his albums of photographs and his almost fabulous collection of Oriental art. Sometimes, he likes a good movie or a drive in his car for relaxation. Since the war, of course, driving is out, and he probably spends his time thinking over the thoughts he's surprised in the thousands of brains he's dug into all over the world.

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	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
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Corneli
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story
	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	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
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Baby Institute
	8:45	10:45 11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:15	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. 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
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Fortia Faces Life
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
12:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
12:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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 NBC: Morton Downey
	3:00	4:00 NBC: A Woman of America
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12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Appointment with Life
	3:30	4:30 CBS: Now and Forever
	3:30	4:30 NBC: This Life Is Mine
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1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
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1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
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2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Burl Ives
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2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill
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3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Hensch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Milton Berle
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: A Mirth and Madness Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ronald Colman Show
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
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8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
5:45	7:30	8:30 CBS: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
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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 NBC: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
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7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Charlotte Greenwood
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	9:45	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: My True Story
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9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
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10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
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11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
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12:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
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	3:00	4:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Morton Downey
	3:00	4:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Appointment with Life
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12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
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1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
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	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
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2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill
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3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
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3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Hensch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Milton Berle
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: A Mirth and Madness Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ronald Colman Show
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
5:45	7:30	8:30 CBS: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's 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 NBC: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller
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: Charlotte Greenwood
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Red Skelton
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Congress Speaks
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: "Creeps by Night"



THURSDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Time	Program
		8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
		8:30	Blue: News
		9:00	CBS: News
		9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
6:45	9:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Vaillant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
		10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue: My True Story
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
	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
11:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue: Baby Institute
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	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: Humbord Family
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Living Should Be Fun
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue: Josef Stopak's Orch.
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life
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: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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: Melodies of Home
	2:00	3:00	CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00	Blue: Good Neighbors
	3:00	3:00	NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: A Woman of America
	3:00	3:00	NBC: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Appointment with Life
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Ethel and Albert
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: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: 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	Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Fun with Dunn
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	Blue: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Bucklives
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Earl Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00	Blue: World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS: Ned Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Kelly's Courthouse Musical
			Quiz
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC: News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Death Valley Days
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue: America's Town Meeting
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Aldrich Family
8:55	7:55	8:55	Blue: 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	Blue: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue: Out of the Shadows
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: March of the Men
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: Stop or Go
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News



WHACKY AND WONDERFUL

She's noisy. She's gay. She's wildly uninhibited and insanely funny. She's also one of the busiest guest stars on the air. She's appeared seven times on the Bing Crosby show and done repeats on all the other big variety shows on the air, on What's New, Mail Call, The March of Dimes, the Elgin Show, and with Eddie Cantor and Bob Hope.

Her name is Cass Daley. She's on the tallish side and thin and her face is the most mobile we've ever seen. She also has very large, protruding teeth and isn't the least bit self-conscious about them. In fact, she's got a new wrinkle on the pin up girl idea. Cass believes that hospitalized soldiers need to laugh more than anything else. So she sends them pictures of herself wearing a gargoyles smile.

It all began when she was one of the poverty stricken Daleys of Philadelphia. Cass had a job in a hosiery mill and she made \$8 a week. Cass had a job but not for very long. She spent one hour entertaining her fellow workers with hilarious imitations of the boss. Now, anyone knows that's no way to hold a job.

Deciding that she must have done a pretty good imitation, if the boss got it, Cass concentrated on mimicry and forced her way on to the stages of local theaters on amateur nights. Her complete lack of inhibitions, her ability to tangle herself into any and every shape, and her wild singing at the top of her lungs, invariably brought down the house. From amateur contests, Cass graduated to occasional work in small night clubs and once in awhile in some second-rate vaudeville house.

Then, Cass got a job at Mary's Club in Tuckahoe, New York, and things began to happen—all kinds of things. Because on the night Cass opened at Mary's, a certain Frank Kinsella was there. Mr. Kinsella was an agent. He took one look at Cass's show and after the act was done went to her dressing room and asked her to put her career into his hands. He also convinced her that she must never again be ashamed of her big teeth. "They are your ticket to fame," he insisted. And he was right. Later, Mr. Kinsella asked Cass to put her life into his hands, too. Cass is now Mrs. Kinsella in private life.

Mr. Kinsella did very well by Cass's career. He even achieved the minor miracle of making her into a Ziegfeld Girl—and you know what Ziegfeld was noted for—beauty. In 1938, Cass toured the British Isles and on her return got a part in "Yokel Boy."

Next came Hollywood, of course, and you've seen her in Paramount's "The Fleet's In" among others.

A long time ago, Cass learned the value of comedy. What was more important in building her success, she learned how to laugh at herself.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Time	Program
		8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
		8:30	Blue: News
		9:00	CBS: News
		9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:15	2:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
6:45	9:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Vaillant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
		10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15	Blue: My True Story
	9:30	10:30	CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
	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: Baby Institute
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
10:15	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
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Humbord Family
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Living Should Be Fun
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Portia Faces Life
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: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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	Blue: Good Neighbors
	3:00	3:00	NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: A Woman of America
	3:00	3:00	NBC: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Appointment with Life
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Ethel and Albert
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: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: 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	Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Fun with Dunn
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	Blue: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Bucklives
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Earl Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00	Blue: World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS: Ned Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Fred Waring's Pleasure Time
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Kelly's Courthouse Musical
			Quiz
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC: News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Death Valley Days
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue: America's Town Meeting
9:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Aldrich Family
8:55	7:55	8:55	Blue: 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	Blue: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue: Out of the Shadows
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: March of the Men
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: Stop or Go
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

I'll Bring You Sorrow

Continued from page 49

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
6:00	8:00	CBS: Press News
	8:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	NBC: First Piano Quartet
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Yankee Doodle Quiz
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
	9:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Ozark Ramblers
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Betty Moore Talk
9:00	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
	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: Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Report from London
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Here's to Youth
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Trans-Atlantic Quiz Between London and New York
	1:30	Blue: Swine Shift Frolics
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Country Journal
10:15	12:45	1:45 CBS: Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Women in Blue
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Of Men and Books
	1:30	2:30 NBC: Grantland Rice
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Calling Pan America
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue:
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Victory F.O.B.
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Visiting Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
	4:00	CBS: Report from London
	4:00	5:00 Blue: Horace Heidt
	4:15	CBS: Races
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Doctors at War
1:35	3:35	4:30 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: Concert Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Story Behind the Headlines
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Mother and Dad
3:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Service Serenade
3:15	6:00	NBC: I Sustain the Wings
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
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: Rob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Good Old Oays
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: American Story
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Mayor of the Town
5:00	7:00	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: RCA Program
4:30	6:30	8:00 Blue: News
4:30	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 Pops Orchestra
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
8:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Cisco Kid
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:55	Blue: Coronet Quiz
7:00	10:00	Blue: Guy Lombardo
	10:00	NBC: Palmolive Party
	10:30	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: Harry Wismer, Sports
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:55 Blue: Hoosier Ho

people here are good, Julian,—they're friendly and kind. They are!"

We stood close together, holding each other, and he kissed me. It was a long kiss, full confession of the love that had sprung up between us almost at our first meeting. And yet, somehow, it was a kiss of renunciation. I felt that, with cold desolation in my heart, even before he took his lips away and said:

"If you believe that, Elisabeth, it's because you refuse to see what is in front of your eyes. It was no incident, and it did mean something. It meant that you and I must stop seeing each other. In this world I can bring you nothing but sorrow. They hate me now, but if once they discover that you love me, they will hate you too. Your friends, your relatives—all of them."

"No! No!" As if by saying the word I could convince him, and myself as well.

YES." He spoke quietly, with the tired, fatalistic acceptance of someone who has grown used to ancient cruelties. It was more chilling to me than any vehemence could have been, because it left me nothing to fight. Gently, he pushed my arms away. "I will take you home now, Elisabeth. You're overwrought, keyed up. In the morning, when you have thought about things, you will see I am right."

"Julian—wait!" I cried. "I won't go unless you tell me one thing. Do you love me?"

He stood looking down at me in silence. "No," he said harshly at last. "You're beautiful, and very pleasant to kiss and—but no, I don't love you."

For an instant, believing him, I felt as if he'd struck me with his open hand. But then I knew, as well as I knew I loved him, that he was lying.

"That's not true," I said.

He twisted his body away. "No, it's not—but what did you want me to say? That I love you so much I want to ruin your life? It's beginning here, I tell you, just as it began in Germany! And I won't let you be hurt by it!"

"You can't stop me," I told him.

"Come—I'll take you home."

This time I followed him without protest. I was filled with a curious kind of numb, stubborn determination. I couldn't share his deep pessimism. The cruelty he'd known—the hounding down of innocent people simply because of their ancestry—I couldn't, wouldn't believe that such a thing might happen in America. People here were too fine, too generous, too wise. They'd fight the evil, once they knew it existed, and conquer it. And somehow, I would convince Julian that we too could fight it, together.

We didn't speak as we went back to the car, got into it and drove to my home. Only, as I got out, I said, "I'll see you in the morning, dear."

He didn't answer, and I understood it was because he was too tired to argue, too discouraged to assent.

There was a light shining under the door of Daddy's office when I went inside. Once I would have gone in to ask why he was up so late and chat a few minutes before going on to bed. Tonight, I tiptoed past. This was one time I couldn't keep up the farce Daddy and I had been playing ever since our quarrel over Julian. It was better not to see him at all than to

have to talk trivialities when I was burning to tell him what had happened at Nora's party. And of course I couldn't tell him that and expect any sympathy. He would try to find excuses for Randy, even if he didn't say outright that he'd been justified.

I undressed and lay down, but I couldn't sleep. In a frantic, nightmarish way, I went over and over what had happened. Quite fruitlessly, of course. I loved Julian and he loved me. But there were people who had decided to hate him because he was something called a Jew. What did that mean? That he was cruel—dishonest—greedy—evil in any way? They seemed to think so, these people, but they were wrong, because there was nothing bad in Julian. They had only to look at him, talk to him, to know this. Then why

I turned to find a cool spot on my pillow. Downstairs, I heard the front door open and close, and a minute later the sound of Daddy's car driving away. A late call, I thought—although I hadn't heard the telephone ring.

Toward morning, I must have dozed, but I woke with the impression that the night had been endless. "When you have thought about things," Julian had said, "you will see I am right." Well, I'd thought—endlessly—and I still knew he was wrong. There was one clear and inescapable fact: we loved each other. Nothing else mattered in the least.

I got up and went to cook breakfast. Daddy came down as I was setting the table, and although he'd bathed and shaved, one glance told me he must have been out most of the night. His eyes were rimmed with red, and the sagging folds of skin about his mouth accentuated the tenseness of his lips.

"An all-night call?" I asked, relieved for the moment to be able to find some impersonal subject to talk about.

HE sat down and unfolded his napkin, his hands shaking a little. "Yes," he said wearily. "Mrs. Saylor."

"Mrs. Saylor?" Preoccupied as I was with my own troubles, I was still mildly interested. Mrs. Saylor was the wife of Barville's banker, a strong, handsome woman who had, as far as I knew, never been ill a day of her life until now. "Why, what's the matter?"

Daddy frowned. "I don't know," he said, and although his tone was petulant there was an undertone of anxiety in it. "At first I thought it was only indigestion—but there are other symptoms—" He stopped talking abruptly, and I could tell he was sorry already that he'd said this much. I didn't press him; my momentary interest waned, and we ate breakfast in silence.

When Daddy had left, I washed the dishes, made the beds and straightened up around the house—all in a quiver of impatience. I had to see Julian. What I would say to him, I didn't quite know, but see him I must. I wanted him to realize that the night hadn't changed me, that I still loved him.

It was going to be a hot day. Already the atmosphere was thick and clinging. The leaves of the trees hung motionless, and the sprinklers on front lawns pivoted slowly, as if they were making a conscious effort. But I walked quickly, only half-conscious of the temperature

Continued on page 56

# She's Engaged!



*Carlyn Phelps Truax* OF CHICAGO

Her engagement to Corporal James H. Drumm, Jr. of New York was announced on Thanksgiving Day, when he was home on furlough.



**CARLYN'S LUMINOUS** copper-gold hair intensifies the creamy-white look of her fine, smooth skin. This adorable Pond's bride-to-be met her fiancé on the way to South America—where she was going to visit friends, and he to join his parents who live part of the year in Rio, part in New York.

**AT U.S.O. CANTEEN SHOWS** Carlyn, who leads in dramatics and dancing at her college, helps entertain the boys at the Great Lakes Training Base. "U.S.O. Clubs everywhere need volunteers for all kinds of work," she says. "Maybe you could help, too."

## She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

**YOU** can't quite capture Carlyn's charm in words, but you know she has stolen your heart *completely*—with her incredibly lovely hair, and the little-girl naturalness of her enchanting smile.

You know, too, that her complexion is *especially* pretty—smooth, fresh and soft as can be. "Pond's Cold Cream," Carlyn says, "is my beauty cream. It's such a fine, smooth cream you feel it's bound to do nice things for your face."

**THIS IS THE WAY  
CARLYN LOVES TO USE IT . . .**

*She Smooths* soft, snowy-white Pond's over her face and throat. Pats it with brisk

finger tips to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

*She Rinses* with a second soft-smooth Pond's creaming, working the cream round

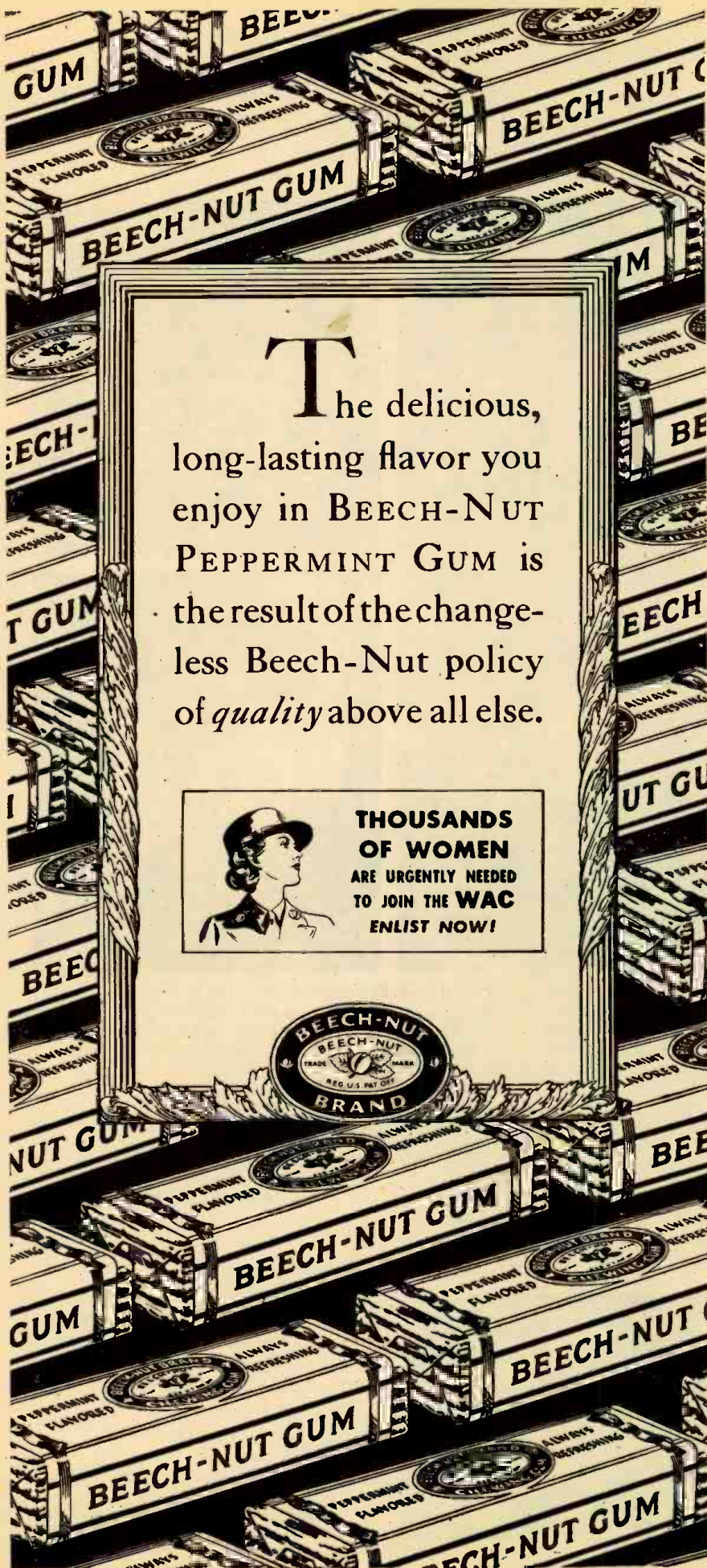


and round her face with little spiral whirls of her fingers. Tissues off again. "Two creamings this way give my face the loveliest, immaculate feeling," she says.

Give your complexion this Pond's beauty care—every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident engaged girls like Carlyn, society leaders like beautiful Geraldine Spreckels and Britain's Lady Kinross love Pond's so well. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

**ASK FOR A BIG LUXURIOUS JAR!** Large sizes save glass and manpower. And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the lovely wide Pond's jar.

**TODAY—MANY MORE WOMEN USE POND'S THAN ANY OTHER FACE CREAM AT ANY PRICE**



The delicious, long-lasting flavor you enjoy in BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM is the result of the changeless Beech-Nut policy of *quality* above all else.



**THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO JOIN THE WAC ENLIST NOW!**



Continued from page 54

—until I stopped short at Julian's white gate, staring at one of its posts in horror.

The word that was scrawled there in black crayon wavered before my eyes. It wavered, but it was burningly distinct, too, and it held me like a spell. All my life to come, I would see the round, childishly-formed outlines of those three letters, would feel this rising, choking nausea in my throat.

I put out my hand to wipe the thing away, but it was written in wax crayon, it wouldn't come off. I only smeared it and brought my white glove up stained with black. *But it had to be removed!* It wasn't merely a blot upon the white gate-post; it was a blot on the whole town of Barville.

A step grated on the path leading from the house to the gate, and I flung up my head, starting guiltily. It was Julian. He had seen me there, and had come out to meet me. Quickly I tried to open the gate and intercept him, but I had stared at the sickening thing too long. He went around me and stood where I had been, looking at it, his face like chiseled marble.

"This is familiar too," he said, barely above a whisper.

"Some child did it, Julian," I blurted out. "Can't you see—it's a child's handwriting—"

HE raised his eyes to mine. "Children write what they hear from their parents," he said, and came through the gate again, closing it behind him and going straight on up the path to the shadowed front porch. I followed him, almost running. Out of sight of the street, screened by some flowering honeysuckle, he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands, defeat in every line of his body.

Defeat! Yes, that was it, that was what was so dreadful—he was without spirit, he had no hope, no wish to fight.

"Julian," I begged, "listen to me. I'm convinced now. You were right, when you said last night that things are beginning here the way they did in Germany. But that doesn't mean they have to end the same way, too! Stand up and fight back—"

"How can it be fought?" He dropped his hands and gazed through the intertwined branches of the vine at the bright street. "Until I came here, this was a happy town. The hatred of one race for another was here, I suppose, but it was sleeping, harmless. I woke it up. The only way it can be put back to sleep is for me to go away."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!" he mimicked me, smiling



sadly. "Most of all for your sake, dear Elisabeth. Don't you suppose I know how it must be for you at home—with your father?"

"With my father?" I tried to feign bewilderment. "Why—no, what makes you think—?"

"Of course I know," he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Did your father tell you we met, a few days ago, and were introduced to each other by Mr. Barnett, the druggist? No, he didn't. He does not like me."

That was all he told me, but my imagination could provide the rest—Daddy looking coldly at Julian, refusing to offer his hand, turning away with a bare nod.

"How shameful!" I said. "Julian, I'm so sorry!"

"Never mind. I didn't want to tell you. But I had to make you see how impossible it is. There are some things you can't fight."

"No—I still say that isn't true!" I had been leaning against the porch rail, and now I pushed myself upright, vibrant with new hope. "Julian—let me show you. Let me prove to you that this—this nastiness hasn't gone so far in Barville—nor in America, either—that it can't be stopped. Because I can prove it. I know I can!"

I lifted my lips quickly to his, and then I was running down the steps, out the gate with its black stain. Eleven o'clock, my watch said. Could I wait until noon? Could I possibly wait that long?

**SOMEHOW**, I did. Somehow, I was calm and casual when Daddy came home.

"How is Mrs. Saylor?" I asked.

He shook his head, sighing, and I knew that I hadn't lost my chance.

"If you're worried about her," I asked, "wouldn't it be a good idea to get another opinion?"

"Another opinion?" he repeated, frowning in puzzlement. "Where would I—?" And then he understood. "No!" he said, deep in his throat.

"Father!" I said. It was the first time in my life I had called him that, and now I did it unconsciously, instinctively. "We've got to talk. You see, I love Julian. I am going to marry him."

He stood beside his desk, where he'd gone to pick up his morning mail, and two letters slipped from his hand.

"You love him!" he said angrily. "I might have known it was a mistake to let you see I didn't like the fellow—it was all you needed to start thinking you were in love with him!"

"That may have had something to do with it," I admitted quietly. "But still—I do love him. I think you ought to do the graceful thing and be his friend. He has few enough of them in town, thanks to the silly prejudices of people like you. I wouldn't even be surprised if you've said things against him yourself."

He winced, and I thought triumphantly that I was winning—he hadn't forgotten to be ashamed. I hurried on:

"You haven't diagnosed Mrs. Saylor's illness—you just admitted that yourself. What could be more natural than to ask for another opinion? It's something doctors do all the time. You'd have done it yourself, before now, if you hadn't been the only doctor here. It would be easy for you, and it would mean everything to Julian, because it would show him—show the whole town—that you'd accepted him."

"But I don't accept him!" he said sharply. "Not as a doctor, not as a

# HOME CANNERS!

## Follow Instructions



Clip the chart below and follow it step by step and your canning success is assured. It's an easy way to supply your family with a variety of fruits and vegetables, nourishing and rich in flavor.

### Instructions for Using Ball No. 10 Glass Top Seal Closures (Glass lid and metal band)



1 Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.



2 Wash Jars, lids, and rubbers in warm soapy water. Rinse. Cover with warm water. Boil to sterilize. Keep hot until needed.

5 Place lid so rubber lies between lid and top edge of Jar.



3 If processing (cooking in Jar), leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave 1/2 inch space in top of Jar.



4 Fit wet rubber around projection on under side of lid.

6 Turn bands tight, then loosen about 1/4 turn. Bands must fit loosely during processing (cooking). Important: This must be done to insure best results. If using Open Kettle, screw bands tight as soon as Jar is filled.



7 After processing, screw bands tight to complete seal. Remove bands 12 hours after canning. Do not turn filled Jars upside down.



8 To open—run point of knife under rubber to admit air and break seal.

### Instructions for Using Ball Vacu-Seal Closures (Two-piece metal cap)



1 Examine top edge of Jar. This must be smooth, even and clean to assure perfect seal.



4 Wipe top edge of Jar with CLEAN CLOTH to remove any food from sealing surface. Place Vacu-Seal lid, white side down, on top edge of Jar.



2 Wash Jars in warm soapy water. Rinse. Cover with warm water. Boil to sterilize. Keep hot until needed. Drop Vacu-Seal lids in boiling water, and leave in hot water until needed.



5 Screw bands down tight. "Do not exert force." Do not retighten bands after processing. Remove bands 12 hours after canning. Do not turn filled Jars upside down.



3 If using in Steam Pressure Cooker, or Hot Water Bath, leave 1 inch space in top of Jar. If using Open Kettle, leave 1/2 inch space in top of Jar.



6 Test Seal after Jar is cold by pressing on lid with finger. If there is no "give" and center of lid is "drawn down," Jar is sealed. To open—puncture lid and pry off.



## BLUE BOOK

As BALL Jars are leaders in home canning, the BALL BLUE BOOK likewise leads with its authentic, complete methods and tested recipes for home canning. Send 10c for your copy. Follow instructions and can with care.

**BALL BROTHERS COMPANY**  
Muncie, Indiana, U. S. A.



So Powerful ....



With all their hidden "tempered steel" strength, HOLD-BOB tapered Bob Pins are flexible. See how smoothly they hold your lovely hair-do! And never fear, once they have it in their firm embrace, they won't let go.

HOLD-BOBS are the *only* bob pins with this patented "flexible-firm" construction. Ask for them by name, as you do other beauty accessories. Say "HOLD-BOB", for better Bob Pins. If your dealer is out of them temporarily, he will have some 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.



Actual length, 2 inches

**HOLD-BOB Bob Pins**  
*Are Better Bob Pins*  
**THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO. CHICAGO**

neighbor, certainly not as my son-in-law! Can't you understand that?"

I shook my head. "No, I can't! Why, why, why?"

"Because he's a—" "Don't say it!" I almost screamed. "Don't make me hate you!"

There was only the sound of our breathing as we faced each other.

"Julian said," I whispered at last—"Julian said this was the way it started. With ugly little hatreds, so fantastic you can't believe they really exist. I wouldn't believe him. Even this morning I only half believed him. But—my own father! You're a doctor. You're supposed to be intelligent, a scientist. And yet you can hate a man you don't even know. You hate him so much you won't even listen to me when I tell you I love him."

He made an impatient gesture. "You're hysterical, Elisabeth. I do not hate him. I simply don't want to have anything to do with him. He's not my kind. Nor your kind, and you'd realize it if you hadn't blinded yourself with a lot of sentimental sympathy. Sympathy. Of all things to waste on people like that!"

**H**E moved to leave the room, and suddenly I ran to the door and stood there so he couldn't get out without pushing me aside.

Summoning all my strength, all my will-power, I said, "Whatever you call it, it's hatred you really feel for Julian and his people. And that hatred is destroying you, right now!"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"How sick is Mrs. Saylor?" I shot the words at him, and his face went blank.

"Why—" he faltered, "she's—" And stopped, unable to find words.

"She's so ill you're afraid she may be dying, isn't she?" I cried. "You needn't tell me—I know it's so, from the way you've been worrying about her. And suppose she does die? Will you be happy then, knowing that you might have saved her by calling in Julian? Will your hatred be any help to you? Or will you feel like a murderer?"

I fell back, spent and weak. Through a haze, I saw my father's face, and it was not like the face I'd known for twenty-one years. Its eyes were wide and staring, and its mouth was twisted, and there was no dignity in it.

"Bet," he said hoarsely, "don't—"

I couldn't answer. I felt as if I could never speak again, nor move, nor breathe. I had done all I could, using my last argument, making my last plea. If I still failed, there was nothing left for me. I would no longer be able to stay here, in the same house with

my father; and Julian would not let me go with him. In numb, silent suspense, I waited to learn my future.

Daddy closed those staring eyes, and when he opened them again they were the eyes I knew—very tired, very sad, but sane once more.

"I'll—I'll call Weber now," he said, and picked up the telephone.

My knees gave way, and I sank down into the nearest chair. From very far away I heard his voice. "Dr. Weber? This is Dr. Marion calling. I have a patient I'd like to get your opinion on. I'm not entirely satisfied with my own diagnosis... You would? Is one-thirty this afternoon convenient?... Good—I'll pick you up."

Professional words—crisp, cut to a pattern. I heard them, but they were not what Daddy was really saying. No matter what words he used, he was telling Julian that I'd been right, that the nastiness hadn't gone so far it couldn't be stopped, that hatred was not going to rule, that there was still hope for the world.

But of course this is not the end of my story. It is, rather, its beginning—only barely its beginning.

I realize that all the more with every day that passes. We were married in October, Julian and I, and before long it will be October again. We have been happy together, and we will go on being happy, but this does not mean that everything has been either simple or easy. There can be no simplicity, no ease, while human souls are buffeted by the winds of prejudice, confusion, fear.

Some—a few—of my old friends are no longer my friends. I don't hate them for it. I only wait for the day when the blindness will fall from their eyes, as it has already fallen from the eyes of other friends who began by accepting Julian for my sake, and ended by learning how fine he is, how worth knowing for his own.

And Daddy... I suppose, if I had had strength enough left to think sanely on the morning I persuaded him to call Julian and ask for an opinion on Mrs. Saylor, I would have realized he wasn't acting on his convictions. I hadn't altered them, essentially. I had only frightened him. But even that was enough. Once he'd met Julian, worked with him in making Mrs. Saylor well again and seen his sincerity, once he'd started to think of him as a fellow human-being—he could no longer be so wholly prejudiced. And further acquaintance kept the change alive, growing. Today, I know, he loves and respects my husband.

"I'll bring you sorrow," Julian told me once, but he was wrong. Whatever the future may hold—he was wrong.

THE END

**BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE—**

"Preserve the carcass"—that's what your garageman will tell you, and he's talking about your tires. Of course, none of us are going to do any unnecessary driving this summer, but for the driving that you have to do—how are your tires? Do they need recapping? Be sure to have it done before the carcass of the tire is damaged, for there aren't going to be new tires for civilian use. The 820,000 tons of synthetic rubber that American science and industry will produce this year sounds like a lot—but the Army needs it, and the Army comes first! If your tires are worn, now's the time to preserve them with a recapping job.



# "Want a lovelier Complexion?"

This Beauty care really makes skin softer, smoother"

*Veronica Lake*



Star of Paramount's

*"The Hour Before the Dawn"*



MY LUX SOAP BEAUTY FACIALS DO WONDERS FOR MY SKIN!

"I cover my face generously with the creamy lather, work it in gently, but thoroughly," says lovely Veronica Lake. "I rinse with warm water, splash with cold, pat to dry. A beauty care that works!"



### DON'T WASTE SOAP

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

*You* want the loveliness that wins Romance! So take Hollywood's tip. Give your skin regular care with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. In recent tests of these beauty facials screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

**Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it**

LOVE is the Score



Yes, it happened at tennis — Bob looked at me and said, "Love will always be the score for you — beautiful lady with the sparkling hair." I shudder now to think how dull, drab hair *might* have ruined my chances for romance—for my hair looked really mousy until I began using Nestle Colorinse.



"Dull unattractive hair is a handicap to any girl's natural loveliness," my hairdresser had warned. Then she suggested I use Colorinse after each shampoo. "You'll be amazed at the sheen — the richer color and glowing highlights it gives your hair," she said.



And she was right! Colorinse left my hair sparkling — softer — silkier, and so much easier to manage! Bob said today that he's all set for a lifetime match and he doesn't mean only tennis, either! I say "thanks" to Colorinse for helping me win his heart!

P.S. For your next permanent, ask for an Opalescent Creme Wave, by Nestle — originators of permanent waving.

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KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed look, whether you wear your hair up or down — a delicately perfumed hair lacquer. Just a few drops of Hairlac will keep your coiff in place throughout the day. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢



**Nestle** HAIRLAC

## Together

Continued from page 37

very strongly that while they had nice houses, I was sure none of them had a love like mine to make them beautifully, really, homes.

Then, I saw the house. I saw it and wanted it. It was a newish-looking house, red brick with white shutters and a lovely white door with a fan-light over it. I found myself walking all around the street it was on, so I could see it from all sides.

I could see Dan and me in that house. I could see us being happy there and perhaps having children there. I could see us building ourselves solidly into the community, becoming important citizens. Dan was a supervisor at the plant, now, and he was only twenty-seven. In a few years, he could move ahead, become manager of a division, later, perhaps, even the manager of the whole plant. Why not? He was a college graduate. He was capable and intelligent. He knew his job. And that house would be perfect for us, a lovely house, dignified and handsome and solid.

I COULD hardly wait for Sunday, so I could take Dan walking and show him my dream house. I didn't want to say anything about it first. I wanted to see whether he recognized it as being perfect for us, the way I did.

This, too, was to be a day of discovery. It was a day bright with the sun and gay with a gentle May breeze rustling in the trees. It was really Spring, now, warm and fresh.

"Let's walk out to Oakwood," Dan suggested. "I've got to see some green — something growing—"

That was fine. Oakwood was a large park on the edge of the residential district. Dan's suggestion made everything so much simpler. It was so easy to wander down the side street and stop before the house and exclaim over it. It was so easy to say, "Oh, Dan, it's so beautiful. It's just the house for us."

Dan grinned down at me and tweaked my ear. "Kitten," he laughed, "what ideas you have. That house is so far ahead of us, I can't even see that far."

"Why?" I asked. "You're doing well at the plant. You'll be promoted soon. And then—we'll need a house—we'll need to live up to your position."

He laughed and pulled my hand into the crook of his arm and led me away. "All right—you can dream, too," he said. "Only, darling, you forgot to

notice the house doesn't seem to be for sale."

He didn't take it seriously, at all. It almost seemed as though he didn't even want to think of it. And, in a very short time, I was to see why. Such a short time.

Oakwood was lovely in its first flush of new green. Dan threw himself down on the grass and rubbed his face into the tender green shoots. He breathed deeply and noisily and laughed.

"Oh—how I love the smell of the earth when it comes alive again!" He rolled over on his back and grinned up at the sky. "I can hardly wait to get away from all this noise and pavement and brick."

"Get away from here?" I asked softly.

"Sure," Dan said. He rolled over and smiled at me. "Didn't I ever tell you?" He frowned. "No—I guess I was saving it for a surprise." He leaned on one elbow and took my hand. "You want a house, darling," he said. "I do, too. And I've got just the right one picked out for us. I was born in it."

"A farm—" I whispered. "You were born on a farm."

"That's right, Kitten. And I want to go back there. That's what I've been working for—saving for—to buy back the farm my father lost after the drought." His eyes were looking far off into some dream I couldn't see, a dream I didn't want to see.

Land—a farm—the earth and working it and things growing and being harvested — and — and — Dan went on talking, but I hardly heard him. I was gripped by fear, so tensely, I couldn't hear. Because I was seeing my father again—my father who used to talk the same way about the same things, with such love, such fervor—my father as I'd seen him last, his broken body jerking spasmodically in the wheatfield. And, somehow, in my mind, Dan and my father became confused. I saw Dan feeding his youth and energy into the soil, growing old before his time. And for what?

"No, Dan!" I found myself crying. "No—you don't understand. I'd hate it. I'd hate our living on a farm."

He looked startled for a moment. Then he laughed and pulled me down beside him. "My, how positive you are! We're not moving tomorrow, Lucy, and — you just let Dan take care of things. As long as we're together—like this—"

## "I'LL PUT IT IN MY SHOPPING BAG"

That's the patriotic American shopper's by-word nowadays. When Mrs. America goes shopping she takes the small things she purchases, unwrapped, in her purse, and carries a shopping bag to accommodate the larger ones. That's because Uncle Sam needs paper, and the supplies for civilian use are running low—sixty percent or more under 1943! That means that not only must we accept our packages unwrapped whenever possible, but that we must save wrapping paper that we do have for re-use—just as we save all kinds—magazines, newspaper, waste paper—for salvage.





He was kissing me, and after a moment I relaxed and gave myself up to the heaven that was in the circle of his arms.

But I remembered the incident afterward, and each time I thought of it, a little stab of fear pierced my happiness, my snug security. Dan said no more about moving to a farm, but he'd spoken once, and I knew him well enough to know that he never said anything he didn't mean.

One conviction sustained me. Dan loved me. I was first in his thoughts in the morning; at night he slept with his cheek against my hair, his arm around my waist. And if I moved, the arm moved, too, as if he needed that small contact to let him sleep peacefully. And when I prepared small surprises for him—a special dessert, a little present, a few flowers for the table—his expression when he saw them twisted my heart. Dan had been lonely without me, perhaps even more lonely than I'd been without him. Surely, he would stay in Carlton if he knew that it meant my happiness.

ALSO, I knew how Dan felt about the war. He really wanted to do everything he could to help get it over with as soon as possible. He worked very hard, overtime almost every night. We put as much money as we could into bonds. As long as he was needed, I knew Dan would stay in Carlton and work at the plant. Looking at it objectively, sensibly, I could see that his work was bound to be appreciated; he was sure to be promoted. And when he was, perhaps he would change his mind—see how much better life could be here, what it would be like to live in that lovely house with the white shutters. He would see how much more he could accomplish, how much further he could go in life.

Then, in September, Dan was promoted. He was put in charge of a whole division. Seeing how happy it made him, when he was telling me about it, I thought, for a whole minute, that my hopes had been realized, that success was beginning to change his mind. For one minute!

"Now," Dan said gayly, "you can buy yourself a few things. We won't have to pinch pennies so much."

"It hasn't been as bad as all that," I laughed.

But Dan knew that as well as I did. His mind was way ahead of me. "And I'll be able to save more—get my down payment together a lot faster—maybe even in time to start planting next Spring—"

"But—Dan!" I gasped. "Your job—the war!"

"There are lots of men better suited for my job than I am," Dan said, never noticing the distress in my eyes. "And there aren't enough farmers—good ones. That's a war job, too, Lucy. A darned important one." He hugged me close and rocked me back and forth happily, laughing, "And then we'll live, darling—the way people should live."

He believed that. He believed that just as much as my father must have believed it when he was a young man. But I had seen what had happened to my father. I couldn't bear to see that happen to Dan. And my mother—I thought of her, too, and grew even more frightened. Was that what was ahead for me?

I was careful not to let Dan see my mother's letters. She wrote about the farm—about the new hired man, and the sowing and her plans for next year.



so you see, my dearest, we're  
arr  
**Gosh, she loves me!**

I hope you get the package we mailed today. There's a bar of Fels-Naptha Soap in it. I'd have sent several, but Fels is like handsome husbands just now—a bit scarce.

I guess you don't get time for much washing. But when you do, just give the detail to Fels-Naptha. I'll bet it'll chase the dirt as quick as ever you chased a Jap. No 'snipers' left in the seams either! Please take care of yourself, Joe.



**Fels-Naptha Soap**  
Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



It was foolish of me, I suppose, because I should have known that anyone as determined as Dan wouldn't change his mind. More than that, since my own plans for our life together meant so much to me, I should have been willing to give his a chance. But it was all mixed up in my mind, then. I just didn't believe that Dan—or anyone—could be happy, not really, living as I remembered living on a farm, with all its insecurities and its tragedies.

As time wore on, Dan grew more adjusted to his new job. It began to seem as though he really liked it, and my hopes sprang up again. I began to think I'd been foolish to worry so much. Time and the new comforts we could now afford would do more to change Dan's mind than anything I could ever have said.

**I**T was late in November that I chanced to walk past my house and saw the sign. I say chanced, but that isn't exactly true. I still walked there as often as possible. Only recently, I'd begun to have a possessive feeling about that house, because it seemed to me so much more likely that I would win and that it, or one exactly like it, would really be mine.

For a long time, I just stood there staring at the FOR SALE sign. I'm not quite sure how I'd hoped to get the house before—I'd just had such a longing for it that I was sure something would happen to make it mine. And now it had happened!

I was almost trembling as I rang the doorbell. A young woman showed me the place, telling me all the while that the house was being sold because her soldier husband had been transferred East for permanent duty at a hospital there. I scarcely heard her. I was too busy looking, seeing a dream come true. The inside of the house was all that the outside had promised. There was a lovely Adam mantel, and French doors off the sun porch, and dear little dormer windows in the upstairs bedrooms.

"How—how much is it?" I asked breathlessly. "I mean, how much do you want in cash—now?"

She hesitated, and I had the feeling that she was as new to the business of selling houses as I was to buying them. Then she mentioned an amount. My eyes widened—the down payment alone would take most of Dan's and my savings.

"We can't make it any less," said the woman. "We just put the sign up this morning, and yours is the first inquiry we've had. My husband even thought that if we waited a while, we might get more. If you'd like to think it over—"

I don't know how to explain what I did then. Perhaps it was the thought of seeing that dream house sold to someone else, perhaps it was the same sort of mad happiness and recklessness that had made me marry Dan after knowing him only one week that made me cry positively, "Oh, no, I want the house! I—I'll bring you the money this afternoon—"

She nodded—and the house was mine! In a fever of excitement, of triumph, of eagerness to have the sale assured, I hurried downtown to the bank, where the clerk made out a check against our account. I didn't stop to think of the hours of overtime Dan had put into that bankbook; if I had, I doubtless would have told myself that I'd worked and saved for the money, too, and I would have ignored the fact that my contribution was only

a fraction of Dan's. Such things didn't count at the moment. All that mattered was that the house would be ours—the house and all of the wonderful living for which it stood.

Not until I'd turned the money over to the woman and had made an appointment to get the necessary papers from her the next day did I really draw an easy breath. It was as if I'd been afraid right up to the last minute that she might change her mind about selling, that the house might after all escape me.

I didn't tell Dan about it that night. I intended to, but he came in from work late, and almost too tired to look at the evening paper. I put off telling him until the next evening. It would be better then, I thought, when I could put the deed in his hand, make it seem—well, almost like a present.

The next day I met the woman, got the deed, had the sale recorded, and made arrangements to make the rest of the payments through a real estate agent. As I walked homeward with the papers in my purse, I began to think of ways to tell Dan. But I couldn't seem to find the right words—all of the glad phrases I'd planned turned into defensive arguments. We didn't know how long the war would last—and we didn't know how long it would take Dan to whip his farm into such shape that he could be making a contribution to the war effort. Wouldn't it be better to stay here, where his job was established, and really important? Then, Carlton was overcrowded, and with so many people looking for places to live, we were lucky to get this place. Besides, at the end of the war, if Dan still wanted to farm, we could always sell the house. If he wanted to. And I was sure he wouldn't.

Nevertheless, the glow of triumph and accomplishment within me began to fade, and in its place was a cold, heavy feeling. My footsteps slowed as I neared home, and I was hardly aware that it had begun to snow. And then, as I opened the door, my heart began to pound, and my throat tightened with unaccountable apprehension. Dan was home!

**H**E was standing by the window, staring at something in his hand. It was our bank book. After a moment he looked up at me, and his eyes were unreadable—withdrawn, somehow, and remote. It was as if he looked through and beyond me. "What did you need money for, Lucy?" he asked quietly.

I was afraid suddenly. Once or twice, when I was a little girl, I'd known fear like that—when I'd done wrong, and had faced my father and had found him not angry, but strangely grave and quiet, and I'd realized that the wrong I'd done was even greater than I'd thought. But this was worse. I'd been sure of my father's love, of his eventual understanding and forgiveness. Now, in a sick, panicky moment it came to me that I couldn't be sure at all of how Dan would feel.

"I—" And then they came—the words I'd rehearsed in my mind. Those words and many more. I told him what I'd done and tried to explain why, but no matter how I talked, I couldn't reach him. He still looked through, not at, me. Finally, I had nothing left to say.

"Lucy," Dan asked heavily, "why did you marry me?"

"Because I love you."

"How can you?" he asked. "How can you say that—and not understand how

Glamour



for you!

## A flattering Stadium Girl Complexion

There's a new thrill waiting for you...a fresh, captivating complexion!

With Stadium Girl Cake Make-up your complexion appears lovelier, more romantic than ever...a truly enchanting skin beauty that remains soft and natural for hours. Then, too, remember Stadium Girl Cake Make-up hides those tiny, annoying skin faults and brings about an overall complexion of warm overtones—thrillingly glamorous.

Try this sensational new cake make-up. You'll find new glamour in one of these flattering shades—Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan.

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Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you'll find these other equally fine cosmetics—Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.



STADIUM GIRL CAKE MAKE-UP, full ounce, 25¢

STADIUM GIRL LIP MAKE-UP, six shades, 10¢-25¢

STADIUM GIRL CHEEK MAKE-UP, four shades, 10¢-25¢

Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores

**Stadium Girl**

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Campus Sales Co., Distributors  
Milwaukee 2, Wis.

I feel—the way I want our life to be? How can you love me—when obviously you're not satisfied with the way I am?"

"What about the way I feel?" I flared. "Why should I live on a farm, when I can live here? Why shouldn't I want you to be successful? You can go right to the top if you want to. Why shouldn't I expect that of you?"

"I see," he said. "Because that's your idea of success I'm supposed to give up everything I've worked for, saved for—everything I've wanted ever since I can remember."

I'D lost. I knew it now, and yet I went on desperately. "Dan," I pleaded, "I can't live on a farm. You don't know what it's like for a woman—the hopelessness of finding, year after year, that you can't afford the things that make life livable. I know too well what it's like—seeing money saved for rugs and curtains go into fertilizer, washing dishes in an iron sink because the new one has to wait until the feed bill's paid. You can't ask me to go back—"

"You don't have to go anywhere you don't want to go," he said stonily. Then his eyes clouded. "All these months," he went on softly, "I thought you were with me in the things I wanted to do. And you weren't. All the time, you were planning, scheming how you could change me, make me something I never could be. Lucy, if you loved me, if you knew me at all, you'd know I wasn't cut out for this kind of life—that I hate the factory and only stayed there because I hate our enemies more—because it was the only thing I could do at the moment." He moved toward the door. "Maybe," he said bleakly, "we should have found out a little more about each other before we got married."

His hand was on the doorknob, when the bell rang. He opened the door quickly. It was a telegram—from Dr. Boden. "Mother alone and very ill.



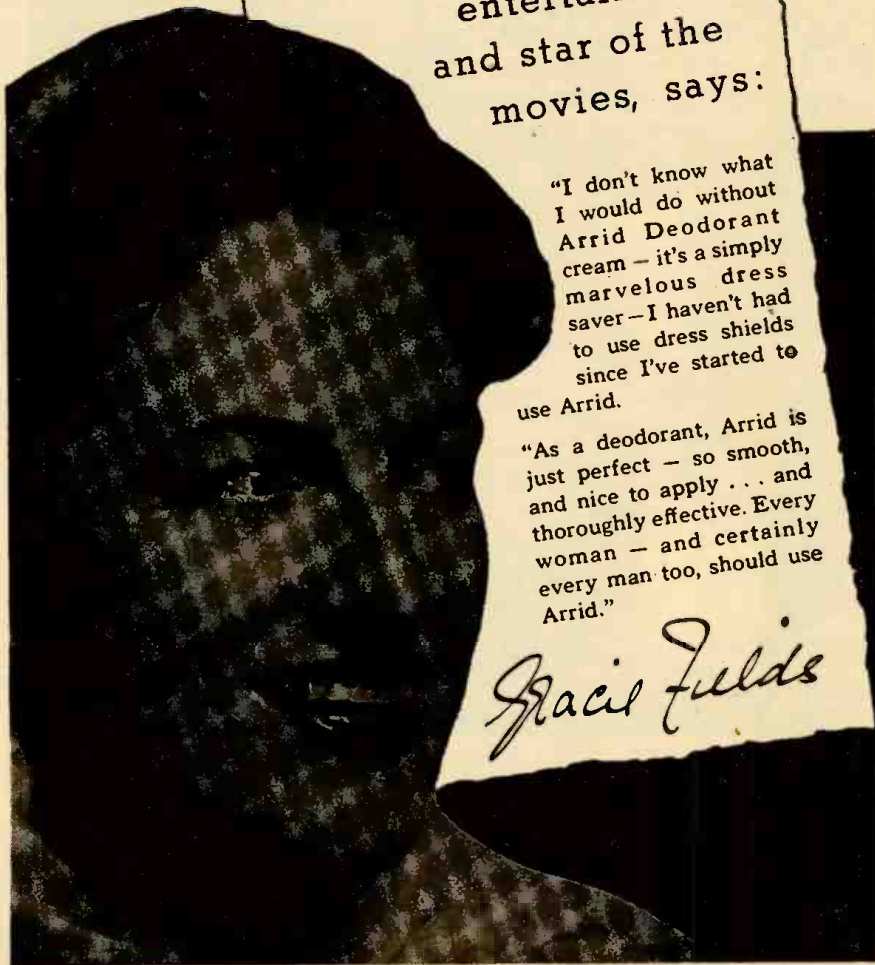
Patsy Campbell, heard on Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories, over CBS, uses V-Mail when writing to her husband, Sgt. Alfred Reilly who is serving in Italy.

Gracie Fields  
internationally known  
entertainer  
and star of the  
movies, says:

"I don't know what I would do without Arrid Deodorant cream—it's a simply marvelous dress saver—I haven't had to use dress shields since I've started to use Arrid.

"As a deodorant, Arrid is just perfect—so smooth, and nice to apply... and thoroughly effective. Every woman—and certainly every man too, should use Arrid."

*Gracie Fields*



## NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT

*which Safely helps*

## STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar

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At any store which sells toilet goods



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*"You were never lovelier!"*

Hampden's Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion. Applied without water or sponge it never causes dry skin; helps conceal skin flaws; stays on for hours without repowdering. Use Hampden's for "lovely make-up always." 5 alluring complexion changes.



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## Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor"

(and save up to 50%)

says alluring PAT BOYD  
"We must be glamorous"

"Even under the tropic heat of photographer's 1000-watt lights I have to look exquisite!" Cover Girl Pat Boyd says. "What's more, I simply can't risk injury to the expensive clothes I model in. So believe me, it was a load off my mind when I found a deodorant that even under these severe conditions, *really* did the job—Odorono Cream!

"The point is, Odorono Cream contains a really effective perspiration-stopper. It simply closes the tiny sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"Odorono Cream is safe, too. For both skin and clothes. Even after shaving it is non-irritating—it contains emollients that are actually soothing. And as for delicate fabrics, I've proved that Odorono Cream won't rot them. I just follow directions and use it as often as I like.

"And think of it! Velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorant creams. What a saving!

"So to every girl who'd like to be 'Cover-Girl glamorous'... here's my heartfelt advice: use Odorono Cream. You'll be delighted, *I know*."



Winsome Pat Boyd



Come at once," it said.

That telegram, alarming as it was, spared me the picture of Dan's walking out of the room, out of my life. I know now that that's what he would have done—and I couldn't have called him back.

Instead, there was a frantic hour of packing, of calling the station, and then I was on the train, and the snow-covered landscape was sliding past my unseeing eyes. Dan had put me on the train, but he hadn't kissed me good-bye. It was as if he hadn't felt it necessary to say goodbye at all, because we had never really known each other.

I wonder now if one ever really succeeds in running away from the things he hates and fears, or if the only way is to face them and prove yourself stronger. Ironically, when I reached the end of my journey, I found that it wasn't my mother I returned to, not my mother who needed me, but—the farm. When I came to the house that had once been my home, I found that Mother had pneumonia, a very severe case, because she was worn out with work. She hadn't written me that the hired man had left and she had been trying to carry on by herself. She was past the crisis now, and Dr. Boden told me that with rest and care and freedom from worry, she would surely get well. I knew what that meant to me—it meant that I had no hope of going back to Carlton soon. It meant that I'd have to dig in in earnest to fill Mother's place on the farm.

MOTHER'S own attitude proved it.

Weak as she was, glad as she was to see me, she seemed to begrudge every moment I spent with her. Her eyes would stray to the window, and I'd know that she was wondering if the floor was dry under the feed sacks in the hen house, or when Doll, our best milch cow, would have her calf.

I worked. It was the best I could do for Mother. I lugged feed and milked, and cleaned the ancient, inefficient cream separator; I swept out the chicken house and the barn, and somehow I managed to cook and to keep Mother comfortable and the house presentable. I even found a kind of grim satisfaction in the hardest, dirtiest tasks—it was as if they bled some of the pain and the bitterness out of my own soul.

I didn't hear from Dan. After a month had passed, I no longer expected to. I knew now that what I'd done to him was unforgivable, and everything between us was over. I kept putting off the idea of returning to Carlton. Gradually I sensed the truth—that the beauty and the romance and excitement I'd sought there I had found with Dan, and that no place ever again, no city, no matter how glittering, could give me anything to equal it. No, it was better to stay where I was, to bury myself in unending work than to return to a city job and a city apartment where I'd have time to eat my heart out for my husband. Better the long day of hard physical labor, so that at night I went to bed too utterly weary to miss the man who belonged beside me.

Perhaps unconsciously at first, I began to plan for the farm. As my muscles hardened and the work went more smoothly, I began to see things that were needed. A new separator—perhaps I could manage it out of the egg money in the spring. A water heater for the house would pay for itself in the time and work it would save. I thought ahead toward spring,

thought almost with anticipation of planting, of watching the green shoots appear, thrusting toward the sun.

Then one morning in December I found myself lying awake in the deep black before dawn, listening for the sound that had roused me. It came again—a thin cry, barely audible, but insistent in its plea for human help. Doll was having her calf. I struggled into my clothes and made my way to the barn.

I found Doll down in her stall, her eyes glazed, her body convulsed in the ancient, eternal struggle. "Doll—" My voice quavered helplessly. I was as ignorant of what to do for her as any city dweller. I'd always shrunk from the bloody things on the farm, from the births and the slaughters. But her head turned toward me, and I felt that she was glad I'd come, and that somehow gave me courage to stay. I pitched more hay down where she'd thrashed the floor clear, and stuffed my scarf in the crack in the door where the wind blew cold. Then I crouched beside her, rubbing her poll, talking to her soothingly, praying silently that nothing would go wrong.

SOMETIME after dawn it was over. I still crouched beside Doll, unaware of my cramped limbs, marveling at the small, damp, brown thing that nuzzled eagerly at her side.

The emotions that welled in me were beyond expression. There in the barn I'd been brought close to the beginning of things, to the struggle and the triumph that was the heart of life. And it was good. I began to understand my mother and my father now—and Dan. This closeness to the earth and its creatures—it wasn't bad; it was good. It was good if you made yourself a



This is Pfc. Willie E. Byman of Belmont, N. C., AIR WAC, who has been assigned to duty at the radio control tower at Turner Field, Albany, Georgia.

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2 BATHASWEET SOAP

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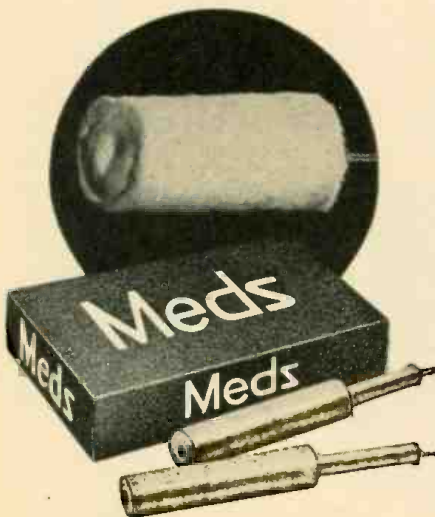
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part of it, if you met it with strength and understanding, if you had eyes to see a miracle in a new-born calf, in a green shoot in the black earth. It was a hard life, but satisfying as no other could be to those who were born to it. "Oh, Dan," my heart cried, "I want you. I want you here. I want our children to be born where there are green things and sunlight—and little calves to play with. Dan—"

A second miracle happened that morning, because Dan heard me. I was starting across the yard to the house when a car came in the drive and stopped—and Dan got out. I stopped and stood staring, unbelieving, and then I started forward and stumbled and would have fallen if he hadn't caught me.

Then I was in his arms, laughing while the tears ran down my cheeks, and Dan was murmuring broken, incoherent words into my hair. "Lucy, I had to come. I nearly went crazy—not knowing how you were or what had happened to you. I had to see you, to see if we couldn't straighten things out—"

"They're straight, Dan." I broke away from him, held him off a little so that I could look in his eyes. "I want to be with you, and I'd like us to be here—I mean, on a farm—"

He shook his head slowly, and his expression was that of a man who very much wants to believe—and who does not quite dare. "Lucy, are you sure? After you left, I thought over the things you'd said, I mean about the woman's side of it, and I realized that a lot of them were true. Only, honey, it doesn't have to be that way—"

"I know that, Dan—"

He interrupted me, speaking softly. "Lucy, did you think I meant you to work like—well, the way you must have been working this past month? Farming isn't all drudgery, and it isn't hopeless—not when you know what you're doing and have a little capital to start with. That's why I went to agricultural school—to study soil reclaiming, and to learn how to recover

worked-out land. Our fathers made mistakes, Lucy, but we can make up for them. Thanks to you, we'll have something substantial to start with—"

"To me!"

He nodded, his eyes alight, his smile half teasing. "To you. Haven't you wondered what became of that house you bought?"

I shook my head. Even now I didn't like to think of the foolish—yes, almost criminal—thing I'd done.

"I went to the realtor's the other week to see about the December payment," he went on, "and I found out that you're a better business man than I am. That house, Lucy—the agent says he can sell it for almost half again as much as you paid for it. We'll have money to put into this place, or into my father's, as you like. Things will be different for us, Lucy—"

I hardly heard what else he said. His words were lost in the wind, a part of the morning sun that was like a glory all around us. It was enough—it was too good to be true—that the wrong I'd done had been righted, that the dark spot on our life together had been erased, leaving the past as clear and as shining as the future.

AND as Dan promised, things have been different for us. We decided to stay on Mother's farm, and we plan to take over Dan's father's place after the war. With the changes Dan has made, we've had the enormous satisfaction of seeing the land grow richer under our hands, of seeing the dream my father worked for begin to come true. We have much more. Here, working together, planning together in the evenings, resting quietly together at the end of the day, we have really found one another.

It's a different world, and in it another love has been born between us—clear and direct and strong—and beautiful, beautiful as the haze of the morning mist and the warmth of the noonday sun and the still air of the evening. Beautiful because it is natural and uncomplicated and endless.

## IMPORTANT RADIO TIME CHANGE

# "My True Story"

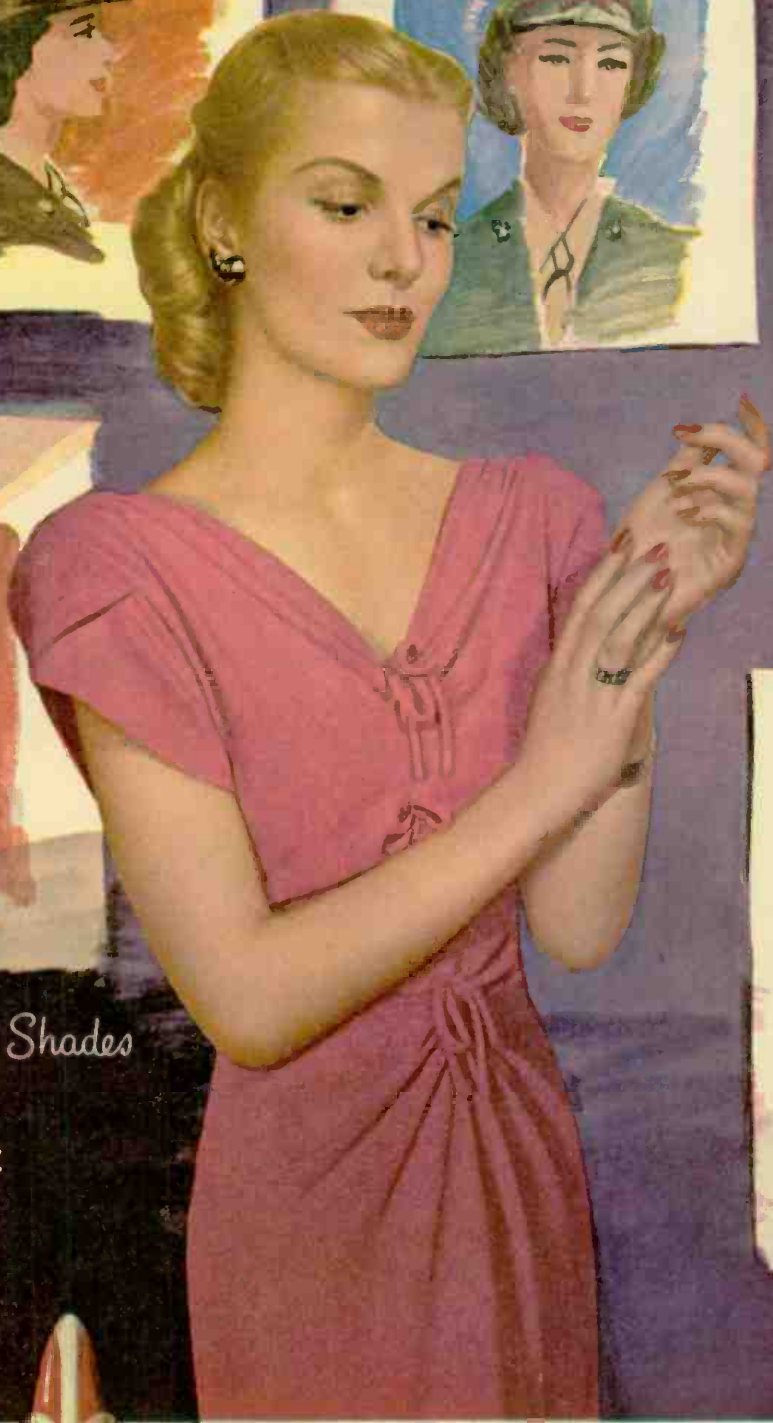
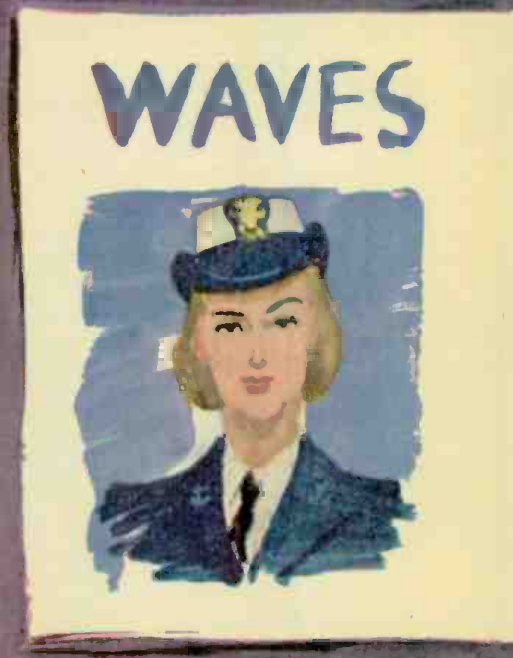
is now broadcast every week-day morning, Monday through Friday, over 184 Blue Network stations at

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Tune in "My True Story"—a complete, new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

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*These Women - 1944's best dressed - choose favorite Cutex Shade*

**More women choose Cutex than any other nail polish in the world**

# "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me?"

Continued from page 45

didn't suspect when you met me, Mrs. Cool," I said, "that one day you'd be riding around Central Park in a handsome cab—with me—like this—"

"No," said Pat, when I gave her a chance to answer. "I didn't. I didn't think you'd ever be able to afford it."

It was an old joke between us. If she had believed appearances the day we met she would have been convinced that this fellow Harry Cool didn't have a nickel for a cup of coffee.

It was at Helsings cafe, the intimate little night club in Chicago where I worked for a while between radio engagements. (And there were more "betweens" than engagements those days.)

Pat was cashier at Helsings. I came to work early the first evening—at six o'clock. The doors weren't open yet, and the chairs were piled on tables in the sort of disarray which

makes an empty night club a most inhospitable-looking place.

Pat, along with the manager, the captain, and the hat-check girls, was having an early dinner in a booth in the one lighted corner. I ambled over and was introduced all around.

"Well," I thought when the manager indicated Pat as Miss Woodruff, "this job is going to be lots of fun."

I HAULED a chair off one of the piles, pulled it up to the booth, still taking in the wonderful combination of dark eyes, black-black hair and luminous skin that was Miss Woodruff.

"Bring me a cup of coffee," I called to the waiter. Rehearsal could wait.

They all chatted away. I was silently plotting the next step in getting to know the beautiful Miss Woodruff.

I was still in a daze when my accom-

panist yelled that I'd better get at it if I didn't want to rehearse before the customers. I completely forgot to pay my check.

Later that night I sought out Pat, with an apology. "I owe somebody some money," I began.

"Get lost, tall, dark and handsome," she laughed. "I bailed you out."

She thought I was broke, and at that point she was almost right.

I had made a good living singing, chiefly with bands, ever since I left West High School in Minneapolis, jumping from Minneapolis to Chicago, to St. Louis, and finally all over the country with Dick Jurgens band with which, as featured soloist, I made over a hundred records.

When the Jurgens band broke up, I decided to try to make good on my own.

I almost regretted that decision in



## TWO PROMINENT SOCIETY BEAUTIES TELL — how to choose your right summer powder shade

MISS CYNTHIA McADOO, blonde, very charming, and very young, says, "Fair skin like mine turns a rich, rosy tan in summer—and ordinary sun-tan powders show up yellow, especially around the nose and mouth. The shade I love is Pond's Dreamflower 'Dusk Rose.' It has a soft glow that blends marvelously with my tan—makes my skin look smoother! If you're a blonde, choose Pond's 'Dusk Rose' for summer."

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DUSK ROSE—for rosy-tan blondes  
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Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!



the first few weeks after I left the band. I had sixteen offers to sing with bands—and no other offers at all.

My manager, Milt Stabin, cracked the stone wall after a while, however, and I began to get solo bookings on Chicago radio programs, and in night clubs. It wasn't the big time, but—

When I told Pat what I was trying to do, she encouraged me.

"You'll make it," she said. "After all, Frank Sinatra was a band singer. So were Perry Como and Dick Haymes. You can sing as well as any of them—and, besides," she added, laughing, "you're prettier."

"You're prejudiced," I said.

But her faith in me helped. I began to be surer of myself, and when Milt booked me for a week at the Chicago Theater—Chicago's biggest playhouse—I gave it everything I had and was held over for four weeks.

Pat and Milt were pulling for me to land a big radio show.

"If I do," I told Pat, "look out. For I'm going to ask you to marry me."

"Ask me now," she said, "I still have that nickel."

**B**UT I wasn't quite sure enough of the future.

Then Milt booked me for one appearance on Broadway Matinee.

"If you hit it off on this one," he told me, "anything can happen."

"Everything," I thought, "including a honeymoon with Pat."

I got through the rehearsals all right, but when the live mike was in front of me and I knew I was on the air, I froze. I don't think I ever sang as badly.

I didn't wait around afterward to hear the comments. I got out of the Columbia Broadcasting building as fast as I could, hailed a cab, and fled to the airport, to Chicago, and to Pat.

Which shows you how much a performer knows about the impression he is making. My New York managers phoned me a week later to tell me that I had landed the job as star of Here's to Romance.

"But how could I?" I sputtered over the phone. "I was awful!"

"You keep on being that awful, Harry," Mack said at the other end of the wire, "and you'll be all right. Now, brother, get into New York . . . fast."

"Come with me," I telephoned Pat.

"Not yet," she said, "you have work to do. I'd be in the way."

"I'll go on alone and work like a beaver for three weeks," I compromised at last, "then if it looks like I'm solid I'll come and get you."

Three weeks without seeing Pat stretched bleakly empty ahead of me. I told her how I felt in my first broadcast when I sang "Time on My Hands."

"Keep your mind on your work," she wired me after that.

The next Thursday night I sang for her again: "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me?" and "I've Had This Feeling Before."

She telephoned me after the broadcast. "I'm lonely, too," she said.

The third week I sang "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night."

No wire, no telephone call this time. I was desolate. But the next day she telephoned, from a phone booth in Grand Central station.

We'll be here together, for a year, if we're lucky, and the sponsors of Here's to Romance and you listeners continue to like my songs.

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# Jenny Tucker

Continued from page 21

killed in a fight one day with an older boy, and after the fight was over he kept sobbing and saying, "It ain't so, it ain't so," without really knowing what wasn't so. I've had to be grown up to realize just how hard that was on a nine-year-old like him—that first painful realization of a world in which things go on you don't understand but which are, somehow, a betrayal of you and of all you think is good and beautiful.

It all came to a head for everybody concerned one afternoon in the schoolhouse. A bunch of us younger boys, Tommy Andrews among them, had lingered in the yard, which we weren't supposed to do. We were supposed to go straight home. But spring was breaking into summer and none of us had the heart for chores.

We were idly tossing a ball around near the bushes that bordered the yard, when Freddy McAllister whispered furtively, "Lookit!"

We looked. Matt was walking up the path to the school. He didn't see us. He looked around, saw the road was clear, and then he went inside and closed the door.

Tommy Andrews seemed to freeze.

AS I write this, I can see that little face go perfectly white until the freckles stood out on it like dark spots. Without a word, without looking at anybody, he slipped quietly up to the school and crouched beneath the open window.

Miss Jenny was standing close by the window. "You're a tardy pupil," she was saying playfully to Matt. You could sense the tension underneath the playfulness, though, and it showed the strain she was under and how she hated having to have him come see her on the sly like this. "I'll have to stand you in the corner."

Matt tried to play up. He was feeling the same strain. "I'll bring in wood for your stove instead," he offered.

"I've a better idea. Bring yourself to the McAllisters' this evening. Come calling on me, Matt—open and above-board." Her voice seemed to crack a little on the last words.

"I—can't."

There was a silence. Then Miss Jenny said quietly, "I don't mean to—nag at you, but I'm proud of knowing you, Matt. I want other people to know I know you. If you're afraid seeing me in public would—would tie you to me in any way, or make people think we were—engaged, or anything—please, it isn't true. Not if you don't want to be engaged. Not if you don't—want me."

Something seemed to snap in Matt then. He came toward her, and his face was pale and his eyes burning. "Want you!" he said loudly. "Want you. I'm so crazy in love with you I could die—or kill—or do anything for you!"

"Then why—"

Her words were cut off as little Tommy Andrews came stumbling in the front door. He was shaking like a leaf. "I heard you," he cried accusingly to Matt. "I heard you!"

"Tommy!" It was like a cry from Miss Jenny.

"The other kids saw you come here," Tommy sobbed to Matt. "They've been teasing me—they said you were sweet on Miss Jenny. I didn't believe 'em.

I didn't believe 'em, I tell you! But I heard you and you're my—"

"Tommy!" The word crackled out from Matt like a pistol shot, but it was too late. It didn't stop Tommy.

"—you're my father!" he cried wildly. "And now I hate you. And I hate her, too!"

There was an instant's stunned, electric silence. And then the child stumbled back out the door and Miss Jenny and Matt were left facing each other.

Miss Jenny sank down on one of the seats. She just sat there for a moment, and then she put her face in her hands. She wasn't crying. She was just feeling shock and pain and bitter shame.

"Jenny—"

"No! Don't speak for a minute. Don't—come near me."

"I tried to tell you a thousand times," Matt burst out desperately. "I tried to stay away from you, make myself forget you. Yes, I'm Tommy Andrews' father! Matt Andrews—that's my name. But darling, you don't understand. His mother and I—well, we haven't loved each other for a long time. We've just been sort of dragging along. And then—you came. And I knew I couldn't drag along any more. I knew I loved you like I never loved another human being in the world. I tried to figure it out, to do what was right so nobody'd get hurt. And now it looks like I've hurt you—and her—the worst way I could."

"Yes," Miss Jenny said through stiff lips. "The worst way you could. And Tommy—you've hurt him, too. This will leave a mark he'll carry all his life." Then she cried almost hysterically, "What's your wife's name, Matt? This wife you've deceived, and deceived me by having. What's her name—I've got to know."

HATTIE. Hattie Andrews," he said quietly. "I love you, Jenny, and you love me and so you've got to understand about her. She's—strange. She's cold and moody, and she can't love anybody—either Tommy or me. It's like some kind of sickness that warps her. Jenny, God knows I've wanted to play straight with you, and her, and Tommy, and everybody. And I've bungled it instead. But you've got to give me a chance! Wait till I can get this straightened out for us all—"

"Wait! For what? For you? Wait for you in the dark places, after hours in this schoolhouse, with the town prying and talking? Wait till you finish your obligation to your son and Hattie Andrews? No, Matt. Go away! Go away now!"

He stood there, not saying anything. And then he took a deep breath. "All right," he said heavily. "I'll go—right away. But only for a little while. Only till I can make some arrangements for Hattie and the boy. Then I'm coming back and claim you—for the whole world to see. I'm coming back. You hear, Jenny?"

Matt Andrews left Tomkinsville that night. Nobody knew where he went and nobody saw him go because it was storming cats and dogs from early evening on and everybody stayed at home. Stayed at home to buzz and whisper and be horrified about the story the



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*"Oh boy, Pepsi-Cola—must be another American convoy overhead."*

other kids had spread over what happened in the schoolhouse that afternoon. The whole bunch of 'em had heard most of it and they talked.

Nobody saw Hattie Andrews either. She locked herself in that dilapidated old farmhouse and didn't come to town. Nobody went out to see her, although some folks wanted to out of curiosity, because what Matt said about her was true. She was a strange, cold woman—the sort of person we'd say today was neurotic.

**ONLY TOMMY** came and went. But he was like a little ghost. He kept on coming to school regularly, but he didn't talk to anybody and he hardly raised his eyes from his books. The only time he did was when he looked at Miss Jenny, and then his eyes seemed to be burning with some sort of dry grief that wouldn't let him cry.

Miss Jenny—well, she suddenly seemed to get frailer and more fragile than ever. Her lovely skin looked whiter than ever against her dark hair, and seemed to become transparent. But she kept her head up. She kept right on teaching, in spite of the fact that some parents took their children out of school so they wouldn't be associating with "that woman." They used spring chores as their excuse, but the truth was that everybody blamed Miss Jenny for what had happened. They said she'd trapped Matt, tried to get him away from his wife and that she'd known all along he was married and Tommy Andrews was his son. None of the women in town would speak to her. They'd turn their heads or cross the street when they saw her coming. And the men didn't speak either—they just sort of leered when they looked at

her. Only the McAllisters were kind—but then they were a rare couple. They had understanding hearts.

Of course, everybody took it for granted Miss Jenny Tucker wouldn't be asked to teach in Tomkinsville another year. In fact, some said she ought to have been run out of town right then, before this year ended. I guess it was her indomitable honesty and courage that made her stick it out in the face of public opinion.

The last day of school, she dismissed class and then made us a little speech about how she hoped we'd all learned something that year and that we'd have a happy summer and that sort of thing. All the time she talked, she was looking at Tommy Andrews as if, under the words, she was trying to tell him something special, maybe trying to ask his forgiveness and understanding. But Tommy didn't even look at her. He sat with his eyes fixed on the desk in front of him, and as soon as she was through, he was the first one out of the building.

From then on, exactly what Miss Jenny did that afternoon was a mystery. We only knew what finally happened; we didn't know how it happened. I was the only person who had a clue, and I saw only part of it.

I was walking the two miles toward home, idling along, kicking up the soft dust of the road with my bare feet like kids do, when suddenly I heard a galloping horse behind me. I turned around. It was Ginger, Matt's horse, harnessed in the light buggy and coming at breakneck speed down the road. There were two women in the buggy. It looked like a runaway and I was scared because I knew no woman could handle Ginger when he

got the bit in his teeth.

As the rig careened closer, I saw the women were Miss Jenny and, of all people—Hattie Andrews. I had one wild impulse to try to grab at Ginger's head to stop him, but he was coming too fast and I had to jump out of the way. As they flashed past, I had a glimpse of Miss Jenny's face. It was white and strained. She had the reins and she was half-standing, almost as if she were urging the horse to go faster. Hattie Andrews looked as if she were struggling to get the reins herself, and she was screaming something in Miss Jenny's ear. I couldn't hear the words—just that wild screaming.

They were past me in a second, and I began to run. I was scared. I knew the road ended in a bluff and that Ginger was going too fast to stop or to turn. I was yelling as I ran, but it didn't do any good. By the time I got there, it was all over.

**MISS JENNY** was lying just at the edge of the cliff where she'd either been thrown or jumped. But Ginger, taking Hattie Andrews with him, had gone over. By the time help came, Hattie Andrews was dead. She'd been killed instantly.

Well, everybody knew Miss Jenny had killed her. They figured it couldn't have been any other way. Miss Jenny said she'd been walking home when Hattie Andrews stopped and offered her a lift, and then Ginger had been frightened by something and run away, in spite of their efforts to stop him, and the whole thing was officially listed as an accident. But there was something funny in the way she told that story, as if she were keeping a

lot of truth back; and practically every soul in town was morally certain that somehow Miss Jenny had waylaid Hattie Andrews and then deliberately driven her off the bluff. After all, I myself had seen Miss Jenny driving. They said she did it so Matt would be free to marry her.

People tried to locate Matt, of course, but nobody knew where he'd gone. And then, a couple of days after the funeral, we found out. Word came from the charity ward of a hospital in a city about a hundred miles away that Matt Andrews had died there. Pneumonia. He must have caught it in that driving rainstorm the night he left town so secretly.

Miss Jenny left town then, too, and only the McAllisters went to the depot to see her off. Nobody else would speak to her because now she was a husband snatcher and they figured they were being pretty charitable not to put her in jail. I happened to see her just before the train pulled in at the station. She was wearing her blue cape and one of those fluffy, high-necked shirtwaists she always wore, and though she looked fragile enough for a breeze to blow her away, she still carried her head high. She reminded me more than ever of that willow tree down by the pond, that might sway in the storm but would never break.

**N**OBODY knew where she went, nobody heard from her, and as the years passed people began to forget Miss Jenny Tucker. All but Tommy Andrews. He went to live with some kinfolks of his mother's, and he never forgot. He hated her and the hate was like a festering thing inside him. She'd killed his mother and, somehow, she'd

killed his father, too, and she'd betrayed his faith in all that was good and beautiful. He grew up unable to forget her and hating the memory.

He was determined to get out of Tomkinsville and make something of himself and so, when a few of the boys who had grown up together went off to the State University, Tommy Andrews went too. On a scholarship. It was one of those anonymous scholarships when the name of the donor is known only to the trustees of the college. He used to wonder who it was and wish he could express his gratitude because, without it, he'd never have had the money for an education.

Tommy studied hard and was head of his class each year. And he fell in love with Marian Brooks, the daughter of the college dean, and they planned to be married as soon as Tommy graduated. Marian was a wonderful girl. She was the only person he ever told about Jenny Tucker and his father and his mother. No one else ever heard him so much as mention them. Marian tried to ease the bitterness and pain and hate that he still carried with him, and sharing it with her did seem to help, but it had gone too deep to really leave him. "She killed my mother," he'd keep saying whenever Marian tried to tell him that maybe he ought to feel sorry for Miss Jenny.

Graduation night, everybody was proud of Tommy. He was valedictorian of his class, and he made a wonderful speech. Afterwards, a couple of us went back to his room to leave his cap and gown before he went to keep his date with Marian. Just outside the door, we stopped. Somebody

was inside. We heard Marian's voice and then a strange woman's voice—clear and sweet and vaguely familiar.

"Thank you so much, my dear," she was saying. "I—just wanted to see his room and his things and—sort of be close to him. He's done so well! I'm so proud!"

"You're Miss Jenny Tucker, aren't you?" Marian said softly. "Oh—don't worry. I won't tell him you came to see him graduate. But I think it's wonderful what you've done—sending him through school and never letting him know it. My father told me. I'm going to marry Tommy and some day I'm going to tell him what you've done—"

**B**UT not now! He mustn't know. Promise me!"

"No one knows, Miss Tucker. Your secret's been well kept—"


"Oh, has it?" Tommy thrust open the door. He was shaking, and he looked straight at Miss Jenny, his rage and pain plain on his face.

She shrank back against the desk. She'd changed in the last fifteen years. Her face was lined with suffering and loneliness and there were streaks of gray in her dark hair. But the same bravery and honesty were in her eyes, and she still carried her head proudly.

"You're fond of secrets, aren't you, Miss Jenny?" Tommy went on, each word like a whiplash. "You live by them. And now you've tried to buy off your conscience, so you could forget you killed my mother. You—"

"Tommy!" Marian cried "Don't! She never wanted you to know. It's my fault for bringing her here tonight—"

"You bet she never wanted me to know. She knew I'd throw that blood




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money right back in her face. Well, I will! I'll pay back every cent if it takes me till the day I die."

"Tommy, please," Marian was almost beside herself.

"Never mind, dear," Miss Jenny said then. Her eyes were luminous with unshed tears and her face was the saddest I've ever seen in my life. "I hurt Tommy when he was a little boy—hurt him unintentionally but deeply and for always. And now I've hurt him again. I—just let me go now, please."

And she moved past us and down the stairs and out into the darkness, while Tommy stood like a stone image and Marian wept softly.

After that, Tommy tried desperately to find Miss Jenny again. He was determined to pay back that money any way he could. It was as if she'd betrayed him all over again, letting him take money from the woman he hated, letting him be obligated to the woman who'd stolen his father and driven his mother to her death. It was like an obsession with him. But he couldn't find her.

She'd moved from the address the college trustees had, and nobody knew where she went. She just disappeared. He found out a lot about her life in those intervening years, though. She hadn't gone back to teaching—I guess she couldn't, after Tomkinsville. She'd got a job making hats for a milliner, and she'd often gone without the bare necessities of life—maybe even gone hungry and cold—to set aside that money for Tommy's education.

After a while, Tommy stopped trying to find her. He and Marian were married and they were happy. He did very well in business and as the years passed, as his own children began to grow up, his bitterness faded a little. It never went entirely—things like that don't—but it reached into the past. He didn't go back to Tomkinsville, but people there kept up with him through his mother's people who heard from him regularly. Everybody was pretty proud of Tommy's success because they all liked him.

Occasionally, you'd hear one of the younger people say, "Wasn't there some terrible scandal about his father and a schoolteacher?" And maybe one of the old-timers would say, "There sure was! Her name was Jenny Tucker." And then they'd tell the story. But as time passed, you heard it less and less. People forget.

It was a long time before Tommy Andrews went back to Tomkinsville again. He went with Marian. His mother's people were nearly all dead by then, and there was a chance to sell the old farm and he wanted to get things settled.

He and Marian went out to the old house. It had been closed up, ever since the tragedy. The farm had never amounted to much anyway, and nobody had wanted to live there after what had happened, so the place had fallen into wrack and ruin.

IT was Marian who found the diary. Up in the rotting old attic in a trunk of his mother's that had, somehow, been left there when the furniture was moved out. She didn't know what it was at first; she was just rummaging. But when she opened it and read it, she came rushing down the stairs to Tommy.

"Read it!" she cried and thrust the faded old book at him. "Read the last entry, darling!"

He took it. The last entry—was on the date of his mother's death—May 30, 1905. The scrawl was almost illegible, like that of someone insane. But Tommy read it.

"Night and day it runs in my brain until I'm almost crazy with it—Get rid of Jenny Tucker. And now I know how. I know how I'm going to kill here. . . . Jenny Tucker who lured Matt away from me. . . . I'm going to pick her up in the buggy when she leaves the school. . . . She doesn't know me, she'll be grateful for the ride, that somebody's willing to speak to the likes of her. . . . We'll drive out the cliff road—the cliff Matt must have showed to her in the moonlight



Six-year-old Jim Ameche, Jr., is a star in his own right. He acts the part of Richard Wayne on the CBS serial, Big Sister, while Dad Jim Ameche does the announcing.

when they were making love to each other. . . . And I'll drive us over it. I'll die, too, but I don't care. Just as long as she does. . . . I'll get rid of Jenny Tucker. . . ."

That was all. But you knew it was true. You knew it because you knew the poor, sick mind of Hattie Andrews. And you could see just what had happened. Miss Jenny getting in the buggy, grateful—as Hattie had said she would be—for the lift and for somebody's kindness. Then Hattie revealing who she was and whipping up the horse. And Miss Jenny wresting the reins away from her while Hattie fought to get them back, and being pulled half out of the seat as she sawed at Ginger's mouth—seeing the cliff ahead and knowing what Hattie was trying to do. And then jumping. Never telling the truth, either, because she knew it would just about kill Tommy to know his mother was insane.

With the knowledge of the truth, Tom Andrews began to hunt for Jenny Tucker again, this time ready to move heaven and earth to find her. It was a real obsession now, but different from the other. He had to ask her forgiveness, to take care of her, to try and make up for what he'd thought—and done—all these years.

And finally he did. She was in the infirmary of a church nursing home up in the northern part of the state, and she was dying.

**TOMMY** and Marian went up there at once.

Miss Jenny looked small and terribly frail, lying there on the narrow hospital bed. Her hair was snow white, and she'd sort of wasted away. She was only half conscious.

Tommy leaned over the bed. "Miss Jenny," he whispered. "It's Tom Andrews—Tommy."

She seemed to hear him faintly. "Tommy?" Her voice was still lovely, the kind you liked to listen to. "About the spelling, dear?"

"About my mother—about Matt."

She was listening intently now, listening to the past. "Matt . . . my darling. You did the only thing you could . . . I understood. But Tommy—he's such a little boy—so little—so hurt. . . . I wish I could tell him the truth—but you can't tell a boy a thing like that. Better to let him think what he does think. . . . I only wish he knew how I loved his father. . . ."

Tommy Andrews brushed his hand over his eyes and his lips were trembling. "I do know, Miss Jenny. You've got to hear me. I know the truth now—about everything. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'd give anything to turn the years back, to stand by you, to help you. Miss Jenny—"

It was then she opened her eyes wide and looked at him. She really saw him as he was, there by the bed where she lay dying in a nursing home. She smiled at him—and it was a young smile, eager, and hopeful, and very happy.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "It was always all right—because I had you to work for. I'm happy now, Tommy. Real happy. . . ."

Miss Jenny died that night, with Tommy holding her hand.

Some day the people in Tomkinsville are going to know the truth. Most of them to whom it was important are already dead and gone, but everybody's going to hear it just the same. I'm going to tell them—because I'm the one who really knows the truth.

You see, I am Tommy Andrews.



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## Dearly Beloved—

*Continued from page 25*

up. It always does. In the meantime, be a little reckless—go out and buy yourself a new hat or something, and you'll feel better."

I shook my head mutely, unable for the first time to tell him how I felt. I had to spur myself now to share his blithe confidence in the future. I no longer believed that next week, or the week after we would be on our way. Instead, I saw winter coming, and the dance halls closing, and our retiring ignominiously to my parents' home. And, however I tried not to, I couldn't help but be influenced by what Beau Clair said. I was eighteen, and the little world of the town was the only world I knew. I had no standards of my own, no basis for judging a man.

**A**ND then in October I was sick. The doctor said that it was influenza, and hurried me off to the hospital. I still think that it was another kind of sickness—hopelessness, that my body had provided me with a way out of a situation that had become intolerable. When I was well enough to leave the hospital, my parents came to take me home, and Rick agreed that I should go with them. The hotel was no place for an invalid.

My strength came back slowly—and that, too, I think now, was an unconscious play for time on my part. It was wonderfully pleasant to be back in my own pretty room, to have my parents petting me and making much of me. Getting well meant going back to the hotel. . . . I slipped into the lethargy of the semi-invalid, and the days went by in a kind of numb peacefulness, disturbed only by Rick's coming to see me. His visits reflected the strain he was under. He'd insisted upon paying the hospital bill, and our savings were down to nothing again. Furthermore, the Oaks Ballroom had closed, and one source of income was cut off.

His want of me showed in every gesture, colored every word he spoke, but he didn't ask me to come back to him. Even when I was well enough to be up most of the day, to take short walks, he didn't urge me, but only spoke hopefully of the time when we would be together again.

Then one night in November he came out unexpectedly, and his eyes were shining and he was smiling as I hadn't seen him smile in weeks. My parents had gone to a movie, and I was alone in the house. Rick hardly had the door shut behind him before he picked me up and spun me around exultantly. "Get your clothes, honey," he cried. "We're getting out of this town to-night—"

"Tonight, Rick!"

He put me down and stood over me, fairly exploding excitement. "I had a long distance call from the band. Their piano man's been called up for Selective Service, and they want me back. They'll withdraw charges and get me reinstated in the Union and everything. Furthermore, it's a steady job, a hotel job, and there's no reason why you can't be with me. We're to pick up the band in Dundee tomorrow—"

Packing, getting on a train, traveling with Rick through the night to a new, exciting place—it was the dream I'd dreamed ever since I'd met him.



I'd dreamed it too often. It had lost meaning with repetition, and now I hadn't the strength to pretend enthusiasm.

His face changed as he watched me. The light went out of it, and his eyes narrowed with a kind of bitter incredulity. "You don't want to go," he said slowly. "Marilyn, don't you see what a break this is? It's what we've wanted—"

"I know, Rick, but—it's so sudden. I'm not ready, and Thanksgiving's a week away, and Mother and Dad would be so disappointed—"

He shook his head. His lips were a thin, white line. "That's not it at all, Marilyn. You don't trust me any more. You're beginning to think I'm the fool that everyone else around here believes me to be. We got into a tough spot once because I acted on impulse, and now you're afraid it'll happen again. That's the truth, isn't it?"

"No, Rick," I whispered, but the words carried no conviction, and my eyes filled with weak tears. "Give me a little time. Perhaps later—"

But I was whispering to an empty room. Rick had gone.

People told me afterward that he walked through Beau Clair to the station that night like a madman, his eyes blazing, his face a tight, grim frame. Other people told me about it. I had no way of knowing for myself. From that night on, I had no word from Rick; I had no sight of him until the spring day, nearly a year and a half later, that I met him on the train.

THE rumble of the wheels under us changed to a heavy grinding. The train was slowing for a town. I stole a glance at Rick's profile. He was changed a little, I thought—not harder, exactly, but—well, more set. And I, who'd known every ghost of expression of his, couldn't tell what he was thinking. . . .

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A waiter came in to announce that the dining car closed in half an hour, and I had an excuse to break the silence between us. I picked up my purse, rose. "I was on my way to dinner—"

Rick looked up. "I've had mine," he said briefly. His smile softened the dismissal. "I'll see you later."

I went on to the diner alone, and after I thought it over, I decided that I wasn't disappointed that Rick hadn't come with me. He was sociability itself, and if I'd meant no more to him than the next person, he would surely have had a cup of coffee to keep me company through dinner. He'd left the lounge when I went back, and I took that, too, as a good sign. Making small talk was painful under the circumstances, and important things couldn't be said in the muffling roar of a train in motion.

I looked for him in the morning when I got off at the station in Monroe, but I missed him in the crowd. Instead, there was Aunt Beth, beaming and waving, her hat slightly askew. Aunt Beth was my father's older sister, but her vivacity and the fun she got out of life made her seem much younger. "My dear," she said as she kissed me, "you look—glowing. You must have enjoyed your trip."

I laughed shakily. "I don't know if enjoyed is the right word, Aunt Beth. I met Rick on the train."

LATER, after breakfast in her sunny dining room, I told her all about Rick and me, from the beginning. She'd known about my marriage, of course, but only sketchily, from letters. She was silent for a moment after I'd finished. Then she looked at me keenly and asked, "You're still in love with him, aren't you?"

I just looked at her. I'd never thought of not loving Rick, or of his not loving me. It was an unalterable fact to me that, once established, was forever true. After he'd left town, I'd lived from day to day, beginning to see our little tragedy in a new perspective, learning to balance the opinions of Beau Clear against the things my heart remembered. It never occurred to me that our marriage might be ended. It had begun hastily and badly, but I felt all along that some day, when the time was right, we'd be together again. And as for Rick—the very fact that he hadn't got in touch with me seemed proof enough that he didn't want our separation to be final.

Aunt Beth smiled. She had her answer in my face. "He knows where to reach you?"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "He knows I'm with you, and he'll be able to find you easily enough."

"Good," she said. "I like your Rick, from what you've told me about him, and I'd like to meet him."

For a while it seemed that she wouldn't get her wish. That day passed, and the next, and then a third, and still Rick hadn't called. True, we were out a lot, but each time we returned to the house, something in the flat silence of the rooms told me that he hadn't telephoned. But I couldn't be depressed; even that bit of intuition encouraged me. I felt close to Rick again; it was like the time when I'd first met him, when the hours away from him had been filled with a delicious, unbearable suspense, when I'd been certain that he would call, yet not sure as to just when.

When the telephone did ring for me, I knew before I answered that Rick's voice would come over the wire. "Are

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you free tonight," he asked, "for dinner at the Palms?"

I crossed one hand over the other on the phone to keep them from shaking, and in a voice as controlled as his own I told him that I was. I listened with impatience to the explanations that he seemed to think I expected as to why he hadn't called before. Now that I'd heard from him, I was anxious for him to hang up, anxious to be getting ready for the dinner that was still hours away.

It was a strange evening. On the surface it was gay, filled with light talk and laughter and little jokes, and underneath—I didn't know what it was. Rick picked me up at the house and chatted a while with Aunt Beth, and then we went on to the Palms, a restaurant very different from the lunch counters which had served us in Beau Clair. Here we danced to a ten-piece orchestra and watched a floor show, and talked. I took my cue from Rick—our talk was about ourselves, but in the present, as if we'd met for the first time on the train. Once or twice, when I spoke of someone we'd known in Beau Clair, Rick showed a polite, detached interest, as if he'd never met the person. When the orchestra played *One Hour Tonight* in a medley, and I dared to remark that they were playing old tunes, Rick replied shortly, "Some of them do hang on."

I WAS sick with disappointment, and then the solution came to me. Rick was simply taking his time. We'd been hasty once, and we'd been sorry for it. Now we were proceeding more slowly and surely, getting to know each other all over again. Besides, he'd told me that he was joining the Army soon, that the trip he'd just taken was to clear up some of the station's business in Chicago. The fact of his going away stuck in my mind like a sign post. Surely, he wouldn't leave with things unsettled between us.

After that I saw Rick almost every night, and each time we played the game of being acquaintances who shared no common memories. I made myself be content, and in a way I was. I'd missed so much more than I'd realized; now it was enough to be with him, to hear his voice and to watch the smile break from the corners of his eyes, to look up from the table and see his face, and know that I wasn't dreaming. It was enough to catch his face unguarded for an instant, and to be reassured that this strangeness was only make-believe.

The telephone rang late one night, after midnight. I was in bed, but I wasn't asleep. I hadn't heard from Rick that day, and I was lying awake, thinking about him. I answered quickly before the repeated ringing should wake Aunt Beth.

"Marilyn?" His voice identified me, cautiously.

"Yes, Rick—"  
"Did I wake you up?"  
As if that were important! "No—"  
There was silence. Then—"It's a restless night," he said.

A spring breeze dimpled the window curtains, pressed the thin stuff of my night gown. I began to tremble violently, although the air was warm. Rick was suddenly brisk. "I've just come from a farewell party the station fellows gave me, and I don't feel ready to go home. I thought—would you like to go for a ride?"

I nodded, forgetting that he couldn't

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see me. Then I said, "Yes," and it was difficult to get the word past the pulse beat in my throat. Rick's voice was portentous, a little mysterious. This night, I knew with a strange certainty, would be different from the others.

I dressed, and a little later Rick's car stopped before the house. I was watching for him, and I slipped quietly down the steps to meet him. He took my hand, helped me into the car, and then we were rolling down the silent streets. He hadn't said a word, but in his eyes was a kind of dark brilliance that sent my blood racing through my veins.

At the Park, Rick stopped the car, and got out and held the door for me with a little bow.

"Rick, what—"

He smiled charmingly. "I said we'd ride—but in a hansom cab. Something different for my goodbye."

It was, as he'd said, a restless night. Still on the surface except for the vagrant little breeze, but full of little murmurings and misty, shifting moonlight and flickering, indistinct shadows. Full of a soft compulsion. We didn't deny it. Some deep, hidden knowledge told me that time had completed a circle, and Rick and I were together again, and the waiting was over. In the cab Rick's arms closed around me; his shoulders cut off the erect, top-hatted figure of the driver, and as his lips found mine, the clapping of the horse's hoofs, all sight and sound were blotted out in the dear, remembered, long-wanted nearness of him.

**I** DON'T know how long we rode. All I knew was that I was back where I belonged, and Rick's kisses, and the gentle, imperative touch of his hands, and his stumbling words of endearment were telling me so. Then I heard him give an address to the driver, and I roused myself from the depths of his arms and returned to the practical world long enough to remind him, "Rick, your car—"

He pressed me back on his shoulder. "I live right next to the Park. I can pick it up any time."

The cab turned into the city streets, and after a block or so we stopped before an apartment building. Rick handed me down with a little flourish and paid the driver, and led me inside. I followed him through the lobby, up a flight of carpeted stairs, down a hall. My eyes were avidly curious of the smallest detail, down to the pattern of the carpet, the polished brass knobs on the white doors. This was where Rick lived. Then he was unlocking a door, letting me in, switching on a light, helping me remove my coat. He bent to give me a quick kiss. "Welcome," he said. He didn't add the word home, but I felt that it was there.

He knelt to light a fire in the fireplace, and I curled up in a corner of the couch, looking around me. It was a pleasant room, a palace compared to the Beau Clair Hotel. There were deep chairs, long casement windows across one end; the polished sides of a grand piano reflected the first rising tongue of flame.

The fire blazed up brightly. Rick snapped off the light and came over to sit beside me. "Happy?" he asked.

I put my hand over his. "So happy, Rick—"

For a long time we sat there, our arms around each other, Rick's cheek against my hair, not speaking. I gave myself up to a contentment that was as deep and sweet as sleep when one is very tired. We didn't have to say any-

thing. Rick had brought me home. The fire died down. Rick stirred, rose. "I'll be back in a minute—" His voice seemed to trail vaguely away as he went into the other room. I heard a door opening and closing, the clink of glass on glass, the sound of running water. In a moment, Rick came out again, fastening the cord of a lounging robe at his waist. He crossed the room and as he stood before me, looking down, I thought that he swayed a little toward me. Then suddenly I realized what it was—Rick was drunk. He must have had a great deal of liquor at the party, and the warmth of the room hadn't helped. Now he'd had more.

He was smiling at me. "What's the matter, Marilyn?"

"Rick, you—" He moved suddenly, reaching out a hand to my wrist to pull me to my feet, into his arms.

"Rick!" "What's the matter, Marilyn?"

I couldn't speak. In one convulsive movement I twisted away from him. For a moment I stared at him, and then I closed my eyes, unwilling to admit what I saw in his. Rick was drunk with a purpose—drunk enough to do what decency would have prevented his doing when he was sober. For Rick hadn't brought me home. This wasn't to be the beginning of a new life together, I knew now. He'd brought me here for a very different reason—

"Now, Marilyn, don't be—" He stooped a step toward me, reaching. I slipped past him, ran into the bedroom and closed the door.

HE didn't follow, and after a minute I crossed over to the bed and sank down on it, weak with nausea, praying that Rick would let me alone until the sickness had passed. After a while my stomach stopped churning, my head cleared, and I sat in rigid silence, waiting for a sound from the other room. None came; as the moments passed my muscles relaxed of their own accord, and I leaned back against the pillow. In my mind, in my heart, was a

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greater darkness—revulsion, and contempt, and bitter disappointment, hurt beyond the relief of tears, utter bewilderment. Rick—Rick had just tried to hurt me in the cruelest way he knew. He'd planned it; it had been in the back of his mind all evening, perhaps longer, perhaps from the day he'd met me on the train. I remembered evasions he'd made, the deliberate narrowing of our conversation to the present, with no past and no future. . . . Still I didn't understand. The man who'd brought me to his apartment tonight couldn't have been the man who'd loved me, who'd been my husband.

I HALF-FORGOT Rick's immediate presence while my mind went back a long way, searching, remembering. Back to the Castle Gardens, to a country church, and the Beau Clair Hotel, and to the autumn night when Rick had come to take me away with him. . . .

I couldn't believe the answer. Could I have hurt Rick so much when I refused to leave Beau Clair with him? Had I given his pride and his self-respect such a wound that it had never healed? I had to believe it. Too clearly now I saw that Rick hadn't been living the months between with the thought of coming back to me eventually, of rebuilding our marriage. No—he'd been carrying such a burden of bitterness and resentment that he'd never wanted to see me again—until he had seen me, and I had given him his chance to humiliate me and make me suffer as he had suffered.

The apartment was breathlessly still. Fearfully I got up, opened the door an inch and looked into the other room. The fire was only an ember, but the moonlight came in through the casement windows like a pale gray

veil. It filled the room, fell on a recumbent figure on the couch. Rick was sound asleep.

I went to the closet, stealthily took my coat from the hanger—and then I looked back at Rick. In sleep he didn't look like a man who hated me, who'd tried to revenge himself upon me. His hair was tumbled in dark curls on his forehead. In sleep he looked like a tired child.

The coat slipped from my hands, slithered to a heap on the floor. I knew that I ought to pick it up and put it on and go out and find a taxi to take me back to Aunt Beth's—and I couldn't. If I left this room it would mean that I'd never see Rick again.

I picked up the coat, draped it on a chair. Indecisively I moved around the room, looking at Rick's things, touching the piano, peering to read the titles of books in the semi-dark. In the bedroom I switched on a lamp, saw the liquor bottle standing on the dresser beside a pair of silver-backed brushes and a tooled leather box.

I OPENED the closet door, and a light went on automatically. I was about to shut it again when something stopped me—a bit of scuffed leather at the back, the corner of a suitcase. I went in and lifted the pile of old clothes that covered it. It was my own suitcase, one that had been too ancient and too worthless to take with me when I'd left the hotel in Beau Clair. The lock creaked open at my touch, and a collection of forgotten things met my eyes—an old cotton dress, a pair of worn sandals, hairpins, a faded ribbon, a red satin heart that had held candy. . . .

Rick had kept everything I'd left at the shabby hotel that had been our home. They were worthless things,

but they told me all I needed to know.

I closed the bag, restored it to its place and covered it with the clothes. Then I went back to stand beside Rick, and all of the bitterness and the bewilderment in my heart was melted in a drenching flood of tenderness. I saw not just Rick now, but his whole life, saw how vulnerable he was, and how fiercely he had to defend what he had. And he had so little—the rented apartment, expensive according to Beau Clair standards, but a glorified furnished room nevertheless, a few personal belongings, like the silver brushes and the books—and beyond that, nothing.

I knew then why I couldn't leave him. Rick and I had nothing, were nothing, if we weren't together. Together, we'd had our love, and it was real, and infinitely precious and living, although we'd done much to destroy it. Because Rick still loved me—I knew that now, knew also that the things a man makes himself think and the things his heart tells him are often very different. I had to stay, had to take a chance, for the sake of both of us, on his admitting that he needed me.

Gingerly, so as not to disturb him, I let myself down on the couch beside him. He stirred, murmured in his sleep, burrowed closer to me. I put my arm around him lightly and lay tense, hardly daring to breathe. Then my eyes closed, and I fell asleep with Rick clinging to me as if to life itself.

Sunlight woke me in the morning. Sunlight, and a half-realized panic at finding myself alone. Then I turned my head and saw Rick sitting in the chair opposite the couch. He was dressed and shaved, but there were tired lines around his mouth, and his eyes were very sombre.

"What—what time is it?" I asked.

He ignored the question. "Why did you stay here, Marilyn?"

I shrank into the corner of the couch. The moment had come, and now I couldn't find the courage to meet it. "Because—" and then it came out in a rush, "because I wanted to. Because I want to be with you—always."

His lips tightened spasmodically. "That's impossible—"

He stared at me, and then he got up and walked stiffly over to the windows. I huddled in my corner, not daring to as much as look at his turned back. My throat was dry, and my heart began a slow, painful thudding back and forth—I'd won, I'd lost, Rick wanted me, Rick would send me away—I would have fled, but I hadn't the strength.

Then he turned and came over to me, and my thudding heart stopped at the look on his face. "My darling," he began haltingly, "if you can forgive—"

He never did finish that sentence. Suddenly he was on his knees, pressing his face against my side, and my arms were around him, and there was something that was like music in the room. A love song that had started on a summer night was heard again. It was a fragile little tune, but one that would go on forever.

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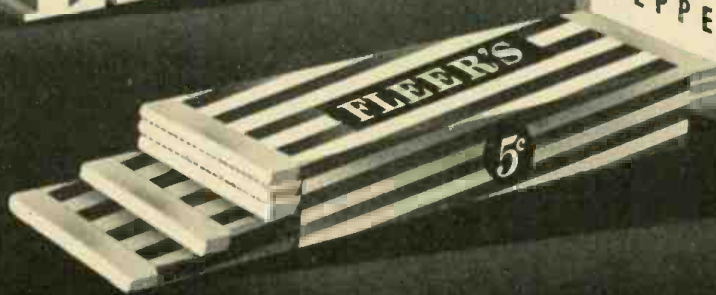
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**Have Faith in Me**

Continued from page 29

him, and it was pleasant to see the confidence in the set of his shoulders, the way he carried his head, the calm assurance of his voice as he found the papers he wanted, and began to dictate. There is something exciting about certainty in a man—something masculine and strong, something to depend on, to keep you from feeling torn a thousand different ways by conflicting thoughts and questions. The way I'd felt today. Perhaps, I realized suddenly, I'd been like that ever since John died. For John had had that quality of certainty, and I'd always depended on him to tell me what to do.

In a way Jay Ransom was like John. It came to me swiftly, as I watched the sure way Jay's hands moved as he spread papers out on the desk. He even looked like John! They both had dark hair, thick and curling, and a strong, fine nose, and brown eyes with the same shining intensity. He was so like John—dearest, dearest John.

"Write to the Hub Service Corporation, attention B. Angotto," Jay was saying. He frowned down at a sheet of paper on which a few lines were scribbled. "We are in receipt of your letter of the 14th, and wish to assure you that shipments about which you inquire are scheduled for early delivery. But we must emphasize again that the great hazards and difficulties of operation under current circumstances make occasional delays inevitable. If we can be sure—"

I WAS hardly hearing what he dictated. Instead, I was listening only to the crisp, authoritative tone of his voice and staring at the dark frowning brows so like John's. Of course there were great differences between his face and John's especially about the mouth and jaw. But for a queer minute, sitting there looking at Jay Ransom, I had the feeling I was with John again, and I felt a strange excitement.

He must have known, for he looked up suddenly and the frown was gone. His lips curved in a smile, and his eyes shone as if with an excitement like mine. He leaned across the table. "Do you know what you need?" he asked in a quite different tone—not crisp and business-like but soft and very gentle.

I shook my head, waiting, suddenly breathless.

"You need a little rest. You're working too hard. Tonight you must come out with me and have a decent dinner and relax a little. If you don't, you're headed for trouble."

It was the way he put it that made the invitation so compelling. He'd asked me to go out with him before, and so had others, and I had never even considered going. But to have him think of me, want to take care of me—Oh, it was what I wanted desperately. My lips tried to form the words of refusal, but my voice wouldn't come.

You can't hesitate with a man like Jay Ransom. He saw the wish in my eyes. He said, "Meet me at six in the Palm Lounge." And then he went on dictating, never giving me a chance to argue. And I didn't. I couldn't.

After all, why shouldn't I go? I asked myself, dressing that night. As Connie had said, what was the use of sitting out the war waiting for a man who'd probably forgotten you? And even if Larry hadn't forgotten me, what harm



was there in eating dinner with Jay Ransom? Larry was probably eating plenty of dinners with Enid. And Jay was right. If I didn't get out, get away from my thoughts a while, I'd be sick. Oh, I found plenty of reasons that served to stifle all the prickings of my conscience which reminded me that I had never gone out with another man since I'd been engaged to Larry.

But even those little murmurings of conscience seemed silly and foolish an hour later. It was so pleasant, sitting there with Jay on the deep, leather-cushioned seat in a corner of the Palm Room. I sipped the glass of sherry which Jay had laughingly "prescribed" slowly, and listening to Jay's entertaining talk I felt a warm glow of well-being spread through me.

Jay seemed to read my thoughts. "Having a good time, little Linda?"

"Oh, yes," I told him, smiling up at him. He seemed more handsome than ever then, the rosy light of the shaded table lamp softening his face as he smiled an answer to mine.

"It's the best I can do for you here," he said. "But when you come up to Boston, I can show you more places—places you'll love."

"This may not seem much to you," I told him. "You've been everywhere. But I love it here. I've been here only once before—" I stopped, remembering the day. I'd been frightened and homesick when John had brought me up to school, and he'd taken me to dinner here to cheer me up. And he had said, "Here is your chance to prove yourself. Now you must learn to do a job that really counts."

"WHO did you come here with?" Jay asked, and I thought that some of the brightness went out of his voice, some of the pleasure out of his eyes. Why, he really cares about me, I thought. He really cares that I came here with someone before, and was happy here—someone not himself. The feeling warmed my heart to him.

"My brother brought me," I answered.

"Only a brother?"

I nodded. "But he was wonderful."

"Was?" Jay's tone was instantly kinder. He laid his hand over mine, so gently that I felt the tender protectiveness in the gesture like a tangible cloak to shield me from hurt. "Tell me about your brother, Linda."

That was what I had needed, more than anything—just someone to whom I could tell the things that were locked up in me so tightly, they hurt. I told him of my childhood, how John had always stood by me, how patiently he'd taught me everything I knew. I told him of John's wonderful certainty, his faith in his ideals, and how they'd carried him to leadership so surely that he could have led his men anywhere, made them do anything. And how he had followed his principles straight to his death, in the end. "He sent the others over the side," I told Jay proudly. "He even lifted one man out who was too badly hurt to jump, and that man's well now, in a German prison camp. But John stayed to try to save the plane, and he was too late—"

Jay's hand held mine hard. His eyes narrowed and his jaw set so tight that it pressed a deep cleft in one cheek. I remember noticing that then, occupied as I was by my own thoughts. John had had that cleft, too. It had been a dimple when he was a little boy.

"You don't know how that makes

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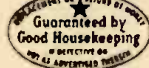


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me feel," Jay said in a low voice. Sitting here safe in this country hearing about another man who did a man's job."

"But yours is a man's job, too" I protested. "I mean, all the war industries need alcohol. If you help get it produced and distributed you're doing your part."

He said seriously, "That makes me feel a lot better. You can't imagine what it does to a man to be turned down by everybody right up to the Assistant Secretary of War himself. You begin to agree with the general opinion that you're no good. You begin to wish that the accident you had long ago had finished the job instead of just smashing your knee—"

"Don't say that," I protested, and now my hand was pressing his, urgently. "You mustn't even think such things! Because it's wrong," I told him earnestly. "It's not your fault you hurt your knee."

HIS hand tightened on mine and he smiled. "You're sweet," he said.

"How did your parents happen to let you do such dangerous things?" I asked, trying to find a safe subject.

"Parents?" He laughed, a brief, bitter sound. "I never knew I had any parents."

"Didn't you?" I asked quickly. "Mine died, too, before I could remember them."

"Mine didn't die," he told me. "They were just too busy with their own affairs. They just let me go my own way and work things out for myself. Mother and Dad thought that if they gave me an allowance, and got me out of their way, by sending me to good schools, they'd done their part."

"Oh!" I was shocked. I had thought my childhood pretty bleak, with my grim uncle and aunt out on our poor farm, but I had had John. I never felt so sorry for anyone in my life as I did now for this handsome young man with the cynical smile twisting his mouth. He had had two parents and plenty of money, but he had not had the one thing that a child can't do without: love. I felt my hand tighten involuntarily on his. "Don't," I said. "Don't look so—so bitter. There are lots of people in the world who are different. Who aren't so selfish—"

He put his other hand over mine and clasped it in both his, and for a moment the somber look was gone from his eyes and his smile was eager. "I believe it when I'm with you," he said. "If you were with me, backing me up, believing in me, I wouldn't care how hard I had to work, how tough the job I had to do. I'd know I could do anything, if you were near, if I could come and

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talk to you when I needed you."

"Needed me?" I said the words aloud, wonderingly. It was so long since I had felt that anyone needed me!

"Of course." There was a kind of hunger in his eyes that went straight to my heart. "Why do you think I've been coming to that school to give my dictation every time I come to town?"

"I—I didn't know." I tried to make my voice light. "I thought perhaps it was some private business, something that hadn't anything to do with your father's company, or something like that—if I thought about it at all."

"No—no, of course not. Linda—Linda, I came to see you. I came because I had to, after that first time, even though it was obvious that I didn't matter at all to you."

I didn't know what to say. It was frightening, in a way, because for a long time, longer than ever before, I had forgotten Larry. And now I remembered him. I remembered him, and my heart asked me what I was doing here, with another man, letting him make love to me—for that was virtually what he was doing, wasn't it? Wasn't that what he meant?—And now, what could I say to him?

But I was saved from answering that, for Jay was speaking again, and the urgency which had made his voice rough was gone. He was looking at me with eyes that were tender.

"I'm sorry—but it's only because I want so much to have you with me, Linda. Won't you come to Boston?"

I SHOOK my head, looking into his intent face with real regret. I felt a sudden longing to get away, to escape from all my doubts and questions, to plunge into life in the city where I could forget myself in work that really counted, for someone who needed me. But I said, "We made a plan, you see, that I should finish school here. And so I'll have to stick it out, until—"

I broke off. Until Larry gives the word, was what I meant. But what if Larry didn't give the word? What if he didn't want me? I pushed the thought away. I had just been imagining things. Sitting here in this cozy room eating a good dinner, my mood of the afternoon seemed unreal. How could I have doubted Larry? As I thought the words, his face flashed suddenly before me a picture as real and living as if he were standing there—his blue eyes clear and open as the sky, his face gay and young and decent! How could he be anything but honest? How could I have read anything so sinister and deceitful into the simple words of that hasty letter which had not been in any sense an answer to my question? The real answer would be coming soon, and it would be so clear and satisfying that I'd laugh at all my foolish timid doubts.

"Until what?" Jay was asking, studying me intently. "Until I convince you?"

I shook my head again, smiling. "No," I said firmly. "Until I've kept my part of the agreement."

He didn't say any more about it, but just talked on easily, gaily, of the adventures he had had. I listened, fascinated, sometimes unbelieving and sometimes shocked. For I had never met anyone before who had never had to curb even the wildest of his youthful impulses. In him the boy's thirst for excitement had been intense, but unlike others he was not stopped by loving parents or even by the discipline of careful training. And he had

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plenty of money to carry out his escapades. And yet—even listening to his laughter as he told his tales—I was sorer for him than I had been before. I didn't quite know why.

When we left the restaurant, we walked a while in the soft warm night, walked down to the river and stood watching the dark quiet water flow past us, on and on. My hand was still in his, and I wanted it to be there. I wanted to comfort him, for I knew, deep down in me, too deep for conscious words, that he was the loneliest person I had ever met.

As the clock struck ten, he said, sighing, "Now I must take you home, I suppose."

"Yes," I told him. "We have to be in at ten-fifteen."

"I can't bear to let you go." His voice was low and sad. He turned me to face him and looked deep into my eyes. "Sweet," he whispered. "Sweet, good person." What a strange thing for a lover to say! And yet I understood the need he had. And then he kissed me. But very gently, his lips soft on mine, just resting there quietly, tenderly, as if drawing comfort and rest from mine but not demanding anything more. I couldn't move away. I leaned against him, and I felt warm and different. As if I had found an escape from the bleak loneliness of the months behind me. I was almost sorry when he lifted his head and stood me off from him, blinking with a little smile as if dazed. "Don't let me do that again," he whispered. "Or I'll never be able to let you go."

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**AND** then he started walking very swiftly toward my dormitory, his hand drawing me along with him strongly. When we got to the steps the curfew bell was ringing inside. And all he said was, as he pushed me in, "If you decide to come to Boston and save my life, here's where you can reach me." He thrust a card into my hand. And then he was gone.

I didn't look at the card. For when I got inside I saw something that made me forget everything else. It was propped up against a vase on the hall table. And if I hadn't seen it, no one in the house would have let me miss it. A dozen voices called out from as many rooms, "Linda! There's a cable for you!"

I think I didn't breathe at all as my fumbling fingers picked up the envelope. For a terrible guilty fear was smothering me. What had happened to Larry while I was out drinking wine and eating dinner with Jay—even kissing him?

One of the girls had come to help me. I was leaning against the wall of the corridor, my knees shaking, the back of my head cold with icy dampness. I couldn't see the words they were holding up for me to read. But at last, through the ringing, echoing sounds in my brain I could hear Martha's voice, clear enough for anyone in the house to understand: "CANCEL ALL PLANS. EXPLANATION FOLLOWS. LARRY."

That was all!

It was minutes before my whirling brain took in the meaning of that message. But then I knew.

Larry wasn't dead, Larry wasn't hurt. Nothing had happened to him, except that he had stopped loving me.

Well, I had my answer. And it was certainly clear. He had received my letter begging him to let me come to him. And apparently he had been ap-

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palled at the possibility. I could imagine him showing my letter—my shameful pleading letter—to Enid, I could hear her clipped English accent as she answered his troubled questions: "You must act quickly, of course. Cut short the poor girl's suspense. Cable her at once, and then write fully, explaining everything."

I could see Larry's miserable struggle to word the cable, and I could see him toiling over the letter that would follow, trying to explain kindly and gently how it had happened that he had fallen in love with someone else. Oh, Larry would be kind.

Well, I didn't want his kindness. I couldn't bear to wait for that final, carefully worded letter.

I lifted my head and looked around me at the girls' faces. I saw their questioning raised eyebrows and I knew how hard they were trying to keep from saying I told you so. Even little Martha, standing beside me wrapped in her shabby bathrobe, looked sorry for me.

I drew a long breath of utter sick misery. How could I stand it? How could I get through this night and all the other days and nights ahead of me? I clenched my fists at my side, trying to get back a little strength to climb those stairs, to hold up my head.

**S**OMETHING was cutting the tight-clasped fingers of my right hand. I looked down and saw the card that Jay had given me. It was just a crumpled bit of pasteboard, but suddenly it became big and important.

I smoothed it out carefully and saw that he had given me telephone numbers where I could reach him both here and in Boston. I turned suddenly and walked to the phone. I closed the booth door mechanically but I didn't really care who heard me. I lifted the receiver and I gave the number of Jay's father's house in Marshalltown.

It was his voice that answered the phone. When he heard mine, his warmed with surprised pleasure. "Why, Linda. I was thinking of you, too."

"Jay, do you still want me to go to Boston?"

"Of course. How could you doubt it, after tonight?"

"Well, I'm coming." My voice was breathless. "How soon do you want me to come, Jay?"

"As soon as you can. Linda, this is wonderful—"

"Is tomorrow all right?"

"Why, of course, Linda, if you can make it so soon."

"I can make it," I told him firmly.

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## Wanderer, Come Home

Continued from page 44

"Have you asked him?" I said. "Yes, often. But he seems to be rather reluctant . . ."

"I'll speak with him about it at supper tonight," I promised. Ted stammered and blushed when I mentioned the choir.

"Why I . . . I would like to . . . only . . . well, would you and Mr. Morgan want me to?"

"Of course, Ted, we would be proud of you," I said.

"Well, I didn't think . . . just that . . . well, the other boys' folks all go to church, and you never go, and I thought maybe . . ." He was embarrassed.

"You join the choir, Ted," I urged him. "And we'll come and hear you sing."

"Both of you?" he asked. I flashed a warning look at Steve. "Sure, kid," Steve said. "We'll both come."

I MADE the white surplice for Ted myself, and the first Sunday he appeared with the choir I was in one of the front pews to encourage him.

Steve had planned to go with me, but at the last minute he begged off.

"I'm sorry, baby," he said, "but these new ration books are going to change my whole accounting system, and I have to set up the books today."

"Don't tell me," I said. "Make your peace with Ted."

His explanation was satisfactory, apparently, for Ted went off to church whistling.

On the following Wednesday afternoon after choir practice, Ted burst into the house trembling with excitement.

"I'm going to sing a solo," he panted. "Reverend Harris said I was very good last week, and I am going to sing the Easter solo, and I have to go back tomorrow to practice all by myself and you will come, won't you? Father, and you will come, too, this time, won't you?"

Steve was touched. "You bet I will, son," he said.

I don't know how the four walls contained us that week. Steve was making his semi-annual audit and had ledgers all over the place, Ted was practicing his solo from the moment he climbed under the shower in the morning until he fell asleep exhausted at night. I tried to remain calm, but the excitement was infectious.

Steve came into the bedroom late Friday night with good news.

"I've just finished the audit," he said, "and we've done much better than I ever thought we would. I've doubled the inventory since we took over, met the weekly payments and still show a good cash profit."

"Steve, darling, that's wonderful. I knew you could do it."

"Don't know how I ever did," he grinned. "Guess Old Jenkins calling me a young idiot got me sore."

Old Jenkins! "You showed him," I said. And everybody else, I thought. All those people who said I-told-you-so.

It was a happy night. Saturday night was all the blacker, I guess, because we had been so happy the night before.

I looked after the store that morning while Steve took the deposit to the



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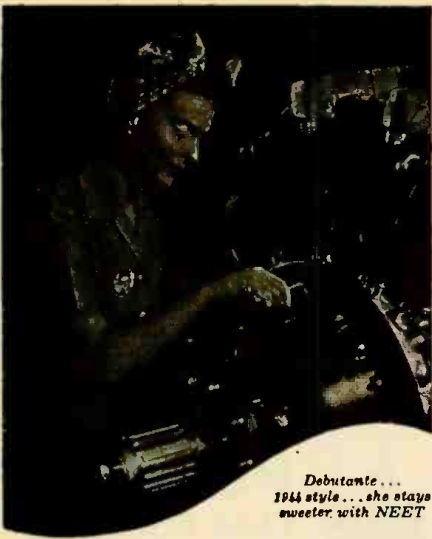
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bank. He was gone a lot longer than usual, and I had to call Ted in from play to help me with the rush of customers.

When Steve arrived he had news! "I ran into Jenkins today, and you wouldn't believe it. He met my price on the store."

I was waiting on a customer, and mechanically found the tomato soup and pineapple juice she wanted, took her ration coupons and money, made the correct change, said "come again" politely before I could look at Steve. "You didn't sell, did you?" I demanded.

"Sure, baby. Why not? That's what we bought this dump for, wasn't it? I certainly wasn't going to give the store to him, but when he agreed to my price I could have kissed the old codger.

"We'll draw up the papers tomorrow, and then we'll be on our way. Where do you want to go—Chicago, Hollywood, New York? We'll have pockets full of money and we can take our pick. Hooray!" He was dancing around the store gleefully.

"What's the matter, baby, is all this too sudden?"

I was shaking.

IT'S come, I realized. I knew it had to come, and it's come. All this—the store, the house, Marysville—was too good to last. I should have known we'd have to move on. On to where?

"Where do you want to go, baby? Name it. Or do you want to go down to the station blindfolded and pick a ticket out of the stack?"

"Steve," I began, "I don't want to go anywhere. I want to stay here, in Marysville."

"You're kidding. You can't mean you want to spend your whole life in this one-horse town."

"I'm not kidding, Steve. I want to spend my whole life right here."

"Well, you can count me out on that!"

"Steve," I protested, "I don't want to count you out. I love you. I want you near me... but darling, don't you

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see, we can live here, we can know people, have friends, have roots in the ground. Don't you see...?"

Steve's voice was like a knife. "I see you don't want to come. I see that a bunch of people you'd never laid eyes on six months ago mean more to you than your own husband."

I was aware of a small, frightened face. Ted was back of the counter, hearing every word.

"Steve," I interrupted, "what about Ted?"

Then Steve saw him, too. "Run out and play, will you, Ted, like a good kid?"

Ted slipped out without a word. Poor Ted, for him all this had happened before.

"What a cruel thing to do, Steve, just when he's beginning to feel safe and wanted again. Just when he's becoming a person."

I was thinking of the church bells that would ring tomorrow morning, and Ted's Easter solo.

"I didn't realize," Steve's voice was acid, "that the family revolved around Ted—that we made our plans to suit his pleasure."

"If you must know," he went on, "I wasn't thinking about Ted. I was thinking about us. You know how I've always wanted a chance to do something big, to be Somebody. Well, now we have our chance and you say you don't want to take it. What about Ted, you say. There are plenty of people who will give the kid a home. We let him move in with us six months ago without asking any questions. Why is it such a problem?"

"If you only realized, Steve, how the boy idolizes you. He would never get over it if you walked out on him now."

A CUSTOMER came in and Steve waited on her, scowling. He wasn't turning on the famous Morgan charm today.

When she left he came up to me, smiled with an effort, and put his arm around my shoulder.

"You and I mustn't fight, baby. You want to take Ted. Okay, we'll take Ted. Now will you cheer up and tell Papa he made a good deal?"

It wouldn't work. Nothing was solved and I knew it. He would compromise. He would take Ted, like so much excess baggage. And Ted would become one of the Drifting Morgans, too. Roots in the ground? Steve didn't know what I was talking about.

Tell Papa he'd made a good deal, indeed. Oh, a very fine deal, indeed! "Steve," I said, "you didn't make any deal."

"I haven't the old boy's money yet, if that's what you mean, but tomorrow we sign on the dotted line. And I'm cross with you already, baby. Don't try any more to talk me out of it."

"You aren't going to sign on the dotted line, Steve." I looked him straight in the eye.

"And who's going to stop me?" He was not smiling now.

"I'm going to stop you, Steve. I own half of this property, remember? My name is on that agreement, too. And I'm not going to sign on the dotted line. You can move on if you want to, and don't ask me where. Because I'm not going."

I walked out of the store. I walked for hours, up and down the streets of Marysville. I looked at the familiar houses, at the tall spire on

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Yes, it is true, there is a safe, harmless, medicated liquid called KLEEREX that dries up pimples over night. Those who followed simple directions and applied KLEEREX upon retiring were amazingly surprised when they found their pimples had disappeared. These users enthusiastically praise KLEEREX and claim they are no longer embarrassed and are now happy with their clear complexions. Don't take our word for it, use KLEEREX tonight. If one application does not satisfy, you get your money back. There is No Risk so do not hesitate. Send only 60¢ for full size package or \$1.00 for 2 packages. (Few cents extra for C.O.D.) Write today to: **KLEEREX CO., Dept. 45, 2005 S. Michigan, Chicago 16, Ill.**

## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

the church where Ted would sing tomorrow, at the clock in the city hall tower. They looked strange. Marysville wouldn't be any good without Steve. But our marriage wouldn't be any good if we left this way, with Steve still not understanding.

I knew what I would find when I returned, so I was not shocked at the overturned dresser drawers, the signs of bags hastily packed. Steve had gone.

It had to happen. I tried to understand that. It had to happen. And it had happened. Better now than later.

Ted was a heap on the couch in the living room, a tear-stained heap. He had cried, I could see, until he could cry no more.

I touched his shoulder. Frightened eyes looked around, and then he flung himself into my arms.

"I thought you'd gone," he sobbed. "I wouldn't leave you, Ted. I'll never leave you."

Still he sobbed. "Don't cry, darling, or you'll squeak when you try to sing tomorrow." I forced a laugh.

"I'm not going to sing. Why should I sing? Father won't be there to hear me."

No, his father wouldn't be there. But I would. And his teacher. And all his friends. He wouldn't want to disappoint all of us.

"I'll try," he promised, and at last fell asleep.

My weeping began, then, after Ted was quiet. But he didn't know. I buried my face in the pillow—Steve's empty pillow—and knew that it wouldn't be any good. Marysville wouldn't be any good without Steve.

**WE** were a grim and cheerless pair, Ted and I, when we arrived at the church the next morning. Cheerless—but determined.

Ted was going to sing, it was obvious, just to reassure me. And I was going to sit in the front pew, and smile up at him, smile until the scared look in his eyes was gone.

I was tired and empty. But the sun poured through the stained glass windows, tinting the Easter lilies banked against the altar soft rose and gold and blue. The congregation hushed as the white-robed boys filed into the choir loft.

The first deep notes of the organ sounded, and Ted stepped to the railing, his white hymn book shaking a little in his hands.

"Christ is Risen," the pure, sweet boy's voice sang out, "Christ, the Lord."

You must smile at him, I told myself. Help him. Tears won't help him. For heaven's sake don't cry now.

"Rejoice, ye, rejoice," Ted sang. I looked up at him and smiled. He was radiant.

He can't see the tears, I thought. These silly tears dripping all over my hymn book.

Someone was coming into my pew. Oh, dear, whatever will he think? Wherever did I put my handkerchief?

"Here, baby, maybe this will help." The man smiling down at me was pushing a handkerchief into my hand, and it was Steve.

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# The Wrong Track

Continued from page 38

alert and better able to use his body. Our idea is that any boy or girl can be made more interested in being well and successful than in trying out the temptations that face every one of us. We have a program that makes us see the right track and the wrong track, side by side, in proper perspective—and all of us have found out how much fun there is in staying on the right track. We have a system of stars, of tests, of ratings, and of training. And every Future Champion devotes his every moment and effort to them.

**T**HERE are rules we Future Champions have to live up to. But at first thought you might very well ask, "How can a fellow or a girl who's on the wrong track live up to a set of rules?" There's where the Future Champions' coaches come in—they're young men and women who have found their place in the world, and who want to help others find theirs. The coaches' job is to point the way, and to help when the going is hard. Not by preaching—preaching doesn't help—but by teaching, by showing the Future Champions how to abide by the rules. Best of all, it's our coaches' business to see that we're kept busy, at a program of sports, of competition, of work of the sort that we can do for the war effort—kept so busy at things that are fun to do that we won't have time to get off the track.

They say that Society owes us kids something. They tell me that every community should have a "Well-baby clinic," that children of employed mothers should be cared for by the community, that school lunches should be provided for all children, as well as schooling for every child, play and recreation programs, and finally, protection from ill-health for boys and girls who are employed in war and industrial factories.

I know that Society can and must do

its part for us. But I'm a lot more interested in what we can do for ourselves. I have a feeling that we can find our own destinies if we get a reasonable amount of guidance. The Future Champions of America have enrolled over two million boys and girls so far and we're aiming to get a lot more. The main idea of our club is to find ways to keep busy and happy and well. We know that that's the only way that we can be really happy in this difficult war period (and there's no sense in telling ourselves that life is easy for us these days).

You probably know that any boy or girl who sends me the names and addresses of seven others can become a team captain in the FCA. If you're interested, write now, and I'll tell you just how to go about setting up a FCA organization in your community—how to get a coach, and all the rest, or listen in to my program and hear for yourself how to go about becoming a coach or being a regular member of the Future Champions of America.

Remember about Lucille and Jimmy and a lot of other boys and girls you've heard about (I could tell you many more stories about children on the wrong track), and try to get a picture of how they feel today in a detention home, or jail, or on probation! Juvenile delinquency is a long way round of saying "unhappy youngsters" and I can tell you honestly that we in the Future Champions of America are happy—and our parents know that that's the way to get all of us on the right track!

When a person or a train gets on the wrong track there's bound to be a wreck! On the right track a train, or a person, gets to the destination.

The destination of a boy or girl is one of health, happiness and hope. Why be wrong when it's easy to be right if you know the way?



Many radio veterans helped celebrate the premiere of the Barry Wood-Patsy Kelly show heard on NBC Saturday night. Among them were Mae Singhi Breen, Mrs. Jack Smith, Peter DeRose and Whispering Jack Smith.

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