

Radio Mirror

February

15¢

Jane Wilson



Tom Rorerman's BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD



To Maybelline
 The eye make-up
 I would never be
 without
 Sincerely
 Joan Crawford

Natural color photograph
 by PAUL HESSE—Hollywood

"Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"



GIRL: All right. And what if I am? Everybody can't be a rich, beautiful, glamorous, witty heiress with beaux all over the place sending Valentines all the time!

CUPID: True, my ferocious little fruitcake, true. But everybody can smile . . . and *you* don't! Don't you know a sparkling smile gets more men than home cooking?

GIRL: Sure. But my smile's as sparkling as a boiled potato!

CUPID: Ever try brushing your teeth?

GIRL: Did I ev—? Listen, my fresh little friend, I brush my teeth regular as anything! And they *still* don't sparkle. And what's more I've even begun seeing "pink" on my tooth brush lately!

CUPID: Oh? And what'd your dentist say?

GIRL: *Dentist?* What dentist? Who said any—

CUPID: Well of all the waffle-brained—! Listen, Sis, that "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning to *see your dentist right away!* Because he may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: My smile. We were talking about my smile. Remember?

CUPID: Sugar, we still are! Don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? And this Ipana not only cleans teeth, it's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth, and . . . bang! You've started yourself on the road to a sparkling smile! Okay? Then get started . . . Today, Sugar. Ipana and massage.



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Mirror

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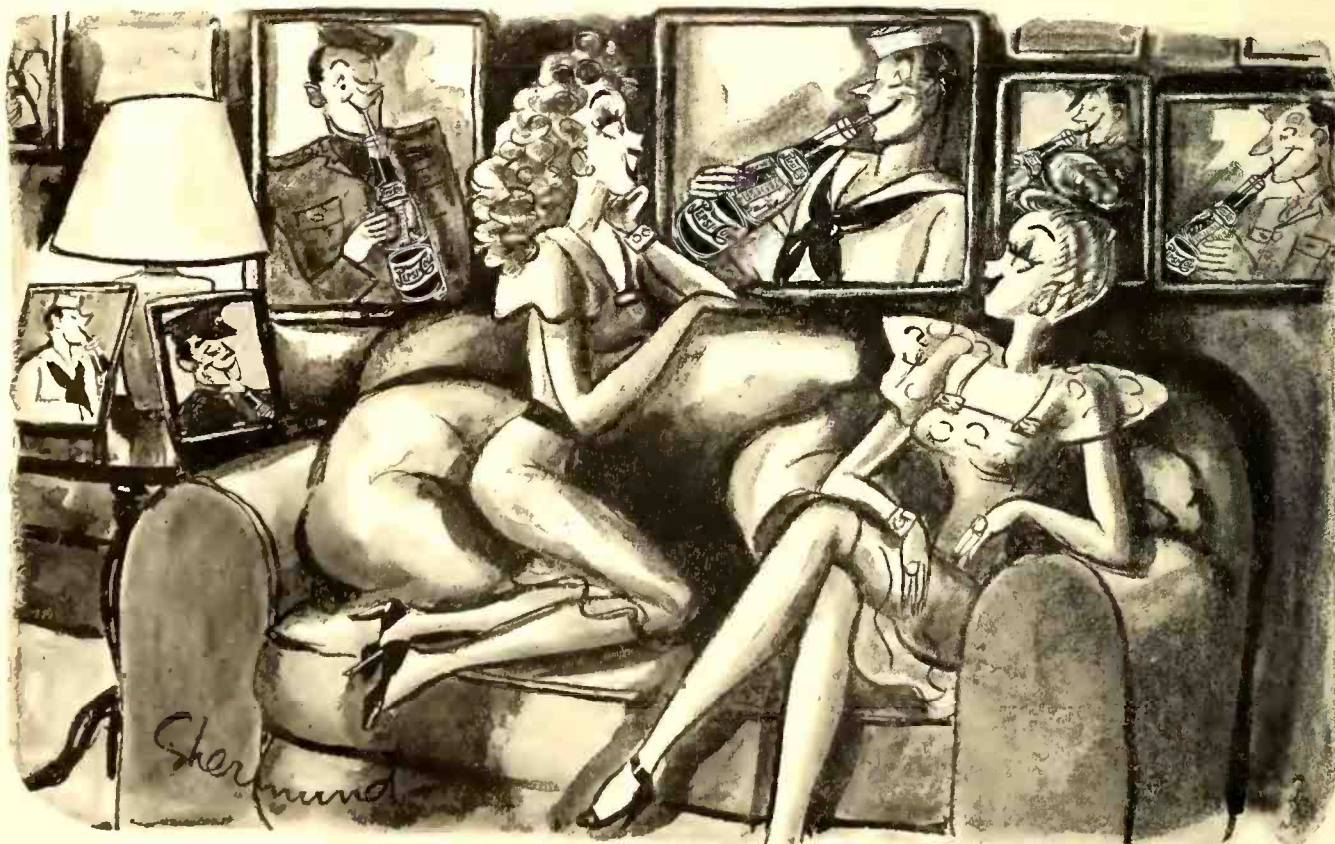
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ON THE COVER—Jane Wilson, of NBC's Fred Waring Show
Color Portrait by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"You pick them for their taste, don'tcha?"



By JACK LLOYD

One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 95. A score between 8 and 10 is good, 7-5, fair, and below 5—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. She used to warble on a show with Frankie. Now she's the star of NBC's Teen-Canteen. Guess who?
2. When Red Lantern takes you on an under-water trip to meet Sergeant Pine, Kid Squid or Sir Keen Carver, you're tuned to what program?
3. Unscramble the names of these popular daytime dramas:
(a) A Woman For A Day
(b) A Woman's Children
(c) Queen Of America
(d) Bachelor's Life
4. One of the movies' crooners has temporarily shelved his "pipes" and turned to sleuthing. As Richard Rogue he tracks down the crooks on NBC's Rogue's Gallery. Know him?
5. On Sunday nights, Hollywood Mystery Time is sandwiched between two programs of Hollywood news. Can you give the name of the two famous gossipers?
6. Comedian Marlin Hurt created a character on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, which made such a hit, that he's got his own show now, featuring that lovable creature named _____?
7. Although you never meet Duffy on NBC's Duffy's Tavern, you are hosted by Duffy's "maitre d'hotel." Now what's his name again?
8. Jack, Mary, Larry and Don provide lots of laughs for you on which popular Sunday night comedy show?
9. The new chief investigator-commentator on ABC's Gangbusters is the former police chief of New York City. Do you know his name?
10. Which famous radio personalities do the following musical numbers bring to mind?
(a) Love in Bloom
(b) My Time is Your Time
(c) Good-night Soldier
(d) When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain



A Sweater traps more than Men, my pet!

YOU'RE SO CUTE. So curvaceous. And you *could* be so alluring in a sweater. If only it didn't trick you into trapping underarm odor!

Warm winter clothes increase your chances of offending. For even in freezing weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture and cling to those close-fitting wools.

Winter or summer, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but it can't protect you against underarm odor to *come*. Smart girls count on Mum for that.

So take half a minute for Mum. Clinch your bath-freshness for the day or evening. Keep yourself nice to be near.

Gentle, velvet-smooth Mum won't irritate skin or harm fabrics. It's safe, sure—can be used before or *after* dressing. And Mum won't dry out in the jar.

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



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

RADIO MIRROR, published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Dunellen, N. J. ADDRESS: ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO: 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. (Executive Advertising and Editorial Offices). O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice President; Harold A. Wise, Senior Vice President; S. O. Shapiro, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago Office: 221 North La Salle St., E. F. Lethen Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast Office: San Francisco, 420 Market Street, Hollywood, 8049 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Manager. Reentered as second-class matter, November 8th, 1945, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: U. S. and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, 2 years \$3.60; 3 years \$5.40. Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, 2 years \$5.60; 3 years \$8.40. All other countries, 2 years \$7.60; 3 years \$11.40. Price per copy: 15c in the United States and Canada. While Manuscripts, Photographs, and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first class postage and explicit name and address. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk. The contents of this magazine may not be printed, either wholly or in part, without permission.

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, New Jersey.



*A harpist's hands are her stock
in trade—and they should be
as ornamental as they are useful.
Elaine Vito offers hand care
tips that pay beauty dividends*



In your hands—

THE hands of Elaine Vito, harpist with the orchestra on Phil Baker's Sunday CBS show, are dreamy examples of what feminine hands should be . . . smooth, beautifully groomed, graceful. They look capable and strong yet soft the way men like them.

Elaine's hands look like those of a lady because of the regular care they get. Without such care, even the loveliest shaped hands can look like those of a drudge because of the beating they take from too much weather, water, and work.

How about yours? Do you use hand lotion at least three times a day? Do you keep your hands c-l-e-a-n? How often between manicures do you use cuticle remover? It takes only 10 seconds, you know, to apply it around your nails before every tub or shower. By pushing back the cuticle with a towel and pressing down the flesh at the corner of the nails every time you dry your hands, you can, in time, persuade your nails and finger tips to a

lovelier shape—oval and tapering.

Wearing gloves, too, is a part of good hand care. Out of doors, they protect from drying heat and cold and over a lanolin cream or camphor ice while you sleep, they help in the softening, healing process.

For glamor, you wear nail polish in vivid shades if your hands are young and smooth, and less eye-compelling shades if they're not. And you wear none at all rather than polish that is chipped and scarred.

But here's how to maintain a perfect polish job longer. If you have your nails done professionally, put on your coat and hat before polish is applied. Get out your money, keys, carfare or whatever you'll need in the next 45 minutes. Have one of those finishing preparations applied to make the polish dry faster. And skip that cigarette until

your nails are really dry. Gloves donned too soon will dull polish too.

If you do your own nails—regularly we hope—it's a good idea to apply the first coat of polish an hour ahead of the second. Plan the top coat for a time when you won't have to lift a finger for anything or anyone until the polish is dry. And use the fast-dry finisher.

Besides polish, the right jewelry adds to the attractiveness of your hands. Rings on two fingers out of ten are quite enough and these rings should harmonize. A large fake stone looks dreadful worn along with a smaller, precious one. The nicest piece of jewelry you'll ever have is, of course, that ring HE gave you. Keep it dazzlingly clean. Between its check-ups at the jeweler's, you can keep your diamond sparkling as a star if you'll take the trouble to find out how. There are several excellent jewelry-cleaning preparations on the market, easy to use, and guaranteed to do an excellent job for you.

**Radio Mirror
Home and Beauty**



Why, the nerve of her! *MY EDDIE!*

Sure! Eddie had been avoiding her lately but she foolishly put it down to the fact that he was very busy. Certainly she never expected anything like this . . . another girl getting engaged to him under her very nose! Laura never guessed the real reason*.

Few things equal halitosis (unpleasant breath)* for raising a barrier between people. The insidious thing about it is that you, yourself, may not realize when you offend, and even your best friends won't tell you.

Isn't it just common sense to be constantly on your guard against this condition? After all, Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy and wholly delightful precaution. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before

any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! How it sweetens! How it deodorizes!

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately your breath is fresher, sweeter—less likely to offend. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene



Louise Erickson of A Date With Judy and The Great Gildersleeve, and Sharon Douglas of Village Store compare their teen-age roles.

IT'S TIME, now, to give a little resume of the results of NBC's Welcome Home Auditions. Remember, some time ago we did a little blurb on this idea of NBC's for giving returning veterans a break.

Welcome Home Auditions are over a year old, now. We did a little scouting to see what has been happening—and what comes out of the whole thing. This is what we found out.

In the course of the year, a total of 4,756 veterans have applied for interviews and got them. These veterans were all people, men and women honorably discharged from the various services, who had had radio experience of one sort or another in the armed forces, or before their induction, or some few of them were men and women who wanted to start out on radio careers without any past experience. The interviews were held with an eye to building up for the whole network a backlog of possible employees in all the fields of radio, acting, music, announcing and technical staffs. Of the nearly five thousand interviewed, almost two thousand had actual auditions, based on the talent and aptitude indicated by their interviews.

Not all the auditions were good, we understand. There's a lot more to radio than thinking you'd like to perform on the air. But that's true of every other profession, too. Nevertheless, over a period of a year, 500 applicants have come through with flying colors and of those 500, 50 have already been placed in good jobs as actors, musicians, clerical workers and script writers. None of these veterans, you understand, is a former employee getting back his old job. This is all new talent in radio.

The project is in the capable hands of Mrs. Kathryn Cole, a charming and understanding lady, whose husband is an Army chaplain.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



Danny Kaye, back on CBS Friday nights, was with the first group of entertainers to perform for Allied soldiers on Japanese soil.

The Welcome Home Auditions are no magic carpet to immediate success in a radio career. But they are a fair chance to show what you can do, with a decent break, if you have the talent and ability you think you have.

Joan Davis's little twelve year old daughter is certainly following in her mother's footsteps with a vengeance. We hear that little Beverly directed the fall play at her school this year. She did a slick job and made a big hit of it. What's more, she was smart enough to guarantee success, by lifting some of her mother's best gag lines and using them as her own. They catch on to the tricks of the trade early these days.

Time was when Orson Welles seemed to have enough energy for at least five

"First Lady of the Theater" is Helen Hayes, who stars in the Saturday night dramatic series on the Columbia Network, 7 P.M., EST.



men. He used to operate that way, in any case. But time is beginning to catch up with him, it seems.

He still does more than three or four men, of course. But recently, when he went on the last bond selling tour with the Secretary of the Treasury, Orson got a rather rough going over.

The way things worked out wasn't simple. The Secretary used to sleep while Orson was working. There was need for many conferences between them, however, so Mr. Secretary had his day fixed so they could confer at certain hours—but the only available



MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU, wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.

Mrs. Adolphe Menjou says:

“In lipsticks, Tangee Gay-Red is the hit-color of Hollywood!”

In Hollywood—city of beautiful women—Tangee’s newest color creation in lipsticks... Gay-Red... has made a sensational success. Stars and starlets... members of the motion picture colony... agree that this is the lipstick shade to *make lips look young and gay!*

* * *

At last... a perfect cake make-up! Some cake make-ups you’ve used are good in one way... some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal *in every way*. It’s easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not give you that wearing-a-mask look.



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America’s foremost
authorities on beauty and make-
up. Mrs. Huhn is the creator
of that exciting new lipstick
color, Tangee Gay-Red and of
Tangee Petal-Finish Cake
Make-Up as well as many
other cosmetic triumphs.

Use *Tangee* and see how beautiful you can be

So Different!... So Thrilling!

THE FLOATING FACIAL*

... literally floats off pore-clogging, make-up blurring impurities which ordinary "beauty" creams may miss



MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST

Remove your old make-up, one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet same cotton and wipe Albolened side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge... fram left-on make-up, grease, grime...

YOUR MAKE-UP effects can thrill you the way you dream them! The *Floating Facial*... smart, modern... literally floats away stale, old make-up, dead skin cells, dust, grime and grit, blemish-causing debris often left on by ordinary "beauty" creams. A *Floating Facial* gently sweeps away even stubborn cake make-up. No wonder fresh make-up effects can be so clear, lovely.

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY!

on application—and a cream must liquefy to cleanse your skin gently, effectively...

That's the secret of the *Floating Facial*... Albolene, the quick-liquefying cream. Crystal clear... immaculately pure. All-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Tissues off in a jiffy, leaving skin soft, lovely. Lubricates as it cleanses, a mercy to dry, flaky skins.

Do try a *Floating Facial*—today! Albolene Cleansing Cream now comes in scented or unscented form. At any drug, department or 10-cent store.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

hours were Orson's sleeping hours.

There was a Texan lady, however, who was fired with ambition for her lovely young daughter. Said lady decided that she would probably never again have such an opportunity to forward her daughter's career in the movies—and said lady made the most of her opportunity. She collared Orson whenever he stuck his nose out of his hotel room. And she pestered him to death on the telephone when he was in his room.

Finally, came the end of the bond tour and Orson locked himself into his hotel room, determined to get enough sleep to be able to stand the trip back to Hollywood. He fell asleep as soon as he hit his bed.

Then the phone started ringing. Orson knew it was the ambitious lady. He sleepily reached out and pulled the telephone out of the wall. Unfortunately, whatever he did didn't effect the bell box, which went on ringing all night. The only solution was to move—which he did.

Orson will always remember Texas—

When better mousetraps are made, CBS producer Charles Vanda will probably be first in line. During rehearsals of a special show in the Los Angeles Coliseum, the wind was blowing so hard that the sheet music on the stands was being blown all over the place. In desperation, Vanda sent two of his assistants out to buy 100 music clips.

The assistants searched in vain. They tried all the music shops, hardware shops and department stores. No music clips—"the war, you know." They even tried the five and ten cent stores, without finding anything resembling a music clip.

But in the five and ten cent store, one of the assistants spotted a display of mousetraps. And a great idea hit him. A hundred mousetraps were bought and on the way back to the Coliseum, the two assistants worked feverishly to remove the wires that ordinarily hold down the cheese in a trap and bent the spring. The result—100 mousetraps, reconverted ingeniously into very fine music clips.

Good fellows get together—Archie, of *Duffy's Tavern*, announcer Don Wilson, *Parkyakarkus*, and Anthony Smythe, Bernice Berwyn and Michael Raffeto of *One Man's Family*, all NBC.



Ginny Simms' "Give a Discharged Serviceman a Job" campaign is really bringing results. She got one ex-bombardier a week's singing engagement at a Nevada hotel. The pay-off is that's he's so good, he's been held over for three weeks and is still going strong.

For awhile back there, the scripts for the *Rogue's Gallery*, Dick Powell opus had a salty tang, but markedly. And no wonder. Dick was living on board his boat for a spell and all the script conferences were being held on shipboard.

Not that Dick is such a lover of the sea that he can't bear to be away from it for awhile. Like millions of other people, Dick was hit by the housing shortage and, when he had to leave his Hollywood apartment—there just wasn't any place else for him to go to live. Lucky he had a boat.

Did you know that Fanny Brice—better known to you perhaps as Baby Snooks—is a painter as well as an art patron? It was news to us—so maybe it is to you. We got it by grapevine, from a hospital, of all places, where a nurse counts a small oil painting made by Miss Brice as one of her most prized possessions. Miss Brice gave it to the nurse as a present, when she left her care.

Lots of the unattached males in radio row have a nice big lump of envy in their chests whenever they think of Lon Clark, who plays Nick Carter in the serial of the same name. Reason? Lon Clark plays opposite two of the best looking girls in radio—Charlotte Mansson and Cathleen Cordell.

You'd think there was always enough fun going on about a movie set to satisfy most anyone. But practical jokers are too irrepressible, it seems.

Someone on the set of "Centennial Summer," the picture on which Constance Bennett is working now, just had to get a rise out of the retired engineer whose great pride and joy in life at the moment is the 1876 model train that is used in the movie. The engineer is very proud of his train—and the

The *Great Stars* and *Director* of "Woman in the Window" . . .

WALTER WANGER presents
a FRITZ LANG Production

EDWARD G. ROBINSON JOAN BENNETT

Scarlet Street

WITH DAN DURYEA

The things she
does to men
can only end
in *Murder!*



"Hello, Lazylegs..."



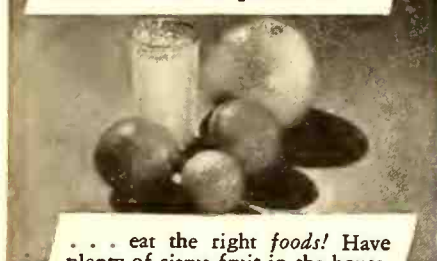
A DIANA PRODUCTION
Produced and Directed by
FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE.

JESS BARKER • MARGARET LINDSAY • ROSALIND IVAN • SAMUEL S. HINDS
Based on the novel "La Chienne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen

TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS



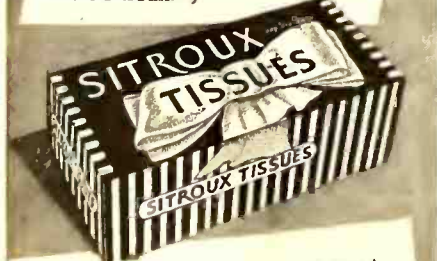
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



... eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



... use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more sanitary, because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux.)*



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our best to supply Sitroux Tissues. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

fact that he can keep it in real, running condition. He'll tell anyone all about every gadget on it—anyone who will stand still for a minute.

Well, one afternoon, some practical joker had to have his day's ration of fun at someone else's inconvenience. This still unidentified individual tampered with an air switch just before the filming of a scene and as the cameras ground away with a cheering crowd waiting for Constance to get off the train, the train rode past them and plowed into a small building. Wonder what that particular "joker" will have to think up next to get a bang out of living? Wonder if he's thought of some way to use the atom bomb—yet?

We hear that when Arthur Gaeth—Mutual's representative in Eastern Europe—left a little while ago to take over his chores in those parts, he took along four cartons of cigarettes. Gaeth doesn't smoke himself, but he figured he could buy a lot of transportation with the smokes. His estimate roughly was that he ought to get about ten miles per pack.

Arthur, by the way, will have to go some to equal the pre-war records he set in traveling about Central and Eastern Europe. Gaeth was on the go for a period of ten years, lecturing and guiding sightseers all over Germany and the Balkans. He once compiled a guide for tourists which listed all the English-speaking hotels and eating places in Czechoslovakia. He doesn't need such a guide himself—since he speaks Czech fluently.

We hear that Al Bester, the scripter of the Charlie Chan show, has finally solved his housing problem. He's rented the house of the late Stephen Vincent Benet in New York and—maybe because great minds run in the same channels, or maybe because it's the best room in the house in which to work—Bester finds that he's doing his writing in the same room in which Benet used to turn out those wonderful stories of his.

Look at this. Announcer Wendell Niles is branching out. He's starting



Louis Bromfield and Bess Flynn, writer of *Bachelor's Children*, celebrate the beginning of the program's eleventh year on CBS.

Family reunion—it's the Aldriches, and they're welcoming back Ezra Stone, the original Henry, who has returned to the program after four years in the Army.

out in the racing business—shades of Bing Crosby!—and has already bought a yearling, by Hollywood out of Lucky Hour, and named it Anndear, in honor of his wife.

If you're tired of nicknames like "Groaner" and "The Voice" and any of the others you hear around—try this one. Sgt. Johnny Desmond, who used to sing with Glenn Miller's Army Air Force band, was named "Le Creamer" (the Creamer, to us plain Americans) by the bobby-soxers in France. They thought his voice had such a creamy quality. Well, don't try it, then. Let's just call him Johnny Desmond.

The news comes through to us that Paul Lavalle, of the Stradivari Orchestra fame, has been elected to the National Youth Council as director of their musical division. Lavalle has devoted a lot of his time in the past to organizing youth orchestras in community welfare organizations and that's probably what he'll continue to do for the Council.

You think of "Pops" Whiteman as many nice things, but certainly never as a technician, or mechanical genius, or inventor. Yet, he's done several noteworthy things along those lines. He was, for instance, responsible for the idea of making separate recordings of music sequences in movies.

Now, he's come forth with a special device for his Hall of Fame programs, which makes the broadcast of a large



She Stopped at Nothing - Not Even Murder

NEVER was there a woman whose appearance so belied her true self! Ellen Berent's beauty, stunning in its perfection, made easy conquests of men. But she was so insanely jealous that she could not bear to share any part of a man's love with anyone else—or with anything! And so her lovely face became a mask for a diabolical heart. She plotted against anyone whose mere existence challenged her mania for being loved completely. She lied, cheated, deceived. It didn't matter who seemed to stand in her way—an innocent boy . . . her own sister . . . her unborn child . . . all became objects of her suspicious hate. When all else failed, there was—murder!

You've probably never read a book like this. It is a story of such power and fascination that "it will hold you from start to finish with your spine crawling like an inch worm and invisible hands massaging your scalp"—in the words of the *Boston Post*.

"Leave Her to Heaven" is a nation-wide best-seller which will soon be seen by millions as a moving picture. Will you accept a copy of this 360-page book now, practically as a gift, with membership in the Dollar Book Club?



Gene Tierney in the 20th Century - Fox Production, "Leave Her to Heaven."

**TO HOLD THE MAN
SHE LOVED!**



Over 1,000,000
People Have
Bought This Book!

"Will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!"—*New York Times*

"A wholly credible story of an amoral woman."—*Chicago Sun*.

THIS SMASH-HIT NOVEL

*Yours
for just a*

3



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BOOK CLUB

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Choose Your First Selection From These Best Sellers

Upon receipt of the attached coupon with a 3c stamp you will be sent a copy of "Leave Her to Heaven." You will also receive as your first selection for \$1.00 your choice of any of these three best sellers:

- *Lusty Wind for Carolina*. The swashbuckling new novel that takes you back to the days of pirates, duels, sea battles and reckless love.
- *Hungry Hill*, by Daphne du Maurier. The latest and most entertaining romance by the author of "Frenchman's Creek" and "Rebecca."
- *The Strange Woman*, by Ben Ames Williams. The unforgettable story of "A Maine Cleopatra" by the author of "Leave Her to Heaven."

Every other month you will receive the descriptive folder called *The Bulletin*, which is sent exclusively to members of the Club. The Bulletin describes the forthcoming two months' book selections and reviews ten or more titles (in the original publishers' editions selling at retail for \$2.50 or more) available to members at only \$1.00 each. If you do not wish to purchase either or both of the two new selections for \$1.00 each, you may notify the Club any time within two weeks, so that the books will not be sent to you. In any case, you may purchase any of the other titles offered for \$1.00 each. There are no dues or membership fees.

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When you see "Leave Her to Heaven" and your first selection and consider that these books are typical of the values you will receive for only \$1.00, you will realize the great advantage of free membership in this popular Club. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Mail the coupon now. **DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB, Garden City, New York.**

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- Lusty Wind for Carolina* *Hungry Hill*
 The Strange Woman

With these books will come my first issue of the free descriptive folder called "The Bulletin" telling about the two new forthcoming one-dollar bargain book selections and several additional bargains which are offered for \$1.00* each to members only. I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish either of the following month's selections and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the other bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received plus few cents shipping cost.

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Nestle HAIRLAC



On the Kate Smith, Alan Young and Cosmo Tune Time programs — three coast-to-coast shows — are the Four Chicks and Chuck.

BETTY HUTTON'S expected blessed event curtails any radio plans for the blonde bombshell. Many a sponsor was anxious to sign the star.

Bobby Byrnes, fine young trombonist and Merwyn Bogue, Kay Kyser's infectious Ish Kabibble, are two band stars just released from the armed forces.

Eddy Duchin, financially independent despite a long Navy hitch, is turning a deaf ear to flattering offers, preferring to first enjoy a lengthy vacation with his motherless son.

Hollywood may be a great place to live but the fashionable young singing stars still like to come to New York to shop. I know that's the major reason why Dinah Shore and Ginny Simms are bringing their air shows east shortly. These clothes-conscious gals are looking forward to a real shopping spree.

Hats off to Frank Sinatra for his serious determination to build up racial tolerance and understanding among high school kids. When I first heard about Frankie's decision to speak to young Americans I pegged it a publicity stunt, but in the last few months the bow-tied baritone has actually addressed a number of student bodies in areas where there had been racial differences.

Another performer to be congratulated for this kind of endeavor is Eddie Cantor. This season he quietly signed Thelma Carpenter, the young colored singer. She is one of the few of her race to win a niche on a network. That she has proven Cantor's faith in her talent is best revealed by the news that Eddie has re-signed the girl to a new contract.

FACING the MUSIC

By **KEN ALDEN**



"The luck of the Irish," says Danny O'Neill, explaining how he got so tops so fast since his Navy honorable discharge.

Incidentally, the pop-eyed comic is so confident that his young trumpet-playing maestro, Leonard Suess, is a star of tomorrow, that he has signed the batoneer to a new five year contract covering radio, television, and films.

I spoke to Kate Smith the other night just before she went on the air and she told me how delighted she is that this season she has no studio audiences.

"I sing better, feel more relaxed and I don't have to worry about what to wear. Then too we now have the opportunity right up to air time to work over a tune we're not entirely satisfied with."

George Auld and his orchestra will shortly go abroad to play for our Occupation Armies in Europe.

Johnny "Paradiddle Joe" Morris, formerly with Tony Pastor, now has his own band, broadcasting from New York's Hotel McAlpin on Mutual.

One of the busiest singing groups around are the Four Chicks and Chuck. They're heard on the Kate Smith and Alan Young shows. Chuck says this is a soft touch. During the war he not

only did his singing chores but worked daytime in a New Jersey war plant as a welder.

Frances Wayne, vocalist with Woody Herman's orchestra, and Woody's trumpeter, Neal Heft, were recently married. Wedding bells also rang out for radio singer Dave Street and beautiful Lois Andrews. The latter was formerly married to comic George Jessel and has a child by that marriage. Lois was sixteen when she married Jessel. Remember all the jokes about that union?

Van Alexander, well known arranger, has been asked to form a new dance band for Bob Crosby. Bing's brother is due out of the Marines.

Anita Boyer, who has sung with dozens of top bands, now joins Harry James' outfit, succeeding Kitty Kallen.

DANNY BOY

The young boot sailor had no right being up in the choir loft, so when the Navy Chaplain caught him he expected severe punishment. Instead, the luck of the Irish was once again with Danny O'Neill and the incident helped carve a singing career that had seemed permanently abandoned.

Today the blue-eyed, ex-bluejacket is an establish singing star on CBS, but it was that episode at Great Lakes Naval Training Station five years ago that has been idelibly etched in the tenor's memory.

Danny told me about it as we lunched in Toots Shor's celebrity-packed eatery, in the shadow of Radio City.

"I had been singing professionally since I was eight. My aunt, a former singer, took me in hand, and before I had learned my A-B-C's, I was making forty dollars a week in small time vaudeville. My folks were in the hotel business and we roamed all over the country. I went to fifty-three different schools, but education was strictly a sideline."

Danny told me he was finally graduated from Atlanta Tech high school. "This was a great relief. Then I knew I could concentrate on singing and stop worrying about homework."

The Birmingham-born, slightly built lad finally got big time recognition when Russ Morgan offered him a singing job. But he never got to join Russ. A serious strep infection knocked him out. The germ lodged in his vocal chords and a cautious doctor who pulled him through ordered him never to sing professionally again.

"I was tremendously disheartened. Singing meant the world to me," Danny recalled, "so I tried to forget by joining the Navy."

That was in 1939. Danny was assigned to learn his nautical ropes at Great Lakes and spent every available minute away from duty listening to the station's promising Naval Choir of thirty-five voices conducted by the kindly Lutheran Chaplain, Hjalmar Hansen.

"I would have given my life to sing with that gang but I couldn't forget what the doctor had said."

When Hansen caught the Navy novice in the choir loft, the Chaplain, not familiar with every boy in his group, assumed the frightened gob was one of his choristers shirking his vocal rehearsals.

Are you in the know?

For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

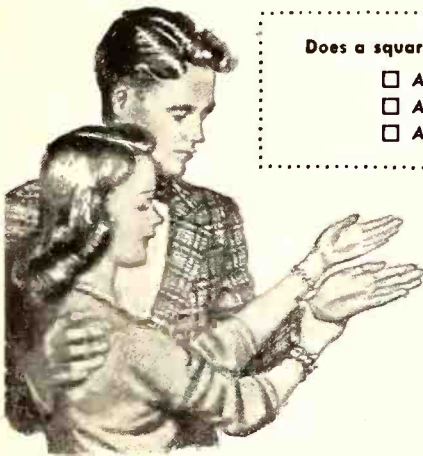
- Give up breathing
- Minimize the midriff
- Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull!) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit. With Kotex, no revealing outlines nag you—for Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And to help you stay dainty, there's a deodorant in Kotex. Gals who rate appreciate this grooming aid!



Does a square shaped hand indicate —

- An inquiring mind
- An impulsive nature
- A dynamic personality



Your hand can reveal your traits and temperament! Have you a square shaped hand? If so, palmists say you're a practical soul; self assured. You have an inquiring mind—which is good, for it helps you make wise decisions. And when you inquire about sanitary protection, and learn that Kotex has lasting softness (doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch) . . . that Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . it's ten to one you'll decide on Kotex. Because you value real comfort. No wonder you're self-assured!

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—

- A pickle-pon
- Drocula's mother
- Justified

This little lap-lander didn't mean to tumble. But to the lady it's the last straw. She's tired of being pushed around by boisterous characters. The lady's justified. Accidents and a "who cares?" attitude too often go together. That's worth pondering . . . on "those" days, as well, for if you use *care* in choosing a sanitary napkin, you'll choose Kotex—and avoid mishaps. Yes, Kotex' exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection from problem-day accidents!

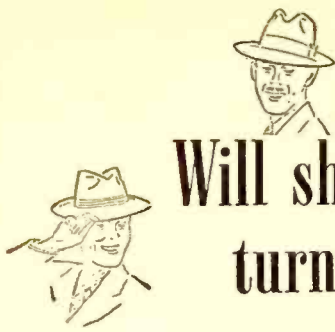


Contains a deodorant
of no extra cost!

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More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins



Will she still turn heads at 37?



ENSEMBLE BY MILGRIM

WHAT ABOUT YOU? Are you seeing to it now that your skin will retain its glow of youth long after others accept the tell-tale lines and tiny wrinkles that follow loss of natural skin moisture? Are you making every effort to retain as long as possible the natural oils that keep your skin smooth and supple? You should!

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Skin cream—A wonderful make-up base that vanishes smoothly into the skin, leaving complexion satiny and daintily scented. Let it act as you sleep! This fine, lightly-textured skin cream contains "cholesterol". Helps keep skin soft and supple, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings, guards vital skin moisture. 60¢, plus tax.



Cleansing cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that tissues off easily. Liquefies as you smooth it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy-fresh and sparklingly clean. 60¢, plus tax.

that cause your skin to lose its natural moisture.

Choose creams carefully. You needn't pay a high price to get creams that will do something for your skin... try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream contains a *special* ingredient that guards against loss of natural skin moisture... "cholesterol". Helps nature keep your skin from looking old before its time. And soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream prepared especially for removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings.

Both creams contain genuine PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA.

Phillips'

MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

"Oh, a wise guy," reprimanded the Chaplain. "Well, I'm going to teach you a lesson. If you think you're so good you can skip rehearsal, here's your chance to prove it. You sing the next number solo!"

The other sailors guffawed. Danny trembled. He hadn't sung a note in nine months. He dared not explain his plight or the story of his strep infection. There was nothing else to do but sing, and Danny did just that, lifting his appealing Irish tenor in "Silent Night." When it was over the other sailors applauded noisily. The Chaplain registered amazement. Here was a trained, talented singer.

"It was then that I told Chaplain Hansen the truth. But I still couldn't understand how after all that time I could sing so well and not feel any pain."

The Chaplain had the right diagnosis. "You're cured, my boy. You could have sung months ago. It's been a psychological fear."

Danny joined the choral group immediately, but on completing his boot training he was assigned to the aircraft carrier Lexington as a musician, first class. Again Lady Luck took care of a real son of Erin. The big ship was anchored at Pearl Harbor. Danny was on the flight deck when, without warning, a tremendous block-and-tackle pulley swung sharply around, knocking him completely off the deck and into the water. A nearby launch fished him out; he suffered a broken back.

"I might have been killed but quick action by Navy medics saved me."

Danny was hospitalized in Hawaii and San Diego for nine months. When he was completely mended he left the hospital with his honorable discharge papers.

The singer caught up with his parents, then working in Detroit. He resumed his singing career but could find only small jobs tenoring in dowdy auto city night clubs. But during a trip to Chicago he caught up with his old friend, Chaplain Hansen. The choir now had one hundred and fifty enlisted men. Danny was invited to rejoin the group as guest soloist for an NBC special broadcast. However, it was finally a CBS talent scout who signed the boy to a contract. After a successful sustaining series, Danny had his own spon-



Her looks are as good as her voice—singer Jeri Sullivan of the Durante-Moore program, heard CBS, 10 P. M., EST, Fridays.



His income tax blank lists him as Merwyn Bogue, but he's better known as Ish Kabibble, back with Kay Kyser on NBC.

sored network show from the Windy City and he featured his Navy Choral group.

Last year he came to New York, won himself a Monday evening half hour program of his own and a co-starring spot with Evelyn Knight on CBS's Thursday Powder Box Revue. He has also been signed by Majestic records.

Danny is twenty-four, blue-eyed and black-haired. He is married to a former Detroit night club dancer, an Irish colleen, dimpled and pert-nosed, who answers to the name of Gerrie Healy O'Neill. They have an eighteen-months-old son, William Michael, and live in a modest Morningside Heights apartment.

When Danny isn't busy singing he's helping his dad run a new restaurant, called The Pin Up Room.

* * *

THE BIG CITY CHANGED THINGS

Once upon a time the only claim to fame that Larry Brooks had was that he came from the same town that gave us Rudy Vallee—Westbrook, Maine. Today, at 29, Larry Brooks has built himself quite a good deal more of a reputation. For the past year and a half he's been playing the part of Edvard Grieg in "Song of Norway," one of the smash hits on Broadway, and he's starred on Tuesday nights on CBS on the Ford Show (10 P.M. EST).

Larry was born Lawrence Huard and grew up as such in Maine. He was orphaned at the age of four and raised after that by his aunt, Mrs. Mabel Huard, to whom he gives a lot of the credit for his success. Mrs. Huard had no background in music or the theater, but she was a constant bulwark to his ambitions and gave him a steady encouragement, which he needed.

Larry changed his name when he came to New York and happened to pay a visit to a famous theatrical costume firm. He took the firm's name. That wasn't all he changed—his name. He also changed his career. He came to New York to make his mark as a violinist. But he happened to overhear a conversation about a famous voice teacher named Estelle Liebling and, suddenly, conceived the notion that he really wanted to become a singer. Larry went to see Miss Liebling. He

BARBARA HALE

starring in
RRO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
LADY LUCK



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Capture the beauty of the stars in your hair with GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—so easy to use, so quick, so delightfully cleansing!

No other shampoo can adorn your hair with lovelier lustre, more natural-looking sparkle and brilliance, daintier springtime softness, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended vegetable oils*. Rinses out easily, completely . . . not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—leaves scalp refreshingly clean, hair radiantly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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HOW TO *look* AT A SPOON



Look First at the back to see if it's marked **INLAID**. That means it's Holmes & Edwards silverplate and Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver.

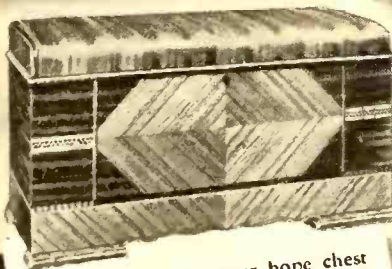


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NOT FOR JUST TODAY

-For Always



Through the years, your hope chest will hold many of your most treasured possessions—priceless things, intimately associated with your hopes, your dreams, your memories. The graceful beauty and superior construction of a West Branch Cedar Hope Chest make it your logical choice. WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA

West Branch

CEDAR HOPE CHEST



The Present with a Future



Harmony quintet—The Jubalaires provide the wonderful rhythm on Arthur Godfrey's nightly CBS show.

told her very sincerely and honestly that he didn't have a dime to pay for any singing lessons, but wanted just to sing for her and find out whether he'd be wasting his time or not. Miss Lieb-ling agreed to listen to him and give him her honest opinion. She did listen and then took an I.O.U. from him, to be drawn against his future earnings. And they went to work.

After some training with Miss Lieb-ling, Larry's first paying singing job was in Hartford, Connecticut, on a local radio station. He held down that job for three seasons. In 1942, he returned to New York, didn't get very far ahead with his career and accepted a singing engagement at Camp Tamiment in Pennsylvania. Camp Tamiment, incidentally, is where Danny Kaye did a lot of his hardest training for his present success.

At Tamiment, Larry met a couple of young writers, Robert Wright and George Forrest, who liked him and promised to help him when-as-and-if they could.

They did help him. First they got him a job as one of the featured singers at the famous Copacabana Club in New York—at which job Larry remained for six months. During those six months, the two writers were working on an operetta. They assured Larry that he could play the lead in it when they had finished the book.

When Wright and Forrest left for Hollywood to stage the world premiere of their operetta, Larry wangled himself a movie contract and followed them to California. Nothing came of the movie deal for Larry, however. To top off that disappointment there was some dickering with the people who backed the operetta and Larry discovered that he wasn't to play the lead, after all, in spite of the battle his writer friends put up for him. Somebody else got the part Larry had traveled three thousand miles to sing.

As it should in any good story, it all worked out well in the end. Because the somebody who got Larry's role, didn't work out very well. When "Song of Norway" was brought to New York, Larry Brooks was called in to play the part, which had been more or less written with him in mind. And the play—and Larry with it—has been one of the outstanding successes of several Broadway seasons.

There's another illustration of an old bromide, and it seems you can't get away from them. Plenty of people would have let themselves be thrown by less discouragement than Larry Brooks underwent. But if you do let yourself get thrown, Larry figures, it must be because you don't really want

what you thought you wanted so very much. He did want it, worked for it—got it.

* * *

NEW RECORDS

FREDDY MARTIN: (Victor) An elegant rendition of the new Paris importation, "Symphony," plus the cute calendar song, "In the Middle of May" makes this the pick of the platters.

FRANK SINATRA: (Columbia) "Nancy," Frankie's personal paen to his own offspring, appropriately packaged with Brahms' "Cradle Song", is a natural for his legion of fans.

BETTY HUTTON: (Capitol) Bouncin' Betty spins two tunes from "Stork Club." "Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief" and "Square in the Social Circle" leave both Betty and the listeners breathless. Amorous Andy Russell sings the love song from the same picture and it's called "Love Me."

TOMMY DORSEY: (Victor) "At the Fat Man's" is not a salute to Sydney Greenstreet but a rousing bounce tune which T.D. couples with a glistening stylization of our old friend "Chloe."

BENNY GOODMAN: (Columbia) A king-sized pairing of two great Gershwin tunes, the nostalgic "Man I Love" with a dreamy vocal by Helen Forrest and the imperishable "I Got Rhythm" featuring the inimitable Goodman sextet. Highly recommended.

HARRY JAMES: (Columbia) When a popular trumpeter blows out a potential hit parade love song from a new film, how can it miss? The picture is "The Dolly Sisters" and the song is called "I Can't Begin to Tell You." Vocalist Ruth Haag tries to tell. Andy Russell (Capitol) also handles this tune with romantic finesse.

VAUGHN MONROE: (Victor) Two off-the-assembly line ballads seasoned with Vaughn's virile baritone, both competently disced. "Are These Really Mine" and "Fishin' For the Moon" are the titles.

GENE KRUPA: (Columbia) An oldie, "I Don't Want to Be Loved" and the highly popular "That Feeling in the Moonlight" represent the drummer man's disc doings for the month.

ANDY RUSSELL: (Capitol) An album adroitly blending South of the Border and North of Tin Pan Alley that makes for soft lights and sweet music.



Introducing— John Scott Trotter

JOHN SCOTT TROTTER, NBC maestro, is one of those easy-going Southerners who amble comfortably along but who seem to get places, nevertheless.

He is the band leader of the NBC Kraft Music Hall program and a neophyte in the society of radio's big name bands. Bing Crosby gave Trotter his start.

After eight years with Hal Kemp as pianist and arranger, Trotter parted company with his boyhood chum and college classmate and went to Hollywood in 1935 in search of fortune.

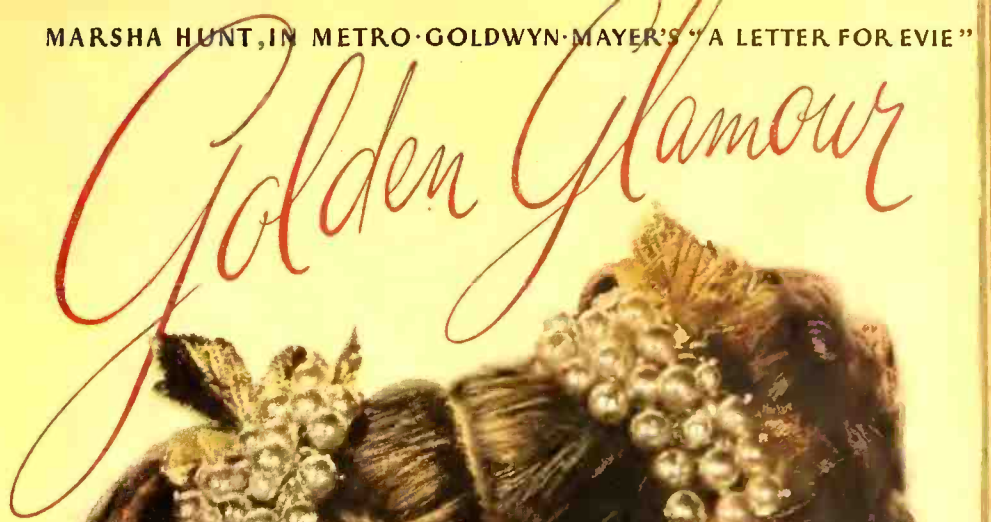
To Trotter, "Pennies From Heaven" became a literal windfall. He was assigned to write the orchestration for Crosby's picture of that title. He wrote it so well, so melodiously, that the great crooner was duly impressed. He tucked Trotter's name in a corner of his mind.

Trotter was born in Charlotte, N. C., on June 14, 1908. By the time he was fourteen, he was playing difficult Bach inventions and Beethoven sonatas. He was convinced that music was to be his career, though his parents were not so sure. Just in case he changed his mind about music, he matriculated at the University of North Carolina rather than at a music conservatory.

Among his classmates were Kay Kyser, Jan Garber and Hal Kemp, an old friend. At the time Kemp was organizing another North Carolina band and Trotter was chosen as its pianist and arranger; he was credited with originating the famous "tucker" style which won Kemp much of his following.

In 1934 Trotter settled in Hollywood. Johnny Burke, an old friend, was writing songs for Bing Crosby. Trotter invited Burke to be his house guest. As fast as Burke wrote songs, Trotter, for the sake of something to do to fill in his idle moments, arranged them. Well, one day, Bing called on Burke and saw the Trotter arrangements. He liked them so much he made a purchase on the spot. When Jimmy Dorsey, then his music director, left the program to go on tour, he chose John Scott Trotter for the post of music director of the Kraft Music Hall.

Trotter is a bachelor with brown eyes, black hair and a ready smile. He stands six feet, one inch in his stocking feet and weighs 190 pounds plus.



Woodbury Champagne Rachel

MARSHA HUNT

... of the luscious ivory-and-gold skin. For her "glow-girl" look, fluff on this exciting new shade, Woodbury Champagne Rachel! A golden, exotic Rachel—so color-full—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its golden glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade as in the box! Compare its misty flattery with the powder you're wearing. Woodbury clings... stays fresh! Conceals tiny flaws. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades. Pretty Smooth... before powdering, fluff on WOODBURY CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Make-up clings!



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP ... all 3 for 1*

1. Big \$1 box Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
2. Star-styled lipstick—keyed to your skin-type
3. Matching rouge—your just-right shade



Woodbury
new film-finish
Powder

No Other Shampoo

**leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so
easy to manage.**

Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair!
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.

That's Drene-lovely hair.

Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you
these exciting hair-dos to go with the things
you'll do and the clothes you'll wear
on a gay winter week-end.

"Changing your hair style is part of the fun,"
says Shari. "And your hair is so easy to fix
after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action
leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage."

You'll love the way Drene brings out
all the gleaming beauty of your hair . . .
as much as 33% more brilliance than any soap.

Drene is not a soap shampoo.

It never leaves any dull dingy film on hair
the way all soaps do.

Fashion models, like Shari Herbert,
are always so smartly groomed.

No unsightly dandruff, not when
you're a Drene Girl! Start
today. Use Drene Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning action or ask
your beauty shop to use it.

● WINGING DOWN A SKI SLOPE. you
want a hair-do that stays put. "So
fasten your hair at the nape of your
neck with a barrette," advises Shari,
"and comb under into a smooth page-
boy." No other shampoo . . . only
Drene with Hair Conditioning action
. . . will make your hair look so lovely.

Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

● GLAMOUR BY FIRELIGHT. . . "Change to something romantic for evening,"
Shari says. "Sweep up your hair and arrange in four or five long shining curls."
For that wonderful shining-smooth look, follow Shari's example and be a Drene
Girl. So simple yet really dramatic!

Drene

**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action-**



*Carol's lips smiled,
her eyes invited;
yet somehow Jim knew
she wasn't alive*

FOLKS in Littleton are pretty easy-going, I've always found—willing to live and let live, and not criticize the other fellow too much. But sometimes, like folks everywhere else in the world, they get off on the wrong track, simply because they don't understand all the ins and outs of what's happening under their very noses.

It was that way with Carol Black. Carol Emerson, she was before she married Larry Black, and one of the prettiest, sweetest girls in Littleton. I've known her practically from the minute she was born, you might say, and never once, in all the years she was growing

An End to Tears

*Carol, in Jim's
arms was warm
and responsive.*



ONE OF AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES

up, did I see her do anything unkind or underhand. Tiny and slim, with eyes that looked dark blue sometimes and violet others, and a quick way of walking that made you think she was running eagerly to meet whatever life had in store for her, Carol could have had her pick of Littleton boys. But we all knew, from the time they were both in high school and beginning to go out on dates, that there was nobody for her but Larry Black—just as there was no other girl for Larry but Carol.

LARRY'S father and mother liked Carol, and Carol's father—her mother had died when she was ten—approved of Larry, so it seemed there was nothing at all standing in the way of their happiness. In the ordinary course of things, they'd have been married and settled down in Littleton to raise a nice healthy family of children—but the war changed their plans. They were married, all right, but it was after Larry had gone into the Army, and Carol was a bride of six months who had spent perhaps two weeks with her husband all told, when Larry went overseas.

She took the separation like the little thoroughbred she was. She went to work as an operator in the Littleton office of the telephone company, and was very busy saving her money and Larry's allotment check against the day he'd be back and they could build a little home of their own. Her father died during the first year Larry was away, and she was all alone. I've wondered, since, if things would have been different if John Emerson had lived a few years longer. . . .

Then the telegram came, bringing the news that Larry had been killed in France.

Hester and Peter Black, Larry's parents, were having supper at Carol's apartment when the wire came. Carol was laughing as she went to answer the doorbell. Hester said they heard the door open, and then there was complete silence—not a sound, not a whisper. She and Peter looked at each other, and they both knew, but they couldn't stir. They waited for what seemed a thousand years, before Carol came back into the little dinette. She had the yellow telegram in her hand, and her eyes were bland in her pale face.

"He's—been killed," she said, and held the message out to them. "Larry's dead." And she opened her fingers and let the paper flutter to the floor—and fainted dead away.

Carol's illness, which lasted about two weeks, was probably a good thing, taking everything into consideration,

for Hester. She could forget some of her own grief in caring for the girl who lay only half-conscious in the Black's spare bedroom. The doctor came, and said it was collapse brought on by shock, and prescribed a tonic and plenty of rest, and gradually Carol got better.

It was then that the trouble began—that Hester began to notice things she couldn't either understand or forgive.

In a strange sort of way, Carol had changed. She was very formal with Hester and Peter, as if they were two kind acquaintances who had taken her in while she was ill, and no more than that. She called them "Mr. Black" and "Mrs. Black," instead of "Father" and "Mother," as she always had before, and when they suggested that it might be a good idea for her to give up the apartment she'd rented when her father died and come to live with them, she laughed and said she wouldn't think of that. "I've been enough trouble to you already," she said.

"But Larry would have wanted you to be with us," Hester said pleadingly.

Carol didn't seem to hear. She was sitting up in bed, and she'd put on lipstick and combed her black hair until its shoulder-length bob glistened. Now her face became still and remote—"closed-in" was the phrase that came into Hester's mind.

"THE doctor says I'll be well enough to leave and go back to work by the first of next week," Carol said. And that was all.

It was always like that, whenever Larry's name was mentioned. Carol would suddenly not be listening, and she would not respond. It was as if she had never known anyone named Larry Black.

Though Hester tried to make allowances, Carol's attitude first hurt her, then kindled a slow, bitter anger in her heart. She herself could find comfort only in talking about Larry, recalling his exploits when he was a boy, and his cleverness as he grew up—as if by thinking of him constantly she could bring him back to life, a little. It seemed to her that by refusing to talk of him, Carol was denying him, turning her back on his memory. And it was harder than ever for Hester when talk began going around town—even though Hester herself, in her baffled anger, was responsible for a good deal of that talk.

Carol moved back into her own apartment, and began working again for the telephone company. People said at first how brave she was—but as the weeks went by their approval fell off and they started to whisper that she couldn't have cared very much for

Larry after all, or she wouldn't act the way she did—as if, they pointed out, she had never known Larry or been married to him or lost him.

Carol had always been gay and fond of a good time, the first to come to a dance and the last to leave. Now she plunged head-first into whatever pleasures Littleton had to offer. In spite of the war, there were a few unattached men around town, and she went out with all of them, impartially. She bought herself a little second-hand car, and used it for week-end trips to Metropole, returning with a new hat or a new dress or a new, complicated way of doing her hair. After such a long time of being thrifty, she turned so extravagant that she spent every penny of her salary, and all her savings besides. And she had never looked more lovely, with a sort of doomed, brittle loveliness that made you catch your breath whenever you saw her, for fear it would vanish overnight.

People said it was a shame, and it was a good thing poor Larry hadn't lived to see it, but even those who did the most clucking couldn't say, when you pinned them down, that Carol had ever done anything really wrong, or that there was any hint of scandal attached to her. Her principal crime was that she seemed to have forgotten Larry entirely, and was acting like any girl, twenty years old, who still had the experiences of falling in love and getting married ahead of her.

There was one thing that seemed more important to me than all the rest of the gossip put together. Hester had found it out, going to see Carol in her apartment one day. That apartment had never had much of Larry in it, because Carol had moved in after Larry's departure overseas. But now even his picture, which had stood in a gold frame on top of the book shelf, was gone, and so were the letters Carol had once kept all together in a compartment of her writing desk.

Hester asked bluntly, "What have you done with Larry's picture?"

Carol, who a moment before had been chattering light-heartedly about a movie she'd seen, looked at Hester al-

One of radio's favorite storytellers, Aunt Jenny tells with wisdom and gentle humor of the complications and misunderstandings that can tangle the loves of simple people as they grope for happiness—stories like this new one, *An End To Tears*. The program *Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories* is presented each Monday through Friday at 11:45 A.M. EST, on the Columbia Broadcasting network.



most with hostility. "Picture?" she said vaguely. "Oh, I—I put it some place. I forget where."

"You forget!" Hester said, and all the bitterness she'd tried to keep down suddenly overflowed. "Your own husband, Carol!" she said accusingly. "I know why you took that picture away—it was because you were ashamed to have his eyes watching you acting the way you have. Dressing up and painting your face and running around so that everybody in town is talking! You ought to be ashamed—showing no more respect than that for one of the finest boys that ever lived, and one who worshipped the ground you walked on! Haven't you any heart at all? Haven't you any decency?"

She flung her rage at Carol, and Carol sat there unmoving, untouched. She didn't answer, she didn't say a word, and those eyes that were sometimes blue and sometimes violet had turned a new color—an inky dull black, as if all the life had gone out of them.

Hester stood (Continued on page 81)

"This is his picture, Carol," Jim said. "I took it from his mother. I want you to look at it."



Tom Breneman's
BREAKFAST
in
HOLLYWOOD



"There you are, Minneapolis!" Tom

IT was ironic, Dorothy thought, how fate could mix things up. Back home in Minneapolis, she'd often listened to the Breakfast in Hollywood program while she'd had mid-morning coffee in the drugstore of the building where she worked. She had thought then how much fun, how exciting it must be, to be present at the Breakfast.

And now that was right where she was—at a table in the Hollywood Restaurant, and everyone around her

had finished his breakfast and was laughing and talking, waiting for the program to begin. And it wasn't any fun at all. It was just something to do to take her mind off herself for a while, to make her forget how miserable and defeated she was.

She shrank back as, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Tom Breneman move toward her table with the little portable mike. She didn't want attention focussed upon her. Then he was standing over her, saying, "Hello. Where do you come from?"

She replied automatically, "Minneapolis, Minnesota."

"And your name?"

"Dorothy Larsen."

He chuckled. "With a name like that, you couldn't come from any place but Minnesota. Have you ever heard this program back there on the air, Dorothy?"

Dorothy flushed. "Do I have to tell?"

"Oh, come," he said. "We're not that bad, are we?"

"No," said Dorothy, "but—my boss may be listening in." And then she had to tell him about listening to the program in the mornings at the drug store, when she was supposed to be upstairs taking dictation. Tom laughed, and the audience roared, and Dorothy's face began to burn. It was all in fun, of course, but when you were tired and disheartened, you didn't rise to fun

very easily. Her eyes flashed as she exclaimed, "Don't think the laugh's on me! I quit my job two weeks ago." She bit her lip. She hadn't meant to say that. Suppose he asked why she quit?

But he just laughed again, and said, "Dorothy, you're all right!" and moved on to another table.

Dorothy sat back, relieved. She closed her eyes and opened them again immediately. Pay attention to what's going on around you, she told herself sharply. Don't think about yourself. Don't think about home, before the war, when Jimmy was there, when you went dancing with Jimmy at the Crystal Ballroom on Friday nights, and riding around the lakes with Jimmy,

This story is adapted from "Breakfast in Hollywood," movie starring Tom Breneman of ABC's Tom Breneman's Breakfast, heard weekdays at 11:00 A.M. EST. Tom Breneman stars as himself; Bonita Granville plays Dorothy; Eddie Ryan plays Ken. In the cast are: Zasu Pitts, Beulah Bondi, Raymond Walburn, Lois January, Thomas Jackson, Mrs. Alice Cooper, Mrs. Anna LeSeur, Mrs. Ida Breneman, Billie Burke, Margaret Early, Spike Jones and his City Slickers, the King Cole Trio, Andy Foulger. The screen-play is by Earl Baldwin; directed by Harold Shuster; this is a Golden production released through United Artists.



*A fairy godfather whom
radio listeners will
recognize works unorthodox
magic for a sailor
and a pretty girl, both
far from home, both lonely*

said. "Talk your heads off. Both of you look as if you needed company."

and when you and Jimmy used to meet the crowd at Wally's for hamburgers. Don't think about the long, wonderful letters Jimmy wrote after he went away—the letters that had stopped so suddenly three months ago. Don't think how crazy it had been to throw up your job and to use the little money you'd saved to travel all the way to California, looking for Jimmy.

It had been crazy, of course. She knew that now. This morning at the bus depot the Travelers' Aid worker hadn't told her so, but it was obvious that she had thought so, when Dorothy had told her the story. The Travelers' Aid worker had been very kind. She had telephoned San Pedro, where

Jimmy's last letter had said he was going, when she'd found out that Dorothy hadn't enough money to go down there. San Pedro had said that they had no record of a Seaman First Class James Glenning's ever having been there, and the Travelers' Aid worker had told her that she had best accept their offer of a bus ticket home, and had given her a ticket to the broadcast to cheer her up.

The broadcast had started now. The announcer was introducing Tom Brene-man. Dorothy made herself listen to every word of Tom's little speech of greeting, forced herself to smile when he stopped at a table at which sat a large, severe-looking woman and a

small, meek-looking man. The man was the woman's secretary, and they were going to be married this afternoon. Everyone laughed at that, and Dorothy smiled, too, although she didn't think it was at all funny. They were going to be married, and they would probably be very happy. . . .

Her gaze wandered around the room. There was a woman in a mad and wonderful hat, looking like—like Hedda Hopper. It was Hedda Hopper! And on the bandstand was Spike Jones' orchestra she'd heard so often and had so often wished to see. On the low stage behind Tom was a table where the service men and women sat. Her eyes passed quickly over it as she saw three Navy uniforms, and stopped at a side table where a thin, doleful-looking woman, wearing a hat that looked like a decorated stove pipe, sat. "She looks lonely," Dorothy thought, and she was relieved when a late-comer, a sweet-faced old lady, slipped in and sat down with the woman in the ridiculous hat, and they began to talk. And then her attention was snapped back suddenly to the service table, where Tom was interviewing one of the Navy men. The boy was embarrassed. Dorothy gathered that Tom had given him a ride into Hollywood from the San Fernando Valley that morning, and that he had not recognized Tom, and he was so flustered now that he gave the name

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of his home town instead of his name when Tom asked him who he was. And the name of the town was—Minneapolis.

Dorothy sat bolt upright. He was from Minneapolis, and something about him—not his looks, certainly, for although he was better looking than any boy had a right to be, he was dark whereas Jimmy was fair—something about him made her think of Jimmy.

"What's your name?" Tom was asking, and the boy, very red of face, said loudly, "Kenneth Smith!"

Everyone laughed, and Tom said, "Well, don't be so mad about it! What were you doing last night in San Fernando Valley?"

"Trying to find some people from Minneapolis."

"What on earth for?" Tom demanded.

The boy looked more embarrassed than ever. "Just to talk to, I guess."

"Well, good lands!" Tom exclaimed. "We've got people from Minneapolis right here! Come on!" And then he was bringing the boy over to her table, drawing up a chair, almost pushing him



Tom's lips twitched. "You did steal something else—the heart of a swell kid named Ken Smith."

down beside her. "There you are, Minneapolis! Talk your heads off! Both of you look as if you needed company!" And, grinning, he went back to the service table.

Dorothy smiled tentatively. The only thing that gave her courage was that Kenneth Smith seemed to be even more confused than she was.

He said nervously, "Hello . . . You come from Minneapolis?"

"That's right. I'm going back this afternoon, on the five o'clock bus."

"I bet you're glad." He spoke enviously.

She blinked to shut back sudden tears, and her voice shook as she said, "I hate it!"

"Hate Minneapolis!"

"Oh, no! I love Minneapolis. I hate going back without—" And then she told him about Jimmy, and about how Jimmy's letters had stopped coming suddenly, without explanation, three months ago, and how she'd come here to try to find him. She had to tell someone, and this boy was nice. Not only nice—there was something warm about

him, and receptive, and friendly. He listened as intently as if her problems were his own.

"Jimmy," he repeated when she'd finished. "What's his last name?"

"Glennings." Her heart leaped at the expression on his face. "Do you know him?"

"Do I know him! Why, we—" He stopped.

"Yes," she urged. "Go on. You what—"

He shook his head. "Nothing," he said flatly. "I'm pretty sure it's not the same guy you know. I'm not even sure if he came from Minneapolis."

Her voice caught. "But you said—"

He looked uncomfortable. "This guy was engaged to a girl by the name of—uh—What's your name?"

She answered without thinking. "Dorothy."

"There you are! His girl's name was Cora."

Dorothy stared at him speechlessly. He was covering up something, she was sure of it. She was trying to find words to tell him so, when Tom Breneman came up to them, grinning good-naturedly. "All right," he said. "The convention's over, Minneapolis! Get back to your seat, Ken."

Ken went willingly, with hardly another glance at her. And then, as she watched his retreating back, she knew why he'd made her think of Jimmy. Her hand plunged into her bag. If she could only find that picture! She must. . . .

Ken sat down at the service table, weak with relief. Whew! he thought, he'd just missed giving himself away—and it would have been bad, seeing the look that would have come into her eyes if he'd told her the truth about Jimmy Glennings. She looked like the kind who took things hard. And she was so pretty, and so sweet . . . he could have talked to her all morning, happily, if Jimmy hadn't come into the conversation. Determinedly, he fastened his eyes and his mind upon the show. Tom Breneman was moving around now, looking for the woman with the funniest hat, stopping by a woman in a contraption that looked like a stove-pipe with ribbons, who sat at a side



Ken rushed desperately to the bus station, but he was too late. Dorothy's bus had left.

table with a sweet-faced old lady. The woman bridled with pleasure as Tom kidded her about her hat, and then looked incredibly disappointed when Tom tried on Hedda Hopper's hat instead of hers—so disappointed that she was actually getting up and walking out. And the old lady was trying to stop her—

Ken nearly started out of his chair. The old lady had sunk back, clutching her side, her face twisted, and no one was noticing that she was in trouble. He felt trapped at his own conspicuous table, and then he saw that it was all right. A waiter had seen the old lady, was helping her, getting her a glass of water, and the old lady was smiling, nodding almost brightly.

Ken looked back at Tom Breneman. They were drawing for the Wishing Ring now. "I hope Dorothy wins—" It was hardly a thought that crossed his mind, but a moment later Dorothy was standing up, looking scared and excited at once, holding her ticket. "I have it!" she called. "Here it is!"

Ken watched her cross the room toward Tom, and thought how lovely she was, with all that soft fair hair, with that sweet but determined little chin. Tom Breneman kidded her a little, and then asked about her job.

"I'm a secretary," Dorothy answered, "but I hope to be a housewife soon."

Ken flinched. She looked happier now, more confident. Maybe she was taking winning the Wishing Ring as a sign that she'd find her Jimmy. Ken didn't laugh with the rest of the people when she said that she hoped someday to live on a farm so that she could hatch baby chicks. There weren't many girls these days, he thought, who had nice, simple ideas of living on chicken farms.

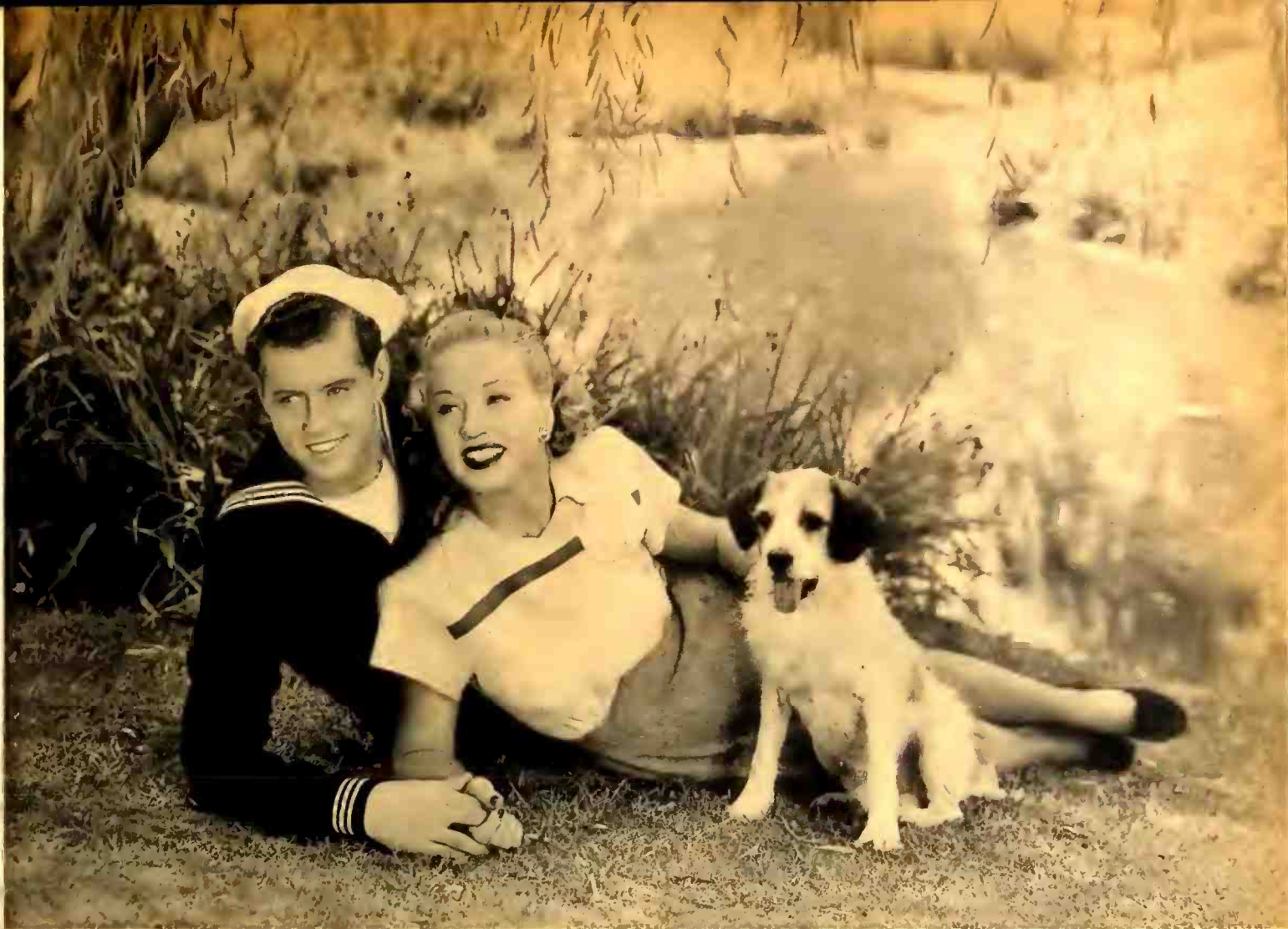
Tom slipped the ring on her finger, asked her her wish.

"I wish," said Dorothy softly, "that I can find a friend."

Ken understood, but no one else did. A murmur of sympathy ran through the audience, and Tom said, "Why, you've three hundred friends right here!"

"I mean," said Dorothy, "a certain friend. He's in the Service, and he—he's my fiancé."

Ken felt sick. He felt worse a second later, when Andy Russell began to sing, "If I Had a Wishing Ring," and Dorothy went back to her table looking—well, almost as if she were praying. After that, try as he would, he couldn't keep his mind on the broadcast. The sweet-faced old lady—her name turned out to be Mrs. Annie Reed when Tom interviewed her—won the orchid for being the oldest person in the room. Ken noticed that she seemed to have got over her spell. She answered Tom's questions pertly, and she seemed to be enormously pleased with her orchid. A drab, middle-aged woman won the make-up kit, and then the band struck up and the crowd was singing, and the program was over. As soon as the song was ended, Ken started for the door. He wanted to get out before the impulse to talk to Dorothy overcame him, before he did talk to her, and let her get out of him the true story about Jimmy Glennings.



Dorothy and Ken walked through Griffith Park, and sat on the grass and talked, and discovered they'd spent several years at home just missing meeting each other.

Dorothy saw Ken rise, and she tried to keep an eye on him, but she lost him in the crowd. Then she worked her way to the door as fast as she could, and waited outside. She hardly noticed the knot of people gathered in the entrance alcove, was hardly aware of the ambulance that drew up to the curb and of the crowd that gathered around it. Ken—she had to find Ken . . . And then she saw him when the ambulance pulled away and the crowd began to move. She stepped up to him, put her hand on his sleeve. "You were teasing me, weren't you," she accused, "about not knowing Jimmy Glenning." And she drew the snapshot out of her purse—the snapshot that showed Jimmy shoulder-to-shoulder with another sailor, who was undeniably Kenneth Smith.

Ken looked at it, and at her, and decided to make the best of it. "Sure," he said easily, "I knew him. But I don't know where he is now. Honest, I don't. I'm sorry."

She studied his face, decided he was telling the truth. "I wonder—would you mind talking to me about him for a few minutes? I'd be so grateful—"

"I'd be glad to," he said soberly. "I'd

—like to talk to someone from home. Only, I've got a job to do. An old lady fainted just after the broadcast was over. Maybe you noticed her. She's the one who won the orchid—"

"Oh, no, not Mrs. Reed! She was so sweet—"

Ken nodded. "I know. I thought so, too. Anyway, she'd been hit by a car on the way to the broadcast this morning, and she wouldn't let anyone help her. She picked herself up and came right on to the broadcast, and managed to stay on her feet until after it was all over. It seems she lives alone, and she wouldn't let Tom Breneman send her to a hospital unless she could be sure someone would take care of her dog. So—I said I would. All I have to do is take him walking. If you'd like to come along—"

Her face lighted. "You wouldn't mind?"

"Mind!" Ken repeated. He was beginning to think that a day spent with Dorothy Larsen was the best sort of day one could possibly have.

They walked a few steps in silence. Dorothy found herself tongue-tied suddenly, and she began to wonder at herself for going with a stranger, for hav-

ing asked to go with him. Even if he was from home and had known Jimmy. . . . Then Ken's fingers closed over her arm. "Look—" he whispered.

Near them, on the curb, a large flustered middle-aged man was standing; doing his best to placate two very pretty, very young, very indignant girls. "Now, Gloria," he sputtered, "I didn't say I had any objections to your friend's coming with us. I just said I was surprised—"

The girl called Gloria refused to be soothed. "But, Mr. Cartright, I told you I was bringing Myrtle! She lost her job yesterday, and I want you to win some money for her at the races—"

Ken grinned, as he took Dorothy's arm to help her across the street. "It takes all kinds," he said.

Dorothy shook her head and laughed helplessly. "Poor man, he looked so funny—"

"Poor man, nothing! He's probably got a wife somewhere who thinks the world of him. She should see him now!"

Dorothy frowned. "Cartright—isn't that the name of the woman who won the make-up kit this morning? I'm sure it was. She was about this man's age, and very (Continued on page 68)

A new Love Song

I REMEMBER the day to the hour, almost to the minute, when I fell in love. It was after school one afternoon, and Lucille Beatty and Shirleyann Palmer—my best chums at Wynwood High—and I were sitting around the radio at our house, listening to a program of Loren Lane recordings. I remember Lucille's saying critically, after Loren had just finished singing *My Love and I*, "He's good, all right, but he isn't anything like Bing. Now, when Crosby sings, I just—" And a little ecstatic gesture completed the sentence.

"Oh, Crosby!" said Shirleyann scornfully. "He can't touch Sinatra. I've had a crush on him ever since he started singing at the Meadowbrook. I write to him every week, almost, and I've got five autographed pictures—"

I was fifteen, and when you're fifteen it seems you're always just waking up to things that have been going on around you without your really noticing them. I listened to the radio as often as the other girls, and there were some singers I liked better than others, but



it had never occurred to me to write to them or to ask for their pictures. And as for getting a crush on any of them—that seemed just too silly for words. How could you have a crush on a person you didn't even know? And if you did, what good would it do you?

But still, when you're fifteen, you want terribly to be a part of things, to be like the other girls. When Shirleyann and Lucille turned to me and asked who my favorite singer was, I answered promptly, "Loren Lane, of course. I know him, too. He saved my life once."

There was a kind of explosive silence. Shirleyann spoke first. "Bonnie! Why didn't you tell us?"

Lucille was more forthright. "You're making it up!"

"I am not! He used to live next block to us in Hilldale, and one day when we kids were in swimming—"

"You kids! He's years older than you are!"

"Ten years, about," I said. "I was in kindergarten, then. Anyway, I wasn't swimming; I was wading, and I walked

out beyond my depth. And Loren saw me floundering around and reached down from the dock and pulled me out. That's all there was to it. I mean, he didn't risk his life or anything, but I'd have drowned if he hadn't been there."

The story had lost none of its drama. Lucille and Shirleyann gazed at me in awe. "But that's wonderful!" exclaimed Shirleyann. "Why, there's a real tie between you. Isn't it the Chinese who say that if a person saves your life, he's responsible for you as long as you live?"

"What happened after that?" Lucille asked.

"Nothing. I just used to see him around Hilldale. After all, ten years makes a lot of difference when you're kids." I hadn't meant to create the impression that I knew Loren better than I did. And I was distinctly uncomfortable at the one recollection I had of talking to Loren after he'd pulled me out of the lake. It was several years later, just before my family moved from Hilldale to Wynwood. Loren was singing with a "name" band at the time, but he'd come home for a week

on vacation. I happened to meet him on the street, and for some reason it entered my ten-year-old head that I'd never thanked him for rescuing me. Loren nodded to me, and I stopped. "You saved my life," I said, "that time at the lake. I never thanked you—"

I don't remember clearly what he said. It was something like "Oh, for Pete's sake! That wasn't anything!" I do remember that he barely paused, and that he seemed to be embarrassed because I'd mentioned the incident.

I hadn't thought of it for years, even after Loren became well known, and one could hardly turn on the radio without hearing his voice. In my mind, Loren Lane, the radio star, and the Loren Lane I'd known in the little town of Hilldale were two separate persons, and I thought as little about the one as I did about the other—until the day I told Shirleyann and Lucille about his pulling me out of the lake.

After that, I wasn't allowed to forget him. The next morning all my friends at school knew that I'd come from Loren's home town, knew that



All her life Bonnie had been waiting for

this one moment. She hadn't always

been sure of what would happen,

but this much she did know: it would

come, and it would be magic

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

This story was inspired by the Stars Over Hollywood script "Clam Diggers", by Thomas Edmondson, (CBS, Saturdays).

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I REMEMBER the day to the hour, almost to the minute, when I fell in love. It was after school one afternoon, and Lucille Beatty and Shirleyann Palmer—my best chums at Wynwood High—and I were sitting around the radio at our house, listening to a program of Loren Lane recordings. I remember Lucille's saying critically, after Loren had just finished singing *My Love and I*, "He's good, all right, but he isn't anything like Bing. Now, when Crosby sings, I just—" And a little ecstatic gesture completed the sentence.

"Oh, Crosby!" said Shirleyann scornfully. "He can't touch Sinatra. I've had a crush on him ever since he started singing at the Meadowbrook. I write to him every week, almost, and I've got five autographed pictures—"

I was fifteen, and when you're fifteen it seems you're always just waking up to things that have been going on around you without your really noticing them. I listened to the radio as often as the other girls, and there were some singers I liked better than others, but

it had never occurred to me to write to them or to ask for their pictures. And as for getting a crush on any of them—that seemed just too silly for words. How could you have a crush on a person you didn't even know? And if you did, what good would it do you?

But still, when you're fifteen, you want terribly to be a part of things, to be like the other girls. When Shirleyann and Lucille turned to me and asked who my favorite singer was, I answered promptly, "Loren Lane, of course. I know him, too. He saved my life once."

There was a kind of explosive silence. Shirleyann spoke first. "Bonnie! Why didn't you tell us?"

Lucille was more forthright. "You're making it up!"

"I am not! He used to live next block to us in Hilldale, and one day when we kids were in swimming—"

"You kids! He's years older than you are!"

"Ten years, about," I said. "I was in kindergarten, then. Anyway, I wasn't swimming; I was wading, and I walked

out beyond my depth. And Loren saw me floundering around and reached down from the dock and pulled me out. That's all there was to it. I mean, he didn't risk his life or anything, but I'd have drowned if he hadn't been there."

The story had lost none of its drama. Lucille and Shirleyann gazed at me in awe. "But that's wonderful!" exclaimed Shirleyann. "Why, there's a real tie between you. Isn't it the Chinese who say that if a person saves your life, he's responsible for you as long as you live?"

"What happened after that?" Lucille asked.

"Nothing. I just used to see him around Hilldale. After all, ten years makes a lot of difference when you're kids." I hadn't meant to create the impression that I knew Loren better than I did. And I was distinctly uncomfortable at the one recollection I had of talking to Loren after he'd pulled me out of the lake. It was several years later, just before my family moved from Hilldale to Wynwood. Loren was singing with a "name" band at the time, but he'd come home for a week

on vacation. I happened to meet him on the street, and for some reason it never thanked him for rescuing me. Loren nodded to me, and I stopped. "You saved my life," I said, "that time at the lake. I never thanked you—"

I don't remember clearly what he said. It was something like "Oh, for Pete's sake! That wasn't anything!" I do remember that he barely paused, and that he seemed to be embarrassed because I'd mentioned the incident.

I hadn't thought of it for years, even after Loren became well known, and one could hardly turn on the radio without hearing his voice. In my mind, Loren Lane, the radio star, and the Loren Lane I'd known in the little town of Hilldale were two separate persons, and I thought as little about the one as I did about the other—until the day I told Shirleyann and Lucille about his pulling me out of the lake.

After that, I wasn't allowed to forget him. The next morning all my friends at school knew that I'd come from Loren's home town, knew that



All her life Bonnie had been waiting for

this one moment. She hadn't always

been sure of what would happen,

but this much she did know: it would

come, and it would be magic

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

This story was inspired by the Stars Over Hollywood script "Clam Diggers", by Thomas Edmondson, (CBS, Saturdays).

he'd once saved my life. In the next day or two several of the girls brought me clippings about him, and one girl brought a biography that had come with an album of his records. "I thought you might want it," she said, "as long as he's a friend of yours."

The interest I'd aroused at school died down before the week was out, but it'd been enough to make me conscious of Loren Lane. I bought a scrapbook, and pasted the clippings and the biography in it, and started looking for pictures and news items about him until the scrapbook was as fat as those Shirleyann and Lucille kept of Crosby and Sinatra. Even so, the scrapbook might eventually have found its way into the attic with my dolls and my jacks and my butterfly collection, had it not been for that summer, the summer before my junior year, and my birthday.

EVER since we'd come to Wynwood, Mother and Dad had taken a cottage at a near-by lake for Dad's two-week vacation, usually in June, so we could be out there for my birthday. On that morning Dad would go into town, and bring Lucille and Shirleyann back with him. The three of us would spend the afternoon at the beach, playing around in the water, and lying on the sand, talking as if it had been years instead of a few days since we'd last seen each other. We'd have a camp supper, and sing songs around the fire afterwards, and then we'd walk up the

road to watch the dancing around the pavilion. After that would come the best time of all, because Shirleyann and Lucille would have permission to stay overnight. Mother never made us turn out the light early on my birthday, and we could sit up as late as we pleased, talking and giggling and eating of the five-pound box of chocolates that Dad always produced at the last minute, as if he'd almost forgotten to give it to me.

On this birthday, my sixteenth, Shirleyann and Lucille came out as usual in the morning, and we spent the afternoon at the beach, just as we always did, but there was a difference. The girls kept erupting into giggles over nothing, and when I'd ask them why, they'd say, "Wait. It's a surprise." Finally, just before it was time to go back to the cabin for supper, they told me. "Bob Lacy and Dick Evans are coming out, and we're going to the dance at the pavilion tonight," Lucille said. "It's all right—we asked your mother."

"You are?" I repeated. For a blank moment I pictured Lucille and Shirleyann dancing inside the pavilion and me outside, looking in.

"So are you," said Shirleyann, her eyes twinkling. "We got you a date."

A date! I'd never had a real date. I'd gone to school dances and to movies with boys, but always in a crowd, with no one ever thinking of pairing off. And now Shirleyann and Lucille were looking as if they'd been having dates

all their lives. I tried to be casual. "Who with—with whom?"

"Georgie Eames."

I felt sick. I felt like running home to cry, the way I had earlier that spring, when I'd had my first permanent, and the operator had cut my hair so short that I'd looked like a billiard ball with fuzz around it. Georgie Eames was little—his head barely reached my shoulder—and squint-eyed, and he walked with the impudent swagger of a bantam rooster. George is one of my best friends now, and I know that that swagger of his was pure defensiveness, but at the time I knew only that it made him look funny. "I wouldn't go anywhere with George Eames!" I cried. "I can't bear him—"

"We had to ask him," said Shirleyann apologetically. "I mean, Bob had to ask him. He's the one who's got a car."

Lucille said encouragingly, "There'll be other fellows around the pavilion, and they'll be cutting in. You won't have to dance with George all the time."

I shook my head, searching frantically for an excuse. No one, I was sure, was going to cut in once they saw me dancing with Georgie.

I didn't go to the dance that night. I said I had a headache when the boys came out, and I spent a quiet two hours around the campfire with Mother and Dad. Somehow, no one seemed to feel like singing very much, and I went to my room early, and ate too many

As we left the theater, lights flashed in our faces again. I fairly beamed up at Loren; I was all excitement. They were taking pictures of us; everyone I knew would see them.



chocolates, and brooded, and tried to understand what had happened. In the few days between the time school had closed and my birthday, Shirleyann and Lucille had grown up. They had dates now; they were going to dances—and I, I didn't know anyone, except George Eames, who wanted to take me out, didn't even know anyone I'd care to go out with . . . except Loren Lane. Remembering Loren as I'd last seen him in Hilldale, very slim, very handsome, with deep blue eyes and dark waving hair, I felt a quiver of excitement at the very thought of walking into the pavilion on Loren's arm. And it wasn't impossible, I told myself. Suppose Loren just happened to come out to this lake for a vacation, and he wouldn't know anyone here but me. . . .



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As we left the theater, lights flashed in our faces again. I fairly beamed up at Loren; I was all excitement. They were taking pictures of us; everyone I knew would see them.



I dreamed a lot about Loren that summer. I had plenty of time to dream. The crowd I knew at school was scattered, and after my birthday I wasn't as close to Shirleyann and Lucille as I had been. We visited back and forth, of course, but somehow they always seemed to have things to talk about in which I had no part; they were always going out, or expecting a call from Bob or Dick. Once or twice they again suggested that I go out with George Eames, and when I refused, they asked Annabelle Cummings, and before I knew it, Annabelle was seeing more of them than I did. Left to myself, I stayed in the house a great deal, and read, and listened to the radio, and dreamed. I had one favorite dream which had endless settings and endless variations, but which was always essentially the same. In it, Loren was always seeing and falling in love with a beautiful girl whom he was sure he had met somewhere, sometime, but whom he couldn't quite place. After going to all sorts of trouble to meet her, he would discover, in a thrilling climax, that she was the girl whose life he had saved years ago in the little town of Hilldale.

I HAUNTED the neighborhood music store, too, looking for Loren's records, for songsheets on which his picture appeared. It was in the music store that I first became acquainted with Donald Robertson. I'd seen Donald around school, and several times during the summer I'd seen him at the music store, but I'd never paid much attention to him except to note, in passing, that he was nice looking—tall and thin and brown-skinned, with an upstanding shock of hair. And then one day at the music store we were both poring through a bin of second-hand records, when we saw the same record at the same time—an old one Loren had made when he was an unknown orchestra singer. I reached for it, and Donald reached for it, and then he looked at me and laughed. "We both can't have it," he said. "Have you any particular reason for wanting it?"

"I collect Loren Lane," I said, and then to give strength to my argument, I added, "I know him, you see. We come from the same town."

He picked out the record and handed it to me. "I guess friendship comes before business any day," he said. "All Loren Lane means to me is pocket money. I picked up a little now and then, finding old records and selling them to collectors."

I took the record and thanked him, but I couldn't help feeling guilty. After all, I really wasn't a friend of Loren's . . . and taking the record was the same as taking money from Donald. "We've a lot of old records at home," I suggested. "There's one Crosby made with Whiteman that I'm sure is worth something. If you'd like to come and look them over—"

His face lighted. "Would I!"

Donald took to dropping in at the house several times a week, and our

first dates came about so naturally—a matter of his staying to dinner and taking me to the movies afterward—that I hardly thought of them as dates at all. After school started, and other boys began to ask me out, I saw Donald oftener than anyone else, but he was still just a very good friend to me. Romantically, day-dreaming about Loren Lane was more exciting than hours spent with Donald.

I still watched for Loren's name in the papers, still hoarded every bit of information I could find about him. I knew where his California ranch was, and the stock it supported, knew that Loren flew out to it as often as his work permitted. I knew about his penthouse apartment in New York, and his collection of miniature musical instruments, and his pair of black cocker spaniels. I knew that he liked sloppy cardigan sweaters and gin rummy and polo games on Long Island. I suffered, too, whenever the syndicated column in the Wynwood paper reported Loren engaged, and I was correspondingly relieved, each time, when the columnist admitted that Loren's romance with this girl and that had broken off.

The next summer, just before we started our senior year, I began to "go steady" with Donald. He kissed me, for the first time, one night when he brought me home from a party at Shirleyann's. "Want to know something?" he asked huskily.

I looked up at him, thinking how good he was, and how dear, and how surprisingly strong his arms were, holding me. "What?"

"You're my girl."

AS simply as that it was settled, but it didn't mean that I forgot about Loren. Instead, my dreams began to crystallize into a plan at the back of my mind, a plan that became clearer as the months went by. My parents talked of taking me on a trip after I was graduated from high school, and I was determined that I'd ask them to take me to New York. It would be simple enough to look Loren up at the studio from which he broadcast, and then. . . . That was as far as practical thinking carried me, but my imagination went on to other meetings with Loren, dinners at his penthouse, and dances and drives and the polo matches. The dreams I wove around him had nothing to do with my feeling for Donald. I didn't stop to think about it, but if I had, I might have put it this way: dates with Donald, going steady with Donald, and, yes, Donald's kisses, were a part of school, of growing up; Loren belonged to the future, to the time when I would really be grown up, when life would really begin.

That time always seemed far distant until Donald himself brought it disturbingly close. One May night, after a movie and sodas at the corner drug, we didn't go straight home, but drove out the road that led past the river and the falls. We stopped at a spot that overlooked the falls, and Donald drew me close and kissed me, lightly, as if

in greeting. "Got something to tell you," he whispered.

I rested my head against his shoulder, looked up at him with shining eyes. "What is it?" It was a game, by now. Donald would say, "You're my girl," and then I'd say teasingly, "I've heard that before." Then we'd laugh, and he'd shake me a little in mock indignation and kiss me again, harder, this time, longer.

But instead he said, "My scholarship came through. I'll be going to State Tech in the fall."

"Oh, Donald, that's wonderful!" I knew how much the scholarship meant to him, how hard he'd worked for it. "I'm so glad—"

"I hope you are." His arm tightened around me. "I want it to mean something to you. I know it's too soon to talk seriously about us, and what we're going to do and everything, but I don't like the idea of being away from you for months at a time without—I mean, I'd like to think that you wouldn't forget me, and that perhaps later on we could plan—"

He wasn't asking me to promise him anything. I could easily have given him an evasive answer—but that wasn't the way you talked to Donald. He was asking me to think seriously about the future, that distant, dreamy place filled with ranchhouses and penthouses and polo on Long Island . . . except that the future, in Wynwood, with Donald, wouldn't mean penthouses and polo. It would be just plain, ordinary, everyday living. And besides—surely, if you were thinking of spending the rest of your life with a man, shouldn't there be more to your feeling for him than there was in my feeling for Donald? Shouldn't there be something of a delightful uncertainty, of excitement, of expectancy?

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know what I'm going to do, exactly. I might go to New York this summer and maybe look for a job there."

Donald looked at me oddly. His lips were smiling a little, but his eyes were grave. "In a radio station, perhaps?"

I flushed, and regretted having talked so freely about Loren. "I don't care where it is, just so I get out of Wynwood."

"What's wrong with Wynwood?"

"Everything," I said. "I mean, there's nothing right with it. It's dull, and little, and there's nothing exciting to do, and no exciting people—"

"Like Loren Lane," Donald suggested drily.

"Not necessarily," I said stiffly. "After all, there's such a thing as a career—"

He groaned. "Oh, Bonnie, why don't you get those glamor-ideas out of your head? You're growing up—or you ought to be. You're no career girl. You'd be just another typist in New York, and you know it. You haven't any special talents, and if you did have, you aren't cut out for the long, tough job of developing them. You're meant to be someone's wife—"

I was so angry I could have cried. Donald—talking (Continued on page 98)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Backstage Wife



Mary Noble, Larry Noble's charming wife, made a successful stage debut last year. But no career will ever interfere with Mary's devotion to her husband, her home, her son.
(Mary Noble is played by Claire Niesen)



*MAUD MARLOWE, well-known as a character actress, has criticized and advised her way through many years of close friendship with the Nobles. Devoted to five-year-old LARRY, JR., protective toward his parents as a lioness guarding cubs, Maud is always ready to share either their trouble or their fun.
(played by Ethel Wilson)*

*TOM BRYSON, who for a long time has been Larry's theatrical manager, last year branched out into playwriting, and wrote the play "Blackout" in which Mary Noble scored her first acting success. Tom is a worldly, sometimes tough-sounding person, but the Nobles have known him long enough to understand him.
(played by Chuck Webster)*





LARRY NOBLE is famous as one of Broadway's most popular, compelling actors. His career, for a long time a series of satisfying successes, was interrupted for a while by the war. After spending some time in the Coast Guard, Larry has returned to his familiar theatrical haunts to look for a suitable new play. Because he is having a little difficulty in finding just the kind of part he wants, Larry, a high-strung, sensitive man, is becoming a trifle uncertain of himself. Mary has tried anxiously to help her husband in working out his delicate, unusual adjustment problem.

(Larry Noble is played by James Meighan)

Backstage Wife, Monday through Friday, 4:00 P.M. EST, NBC

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hunnert



Many years ago, wealthy, attractive VIRGINIA LANSING was in a play with Larry Noble. Now a widow, her interest in Larry is not confined to his career; she is waging a subtle campaign to weaken his confidence in himself so that, by consoling him, she can come to mean more in his life than Mary does. She finds her plans hampered by her young, charming sister, IRENE, who lives with her in the Park Avenue apartment she maintains, because Irene has become increasingly friendly with both Mary and Larry Noble. (Virginia is Helen Claire; Irene is Andree Wallace)

CLIFF CALDWELL, handsome young actor rehearsing in Mary's new play, does not realize that his romance with Irene may be ruined by Virginia Lansing's interference. Virginia, who took Irene's first love away from the inexperienced young girl and married him, will not hesitate to upset her sister's life again.
(played by Phil Truex)



ADA, Virginia's maid, is more of a confidante than a servant, so well schooled in the details of Virginia's somewhat peculiar life that it is possible for her to defy her mistress without danger. This has worked to Irene's advantage; Ada, fond of the girl, often defends her against her vindictive sister.
(played by Kay Renwick)

And we Kissed

NOW that the war is over I'm thinking of writing to President Truman to ask him to declare a National Honeymoon Week.

My Chet and I have been married almost three years—of which time the Army has generously allowed us to spend maybe five weeks together. Now that he is coming home to stay I'd like to stop thinking about radio and movies and personal appearances, at least for a while, and concentrate on getting acquainted with my husband.

I'll bet there are thousands of other young Army wives who would get behind such a project—and really make things hot for the government if our legislators turned a deaf ear to romance.

But seriously: the prospect of reunion with my husband is for me, as it must be for so many other wartime brides, a prospect both thrilling and terrifying. Will he have changed? Or will I? Will I be, in fact, the girl he has been remembering, and writing to, and dreaming of coming home to? What will Chet feel if our fifteen-months-old Tweenie insists that he is not da-da at all; that da-da is that man in the picture frame?



What a world, to rip people apart when they need to be together! But we survived . . .

Wartime meeting, hurried parting, the waiting, the letters . . . a whole generation has lived this love story as Judy Canova lived it

By JUDY CANOVA

I know there will be adjustments to make, for all three of us—but I'm not afraid. Not really. Our lives together started off too beautifully to be vulnerable now. We will begin by remembering the day on the bridge—then everything will be easy.

The day on the bridge was the day Chet proposed. It was in June of 1942. We had not known one another very long—really *known* one another.

I had met Chet England in London in 1938. I was starring in a show at Cafe de Patee and was simply miserable with homesickness. When Chet, a boy from *back home*, came to my dressing room with a mutual friend to meet me I could have rushed right into his arms. I didn't. I didn't know him and I had to pretend to be a lady, but after he had gone I found myself wondering whether it was the young man's six-foot-three of beautiful physique, and his blond hair and blue eyes which had bowled me over, or simply the fact that he was a nice young man from Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

We didn't meet again for four years—just a few weeks before the day on the bridge. At that time I was in Philadelphia for a personal appearance and Chet saw a notice in the papers and came to see me again.

He still looked mighty good to me, so I decided it had been the blond hair and blue eyes and the build all the time. Not the homesickness.

Happily, my run at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia was extended and Chet

set to courting me. (Or was it the other way 'round?) When the time came for me to go back to New York we were warm friends. I hated to go. I had never had so much fun with anybody in two short weeks. Chet's sense of humor, it seemed to me, was something altogether rare and priceless—what would I do if this had all been just an amusing interlude, a few dates because I had been handy, and sort of fun to have around, but nothing to be considered permanent?

This gave me something to worry about for a few days until Chet showed up in New York. He bobbed up regularly for a few weeks. Then he invited my sister and me to spend a week-end with him and his family at their country house outside Philadelphia. A real country week-end was what he promised. If he had any secret notions about letting his parents get a look at the crazy girl he was running around with he didn't mention them.

We flew down, I with a few secret notions of my own, and some misgivings. (What if they didn't like me?)

I forgot them when I spied Chet waiting at the airport with a station wagon, and as we drove through unbelievably beautiful country toward his home it seemed to me there was nothing to worry about. Nothing at all. The house was a big, informal, lived-in looking house. And Chet's mother and father were friendly, hospitable people who made us feel immediately at home.

"Now will you relax?" Chet said.

How did he know I hadn't been?

That afternoon, Chet and I slipped away from the others for a little walk.

I was wearing my hair in pigtails, slopping along in flat shoes and no stockings, in a little-girlish gingham dress.

Chet said I looked sixteen. I certainly didn't feel like a femme fatale whose milieu is the smoking, smelly insides of a night club. I didn't know how I felt, except that whoever I was, whatever my destiny, this moment was terribly close to happiness.

I didn't know where we were walking, but Chet seemed to be leading the way. Suddenly we came upon a singing little stream, rushing along between

two lanes of old trees. A narrow hand-rail bridge led across the water to the farther bank. Chet stopped me halfway across the bridge and asked me to marry him.

There was only one answer to a question like that, asked in such a setting. So he slipped his gold signet ring, the family crest worn smooth by many generations of Englands, onto my engagement finger. And we kissed. It was nice. It was wonderful!

As I think of it, the three years he has been in the Army don't seem long at all.

That quiet, blissful week-end was not a harbinger of what was to come. I flew back to New York and then to

Hollywood and we had to continue our courting by long distance.

In October, Chet went into the Army. We wanted to be married, but there seemed to be no time or place where the Army would put him and my sponsors put me simultaneously.

That went on until March—when, at last, I had New York engagements at the same time that Chet was stationed temporarily at Mitchell Field, L. I. On March 14 we piled Chet's father and a few friends into our car and drove out to Newton, New York, and were married, we *thought* quietly, in the Episcopal Church there.

The church looked empty. It just seemed to hum (Continued on page 88)



"Tell her her daddy is a master sergeant," Chet had said to me wistfully when we said goodbye.

"Now let the world be beautiful and safe

for people like Ricardo and me,"

Maria prayed. But how could

a prayer defeat this waiting evil?



I WAITED for Ricardo in the patio of the Union Station as we had agreed. But I had reasons of my own for being there—its brooding sunshine-and-shadow greenness, its flower borders under the high, lovely, disdainful arches that framed the patio had a hushed and waiting air that matched the held-in eagerness of my own body.

Down the passageways on either side redcaps streamed by; families joined each other with cries of welcome; soldiers—gay soldiers, tired soldiers, bewildered soldiers—hurried by on their way to the streets of Los Angeles.

In the midst of confusion I was calm. I knew Ricardo would find me in our appointed place.

But it was an outward calm, because inside a delirious ecstasy was trembling to the surface. Ricardo was coming home—Sergeant Ricardo Martinez—coming home with the points earned for a discharge, a civilian again. Ricardo and I were going to be married.

I remembered the day he left and how he had looked then with his dark handsomeness clouded by defiance and resentment and something indescribable that was almost relief . . . relief in getting away from the intolerable situation here at home. He had plunged into the Army straight from the horror of the "zoot suit" riots, in which he had played a not-insignificant part, and which had been making a hell on earth of the lives of those of us who lived in Los Angeles' "wrong side of the tracks." The horror of those days had made it impossible for us to think of marriage or a peaceful life. But for the past year his letters to me had sounded strangely hopeful.

Though I had continued to write him of the injustices and the troubles of our Mexican-American population here, I knew I had softened somewhat the burning indignation within me. After all, it wasn't pleasant reading for a soldier. And in his letters there had been a buoyancy, and page after page

of grand-sounding plans—just as if there were no discrimination against us, no cops, no segregated living, nothing to keep us from living where we wanted to and working where we wanted and being just like any other Americans.

It bothered me. Had Ricardo forgotten?

"Maria—!"

That deep, soft, dearly-remembered voice—! Like one in a dream I turned. Like a sleepwalker I went into the arms of the tall soldier who had spoken over my shoulder. Ricardo! His arms stronger than I remembered, holding me; his kiss unembarrassed in its long, hard hungriness; his nearness almost overpowering after so long apart—but he was Ricardo—and he was mine. He loved me. His kiss told me he loved me.

"Maria—cara—" he murmured shyly against my hair.

"Darling Ricardo—" I whispered. For so long I had schooled myself to speak and think only in English that now even in this most personal intimacy I could not respond in Spanish. "Oh, it's so wonderful to have you back! They're all waiting at your house—your mama and mine and Tani and Jose and . . . but I wanted to see you first."

"I'm glad you did, Maria. I've kept my eyes nearly shut ever since I got off that train. I wanted my first glimpse of home to be that black cloud of your hair and your eyes—" he kissed the tip of my nose lightly. Then he turned, suddenly. He waved at four tall, laughing soldiers who were pushing their way through the crowd toward us—"Here she is, Slim!" Ricardo called to them. "Over here—this is Maria." They had reached us now. "Maria—Slim Westerlund, Bob Martin, Jimmy Kelly. We stuck together in one crew all over those cussed Pacific Islands—now they're going to stick around here for a day and see a little of Los Angeles

before they take off for home."

I shook hands with them dazedly—while all the while my mind was registering, with a kind of shock, the tow head of one, the red curls of the other, the Irish face of Jim Kelly. *Gavachos*—the word we had for all other Americans—outsiders—the envied ones—the hated ones—formed itself on my lips. And they were friends of Ricardo's!

The one called Kelly let out a long wolf-whistle. "Woo-woo—she's a honey, Ric. Just what you said, and more. A black-eyed senorita . . . hey, I'm sorry. I didn't mean—" he must have seen me stiffen under his frank survey and his franker words. "You'll have to forgive us, Maria. We're not civilized yet."

His smile was so friendly I relaxed. "I'm proud to meet any friends of Ricardo's and I hope you will enjoy our city," I said, timidly.

Ricardo linked his arm in mine, pulling me away. "We'll see you at eight o'clock at the top of Olvera Street, guys. Find yourselves a USO and Maria and I'll show you the town tonight." They were on their way and Ricardo and I were walking slowly out of the Station grounds and toward the Plaza.

This Plaza—the twisted narrow streets that radiated out from it—the beautiful old Church of our Lady The Queen of the Angels that stood opposite—the little park itself—the tall towers of the City Hall beyond that seemed to hem us in—this was the center, the breath of life for our Mexican district. This was the oldest, the most picturesque section of Los Angeles.

". . . Main, Machessault, Ferguson Alley . . ." Ricardo softly chanted as we strolled into the park. "Hello, old fellow—still here?" he said gaily to the statue of Governor Felipe de Neve in the center. It was flippancy, but there was pride beneath it. We were all proud of those fierce adventurous Spaniards who had first conquered California and civilized it and governed it—until the Americanos came along.

Even now, the old bronze bells of the Church were chiming overhead—just as they had done for those early Spaniards.

And we who were the younger generation of Mexican decent and American citizenship both loved and hated these streets. We loved its gaiety when the lamps along Olvera Street were lit at night and strolling troubadors sang the songs of old Spain and the haunting love-plaints of Mexico. Here old and young met and played and gossiped and ate of the steaming frijoles and tamales and enchiladas. The tourists coming here were welcomed for the coins they spent and despised for their patronizing manners.

We hated the Plaza, too—we younger ones. Because it was at once our home and our prison. It marked a boundary line that could not be found on any map—but it was there. It rimmed the "Mexican" district to set us apart from the rest of the city. We were not wanted elsewhere in Los Angeles—at least not in the more select residential districts. (Continued on page 60)



A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

The story *Fear* was inspired by a problem originally presented on John J. Anthony's weekday program, 1:45 P.M. EST, on Mutual.

In search of home

*Neil must love her, Lelis thought, because she loved him so.
Then why was he waiting, watching? In what way was she failing him?*



THE TRAIN was crowded, but gay with the sounds of voices, the tinkle of laughter. The Captain who shared my seat was thoughtful, though. "Do you think it's going to be the way we expect?" he asked, when he learned that I, too, was going home for good.

I smoothed the skirt of my uniform. For three years now I had been a Wac. T/4 Lelis McNamara. But next week—maybe tomorrow—I'd be out of this uniform, wearing clothes like that girl across the aisle. A print dress, flowers in my hair, a coat with a fur collar. "Why shouldn't it be what we expect, Captain?" I asked, almost defiantly. I was so excited! I'd dreamed of coming home so long. "I was only wondering," he said. He rose. "Care for something to eat?"

"Thank you, sir," I dimpled. We made our swaying way through the long line of cars to the diner, and then we stopped talking of serious things.

The Captain got off a long time before I did. I saw a blonde girl race up to him, at the station. I saw him gather her close. I looked away, tears stinging me. For the Captain, I hoped fiercely, coming home would be exactly what he had expected.

I sat alone, then. And as the train drew closed to Bennetville, my blood began to hum. I looked out of the window, seeing the familiar fields, the gray highway down which

*Jack grinned, making me a low bow.
"Welcome home, soldier!" Home! It was
all the same, just as I remembered.*

I used to ride so often. Well known barns, remembered houses, flashed by. Home! Unsteadily, I got up and went to the ladies lounge. I did my face over with trembling fingers. I combed my hair, put my uniform cap on again at a perkier angle. Home!

Unless you too have been away from home for three years—unless you've known the discipline and the deepdown satisfaction of serving in the Women's Army, unless you've seen many places, done hard, demanding duty, as I had—and the girls with whom I'd served—maybe you won't understand what it meant to me to be coming home. In New Guinea, in the jungle, where in haw huts and tents we had kept the records and speeded the communications of bomber squadrons, I had dreamed of Bennetville. Through the hot, wet nights, when in homemade "clubs" the boys had played dance music for us on cracked records, and vied for our smiles, the crisp cold nights of Bennetville had lived in my mind. I'd drive in a jerky jeep with a crowd of soldiers and Wacs, and remember the nights in Pete Angus' stripped-down jalopy, back home.

We wore pants in the jungle, we Wacs. Even our uniform skirts were too feminine for the mud and the mosquitoes and the rugged duty. We waited for the mail in New Guinea, hungrily, impatiently. For me, it was mail with the Bennetville stamp that sent my heart racing. And now, after so long—here I was, on a train pulling into the depot! Maybe there are no words for what that means to a girl. Or maybe I had dreamed too long.

I only know that standing there in the car vestibule, drinking in the brown shingle depot and the parked cars and the familiar stores across the square, I felt a momentary dismay. Had home always been this small? There seemed a dinginess about it. I had remembered it with brightness over everything.

An instant later, I was getting down, and Mother's voice cried, "Lelis! Oh, my darling!" Her arms were around me. Her tear-wet cheek was close to mine. "Lelis, honey," she sobbed. "Oh, my baby, it's been so long."

Behind Mother there were my sister Katsy and Jock, her husband. Over Mother's shoulder, I grinned at them.

"Darling, you're so thin!" Mother fretted, hovering close as Katsy kissed me, and Jock pressed my hand in a hard, firm grip.

"She looks marvelous!" Katsy said. "Heavens, that luscious tan—and those blue eyes."



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"She looks marvelous!" Katsy said. "Heavens, that luscious tan—and those blue eyes."

"Yep," Jock agreed. "The South Pacific has made a tearing beauty of our Nell."

"We were all tearing beauties down there," I smiled. "There simply weren't enough girls for all those guys. You see, they're prejudiced in favor of girls with shoes on—even if the shoes have to be boots."

"You must tell me about it, every single little bit of it," Katsy commanded. "I've been so jealous! Me, stuck home here, making beds."

"You're our heroine," Jock explained. He added, almost morosely, "Every time she had a fight with me she said she only wished to goodness she'd joined the Wac."

"Now, children!" Mother put in. "Come along, Lelis." She clung to my arm. "The car's over here."

They chattered insistently, catching me up on all the news as we went down the streets I'd known all my life. Passing the Kent house, Mother said, "Her boy's back. But Allan Simpson, you remember him, Lelis—he wasn't so lucky."

"Netta Simpson has a baby," Katsy murmured. She told me about the girls I'd gone to school with. Who had married since I left, which ones had gone to Washington to work. "Funny, only one other girl in your class went into service, Lelis. Alice Fields, she's a Wave."

Jock pulled up with a flourish at the house. He grinned, getting out and making me a low bow, "Welcome home, soldier."

MY THROAT tightened. Home! I looked up at the second story windows. My own room! "It's all just the same," I whispered. "Oh, gosh, it's good to be here!" Even the fact that the crisp white curtains at the window hadn't been changed, that the same old pillows were in place on the porch glider touched me.

"Our neighbors are practically falling out of their windows," Katsy whispered. "This is the nosiest town!"

"Naturally, they want to see Lelis," Mother said. "I'm giving a little party, tomorrow or next day."

Katsy's eye caught mine. Oh, I didn't want to be surrounded by eager, silly old ladies, asking me well-meant, stupid questions. But if it would make Mother happy, I knew, I'd be sweet to them all.

"You must be worn out, two nights on the train!" Mother said tenderly. "I'm taking you right upstairs, darling. A good hot bath and bed, that's what you need."

"Oh, no, Mother. I'm all right. I'm fine!" I laughed. "You should have seen me on the transport! Eight girls in a cabin meant for four, and jammed decks, and we never went to sleep anyway. I'm durable."

"It must have been such fun," Katsy murmured softly. "Oh, Lelis, I do envy you!"

"Lelis was not in the Army for fun," Mother snapped. "And the trip across the Pacific cannot have been fun either. I insist, dear—a bath, and into bed with you. I don't want you getting sick

now." With a rueful smile, I gave in.

Almost, I had forgotten how stubborn Mother could be, when it was for our own good, mine and Katsy's. I had a queer, stifled feeling, going obediently up the stairs with Mother cooing behind me. Somehow, the splendid, self-reliant adulthood the Army had ingrained in me ebbed a little. And then Mother was throwing open the door of my room.

"I didn't change a thing. All your old books, the perfume you left, the same bedspread—"

"It's sweet, Mother. It's wonderful."

Yet why was it like crawling back into the shell of the outgrown Lelis—the girl who had worked at the bank downtown, and been almost afraid to enlist? Why was seeing this same narrow bed, the skirted dressing table, the crystal bottle of perfume Pete Angus had given me, like walking back into yesterday?

Mother watched me, her eyes bright and prodding. "Take off your uniform, dear. I'll run your bath." She bustled about getting clean towels. She insisted on opening my canvas luggage, getting out my robe. "No, don't bother, darling, I'll do it all for you!" She added, "Heaven knows, after jungles and airplanes and war, you need a rest! I'm going to see that you get it, darling."

It was sweet of her, yet her solicitousness crowded me. I felt mean, despicable. But for so long I'd been crisply self-sufficient—it made me feel silly, to have Mother taking my robe and slippers into the bathroom and testing the water for me.

Later, lying back among the piled-up pillows, Mother brought me supper on a tray.

"This is luxury, all right," I laughed. "But gosh, you make me feel like an invalid, too."

"Nonsense, darling!" She sat down on the side of the bed, insisting that I eat every mouthful. "Drink your milk, dear. You're far too thin."

In the doorway, Katsy watched me, something veiled and strange in her eyes. "Mother's having the time of her life," she said finally. "Well, Jock and I had better be going. See you tomorrow."

It wasn't the gay, talking-until-dawn homecoming I'd looked forward to. But it was good to relax, good to have Mother kissing me goodnight, good to be home after all.

When did Mother's possessiveness, her insistence on treating me like a baby, begin to snipe at my nerves? She fluttered around me all the time, until I longed to rush out of the house, to walk fast in clear, free air, blissfully alone.

Was it the party for the neighbors that started it? They crowded around

me, well-meaning women who'd seen me grow from a skinny little girl into a young woman. "The Army really needed girls in New Guinea?"

"We did all the communications," I explained. "Radio, and the headquarters desk work."

"It seems so unfeminine," someone murmured. "So many soldiers around and the rough life—"

Another lady said crisply, "Stuff! Women are people."

KATSY passed cake and sandwiches, cocking an eyebrow at me now and then in amused sympathy.

"Were you ever anywhere where war came close, Lelis?" they asked me, breathlessly. "Real air raids—and Japs?"

I thought of our base in New Guinea, and the ground crews sweating over the bombers. I heard the sound of Jap engines, and saw the tired faces of the boys piling out of returning ships. But I said, "Oh, it was pretty well taped up by the time we arrived."

"Naturally, they wouldn't have sent girls anywhere really dangerous," Mother cut in.

I had a dizzy, unreal feeling. Did these women ever read the newspapers? Where had they been through all the months and years?

But the party was a success, even though Mrs. Anniston, who lived next door, asked me archly, "Now that you're home and Pete Angus is coming home soon, Lelis, we'll be hearing very interesting news, won't we?"

I stiffened. Pete. That was one thing they didn't know about, yet. My heart dived. You see, all Bennetville knew that Pete and I had been going together ever since we were kids. Pete had got me my job at the bank, after I graduated from High. He was the first boy who ever kissed me. Pete took me to my first dance, I'd biked with him, gone fishing and swimming and roller skating with him. But I wasn't going to marry him.

Because Pete Angus was married already. He'd been married for two years.

This noisy room faded, and I was back in New Guinea. Back in the muddy street outside the barrack huts, and Pete was saying, "Gosh, Lelis! Gosh, I can't believe it!"

He had come in on a plane a few moments before. "One of the guys from here told me a Wac named McNamara was stationed here, but I was pretty sure it wouldn't turn out to be you." His lean, brown face creased into the grin I knew so well, and his big hands kept shaking mine. "Gosh, this is marvelous! This is—hey, this calls for a celebration!"

He told me his mother had written that I'd left for the Pacific. "But she said they all thought you were in Hawaii. How long you been here? Oh, Lelis!"

We walked over to the canteen the boys had fixed up, and Pete talked eagerly of home and our folks. Then he said, "I've got something to show you."

He pulled out his wallet. His eyes

In Search of Home was inspired by a letter received by Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance. Directed by Martha Rountree, Leave It To The Girls is presented every Saturday night from 9:00 to 9:30, EST.

dreamed over the snapshot for an instant before he handed it to me. It was a girl—a smiling blonde girl standing in the sunlight, a very young baby in her arms. "You can't see Junior so good—mostly blanket, huh? But he's a humdinger. I've got another picture of him somewhere—"

"Pete Angus, you got married!"

"I sure did," he said. "The thing is, Lelis—she's Australian. I—well, I—I—"

"So that's why no one at home knows!"

"You know how Ma is," he said defensively. "No use in her crying her eyes out, and carrying on imagining a lot of hoey. I just thought, when I bring Amy home in person—"

What do you say to a boy you've been half-in-love with, when without warning he breaks the news that he has a wife and child? My throat was tight, and there was a roaring in my ears. Pete's face blurred above me. I couldn't speak.

Pete noticed nothing, because now he was eagerly telling me how he'd met Amy, on leave in Melbourne. He was telling me about her folks, and how wonderful they'd been to him. "We might even live there, after I take her home to visit Ma," he said.

"But your good job in the Bank! Though it's w-wonderful Pete. I—I'm so h-happy for you."

Maybe I couldn't have carried it off like that if I'd been really in love with Pete Angus. Maybe if there had been something deeper than growing up together and being used to each other, it would have (Continued on page 89)

*Maybe it began the night we looted the
Five and Ten on Third Avenue.*





So little!

By **CAROL WEST**
of "A Woman's Life"

CAROL WEST (played by Joan Alexander in A Woman's Life, CBS daily at 11:30 A.M. EST) has brought up her own son Mikey along the lines she suggests here for all prospective mothers.

THIS was intended for Barbara. It was written one afternoon, right after Barbara and Steve told us they were going to get married. The news made me feel wonderful and happy and expansive—as though I had to do something very special for Barbara, give her something very different.

In that mood I sat down and wrote this. I wrote it and put it away carefully for that day in the future, when Barbara would come to me to confide that she was going to have her first baby. It was possible to look ahead that far, then. Now . . . well, now, I can hardly bear to remember all the things I planned and hoped for Barbara. It will be a long time, now—if ever—before anything like this will be useful to her; the accident which interfered with her marriage to Steve came so near to wrecking her life completely!

When Michael and I came across it as we were packing some things, my first impulse was to tear it to bits. Then I thought about it. I thought about the days in which we live, when so many girls—very much like Barbara—will be marrying the boys coming home from the war, or who, having been married hurriedly during the war, will be settling down to family life for, the

first time, now. And it occurred to me that perhaps some of these young girls might get some good out of this, which is a compilation of some of my own experience in motherhood, some of the wisest and clearest of the many things I read right after young Mikey was born, and some of the sane advice given me by a cooperative baby specialist.

Remember, this was intended for Barbara.

"Darling . . .

It's wonderful news. And I'm glad for you—and for Steve.

It will be great fun. You'll see. Being a mother, for the first time especially, is the most fascinating, the most marvelous and the most terrifying thing, all at the same time. You'll know what I mean, when they show you that little, probably not very attractive, red-faced, scrawny urchin for the first time. You'll probably think—as I did, and as most mothers do, I understand—What will I do with him? How will I ever take care of him? He's so little! And there will be something a little frightening in the

thought of what a job you've started.

That's a very natural feeling to get. It's also the first feeling you'll absolutely and quickly have to get over. Because, once having embarked on motherhood, you have automatically assumed the responsibility of remaining calm and unfrightened and gentle in any and all situations. For, darling, the thing your baby will need most in the world—especially right in the beginning—is *you*. He'll need to feel he's wanted—always, to know that you love him—always, that you're there to do what he needs done—always, that you're there when he needs you—always.

Don't let the sound of that terrify you. It isn't as awful as it sounds, or as twenty-four-hours-a-day as it sounds. In fact, if your baby just starts out feeling sure of all these things, really sure because they are true—and you can't fool babies, incidentally, about things like feelings—he'll make many fewer demands on your time and energy and attention.



Never force feeding

Happy, secure babies demand only the absolutely necessary things, like feeding when they're hungry, drying when they're wet and covering when they're cold. As they grow a bit older, they also need a certain amount of play—but not very much. A baby who's sure of himself and his mother's love, will take it for granted that these demands will be met when he expresses them. The rest of the time, he'll go along in his own private little world, perfectly contented with it.

On that "expressing themselves" matter, here's a tip. Almost invariably, very small babies, up to a couple of months, *only cry because they're hungry*. If you're a smart mother and want to avoid a lot of trouble and nervewracking squalling periods and, later, real feeding problems—as well as all kinds of other problems—you'll take the schedule your doctor hands you for feeding, glance at it once, and then toss it in the wastebasket. As a matter of fact, if your doctor is smart and on-his-toes, he'll



He'll sleep enough

explain to you that babies are not little clocks and their stomachs are not all turned out in the same factory and that, therefore, he can have no way of judging exactly when, how often and how much your baby should eat. The doctor can only make a rough guess—and that's all his schedule is. Your baby will do the actual scheduling himself. If you'll just pay attention to him, he'll work out a routine in a week or so and you'll find it usually follows the clock—but at the baby's own hours. He'll cry when he's hungry and your job then is to feed him as quickly as possible. He'll stop eating when he's had enough and your job is to stop feeding him, right away.

Maybe you'll think I'm stressing this too much. But I'm not. According to all I've read—and a lot that I've seen that goes on between mothers and their babies—establishing a proper, healthy and happy relationship between yourself and your baby in this one aspect of its life—its feedings—is probably the most important thing you can do for the baby's well being and happiness, and for your own.

Child psychologists explain it this way. You have to think of things from the baby's point of view. You have to remember how very simple and basic life is for a baby. His first pleasure and satisfaction in life is feeding. His first dissatisfaction is being hungry. And his first human relationship is with the person who feeds him. If all this is handled in such a manner that the baby is not frustrated, not frightened, not forced, his first impressions of life and his mother's love are happy, secure

and good. He will approach each new step in his development with the same sure feeling. If all this is handled improperly, you're likely to make a problem child out of your baby.

It's a difficult thing to realize, but my baby specialist told me that when feeding problems do arise, it's almost always the mother's fault. He says mothers always worry that their babies won't get enough to eat. In a way, it's natural for a mother to want her baby to be fat and jolly and gay. But, my doctor says, what mothers fail to understand is that the more they worry, the more they coax and force, the more they'll have to worry about in the end—because the more pressure they put on, the less the baby will eat.

It works like this. The baby is hungry, which he announces by crying. A smart mother pays attention to that and feeds the baby, no matter what the clock says. The baby eats as much as he needs, stops when he's satisfied and has a fine, wonderful feeling

about the mother who knows so well what he needs and when. He probably goes right off to sleep, perfectly sure of his little world and very happy in it. His mother relaxes and goes about her affairs.

But, look what happens when a mother isn't smart about it. The baby is hungry and cries. According to the clock, it's too early and his mother decides not to feed him. Unfortunately, the baby knows nothing about clocks and doctors' schedules. He just knows he's hungry and keeps on crying. After awhile, finding that the only way he has of expressing himself isn't getting him what he needs, he gets frightened—and cries harder. Meanwhile, no matter how firmly she schools herself, the baby's mother is getting nervous. And there's nothing so nerve-racking as having to listen to a baby cry for a long time. By the time she does feed the baby, that's not relief enough for her tired nerves and she finds it hard to be natural, easy and gay with the baby, during or after the feeding. As for the baby, after a few such sessions, he'll probably begin to get the idea that this is what life is supposed to be like, that you have to cry and be denied, that you must always go through a spell of utter misery and terror before you get what you need and want. And this is the beginning of a real problem child—one who will go around looking for trouble

And look what happens when a mother worries about her baby not getting enough to eat. The baby stops suckling—but there's more in the bottle. The mother is afraid the baby hasn't had enough. She coaxes. The baby shows a tendency to fall asleep, so she keeps clucking it under the chin and stuffing the nipple in his mouth. She really makes an unholy nuisance of herself and the sleepy, unhungry baby has to put up a fight to get her to leave him alone. He remembers that. After awhile, he begins to associate feeding with unpleasantness, even with temper and anger with his mother. He begins to refuse to eat at all. And the more stubborn he gets, the more anxious his mother gets. She coaxes harder, even tries to force him to eat. In some ways, coaxing is worse than forcing, really, because the force will be met by force. If the coaxing becomes too strenuous, the baby begins to attach more importance to that performance than he does to the eating. Which is again laying the groundwork for serious problems later, because the baby's learning to get pleasure out of the abnormal charming and bribing, when he should be getting pleasure out of the simple, enjoyable process of eating when he's hungry.

I've devoted a lot of space to this, darling, but that's because it's the first—and as I said before—most important hurdle you'll have to overcome. And, if you do this properly, everything else will be very simple. There are a couple of rules to follow—but the main and most outstanding thing to keep in mind, is *relax*—relax about your baby and just plain love it. Here are the rules, though:



Twice during meals...

1. Never force your baby to eat anything. The first time you try solids on him, he probably won't like them. If he refuses them, forget it for a few days. If he takes them at first and refuses them later, again forget it. He'll take them when he's ready. After all, you've never yet met an adult who only drank milk.

2. Let the baby work out his own schedule. It may seem erratic and all over the place, the first few days, but in very short order it will fall into a regular pattern. By this simple device, you will have established a fine, close and good relationship with your baby, without any clash of wills, without one of you having to be "smarter" and "stronger" than the other.

Of course, feeding isn't the only function in a baby's life, although for the first months it might just as well be. Remember, I said that almost always, very (Continued on page 57)



CAROL WEST (played by Joan Alexander in *A Woman's Life*, CBS daily at 11:30 A.M. EST) has brought up her own son Mikey along the lines she suggests here for all prospective mothers.

So little!

By CAROL WEST
of "A Woman's Life"

THIS was intended for Barbara. It was written one afternoon, right after Barbara and Steve told us they were going to get married. The news made me feel wonderful and happy and expansive—as though I had to do something very special for Barbara, give her something very different. In that mood I sat down and wrote this. I wrote it and put it away carefully for that day in the future, when Barbara would come to me to confide that she was going to have her first baby. It was possible to look ahead that far, then. Now, well, now, I can hardly bear to remember all the things I planned and hoped for Barbara. It will be a long time, now—if ever—before anything like this will be useful to her; the accident which interfered with her marriage to Steve came so near to wrecking her life completely! When Michael and I came across it as we were packing some things, my first impulse was to tear it to bits. Then I thought about it. I thought about the days in which we live, when so many girls—very much like Barbara—will be marrying the boys coming home from the war, or who, having been married hurriedly during the war, will be settling down to family life for the

first time, now. And it occurred to me that perhaps some of these young girls might get some good out of this, which is a compilation of some of my own experience in motherhood, some of the wisest and clearest of the many things I read right after young Mikey was born, and some of the sane advice given me by a cooperative baby specialist. Remember, this was intended for Barbara. "Darling, it's wonderful news. And I'm glad for you—and for Steve. It will be great fun. You'll see. Being a mother, for the first time especially, is the most fascinating, the most marvelous and the most terrifying thing, all at the same time. You'll know what I mean, when they show you that little, probably not very attractive, red-faced, scrawny urchin for the first time. You'll probably think—as I did, and as most mothers do, I understand—'What will I do with him? How will I ever take care of him? He's so little! And there will be something a little frightening in the

thought of what a job you've started. That's a very natural feeling to get. It's also the first feeling you'll absolutely and quickly have to get over. Because, once having embarked on motherhood, you have automatically assumed the responsibility of remaining calm and unfrightened and gentle in any and all situations. For, darling, the thing your baby will need most in the world—especially right in the beginning—is you. He'll need to feel he's wanted—always, to know that you love him—always, that you're there to do what he needs done—always, that you're there when he needs you—always. Don't let the sound of that terrify you. It isn't as awful as it sounds, or as twenty-four-hour-a-day as it sounds. In fact, if your baby just starts out feeling sure of all these things, really sure because they are true—and you can't fool babies, incidentally, about things like feelings—he'll make many fewer demands on your time and energy and attention.



Never force feeding

Happy, secure babies demand only the absolutely necessary things, like feeding when they're hungry, drying when they're wet and covering when they're cold. As they grow a bit older, they also need a certain amount of play—but not very much. A baby who's sure of himself and his mother's love, will take it for granted that these demands will be met when he expresses them. The rest of the time, he'll go along in his own private little world, perfectly contented with it.

On that "expressing themselves" matter, here's a tip. Almost invariably, very small babies, up to a couple of months, only cry because they're hungry. If you're a smart mother and want to avoid a lot of trouble and nervewracking squalling periods and, later, real feeding problems—as well as all kinds of other problems—you'll take the schedule your doctor hands you for feeding, glance at it once, and then toss it in the wastebasket. As a matter of fact, if your doctor is smart and on-his-toes, he'll explain to you that babies are not little clocks and their stomachs are not all turned out in the same factory and that, therefore, he can have no way of judging exactly when, how often and how much your baby should eat. The doctor can only make a rough guess—and that's all his schedule is. Your baby will do the actual scheduling himself. If you'll just pay attention to him, he'll work out a routine in a week or so and you'll find it usually follows the clock—but at the baby's own hours. He'll cry when he's hungry and your job then is to feed him as quickly as possible. He'll stop eating when he's had enough and your job is to stop feeding him, right away.

Maybe you'll think I'm stressing this too much. But I'm not. According to all I've read—and a lot that I've seen that goes on between mothers and their babies—establishing a proper, healthy and happy relationship between yourself and your baby in this one aspect of its life—its feeding—is probably the most important thing you can do for the baby's well being and happiness, and for your own.

Child psychologists explain it this way. You have to think of things from the baby's point of view. You have to remember how very simple and basic life is for a baby. His first pleasure and satisfaction in life is feeding. His first dissatisfaction is being hungry. And his first human relationship is with the person who feeds him. If all this is handled in such a manner that the baby is not frustrated, not frightened, not forced, his first impressions of life and his mother's love are happy, secure

and good. He will approach each new step in his development with the same sure feeling. If all this is handled improperly, you're likely to make a problem child out of your baby.

It's a difficult thing to realize, but my baby specialist told me that when such problems do arise, it's almost always the mother's fault. He says mothers always worry that their babies won't get enough to eat. In a way, it's natural for a mother to want her baby to be fat and jolly and gay. But, my doctor says, what mothers fail to understand is that the more they worry, the more they coax and force, the more they'll have to worry about in the end—because the more pressure they put on, the less the baby will eat.



He'll sleep enough

It works like this. The baby is hungry, which he announces by crying. A smart mother pays attention to that and feeds the baby, no matter what the clock says. The baby eats as much as he needs, stops when he's satisfied and has a fine, wonderful feeling about the mother who knows so well what he needs and when. He probably goes right off to sleep, perfectly sure of his little world and very happy in it. His mother relaxes and goes about her affairs.

But, look what happens when a mother isn't smart about it. The baby is hungry and cries. According to the clock, it's too early and his mother decides not to feed him. Unfortunately, the baby knows nothing about clocks and doctors' schedules. He just knows he's hungry and keeps on crying. After awhile, finding that the only way he has of expressing himself isn't getting him what he needs, he gets frightened—and cries harder. Meanwhile, no matter how firmly she schools herself, the baby's mother is getting nervous. And there's nothing so nervewracking as having to listen to a baby cry for a long time. By the time she does feed the baby, that's not relief enough for her tired nerves and she finds it hard to be natural, easy and gay with the baby, during or after the feeding. As for the baby, after a few such sessions, he'll probably begin to get the idea that this is what life is supposed to be like, that you have to cry and be denied, that you must always go through a spell of utter misery and terror before you get what you need and want. And this is the beginning of a real problem child—one who will go around looking for trouble

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Twice during meals, . . .

1. Never force your baby to eat anything. The first time you try solids on him, he probably won't like them. If he refuses them, forget it for a few days. If he takes them at first and refuses them later, again forget it. He'll take them when he's ready. After all, you've never yet met an adult who only drank milk.
2. Let the baby work out his own schedule. It may seem erratic and all over the place, the first few days, but in very short order it will fall into a regular pattern. By this simple device, you will have established a fine, close and good relationship with your baby, without any clash of wills, without one of you having to be "smarter" and "stronger" than the other.

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All my

Julia's voice was confident. "I know a girl like the one who wrote the notes"

THE STORY:

LINDA, a semi-invalid with a heart condition, lives a very simple, quiet, but happy life with her sister Julia, who is secretary to the program manager of the local radio station. Linda's chief interest in life is her radio and her radio friends—she listens almost constantly, and often writes to the people she hears on the air. A new program on the station at which Julia works is concerned with finding jobs for disabled veterans, and on the first night of this show, Linda and Julia hear a young man whose story interests them very much. Linda writes to him, and next day Julia comes home to say that the veteran, John, had come into the station that day—and that he is blind. Linda, John and Julia become good friends. John finds a job as a photographer's darkroom assistant, and often stops in on his way home from work to talk to Linda, or to listen to her play the piano for him. It is not long before Linda realizes that she is in love with him; she is, for a short while, extremely happy, for she had always thought of herself as never marrying, as never having the romance which she obtains vicariously from the

radio serials to which she listens. And then the sickening realization comes to Linda—Julia loves John, too, and John seems to be more attracted to Julia than to Linda. Linda is unselfishly happy for her sister—she has always hoped that Julia, who is so intensely alive, so full of energy and high spirits, will find someone to love. But Linda knows that the thought of living with John and Julia after they are married is insupportable. She must find some way out for herself—some way to support herself, to make her own way in the world, so that she will no longer be dependent on Julia, so that she will not have to see Julia and John together.

LONG after Julia had said goodnight to John and had come upstairs to bed, Linda lay awake in the darkness, planning a way to escape from her sister and the man they both loved. "There must be some way—some place where I can go," she told herself as she twisted and turned in bed. "But where and how?"

The futile circle would begin again in her mind. Her consuming love for John—his natural preference for Julia—her own terrible desire to escape, to be independent of Julia—the frail body

which kept her chained to home. Over and over again her mind raced around the circle that had no end.

In the morning, she was no closer to a solution. Instead of awakening late after her nervous, sleepless night, she opened her eyes hours earlier than usual. She tried to go back to sleep, but nerves strained her wider-awake moment by moment. Finally, she got up and began dressing feverishly, as if by her physical activity she could thrust away the problem, grown now to nightmare proportions.

While Julia still slept, Linda went downstairs and cleaned the livingroom, watered the plants, swept the front porch, and prepared her sister's favorite delicacy, a fluffy jelly omelet. Julia, coming downstairs at seven-thirty, yawned drowsily and then stared at the shining rooms in amazement.

"Linda, whatever are you up to?" she asked.

"I got to bed earlier than you did, you know," Linda answered, striving for a light tone.

Julia apparently did not see her sister's nervousness, masked as it was by false casualness.

"Too bad you couldn't give up your beauty treatment for one night. We

dreams



*John could bring strength,
happiness, to only one of
these sisters. But was it
Julia, or was it Linda, who
belonged in John's arms?*

had a marvelous time." Her eyes shone with excitement as she rushed on. "Oh, Linda—it was perfect. Menson played, and he was friendly and nice and human. He and John got along splendidly."

"John gets along with everyone, doesn't he?" Linda asked, thoughtfully.

"How could anyone help but like John? He's always so nice, so friendly."

"Yes, he is." Linda turned slightly so that her face was hidden.

"He enjoyed the radio show tremendously—and Menson's playing afterward," Julia added.

"John loves music," Linda said. "Really good music like Menson's must have excited him very much."

Julia looked at her thoughtfully. "You and John are very much alike. I suppose that's why I was so terribly attracted to him right from the first."

Linda got up quickly and went out to the kitchen for more butter.

"Please don't let her tell me this morning that they love each other—not yet," she prayed. "In a little while—when I know what I'm going to do—I'll be able to stand it. But not this morning—not now."

Before they had finished breakfast. Linda was up (Continued on page 73)



Here is a song familiar to us for its own charm, and through its identification

with one of the best-loved hours on the air, Sunday evenings at 8:00 P. M. EST, over ABC

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER

from "Hänsel and Gretel"

(As sung on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour)

E. HUMPERDINCK

Arr. by William J. Reddick

pp

When at night I go to sleep, Four-teen an-gels watch do- keep

p *mp*

Two, my head are guard-ing, Two, my feet are

poco cresc.

guid - ing Two are on my right hand



Gladys Swarthout

pp dolce e espress.

Two are on my left hand Two who warm - ly

pp subito



Rise Stevens

p

cov er, Two who o'er me hov er,



Lauritz Melchior

mf sempre cresc. e legato

Two to whom 'tis giv - en To guide my steps to Heav

ff

poco rit.



Eleanor Steber

en.



Fritz Reiner

Do you remember the tricks that make veal tasty, lamb succulent? Now that roasts are with us again, here are some reminders.



BACK on the TABLE

WITH meats becoming more and more plentiful, all of us are rejoicing in the return of that all-time favorite, the roast. Many of you with small families may feel that a roast is sure to last longer than the family appetite for it and it is with your requirements in mind that I have worked out this month's recipes for small roasts. I have indicated special seasonings of herbs and spices in many cases; however if your preference is for blander flavors you may omit these additional seasonings and rely on salt and pepper to bring out the natural goodness of the meat.

Veal Roast

2½ to 3 lbs. shoulder or rack of veal, boned
1 tsp. oregano or thyme
½ tsp. minced garlic
¼ cup minced parsley ½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Place veal on waxed paper, cover with seasonings, roll and tie firmly with heavy twine. Place on rack in shallow baking pan and roast uncovered in 325 degree oven, allowing 35 minutes per pound, or about 1½ to 2 hours.

Beef Roast

2½ to 3 lbs. rib or rolled beef
2 thin slices garlic
½ tsp. rosemary ½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

For a rolled roast ask your butcher for eye of the round, tie it firmly as you would tie the veal. Make a small incision at each end of the roast and insert a thin slice of garlic in each incision. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and rosemary and place in shallow roasting pan. Roast uncovered, in 325 degree oven, allowing 30 minutes per pound for well-done, 25 minutes per pound for medium and 20 minutes per pound for rare.

Pork Roast

2½ to 3 lbs. pork loin
1 small orange 1 small onion
¼ tsp. sage ½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

Rub meat with salt, pepper and sage. Cut onion and unpeeled orange into slices. Arrange onion slices over top of roast, top each with an orange slice, and secure with toothpicks. Roast in shallow pan, uncovered, in 350 degree oven, allowing 35 minutes per pound. Remember that pork must be well done;

when sliced the roast should be gray in color; a pink tinge indicates that it is not sufficiently cooked. Underdone pork is not only unpalatable but definitely dangerous to your family's health. Be sure to get your pork roast into the oven early enough to allow ample roasting time.

Lamb Roast

3 lbs. rolled or square cut shoulder of lamb
2 thin slices garlic
¼ tsp. powdered ginger
½ tsp. salt Pinch pepper

Make incisions in lamb and insert garlic slice in each. Rub meat with ginger, salt and pepper. Roast in shallow pan, uncovered, in 325 degree oven, allowing 35 minutes per pound.

Gravy for Roast Meats

2 tbs. fat 1 heaping tbl. flour
1 cup cold water ¼ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

When meat is cooked, remove from pan onto platter and keep hot. Pour off fat, then scrape pan to loosen browned particles in pan. Measure 2 tablespoons fat into pan, add flour and cook over low flame, stirring constantly, until flour and fat are well blended and golden brown. Add cold water and continue cooking and stirring until gravy is thick and smooth. Stir in salt and pepper.

When roasting meat, plan to use the oven to cook other foods to be served with it—baked or scalloped potatoes with veal, beef or lamb; baked or glazed sweet potatoes with pork; corn pudding, scalloped tomatoes are all good choices. Also plan an oven dessert such as the hot gingerbread with chocolate nut frosting, the recipe for which is below—a dessert which, served at the same meal with a roast, turns dinner into one of the well-remembered pre-rationing feasts.

Gingerbread with Chocolate Nut Frosting

1 package gingerbread mix
1 ounce package chocolate bits
½ cup chopped nut meats

Prepare gingerbread mix according to directions on package. While it is still warm sprinkle with chocolate and return to oven. When chocolate has melted slightly, spread with spatula, then sprinkle with nut meats.

By

KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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



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

SUNDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:30	CBS: The Jubalaires
	8:30	ABC: Earl Wilde, pianist
	8:45	CBS: Bennett Sisters
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Young People's Church
	8:00	9:00 NBC: World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00 ABC: Correspondents Around the World
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
6:15	8:15	9:15 ABC: White Rabbit Line
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45 CBS: New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00 ABC: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Words and Music
8:00	10:00	11:00 MBS: Radio Chapel
	11:00	NBC: Eternal Light
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Stravinsky Orchestra
	11:30	MBS: Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45 NBC: Solitaire Time, Warde Dono-
	12:00	MBS: Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Concert Orchestra
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: America United
	12:15	1:15 ABC: Orson Welles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Problems of the Peace
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC: Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Stradivari Orchestra
	12:30	1:30 MBS: Sweetheart Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Edward R. Murrow
	2:00	NBC: Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS: Chaplain Jm. U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Stradivari Orchestra
	2:00	ABC: Dorothy Claire, songs
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
	2:30	ABC: National Vespers
	2:45	MBS: Dale Carnegie
11:55	2:55	CBS: Olin Downes
	3:00	ABC: Elmer Davis
	3:00	MBS: 20th Airforce Time
12:00	2:05	3:00 CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: World Parade
	3:15	ABC: Melodies to Remember
	3:30	ABC: Johnny Thompson and Ilena
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: One Man's Family
	3:30	MBS: Land of the Lost
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC: Darts for Dough
	4:00	MBS: Your America
1:30	3:30	4:30 ABC: Jones & I, drama
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: The Electric Hour
	4:30	MBS: Tommy Dorsey—RCA Show
	4:30	MBS: The Nebbs
2:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
	5:00	ABC: Mary Small Revue
	5:00	MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Nick Carter
	5:30	ABC: Charlotte Greenwood Show
	5:30	CBS: Gene Autry
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Ozzie and Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: Quick as a Flash
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:00	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
	6:30	ABC: Phil Davis
	7:00	ABC: Drew Pearson
	7:00	MBS: Opinion Requested
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Thin Man
	7:30	MBS: California Melodies
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Quiz Kids
8:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Charlie McCarthy and Edgar
	8:00	MBS: Bergen
	8:00	MBS: Mediation Board
	8:00	ABC: Ford Hour
8:00	7:00	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Fred Allen
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Request Performance
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Hercule Poirot
7:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 ABC: Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James
	9:30	MBS: Melton
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Double or Nothing
	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar
8:15	8:30	9:45 ABC: Jimmie Fidler
	9:45	MBS: Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Theatre Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30 MBS: Operatic Review
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Net Me at Parky's
	10:00	11:00 CBS: We the People
	10:15	11:15 NBC: Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Cesar Searchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story



RADIO WORK IS HEAVEN

Ann Shepherd is tiny, delicate, with dark hair and blue eyes and a fine chiseled face. She looks like a very helplessly feminine girl who needs to be cherished and guarded and protected. She's not the least bit helpless. In fact, she's a very fine actress, in great demand on dozens of top-notch programs all the time, in addition to her regular stint as "Bessie" in the NBC serial Just Plain Bill (Monday through Friday, 5:30 P.M. EST).

Ann is a native of Chicago. She acted every chance she got at school, too. While she was still in high school, she was offered her first radio role and fell in love with that medium. She continued her radio work during vacations and, later, right through her school terms at the University of Chicago. Naturally, at the University, she joined the Institute Players and appeared as the lead in many productions.

Still with a professional career in mind, Ann went after and won a scholarship to the Goodman School in Chicago. After she was through with her training there, she landed the lead in the Chicago company of "Girls in Uniform." Her fine performance in that play led to a screen test, which she passed with flying colors. In Hollywood, Ann played opposite Lee Tracy in "Wanted, Jane Turner" and with Victor McLaglen in "The Magnificent Brute" and "Parole."

But things didn't seem to be moving fast enough for her in the picture capital, so Ann decided to come to New York and try her first love—and success—radio.

Ann thinks radio work is heaven, because it involves no greasepaint, no harsh lights, no endlessly repeated performances or road travel. And yet, she feels, it gives an actress just as much chance—if not more sometimes—for fine characterizations as the screen or the stage.

As this is being written, Ann is making plans to be married to Paul Mann, a familiar voice to you, too, over the air waves. They met, as a matter of fact, in the cast of a radio program and their first attraction for each other was an admiration for one another's work.

Paul and Ann have been trying to work out their schedules so they could take off a couple of weeks to go to Chicago, get married and have a reasonable semblance to a quiet, planned honeymoon. To date, this hasn't been possible. Already, they've had to postpone the date several times. Any time Paul has been able to convince his bosses that he could easily be written out of the script for a couple of weeks, Ann's shows have come up with some new angle in which it is impossible to do without Ann's personality and expert acting.

Anyway, we're rooting for them.

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30	10:30	NBC: Road of Life
	10:30	MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: Liza Sergio
	10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
	10:10	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
	10:45	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	11:15	MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
	11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
	11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:45	11:45	12:45 MBS: Tom Malone
	11:45	MBS: What's Your Idea?
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	12:15	MBS: Merton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Merchant Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constantine Bennett
	12:45	1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties
	1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
	2:00	ABC: John B. Kennedy
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
	2:15	MBS: Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
	2:45	MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	2:15	3:15 MBS: Michael Scott
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
	4:00	ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	ABC: Bride and Groom
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	MBS: Johnson Family
	4:30	ABC: Hal Winters, songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	4:45	ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	4:45	CBS: Feature Story
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	5:15	MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Portia Fayer's Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
	5:15	MBS: Superman
	5:30	MBS: House of Mystery
5:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
	5:30	CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
	5:45	CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
	5:45	MBS: Tom Mix
	6:10	CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Jimmy Carroll Sings
	6:30	ABC: Eileen Farrell
	6:45	ABC: Charlie Chan
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
	7:00	ABC: Headline Edition
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
	8:00	CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
	7:15	ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
	7:30	MBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
	8:00	ABC: Lum & Abner
	8:15	ABC: Hedda Hopper
	8:30	ABC: Movie Quiz
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Sherlock Holmes
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
	9:00	ABC: Memo to America
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
	9:15	ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate
	9:30	MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Informa-Please
	9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
	9:30	ABC: Pacific Serenade
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Front Page News
	10:00	ABC: Hoosier Hop
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
	10:00	MBS: Leave It to Mike
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Stuart Erwin Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.
	10:30	ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate
	10:30	MBS: The Better Half

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Your Life Today
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
6:45		9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
	9:15	10:15 MBS: Light of the World
	9:15	10:15 MBS: From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun With Music
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
		11:15 CBS: Second Husband
2:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Farm and Home Makers
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Merchant Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our 30 Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15 NBC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Fitzgeralds
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Ladies Be Seated
		3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		3:30 MBS: The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Bride and Groom
		4:30 MBS: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Hal Winters, songs
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Feature Story
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
		5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
9:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:00	7:00 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
3:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: American Melody Hour
		7:30 MBS: Barry Fitzgerald
4:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner
		8:15 ABC: Elmer Davis
		8:30 ABC: Alan Young Show
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
		8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos & Andy
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
		10:00 NBC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: The Ford Show
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
		10:30 MBS: Return to Duty
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton's Scrapbook
		11:15 CBS: Joan Brooks
		11:30 CBS: Crime Photographer



HUCK FINN OF RADIO

A bit of the unpredictable, a bit of the zany, a lot that is solid and real, a touch of whimsy and a goodly dash of mischief—and you have Arthur Godfrey, custodian of one of the most popular early morning shows in American radio. Depending on where you're listening from, if you're an early riser, you hear him over WTOP, in Washington, and WABC in New York, six days a week at the hours of six-thirty to nine-fifteen and five days a week, over the CBS network from 9:15 to 10 in the mornings. Small wonder that his life is so arranged now that he gets up at 5:30 in the morning, eats his breakfast during one of his various programs—yes, he's not kidding when he tells what he's eating while you're listening in—and goes to bed as an almost invariable rule at nine o'clock.

Godfrey was born in New York City in 1903. An enterprising and restless character, he left home at fifteen. Naturally, his career was rather checkered. In his roving lifetime he's been a coal miner, architect's office boy, Navy radio operator, insurance and cemetery lot salesman, taxi driver, vaudeville performer, radio announcer, horse and dog breeder and aviator.

In 1933, in Washington, he was assigned to a "musical clock" program over a local station. The program went on the air at seven in the morning. Godfrey's temper, which matches his unruly red hair, got the better of him after awhile because he found the routine so monotonous and the commercials so corny. So, one morning, he smashed a few of the phonograph records, gave his verbal beating to the blurb he'd been handed to read and heckled his sponsors and their products. He went off the air and waited to be fired. Fans cheered, the papers headlined his "sincerity" and, lo and behold, his sponsors were rushed to death with business. He was told to keep it up and hasn't stopped to this day. And in all those years, he's really built up something with his show. He's had as many at eighty-eight sponsors at one time—which is a record.

Of course, he's the despair of radio routinists. He never uses a script. He goes around all day, conscientiously making notes on the back of envelopes, used match covers and bits of scrap paper.

Let anyone get the idea that he's just a scatterbrained and amusing zany, here's something for his record. He founded the GAPSALS—Give a Pint—Save a Life Society—in 1944 and since that date has been responsible for collecting more than 6,000 pints of blood for the Manhattan Blood Bank. His reward for this job was being flown to the Pacific fighting areas by the Navy so he could see for himself how the plasma he helped to collect did its work.

Godfrey lives in a penthouse on top of a New York hotel with his wife and three children, two boys, Mike and Richard and a daughter named Pat. He's not a restful, quiet character to have around the house.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
9:00	10:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: From Me to You
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Amanda
		11:15 MBS: Second Husband
		11:15 CBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Farm and Home Makers
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Merchant Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our 30 Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Two on a Clue
11:45	1:15	2:15 NBC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Fitzgeralds
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Ladies Be Seated
		3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
		3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		3:30 MBS: The Smoothies
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Bride and Groom
		4:30 MBS: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Hal Winters, songs
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Feature Story
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	6:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
		5:30 MBS: House of Mystery
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
9:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
	5:30	6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy, Sports
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
3:35	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	6:00	7:00 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Editor
3:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: American Melody Hour
		7:30 MBS: Barry Fitzgerald
4:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Barry Woods, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner
		8:15 ABC: Elmer Davis
		8:30 ABC: Alan Young Show
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
		8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	8:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos & Andy
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
		10:00 NBC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: The Ford Show
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
		10:30 MBS: Return to Duty
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton's Scrapbook
		11:15 CBS: Joan Brooks
		11:30 CBS: Crime Photographer
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
9:00	10:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 MBS: From Me to You
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
	9:30	10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
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		11:15 MBS: Second Husband
		11:15 CBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Farm and Home Makers
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Merchant Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our 30 Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald
		1:30 MBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:0	

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:45	9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: From Me to You
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
		10:30 MBS: Fun With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		11:00 CBS: Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		10:15 CBS: Second Husband
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea?
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
		12:15 CBS: Irene Beasley
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Farm and Home Makers
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Merchant Marine Band
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Two on a Clue
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 MBS: Jane Cowell
		2:30 CBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 ABC: Bride and Groom
		4:30 CBS: Hal Winters, Songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Feature Story
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Whit Hertl Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
3:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Encore Appearance
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
		7:00 ABC: Headline Edition
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Mr. Moran
6:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Green Hornet Drama
		7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
		7:30 MBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Dick Cavett Show
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: FBI in Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery
		8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Benny with Eve Arden
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Island Venture
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Curtain Time, drama
		10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Ponder Box Theater
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:30 MBS: Swing's the Thing



GLAMOR GIRL OF THE MET

Golden-voiced Annamary Dickey, charming Metropolitan Opera soprano and singer on CBS's Star Theatre Sundays, 9:30 P.M. (EST), upsets one of the most widespread notions about feminine opera singers. For she doesn't even vaguely resemble a large bosomed, hefty matron. She's slender and lovely, her brunette beauty winning her the nickname, "Glamor Girl of the Met."

When Annamary reached the ripe old age of four, her parents discovered that she had perfect pitch, which is a rare and very valuable asset to any musician. It wasn't long after that, before little Annamary was practicing all afternoon, while her school friends played "doll" and "house" and went skating. And like many musicians—as well as all those thousands of kids who managed to thwart their parents' efforts to make musicians of them—Annamary went through the whole routine of having to practice scales day after day, hour after hour.

She also went through the sometimes painful routine of being shown off by her parents at every opportunity—at church affairs, social functions and school operettas. Luckily, unlike so many other kids who've been put through this kind of thing, Annamary loved to sing. During all this time, Annamary attended public school at Decatur, Ill., where she was born. Later she was graduated with a B.S. in music from James Milliken University.

In 1939, Annamary entered the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air contests and won a \$1,000 award. After that success came very swiftly. She made her debut at the Metropolitan that same year, singing the role of L'Ombra Felice in Gluck's "Orfeo." After which she was starred in "Lakme," "La Boheme," "Manon," and "Louise." In the years since then, she's added many other roles to her repertory.

Nor has her activity been limited to radio and the Metropolitan. She's been heard with the Chautauqua Opera Association, the Cincinnati Zoo Opera, the St. Louis Municipal Opera, the National Grand Opera in Puerto Rico, among others. Last season Annamary made a nationwide concert tour under the direction of the USO Camp Shows, besides entertaining U. S. troops in the Caribbean area and singing for innumerable war bond rallies.

As if all this were not enough in such a young life, last fall, Annamary decided to kick over the traces and give the dignified members of her usual singing circles something to buzz about. She took an engagement to sing at the swank Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf-Astoria. Which was no way for an established opera singer to behave. But Annamary showed that she had a wider musical range than lots of her friends of the opera and concert world. She proved that she could sing popular songs as well as she could sing the arias in her usual repertory. And she goes on proving it every Sunday evening.

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
		8:15 NBC: Do You Remember?
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Ed East and Polly
		9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:45	9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: From Me to You
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 ABC: Betty Crocker
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		10:15 CBS: Second Husband
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: What's Your Idea?
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Big Sister
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
		12:30 NBC: Merchant Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Paula Stone & Phil Brito
10:40	12:45	1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Two on a Clue
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Ethel and Albert
		2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Rosemary
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: The Fitzgeralds
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 MBS: Jane Cowell
		2:30 CBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Appointment with America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 ABC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 ABC: Bride and Groom
		4:30 CBS: Hal Winters, Songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
3:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Feature Story
		4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Whit Hertl Trio
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
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3:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
3:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: House of Mystery
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 ABC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Encore Appearance
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		6:30 CBS: Clem McCarthy
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 NBC: Lowell Thomas
		6:45 ABC: Charlie Chan
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
		7:00 ABC: Headline Edition
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 ABC: Raymond Gram Swing
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Mr. Moran
6:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Green Hornet Drama
		7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
		7:30 MBS: Cecil Brown
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Dick Cavett Show
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: FBI in Peace and War
5:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery
		8:30 CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Chrysler Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Benny with Eve Arden
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Island Venture
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Curtain Time, drama
		10:00 MBS: Arch Oboler's Plays
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Ponder Box Theater
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:30 MBS: Swing's the Thing

SATURDAY

P. S. T.		C. S. T.		Eastern Standard Time	
		8:15		CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15		NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30		CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30		ABC:	United Nation News, Review
		8:45		CBS:	Margaret Arlen
		9:00		ABC:	Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15		NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15		CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30		CBS:	Country Journal
		9:30		NBC:	On the Sunny Side
		9:45		NBC:	A Miss and a Male
	8:45	9:45		CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
		10:00		ABC:	Galen Drake
	11:30	10:00		CBS:	Give and Take
7:00	9:00	10:00		NBC:	Eileen Barton Show
		10:15		MBS:	Rainbow House
		10:15		ABC:	Club Time
11:00	9:30	10:30		CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
		10:30		NBC:	Adventures of Archie Andrews
		10:30		ABC:	Bob Johnston, Vera Massey
	8:00	11:00		ABC:	Harry Kogen's Orchestra
		11:00		NBC:	Teentimers Club
	8:05	11:05		CBS:	Let's Pretend
	8:30	10:30		ABC:	Chester Bowles
	8:30	10:30		NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:30		MBS:	Hookey Hall
		11:45		ABC:	Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00		CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00		ABC:	Piano Playhouse
	11:00	12:00		NBC:	News
		12:00		MBS:	House of Mystery
	9:15	11:15		NBC:	Consumer Time
	9:30	11:30		CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
	9:30	11:30		ABC:	Farm Bureau
	9:30	11:30		NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
		12:45		MBS:	Red Cross Reporter
10:00	12:00	1:00		NBC:	National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00		CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00		ABC:	Saturday Senior Swing
		1:00		MBS:	Luncheon with Lopez
		12:30		CBS:	Youth on Parade
		1:30		MBS:	Symphonies for Youth
		1:30		ABC:	Round-up Time
10:30	12:30	1:30		NBC:	The Veteran's Aid
		1:45		NBC:	Edward Tomlinson
11:15	1:00	2:00		ABC:	Metropolitan Opera
11:15	1:00	2:00		NBC:	Your Host Is Buffalo
		2:30		CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00		MBS:	This Is Halloran
		3:00		NBC:	Orchestras of the Nation
		4:30		MBS:	Music for Half an Hour
		4:30		NBC:	World of Melody
		5:00		ABC:	Duke Ellington
	2:00	5:00		CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
		5:00		NBC:	Music of the Moment
		5:15		MBS:	Sports Parade
	2:30	4:40		NBC:	John W. Vandercook
	3:30	4:45		NBC:	Tin Pan Alley of the Air
		6:00		MBS:	Hall of Montezuma
		6:00		CBS:	Quincy Howe
	3:15	5:15		CBS:	People's Platform
	3:30	5:30		ABC:	Hank D'Amice Orchestra
		6:30		MBS:	Hawaii Calls
		6:45		ABC:	Labor, U. S. A.
	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		CBS:	Helen Mayer
	4:00	6:00		NBC:	Our Foreign Policy
		7:00		MBS:	Music for Remembrance
		7:00		ABC:	Jobs After Victory
		7:15		ABC:	Correspondents Abroad
	4:30	7:30		ABC:	Dick Tracy
		7:30		MBS:	Arthur Hale
		7:30		NBC:	Out of the Deep
		7:30		CBS:	The First Nighter
		7:00		CBS:	The Dick Haymes Show
		8:00		MBS:	Frank Singler
		8:00		ABC:	Woody Herman
		8:00		NBC:	Life of Riley
	8:30	7:00		ABC:	Man From G 2
	8:30	7:30		CBS:	Mayor of the Town
		8:30		MBS:	Cosmo Tune Time
	8:00	7:30		NBC:	Truth or Consequences
	5:55	7:55		CBS:	Ned Calmer
		9:00		MBS:	Leave It to the Girls
	9:00	8:00		CBS:	Your Hit Parade
	6:00	8:00		NBC:	National Barn Dance
		9:00		ABC:	Gang Busters
	6:30	8:30		NBC:	Can You Top This?
		9:30		MBS:	The Whisper Men
		9:30		ABC:	Boston Symphony
	6:45	8:45		CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		10:00		MBS:	Theater of the Air
	7:00	9:00		NBC:	Judy Canova
		7:15		CBS:	Report to the Nation
	7:30	9:30		NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
		10:30		ABC:	Hayloft Hoedown
10:45	9:45	10:45		CBS:	Talks

COVER GIRL

By **ELEANOR HARRIS**



She sings with Fred Waring; she cooks for her husband. Whatever she's doing, Jane Wilson is as talented as she's pretty.

IF YOU should ever hop aboard a New York subway and sit down next to a girl who's singing operatic arias in a low voice—complete with French, Italian, or German words—don't jump away nervously. Stay put. Because you'll be listening in on the daily voice practice of a very famous young lady named Jane Wilson. She's the soprano soloist with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and she can be heard with Mr. Waring's orchestra five days a week at 11 A.M. (NBC). Or else, as we said, you can hear her on the subway!

"A girl has to practice when she can," is Jane's theory. Jane can't practice very much, because she rehearses mornings and afternoons for the radio show, and takes four singing lessons a week on the side. At night she comes home to a one-room apartment in New York City and gets dinner for her husband and herself on a 4-burner grill so high above linoleum-level that she has to stand on a chair to see into the pans of food she's stirring! But her husband, John Richardson, who plays a violin in the Waring band, eats what she lifts down from the too-high grill and loves it. "I always lift down something fried or boiled," says Jane, a little wistfully, "because I haven't an oven. What I lift down most often is chicken."

Jane has wide green eyes, a long bob of thick brown hair, a tiny figure that is five feet one inch high, and a camellia-like skin. She's the sort of person you take a second look at, thinking, the first time, *There's a pretty little thing*, and on the second look, *Good heavens! She's a raving beauty!* We're very willing to bet that a lot of people have taken only the first look, and missed experiencing the sight of a young face that's the sort which stays in your memory for years. There's still another thing about Jane Wilson's loveliness. She also has an extraordinarily sweet expression on her face—so sweet that you would never suspect the many strong-minded opinions she voices. For instance, she violently hates slinky black satin afternoon dresses; short sleeves; costume jewelry; bright nail polish; eggs; and this season's hats. All of her clothes have long sleeves, from her dresses to her pajamas; and nearly all of her wardrobe is tailored and in one of three colors—yellow, red, or peacock blue. What she loves most for an evening's entertain-

ment is the Central Park Zoo!

Yes, if you couldn't locate Jane on the subway by day, you could certainly find her (with Mr. Richardson) by night in the zoo. Any free evening they walk the four blocks from their hotel home to Central Park and then visit the various animals, pausing with nightly affection before the seals. But Jane's real love is behind a fence labeled "Oudad." Oudads are be-whiskered mountain goats who stand around with their whiskers hanging down six nights out of seven. It's the seventh night that Jane waits for so patiently. "Suddenly," she says, "they literally jump from the place they've been standing for a week—and run right up the side of a 20-foot brick wall. I tell you, it's thrilling!"

As you can see, Jane is a bit hard to catalogue. The best we can do is give you the facts on her. One fact is that she comes from Mansfield, Ohio—the same home town as former Cover Girl Milena Miller. Here she grew up in a big house with two brothers, Jack and Dick Wilson, and a pair of charming parents. Her father was mining sales manager of the Ohio Brass Company, and when he came home at night he could hear his household a block away—for Jane and her brother Jack took to music the way you and I take to steak. Usually Mr. Wilson could hear them rendering the Jewel Song from Faust, or an aria from Carmen, while they helped set the table of an evening. Meanwhile, small brother Dick was feebly sawing on a violin—which he gave up, at the age of seven, as a mutual waste of time.

Jane emerged from this house-full of music to attend the Brinkerhoff School in Mansfield, and then the Mansfield Senior High School, where she edited the year book and school newspaper and sang in the glee club. Then she went (for one year) to Northwestern University, on a liberal arts scholarship; here she again sang in the glee club and school operettas, and was a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority with a girl named Jennifer Jones. At
(Continued on page 103)

CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY, II
 daughter of
 Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry
 engaged to
 James Douglas Darling, II



Christina's complexion is beautifully soft and smooth

CHRISTINA AND JIM met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia's fashionable "Mainline" suburbs. A few weeks later Christina said "Yes" . . . she's *another* charming Pond's bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

Christina has a happy little way of knowing *just* what she likes and why. And Pond's Cold Cream is one of her "likes." "I don't see how there could be a nicer face cream anywhere," she says.

This is how she uses Pond's: She smooths silky, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream on face and throat—then smacks over it lightly to help loosen and dissolve dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's—using quick little whirls of her fingers to work it all around. Tissues again. "This second creaming is grand to make your face feel *extra clean and soft*," she says.

She's Engaged!



SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S!

You'll find Christina's way of using Pond's Cold Cream delightful. Copy her twice-over Pond's creamings every night and every morning—for in-between-time freshen-ups, too! Watch your skin look softer, smoother, prettier! It's no accident so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a luxurious, *big* jar at your favorite beauty counter, today. Start your Pond's beauty care tonight!



CLOTHING NEEDED! Christina helps regularly at the Needlework Guild in Detroit. Here she is helping to pack new clothes to send away. "Never have so many people needed 'just everyday clothes'," she says. There are clothing relief agencies *you* can help.



ASK FOR A BIG JAR OF POND'S! You'll love the luxury-size jar. It has a nice *wide top* that lets you dip in with both hands so you whisk out all the cream you need with one sweep of your fingers. Get a *big* Pond's jar today!

**A few of the many
 Pond's Society Beauties**

- MRS. MORGAN BELMONT THE LADY GRENFELL
- THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE
- MRS. RICHARD C. DU PONT
- GLORIA VANDERBILT STOKOWSKA

R
M



**This woman knows comfort,
Security, too—
Meds' extra protection
Will give both to you!**

Go anywhere, poised and happy, for Meds internal protection frees you from pins and belts, from revealing lines and ridges. And Meds' exclusive feature—the "SAFETY-WELL" gives you the self-confidence of its extra-protection!

- Meds alone have the "SAFETY-WELL"—designed for your extra protection.
- Meds are made of real COTTON—soft and super-absorbent for extra comfort.
- Meds expand quickly and adapt themselves easily to individual needs.

Meds only **25¢**

FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



SAFETY-WELL EXPANDED
Meds "SAFETY-WELL" absorbs so much MORE so much FASTER! Expansion is gentle and comfortable.



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

orchestra sound clearer than if the listener were present in the studio.

Ordinarily, when the string and brass both are playing, the strings would be drowned out by their lustier brothers, if the radio engineer failed to tune down the brass section's microphone. The effect of that, however, distorts the sound of the whole orchestra as a unit. To avoid that distortion, Pops had some large glass screens made in folding sections on wooden frames. One of these is placed in front of the string section. The sound of the brass fails to penetrate the screen and the strings retain their complete volume and tone in the blending of the sound as it is broadcast.

Pops also has a smaller screen to enclose the microphone used by Martha Tilton, so that her microphone need not be turned up to an unnatural degree to keep her voice from being drowned out by the orchestra.

Carol Stewart keeps herself busy in off hours from the Beulah Show, taking flying lessons. But she plans not to stop with just a pilot's license, which she'll have pretty soon, now. She wants to go on to learning all about helicopters and hopes to be one of the first to be licensed to operate the "windmills" as they are fondly called.

Poor Murray Forbes—he's still shaking his head about it, if you give him a chance. Murray is an actor who went into radio for a very special reason. He thought that radio acting, as opposed to the theater where you often have to get up at the crack of dawn for rehearsals, and the movies, where you have to get up even earlier sometimes—anyway, he thought being in radio would give him a chance to sleep late. Of course, he wound up doing a two-year stretch on a six a.m. spot.

All kinds of things happen to radio personalities. Now, because of his portrayal of an owner-manager on the fictitious hotel Glamour Manor, Cliff Arquette finds that he's been made an honorary member of the Southern California Hotel Association.

We hope that means, at least, that he'll never be likely to be faced with that good old "housing problem."

We're all the time talking about success and successful people. Someone

thought to ask a few of the Quiz Kids what they thought constituted a successful man.

One of them said a successful man was a man who knew what goal he wanted . . . knew the right goal . . . and reached it.

Another, this one a lad of fifteen, thought a successful man was a man with high ideals, and although those ideals were just a little higher than he could attain, had come pretty close to them.

Best of all, we like the definition of Judy Graham, who is twelve years old—but wise beyond her years, we think. She said, a successful man is a man who is happy.

And these days, especially, who can improve on that definition?

Very frequently, rehearsals on the Mary Small—Junior Miss Show are rather hectic things to sit through. Ray Bloch is a variety of perfectionist. He always wants the musical scores to be exactly right for each program and all through the rehearsal he's keeping his ears open for improvable spots.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM EVERYWHERE . . . Myron McCormick, of Listening Post and dozens of other programs, is currently appearing in the Broadway play "State of the Union"

. . . Marvin Miller, the Coronet Storyteller, is the author of verse included in the new "Biographical Dictionary of Contemporary American Poets"

Everybody's going literary these days. Now it's Tom Howard, writing a book telling how life in radio can be made to pay off . . . Arthur Vinton, actor, is by no means putting all his eggs in one basket. He raises turkeys as a sideline . . . Dan Seymour is going to produce his Whisper Man series for the movies, too . . . Kate Smith has had a beautiful, deep red chrysanthemum named after her . . . Columbia Pictures is making a picture of Mr. District Attorney, with Jay Jostyn possibly playing the lead . . . Hildegard had the honor of wearing the very first hat to come over from Paris since 1939 . . . A picture Raymond Massey made in England last fall will be released here soon. It's called "A Matter of Life and Death" . . . Drew Pearson has signed a new five year contract with his sponsor . . . No more now—good listening.



Very first to greet his master—Lanny Ross is welcomed by his Irish Setter on his return after two and one half years Army service in the Pacific Theater.

So Little

(Continued from page 45)

young babies only cry because they're hungry. The way to make sure, is to offer the baby food. If it takes the food and stops crying—that's the answer.

If it takes the food, or tries to take it, but continues to cry during or after the feeding, it may have colic. That's a very sharp pain in the stomach, caused by swallowing air while eating or by improper burping. Your doctor will have told you to stop in the middle of each feeding, hold the baby at a slight angle over your shoulder and pat him gently on the back until he burps up a large bubble of air. When the burp is a good, effective one, there's no mistaking the sound of it—it's loud, explosive and most unmannerly by grownup standards. You do that twice during each feeding, in the middle and at the end—and it pays to be patient about it.

IN spite of the best attention to burping, however, babies still get colic occasionally. Mild cases can be relieved by rubbing the abdomen gently, or by wrapping it in warm flannel. More severe cases—and you can tell those by the fact that the baby continues to cry and is obviously in pain—call for a suppository, which releases the gas pressure. If the baby continues to have pain, your doctor will probably prescribe paregoric. Baby specialists say this is one of the most valuable drugs in pediatrics. And, when given under the direction of a doctor, it is definitely not habit-forming.

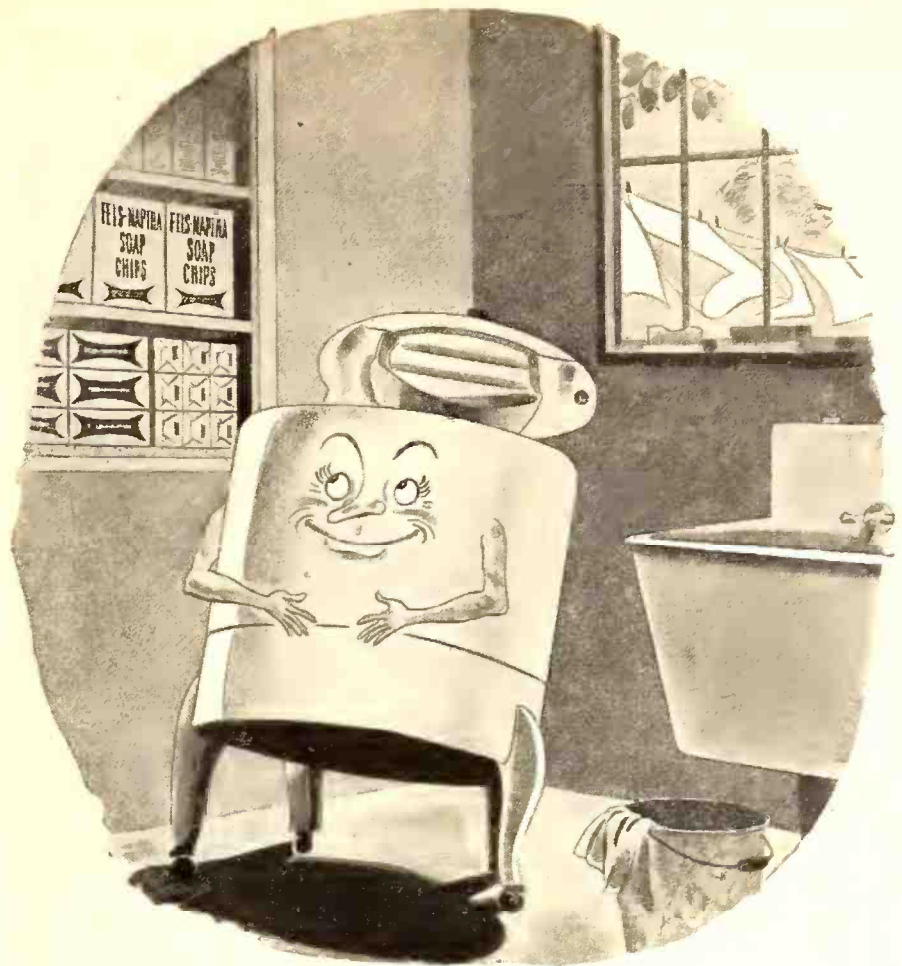
Of course, if the baby isn't hungry and doesn't have colic, but is crying for attention—which you'll know because he'll stop crying as soon as he's picked up—you already have a small problem on your hands. Such babies used to be considered "spoiled," and the advice used to be to let them cry it out. That idea is dying out very fast. Modern baby doctors feel that a baby who cries for attention is unsure of being loved and the way to cure it is to find out what you're doing wrong that gives the baby that feeling of insecurity. Nine chances out of ten, if you take a good look at yourself and the way you're handling your baby—an honest look—you'll probably find that you've been doing something wrong in the feeding business.

I know, dear, that no matter how you tell yourself to relax about your baby, all kinds of ideas will plague you about it—as they have done mothers since time immemorial. I was rather lucky, because my baby doctor saw ahead and warned me in advance of many things that might crop up.

After feeding, comes the over-rated matter of bowel movements. My doctor says that mothers worry an awful lot about that—and almost always about the wrong kind.

In spite of all the ads, there's no law—legal or natural—about how many movements a baby or child should have. Babies can go for three or four days without a movement, *without any harm to them*. Constipation, unless it's painful, is nothing to worry about. This has been proven. In a hospital experiment, a group of children was deliberately constipated for thirty days, with no signs of irritability, illness or toxic reactions.

Again in spite of the ads, mothers shouldn't place undue emphasis on clearing the bowels when babies and children have colds or are slightly ill.



"They almost weaned me!"

"I've been on a queer diet the last year or two . . . sometimes I wondered if I'd ever see any more Fels-Naptha Soap.

But a fellow who's always had the best doesn't give up easy. And now that I'm getting my Fels-Naptha, the laundry work in this house is strictly pre-war.

I do a family-size wash without a quiver, finish the job on schedule, and believe me—those clothes are really *white* again!"

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Find Love Unchanging



After long parting. "I'll always love you," you said. "A girl with such exciting-soft hands." . . . No wonder Jergens Lotion is far and away the favorite hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

Now even more effective. Using wartime research, Jergens skin scientists make your Jergens Lotion finer than ever. "My hands feel even softer"; "Protects longer"; women said, after testing this post-war Jergens.



Soon an apartment for two. Homemaking hands endearingly soft. Those two skin-care ingredients many doctors use are included in this even finer Jergens Lotion. In the stores now—same bottle—still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). Lovely to use. None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



That's old fashioned. The cold won't go away any faster and cathartics may do more harm than the cold.

The golden rule in baby care—and this goes for children, too—is never give cathartics without a doctor's advice. And, if you wait for that advice, the chances are your baby will never get any cathartics. Bowel movements are regulated, when necessary, by changes in the diet, not by drugs, as a rule.

Most mothers, my doctor says, worry a great deal about constipation and not nearly enough about dysentery or diarrhoea. These are something to worry about and you should call your doctor as soon as you notice them. They may be caused by bacterial infection or some organic disturbance. But don't get upset about it. They might also be caused simply by too much sugar in the diet.

AS your baby grows older, there will be many new problems coming up. There will be weaning and toilet training, of course. Here, the same basic rules that apply to feeding apply to these two changes in the baby's life. Never force the baby to give up his bottle and never force the toilet training of a baby, if he objects. The main point about these problems—as about feeding—is not to make a problem out of them.

Remember, in weaning a baby, you're taking away from him one of his first pleasures and accomplishments—sucking. He's got to be ready to find pleasure and satisfaction in many other ways, before he's ready to give up that one. He's got to be ready physically and emotionally to go on to the more grown up business of drinking from a cup. Weaning should always be done very gradually and without any subterfuges like breaking bottles. It should be accomplished in the baby's own time, without any great battles between you and the baby.

Toilet training is the same. It's been discovered by child psychologists that many children of school age suffer from all kinds of difficulties, can't get along with teachers or the other children, have trouble talking or learning and, frequently, have chronic constipation, because they were forced to the toilet too early. Like everything else, you do this very gradually. If the baby protests, you forget about it for awhile. If it works, it works—if it doesn't, it doesn't. You'll find that the best thing is to treat the whole matter very casually, without placing any undue importance on failure, or success. Especially, try not to make a fuss, if the baby soils himself after he's started his training, willingly.

Like all mothers, you'll want your baby to be strong and healthy and fearless. You can play a large part in making him exactly that. But you have to bear in mind, right from the beginning, that babies are very helpless, tiny creatures and a certain amount of fear is very natural. You'll just have to help him overcome those fears.

Very young babies, for instance, are almost all afraid of sudden, loud noises and of falling. That's simple to understand. They don't know where the noise is coming from, or what makes it. Wouldn't you be afraid in the same circumstances? As for the falling, wouldn't you get scared if you felt yourself falling and knew inside you that you were incapable of lifting a hand to stop yourself? Well, that's exactly the spot a baby is in—he can't help himself.

Later, babies are afraid of new, unfamiliar things and people. Here you can help again, by acting perfectly natural about the things that seem to frighten him, by not teasing him about his fear or with the object of his fear, and by just letting him get used to the thing he's frightened of—which he will.

However, as your baby grows older and more conscious of the world around him, he meets many new—and to him—terrifying things. He doesn't always react with fear while he's awake. But he may dream about these things and they may wake him up crying with fright. Contrary to the idea which was rather prevalent not so long ago, when a baby cries during the night, the thing to do is go to it and reassure it. Just that familiar presence, your prompt reaction to his call will help to make him less frightened, because it will show him that he's still safe. If you don't reassure him, or if you try to make him ashamed in any way of his perfectly natural fears, he may repress those fears, accumulate them in his little secret self and they'll get all out of shape and proportion.

You know, thinking back over Mikey's tiny babyhood, there are a million pitfalls and snags I could write about. But they would all add up to this one thing—that it is important to establish a happy, normal relationship with your baby, from the start.

AND that doesn't mean a relationship which makes you sacrifice yourself to every whim and notion of your baby. It means a relationship which gives you pleasure and an opportunity to do all the things you want to do, while, at the same time, your baby gets all he wants and needs from you.

Your baby will need love—which I'm sure he'll get. He'll need a feeling of safety, which you can give him by not worrying, or getting upset, or impatient. He needs to get the feeling that he's an individual with certain inalienable rights, which you can give him by letting him form his own patterns for feeding, sleeping and playing, without violent opposition from you. He needs to learn self discipline, which he will learn—when he's older—by trying to imitate you and Steve and by responding to such directions as you give him, which he will recognize are in his own real interest. Very young babies just cannot be disciplined. They're too young to understand such things. All that happens to them is that they are thwarted and frustrated and made unhappy. As for when he's old enough to understand your directions, you'll find you have greater success if you really keep his interests in mind and not just your personal desires for cleanliness, quiet, or obedience.

I have a feeling you'll be a wise and happy mother, Barbara, because you want to be. That's very important, wanting to be happy and wanting to avoid problems. If you hang on to that wish, you'll be able to relax and love your baby and have grand fun with him. You'll be able to treat him as a real little person, with quirks and ideas of his own—to which he has a perfect right, of course—but you won't let him get away with the notion that he can use his rights to make you jump through hoops. You'll have a jolly baby that way, with time for Steve and your home and friends and with the freedom of mind to enjoy them all."

This is what I wrote for Barbara. And this I give, to all those young girls who are facing motherhood for the first time in a troubled and new world.



Want Sweet Kisses?

Have kissable skin—with the smoothness of satin.

Dry skin troubles you now?

This new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment (with thrilling Jergens Face Cream) helps smooth dry skin in no time.

Easy to give yourself this exciting 1-Cream Beauty Treatment



Help Smooth Away "Crow's-feet"

Here's all you do for your daily smooth-skin treatment—simply use this new Jergens Face Cream (but faithfully), as though it were 4 creams:

1. for regular Cleansing and Make-up Removal
2. for Softening
3. for a velvet Foundation—every time you make up
4. as a Night Cream—effective against dry skin; helps prevent dry skin lines

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream for you—the same who make your Jergens Lotion. Many a smart girl is thankful. You will be, too. See lovely results, using Jergens Face Cream this way. 10¢ to \$1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.



JERGENS FACE CREAM

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin

Why have doubts? Use **MODESS** -
with the triple-proved
DEODORANT!



GOSH, HOW I USED
TO STEW AND FRET
ABOUT OFFENDING
AT TIMES LIKE
THIS!

IT USED TO HAUNT
ME, TOO -TILL
MODESS WITH THE
TRIPLE-PROVED
DEODORANT CAME
ALONG!



WHY WONDER whether you're likely to offend—now that Modess offers you the triple-proved deodorant?

It's been proved effective by Modess scientists; proved a winner in 26 tests by independent laboratories; proved a favorite way to guard daintiness by girls who've tried the New Modess.

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no nuisance!

A SOFTER NAPKIN! Remember that three out of four women voted Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

SAFER! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

YOU PAY NO MORE, so ask for luxurious new Modess with Deodorant today. Box of 12 costs only 22¢.



FREE! Send today! For your copy of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a bright, modern booklet on the how and why of menstruation—write Marsha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 343-F, Milltown, N. J.

Modess comes two ways: Full size and Junior size. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, ask for Modess Junior.

Fear

(Continued from page 39)

The ties that bound us to our Mexican culture were strong ones. But in every other way we were Americans. Americans. And we resented being labeled "Mexican"—as if it were a bad word—by newspapers and in the schools and by the careless words a gavacho spoke.

I shook off these hateful thoughts quickly. This was Ricardo's homecoming and nothing should spoil it.

We had reached his tiny house by this time. Though we had scarcely spoken a word it was enough for both of us just to be together. And Ricardo couldn't seem to do anything but fill his eyes with these old, familiar sights.

His mother opened the door. "My son—my son—" she murmured in her only-slightly accented English. Her hands on his shoulders were tremulous and her cheeks were wet. Beside her my own mama beamed her joy.

I HAD always admired Senora Martinez. A newcomer to this country in middle age, she had forced herself to adapt to American customs and the American tongue, difficult as it had been. She had gone to night school. She kept herself slim and carefully dressed. Her white, gently-waved hair was beautiful against her olive skin. She had been adamant that Ricardo must have a good education no matter what the obstacles—the lack of money—his troubles in school. And she had succeeded.

My mama was not so. She was plump, good-natured, but she clung to the old ways and the old tongue.

But she, like all the others, rejoiced to see Ricardo back safely and even admired him in his Sergeant's uniform. There had been a time, when Ricardo was captain of the wild Tiger gang, that she had opposed our engagement—but no more.

When I mentioned the three soldiers who had come on the train with Ricardo, Senora Martinez nodded her head.

"That is good," she said simply. "We must not isolate ourselves, if there is a chance to make friends." But there was a question in her eyes, as there was in all of ours, as she looked at her son.

Ricardo sprawled out in the easy chair, ruffling the hair of his younger brother, Jose, who stood breathless before his hero. "Overseas it was all so simple. When you work and fight side by side with other men, your nationality or your color or what-have-you doesn't seem to matter any more. At first they called me 'Mex' and things like that—but it wasn't meant as an insult. And after a while, especially when I was made Sergeant, you earn respect and you're just another guy." He leaned his head back and grinned. "Gosh—it's good to be back."

Early that evening, when relatives had stopped crowding the tiny Martinez house and our dinner was over, Ricardo and I walked over the First Street Bridge on our way to Olvera Street to keep our appointment with his soldier friends.

But there was no sign of them, yet, when we reached the entrance—and I was glad. We would have this moment to ourselves.

Ah, that first step onto those time-worn, rough, uneven bricks, faded by the years and the countless footsteps!—that first delicious fragrance of perfumed candles and the spicy odors of

chile and frioles from the open cafes, the sugary heaven of the candy stalls—“Smell it, Maria!” Ricardo exulted—“Take a deep breath! There’ve been times when I would have given my last C-Ration for one whiff of Baca’s cooking—” and he paused to shake hands with old Baca himself at his stall.

We stopped at one stall after another, went into one shop after another. There are no sidewalks on Olvera Street—the open store fronts are an invitation to come in and chat and taste and buy. Here were the famous rooms where the beautiful candles of all shapes and sizes hung from their big wheel, slowly turning, dipping into the vats of rainbow colors. Scents of orange and bayberry and rich perfumes hung like a cloud in the shops. Next door a man would draw a caricature of you for fifty cents, or a fortune-teller would read you the future. But Ricardo and I didn’t need to know ours. We were in love.

Here—in the center of the street—were the stalls with their earth-colored Indian pottery, their renowned blue-glass pitchers and bowls, their woven raffia toy men on toy horses, their gay sombreros and serapes, the comfortable huaraches—sandals—worn by both men and women and very popular with tourists.

“Look at this, Maria,” Ricardo marveled, stopping at a booth which made up a part of the wall that framed Olvera. “I’d forgotten how wonderful they were.” And he handed me the tiny, blown-glass ship, with its spars and lines like spun-silver threads—the whole no bigger than what would hide in the palm of my hand. “That’s my home-coming present to you.”

While he paid for the ship, I held its tiny perfection in my hand—loving it—loving Ricardo—knowing a happiness so exquisite it could hardly be contained in my body. From Ricardo to me, with love. From Maria to Ricardo, my life. . . .

IT was at that precise moment that I felt the dark shadow behind me. Without turning, without knowing who or what, I felt a shudder of premonition go through me. At this moment, at the height of my joy, I knew fear.

It was Ricardo who turned . . . and there was a breath-holding second’s pause before he spoke.

I glanced over my shoulder and now I recognized the big, bulky man who stood behind me.

“Hello, Dixon.” Ricardo clipped the words, but to my surprise there was no undercurrent of antagonism in his voice. “I’m back. How’s everything been while I was away?”

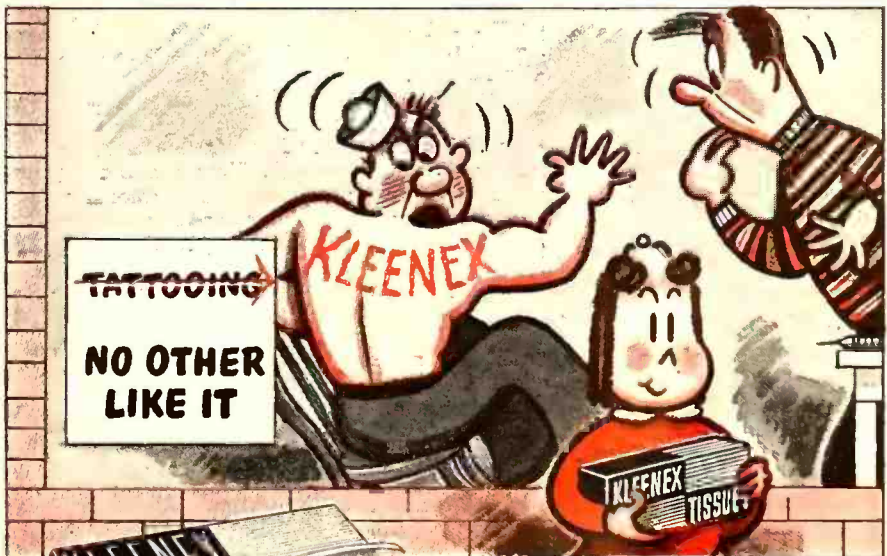
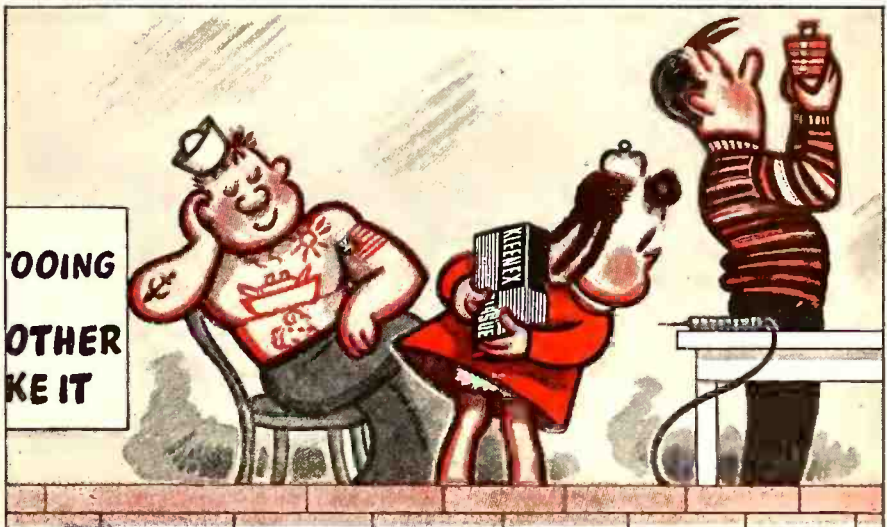
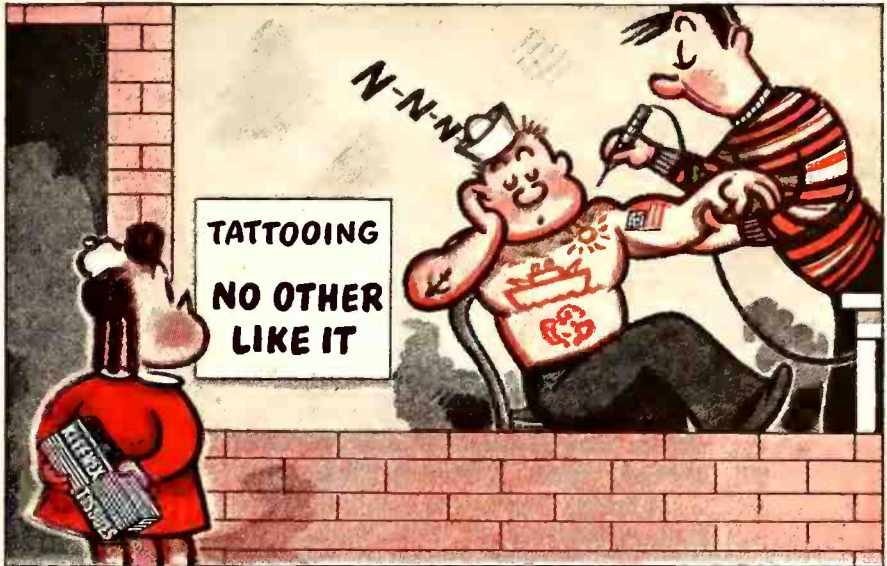
“Quiet.” Police Sergeant Dixon underwrote his meaning with a telling emphasis. “Quiet. And I mean it to stay that way, Ricardo.” Sure, quiet—I thought, bitterly—with kids being slapped into jail every night of the week! “You can help or you can not, Ricardo,” he went on stolidly, “but just see that you behave yourself.”

I thought surely this would bring forth one of Ricardo’s slashing, taunting retorts—but it didn’t. And Dixon added in a milder tone: “Heard you were in the Army. Good place for you. Hope you made your family proud of you.”

Ricardo grinned. “That, Dixon—” pointing to one of his ribbons—“is the Good Conduct ribbon. And you don’t get those over a dime-store counter. Maybe it would be a good idea if you and I were to sit down and talk things over, though. I’ve found that helps—

LITTLE LULU

By Margee



Copyright 1945, International Cellulocotton Products Co.

A special process keeps Kleenex
**LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
 DEPENDABLY STRONG**

Only Kleenex® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

R
M

Unmask a more radiant younger-looking you

Help Nature shed beauty-concealing "Top Skin"



Quick, easy Twin Treatment speeds up removal of dry outer skin flakes.
Helps protect pore openings against clogging . . . blackheads.

Claim your right to the beauty of a clearer, younger-looking skin. Not with creams and lotions galore. Just this simple, effective

ive Twin Treatment. Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack *each week*—and Homogenized Facial Cream *each day*.



Once a week . . . this exciting Beauty Mask!

Spread Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax. Feel its stimulating effect on your tense, tired skin. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).

Notice the new youthful bloom on your cheek—a bewitching glow from Clay Pack's gentle *blushing action*. Your skin seems firmer, finer-textured—free from unlovely "top skin". How glamorous your make-up will look now on the clearer smoothness of your skin—a dazzling, alive look you'll want to keep. So you'll never miss a day's beauty care with Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream.

Daily . . . this protection for your lovelier underskin!

Faithful daily use of Facial Cream will help make your weekly Clay Pack even *more* effective. This exquisite blush pink cream not only cleanses marvelously but lubricates better because it's *homogenized*. Wonderful as a powder base—and a night cream, too!

Pat on with upward, outward strokes. (See diagram.) Remove with tissues. Your skin feels soft and baby-fresh, as dry, rough spots seem to disappear. Your mirror—and admiring eyes—proclaim your lovelier-looking complexion.



Edna Wallace Hopper

Twin Treatment

for a lovelier, younger look

keeps people from making mistakes."

"Nothing to talk over." The big man was solid and implacable. "You Mexicans behave yourselves—keep the pachucas"—glancing at me—"in line and that's all there is to it." He walked away, his abrupt ending in keeping with his own blunt nature.

"You Mexicans—pachucas—" A wave of anger swept over me and I felt, rather than saw, the hardness stiffen Ricardo's face until it looked almost as sullen as the face of the boy I used to know, before he went into the Army.

"See, Ricardo?" I told him in a low voice. "It's just the same, it hasn't changed. We're always the ones to be blamed."

LIKE Sergeant Dixon had blamed us before. Like the way newspaper headlines had screamed at us before. Like the way all gavachos looked down on us, feared us, blamed us.

"I see," Ricardo's mouth showed a tense white line about it. His hand closed tightly on my arm. "Maria—I meant it when I said I'd like to talk to Dixon. I—maybe I could make him see that kids wearing zoot suits, drapes—girls dressing up so that they're called pachucas—that doesn't mean they're bad. I had hopes for Dixon, because he's honest, at least. He tries to be fair. But he only sees the result, never the cause behind it. He's in a position to help if he would—if he could be made to understand."

We were both silent, then, remembering.

Remembering the "zoot suit riots." They had been a part of the beginnings of the war for us—part of the jittery, war-born confusion. Ricardo and I, and all of those like us—all of our friends—felt the excitement, not knowing what lay ahead for us. Everyone was talking about patriotism, and unity, and pulling together—only nobody seemed to want unity with us, nobody seemed to want to pull together, with us.

We knew what it was—discrimination, a big word for an even bigger problem. We didn't call it that, and we couldn't talk learnedly about it, the way people did sometimes on the radio. But we knew what it felt like, knew the weight of it on our shoulders. And we felt we had to do something about it. So we did—we made ourselves felt. I know now that we went about it the wrong way, but even now I'm not sure what the right way would have been. And when you feel the way we felt—sick at heart and rebellious at the same time, and young, and full of spirits that need an outlet—you don't stop to reason about how you're doing a thing, or why you're doing it. You just go ahead and do it.

Discrimination breeds violence. The whole world has proved that. We proved it, in Los Angeles—the pachucas and pachucos. We weren't mean, or violent, really, in ourselves—I don't think we were really even bad, any of us. I never felt like a bad person. It was just that we weren't wanted, and that can be the most frightening, soul-sickening, rebellion-starting thing in the world. And we were very young, very full of life, with no outlet for our energies. There were no playgrounds, or evening gymnasiums, or clubs, for us. They were for the "white" children. Police watched us—turned as we came down the street, as if we might "start something" if they kept their backs to us, watched our soda fountain corner hangouts to be sure we weren't out one minute after nine o'clock curfew.

And our poor folks—they couldn't

help us. They were timid and unsure in a world that was new to them, trying to speak a language they didn't know well, afraid to speak up for us. In short, cut off from the normal life of Los Angeles, we were lumped together as "Mexicans"—not only lumped together, but banded together for self-protection and to maintain our fierce pride. And from there it was only a step to breaking up into gangs. We had to do something to make ourselves felt—to be a power in the community, and if we couldn't be a power for good, we'd be a power for bad! At least, that was what happened to some of the gangs, that started out as harmless rivals. Some of them never did go any farther than that.

But some did. Now that I'm older, and I have to dress conservatively for my job, I can see that our clothes were crazy. But we wore them because they set us apart, made us conspicuous—no one could overlook us in those clothes! High black bobby-sox, with saddle oxfords. Short black skirts, tight black sweaters. Tall pompadours, with hair cascading to our shoulders in back. And the boys wore the drape shape—the long suit coats with the big pockets and exaggerated padding in the shoulders, watch chains that looped absurdly almost to their knees, full trousers with leg bottoms so tight they could not be pulled on or off without removing their shoes. Pork pie hats.

It started out just fun. It still was. Dressing up. Kids all over the country were doing it. But notoriety made the costume a badge of dishonor for us.

HOW the riots started none of us quite knew. And few were as serious as the publicity made them out to be.

Gangs began meeting and roving the streets in search of excitement. Police became uneasy. It was much less trouble for them to round up a whole gang and take it to juvenile court, rather than stop and argue—or get them a clubhouse. Rumors started . . . stories grew that armed bands were terrorizing dance halls and cafes, picking on soldiers and sailors in uniform. Squad cars prowled the streets at night and tension mounted over the district.

Trouble grew. Fist fights broke out in the cheap Main Street cafes that were about the only places we could patronize. Friends of ours were hurt. Strangers were hurt. Ricardo, who was the leader of our Tiger gang, was taken to court over and over again by Dixon for questioning. But Ricardo was clever. He always came away with only a warning against him—but he also came away more bitter, more defiant, more ready to take the lead in outwitting the police.

The riots stopped as quickly as they had come. That is, on the surface it had gone. Underneath, it left smoldering embers of resentment and a continued watchfulness on the part of the police that kept us all tense. Kids still went to juvenile court for five days.

"How about Tani, Maria?" Ricardo asked thoughtfully, as he took my arm and piloted me slowly down the street. Coming toward us we could see the three friends of Ricardo. But they were still several shops away.

"Tani runs with a nice crowd. They are decent kids and trying their best to behave themselves. They've found a Mr. Miller who has a malt shop in front of his house and he's let them set up headquarters there. He's a bachelor and they use his big livingroom for dancing. He won't sell them beer and he makes them go straight home be-



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fore nine o'clock. And, Ricardo, do you know who Tani's boy friend is?"

"No," he replied, smiling at me, "who?"

"Bobby Dixon! The cop's son!—if old Dixon ever knew his son went with Mexicans! But he never will know—the gang is loyal to each other and he's loyal to them. Now that Bobby is accepted, they will see to it his father never finds out."

"Maria," Ricardo said, linking his hand through my arm, pressing it against him, "I'm glad she doesn't have your temper. It seemed to me I was always just saving you from getting into trouble." He smiled down at me. "I think I like you better now that you're so cute and dignified. You're a real pacoima," giving me the name we reserved for good breeding.

The others surrounded us just then. "Hi ya!—keeds—here we are—let's go!" the one called Kelly whacked Ricardo on the shoulder. Their faces were friendly, alive with curiosity and good-humor.

"So this is Olvera Street!" Slim Westerland drawled. He had an accent I couldn't place. "All I heard, Maria, while we were tramping up and down Iwo was how wonderful Olvera Street was. It ain't bad—not bad, at all!" He nodded his head, looking all around him, seeing in one sweep the peculiar, distinctive charm that meant so much to those of us who had lived here all our lives.

"Wait, though—Maria, you haven't lived until you've seen my street! Genessee Street—up in Auburn, New York! That's home to me and you'll have to come visit. Will I show you the sights!" Bob Martin sighed while the others laughed at him.

Arm in arm we went off. The whole evening was a daze to me. At first I was uneasy. I had a feeling as if I were walking on eggs—that some unwary word would find me out—that they might suddenly look at me with distant, unfriendly eyes—but it never happened. I had a wonderful time.

But it still doesn't explain how I came to invite them to dinner for the next evening. How did it happen? I had a confused impression of being maneuvered into it and that Ricardo had aided them. But it was so late and I was so happy and so sleepy I put the worry away from me, until tomorrow.

There was one last thing we wanted to do that night. Quietly, reverently, we slipped into the Church of Our Lady Queen of the Angels and knelt. In its

hushed and gracious beauty I could believe I could believe in happiness and I could give thanks for Ricardo's safe return.

Next day the thing hit me.

"Ricardo," I begged him, "I can't have them here for dinner. They'd laugh at us and make fun of us and they wouldn't understand a word. Mama says and she'll get embarrassed and stiff and Papa will just sit there and look at them! I can't do it! We can take them to the Marimba or some

other nice dancing place like that—"

"Look, little one, I promised them a real home-cooked dinner, Mexican style. They're leaving tomorrow and I can't take them home because Mother's hand is bad again. Come on—they won't bite you. They're good guys."

"Sure, why not?" Tani, my younger sister, had come out on the porch and joined us. "Let them get a look at us—what do we care?" Her pretty face was sullen.

"Will you promise to behave, Tani?" I urged.

"I won't be here," she replied. "The gang is going to Miller's tonight. Pop Miller is letting us bring hot dogs and stuff like that and have a party. We're all going—that is, if Bobby Dixon can get away."

Now I knew the reason for her sullenness. Sometimes Bobby had to stay home.

"Why do you let him take risks like that, Tani?"

"Let her alone, Maria. If Bobby Dixon wants to be with Tani and her friends, it's his decision. I give the boy credit for sticking to the people he likes."

There was nothing I could do about the dinner—except go ahead with it. Mama set about the cooking as grandly as if it were a feast day. But there was apprehension in her eyes. Papa's mustaches curled more fiercely than ever and he went about muttering under his breath.

And when the boys did show up, it was awful. Worse than I had ever imagined.

Mama had smiled at them, timidly, when introductions were made; Papa had only nodded and then gone on reading his Spanish-language newspaper, ignoring them. We sat, Ricardo and I and the three soldiers, stiffly in our chairs, embarrassed, with self-consciousness walling us each in separately.

I was acutely aware that everything in our house must seem odd to these men—our few pieces of heavy mission-style furniture, our white plaster walls with the dark-framed saints' pictures, the candles in their brackets, the old chest with its vivid serape covering. From the kitchen steamed the heavy, rich odors of Mama's cooking.

"Hey!" Slim suddenly said—"this chair looks a lot like the ones we have at home—painted—only the reds and blues aren't quite so dark, and we don't use the black."

Mama came to the door, surprised. Then she asked, saying each word slowly, haltingly, in her unfamiliar English: "You got chairs like that? You Mexican?"

"No," he grinned at her, "Swedish. Minnesota. But my Mom is nuts about her painted chairs. Some guy from the old country made them for her just like the ones she had when she was a little girl, back in Sweden."

It was a miracle to see the change in Mama's face—the beaming hospitality of her smile.

Your mother come here, too?

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She was foreigner like me and Papa?"

"Sure. Kids at school used to call me bull-necked Swede and stuff like that. And when Mom gets excited you can hardly understand what she's saying. She forgets her English."

The ice was broken, as suddenly as that. Jim Kelly made his way into the kitchen and hung over the stove. He told us he had plans someday for starting a restaurant in Brooklyn and cooking was one subject that fascinated him. He hovered near the stove, getting in Mama's way—and they both had a fine time.

Bob Martin was quieter and shyer. He tried talking to Papa but finally gave up and contented himself smoking his pipe. But Papa watched him. And liked him. Papa liked quiet men.

Ricardo smiled across the room at me and his smile seemed to say—"See! Didn't I tell you?" and my heart brimmed over. These were his friends. They were mine, too. Perhaps those plans that Ricardo had for us and for our life when we were married weren't so fantastic after all. Maybe we could move away and find a life in another community and be accepted by everyone and have friends like these—

The evening became gayer by the minute. Dinner was hilarious. Although I was serving, Mama couldn't sit still and was jumping up and down every minute to bring the boys something else to eat, urging them to try everything, laughing at every joke—even when she couldn't always understand them. They teased each other, but they showed, even in their joking, a definite regard and respect for Ricardo that didn't escape any of us. Evidently he had been as much of a leader overseas as he had here at home.

And after dinner even Papa unbent, so much so that when Ricardo brought in his old accordian and began playing it, Papa took out of the carved chest his precious gourds. Now I *knew* it was a party! No one—no one could make those marimbas snap and shake like Papa could . . . no one could hold them with quite the nonchalance, and it was unbelievable that there could be that kind of rhythm in Papa's conservative, tactiturn soul.

"Estra—a—li—ta . . ." Ray and Bob sang, barber shop style, with their heads together, while Slim bounced Mama around the room in what he fondly insisted was a tango. The candles in their brackets on the wall were jarred by the stamping of Army boots and the furniture was pushed aside to make a little room for dancing. Ricardo and I even did an exhibition rhumba for them.

It was while he was holding me—lightly—in the gently seductive measures of the rhumba that I saw in his face the same happiness that was mirrored in mine. Dancing with Ricardo was always an intimate thing for me. Our steps matched so perfectly we might have been of one body. And the lovely current that flowed between us—the retreat and the coming together—was a very personal thing.

Then he caught me to him, closely, and I felt the hard beating of his heart through the khaki of his blouse. I felt his arms strong around me and my forehead was pressed against his cheek. I could see the outline of his jaw—so firm and cleanly-cut—through the curtain of my eyelashes. And my love for him pounded through me, shaking me.

This was the way it should be for us, our love flowing together without

a trace of unhappiness. Without bitterness. Without the desperate need for each other of solace after hurt. Even the rhumba seemed more fitting for this new life of ours, than did the crazy pace of the jitterbug we used to do.

"We've had one swell time, Maria," Bob Martin said to me when they were finally leaving. It was early but all three had a train to catch in the morning. "I'll never forget it. You know, overseas you learn to know your friends pretty well. You take their personal life as hard as you take your own. Ricardo told me something of—of how you live here. It shouldn't be, Maria."

"No," I answered, "it shouldn't." But it didn't seem to matter so much just then.

He hurried on in a lighter tone, as if he were afraid of having said too much. "And we worry about each other's girls, too. It's nice to know that you're not only as pretty as Ricardo used to tell us, but you've got what it takes to go along with him, too. He's quite a guy."

Quite a guy, I thought to myself, dreamily, after they had gone and Ricardo and I were sitting on the old wooden railing of our porch. His arm was around me and in this lovely mood that held us so close, even the shabby houses and the jumble of narrow streets and shoddy, garish cafes and stores and dark alleys looked fine to me there in the darkness with only a few neon lights stabbing the low skyline.

"It's so good to be home, darling." His words were muffled as he bent to kiss the hollow of my temple. "We'll be married just as soon as I find a job." There was silence for a while—silence

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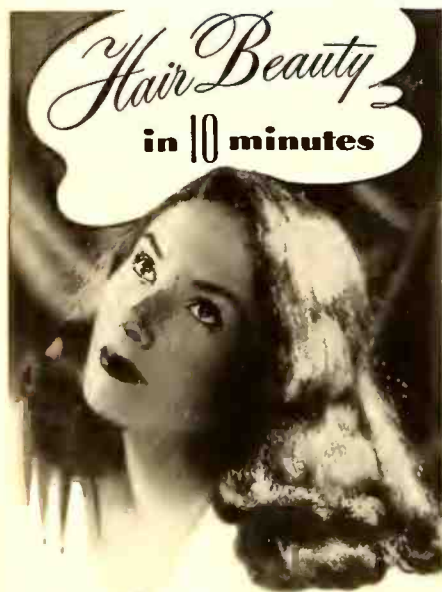
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filled with an overwhelming joy for me, but Ricardo's next words showed that he had been thinking. "Trouble is, I don't know just what kind of a job. I got used to working with people—organizing—first the Tigers and then in the Army. I like it. I like the responsibility. But that isn't much qualification for a job. And I'll have to get one quick, so we can get married. By the way, that reminds me—did I ever ask you if you would?"

I laughed at him. The nonsense of Ricardo having to formally propose to me—Ricardo, who had settled that when we were children and he had announced solemnly that I was "his girl" and he would "fight anyone that said I wasn't!"—

I stopped laughing suddenly. I had heard footsteps, running footsteps!

They were the sounds of someone running hard and fast, the gravel of the walk spurting up in sharp, scraping spurts behind them—the footsteps of someone terrified and coming like the wind. Don't ask me how I knew—I was hearing echoes of the kind of desperate fleeing that had been in our ears so much during those days of riot and horror.

It was Tani. My sister. She came up onto the porch flying but she slipped on the top step and went down on one knee. She hung on to the porch railing, her eyes big with fear, her breath coming in tearing, uneven gasps. Ricardo reached her first.

"Take it easy, little sister," he said quietly, pulling her to her feet and holding her gently. "What's the trouble?"

"I ran—" she gasped—"they—Pop Miller told us to stay but I had to find you. They said we did it—he's hurt—"

My heart was pounding in the same choky way as her voice. The palms of my hands were wet and fear made a sick churning in the pit of my stomach. My little sister—!

She was still terrified but with Ricardo's urging she managed to speak a little more coherently. "It wasn't our fault—our whole crowd was in Miller's and we were just dancing and having fun. And then this other bunch came in. I knew a couple of them. They wanted to have Miller's for their hangout because they knew we had so much fun

there and it was decent and Pop was sorta like a guardian to us and even Mama liked to have me go there—but these kids were jealous and they had some older boys with them—" she ran out of breath for a second.

In my mind's eye a picture was forming. I knew the boys and girls Tani went with. Nice kids. But proud with the unreasoning, hot-tempered pride of adolescence. My heart sank.

"... and those older boys kept breaking up our dances and heckling Jose and—" she stopped suddenly, as though she had been about to make a slip of the tongue, and then went on—"and some of the others, to take a drink. Then there was a fight." Tani was sobbing now. "One of the other gang was hurt. He's lying there on the floor and Pop said no one was to leave until the doctor came—"

"How badly is he hurt?" Ricardo asked curtly.

Her face was paper-white. "I think he's dying," she whimpered.

I turned in panic to Ricardo. Once again the sick fear I had known all too well, all too often, in those past days before Ricardo went to war, welled up in my throat. Automatically I put out a hand to steady myself against the porch railing.

"What shall we do?" I cried. "What shall we do now, Ricardo? We must—"

"We're going to Miller's. Come on, Tani. It was all right to come for us, but never run away from trouble. We'll all go back and face it."

She held back a little, then stumbled after us. "I'll go— but I'm afraid. Pop Miller sent for Dixon. And now it will get worse. We'll all go to jail and Jose said they'd come back and throw rocks in Miller's window because he called the cops—" she broke down.

Ricardo's hand holding mine was like a vise. We hurried up the streets, but every step was agony for me. Cops... revenge... gangs... riots...

It was starting all over again!

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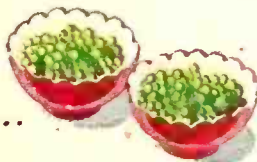


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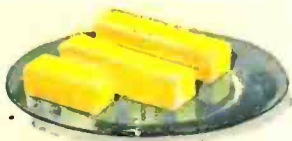


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Breakfast in Hollywood

(Continued from page 25) drab—"

Ken laughed teasingly. "Just like a woman—trying to build a story out of everything! Don't tell me that this man we just saw is married to the woman you saw at the Breakfast—"

"Of course not!" She spoke vehemently, because, to be utterly truthful, she had been imagining just that. "It was just the similarity in names that made me think of her. Besides, it was touching—the way she spoke of her husband on the program. Everyone laughed when she told Mr. Breneman that he was a traveling salesman, and she said, very proudly, that although she knew the reputation traveling salesmen were supposed to have, her husband was an exception. She said, too, that he liked plain, natural, home-type girls. I thought for a moment that she was going to refuse the make-up kit. Didn't you see her?"

"No," said Ken. He did not add, "I was too busy thinking about you," but he might as well have, because he was looking down at her so intently that Dorothy turned her own eyes away.

"About Jimmy," she said abruptly. "Did you sail with him very long? And were you in Manila when he was there?"

IT WAS astonishing how quickly the time passed. They went out to Mrs. Reed's bungalow and picked up the dog, a small fox terrier, mostly white, with a round dark patch over each eye. His name was Tippy, and he licked Dorothy's hands politely, and followed at Ken's heels as readily as if they'd been life-long friends. He was a very old dog, and Dorothy noticed that Ken slowed his steps out of consideration for him. They walked through Griffith Park, and talked, and she and Ken discovered that they'd spent several years just missing each other at home. Ken had gone to the Crystal Ballroom as steadily as she, but on Saturday instead of Friday nights. Wally's, where Dorothy's crowd went for hamburgers, was just around the corner from the Chinese place where Ken's friends met for chow mein. And of course, when they came to the amusement pavilion, with its mechanical piano and its games and electric shooting rifles, they were both reminded of the amusement park at home. For lunch they ate an indigestible mixture of hot dogs and hamburgers and cokes, and Dorothy discovered that she was having a very good time. Not, she told herself loyally, as good a time as she would have had with Jimmy—but one of the best times she'd ever had, nonetheless. It was so easy and natural, being with Ken, that she forgot herself sometimes, said things like, "When we get back to Minneapolis, we'll have to go to D'Arcy's for sea food—" and at Ken's quick look, she added hastily, "I mean when Jimmy comes home, and we're all back there together."

"We'll do that," said Ken. And then he couldn't help saying, "You don't forget him for a minute, do you?"

"No," she said, but it wasn't entirely true. She had forgotten Jimmy today, for hours at a stretch; she had forgotten herself and her defeat, had forgotten even the time. She didn't realize how late it was until Ken guided her to the photomaton in the amusement pavilion, saying, "Let's investigate this gadget. I'd like a picture of you before you go."

"Before I—" And then she looked at her watch. "Ken! It's after three o'clock—"

"I know, but we've time for a picture." He led her into the little curtained booth.

The first picture turned out badly. It showed them sitting stiffly side by side, Dorothy looking scared, Ken wooden-faced and grim. Dorothy took one look at it and laughed. "Oh, Ken, that's terrible! Let's take another and really smile, this time!"

She moved closer to him, rested her head back against his shoulder. Ken caught his breath, then made himself put his arm around her casually. She was so close that he could feel her breathing, smell the fragrance of her hair. "Go ahead," she urged, smiling into the machine. "Put the dime in."

He leaned forward and dropped the coin. What happened next happened without his will; it was as natural as lifting his face to the first sun in spring. His lips closed over Dorothy's; his arm drew her closer. For a blissful moment her mouth was consenting, her body warm and relaxed against him. Then she stiffened, drew back. "That wasn't fair," she said coldly.

His heart was hammering so that he could hardly talk. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. Honest, I couldn't—"

She stepped out of the booth. Ken followed, caught up with her. Her eyes were very bright; she looked angry, and she looked ready to cry. "You didn't understand. I didn't mean—I was just being friendly."

"I know," he said miserably. "I—it's just that you're so darn' sweet, and I'm so darn' lonesome."

Her mouth tightened. "That isn't very flattering to me, either."

"I mean we're both in the same boat. We both need somebody to help us over a hurdle, see?"

"No," she said frigidly, "I don't see."

He reached for her hand. She pulled away and started down the path. After a few steps he caught up with her. "Dorothy, please! I don't want you to think that I'm just making a play for you! I meant that kiss—from the bottom of my heart."

She stared at him, her eyes wide and grave and shocked. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I certainly do! I still mean it."

"THEN you're a fine friend of Jimmy's."

"I'm a better friend of yours. That's why I want to tell you something." He didn't want to tell her, but he knew that he was going to, knew that he had to. Everything was changed now. She might hate him for it, but somehow it seemed more honest to tell her himself than to wait until she found it out from someone else. "Jimmy's married," he said rapidly. "He met a girl in Spokane. He hadn't seen you for over a year, and he went hook, line and sinker for her—and married her the week I shipped south. He was trying to get up the nerve to tell you—"

Her face went dead white, and she swayed a little. For a moment he thought she was going to faint. Then her face hardened. "I don't believe you." She repeated, as if trying to convince herself, "I don't believe you. You're just saying that to—to—" And then she turned and fled down the path.

Ken started after her and stopped as Tippy's leash tangled around his legs. "Dot!" he shouted. "Don't run away. I've got the dog—" But it was too late. She had already disappeared.

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

The office of the Hollywood Restaurant was not normally a quiet place, not at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the fever of preparation for the evening's business was at its peak. Even so, Ken's entrance was little short of cyclonic. He ordered rather than persuaded the protesting secretary to announce him to Tom Breneman, and when Tom's voice boomed, "Send him in," over the 'phone, Ken was past her and in the inner office before she could repeat the message.

Tom grinned at him from over a desk heaped high with letters and telegrams. "What's on your mind, Ken?"

Ken exploded, "You got me into something, Mr. Breneman, and you've got to get me out."

"I got you into something?"

"Yes. Remember that girl from Minneapolis, the one who won the Wishing Ring—"

Tom couldn't help smiling at the story the boy poured out. An old story—a boy and a girl and a quarrel, but very real, very momentous to them. And the boy was sincere, there was no doubt about it.

"It isn't just a crush, Mr. Breneman, I swear it! This morning when you picked me up I had nothing to gamble for. Now I've got everything! I'm sure she's gone to the bus station, and her bus leaves at five. If you'll only go over and explain to her, she'll believe you. She thinks that I was just telling her about that—that fiancé of hers to make myself an opening—"

Tom's secretary opened the door, stuck her head in. "Mr. Breneman, that party's calling back again. They say it's urgent."

"Get their number. I'll call back right away." He turned to Ken. "Get yourself over to the bus station, and hold her until I get there. I'll be along as soon as I return this call. Now, run!"

Ken ran, stammering his thanks as he went.

Tom picked up the telephone, and as he listened, his heart sank. The old lady, Annie Reed, was worse. This noon, when they'd brought her home from the hospital, she had seemed so well that he'd been sure there was no cause for worry, and now. . . . "I'll be right

over," he said into the 'phone. He spoke with his eyes on the clock. Could he get out to Mrs. Reed's, over to the bus station, in twenty minutes? He doubted it. The kids would just have to wait. They had all the rest of their lives; Annie had only a little time, perhaps a very little time. . . .

He knew, the instant he stepped inside the neat box of a bedroom in Annie's cottage, that Annie had stopped trying to get well. There was indifference in the faint smile she gave him, resignation in the way she turned her head to the window to watch the sinking sun. "Annie," he accused, "you're not putting up a fight at all."

"I'm tired of fighting," she whispered. "I've been fighting for eighty-two years. I haven't anyone but Tippy, and he's lived his life, too."

"That's not true," said Tom. "There's always work to be done, always someone who needs our help."

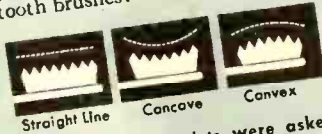
"That's a lot of malarkey." Tom decided to change his tactics. "Maybe," he agreed. "Maybe you've got the right idea, and it's silly to bother about other people. Those kids—the boy

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who took Tippy out today, and the girl who won the Wishing Ring this morning—the boy's got a crush on the girl, and they've had a quarrel, and she's going back to Minneapolis tonight. And—well, you'd think it was the end of the world, so far as he's concerned."

"To people in love," said Annie with a touch of spirit, "a quarrel is the end of the world."

Tom hid a smile, got to his feet. "I suppose so. But that's none of your business—nor mine, either. They'll just have to work it out for themselves."

Annie turned her head toward him. "I don't see why." Her eyes were brighter now; she was busy thinking. "If you brought them here—"

"I wouldn't think of bothering you. You're tired—"

She sat straight up in bed. "I'm not that tired! You bring those youngsters right here to me, Tom Breneman! I'll bet I can get them together!"

TOM chuckled about it all the way to the bus station. Annie was going to be all right. So long as life went on around her, she couldn't help responding to it, taking part in it. Now if he could only reach the station in time.

He was too late. He pulled up before the station to find Ken, a very dejected Ken, walking away. He stopped as Tom hailed him, and then started to walk on.

Tom caught his arm. "Ken, I'm sorry I'm late. What happened?"

"Nothing," said Ken flatly. "Nothing at all. She's gone. She wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't give me her address, and she isn't even in the 'phone book at home. I'll never find her—" His voice thickened, and he pulled away from Tom, moved rapidly down the crowded walk.

Tom started after him, and then a hand clutched his sleeve, and a gushing feminine voice caroled, "Oh, Mr. Breneman, what a lovely coincidence! I just bought another silly hat. It's across the street—won't you come over and look? I want to see if it makes you laugh."

Tom groaned. It was the woman in the crazy stove pipe hat, who had sat with old Annie at the Breakfast that morning. She was hanging on his arm, babbling about hats, and Ken—Ken was already blocks away.

At five-thirty a very tired, very perspiring Tom arrived at his offices at the Hollywood Restaurant. "Get the police on the 'phone," he ordered his astonished secretary. "And then get Mrs. Annie Reed, and—"

"The police, Mr. Breneman?"

"The police, and then Mrs. Reed. And—one more thing: where would a sailor be likely to go, a sailor who'd just lost his girl?"

His secretary clapped one hand to her forehead, reached for the telephone with the other. She was used to crazy things happening, in this office. But today had been one of the worst she'd even seen. "Where?" she repeated on a rising note of hysteria. "How about a bar?"

Tom sank into his chair. "That's right! After you get those other calls, try the bars, ask for Kenneth Smith of Minneapolis—"

She just looked at him. There were only, she thought blankly, some nine hundred bars in and around Hollywood. And she was supposed to call all of them for a man named Smith. . . .

Dorothy didn't see the police car pull up beside the bus. She was too busy staring out at the night, at nothing, too busy trying to think of nothing. Thinking only set the ache inside her to

throbbing, started her thoughts to milling tortuously. Jimmy—Ken had told the truth about Jimmy. She knew that now. Perhaps she had known all along—yes, even before she'd left Minneapolis on her hopeless search—that Jimmy had found another girl. She just hadn't wanted to admit the truth of something that hurt so much. And Ken—it hurt to think of Ken, too. Ken had been good, and sincere. You couldn't look at him without knowing that he was sincere in everything he said and did. And she had walked out on him because she'd been too shocked and sick and confused to want to see anyone. She'd run away from the one person who could have helped her pick up the pieces of her shattered heart, to start over, the one person who wanted to help her.

She was aware that the bus had stopped, that a policeman was up front, talking to the driver. Then she heard her own name called. "Is there a Miss Larsen aboard?"

She stumbled forward. "My name's Larsen." And then the policeman was guiding her down the steps, telling her that she would have to go back to Hollywood because she'd stolen—stolen—a ring that belonged to Tom Breneman!

"But it isn't true!" she protested. "He gave me a ring, on the program this morning. It was a part of the program—"

"Sorry, miss. All we know is we have instructions to bring you back—"

There was nothing for it but to get into the police car. The bus driver set her bag in beside her, and Dorothy leaned back against the cushions, trying to calm her shaking nerves. Of course, it was all a mistake. Mr. Breneman couldn't possibly accuse her. . . .

She didn't believe it even when she was facing Tom Breneman in his office, and Tom, his face very serious, told the officer, "This is the young lady, all right. Would you mind waiting outside while I talk to her?"

The officer left, and Dorothy turned indignantly to Tom. "How can you have me arrested? You gave me that ring this morning. I didn't steal it!"

Tom's lips twitched. "Maybe not. But you did steal something else—the heart of a swell kid by the name of Kenneth Smith."

"Oh—" She sagged weakly against the desk. Then she said bitterly, "Is this your idea of humor—bringing me back here just to tell me that?"

HIS smile faded. "No," he said earnestly, "I'm not trying to be funny. I think it's serious—serious for both of you. Ken told me the whole story, and I'd like to see both you kids have the chance you're entitled to. I don't want to put you to a lot of trouble, Dorothy; I only want you to give Ken a chance to explain. I promise you that if things don't work out, I'll see to it that you have a ticket back to Minneapolis—"

There was a commotion in the outer office, and several things happened at once. The door swung open, and Ken burst into the room, the policeman at his heels. Ken's fist described a short, swift arc, landed neatly on Tom's jaw, sent him reeling back against the desk. "Ken, don't—" Dorothy screamed, and then the policeman had pinned Ken's arms.

Ken stared at her, too astonished to struggle. "Dorothy! I thought you were in jail! I mean, she said he'd had you arrested—"

Dorothy tried to speak and couldn't. The last few seconds had put the cap on the whole crazy, heart-breaking day.



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ACT I: Back Home to Mother . . .

Mary expected sympathy from her mother when she left Joe after that last big quarrel. But what she got was better—good, sensible advice! “Of course you know about feminine hygiene,” her mother told her, “But

listen to me, dear . . . *now-and-then* care isn't enough. A wife shouldn't risk her marriage happiness by being *careless* even once!” She advised Mary to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.



ACT II: Love is a Wonderful Thing!

Joe and Mary, together again—and now their love is even more beautiful than at first! Yes, Mother certainly knew best. Since Mary started using Lysol always in the douche, she knows

for herself how *thoroughly* this proved *germ-killer* cleanses. Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. *Really does the job . . . easily and inexpensively, too.*

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deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-caustic—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow

easy directions. Cleanly odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For

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For Feminine Hygiene use

Lysol
Disinfectant

always!

Every nerve was strung tight, and she was still shaking from the sickening crack of the blow. She opened her lips and closed them again, wordlessly.

It was Tom who spoke—Tom, miraculously still on his feet, even smiling a little, ruefully. “It's all right, officer,” he said. “Let the boy go. And—thanks a lot. You've done me a big favor.” He turned to Ken as the policeman released him and went out. “Who told you I'd had her arrested?”

“The old lady—Mrs. Reed.” Ken spoke dazedly. He was still staring at Dorothy. “I went out there after I left you at the bus station—”

“Went out to Annie's! Why? We've been trying every bar in town—”

“I don't know why. To talk to the dog, I guess.”

PERHAPS it was funny, but Tom didn't smile. Dorothy didn't smile, either. Suddenly, she had had just too much. She was going to cry, or she was going to collapse, or she was going to have hysterics. . . . She turned on her heel and walked out.

Somehow she made the wrong turn, somehow she found herself in the crowded main room of the restaurant, where the band was playing and couples were dancing and waiters were hurrying back and forth. She couldn't turn back without running into Ken; there was a door across the floor; it might lead outside. . . .

Ken caught up with her at the edge of the dance floor. His hand closed over her arm, halting her. “Dorothy—”

She dared not look at him. “What?” “Dorothy—you forgot your hand-bag.”

She looked down at the bag. “Oh—yes. Thank you.” And then, “Please let me go.”

“Dot, you've got to listen—” He was pleading; then his voice changed suddenly to an excited whisper. “Dot, look! Isn't that your couple—you know, the woman we saw this morning and the Cartwright man we saw with those two girls—”

A dozen feet away, in the aisle between the tables, stood the man they'd seen this morning with the two very young girls. He was still red of face, still perspiring, and he was still, obviously, trying to explain himself—this time to a woman of his own age who sat alone at a table for two. It was at the woman Dorothy looked longest. She was, undeniably, the drab-looking woman who had won the make-up kit this morning, who had spoken so touchingly, so trustfully, of her husband. But she wasn't drab any longer. She had new and becoming clothes; her hair was waved beautifully, youthfully, and a touch of make-up had given character to her face, enhanced her really pretty features. She had confidence now, too, in her clothes, in her new loveliness, in herself. Her face, as she listened to her husband, was self-possessed and a little disdainful and a little teasing.

Dorothy gasped and forgot about herself. “It is!” she cried. “You see, Ken, I was right—and you laughed at me for building stories about people—” She stopped. Ken was looking down at her gravely, and the expression in his eyes brought the blood to her face, set her heart to beating unevenly, pounding out a love song.

“I was right about something, too,” he said. “About us. We need each other, Dorothy. Won't you give me a chance to prove it?”

Dorothy couldn't find words to tell him. She could only nod. But even that was enough.

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All My Dreams

(Continued from page 47)

and down from the table a dozen times.

Julia watched her, frowning. "Don't rush so, darling—you'll tire yourself."

Linda forced herself to smile.

"I'll be all right, Julia. Don't worry about me."

"But I do worry about you, Linda," Julia insisted. "You've always been the most important person in my life."

Always been, Linda remembered that all day. *Always been*—that's what Julia had said. But what she had neglected to say, Linda thought, was *Always been—up to now*.

That day for the first time in months Linda didn't turn the radio on for Girl of Today. She couldn't bring herself to listen to Brent Carlton's love-making—the words of endearment coming to her in that voice so like John's.

"I must be terribly, terribly selfish," she told herself, "not to be happy for Julia, after I've prayed that love would come to her."

She sat on the davenport during the long afternoon—sat with her head in her hands. "Don't I want Julia to be happy?" she asked herself over and over again. And, always, she got the same answer, "Yes—but I love John, too—love him so much, so much!" The day wore wearily on.

THAT night when Julia and Linda ate dinner in the little blue-papered diningroom, they didn't chatter about radio and the neighborhood news the way they usually did. They ate in almost complete silence—a silence uneasy with waiting. And when the telephone call came, they both started up—as if the brrring were the signal for which they had been waiting.

Linda sat back in her chair when Julia went to the phone, and listened helplessly to the conversation—Julia's words answering John's. Before Julia hung up Linda knew that tonight Julia was going out with John—alone.

Julia's voice was half-apologetic as she explained John's call, but she could not completely keep down the excitement she felt.

"Linda, darling—John says it's such a beautiful night he'd like to take a long walk along the river. You don't mind, do you? You ought to get to bed early, anyway—you seem tired to me."

Linda had finished the dishes and was upstairs in her room when John came, so she didn't have to watch them go out together. But what she couldn't see, she imagined, as she lay tossing for the second night in her darkened room.

"I'll go out of my mind if I have to keep on watching them," she told herself, as she cried futile tears of despondency. "Some way I've got to get away—some place I've got to find a job."

The next morning Linda awakened early again, and so did Julia.

"I have a washing to do in the basement before I go to work," Julia explained. "I want to get it out of the way."

"She doesn't want to talk to me—she's nervous, too," Linda told herself. "That's why she's going downstairs—away from me."

Julia came upstairs just before it was time for her to leave the house for work. She drank orange juice, coffee, and ate toast hurriedly, and then rushed out the door.

But just before she left, she looked back at Linda and said, "I have some-

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thing I want to talk to you about, Linda—tonight."

Here it was then, Linda thought. She couldn't escape. Julia was going to explain to her that she and John had fallen in love—that they would be married.

Again that day, Linda refused to turn on the radio. But this day she didn't work so feverishly. Instead she moved slowly through the house, completely overwhelmed in depression. For the first time in her life she knew the meaning of complete despair, and it was almost unbearable.

Then, startlingly, John came—stopped at the little ivy-covered house just before Julia was due home. Linda opened the door and stood looking at him without speaking.

"Linda?" John asked uncertainly, searching for the person whom he could not see.

"Yes, John," Linda said softly. "Come in."

HE followed her into the living room and sat in the big chair close to the piano as he had on that other day when she had played for him, when she had soothed him and given him encouragement about his new job in the photography shop. That day, she had dared to hope that John would belong to her. Today, she knew that he was always Julia's.

"Play for me again—will you, Linda?" he asked.

She sat down and began to play—a melancholy little tune that filled the room with a strange sadness. She stopped abruptly in the middle of a chord. John's face was puzzled. "The mood of my music is revealing my heart," she thought.

"I can't play today," she explained. "I haven't been sleeping very well." Oh, she shouldn't have troubled him with that!

"I've been worried about you, Linda," John told her. "What's the matter?"

"I just seem to be terribly tired all of the time—that's all."

"Terribly tired, but you aren't sleeping," John frowned thoughtfully. "Poor little Linda."

Linda left the piano and walked to the window. Tears welled out of her eyes and poured down her cheeks as she stared silently at the world outside, that world she was afraid to face. "He feels sorry for me," she told herself.

She wiped her eyes and made herself speak cheerfully.

"Julia said you had a marvelous time after the broadcast the other night—that Menson was grand."

"I liked him very much—you would have liked him, too," John answered. And then he brushed away that evening, as if it were a mist clouding the real issue in their lives. "Linda," he said firmly, "I'm going to tell you something—something important."

Linda's heart beat until she was afraid he could hear it across the room.

"Look, John," she said, "I want you to come here a minute. There's the funniest thing outdoors—a little girl with a hoop..."

"Linda," John said, getting up and starting toward her. "Don't avoid this. I want to tell you something."

She stepped out of his way, and drew him back to the piano.

"I know what you want to talk to me about, John," she said, against a background of very soft, very low chords. "And I don't want to talk about it with you now. Not until I know what I'm going to do."

"Julia asked me not to discuss it with you just yet," John admitted, "but I find that I want to. Linda, I have to. Please listen."

"Not now. Especially if Julia doesn't want you to."

"Julia would understand. I've told her how I feel," he insisted. Linda's hand made a faint discord. "I know. It's written in her face."

John frowned. "She's terribly anxious about you and your happiness."

"She won't have to worry about me very much longer. Some way, I'll find a way to do all the things I want to do." Linda's voice broke in spite of her efforts.

John started toward her and there was pity in his face—pity and tenderness. She was ashamed that she had let him feel the weakness in her—a weakness which he did not know in himself even with a handicap far more serious than any of her troubles.

And just then Julia came in. She stood for a minute in the doorway, looking at them. Her strange, closed-in mood of this morning was gone. She was smiling and gay, and she said, "Hi," as she walked toward them.

TAKING the groceries out of Julia's arms Linda started for the kitchen so that the other two could be alone, together.

"You'll stay for dinner with us, won't you, John?" she said over her shoulder.

"Not tonight, Linda, thanks," he answered, turning his face toward her voice. "I have a lot of things to do at home."

Linda didn't come back to them until she heard them walk into the hall to the front door. When she went in to say goodbye to John, he and Julia didn't see her. They were talking intently. And when she approached them, she heard John say, "Then you'll see Dr. Phillips about her right this week?"

Julia started to speak, then saw Linda and interrupted their conversation abruptly. But Linda understood everything now. "They are wondering whether or not I'll always be dependent," she thought. "Dr. Phillips will be able to tell them."

At dinner, Julia was gay. For a little while she managed to recapture the happiness of their other dinners, before John had come into their lives. They talked of the radio station and the veterans' program which had introduced them to John, and had been responsible for much help for the veterans from the town. "But Mr. Palmer's almost crazy worrying about that veterans' program now," Julia said, unhappily.

"Why? What's the matter?" Linda asked. "It's done such good—"

"He said today he wished he'd never put it on the air," Julia said. She added thoughtfully, "If he hadn't, we'd never have known John."

Both girls were silent, considering that strange possibility and the queer way lives have of getting tangled.

"Without John neither of us would have known brilliant happiness or hurting sadness," Linda thought. "I'm glad he's part of our lives—even if it hurts me to know him only as Julia's sweetheart. What if I had never written that first note to him? I never would have known love except the second-hand kind you get from reading stories and listening to radio serials."

But these were private thoughts. Aloud, she asked again, "Why is Mr. Palmer worried about that program?"

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"All the listener surveys show that people are sick of war," Julia explained. "They don't want to hear about it anymore. And, of course, you can't avoid war on a program featuring handicapped veterans."

"Sick of war!" Linda pushed back her chair in astonishment, and her voice flared up in an anger unusual to it. "But those people have no right to be sick of war! It's the soldiers who should be sick of it, those very boys on the program, and heaven knows they'll never be able to forget about it for as long as they live—with their arms gone, their legs, their—their eyes . . ."

JULIA smiled a little bitterly. "That's the way it always is. It's hard for people to understand the awfulness of being disabled like that, and they just plain don't like to think about it. People can be very selfish, very cruel, Linda; you don't see very many of them, and it's lucky for you that you don't have to."

"That program can't be allowed to go off the air!" Linda insisted. "Something must be done. Julia . . . this may be very silly, but perhaps if you included handicapped civilians in those interviews, as well as handicapped soldiers, and helped them all to get jobs, it might help listeners to accept the idea? After all, almost everyone lives in contact with somebody who's a little handicapped, and they learn to get along with them." She smiled tenderly at her sister and touched her hand. "Look at you and me."

Julia's hand closed tightly over Linda's. Excitement made her voice tense. "Linda, darling, you've got it! You've got the whole answer right there—you've saved the program."

"Oh, Julia, how wonderful! I've—I've so wanted to do something to help, just anything, only it didn't seem as if I could ever be any use. Do you think they might really do that to the program? I'd be so proud of having thought of it!"

Julia said firmly, "Wait till Mr. Palmer hears about it. That's exactly what he'll do, you'll see. We can make it a program which gets a job for anyone who's handicapped—it doesn't matter whether he's a veteran or not."

"And the people who want jobs wouldn't have to go to the broadcast, would they?" Linda continued with mounting excitement. "Anyone handicapped so that he couldn't take a regular job could write to the station—and Mr. Palmer could read the letters on the air."

"It's a marvelous idea," Julia repeated. "I'll tell Mr. Palmer in the morning. He can't help but be enthusiastic about it—it's the answer to his whole problem."

That night Julia burst into the house and began talking excitedly before she ever took off her coat. "Linda darling, Palmer's crazy about your idea. He's going to do the program the way you said—with shut-ins and other handicapped persons in it. They'll try to get jobs for everyone who has some disability. It doesn't matter what they can do, either—something as simple as mending or needlepoint or something creative like ghostwriting."

"Oh, marvelous!" Linda exclaimed. "It has enormous possibilities," Julia went on. "Everyone thought so."

The telephone's insistent ringing cut their conversation abruptly.

Julia smiled kindly at Linda. "Answer it, darling."

"She knows now that I love him, too," Linda decided. "And she wants

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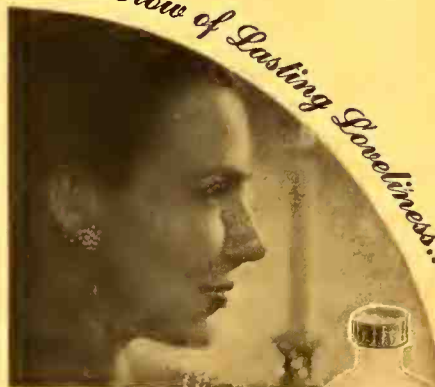
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to be kind and let me talk with him as much as possible. I've got to make myself talk to him sometimes," she thought, as she picked up the receiver. "I can't get away from it."

And then his voice was coming to her and his image was in her heart.

"Hello, Linda. I tried to get by to see you today, but I got tied up down at the shop. Can I stop by tonight?"

"Just a minute and I'll let you talk to Julia," Linda evaded.

John laughed. "I'm quite sure Julia will approve."

"Then, of course—do come," Linda urged.

Afterward, Linda said to Julia, "That was John. He's coming to see you tonight."

"I'll have to get used to this," she told herself. "I'll have to know that I'll see them together—that they belong to each other—that I'm outside the circle. I might as well begin doing that tonight."

Julia led the conversation that night. She was gay, vivacious, charming, as she described to John the new program which Linda had suggested and which would be broadcast the next night.

"It's a marvelous idea, Linda," John congratulated her. "Not only the veterans who were injured are afraid of life—a lot of civilians are, too." Forgetting, as always, that he couldn't see her, Linda turned away.

"He's thinking of me," she told herself. "He's sorry for me and annoyed that I don't show more push."

IT was at that moment that she got the idea of sending her own personal problems into the radio program. She knew, of course, that Julia would see her letter—would know who the girl was who needed help—but at least the blow would be struck. They would all be through with little games and secrets. And there was the possibility that someone listening in might have the answer that she needed.

She excused herself, impatient to act on the sudden thought. But when she said that she was going to bed, John turned his face toward her curiously, and Julia frowned.

"But, dear," Julia said, "we have a guest. Aren't you feeling well?"

"Not very," Linda apologized, "I have a headache and I can't be much fun. I'll go sleep it off." She tried to keep her voice light—gay.

John said, "Goodnight, Linda. If I stop by tomorrow, will you play for me?"

"Tomorrow we have that appointment, John," Julia interrupted quickly. "Don't you remember?"

And John said, as quickly, "Oh, that's right. Perhaps the next day, Linda?"

Uptairs, Linda sat down at the little painted table she used for a desk and composed a letter to the Employment Program for Handicapped Persons.

"Dear Counselor:

Perhaps one of your listeners will have the answer I need. Because of ill health, I have been dependent on my sister for many years. Now my sister is in love with the most wonderful man in the world, and they will be married soon. She is right for him, because he is handicapped, too. And she will care for him and help him through life. Though I know they are right for each other, for personal reasons I find that I cannot live in the same home with them.

But what can I do—where can I go? I have had no training which could equip me to earn my own living. I play the piano a little and take care of our

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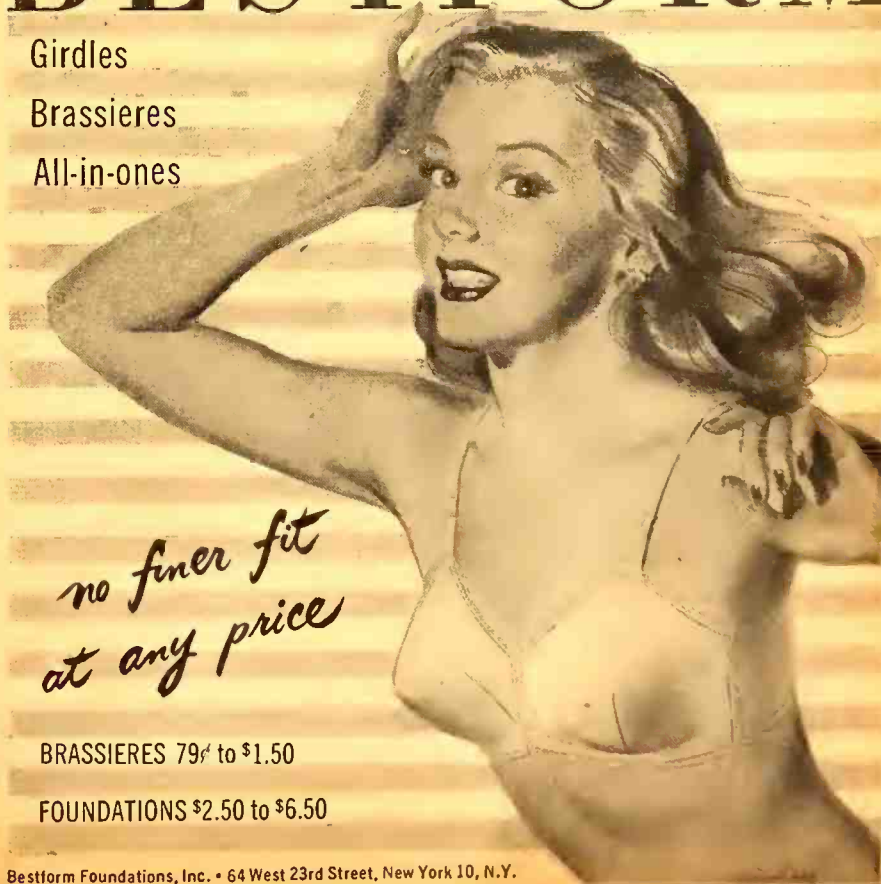
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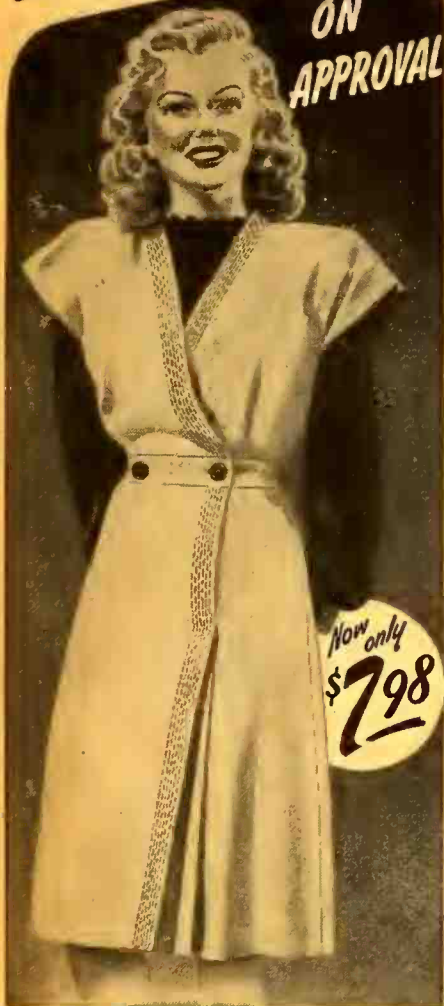
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small home and I do a little sewing—but that's all. So how can I make enough money to support myself? But, still, how can I live here—when I feel the way I do?

Perhaps you can answer my problem—I do hope so."

That night Linda did not lie awake. She slept soundly. Just by writing the note to the station—simply by pouring out her heart to another person—she was relieved. She no longer felt that the solving of this problem was her entire responsibility. Someone else would find a way for her.

The next morning at breakfast Julia asked her gently, "Linda, why did you go to bed so early last night?"

"I was dreadfully tired," Linda explained.

"I'm afraid John will think you're rude if you do that often."

"I'm sure John understands that I'm—not well," Linda said slowly.

"Lately, John and I both have dared to hope that you were getting better—lots better," Julia suggested. "In fact, Linda, I've been planning to talk to Dr. Phillips about you—to see if you could live a more normal life."

"She knows that I love John and that I can't live with them," Linda told herself. "Sisters know each other's very thoughts. She knows."

But then Julia said something so shocking—so startling—that Linda forgot any other thing in the world. She said, "I'm going to ask Dr. Phillips if you can marry."

The word *marry* dropped between them and hung suspended.

"Marry?" Linda was incredulous. "Julia, you know I'll never marry."

"You're sweet, Linda—and very pretty—and a wfully nice," Julia said. "Why shouldn't love come to you, as it comes to every woman?"

Linda shook her head. "No, Julia," she answered, "I will never marry—but I can be independent. I know that I can. And that's what's important." "Independent? Why, Linda, aren't you happy this way?"

Linda began to cry, and this time she was thoroughly angry at Julia—not because they both loved the same man—but because Julia seemed bent on reminding Linda of her weak, dependent condition—of perplexing her completely.

She hurried from the room and up the stairs, and threw herself on her bed, sobbing wildly.

Julia came upstairs and stood anxiously beside her. "Linda, darling, it's going to be all right. Some way—we'll figure out a way."

Her words infuriated Linda. Julia was being protective and kind and helpful—and a little bit pitying. And Linda hated this attitude more than ever before because it reminded her of

her own helplessness. She stopped crying and got up and went into the bathroom.

"Please go to work, Julia," she choked. "Please. I can't talk any more now."

But as she listened to Julia's footsteps slowly descend the stairs and heard her open the door and go out, she was ashamed.

She knew that Julia should be happier now than ever before and that she, Linda—the sister whom Julia had lovingly helped, supported, for so many years—was standing in her way and making her miserable.

That day Linda didn't think so much about John—she thought about Julia. And in the late afternoon she called her at the station to apologize.

But Julia wasn't there. "She went out with a friend," the switchboard operator told her. And Linda knew that Julia and John were together.

In an hour Julia called her. Her voice was warm and kind, no hint of this morning's emotion in the words she spoke.

"Darling—I have to stay down for dinner tonight. Mr. Palmer is swamped with mail for that new show."

"Tonight she'll see that letter—or hear about it," Linda thought, "and then she'll know. But I don't care. It will be in the open."

"John was here this afternoon," Julia continued, "and he's going to have dinner with you. I told him to go out because I can't be there."

"But—Julia," Linda objected.

"Why, I thought you'd like it! I can't be there—and I didn't have a chance to call you until now—and I know you have dinner ready for two."

"But I'm tired, Julia," Linda said

wearily. "Well, then, you explain to John," Julia said, before she hung up. "Because he's already left. And be sure to listen to the program tonight, won't you?"

Linda felt cheated again, as if nothing she planned could come out right. She had planned to listen to that program alone—to concentrate on her problem. And now John was coming and he would hear the program, too, unless she could think of some excuse to send him away. And his disturbing presence would block her thinking.

She opened the door to his knock a few moments later.

"Hello, John," she said softly. Oh, she didn't want him to go away. Her heart beat rapidly. She wanted to reach out to him—to touch him.

"Hello, Linda." His gentle smile lit his face. "I'm a poor substitute for that nice sister of yours—but I'm here for dinner. Did she tell you I was her proxy?"

"Yes," Linda said, "but, John, you

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can't stay tonight. I—I'm still not well enough to be company."

A strange expression crossed John's face and he walked purposefully into the room, edging her on ahead of him.

"I'm going to stay, Linda," he insisted, "and then I'm going to talk to you. We've got some things to settle tonight."

"You think I'm a baby, don't you?" Linda said, and her voice rose shrilly, "That I'm not really ill—that I'm just being a fool?"

"No," John said, "but I think you're imagining things that aren't true at all. I think you're a little goof—but a sweet one."

He touched her shoulder gently, and then took off his coat. "But I will admit that half the time I don't know what's going on in that head of yours," he smiled.

Linda took his coat and walked to the closet.

When she came back, he was standing waiting for her, and if she hadn't stopped suddenly, she would have walked straight into his arms. She should never have admitted to herself how deeply she wanted those arms around her! They were Julia's, as all of John was Julia's. Somehow she must manage to stay in this room with him and forget about wanting to touch him, forget about imagining how those arms could hold her close, how her head would fit on his shoulder. Somehow! But everything seemed to draw her toward him, until she had to hold tightly to her fork, or to the table. While they ate, John said, "We mustn't forget Julia's radio program. That station down there was a madhouse this afternoon."

Linda's heart beat wildly when she

thought of her letter being read tonight. She tried to say casually, "I've had a tiring day, John. Maybe I won't be able to listen. I might have to go right to bed."

"We'll be able to listen," John said easily. "It comes on at seven-thirty."

Tonight, Linda and John didn't laugh during dinner the way they had the first time he had come. And Linda discovered a truth she had not known before. She found that love is not always a happy thing. That sometimes it is the saddest emotion in the world.

John seemed to sense her mood. Several times during dinner he turned his face toward her as if he wanted to comfort her—to explain something that was bothering her and him, too. Once he started to speak, but Linda slid quickly into an inconsequential subject. Every time his face became serious and he got that decided look on it, Linda began to talk, pushing her words between them, cutting off the inevitable.

After dinner he helped with the dishes.

"I heard a household hint over the radio today," Linda said. "Helpful Hanna said to use two dish towels instead of one to cut down your dishwiping time."

"I'm an old fashioned one-towel-at-a-time guy," John said, laughing. "Once I get settled about something, nothing can change me. And," he added, frowning a little, "I like to get things settled."

"Everything's going to come out the way you want it to, John," Linda said rapidly. "Don't worry about it."

Right after they finished the dishes, John went in and turned on the radio. "Come in and sit down. Maybe we can

figure out the answers for these people."

"I hope so," Linda said, joining him in front of the radio as the program came on the air.

Mr. Palmer, Julia's boss and the program director of KUTC, was the M.C. who introduced the participants and read the letters which had come in the mail. Linda scarcely breathed as she waited for him to read her letter—that sincere little note which revealed her heart. She prayed a little—wishing that the letter had failed to be delivered—that in some way Fate would step in to save her from hearing her words over the air. To save her from watching John's face.

But Fate did not circumvent the reading of the letter. Suddenly, Mr. Palmer was reading the words she had written the night before—heartbroken, sad little words revealing pathetic desperation and loneliness. And she was ashamed. She did not look at John, but she heard his chair creak as he moved in it. And she knew that he understood where that letter had been sent from and why it had been sent.

When Mr. Palmer concluded, he said a very surprising thing. "We have in our station a young woman who has had a great deal of experience with cases of this kind. And we have asked her to come before our microphone tonight to tell us how she would solve this case."

And then Julia was on the air—Julia's voice, young and gay and confident.

"I know a girl like the one who wrote that note," Julia was saying, "and I feel that her problem isn't so difficult as she believes. I have come tonight to tell this writer who is handicapped what she can do to solve the difficulty

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in her life, to make it come out right. "In the first place she must face the fact that she herself is in love with the handicapped friend. And she must also know that she is right for him—much more right for him than is the helpful, older sister. That girl would give him a handicap forever. The dependent girl who loves him and believes in him will give him confidence and purpose.

"Because she has been the breadwinner for a long time, the older sister probably will believe at first that she is the right one for the veteran—that she can care for him, too. But as she sees him grow stronger and happier in the company of the less aggressive sister, she will realize her mistake. And then she will go out and leave them alone. And perhaps this older sister will be better adjusted if she thinks of herself, for a change—if she seeks her own happiness.

"My advice to this letter-writer is—face the fact that you love this man and that you are right for him. Then seek your own happiness and his—take the love that is coming to you now."

THAT was all—Julia had finished. Linda sat very still thinking of Julia's advice—not daring to look at John. John got up and switched off the radio. And he bent down and kissed Linda—kissed her long and gently as if she were something precious entrusted to his care.

"But, John," Linda asked uncertainly, "aren't you in love with Julia? Isn't it Julia whom you want to marry?"

John pulled his chair around until it faced Linda's. Taking her small hands in his large ones he stroked them very gently as he told her what he had been trying to tell her for days. "I admire Julia tremendously. I have from the first. But, Linda, darling, it's you I love."

Linda thought of her nights of suffering—her days of pain.

"Oh, John, I've been so miserable."

"The night after the concert when Julia and I went out alone, I told her that I loved you and wanted to marry you, Linda. And she was afraid that you were not strong enough for marriage. I thought she might be right. I was—afraid. But, Linda, this afternoon Julia and I went to see Dr. Phillips."

Linda sat up, tense, "What did he say?"

"He talked to us for a long time. He scolded Julia a little for keeping you more dependent than you should have been."

"Julia's always been perfect," Linda corrected warmly.

"Julia's a natural mother," John said. "And sometime she'll have children of her own to care for. But, Linda, darling, you're a woman—a grown woman, entitled to your own happiness. The doctor said that you would have to take it easy always, but that if you were careful, you could live a good, full life."

Tears welled up in Linda's eyes, but this time they were tears of joy, not pain. "John, darling," she said softly, clinging to his fingers, "I love you so."

"I promised Julia that I would be very careful of you—that I would take care of you always. I'll help you, my darling."

"I know," Linda said, "and perhaps in little ways I can help you, too."

John drew her to her feet and enclosed her gently, warmly, in the arms whose touch she had so longed for, and that now were rightfully around her slim frail body. But she didn't feel frail now. She felt soaring and strong—and safe, forever.

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An End to Tears

(Continued from page 21)

up at last, defeated. Her face was white and haggard when she said, "I tell you, Carol, you're making a mockery of Larry's memory. I've tried to be generous and tolerant, but no mother could stand for what you're doing to my son. I don't ever want to see or hear of you again."

At the door of the apartment she turned, hoping Carol would call after her, break that terrible, stony silence. But Carol was still sitting where she'd left her, her shoulders hunched, her head bent, the thumb of her right hand slowly rubbing the third finger of her left—where there was no longer a wedding ring.

The truth was, of course, that Carol was sick—not in her body, but in her mind. Sometime during her collapse after the news came of Larry's death, it had happened. She had faced the reality of her loss, and found it so tragic that instinctively her mind had turned away. The Carol who had been Larry's wife was gone now. She had retreated into some hidden inner chamber of her heart, and had quietly shut the door on the truth. Her refusal to mention Larry's name, her hiding of his picture and letters, her naked wedding-ring finger—all these were of a piece with the way she was living. For her, Larry had never existed. He was only a name.

Hester's accusations had been like brutal assaults on the locked door of her mind, and she had cowered behind it, afraid that it would fly open and let in the blinding light of reality. But it had held. Hester was not the one who was strong enough to break it down.

AFTER that quarrel, if Hester met Carol on the street she looked the other way; and Peter Black, who was a kind-hearted man, but pretty much under Hester's thumb, followed her lead. So did some other folks in Littleton, but if Carol noticed or minded she never showed it.

Larry had been dead a year, and the war was over, when Carol met Jim Freebairn. She was taking her vacation at a summer hotel in the mountains where he was staying too, and they went swimming and riding and boating and dancing together. Jim was as unlike Larry as could be. Larry had been slight and not very tall, with a gentle, sensitive face, but Jim was a six-footer and a little more, a solid hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle and rough good looks. He'd been a tank commander in the war, and now he was going into business in Metropole, and in his straightforward way he fell in love with Carol the minute he saw her.

With all his bigness, he had brains, too, and a kind of intuition, and it didn't take him long to realize that Carol had been badly hurt, and was keeping the hurt a secret.

"You're not listening," he said one day while they were on the beach, interrupting a story he'd been telling about his combat experiences.

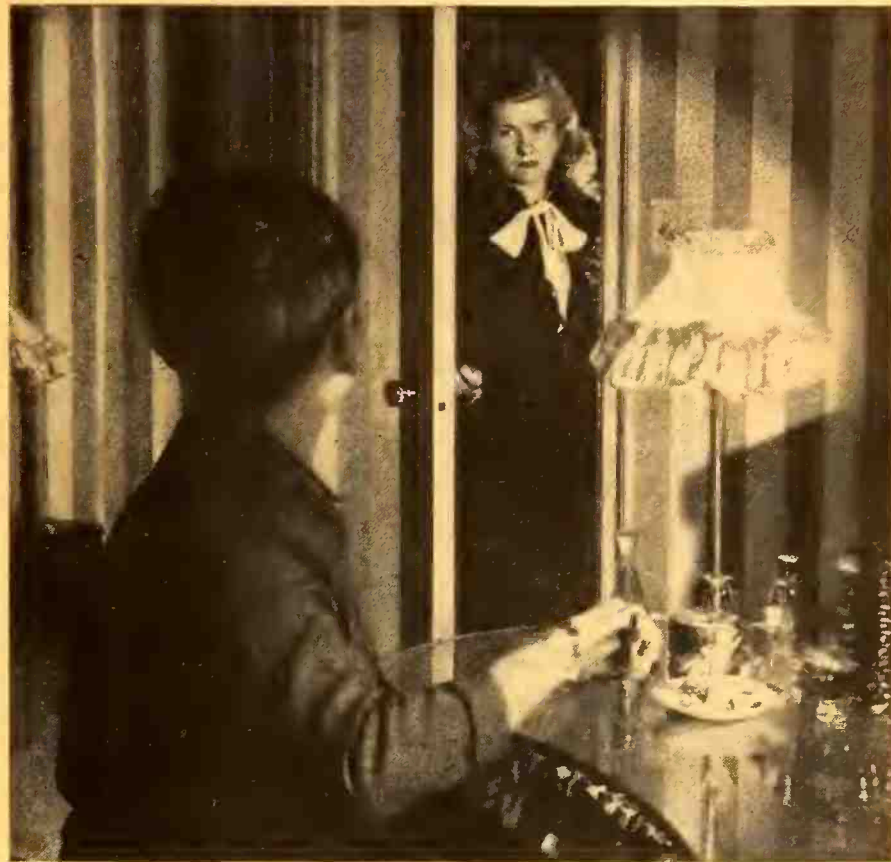
Carol turned her head quickly, and he knew she was frightened, although she said in a light voice, "Wasn't I? Maybe not."

"Don't you like to hear about the war?"

"Not—not very much." She dug one finger into the sand, making a hole, filling it in, gouging it out again.

"Did you have somebody—somebody you cared for—in it?" Jim asked

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directly. He never was one to beat about the bush.

"I?" Carol shook her head. "Oh, no."

But he didn't believe her. He went on probing, asking innocent-seeming questions about Littleton and her life there, and he noticed a curious thing. She would talk about things that had happened to her up to the time she graduated from high school, and she would talk about the year just past, but in between there was a blank, as if she'd lived in a vacuum. He didn't get the impression that she was trying to evade his questions—just that she honestly had nothing to tell. But that, he told himself irritably, was silly. Those were three of the most interesting years of a girl's life, and must have contained dozens of important events.

"THERE aren't many enterprising men in Littleton, I guess," he remarked once. "Either that or you're mighty hard to please."

Carol laughed at the compliment, but she didn't volunteer any information.

He puzzled over the problem, but finally he decided that whatever had happened to Carol in the past, it didn't matter to him. He loved her, and intended to marry her if she'd have him.

They danced late on the last Friday night of Carol's two-weeks vacation, and when the band stopped playing they walked out onto the pier that jutted into the mountain lake. "If we keep going after we get to the end of the pier," Carol said, "we'll be walking on a path of silver straight to the moon."

"Shall we try?" Jim asked, and he picked her up in his strong arms and swung her, laughing, out over the water. She was wearing a long white dress, and it glowed in the moonlight, making her seem unearthly and ethereal. In his arms, though, she was warm and alive, with a satisfying weight, and he set her down on her feet again and held her close and kissed her.

He heard her breath catch in panic, and then she had both her hands against his chest, pushing herself away from him while she stared up into his face. In the pale white light he saw that she was terrified.

"Darling," he said, "don't be afraid. I love you, Carol. I want to marry you." And because he knew that for some reason she needed help, all his tenderness welled up and he tried to pull her back, into the shelter of his strength. It was the only way he knew of comforting her.

"No!" Carol's voice sounded as if it had been trapped in her throat. "No, Jim! You mustn't—I won't let you. Let me go!"

"But Carol—" Poor Jim, completely confused, still held onto her, trying to find some way of making her understand the love in his heart.

She wrenched herself back and forth in his grasp. Suddenly wild with hysteria, she was stronger than Jim had thought possible, and he was afraid her struggles would topple them both into the water. He pulled her a step away from the edge of the pier and released her. Without a word, she turned and ran back along the pier and up the stairs to the hotel while Jim stood and watched her go.

"Carol—" he called, and took a step after her. But then he stopped, frowning thoughtfully. It wouldn't do any good to try to talk to her now. In the morning they would both be saner, and he could find out what was really troubling her.

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In the morning, when Jim got up, Carol had already gone, a day before she'd planned.

Jim's kiss had brought her back to reality. With the shattering force of an explosion, it had swept aside all the comforting mists that had hung between her and comprehension of Larry's death. In some strange way, she had felt not only Jim's lips on hers, but Larry's too; not only Jim's arms holding her, but Larry's. The numbness of the past year was gone in a flash. It seemed as if all the agony of grief which might have been distributed over twelve months of days and nights was being concentrated instead into the few seconds before she was able to tear herself loose and run away.

She got back to her room and locked herself in, panting. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and hardly recognized what she saw. But she had escaped. Already the mists were closing in again, already her mind was scuttling back to its secure refuge, where it could hide from the truth. If she could just get away, avoid seeing Jim again—

With shaking hands, she tossed clothes any old way into her suitcases. She didn't even stop to change her dress, but threw a light coat over her shoulders and went downstairs.

"Is there a car I can hire to take me to the railroad station tonight?" she asked the clerk at the desk. "And do you know if I can catch a train there for Metropole?"

The clerk, curious but polite, got the car for her and looked up a train in the timetable. She caught it, after waiting an hour at the deserted village station, and the next afternoon she was back in Littleton.

But now even Littleton seemed full of lurking dangers. Each street, every



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house, held the threat of those memories which had burned their way into her emotions in the seconds after Jim Freebairn had kissed her. "I can't stay... I can't stay," she whispered to herself, standing in the middle of her apartment and turning her head from side to side, as if afraid that at any moment something horrible might spring on her from the shadows in the corners of the room. "I've got to go," she said, and didn't know she was talking to herself.

In a panic of hurry, she began making incoherent plans. She didn't have much money, but she could sublet the apartment and sell the furniture—and maybe the telephone company would let her transfer to another town—or to some big city—yes, a big city would be better, she'd like that. She'd sell the car, too—or perhaps it would be better to take it with her. That was something she would have to decide.

SHE started toward the door of the apartment. It was Saturday afternoon, but Mr. Haskell, the manager of the Littleton telephone office, might still be downtown, and she could talk to him about the transfer. She laid her hand on the knob, and at that instant the doorbell rang, shrilly.

Jim Freebairn had driven the three hundred miles from the hotel to Littleton at a reckless, breakneck speed. Hovering just over the radiator cap of his car as he went, keeping pace with him, was the vision of Carol's face as he'd last seen it—haunted with some unimaginable terror. It beckoned him on, while soberer senses told him that she didn't want to see him again and that the best thing to do was to forget her. Forget her! As if he ever could!

He pulled into Littleton and stopped the car on the main street, just outside Simpson's Drug Store. Inside, he asked for a lemonade at the counter and consulted the Littleton telephone directory. But there was no Carol Emerson listed in it.

Sipping his drink, he asked the girl back of the counter, "Do you know where Carol Emerson lives?"

The girl—it was Amy Bowers—shook her head. "Nobody of that name in town," she said. Then her face cleared. "Oh, I know who you must mean—Carol Black. She was Carol Emerson before she married Larry Black."

Jim's hand, raising the lemonade glass to his lips, went very still. "She's—married?" he whispered. Married—then that would explain everything; it would prove that with all her loveliness she was only a flirt, a cheat.

"Oh, not any longer," Amy exclaimed. "She was—but Larry was killed in France, over a year ago."

Slowly, Jim set the glass down again. Relief had made him weak. He still didn't understand, but it was better to be puzzled than to have that other explanation.

"She lives in the Colonial Apartments, over on Elm Street," Amy said helpfully. "Only I think she's away on her vacation right now."

"I see." Jim chewed at his lower lip, thinking. Some instinct told him not to try to see Carol herself until he had solved the mystery surrounding her. "Has she any relatives in town?"

"No," Amy said. "Only Mr. and Mrs. Black—Larry's father and mother."

"Maybe I'll go visit them," Jim said and, suddenly cheerful, grinned and gave Amy a half-dollar for the lemonade. "Keep the change. Where do the Blacks live?"

Five minutes later he rang the bell

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of the Black's old-fashioned white house. Hester herself opened the door.

"Good afternoon," Jim said, smiling. "Mrs. Black?"

"Yes."

"I'm Jim Freebairn, a friend of Carol's."

Hester's eyes went cold and wary, and she made a move to close the door. "I'm sorry," she said, "but that is no recommendation to me. My daughter-in-law and I are not on good terms."

"Oh—I didn't know that," Jim said quickly. "Couldn't you tell me why? You see," he rushed on before she could answer, "I met Carol two weeks ago, at the start of her vacation. We got to be very good friends. I'll be frank with you—I'm in love with her. But she won't marry me. In fact," and he grinned ruefully, "she ran away when I proposed to her. The idea seemed to frighten her."

Hester, who had listened at first with anger, stared at him in surprise. "She—ran away?" she repeated.

"Yes. And I've come to you to find out why, if I can. I didn't even know she had been married."

Hester's lips hardened. "No—she wouldn't be likely to tell you!" She held the door open. "Come in," she said.

So, in Hester's big, gloomy living-room, under the eyes of the photograph of Larry that stood on the piano, Jim heard the whole story, or Hester's side of it. And, hearing her side, he guessed Carol's.

"BUT it wasn't because she didn't love your son," he said to Hester's bitterness. "Don't you see, Mrs. Black? The fact that she ran away when I asked her to marry me proves that. She didn't just refuse—*she ran away*, and she was terrified. And I knew all along, from the minute I began to get interested in her, that she had some secret—some trouble—" He spread his big, muscular hands. "It's hard to explain—it was something I couldn't help sensing. Maybe because I loved her."

Hester, sitting upright in her chair, looked at him searchingly. Her enmity for Carol, she realized suddenly, was a burden. She would be glad to lay it down. If only there were some way she could be certain that Carol was not after all, shallow and heartless—

"I don't know," she said wearily. "Perhaps I've misjudged her. I'd like to think so. It would make—losing Larry—a little easier."

"I'm certain you've misjudged her," Jim said earnestly. "And I think I can prove it." His eyes strayed to Larry's photograph—as if it were a third party to their conversation. "Tell me this, though," he asked. "If I can help Carol, and after that, if I can persuade her to marry me—would you hold that against her?"

Hester took a deep breath. "No," she said. "If I've been wrong about her—I'd want her to be happy. And I think she might be, with you."

"Thank you," Jim said with simple sincerity. "Now, there's one favor I'll have to ask of you—"

When he rang the bell of Carol's apartment, there was no answer. Yet, somehow, he knew that she was on the other side of the panel of blank wood, listening and waiting in agonized suspense. He rang again—and then glancing down, he saw that she had left the key in the lock when she entered, and without hesitation he turned it and pushed the door open with one hand, keeping the other behind him.

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Carol shrank back. "Go away," she whispered. "Please go away. Don't try to see me. Oh, please!"

He closed the door behind him with a foot. "Carol," he said. "Don't be afraid. I've come to help you."

"You can't help me," she sobbed, backing up a step at a time as he advanced, holding out her hands with their palms toward him. "You can only hurt—"

"I'll hurt you first," he said soberly. "I'll have to, to help you. Carol, I know you've been married—I know your husband's name. It was Larry, Larry Black—"

"No!" she screamed. "Go away—I won't listen!" Like a pathetic child, she covered her ears.

"And this—" He brought it from behind his back, where he had been holding it. "This is his picture, Carol. I borrowed it from his mother to show to you. I want you to look at it."

With a little wounded cry, Carol turned and ran through the livingroom, into her bedroom. But before she could slam the door shut he was after her, following her, catching both her hands with his one free one, holding her so that no matter how she turned and struggled, the photograph was always before her face.

"You've got to look at him, Carol. You've got to realize—you can't shut him away. He was your husband, and you loved him." Jim's voice, deep and strong and sure, filled the room. "But he's dead now, Carol. He was killed in the war. You must realize that, you mustn't try to hide. You'll have to face your grief, and conquer it—for your own sake, and for mine too." He pried open her clenched fingers. "Here—take his picture. Hold it, and look at it."

Suddenly quiet, Carol looked up into his eyes as he bent over her. Her own eyes were wide and staring, and again they were almost black. She let him clamp her lax fingers around the edges of the frame, and then, as if it were being drawn by a power she couldn't fight, her head bent slowly until she was looking at the picture.

Time stopped for both of them, and there was nothing in the world but Larry's face—calm, smiling a little, seeming to be just on the point of moving, of speaking.

And, little by little, the blankness went out of Carol's eyes—little by little, just as, in the same way, the ice must have been melting out of her

heart, the numbness slowly losing its death-grip on her mind. Carol was waking up; Carol was coming alive again. It was a painful process, and all her being rebelled against it, but there was no stopping.

Carol gave a choked sob and fell across the bed, still holding the picture. Her slim body shook as she cried, giving way at last to the tempest of emotion that had been pent up for so many months. Jim waited until the worst was over, and then he picked her up and sat down in the nearest chair with her on his lap, murmuring to her and wiping away tears with his handkerchief. Dusk crept into the room, and at last Carol moved, lifting her head.

"Thank you, Jim," she said. "I—I feel better now." She touched her disordered hair. "I must look a sight," she added with a shaky little laugh.

"You look beautiful," Jim told her. "But if you went and washed your face you might look even more so."

She smiled mistily, and got off his lap. He went into the livingroom, and for the first time he realized how tired he was. But it was a good tiredness. He took a deep breath and lighted a cigarette. Carol came back after awhile, her eyes still reddened, but with her hair combed and makeup applied. Jim wanted to take her in his arms again, but there was one more thing he had to do first.

"Would you like me to take you over to see Larry's mother?" he asked casually. "I told her we'd return her picture."

Carol said in a quiet voice, "Yes, I think that would be a good idea."

She pressed his hand as he stopped the car in front of Hester's house. "You needn't come," she said. "I'll go alone. Just—wait for me."

"I'll wait," Jim said, and watched her run lightly up the walk and into the house, Larry's photograph in her hand.

Well, they were married six months later, Jim and Carol, and it was a lovely wedding. I prefer church weddings as a general rule, but this time it was right that the ceremony was held in a house—in Hester's house, where Carol came down the stairs on the arm of Peter Black, who gave her to Jim in marriage. She paused at the foot of the stairway, I remember, and for a second she looked past us all to the piano, where Larry's picture stood all alone. And then she went on, serene and beautiful, to the altar where Jim stood waiting for her.

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“And We Kissed”

(Continued from page 37)

a little. We thought the hum came from outside where a throng of townspeople who had got wind of our plans somehow had collected on the sidewalk. It was not until the ceremony was over that we realized that the balcony of the church was packed to overflowing with kids of all ages.

“I see why you dressed up for the occasion,” said Chet, who had worn his private’s uniform himself.

“Nonsense,” I replied, “for my public I wear shootin’ irons.”

For Chet I had worn Hattie Carnegie’s quietest blue suit, with a navy hat with veil of real Chantilly. I still have the spray of white bovardia I carried in my white prayer book. The bovardia is yellow now, and the fragrance has vanished. Looking back I wonder—could it really have been so many moons ago?

We had a five-day honeymoon at the Sherry Netherlands, courtesy of the U. S. Army. After that brief interlude we parted again, I to go back to Hollywood, Chet to go to Ohio State University for training—since he spoke four languages—for service with the A. M. G.

We didn’t see one another after that for over a year. In June I tried desperately to fly to Ohio to see him, and was put off six straight planes for lack of a priority. There was not enough time for a train trip across country, so we had to wait until November when Chet had a five-day furlough.

Five days more together—then long months apart. The pattern was getting too familiar to be funny. The next time I saw Chet was when Julietta, our Tweenie, was two days old. Chet came to see us at St. Joseph’s Hospital in the San Fernando Valley (which I had picked because I liked the Disney characters on the walls of the nursery!) He had just four days to admire his new daughter, with hair just as yellow and eyes just as blue as his own, before reporting to Camp Ritchie, Md., and boarding a transport heading overseas.

“Tell her her daddy is a master sergeant,” Chet said wistfully as he said goodbye. He was very proud of his new stripes.

“A master sergeant in *Intelligence*,” I amended his rating, trying to let him know I was proud too, but jokingly, so I wouldn’t cry.

What a world, I was thinking, to rip people apart when they need most to be together. What a heartless, selfish world to deny its young a chance to be young, and in love, in peace.

You get emotional when you’ve just had a baby, a little hysterical if you aren’t careful.

But we survived it. Peace has come—long overdue, but here at last. And we’re still young and, God and Time willing, still in love.

That’s the thing we’re surest of, and that’s the thing we’re going to count on for all we’re worth. That—and the fact that, after all, we’ve got as much to build on as anyone our age.

Maybe there’s a chance yet that we can live like—well, like people.

EDITOR’S NOTE: Just as *Radio Mirror* went to press, we received word from Hollywood that Chet England is back home with his wife... happy ending, or rather happy beginning, for Judy Canova England.

In Search of Home

(Continued from page 43)

kept on hurting. It was really a shock.

But by the time Pete had to race to catch his ride back to his own base across the Bay, I was laughing with him and making plans to visit his Amy if I ever got leave in Australia. I was promising to write her a letter assuring her of what a fine choice she'd made. Pete said, "Sometimes I think, gosh, I could have been a prize heel back home and how would she know? She sure married me on faith!"

Here in the livingroom of my own home, that memory washed over me. But it wasn't my secret—it was Pete's and Amy's. So I smiled at Mrs. Anniston. "I'm afraid I'm still fancy free," I said softly. "Pete and I were good friends, that's all."

Doing my job, there on the other side of the world, it hadn't occurred to me to care what Bennetville would say, when at last they did find out about Pete's marriage. But now, as my mother stared at me, and Katsy's eyes became troubled, I suddenly realized. Why, this town would think I'd been jilted! And it wasn't like that.

WHEN the ladies had trooped out at last, Katsy flung herself into a chair. Her red-gold hair was tousled, and her cheeks were flushed. "I'm beat. Poor Jock. No supper again."

"Jock can take care of himself!" Mother said, almost angrily. "You're not a slave, Katsy!"

Since I'd been home, I'd noticed that Mother monopolized a great deal of Katsy's time. It seemed to me too that

Mother was faintly hostile toward Jock and his claims on Katsy. I remembered suddenly how many times she'd say, "Pooh, phone him and tell him you won't be home! Spend the night, Katsy. He'll be all right."

"I'll go home with you, Katsy," I offered swiftly. "We'll fix supper together."

It was there, in Katsy's house, that I met Neil Potter. Jock brought him home from the plant, explaining, "He came to town to advise us about stuff we might make out of plastics. He's got me so interested I dragged him home to tell me the rest of it."

Neil Potter laughed. He was tall and redhaired, with an engagingly homely face and loose-fitting tweeds that looked as though he'd slept in them. "I could talk all night, and not begin to scratch the surface. But right now I'm hungry." He sniffed. "Is that food I smell?"

"That's jungle stew," Katsy told him. "Lelis made it. Wac special."

"Were you in the jungle?" Neil demanded, staring at me. "How do you like that? The government forces me to sit home in a hot lab, slaving, and then they take a kid like you—" His eyes glowed. He kept looking down at me, and the glow in his eyes became little flaming pinpoints. "A girl like you! They sent you to—what jungle? Where?"

"New Guinea," I said meekly. "Hollandia, to be exact."

"The President shall hear of this!" he shouted sonorously. "Unfair to scien-

tists!" He dropped down to the sofa beside me. "Tell me more."

"There's nothing much to tell. I was there and now I'm back."

"That part of it's good," he said gravely. "Your being back. That part's very good. Do you know, I didn't even want to come out here talking about plastics!" he pretended to shudder. "I might have missed you. I'm not so good at giving the pep talks. I'm a research man."

KATSY said, "Mr. Potter, you give me the distinct impression that you're darned good at talking about whatever you're talking about." She laughed, and slipped her hand in mine. "Come along, Lelis, let's get supper on the table."

It was a merry meal, with Neil gallantly passing me salt, mustard, ketchup, sugar, in a sort of absentminded idiocy. "I just like to give you things," he said. "Bread? Butter? Emeralds?"

But for all his tomfoolery, Neil was grave underneath. "What are you going to do now?" he asked, as we walked slowly home. "Back to the old job?"

"I—I don't think I'll be able to," I admitted. "It seems so—well, piffing."

"I imagine a lot of the men and girls coming home feel that. What would you like to do?"

"I don't quite know." But suddenly, walking beside this tall man I'd only known a few hours, I felt the surge of a new conviction. "Yes, I do. I want to get away from here! I—well, maybe they don't understand. But they're so—

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oh, concerned for me. As if I were still a child. Especially my mother." I rushed on, "It's as though she's afraid I've changed. Grown up. As though she's trying to hold me back, keep me still the little girl. Oh, maybe this sounds queer to you."

"No," Neil said. "It doesn't sound queer." He took a pipe out of his pocket and began tamping down the tobacco. In the flare of the match, his long face was grave.

All the baffling dissatisfactions that had plagued me in this short time I'd been home, rose now. I heard myself saying, "Maybe I'm not adjusted. Maybe the trouble is with me, not with them. But the girls I used to know are strangers to me. They're married, and there's nothing to talk about! No common interest. Even my sister—" How dull and pointless her existence was! She lived from one day to the next, without purpose or plan. Mother phoned her, demanding her time, and Katsy trotted over obediently, like a child. "I want something more!"

"You've been part of a tremendously important purpose," Neil said. "Anything less urgent is bound to seem—flat."

"But surely there must be work that will be worthwhile. Something to fill my mind, to be rewarding, to—oh, darn, something to amount to something!"

Neil Potter stopped walking. His hand was gentle on my elbow. On each side of this street, the lights shone warmly from the windows of little houses. "In this small town?" he asked.

"Then I'll leave it! I'll go to New York! I've learned how to live—I can't just stagnate!"

For the first time since I'd come home, I was alive, tingling with self-confidence. But at my door, Neil said, "Take things easy. Think it all over. Look—" he leaned closer. "I wish I didn't have to leave in the morning."

I wished he didn't have to, too. "Write me," he urged. "Let me know how you're getting on. And maybe your sister and brother-in-law will ask

me up for a week-end, soon."

It was ridiculous, to feel a pang of loss at the going of a man I hadn't known this morning. "I'll write," I promised.

Mother was waiting up. Fretfully, she asked. "What kept you so long?"

"A friend of Jock's was there. He brought me home. We—dawdled, I suppose."

"I was worried."

I throttled the spurt of annoyance inside me. "I came home safely from much further places, Mother."

I started upstairs, but she said, "Lelis, Mr. Johnson at the bank asked me when you were coming in. I told him you'd see him tomorrow."

I turned on the step. "Thanks, Mother, but I don't—I'm not going to work there. Besides, some other girl has that job now and I—"

"Not going back?" Mother stared at me. "But Lelis—"

Maybe I should have led up to it more gradually. Maybe I should have prepared her. But I blurted, fiercely, "I couldn't go back to the insignificant nonsense of that bank, Mother! I've got to do something really important." I straightened. "As a matter of fact, I've decided to go to New York."

"New York?" Mother's soft, pink face crumpled into weeping. "Oh, Lelis, no! You're my baby, all I have left. I waited so long for you to come home!" She began to tremble. "I won't let you. You can't!"

"But I've got to, Mother! Try to understand."

"We won't talk about it now. You don't really mean it. We'll discuss it in the morning." She seemed to think I'd gotten into the habit of always going somewhere, always having something happening, swift changes, that this was merely a kind of nervousness I'd get over. "Itchy feet, they called it when I was young," she murmured.

That shouldn't have irritated me, but it did. Fury seared me. "Mother, for Heaven's sake—" Then I clamped my lips tight. The more I talked, the more



One of Fibber McGee and Molly's infrequent appearances in New York always calls for a party and a gathering of any of the other radio zanies who happen to be in town. Fibber and Molly are heard Tuesday nights on NBC.

sure she'd be I was upset and not really responsible.

But in the morning, I began quietly to pack. I'll never forget how she looked when she came down the hall and stood in the doorway of my room.

"WHAT are—oh, Lelis, no!" She began to cry. "Lelis, listen to me. I'm your mother. If you don't want to work in the bank, all right. But you can't leave home."

"I'm sorry, Mother. There's no radio communications work here."

Weeping, she raced downstairs to the phone. I could hear her desperate anxiety as she wailed to Katsy, "Come right over. Lelis is packing to leave! Oh, bring Jock! I don't know what to do with her!"

She came back upstairs. "Maybe you'd listen to our minister, Lelis. He's most understanding, and he spoke to the congregation about the problems of adjust—"

We both heard the sound of Katsy's car, then. She came in, her red-gold hair flying, her eyes troubled. "What's up? Oh, Lelis, can't you give yourself more time?" She tried to quiet Mother. To me she said, reasonably, "After all, you're not sure you'll actually get a job in New York more important than your old job in the bank."

"Of course I will! I'm a trained radio communications worker. Katsy, you know there's not a single place for a radio worker in this town!"

I thought of Neil Potter, who'd understood that immediately. I was oddly eager to see him again. But that was only a small part of my impatience to be gone.

Katsy managed to get Mother to go downstairs, and closed my bedroom

door. She came to me slowly, her hands on my shoulders. "Look, honey. You've been places and done things, while I've stayed home. But I am older, and I—just listen to me. No, don't get angry. Try to be fair. You're feeling cramped now, Mother's possessive and I know how she—she hovers. But this is your life, at least until you marry. Mother's all alone." She bit her lip. "I'm not saying this right. Who am I to talk about duty? But Lelis, you have had freedom, and now you're back in a box. You want out! Mother smothers you. Only, darling, is that the right basis for leaving home, for hurting her so?"

Murderously calm, I went on with my packing, while Mother wept downstairs. I refused to stop for lunch, and she came up, pleading. There was something cowed, frightened about her as she watched me. And then, in the afternoon, Jock came over to add his bit.

"Sure, you're grown up," he said. "Sure, you're your own boss. But you just don't want to take on the responsibility of being a daughter, just an ordinary girl in a peacetime world. All the courage isn't saved for war, Lelis. Think it over. What you're doing is not seeking out a larger field for responsibility, but dodging the one you've got here!"

I flashed at him, "To hear all of you, a person would think Mother was dodging, infirm, and that I have a dozen children I'm abandoning, besides!"

But Jock did drive me to the station, where so short a time ago I'd left the train that brought me home. Katsy kissed me, whispering, "If things don't turn out the way you h-hope, Lelis, don't be proud. Wire me for money."

So I came to New York. After two weeks, I found a job with World Air-

ways Communications. The huge building near the waterfront, with its sky-reaching steel towers and its complicated, ever-busy equipment sending and receiving messages from all over the earth, thrilled me. Though this was different from working in the sultry heat of New Guinea in a headquarters hut, it shared some of the same urgency and excitement. Most of the other girls were ex-Wacs or ex-Waves. I felt back where I belonged, among people I understood. Yes, I had done the right thing.

It was strange, then, to realize that Neil Potter didn't seem altogether sure I had. I had phoned him my second day in New York. He took me to dinner.

"I'm surprised you came so soon! I mean, I knew you wanted to—but this is swift!" He buttered a roll. "Was it a shock to your mother?"

I'd remembered Neil as a laughing companion, not as this grave questioning man. A little uncertain, I said, "You practically advised me to come, didn't you?"

"Not quite. But I'm glad you're here." He reached for my hands across the table. "If you hadn't, I'd be spending most of my salary on train fare to see you!"

WARMTH began, in my heart. Oh, I wouldn't be lonely here. We'd have fun, Neil and I. All the future seemed rosy. Something to look forward to . . . something wonderful going to happen . . . peeped out at me from the road ahead.

After I got my job, Neil went with me looking for apartments. I couldn't stay in the hotel, but apartment hunting was almost hopeless. How we tramped! Evenings, promptly at five, he met me



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in the lobby of the Airways Building. I'd tuck my hand in the crook of his elbow. "I'd get lost, looking for the addresses in the ads in the papers, if there are any, I mean."

Usually the only ones were horribly expensive non-housekeeping places, or grimy little holes in dreadful neighborhoods Neil said I couldn't live in. We had fun, looking—but I didn't find an apartment until Neil's laboratory technician was transferred, and Neil asked her to give me the lease of her place.

It was Neil who helped me hang my curtains, Neil who haunted auctions with me, looking for a comfortable chair, not too expensive, and a studio couch without a mountain range up its middle.

When did I first realize I was in love with Neil? It came so slowly, so naturally. Maybe it began the night we looted the Five and Ten on Third Avenue. We stamped home through the snow loaded down with kitchen wares in bulky bundles. The apartment was welcoming as we came in. Neil dumped his packages in the livingroom. "Not that you really need a combined potato masher and eggbeater. I should have bought that grapefruit corer and cucumber slicer instead." He tore open a package. "Oh, I did buy the corer."

"You went wild," I laughed. "You spent a fortune. I couldn't stop you." He'd be so crazy about his own home, I thought with a new, lingering pang. He'd make shelves and paint cupboards, just as though he weren't a great research scientist. And I, who'd never been domestic, suddenly knew that I could be. With Neil!

IN the grip of my thoughts, I was standing very still. Suddenly I felt his eyes on me. My thoughts seemed shameless, and so real I was almost afraid he might have heard them. My breath caught, and a fierce blush burned across my cheeks. Neil took a step forward. My heart thudded. How close he was! Why, he—he was going to kiss me!

I ducked, and made a flustered, silly sound. I finished breathlessly, "Coffee?" He sighed. "All right. Coffee." The moment was splintered.

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The mailman had just left—a special delivery man, with a letter from Mother. It was long, rambling, full of reproaches. "I'm terribly lonely, darling. I miss you so. I was so sure that when my little girl came home, we'd be together. It's hard to admit you'd rather be alone in New York. I am not well. Katsy is taking me to the doctor next week."

Now I ached to lean my throbbing head on Neil's shoulder. I longed to whisper, "Why can't she let me alone, Neil?" Instead, I made a wry face, handing him the letter. "Complaints from home."

Neil held it for a moment, his eyes concerned. "Sure you want me to read it?"

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He read the letter. His eyes were shadowed when he gave it back to me. "We might run up and visit her today, instead of the breakfast and the rest of it," he said.

"Oh, Neil!" We'd be four hours on the train each way. Sunday was a precious stretch of time that only came once a week. In that moment, hating to give up today with him, I knew surely and for always that I loved Neil.

But did he love me? The gnawing doubt, the shaming not-sureness, the chills and uncertainties, began that day. Because while I laughed as I plowed through the snow in the park, while I talked of places we might go to ski, next week, Neil seemed only half-listening. Gradually, my flow of chatter stopped. When he took me home, I couldn't help asking, "What's wrong, Neil? You—today, somehow, you—you



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changed." The sweet close feeling I'd always had with him had broken. There had been no approving little smiles for me, none of the almost-affection in his eyes. Or had I only imagined those, all this time?

Neil didn't answer immediately. We were in the lobby of the house, and he drew me away from the elevator. "Would you care to run out to Bennetville next week, Lelis?"

Anger touched me. "You don't have to remind me of my duty to Mother!" I cried. "I—she just wants to make me miserable. Is it wrong for me to live my own life?"

"One Sunday out of a life time—" he began.

"If I went once, she'd expect me every single week!"

TROUBLED, he asked, "But you love your mother?"

"Yes, of course. Only—" Only I loved him, too! I worked hard all week, and so did he. This was our time! Our time of joy and discovery, our time that only comes once in a lifetime. If he loved me... Oh, I'd thought he did, before. When he'd almost kissed me. So often there'd been tenderness in his voice, in the touch of his fingers. Where had it fled? What had happened?

"It's getting late," he said tonelessly. "Better run up, Lelis."

Like an adult, talking to a baby. I didn't see that I was behaving childishly, and that Neil was too grown up to indulge a child in a tantrum.

After that, there was a barrier between us. Sitting at my machine in the long room where radio messages flew from far corners of the world to the narrow tape under my fingers, I kept seeing Neil's eyes. Didn't he love me? Was he only filling in time? Maybe I ought not see him again. Perhaps it would be better to make new friends, go out with other men.

I was miserable, and afraid. Yet though Neil did not tell me he loved me, though he never spoke in the old tender way, he kept phoning me and taking me out.

Once I almost burst out, "Why do you bother, if you don't care?" It seemed sometimes that he was watching me. Watching, like a cat at a mousehole. Watching for what?

I looked long into the mirror, as every girl does when she wants to assure herself she's not too bad. I saw my longlashed eyes, the dark cloud of hair, the way my face was creamy and oval. I wasn't a raving beauty, like Katsy. But I was pretty. Neil had thought me pretty the first time he ever saw me. Why, why didn't he say something?

Maybe he didn't want to rush me. I tried to comfort myself with that. "He wants to be sure." Now it was almost Spring. In April—by May, surely—Neil would ask me to marry him.

But in May, on a warm, sweet night when I flung my windows wide and couldn't sleep for thinking of him, my bubble broke. I'd snapped off the radio long after midnight, yet still lay wide-eyed, restless. When the doorbell pealed, I jumped.

"Neil!" I thought, reaching for my robe. He'd left me at ten. Tonight, he had begun thinking, as I was thinking. Maybe he simply couldn't wait till morning.

My feet were light, racing to the door.

Only, when I flung it open, it wasn't Neil at all. It was my sister Katsy, standing there in the hall. "Why, Katsy! What's happened?" I pulled her in, babbling, "Why didn't you write? Why



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didn't you phone? It's so late—what is it? What's wrong?"

"I only decided to come after dinner tonight—that's why I'm so late." Unseeingly, she walked into the little apartment. "Lelis—come home!" she burst out. "I've thought and thought about coming to talk to you. Several times I just about made up my mind to come, and then I—well, I just didn't. I figured you had a right to do as you pleased. But tonight I made up my mind to come and talk to you, and I got on a train before I could change it again."

"What's the matter?" I cried. "Mother—is she sick?" My heart turned over with a swift, sick fear.

But Katsy shook her head. "Not sick, really. But she's—oh, Lelis, you should see her. You haven't any idea what a shock, a blow, your leaving was to her. She just doesn't seem to care, any more. And then Pete Angus came home, and—"

"Pete?" I'd almost forgotten him. But what did Pete Angus have to do with Mother?" I asked, "Did he bring Amy with him, and the baby?"

Katsy whirled, her eyes hot. "Then you knew! So the town was right—you ran away because you couldn't bear to be there when he came home!"

I turned on her in exasperation. "That's silly, Katsy, and you ought to know it! I've known Pete was married for two years. I wasn't even thinking about Pete when I left. Why—" My vehemence, the stunned incredulity in my face, convinced Katsy. She stopped her jerky pacing.

"But don't you see, Lelis, that's what's been worrying Mother. And those gabby-hens at the Friday Club keep condoling about your being jilted, and hashing it over and over in that nasty-nice way of theirs . . ."

"Why don't they mind their own business, and—" My voice trailed off. Mother lived in Bennettsville. They were her friends. Even though they were wrong, their ideas about Pete's marriage and the reasons that had driven me to New York were bound to affect her.

"Look," Katsy was saying rapidly, "Pete's wife isn't having too easy a time, either. The Friday Club women and the rest like them are making a field day of this. It's not that they care so much, one way or the other, but it gives them something new to talk about. So they make a great show of parading their loyalty to you and to Mother, and poor Amy has to bear the brunt of it. Don't you see? Pete's mother gave a party for them, and of course the women turned out in a body—they wouldn't miss a chance to look the girl from Australia over. You'd think Australia was on another planet, the way some of them talk. Well, any-

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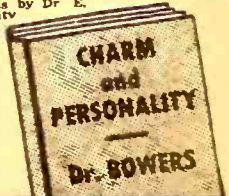
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way—it didn't make me proud—” Her voice went on, and I sat very still, seeing it all vividly. Bennettville was like that. “Jilted!” I wanted to laugh. “When Pete told me, in New Guinea, I was glad for him. I wrote to Amy!”

Katsy shrugged. “I know, I know—but how can you convince the gossips of that? It doesn't help Amy a bit when she shops in the Supermarket, and everyone whispers. She hasn't any friends. She hates America, Lelis, because of this. Pete's bewildered—and mad! He talks about going to Australia to live.”

“Oh, why can't they just accept Amy, and make her feel happy and at home, and forget the rest?” I demanded angrily.

“If you'd been there,” Katsy pointed out, “maybe they would have. After all—it did look as if you'd run away. They think you're on their side!” She touched my arm. “And tonight—well, Mother wasn't feeling well. She's had one cold after another all winter, and she's coming down with another. You wouldn't know her, she's so thin. Anyway, Mother was feeling irritable anyway, the way she always is when she's sick. And Pete came over to the house and brought his little boy. I don't know what he said to touch Mother off—probably something she misinterpreted completely—but anyway she lost her head. She—she accused him of being unfair to you, driving you away from home—”

My throat was dry. “How awful—how awful!”

Katsy's fingers fiddled nervously with her purse, snapping and unsnapping the catch. “I walked in and found them quarreling—or, rather, Mother was giving him an awful talking-to, and he was trying to soothe her. Finally she just sat down and cried until I thought she'd never stop. And—well, it was then I decided it was about time you knew how things were at home. So I caught the 8:30.”

“Oh, Katsy, maybe I ought to go home!”

“What do you think I came here for?” she asked flatly. “Your place is home. It's always been there, but you—”

“I'll phone Neil.”

“Neil?” She glanced up at me quickly. “You've been seeing him?”

“Yes, quite a lot.” I amended swiftly, “We're just friends.” Because Neil had been so careful to utter no word that might be binding, I had to make that clear. My hopes didn't matter, nor my dreams. All that counted was how Neil felt. I explained, “Some one will have to phone World Airways, you see, in the morning. If Neil tends to it, we—we can catch the first train. The milk train, isn't it?”

When he answered his phone, Neil brushed aside my apologies for having waked him. “I'll be right over.”

Katsy was in the bathroom when he came. “She's taking a shower. She's gritty and worn out.”

I pulled myself together to tell him what had happened, calmly and sensibly. But underneath I was confused and upset and then, as I talked on, even though I knew he couldn't possibly care what happened to me, I dissolved into tears. It was as though the solid strength of his nearness called out to me to unburden myself. “Forgive me,” I muttered, “I'm being a sissy. But it's so good to have someone—” I stopped, despising myself. He didn't care! Always, always he'd been so careful never to say he cared.



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But now he said, "Don't hold it in, Lelis. It'll help you to cry it out." And then, queerly, his big hands were gentle on my shoulders. "I understand," he was saying. "Your mother was bitterly hurt because she thought you loved Pete and had kept your heartbreak from her. Naturally, the whole town turned their resentment against the strange girl from Australia."

"The least I can do is show them all how wrong they are! Especially Mother. Katsy says she's sick." I began to sob again. "It's all my fault. I should have stayed there!"

His finger touched my chin. He tipped my head up, until my tear-wet eyes met his. "Lelis, do you feel responsible for having failed them? Do you? Do you see your mistake? Tell me, darling—do you really want to go home? It'll be tough."

"That doesn't matter. I've got to go. I must explain to Mother, take care of her. And I'll do everything I can for Pete and Amy. Oh, I know how to handle those gossiping tabbies! I'll show them!" Now strength was flowing back into me, strength and will to battle for what I felt was right.

Neil's eyes began to glow, the way they'd shone in admiration that long ago night in Katsy's house. "Atta girl!" He grinned, and then astoundingly, he was saying, "Oh, darling, darling, I've been waiting so long for something to show me you aren't a flighty baby, but a grown woman!"

I didn't understand. I stood there, in the circle of his arms, and Neil's voice told me gravely, "I'm a serious guy. Maybe too darned serious. But in my book, marriage is forever. I didn't want to make a mistake, Lelis. I didn't want to be in love with a shallow kid. I had to be certain that we weren't storing up misery, when we married. Sometimes I thought you were too restless, not quite adjusted to being home in a normal world after a war, and that scared me. I was waiting for something to tell me you'd gotten over it. Oh, Lelis, now it's happened! Your willingness to shoulder this burden, to work tooth and toenail to make things right for your Mother and Pete and Amy."

Happiness was a warm wave, drenching me. Happiness was a sweet wind, lifting me up.

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Wednesday, February 13th

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A New Love Song

(Continued from page 30)

to me as if I were five years old and had no sense at all! "Whatever you think I ought to be doesn't make a great deal of difference," I said coldly. "I know what I want—and I don't want to stay in Wynwood. I—I'd scrub floors to live in New York."

"For Pete's sake, why?" he demanded. "Wynwood's a good town. It's got it over most cities in a lot of ways. You'd have to go far to find a view like this one—" and he waved his hand toward the river and the falls—"and if you'd studied your civics you'd know that it's got other things, too, such as good government and good schools. The trouble with you is you don't know what you want or what you're talking about. If you don't wake up and start appreciating the things around you, you'll turn into one of those dissatisfied women who spend their whole lives wishing they were something they aren't—like Hank Marlowe's wife, for instance."

THAT was the last straw. It was bad enough to be talked to as if I were a child, but I would not stand being compared with fat Mrs. Marlowe, who was endlessly complaining, and whose house went uncared for while she spent all her time at the movies.

"Thanks," I said icily. "And now you've told me what you think of me, would you mind taking me home—"

"Bonnie, I didn't mean—"
"I don't care what you meant." I had to keep talking to keep from crying. "And I don't care if I never see you again, either."

"Do you mean that?"
I didn't, of course. I knew that, even in the midst of my anger. But pride wouldn't let me back down. "Certainly I mean it."

Donald said nothing more. He started the car and drove me home, and left without so much as a good night.

I didn't expect his silence to last, but it did. He avoided me at school for the next couple of days, and the week-end I spent at home with Mother and Dad for the first time in many months. On Monday morning Lucille came up to me in the halls before classes began. "Whatever happened between you and Donald?" she asked. "Do you know that he's invited Peggy Nelson to the Class Day dance?"

I was stunned. The Class Day dance was little more than a week away, and although Donald hadn't actually asked me to it, I'd taken for granted that I was going with him, quarrel or no quarrel. When you went steady with a boy, he automatically took you everywhere, especially to official functions, like the school dances. "We had an argument," I said briefly.

Lucille took my side instantly. "But that's mean!" she cried. "He knows it's too late for you to get any kind of a decent date. And what are you going to do the week after that, for the graduation dance?"

I shrugged, as if it didn't matter in the least. And it didn't, really, not after I'd lived through several days of not hearing from Donald, of having him go out of his way to avoid me. I'd gladly have skipped all the dances there were, if things had only been right between us again.

But it mattered to my friends. They talked of little else over the lunch table at noon, and over cokes after

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school, and I went home that night feeling that to be lacking a date for the Class Day dance was to face a major tragedy.

And then that night at dinner Mother asked, "Have you seen the evening paper, Bonnie? Someone you know is coming to town. Loren Lane is going to be at the State Theater next week, beginning Saturday."

I ran for the paper, stared at it with unbelieving eyes. And for once neither Loren nor the prospect of seeing him in person mattered. All that counted at the moment was the fact that I saw a way out of my uncomfortable position at school. The next noon at the lunch table, when the inevitable subject of the dance came up, I said casually, "I don't think I'd better make any dates for next week. Loren Lane will be in town."

"I saw the ad!" Shirleyann cried. "I was going to tell you! Oh, Bonnie, do you think you'll see him?"

"I don't know," I said cautiously. "He might not even remember that I'm living here now." So far as I knew Loren didn't know that I'd ever left Hilldale... and wouldn't have cared if he had known.

"Write to him," urged Lucille, "and tell him. Believe me, I would. Besides, you can't possibly lose anything by it."

I said that perhaps I would, without any real intention of taking her advice. The more I thought about it, the less likely it seemed that Loren would pay any attention to a letter from Bonnie Phelps. Which of course made Lucille's statement all the more valid—I couldn't possibly lose anything by writing to him. And that night, perhaps because Donald didn't call and because I had nothing better to do, I did write to him. I mentioned the rescue incident to remind him who I was, and I said simply that I was glad he was coming to Wynwood, so that I'd have a chance to see him in person.

ON Friday there was a letter waiting for me when I came home from school. It was written on Loren's personal stationery, and it was signed "Cordially, Loren Lane." He remembered me very well, he said, and he was glad to know that I was in Wynwood. Would it be all right if he called me Saturday morning when he got into town, and if I was free, could we have dinner Saturday evening?

I couldn't have been more astonished if the moon had fallen out of the sky into my hands. I carried the letter to Mother. She read it, and smiled, and handed it back to me calmly. "That's nice," she said. "Don't get your hopes up too high, dear, because something could easily happen to spoil it. But it's nice to know that he remembers you."

"Nice!" I repeated dazedly. Loren had written to me; Loren was going to call me; he wanted to take me to dinner. I couldn't eat that night; I couldn't even think. When the telephone rang, Mother had to call me twice to tell me that Donald was on the wire, asking to talk to me.

Donald's voice sounded faint and far away; it was an effort to catch his words. "... if you're not busy tomorrow night," he was saying, "we could go for a ride, or to a show."

I didn't mean to be cruel or rude or arrogant, but excitement had completely unbalanced me. "You'd better take Peggy Nelson," I said. "I've got—"

He interrupted me. "That's why I wanted to see you. I want to explain—" "But I tell you I've got a date. I'm having dinner with Loren Lane."

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The next morning a Mr. Hartwell called. He was Loren Lane's manager, he said, and Loren wanted to know if I could come backstage at the theater that afternoon. In case there was a crowd, I had better go directly to the box office, where the manager would meet me and take me back to see Loren. . . .

Somehow I got the message straight; somehow I managed to live until five o'clock, when Dad drove me downtown and let me out in front of the State. A tall, stiff-looking man met me at the box office, led me down through the darkened theater and around backstage. At the end of a long, musty-smelling wooden hallway, he knocked on a door. "Come in!" a voice called, and the door swung open. I blinked. The room was small, and very brightly lighted. Or perhaps it only seemed small, with three or four large men sitting around it. One of them rose and held out his hand, and I took it automatically. "I'm Bonnie Phelps," I said in a breathless voice. "I'd like to see Loren Lane."

"HOW are you, Bonnie? I'm Loren. Don't you remember me?"

My hand went limp in his, and I stared up at him. Loren Lane was a slim, dark boy I'd last seen on the street in Hilldale. And this man—well, he was a man! He introduced me to the other men—Mr. Hartwell, to whom I'd talked that morning, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Seidel. Then he got a chair for me and said, "Will you excuse me a minute, Bonnie? I've got a little business to settle."

I sat down, and Loren turned back to the men. His voice changed from its warm, easy tones, became sharper, quicker. "Look, Mac," he said. "That schedule's murder, and you know it. And now you want benefits in Chicago along with the show, and more on the Coast!"

"But Loren, you got to. You can't afford to offend these people—"

"I can't spread myself that thin, either," said Loren. "Just look what you done here—you've got twelve weeks of business crowded into six—"

I didn't understand a word of it, but I was uncomfortable as never before in my life. I felt exactly as if I'd stepped into the midst of a heated family argument. The apologetic smile Loren sent me every once in a while only made me feel the more in the way.

The argument reached a fever pitch and died suddenly when one of the men put on his hat and said he had to catch the five-forty to Cleveland. Then Loren was standing over me, smiling, saying, "I'm awfully sorry, Bonnie. I thought I'd be through before this, but that's always the way it is. Shall we have dinner?" My heart warmed to him. He did look like his pictures when he smiled, and his voice—you couldn't help liking him for his voice alone.

As we left the theater, lights flashed in our faces, and a man cried, "One more. Smile up at him now, Miss—"

I fairly beamed up at Loren; I was all excitement again. Pictures. They were taking pictures for the newspapers, and everyone would see them.

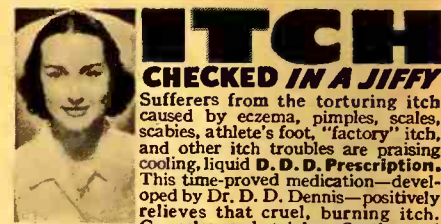
We had dinner at the Carteret Hotel, a dinner that was no more as I'd imagined it than Loren himself had proved to be. In my dreams there had been Loren and I, shut away from the world at a secluded table, with eyes only for each other. This table was secluded enough, but we weren't shut away. There were more with flash bulbs, and then Mr. Hartwell came over and



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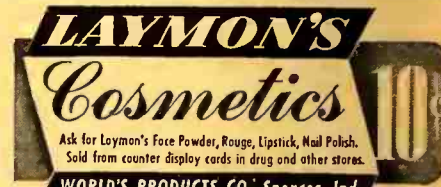
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ordered a bowl of soup and sat and talked to Loren while he ate it. Then two or three people came up for autographs, and the headwaiter, who appeared to chase the autograph seekers away, stopped to chat with Loren.

Even when we were left alone, it was hard to keep the conversation going. It was disconcerting to discover how few common memories we had of Hildale, and Loren was reduced to asking me about school. I told him that I was graduating next week, and he asked what I was going to do.

"I don't know," I said. "I may go to work for my father." All of a sudden I'd stopped thinking about a trip to New York, and working in New York.

"Fine!" said Loren—and then that topic was exhausted.

But mostly I found it hard to talk because of the lead-heavy feeling of disappointment within me. This wasn't at all like the dream—but then, in the dream, Loren had been interested in me. Although I wasn't so sure now that I wanted him to be interested in me, I still didn't understand why he'd written so cordially, why he'd gone to the trouble of asking me to dinner.

And then all at once I did understand the reason for all of it, for the letter and the pictures. It came to me just as Loren looked at his watch, said apologetically, "You know, Bonnie, I meant to take you dancing after the show tonight. But with this tangle in my schedule, I won't have time—"

I meant to smile, to say that it was all right. But I couldn't. I was so disgusted and disillusioned and humiliated that I couldn't keep still. "That's all right," I said thickly. "I'm sorry I bothered you in the first place. You didn't want to see me. It was for publicity—"

HE started to protest, and stopped, biting his lip. Then he said honestly, "You're right; it was a publicity stunt. I'm sorry, Bonnie. But once Hartwell saw that letter of yours, he thought it was too good to pass up. I didn't like the idea of capitalizing on the fact that I'd once pulled you out of the lake, but I hoped you'd get a kick out of it instead of feeling used."

"I didn't feel used," I said. "It was just—" I couldn't finish, couldn't tell him about the dream.

But perhaps Loren saw it. He sat stirring his coffee, looking at me, really looking at me for the first time. I had the uncanny feeling that he was seeing through me, seeing all the pictures I'd built around him. "You know, Bonnie," he said finally, "in this business you

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have to do a lot of things you don't want to do. You heard that squabble in the dressing room this evening—well, that's just a sample of what goes on most of the time. I've got a manager, and a press agent, and a sponsor, and first of all I have to listen to them. I've got a doctor, too, who sticks his oar in every once in a while, and I have to listen to him, because if I work too hard and my health breaks down, my business won't go on while I rest up. After that there are a few dozen other people to please—"

HE talked, and I listened at first, and then I only half-heard him.

Once he'd started, Loren wasn't talking just to explain himself, to ease the situation between us; he was just plain letting off steam, as my father did sometimes when he came home from a tangled-up day at the office. It was very queer, at once unsettling and reassuring, to think of Loren, with his ranch and his penthouse and the life that sounded so wonderful when one read about it, being harried and driven and care-worn like any other man.

"And there is the little matter of being nice to people," Loren was saying violently. "All sorts of people you don't care a bit about but whom you don't dare offend. I don't mean you Bonnie, heaven knows; I mean—" And then he, too, seemed to realize what he was doing. He stopped talking and grinned. "Why, I'm beefing!" he exclaimed. "You'll have to forgive me, Bonnie—"

"That's all right," I said soothingly, and then we both laughed. "Anyway," I added, "it isn't all that bad."

"Of course not," he agreed. "I'm crazy about my work, wouldn't do any other. But I bet it isn't all you imagined it, either."

I shook my head, smiling, thinking that I was very glad, after all, that I'd had this dinner with him. Maybe he wasn't at all the sort of person I could fall in love with, but he was very nice, and very friendly.

We didn't have much time to talk after that. Mr. Hartwell came back and reminded Loren that it was time to get dressed for the evening performance. Loren left me in the lobby after I'd assured him that I'd be all right alone. He squeezed my hand, and kissed my cheek before he went, saying, "Thanks, Bonnie; you've been swell. Next week I'll send you the finest graduation present I can think of. In the meantime, take these—" he pressed an envelope into my hand—"and take your boy friend to the show tonight, if he wants to come. Next time I come to town, I'll take you both out."

I looked after Loren, looked down at the little white envelope in my hand, and walked over to the telephone booths in the corner. "Take my boy friend," he'd said. I wasn't sure at all that I had a boy friend.

The folding door of the booth shut. I reached up to put the nickel in the slot. Then I stopped, staring in fascination at my own hand. It was shaking. And it couldn't be shaking now over Loren. That was all done with, and this was something different. I was going to call Donald, and deep down inside, under the surface doubts, I knew that he'd be at home, that he'd be glad to hear from me, that he'd forgive me. I was as sure of that as I was sure that I was in a telephone booth at the Carteret Hotel. And still I was trembling all over with excitement and anticipation, with a sense of delightful uncertainty.

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Cover Girl

(Continued from page 54)

the end of her first year, she took a summer reporting job with the Mansfield News-Journal—and promptly turned her life upside down.

She heard, you see, that Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians were coming to play a theater engagement in nearby Cleveland. Instantly upon hearing this—to her—breathtaking piece of news, a completely thought-out scheme leaped full-blown into her pretty head. She immediately advanced upon Cleveland, and shortly thereafter Mr. Waring was notified that a girl reporter from the Mansfield News-Journal was outside and would be very happy if he would grant her an interview.

That's the way she got him cornered. But he soon found out that she had no intention whatsoever of making this meeting an interview. Instead, she promptly began to sing to him—Brahms' Lullaby, she remembers that it was. And what's more, Fred Waring didn't hold up his hand and cry "Stop!" after a few bars, as she had been afraid that he might do when he discovered the deception. Instead of tossing her out into the street, Mr. Waring listened to her finish the number, applauded, laughed at the trick that had been played on him, and—best of all—hired her on the spot as a singer with the orchestra. This meant three things: she came to New York with the band; she never wrote up her newspaper story—and she didn't go back to college.

But for the past six years, she's continued her interrupted education in New York, with ballet, drama, and singing lessons. After her father's death five years ago, her mother and two brothers came to New York also, where they live now—excepting that Jack (who also sang with Fred Waring) is at present in the Navy, and Dick, now eighteen and his sister's most ardent fan, is in the Army. Naturally, Jane owns a Waring mixer . . . or, rather, half a one. New Year's Eve, between radio shows, she carried one half of her mixer down to an automat for a between-shows snack and left it there. Don't ask us why she was toting half a mixer around—but the tragedy is that some one who needed just that half of a mixer made off with it . . . so Jane is eagerly awaiting the postwar Waring mixer just like the rest of the nation.

Meanwhile, she's indulging her faithful love for murder mysteries every free minute during rehearsals, with her special affection going to Nero Wolfe. And every morning, over the breakfast tossed together by John and herself while they race through dressing for the day, she manages to read "Orphan Annie," which she has read every morning since she was a baby. For most earnest reading, she's telling everyone to read the life of Caruso, which she just finished.

As you can see, a great deal goes on behind Jane's very pretty face. But very little goes on it! She never uses creams—just soap; and her only beauty trick is this: to make her lashes look wonderfully thick and heavy, she touches them with cold cream, then dusts them white with powder—and then puts on mascara.

That pot-pourri is the current news on Miss Jane Wilson. But there will be more in the years to come, because Jane wants to be a truly fine singer on the stage or screen—and some day she'll be just that.

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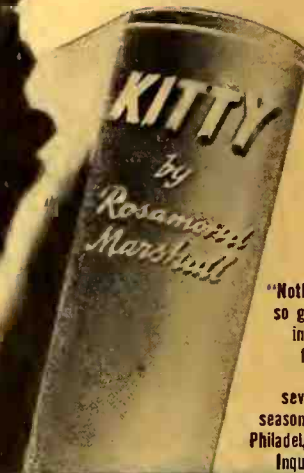
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