

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

DECEMBER

15¢



GEORGIA
CARROLL

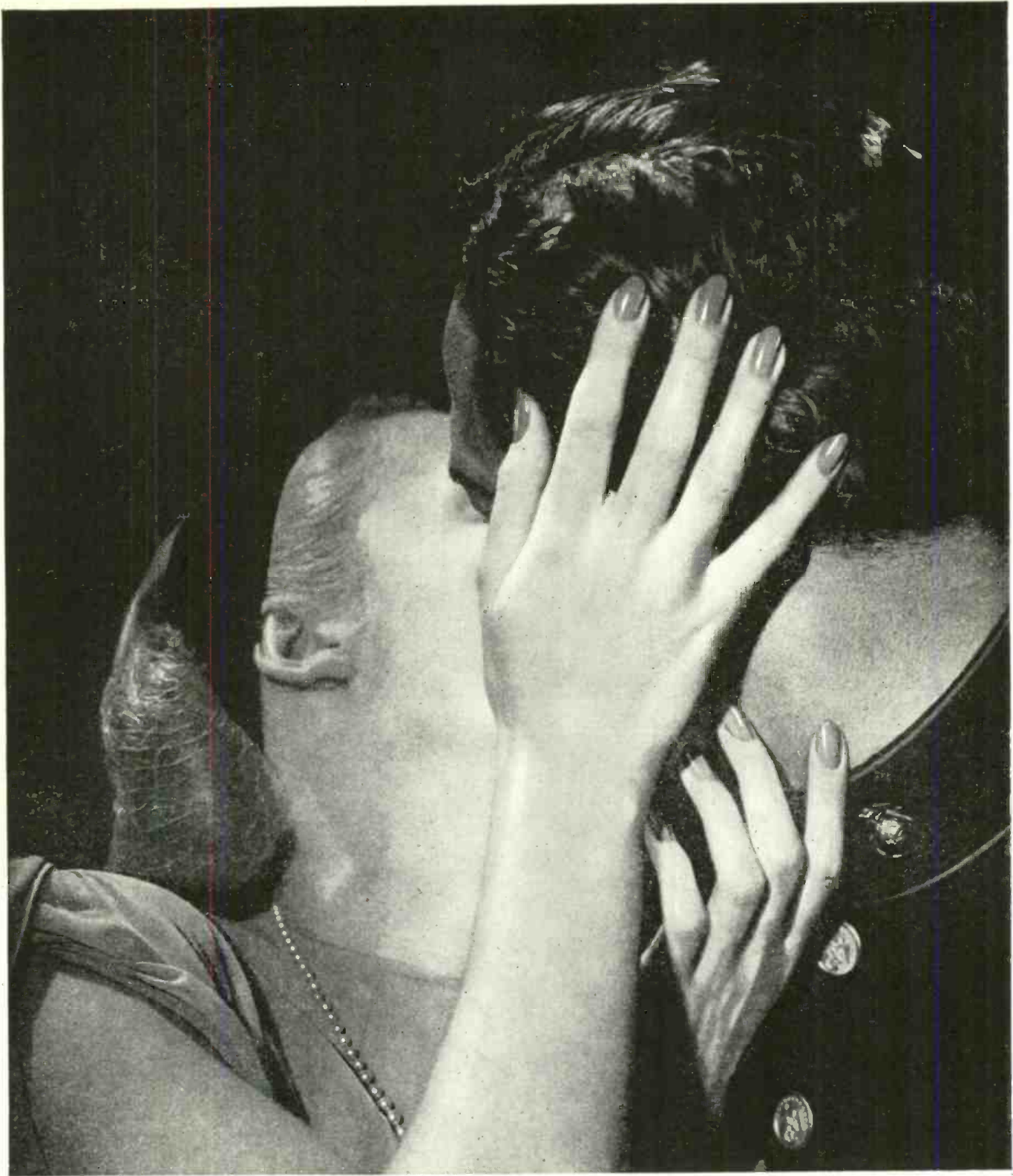
Harvest of the heart—a Thanksgiving story

To make a Lovely Lady Lovelier...



GIFTS OF *Evening in Paris* BOURJOIS





For starlit moments...
 you want your hands to be pretty
 as a love tune... soft, bequiling.

So guard their beauty with
 Trushay.. the "beforehand" lotion..
 Smooth it on every day.. before
 household tasks.

This rich velvety lotion helps
prevent roughness and dryness
 .. guards busy, beautiful hands,
 even in hot, soapy water.

Try Trushay today.
 See how it helps your hands
 stay lovable.

TRUSHAY

The
 "Beforehand"
 Lotion



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Radio Mirror THE MAGAZINE OF Radio Romances

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ON THE COVER—Georgia Carroll—singer on Kay Kyser's show over NBC—Natural Photograph by Tom Kelley, taken at Forest Lawn Memorial-Park, Glendale, Calif.

FOR IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

the most seductive shade... TO DATE!

Irresistible's Raspberry

For gala holi-dating, rely on the inviting, exciting, crushed berry tone of IRRESISTIBLE'S RASPBERRY... outstanding favorite in a lipstick famous for color flattery. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Available now in a magnificent new SWIVEL case. Lovely to look at, colossal in size... yet only 25¢. A wonderful gift for yourself and the nicest girls on your list.

10c—25c SIZES

Irresistible

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER..



LIPSTICK

S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME Assures Glamour



Did you know?

WE can all be cleaner this winter than we have been for the past couple of years. Among the other welcome commodities trickling back on the market are the chemicals used by cleaning establishments, which they've been struggling along without—to the detriment of our clothes. And dry-cleaning machinery, out of production since 1942, is being manufactured again, so old worn-out machines can be repaired and replaced. The government has taken the laundry bottleneck in hand, and is trying to do something about the shortage of laundry workers—but if you do your own washing you're still out of luck. No new washing machines yet.

When you consider that a combat infantryman goes through two-and-a-half pairs of the very finest leather shoes each month, you can better understand why those shoe coupons are so few and far between. But the outlook is brightening—for one thing, a record number of cattle will offer up their hides this season, so that even after the services take their huge quotas there will be more left over for civilian use. And then there are the new and wonderful synthetic rubbers to be used for soles and heels. Don't fear that the synthetics are merely poor substitutes for the genuine thing. Buna-S, for instance, is tough enough for anybody's saddle shoes. Testing proves that it will stand four times as long as hard wear as real rubber!

More notes on the beautiful post-war world: another new plastic, this time one that is heat-resistant enough to come through boiling water without damage. It will be used for faucets and for toys that you will be able to sterilize. And if you live in a soft-coal district you will be interested in the new home air-purifying plants. These household models will be designed for attachment to the furnace, and will probably cost little more than a good refrigerator.

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Are You in the Know?



How much should you tip?

- 10%
- A dime for each
- Fifty cents

A special guest—so you splurge a bit. You can defrost old frozen-face with 10%—a safe tip in restaurants. (Though for a modest tearoom meal, a dime apiece is right.) Why be flustered by uncertainties? Forget even the little worries of trying days by learning the difference between Kotex and ordinary napkins. The ends of Kotex don't show for they're pressed flat . . . not thick or blunt . . . so with Kotex there's no tell-tale line . . . you'll look smooth, feel secure!

What is she doing?

- Slicing
- Dribbling
- Lobbing

While you cheer from the sidelines—your team's star is dribbling the ball. She's going places, but fast! And what's to keep you from going places—basketball games or wherever? Surely not "difficult" days! Not when the super safety and comfort of Kotex can be yours! You see, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center. It protects you in an extra special way. And the softness of Kotex has staying-power. Unlike other pads, it doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch, but actually stays soft while wearing! So why shouldn't a girl be carefree, more comfortable—with Kotex sanitary napkins?



Which neckline flatters a l-o-n-g neck?

- V
- Deep Oval
- High

Poets write about "swanlike" necks—but never an ode to an ostrich! No need to emphasize your lovely long throat. Wear your necklines high, wide and handsome . . . round or square. "Choker" beads will flatter you, too. So will personal daintiness. Don't neglect it, on "those" days above all. Remember Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was made for use on sanitary napkins. Quest removes all question of offending. It's the safe, unscented powder that keeps you assured—and sweet.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other napkins put together

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

FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



This is Dick Brown, the popular new singer over Mutual on Sundays. Left, another Hutton—June, who sings on Johnny Mercer's Music Shop on NBC.



Betty Hutton, now on a vaudeville tour, burned Boston newspapermen with her upstage antics.

'Tis rumored that when Frank Sinatra visited his dentist, two stooges went along, one to hold Frankie's coat, one to run malted milks from the nearby soda fountain. Too bad they couldn't fill in for the drilling.

The Ben Yost choir is now heard regularly on a number of NBC sustaining programs.

By the time you read this Freddy Martin may be a G. I. even though he'll soon be thirty-eight and is a daddy.

The Ozzie Nelsons (Harriet Hilliard) celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary with their own new air show.

Tin Pan Alley betting money is on Woody Herman to take the leadership away from Harry James.

The War Production Board has approved "Paper Troopers," by Sunny Skylar, as the official song of the Waste Paper drive. Skylar is composer of "Amor" and "Besame Mucho."

TRUBADOUR'S TALE

BURL IVES was headed toward fame as a professional football player after he left college. Later, he was well on his way toward Broadway success as an actor and popular club entertainer. But always these achievements were interrupted by an urge just to be "on his way."

This "Wayfaring Stranger," heard on Saturday morning at 9:30 A.M., EWT, over CBS, is literally a wandering troubadour. Carl Sandburg, himself a troubadour. (Continued on page 6)



Burl Ives gives you America's favorite folk tunes with a mellow guitar and a friendly voice Saturday mornings over CBS.

TWO-thirds of the original Rhythm Boys have now been reunited. Al Rinker is helping produce Bing Crosby's air show. The third member, Harry Barris, has appeared in a number of the Groaner's films.

Peggy Mann, in the past a singer for the bands of Enoch Light and Gene Krupa, is reported set for the Alan Young radio show, replacing Bea Wain. This is Peggy's first big league opportunity.

Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey might operate a New York ballroom. Inciden-

tally, Tommy is trying to sell his fourteen-room, \$135,000 New Jersey estate. T. D. wants to live in Beverly Hills.

Ziggy Talent, Vaughn Monroe's singer, is the father of a baby boy.

Hottest of the new swooners is Andy Russell, who is having trouble with the missus.

Fred Waring and his orchestra will probably have a major part in the new Olsen and Johnson Broadway revue.

Singer Jimmy Cash is desperately trying to read lines so that he can have more to do on the Burns and Allen radio show.

The Boyd Raeburn orchestra lost most of its equipment and all of its arrangements at the Palisade Amusement Park blaze.

Helen Forrest may join Bob Chester's orchestra and get star billing.

Terry Allen, who used to sing with Claude Thornhill's orchestra before he donned Navy blue, has been honorably discharged, and is now a member of Johnny Long's orchestra.

Helen Ward is suing Harry James, claiming a contract violation.

Ella Mae Morse has split with her husband, pianist Dick Showalter. The Wingy Mannones have been divorced.



After that kiss -

**look out for a COLD
and SORE THROAT!**

gargle Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

Literally millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a handshake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

If you've been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic . . . attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" that so many

nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold's most distressing symptoms.

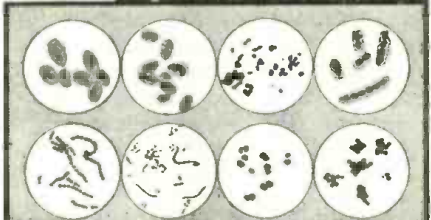
You can see how important it is to guard against a "mass invasion" of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel at right.)

Listerine's quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Intestinalis, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Continued from page 4



are
you
young
enough

to try
new things?

Do you habitually take the negative side when a *change* is suggested? Or do you say, "Let's try it and find out if it's better?" These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how *young you feel*. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women's colleges!



The principle of Tampax (*internal absorption*) has long been known to doctors, but this famous product makes the method available to women generally. Pure surgical cotton is compressed into dainty one-time-use applicators, so that changing is a matter of moments. No belts, pins or external pads. No odor or chafing. Easy disposal. Start using Tampax this very month!

Sold in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Society
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal
of the American
Medical Association



famed ballad singer, considers Ives the greatest ballad singer of them all.

Recently Ives carried the major singing role in Earl Robinson's "The Lonesome Train," one of the Columbia Presents Corwin programs. The big, blue-eyed, friendly balladeer explains his entire career with a grin and a simple, "I just like to sing, that's all."

That's all and that's enough. Ives' collection of folk songs, mostly unpublished, is "out of this world." His ballads are an inheritance from a quieter, simpler, more colorful world—far removed from headlines, jitters and total war. In his leisurely wandering from state to state, up into Canada, down into Mexico, Burl has collected ballads native to each section—ballads refreshing in their originality, humor, and pictorial phraseology—ballads rich in Americana.

After completing his sophomore year at Eastern Illinois State Teachers College, Burl walked out of his home town, Newton, Ill., with fifteen cents in his pocket and his banjo in his hand. He was on his way to New York. He walked eastward, from village to village, sometimes picking up rides along the way, singing for his meals in small restaurants, sometimes even making a profit above the cost of his dinner. Leaning against the railing of a Hudson River boat, he enchanted passengers with his dreamy ballads sung to a soft, slow, echoing guitar accompaniment. In the Eastern mountains, in small cabins in the Alleghenies, the big Middle-westerner traded tunes and lyrics with raw-boned natives who sang him songs learned from their fathers and grandfathers, and so Burl added to his stock of folk music.

Burl went back to school again after this wandering spree, to try to get his degree. He worked at it for two years, and then, a few months before graduation, the fever struck him again. He had to see the world, and he had to sing, and since he knew he could successfully combine these urges it seemed pointless to linger over his textbooks. So he left his books, his clothes, everything he owned except his guitar, and walked off never to return.

During the next few years, Burl covered the country almost from coast

to coast and from border to border. For a while he broadcast over a Terre Haute, Indiana, radio station, and during another time he "worked" New York from end to end—singing all the way from bars in Greenwich Village to spots on Upper Broadway.

But between these placid intervals there was troubadouring on a grand scale. He traveled for a while with a troupe of evangelists. Most of the time he just wandered off by himself to someplace where he hadn't been before—a village on the plains or in the hills, a settlement in the mountains—hidden spots rich in undiscovered folklore and music.

Broadway has seen him in three productions, "The Boys from Syracuse," "I Married an Angel" and "Heavenly Express," but only as an actor. He didn't sing a note. At Madison Square Garden he sang for a capacity audience, and in Washington he sang at the White House. Whether he's entertaining a government official or a mountaineer, singing for a family in a cottage or a tremendous crowd in an auditorium, Burl's manner is easy and unhurried.

When he went into the Army two years ago he was immediately cast in "This Is The Army." When the show went to Hollywood, Burl asked to be transferred to the Air Corps, hoping to be sent overseas. But an Army doctor discovered a physical defect that led to his medical discharge and a return to civilian life last Fall.

Unlike other night spot performers, Burl Ives doesn't wend his way to a midtown apartment to rest after the club has closed and the last patron has been dusted out. The wandering troubadour doesn't care for the confines of a hotel room. Instead, he sallies forth to a spot on Long Island Sound where he has a barge anchored for the duration. Ives set up house-keeping on the barge some time ago and is content to be lulled to sleep by sea breezes and the slap of water instead of gasoline-drenched air and honking horns. After the war Ives says he'll continue to live on the barge but it won't be moored in one place.

"I'll just keep movin' around," he says. "Lots of places I haven't seen yet."

The Dinning Sisters of NBC's National Barn Dance are home girls as well as career girls. All three of them are married.





A good citizen relaxes. Her regular job (which is the work a man used to do) is *full-time* and demanding. Then, she manages to squeeze in extra time at volunteer work. So, *her* sleep must be *sound*. And it *is!* For she sleeps on a Beautyrest mattress. If *you* own a Beautyrest, cherish it as you do the family silver. Take good care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators which keep it clean and fresh! We don't know when you can buy another. Simmons is deep

in war production. If you need a mattress *now*, inspect the **WHITE KNIGHT**. It's the mattress-within-a-mattress, plump and resilient, with many layers of fine cotton! \$39.50. We hope you're lucky enough to get hold of a Beautyrest Box Spring. There's a limited quantity of them for sale at \$39.50 each. A wonderful Box Spring for your White Knight!

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress.

P. S. DID YOU BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND THIS WEEK?

On his Thursday night show, Frank Morgan will try anything, even competing with singers like comic Cass Daley and baritone Carlos Ramirez.



Baby Snooks and her Daddy have moved to CBS, Sundays.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



The Voice helps a new voice —young, lovely Eileen Barton.

DID YOU KNOW that Beulah, the maid on Fibber McGee and Molly, is played by a man? His name is Marlin Hurt. As the maid of Wistful Vista, Hurt has received many proposals by mail and not a few requests for pictures for pin-up purposes.

Most radio people find themselves practically overworked having one show a week. To the average big star or producer, that one show with its rehearsals, cuts, suggestions, discussions, auditions and changes, takes up the better part of the week.

Which rather makes Ted Collins slightly unbelievable. Ted Collins is the producer and newscaster on Kate Smith's noontime show every week day and he produces—and appears on—her big Sunday night variety program. In addition to this, Ted has found time to acquire the ownership of the Boston Yanks, a professional football team, and take an active part in their doings. In addition to this,

for relaxation, he's edited a book, "New York Murders," which is now on the book stands.

You'd expect a man who has all that to do and does it, besides managing a football team, besides getting ideas for books and putting them into operation—you'd expect such a man to be buzzing in and around things and generally acting frantic. On the contrary. Ted Collins always manages to look as relaxed as though he were out fishing. As a matter of fact, no one has ever seen him in a hurry. In spite of which, he's got a gift for getting more accomplished than any five other men in the business.

It's good to hear Lee Sims back at the piano again. If you haven't heard him—and you happen to stay up late nights—tune in on NBC on Fridays and Saturdays at 12:45 P.M., EWT, and on Mondays at one in the morning.

Lee's been away a long time—too long for our liking—writing motion picture scores for producer Alexander

Korda in England. He's also been writing a great deal of music for Keith Prowse, the largest music publishers in England.

The thing we like about his playing is the way he improvises. When he sits down at the piano, he never knows what he's going to play ahead of time. He never plays the same arrangement of a number twice. In fact, he has no arrangements. He makes them up as he goes along and it's swell and soothing and amusing and slightly on the Debussy side.

Lucille Manners had a nice surprise when she sang at a Southern camp recently. Every time she finished a number and the applause was about to die down, one soldier in the large audience would spark it up and it would go on and on. After the performance, Miss Manners was told that this particular soldier would like very much to see her and speak to her. Of course, Lucille was delighted as well as curious about this fan of hers. (Continued on page 10)



"DARLING... YOU'RE WONDERFUL!"

And wonderful is just one of the words to describe this new Dole salad — Pineapple Upside-Down Salad. Golden slices of Hawaii's most luscious fruit smile out from a crystal-cool setting.

Because of the Government's increased requirements for Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Products, you may not be able to use this recipe right away. But we haven't forgotten your grocer — before long he'll have that precious can of Dole Sliced for you to enjoy in Pineapple Upside-Down Salad.

DOLE PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN SALAD

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 2 tbsps. plain unflavored gelatine | ¼ cup lemon juice |
| ½ cup cold water | 3 slices Dole Pineapple |
| ¼ cups boiling water | 3 cups finely shredded cabbage |
| ½ cup sugar | 1 cup finely diced celery, or radishes or cucumbers |
| 1 tsp. salt | ¼ cup diced pimiento |
| ½ cup pineapple syrup | ¼ cup diced green pepper |
| ½ cup mild vinegar | |

Add gelatine to cold water, let stand 5 minutes. Add boiling water, sugar, salt. Stir till dissolved. Add pineapple syrup from slices, vinegar, and lemon juice; cool. Pour into loaf pan to depth of ¼ inch. Chill till almost firm. Arrange 2 slices of pineapple over gelatine and chill till firm. Dice remaining pineapple fine, add to vegetables, fold into remaining gelatine. Pour over pineapple in pan and chill. Turn out, serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS **DOLE**

The woman who thinks she's a good wife



Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue deliberately. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't

changed. Why has he changed? Poor Sue. She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the "one neglect" few husbands can forgive. If only she knew about Lysol! . . .

The woman who knows she is!



Joan and Les are perfect marriage partners. Wise Joan, like so many modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Her doctor told her it is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. Yet

Lysol is so gentle, used in the douche, that it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues . . . just follow easy directions. "So simple and inexpensive to use!" says Joan. Try Lysol for feminine hygiene.



Check these facts 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 the 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 the douche. Cleanly odor—Lysol deodorizes completely. No odor of its own remains after use. Lasting—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.

For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
Disinfectant



For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. A-44. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Copr. 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

And in walked her husband, Lt. William Walker, who happened to be at that camp at that particular time on a special assignment.

Add to strange things—Commentator Robert St. John's war predictions impressed one Mid-West listener so much that she sent him a dollar to read her future.

For some time, Julie Conway would go through her ever-increasing fan mail of a morning, looking for letters from her parents in vain. Her father and mother were just not writing to her. She's found out why. The folks got to feeling that Julie's daily singing was a sort of personal "visit" to them—and they just stopped writing. She's talked them into sending her their usual letters again and all is well with the Finders Keepers songstress.

These days, people will go almost anywhere to be present at a Jimmy Dorsey broadcast. It wasn't always like that. There was a time when it seemed radio just wasn't ready for Jimmy.

That was back in Baltimore in 1922, when Jimmy, then eighteen, first faced a microphone. No one listened, because no one heard that broadcast—not even the studio audience and engineers. As Jimmy started to play his first note, the audience and the men in the control room suddenly rushed out of the studio. It turned out that a large fire had broken out across the street. Luckily for all us fans, Jimmy didn't get any complex about it.

Peg Lynch is a girl who never could make up her mind which she wanted to do most—act or write. So she does both—and very nicely, thank you. Peg writes the Ethel and Albert series. She owns the show and acts the part of Ethel, too. Whether it's because she's played Ethel ever since the series was begun, or whether she's written Ethel like that purposely, is beside the point. The point is that Peg Lynch is Ethel, looks like her, sounds like her and does the things Ethel would do. When the show was taken over by the Blue Network, twenty girls were auditioned for the part, but Peg was Ethel and that was all there was to it.



"Don't prompt!" warns Phil Baker, quizmaster on CBS
Take It Or Leave It, Sundays.

Incidentally, it takes Peg two hours to write a script—just as long as it takes her to type it with two fingers, which is exactly the way Ethel would do it.

Just in case any of us get too all-fired uppity about these modern days and point to the Quiz Kids as supreme examples of what our present day civilization can accomplish if it tries hard enough, let's remember other days had bright lads and lassies, too. There were plenty. Longfellow, for instance, was well into Latin grammar at the age of seven. Coleridge and Swift could read the Bible at three. Victor Hugo taught himself to read at the age of five. Charlotte Bronte was writing stories of 20,000 words when she was ten. George Washington became a professional surveyor at fifteen. George Sand learned to write before she was five. That's only a few of them.

Such is Fame. When Bing Crosby was overseas this last fall, he actually stopped traffic in London. He was recognized on a street in London's Soho district and in a couple of minutes had to take refuge from the crowd of admirers in a restaurant. And he couldn't satisfy the fans until he went to an upper story in the building and sang "Pennies from Heaven" from a window, while trucks—lorries they're called there—and omnibuses and pedestrians jammed the walks and streets.

You'd think successful people had pretty generally achieved their ambitions. Not at all. Just asking around we found out that lots of people would like to be doing something different. Ed East, who does very well by being the jolly emcee on Ladies Be Seated, would like to be a war correspondent. Ralph Edwards of Truth and Consequences wants to be a comedian on the screen. Paul Lavalle, the Basin Street maestro, has always wanted to be a railroad engineer, but has compromised with his mechanical bent by running a small war plant for the duration. Guy Lombardo would like to be the captain of an ocean-going liner. Dick Brown, the newest of the



Jack Benny and his family of merry-makers are working for a new boss on Sundays over NBC.

MOTHERS, IT'S BACK AT NEW LOW PRICE!

GIANT SIZE
 WAS ~~\$2.25~~
 NOW **\$2** PLUS TAX



PREFERRED BY PHYSICIANS

—4 times as many doctors prefer the use of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other brand*



PREFERRED BY HOSPITALS

—over 4 times as many hospitals use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as all other oils combined*



PREFERRED BY MOTHERS

—Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil outsells all other baby oils and lotions combined.

special offer
 Coupon (with every \$2 bottle) entitles you to handy dispenser bottle for only 15c. Used in hospitals. Fingertip on air-vent regulates flow of oil.

ALSO 50c - \$1 SIZES

WHY THIS OVERWHELMING PREFERENCE?

The daily use on the delicate skins of millions of babies proves that Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil helps keep skin **healthiest**—is best aid in preventing diaper rash, scalded buttocks, itching, smarting, impetigo, many other skin troubles. Let the preference of medical authorities be your guide in protecting your baby.

*According to recent surveys

See

THE DIFFERENCE!



Feel

THE DIFFERENCE!



MY ONE CREAM INSTANTLY BEAUTIFIES YOUR SKIN—AND THE "Patch Test" PROVES IT!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I DON'T just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it

off completely. Then see how that patch of skin gleams with new brightness and clarity! Touch it—feel how the dry little flakes are gone!

What happens to that small patch of skin will happen to your entire face when you use Lady Esther Face Cream. For it does the 4 things your skin needs most for beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth, perfect base for powder.

Make the "Patch Test" Tonight!

You'll never believe the difference a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream can make in the appearance of your skin—until you see it for yourself. So get a jar and make the "Patch Test" tonight. See living proof that this one cream is all you need for a softer, smoother skin—a dazzling-fresh skin!



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream



More work now for Kate Smith and her manager, Ted Collins, with their hour-long CBS show.

heart throb singers and released from the Air Force, would like to pilot a passenger airliner. Jay Jostyn would like to be a real district attorney. Sammy Kaye would like to be a farmer. Six-year-old Bobby Hookey would like to be a jockey—not a surprising ambition for him, since he lives near the Belmont race track.

Guess the far away hills that always seem so much greener never get any closer, no matter how hard you climb.

One track minds are okay, if the track they're on gets you someplace. The classic example is Evelyn MacGregor, the contralto on Waltz Time and the American Album of Familiar Music shows. Evelyn made up her mind when she was three that she was going to be a singer and never found any reason to change her mind. When she was only fourteen, she saved up her pocket money to buy a score of "Carmen" and still hopes to sing the role at the Metropolitan some day. With her kind of determination, the chances are that she will.

Edgar Bergen started something when he appeared on Rudy Vallee's show. Rudy got a yen to be a ventriloquist. Better than wanting, Rudy worked very hard, practicing at the tricks Bergen taught him, and he does quite well. He has three dummies in his wooden family—a girl talking doll, a negro character and Mortimer's brother, Ezra Snerd. He and Bergen ought to get together one of these shows and introduce their families to each other.

You never know when what you've been reading all your life will come in handy. Take Nora Stirling on the Serenade to America program. Back in her not so palmy days, Nora took a job as an usher. During the acts, when there was nothing else for her to do, Nora put in her time reading innumerable books. What with that and a good memory, these days Nora's never at a loss for material for those stories she tells on the air.

Don't ever sneer at a cheap tin whistle. Jimmy Lytell showed such promise—or so he says, but it might just have been that they couldn't stand it any longer—on a little tin whistle

when he was a kid, that his parents bought him a clarinet and had him take music lessons. Now look at him, the leader of the orchestra on the Morton Downey show and having behind him the distinction of having played with a conductor like Toscanini.

Did you know that Joe E. Brown was once a circus acrobat? The man whose fantastic mouth and eerie yell took the country's fancy and has held it through his years on the stage and screen—and now on radio—started his theatrical career as an acrobat in a circus. He was nine years old, then, and one of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons."

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER . . . The Hoosier Hot Shots are busy on the second of a series of eight movies they've contracted to make for Columbia Pictures . . . There's a Liberator bomber named Wistful Vista, in honor of Fibber McGee and Molly . . . Has it ever occurred to you how much like a "party line" it is to listen to the Blind Date program? . . . For the first time since radio has come forward as a challenge to the movies, a picture is advertised in its previews as "Abroad With Two Yanks," featuring William Bendix, star of The Life of Riley, Blue network radio show. Wonders will never cease . . . Oscar Levant will not appear as a guest expert on Information Please this year, so stop waiting for him . . . The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children has notified Kate Smith that a children's colony has been named after her in England, in appreciation for all she has done . . . Mark Warnow's had word that his son, reported missing in action in Europe, is being held a prisoner of war, and is alive and well . . . Jay Jostyn, Mr. D. A., is sponsoring the career of Donaldina Lew, young Chinese American soprano . . . Universal Pictures is making a movie of On Stage Everybody and giving contracts to the ten most talented performers to appear in the radio show . . . Harry Conover has signed Sally Stuart, Sammy Kaye's vocalist, to work for him in her spare time . . . That's all until next time.



The Mayor of the Town takes orders from his housekeeper and Butch is very worried.

In wartime as in peace

A special process keeps KLEENEX

luxuriously soft - dependably strong!



Your nose knows—
there's only one
KLEENEX

In your own interest, remember—there is *only one Kleenex** and no other tissue can give you the exclusive Kleenex advantages!

Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

In these days of shortages

—we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: *consistent with government regulations*, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!



There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CREATE Your Own GLAMOUR

By PAULINE SWANSON



Beauty, vitality and glamour are just plain, old-fashioned good health, and they can be yours if you follow this beauty regimen, says lovely Ginny Simms.

GLAMOUR—that magic and enviable quality presumably the exclusive property of film and radio stars—is within the reach of any girl who will apply herself to a proper technique of living!

That is the exciting philosophy of Shirley Wolff, lecturer on health for the American Medical Association, the New York public school system and other equally formidable employers, who has recently been setting Hollywood agog with her fresh and intelligent approach to Hollywood's stock in trade—beauty, vitality, and glamour.

And if proof of Miss Wolff's authority is needed, her own dark beauty and dynamic personality speaks eloquently of the efficacy of a glamour recipe so simple that it seems too good to be true.

The essence of glamour, Miss Wolff says, is vitality—just plain, old-fashioned good health. And vitality is compounded of sufficient rest, the right food, applied exercise, and morale. And she is very willing to explain in detail how each helps, and how the whole adds up. It's very simple and doesn't take up too much of your time.

"Women have more power in the world today than ever before," she holds. "Every career under the sun is open to us. And power means responsibility—for more is demanded of us as we take our equal place alongside men in the world.

"And if you don't think this is true in every sphere, ask a modern housewife how she manages to be a good wife, an efficient homemaker, a sensational cook, and a good mother all at once.

"The wonderful thing is that she can be all that—and glamorous as Hedy Lamarr as well—if she will consider changing her routine to include the four essentials of vitality."



Shirley Wolff's beauty theories are simple and flexible—the noted Hollywood lecturer-broadcaster says that proper techniques of exercise, diet and planned living will give glamour to any woman.

Sufficient rest is indispensable to women who want to be beautiful and to stay young, whether they are career girls or homemakers, and Miss Wolff emphasizes that sufficient rest means eight hours of undisturbed sleep out of each twenty-four.

Judy Garland has been one of Hollywood's insomnia sufferers, and for her

Miss Wolff recommended a warm bath, or a warm drink, at bedtime. They help by drawing the blood away from the brain—blanking out thought. For extreme cases of nervous tension, do this simple bedtime exercise: lie down, stretch taut in every muscle, and then let go. Think about the sensation, remembering the relief of letting go in every part of the body. This induces the brain, stubbornly racing with worrisome thoughts, to let go too. When this happens, you are asleep. The same exercise followed during the day at moments of tension—when the hands are tense, the back of the neck stiff—will prevent an accumulation of tension, and ward off sleeplessness.

Eating the right food is equally important in a

vitality building program, and equally simple. Hollywood's beautiful stars learned long ago to respect these foods as essential: milk, butter, meat, whole grain cereals, vegetables, and fruits.

THE little milk wagons which appear on the motion picture sets at mid-afternoon are evidence of Hollywood girls' good sense, yet in other parts of the country men drink more milk than women—this despite the fact that milk is rich in calcium, the mineral in which most of us are deficient, which builds good bone structure, good teeth, nails, and strong nerves. And as though that weren't reason enough to include it in our daily diet, milk is fortified too with large quantities of Vitamin A—the source of clear eyes and young beautiful skin.

"You don't catch our beauty-conscious Hollywood girls skipping milk because it is fattening," says Miss Wolff. "They drink it for an afternoon pick-up in place of a soft drink—which is twice as loaded with calories!

"If we want glamour we must catch up with Hollywood in our milk drinking—a minimum of two large glasses a day."

Butter, also avoided by many calorie-conscious girls, must be included too—at least two pats a day. For butter is energy food, also a natural body lubricant. Eat butter daily, and your skin—

which other- (Continued on page 16)

Bright shining hair is your headstart



Toward captivating that man's heart!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

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

*Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?*

Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos... letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

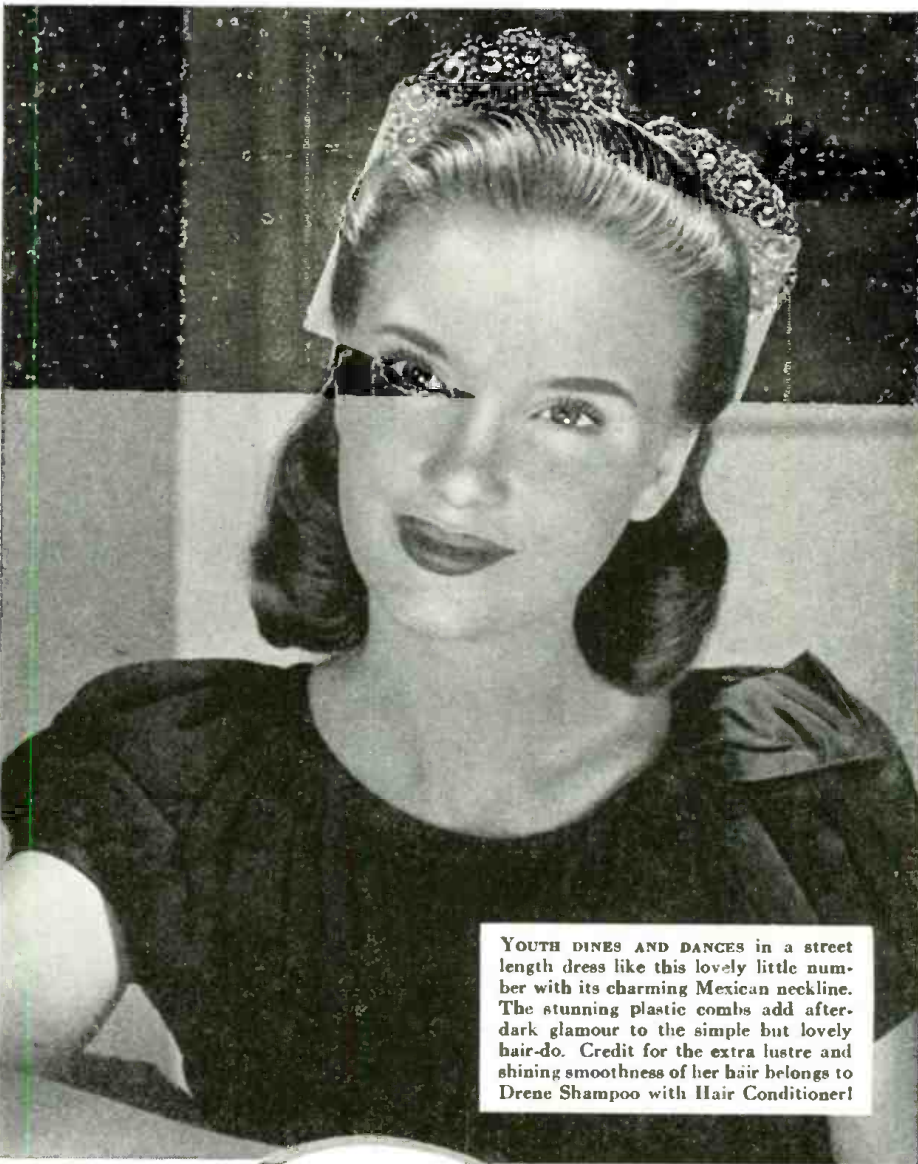
*Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssshhhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!



YOUTH DINES AND DANCES in a street length dress like this lovely little number with its charming Mexican neckline. The stunning plastic combs add after-dark glamour to the simple but lovely hair-do. Credit for the extra lustre and shining smoothness of her hair belongs to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
if defective or
not as advertised within

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Make a Date
with

Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre* ... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓ *Manageable hair* ... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

"problem" hair

MADE LOVELY AGAIN

Cheer up! . . . It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use thrilling new ADMIRACION. One shampoo shows a difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights. TWO TYPES—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for ADMIRACION.



Admiración OIL SHAMPOOS



PROTECT YOUR POLISH WITH SEAL-COTE



Avoid the ugliness of chipped polish—make your manicures last and last with SEAL-COTE Liquid Nail Protector. You don't have much time these days for manicures—yet well-groomed hands are important to morale. SEAL-COTE your nails today and every day.

SEAL-COTE
25c at Cosmetic Counters

wise would be dry and a prey to premature wrinkles—will be soft and lively.

Skip the cake and candy if you are gaining weight, but never the milk and butter.

Most of us eat much more meat—and potatoes and pie!—than our bodies need, but frequent inclusion in our glamour menus of liver and other organ meats which are nutritious, rich in blood-building iron, are especially important to women because of their periodic loss of blood. Don't say "ugh." Liver can be delicious.

Miss Wolff, who is a spectacular cook herself, recommends broiling thin slices of liver while making—in a separate sauce pan—a sauce of butter and lemon juice. The sauce is poured over the broiled liver just before it is served. She also has invented successful liver casseroles—in which the meat is combined with vegetables, eggplant, squash, or green peppers and onions. For lunch, she combines diced sauteed liver with scrambled eggs.

Modern processes of milling and baking have refined most of the good out of our breads. Liberal breakfasts of whole grain cereals, and the dark, 100% whole wheat breads insure an ample supply of the vital anti-neuritic vitamin B. This cereal dish is called "breakfast heaven": mix in a bowl portions of four dry cereals, (shredded wheat, puffed rice, krumbles, etc.) pour over one of the natural sweets, honey or maple syrup, plus cream from the top of the milk bottle—and feel the pep pour into your veins! This is Betty Hutton's favorite breakfast.

Nearly everyone knows by now that vegetables clear the blood, and hence the skin; that vegetables in their raw state massage the gums, and give the teeth "a new lease on life." According to that, then, we might say that Joan Fontaine's beautiful teeth are no accident, for Joan's favorite salad is a startling combination of raw vegetables—cauliflower, beets, spinach and broccoli—with a dressing of olive oil, lemon juice (instead of vinegar), mustard, garlic, salt and pepper and grated cheese.

Fruits are equally as important as vegetables, and should be eaten with their skins—for all-important regular elimination.

Exercise is important, but easy.

Every movement of our bodies is exercise if we are conscious of its effect. Walking, sitting, standing, reaching, bed making, even the humdrum chore of picking up baby's blocks, is exercise if consciously applied to our figure faults. Good posture is a form of exercise. Walk with the ribs stretched up, avoid slumping when sitting at the typewriter, contract the abdominal muscles when leaning over to pick up something. Think about yourself in motion, and you can be let off the monotony of

"setting up" exercises. Except for five minutes of deep breathing in the mornings.

Betty Grable can get all of the applied exercise she needs—deep breathing and all—in going through one dance routine. We all aren't so lucky—but we all move, we all breathe. It's just a matter of doing both the right way.

Ginny Simms stands on her head for a moment each day. It reverses the blood stream, stimulates the growth of new cells, keeps one young. And it's quicker—and less expensive—than massage, which does the same thing.



—at least eight hours each night.

ONE of the happiest characteristics of this beauty regimen is that it does not waste time—for time counts with everyone working as hard as she can at her job to speed up the end of the war.

For instance, this skin-cleansing treatment requires only a moment with soap and water (the best astringent!) and a facial brush (made of badger like men's shaving brushes) after your cosmetics have been removed with cream.

You may have noticed that men have blackheads in their noses, but nowhere else. This is because they don't brush their noses. Girls' faces can be just as free of blackheads, noses and all.

You may want another dose of cream or oil after the "face brushing," especially if your skin is inclined to be dry. There's no objection to that.

The final ingredient in this glamour compound—morale—is the least specific, but not the least important.

It is as important to develop control over the face as over the body. Facial expression starts facial habits which set and mold our faces as we become more mature. A happy, glowing expression is therefore one of the best ways to avoid frown wrinkles around the eyes and across the forehead.

It isn't always easy to glow, Miss Wolff realizes, in a period when most of us are overworked, and all of us have reasons for worry. However, she urges us not to waste energy by giving way to the destructive emotions—hate, jealousy, boredom, and, especially during war, worry.

"The Orientals know better than to wear their emotions on their faces," she says. "And they are famous for faces much younger than their years."

Glamour is important enough to everyone of us to teach us to follow the Chinese, who say "You can't keep the birds of worry from flying over head, but you can keep them from nesting in your hair."

You can teach yourself this habit of relaxation; it will be worth the effort. A relaxed attitude keeps your mind and muscles free from strain. It will help you to build a whole way of life, and more than triple your chances for success in the glamour quest.



—simple stretching every morning.



—a pint every day for that Vitamin A.

Ann Miller in "CAROLINA BLUES" A Columbia Picture



Max Factor * Hollywood
Face Powder!

- 1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

WHAT is your type?... blonde, brunette, brownette,
or redhead?... there is a Color Harmony Shade
of Face Powder created by Max Factor Hollywood
to bring out all the beauty of your natural com-
plexion colorings. Try it today... One dollar.



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





DOROTHY LAMOUR
Star of the new Paramount picture,
"RAINBOW ISLAND"

HOLIDAY
a 14-karat gold jeweler's
piece... destined to melt the
heart of the most blasé

PANDORA'S BOX
a whimsical box of hope
in Sterling Silver
for a whimsical lass

SENSATION
for the woman of assurance
... who always and forever will
make her every entrance dramatic

*"If you have designs on her heart...
give her a Wadsworth Personality Compact"*

says DOROTHY LAMOUR

If you have a secluded place in her heart and mean to keep it, give her a Wadsworth Personality Compact! Maybe she's only eighteen and the image of you... Maybe she's your Mother... or maybe she's the pin-up queen of that kid brother overseas. Makes no difference whether her hair is spun of gold or silver—there's a "Personality" compact especially for her. And the joy these compacts bring at Christmas is a lasting joy, for each is as carefully and exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores—priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.



*OTHERS AT \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00
AND UP TO \$300.00

*Plus Tax

THE *Wadsworth*
WATCH CASE COMPANY, INC. • DAYTON, KENTUCKY

*Holiday, \$300... Pandora's Box, \$20.00... Sensation, \$7.50

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precise parts

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

By Eleanor Harris

GIRLS, do you want to be like Georgia Carroll? Do you want to sing with Kay Kyser's band on the College of Musical Knowledge show? Do you want to have parts in 25 movies, and marry Mr. Kyser, and have your photograph on every magazine cover in the country? Do you want to be such a famous model that you get paid \$50 an hour for posing?

The answer is easy: Just be born flawlessly, breathtakingly beautiful!

You won't need another thing. Nothing else at all, not even ambition. Just read the Carroll case history:

It all began in the State of Texas twenty-four years ago, when the infant Georgia appeared on a ranch outside of Corsicana. She had one brother, John Carroll, as handsome as she was lovely; and her parents were ranchers who moved her to Dallas when she was four years old. She idled along in fabulous beauty until she was 15, attended Woodrow Wilson High School, where she got straight A's in her grades (for she was as good as she was beautiful), and where she garnered a weekly salary of \$25 by singing with Ike Silvers' band on the air (without benefit of singing lessons). She was completely happy, and shy, and lovely... and she might still be in Dallas in the same condition if a human dynamo hadn't entered her life and begun the blasting process which soon blew her into nation-wide fame.

This dynamo is named Miss Edna Holland, and she is Georgia's twinkly-eyed, energetic aunt. She got to brooding in 1937 in a most energetic manner about the Texas Centennial and its "Miss Bluebonnet" beauty contest—which would search out the most beautiful girl in the state. But at mention of the contest, modest Georgia flatly refused to consider it. So Miss Holland fell to scheming: she went down to a famous Dallas store, bought a stunning navy blue and white outfit, secretly fitted it to Georgia's size—and picked up Georgia one mid-afternoon at the high school. An hour later, Georgia was in the new clothes and bewilderedly walking in a parade of 700 girls across the contest platform. An hour after that, she was chosen second-prettiest girl in the state—and by the next day she was crowned "Miss Bluebonnet" herself, because the winning contestant had left for Hollywood.

That was the kick-off. Within no time, four sculptors for the Centennial had worshipfully carved Georgia's lovely face atop their statues; and Georgia's cornsilk hair was dyed blue to go with her Bluebonnet dress; and she was entertaining Mrs. Roosevelt and Hollywood stars in her new role as hostess of the Centennial. It was inevitable that a Vogue Magazine



Cover girl Georgia Carroll could have made a career of just being beautiful—but energetic Aunt Edna had something to say about that!

photographer should spot her and beg her to come to New York and become a model. "I'll guarantee you \$100 a week," said he. "No," said Georgia flatly, "I am happy here." She was, too; but a year later America's leading artists arrived in Texas to choose the "Ideal Cover Girl of the South"—and naturally Georgia was the girl. She was also a dead pigeon for New York. McClelland Barclay himself pleaded with tears in his eyes for her to go East. Before Georgia could say "No" again, Miss Holland entered the picture once more and said "Yes."

So Georgia was whisked off to New York, accompanied by her aunt, her mother, and her best girl friend from high school. Miss Holland allowed her to tour New York's sights for a week. Then she schemed again: carefully she pressed the new white dress she had been keeping for Georgia for a special occasion; she poured Georgia into it, and hauled her down to the famous John Powers Model Agency. Mr. Powers sauntered through the crowded waiting-room, jammed with ambitious lovelies, and stopped as if struck by lightning at sight of Georgia. Then he ran to her, lifted her into the air in a bear-hug, and shouted, "You're an angel! You're everything I dreamed of! What's your name?"

By dinner-time that night, gorgeous Georgia had been guest of honor at a hastily called meeting of 85 photographers; and she had posed for the cover of Redbook Magazine. By three years later, she was one of the most famous girls in America—she had graced the cover of every magazine; she had been chosen the "Dream Girl of America" by 500 enraptured artists in an Atlantic City convention; with model Katherine Aldrich, she had been sent to Honolulu by the gasping officials of the New York World's Fair as one of the two (Continued on page 56)



*Mrs. John A. Roosevelt
Loves smooth, creamy Dreamflower "Rachel"*

Lovely young Mrs. Roosevelt has an exquisitely contoured cheek-line which gives her face fascinating lights and shadows. For her type of blonde, sculptured beauty, the right powder is especially important. It must be irreproachably smooth in texture—perfectly blended in her own creamy-blond complexion tone.

Mrs. Roosevelt has made Pond's Dreamflower *Rachel* her choice. "Its rich ivory tones give my skin such a smooth, smooth creamy look—and Dreamflower texture is so exquisitely clinging!"

Pond's "LIPS"

stay on and on and ON!
New! *BEAU BAIT*—rich, round, rosy-crimson.
Newest Pond's "Lips" shade!

Two sizes,
49¢, 10¢
plus tax



Pond's Dreamflower Powder

You'll find your misty-soft Dreamflower complexion in this gay, flower-sprinkled box! 6 flattering shades to choose from.

49¢, 25¢, 10¢—plus tax

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

If beauty is your trouble



I've got the answer...

just do this

- 1 Listen to experts...more doctors advise Ivory Soap than all other brands put together. (It contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate even a baby's tender skin!)
- 2 See how much this simple Ivory beauty routine can do for you:— Stop careless skin care—cleanse thoroughly, regularly with a pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.
- 3 Then watch your complexion get that Ivory Look—become clearer, finer-textured, more glowing. Begin Ivory care today . . .

and get that Ivory Look

More doctors
advise Ivory



— than all other brands put together
99⁴/₁₀₀% pure



Harvest of the heart

There in the Glen, on that tiny bridge, he showed her the heart of his life, but Mary didn't understand what her husband meant until that memorable day

HE'S no good, that Dean Whitley," my father said scornfully to me one day five years ago as we stood watching a battered old roadster piled high with yelling Canaan Valley seniors careen down our village street. The laughing, careless boy at the wheel had waved to me. Father went on—"Not like his brother Andrew, working day and night to make Whitlands the best farm in these parts. That Dean should be home helping him, instead of playing the fool!" The last words were an indignant snort.

I knew my father to be a just man, slow to blame. But a man or a boy—or a daughter—who didn't labor hard in the sight of the Lord was an affront to him.

Ours was a valley of farmers. We were proud of how modern we were, with our electricity, our power-driven pumps, and the latest farm equipment, but we were prouder still of our way of living that relied on the simple faiths handed down to us for generations. Our virtues were in hard, unceasing work and in mild, unfrivolous pleasures. We were sound, healthy stock and we rather looked with contempt on people who coddled themselves with an eight-hour day. We were suspicious of outsiders and even more suspicious of one of our own people who showed signs of temperament.

So it was no wonder that my father spoke so harshly of Dean Whitley, who laughed at rules and



mocked at traditions. Even in High School he had "sassed" his teachers and everyone knew that his brother Andrew had his hands full keeping him from running away.

Yet . . . five years later almost to the day . . . two people stood close together in the thickening twilight, so close their silhouettes were as one, their arms around each other and their lips meeting in breathless longing. And one of those persons was Dean Whitley—and the other was I, Mary, daughter of Simon Davron.

Dean raised his head slowly to look at me. Hazel eyes in a lean, tanned face; thick brown hair just growing out of a crew cut—he was very handsome and quicksilver alive. Around us there was only a hushed quiet, and the only light the cozy lampglow from the window of the big, dim, shadowy-white house in front of us that was Whitlands.

"Mary, my darling . . ." he said huskily . . . "my lovely love, welcome home—"

His wife. My heart simply turned over in my body with the wonder of it. "Your wife . . ." I echoed in a rapturous whisper. "I'm so happy, Dean, I never believed that such happiness was possible, that a honeymoon could be so perfect." I was dazed. This kind of happiness, this wild rapture that Dean had taught me was like a foreign language opening up a whole new world.

How had it come about?

Well, the war had something to do with it. Lieutenant Dean Whitley, back home and honorably discharged from the Army, with a wound stripe and a proud record of soldiering behind him, was hardly the same Dean Whitley the valley had condemned as a boy. At least, my father reluctantly admitted, he looked different.

Not that Father approved of our marriage. I was his favorite daughter; I had the Davron looks—slim hips, straight, square shoulders, red hair. More important still, I had his way of thinking. He had taught me to take pride in the work of my hands and never to squander a minute of the day. I knew he thought me wasted on Dean, but for once I hadn't listened.

We had met accidentally, the second day after he'd come home from the Army and two weeks later we were married. But it had taken us only five minutes to fall hopelessly in love.

Now, before us, was the ghostly bulk of Whitlands, my future home. Here I would be mistress—and I was determined that not only Dean, but his brother Andrew, would be proud of me.

Dean kissed me once more and then sighed, regretfully. "Andrew will think we're crazy, standing outside moon-struck and star-gazing and mak-



ing love. I guess we'd better go in, honey." He shouldered his musette bag and picked up my suitcase and drew me with him up the porch steps.

The door opened directly into the big

living room and Andrew, tall, thick-bodied, with the unmistakable stamp of the farmer on his heavy, stooping shoulders, rose from his armchair to greet us. He had been dozing but Dean's ringing shout awakened him.

"Welcome home, both of you!" Andrew's smiles were rare but kindly. "You're still a bride, Mary, and it's my right as your brother-in-law to give you a kiss—two—one for yourself and one for taking a chance on this good-

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Inspired by an original radio story, "The Turn in the Road," by Ralph Rose, first heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., E.W.T., over CBS.

We bent our heads. Andrew began the grace—it was a quick prayer.



for-nothing brother of mine." He bent and quickly touched his lips to my forehead.

Dean's eyes were sparkling with pleasure. "Come on, darling—I want to show you your new home. See—here, by the door—this is what my great-grandfather called a 'spooner's bench,' built narrow and uncomfortable so that courting couples couldn't drag out their goodnights too long." He was in a restless mood,

pulling me behind him as he went. I marveled again at these moods of his. One moment he would be still—still—stiller than any human being ever could be—seeming to drink through his very pores the fragrant beauty of night and day. And the next moment he would be wanting music and dancing and the pure joy of movement. I loved these swift changes, knowing for the first time in my life the fun of doing something on the spur of the moment

—but they sometimes startled me.

"It's late, Dean, and you and Mary must be tired. There's a day's work tomorrow and we'll all be up early," Andrew protested. He had been following us unwillingly, the smile on his face tolerant, as though he and I were indulging a child in his whims.

Suddenly I was tired. All of the buoyancy of the honeymoon holiday left me and I realized that tomorrow was another day. Andrew's words brought me down to earth with a thud. Tomorrow would begin the housewife's routine for which I had been trained all my life.

Dean was instantly contrite and his apologetic smile was so sweet I could only smile back.

"I know I'll love Whitlands, Dean," I told him later while I was unpacking our bags in the privacy of our room. "It's so old and yet so spacious. But I can see I have my work cut out for me. Why, that cookstove had grease on it an inch thick!" Privately, I had been horrified at the slatternly housekeeping of old Mrs. Pragher who "did" for the two men. "Tomorrow I'm going to clean this house from top to bottom."

"Tomorrow you'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Dean, yanking at his tie. "You and I are going to take a tour in the afternoon and I'm going to show you the fields where I work and the orchard and the Glen where the grass is thick and deep and the little bridge where two people in love can plight their troth. Why, we won't be really married until you stand there and say you love me." His eyes were glowing in the toast-brown of his face and I could see he almost believed in the whimsy of his words.

I started to remind him that Sunday was only two days away—but just then my hand felt something thin and square and hard in his bag. I pulled it out. It was an artist's sketch-pad.

"What on earth—are you a painter, Dean?" I asked.

"I forgot it was there. I took it along to draw some pictures of you—but for some reason there just didn't seem to be time for it." His eyes were daring me to blush. "I learned when I was in the Army hospital—part of their rehabilitation program. I'm no genius, but I do have an eye for line and color and it's fun to capture something beautiful and have it to look at after it's gone."

Would I never stop learning things about this husband of mine? To me a painter was a wild-eyed bohemian, and I hoped my father would never see his son-in-law—a farmer!—dabbling around with crayons and paint and charcoal pencils!

Next morning I opened my eyes on a new world—and a new job. But I had been trained for that job and I had breakfast on the table, the kitchen tidied to a semblance of neatness, my hair brushed and caught back with a ribbon, the last (Continued on page 62)

All her life she had pretended—that the cheap clothes she wore were the lovely things she saw in the magazines; that her ugly little furnished room was a luxurious apartment. Surely it wouldn't hurt to pretend once more!

I DIDN'T really mean to tell Mrs. Sanford Austin that the silver brocade dress was an exclusive design originally intended for a big movie star. I knew very well that it was one of our regular models right off the floor, and I didn't intend to lie to a customer. It was only that the dress had looked so glamorous when Mrs. Austin put it on that I just had to, somehow, give it a history to match its own shimmering beauty.

The first I knew I'd done wrong was when Miss Olcott, the head of the dress department, called me into her little office at the end of the stock rooms. Her nose was pinched, and her tall, iron-gray pompadour seemed actually to vibrate with anger, but even then I wasn't alarmed. It wasn't uncommon for Miss Olcott to be angry with me. She hadn't wanted me in her department in the first place, and she had taken me only upon the recommendation of Clifford Taylor, the nice young personnel manager who had hired me. In the six weeks I'd been at the Newton Store my sales quota had risen to be the highest in the department, but even that didn't satisfy Miss Olcott. Nothing I did seemed to please her, and I'd grown used to her criticism and her scoldings.

It was when she lifted the silver brocade out of the box on her desk that I began to feel frightened. "Miss Moore," she said icily, "you will please explain why you misrepresented this gown to Mrs. Austin. She returned it this morning, saying you'd told her it was some kind of special model. You knew that we had a half-dozen others like it, and that we ran an advertisement of them in last night's paper. I've warned you before about lying, Miss Moore—"

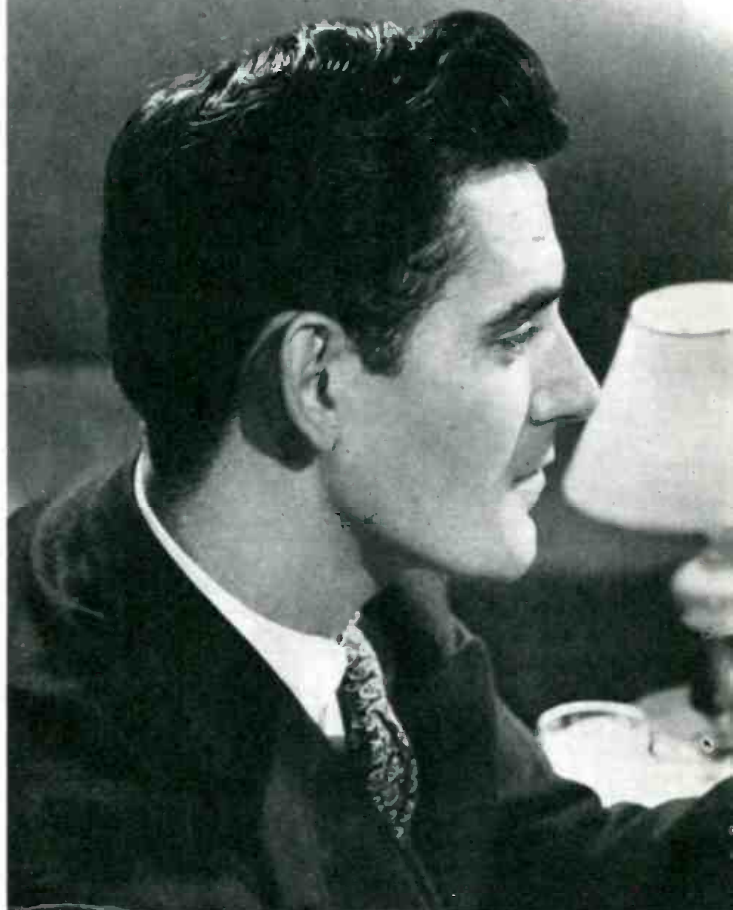
Lying. I hadn't thought about it that way before. Miss Olcott hadn't called it that, either. She talked to me about "misrepresentation" and "misleading statements," but lying was different. "I didn't—" I began, and she cut me short.

"Don't deny it, Miss Moore! You know that this isn't the first time. The idea, last week, of telling the little Turner girl that that starched net would pack beautifully! And those thistle tweed suits—you knew they weren't imported, and yet you hinted that they came from Scotland, and said that one could fairly smell the peat bogs. Peat bogs! Well, really!"

I leaned forward eagerly. "But people liked thinking they came from Scotland, Miss Olcott. And the Turner girl was in love with the starched net. She wanted it for just one dance here in town, a very special dance, and she was only being practical about it because her mother was along. You know that this is the first time I've had a garment returned—"

"And the last," snapped Miss Olcott. "I've recommended that Mr. Taylor give you your discharge. You may go up to Personnel and get it now."

My heart plunged sickeningly. I would rather have been fired on the spot than have been asked to face Clifford Taylor, who had taken my part so firmly against Miss Olcott when I'd first applied for the job at the store. "Miss Moore should be given a chance, Miss Olcott," he had said decisively. "I'm sure that we'll all be proud of her." The memory of those words, and his encouraging smile whenever he came down to the third floor ready-to-wear, had been all that had kept me from quitting when Miss Olcott



Then he was beside me. "Alice—you darling idiot! Is that why you left?" he murmured.

World of dreams



was at her thorny worst. Just one smile from him, and I felt ready to put up with Miss Olcott for the rest of my life. That's the way I felt about Clifford Taylor, the way all of the girls felt. It wasn't that he was handsome—no mah with a lop-sided grin and a hank of reddish hair that continually fell out of comb to hang down over one eye could technically be called handsome—it was simply that he was that kind of person. The older women addressed him affectionately as Cliff, and the younger ones made excuses to approach him. Now, as I marched upstairs to Personnel, I thought of Cliff Taylor and wished that I had quit. Losing my job wasn't nearly as bad as destroying his faith in me.

The first thing I saw when I was admitted to his office was that the lop-sided grin was gone, and the lock of hair had been torturously yanked until it stuck straight out—a sure sign that he was deeply troubled. He held a stiff cardboard sheet in his hands—my employment record. Clipped to it was a little note—undoubtedly from Miss Olcott.

"Sit down, Miss Moore," he said kindly. "Miss Olcott seems to be upset about you. Perhaps you can tell me just what happened."

I took a deep breath, and some of the heavy, sick feeling went away. It was like him to make things easy without seeming to do so. The way he talked sounded as if I weren't entirely wrong and Miss Olcott completely right. It was easy to tell him, then, exactly how I'd talked about the silver brocade to Mrs. Austin, and how pleased Mrs. Austin had been to think that it had been made for a movie star.

WHEN I'd finished there was a curious tugging at the corners of his mouth, and his eyes were twinkling. "You must be good," he said, "to put over a whopper like that. Even Mrs. A. ought to know that a movie star would hardly come to Newton for her clothes." Then he straightened and looked very serious. "Didn't you realize," he asked kindly, "that you were speaking for the store when you told Mrs. Austin that story? She is very angry, and she has withdrawn her patronage, and she will try to get her friends to withdraw theirs. Don't you see that if you say something that isn't true about our merchandise, it reflects on the store's integrity?"

"But I didn't mean to be untruthful!" I cried. "I was just—" I floundered, and snatched the first word that came to mind—"I was just pretending." And then I sat back, realizing that that was exactly what I had been doing, and wondering how I knew all of a sudden, when I'd never thought about it before.

"Pretending?"

I didn't answer for a moment. I was too busy thinking. Thinking and remembering. Remembering my mother's laughing at me one day long ago, when she'd made me a winter coat out of an old one of hers. I'd been terribly disappointed in the appearance of the coat—drab tan color, lumpy at the seams, too long for me—but when I shut my eyes, the material felt wonderfully soft under my fingers. "It's velvet," I'd said in a pleased voice. Mother had laughed a little shakily, perhaps because she'd known how ugly the coat was, and she'd been afraid that I'd cry and beg for the new one we couldn't afford. "It's not velvet, Alice. It's



Cliff, who taught Alice that living was better than dreaming.

just plain suede cloth, and cheap at that. I declare, I don't know where you get your ideas. As far as I know, you've never even seen velvet."

She was wrong about that. I'd seen velvets and satins and all of the lovely fabrics that no one in Pine River ever wore—I'd seen them in the pictures in the magazines Mother brought home from Mrs. Summer's, the mine superintendent's wife, for whom Mother did housework.

I PRETENDED that the cheap clothes I wore were the lovely things I saw in the magazines, just as I pretended that the dingy two-story buildings on Pine River's Main Street were skyscrapers, and the drab rows of miners' houses the pretty suburban homes I saw pictured. Making up fanciful stories about the every-day things around me had become such a part of me that I hadn't realized that I was doing it.

Cliff Taylor was looking at me inquiringly. "I—I guess I've always pretended," I said, and then I began to tell him about Pine River. About the mines, and the black film of soot that covered everything, so that the grass was never green, and curtains hung gray and limp at the windows the day

after they were washed, and the sunlight itself was grimy. Once I'd started talking the words came of themselves, and Cliff Taylor seemed to understand that you had to pretend about a place like Pine River, because if you saw it as it really was, it was too ugly and drab to bear.

"Do you like Newton?" he asked when I'd finished.

"Oh, yes—" There weren't words to tell what Newton was like after Pine River.

"You've made friends here? You've been able to get out and see something of the town?"

"No," I admitted, "I—haven't thought much about it. I've been too busy getting settled, and getting used to the job. I thought that perhaps later I'd join a church—"

He nodded. "That's a good idea. How did you happen to come to Newton?"

"My father was retired and given his pension, and he and Mother bought a little farm outside of Pine River. It was what they'd been saving for all of their lives. Mother stopped working for Mrs. Summer, and there was no need for me to stay and keep house. So—I came here."

"Bringing your day-dreams with you," he grinned. It was a nice grin,

and I knew that he expected me to laugh with him, but I couldn't. Perhaps it is funny to carry a habit out of childhood until you are nineteen years old, but it isn't funny when the habit has cost you your job. It wasn't funny, either, to see yourself suddenly in a new light—as a dreamy, rather foolish sort of person whose dreams could be actually harmful.

I stood up, my face reddening. "I'm sorry," I said stiffly, "that I've caused so much trouble. I'll leave my time card at the office."

"No one's said anything about your time card." His voice stopped me when I was half-way to the door. "You're not fired. I'll talk to Miss Olcott. As far as I can see, you've never had the slightest intention of deceiving our customers, and—I'm sure that you'll stick more closely to facts from now on."

I stared at him, feeling my whole face light up. I hadn't lost my job after all. . . . "Oh, I will!" I cried. "I promise, and I'm so grateful—"

It was the hardest promise I'd ever had to keep. It meant watching my every word, my every thought, changing my whole viewpoint. That night when I went home I looked at myself in the mirror, severely and critically. Before, I hadn't thought to be dissatisfied with my appearance. I'd always been secretly pleased that my hair was blonde and naturally wavy, my figure slim and my eyes a clear gray. Now I saw that I'd over-estimated myself. My hair was just plain light in color, and the wave was weak. I was too thin, and my eyes would have been prettier if they'd been a deeper gray. The dress I'd been so thrilled about when I'd bought it was just an ordinary little dress from the budget shop at the store, and I'd only been fooling myself when I'd thought it smart-looking.

I took a good look at my room, too. It was clean, and neatly furnished in maple, and when I had first come to Newton, I'd thought of it as an apartment, and it had seemed almost luxurious. Now I saw that it was just a cheap furnished room, with a bath down the hall, and a kitchenette I shared with the middle-aged couple next to me. I made myself say the words aloud—"It's a cheap little furnished room—" and I told myself that I was doing exactly what Cliff Taylor wanted me to do. Somehow, there wasn't much satisfaction in the thought, and I felt lonely and depressed. It had been more fun to think of the room as a lovely apartment.

After that everything was different. Newton itself became an ordinary, medium-sized middle-western city, not a great metropolis that had all of the glamour of New York and Paris combined. When I treated myself to the movies on Saturday nights, I could no longer see myself as the heroine on the screen, and at the same time pretend that I was spending a wonderful evening with someone who looked like the hero and grinned like Cliff Taylor. I was just Alice Moore, going to the movies alone because I had nothing

more interesting to do.

It was hardest of all to discipline myself at work. I'd always loved clothes, ever since I'd pored over the magazines Mother brought home from Mrs. Summer's, and it was hard to hold back my enthusiasm for them. I hated to say flatly of a lovely coral-pink knit, "This is one of our newest sports dresses. It looks very nice on you," when I envisioned it against the green of a golf course, or on a country club terrace, and when I knew I was perfectly capable of making the customer see it against those backgrounds. It was hard to say, "We do not guarantee that this garment will wash," when the customer had set her heart on it, but would take it only if it would withstand soap and water.

MY SALES slumped badly. I sensed that I was leaning over backward in my effort to tell the exact truth about everything, but I didn't know what to do about it. Customers were plentiful, with the fall season at its height, and the other girls sold their quotas each week without exaggerating the good points of the merchandise, and I was determined that I would, too. Each morning I came to work with the dogged resolve to sell more than anyone else in the department, and with the sinking feeling that I wouldn't be able to sell very much at all. I grew tense and nervous over each customer, and the sinking feeling was more than justified at the end of the day. The other girls tried to help me. They sent good customers my way; once in a while one of them gave me a sale. They said comfortingly, "Everyone has an off week sometimes. You'll pick up beautifully on Monday."

But I didn't pick up on Monday, and everyone couldn't have two, and three, and finally four off weeks. Inevitably, I was called in to see Miss Olcott. "Miss Moore," she said, "you will please report to Mr. Taylor before you go home today."

That was all, but I knew that I was going to be given my notice, and that this time there would be no second chance. All afternoon I went around in the grip of a fear so strong that my hands trembled at my work, and my voice shook when I answered the simplest question. It wasn't losing the job I was afraid of—I was already resigned to that, and I had steeled myself against the thought of disappointing Cliff Taylor after he'd championed me a second time—but my confidence in myself was completely shaken. Selling, selling women's clothes particularly, was the only work for which I had any training and interest. It was the only kind of work I believed I could do well. If I couldn't hold this job, where I'd been given every chance and had had every help, how could I ever expect to hold another?

A few minutes before five I went up to Personnel. Cliff Taylor was telephoning, and although he smiled and motioned toward a chair, he went on talking into the mouthpiece. I sat down gingerly, wishing that he'd simply sent a written notice of dismissal. I didn't

want to sit here, having the news broken to me gently. Most of all, I thought fiercely, I didn't want to have to endure his pity!

At last he put down the telephone. I braced myself. It was coming now—the inquiry, the regrets, the wishes that I would do well in my next job. He didn't speak for a moment, but picked up a paperweight and began to fidget with it, evidently finding it hard to begin. I tried to give him an opening. "You sent for me, Mr. Taylor?"

"I did, Miss Moore—Alice." The paperweight spun on an axis made by his thumb and forefinger. He glanced at me quickly, and then down, and he seemed almost shy. "It was the best way I knew of to speak to you alone. I wanted to ask if you'd have dinner with me this evening."

I sat speechless. If he'd told me that I'd inherited a fortune, I couldn't have been more amazed.

"I know it's sudden," he apologized, "but I've been meaning to ask you for some time. If you can't make it tonight, perhaps we can set another date—"

"But what about my job?" I burst out.

"Your job?"

"Yes. Hasn't Miss Olcott told you I

haven't sold anything in weeks? I've been way under my quota—"

"Yes," he said, "she has told me something like that. I told her not to worry about it, and I suggest that you don't worry about it, either. We know you can sell. You proved it when you first came, and I think that if you take a little more time to adjust yourself, the sales will take care of themselves. But we still haven't settled this matter of dinner—"

I accepted, almost off-handedly. I was still too surprised to realize that any of the girls would have given a great deal to have dinner with him, and I was trying desperately to understand his confident, almost blithe, attitude toward my work. I wanted to talk to him about it; I wanted his suggestions. But he was clearing the top of his desk, getting ready to leave, and the interview was obviously over. "I'll pick you up in about an hour and a half," he said. "If you'll give me your address—"

I gave it to him, and thanked him, and walked out of the office in a daze, much too bewildered to be happy at the thought of the evening before me.

The happiness came later, and it was such happiness as I'd never known.



Alice, who fell in love with Cliff and for a while was happy.

Everything was too good to be true, from the moment Cliff called for me and saw me—for the first time—out of the department store black I wore every day. His eyes lighted, and he whistled softly in appreciation. "You look wonderful, Alice! That dress is a knockout."

"Don't you recognize it?" I laughed. "It's a mark-down from the summer sales. I just took off the organdy trimming."

He shook his head. "You should be designing clothes, not selling them."

ORDINARILY, I'd have mulled over the compliment, treasured it for weeks. But this wasn't an ordinary evening. We had dinner at Patti's, which was the nicest restaurant in Newton, and which I'd passed many times, wondering wistfully what the inside was like without ever hoping to see it. Everything was new and marvelous to me—the little shaded lamps and the fresh flowers on the tables, the waiters very correct in evening clothes, the foreign names of the dishes on the menu, the floor show, in which a sheet of ice was miraculously rolled out from under the bandstand to provide a surface for a troupe of skaters, the beautifully gowned women at the other tables. I sat looking and looking, my eyes round and bright with pleasure.

And—there was Cliff. Afterward, when the evening was over and I was at home in bed, but still too excited to sleep, I almost wished that we had gone to a quieter place. There had been so much to do and to see, so many new things to absorb, that I hadn't had much chance to talk to Cliff. He hadn't seemed to mind. More than once I'd caught his eyes upon me in a look that was quizzical, and delighted, and a little amused, and I guessed that he must have felt very much as though he were taking a child to a circus. I didn't care. I was having the time of my life, and if he enjoyed showing it to me, then we were both happy. But now I wished that I'd paid more attention to Cliff himself, because he kept returning to my thoughts, and I had little knowledge of him to give him substance. Then I told myself sleepily that it didn't matter, because I would be seeing him again next week. That was the crowning wonder of the whole incredible evening—the enchantment wasn't going to end in one night, at the stroke of twelve.

On the way home Cliff had looked at me out of the corner of his eyes and had asked, "Have you had a good time, Alice?"

I'd gazed back at him reproachfully. He knew very well I'd had a marvelous time. I just sighed ecstatically, and he grinned.

"I thought we might do it again—with variations. There's a shindig at the Cameo next week—the local stock company's giving their opening performance of the season. It'll be quite a show, even if the play isn't very good, because most people dress for it. Of course, we don't have to go in

evening clothes if you don't want to—"

Evening clothes! My thoughts skipped quickly to a gown I'd seen at the store that morning, a gown with a long, floating skirt—the kind I'd never expected to wear. The cup of miracles was running over. "Oh, no," I said quickly, blissfully, "I'd love to dress up—"

I floated on a rosy cloud of happiness for the next several weeks. Life, from being a drab, day-to-day existence, had become an enchanted state in which everything was right and beautiful. I was seeing Cliff twice a week, sometimes oftener. We didn't always go to Patti's, of course, and after the opening night of the stock company there were no more dress-up occasions until the community dance at Thanksgiving. Sometimes we went to the movies, and sometimes we took long drives through a countryside made glorious with autumn colors; sometimes we just walked, and sometimes we went to the small cafe around the corner from where I lived and lingered for hours over sandwiches and coffee. I don't remember what we talked about—a little about the store, I suppose, and a great deal about ourselves. What we talked about didn't matter. Words didn't matter. What did matter was that the magic of the first evening stayed with us, and became something that had nothing to do with expensive restaurants or glittering surroundings, but could be evoked by a glance, by the merest brushing of Cliff's hand against mine. At least, that's how it seemed to me. It didn't occur to me that Cliff might not feel the same way. I was in love with him, and although he'd never spoken of love to me, never kissed me, I took for granted that he wouldn't have seen me so often if he hadn't cared about me. I was happy, and everything was right with my world.

Even my work at the store had improved. I still loved it and would have been happy in no other, but it was less important to me than it had been. I no longer grew tense and anxious over each sale—how could I, when Cliff was coming to take me out that very evening? And now, when I told a customer that a dress was suitable for dinner-dancing, there was irrefutable assurance in my voice. I'd been dinner-dancing in the town's best places, and I knew what one should wear in them,

and there was no need for me to tell elaborate stories about a dress in order to sell it.

Then one afternoon something happened. A dress was delivered from the manufacturer not by the usual route, through the receiving rooms, but directly to the floor by special messenger. Miss Olcott was at lunch, and the other girls were busy, so I accepted the box and signed for it. I was opening it when two of the girls, Helen and Marie, having disposed of their customers, came over to help me. When we lifted the lid, the contents fairly sprang at us—yards and yards of filmy lace, layered in tissue paper that slithered out and made a foamy sea at our feet. I gasped at the gown. Never, anywhere, had I seen one like it.

We hung it up and stood back to look at it, I in open admiration, Helen and Marie with a kind of wry satisfaction. "It's beautiful!" I exclaimed. "I've never seen anything like it—"

"I hope you never will again," said Helen grimly. "The trouble we had getting it! Just like her to ask for a special order when we're rushed—"

"Like whom?"

Marie grinned sourly. "Who but Laura Brooks."

"Cliff's girl friend," added Helen dryly.

It was a moment before the import of the words reached me, and then I felt the blood drain from my heart. Cliff's girl friend— It couldn't be. Helen and Marie had heard that I was going out with Cliff, and were teasing me. We'd said nothing of our dates to the people in the store, simply because everyone from the president down loved to gossip, but there was always the chance that someone had seen us out together. . . . But their faces told me nothing. They were engrossed in shaking out the folds of the dress.

"Who's Laura Brooks?" I ventured cautiously. "I mean—have I seen her?"

Marie chuckled. "You'd know it if you had, chicken. She'd eat you alive. But she's been out of town all fall. She's one of the Brooks, and her father has more stock in this store than you have eyelashes. Now be a good girl and get me a pad for this hanger."

I wanted to ask more about Laura—Laura and Cliff—but I dared not. I was afraid of what I might find out. Besides, if there was anything to tell, I wanted Cliff himself to tell me.

We were busy that afternoon. I had two and three customers at a time, and I hadn't a moment to stop to think. But the phrases, "Laura Brooks—Cliff's girl friend," danced mockingly at the back of my mind, and my imagination was piecing together a story I didn't want to believe at all. Laura Brooks had been out of town—and Cliff had been amusing himself with me. "It isn't true!" my heart cried. "Cliff wouldn't—" and the mocking tattoo drowned it out. Oh, yes, Cliff would. He might. Laura was rich and imperious and beautiful—surely anyone who wore dresses like the black lace must be beautiful (Continued on page 69)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Just Plain Bill

Here are the people you've asked to see in this story of a kindly, philosophical country barber



BILL DAVIDSON, better known as Just Plain Bill, owns and operates Hartville's barber shop on Main Street. He is everybody's friend, and his delightful philosophy of life is direct and unchanging. For instance, he believes that no man should call another man a stranger. Anyone in trouble can go to Bill and find him willing to help in any way that he possibly can. With his talent for living fully, with his ability to give unsparingly of himself to others, Bill has brought dignity to the simple man.

Just Plain Bill is heard daily, Monday through Friday, at 5:30 P. M., EWT, over NBC.

(Bill Davidson is played by Arthur Hughes)



ELMER EEPS is the owner of Hartville's General Store, located just across the street from Bill's barber shop. Elmer knows everyone in town, and any bits of news to be had usually get to him first. He takes a harmless, completely unmalicious delight in hurrying on their rounds any bits of gossip which come his way. Recently he upset and alarmed the town by the purchase of a second-hand bicycle which he rides in making deliveries to his customers—sending people to run for shelter when he wobbles up the street.

(Played by Joe Latham)



WIKI is Bill's grandchild, son of Nancy and Kerry. He is a very lovable little fellow, brought up by his mother and father in the true American traditions of family life. Bill has a particularly soft spot in his heart for Wiki—like all grandfathers, he affectionately tempers the parental jurisdiction with the tolerance the years can bring. Wiki is loved by everyone in Hartville. Scrapes? Of course he gets into them, but what little fellow of six doesn't? And Wiki certainly makes up for it—you should see the amount of wastepaper he collects each week—and how proud he is!

(Played by Michael Artist)



KERRY DONOVAN, Bill's son-in-law, has turned for the duration from being an attorney to supervising a war plant. He and Bill enjoy a mutual understanding and respect. Kerry's very happy marriage is partly due to his practical approach to problems.

(Played by James Meighan)



NANCY DONOVAN, Bill's lovely young daughter, has inherited her father's sympathy for people. She is very generous and quick, as her father is, to lend a helping hand to others, and she has an independent mind, sparked by a quick sense of humor. Recently, Nancy and her father have been trying to help in the solution of the troubles of young Danny Fletcher, a Hartville boy recently discharged from the Army because of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. Danny is bitter about losing his chance to fight for his country, and he has made a hasty and unfortunate marriage. Nancy and her father are standing by Danny, although they do not agree as to what should be done.

(Played by Ruth Russell)

At last Mildred found the courage to tell him: "I love you more than anything in the world. But I can't marry you, Howard, because—you see, I don't know who I am"

THE STORY

THIS is my story—at least as much as I can tell of it, as much as I know of it, up till now. I think that my name is Mildred Abbot. I say "think" because the only real evidence I have is that that is the name I gave the landlady when I rented a room from her, and that is the name on the ration book I found in my purse. You see, I lost my memory. I was struck by an automobile while crossing the street, and when I awoke in my room the next morning, the whole of the past was blotted out. The only things I could remember were the accident, and the blurred excitement of being taken home and put to bed, after it.

At first, I didn't really believe that this had happened to me. "I'll remember soon," I kept telling myself. "It's just that the accident made things strange, and out-of-focus for a while. I'll remember soon." When my landlady came in a few moments later, she told me that a young man, Howard Coles, was coming to call on me. "I'll remember him," I thought. "He must be a friend of mine—I'll see him, and then I'll remember everything." But Howard Coles, when he came, brought no remembrance with him—as indeed he couldn't, for I had seen him for the first time only yesterday; he was the driver of the car which had struck me.

After he left, I set about trying to reconstruct the girl whose name I knew was Mildred Abbot. She was young. She was pretty. Her clothes were smart, but not expensive. She was looking for a job—I had told the landlady that. But there it ended. That was all I knew—except that among my things there was a picture of a man. Someone I must have known, someone whose face attracted me, and yet frightened me a little. But even he was a stranger to me now.

Fear of the unknown can be the greatest fear of all—and that fear shook me now. Who was I? Where had I come from? Why was I here? Had I a family? Had I a husband, perhaps, or at least someone who loved me,

whom I loved? And yet, in spite of those fears, those questions, or perhaps because of them, I was reluctant to make any move to help me prod my memory. I might have gone to a doctor, but I did not. Somehow, I felt that my memory would return without prompting—and I was afraid, along with all my other fears, of prompting it.

Howard Coles was very kind. He gave me a job—as his secretary—and I learned more about Mildred Abbot, that she could type and take shorthand, that she knew office routine. And Howard was soon more than a kind employer to me.

He was the man with whom I was falling in love. The man with whom I did not dare to fall in love, because I had no past!

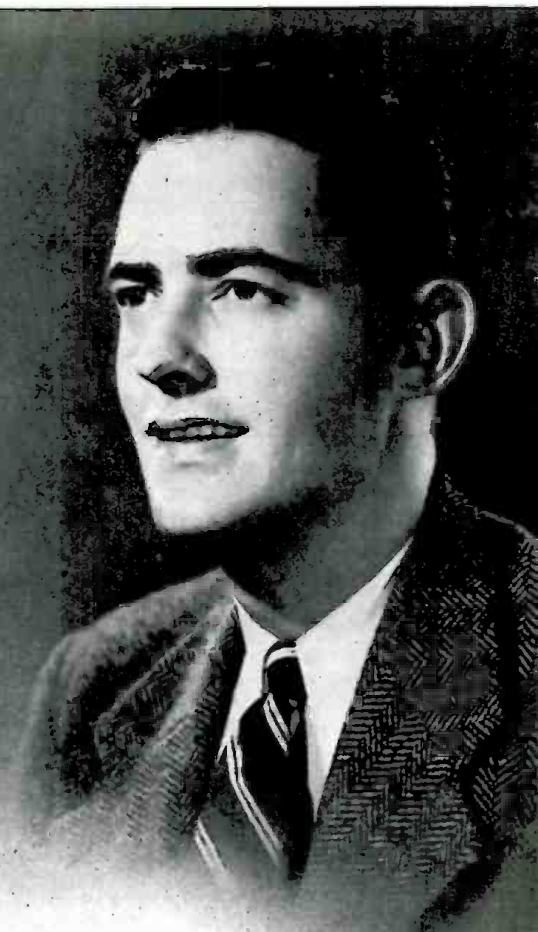
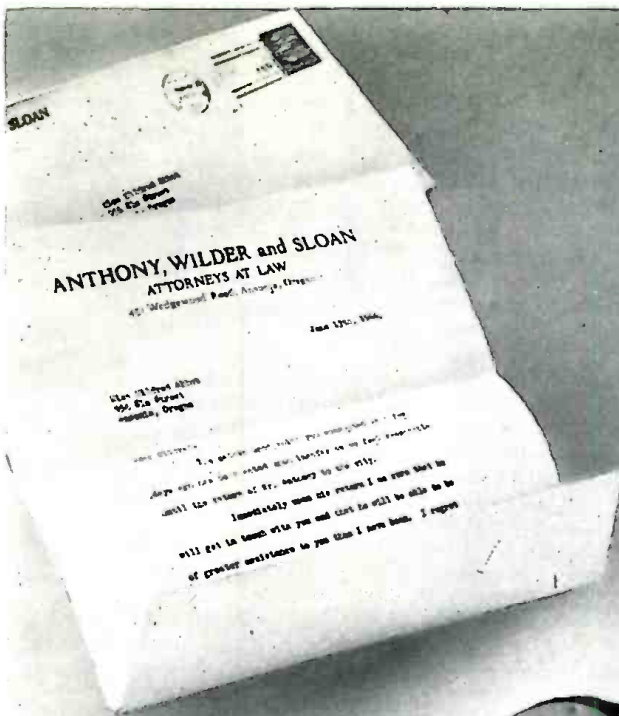
Very soon it became clear to me that Howard, too, was falling in love, and

I knew that something must be done. But still I was afraid to tell him, to tell anyone, that I had no memory. The fear was a very real, tangible thing—as if I knew one thing, out of all the things I didn't know, and that was that I didn't want to remember! I'd wait—wait just a little while longer. Surely, surely, everything would come back to me, everything would fall into place in my life once again.

And then came the night when I dreamed of the man whose picture was my only real clue to my past life. Dreamed of him—standing and smiling at me, beckoning to me, *willing* me to come to him. And the fear I knew then made all other fears like the little frights of childhood. This was real, and terrible, and it made me know that there were things in Mildred Abbot's past better not remembered. And still, although he terrified me, there was



Mildred



Howard

There is no yesterday

something about the man that drew me to him, made me want to run to him, and run away from him, all at once. . . .

I WOKE, trembling. For a moment I didn't know where I was. It was as if I were still in the dream in that faraway place, being impelled by something stronger than myself nearer and nearer to the man in the photograph. He was still smiling at me, willing me toward him. Of all the panic, the bewilderment, I had lived with since the day I woke to find myself a stranger, this was the starkest terror of all. I heard myself murmuring, "No, no, no," over and over.

And then, unbidden, came the thought of Howard Coles. His face, his voice, the one time he had held me in his arms. And, as always, unsought for

and unasked, but swiftly, surely, unerringly, came the sense of safety. Always there was refuge in the thought of him.

Gradually the room became familiar. I became Mildred Abbot again, with a job to go to, a goal to work for, and the dream became a dream. I got up and began to dress, still shaken but on sure ground now. The terrors of the night were past and the day offered—Howard.

But who was that man in the photograph? Why did his pictured face hold such an unspoken threat over me?

I opened the bottom drawer and got out the picture. The attractive, aggressive face smiled back at me—wordless, but somehow holding a message if I could only read it. If I could only know. I stared at it in fascination for a moment and then abruptly put it from me. It brought the dream too



Charles

close. I must have faith that some day soon now I would awaken my memory and the past would be as it should and not an impenetrable darkness. I would remember Mildred Abbot as she was, not just as I pictured her to be—a girl alone who, for some reason, had left home to seek new fortunes in a strange city. (Continued on page 73)

Love Song

There are certain days in your life which you can't forget even if you want to. There was such a day in Lucy's memory, one golden day, all mixed up with a song—and a laughing boy

THIS afternoon I was ironing a simple, little white handkerchief with a tiny, faded rose embroidered in one corner, and as I pressed the wrinkles out of it, I began to sing softly to myself without thinking, "Night and Day, You Are the One." I suppose that funny, little worn-out handkerchief always will make me think of a popular song, just as that old Cole Porter number, itself, always will remind me of Bruce. Anyway, as I breathed the musical description of that deep, yearning love, I drifted dreamily away from the sunny, yellow-and-white kitchen I painted this spring—until once again I was back behind the handkerchief counter of McClintock's Store across from Green Square. It was three years ago, and we weren't fighting a war, and I was eighteen years old and terribly proud of the first job I had ever had in my life.

Are there certain days in your life which you couldn't forget even if you wanted to—times you know you'll remember as long as you shall live? There's one day like that in my memory, one golden day all mixed up with a smile and a song—with a laughing boy and an embroidered rose.

One minute my world was revolving normally, smoothly, just the way it always had been going. And the next minute, Bruce had stepped into it, and my old familiar orbit was spinning crazily until I was dizzy from its speed. One minute I was stacking white handkerchiefs (with little red roses in the corners) thinking of nothing in the world except the Nine Cent Sale starting the next day. And the next minute Bruce was standing in front of me,

smiling down at me with his blue-bright eyes.

"Look," he said quickly, "will you go back to the storeroom with me a minute? I need you for something."

Of course, I had noticed the slim boy working back in the shoe department. I had been attracted to his gay, bright face, topped by a shock of yellow hair bleached so much lighter than his smooth, tanned skin. But I'd never been close enough to him to look into his eyes—friendly, warm eyes, asking now for help.

It wasn't until after I had asked Bertha Ainsley to watch my counter and I was in the storeroom with Bruce that I realized that he had singled me out to do him a *personal* favor. I had assumed quite naturally that he wanted me to help him list some shoes, and I was amazed when he took a guitar from behind a packing crate.

"Maybe you'll think I'm crazy," he said shyly, "but I want you to listen to me and tell me the truth. I want to know if you think I can sing, or if I'm just kidding myself."

I suppose I would have been attracted to Bruce even if he hadn't started to strum on that guitar—even if he hadn't hummed the words to that rhythm-charged song in a low, exciting voice—even if his slim body hadn't swayed with easy, fascinating grace. But I don't think so. It seems that we're always drawn to something we've been warned against. That's the way we're snared by Fate and teased into adventure. Anyway, Bruce and his music bewitched me, in spite of the fact that all of my life I had heard my mother most vehemently credit



I'll never forget the night Bruce won first prize.

musicians with more evil than Satan, himself. Mother hated music. That sounds as if she were crazy, and I guess she almost was on that one subject—but she meant all right. I have to remember that.

"Music and dancing get you in with bad company," she had warned, letting the lines around her mouth deepen in bitter sincerity.

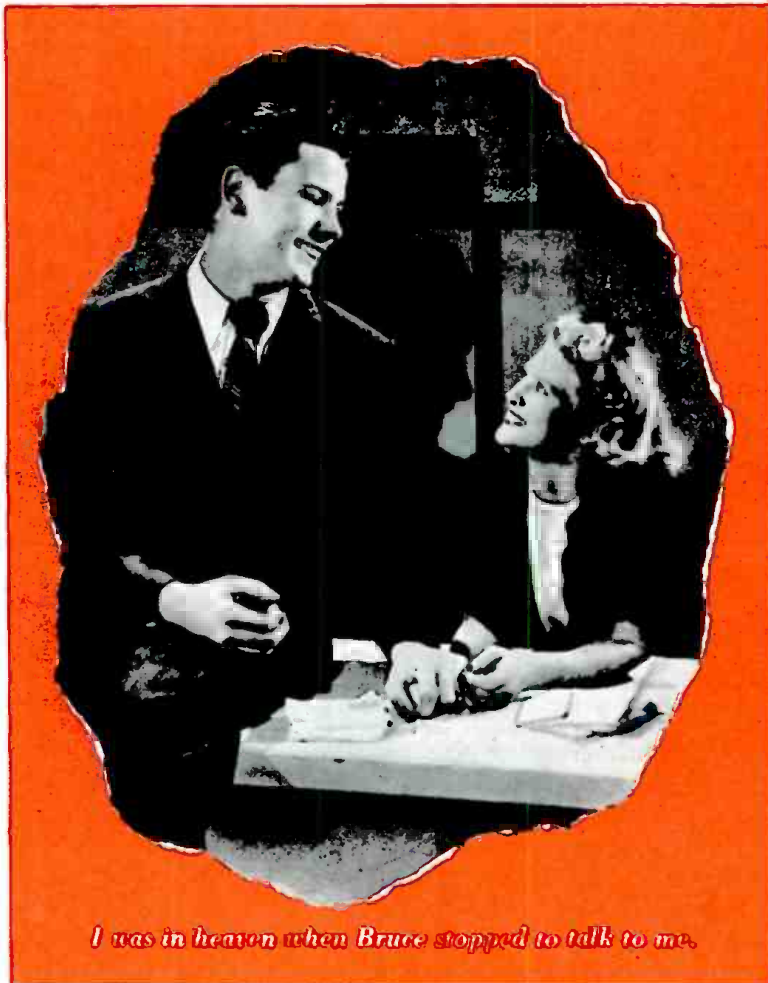
You see, her husband—my father—was a musician. "A no-good fiddle player," Grandpa always said, and I suppose he was right. Because my father did go away and leave us when I was only seven years old.

I remember him so well—my father. He was slim, too, and exciting and full of life like Bruce. And, even though I know he shouldn't have gone away and left us for Grandpa to take care of, still I won't believe that he was all bad. Weak, maybe, and irresponsible, but not really bad.

I used to be so lonesome for my Dad, after he went away. I'd be standing watching a hot, noisy, bright-colored circus parade, and I'd hear his voice again, "We ought to be more like giraffes, Lucy. Then we could reach for the stars and still keep our feet on the ground." Or at the County Fair I'd be staring at a ferris wheel and suddenly remember another year and a familiar voice saying, "In every one of those seats, people are seeing the world from a different angle—but they can't help how they see it—that's the way the wheel is set." And, sometimes in the night I'd think I'd hear him coming toward my little, dark room, singing his song for me, "Little Lucy Gray Eyes" which I'll always re-



It was wonderful to hear Bruce over the radio.



I was in heaven when Bruce stopped to talk to me.

member the way I can never forget "Night and Day."

But, of course, he wasn't all good, either, any more than he was all bad—because he did get bored with Centerbury and go away. And he made my grandfather hate him so that we could never mention Dad's name all of the time I was growing up. And he did make my mother cry—not on the outside, but on the inside, for all of her life. Did make her live with a silent hurt that changed her from a soft, curly-haired girl, into a frightened, tight-lipped woman. And he made her hate music—hate it so that we could never have a phonograph or a piano—so that we turned on our radio only for news broadcasts.

But I could forgive my father for all of those things if only he hadn't left one terrible handicap in my life. That was the agonizing fear that remained in my mother's heart. Always, she was afraid that I would take after my Dad—that I would inherit his wildness, his careless ways.

Her fear scared me with its intensity. Without ever knowing it, I would remind her of my father with some little unconscious gesture. Maybe I would smooth my hair back from my forehead or put a little skip into my walk—and my mother would stop me with real terror in her voice. "Lucretia, stop that—stop it this minute!" she would say, and then she would be so strict that I would be afraid to breathe almost, for fear of displeasing her. I know now that she wanted to save me from life, to protect me from a hurt like hers, to avoid a scar like that ugly one slashed across her life by

a fun-loving irresponsible musician.

And I suppose I did inherit some things from my father. Bruce's music excited me because it was forbidden to me, but also because it was inside of me just the way it had been inside of Dad. Even before that day with Bruce in the storeroom, I knew that music excited me. Waves of feeling melted through me when Gert Braden played the piano in a high school assembly, or when I tuned in WOBL's Rhythm Rambles when my mother and grandfather were away.

BRUCE'S music slid smoothly under my skin, prickling my arms. Being with him alone in the storeroom, hearing the vibrant pulsing of his guitar, watching his lithe body sway with his music, thrilled me as nothing had ever done before. Even then, I knew that this day had a circle around it, that time was standing still long enough to tangle me all up with Bruce and his music.

"What do you think? Can I sing or not?" Bruce asked, finishing his song. His young face begged mutely for the truth but pleaded for approval.

"I think you're wonderful," I breathed softly. I didn't realize, then, that I wasn't thinking about his music, especially—that I was thinking of him, alone.

"You think I ought to go on with it then?"

I had no right to judge him. I knew that.

"I don't know much about music," I admitted, "but I love to watch you sing."

A long time afterward I remembered that I had said "watch you sing . . ."

"Does it do something to you—this music—can you feel it?"

I could feel the blood flushing my cheeks.

"It does something to me," I admitted softly, not meeting his gaze.

He explained enthusiastically, "Well, you see, WOBL's having an amateur contest—and if I can win that, I might get a chance on the air or something."

I looked at him with awe.

"You mean you'd really get up in front of all those people at the Strand?" I asked him, amazed at his courage.

"Sure, if you think I can sing."

Once again I tried to explain that I was no judge, but he interrupted me.

"Why, anyone can see you're full of music," he insisted. "It's in your walk and in your voice and in your hands. If you like this, that's all I care about."

I'm pretty sure my mother and my grandfather, too, would have liked Bruce if they had never found out about his playing. That first night when he came after me, he seemed to kindle warmth and friendliness in their cold, stern faces. I dared to hope that Bruce would change things in our little gray house—that his sparkle would brighten all of our lives.

But later, as I walked with him through the summer night, as I looked at him, tall and handsome in the moonlight, as I listened to him humming softly, I was afraid. Afraid, because I realized obscurely, I think, that this music he loved so much and that I

loved too would find a way to separate us, to rob us of the happiness which lay ahead, only a bright promise of reality now, so nebulous and intangible that it might be too easily destroyed.

Yes, there was fear in my heart, even when the promise of happiness became a deeper knowledge between us with the touch of his lips on mine, when he held me for the first time in the sweet shelter of his arms, and my heart beat a madder tune than any voice could ever sing. There was a friendly, gentle little moon—it seemed to smile a blessing on youth and song and love-making. It seemed to reassure me that this was as it should be, that this—this wonderful, heart-filling excitement, this overwhelming tenderness I felt for Bruce—was the very reason for my being born, the very answer to why I was alive. But still I was afraid.

That night I lay awake long after Bruce had said goodnight to me. I could feel the warmth of his kiss and the answering warmth of mine. I knew again his heart beating against me, and I could hear again his song. *His song! Was his voice truly good, or did I only like it because I was falling in love with him, because my ears were tuned to hear every sound he uttered as the sweetest music?* But I didn't know the answer . . . not then, nor that night a week later when I went to the Strand for Amateur Night.

I'll never forget that night—ever. I sat in fourth row, center, remembering Bruce's plea, "Sit in front, darling—so that I can sing to you."

First, Joannie Evans, the six-year-old daughter of our local hotel manager, sang, "On the Good Ship Lollypop." Then the Johnson boys north of town sang, "The Beer Barrel Polka," and got so much applause I was afraid they had won. Tensely, I sat in the darkened theater praying for Bruce to win, praying that tonight the man I loved would start his climb toward success. And, then, there he was—clean and young and attractive in his checked trousers and sport coat. And he was singing *our* song. He was singing "Night and Day" and he was singing it to me.

"He is wonderful—they'll all have to see that," I told myself over and over again as he found my face and sang, "You are the one."

The man behind me infuriated me when he said, "That kid can't sing for sour apples."

The woman with him laughed. "He doesn't have to—not with a personality like that."

When thunderous applause swept through the theater after Bruce had sung, I knew that the man behind me was completely wrong. Because I realized that Bruce had won first prize—had emerged the winner in this half-hour amateur show broadcast from the theater by WOBL.

Afterwards, standing close to Bruce in the lobby, smiling as he welcomed the congratulations of his friends, I was more proud than I had ever been before in my life. People from the store crowded close to us—Bertha and Mary James from the notions department—Jim Jackson from hardware—and even



And, then, everything was all right again. I was in his arms, he was holding me close to him.



old Mr. McClintock, himself. And, then, something happened to make me know that the man behind me had just been jealous or something. Marian Taylor, home from Cedar City on her vacation, came up and introduced herself to Bruce.

"I'm Marian Taylor," she told him, smiling. "I'm wondering if you'd like to broadcast on our Saturday Night Barn Dance."

I can't blame Bruce for being fooled by Marian. In the excitement of his success, I myself, didn't think about Marian's being just a stenographer in the big 50,000-watt station which sponsored the Barn Dance—didn't consider the fact that she didn't have the power to get Bruce "on" even if she did think he was good. You see, I was convinced that night that Bruce had all the talent of Bing Crosby and that the world already was finding that out.

There are so many reasons that I shall never forget that night. Exciting, emotional reasons. There was the excitement of the contest, itself—my bubbling joy when Bruce was announced as winner—my pride in sharing his success, in receiving his friends in the lobby—the thrill at seeing opportunity knock so soon in the person of Marian Taylor, whom I thought of as kind of a talent scout—and, finally, the bitter sorrow and fright I knew later when I went home to Mother and Grandpa.

We were so happy, Bruce and I, walking home together, that I forgot everything else. I forgot even that we couldn't share the joy of Bruce's triumph with Mother and Grandpa. It just seemed to me that there was so much wonder and excitement and love that I couldn't even remember the quality of bitterness or how fear felt. And so, hand in hand, like a pair of children going to a party, Bruce and I walked on clouds through the shadowed streets to my house.

And then, like a slap across the face, I remembered bitterness and fear again. The moment we stepped inside the door we knew that something was wrong. Neither of us needed more than one glance at Mother's face, harsh and cold and unloving, to tell us that our happiness was threatened. And, then, of course, there was Grandpa, darkening the room with the blackness of his rage.

"Get out of here," he ordered Bruce through clenched teeth. "I'd like to split your tongue," he growled fiercely, "braying around on a stage—making fool women like that one across the street go giggling all over the neighborhood."

I DIDN'T need to ask what had happened. Florence Johnson, across the street, an ardent radio fan, had heard the amateur contest and had rushed over to congratulate Grandpa and Mother because they knew the winner. And, now, Mother knew the truth—knew that Bruce, whom I loved, was a musician like Dad had been!

I was unprepared for Grandpa's rudeness, though. I knew that his cold face, carved as if from granite, could shut out sympathy—could fight love—but I didn't (Continued on page 58)

Home away

By Alma Kitchell

IT MAY seem odd but I kept thinking about my home town when, some weeks ago, the Maquis and the French armored forces and our own gallant men were taking over Paris after four years of bondage to the Nazis. Yes, I remembered the house in which I was brought up, in Superior, Wisconsin, and all the things about that house and that town that meant home to me.

We all know what's supposed to happen to the boys when they get to Paris (according to the standard jokes), but I'd like to bet that the women of that city who made our boys feel happiest were those who gave them a meal, or a dance, or some sort of get-together that reminded them of their own home town, some town, for instance, like Superior, Wisconsin.

I think that when this war is over the moments the boys will remember best and talk about most will be those during which somebody found enough kindness and thoughtfulness in his heart to give them, for that time at least, a home away from home.

I know a woman who's devoted herself to just that. Her name is Mrs. Martin Vogel and I'm really proud to write this little story about her. Mrs. Vogel, to me, is the symbol of what I've been talking about. She's made an art of giving some of the folks in our armed services a brief respite in the midst of their work which stands out in their minds as the closest thing to home and loved ones they've experienced.

What Mrs. Vogel has done in Washington with her Home Hospitality Committee can be an inspiration to every one of us who realizes the need for keeping high the spirits of the men and women on duty near our homes or on furlough or leave. Mrs. Vogel's organization started when she and others in Washington realized that canteens weren't a sufficient answer to the problem of entertaining the service men and women stationed or on furlough in that city. The answer was to open up private homes to these service people.

So Mrs. Vogel lined up a group of about twenty women, with an office in her library, and they proceeded to send letters to families throughout the city telling them the purpose of the Home Hospitality Committee and asking them if they'd like to join up, and if so, when could they entertain, how many, where, and so on.

Chaplains and Special Service officers were approached so that when the parties were ready to be given there

would be boys and girls ready to attend.

At first it was difficult. You learn that kind of thing from experience, as any good hostess will tell you. At first the women made no attempt to find out the special interests of the various men, but soon they learned that it was important to pick surroundings that would be congenial to each type. It was arranged that men with legal backgrounds were dining at the home of a lawyer, that soldiers or sailors who'd expressed interest in music were invited to parties where good music was played. Young debs in the city, and government girls, were organized to help entertain the service men. Mrs. Vogel made a point of interviewing these girls to be sure that their attitude was in line with hers—which was to create a home away from home, not just a dance hall atmosphere.

In time, the committee has grown to five times its early size. Fifty homey parties in a week are not unusual.

Do the guests feel at home? Mrs. Vogel has been good enough to let me look at her letters, so I know the answer is yes. And if you want to know what a thrill is in store for you if you devote your life to giving the boys and girls a Home Away From Home, look these over:

A private in the Finance Department wrote: "Your hospitality and efforts in behalf of service men away from home

undoubtedly add the personal touch so necessary to relieve the monotony of camp life."

Another wrote: "I suppose you have some idea of what it is for a soldier after months in the army to sleep in a soft bed and have a good home-cooked meal, so you see it won't be forgotten soon."

A Military Police company wrote (and every one of them signed the letter): "During the past year and a half the men of this organization have had the pleasure of attending many of the fine parties and entertainments sponsored by your committee. With but few exceptions all of these men are many miles from home and the work of your group has been a great factor in helping to keep up morale. The parties have been highly successful and greatly appreciated and were climaxed with the fine supper dance recently given in our own barracks."

Wrote a Chaplain on Mother's Day: "You have made a wonderful contribution to the welfare of men in the armed services; you have substituted for the mothers of men in the armed forces . . . God bless you!"

Wrote a Technical Sergeant: "Sharing your homes for an evening not only provides us with badly needed relaxation, it brings back fond memories of our own home and steadies our nerves for tomorrow's work, thus enabling us to be better soldiers."

Wrote a Spar: "It means so much to us in the service, away from home, to encounter such wonderful hospitality as my roommate and I enjoyed at Mrs. Burden's party last Friday . . . your committee is certainly well named. We enjoyed meeting all the other service people you also invited . . . No doubt you have heard of how much fun we had singing and dancing."

From "Somewhere in the Pacific" a young lieutenant wrote: "Of course we are a long way from home . . . It is good to know that despite the tragedies with which we find ourselves surrounded, there are people, like you for instance, who have our welfare at heart. It does take the bitter taste out of our mouths if only for a little while. And we're grateful."

I know of so many women right here in town who have not waited for some committee to encourage this kind of service but have set out on their own to open their homes to service men and women. Most interesting to me is the case of a mother of a paratrooper. Let's call her Mrs. Brown because I don't think she'd like me

ALMA KITCHELL is star of her own program, Women's Exchange, heard Monday through Friday at 1:15 P.M., EWT, over the Blue network. On her program she interviews people from all walks of life and on each Wednesday, Mrs. Kitchell honors a "Woman of the Week"—a woman who has given great service to her community, or has done something else of merit to warrant such a citation.

from home

You can make a blessed contribution to humanity by substituting for the mothers of our lonely service men and women who are far from home, says this radio commentator with a son of her own in the Army

actually to identify her. Her boy, Jack, was the apple of her eye. When she learned that he was a paratrooper, she hid her concern and told folks how proud she was of his daring assignment. She used to show us his glowing letters. He was in the European Theater of Operation and Mrs. Brown could read between the lines that he was headed for the biggest assignment of all. After D-Day she had a letter from him which was written before the big event. Then there was silence. One day, the bell rang and the fateful telegram was there, in her hand. She prayed as she opened it. The news was that Jack was missing in action.

Now Mrs. Brown's temptation was to sit and wait, tearing out her heart.

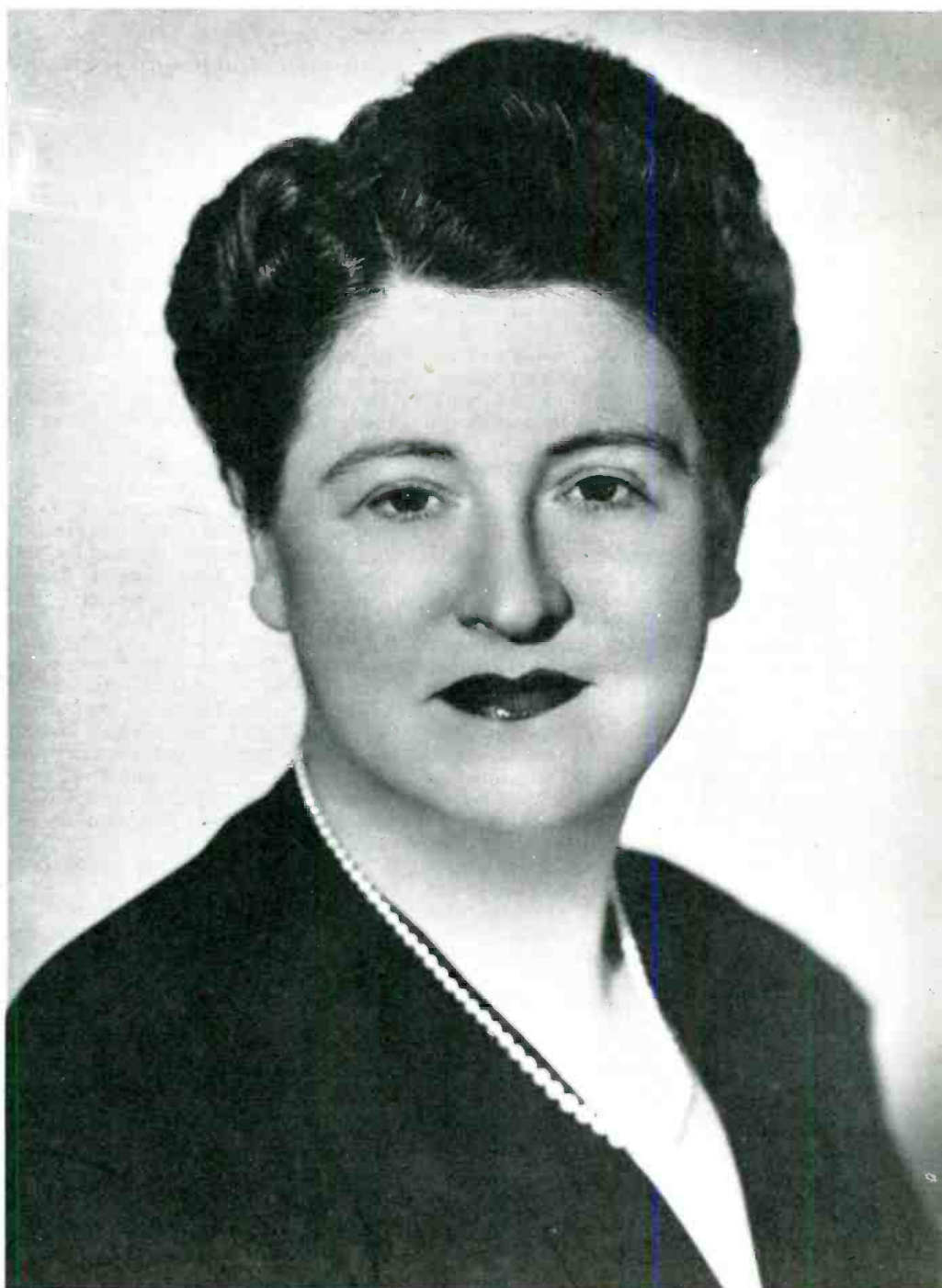
Instead, she made up her mind to do something else. She decided to fill her house with boys like her son who could benefit by the comfortable surroundings, the good food, and if necessary, a restful night in Jack's own bed. She got in touch with the local USO, the Special Service Office at the nearest camp, and several hospitals where members of the armed forces were convalescing. There were at least two, sometimes more, for dinner every night. Every Saturday she gave a little dance, rolling up the rugs in the living room and operating the phonograph herself. A neighbor sometimes came in to play the piano so the boys and girls could sing.

Mrs. Brown, instead of tormenting herself with inactivity, was busier than she'd ever been. She showed Jack's picture proudly to the grateful visitors, the soldiers, sailors, WACS, WAVES, SPARS, and others who took advantage of her invitations. But she never said a word about Jack being missing.

At last one day a letter came. Jack had been taken prisoner but later his captors had been captured and Jack freed. He had been wounded but was slowly recuperating back in England. He wrote: "The other night we all went to the home of a Mrs. Williams here who frequently invites service men to eat and have parties in her home. She sort of reminded me of you, Mom. Boy, she sure can dish out a mean steak and kidney pie!"

Isn't it odd how this hideously brutal war can teach us so much of human kindness? Isn't it odd that this most unchristianly holocaust can teach us to be better Christians!

I am sure that people like Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Vogel love their homes even more, now that they have become homes away from home for so many lonely men and women.



From this day



Mark

Once their love had been a current that flowed strongly between them. She could see it in every glance. But now Mark's heart was closed to her—and Martha was too proud to ask why



Martha

IT BEGAN with little things. There was the Sunday School picnic last June, and Mark's asking me if I minded going in his place while he stayed at home and nursed his cold. There was his reluctance to pick me up when the Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. Cooley's, which was way across town—because, he said, it was foolish to waste gasoline so long as I could ride with Mrs. MacNutt, who lived in our block. There was his insisting upon getting one of the deacons' wives to supervise the fathers and sons banquet because I'd already done more than my share of the work.

They were insignificant little things until I remembered how much Mark enjoyed the Sunday School picnics and remembered, too, that his cold had been no more than sniffles, really, and not at all bad enough to keep him at home. It was true, of course, that we saved gasoline when I rode with Mrs. MacNutt, but Mark hadn't thought of it until recently, and he'd always made a point of taking the longer, lovelier drive along the river on our way home. And he had liked to have me help at the fathers and sons banquets, saying that even if I couldn't sit down at the table with him, it was good to know that I was at least as close as the kitchen. . . .

Now there was this unexpected new decision of his.

It came early on a Wednesday afternoon, the day before Thanksgiving. Mark and old Robert Forrest, the sexton, and I were in the church vestry. Mark was slipping out of his surplice, and Robert was looking out the window, watching the young couple Mark had just married get into their car. "That's the third couple this morning," he said with satisfaction. "Business has been good this week. Well, I guess I'll

be going along. Call me if you need a witness again."

"We won't," Mark said. "There'll be no more weddings today."

"How do you know, dear?" I asked. "By intuition or divine revelation?"

Mark didn't smile. "Neither one. I've just made a decision. I'm not performing any more marriages."

Robert paused, his hand on the door-knob. "What about the one scheduled for Monday?"

"That's different," Mark told him. "Those people are our own parishioners. We know them, and they've known each other for years. It's these couples from across the state line that I'm talking about, those who come to Dunham to be married simply because there's no waiting period between the time they obtain the license and the actual ceremony. They've turned the town of Dunham into a regular Gretna Green."

Robert shook his head and grinned tolerantly. Mark had been in Dunham for three years, and the congregation had grown under his leadership, but to Robert he was still the inexperienced young minister who had come here to take over his first pulpit. "Well—just in case you change your mind, I'll be on call."

"You know I never change my mind," Mark said, but I was his only audience. Robert had gone.

I couldn't help feeling uneasy. It was quite true that Mark rarely changed his mind, but he didn't make snap decisions, either. He must have been thinking this over for weeks, and yet he hadn't said a word to me about it until now. It was unsettling, considering that he'd always discussed everything with me.

"But, Mark," I said, "people will keep coming to Dunham to be married. Isn't it better that they're married in

a church instead of by a justice of the peace?"

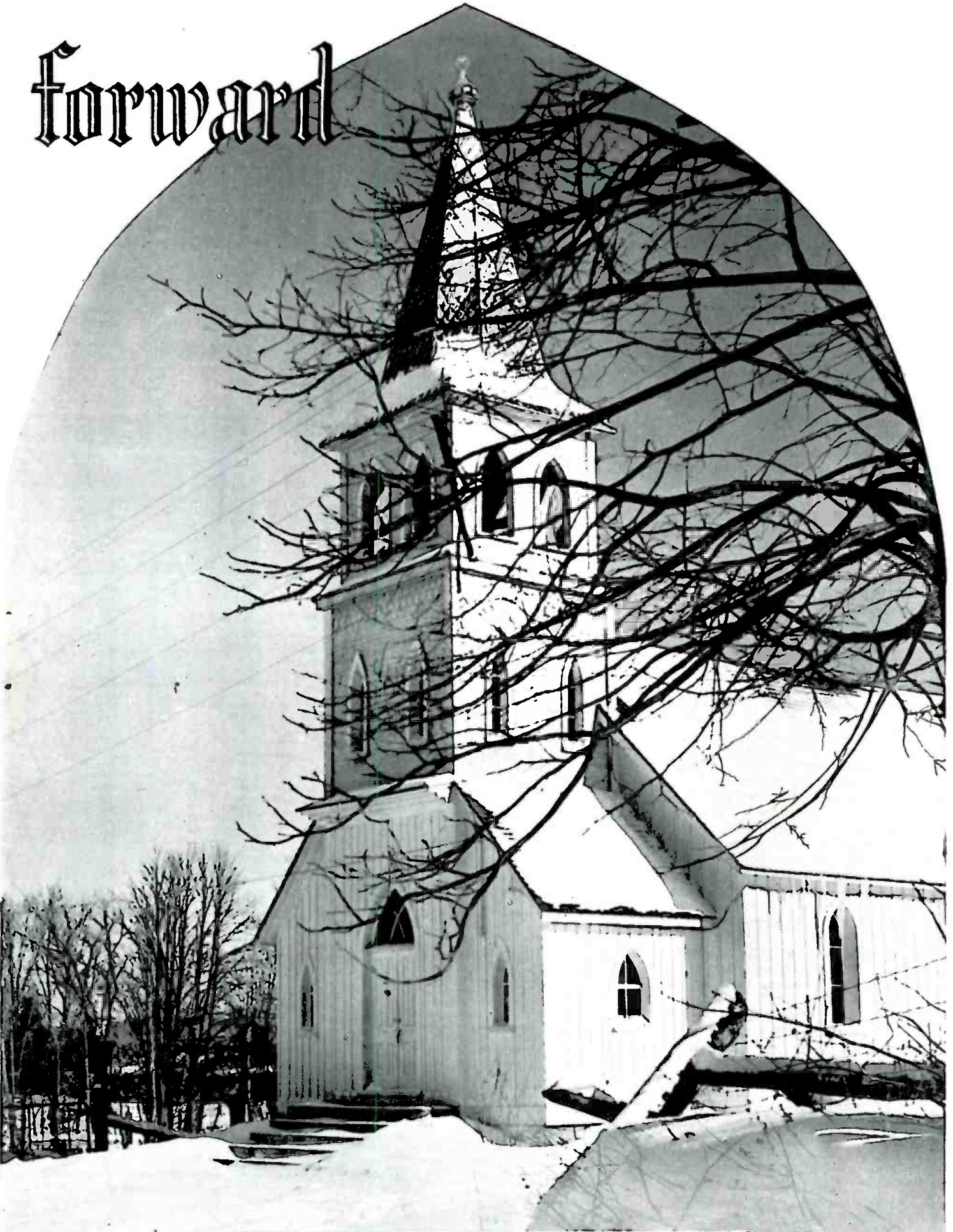
"Let them go elsewhere. At least, they won't be on my conscience. Bob summed the whole thing up a few minutes ago when he said business had been good this week. That's exactly what it is—a business—and I don't want anything to do with it."

I didn't understand. It wasn't like Mark to be influenced by a chance remark. "Well," I argued, "that part of it hasn't hurt us. After all, everyone knows that your salary isn't what it ought to be, and they expect you to get what you can in fees from the outside. If it hadn't been for these weddings, we wouldn't have had the new rug for the parsonage, and you'd still be using that ancient roll-top desk that was in your study when we came, and—"

My voice faded into silence. Mark was smiling, a faint little smile that was utterly without humor. "Are you really concerned about our losing the fees, Martha?"

I flushed. I'd advanced the arguments I thought might reach him; they weren't the real cause of the dismay I felt at the thought of the weddings being stopped. "No," I admitted, "I'll miss the weddings, too. They're inconvenient sometimes, but I do enjoy meeting the couples, and standing up for them, and feeling that we've a hand in starting their life together—"

forward



A Theater of Today Drama

Inspired by the radio play, "Love At First Sight," by Kenneth Webb, heard on Theater of Today, Saturday at noon, over CBS.

"I thought so," he said. "Well, I find them more than inconvenient. Theoretically a minister has a private life, too, although no one else seems to realize it."

THE words were spoken so quietly that for a moment I didn't hear the vehemence behind them. Then Mark was folding his surplice, hanging it over his arm, holding the door open for me, and there was nothing for me to do but to precede him. Silently, together—but in our thoughts, so very far apart—we crossed the stretch of lawn between the church and the parsonage. I couldn't get Mark's last sentence out of my mind. Surely, he'd meant it for the young couples who knocked on our door at almost any hour of the day or night. . . Why then, should it have sounded so accusing, as if—as if he were accusing me?

The soft, new snow crunched softly under our feet, and the November air was cold, but there was a greater coldness of fear and uncertainty inside me. It seemed impossible, and I knew no reason for it, but Mark, my husband, who for three years had been as close to me as it was possible for one person to be to another, was a stranger suddenly. I stole a glance at his profile—that pure, almost classically handsome profile, topped with blond hair, that made him look, sometimes, like an archangel out of a stained-glass window and that could soften with disarming suddenness into understanding and sweetness and humor. It wasn't soft now. It was austere, and a little remote, and it had the closed-in look he wore so often lately.

The telephone was ringing as we entered the house. Mark went to answer it, and I went straight out to the kitchen and picked up the list I'd been making when I'd been called away to witness the wedding. Most of my Thanksgiving shopping was done. The turkey was ordered and waiting at the butcher's; the cupboards were crammed with vegetables and fruit and nuts. There was a question mark at the end of the list, and I remembered that I hadn't asked Mark whether he wanted chestnuts or sausage in the turkey dressing.

Then Mark himself poked his head through the kitchen doorway. He looked pleased and a little excited. "That was long distance," he said. "Bishop Manners is coming on the five o'clock train, and he'll stay over to have dinner with us tomorrow."

"Oh, Mark!" All thought of anything else was momentarily driven from my mind. Bishop Manners was not only Mark's superior in the church, but he was also an old and dear friend. He had married us, and he'd visited us frequently when we'd first come to Dunham. It was several months since his last visit, and I was especially pleased that he was coming for Thanksgiving, when we were well prepared for company. Then my mind raced over the provisions I'd made for the next day and returned to the question of dressing for the turkey. "Mark," I asked, "how do you think we ought to stuff the

turkey? Do you want chestnuts or sausage?"

"Eh?" He really seemed to see me then, and his smile faded. "Why, I don't know. Do what you think best. And if the phone rings again, will you answer it? I'm going to write my sermon for Sunday, and I don't want to be disturbed." The door swung shut behind him.

I sat staring at the door. Mark writing his sermon in the middle of the week! He always let it go until Saturday afternoon at the earliest. . . . And he knew that I expected him to help me this afternoon and evening. Not that I really needed his help, but Thanksgiving preparations had always been as much of a ritual to us as the trimming of the tree at Christmas. Mark shelled nuts and seeded dates while I cleaned vegetables. Mark washed the fruit and polished apples while I stuffed the dates and rolled them in sugar. He

knew very well he would have to turn the freezer for the ice cream . . . and yet he was going to write his sermon for Sunday, just as if there was to be no celebration tomorrow at all!

I started up, and right then and there I would have gone into his study and demanded to know what was wrong, if the front doorbell hadn't rung. Instead, I went down the hall to the door, opened it to the young couple standing on the porch. The boy was wearing a soldier's uniform, and his nice, freckled face was alight with excitement, but he was doing his best to look casual and at ease. The girl's cheeks were pink, her eyes bright, and her hand was tucked trustingly in the crook of the boy's arm.

"Is the—" the boy glanced at the black, gilt-lettered sign on the church lawn—"is the Reverend Saunders here?"

"He is," I answered, "but I'm afraid he's busy."

Jack and Meg had a beautiful wedding. No minister ever put more feeling into the hallowed words than was in Mark's voice.



"He—he wouldn't be too busy to marry us, would he?" And then they both beamed, as if they'd just revealed a wonderful secret.

My heart went out to them. Reluctantly I said, "I'm afraid so. He isn't to be disturbed all day."

They looked at each other, and the light went out of their faces. "Gee, the boy said slowly, "that's too bad—"

"Unless," I suggested, "you could come back some other time. I mean—do you live here in town?"

The girl spoke. "No, ma'am. We—that is—I live just across the river in Bingham. I'm Meg Fownes, and this is Jack Cartwright."

Across the river—that meant across the state line. "Don't you belong to any church over there?"

"Yes'm," said Meg. "This same denomination."

Jack put in eagerly, "That's why we want to be married here. We—well,

we just wouldn't feel right about being married in another church."

"I should think you'd want your own minister—"

"Well, you see, ma'am," he said, "we only decided to get married last night. We'd have to wait three days over in Bingham, and tomorrow's a holiday, and I have to report for duty early Friday morning. If we can't be married here, we don't know when we'll be able to—"

Suddenly I felt that I had no right to stand there questioning them, I, who had my husband and my home, and the security they didn't have. If Mark could only see them, I thought. But he wouldn't see them. I knew that, knew that their only chance lay in my finding out as much about them as possible, making as strong a case for them as I could to Mark. "How old are you?" I asked.

"I'm twenty-one," said Jack with-

out any hesitation. "Meg's nineteen."

"Twenty next month," Meg affirmed.

"If you were older—" I began weakly, and Jack interrupted me.

"You get old pretty quickly in the Army. I've been in it three years. And—it isn't as if Meg and I weren't sure—"

"Oh," I said hopefully, "you've known each other for a long time—"

Their eyes met, and for a moment it was as if they had shut out me and all of the rest of the world. "It seems," Jack said, "as if we'd known each other all of our lives—and we met only last Saturday at the canteen. I walked in and saw Meg, and right away, I knew. It was like that for both of us."

Meg turned to me pleadingly. "It can happen that way," she said earnestly. "In one moment, you can be sure forever and ever. You believe that, don't you?"

For a moment I couldn't answer. I was remembering the first time I'd seen Mark, three years ago. It was summertime, and Mark had just been ordained, but he hadn't yet been given a church. He'd come to my home town to fill in while our own pastor was on vacation. And from the first Sunday I'd seen him, standing very straight in the pulpit, with a light in his face and a compelling voice that had everyone in church sitting up and listening, I'd known. Mark had known, too. By the next Sunday we were engaged, and a few days after that Bishop Manners had married us. . . .

YES," I said, "I believe it. And—I'll see what I can do to persuade my husband to marry you today. I'll do my best, and you can call me later to see what he says. But don't get your hopes up—"

The warning was wasted. They thanked me over and over again, and their faces were glowing as they turned away.

I went in to see Mark. He looked up inquiringly as I entered, and again I had the feeling that I was facing a stranger, and that what I had to say would carry no more weight with him than if anyone else should say it. "Mark," I said, "there was a young couple here just now. A soldier and a girl from Bingham. They want very much to be married today."

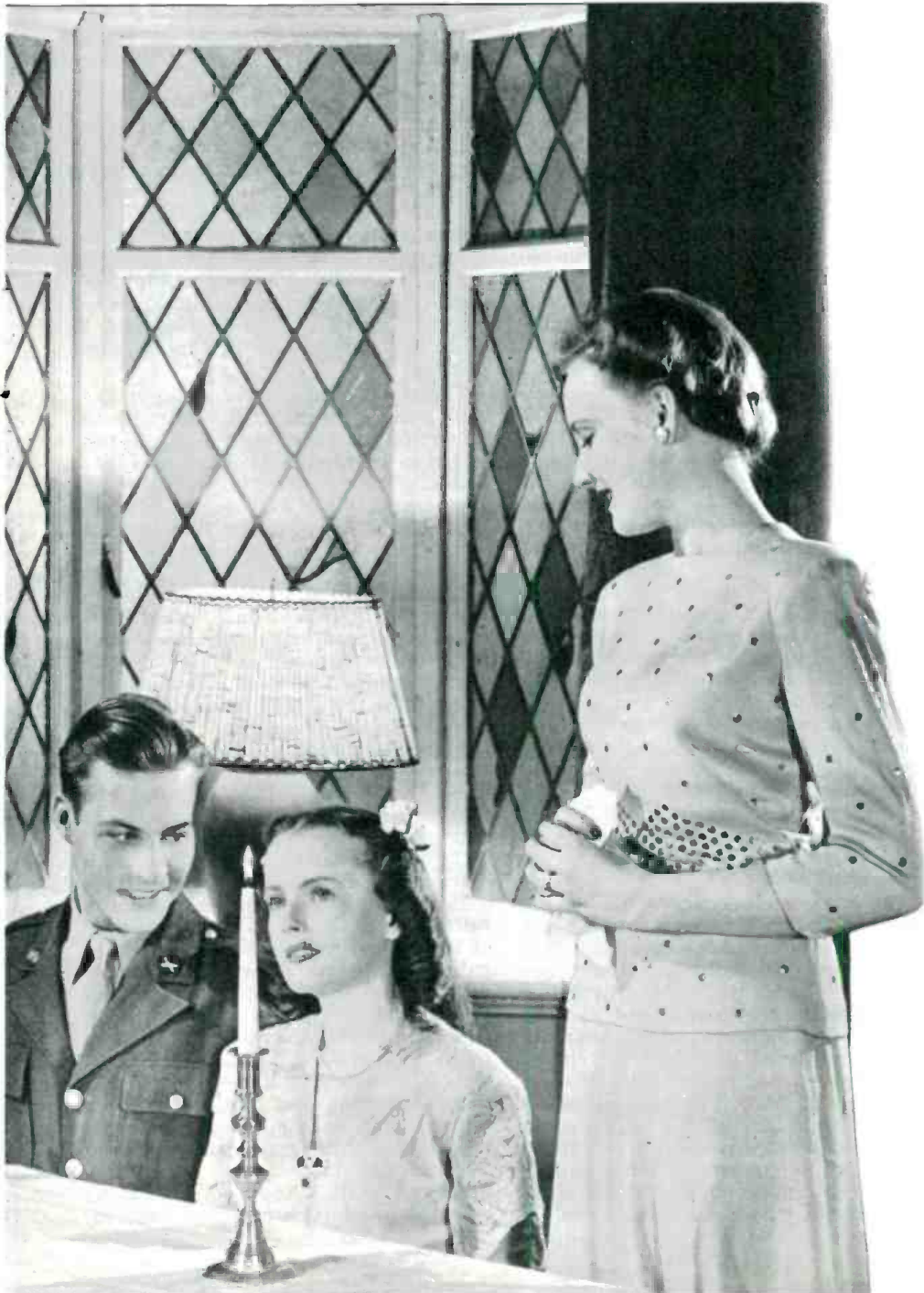
He threw down his pencil. "Martha, I told you—"

"I know, but I thought you might make an exception. You see, the boy has to report for duty early Friday morning. And they want so much to be married in this church. The girl was brought up in this church—"

"All the more reason why she should be married in her home parish, by her own minister."

"But, Mark, if you'd only see them, and talk to them! She's the sweetest little girl, and he's so nice. You know very well that if they don't get married now, it may be months before they have another chance! And they're so much in love—"

"That's my point exactly. They're so much in love—now. But how will they feel in a few months, or in a few years from now? If they really love each



other, they can afford to wait."

I gasped: This was Mark talking this way! Mark, who hadn't wanted to wait a week to marry me. . . . He picked up his pencil and shrugged, as if the subject were already dismissed. "It's no use, Martha. I won't have anything to do with it. You can't tell me that these are people who've known each other for a long time and are as reasonably certain as anyone can be that theirs is the kind of love that will last. If they were, they wouldn't be racing across from Bingham to get married, and on the day before a holiday, at that. It's just another hasty marriage doomed to failure from the beginning."

A hasty marriage doomed to failure. I was frightened, and my fear turned to defensive anger. "You don't mean to say that just because people haven't known each other for years before they're married, they're inevitably headed for divorce—"

His lips were very thin. He didn't look at me as he spoke, and his pencil described circles on the margin of his paper. Slow, deliberate circles, round and round. . . . "There are things worse than divorce," he said heavily. "There are those who go on living together when they no longer love each other. Circumstances keep them together. They don't believe in divorce, or they have children, or they can't afford to live separately, or they are kept so busy that they haven't time to realize that something's missing from their lives. I'm not saying that it always happens, but there are too many times when that quick, intense flame that brought them together burns itself out—and there's nothing left. There's no real emotion behind it, no real depth of feeling between husband and wife that is the core of every marriage. Quickly started, it's quickly gone."

WHAT about us?" But I didn't ask the question aloud. Something sealed my lips and kept me from speaking, something that told me surely that he was talking about us. This, then, was what lay behind the strangeness I'd sensed in him lately, behind his otherwise inexplicable decision about the hasty marriages. He was telling me, as definitely as he could, that our marriage, too, was a mistake.

I must have turned and left him then. I'm not sure, because there was darkness inside me and all around, darkness that became the dark of the hall—long miles of hall, it seemed, that led from the study back to the kitchen. After a while the darkness faded, lightened, and I found myself staring into the mirror that hung over the kitchen sink. A brown-haired, brown-eyed girl looked back at me. A nice-looking girl with an amiable face, a girl who didn't look at all as if her husband had just told her that he no longer loved her.

There are those who go on living together when they no longer love each other. The flame burns itself out, and there's nothing left. . . .

THE mirror clouded. Mechanically I took a cloth from the rack under the sink and wiped the glass. The mirror mustn't be cloudy. I needed it too often. There was never a time, in the continuous open-house we kept for our parishioners, that I might not have to take my hands out of soapy water, and smooth my hair, and go into the front room to talk to someone about a benefit, or the Sunday school program, or to find what words I could say to a mother whose son had been listed as missing.

I put the cloth back. The mirror was still blurred. I touched my hand to my eyes, and it came away wet. And that was strange, because I didn't feel that I was crying. I didn't feel much of anything. Besides, I hadn't time to stand there, staring at myself and shedding useless tears. Tomorrow was Thanksgiving, and the bishop was coming this afternoon. I had too much to do. I always had a little more to do than I had time to do it in.

Or, Mark had said, *they are kept so busy that they haven't time to realize that something is missing from their lives. . . .* He'd meant those words for us, too. Of course we were busy, we always had been, from the first day we'd come to Dunham. And in the last couple of years there had been more to do than ever, with the war, and extra funds to raise, extra work for the Red Cross, special services for Dunham boys who weren't coming back to Dunham, visits to those who had already come back, wounded in body and soul. I hadn't realized that there was anything missing. I still couldn't believe it. I loved Mark, and my love for him grew with every breath I took, flowered in everything I did. Everything I did was for him, for his church, for those who looked to him as a leader. And now he no longer loved me. . . .

The kitchen clock ticked loudly, insistently. "The bishop is coming for dinner," it reminded me, and I drew up a stool and set about cleaning vegetables. My hands worked swiftly, automatically, and the clock ticked, and my brain went blindly on and on in circles, like the little meaningless circles Mark's pencil had made on the margin of his paper. Mark had stopped loving me. If I could only know why, if I could only think when this unbelievable thing had begun to happen. . . . When had he stopped taking advantage of the little isolated moments in our lives when we

could be together, enjoy things together—like the drives home from the Ladies' Aid, and the church picnics, when we could always break away from the crowd for a while and pretend that it was our very own picnic and no one else's, and that the sky and the bright sun and the wonderful day belonged to us alone. When had he stopped taking time out of his busy day for a bit of intimate and tender nonsense? It had been no more, sometimes, than the brushing of his lips against the back of my neck, or his holding me close for a moment, silently—just some little sign that said he knew I was there, and that he was glad of it.

Oh, yes, he had loved me. Our love had been a current that flowed steadily, strongly between us, even when we were separated. It had been in his glance when he stood in the pulpit and I sat with the Sunday school class in the front pew; it had been in his smile as we sat at opposite ends of the long banquet table in the church basement, in the touch of our hands as we met and passed in the course of our daily routine. Love and happiness and pride—Mark had been proud of me, too, proud of the way I'd taken hold of the difficult and sometimes delicate job of being a minister's wife, proud of the way I'd entered into community activities, of the work I'd done for the church. He had said many times that the increase in the congregation was due as much to my efforts as to his.

But somewhere I had failed him. At some time Mark had closed his heart to me, had withdrawn from me, and I could not get close enough to ask him why.

There was a step, a thumping on the back porch. I went to the door, found Robert on the porch with a big tin tub of red and white and gold chrysanthemums. "They just came," he told me. "I'm taking them over to the church, but I thought you'd like first pick of what you want for the house."

I THANKED him, stooped quickly over the flowers. I didn't want Robert to get a good look at my face, didn't want him to read in it anything of what I was feeling. I selected a few at random and carried them inside, burying my face in the shaggy blooms, breathing of them deeply, unsteadily. Their pungent sweetness went through me like a knife—knife-like, too, was the realization, sudden and complete, of what had happened. Thanksgiving—what would Thanksgiving be like, with Mark and me facing each other across a table that was meant to symbolize fullness and plenty and the rich fruit of labor—and with only emptiness and pain in our hearts? What would Christmas be, and the ordinary days in between—the every-days that had never seemed ordinary because we shared them, because we had each other? What would the years be like—And then I knew something else. I knew why Mark hadn't come to me openly, had not talked over this breach between us as we'd always talked over everything, great and small. I knew why I couldn't go to him and (Continued on page 90)



Young man from Savannah

He was as romantic and cavalier a figure as ever emerged from the Deep South—that's how Johnny Mercer appeared to Ginger when they first met

THERE isn't any story in the world I'd like to tell better than the story of Johnny and me, how we—both brash youngsters with nothing but ambition—met, and fell in love, and finally married, and are now working at the wonderful business of living happily ever after. Because, of course, there's no story in the world closer to my heart.

The Johnny I speak of is my husband, now—his last name is Mercer, and he's the "proprietor" of Johnny Mercer's Music Shop, heard on NBC at seven in the evening Mondays through Fridays. When I first met Johnny he was simply another unknown young man, come to New York

By Ginger Mercer

to seek his fortune. Now—well, you'd better hear the story in logical sequence.

It begins when two youngsters, Johnny and I, both of us trying to "get ahead" in show business in New York, met because we were working together in the Theater Guild's *Garrick Gaieties* of 1929. I was a dancer, and he—well, I don't quite know what to call what he was, then, when I first met him. But just a little later—!

To understand us, and what we were like in those days, you'll have to know a little bit about Johnny. He had reached the ripe old age of twenty

when we met, and he was as romantic and cavalier a figure (to me, at least!) as ever emerged from the Deep South. Equipped with a series of crisp seersucker suits, a wide and floppy Panama hat, and a rich Savannah accent, he captivated all the girls who danced with me in the *Gaieties*. The fact that Johnny picked me out of all of them, and courted me assiduously met with my unqualified approval. And the way he courted! Nightly, expensive taxi rides (which he could not afford) from New York to my home in Brooklyn, after the show.

We hired the same taxi night after night and got to be such good friends of the driver, (Continued on page 95)

Young Amanda thinks the Mercer household is run entirely for her benefit—and so it is, Ginger and Johnny agree.



FOOL THAT I AM

Try this brand new hit tune and hear it sung by Jerry Wayne, romantic baritone of the Ed Wynn show, Happy Island, over the Blue network

Chorus

Music and Lyrics by
Howard Connell, Jacques Finke, Wendell Adams

FOOL THAT I AM To o - pen my heart a - gain FOOL THAT I

AM To let all this start a - gain; What's be - come of my re - sis - tance I tho't we

said good - bye for good I should keep you at a dis - tance You

know that I should I wish that I could, But FOOL THAT I AM I'm

caught by the same old line, Cool as I am, I burn when your

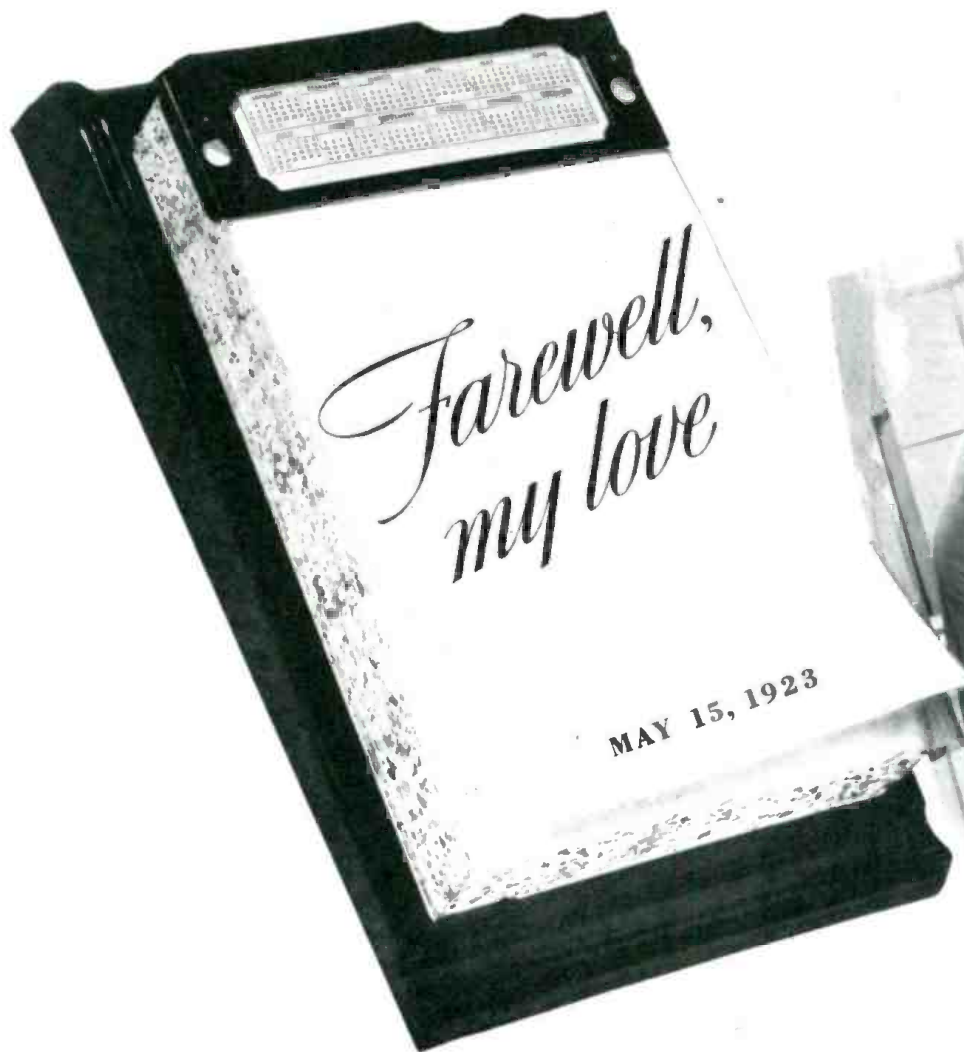
lips meet mine Oh, I'm head - ed straight for heart - break, And I know the whole thing's

mad, Oh, I'm in a jam And FOOL THAT I AM, I'm glad. ¹ glad. ² glad.





JERRY WAYNE once planned to be a dentist. Only a lucky accident led him to singing lessons and the discovery of his vocal possibilities. Jerry was born in Buffalo, New York . . . received diplomas from two colleges—the University of Buffalo and Ohio State University . . . While studying dentistry, he spent much of his time in school dramatics . . . which led to his taking dramatic lessons and the discovery of his singing voice. The rest is history. Jerry came to New York, sang at a number of night clubs, appeared on several radio programs and is now the star of The Songs of Jerry Wayne over Mutual, NBC's All Time Hit Parade, and has a new romantic singing role on Ed Wynn's show, Fridays at 7:00 P.M., EWT, over the Blue network.



IT IS strange to consider the passage of time. Time, so completely relative, so malleable to the feelings and desires of those who watch the sands run out. Sometimes the years go by in solemn, dignified procession, so that you want to cry, "Oh, *move!* Oh, hurry, hurry!" Sometimes they race with the speed of light, so that in fear you put out a hand to catch at them, and call, as they disappear, "Wait—wait for me!" To a person in pain, one hour can be a thousand years; to a happy person, one hour can be but the drawing in and letting out of a breath. Two, in love, can look at a calendar and stare at each other in disbelief, saying that it simply cannot already be today, that it isn't possible that a day, a week, a month, a year, has passed since they found each other. And one, alone, can look at a calendar and sigh that it is still today, and not yet tomorrow—knowing that even when tomorrow comes it will not matter, will not be different, will bring nothing that sets it

apart in memory from other days.

For me, the years had crept by, one day as like to yesterday and tomorrow as if they were all one, all cut from the same drab, gray cloth. Eighteen of them—eighteen years so dull and so dry that the remembrance of them was ashes in my mouth. But somehow they had managed to crawl their way into oblivion.

But now it was different. Now, once more, I had the almost forgotten feeling of fleeting time that cannot be measured, for I was going to see Dennis again. After eighteen years, I was going to see Dennis again. And I was more excited and tremulous approaching our meeting than I had been as a girl of twenty-three, when we said goodbye.

The taxi wound through the shady streets of the pretty little college town of Elmhurst, Connecticut.

"Dennis' home," I thought, loving every brick and every tree. I watched through the window as the street signs

flicked by, half-eager, half-apprehensive for the appearance of Willow Lane.

"Get hold of your nerves, Elizabeth Shields," I told myself sternly, over and over. "You'll embarrass Dennis. You'll embarrass yourself. You're past forty. You're an old maid school teacher now, not a romantic girl. Remember that!"

The silent admonitions went on and on, but only part of me heeded. My breast hurt with the frantic pounding of my heart, and the palms of my hands were wet.

The taxi turned into Willow Lane, and the numbers—1 . . . 3 . . . 5 . . . 7 . . . 9 . . . 11 . . . 13—sped by. The brakes protested as the driver pulled in at the curb before Number 15.

"Here we are, lady," he said. "That'll be eighty-five cents."

He reached back and opened the door for me. I got out and fumbled in my purse for the money. Suddenly I wanted to turn back. Oh, this was foolish, futile! Dennis couldn't feel the

She had never wanted anything so much! Here was offered to her all that her lonely spirit craved—youth, love, a home. But now that these were hers for the taking, Elizabeth could not accept them . . . And Dennis went away, alone



JUNE 5, 1924



NOVEMBER 14, 1932

same after so many years. I trembled so that the purse shook frantically in my hand . . . trembled like a school-girl, remembering every line of his dear face. But he probably had forgotten long since what I looked like. He would laugh at my confusion, at what must surely show in my eyes, and I couldn't face that.

"Wait," I said abruptly. But the taxi had driven away, and my way of retreat was cut off.

"This will teach you," my stern inner voice was saying, "to pursue the phantoms of your youth half way across the country!"

But there was no going back now. Dennis was there. Dennis had come out on the ivy-covered veranda. He was coming down the path to meet me. Dennis.

"Elizabeth," he called out. "Hurry, hurry! I've been waiting so long—"

THE first time I saw Dennis Lansing, all the hope and enthusiasm and youth which had been drained out of my life came pouring back into my veins with a rush that left me weak and dizzy. That was in 1923.

Perhaps it seems incredible to you that a twenty-one-year-old girl could have all the hopes and ambitions and aspirations of her youth behind her, but I had. They were locked away in my trunk with the catalogue for the School for Writers in New York, where I had planned to study after I left college, with the dreams I had had of living

alone in the city—in a Greenwich Village garret I had fondly imagined—working on a novel which was sure to be great, sure to make Elizabeth Shields, overnight, into a person, instead of just someone.

The catalogue had been locked away two years ago, when, just before I was to receive my degree from Teachers' College, my father died of a heart attack. I went home then, stunned and shaken, to attend the funeral. It was my first experience with death, and I didn't quite understand. The finality of the change it was to make

in my life didn't strike me until later.

Father had always been so well. I remembered his bragging to Dr. Merwin, who came to our house often when Mother's asthma was acute—boasting that he had never been sick a day in his life. Mother had been a semi-invalid for as long as I could remember. I never thought of her without smelling the acrid odor of her medicines, or blinking a little remembering the half-light of her bedroom. But Father! I couldn't believe it!

I DIDN'T go back to college. The shock of Father's death had left Mother weak and terribly ill, and she needed me. For a little while, I thought. After the "little while" had passed, and then weeks, I faced the truth. I could not leave Mother for as long as she lived. She was helpless and alone. And there was no one but me to look after her. I think I grew up—actually *grew old*—with that realization. It was not that I resented having the responsibility for Mother. She was so patient, so grateful for everything one did for her. And I loved her—of course resentment was impossible.

But I was disappointed, bitterly disappointed. The sudden adjustment of my sights—from a gay, free life in a great city to a routine of carrying trays in Plainsville, the flat, ugly little town in Iowa where I had grown up—left me old and disillusioned, at twenty-one.

Then came another blow, and I learned that more was to be required of me than being nursemaid. Mr. Grunwald, the lawyer whom we had engaged to put Father's affairs in order, came to see us one night, chatted about the current items of town gossip with Mother in her room, and then asked to speak to me alone.

He tried not to be blunt, but what he had to say could not be phrased politely.

"How much did your father tell you and your mother about financial affairs?" he asked.

"Why, nothing much," I answered, trying to put down a rising feeling of panic. We had never discussed money. Dad had never been rich, of course, but we had always been comfortable. Mother and I had run bills, and Dad had paid them—it had been as simple as that. When the time had come for me to go to college, Father had given me my own first personal bank account, with a sum deposited in it to pay my college tuition and expenses. Most of that was gone now, after three and a half years of campus life. Suddenly I wondered frantically just how much was left. . . .

But Mr. Grunwald was asking another question.

"Did you know where your father kept his money?"

I shook my head.

"All of his funds were deposited in the Midtown Farmers' Bank, Elizabeth."

"But," I stammered, "The Midtown Bank crashed . . . just a little while ago."

"It closed," Mr. Grunwald said, "on the day your father died."

Then I knew why Dad, who had "never been sick a day in his life" . . .

"It killed him," I said dully. "It killed him."

Before he left, Mr. Grunwald went over with me the very business-like accounting he had made of Father's affairs. There was no "cash on hand," no insurance—only some small valuables, and a few stocks that could be sold, and would pay bills and the funeral expenses. What then?

Why, I would have to get a job. I had intended to work, anyway—to work at learning to be a writer. Now I would have to find a more prosaic job to do.

consider peculiar, if not shocking.

And the reality was no better than the prospect. My life in too short a time became as gray as the others. I was up at six, to get mother's breakfast, freshen her bed, give her an alcohol rub and settle her for the morning in her wheel chair, if she felt well enough to be out of bed. We couldn't afford a maid or a nurse on my salary, of course. Then I went off to school to teach from nine until three, with a frantic hour off at noon, during which I rushed home to get lunch for mother and my-



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

I think the pity of our friends on the school board contributed as much as my good scholastic record to my being appointed to the vacancy which occurred that spring on the high school faculty. I had always resented the close relationships in a small town, where everybody knows everyone else's business. Now our neighbors' knowledge of our affairs saved me in the first real crisis of my life, and I was grateful—and a little ashamed.

I was to teach English literature to high school sophomores. I was the youngest member of the faculty. The principal, old Mr. Lucas, was seventy if he was a day, and his ideas on education hadn't changed since he was twenty. Most of the other teachers were middle-aged or more—meek conservatives whom Mr. Lucas considered "safe" and whom I considered dull and gray. It wasn't an exciting prospect for a young girl, who, a few months before, had dreamed of a life that Plainsville would

self, and get her ready for the afternoon. After three I did the shopping, straightened up the house, cooked dinner, did the dishes. Later, I read Mother the daily papers until she fell asleep. I was too exhausted to go out after that, but no one asked me, anyway.

That was my life. And then Dennis Lansing came. And with his coming, my life was no longer like that at all. Oh, I did the same things and went through the same motions, but it was different. I had once more that one thing that every woman needs to keep her going, to make her feel alive—something to look forward to. I could look forward to seeing Dennis in the halls at school, to stopping to speak to him for a moment or two, to sometimes walking with him the couple of

blocks that our ways were the same coming home after school. That may sound like very little, to you, to change a dull life into a happy one—but it was enough. For a while.

Dennis Lansing came to replace old Mr. Lucas at the high school, our venerable principal having finally decided to retire. Dennis was twenty-eight, which was enough to frighten the compound fractions out of our stuffy faculty.

But there was more than just his age for them to swallow. Dennis had come back from France after the Great War to finish his education at Columbia. He was full of the progressive educational theories he had learned there, and bent upon trying them out. Plainville teachers had never heard of such things and didn't want to hear of them now. It required thinking, mental adjustments. Our teachers were too set in their comfortable grooves to want to face painful changes. Every faculty meeting was a contest between Dennis,

college and I knew of some of the things he proposed, some of the methods he wanted to put into operation. I knew they were sound, and wanted to learn more. And so all of my sympathies were with Dennis, and not only because he was young and alive—a breath of the great world I had dreamed of. I was the first to put his program into action in my own classes. The others had to follow. The revolution in the school progressed slowly—Dennis' greater energy overcoming bit by bit the inertia of the faculty.

The revolution in my life progressed more rapidly. Dennis and I were collaborators; it was natural that we should become friends too. He was as strange and lonely a figure in Plainville as a polar bear in the tropics. It wasn't strange, then, that I was able to overcome my shyness to the extent of asking him to dinner.

"Of course," I added doubtfully, "you'll have to help cook."

He grinned then, and his smile was so seldom seen in those days, and such a wonderful, world-brightening thing, that I almost didn't make sense of his laughing reply. "I don't know about the cooking, Elizabeth, but I'm an A-1 scullery maid. I can peel potatoes and wash dishes with the best of them."

the living room to talk—sometimes argue—until midnight.

It was a funny kind of a courtship, because mostly we talked about the school and Dennis' plans for it, not about ourselves. Sometimes, interested as I was in his theories and his knowledge, I would forget to listen, and simply look at him. I was falling in love; I knew it. It was the most wonderful, the most beautiful thing in the world, and it made all my mourned-for lost dreams fade away into nothing, forgotten as an adult forgets the games he played in childhood.

And strangely, I was content. Although Dennis never, then, spoke one word of love to me, I knew, somehow, that all this strange new happiness was not on my side, alone. It got so that I could make, in my mind, his, "I don't quite agree with you on that point, Elizabeth," sound like, "I love you with all my heart, Elizabeth," although the words were never spoken.

That's how happiness came to me, and remained always at my side in those days, so that everything I did, the drabest task, was colored with the beauty of it. My world was a suddenly splendid place, full of the heart-warming wonder of shared talk and shared laughter.

But I learned more from Dennis than how to laugh and be young again. I learned how to be a good teacher. I stopped lamenting my lost hopes—the job I had was just as important, he made me know, as anything I had ever dreamed of doing.

BUT no matter how earnestly he tried, Dennis couldn't reach the other teachers. They had had too many years of Mr. Lucas' "safe and realistic"—and effortless—routine. They resented change and they feared it—because they were not equal to it. And it soon became painfully apparent that the resistance to Dennis' innovations was spreading from the faculty to the townspeople as well. Mothers gossiped among themselves about "that young fool, Dennis Lansing, and his crazy, new-fangled ideas." Fathers shook their heads and talked of a forbiddingly long list of things they didn't "hold with in schooling." Parent-Teacher meetings were likely to turn into acrimonious arguments.

It was inevitable, of course, that the issue would come to a head, and it did at the annual budget meeting of the school board. Dennis had been too absorbed in his work—and, perhaps, in me—to defend himself from the whispering campaign of criticism, and anyhow he would have been too proud to stoop to intrigue. He was actually surprised when a group of townfolk, introducing themselves as "citizens and taxpayers," charged formally that school funds were being wastefully and foolishly spent, and demanded the removal of the "incompetent" principal.

I begged Dennis to fight. Not only because I believed in him—but because I dreaded to lose him. Because I knew now that I loved Dennis. I loved him with all my heart, so that each moment that went by (Continued on page 83)



vibrant with enthusiasm and optimism, and the teachers, silent and stubborn and sullen.

All of them, that is, but me. If Dennis had proposed a curriculum composed entirely of Sanskrit and baseball, I think I would have sided with him. But I could defend him with a clear conscience—I was a short time out of

And so he came to dinner—not once, but many times. Dennis was a tonic for Mother. She, too, had been starved for a taste of the outside world, I guess. He chatted with such animation with her, with no hint of a bedside manner, that she almost forgot she was ill. But she tired easily; after she fell asleep, Dennis and I would slip downstairs to

To be thankful for -



cooked. Make cranberry sauce. Put canned tomato juice cocktail, olives and pickles in refrigerator so you will have them off your mind and ready when needed. And now for our recipes.

Roast Turkey

For an 8 to 14 pound bird, select a hen turkey and have the butcher draw it. (A 12-pound turkey will provide second servings for 6 people and allow for leftovers.) Remove all bits of lung and kidney from the cavity, cut out the oil sack at the base of the tail and pull out pin feathers. Rinse inside and out in cool water, drain and pat dry with towel. Rub cavity with salt and pepper, insert stuffing, allowing room for it to swell in cooking, and sew up vents. Skewer wings with tips toward the back, tie drumstick ends together, then tie closely to tail. Rub with melted margarine. Place breast down on rack in roasting pan, cover with white cloth dipped in melted margarine and cook in 325-degree oven. When half done turn breast up, cover with cloth again and continue cooking until done—3½ to 4 hours in all. Turkey is done when drumstick, pinched between fingers, is soft. Place on platter, remove skewers and cord, and keep hot while preparing gravy. Carving is easier when 20 to 30 minutes elapse between the oven and the table.

Bread Stuffing

- 1 loaf stale bread
- 1 cup minced salt pork
- ¼ to ½ cup minced onion
- ¼ to ½ cup minced celery leaves
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. sage

Cut off crusts and cut bread into ½-inch cubes. Combine with other ingredients and mix well. For variation, pan-fry pork until golden brown, pour off most of the fat and sauté onion and celery leaves lightly in remainder. Melted butter, margarine or bacon drippings may be used in place of salt pork.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

- 6 sweet potatoes
- 2 tbs. butter, margarine or drippings
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 orange (juice and rind)
- ½ lemon (juice and rind)
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Boil potatoes with skins on until tender, but not mushy. Peel and cut into ½-inch slices. Place layer of sweet potato slices in buttered baking dish, cover with (Continued on page 73)

Be smart this Thanksgiving—don't spend all your time in the kitchen before the big feast—prepare some of the dishes the preceding day.

TIME TABLE FOR 3 P. M. DINNER

- 9:00. Clean giblets, put on to simmer in salted water to cover.* Clean, stuff and truss turkey.*
- 10:00. Scrub sweet potatoes and peel onions and put them on to cook.*
- 10:30. Put turkey in oven. Make pumpkin chiffon filling and pour it into pie shell.
- 11:00. Run giblets through grinder (or chop), return to liquid in which they were cooked; cool.*
- 11:10. Prepare sweet potato and onion casseroles, add liquid from onions to giblets.*
- 11:30. Wash lettuce and watercress; scrub carrots and celery and cut into sticks.*
- 12:00. Clean and put away utensils used.
- 12:30. Turn turkey breast up. Set table and place serving dishes. Make sure carving knife is sharp.
- 1:00. Relax and enjoy yourself until
- 2:15. Unmold cranberry sauce.* Put pickles, olives, celery and carrot sticks, watercress and lettuce salad and French dressing into serving dishes. Pour out tomato juice. Leave all in refrigerator.
- 2:30. Take turkey from oven, increase temperature and put in sweet potato and onion casseroles. Remove skewers and cord from turkey, pour off and put away fat not needed for gravy.
- 2:50. Put rolls into oven, put plates and serving dishes where they will get warm. Get coffee ready. Make gravy.
- 3:00. Place on table turkey, vegetables and gravy, then salad, etc., from refrigerator. When second helpings are being served, slip away from the table and start the coffee so it will be ready by dessert time.

*May be prepared preceding day and kept in refrigerator overnight.

PERHAPS never since it was first celebrated has there been a Thanksgiving so significant as the one which is approaching now. We all have so much to be thankful for and grateful for that we seem, every one of us, determined to take endless pains to make 1944's Thanksgiving a memorable one, and for most of us this means gathering family and friends around us for a truly traditional feast. When I say taking pains, I do not mean that preparing the dinner should be a painful ordeal; it need not be at all, and if you will use this month's simple menu and flexible timetable as a guide, I am sure the great day will find you free from care and able to relax with your guests—and remember that a hostess who spends all her time in the kitchen before dinner and is obviously exhausted when it is over spoils the very spirit of friendliness and hospitality she has tried so hard to create.

Menu

- Tomato Juice Cocktail
- Celery and Carrot Sticks, Olives, Melon Rind Pickles
- Turkey with Bread Stuffing
- Individual Cranberry Molds
- Candied Sweet Potatoes Gravy
- Baked Onions
- Lettuce and Watercress Salad
- Pumpkin Chiffon Pie Coffee

Much—most, in fact—of the preparation may be done the preceding day, but here are a few things I consider day-before musts: Check over linen, silver, dishes and glassware to be sure that everything is spotless and shining. Make pie shell; it requires a hotter oven than turkey and casserole dishes and should be out of the way before they are



BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD CUNCELOR**

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7:00 EWT.

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

SUNDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00		CBS: News
8:00		Blue: News
8:00		NBC: News and Organ Recital
8:30		CBS: Columbia Ensemble
8:30		Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harp-choridist
9:00		CBS: News of the World
9:00		NBC: World News Roundup
9:00		Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
9:15		CBS: E. Power Biggs
9:15		Blue: White Rabbit Line
9:15		NBC: Commande Mary
9:30		NBC: NBC String Quartet
9:45		CBS: New Voices in Song
10:00		CBS: Church of the Air
10:00		Blue: Message of Israel
10:00		NBC: Highlights of the Bible
10:30		CBS: Wings Over Jordan
10:30		Blue: Southernaires
10:30		NBC: Words and Music
11:00		MBS: Pauline Alpert
11:00		Blue: AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
11:05		CBS: Blue Jacket Choir
11:30		MBS: Radio Chapel
11:30		Blue: Hour of Faith
11:30		CBS: Invitation to Learning
11:45		NBC: Marion Laveridge
12:00		CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
12:00		Blue: News from Europe
12:00		NBC: The Eternal Light
12:30		Blue: Josephine Houston, Soprano
12:30		NBC: Stradiivari Orch., Paul Lavalie
12:30		CBS: Transatlantic Call
12:00		CBS: Church of the Air
12:00		Blue: John B. Kennedy
12:00		NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
12:15		Blue: George Hicks From Europe
12:30		CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
12:30		Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch.
12:30		NBC: Chicago Round Table
12:45		CBS: Dangerously Yours
2:00		NBC: These We Love
2:00		Blue: Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
2:30		CBS: World News Today
2:30		NBC: John Charles Thomas
2:30		Blue: National Vespers
2:00		CBS: New York Philharmonic
2:00		NBC: Upton Close
2:00		Blue: Listen, The Women
2:30		NBC: Army Hour
2:30		Blue: Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
4:00		Blue: Al Pearce Show
4:30		Blue: World of Song
4:30		CBS: Pause that Refreshes
4:30		NBC: Music America Loves
5:00		NBC: NBC Symphony
5:00		CBS: The Family Hour
5:00		Blue: Mary Small Revue
5:15		MBS: Upton Close
5:30		MBS: The Shadow
5:30		Blue: Hot Copy
5:45		CBS: William L. Shirer
6:00		CBS: Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson
6:00		Blue: Radio Hall of Fame
6:00		MBS: First Nighter
6:00		NBC: Catholic Hour
6:30		CBS: Fannie Brice
6:30		NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
6:00		Blue: Drew Pearson
6:00		NBC: Jack Benny
6:00		CBS: Kate Smith
7:15		Blue: Don Gardiner, News
6:30		MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
6:30		Blue: Quiz Kids
6:30		NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
7:45		MBS: Samuel Grafton
8:00		Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel
8:00		NBC: Edgar Bergen
8:00		CBS: Blondie
8:00		MBS: Meditation Board
8:15		Blue: Dorothy Thompson, News
8:30		CBS: Crime Doctor
8:30		NBC: One Man's Family
8:45		MBS: Gabriel Heatter
8:55		CBS: Bob Trent
9:00		CBS: Radio Readers Digest
9:00		MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
9:00		Blue: Walter Winchell
9:00		NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
9:15		Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
9:30		CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
9:45		Blue: Jimmie Fidler
9:30		NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
10:00		CBS: Take It or Leave It
10:00		Blue: The Life of Riley
10:00		NBC: Hour of Charm
10:00		MBS: Goodwill Hour
10:30		NBC: Jackie Gleason-Les Trumayne
10:30		Blue: Keeping Up With the World
10:30		CBS: The People
10:30		NBC: Bill Costello
10:15		Blue: Maria Kurenko
10:15		CBS: Cesar Sarchinger
10:30		NBC: Pacific Story
10:30		Blue: The Jack Pepper Show



HIS MIDDLE NAME IS LLYFNWY . . .

It was no accident that Thomas L. Thomas, the baritone star of NBC's Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, heard Sunday evenings at 9:00 P.M., EWT, turned out to be a professional singer, although he studied to be an engineer and draftsman. In the first place, Thomas was born in Wales. In case that doesn't mean anything to you, we have only to say that singing is to the Welsh what baseball is to the Americans. In the second place, his father was a professional musician and a fellow of the Royal Academy of Music and his mother was a concert and oratorio singer. Tommy was taking lessons in singing and playing the piano from his father before the family came to the United States. The Thomases left their home in Wales, when Tommy was twelve years old, and settled in Scranton, Pennsylvania, which boasts a large Welsh settlement.

Tommy finished public school in Scranton and then studied engineering. He was graduated as an engineer and draftsman. His first job was way at the bottom of the ladder for a manufacturing company in Scranton. As a grease monkey, he worked on the night shift, but he was advanced very rapidly, mainly because the foreman liked to sing duets with him.

However, there was such a thing as the Atwater Kent singing contest. Of course, Tommy won the contest in which he took part. That marked the end of his career in industry. He gave up engineering for good, turned his back on Scranton's mills and headed for New York and the future.

The future didn't all fall in his lap ready made and at once. It took awhile of filling in the blank spaces singing at churches and doing auditions for everyone and anyone who was looking for a singer.

Then, things began to move faster. In 1937, Tommy won the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air on NBC and was given a Met contract and a prize of \$1,000. The spring of that year, Tommy made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera singing the part of Silvio in "Pagliacci." That performance was attended by fifteen hundred friends of his from Scranton, who had to hire a special train to get them all to New York.

Since then, it has been smooth sailing for the lush-voiced baritone to whom singing comes as naturally as swinging a bat comes to the typical American boy. His work at the opera and on radio keeps him bustling. He has had time to make an album of records for Victor—an album of Welsh songs.

Many listeners have wondered why Thomas L. Thomas doesn't use his full middle name. If you're Welsh, you can say it. If you're not—well—try it—it's Llyfnwy. How it's pronounced only a Welshman can tell you.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
8:00		CBS: News
8:00		Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00		NBC: Mirth and Madness
8:15		CBS: American School of the Air
8:45		CBS: This Life is Mine
9:00		CBS: Valiant Lady
9:00		Blue: My True Story
9:45		NBC: Alice Cornell
10:00		NBC: Lora Lawton
10:15		NBC: News of the World
10:15		CBS: Light of the World
9:30		CBS: This Changing World
10:30		Blue: Cliff Edwards
10:30		NBC: Finders Keepers
12:45		CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45		Blue: Air Lane Trio
10:10		CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00		Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00		NBC: Road of Life
10:15		CBS: Second Husband
10:15		Blue: Rosemary
12:30		CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30		Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45		CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45		NBC: David Harum
12:00		Blue: Glamour Manor
8:00		CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15		Blue: Big Sister
9:30		CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
11:30		NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30		Blue: Farm and Home Makers
9:45		CBS: Our Gay Sunday
10:00		CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00		Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15		Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15		Blue: Humbers Family
10:30		CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
12:45		CBS: The Goldbergs
12:45		Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45		NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00		Blue: Joyce Jordan
11:00		Blue: Walter Kieran, News
11:00		NBC: The Guiding Light
11:15		CBS: Two on a Clue
11:15		Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15		Blue: Today's Children
11:15		NBC: Woman in White
11:30		CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30		Blue: Les Seated
11:45		CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45		NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00		CBS: Mary Martin
12:00		Blue: Morrice Downey
12:00		NBC: A Woman of America
12:15		CBS: Ma Perkins
12:15		Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15		Blue: Irene Beasley
12:30		NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30		Blue: Appointment With Life
12:45		Blue: Bob Troup, News
12:45		NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45		Blue: Ethel and Albert
12:45		CBS: The High Places
1:00		CBS: Service Time
1:30		NBC: Bachelorette Wife
1:30		Blue: Stella Dallas
1:30		Blue: Don Norman Show
1:45		CBS: News
1:30		Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30		NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45		CBS: Hop Harrigan
1:45		CBS: Raymond Scott Show
1:45		NBC: Young Wilder Brown
1:45		CBS: Sing Along
2:00		Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00		NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15		Blue: Portia Fawns Life
2:15		Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30		CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:30		NBC: Superman
5:30		Blue: Jack Armstrong
5:30		Blue: Terry Trent and The Three Sisters
2:45		CBS: Front Page Farrell
2:45		Blue: Captain Midnight
4:45		CBS: Wilderness Road
5:00		NBC: Quincy Howe
5:15		CBS: Bill Costello
5:15		NBC: Serenade to America
5:15		Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
5:15		CBS: To Your Good Health
5:30		CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
5:45		Blue: The World Today
5:45		Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
5:45		NBC: Lowell Thomas
5:55		CBS: Joseph C. Marsch
8:00		NBC: I Love a Mystery
8:00		Blue: Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00		Blue: Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
8:15		Blue: Thanks to the Yanks
7:30		CBS: The Lone Ranger
4:30		Blue: H. V. Kalthorn
4:45		CBS: Vox Pop
8:00		Blue: News
8:30		NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15		Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30		CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30		Blue: Blind Date
6:30		NBC: Vies of Prestone
6:30		MBS: Bulldog Drummond
6:00		CBS: Bill Henry
6:00		Blue: Lux Radio Theater
6:00		Blue: Counter Spy
6:00		NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00		NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30		Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30		Blue: Information Please
6:55		Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00		CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00		Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00		NBC: Contested Program
7:15		Blue: Ted Malone—from England
9:30		CBS: The Johnny Morgan Show
10:30		Blue: Melody in the Night
9:30		NBC: Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
6:00	8:00	8:15 Blue: Your Life Today	
		8:30 Blue: News	
		9:00 CBS: News	
		9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club	
		9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness	
		9:15 CBS: American School of the Air	
		9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine	
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady	
10:30	9:00	10:00 NBC: My True Story	
6:45		9:45 NBC: Alice Corneli	
		10:00 NBC: Lara Lawton	
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World	
		10:15 NBC: News of the World	
		9:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World
		10:30 Blue: Cliff Edwards	
		10:30 NBC: Finders Keepers	
		9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
		11:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Breakfast at Sardi's	
9:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life	
		10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
		10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon	
6:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn	
8:45	10:15	11:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Jack Berch, Songs	
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Marum	
		12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade	
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful	
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Right to Happiness	
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody	
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange	
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News	
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Hymns of All Churches	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Joyce Jordan	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light	
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Kierman, News	
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Woman in White	
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	
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin	
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Merton Downey	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America	
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Hollywood Star Time	
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Irene Stealy	
		3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins	
		3:30	Blue: Appointment with Life
		3:30	Blue: Bob Trout, News
		3:45	CBS: The High Places
		3:45	CBS: Pepper 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 Blue: Service Time	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife	
		4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
		4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: News	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones	
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis	
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show	
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan	
		4:45	NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates	
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries	
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life	
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy	
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill	
		5:30	CBS: Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight	
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell	
		5:45	CBS: Wilderness Road
		6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:30	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	
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Bill Stern	
		6:15	NBC: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today	
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News	
		6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—	
		6:55	NBC: Joseph C. Harach
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop	
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Land of the Lost	
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery	
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: John Nesbitt	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World	
		7:30	NBC: The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour	
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys	
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	
8:45	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner	
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy	
9:15	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theater of Romance	
9:45	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry	
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gaiety Theater	
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: This Is My Best	
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Murder Clinic	
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: John S. Hughes	
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: The Lone Ranger	
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Columbia Presents Corwin	
9:30	10:15	10:15 Blue: From Europe, George Hicks	
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Congress Speaks	
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Hildegarde	
10:00	10:30	10:30 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Berle	
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Casey, Press Photographer	
		11:30	NBC: Words at War



PRETTY ERSKINE—PRETTY BUSY . . .

Meet Marilyn Erskine, who plays Cherry Martin in 'The Romance of Helen Trent,' which show you can hear by tuning in any week day at 12:30 P.M., E.W.T. to your CBS station. While she's still in her very early twenties lovely soft-blonde-haired, wide-blue-eyed Marilyn has been, as they say, in the profession for a long, long time.

In fact, Marilyn made her radio debut at the ripe age of five on a local station upstate in New York. Within that same year she was a regular on a sponsored program and had widened her activities to the theater as well, making her theatrical debut with the Blue Masquers in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author."

Having worked her way through that year, the one between five and six, Marilyn found herself invited to audition for a group of directors of children's radio programs in New York City. The result was that a few months before she was enrolled in school, Marilyn was well on her way to a successful career in radio.

When Marilyn was eleven years old, she turned out to be just exactly what the directors of the Broadway hit "Excursion" had in mind for a part. That was her first Broadway appearance. In the following seven years she was hardly ever absent from the "boards" and appeared in many hits, including "Primrose Path" and "Our Town."

Busy though she was, Marilyn didn't neglect her schooling all this while. Radio shows and theatrical appearances didn't stand in the way of her finishing her education, studying languages and music and, for recreation, learning how to swim and knit. She loves to read and reads anything and everything in large quantities. With so much inspiration, she's even found herself impelled to do a bit of writing. She's written several stories and some poetry.

Because she's a pretty busy girl, Marilyn's hobby is one which doesn't take too much time or energy. She collects foreign dolls and miniature animals. The doll collection was started when she was seven years old. An aunt started the miniature animal collection for her when Marilyn was fourteen. Since then, it's grown into a rather crowded menagerie.

Unlike many people in the theater, Marilyn isn't superstitious—well hardly at all. Her only superstition is that bad luck and unhappy events always come in threes. Not that she's had much chance to find out personally about bad luck.

With a face like Marilyn's and her talent and experience, of course the movies haven't missed her. So far, mainly because of her radio commitments, Marilyn has appeared only in shorts made by Warner Brothers and Van Buren. What tomorrow holds in store for her still remains to be seen. It's quite likely to be good—and far up near the top. And she deserves it. She's been working a long time at being an actress, young as she still is.

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
8:00	8:00	8:15 Blue: Your Life Today	
		8:30 Blue: News	
8:00	9:00	CBS: News	
8:00	9:00	NBC: Breakfast Club	
8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness	
2:30	9:10	CBS: American School of the Air	
8:45	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine	
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady	
6:45	9:45	10:00 NBC: Alice Corneli	
		10:00 NBC: Lara Lawton	
10:30	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story	
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World	
9:15	10:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World	
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World	
		10:30 Blue: Cliff Edwards, Songs	
		10:30 NBC: Finders Keepers	
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	
		9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's	
10:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road to In	
10:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill	
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband	
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Rosemary	
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon	
6:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn	
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Jack Berch, Songs	
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Marum	
		12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music	
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister	
		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 Makers	
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: Saukage Talking	
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbird Flyn	
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News	
10:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Mergan Beatty, News	
10:45	1:45	2:45 Blue: Three Planes	
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.	
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Kierman, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light	
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Two on a Clue	
12:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: The Mystery Chef	
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: Perry Mason Stories	
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches	
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin	
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Merton Downey	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America	
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Hollywood Star Time	
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Irene Stealy	
		3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins	
		3:30	Blue: Appointment with Life
		3:30	Blue: Bob Trout, News
		3:45	CBS: The High Places
		3:45	CBS: Pepper 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 Blue: Service Time	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife	
		4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
		4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: News	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones	
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis	
1:30	3:45	4:45 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show	
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Hop Harrigan	
		4:45	NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates	
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries	
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life	
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy	
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman	
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill	
		5:30	CBS: Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Captain Midnight	
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell	
		5:45	CBS: Wilderness Road
		6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:30	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	
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Bill Stern	
		6:15	NBC: On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today	
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News	
		6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—	
		6:55	NBC: Joseph C. Harach
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop	
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Land of the Lost	
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery	
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: John Nesbitt	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: News of the World	
		7:30	NBC: The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour	
9:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys	
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	
8:45	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner	
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy	
9:15	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theater of Romance	
9:45	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry	
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gaiety Theater	
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: This Is My Best	
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Murder Clinic	
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: John S. Hughes	
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: The Lone Ranger	
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Columbia Presents Corwin	
9:30	10:15	10:15 Blue: From Europe, George Hicks	
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Congress Speaks	
7:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Hildegarde	
10:00	10:30	10:30 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Berle	
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Casey, Press Photographer	
		11:30	NBC: Words at War

THURSDAY

Table with columns P.W.T., C.W.T., and Eastern War Time, listing TV programs and their times for Thursday.



SAFETY'S STORY LADY . . .

Colleen Moore is the Story Lady on WGN Mutual's Safety Legion Time, heard Monday through Friday at 5:15 P.M., CWT, and on the Mutual Don Lee network at 5 P.M., PWT.

Colleen, whose real name is Kathleen Morrison, was born and raised at Port Huron, Michigan. As a child she was a rabid movie fan and determined to become a screen star as soon as she could. Her parents, however, knew nothing of this and sent her to a convent in Florida to complete her education. While Colleen was at the convent a famous director was invited to direct one of the school's plays and Colleen was sure her future was in the bag. But, after a week's rehearsals, the director disillusioned her by telling her bluntly that she was hopeless as an actress.

That left a sore spot, but not for too long. After being graduated from the convent, Colleen went to visit an uncle who was a close friend of D. W. Griffith. Colleen's uncle was not iron-hearted enough to resist her pleas for an introduction to the movie director. She was introduced, of course. More than that, she was given a small part in one of Griffith's productions.

Colleen was started on her way. From there, she went to the Christie Studios in Hollywood, where she worked in countless two-reelers. It wasn't too long before she was a star in her own right and in "Flaming Youth" and "So Big"—remember those silent films?—she was recognized as one of the greatest stars on the screen.

It's really no accident that Colleen Moore is now the Story Lady on a Safety program directed toward children to teach them how to avoid accidents and crippling. Actually, her interest in children and in helping those who had been crippled began a long time ago, when she suffered a broken neck after a fall on the movie set. In the three months while she lay in a cast, Colleen became interested in stories told her by her doctor about children who had been crippled in accidents. When she recovered, Colleen decided she would try to do something to help such children.

A long time before that, Colleen had started her famous collection of miniature objects. She'd begun her collection with a tiny, half inch dictionary given her by her father to go into a doll house he had built for her. So, a hobby was born, which grew over a number of years into a famous and fabulous Doll House, furnished with priceless miniature objects from all over the world, including a tiny golden organ which really plays, chandeliers made of Colleen's jewels and running water in the diminutive kitchen and bathrooms. The "Enchanted Castle" cost \$435,000 and took hundreds of skilled artisans close to ten years to construct. Colleen devoted her time for years to exhibiting this "Enchanted Castle" all over the country and collected over \$600,000 which went to helping crippled children.

FRIDAY

Table with columns P.W.T., C.W.T., and Eastern War Time, listing TV programs and their times for Friday.

SATURDAY

She Walks in Beauty

Continued from page 19



Lush Georgia Carroll and Kay Kyser relax at the Stork Club after their blitzkrieg marriage and their work in Columbia's movie, "Battleship Blues."

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Station	Program
		8:00 CBS:	News of the World
		8:00 Blue:	News
		8:00 NBG:	News
		8:15 CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15 NBC:	Jay Johnson
		8:30 CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30 Blue:	United Nations, News, Review
		8:45 CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45 NBC:	News
6:00		8:00 CBS:	Press News
		8:00 Blue:	Breakfast Club
		8:00 NBC:	Rhythms for Saturday
		8:15 CBS:	The Garden Gate
		8:45 CBS:	David Sheep Orchestra
		9:00 CBS:	Youth on Parade
		9:00 Blue:	Fanny Hurst Presents
		9:00 NBC:	Smillin' Ed McConnell
7:00		9:30 CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		9:30 Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
		9:30 NBC:	Here's Babe Ruth
9:00		9:40 NBC:	Alex Dreier
8:00		10:00 Blue:	Chatham Shopper
8:05		11:05 CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30		10:30 CBS:	Fashions in Rations
8:30		10:30 NBC:	Melody Roundup
8:30		10:30 Blue:	The Land of the Lost
9:00		11:00 CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00		11:00 Blue:	Swing Shift Frolics
9:00		11:00 NBC:	News
9:15		11:15 NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30		11:30 CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30		11:30 Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30		11:30 NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
10:00		12:00 CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00		12:00 Blue:	Sex You
10:00		12:00 NBC:	Adventure Ahead
10:15		12:15 Blue:	Trans-Atlantic Quiz Between London and New York
		1:30 Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:30		12:30 NBC:	The Baxters
		12:30 CBS:	Country Journal
		12:45 CBS:	Report from Washington
		12:45 NBC:	War Telescope
		2:00 Blue:	Football Game
		2:00 CBS:	Victory F. O. S.
		2:00 NBC:	Air Forces Band
11:00		11:00 NBC:	Opportunity Theater
11:30		1:30 NBC:	Football
11:30		1:30 CBS:	Football
4:00		2:00 CBS:	Football
12:00		3:00 NBC:	Minstrel Melodies
12:00		2:30 CBS:	Football
12:30		3:30 NBC:	Music on Display
1:00		3:00 NBC:	Rupert Hughes
1:00		4:00 CBS:	Football
1:15		4:15 CBS:	Football
1:35		3:35 CBS:	Football
		4:45 CBS:	Report from London
2:00		4:00 NBC:	Your America
2:00		4:00 Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		4:00 CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
2:30		4:30 NBC:	Phil Darcy Quintet
2:30		4:30 CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:45		4:45 NBC:	Curt Massey Vagabonds
2:45		4:45 Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
3:00		5:00 Blue:	Service Serenade
3:15		5:00 NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
		5:00 CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15		5:15 CBS:	People's Platform
3:15		5:15 Blue:	Starland Theater
3:30		5:30 Blue:	Harry Wismer, Sports
3:45		5:45 CBS:	The World Today
3:45		5:45 NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55		5:55 CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00		7:00 NBC:	World's Great Novels
		7:15 Blue:	Leland Stowe
4:30		7:30 CBS:	Mrs. Miniver
		7:30 Blue:	Meet Your Navy
4:30		8:00 Blue:	Early American Dance Music
4:30		8:00 CBS:	Rudy Valle
4:30		8:00 NBC:	The Kenny Baker Program
5:00		7:30 Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
5:30		8:30 CBS:	Inner Spectrum Mystery
5:30		8:30 MBS:	Cisco Kid
5:30		8:30 NBC:	Truth or Consequence
5:55		8:55 CBS:	Bob Trout
6:00		9:00 CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00		9:00 NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30		9:30 NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30		9:30 Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:45		9:45 CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55 Blue:	Cornet Quiz
7:00		10:00 Blue:	Guy Lombardo
		10:00 NBC:	Palmolive Party
		10:15 CBS:	Correction Please
		10:30 Blue:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:30		9:30 NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
11:05		9:45 CBS:	Talks
		10:00 CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
		11:15 Blue:	Hoester Hop

prettiest girls in New York; she had acted in the Broadway hit show "Louisiana Purchase"—meanwhile knocking down \$50 an hour as a model. She also twice won the gold trophy awarded New York's top model, and turned down dozens of love-struck men who offered her everything from mink coats to marriage. She had had everything and she was exhausted from the pace, and so (at long last) she agreed to Hollywood's frenzied offers and to Aunt Edna's demands—because she wanted a rest.

That was in 1941, and she's been in endless pictures since. Oddly enough, she didn't sing in the long interval since Dallas days—although she took many a singing lesson. The manner in which she became a singer again is typical of the Carroll luck: one night she and Katherine Aldrich were dancing with soldiers at the Hollywood Canteen, when Kay Kyser spotted her from the bandstand. Quickly he invited both beauties to accompany him to Army shows with his band, as eye arresters for the boys. Both girls went four times; and riding back from the fourth Army camp, Georgia absently began humming in the back of the bus. At the first note of her voice, Kay acted the way John Powers had acted at the first sight of her—he almost leaped out of the car in his excitement. And, of course, she was singing with his band at once.

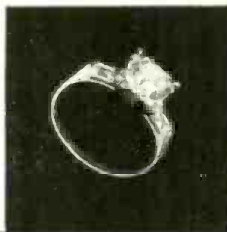
Her marriage happened like everything else to Georgia—it was a blitzkrieg, only this time Kay Kyser was the driving force instead of Aunt Edna. He proposed in Santa Barbara after a broadcast, and to every one of Georgia's demurrers he had an answer . . . she murmured, "But I don't want to elope, I have no nightgown." He said, "I bought you a lace one, it's in the back of the car." She said, ". . . But no toothbrush." He said, "I have three new

ones, in the back of the car." She said, "But make-up . . ." He said, "I have a new complete cosmetic kit in the back of the car." She said, "But where would we stay? Hotel rooms are hard to get . . ." He said, "I've already reserved the bridal suite at the leading hotel here." They were married that night!

AS for other details on the Princess of Beauty, let us report that she is as well-liked as she is good to gaze upon. She is sweet, natural, and friendly; and eventually she wants a home with five children in it. She subscribes to nearly every magazine published; she has long been a member of the Book of the Month Club; and she paints still-life pictures in oils and water-colors good enough to sell or give away. She neither drinks nor smokes, she rarely wears hats, and her favorite color is shocking-pink for daytime—and pure white for evening. She always keeps the makings for chocolate nut sundaes in the ice-box; but what she eats mainly are fruits and vegetables—with pulled lettuce in her salads, never cut. By day she wears smartly tailored sports clothes, and by night she wears the frilliest of feminine frocks. She likes to get ten hours of sleep a night; and she owns two homes, one in San Fernando Valley which she gave to her parents as a home, and the other in Beverly Hills—which Kay Kyser insists on buying from her and which will then be their home. She is interested in interior decorating as well as painting; and she lived with actress Marguerite Chapman before her marriage; and she loves baby kittens and dogs.

And that, girls, is the saga of Georgia. As we said in the first place, all you have to be is ravishly beautiful—and you can have the same life that she's had! Try it and see!

She's Engaged!



Her Ring—a beautiful diamond with baguette on each side. It is set in a platinum band.

Mary Florence McKenna
of Chicago, engaged to
Lt. John Christopher Mullen;
Marine Corps Flyer



Mary Florence McKenna—adorable young Bride-to-Be of Marine Corps Flyer



At Barat College Mary folds bandages each week—the veil an immaculate frame for her flower-fresh face. Bandage quotas must be filled. Work with the group in your community!

She's Lovely!

Mary's dream-sweet face has the shining, unsophisticated beauty of the first spring snowdrops.

She is another engaged girl with that soft-smooth "Pond's look" about her.

"I have ever so sensitive skin," Mary says, "and Pond's Cold Cream seems to be just what I need—it's *such* a fine, soft, lovely cream, it just makes my face feel *grand*—so clean and so smooth."

Mary's Beauty Care with Pond's

She *slips* Pond's luscious Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats on briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

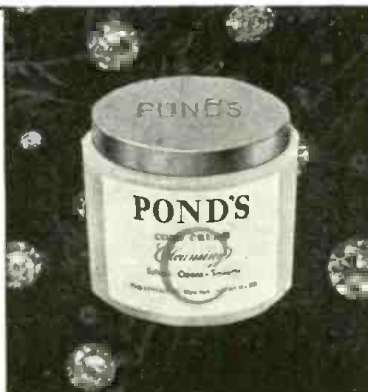
She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—going over her face with little spiral whirls of her white, cream-coated fingers. Tissues off. "I adore the nice *extra* clean, *extra* soft feeling this gives my skin," she says.

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream Mary's way—every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the luxurious big jar—and help save glass. You'll enjoy it more, too, because you can dip the fingers of *both* hands in this wide-topped big Pond's jar.

She uses Pond's!

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

- Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
- The Countess of Carnarvon
- Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr.
- Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III
- The Lady Tennyson



Love Song

Continued from page 37



*Winning
Hands!*

*amazing new skin care
makes hands feel softer,
smoother—instantly!*

Not a liquid, not a solid cream. Just dip your fingers into the creamy whiteness of this soothing balm.

Rub it into your hands, face, neck, arms—all over you! Even rough, dry skin responds. Balm Barr contains *anhydrous lanolin*, nature's own skin care.

Try it today—for that *touch of romance!* At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1130 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

balm barr
*For Petal-Soft
Skin*



FREE TRIAL! Purse-size bottle free when you buy 60¢ size shown.

expect this insulting fury, this lashing out at Bruce.

"Get out before I throw you out," he threatened.

What could Bruce do? What could he do but what he did—say quietly and courteously "I'm sorry," and turn and walk out of the house.

I wanted to run after him. I wanted to cry out to Mother and Grandpa that I loved Bruce, that I would go with him and be his wife, and live with him forever, and never have to tolerate their stupid, narrow unkindness again. But how could I do that? I could remember Bruce's kisses on my mouth and the heavenly feeling of belonging when I was in his arms. But there had been no talk of marriage. He hadn't asked me to be his wife—how could I run after him and say that I would be? And besides I knew, even in my anger, that what Mother and Grandpa had done to me was not stupid, narrow unkindness really. They didn't mean to be unkind. They thought that they were fighting a battle for me. They thought that I was the one who was being stupid, and they were only trying to protect me.

FOR a few moments I knew blind terror—I would never see Bruce again. He would never again hold me in his arms. He would never again sing to me, alone of all the world. *I would never see him again!*

But even as I ran to my room and slammed the door against bitterness and misunderstanding, I realized that I would see him again. Didn't we work together? Of course I would see him, and it would be more than just seeing him. Bruce was Bruce, and I was I, and it would take more than the anger-crazed words of someone outside the shining world that belonged to the two of us to destroy a love like ours.

It did take more than that. It took a young attractive, plotting girl.

At first I didn't realize what Marian Taylor was doing at all. Indeed, that day after the contest, I didn't realize much of anything except that nothing was changed between Bruce and me. I walked into the store that morning, and it seemed as if I hadn't breathed at all since he had gone away the night before, as if I had been holding my breath and bracing myself for another blow. And then he came down the aisle toward me, and he smiled. And it was just as if the handkerchief counter on one side and the glove counter on the other melted away, to be replaced by heaven.

So you can see why, that evening, I was as pleased as Bruce to find Marian Taylor waiting in front of the store in her uncle's car. I couldn't have been bothered or troubled by anything, then. And sitting between the two of them as we drove away, I was proud that this girl who lived in a big city, who had a job in the glamorous, exciting business of radio, could see a rosy future in store for Bruce. I thought it was only his career she was interested in, and my heart warmed in gratitude.

"Bruce," Marian said thoughtfully, shifting into high as we crossed 7th and Main, "I've been thinking. If you're going to impress our program director,

you should know hillbilly music."

"I've never tried to sing that," Bruce admitted, frowning.

"It isn't hard to get on to," Marian explained easily. "Why don't I take some sheet music over to Lucy's to-night and let you see what you can do?"

Bruce laughed ruefully.

"Lucy's family doesn't like my music—hillbilly or any other kind."

I was glad that Marian didn't ask questions. I even appreciated her suggestion, "Then, come to my house."

Not until after I was out of the car around the corner from my house did I realize that Marian hadn't invited me to go with them. But, in spite of that, I still thought Marian's interest in Bruce was only professional until I met Florence Johnson, the same Florence who had started all of the trouble in the first place by telling my folks about Bruce's winning the contest.

"My dear," Florence said breathlessly, rushing up beside me with her arms full of groceries, "I just can't tell you how sorry I am about last night. I was telling Marian Taylor today that if I'd thought about your Granddad, and the way he feels—why—I . . ."

"Marian Taylor," I said, stopping quite still. "Did you say Marian Taylor?"

"Yes, Marian's folks used to live across from us down on Walnut—I used to take care of her when she was little—she was a wise one, that one—why, I remember—" her voice drifted off as I turned in our walk and slowly mounted the steps.

A WISE one— So Marian had known all the time that Bruce wouldn't be allowed at my house—neither Bruce nor his music. She had known that even before she suggested that we practice hillbilly music there . . .

The following Saturday night Bruce sang a 15-minute program over WOBL, our little local station, and I had a chance to listen to him because Grandpa and Mother were downtown buying groceries. And, listening that night to the voice more precious to me than any other in the world, I realized that Marian couldn't help Bruce get a job on the Barn Dance whether she wanted to or not—because Bruce wasn't good enough. I noticed the off notes in his first number, *I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire*, and I knew when he missed more in *My Blue Heaven* that he never would be a radio success. When you couldn't see him, you missed the power of his personality, his vibrant youth, his exciting enthusiasm. You heard only his voice and that wasn't outstanding, or even very good. And, suddenly, I was glad. Now, no one could object to Bruce, because he wasn't really a musician at all!

All that weekend I looked forward to beginning a new week with Bruce on Monday. Monday, when Marian was going back to work at Cedar City—Monday, when Bruce would settle down to selling shoes again—Monday, when our love would flame anew like an electric current between us.

And then on Monday I lost my job. "I'm sorry, young lady, but we're—"

THE SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE IS ON—

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uh—laying off some of our new help," Mr. McClintock explained, not looking at me.

"But Marjorie Davis came after I did. Is it my work—did I do something wrong?" Somehow, I knew this wasn't fair.

Mr. McClintock dismissed me with an embarrassed wave of his hand.

"You can pick up your check from Emily there in the office," he said finally.

A long time afterward I found out Grandpa had asked them to fire me, but that morning I knew no reason for my dismissal except that in some way I had failed to make good. I was ashamed and frightened and vaguely angry at Fate.

That night I longed desperately for Bruce—craved the comfort of his arms the way a desperately sick person craves a drug to release him from pain. But I didn't have Bruce that night nor for days after that. I tried, of course, to explain to Mother that Bruce would not follow music as a career—that he simply wasn't good enough. But she only closed her lips tighter and shook her head.

"It's in his blood or he wouldn't be singing around at shows," she insisted finally. "They never get over that."

She was very quiet then for a minute, not looking at me but out the window at the garden. And I knew somehow that it wasn't the garden either that she stared at—she was looking down the years into the past. At last she said, "I don't like to do this to you, Lucy, but I must. I can't settle it with my conscience any other way. As long as you're living here in this house with Grandpa and me you're not to see Bruce again. Oh, of course you'll meet him on the street, and things like that—but I'll have to ask you not to invite him here and not to go out to meet him." She smiled gently at me. "I know it sounds hard, Lucy, but you'll see that I'm right. Music gets in their blood," she repeated. "They never get it out."

AND one evening, a week later, I discovered that she was right—that Bruce wasn't willing to give up his dream of a career as a radio singer.

It was twilight—a purple, still, breathless time of day—and I was alone near the river in the park where Bruce and I had wandered so happily the night of our first date. And then I heard his voice—his dear, intimate voice singing our song, *Night and Day*. And this time, I did not listen to it as a critic—I listened to it as a woman will who is in love with a man. And just as every woman in the world is made a little breathless, a little excited, by the voice of the man she dreams of as her husband, I listened this time and found his song beautiful once more.

"Bruce," I said softly, walking around the bend to him.

And, then, everything was all right again. I was in his arms, and he was holding me close to his heart, curving me toward him until my flesh tingled with warm excitement. And the questions came as they always do when lovers, who have been parted, meet once again.

"What were you doing here?" he whispered.

"Thinking of you," I breathed against his chest. "And what were you doing?"

He backed away from me, and his thoughts left me.

"Practicing—so that I can show that

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program director in Cedar City I've got what it takes."

Even now, overpowered by his nearness, I could not forget the fact that Bruce was not the singer he thought he was. I knew that his voice would never impress that program director—knew that this boy, this vibrantly alive person whose arms encircled me now—was going to be hurt. And because I loved him, I knew that his hurt would be mine. But all that mattered at the moment was that we were back together again.

I loved Bruce so much—it's strange, then, that I was the one to hurt him. I did hurt him, cruelly, terribly, the very day after I had been in his arms there in the park.

It was through Marian that I hurt him—through Marian that he learned that I thought he could not sing. I met her that next night on the street—it was Saturday and she was home for the weekend. And what I told her I said not maliciously, but only because I wanted to save Bruce from being hurt. I thought that she would understand, but I never thought for a moment that she would seek Bruce out and repeat to him what I had said.

MARIAN, I honestly think you're making a mistake."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean about Bruce—I think you're making a mistake to keep encouraging him to sing."

She narrowed her eyes.

"Don't you think he can sing?"

"No," I answered honestly. "No, I don't. And I don't think you think he can, either."

"But I do, Lucy," she insisted. "I think Bruce will go a long way in radio."

I know how hurt Bruce must have been when Marian told him our conversation after he finished work that night. I know, even without remembering his blind anger the next day.

He was waiting in the park near the river that Sunday afternoon, when I walked by. But he did not hold out his arms to me this time. He didn't look at me until I touched his hand. And that stiff, tense arm was the first indication I had that Bruce was angry—so angry that he could not keep his voice from shaking.

"I hate a girl who cheats," he said abruptly, without preliminary, "the kind of a girl who says one thing and means something else. If you don't think I can sing, why don't you tell me, instead of spreading it all over town?"

"Oh, Bruce," I said coming closer to him. "I can explain—"

He pushed me away.

"Why did you lie to me like that? Why did you say you thought I was good?" His voice was tight and choked and hurt—desperately hurt.

And then he turned on me fiercely, and he wasn't hurt now—just angry.

"I'll show you you're wrong! I'll show you I can sing. I'll show you."

I ran after him as he turned and left me, but I couldn't reach out to the Bruce I knew and loved. This man was a stranger—a man who would not see my love until something besides my pleading proved it to him. I understood, then, with a suddenly adult awareness that there was nothing I could do but wait, no matter how hard waiting might be. I would have to bide my time.

Once in awhile, after that, I met Bruce on the street, but he always

avoided me. Even now, I remember how my heart jumped when I saw him and how it throbbed in a dull aching hurt when I watched him cross the street or turn his head as I passed him. Occasionally, he said formally, "Hello, Lucy," and that careful nod and unseeing look were worse than the times he avoided me.

And then one day, I saw him coming toward me, and I made up my mind quickly not to let him go out of my life—to hold on to him, no matter how I did it.

"Bruce," I said in a low voice which got through to him because of its urgency. "Bruce, don't do this to me. Can't you remember how happy we were—?"

"I remember that you told me that I could sing and told other people I couldn't," he answered stiffly.

"When I told you that, I did think so," I explained. And then I asked quickly, "Bruce, do you still think you want to be a radio singer?"

He nodded, stubbornly.

"Then, why don't you go to Cedar City? Why don't you talk to that program director Marian knows? Why don't you prove it to me now!"

He hesitated. "Am I ready—do you think?"

"You won't get more ready just staying here wondering," I told him.

"Will you go with me?" For the first time that day his voice was softer, more gentle, as if he were beginning to remember what we had meant to each other, how strong the bond of love between us had been. But I knew too that he wanted me along for more than the pleasure my companionship would give him. He wanted me to see his triumph, wanted me to acknowledge how wrong I'd been, wanted to forgive me so that everything could be right between us again.

THAT afternoon we went to Cedar City in a car Bruce had borrowed. I don't know how Bruce felt—his face was strangely still and he didn't talk much—but I rode the whole way in silence, my heart in my throat. Bruce was going to be hurt, and it seemed as if I couldn't bear that. But perhaps I was wrong, and Bruce was right. Oh, I hoped so! I hoped so with all my heart. I would have been so glad to apologize to him, so glad to take back what I had said about his voice!

When we got to the station Marian was able to get us in to see Mr. Phelan, the program director, in spite of the fact that we hadn't made an appointment. And Bruce had his audition. I didn't hear it, in spite of the fact that I was allowed to sit in a little room with a loud-speaker and a window so that I could see into the studio. I simply couldn't listen. Fear for Bruce, fear of what failure might do to him, blinded my eyes and stopped my ears.

I'll never forget Mr. Phelan for his kindness, his understanding, his sincerity when he talked with Bruce after the audition.

He brought Bruce into the little room where I was waiting, and we two sat facing him.

"Young man," said Mr. Phelan slowly, and I remember he groped for exactly the right words, "you have youth and enthusiasm and drive—all of them enormously important in radio. But you don't have a great voice. I want to tell you that honestly and frankly, because if you'll believe me it will save you a great deal of time and a lot of disappointment. You'll be successful—"

enormously successful, I'd be willing to predict—in some other line outside of radio. That personality of yours, with the honest effort and drive that I can easily see you have, behind it, will take you a long way. I know that this is hard for you to take, but I know, too, that you're going to take it well—and wisely. I know that you'll find another ambition, very soon, to replace the one you're losing today. I pride myself on my judgment of people, and I'd be willing to swear that what I say about you is right, son."

Bruce thanked him, and shook hands, but I don't think he knew what he was saying, or how we got out of the building and back down into the automobile again. He sat behind the wheel, his hands gripping it tightly, making no effort to start the car. I wanted desperately to say something to him, but I didn't know what to say.

"Bruce—" I began.

He turned slowly and looked at me. "You were right, weren't you, Lucy?"

"That isn't what I was going to say at all," I protested.

HE smiled then. "No, of course you weren't. I guess I've made an awful fool of myself, haven't I, Lucy?" He took one hand off the wheel and closed it tightly over mine. "No you haven't, Bruce. The only way anyone ever finds out what he can do is to try. If you're weak, failure can defeat you, but if you're strong it only makes you stronger."

He was quiet for a long time after that. Finally he said, "Lucy, I know one thing I'm not going to fail at. I'm going to make the best husband in the world because I'm going to make a full-time job of it. Honey, this isn't the most romantic proposal in the world but I guess it's really meaning what you say that matters and not dressing it up in moonlight and roses. And I've never meant anything in my life as much as I mean this. Lucy, will you marry me?"

And of course you know what I answered to that.

Three days later Bruce and I were married. I knew that he had turned to me for comfort and that I must not fail him. Perhaps every great joy is shaded by the brush of sadness. Our wedding was. There was Bruce's still-new disappointment at having to let go a dream. There was my unhappiness at being married over the protests of my family. But on the other side of the ledger there were kisses on my lips and the gentle clinging caress of my husband's hand on my cheek, and an endearing "I love you—so much—" whispered softly in the night.

And there were our dreams for the future—our plans for the life we would share together.

Those plans haven't come true yet but they have tangibility now. In the desk in the living room of our apartment there is a roll of plans—plans for the layout of the music store that Bruce and I will have some day. And in that same desk is a bankbook with a balance that says that the day when the music shop will be a reality is not too far off. We're proud of those plans and that bankbook, Bruce and I—we've worked hard for them. But every bit of hard work has been fun, and the years of hard work ahead will be fun too, because we'll be working together, to make our dream come true.



10 Days was all we had, dear

I wasn't even sure you loved me, dear. Till you came home on that last leave.

Then you held my hands—tight. And, "Let's get married," you said.

White satin, a bride's veil? There simply wasn't time. We wanted our whole 10 days for our honeymoon.

But my hands were soft and smooth as any bride's. (You did say so, my darling.) I have Jergens Lotion to thank for that. War work, such as I do, takes the natural softeners from the skin. But—think of me always with soft hands, my dear heart. I'm faithfully using Jergens Lotion.



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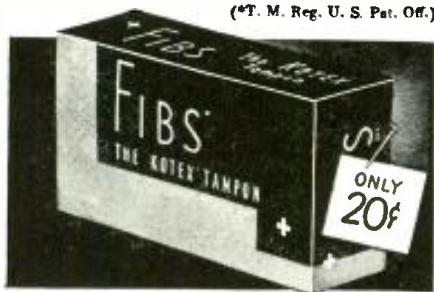
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(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Harvest of The Heart

Continued from page 23

button fastened on my candy-striped pinafore, long before they came in from their early-morning chores. It thrilled me to see their eyes light up at sight of the table.

"You're a fine cook, Mary. I haven't had buckwheat cakes for ages," Andrew complimented me.

Dean leaned over to bury his face in the sweet peas I had gathered for a nosegay. "Thank you, darling." He caught my hand and pressed it. "Mother always had flowers on the table when I was a little boy and I've missed them."

After they left for the corn fields I really started to work. This time I looked at the house with speculative, appraising eyes. Dirt everywhere. The lovely luster-ware cups and china that must have been their mother's pride were shoved every-which-way into a corner cupboard. Pantry shelves were filthy. I shuddered.

FIRST a good, thorough housecleaning and then I'd start canning for the winter. I had taken prizes at the County Fair with my apple butter, and it pleased me to think I had surprises like that for Dean.

All morning I worked, hardly lifting my eyes from the dusting and the scrubbing. I liked the feel of my bare forearms plunged into clean, soapy water, and I even gloried in my aching muscles. This was the solid world of reality, bounded by cook-stove and clothes hamper, carpet sweeper and china closet. Our courtship and our honeymoon had been intervals—glorious—but disturbing, somehow, with their dizzying emotional heights and then the plunge into depths of feeling so profound as to be bewildering.

Dean's lips—his arms—his whispered love—these could stir me in a way that was almost frightening. Now that we were home where hours and days and even years were planned ahead for us, our love could steady down.

I looked down at the sink where I had been scrubbing. I had washed that same spot, not seeing, over and over, for the past ten minutes.

Why did I have to reassure myself that everything would be all right? Was it because, down deep, I doubted? Doubted that Dean, with his mercurial spirits and his odd ways, would ever really settle down? He had had to take responsibility in the Army, but here—?

It was foolish to worry. I hadn't worried when Dean had asked me to marry him. It had been Andrew's reference to his "good-for-nothing" brother, the discovery of the sketch-book, and Dean's laughing threat to stop work this afternoon and whisk me off for another holiday. I was angry at myself for being suspicious—and I knew these suspicions for what they were, typical valley caution of anything or anyone out of the ordinary. Well, I'd never be that disloyal to Dean again.

Lunch I served out of doors where there was sunlight and a soft breeze and the happiness of seeing Dean's eyes sparkle as they looked at me. Even the sober Andrew relaxed for the moment to tease us. We were all three young

and happy and pleased with ourselves. Then—suddenly—with terrifying unexpectedness—like a quick storm blotting out the sun . . . they were quarreling.

"Are you out of your mind?—to want to waste the rest of the afternoon, with all the work there is to be done?" Andrew's face was stormy, dark with anger—anger and a strange kind of fear. "I didn't begrudge you the time you took for a honeymoon, certainly, but you know the corn-husking won't wait another day. You can picnic on Sunday, but today you work!"

They stood facing each other. Stunned and sickened, I realized that this was no sudden storm—this was really the continuation of a long, long quarrel between them. But couldn't Dean see that Andrew was right?

He was stubborn and defiant. "I did the work of two men this morning and another hour will see me through. I promised Mary I'd show her the brook and the bridge and that's important to me. If you can't see how important, there's no use my explaining!" Dean flung the words as a taunt.

My heart was pounding. *But, Dean—he's right. Andrew's right! You can't stop work just when you feel like it—farmers work from sun to sun and always have.* I met Andrew's look—and I knew that his secret fear was reflected in my own face. Was Dean running away from responsibility?

Yet, when Dean turned to me and said he'd be back for me in an hour, I managed a smile and said yes. He was my husband and I wanted no part in this quarrel between brothers.

"It will only be this once, Andrew," I promised him, after Dean had left us to go back to the fields. "He hasn't been out of the Army long—and then there was our wedding—you can't expect him to get back in harness right away." I was trying for a light touch, but Andrew's somberness defeated me.

"I've been making excuses for him like that all his life," he said heavily, and stamped away.

BUT later, when Dean and I strolled hand in hand down to that wooded spot he called the Glen, my heart lifted with sudden gladness and I forgot the ugly scene at the lunch-table. This was too perfect! Along the lane, goldenrod bowed to our coming, poke-berries were turning from white to luscious purple. I felt free and light-hearted and gay.

The Glen was cool and mossy. We followed the path to where the tiny bridge—humped, Chinese-fashion—spanned the brook. And when we stood there Dean told me its story.

"My great-great-grandfather built this bridge to please the city girl he married. And generations of Whitley men and Whitley women have courted and kissed here. It's the one place on Whitlands where love hasn't been disguised by duty and formality and child-bearing. It's the only concession we've made to honest sentiment. This is the heart of Whitlands, darling—not the fields nor the house. And we mustn't ever let other things grow so impor-

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tant that we can't slip away sometimes and come back here."

I wasn't too sure of what he meant but it didn't matter because his mouth on mine was gentle and his arms held me with a passionate tenderness that was like a dedication. I felt closer to Dean in heart and spirit—more in love—than I ever had before.

He led me to a big oak tree whose bark was notched with heart-entwined initials. Then, while I sat using the tree's enormous roots as a chair, he drew a picture of me.

"What a miracle that no one has cut these trees down," I said, looking around me. "My father would think it was land going to waste."

Dean grinned. "The worst quarrel I ever had with Andrew was because he wanted to log a corner of the Glen to make way for a new chicken house." It seemed so unimportant here that we both laughed.

Our happiness lasted until we reached the house.

WE were late. Andrew was already in the barn doing the milking that was Dean's chore. His silent, heavy condemnation lay like a pall over the dinner table, enveloping me with an intolerable sense of guilt. For the first time in my life I had broken the rules that placed the care of farm stock above the pleasures of human beings. And I had not healed the breach between the brothers. I had widened it.

It widened through the weeks, months, that followed. To an outsider—even to me just at first—it might seem that Andrew was nagging at Dean. But I gradually understood that fear in the older man's eyes, fear that, after all, the war hadn't changed Dean. That there was no hard core in the center of him, just weak irresponsibility. He chafed at restraints, he calmly ignored Andrew's work schedules—driving himself like a demon for a while, and then, unaccountably, mysteriously, disappearing for long stretches while Andrew raged at his absence. Perhaps Andrew did ride him too hard, but even I grew impatient.

"Must you always defy Andrew? He's been running this farm while you were still in school—and he's made a success of it. Why don't you learn from him, Dean, instead of arguing with him?"

He gripped my shoulders, hard. "Is there some great virtue in plodding along as Andrew does? Must I keep at his pace? Please try to understand, Mary. The Army gave me authority; they let me use my own judgment; they let me work myself up to become an officer. Andrew never lets me alone and the only authority he respects is what his grandfather did. I want to experiment—there's a fellow who's got a new idea about not plowing the land so much—claims plowing ruins the soil. I want to try one of the fields and see if it works, but Andrew just sneers at it for a new-fangled idea."

His first words had my sympathy, but I stiffened when he began to talk about not plowing. I remembered my father's indignation at "that fellow's" experiments. In so many ways Andrew was like my father—and I respected my father's judgments.

Privately, I wondered if much of Dean's absorption in painting wasn't to escape from duties that bored him.

That wouldn't have been so bad if he'd confined his sketching to Sundays and holidays—but to interrupt his work—!

"Leaving the horses standing there in

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the field while you stopped to draw a tree! If you were a hired man I'd have fired you in a minute!" I heard Andrew storming one day.

I was stunned. This was seriously, terribly wrong.

But it didn't seem to bother Dean. Only that look of stubborn withdrawal I had learned to dread tightened his mouth. Then, with a quick change of temper, as he saw me standing nearby, he turned and smiled and his arm went around my shoulders.

"Thanksgiving only two days away—and a birthday tomorrow for my Mary! What shall I give you—pearls for your throat or diamonds to wind through your red-gold hair? Or an ivory mirror so you can see how beautiful you are, my darling?"

IT always happened that way—at his touch, at that power in his intimate, caressing voice—I forgot everything except how much I loved him. When he looked at me I was weak and shaken and perilously near to adoration. Andrew had walked away. Indeed we had forgotten all about him in that second. We had eyes only for each other.

The next morning when I hurried down to the kitchen I saw my gift. Not pearls or diamonds, but infinitely more desirable. A new stove—well, second-hand—but still sleek and whitely-gleaming and as modern as anything I had ever seen in Warmacher's Hardware Store. I was thrilled—not even my own mother had a stove as nice as this one.

When I heard the men at the door I brought clean towels to where they were washing at the back porch basins.

"It's wonderful, Dean! The one thing I really wanted, more than anything else! No more shaking ashes—no more—"

"Ashes—what are you talking about?" There was soap in Dean's eyes and he groped for the towel. "How can—oh, you mean the stove. That's not from me, that's Andrew's present to you."

I looked dumbly at the two of them and I saw that Andrew was as embarrassed as I was. I should have known that it would be he who would think of a new stove. But then—?

Dean pulled me back into the kitchen and, still holding my hand, stopped in front of the sink window.

"See anything?" he asked proudly. I followed his eyes to above the sink. For a moment I didn't know whether

to laugh or cry. Was this a joke—? But, no, this was Dean's idea of a gift to his wife! A picture—of Whitlands, I guessed, from what looked like a smear of a white house in the corner. A picture I could hardly recognize—daubs, thick daubs of paint splashed on a canvas!

Perhaps I wouldn't have minded if it hadn't suffered so miserably in contrast with Andrew's gift to me. That his own brother should think more of his wife's comfort than he did! Indignation and scorn gripped me. I could have used new curtains—even a new frying pan—and all I got was a crazy picture over a chipped enamel sink!

His hand touched my shoulders. And suddenly my anger left me. What difference if Dean was thoughtless—as long as he loved me?

"It's sweet, dear. So—so pretty with all those pastel greens and golds and red. You painted it for me and I'll treasure it always." In the insincerity of my words I could detect the same tones that Andrew used sometimes—as if we were indulging a child.

There wasn't much time for hurt feelings or disappointments that day as I rushed through my day-before-Thanksgiving preparations. There was the turkey to be stuffed, silverware to be cleaned, and all the hundred and one details to be taken care of for the dinner tomorrow. We were expecting my family for dinner.

BUT underlying all this work—and the pride I took in doing it—was the ceaseless questioning, the sorting-out of emotions, that was going through my mind.

I didn't resent Dean's giving me a worthless picture instead of a valuable stove. But I did resent the picture for the symbol of what it was. Dean had casually explained away his odd disappearances from work and his moods—he had taken time off from work, he said, because he was so determined to finish the picture before my birthday!

To his way of thinking, I suppose I should have been flattered that he thought of me first and the farm second. But I wasn't flattered. I was appalled at the absolute waste of it. Our lives were bound up in Whitlands... if the farm failed our marriage would be a failure.

I knew now that Andrew and I couldn't hope to change Dean. We both loved him. We would protect him from the criticism of others and from the results of his own frivolities. It was

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up to us to make allowances, make a pretence before the valley that Dean lived by the same code they did.

How long could that pretence go on? How long could Dean and I keep the lovely, precious, cleanly-sparkling gift of our love from being tarnished and lost because there was no bed-rock of the same simple faiths believed in, the same simple tasks shared? The tears in back of my eyes were very close to spilling over. Hopeless misery seemed to color my every thought of the future.

Did Dean sense that? Was that why, that evening, he asked me to walk down to the Glen bridge with him?

"Come out with me, darling, and see how bright the stars are and how crisp and cool the air is. You don't want to stay shut up in here—and we haven't been down to the bridge in weeks." He was coaxing, standing back of my chair, one hand playing with the ribbon in my curls.

For a moment I was tempted. The heat from the fireplace was giving me a headache—or was it those pent-up, unshed tears?—and I was tired of thinking about the work tomorrow. But there was too much to be done.

"I can't, Dean," I told him, reluctantly, "I have to check over this list and then I must mend this tear in the table-cloth—" holding it up for him to see.

ANDREW, from the window-seat where he was cleaning his gun, nodded approvingly. "There's nothing I like to see so much as a woman's head bent over her sewing, under the lamp-light. Prettiest picture in the world." I knew a little glow of pleasure from his words—but it vanished, snuffed-out, as he went on, casually tossing a bomb-shell right into my lap.

"By the way, Mary—has Dean told you I'm leaving? We talked it over and I'm buying the Hawkins place across the road. There's a house there I can live in until I build a better one."

I was horrified, stunned. "Leaving—! Andrew, what are you saying? You can't leave us! What will happen to us—to Whitlands—what would we do without you? You mustn't—!"

Dean's words behind me were light, but tenseness held them together. "It was my suggestion, Mary. Only I meant for us to take over the Hawkins place, but Andrew felt it would be easier for him to move than for the two of us."

I turned on him in fury. "You're trying to drive Andrew away because he's older and he knows more than you do and you can't stand being told what to do. You don't care what it means if Whitlands is ruined." I was beyond caring now for keeping up pretences. "I won't see this farm run-down and lost! Andrew—you can't go! Stay a while longer—someday—but right now we need you!"

My heart leaped as I saw the gratification in Andrew's eyes. He answered slowly, not looking at Dean. "Of course—I won't go if you two want me to stay. I think, myself, that it's too early for you to be on your own. You're young and you need an older head to steady you."

The porch door closed softly behind me. Relieved as I was at Andrew's promise, I nevertheless felt a rush of remorse for the anger I had turned on Dean. I hurried after him.

"Dean—" He hadn't heard my footsteps across the porch and now he whirled around quickly from the rail-

"holding her **White Hand** *
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"Sleep and Poetry"—John Keats



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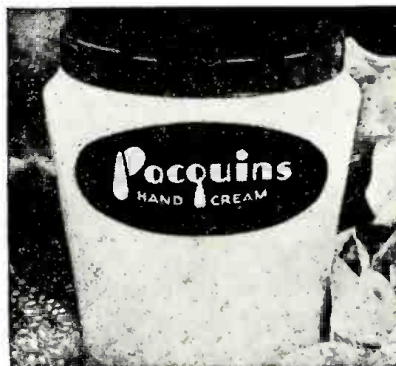


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ing. "I'm sorry that I spoke so quickly. But you should have warned me—we should have talked this over before."

In the little silence that followed, the only sound was the slow, deliberate tamping of his pipe against the wood as he knocked out the coals.

"It wouldn't have done any good to discuss it. You'd have felt the same way. I thought perhaps if Andrew definitely decided you'd *have* to agree. No—wait—" as I tried to speak—"let me finish."

"I wanted us to be alone, Mary. We'd have a chance to be happy then, because I would have responsibility and you would have had the chance to grow up. You're still a child—you're still your father's daughter and you've simply transferred those feelings and obedience on to Andrew. To you there's only one way of doing things—one way of living—and that's your father's. If someone doesn't conform to your ideas, you try to change them. Just like Andrew does."

I WAS so astonished, so angry, I couldn't have spoken even if he'd let me. It had never occurred to me that Dean might be criticizing *us*!

"Mary, darling, you've never been young! You've never rebelled against anything in your life! They've given you a set pattern of ideas—haven't you ever wanted to be free? Sometimes I think people and emotions are no more important to you than the objects in your own kitchen—and you'd like to label every emotion neatly, put them away on their proper shelves, and take them out only when needed. But I know there's another Mary, because I went on a honeymoon with that Mary. I know the great spirit and beauty and passion there is in you." His voice was strained as his hand gripped the railing.

"Does it matter so much to you that Whitlands be the prize farm in the valley? Does it mean more, even, than our happiness and our chance for freedom? Freedom to make mistakes—if you like—because we're young and they'll be our mistakes and we'll learn from them? Don't you trust me to take care of you, Mary?"

"How—by painting pictures? Do you think you can plow a field with your crayons?—or build a fence with a paintbrush?—Do you think you'll learn more than my father does—by looking at a piece of canvas?" I flung the words out of my fury. That he should criticize me—or Andrew!

He made a bewildered move to stop me, but I evaded his grasp and ran into the house. I didn't stop until I reached my room and could fling myself, sobbing, onto the bed.

Dean must have slept on the living room couch because when I crept downstairs, early, in the morning's chill, I saw it was rumpled and a blanket thrown over the back.

I had no heart for the Thanksgiving festivities, but my hands automatically went to work. I set the table for breakfast and then carried the cranberries to the sink to drain them. My eyes went, involuntarily, to the picture over the sink. With all my heart I hated it—I would have liked to smash it to ribbons. Those thick daubs, those heavy streaks of bright green and vivid yellow—what had my husband been

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thinking while he painted them? Still wondering, still tormented by the things Dean had said to me the night before, I carried the cranberries over to the table to pick them over and clean them. I sat down on the low stool and my eyes went back again, baffled, to the painting.

There was something—something different—for a second I had had an impression that I was seeing grass so real that every blade was distinct, that wind had rippled its surface. My eyes swam. I looked again.

This time I stared in dazed unbelief. By some magic—by some trick—had Dean's picture been transformed into another? Even as I stared, there flashed into my mind directions Dean had given me—directions I had ignored—"Stand back from it, Mary—you can't see what it is when you're close to it." But that it should be so entirely different!

Because out of the daubs and heavy streaks had slowly emerged a living, breathing, glowing portrait of Whitlands! Color so vivid it almost hurt—soft pastels so poignant it made you want to touch them.

MY only experience with pictures up to then had been the lithographs hanging in my mother's parlor and the calendar art of snow scenes decorating our kitchen at home. This wasn't like either of them. I knew so little about art that it had never occurred to me there were depths and perspective that could only be seen from a distance.

My eyes focussed on the sweep of greens and gold and I could actually feel the texture of grass beneath my feet and see long-stemmed flowers nodding in the wind. The smell of new earth upturned and new-mown hay lying in drifts seemed to fill my drab kitchen. The view was one I had seldom seen—the house on the left, the fields to the right, in the foreground trees and a brook and a bridge—the heart of the picture was the Glen!

My hands were trembling. Was this what Dean saw when he looked at the farm—beauty and richness and, in the core, the one spot that kept love halloved for generations of Whitley men and women? Was this what Dean had tried to remind me of, that he had hung the picture there so I would never forget the welling, vital spring of our love? This was what Whitlands meant to him—not the granaries, the barn-loft piled with hay, the pantry stocked with food, the house itself—all the things that Andrew and I meant when we spoke of the farm.

As if my thoughts had conjured him up, Andrew's heavy boots clumped in through the kitchen door. He sniffed the spicy cooking odors appreciatively. "Smells good. I'll bet this is the best Thanksgiving dinner I've had in years. No one can touch your mince pies or your baked squash, Mary."

Why should his words suddenly irritate me? I resented them—and I realized that Andrew never complimented me, never thought of me as a person. It was always praise for my cooking, for what I had done for his comfort.

"Where's Dean? Isn't he coming in for breakfast?" I found my voice was oddly shaking.

"No. Said to tell you he'd be in in time for noon dinner, but he's fussing around with those new chicken brooders he built and he can't leave them. They seem to be turning out all right." The last statement was a grudging one.

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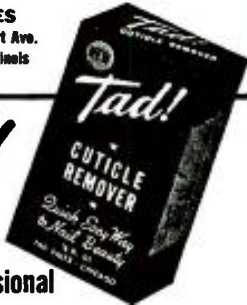
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he wanted to build the brooder. Said the old ones were good enough for you. Anger flared in me and died. What right had I to be angry with Andrew—I had thought it a waste of time, too. Could I be all wrong? Andrew left and I busied myself crimping the last pumpkin pie to put in the oven, whipping cream, and watching the pan of bubbling cranberries which were bursting their red, shiny skins over the flame. Had I been stupid to assume that Andrew knew everything and Dean nothing? I had a momentary insight on what it must be like for the two of them to work together—the one a plodder, the other all movement and quick, flashing action. But in Andrew's plodding there was dependability. Where was the strength, the staunchness in Dean?

Even the Thanksgiving morning's flurry of work couldn't rid me of these torturing thoughts that were turning my whole values upside-down.

I WAS basting the turkey when I heard Andrew at the front door, welcoming my family. I couldn't leave the oven, but presently I heard Mother's brisk footsteps coming into the kitchen. She was tying an apron around her as she walked.

"Why, you've done yourself proud, Mary," Mother said, looking around at the row of pies in the warmer, the walnuts and hazelnuts piled high in the wooden bowl, the spiced peaches dotted with their sticks of cinnamon. "I'm here to help so put me to work doing something, even if it's just filling the water glasses." I kissed her and handed her the long masher for the potatoes, while I turned my attention to the sauce for the mince pies.

I hadn't heard Dean come in but suddenly he was there, in the doorway, as I called them all to dinner.

"Dean—" I began. *What should I say?* He had paused—but as the words died in my throat he had turned away to say something to Dad. The moment had passed. I had lost my chance and we were as far apart as before.

Andrew would have taken the seat at the head of the table, but Dean held it for my father. I sent him a quick look of gratitude; only Dean would have known the pleasure that small act would give. With everyone seated there were exclamations over the rich, hunger-tantalizing smell of the soup. Once I would have been proud—now it didn't seem to matter.

We bent our heads. Andrew began the grace before my father could speak up. It was a quick prayer, cut and dried.

Heads came up. Hands reached for knives and forks and there was the rustle of napkins unfolding. But there was an interruption. Dean had pushed back his chair, and was on his feet.

"I won't take much time—I know you're all hungry. But I can't let this Thanksgiving pass without saying my gratitude for being here. Last Thanksgiving I was in New Guinea and there were times when I wondered if I'd ever be back at Whitlands again. For bringing me back, for keeping me safe, I want to give my deepest thanks to Him. I'm grateful I went, because it's given me a new vision. I have a new feeling for this land we live on, this valley, this farm. There were times, lying in

fox-holes, when I would curse myself because I couldn't remember what one corner of Whitlands looked like, because I'd been too busy working there when I was home to really see its color and beauty. It isn't how well the land produces that you think about when you think of home—it's just a longing to get back and see it and touch it. I promised myself that if I ever got back I'd never again plow with my head full of market figures and my eyes dull and my ears closed to the songs the birds were singing overhead. I used to try to paint Whitlands out there—but I never could.

"There was so little time in the jungles. I was wounded and God gave me back my life. I mean to use that life and the time I have in living. I mean to use it lavishly. I mean to enjoy every minute of it.

"*'Man does not live by bread alone'*—I don't know whether those are the exact words, but that's what I mean. I give thanks not only for this food, but for the gifts of friendship and love which we share with each other. And God grant that, in the peace to come, we acquire not only new things, but that new visions, new outlooks, new ideas come to our valley to make us free from narrowness and prejudice."

Throughout Dean's speech there had been a startled, hushed and motionless listening. All eyes were fixed on him as he sat down and a deep breath went around the table. My own eyes were blurred with tears, but I thought I could see a humbleness in Andrew's bowed head and a strange thoughtfulness on my father's face as he stared at Dean. As for me—I had known Dean in all his strength and his depth of feeling—and I had laughed at his wisdom and scorned his strength!

There was a stir, a small clatter of dishes being passed, quick rustlings of movements up and down the table. Voices spoke in subdued tones.

The tears spilled down my cheeks to the cloth. I couldn't sit here—eat—listen to their chatter when—

A hand groped for mine under the table. Fingers closed in warm tenderness over my own that were shaking, a shoulder brushed mine. Dean turned me, ever so slightly, toward him. He was smiling, his own gay, gentle, discerning smile that wiped away every misunderstanding between us.

I hadn't known I was going to speak until I heard my own voice.

"I don't know whether anyone has told you, Father, but Andrew is moving to his own place soon. He's buying the Hawkins farm across the road from us. Dean is going to run Whitlands alone."

TWO people stood late that night on a little bridge, so close—so close they might have been one. The air was still and the only sound was the brook murmuring to itself, playing tag with the stars reflected in its surface. And one of those persons was Dean—and the other was I, Mary, his wife.

"You'll have to teach me, Dean. You'll have to teach me how to live."

His arms held me tighter. "We'll learn from each other, darling. We're two parts of one whole—and that makes a marriage. I need your steadiness." His smile deepened and he whispered over my lips—"I need you, Mary."

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World of Dreams

Continued from page 28

—and her father was a stockholder in the store, and Cliff was only human.

At five o'clock I went home in despair, convinced that the nightmare story was true, expecting to find a message from Cliff cancelling our date for the evening. But there was none, and he was the same dear Cliff, lop-sided grin and all, and I forgot about Laura Brooks. Once or twice I thought to ask about her, but I didn't know how to do it without sounding petty and prying. We went dancing at a place a little way out of town, and we drove home through the silent peace of the winter night, not talking, but with Cliff's hand holding mine, and my head close to his shoulder.

When the car stopped at my door we sat moveless for a moment, and then Cliff turned and drew me into his arms. Time stopped for me then. There was only Cliff, and the sweet searching of his mouth, and the thudding of his heart so close against me that it might have been my own. "Happy, Alice?" he whispered huskily.

"So happy, Cliff—"

He tilted my chin to look into my eyes, and laughed softly, as if what he saw there pleased him. "I believe it," he said. "You're a different girl from what you were two months ago, aren't you, Alice? You've found out that living is better than dreaming. I think I wanted to tell you that from the moment you came into the store, and I saw those dream-clouded gray eyes of yours. I wanted to shake you awake, and show you all that life can be—"

HIS words went on, and there were endearments mixed in with them, but I didn't hear them. Because he sounded suddenly, not like a man in love, but like a teacher who is proudly fond of a pupil. At least, that's how it seemed to me. That's what facts made of it, facts that were coming back to me relentlessly, mockingly. Cliff's singling me out for attention just when I was about to lose my job. His inexplicable lack of concern over my work, his showing me—thoroughly and painstakingly, it seemed now—the brightest, gayest time Newton had to offer. He wasn't in love with me—he was only sorry for me.

If I needed proof, there was Laura Brooks.

He was saying something about Saturday. He couldn't see me Saturday night because there was a retailers' dinner. I nodded blindly, and said of course it was all right, and wished that he wouldn't bother to make excuses. Laura Brooks was back in town—and Cliff was as good as telling me that I no longer needed him.

I said other polite things—that I must go in now, and no, he needn't help me out, and I thanked him for a lovely, lovely time. . . .

What I did that night after Cliff had gone, I did instinctively. I packed my clothes, and left a note for my landlady, and took a cab to the bus station where I waited through the gray hours of dawn for the bus to Pine River. I didn't think about what I was doing. I was too shattered to think. All I knew was that I never wanted to see Cliff Taylor again. I was hurt, and I was creeping home, like a wounded animal, to hide. I mailed my resignation to the Newton Store from Pine River, and I addressed it to Miss Olcott.

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The farm was a haven. My parents were overjoyed to see me, and they accepted without question my explanation that I was tired and had come home for a rest. Dad led me all over the little farm, pointing proudly to the blank, snow-covered fields and talking as if they were already rich in the crops he intended to plant in the spring. Mother talked happily about Christmas, and made plans to redecorate my room. As gently as possible, I told her not to bother because I was going back to Newton.

"But you can't go so soon!" she protested. "Christmas is coming, and besides, you haven't had a real rest. You're not ready to go back—"

"But I am ready, Mother," I told her, and I was. I knew now what I wanted to do, needed to do. The few days at the farm, away from Newton and everything that spoke of Cliff, had given me new perspective, had sloughed off the bitterness I'd felt toward Cliff. He had meant to be kind; he had meant to help me, and it wasn't his fault that he didn't love me. Looking back at myself, thinking how I must have appeared to him, I couldn't see how I had dared to assume that he loved me. I'd been a dreamy child, content to live, from day to day, entranced by an extra treat like dinner at Patti's or an evening at the theater.

WHEN I went back to Newton a few days before Christmas, it was in a different spirit from the carefree, adventurous one in which I had first left Pine River. There were no dreams this time, but cold, hard plans. I was going to make something of myself.

I got a job at the Trade Mart, the retail section of a mail-order house, and an establishment as different as possible from the Newton Store. There were no carpeted floors, no indirect lighting at the Trade Mart, where overalls and cotton work-gloves were piled side-by-side with yards goods, and where the women's dress department was sandwiched in between rubber boots and house furnishings. But it was an enormous place, and on the fourth floor were spacious offices where the designs for the huge consignments of clothes the Mart ordered and shipped all over the country were chosen. I had my eye on one of those offices.

I worked as I'd never worked before in my life. I stood on my feet all day, answering questions that were put to me in a dozen different accents, sometimes in English so broken that I could hardly understand it. These weren't the well-to-do customers of the Newton Store, sleek women who shopped idly half the time. These women were poor, like the women in Pine River, and it was our business to see that they got the most for their few dollars. At night I went home to my furnished room—a room like my old one, but in a shabbier section of town, near the Mart—and made sketches of dresses that would look like those at the Newton Store and yet would sell for a fourth of the price.

At the end of January I was promoted, and few days later, in a shake-up of personnel that affected the whole store, I was promoted again, and made assistant to Miss Skelton, who was head of dress purchasing. I had reached the spacious offices on the fourth floor. I had done exactly what I'd set out to do, and in far less time than I'd expected. And yet—something was missing. My salary was double and more my starting salary; I was able to move from the furnished room to

an apartment, small, but prettily furnished. I had money to spend on clothes and amusements, or, if I wanted to be entertained, Jack Rohn, one of the junior executives, had hinted several times that he would be only too happy to take me out. And none of it had any savour. I didn't want to spend money on myself. I didn't want to go out with Jack Rohn. All I really wanted—although I hated to admit it—was to tell Cliff Taylor what I had accomplished.

THEN one night when I was dressing to go out for dinner with Miss Skelton, the doorbell rang. I pressed the buzzer to the downstairs door, and left the door to my apartment unlatched, thinking that Miss Skelton had come early, and went into the bedroom to put the finishing touches on my hair and make-up. Then I hurried back to the living room—and stood face to face with Cliff Taylor.

My heart lurched. And then, while my mind still tried to grasp the fact that he was really there, I saw that he was angry, very angry, and yet the anger was curiously mixed with relief. It seemed an age that we stood there staring at each other, and then he exploded, "Alice! How long have you had this job at the Trade Mart?"

I sat down, even more bewildered by the question. "About two months."

"Two months! Alice, do you realize that they checked your references at the Newton Store only today?"

I shook my head mutely. I hadn't the slightest idea of what he was driving at, but my heart, which had been quiet and obedient for so long, began to pound madly. Cliff. Dear Cliff, with the tortured lock of hair hanging over one eye, and the lop-sided grin—no, that wasn't right. He wasn't grinning at all. His mouth was tortured, too.

"I've been nearly crazy!" he shouted. "Whatever made you pull a trick like that—disappearing without a word! I tried every way to find you, short of going to the police. I couldn't remember the name of that town you came from, and your letter of resignation was lost, and I hadn't even a post office to go by. If your references hadn't come through with this address, I might never have found you at all—"

Cliff had been looking for me. He—I didn't dare believe it. I had to be sure—about everything. "What about Laura?" I whispered the words.

"Who?"

"Laura Brooks. Your—girl friend. The girls at the store said—"

"My—" And then comprehension dawned in his face, a kind of dumfounded comprehension. "Laura Brooks," he said in an awe-struck voice, "is the bane of my existence and a store-wide joke. She calls me up a dozen times a week, wanting me to fire one girl or another for imaginary discourtesies. She's a sour-tempered little minx whose father just about owns the store— Good lord, Alice—" Then he was beside me, and I was in his arms, and he was holding me close and hard, as if he would never let me go, and shaking me a little, too. "Alice—you darling idiot! Is that why you left? Of all the fool things—"

"But Cliff, I thought—" And then I shut my lips. There was no reason to tell him what else I'd thought. Perhaps at first he had taken me out of kindness. Perhaps I had been just a dreamy, fuzzy-brained child to him—but I wasn't any more. I was the woman he loved, and there would never again be reason to doubt it.

It's the day before Christmas



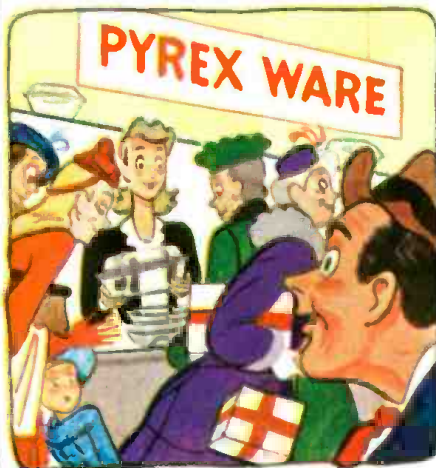
1.

It's the day before Christmas
And all through the shops,
Poppa is running
With starts and with stops.



2.

What to give Momma?
What to give sister?
What to give grandma?
(It bothers the mister!)



3.

When just as he's ready
To give up in despair,
What does he see
But a sign "PYREX WARE"!



4.

So he takes off his hat,
Throws it high in the air,
And solves his gift problems
With smart PYREX WARE!



POPPA LOVE MOMMA? This Pyrex Double-Duty Casserole helps her make a dozen different tasty dishes. The cover comes in handy as an extra pie plate! 3 sizes. Family (2 qt.) size only **75¢**



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*"Darling...
you are mine forever"*

This Christmas Give Her "The Gift That Starts the Home"

PATIENTLY she waits for you... her every thought a prayer for you and a happy future together.

If she could only start now the peaceful home you both have always yearned for—that's her fondest wish!

And it's a wish you can make come true—with this perfect gift of love, her own Lane Cedar Hope Chest! No other gift offers such sure protection for the cherished treasures that start your happy home of tomorrow.

LANE is the only chest with all these MOTH PROTECTION features

Built of 3/4-inch Aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, LANE Cedar Hope Chests combine an age-old romantic tradition with nature's own moth destroyer... the aroma of Red Cedar.

No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses the power of Red Cedar to destroy moths.

LANE Cedar Hope Chests are the only aroma-tight, pressure-tested Red Cedar Chests in the world. That's why Lane moth protection is sure and guaranteed by a free moth insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtel's Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

*"This is what
he's fighting for"*



No. 1964. 18th Century drawer design in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.



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IN THE ARMED SERVICES**

If you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the town where you want a chest sent, write to us. It will be delivered in accordance with your wishes.

No. 2043. (above) A modern design of exquisite beauty. American Walnut, Oriental Wood, and New Guinea veneers used on exterior. Hand-rubbed and polished. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray. **\$39.50**

*Slightly higher in West and Canada
Subject to OPA rulings*

*Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be
had in many styles and woods.*



No. 2011. A colonial chest in antique Maple with the simple lines and chaste beauty found only in chests of authentic design. Equipped with Lane Patented Automatic Tray.

A MILLION MAIDENS

YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT!

LANE Cedar HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME

To Be Thankful For—

Continued from page 52

liquid mixture and repeat layers, using liquid as final layer. Bake at 375 degrees about 30 minutes, adding more orange juice if dish gets too dry.

Baked Onions

24 small white onions
 ¾ cup melted butter or margarine
 ¼ tsp. pepper
 Pinch mace

Parboil onions in salted water (1 tsp. salt to 1 qt. water). Drain. Melt butter in baking dish, add pepper and mace and toss onions in mixture, as you toss a salad, until all are well coated. Bake at 375 degrees about 30 minutes. Both sweet potatoes and onions may be started in oven with turkey, if there is room; after turkey is removed, increase temperature and continue cooking.

Turkey Gravy

3 tbs. fat
 3 tbs. flour
 2 cups cold liquid
 Salt and pepper to taste

Pour off surface fat, retaining the fat and juice mixture at the bottom of the pan for gravy. Add flour, mix well, and cook over low heat until bubbly and slightly brown. Add cold liquid (all at once; adding it gradually will make gravy lumpy) made by combining giblet mixture with sufficient cold water to make 2 cups, cook and stir until thickened, then boil for 5 minutes.

Cranberry Sauce

1 qt. cranberries

2 cups sugar 1 cup water

Pick over and wash cranberries. Drain. Combine sugar and water in fairly deep pot and cook together for 5 minutes. Add cranberries and cook just below boiling point until all have popped open (7 to 10 minutes). Pour into individual molds (a muffin tin is good) which have been rinsed in cold water and chill until ready for serving.

Pumpkin Chiffon Pie

1 package orange flavored gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 ½ cup milk
 ½ cup sugar
 ½ tsp. salt
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 ¼ tsp. allspice
 ½ tsp. ginger
 Dash of ground cloves
 2 tbs. molasses
 2 cups mashed cooked (or canned) pumpkin
 2 egg whites
 4 tbs. sugar
 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. In top of double boiler mix thoroughly egg yolks, milk, ½ cup sugar, salt, spices and molasses and cook, stirring steadily, until mixture will coat spoon. Remove from heat, blend in gelatin mixture and pumpkin and chill until mixture thickens slightly. Beat egg whites frothy, beat in 4 tbs. sugar and beat until stiff. Fold into gelatin mixture, pour into cold baked pie shell and chill until serving time.

There Is No Yesterday

Continued from page 33

I finished dressing and hurried down the stairs. As always, the idea of seeing Howard in a little while quickened everything I did with expectancy. At the console table in the hall, I stopped to look through the pile of mail. I always did, though there never had been anything for me. I always hoped I'd find some clue there, some letter from the family (though I was somehow sure I didn't have any) or a friend.

AS it was, I almost missed the letter. I was so unused to seeing my name that when I came across an envelope addressed to Miss Mildred Abbot I started to shuffle it in with the other letters not for me. Then, with a start of recognition, I pulled it out and stood there holding it.

The address was typewritten. In the upper left hand corner was printed the return address: Anthony, Wilder and Sloan, Attorneys at law, 451 Wedgewood Road, Ansonia, Ore.

I stared at it. The names meant nothing. And attorneys at law—why were lawyers writing to me? My heart began to thump with that familiar mixture of dread and hope as I tore it open.

The letter was typewritten, too, and the letterhead was the same as on the envelope. It said:

"Dear Miss Abbot: The matter upon which you consulted us a few days ago has been acted upon insofar as we feel advisable until the return of Mr. Anthony to the city. Immediately upon his return I am sure that he will get

in touch with you and that he will be able to be of greater assistance to you than I have been. I regret to say that this situation requires most delicate handling, and I feel that Mr. Anthony may not care to represent you in it. It is the sort of case which this office, in my long association with it, has never cared to handle. You wish to extricate yourself from your situation as quickly as possible but I can suggest only that you consult Mr. Anthony. Sincerely yours, Thomas Sloan."

But what did it mean? Under the stilted wording, I sensed something stronger than mere disapproval of myself and the "situation" I had gotten myself into. There was almost a warning that whatever I had done was too bad for a law firm to handle.

HAD I done something to get in trouble with the law—something illegal, perhaps dishonest? If not, why had I come seeking help? April 10—that, Mrs. McIlvane had said, was the day I first arrived at her house. Then I must have gone to Anthony, Wilder and Sloan the very day of my arrival in Ansonia. Maybe I had come here on purpose to see Anthony, Wilder and Sloan. . . . Thoughts and conjectures, all frightening, raced through my mind and, coming so close on the terror of my dream, brought back the feeling of groping endlessly through a black tunnel that had no beginning and no exit.

I stuffed the letter into my bag and hurried on out to catch the bus to



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A single Lustre-Creme shampoo will reveal breath-taking beauty you never dreamed your hair could possess! Gently rub a wee bit of Lustre-Creme into your scalp and Presto!—a burst of lather quickly cuts away grease and city-soot that makes hair drab and unmanageable. Lustre-Creme lathers instantly—even in hardest water. There is no waste of shampoo—no messy dribblings to trickle down your neck.

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This marvelous shampoo is selling so quickly throughout the nation that you may not be able to obtain it at your favorite cosmetic counter immediately. But Kay Daumit wants you and every member of your family to experience the thrill of using Lustre-Creme. She has packaged a limited quantity of generous size trial jars, available upon request. Sorry—but only one jar to each family.



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Please send me, postage prepaid, your generous size trial jar of Lustre-Creme, for which I enclose 25c to cover all costs.

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NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-
Care Perfume



FOLLOW ME
(Suissez Moi)
The Perfume That
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work. One thing was certain: Anthony Wilder and Sloan, whoever they were, evidently knew more about me than I—or anyone else—knew about myself. They would be able to cast some light on the past. But suppose it was a shameful past, suppose I had done something wrong... then the picture of Mildred Abbot that I had so carefully built up fell into pieces. If the implications I read in that letter were true, then I could have been anything, done anything.

"No, no, no," I found myself whispering, just as in the dream. If that were the truth, then I didn't want to know it. Not yet. Give me a little while longer—to get strong, to be as Howard thought I was, to go on in this new life I'd made and felt happy in—before I had to come face to face with truth. If Mildred Abbot had done something wrong, then let her stay obliterated forever, lost back there somewhere on the day she walked so unseeingly into Howard Coles' car.

HOWARD was already at his desk when I reached the office. He looked up as I passed him on the way to my own. Though his manner was always impersonal with me in the office, his eyes were not. They always held a special message. Now they said, "Hello, my darling,"—while the words he spoke said, "Good morning, Miss Abbot."

Then, as I answered, his face showed concern. "What's the matter—are you ill? You're as white as if you'd seen a ghost."

I have. I've seen the ghost of a girl who might have been.

Aloud, I said, "I'm all right. Really I am. I just didn't—sleep very well."

"I've worked you too hard," he said contritely. "After all, you're not over that head injury yet. They take a long time in some cases."

"No, really, I'm perfectly all right. Now about this re-order on the heavy-weight carton—"

"I wanted to talk to you about that," he said slowly. "As a matter of fact, we've got several re-orders to fill and we've got to work out the schedule for the machines. I was going to ask if you'd mind staying late tonight—have a sandwich here with me in the office, and work on afterwards. But you're too tired. You'd better go on back home now..."

"No. Please let me stay. I'm strong enough. I'd really like to stay on tonight," I found I was almost pleading. I didn't want time to think and puzzle and be afraid. I wanted work and I wanted—needed—to be near him. "Work helps when you're feeling sort of fuzzy and confused, and that's all that's the matter with me."

"Well," he said, still doubtful. "We'll see."

I tried to concentrate that day on the letters I had to type, the figures I had to tabulate on the adding machine, the papers that had to be sorted and filed. In spite of myself, I found my thoughts returning again and again to that letter in my purse. I got it out and read it over several times. With each re-reading, it seemed somehow to grow more menacing and to hold more threat over the Mildred Abbot I'd thought of myself as being. And in all my confusion, one fact seemed gradually to emerge. One that I had to face. Not knowing anything about myself, being like a strange visitor on a strange planet as far as my life was concerned, I had built up a new personality for

the girl I wanted to be. I had done it unconsciously and out of the lostness. But I had also done it for Howard Coles. I had tried to make myself worthy of his love because—and this was the most terrifying and the most exciting truth of all—since the day he had come to see how I was, I'd wanted him to love me.

The day wore on. There was the familiar, steady thump of the cutting machines from the mill, the pungent odor I'd grown so used to of glue and wet, heavy paper. There were the voices of the foremen through the thin partition as they came into Howard's office to consult with him and receive their orders . . . all the steady, homely sounds of a busy mill at work, that had come to mean so much to me because they meant the known and not the unknowable.

And there was also that letter and the memory of my dream.

At five, the machines were stilled, the telephone stopped ringing, the voices said "Goodnight" and then receded into going home. Finally, Howard and I were alone in the mill.

WE worked steadily. Schedules had to be figured, dictated, typed, filed. Prices had to be tabulated, delays allowed for, chemicals ordered. Howard sent out for sandwiches and coffee and as we ate, we kept on working. Through it all, I was aware of the silence around us—that strange silence that means the hush of usual sounds, that exists only in places that have been peopled and now are emptied, that different, more intimate kind of silence that comes at night. Although neither of us looked at the other, I knew we were both aware of it and of each other in it.

It was late when Howard finally sat back in his chair and ran his fingers through his hair. "Well," he said, "that's it. A good day's work. Time to stop now." He looked at me and grinned. "Time for you to stop being 'Miss Abbot', too, and become 'Mildred.'"

He was teasing me but when he said *Mildred*, it was like a caress. I began hurriedly gathering together my notebook and papers. This was too personal between us, too sweet, too heady. I started to get up—and then fell back into the chair, suddenly dizzy and weak with fatigue. For just a second the world blacked out.

"Darling!" He was beside me and his arms were cradling me as if I were a child. "I've worn you out. Oh, my sweet, I could cheerfully shoot myself," he said savagely. "Here, I think I've got some brandy in the locker somewhere—"

"No, no. I'm all right. Just—hold me." All resistance was gone. I no longer cared if it were too personal, too sweet. I just wanted his arms around me.

For a moment he held me quietly. I raised my head and our eyes met. There was a breathless pause and then, irresistibly and with a kind of inevitable force, I was standing held close against him and his lips were on mine, searching and passionate.

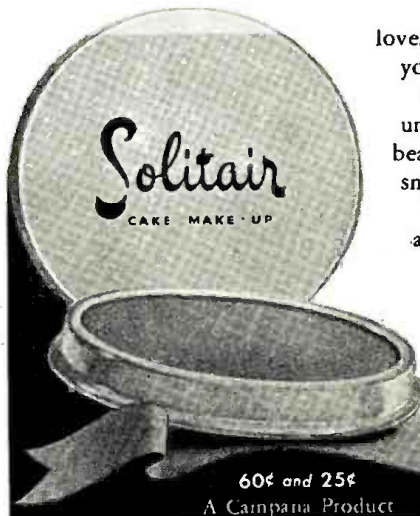
All fatigue and all reality were shorn away. Depths of feeling quickened into existence. Our bodies seemed molded together in some inescapable unity and, mounting in me with the quickening excitement, was the overwhelming need to be ever and ever closer, more and more one with him.

From outside, the lonely mill shed its silence over us like a shield. I

-the girl he can't forget



*-the girl with a
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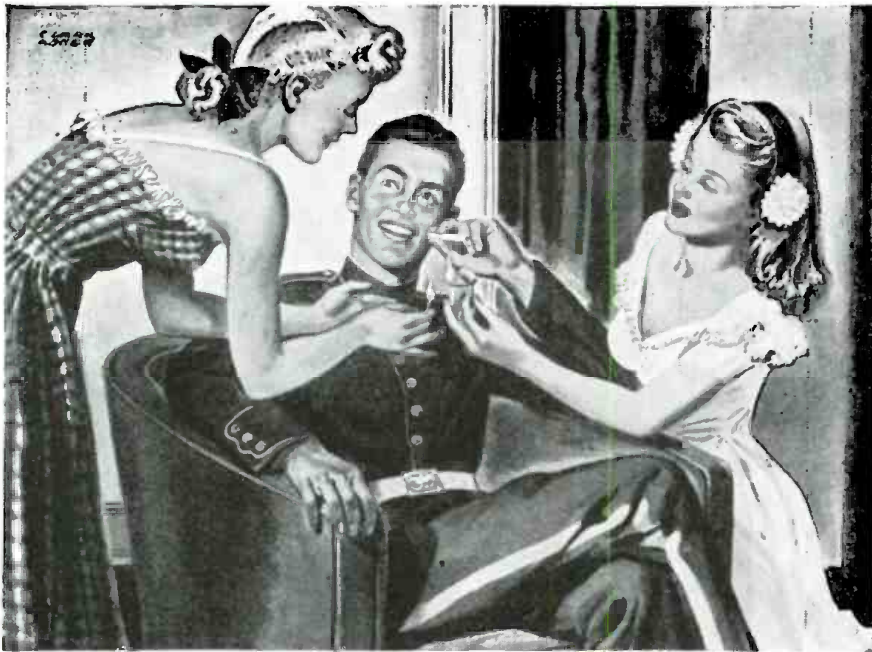
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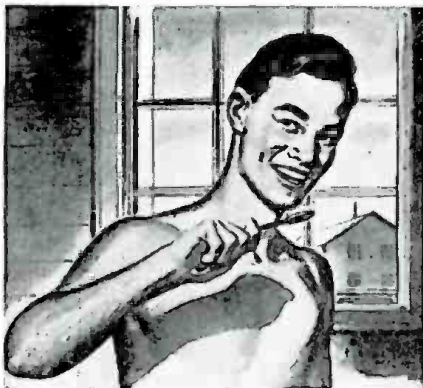
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seemed to be following an urgent and a needful path, with his arms and lips, his own urgency, to lead the way . . .

And then, suddenly, almost roughly, he was putting me from him.

His face was pale and his hands were trembling. "I'd better take you home," he said harshly.

I slumped back against the desk. It was as if some goal had been denied me, and the denial left me weak and shaken. For a second our eyes met, in recognition and in yearning, and then realization swept over me and I covered my face with my hands.

"God, Mildred, I'm sorry . . ." And in the huskiness of his voice, I sensed his wanting again to touch me and the hard-won effort not to. "I—I—" Then the words came out with a rush. "I'm so crazy in love with you I don't know what I'm doing. I wouldn't hurt you for the world, my darling—I just lost my head. . . ."

I wanted to answer. I wanted to tell him, out of my new and shocking inner knowledge, that it hadn't been his fault.

"Mildred—please, darling. I want to marry you. I should wait to tell you this, I know, but I can't. You're all I want or will ever want. Marry me, sweet—marry me right away."

SOMEHOW, out of my love for him, somehow I found the courage to face the realization in myself and to face him with it. I pulled myself erect and looked at him.

"I love you, too," I said steadily. "More than anything in the world. But I can't marry you, Howard. I can't because—you see, I don't even know who I am. And—I think—I may be married already."

There. It was said. It was out in the open—that shameful possibility. For I knew now that the path I'd needed and wanted to follow so desperately a moment ago was not entirely a strange path to me. I had traveled it before—not with Howard, but with someone. My own sure response, my own unquestioning acceptance of it, had proved that to me. And I knew now that I was not the inexperienced girl I had pictured Mildred Abbot to be.

His voice came quietly. "I've known—there was something wrong. Something not quite right. I could tell not only in the outer things—like your refusal to talk about yourself or your vagueness about things you ought to know—but it was there, in you—some deep uneasiness or bewilderment. You've lost your memory, haven't you? Was it the blow on the head?"

I nodded. "When I came to in the room at Mrs. McIlvaney's, I didn't know where I was. I'd never seen the room before. And I couldn't remember even my name. Oh, Howard—" I clung to him then, to all his strong sureness, in the blessed relief of telling the truth at last and sharing my fear with someone I loved.

"And you've had no clue—nothing? What makes you think you might be—married?" He said that last with difficulty, and I loved him all the more.

I told him then about the man in the photograph, about the dream, and about what I had felt a little while ago. I told him everything I could think of—all the efforts I'd made to patch Mildred Abbot together out of the meager things I had to work with. All

Hurry the End—buy War Bonds

of it poured out—the loneliness, the fear.

He listened calmly, asking a question now and then. And when I finished, he said, "Don't worry, my darling. You're the bravest girl I've known to do what you've done—go on building up a new life for yourself when the old one was a blank. I think maybe you'd better see a doctor—they know about such things. But we can decide about that tomorrow. Now you're going home and get some sleep. . . . And just remember this," he said with fierce assurance. "What you've told me doesn't change a thing. I'll always love you, always want you. If you are married—well, we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. It may not be true at all."

WHEN he said it, I could almost believe it, and I was comforted. Quietly then, making an effort for normal behavior, we turned out the lights, locked up the office, and Howard drove me home.

There was a telephone message on the table in the hall for me, in Mrs. McIlvaney's sprawling handwriting. "Mr. Edwin Anthony wants you to call him at his home, no matter how late it is. He says it is important." And a telephone number followed.

I thrust the piece of paper out to Howard. "I can't!" I cried incoherently. "That's the lawyer—the letter from Anthony, Wilder and Sloan I told you about. Anthony's the one I'm supposed to see. Oh, Howard, I can't—"

"But you've got to, darling. These people know who you are. They can help you."

"But I must be in trouble or I wouldn't have gone to them in the first place. And they don't want to help me—the letter said so. I might have done some-

thing bad—something shameful. I don't want to know it if I did! I'd rather go on like this, being scared and half alive, than that—" I was close to hysteria.

"Now wait, Mildred. You've had a terrible experience, and this has been a trying day for you. But you can't go on running away. I don't think you've done anything terrible because I know you well enough to know you couldn't. Whatever it is, you've got to have the courage to face it. *You've got to know.*"

Everything in me seemed to cry out against it. Everything in me wanted to turn and flee. Yet Howard was right—I knew that. And from his strength, I must somehow borrow, and then make my own, enough strength to do what he said.

Gently he led me to the telephone. He dialed the number for me and thrust the receiver into my hand. "Believe me, my sweet, it's better this way. Do it now and get it over with. And I'll be right here beside you all the time."

YES, he was right there beside me. He would always be right there beside me. A man's voice answered. And I heard myself say tremblingly, "This is Mildred Abbot. Is Mr. Anthony there—"

"Mildred! My dear, I've tried to reach you for hours." It was a resonant, forceful sort of voice that carried authority. It sounded middle-aged, or older, and I had the feeling its owner was used to being obeyed. It rumbled on now. "I can't tell you how distressed I was to get home from the trip and find the note you left for me when you arrived in town. And when I talked to Sloan and learned what

you told him, I was more distressed than ever. My dear, you don't realize what you're doing!"

"No," I said with a wild impulse to laugh at the truth of what I was saying, "I—I guess I don't."

"Running away like that. Does Charles know where you are?"

"Charles?" Panic was beginning to creep over me.

"Yes, Charles—" the voice sounded a little impatient. "Does he know where you are?"

I—DON'T think so. I mean, I haven't had a letter or anything." It was only Howard's presence that kept me going on at all. I wanted to hang up and run away.

"You mean you have left him to worry all this time? Mildred, you have behaved very badly indeed—dangerously, even. As an attorney, it's my candid opinion you're in trouble. And as your uncle, I think—"

"My what? What did you say?"

There was a short, electric pause. Then the voice said gently, "My dear, are you ill? Are you sure you're quite all right?"

"I have been ill," I stammered. "I mean, I was knocked down by a car and—"

"But why didn't you tell me? I'll be right over—"

"No, no! I'm all right now. It's just that sometimes I don't—understand things very well. That last thing you said, for instance—"

"It doesn't matter now. The important thing is that if you've been hurt or ill, you must be taken care of. I'll come by to see you in the morning, and we can thresh all this trouble out then. And I'm convinced you're going to be

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a sensible girl about it and do what you ought to do. Marriage is a serious business, my dear, and divorce under these circumstances is almost unthinkable—"

I didn't hear any more. I sat, frozen, while the words imbedded themselves in my consciousness. *Marriage . . . divorce . . . divorce . . . marriage . . .*

They blotted out even the fact that this man—this Edwin Anthony—was my uncle. He knew me. He knew all about me. He was part of my family, and he could reveal all there was to know about myself. Yet what he had already revealed was almost unendurable.

I didn't listen to what he was saying now. Not until insistently the words intruded and I found myself repeating after him, "Tomorrow at eleven." Then I hung up.

I looked at Howard, unable to speak. I felt only the frozen starkness emanating from my heart. "What is it, sweetheart?" Howard said. "Why do you look like that? Who is this man?"

"My uncle," I said bleakly. "And he says I'm married. I'm married, Howard. I haven't any right to you—to my love for you—to anything concerning you." Then the frozenness cracked and I was weeping wildly. "I can't stand it! I won't stand it. I won't see him tomorrow—I'll run away—I'll—"

"Mildred. Hush!" He was stern, almost harsh. "You can't run away from the truth. Whatever it is, you've got to face it. And don't you see, my darling, the first step is finding out about yourself. He can tell you. You've got to see him . . . But now I'm going to get Mrs. McIlvaney . . ."

I COULDN'T stop my wild sobbing. It was as if all the dams of restraint had broken at last, all the conflicting emotions of the day—the many days—was shattered at last. Dimly I was aware of Howard's talking with my landlady. "She's had a shock—some bad news—better get her to bed with a sedative—"

They were helping me upstairs, and Howard was saying, "I'll be here tomorrow when your uncle comes." And Mrs. McIlvaney was undressing me, putting me to bed, giving me something bitter in a glass of water. Presently, gradually, the sobs ceased. At last there was only deep oblivion.

When I woke next morning, I had the curious feeling time had telescoped. Past and present had become one, and the pattern I had lived once was repeating itself exactly. There was the same confused awakening, the same fuzzy feeling in my head. The sunlight lay brightly across the flowered rug, and there was an echo of the knowledge that somehow this wasn't my room and I didn't belong in it. There was even the same soft knock at the door and Mrs. McIlvaney was, as before, bringing in the breakfast tray and saying soothing words. And in a little while Howard would come and that, too, would be the same.

Only not quite. With Howard's coming the pattern would change. There would be the love—full-blown and acknowledged, instead of burgeoning—between us. And there would be Edwin Anthony—with whatever he would have to tell me.

Flashes of the conversation last night came back, muddled and half remembered, but with one facet clear and frightening as a bolt of lightning: I was married. I had sensed it once

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AT ALL S. B. STORES

in Howard's arms, I had been told it as a fact last night, in a little while now I would have to face it. How bitterly ironic that the one ray of light in the darkness of my past should be the thing to shatter all my present life!

But what kind of person could Mildred Abbot be, to be the wife of one man and in love with another? I had wanted a divorce, but Mr. Anthony (it was impossible to think of him as "uncle") had said that was unthinkable.

I only toyed with breakfast. I couldn't eat. Despair and panic weighed too heavily for anything but lying still and dreading what was to come.

I don't know how long I waited in that agony of dread before the second knock came. The door opened to admit Howard followed by an older man.

My heart leaped as it always did at sight of him, but my gaze was pulled to the other. He was walking toward me—a tall, finely-built man with iron gray hair and a determined face. He stooped and kissed me on the forehead. I had never seen him before in my life. "Are you—Mr. Anthony?" I said.

"My dear." His blue eyes looked searchingly into mine. Then he said gently, "I am your Uncle Edwin." He looked at Howard and shook his head. "It's—incredible. When you came this morning and told me I believed you of course, but—it just doesn't seem possible!" He turned back to me. "You don't know me? Seeing me doesn't stir the faintest recollection? Try, Mildred—try to remember."

I FORCED myself to look steadily at him. I tried to force my mind back. I struggled to recapture anything, any slight stirring of memory. There was nothing. I shook my head hopelessly. "I'm trying but it's all—just dark."

He sat down heavily in the chair beside the bed. "My poor child. You must have medical help and at once. I know a doctor—a psychologist—I'll get in touch with him—"

"No, please!" Some urgency made me desperate. "I don't want a doctor yet. You tell me who I am. And—" I forced the words out—"tell me who my husband is. Is he Charles?"

He nodded gravely. "Charles Abbot. You see, Mr. Coles here came to my home early this morning and told me the whole story—knocking you down with his car, giving you a position in his office, and then your revelation that you had lost your memory. At first, I could hardly believe it. Now I can realize that it's all too true. . . . Yes, my dear, Charles Abbot is your husband. You were married to him two years ago, right after your mother's death. You—"

"Wait! Howard—in that bottom drawer, there is a picture. A picture of a man. Will you get it please and show it to—to my uncle?"

Howard quietly crossed the room, opened the drawer, and got out the photograph that had haunted me for so long. He gave it to Uncle Edwin.

"Yes, this is Charles. And it means—nothing to you?"

I lay back against the pillows, weak and sick. I needed, I wanted, to look at Howard but I dared not. "No. I used to look at it and wonder who it was. It was the only thing I had. I—think I must—where is he now?"

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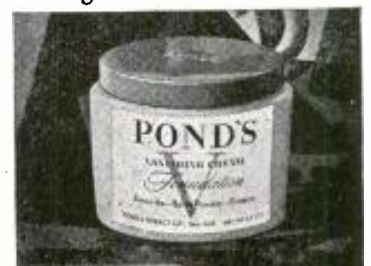
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Uncle Edwin leaned forward and gently took my hands. "Hadn't we better get the doctor?" he said. "This is all so painful for you—I may be doing harm. Let me call—"

"No!" I cried frantically. "I don't want a doctor yet. I want to know where this man is, who he is!"

"I THINK it's better this way, sir," Howard said. "We can get the doctor later if we need to."

"Well, then, I imagine Charles is away on a business trip or he would have found you before this. He's a building contractor and is now engaged in enlarging army camps for the government. You, my dear, seem to have run away from him during one of his absences from home. You came here, apparently, to see me. At any rate, when I got back in town I found a note you'd left for me at my house on the day you arrived. It said only that you had to talk to me about a divorce. Then you went to my office and talked to my partner. All you would tell him is that you had to have a divorce but you wouldn't give any reason for it. You admitted that Charles supported you well, that he was a good husband and seemed to love you. You were—quite incoherent, my dear. And, frankly, it seemed to us a cruel and dangerous thing you were doing.

"You see," he paused a moment and then forced himself to go on. "It's so terrible to have to tell you things you should remember for yourself! You see, your father died when you were four. You were an only child and I always felt my sister protected you too much, spoiled you. Then when she died, when you were nineteen, I wanted you to come and live here in Ansonia with me. But you preferred to say on in Ruxton and finish the business course you were taking. Then, suddenly, you and Charles Abbott were married. He seemed a fine, upstanding young man with a good future and I felt you would be happy. We were rather out of touch then, you and I—but I had occasional letters from you and they worried me. You didn't seem to want to make a home for Charles. You insisted on getting a job in an office. You—I don't know, there was something strange about those letters. I felt you were hurting Charles. And then—you suddenly, and for no apparent reason, appeared here, almost hysterically demanding a divorce."

If it hadn't been for Howard's strong, understanding presence beside me, I couldn't have stood that recital of my life. And, yet, the very fact he was there to hear it made the whole thing worse. Underneath the-matter-of-fact story my uncle was telling, I sensed his

condemnation of a spoiled, selfish, cowardly person. A girl who married suddenly and then wouldn't make a home for her "fine, upstanding" husband. A girl who ran away. Who—

I covered my face with my hands. "It can't be true. You're telling me this for some reason of your own! You—"

Instantly Howard's arm was around me. "Hush, darling. There must be a good reason for whatever you did. I know you, and I know you aren't capable of anything cruel or cowardly or underhand. When we know the reason, we'll know the real truth."

"But I can't remember the reason. I can't remember! This could all be lies and I wouldn't know the difference."

"I was afraid of this," Uncle Edwin said worriedly. "I've only upset her. I insist on calling Dr. Barlow—this is out of our hands now." He pulled a large, old-fashioned watch from his pocket. "He ought to be in his office now—"

I felt something in me tense, as if ready to spring, as my attention was caught and held by that watch. That curious, heavy watch, with the gold-faced dial and the large numerals. I stared at it, fascinated. And then, slowly, I stretched out my hand.

"That watch..." I said indistinctly. "I—it's—wait."

There was a quality of arrested motion over everything... Uncle Edwin's hand holding the watch stopped in mid-air as he was about to return it to his pocket, Howard's grip on my shoulder, both their faces turned toward me, and my hand reaching out for the old, heavy piece of gold... all of us seemed like statues.

"WHEN you press something on the side, are there little chimes that tell the time—a sort of little tune?"

"Yes. Yes!" Uncle Edwin cried excitedly. "It was your father's—his grandfather's before him. You played with it many times as a child. Your mother gave it to me when he died..."

"Then press it!" I cried. "Let me hear the chimes. Let me hear it."

Uncle Edwin's hand moved. In the tense silence, the tiny, silvery little sound fell into that quiet room.

And with the notes, the mists of darkness that had held me were suddenly swept away. Magically and overwhelmingly, memory was rushing back like an unstoppable torrent.

The curtain is lifting, and at last Mildred Abbot sees into the past. Is the actuality there even more terrifying than her frightened imaginings? Be sure to read the gripping conclusion of this serial in January RADIO MIRROR on sale Friday, December 8.



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Farewell, My Love

Continued from page 51

without his speaking of love for me was agony, so that I asked myself over and over as I lay sleepless in bed at night, *Will he never say it, will he never say it?*

No wonder, then, that my urgings to him to answer the charges against him were frantic, although I managed to keep my tongue under control. "If you tell your story simply to the people—as simply as you've told it to me—they'll understand," I told him.

But he only shook his head. "No, Elizabeth—if this row goes on any longer, it's going to hurt the school—divide the student body as well as the community and create an atmosphere in which no one could work or study. I'll simply have to face it—Plainsville isn't yet ready for me, or someone like me, and I might as well be pleasant instead of vindictive about it."

How about me? I wanted to cry at him. *Oh, Dennis, how about me? What will happen to me if you go away? How am I to live, to go back to that gray world that was my life before you came?* But I could only say, aloud, "There's really a deadlock on the school board, you know. If you'd talk to Dr. Elliott, or to Mr. Martin, perhaps you could break that deadlock."

"I have broken the deadlock," he said. "I've resigned."

I COULD feel the firm ground crumbling under my feet. I had been without hope—Dennis had given me a future to fight for. I had been old—Dennis had made me young again. And now he was going away.

"I—I—don't want you to go," I said, after what seemed like eternity. It was a formal little speech, so ridiculously inadequate. But I had no words that I dared express for what I really felt.

"I want to go," Dennis began, and his words cut like a sharp blade, hurt me as he would have hurt if he had slapped me across the face.

Until he added, "But only if you will go with me."

It was such a simple phrase, so different from the words I had put into his mouth in my dreams of this moment. Such a simple little phrase—and sweeter than all the extravagant protestations he could ever have spoken.

And I could find no answer but a blushing, stammering, "I? Go? But where?" like a schoolgirl.

"To Connecticut," he replied. "I've been offered an associate professorship at a small university there." And then, when he saw the bewilderment on my face, he added, "Don't misunderstand, Elizabeth. I don't need a secretary, or an assistant. What I want is a wife."

Those were the first words he'd ever spoken to me that I would have dared to consider personal. Always we had talked about our work, and our professional, not personal, hopes and plans. It was almost funny. I had waited so long for one little word of encouragement from him, one little sign that he cared for me, one little indication upon which I might pin my hopes that sometime in the future he would come to love me enough. And now, all at once, it had come. I was too amazed to answer.

"Don't look so startled," he pleaded. "Oh, Elizabeth, surely you must have

guessed what you mean to me. Why, I can't imagine my life without you."

Nor could I imagine a life without Dennis, particularly now that I knew he loved me and needed me, as I had known for months—and struggled to conceal it—that I loved and needed him. Why, of course! It didn't matter now what this small town, with its inertia and its bigotry, thought or did. Dennis and I would go away together, make a future such as we had planned—together.

Dennis was close to me now, his hands on my shoulders, compelling my so-willing lips up to meet his. All the things that I had longed for, all the things I once thought had passed me by, all the things I knew in that moment that the future held for me, were in Dennis' kiss. And all the starved yearning, the loneliness, the aching tenderness I had only been able to imagine before, was in my kiss that answered his. There was no strangeness in it, no sense of something done a first time. We had belonged to each other from the beginning of time; we would belong to each other until time's ending.

In a moment he began to talk to me, his voice different, somehow. Now it was a gentle voice, a quiet one—the voice that lovers use. And he was telling me of what was to come for us—painting an appealing picture of the life we would lead in the little college town . . . a house of our own, where Dennis' students could come as friends . . . a chance to study as well as work. "And you can help me, darling," he was saying. "We'll do everything together—always."

I had never wanted anything so much in my life. Here, all in one, were offered to me all the things in the world that my lonely spirit craved—youth around me, love, a home of my own, something to believe in. But I knew that this was like hearing a story that carries you away from reality for a moment, but sets you back down with a crash into your own humdrum world the moment the tale is completed. And so I listened dully, as a condemned man must listen to stories of the world outside prison walls, knowing he will never see or hear those things again.

AND at last I had to stop him—I could stand the tantalizing of joys forever outside my reach no longer. Unconsciously I moved closer in his arms, for comfort, for protection, as I told him, "Dennis—Dennis, I can't!"

I could actually feel the shock of surprise run through him. "You can't? What do you mean, Elizabeth? You can't marry me—you can't go away with me—what?"

I felt suddenly dull and heavy, as you do when you come out from under an anesthetic—sickish and stupid, and knowing that in a little while this will wear off, and the pain will begin again.

"I mean that I can't marry you because I can't go away with you, Dennis. I can't leave Plainsville."

Never once, in all the time that I dreamed of a future with Dennis, had I thought of that future anywhere else but in Plainsville.

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Dennis laughed, a strange startled laugh, as if someone had played a joke on him more startling than funny.

"Elizabeth, darling, what do you mean?" He moved back from me a little, so that he could look down at me. "What do you mean? Why can't you leave Plainsville?"

"Mother." That was all I could manage to say.

Dennis' voice warmed again. "Oh, Elizabeth—did you think I'd ask you to leave your mother behind? Of course we'll take her with us. You mustn't ever for a moment think I don't want her, because I do. It'll be good for her—"

I shook my head to stop him. "Dennis, you don't understand. Mother can't be moved. Just a few months ago I asked Dr. Merwin if I could take Mother away on a short trip. I thought it would be good for her. And he told me that—that she could never leave her room again."

"But Elizabeth, this isn't like a trip. This is moving, to a new home. She can be taken to the train in an ambulance, and put right to bed in a compartment, and have a nurse with her all the time. Don't you see?"

I FELT as if he were moving away from me, and I clenched my hands into fists at my sides to keep them from reaching out to hold him. "Dennis—dearest. It won't work. It can't be. I asked the doctor, very carefully, because I wanted to know exactly what Mother's condition was. And he told me bluntly that she would die if she ever left her room again. It wouldn't only be the moving, but it would be the excitement of going to a strange place. You can't control that, he said, even with sedatives, or any other way. Mother can never leave her room again—and I have to stay with her. Oh, Dennis—understand! Try to understand! It isn't that I don't want to go with you. I want to be your wife, and go wherever you go. I want it so badly that there's no room left in me for anything else! But I can't. Please understand."

His voice was strained and unnatural, when at last he answered me, after silence, and a long look that searched the very corners of my heart. "I'll try to understand, Elizabeth. But I—I don't know whether I can. It's such a waste. You have a life, a whole life ahead of you. You're entitled to live, and enjoy it, like other people, and—"

There seemed to be only two words left to me, and I repeated them over and over. "I can't. I can't!"

The silence in the little hallway became a palpable thing—eternity, coming between Dennis and me, putting unbridgable distances between us. Suddenly I wanted to get away from him, to be alone, where I could cry, and hate the world. I felt stiffness separating us, as if I had failed him. "Perhaps—perhaps I can join you later," I said at last.

"Perhaps," he answered, and his voice was even, a little remote. And then, sending swift pain stabbing through me, he tried once more. "It's your own life, Elizabeth. Your Mother is a wonderful woman. She'd be the last one to hold you—"

"Once I might have broken away." I said it dully, knowing that nothing I could say would make any difference. "But it's too late for that. She has no one, can do nothing, now. I am her whole life. I can't take that away from her. I'm her eyes, and her hands and feet. She would die, now, if I left

her. And I can't kill her, Dennis! Oh, Dennis—"

That last was a cry for help, the call of a drowning person, and my outstretched hands went with it. He took them, and pressed them hard in his, but the sense of failure was still between us. He didn't understand. He thought that if I really wanted to, I would find a way. And I could not, because there was no way.

HE went, at last, squaring his shoulders, trying to make his voice sound normal as he said goodbye. But as he turned away from me, at the door, I saw his face twist, and his teeth clamp hard on his lip. And I wanted to take him into my arms and comfort him. But I couldn't call him back. I could never call him back.

I don't remember how long I stood in the hall. I only know that after a while I realized that I was whispering dazedly, over and over, *I can't, I can't, I can't*. And that the knuckles of the hand I had beaten against the wall were raw, and covered with blood.

The few remaining weeks of Dennis' stay in Plainville are a nightmare in my memory even now. I avoided him at school, afraid that my burning face would give us away to the other teachers and furnish them a tid-bit of gossip that I could not bear. And I knew, too, that there was no sense in rubbing the salt of continued hopeless, ending-nowhere discussion on my wounds. I would pass him in the corridor, nod curtly or choke out a muffled "good morning" and turn my face away. In the fullness of pain that seemed always about to burst my heart asunder, I would wonder if he knew how I ached to have his arms around me, to

kiss him and cry out to him, *Take me with you. Oh, take me with you! Nothing else matters but our being together!* Those words droned endlessly in my mind, came between me and the pages I tried to read in class, followed me about the house as I waited on mother—the words I knew that I must never say!

But the days passed, somehow. I was ill from sleepless nights, hopeless weeping. What was going on in Dennis' heart I didn't know, for he mercifully avoided me. He probably saw all too easily how the very sight of him hurt me. And at last the day arrived for his departure.

The faculty, hypocritical in their small triumph, had arranged a farewell tea in Dennis' honor. I had meant to go, because I felt that my absence—after all, I was the one who had defended Dennis and put his theories into practice—would be noticed and remarked upon. But at the last moment I found that I couldn't go. I couldn't face their gloating. I hated them. They hadn't defeated Dennis. He was too big for them. But they had defeated me. They were sending my love away.

I SAT at home, trying to read to Mother, my mind whirling.

"Why doesn't that nice young man, Dennis Lansing, come around any more?" Mother asked, innocently probing deeper into my wounds.

"He's going away." I managed to say it lightly. Mother mustn't know what it meant to me. But the page I was reading blurred before my eyes, and I felt weak and dizzy. I rubbed my hand across my forehead. It was hot and damp. I couldn't read today—I must make an excuse, and get away. And

then, to save me, the doorbell rang.

I went slowly down the stairs—slowly, as I did everything nowadays, futilely trying to hold back the passage of time—and opened the door. And Dennis was there, on the doorstep.

"I—I thought you were at the tea," I said, lamely.

"I was . . . but you weren't," he replied. "So I came to look for you."

HE was dressed for the train. His suit was new, but the pocket already sagged with the weight of his pipe. His hair had been freshly combed for the party, of course, but it was already rumpled by impatient fingers run through it. His tie was blue, and his sox were green, because I don't think he ever really noticed what he was putting on when he dressed. This was how I would remember him. This was how I would have to remember him—big, and gay and serious at once, and looking so much as if he needed me—all the rest of my life! This way—looking already younger, happier—as if he were once again breathing fresh air.

"Oh, Dennis . . ." I said, and no more. There was nothing more I could say. I loved him so, and I couldn't have him. I wanted to be free, to be alive, too, and I couldn't go with him.

He pushed the door closed, and took me in his arms.

"My darling," he whispered, "my darling."

It was so sweet, and I was so hungry for just one kiss . . . but I could only turn my eyes away, so that he wouldn't have the agony in them to take away with him as his memory of me.

He stood behind me, his hands hard on my shoulders, his lips against my temple. At last he said, "Elizabeth,

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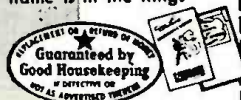
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won't you come back to the tea with me? We'll tell them that we're engaged, that you're leaving with me..."
"Don't ask me," I begged, "I can't!"
Dennis went back to the tea, and to his train, alone.

That was the last time I saw him until the taxi deposited me at his door in Elmhurst—eighteen years later.

What can I say of those years in between—the long days that lengthened to longer weeks, the weeks to months, the months finally to years? At first the agony was sharp and alive. I was so bitterly lonely! But gradually my routine triumphed, and I lived like an automaton, from day to day.

Dennis and I wrote sketchily to one another for a while. I didn't put on paper what was in my heart, for I felt that it wasn't fair to try to hold him while I was chained, irrevocably, to Plainsville and my mother's sickroom. Nor did he write of love to me, knowing that it was kinder not to.

HIS letters were like him, though—bristling with life and enthusiasm. His work was satisfying beyond all of his hopes. The faculty at the University was completely in sympathy with his ideas. I could read between the lines that the students idolized him. He wrote about informal get-togethers before the fire in his house, with a pot of coffee brewing on the hearth, and excited talk going on half the night. "I had to chase the youngsters home at two o'clock," he wrote once, "because I had to get up for an eight o'clock class, and I'm not as young as they are."

Dennis' letters became less frequent after awhile, as I had known they must. I could not hope to hold him while offering him nothing. He wrote once to ask me to spend my summer holiday in the East, so that we could see each other. I had to answer that for me there were no holidays; Mother's need of me was not seasonal.

After five years, all I could look forward to was Christmas, when I knew the mailman would bring me a greeting from Dennis. He would scratch out the last two words of the formidable "Dennis Upham Lansing" engraved on the card, leaving just the "Dennis," and he always added, "with love." It was so little, but it made my Christmas warm. I lived on that, from Christmas to Christmas. But in 1930, seven years after he went away, the card read "Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Upham Lansing" and there were no written additions.

I had no right in the world to feel cheated. Dennis had offered me a life, and I had had to refuse. I could not expect him to wait forever for someone who had not even promised to come. But I cried, when I received that card, as I thought I had forgotten how to cry, and once more desolation and hopelessness pierced the armor of apathy in which I had encased myself.

I concealed the card from Mother. I was afraid she would connect the inscription on it with my reddened eyes, and feel hurt and helpless in the face of my misery. Poor Mother—she leaned on me more and more heavily as she grew more and more helpless with the passing of the years. The only small bright spot in all my loneliness was the fact that she never knew how much Dennis had meant to me—never knew, and so could never reproach herself.

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and books I read to her. They meant so much that I reduced my housekeeping—cooking—nursing routine to a minimum in order to sit with her longer, a book on the table under the big yellow reading lamp. One day I went to the oculist for glasses—the continued reading was too much for my eyes—and by then it didn't seem to matter to me that the glasses took away most of what was left of my prettiness.

"There is going to be another World War," Mother told me in 1935, "and we're going to be in it." Her keen brain, uncluttered by the details which plague any normal life, went quickly to the core of whatever I read to her, saw the important things, discarded the unimportant. I marvelled at her insight, and I grew in knowledge and understanding with her, as we exhausted the stocks of the Plainsville library. It was not a rich and abundant life for either of us, in the sense of what women really want out of living, but it was strangely satisfying, that closed-in little world of ours. It helped me with my teaching, too, so that in spite of myself I became interested in my pupils once again, as I had been when Dennis was there, giving honest, helpful answers to their questions out of the backlog of information I was storing up through reading to Mother. Often I reflected, working with the boys and girls, that Dennis would be proud of me.

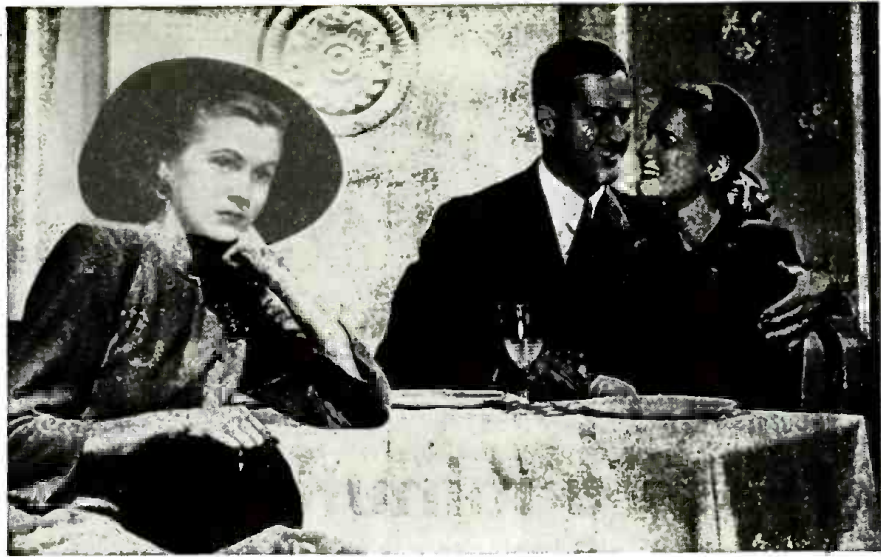
I WAS completely out of touch with Dennis, now. From one of the Teachers' Journals I learned that he was a full professor. I read an article by him in one of the journals aloud to Mother—I no longer feared that I would give myself away. "We are still not strangers," I thought, as I read it, and I yearned to write to him, but I did not, for fear my letter would be misunderstood, would be taken as a bid to put us back on the old footing.

The yearly Christmas greetings from Elmhurst now read "Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Lansing and Ronnie." Dennis' life was complete without me. I had no right, no desire, to haunt him with a spectre of the past.

That is how the years went, with tiny things as landmarks. The Christmas cards. The meager news of Dennis now and then. The day I got my glasses. The day I discovered threads of grey in my hair. No one in town remembered Dennis but me—and even I was without bitterness, now. I don't suppose any woman is ever completely happy who has turned her back on love and all the wonderful relationship between man and woman that goes with it. But I was too busy to brood, and too tired when night came, so that I realized only in a small measure how much of love and warmth I was missing.

War came in 1941. Dennis had a son, I remembered, and I was surprised to know how relieved I could be that a small boy I had never seen was only about eight years old. Dennis' son would not have to fight, but he would know—because he was his father's son—that winning on the battlefield would be only half the victory, and he would be ready when the time came to fight for the peace against man's ignorance and greed. Some of the boys I had taught were ready, too, and I was glad.

The war, which she had seen coming for so long, was unbearable for Mother. The frail wisp of a woman had not been out of her bedroom for over fifteen years, but she shared in the suffering of the whole world—because she knew



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the world so well.

She wept a lot, after we went into the war, and her "bad spells" came more frequently. And one night in August, 1942, she fell asleep while I read to her—never to waken again.

My job, my whole carefully re-built world, was gone. The shock I had felt at father's death was nothing to the desolation which overwhelmed me after Mother's funeral. I walked through the empty rooms and shuddered with loneliness. What would I do now, with no more trays to carry, no more medicines to dole out on the hour, no more reading under the big yellow lamp? Who needed me now? Not my classes—the English poets shrank to insignificance in the students' eyes in comparison with the fight the common people of England were putting up against German terror.

I'll go away. That thought kept drifting into my mind, over and over again. At first I thought of it only as a desire to escape, something to be considered but never actually to be done.

As though in answer to my frantic questions, Dennis' annual Christmas card appeared. "Greetings from Dennis and Ronnie Lansing," it read. I recalled, then, that in 1940 the inscription had been the same, and in 1941, and that I had only said to myself, "His wife must have died," and thought no more about it. Had she died? Had she and Dennis divorced? She had never assumed any real proportions in my mind. But Dennis' son I could imagine—he would look like Dennis!

Suddenly I knew that I had to see Dennis again, knew that he would help me come alive, give me a goal, once more. I would ask nothing of him—nothing, that is, of himself, and the love he had offered to me so long ago.

And so I wrote Dennis a letter, thanking him for his Christmas card. I am sure that it was as obvious as any foolish note a schoolgirl writes to her handsome teacher, but it said what I had to say—that I wanted to see him, had to see him—and I posted it quickly, before I could change my mind.

I should have known that Dennis would have only one reply to any plea for help. He wired that he would come at once. I replied that I would prefer to get away, that I would come to him. The old house, with its ponderous furniture and the faint odor of medicine still clinging to the rooms, was empty and desolate. I closed it, and locked the door behind me, locking in the past.

And so I went to Elmhurst.

DENNIS. Dennis on his own doorstep, calling to me, "Oh, Elizabeth—hurry! Let me look at you!"

He had changed. His hair was graying at the temples. There were lines in his fine face. But there was gladness in him for me, and I felt as if I had come home after a long journey.

He took both of my hands in his, and drew me indoors, to a room lined with books and hung with colorful chintzes. Suddenly I was as shy as a child, unable to look at him, unable to meet his eyes standing awkwardly beside a big table, not knowing what to do or say next. For a moment he stood beside me, and I realized that he was shy, too—shy and embarrassed as any young man talking to a young girl. Why, we had bridged all the lost years—we were back again to the ages of our parting.

Gently he raised his hands, touched the silver rims of my glasses. "Do you mind?" he asked, and before I could

answer he had taken them off. I want to see you just as you were when we were last together."

I found it easy to smile at him, easy to talk now. The momentary shyness was past. "But you can't—I've changed."

He was silent for a long time, searching my face, closely. At last he said, "You look just the same. To me, you haven't changed."

We had tea by the fire, there in that lovely, peaceful room. Dennis told me about his wife, who had died on the little boy's fifth birthday. "It was better for her," he told me quietly. "She wasn't happy, half-alive."

"I'm so sorry," I said, and I reached for his hand. No—no one living with Dennis would be happy half-alive. He was so vital—needed so much.

Dennis broke into my reverie. "You came here to talk about you," he said.

With anyone as forthright and honest as Dennis, one has to be forthright and honest, too. Suddenly the whole story poured out, swiftly, as if the words had long waited to be said.

"I'm breaking up. I have nothing to do. No one needs me any more."

He listened gravely while I told him—all the bleakness and frustration of the months since Mother had died. The students who, with the shadow of war over their lives, were suddenly too old and too wise for what I had to give. I told him about the Red Cross. "I want to do something—about this war, about my life!"

I HEARD my voice break, and I knew that my hands were clenching and unclenching in my lap. But I didn't care—it was good to speak out.

Dennis was smiling at me, gently—was it tenderly?

"Don't you see, Elizabeth, that you are doing something about the war, just by understanding it? As for having something to do, as for being needed . . ." He bent then, to take both of my hands tightly in one of his own, to tip my head up so that my eyes met his. "I need you. I always have. I always will."

I was afraid, then. Too long a distance had come between us. I must be sure, because I couldn't bear another hurt.

"Dennis—you—you musn't be kind."

"You know I wouldn't," he answered, and his eyes looked straight into mine. I did know. Dennis didn't know how to lie, or to flatter. I knew he meant it when he said, "It is you who will be kind, if you will take care of Ronnie and me."

"Ronnie . . . ?" I hesitated.

"He needs you more than I do," Dennis answered, and he turned away from me, and busied his hands with the tea pot. Now it was his turn to fight back the tears.

Once again, as the other one had been, it was a strange proposal. But as those other words had, no words of love, no swearing of eternal devotion, could have been half so sweet.

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From This Day Forward

Continued from page 44

talk to him about it. There are worse things than divorce, he'd said—and, of course, there could be no divorce for us. For us there could be no clean break, no chance to forget and to try to begin over again, without each other. Because Mark's work came first. Mark's work was bigger than we were, bigger than our personal feelings.

Our little church in Dunham would never stand for a divorced pastor—nor would any of the churches Mark was likely to move to. We would have to go on living together, working together, pretending to be the example of happiness and security in human relationships that we had been. We would have to go on living a lie. And, if you were living a lie, it was best to live it silently, letting no word come through to betray your suffering and the falseness of the front you were putting up.

It was hard to believe. Everything seemed the same. I was making the same preparations, going through the same motions I'd always made before a holiday—and yet Mark wasn't helping me, laughing at me when I berated him for eating the dates he stoned, for stealing grapes out of the perfect clusters. All afternoon I went from one task to another in a kind of numb bewilderment, and then, at four o'clock, there was nothing left but to dress and to do my errands.

I WAS on my way out of the house when the door of the study opened and Mark stepped into the hall. The lamp at his desk was on; the rest of the house was shadowy in the dusk of the November afternoon. Mark stood outlined against the lighted room; I couldn't see his face. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the butcher's and to pick up Bishop Manners."

"Oh." I couldn't interpret his voice. It occurred to me that perhaps he had intended to meet the bishop. "Unless," I added, "you want to go." I sounded strained, over-polite.

He hesitated, and for a moment I almost thought that he was going to offer to go with me. A few months ago there would have been no question but that he would have gone with me. Then he said, "Oh, no. You go ahead." The study door shut behind him.

Silence, and a closed door. It was a relief to get out of the house, into the clean, white snow-blanketed world outside. It was a relief, too, to know that we would have company tonight and tomorrow.

I had to wait at the butcher's for the sausages I'd decided upon for the stuffing. I was late at the station, and Bishop Manners was already on the platform. If Mark looked like an archangel, the bishop was a cherub out of a Renaissance painting—plump and pink-cheeked, with innocent blue eyes. You had to look closely before you discovered that the jaw-line of the cherubic face was very firm and determined, and the innocent blue eyes very shrewd. We'd scarcely exchanged greetings before he saw that something was wrong. "What is it, Martha?" he asked as he got into the car.

"What is what?" "What's wrong with you? You look as though you'd gone for the day and had just remembered that you'd left

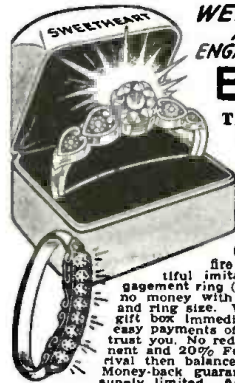
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the iron plugged in."

I had to tell him something, and I seized the first thing that came to mind. At that, it was in some measure true. I laughed shakily. "Maybe I have, Bishop Manners. Mark's alone at the house, and I'm afraid he may be abrupt with a pair of protégés of mine if they call when I'm not there."

I explained about Mark's new decision, and about Jack and Meg. When I'd finished, he said, "I don't see anything in that to upset you. I'm sorry for your young couple, but many times I've felt just as Mark does." He stopped and looked at me keenly. "Are you sure that's all that's bothering you?"

It was useless to try to hide anything from him. I was guiding the car through traffic now, and it was easier to talk when I had an excuse not to meet his eyes. "No. There's more. This business of Mark's turning against what he calls the Gretna-Green marriages sort of—well, touched off the rest." I told him then about the change in Mark, about the things he'd said this afternoon that had been meant all too pointedly for me. I tried to speak without emotion, but the street blurred before my eyes, and I had to slow the car to a crawl. "I'm sorry," I said when I could speak steadily again, "to be so unnerved about it. But I'm not just imagining things, Bishop Manners. Mark really has changed. And I don't know the reason for it—"

"Hasn't Mark said anything at all?"

NOT about—us. This afternoon, when he told me he wasn't going to perform any more weddings for people outside the parish, he did complain that no one seems to realize that a minister has a private life—

"Ah," said Bishop Manners softly, and was silent.

"Otherwise," I went on, "I had no idea that things were wrong for him in any way. Besides, we haven't much time to talk things over. Someone is always at the house, or one of us has to go out. And with Mark so unapproachable now, it's terribly hard to talk to him when I don't know what I've done—"

"Perhaps you've done too much," said the Bishop slowly.

At first I thought I hadn't heard aright. I stared at him. He was perfectly serious, and he looked concerned. "I don't want to jump at conclusions, Martha," he said gently. "I haven't heard Mark's side of this, and if I know Mark, I'm not likely to. I'm just guessing, because others in your position have often made the mistake that you may be making. Only—haven't there often been times—evenings, or an afternoon—that you might have spent with Mark when you've chosen to do something else?"

My head went up defensively. "Of course there are. I wouldn't have to do anything really, except go to church, and open the door to the people who come to see him. And Mark himself is always busy—" And then I stopped, remembering. Remembering a night early last spring when Mark hadn't wanted me to go to the Ladies' Aid. "You can miss it for once," he'd urged. "It's too nice a night to spend inside. I'd like to take a walk down to the falls." But I'd gone to the Ladies' Aid, and Mark had gone to visit invalided old Mrs. Jamieson, and that was the

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first night that he let me ride home with Mrs. MacNutt. And there was the night hardly a month ago, when Mark had wanted to go to the movies, and I had felt that I shouldn't, because I'd promised to help with the refreshments to the Young People's party. . . . It didn't seem possible, but when I looked back, I couldn't recall when we'd last spent an evening together. "I see what you mean," I said slowly. "But—Mark was always pleased to have me active in things. He said it was good for the church."

He nodded understandingly. "I know how much you've done, Martha. It's splendid. Dunham church was badly run down when you and Mark took over, and I don't doubt that it took all of your time and energy to make it what it is. Perhaps you've thought too much of Mark, the minister, and too little of Mark, the man."

He was right, of course. I saw that, now. Saw the countless times that Mark had reached out to me, had wanted me with him—and I had been too busy. I saw, and I was appalled at my blindness. "But what can I do?" I cried. "What can I do now to make him understand—"

HE patted my hand. "Stop doing things, Martha. You've done a lot of organizing; now let some of your energetic church members take over. As for Mark, perhaps he'll see for himself—"

I nodded miserably, feeling more hopeless than before. I had thought that the bishop would offer a more constructive suggestion. I wasn't sure that Mark any longer wanted to see. Before dinner was over that evening, I wished with all my heart that I hadn't confided in Bishop Manners. Through the first part of the meal, everything went well. Mark was happy to see our guest, and his glow of pleasure seemed to spread to include me. It was when I offered the bishop a third helping of dessert that everything went wrong.

"My dear Martha," he said, "if I ate another crumb, I'd have to be carried from the table. The dinner was delicious. You're a lucky fellow, Mark."

My hand froze on the platter of sunshine cake.

Mark kept his eyes on his plate. "I know it, Bishop Manners."

"And from what I hear," the bishop went on blandly, "you're doing very well. Plenty of marriages—"

I tried frantically to catch his eye. Hadn't I made him understand what a sore spot this was with Mark, how closely it was linked to our own unhappiness?

"Too many," said Mark bluntly. "I'm through marrying any couples who aren't citizens of Dunham. I don't approve of hasty marriages."

"That sounds strange, coming from you, Mark. I remember very well the day I married you and Martha. Two starry-eyed, impetuous children as ever stood before an altar—"

"Hardly children," said Mark stiffly. "I was on my way to my first pulpit."

The bishop's nod was almost waggish. "Ah, but you seemed like children to me! You told me some kind of story about having been in love with each other since high school days, and said you couldn't bear the idea of being separated. I always had the suspicion that you hadn't known each other for more than a week, at the most."



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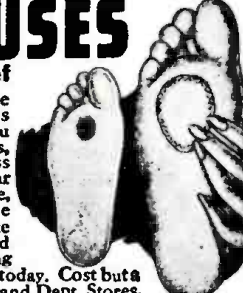
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It was agony. Didn't the bishop realize what he was doing? Did he think to soften Mark somehow by these reminiscences? Couldn't he feel him stiffening, turning resentful? . . . I thought I was going to faint. The bishop repeated the question, and Mark made a queer, half-choked sound deep in his throat, and then—blessedly, miraculously—the doorbell pealed.

MARK started to rise, but I was faster. I excused myself, almost ran from the room. And then I found that the interruption was worse than no interruption at all, because Jack and Meg were on the threshold.

"We're back, Mrs. Saunders," Jack said. "Have you been able to—"

"I'm sorry," I started to say, and then my heart misgave me. They looked so tired and discouraged and anxious—and why shouldn't I tell Mark that they were here? He could hardly refuse to marry them after all the damage that could be done was already accomplished. Mark and I were really enemies now, and perhaps the marriage of these children could be salvaged from the wreckage of my own. I held the door open wider. I even managed a smile. "Come inside," I invited. "Wait right here, and I'll see—"

I went back to the dining room. I stopped just a moment to draw breath, to gather courage, and then I said, "Mark, that young couple is back—the boy and girl who were here earlier today. The girl didn't want to go to another church—"

"A very discerning young lady," observed the bishop, and smiled happily.

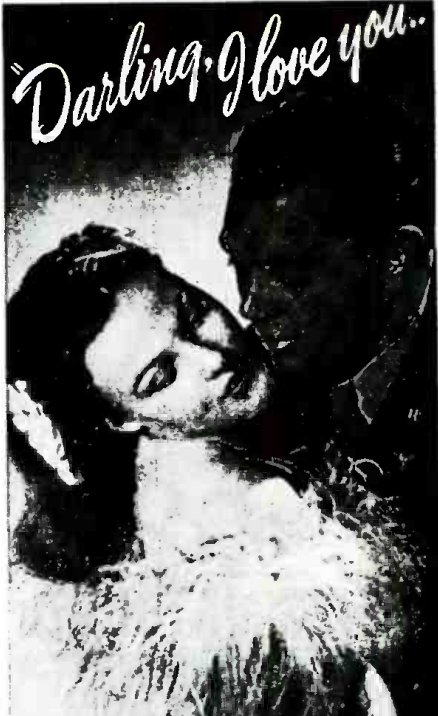
Mark didn't say a word. He rose jerkily, started out of the room. "I'll talk to them," he flung over his shoulder. "If you'll be good enough to come with me, Martha—"

I followed him. He didn't go down to the end of the hall, where Jack and Meg were waiting. He stopped at the study, motioned me inside, closed the door behind us.

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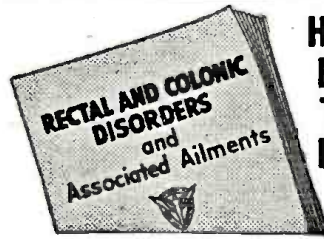
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"I didn't tell them to come back," I said faintly. "I thought they'd telephone—" And then I was angry, just as furious as he was. Perhaps he did feel foolish—but it was as much his fault as mine. He had taken the individual circumstance of our marriage and had generalized it to apply to all of the couples who bought a license after they'd known each other only a short while. "Yes, I did tell the bishop you'd refused to marry them," I cried. "I told him, because I thought you were wrong. Jack and Meg won't be married on this leave if they can't be married here—and in these days, not being married now may mean not being married ever. And they deserve their chance at happiness. They deserve the same chance that we had—" "Have we been happy?"

I wilted before the question. It was so unexpected, and at this moment when we were virtually at each other's throats its answer was obvious. Then I realized that he'd asked not, "Are we happy?" but "Have we been happy?" I could answer that truthfully, meaning every word with my whole heart and soul. My eyes held his steadily as I spoke. "The most wonderful happiness I've ever known has been with you, Mark. Without you—there isn't any happiness for me."

For a long moment he just stared at me. Then he said in a queer, far-off voice, "Why, Martha—Martha, I thought—"

HE didn't have to finish. I knew suddenly what he had thought. I knew what I should have known before, and the knowledge was like the removal of a sharp thing from my heart. It hurt like that; it was that much of a relief. Mark had been thinking just what I'd been thinking of him. He'd been thinking that I no longer cared...

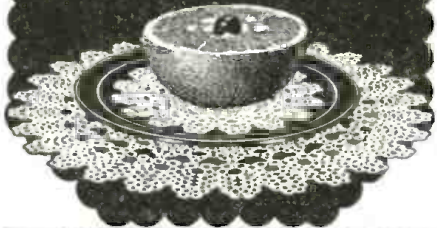
I could have wept at how indifferent I must have seemed to him lately, how much I must have appeared to take him for granted. I could have wept for the wasted months and the needless pain. And I could have wept for a joy so piercing-sweet that only tears could loose it—because Mark's face, as his arms went around me, was lighted like—like the face of an archangel in a stained-glass window.

Jack and Meg had a beautiful wedding. The choir was using the church for rehearsal, so we had to hold the ceremony in the study. I'd filled the little room with old Robert's chrysanthemums, and it was sweet with the scent of them, tender with the soft glow of candlelight. No minister ever put more feeling into the hallowed words than was in Mark's fervent voice.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the presence of God and these witnesses—" I listened, and the phrases I had heard so often that they had become rote, carried a new meaning for me. Jack and Meg bowed their heads, and Mark's eyes met mine over them. "Dearly beloved—" the words lingered, mingled with the strains of the organ in the church, with the choir's chanted, faintly-heard "A-amen..." My own marriage was being reconsecrated.

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Young Man From Savannah
 Continued from page 45

a cheery and expansive fellow named Ruby, that he offered to join us with his girl for a picnic some nice Sunday! Johnny was associated with the Gaieties, too, though not in the manner he would have chosen. Johnny wanted to be an actor. When his father offered him his choice between college and a year, with an expense account, in New York, Johnny jumped at the latter and began knocking on theatrical producers' doors.

He landed a part in one of the plays being staged in the Belasco tournament—a showcase for new, young actors—and got such excellent notices that his career on the stage seemed assured.

The only serious offer that turned up, however, was a spear-carrying bit in *Marco Millions*, which paid off very mildly both in satisfaction and in cash. When he turned up to ask for a part in the *Gaieties*, the year at father's expense was almost over, and Johnny was faced with a prospect of adjusting his sights radically or of returning to Savannah.

THERE was no part for Johnny in the *Gaieties*, but the show did present him with two opportunities which he considered worthy of serious investigation. The first was his interview with the producer who was sorry that Johnny was just another actor. "Now if you were a song writer," he said, "we could use you. We're desperate for new songs and material." So Johnny dashed home and wrote "Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You," which turned out to be one of the hits of the show.

The second "opportunity" was meeting me. Johnny decided right off that we should get married.

He managed to talk to me about it pretty frequently. He was writing a new show—he was a full-fledged songwriter now that he had hit the jack-pot with his first number.

No matter how many times I made dates with other fellows, or planned an evening which excluded Johnny, I found myself at the end of every performance in the back of Ruby's taxi, headed—with Mr. M.—for a long, slow ride to Brooklyn.

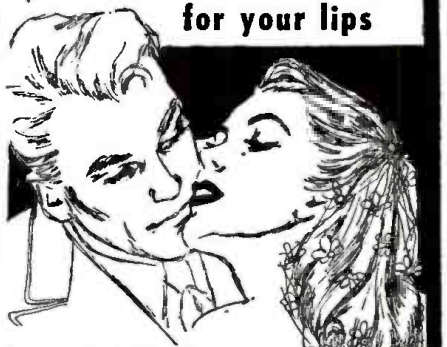
It is Johnny's contention that one of those long, slow rides to Brooklyn saved his life.

This particular night was in mid-winter. My sister had pneumonia, and I was serving as night nurse, relieving Mother as soon as I got home from the theater. Johnny offered to sit up all night with me. When he got home, haggard and sleepy, at dawn, he found firemen battering at the door of his house with crowbars. Johnny's landlord had chosen that night to commit suicide by opening the gas pipes. The firemen were breaking into Johnny's section of the house fearful that he, too, was dead inside.

My emotional reaction to the miracle that he was, indeed, alive, might have resulted then and there in an elopement, had not Johnny been summoned to California for a job.

I missed the rides with Ruby—with Johnny gone I was practical enough to take the subway home—but a bombard-

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ment of telegrams and special deliveries from California was proof enough that I hadn't heard the last of the gentleman from Savannah.

Soon after, the *Gaieties* went on tour, and Johnny timed his return from California to catch up with us in Chicago.

"Let's get married," he said. He said it with flowers, and with music. I wasn't sure. So he followed the *Gaieties* to Detroit.

"Let's get married," he said. I was weakening.

But a sad letter from my mother which arrived just then, nipped our plans before they had shown a healthy bud. My young sister had eloped, and mother was terribly upset. My sister was only eighteen. Well, I was only twenty.

"I can't do it to Mother," I said. Johnny went back to New York.

But he hadn't given up. When I, too, returned to New York two months later, he proposed all over again.

WE decided to be married, but secretly—so that no one would be unhappy. We didn't tell a soul when we went to City Hall and applied for our marriage license. We forgot the quaint custom of sending such bits of news to the couple's hometown papers. Publication of our "intent to wed" brought cries of anguish not only from Brooklyn, but from Savannah. Johnny's family, too, was concerned, for he had just turned twenty-one.

We promised to wait until June and "do it nicely." Johnny's mother came north for the occasion, and everything was done up very properly, except that it rained.

Johnny and I were overawed by the dignity of St. Thomas' Church on Fifth Avenue, and for the first time in our acquaintance passed twenty minutes without once finding anything to laugh over. Everyone was solemn, Stella Bailey, my maid of honor, Walter Rivers, who was Johnny's best man, and our relatives—most solemn of all—who filled the front pews.

I was all in gray, except for my bouquet of orchids. The rain beating on the stained glass windows was a reminder that it was gray outside, as well. The ceremony went off without a touch of levity, until we started back up the long aisle. Then, in place of the conventional march by Mendelssohn, Johnny whistled "From Monday On." It has been our theme song ever since.

We've really lived happily ever after. We weren't always in the money.

We were married on the strength of a show of Johnny's which never was produced, and for awhile, we lived on a \$25 a week drawing account which Johnny received from his music publisher. (And occasional checks from Johnny's understanding dad.)

The whole Mercer family was extremely hospitable to Johnny's bride. When we went to Savannah for a delayed honeymoon the first Christmas after our wedding, all the family, "sisters, and cousins and aunts" conspired to show me what a real Southern Christmas is like. We celebrated from Christmas eve to the end of New Year's Day, with a party every evening, and a few luncheons thrown in just so things wouldn't get dull. I loved it so, that Johnny promised we would spend every Christmas in Savannah. Except when work, and more recently, the war, have intervened, he has kept that promise.

Johnny hit what he called his "lucky streak" in 1932. (It couldn't have been luck, or it wouldn't have stuck with

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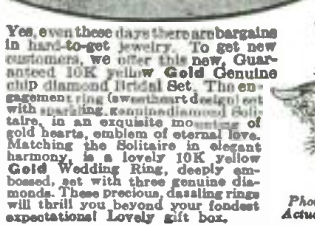
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him so consistently since.) Paul Whiteman, casting about for a replacement for the Rhythm Boys, hired a trio—Johnny among them. The trio didn't work out, but Paul liked Johnny's pixie style, and kept him on.

OTHER good breaks followed. In 1934, we went to Hollywood, where Johnny had a writing and acting contract at RKO. The contract lasted for just two pictures, but socially the trip west had lasting results. In a gang of happy clowns calling themselves the Westwood Marching and Chowder club, Johnny met Bing Crosby. The club staged an annual show, and it was at one of these performances that Johnny and Bing first appeared together. The combination has clicked, under various sponsorships—but never more hilariously—at frequent intervals since.

In 1936, we went to London, where Johnny wrote the "Blackbirds," and then we ran off to Scotland for three months for our first real vacation.

Back in Hollywood, Johnny settled down to a busy schedule of song-writing and radio, and I settled down to planning and furnishing our first real home—for we had decided to adopt a baby.

I say I planned our home advisedly, for—while Johnny loves a pretty and comfortable home—he pays no attention to its management, and can nap on a new davenport contentedly for six months before it strikes him that it might be a recent addition.

His one domestic urge is for cooking spaghetti, usually in the middle of the night, for the pleasure of a collection of our friends who have lingered after a party. When he finishes, every pot and pan in the house is dirty. But the spaghetti is awfully good.

Georgia Amanda joined the family in 1939, and became quickly convinced that the household was run for her entire satisfaction. (Which it is.)

Amanda has been particularly happy since Johnny's new nightly radio show went on NBC. She thinks this program, aired conveniently just before her bedtime, is performed exclusively for her. Johnny's other radio appearances, with Bing, on Command Performance, or other programs, are "for the other people."

"Daddy is a pretty nice fellow," she told me sleepily the other night, after the program had signed off. "But he's so silly sometimes."

I'll tell her when she grows up that she's right. That's why I married him.

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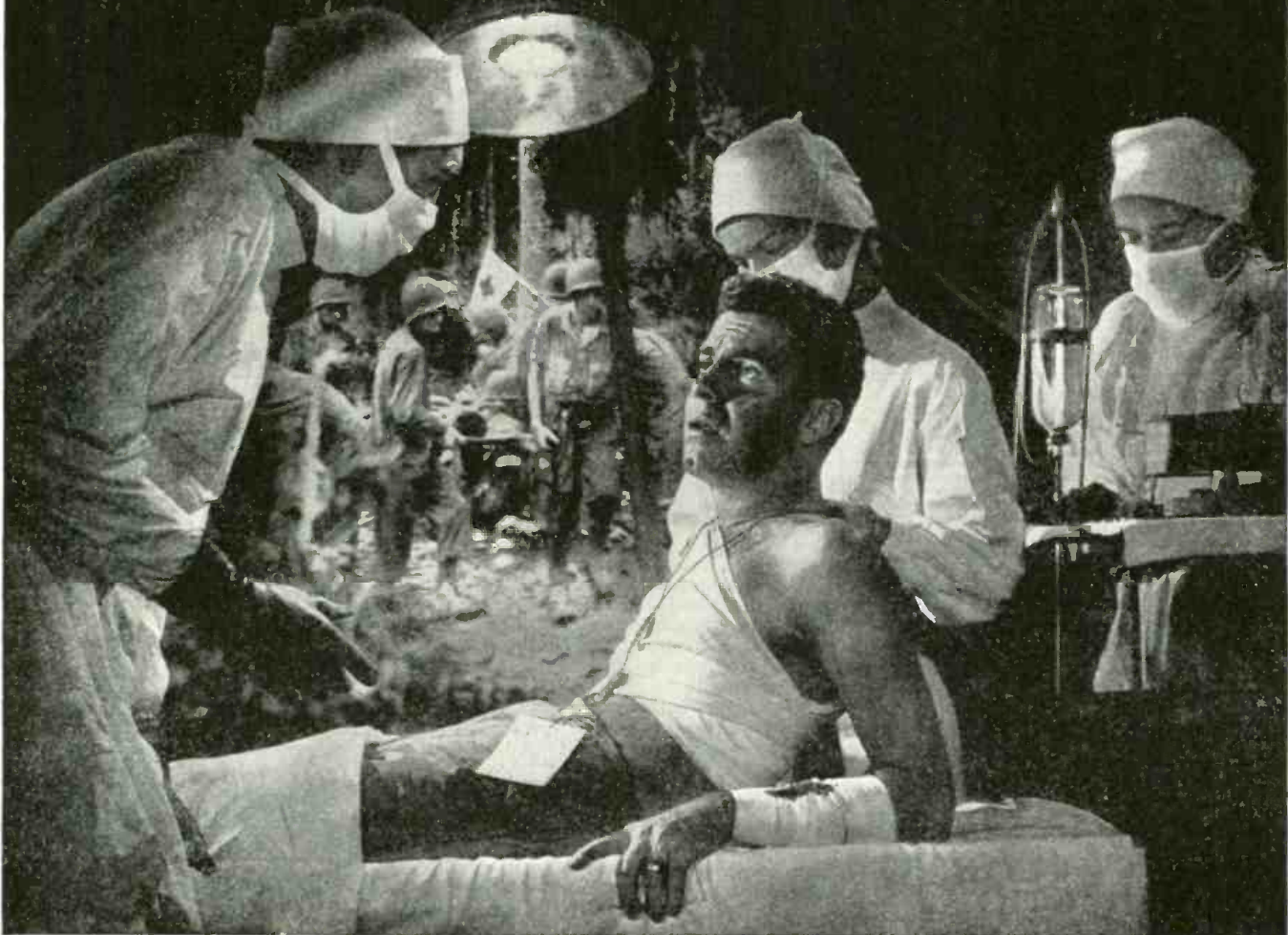
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City.....State.....

JANUARY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE Friday, December 8th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. To help lighten the burden, RADIO MIRROR will be on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for January will go on sale Friday, December 8th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!

"Will I be able to work again, Doc?"



Sure, he'll be able to work again. As good a machinist as ever. Because wartime science is working miracles.

But, he could have asked this question—and it's not one for the doctor to answer.

WILL THERE BE WORK?...

Will 10 million fighting men find jobs when they come back to the industrial pace of peace?...

Will more *millions* of men and women now at full-time all-out war-jobs—have work in postwar America?

The answer "yes" is right in your hands—the hands that today are making the goods of war.

millions of smaller ones can do if they have the money. And today's War Bonds are the surest, simplest way for American families to have that ready cash later on... cash that holds the key to jobs.

Yes, the electrical refrigerator you save for now— to own after the war—will not only make ice, it will make jobs. For the money you pay to your dealer goes quickly into pay envelopes in the rolling mills, the mines, and the assembly plants.

It'll be your money that pays welders, electricians, and truckmen... your money that "buys" all the jobs in the making of your one electric refrigerator.

Then multiply *your* postwar refrigerator by millions of refrigerators that other families save for, *your* postwar car by millions of other cars, *your* postwar radio by millions of other radios, and postwar jobs can total up to the millions America will need when the shooting stops.

Yes, this can all be true IF you and millions like you have War savings enough to *spend* later.

No other group in America is big enough to do this job. *That's why America depends on you.*

War Bonds Today can be JOB BONDS Tomorrow!

You can give America the "go ahead" for a peacetime prosperity you've never dreamed possible! You can protect **YOUR JOB**—you can make jobs for our war veterans when they come back.

It's just this simple: You have a job right now because someone—**WAR**—is a ready customer for everything you can make. And **WAR** can pay cash for it.

What more and more people *must* know and believe is that war isn't the only customer big enough to make jobs enough. What one big customer can do

RADIO MIRROR



To
Maybelline -
my favorite
eye make-up

Always
Lenore Aubert

LENORE AUBERT
Samuel Goldwyn Star
Called the girl with the most
beautiful eyes in Hollywood.

SAY IT WITH BONDS
FOR VICTORY

Both far and near
to ALL-Good Cheer

Your Chesterfield Santa Claus reminding you that at Christmastime when you get together the best of everything for real enjoyment . . . the cigarette that Satisfies belongs on top.

The reason is . . .

CHESTERFIELD'S RIGHT COMBINATION
WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

LIGHT UP **Chesterfield** *They Satisfy*