

10¢

Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR



SHORE
Singing Star

COMPLETE NOVELETTE IN THIS ISSUE
DRENZO JONES—A Love Story for Every Husband and Wife
RIGHT TO HAPPINESS—See Your Favorites in Real Life Pictures

Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin ?

go on the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**

This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

YES, pretty compliments can come your way! Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic! For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you!

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or, you may be using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: "I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it's such an *easy* beauty treatment."

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!



GO ON THE **MILD-SOAP DIET** TONIGHT!

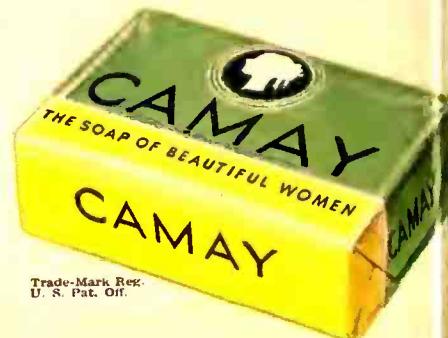


Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. She wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: "It has meant so much to me... I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!"



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

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

*And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"*



"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, *until you smile*. That's fatal. You can't star with my band until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"



Then on opening night the crowd went wild...



"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade.'"

(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

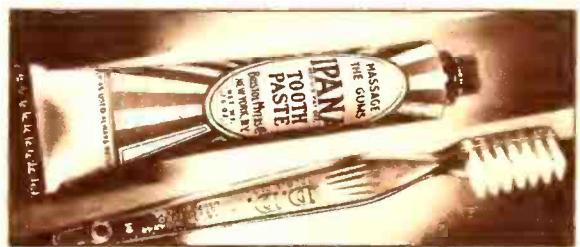
Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"**PINK**" on your tooth brush means *see your dentist at once*. He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make

your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Radio
AND TELEVISION
Mirror

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Assistant Editor



★
HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED
★
WITH TAMPAX



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampered by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot feel Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can see it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

A doctor has perfected Tampax neatly and ingeniously for *internal use*. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together . . . Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent . . . Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in *three sizes*: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

**TRY
IMPROVED
SUPER
TAMPAX**

Accepted for Advertising by
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TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.



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ON THE COVER—Dinah Shore, Singing Star of Eddie Cantor's broadcasts and her own Sunday night program on NBC

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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Their Most Romantic Moment

Molly first saw Fibber McGee at choir practice and after that there was never anyone else in her heart

IT WAS a funny thing, how Marian Driscoll (NBC's Molly McGee to you) had been talking about love, that December afternoon in 1915, in Peoria, Illinois, and had turned thumbs down on it so completely. Particularly love at first sight.

"There's nothing to it," she announced, to her best girl friend. "It's silly!" She was sure she knew what she was talking about. Most sixteen-year-olds are. And Marian, blue-eyed, brown-haired, a little freckled, maybe, but fetchingly so, was a lass with a mind of her own. You have to be, she insists even now, if, as she was, you are the youngest of a brood of thirteen.

But on that certain snowy afternoon as she and her chum sat curled in the window seat in the Driscoll's front room, eating popcorn and occasionally an apple with salt, they were considering more important problems in life. Marian was pretty. The golden-brown braids wound 'round her small head were thick and shining. The blue of her eyes paled the corn flower. Her young body in its Dutch-collared blouse and pleated skirt was slim and lovely. An Irish lilt silvered her laughter. She was the kind of a girl who attracts the male of the species like a flower attracts bees.

But her mind was far removed from boys. She had too many brothers to be thrilled about them. She dismissed romance, love and marriage with a few decisive, well-chosen words. Love at first sight was, of course, something to be written about in stories, but not a logical happening. And love of any kind was not for her. She was a pianist, already exceptionally good, as she well knew. She could sing and dance, too. She proposed to have a career.

"No romance for me," she repeated, positively. "I won't have any time for it—at least not for years and years!"

But at this, fate must have laughed, for it was only three hours later that she put on one of her brothers' sweaters—the rolled-collar kind boys affected in those days—and went down the street a little way and

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A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...



Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in

Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—BECAUSE—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, she's careless about underarm odor!



Act 2: (Enter pretty friend) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the past... to give your charm a future, use Mum.



Act 3: (Paula's soliloquy) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!

Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!

Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!



For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.



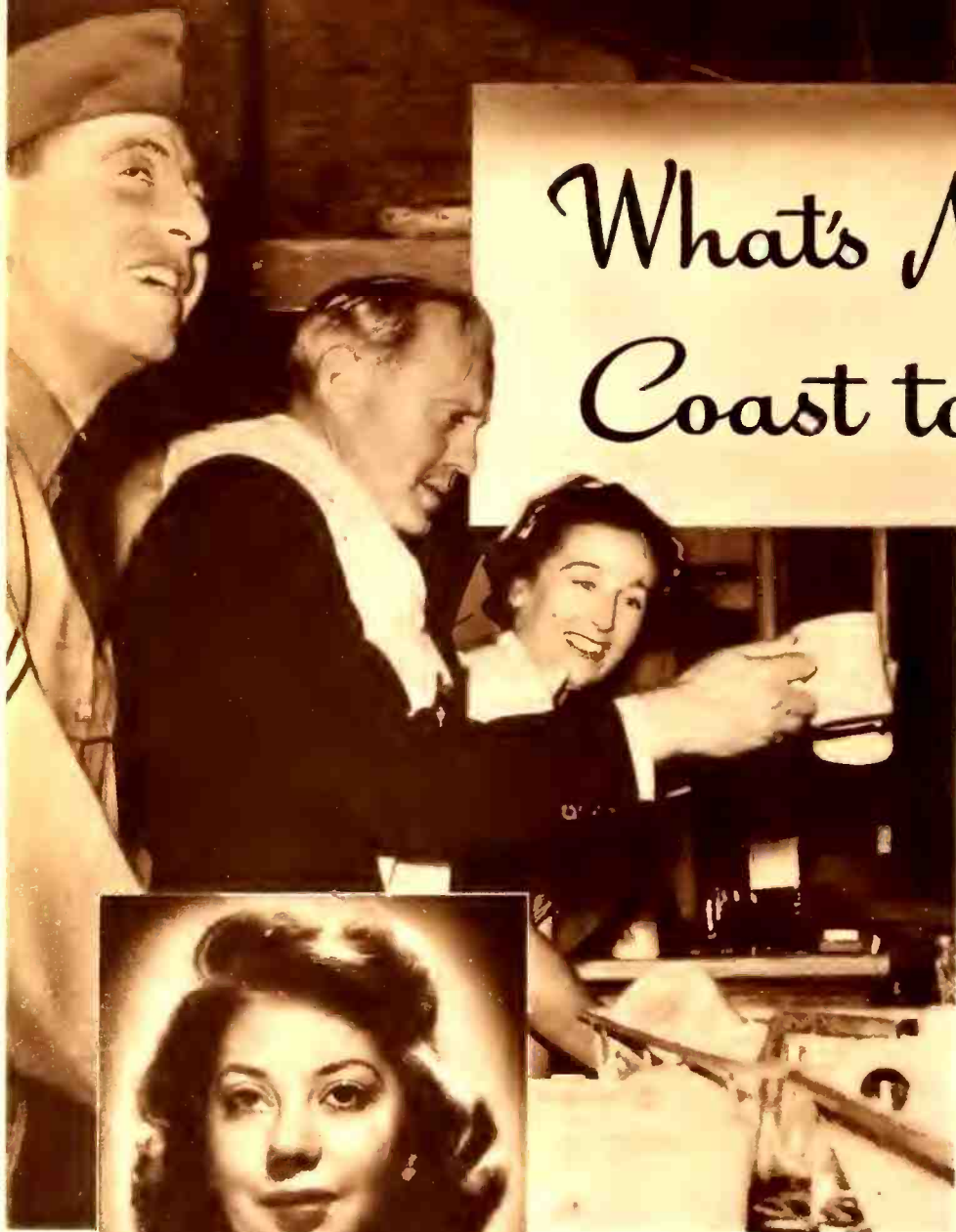
WHAT A NIGHT—WHAT A GIRL! PAULA, I NEVER WANT TO LOSE YOU!

(TO HERSELF) THANKS—A MILLION THANKS... TO MUM

MUM

Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers

What's New from Coast to Coast



Jack Benny served fresh coffee and fresher jokes to the soldiers at the Fort MacArthur Canteen, near Hollywood.



Margie Rae sings on KDYL Salt Lake City, and Frances Scully, below, tells western NBC listeners about glamour.



SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—Margie Rae, who frequently sings from station KDYL over the NBC network with Ed Stoker and his orchestra, hadn't reached her sixteenth birthday when she decided she was going to be a radio singer. But unlike most ambitious young ladies, Margie didn't follow the usual technique of storming the studios and asking sweetly if she might have an audition. Instead, she made her appeal directly to Wally Williams, whose orchestra was playing at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City. And she got the job and went right to work.

Two years ago when KDYL's staff songstress was taken suddenly ill, little Miss Rae was recruited to fill in, and did so well that they gave her a permanent job. As Margie expresses it, "It was just what I wanted—because anyway, Wally Williams was leaving on tour and I didn't want to travel."

Margie is tiny, not quite five feet tall, soft-spoken, red-haired and blue eyed. She's the baby in a large family of Raes, and used to have fun when the family asked her to sing for company. Her first effort along these lines still haunts her, and although the accompanying gestures have become slightly more sophisticated she will, if asked, delight you with that favorite of a decade ago, "Button Up Your Overcoat." She always follows the song's advice, and believes that's the reason she has never had a sick day in her life.

One of her biggest joys these days is singing for the soldiers. Ever since the Reception Center at Fort Douglas, Utah, was opened, KDYL has offered two weekly programs for the selectees, and Margie has of course been one of the featured attractions. In fact, she's so popular with the men in uniform that Col. H. P. Kayser, commanding officer of the Reception Center, recently made her Honorary Master Sergeant.

If there's one thing in the world that brings out the temperament hidden under her auburn hair, it is waiting for people who are late for appointments. And you can be sure

Continued on page 6

TWO great big orchids to the sponsors of Manhattan Merry-Go-Round and Waltz Time because they turned over a broadcast of each show to the United States. Instead of commercials, Merry-Go-Round offered appeals to support the Army Emergency Fund, and Waltz Time urged listeners to buy Defense Bonds and Stamps.

CBS employes—stenographers, page-boys, technicians and so on—have their own method of seeing to it that a Defense Bond is purchased every pay-day. One of them collects fifty-cent pieces from the others until he has enough to buy a bond. Then lucky numbers are drawn out of a hat, and the winner gets the bond.

It's William Gargan, not Victor McLaglen, who is playing the role of Captain Flag in the NBC program, Sergeant Quirt and Captain Flag. Edmund Lowe stays on as Sergeant Quirt . . . Another cast change is Mary Mason's withdrawal from the title role in Maudie's Diary, on CBS. Looks like Caryl Smith will get the part permanently.

By DAN SENSENEY



“I hate to see the sun come up”

ANOTHER day of making the endless rounds, getting the same disheartening answers: “The position has been filled”... “We’ll file your application”... “Sorry, but the decision was very close”. Then back to the cheap room, sometimes so dog-tired she didn’t even trouble to undress.

Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, “was simply cut out for a career”?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. “I must get a job!” she sobbed, “I must! Any kind of a job! Why can’t I? What’s wrong?”

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct:

That if your breath isn’t O. K. the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the position is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn’t offend.

You May Offend Needlessly

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn’t it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it’s due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best socially or in business never omit this delightful freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Before business and social engagements let LISTERINE look after your breath

Olin Tice, below, WBT announcer, swore he would never marry anyone connected with radio—but—



Flunking a radio audition is usually the road to oblivion. But to Bob Elliott of WHDH it was the doorway to success.



Continued from page 4
Marge herself is always on time.

Lucille Manners' sponsors and NBC joined forces to celebrate the start of Lucille's seventh consecutive year on the Cities Service Concert with a party after the anniversary broadcast. It was also the program's fifteenth anniversary, and a real white-tie-and-tails occasion.

From now on, Washington's Birthday will have a double significance for George Putnam, announcer for Portia Faces Life, Orphans of Divorce, and Great Moments in Music—because on Washington's Birthday this year George and his wife, the former Ruth Carhart, had their first child, a boy. Ruth was a popular radio singer until her retirement.

Another announcer, Ken Roberts of The Shadow, expects to be a father by the time you read this.

Edward G. Robinson almost broke up a broadcast of Big Sister when, holidaying in New York, he visited the program. While the show was on the air he clapped a leopard-skin hat belonging to one of the actresses on his head, and looked so funny it was impossible for the rest of the cast to keep from laughing, right into the microphone.

HOLLYWOOD—Speaking of Glamour, as Frances Scully does on NBC stations in the Pacific Coast area—there's no one better qualified to talk about that elusive but highly desirable quality than this same Miss Scully.

Ever since she left school, Frances has been writing about Hollywood and its people. She's an intimate friend of stars of radio and screen, and also of the people behind the scenes who make the wheels go

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Bob has had the announcing "bug" ever since he was ten years old, when he used to put on radio programs in the cellar of the Elliott home in Winchester for the edification of neighborhood kids. He didn't have any microphone or sending set, but that didn't bother him. In high school, he presented a weekly dramatic show, written by himself, over a second-hand amplifying system which he bought himself. He drafted schoolmates to play roles in these shows sometimes; other times, he played all the parts himself.

When he had graduated from high school young Bob went to New York and the Feagin School of Dramatic Art, working nights as an usher at the Radio City Music Hall and later as an NBC page-boy. After a year at the school, during which he'd only been able to appear on one or two local stations in small dramatic roles, he decided sadly that radio wasn't for him. Just as he was about to leave New York, station WINS offered him a fifteen-minute spot doing monologues for which he'd already auditioned. After two programs he drove to Boston for a week-end with his parents and took an audition at WHDH, just on a chance. He'd hardly returned to New York when a telegram arrived, offering him a post as WHDH's newest announcer.

Besides his regular announcing chores at WHDH, Bob writes a half-hour morning nonsense show. He has hopes of returning to NBC someday

'round. Blonde and beautiful enough to be in the movies herself, she says she's no actress and would rather broadcast about those who are.

Frances was born in Pocatello, Idaho, but received her education in private schools in Portland, Oregon, and Los Angeles. She joined NBC as a fashion expert and press agent, and first went on the air with her own program a couple of years ago.

As NBC's reporter of glamour, Frances doesn't have much spare time, but whenever she gets a leisure moment she likes to spend it at home, where she lives with her parents, and in pursuing her hobby of collecting china cups and saucers, Indian art and stamps. Her cup and saucer collection is valued at \$1,500, many of the pieces in it being more than a hundred years old. A born storyteller, she hopes some day to devote all her time to writing fiction, with the emphasis on mystery stories.

You may not hear many baseball broadcasts this war-time year. Since ball games are never played except in fine weather, broadcasting them would automatically tell the enemy, listening in, about weather conditions in the localities where the games were being played.

Radio's Voice of Experience, in private life known by his real name of Marion Sayle Taylor, is dead at the age of 53 as the result of a heart attack. Once one of the air's favorite personalities, Taylor had been less active in the year or so preceding his death. He died in Hollywood, where he had been living with his wife, Mrs. Mildred Taylor.

If you want to get a good look at pandemonium, drop in to see Eddie Cantor some time in New York. Instead of one apartment, he has three—one for his office, one for himself, and one for his family. The theory is that this helps give Eddie privacy, but it doesn't work out that way, because the apartments adjoin each other and people wander through all



as an announcer instead of a page-boy, but meanwhile is perfectly content to be one of Boston's outstanding young announcers.

Here's a new toast, proposed by Archie of the Duffy's Tavern program: "Three cheers for M'country, M'cArthur and M'cassar."

Selena Royle, radio's Kate Hopkins, received the sympathy of her friends (and that means practically everyone in radio or on Broadway) at the recent death of her father, Edwin Milton Royle, famous playwright.

House Jameson, Henry Aldrich's father on the air, could go into the movies if he wanted to, but he'll stay in New York with The Aldrich Family and sandwich in Hollywood picture-making when the program takes a summer vacation—if it does.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—One day in May, 1937, Jimmy Hughes decided that he wanted to be a radio announcer. He was not quite twenty years old at the time, and was taking a shower after pitching a game of baseball in Pittsburgh's Schenley Park. It didn't seem very likely that he'd ever achieve his ambition, but today, his last name changed to Thompson, he is a crack announcer for station KQV in Pittsburgh.

Jimmy had one advantage that most radio-struck youngsters don't. His father, a former vaudeville star, was program manager of station WJAS. Before Jimmy looked for a job he got his father to take him in hand and teach him how to read copy and inject personality into every spoken word. In less than a year, he was ready for his first audition.

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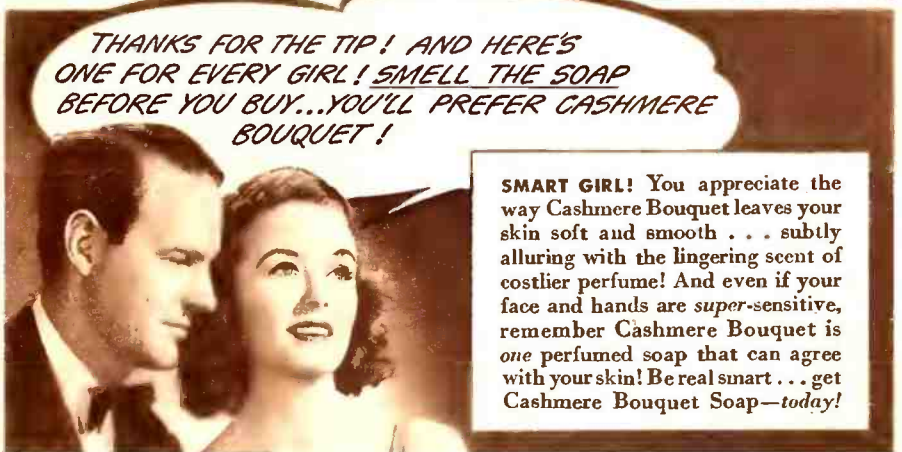
Dr. Frank Black and Lucille Manners cut the birthday cake on their program's anniversary.



SALLY WAS a stay-at-home . . . until she discovered an amazing secret—that there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against offending . . . and that it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant smelling soap! Here's what Sally learned when we told her about "double-protection"! Listen . . .



IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!



SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are super-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



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Here's a new toast, proposed by Archie of the Duffy's Tavern program: "Three cheers for M'country, M'Arthur and M'ccassar."

Selena Royle, radio's Kate Hopkins, received the sympathy of her friends (and that means practically everyone in radio or on Broadway) at the recent death of her father, Edwin Milton Royle, famous playwright.

House Jameson, Henry Aldrich's father on the air, could go into the movies if he wanted to, but he'll stay in New York with The Aldrich Family and sandwich in Hollywood picture-making when the program takes a summer vacation—if it does.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.—One day in May, 1937, Jimmy Hughes decided that he wanted to be a radio announcer. He was not quite twenty years old at the time, and was taking a shower after pitching a game of baseball in Pittsburgh's Schenley Park. It didn't seem very likely that he'd ever achieve his ambition, but today, his last name changed to Thompson, he is a crack announcer for station KQV in Pittsburgh.

Jimmy had one advantage that most radio-struck youngsters don't. His father, a former vaudeville star, was program manager of station WJAS. Before Jimmy looked for a job he got his father to take him in hand and teach him how to read copy and inject personality into every spoken word. In less than a year, he was ready for his first audition.

Continued on page 74

Dr. Frank Block and Lucille Manners cut the birthday cake on their program's anniversary.



NO RING ON HER FINGER... NO RINGS ON HER PHONE—until...

SALLY was a stay-at-home... until she discovered an amazing secret—that there's a gentle, fragrant soap that gives you "double-protection" against offending... and that it's no longer necessary to rub your skin with an unpleasant emollient! Here's what Sally learned when we told her about "double-protection" Listerine!

UHM! HEAVENLY SUDS... HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?



IT'S THE TWINWAY insurance of delectable Cashmere Bouquet Soap: gives you First, Cashmere Bouquet (takes a risk, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to lather away body odor almost instantly!) And at the same time it actually allows your skin to breathe—protective fragrance men love!



THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!

SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth... subtly alluring with the lingering sweet of coulier perfume! And even if your face and hands are super-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is one perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart... get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—today!



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

THE LOVELLIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Fruits for Flavorful Desserts



Now you can glorify that left-over custard from last night's supper—Prune Novelty Pudding.

The children will love Apricot Johnny Cake for that snack between school and the dinner hour.



Photo by Schraft's



Bet you've made prune and apricot pies, but did you ever combine prunes with bananas?—Prunana Pie.

IN my travels about town during the past few weeks I've noticed a growing tendency on the part of hostesses and restaurants to serve more and more dishes based on dried fruits. In puddings and pies, melting and delicious, in pastries and cookies at tea time—almost everywhere you go you are sure to meet those old friends dried apricots, prunes and raisins in some form or other.

The reason isn't hard to find, for with every one of us becoming more nutrition and budget conscious than ever before it's only natural that products as rich in health building minerals and vitamins and as economical as dried fruits should command attention. However, their high nutritional value and their low cost aren't alone in accounting for their popularity. For sheer flavor appeal nothing can surpass our modern dried fruits which now reach us with all their natural goodness intact.

If you like to offer tea to guests who drop in of an afternoon, if you have children who ask for a snack between school and suppertime or if there is a man in your family who carries his lunch to work you will win new honors for yourself by giving them Apricot Johnny Cake.

Apricot Johnny Cake

3/4 cup cornmeal 1 cup flour
5 tsps. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt 1/2 cup sugar
1 egg 1 cup milk
2 tbs. melted butter or margarine
3/4 cup chopped cooked dried apricots
Cooked apricot halves for top of cake

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat egg, add milk and melted butter and combine liquid and dry mixtures, blending together thoroughly. Fold in chopped apricots which have been well drained. Pour batter into shallow

low buttered baking pan and arrange apricot halves in rows on top. Bake at 375 degrees F. 35 to 40 minutes.

Dried fruit puddings are famous for their flavor and nutritional value and here are two which have additional interest in that they utilize leftover cooked cereal and leftover soft custard or cornstarch pudding.

Prune Novelty Pudding

2 cups chopped cooked prunes, drained
4 cups small bread cubes, toasted
1 cup shredded coconut
4 tbs. malted milk (dry)
1 tsp. cinnamon 1 cup sugar
1/2 cup nut meats
Soft custard or cornstarch pudding

Combine all ingredients except nut meats and custard and mix well. Form into roll about 10 inches long and 2 inches thick and roll in chopped nuts. Wrap in wax paper and chill thoroughly (mixture will keep for several days in refrigerator). Cut into slices and serve in sherbet glasses with leftover soft custard or cornstarch pudding.

Apricot Cereal Pudding

1 cup cooked cereal
1 cup chopped cooked apricots
1/2 cup sugar Small pinch salt
1 1/2 cups milk 2 eggs
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Combine cereal, apricots, sugar, salt, milk and beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and vanilla. Bake in buttered baking dish at 375 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Half apricots and half chopped nut meats may be used for variation.

We might write a whole article on dried fruit pies but there just isn't room for more than one. It combines prunes and bananas with spices and honey and the delectable result is called Prunana Pie.

Prunana Pie

3/4 cup butter or margarine
2/3 cup honey
1/4 tsp. cloves 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 cups chopped drained cooked prunes
2 cups sliced bananas 1 baked pastry shell

Cream butter, add honey and spices and cream together until thick and smooth. Add prunes and bananas and blend lightly together. Pour into baked pie shell and bake at 350 degrees F. until mixture is firm (about 15 minutes.) If desired, top with plain meringue before baking or top with whipped cream just before serving.



By Kate Smith

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

THE CHURCH THAT FRIENDSHIP BUILT



From an interview with Rev. Elmer W. J. Schmitt on *We The People* program, heard Friday nights on CBS.

I'VE been the pastor of Elmwood Methodist Church in Eastwick for six years. Our church was an old frame building, badly in need of repair. Two years ago, the board of trustees met to see what could be done about rebuilding it. We found it would cost \$25,000—much more than our little congregation could afford. Then one of our trustees had a suggestion. Why not rebuild the church ourselves? He offered to supply what lumber we would need from his own lumber yard. We began working evenings and Saturdays—and soon the whole congregation pitched in! Then, a strange thing happened. People *outside* our church came to me, and asked if they could help. First, an Episcopalian bricklayer joined us in his spare time. Next a Chinese friend donated some tea and chow mein which his children sold in order to buy bricks and mortar. Some German-speaking people—all loyal Americans—contributed money for one wall. An Italian friend cooked spaghetti and sold it—and the money he earned went for bricks for our church. A negro offered to mix the mortar.

Next, a bricklayer from St. Raphael's Roman Catholic Church became interested—and soon the whole bricklayers' union was working with us! A Japanese friend, whom I knew was a good American contributed some money. Then, as a crowning touch, some Jewish people gladly gave enough money to build a tower for our new church—as a memorial to one of our Jewish leaders—a gift of friendship to their Christian neighbors! The church is finished now. The entire cost was only \$750. On next Sunday, our Bishop is coming to Eastwick for the dedication ceremony. We call it . . . "The Church That Friendship Built!" That's just what it is. In these two years, we've known the fellowship of working side by side with friends of different races, different creeds! And we earnestly hope that our "Church That Friendship Built" may be the fore-runner of a vastly larger plan—of selflessness, tolerance, and democracy—in a "World That Friendship Built!"

"I was a Part-Time Wife"

HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we'd be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I'd always been considered attractive. But . . . well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.



2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She's a trained nurse. I couldn't help blurting out the whole story to her. "My dear," she said, "when love goes on the rocks, it's often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene . . ."



3. "It's one neglect," Aunt Sue went on, "that most husbands can't forgive. That's why so many modern wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn't only cleansing and deodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses know."



4. Never again will I risk my happiness! I use Lysol regularly now for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle—and effective. Economical, too, because it's so diluted in use. P.S.: Bob and I are cooing like doves again.

6 Reasons for using LYSOL

NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **EFFECTIVE**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **SPREADING**—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **ECONOMICAL**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of feminine hygiene solution. **CLEANLY ODOR**—disappears after use. **LASTING**—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely.

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



Copyright, 1942, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new **FREE booklet** (in plain wrapper) about *Feminine Hygiene*, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. R.T.M.-542, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Joan Tennyson, featured soprano of *Great Moments in Music*, heard Wednesday on CBS, gets that healthy look from intelligent complexion care—something every woman should know.



PUT YOUR Best Face Forward

By Dr. Grace Gregory

MAKE-UP is an art—no denying that. It can work miracles. But it can never take the place of intelligent complexion care. It is not meant to. Make-up accents and enhances natural beauty.

A naturally beautiful complexion is based on two things—health and proper cleansing.

Health is being recognized these days as a patriotic duty. It is also a duty to one's appearance. A vitamin deficiency or an otherwise improper diet may be the cause of many skin blemishes. The very first step towards a beautiful complexion is general good health. If you are troubled by serious blemishes—a persistent acne condition or the like—the first step is to visit your physician.

A healthy girl usually has a healthy and beautiful complexion, but not always. A skin that is not properly cleansed becomes clogged. The tiny oil glands cease to do their work properly. They become over-active,

or inactive.

A too-dry or too-oily skin add up to the same thing, fundamentally. The oil glands are out of order. Blackheads come from the same basic cause. The oil is not completely expelled. It hardens, oxidizes—and you have a blackhead. Given general good health, these three, very common skin faults—dry skin, oily skin, and blackheads—indicate, first of all, the need for a check-up on your cleansing routines.

Begin with a good cleansing cream. That is just as imperative for oily skins as for dry skins. But the oily skin usually prospers best with a cleansing cream of the liquefying type. Many of the great beauty houses put out two creams, one for dry and one for oily skins, or a general purpose cream for either.

Never slap on creams carelessly and wastefully. Smooth on your cream with gentle upward strokes. A little of a good cleansing cream goes a long way. Make your massag-

ing find all the tired spots, the tense places, and relax them. Massage the temples, just in front of the ears. Smooth out the frown lines above the brows and nose. Work always upward and outward. Enjoy your cleansing massage. Done right, it is a delightful and refreshing interlude in a strenuous modern day.

Leave the cream on a little while, particularly if you are using one of the creams which have stimulating or healing ingredients. Then wash the face and neck thoroughly but gently with a mild soap and warm, softened water. There is no better way of removing the cream and with it all the grime and hardened oil that clogs the pores.

Many creams have ingredients for skin stimulation. But in any case, it is a good idea to follow the cleansing by patting in a good skin freshener. Then you are ready for your night cream or your powder base, according to whether this is the morning or evening complexion ritual.

Be gentle with your complexion always. Stroke on the creams and lotions. Pat on the powder, and then brush it off with a powder brush—a gadget that is well worth its moderate price, and lasts a lifetime. Never, never *rub* your skin. That is just asking for lines and wrinkles.

Somehow or other, busy as you are, find time to give yourself a good facial mask treatment. Relaxing for a quarter of an hour with a good face mask two or three times a week gives your complexion a new lease on youth.

Most masks are mildly astringent. They tighten up the pores and help smooth out lines. Practically all of them are cleansing and soothing. You wash off the mask and your skin feels rested, refreshed, velvety.

While you are relaxing with your face mask, cover the eyelids with cotton pads saturated with a soothing lotion or some beauty preparation especially designed for the purpose. It is not a good idea to read or talk while you are enjoying your mask. Part of the purpose is complete relaxation. Try to think of nothing at all, or if you must think, let your mind go over every part of your body from heels to head searching for tense muscles and deliberately relaxing them. When your fifteen or twenty minutes are up and you wash off the mask, you will be surprised how fresh and rested you feel.



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

For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE !



Allure—for your more frivolous moments! Hair swept smoothly up off neck and face. Tuck artificial fruit or fresh flowers behind ears. Hair shampooed with new, improved Special Drene.

**Amazing difference due to hair conditioner
now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo!
Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!**

You'll be thrilled by the difference in your hair the very first time you use new, improved Special Drene Shampoo! For that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene gives simply amazing results right away...leaves hair so much silkier, smoother, far easier to arrange right after shampooing! Just try improved Special Drene once, and you'll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene

removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance.*

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of loose dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop! You'll see an amazing difference



Procter & Gamble
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added**

**Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!**



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!



Facing the Music



Alvino Rey is one leader who has mixed business and marriage successfully. Louise, his wife, is one of the King Sisters who sing with his band. Louise is the girl at the lower right of the picture.

WHEN the results of Facing the Music's fourth annual dance band popularity poll are announced in the next issue of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR, a portrait of the 1942 winner, suitable for framing, will be published! The announcement was originally scheduled for this issue but a last-minute flurry of ballots stuffed our mailbox before deadline, thus necessitating the delay in the tabulations.

The Army draft reclassifications have spread havoc among the dance bands. Many top instrumentalists have been tapped by Uncle Sam and the maestros are experiencing diffi-

culties in making replacements. Claude Thornhill lost ten out of eighteen men. I had dinner the other night with one of our better known rhythm kings. He spent the greater part of his meal time in a telephone booth, desperately trying to find a trumpet substitute before his band left next day for an extensive theater tour.

Freddy Martin has donated all royalties he receives on his new recording, "Heavenly, Isn't It?" to the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. Freddy's

engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York has been extended until May. Then he swings out on a coast-to-coast road tour.

It's a baby boy at the Charles Barnets. Mrs. Barnett is Harriet Clark, vocalist with Sonny Dunham's band.

When you see Woody Herman in the new film, "What's Cookin'?" you will discover that Woody is almost as good a dancer as he is a musician.

Amy Arnell, Tommy Tucker's vocalist, has become half-owner in a Hollywood flower shop located on Sunset Boulevard.

Glenn Miller's Mutual network Army Camp show, Sunset Serenade, boasts the largest single network hookup of stations of any program on the air. 170 stations take the weekly Saturday broadcasts.

Last year's radio-music war has left one development in its wake: new music publishing firms sponsored by band leaders. Sammy Kaye, Freddy Martin, and Tommy Dorsey are but a few of the leaders who have invested in Tin Pan Alley song mills.

Continued on page 64
RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

By **KEN ALDEN**

Help your **BEAUTY** bloom this Spring!



Give your skin Ivory "baby-care," doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . . to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doctors' beauty advice! Give *your* skin, too, the gentle daily care of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now *milder* and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could *your* complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby's lovely skin?

Make your skin
**SPRING
FRESH**

Avoid WINTER-DRIED "flakiness"

Help bring spring's bloom to your skin by "babying" it this way *every night*: With New Ivory's creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot!) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is "winter-dried" apply lightly a little cold cream.



Avoid OILY-SKIN drabness

Since oily skins tend to *hold* dirt, give yours this *thorough* spring-cleansing each night and morning: Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then *scrub* with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

**I'M MOSTLY
COMPLEXION—**

To help keep *my* sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It's an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

**ENJOY "BABY-CARE"
ALL OVER!**

Sink back into a caressing sea of "velvet suds" that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep . . . and waken with "Spring-Fresh" beauty!

**99 44/100 % PURE
IT FLOATS**

"Baby-care" is
Beauty-care . . . use *New Velvet-suds* **IVORY**

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

O V E R H E A R D

THE war won't be won by figuring that we can never lose because we've never lost. It may be that America has never lost a war, but neither, for that matter, has Japan.

—Robert Montgomery on This is War!, on all networks.

All worry is caused by wealth. A boy leaves the country, comes to the city, he spends fifty years working like a dog so that he can save enough money to retire and live in the country again. If he had stayed in the country in the first place he'd have saved the wear and tear on his system and the price of a round trip ticket to New York.

—Doc Rockwell on Fred Allen's program, on CBS.

A book is a wonderful thing. Did you ever stop to think what happens when an author writes a book? Printers are put to work printing the book. Bookbinders go to work binding the book. The book comes out. Bookstores put on extra salesmen. Newspapers hire reviewers to pan the book. Thousands of book-ends are sold. People read the book, their eyes get bad, oculists' business booms. If enough books were written prosperity would be permanent.

—Fred Allen on his CBS program.

What's it like to jump into space 1500 or two thousand feet in the air?

The first time I tried seemed the hardest. As I stood at the open door of the plane, ready to jump, the earth looked a long way off, and my

parachute suddenly seemed very flimsy. Then I jumped as far out as I could to keep clear of the plane. It was like jumping into a hurricane. The wind smacked me hard—and then as the chute opened there was a terrific jerk that took my breath away. For a moment I couldn't see—and then suddenly everything became clear and quiet and I felt I was just hanging there in space. But a few seconds later, 50 feet from the ground, the earth seemed to be rushing toward me very fast. I braced myself—smacked the earth—and rolled over in a somersault. It was something like jumping off the top of an auto going fifteen miles an hour.

—From an interview with Major William M. Miley on We The People, broadcast over CBS.

New ... *Luscious!*
Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Shades—Radiant! They do more than merely match your skin! New Dreamflower shades throw a lovely veil of glamour-soft color over your face!

New Smoothness—Luxurious! Dreamflower's fragrant new silkiness clings tenderly . . . Gives skin a wonderful "misty-soft" look!

New Box—Adorable!
Gorgeous big box—only 49¢!
2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is delightful. It has everything a powder should have—lovely shades, delicate, smooth texture and such a pretty box!"
MISS FERNANDA WANAMAKER

FREE—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades
POND'S, Dept. 8RM-PE, Clinton, Conn.
I should love to try *all* of the new Dreamflower Powder shades so I can be sure of finding the one that is perfect for my coloring. Will you please send me *free samples* right away?

My name _____
My address _____

Discovered!
Pond's "LIPS"
New! Stays on Longer
Smash-success new lipstick in 5 "Stagline" shades. Yummy colors that stay on and on!

10¢
Also a larger size

(Offer good in U. S. only)

You Showed Me the Way

When I got out on to the street, he was still walking beside me, apologizing.

IT WAS one of those New York days. You couldn't imagine anything nice happening to you on such a day. The sky was a dirty gray, and some of the grayness and lots of the dirt seemed to have sifted down into the deep streets, and even into people's hearts.

I didn't really expect to get a job at Miss Patterson's Employment Agency. I'd passed the point where I expected to get a job. But it was one more place to try, so I went there.

Miss Patterson was a calm, efficient-looking middle-aged lady, and she listened politely while I told her what I'd already told so many people—that my name was Marie Karnes, I was twenty years old, and I didn't care what kind of a job I got—cooking, taking care of a baby, cleaning, anything.

"I imagine I can do something for you," she said—and then added, "May I see your references?"

"I—haven't any," I confessed miserably. It was going to be the same old story, all over again. "You see, I've never worked as a domestic servant, but I'm sure I could. I'm a good cook, and I'm fond of children and—"

"I'm sorry, Miss Karnes," she said sympathetically but firmly. "I never handle anyone who hasn't a reference of some kind. That's the way I run my business."

"You couldn't make an exception," I pleaded, "and recommend me for some sort of work—maybe just something temporary?"

Miss Patterson shook her head, and I knew there wasn't any use arguing. "I don't like to break my rule—and besides, I rarely get calls for any but experienced help."

"I see," I said hopelessly, and turned to go. But the thought of the crowded, noisy streets, the whole huge city without a single place in it where I had the right to rest, made me feel suddenly tired, and I asked, "Do you mind if I sit down here for a little while? I've been walking most of the morning."

"Not at all," Miss Patterson said,



Life had been so cruel it seemed like a dream when he whispered that there was happiness ahead. Now, with him beside her, she could dare to hope again

and gestured toward a bench that stood against the wall. With a sigh, I sank down, and for a while there was silence in the little office. Miss Patterson was working on some papers, and I couldn't do anything but sit there, feeling the ache in my legs and the gnawing emptiness of hunger in my whole body. *What will you do now? What will you do now?* A tiny, jeering voice kept asking me that, over and over again.

BRISK footsteps came along the hall outside, paused, and the door swung open. A young man came in—a very jaunty and self-confident and well dressed young man who began smiling the minute he entered the room and went on smiling while he walked over to Miss Patterson. "That is the kind of door I like to come through!" he declared in a voice that had just a shade of foreign accent. "It has a beautiful inscription on it. It says, 'Walk In.' With so many doors being inscribed with 'Keep Out,' it is poetry to see a heart-warming legend which invites the outside world to 'Walk In.'"

He clicked his heels together and bowed to Miss Patterson, who seemed to be amused. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"I sincerely hope so. I am Alexander Rimash, affectionately known as Alec. And I might add that, at times, I am very, very affectionate!"

Miss Patterson was more amused, but she didn't forget to be business-like. "I don't believe you're registered here, Mr. Rimash," she said.

"Ah!" He held up a finger as if she'd just made a brilliant statement. "That is just it! I have come for that purpose—to let you know that I am now available for any reasonable offer of employment."

"Are you a domestic servant?"

"I have been on occasions," he said gaily. "I have served as houseman and I have been a chauffeur. But put me down, please, as a chauffeur. I like to drive long, black, slinky automobiles."

Then Miss Patterson asked her usual question: "Have you references?"

"A few." He took some folded papers out of his pocket and passed them over. Miss Patterson opened the top one, and he leaned over

her shoulder to watch. "That one in particular," he said helpfully, "you will find very interesting. It is beautifully written and says some very flattering things about me."

I had been watching him, but now I turned my head away. I didn't want to envy other people's good fortune, but it did hurt a little. He was so sure of himself, he had references and good clothes—of course he'd get a job! And he didn't need one half as much as I did; you could tell that by looking at him.

"They seem to be in order," I heard Miss Patterson saying, "although I notice they're all from California. Haven't you worked here in the East?"

"No. I have been in your magnificent city only eleven days. It is my first visit here."

That satisfied Miss Patterson, because she agreed to register him, and then they began talking about where he could be reached in case of a call. He explained that his address was only temporary, and it would be better if he came to the office every day, so Miss Patterson told him to report the next morning at ten o'clock. "My morning calls will have come in by then," she said.

"Tomorrow at ten!" he said airily. "It's a date, Miss Patt. *Au revoir!*"

I don't know why I did it—perhaps I had some vague notion that this Mr. Rimash had put Miss Patterson in a better humor, or perhaps his manner spurred me on to being braver on my own account. Anyway, I said breathlessly, "Couldn't I come in tomorrow morning, Miss Patterson?"

She pressed her lips together impatiently. "No, Miss Karnes, I don't think so. I might as well tell you frankly that I can't give you any encouragement."

My little spurt of bravery died away. "I see," I said.

Mr. Rimash, on his way to the door, had stopped and looked at me with frank curiosity when I spoke to Miss Patterson. Now he said:

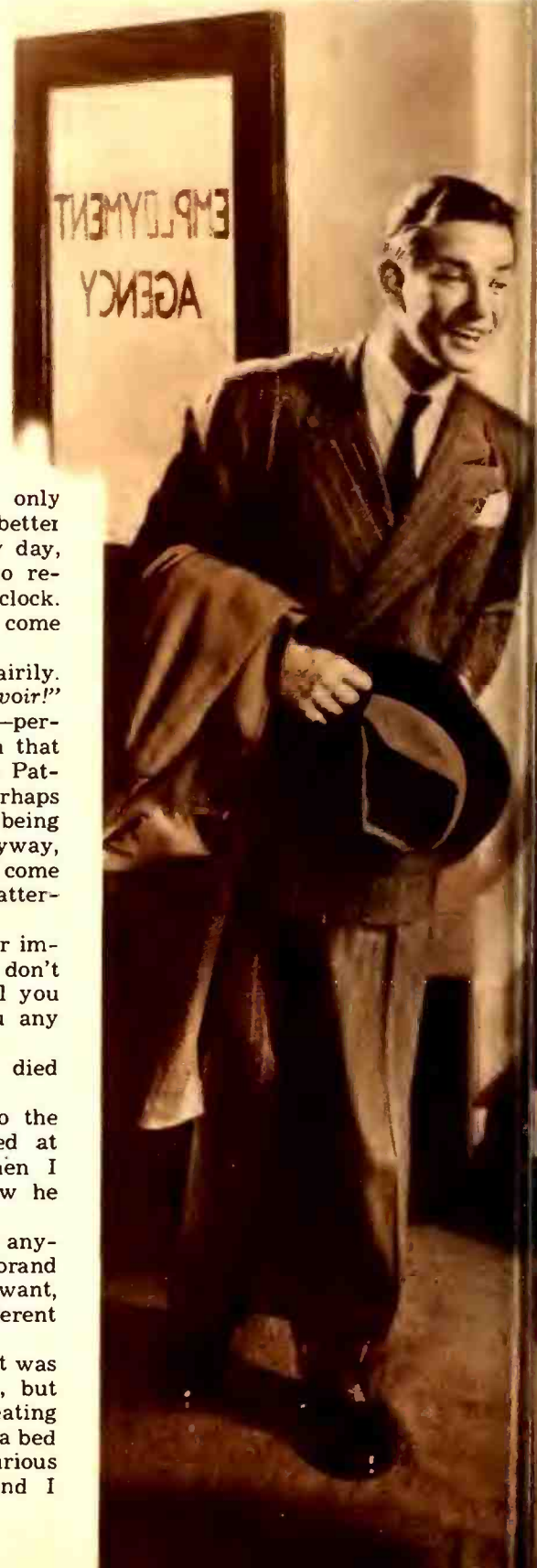
"Encouragement doesn't cost anything, Miss Patterson. What brand of encouragement do you want, Miss? I carry a half-dozen different brands and sizes."

He was making fun of me! It was easy enough for him to joke, but for me it was a question of eating or going hungry, of sleeping in a bed or on a park bench. Weak, furious tears came into my eyes, and I

rushed past him, out of the office.

"Wait!" he called after me. "I apologize—I didn't mean to be rude."

I went on down the hall without turning around. I heard him say something to Miss Patterson, and then he came after me. "Miss Karnes! Please wait!" His legs were longer than mine, so by the



Read in exciting fiction form by Judy Ashley a radio play heard on the Lincoln Highway program, Saturday morning, at 11:00 E.T., over the NBC-Red, sponsored by Shinola Shoe Polish.

time I had descended the single flight of steps and was out on the street he was walking along beside me, still apologizing.

"I always have plenty to say," he babbled. "Talking too much is one of my faults—and I know it. And since I know that talking too much is one of my faults, and since I do not correct it—that in itself is another fault. Isn't it? But I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"It's all right," I said wearily. "Don't worry about it."

"You're not very happy, are you?" he asked.

"No, I suppose I'm not." We came to an intersection, and stopped on the curb to wait for the green light. The traffic was roaring past, and all at once I thought: Why bother to go on? What's the use? It's better to finish everything at once than to starve to death.

Without any conscious effort of my will, I stepped off the curb

into the path of a speeding taxi.

Brakes screeched horribly, and the front of the taxi loomed up until it was bigger than the whole world. Then someone had his arms around me, and was dragging me back, while the taxi, skidding in its effort to stop, whizzed past so close it brushed my skirts.

"Whew!" Alec Rimash said into my ear. "That was a close one—don't you know any better than to argue with a taxi?"

He knew what I'd tried to do, of course. I could see the knowledge in his eyes, big and dark and sympathetic. But he was going to pretend he didn't know. Shaking from the reaction after danger, I was ashamed of myself—and grateful for his understanding. He really *was* kind.

"I'm sorry," I said humbly. "And thank you. I—I guess I'm a little light-headed."

"Oh, well!" he laughed. "I've been light-headed ever since I was born."

We started walking again, and somehow, warmed by his interest and friendliness, I found myself telling him everything—how I'd been born in a little upstate New York town and had come to the city

a few months before, when my mother died, and how I'd been out of work now for four weeks.

"What kind of work do you do?" he asked.

"Well—I took a business course in high school, because Mother wanted me to. But I've lost three jobs in business offices. It's just something I'm not suited for—I never could be. I guess I'm not suited for anything. I don't know why I'm on this earth," I finished.

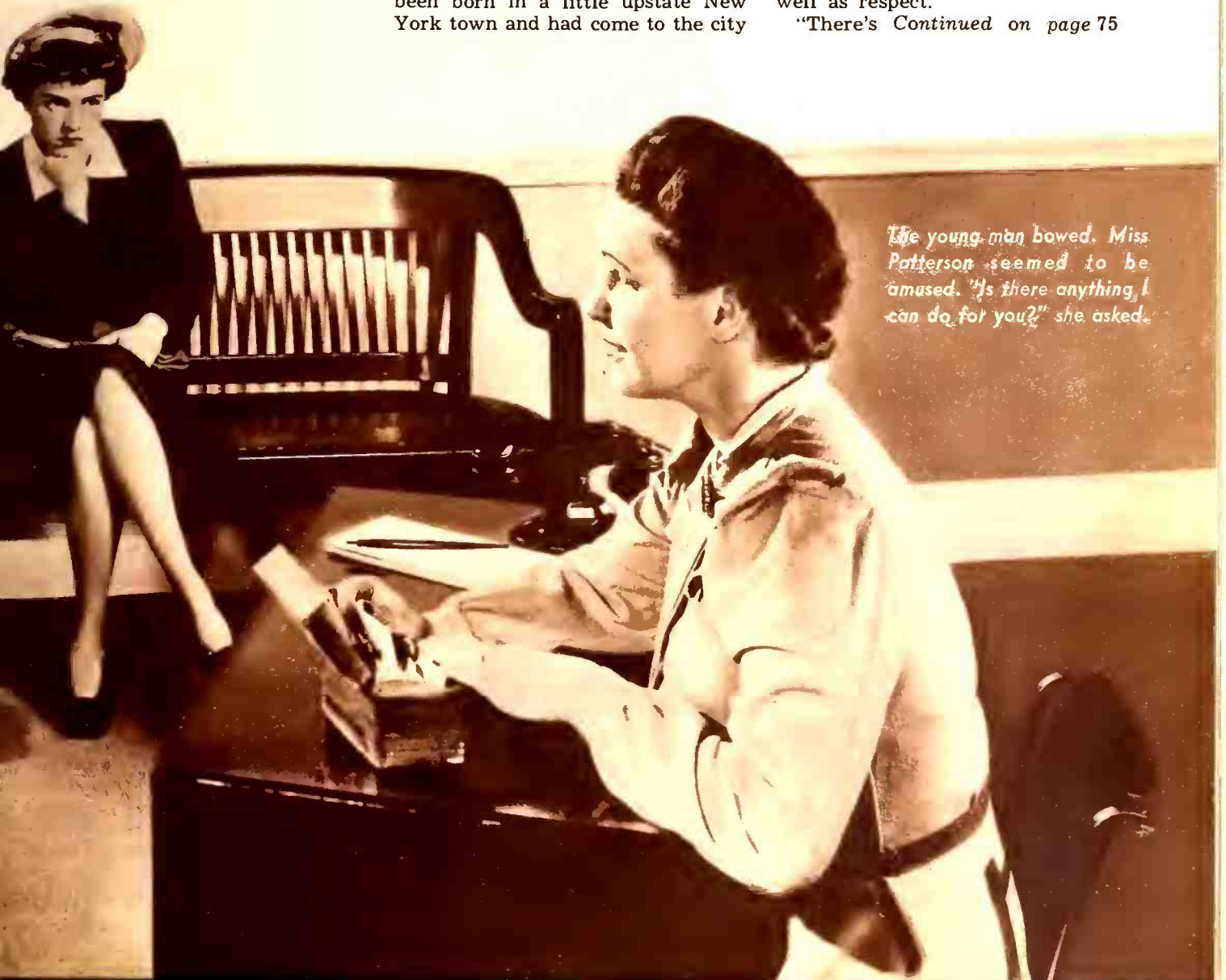
Alec stopped and looked at me in shocked disapproval. "Now, what kind of talk is that?" he asked. "What would the Old Man in the Clouds say if He caught you talking like that?"

"Who?" I asked.

"The Old Man in the Clouds." Alec jabbed a finger upwards. "He sits up there and watches us—He's the one who put us here on this earth."

At first I thought he was joking, in very bad taste. But then I saw he wasn't being sacrilegious. To him, God was a very dear friend, a comrade and guide. When he spoke of Him as "the Old Man in the Clouds," it was with affection as well as respect.

"There's *Continued on page 75*



The young man bowed. Miss Patterson seemed to be amused. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

and gestured toward a bench that stood against the wall. With a sigh, I sank down, and for a while there was silence in the little office. Miss Patterson was working on some papers and I couldn't do anything but sit there, feeling the ache in my legs and the gnawing emptiness of hunger in my whole body. What will you do now? What will you do now? A tiny, jeering voice kept asking me that, over and over again.

BHISK footsteps came along the hall outside, paused, and the door swung open. A young man came in—a very jaunty and self-confident and well dressed young man who began smiling the minute he entered the room and went on smiling while he walked over to Miss Patterson. "That is the kind of door I like to come through!" he declared in a voice that had just a shade of foreign accent. "It has a beautiful inscription on it. It says, 'Walk In.' With so many doors being inscribed with 'Keep Out,' it is poetry to see a heart-warming legend which invites the outside world to 'Walk In.'"

He clicked his heels together and bowed to Miss Patterson, who seemed to be amused. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked.

"I sincerely hope so. I am Alexander Rimash, affectionately known as Alec. And I might add that at times, I am very, very affectionate!"

Miss Patterson was more amused, but she didn't forget to be business-like. "I don't believe you're registered here, Mr. Rimash," she said.

"Ah!" He held up a finger as if she'd just made a brilliant statement. "That is just it. I have come for that purpose—to let you know that I am now available for any reasonable offer of employment."

"Are you a domestic servant?"

"I have been on occasions," he said gallily. "I have served as houseman and I have been a chauffeur. But put me down, please, as a chauffeur. I like to drive long, black, stinky automobiles!"

Then Miss Patterson asked her usual question. "Have you references?"

"A few." He took some folded papers out of his pocket and passed them over. Miss Patterson opened the top one, and he leaned over

her shoulder to show her the one in particular. "It was helpful," he said. "I will find very interesting. It is beautifully written and says some very flattering things about me."

I had been watching him, but now I turned my head away. I didn't want to envy other people's good fortune, but it did hurt a little. He had references and good clothes—of course he's got a job! And he didn't need one half as much as I did; you could tell that by looking at him.

"They seem to be in order," I heard Miss Patterson saying, "although I notice they're all from California. Haven't you worked here in the East?"

"No. I have been in your magnificent city only eleven days. It is my first visit here."

That satisfied Miss Patterson, because she agreed to register him, and then they began talking about where he could be reached in case of a call. He explained that his address was only temporary, and it would be better if he came to the office every day, so Miss Patterson told him to report the next morning at ten o'clock.

"My morning calls will have come in by then," she said.

"Tomorrow at ten!" he said airily. "It's a date, Miss Pat. Au revoir!"

"I don't know why I did it—perhaps I had some vague notion that this Mr. Rimash had put Miss Patterson in a better humor, or perhaps his manner spurred me on to being braver on my own account. Anyway," I said breathlessly, "Could I come in tomorrow morning, Miss Patterson?"

She pressed her lips together impatiently. "No, Miss Karnes, I don't think so. I might as well tell you frankly that I can't give you any encouragement."

"My little spurt of bravery died away," I see, I said.

Mr. Rimash, on his way to the door, had stopped and looked at me with frank curiosity when I spoke to Miss Patterson. Now he said:

"Encouragement doesn't cost anything, Miss Patterson. What brand of encouragement do you want, Miss? I carry a half-dozen different brands and sizes."

He was making fun of me! It was easy enough for him to joke, but for me it was a question of eating or going hungry, of sleeping in a bed or on a park bench. Weak, furious tears came into my eyes, and I

rushed past him, out of the office. "Wait!" he called after me. "I apologize—I didn't mean to be rude."

I went on down the hall without turning around. I heard him say something to Miss Patterson, and then he came after me. "Miss Karnes! Please wait!" His legs were longer than mine, so by the

time I had descended the single flight of steps and was out on the street he was walking along beside me, still apologizing.

"I always have plenty to say," he babbled. "Talking too much is one of my faults—and I know it. And since I know that talking too much is one of my faults, and since I do not correct it—that in itself is another fault. Isn't it? But I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"It's all right," I said wearily. "Don't worry about it."

"You're not very happy, are you?" he asked.

"No, I suppose I'm not." We came to an intersection, and stopped on the curb to wait for the green light. The traffic was roaring past, and all at once I thought: Why bother to go on? What's the use? It's better to finish everything at once than to starve to death.

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"There's Continued on page 75



Read an exciting fiction form by Judy Ashley a radio play heard on the Lincoln Highway program, Saturday morning, at 11:00 E.T., over the NBC. Read, sponsored by Shinola Shoe Polish.

A Wife in Need

"I'm glad I'm married to you." Six simple words, yet they wiped away all the weeks of black despair—and Ellen knew she would have courage for the biggest test of their love still ahead

THE minute I saw Mark come up the front sidewalk I knew something was wrong. When you've been married a while, you can always tell. It's as if the days and months of living together gave you a set of little antennae that have a sense and feeling all their own, and you can feel things coming from a long way off.

It wasn't only because it was early in the afternoon. I could tell by the way he walked. Usually Mark swings along with that free and easy lope common to all men who work outdoors, with his big body relaxed and his head held high. But now his jaw thrust out at a defiant angle, and he walked as if he were pushing his way through a crowd, shouldering imaginary obstacles out of the way. My breath caught a little, but when he opened the door I was ready.

"Why, darling, you're early. Did they give you the afternoon off? How did that happen?"

Mark tossed his old, oil-stained work hat in the general direction of the couch and shouldered one more imaginary obstacle from in front of him. "What do you mean—how did it happen? Can't a man come home early without everybody criticizing him?"

That was so unlike him I just stared. There was a little dead moment of silence, and his jaw thrust further out. Then I said softly, "Well, I guess he can. Home is the

place to come — when you're in trouble."

"Trouble? Why do you always think it's trouble?"

"Tell me what happened."

He turned then and I saw his eyes, "I got fired," he said miserably.

"Fired!"

The word struck terror to my heart. In these days of rising prices, of heavy taxes, of the shifting sands of a world at war, I knew jobs were terribly hard to come by and we'd saved pitifully little out of Mark's salary. It wasn't for incompetence, I knew—because my husband is the best darn geologist in our part of the state.

"They can't do that!" I cried. "Not to you."

"Well—they did," Mark said bitterly. "I—I guess in a way it was my own fault. But I thought they hired me to find oil, not to play office politics. And I found oil too, on



A fictionization by Helen Irwin Dowdey of the drama by Kenneth Higgins, first broadcast on the First Nighter program, heard Friday nights at 9:30, E.T., on CBS, sponsored by Campana's Italian Balm.

that hundred and sixty acres I told you about over near Shephards-town."

"But if you found oil," I cried, "why would they fire you?"

"That's just it," Mark said with a mirthless twist of his lips. "Murdoch, the head of my department, didn't agree with me when I said there was oil in that property. We argued about it and I handed in my report anyway, right over Murdoch's head, to the big boss. Murdoch got sore—you know what a big shot he thinks he is—and insisted they fire me."

Mark paused and drew in his breath in one deep gulp as if he could wash away the unhappiness from his system.

"That's all there is to it—except they said I could have two months' salary as notice."

I couldn't quite hide the relief that swept over me. "But Mark, that's certainly something. And you did exactly right. I'd rather you'd be honest about what you think than keep your job. Two months' salary"—I was already doing mental arithmetic—"why Mark, you'll have another job long before that's gone."

He looked more miserable than ever. "Well, honey, you see I—I got them to give me that hundred and



Mark's eyes lit up and for the first time his face lost that awful closed, tight look. "Ellen, we'll do it!" Our hands clasped over the little bank.

sixty acres instead of the salary. I—"

"You what?"

"Yes. I—I can get somebody to drill a well on that land and carry me for a part interest in it. Aw gee, Ellen, I'm sorry. I don't expect you to understand, but when Murdock said what he did I just had to prove I was right. And it wasn't just that either. If there is oil there and if we can get somebody to drill, my interest in it will amount to a whole lot more than a measly two months' pay."

If. The sound of it shattered all

my mental arithmetic and left me close to panic. If he could get somebody to drill. If there was oil. And if he couldn't or there wasn't . . . But I couldn't let him see, when he was so upset.

YOU—you did exactly right." My voice sounded weak but I tried to make it convincing. "If you say that lease is good, it's good. You go ahead."

"Yes, but without money — I stopped by the bank on the way home and we spend more in a month than what we have in there, just for

living expenses. You know, it just didn't occur to me that things like this could happen to people like us. I thought it was always somebody else."

"We're young. We can pull through."

He didn't say anything for a minute. He looked at me. When he spoke, it was just six simple little words. "I'm glad I'm married to you."

In them were all the things spoken and left unspoken that had been between us since before marriage, and after—all *Continued on page 58*

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Lorenzo Jones

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BELLE JONES pulled aside the bright gingham kitchen curtains and watched the rain make little puddles in the backyard. From where she stood, she could see Lorenzo's workshop, boarded up now, and desolate looking in the late November afternoon. She wriggled her toes comfortably in her soft, felt slippers, and sighed.


It seemed strange, Belle thought, not to see a light burning in the workshop. She sighed again, this time a relieved sigh, because she knew that Lorenzo was working conscientiously at Jim Barker's garage and not wasting his time in that dusty, cluttered workshop which had brought them both so much unhappiness.

"He's really settled down, at last," she said. And she was startled a little by the fact that she had spoken her thoughts aloud. Then, continuing to think about Lorenzo, she smiled.

She could almost see him, even though he wasn't there. Lorenzo—his plain, serious face, which looked like a little boy's face whenever something troubled him. And the shock of hair, which kept falling across his forehead and the far away look in his eyes when he was thinking of something too intimate to talk about to anybody.

All these things were certainly Lorenzo Jones, outwardly. But, inwardly, Belle could not see quite so clearly. Belle could only do as she was doing now—hope—hope that she had cured him, once and for all, of his dreams of making a million dollars on one of his visionary inventions.

In her warm kitchen, thinking about her husband and the grief his dreams had caused her, Belle



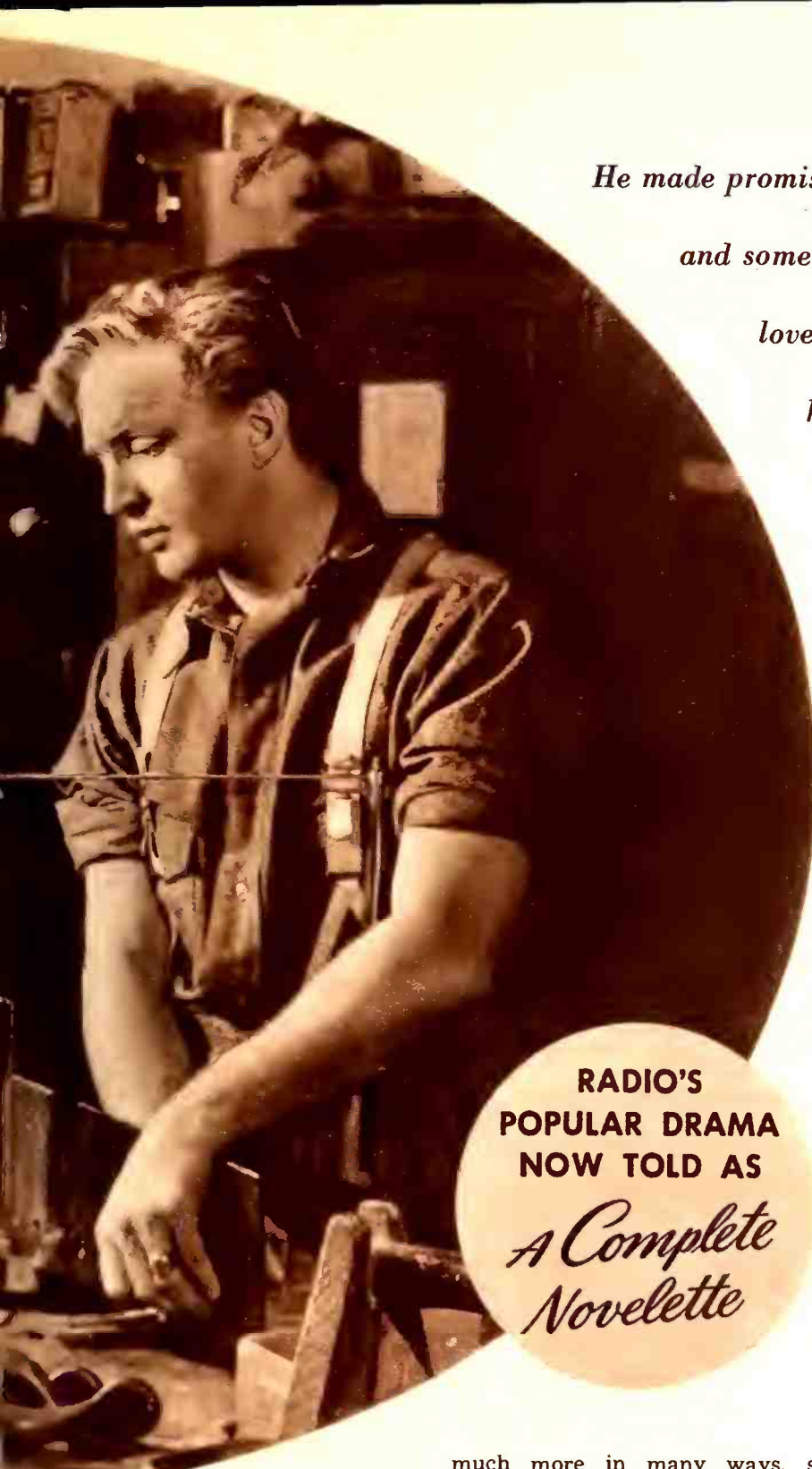
Belle looked at his sad face and her heart went out to the impractical dreamer who was her husband.

shivered. It had seemed, at times, that some of the difficulties into which Lorenzo had plunged would never get straightened out. Though, after each ordeal, he always promised so faithfully that he would settle down and lead a normal sensible life.

Belle wondered how she ever had endured some of the situations into which Lorenzo's over-active and somewhat fantastic mind had cast them. There was hardly a person in town who hadn't, in some way, been caught up in the whirlwind of Lorenzo's activities and from whose fury she had had to rescue him.

Belle to the rescue, she thought, with a little smile. And thinking it, she knew she'd always be there when he needed her. She knew, deep down in her heart, that in spite of his penchant for wild schemes and his insatiable curiosity about other people's lives, Lorenzo was essentially a good, sweet person.

Yes, Belle sighed to herself, he's sweet and good. But she knew there was something more than that,



He made promises, but he always broke them—

and sometimes it seemed to Belle that her

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her through the turmoil of life

with this man she had married

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"We'll pay back the thousand dollars and you know you like Lorenzo. You've been through too much together not to remain friends."

"I've certainly been through plenty with him," Jim had said hotly. "I don't mind being friends—if Lorenzo keeps his distance."

"You're not going to fire him, Jim?" Belle had asked in a frightened whisper.

Jim had looked at the floor, then, ashamed before Belle's direct gaze. "Well—" Jim had said, "I was thinking of just that."

"Oh, you can't!" Belle cried. "You just can't! Lorenzo has promised to turn over a new leaf." And then she had told Jim about the conversation she'd had with Lorenzo the night before, about the way Lorenzo had sat on the bed, his head in his hands, his heart full of contrition, and had promised her that he would settle down, stick to their budget and become a practical, steady man.

There had been tears in Belle's eyes, when Lorenzo had said all this, just as there were when she had faced Jim Barker and begged him to keep Lorenzo on at the garage. "Do you know what he said, Jim?" she had pleaded. "Lorenzo said he was going to settle down and become responsible and worthwhile—just like you."

Jim had bit his lip, looking at Belle with troubled eyes. "Hmm," he had said, at last, "just like me." He considered a bit. "Well, Belle, I'll give him another chance. But," he warned, "he'll have to toe the mark around here."

Belle had gone home, radiant with happiness. Lorenzo had repeated his vow to settle down and work toward that wonderful day when they had saved enough money to

much more in many ways, she thought, he was a boy now than he had been fifteen years ago.

His latest fiasco, "Tricks, Inc." had almost landed him in jail. Not only that, but his boss at the garage, Jim Barker, had been so overpowered by Lorenzo's oratory that he had lost time and money—a thousand dollars—on Lorenzo's scheme. Belle felt the touch of fear again, remembering that scene with Jim a few weeks ago.

"It's no use Belle," Jim had said. "Lorenzo is a closed book as far as I'm concerned. I've had my last dealings with him."

"Now, Jim," she had said softly.

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She smiled, then, thinking of him. His earnestness, his shy, yet exuberant way of reciting poetry to her and firing her imagination with his wild dreams of inventions that would make them a fortune. How

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buy a garage of their own. And, during the past few weeks, Lorenzo had lived up to his promise, lived up to it valiantly. They'd even saved some money toward paying their debt to Jim Barker. For the first time in years, Belle had felt peacefully secure and utterly happy.

Now, she turned from the window and busied herself with the task of making supper for her husband, for Lorenzo Jones, the plain garage mechanic, the steady, reliable, working man. In the middle of her preparations, the phone rang. Belle hurried to answer it. It was Irma Barker, Jim's wife.

GUESS what, Belle!" Irma bubbled into the wire. "My cousin, Anna Hunter, just arrived from Chicago." Irma's voice was full of excitement. She talked on and on about Anna Hunter, finally inviting Belle and Lorenzo to come over and meet her after supper.

"I don't know, Irma," Belle sighed. "Lorenzo's usually pretty tired when he gets home—wants to get his forty winks."

"It'll do him good to get out," Irma insisted. "Jim says he's been very grouchy lately."

Belle accepted the invitation. But, after she had hung up, she began to worry about Irma's remark. Grouchy? Was Lorenzo unhappy at the garage? She tasted the soup on the stove, unthinkingly. Could it be, she wondered, that Lorenzo was only putting up a front for her? Was he just pretending that he liked being a steady, responsible person? Her heart sank, as she wondered whether he was really miserable without his impractical dreams and his workshop.

During supper, Belle watched Lorenzo's face. Now that she looked at it this way, she could see it was true. There was moodiness in his eyes, in the way he held his lips. She realized, suddenly, that she had made a mistake. She had let her own happiness blind her. She had actually seen a change in Lorenzo, because she had wanted to see it, because she had wanted so much for him to change.

"Lorenzo," she said gently, knowing that somehow she had to get at the truth, "is something bothering you?"

Lorenzo's brow wrinkled. He put down his knife and fork. "Now, Belle," he said, not quite hiding his irritation, "I don't want to get into one of your discussions."

"Lorenzo," Belle insisted, "you are happy, aren't you? You don't regret—"

"Belle!" Lorenzo exploded. "Don't meddle with a man's inner self."

"What's wrong with your inner self?" Belle asked, her heart beating very fast.

"What's wrong with it?" Lorenzo's voice was indignant. "I guess you forgot about my feelings for the last few weeks. I suppose you'd like to work for Jim and be told every five minutes that you're responsible for his predicament—for the mortgage on his garage."

"But," Belle said, "I thought that was all forgotten."

"Well," Lorenzo said, "maybe I forgot it—being a forgivin' soul. But Jim hasn't. He keeps reminding me," he said bitterly, "that I'm only being kept on for the sake of the little woman."

"But dear—" Belle began.

"And that's not all," Lorenzo said, pushing away his plate. "When I come home here, worn out, every nerve a frazzle, what do I find? A budget!"

At last, Belle thought, the cat was out of the bag. In a way, she felt relieved. You can fight facts, she reasoned to herself, but you can't fight suspicions.

"Penny pinching!" Lorenzo snorted. "My own wife carrying on the same kind of badgering."

"I don't badger," Belle said defensively. "I've just put the household on a budget. All I ask of you is that you help me carry it out."

"And, may I ask," Lorenzo said sarcastically, "why we're on a budget?"

Belle's temper was wearing thin. "You know why, Lorenzo Jones," she said firmly. "Because we have to save money, that's why!"

"Bah!" Lorenzo said. "If this is the kind of conversation we're going to have at home, we might as well go out. Even Irma's cousin—whatever her name is—will be a relief."

"Really," Belle said, blinking back the tears, "you're very rude this evening."

"I'm sorry, Belle—I didn't mean to be rude," Lorenzo apologized.

On the way to Jim's house, Belle told Lorenzo all the things Irma had said about Anna Hunter on the telephone. Irma had described her cousin as very young and very attractive. Lorenzo walked along beside Belle, barely listening. But, when Belle told him that Anna

Hunter had just inherited some money and was going to take a year off to travel and see the world, Lorenzo quickened his pace.

"How much money do you think she inherited?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know, Lorenzo," Belle said warily. "It doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Hmm," Lorenzo said. "Maybe not, Belle. Just curious, that's all."

"Are you sure it's only curiosity?" Belle asked carefully, as they turned into the walk leading to Jim Barker's door.

Belle's first impression of Anna Hunter was favorable. She was a tall, beautiful, young girl with deep, brown eyes that had a mysterious look in them. Anna's voice was girlish and musical. She was charming. She even made Lorenzo perk up.

"Jim tells me, Mr. Jones," she said, "that you're an inventor."

"Yes," Lorenzo said, brightening immediately. "Loosely speaking, I've contributed quite a few interesting and useful things to society. But," he added, "that's water under the bridge, Miss Hunter."

"Call me Anna," the girl smiled.

"Glad to," Lorenzo smiled back.

Belle turned away to hide her own satisfied smile. A little flattery right now, she thought, would do Lorenzo good. She left him with Anna and made the rounds of the room, talking to the other guests. As the evening wore on, however, Belle couldn't help noticing that Anna was being more than politely, casually, attentive to Lorenzo. They stood in a corner of the room, away from everyone else, and they were very deep in earnest talk. Belle watched, with a little sense of shock, as Anna abstractedly picked a loose hair from Lorenzo's coat.

"Lorenzo and Anna seem to have become friends," Judy Peabody said.

Judy was the wife of Nick Peabody, Lorenzo's young writer friend and admirer. Belle smiled at Judy. The young woman had always been as close to her as Nick was to Lorenzo.

"Yes," Belle said. "They seem to be getting along fine." Then, for some unknown reason, feeling the need to change the subject, she said, "How is your budget getting along, Judy?"

"Terrible," Judy said. "Nick just can't seem to see the sense in it."

And, comparing notes, Belle forgot about Anna Hunter. She might have gone right on not thinking of her, too, if Lorenzo hadn't suggested, a few days later, that they ought to invite Anna to tea. And, to climax it, Lorenzo thought that tea should be served in his workshop. Of course, Belle objected.



Now you can read in thrilling fiction form by Jack Sher, the story of Lorenzo Jones, the lovable radio serial you've been listening to daily at 4:30 P.M., E. T., over the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Double Danderine and Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and Tablets. Photographic illustrations posed by Lucille Woll as Belle and Karl Swenson as Lorenzo.



"Why on earth," she asked, "do you think that a pretty young girl like that would be interested in seeing that workshop of yours?"

"For your information," Lorenzo flared, "Anna may be beautiful, but she also has a mind. Why," he fairly exploded, "you should have heard her gasp, when I told her about the hundreds of times I stood on the brink of success." He paused, as if he wanted that to impress itself on Belle's mind. "Jim tells me," he went on more quietly, "that Anna is quite rich."

"Hmm," Belle said. "I don't think she's rich. She has an income of her own—that's all."

"Ahh," Lorenzo sighed. "What I

wouldn't give to have a little income—incoming. As it is, all we have is a budget."

Mainly to avoid another argument about the budget, Belle agreed to invite Anna to tea. She couldn't say she was very excited about it,

"Belle," Judy gasped, "You look absolutely seductive in that dress. Buy it."

though. But Lorenzo was. The next afternoon, while she was preparing the sandwiches and cookies, Belle had to admit that Lorenzo was decidedly nervous. He seemed to be all on edge. He prowled around the house, *Continued on page 79*

In her heart she refused to believe that this enchanted interlude they had shared was merely a holiday flirtation—yet she knew only his name and that since he had gone life was without meaning



THE tanned young man across the table didn't appear to see the pile of chips pushed toward him by the croupier. He bowed politely to a short, swarthy man

standing beside him, and said in very bad Spanish:

"Pardon, Señor. How many children have you?"

The little man jumped. "Eight," he said in a startled voice.

"Good." To the croupier: "All the chips go on number eight."

The wheel spun. The tiny ball traveled around silently in its groove, then dribbled out of it, hopped, clicking, in and out of several slots, and finally settled in number eight. The crowd of people around the roulette table breathed one tremendous sigh, and the croupier pushed another mountain of chips toward the tanned young man, who received them with as little interest as before.

Julie Maclane sighed with the others. Right now, for the first time, the glowing phrases of the travel booklet were coming to life.

The first part of the cruise, from New York here to Havana, hadn't been much. You could be as lonely on the white decks of the *Christobal* as you could in a one-room-and-kitchenette-and-bath just off Sheridan Square. As lonely—and as troubled.

"Shake off your cares as the ship cuts through blue waters where pirates once held sway," the travel booklet had advised confidently. "Thrill to historic Morro Castle, stroll through the streets of Old Havana, redolent with the romance of storied adventure . . ."

And more of the same, quite a bit more of the same.

But although the waters of the Caribbean were blue enough, they couldn't make up for Julie's partners at her table in the dining

salon, a pair of honeymooners with eyes only for each other, a school-teacher who was evidently approaching the cruise as if it were a textbook she had to study, and a young businessman with eye-glasses and not much hair who reminded her entirely too much of Edgar.

It was disloyal, Julie told herself again and again, to mind being reminded of Edgar. Edgar was good and kind and sweet, and she respected him more than any man she'd ever known. The only thing wrong was that she didn't—couldn't—love him.

People said you could learn to love someone you respected. Edgar thought so, too. "I know I can make you happy, Julie," was the way he'd put it. "I can give you more than you've ever had."

He'd sounded exactly the way he did when he addressed a board meeting urging the purchase of a new issue of municipal bonds—quiet, logical, certain. And deadly dull.

Julie knew that tone of voice very well, because she was Edgar's stenographer and sat beside him in conferences taking notes. She knew a good many things about Edgar, such as that he favored gray suits and blue ties with small, discreet figures, that he often lunched on a sandwich and a glass of milk, and that he'd been married to a wife who'd finally gone out to Reno. But she didn't know, until he began taking her out to dinner and theaters, that he'd ever thought she might be a candidate for the post of Mrs. Edgar Sturgis number two.

The discovery shocked her. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to marry Edgar. Not that he wasn't one of the kindest men she'd ever known, but—well—

Maybe Julie was romantic, but all her life, or at any rate ever since she turned sixteen, she'd thought that some day she would meet the one man in the world

she could really love. She didn't know what he looked like, but she did know he'd be gay, and daring, and very fascinating. Everything, in fact, that Edgar was not.

She tried to imagine Edgar ever doing anything as magnificently carefree as gambling at all, much less saying, as the young unknown across the roulette table was saying now to a pinch-faced woman of uncertain years:


"And you, Madame—how many times have you been married?"

The woman glared. "I've never been married and never intend to be!"

"Right!" the young man shouted above the laughter of the crowd. "Put it all on double-0, croupier."



A Romeo for Julie



Fictionized by Lester Gottlieb from the original play written by True Boardman for the Silver Theatre program heard Sundays over CBS, sponsored by the International Silver Company, starring Cary Grant as Steve West.

When he won again it was with a triumphant grin, as if he'd known all along he couldn't fail. But this time, before the next spin, he hesitated. His eyes, startlingly blue in his tanned face, looked thoughtfully around the circle of people, most of them passengers from the *Christobal* who had come ashore to the Havana casino more out of curiosity than a desire to risk money. They settled, finally, on Julie, and lit up with determination.

"Senorita," he called—"you with the beautiful red lips and the honey-colored hair—perhaps you will help my infallible system by telling me your age?"

Julie blushed, and knew she was

blushing, and resented it, and blushed the more. Everyone at the table was looking at her, and the young man was smiling, too. "Come, come," he said imperiously. "Mustn't delay the game, you know."

Julie's small pointed chin tilted ever so little. "Nineteen," she said firmly.

Between courses they danced, and before either of them knew it, this wonderful, perfect day was over.

The young man bowed. "All of it on nineteen!" he told the croupier. The ball whirled around the rim—and popped without hesitation into groove number twenty-one.

"Well!" the young man said unconcernedly, shrugged, rounded the table and took Julie's arm. "Come outside," he commanded, and led

In her heart she refused to believe that this enchanted interlude they had shared was merely a holiday flirtation—yet she knew only his name and that since he had gone life was without meaning

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"Well!" the young man said unconcernedly, shrugged, rounded the table and took Julie's arm. "Come outside," he commanded, and led

her, unprotesting, to the balcony that overlooked the town and the harbor.

YOU lied to me," he accused. "You're twenty-one. You *must* be—my system has never failed." Julie giggled. "You ought to know better than to ask a girl her age."

"It was entirely in the interests of science," he assured her. "Why don't you sit down? Then we can talk." And somehow Julie discovered that she *was* sitting down. He was a buccaneer, she decided; a young buccaneer, maybe left over from the days when pirates had held sway in the Caribbean.

But his name, when he announced it, was prosaic. Steve West.

"What's yours?" he added.

"Julie Maclane."

It wasn't very light out on the terrace, but she thought she saw a

look of startled surprise on his face. Before she could be sure, it was gone and he was talking again. He seemed to be good at talking.

"Of course. That's right. You're Julie Maclane and you live near Sheridan Square and you work—secretary—in Wall Street and you're taking a vacation cruise on the *Christobal*."

Wide-eyed, she asked, "How—how did you know all that?"

"Secret agents. I have 'em everywhere. I'm a spy," he said blithely.

"A—spy?"

"Sure. A harmless variety, though. I'm proud to say I do my work with a minimum of mayhem . . . That reminds me. How many x's are there in assassinate?"

Julie laughed aloud—the clear, whole-hearted laughter of a delighted child. "Silly! There aren't *any*."

"Aren't? Oh, that's right—I was thinking of exterminate."

And he laughed, too, although, as Julie admitted upon thinking it over later, it probably wasn't so terribly funny after all. Then they were silent, and the silence lengthened, until it seemed that this silence had said rather a good deal to each about the other. Unexpectedly, Julie thought about Edgar and felt guilty.

There was no reason to feel guilty, either. No reason at all!

She hadn't promised to marry Edgar, although she knew how sensible it would be to do so. That was the only reason she'd squandered her entire savings on this cruise—in the hope that, amid new surroundings, she could argue out the very big difference between what was sensible and what she wanted. Only—there didn't seem to be much hope of ever getting what she wanted, unless—

Julie shivered a little, and again her chin went out and up, as it had in the gambling casino, as it had when she determined to take this cruise before giving Edgar his answer, as it always would when she flung defiance at a world that was—like Edgar—altogether too devoted to the sensible thing.

Overhead the sky was like an indigo bowl spangled at intervals with diamond-dust. A breeze from the harbor lifted a lock of Julie's hair and carefully dropped it back into place again.

"It's much too dark," Steve West's voice murmured in her ear.

"Too dark?" she asked dreamily.

"I mean your lipstick," he said.


"It's the only thing that keeps you from being perfect."

She had an instant's certainty that he was going to kiss her—and she waited. But instead, shockingly, he took her hand and held it tightly. "Time to go inside," he said, and led her, unbelieving and angry, back to the casino. To an attendant he flipped a coin and said, "Please see that Miss Maclane is safely escorted back to her ship."

Too amazed to speak, she saw him bow, gravely. "Buenas noches, Senorita." And then he was gone, disappearing into the crowd around the gambling tables. Julie fought down the temptation to run after him and walked, instead, through the room and out to the taxi the attendant had summoned.

A girl should be angry when she has been treated the way Steve West had treated her. Julie knew this, and tried hard to live up to convention, but it was no use. Instead of being angry, she kept remembering the way little crinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes when he laughed, and the clean look of his jaw, and other matters, which she obviously wouldn't have given a second thought to if she'd really been furious.

But she probably wouldn't ever see him again, she thought. He hadn't come to Havana on the *Christobal*, that was certain, or she'd have seen him on the way from New York. So he must live in Havana, and that meant he'd stay behind. *Continued on page 71*



He caught her hand, pleading, "I didn't want to do this. Please don't be angry."

THE Right to Happiness

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Presenting for the first time, real life photographs of the people whose struggles against a hostile world make one of radio's most dramatic shows



All human beings have their right to happiness, though in their eager search for it they sometimes lose sight of their goal. In this unusual serial by Irna Phillips, heard Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M., E.T., over NBC-Red, sponsored by P & G White Naphtha Soap, Doris Cameron and her daughter Carolyn meet tragedy through a man's cruelty. Carolyn, now on trial for murder, has found solace in the new and sweeter relationship with her mother whose visits to prison prove her love.



FRED MINTERN, a distinguished, intelligent and kindly man, is deeply in love with Doris Cameron and has contributed what little happiness Doris has had in the past year. Fred, who has fostered the literary career of the woman he loves, knows all about her past life and has done a great deal to soften some of her present heartaches. Fred has been in love with Doris almost from the first moment he saw her, but she has not returned his love until recently. They plan to marry very soon and if this comes about it would lead to the first full measure of happiness for both of them.

(Played by Arthur Kohl)



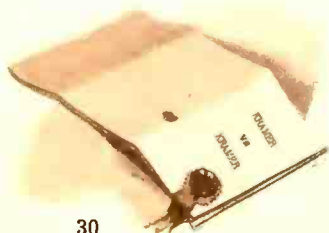


DORIS CAMERON, beautiful and self-sacrificing, has had little happiness in life. When her first husband died, she became a successful writer. Once in love with Bill Walker, she suffered deep humiliation when he married her daughter, Carolyn, causing more unhappiness until Carolyn divorced him and married Dwight Kramer. Walter, bent on revenge, tried to ruin both women's lives. In an attempt to intimidate Walker and prevent his revenge, Carolyn threatened him with a gun and, in the struggle, he was accidentally, but fatally wounded. Carolyn is now on trial for murder and Doris cannot gain the contentment she is seeking until Carolyn's problems are solved.
(Played by Constance Crowder)





DWIGHT KRAMER, a tall, handsome, impetuous young man, has recently decided to divorce his wife, Carolyn, because of the accusations of Bill Walker, her former husband. Walker once befriended Kramer when he was in need, and if Dwight had not been so terribly in love with Carolyn, it is doubtful whether he ever would have married her. Now that Carolyn is on trial for her life, he realizes that he still loves her, but seems to lack the courage to go to her side, admitting his past mistakes and offering to start anew. Dwight had always been deeply fond of Carolyn's mother, Doris, and she has faith and confidence in him and hopes that he and Carolyn can be reunited. (Played by Ed Prentiss)





CAROLYN KRAMER is Doris Cameron's lovely young daughter, a girl whose extreme beauty and youthful impetuosity have often caused both her and her mother unhappiness. When Carolyn met Bill Walker, she did not know that he and her mother were in love and planning to be married. In spite of the fact that he was twenty years older, she married him. However, she soon realized the marriage was a mistake, and when she met young Dwight Kramer, she fell in love with him and divorced Walker. For a few months after her marriage to Dwight, Carolyn was blissfully happy. Then Walker, still nursing his grudge, attempted to wreck the happiness of Carolyn and her mother. His first step was to turn Dwight against Carolyn. In attempting further steps to ruin Carolyn's life, he was accidentally shot and Carolyn now faces a murder charge.
(Played by Eloise Kummer)



BILL WALKER once loved Doris Cameron and waited for years to marry her, but succumbed to the fascination of her beautiful daughter, instead. Although he knew how much it would hurt Doris, he persuaded Carolyn to marry him. When Dwight Kramer appeared on the scene and fell in love with Carolyn, who no longer loved Bill, he became infuriated and tried to prevent Carolyn from divorcing him. This failed and when Carolyn married Dwight, Walker became a very bitter and revengeful man whose one purpose in life was to ruin the two women he had once professed to love. Walker revealed some information about Carolyn's past which caused Dwight to divorce her. But even this act did not wholly satisfy his desire for revenge on Doris and her daughter and in trying to hurt them further he was accidentally shot by Carolyn. His life was ruined by false pride and futile hatred.
(Played by Reese Taylor)

THE STORY OF

Mary

UNTIL the night when she picked up a slip of paper dropped in the hallway of their home by her husband, Mary Marlin's life had been the uneventful, happy one of a small-town wife. Joe and she had no children, but they had security and contentment. Or so Mary thought until she saw the note which told her Joe was carrying on a secret intrigue with his secretary, Sally Gibbons. When she confronted Joe with the note he admitted that he wanted a divorce so he could marry Sally. Upon the advice of David Post, Joe's law partner and best friend, Mary refused to give him the divorce for six months, and went to New York to visit an old school friend, Henriette Dorne. Henriette, now a fashionable modiste, taught Mary how to look young and beautiful again, and shortly before the six months were up Mary returned to Cedar Springs. But although Joe was dazzled by the new Mary he did not ask her to forgive him and take him back. Not until he suddenly disappeared from Cedar Springs did Mary learn the reason for his silence—he had found out that his infatuation for Sally was a mistake, and his pride would not let him return to Mary.

For some time Mary did not know where Joe was, but then he reappeared as the defense attorney in a New York murder trial. His defense was successful, and once more he felt that he had a right to go back to Cedar Springs and take up his life where he had left off. He and Mary were reconciled, and Joe entered politics, being elected Senator from Iowa on the same day that their son Davey was born. In Washington, Mary found that ambition and his fatal susceptibility to flattery were coming between her and Joe. Bunny Mitchell, the wife of the elderly Secretary of the Interior, made no secret of her infatuation for Joe, and Mary's pleas to see less of the Mitchells went unheeded. The climax came when Mary, returning unexpectedly at seven o'clock in the morning from a short visit to Cedar Springs, found Joe bringing Bunny Mitchell into the Marlin home.

BUNNY came in—that is," Joe stammered, "she thought she left her bag here and—"

"Yes—I'm sure it's in the library—" Bunny and Joe had spoken almost simultaneously. Now they stopped, looking distraught and embarrassed. The marks of the night were heavy on them both. Joe's speech was thick and his eyes dulled, and Bunny's shining brown hair was disarranged.

The sick disgust had ebbed away from Mary. Now she felt empty and terribly tired.

Read this dramatic novel by Norton Russell, then listen to *The Story of Mary Marlin* on the air, written by Jane Crustinberry and heard doily on NBC-Red and CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographs posed by Anne Seymour as Mary, Fron Carlon as Bunny.

Marlin

It was only a dream, after all—or was it more, a warning that this fateful day was destined to alter the course of their lives?

"Oh yes, your bag," she said vaguely. "You must find it, of course." In the dining room, to the right of the hall, she caught sight of her butler's neat, thin figure. "Arnold," she called, "have you seen anything of Mrs. Mitchell's bag? She thinks she left it here last night."

"It's gold brocade, quite small," Bunny said, talking very fast. "I think I laid it down in the library when I dropped in to see if Joe wouldn't take me to Della Worthington's party. Frazer was too tired to go and I just couldn't sit home doing nothing. But of course I may have lost it—we went to several places after we left Della's."

Mary wanted to say, "Obviously," but she didn't because just then the telephone rang.

They all stood in frozen silence while Arnold answered it. "Hello . . . Er—no sir, Senator Marlin isn't awake—"

How beautifully Arnold lies, Mary thought. The perfect butler.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Mitchell. The minute he wakes up—"

Bunny's breath had caught, sharply, at the sound of her husband's name. And at the same moment Mary was moving toward Arnold, saying, "If that's Secretary Mitchell, Arnold, let me talk to him."

"Mary, you wouldn't!" Joe gasped; and Bunny said in a voice of sheer terror: "Please—please don't tell him I'm here!"

Mary, taking the telephone from Arnold's hand, paused long enough to glance in scorn at Bunny. Then she was talking—casually, matter-of-factly.

"Hello, Frazer . . . Yes, I'm even a little surprised to be here . . . Last night. Joe met me at the train, and did his best to persuade me to go with him to Della's party, but I was much too tired, so I sent him off to it with Bunny instead . . . Oh, she spent the night here—she just this minute left. She'll be home in a few minutes . . . Well, it was so late last night when she and Joe got back from the party I simply kidnaped her and kept her here until morning . . ."

Not a very good lie, she thought wearily—particularly not good if anyone had happened to see Joe and Bunny entering the house a few minutes before—but it was the best she could do on the spur of the moment. Raising her eyes, she saw Bunny turn, open the front door, let herself out and close it behind her with a soft click. Joe still stood in the middle of the hallway, listening, watching.

"Did you want to speak to Joe about anything in



Not a very good lie, she thought, but she saw Bunny turn and quietly let herself out of the house.



THE STORY OF

Mary

UNTIL the night when she picked up a slip of paper dropped in the hallway of their home by her husband, Mary Marlin's life had been the uneventful, happy one of a small-town wife. Joe and she had no children, but they had security and contentment. Or so Mary thought until she saw the note which told her Joe was carrying on a secret intrigue with his secretary, Sally Gibbons. When she confronted Joe with the note he admitted that he wanted a divorce so he could marry Sally. Upon the advice of David Post, Joe's law partner and best friend, Mary refused to give him the divorce for six months, and went to New York to visit an old school friend, Henriette Dorne. Henriette, now a fashionable modiste, taught Mary how to look young and beautiful again, and shortly before the six months were up Mary returned to Cedar Springs. But although Joe was dazzled by the new Mary he did not ask her to forgive him and take him back. Not until he suddenly disappeared from Cedar Springs did Mary learn the reason for his silence—he had found out that his infatuation for Sally was a mistake, and his pride would not let him return to Mary.

For some time Mary did not know where Joe was, but then he reappeared as the defense attorney in a New York murder trial. His defense was successful, and once more he felt that he had a right to go back to Cedar Springs and take up his life where he had left off. He and Mary were reconciled, and Joe entered politics, being elected Senator from Iowa on the same day that their son Davey was born. In Washington, Mary found that ambition and his fatal susceptibility to flattery were coming between her and Joe. Bunny Mitchell, the wife of the elderly Secretary of the Interior, made no secret of her infatuation for Joe, and Mary's plans to see less of the Mitchells went unheeded. The climax came when Mary, returning unexpectedly at seven o'clock in the morning from a short visit to Cedar Springs, found Joe bringing Bunny Mitchell into the Marlin home.

BUNNY came in—that is," Joe stammered, "she thought she left her bag here and—"

"Yes—I'm sure it's in the library—" Bunny and Joe had spoken almost simultaneously. Now they stopped, looking distraught and embarrassed. The marks of the night were heavy on them both. Joe's speech was thick and his eyes dulled, and Bunny's shining brown hair was disarranged.

The sick disgust had ebbed away from Mary. Now she felt empty and terribly tired.

Marlin

It was only a dream, after all—or was it more, a warning that this fateful day was destined to alter the course of their lives?

"Oh yes, your bag," she said vaguely. "You must find it, of course." In the dining room, to the right of the hall, she caught sight of her butler's neat, thin figure. "Arnold," she called, "have you seen anything of Mrs. Mitchell's bag? She thinks she left it here last night."

"It's gold brocade, quite small," Bunny said, talking very fast. "I think I laid it down in the library when I dropped in to see if Joe wouldn't take me to Della Worthington's party. Frazer was too tired to go and I just couldn't sit home doing nothing. But of course I may have lost it—we went to several places after we left Della's."

Mary wanted to say, "Obviously," but she didn't because just then the telephone rang.

They all stood in frozen silence while Arnold answered it. "Hello . . . Er—no sir, Senator Marlin isn't awake."

How beautifully Arnold lies, Mary thought. The perfect butler.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Mitchell. The minute he wakes up—"

Bunny's breath had caught, sharply, at the sound of her husband's name. And at the same moment Mary was moving toward Arnold, saying, "If that's Secretary Mitchell, Arnold, let me talk to him."

"Mary, you wouldn't!" Joe gasped; and Bunny said in a voice of sheer terror: "Please—please don't tell him I'm here!"

Mary, taking the telephone from Arnold's hand, paused long enough to glance in scorn at Bunny. Then she was talking—casually, matter-of-factly.

"Hello, Frazer . . . Yes, I'm even a little surprised to be here. . . . Last night, Joe met me at the train, and did his best to persuade me to go with him to Della's party, but I was much too tired, so I sent him off to it with Bunny instead. . . . Oh, she spent the night here—she just this minute left. She'll be home in a few minutes. . . . Well, it was so late last night when she and Joe got back from the party I simply kidnaped her and kept her here until morning."

Not a very good lie, she thought wearily—particularly not good if anyone had happened to see Joe and Bunny entering the house a few minutes before—but it was the best she could do on the spur of the moment. Raising her eyes, she saw Bunny turn, open the front door, let herself out and close it behind her with a soft clack. Joe still stood in the middle of the hallway, frowning, watching.

"Did you want to speak to Joe about anything in



Read this dramatic novel by Norton Russell; then listen to the Story of Mary Marlin on the air, written by Jane Crainbury and heard daily on NBC Red and CBS, sponsored by Ivory Snow. Photographs posed by Anne Seymour as Mary, from Carlin of Bunny.



Not a very good lie, she thought, but she saw Bunny turn and quietly let herself out of the house.

particular?" she went on smoothly. "No? Well, I'll tell him you called the minute he wakes up . . . Good bye."

She hung up.

"Mary," Joe said huskily. "I could go down on my knees to you for what you just did."

"Please don't" she said crisply. "Naturally, no matter what my feelings, I wouldn't want a scandal. For Davey's sake . . . Don't you think it would be a good idea to bathe and change before breakfast?"

I WANT to go back to Cedar Springs," she told Joe that night when he returned from the Senate, and when she herself had had time to bring some sort of order back into her tormented thoughts. "I think it's best. You'll be freer, that way, to live your own life. We'll both be happier."

Joe, somber and tired now after his sleepless night and busy day, made a quick gesture of appeal. "Mary—you're angry. I don't blame you. But I swear—there's no reason for you to be. I was foolish, but that was all."

Mary shook her head. "I'm not at all angry. I wish," she said sadly, "that I were. That's the most terrible thing, Joe. I can't seem to care, any longer, what you do. We've grown so far apart in the last few years. I didn't know it until this morning, when I saw you come in with Bunny. But then I looked at you and—and it was almost like looking at a perfect stranger."

"Mary!"

"I'm sorry, Joe." She might have added more, but she did not want to hurt him more than she must. She might have said: "Once you were my entire life. The smallest hint that I was losing your love was enough to tear my soul apart. Then you threw me away for Sally Gibbons, and I suffered over that. We came together again, and it should have been the same as before, but it wasn't. It just wasn't."

"Won't you let me explain?"

"Don't you see that explanations haven't anything to do with it? Something just—clicked into place in my mind when I saw you with Bunny, and knew that when you thought I was out of town you'd spent the whole evening with her, brought her back to my home. My home, Joe! I don't blame you—she's thrown herself at you ever since we came to Washington, and I know it was a difficult situation for you to handle. But I'm tired of difficult situations—the kind of difficult situation that always seems to be cropping up in our life together. I'm tired of fighting, Joe!" Mary said in

sudden anguish, every muscle in her body tense. "I want to rest, and I can only rest if I go back to Cedar Springs with Davey, and leave you here in Washington."

"I guess—I see how you—feel," Joe said after a silence. "And I guess you have a perfect right to feel that way. There's nothing more to be said, is there?"

"No," she answered. "Nothing."

So Mary returned to Cedar Springs, to the long sunny days of that particular kind of peace only small towns know. Her garden was there in all the flamboyance of its late-summer blooming, and in the afternoons she would take Davey out on the lawn and watch while he tumbled on the grass, waving plump

people she could trust to keep their curiosity to themselves—Margaret, and of course David Post, and Jonathan and one or two others. Jonathan was editor of the *Times* now, and was still working nights and Sundays on the novel that apparently was never going to be quite finished; while David reported that business in the law office of Post and Marlin was good, but he missed Joe's help whenever a really interesting and challenging case came along.

David came to the house on Main Street at least once a week for dinner, and afterwards he and Mary would sit in the long living room while dusk came down outside. Imperceptibly the days shortened, until it was dark by the time they had finished dinner. Autumn had crept upon them unawares.

If it was at all possible to live in a vacuum, Mary thought, that was what she was doing now. She was neither married nor unmarried, neither in love nor out of it. Dimly, she realized that this state of suspension could not continue forever; it was unfair to Joe, to herself, even to Davey, for eventually he would need a real home and a real father. She admitted as much to David in one of their long, quiet talks—and admitted, too, that just now she had not the energy to meet the demands of life in Washington.

"Joe's doing very well without me," she said with a rueful smile. "If he's lonely, his letters don't show it."

"But you must be lonely, Mary," David said.

"Perhaps . . ." she lay back against the wine-red brocade of a chair she had bought long ago—on her birthday, she remembered, when Joe had wanted her to have the one present she desired most of all. And she, so hopelessly domestic, had chosen a chair! At the thought, she felt a stab of longing for those lost, innocent days. To escape from it, she said:

"Don't you ever get lonely, David?"

He smiled—that broad smile which always showed you the essential goodness of David Post. "Lonely? No—why should I?"

"You know very well why. You ought to marry, have a home—children . . ."

"I have the lady of my dreams," he reminded her.

"Oh—her!" Mary's tone was a mixture of irritation and affection, for the lady of David's dreams was someone in whom she had never been entirely able to believe. David had mentioned her before, half-jokingly, half-seriously. He would never tell *Continued on page 54*

Next Month

You've wondered what they looked like—now you'll see the people of radio's great serial
VALIANT LADY
in exciting Living Portraits . . . Don't miss them in the June

RADIO MIRROR

arms and legs in the heavy, scented air. Frequently Margaret Adams came over from next door, and Mary was grateful for the unassuming, quiet affection of an old friend who was willing not to ask the questions all Cedar Springs had on its collective mind. Had the Marlins separated again? Looked like it—else why was he in Washington and she back here in their old house? Was it true what people said, that the Senator'd been running around with the Secretary of the Interior's wife? And so on, endlessly.

Mary knew the questions were being asked, but there were a few

You Can't Lose in Love

He always dreamed of success—but he knew, too, that fame wouldn't mean much unless he could lay it at the feet of someone he loved

By JIMMY CASH

IN everyone's life, I think, are a few days which stand out above all the ups and downs and trials and triumphs of daily living, and which are so overwhelmingly important and personal that they sear themselves into one's memory, never to be forgotten.

I've had two such days.

The first was the day in June, 1936, when Camille and I ran off to the office of a justice of the peace in Benton, Arkansas, and were married.

The second was the night last October when I sang for the first time on the Burns and Allen radio show.

The first was more momentous



One day Jimmy Cash was a grocer's clerk—the next, singing star for NBC's Burns and Allen.

for me, as I shall try a little later to explain.

My first broadcast with George and Gracie was more dramatic, and I imagine that thousands of people I don't even know were sharing in some part with me the high excitement of that occasion.

It's swell to make good. For one thing, it's rewarding to know that all the hard work you've done pays off at last. But making good can be an empty thing, too, as I found out six years ago. It's no good, unless there's someone to make good for—and that's where Camille, and that other Red Letter Day in 1936, came into the story.

I had been singing, after a fashion, since I was six when I appeared for the first time before my mother's missionary society.

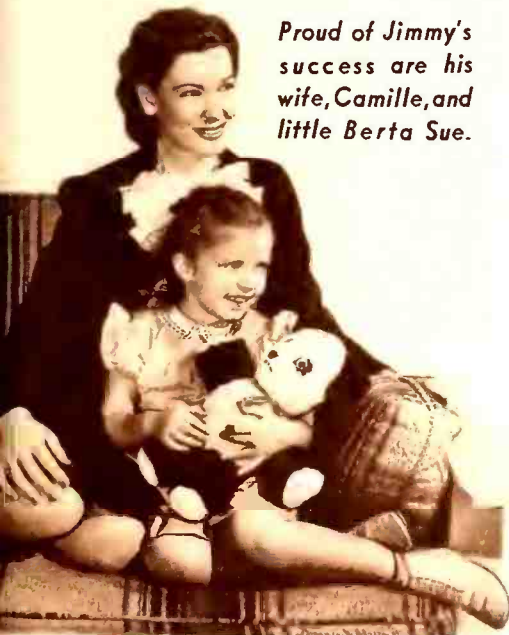
We lived on a farm in Arkansas, so our social life was confined, for the most part, to sociables at the

church and parties in our home and our friends'. The entertainment was spontaneous, and it usually included a generous concert by me. I didn't have to be coaxed—except to stop. I loved to sing.

My parents wanted me to study singing, but there was no money for such fripperies. They made no objections, however, when I decided to leave home for a job in town, and a salary which ultimately would provide for lessons.

I went to Arkadelphia because it was the town closest home. And I've always thought fate had something to do with it, too, for Camille lived there.

I didn't *Continued on page 48*



Proud of Jimmy's success are his wife, Camille, and little Berta Sue.

The Touch of Your

Had the blazing desert and the stranger she met there swept away all memory of the man she had promised to marry? In this supreme moment of danger she knew—

IN North Dakota the snow comes, and the cold, in late November, and never goes away until April. For five months of the year the ground is covered with that impenetrable blanket of snow; and the cold hovers over the land like a pall. You may think it doesn't affect the minds and hearts of the people, but I know better.

Last winter, when I lay in bed for three months trying to recover from an attack of rheumatic fever, I looked out through my bedroom window at the everlasting snow, wishing it would go away and never come back. That was why I didn't feel sad when they told me I was going south.

"It'll be just what you need," Mother said comfortingly. "Up here there'll be three more months of cold weather, and the doctor says you should get outdoors in the warm sun right away." She patted the covers straight and fluffed up my pillow. "And George agrees it's the best thing. He's downstairs now. I'm going to send him up."

George Morgan was my fiance. We had been engaged to be married for almost three years. He was tall

and dark, but not handsome. He had one of those craggy faces, like that French movie star, and he was terribly, terribly indefinite about getting married. I loved him, but I did want him to be more ardent. Sometimes I thought that those terrible winters had gotten inside him too, and frozen him up. And I got so tired of having people tell me what a fine young man he was. Of course he'd worked his way through law school; of course he'd supported his mother and his sister. I knew all that, and I knew he was a very good lawyer and bound to go far, but I didn't want to be hearing it all the time.

He sat in the big chair beside the bed. His face looked very strong and very calm. So calm that the word "smug" popped into my head. Then I rejected it. George was not really smug; he was just very sure of himself.

"Jeanette," he began, "your mother and father have decided it will be best for you to go south for a while, and I agree with them."

"Why?" I said. "You'll miss me won't you, George?"

"Of course I'll miss you," he said impatiently. "But that isn't the point. You've got to get well."

I knew it wasn't the point. I knew I was being illogical and feminine, but I wanted him to understand that, and not be impatient with me. I looked out the window at the snow piled on the sill, and

stretching away across the ground as far as I could see.

"I'm wiring tonight to some places down there. We'll find a nice quiet spot for you. Not a real hospital, and not a hotel, but something in between, so you'll have both freedom and quiet."

"I'm sure you will, George," I murmured.

"Will what?"

"Find a place for me—very efficiently."

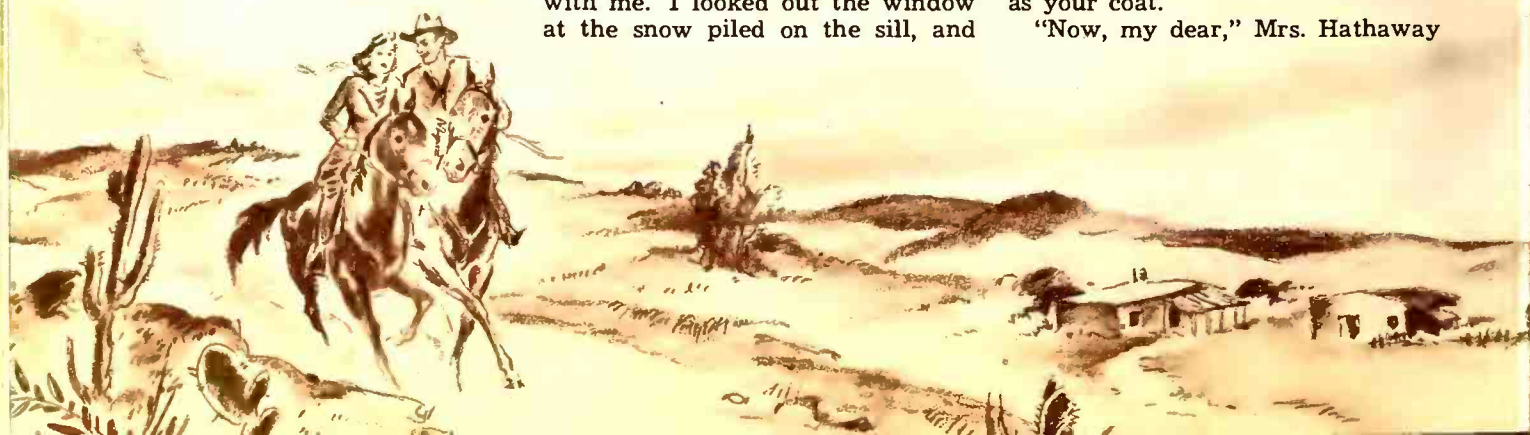
"Of course. Some place where you will be safe."

Two days later I was on the train. George and Mother and Dad had put me on and given strict instructions to the porter to see that I was taken care of. Already I felt better—not sick any more, just weak. I was going south to the sun. I, little Jeanette McClellan who had never been farther south than Omaha.

They had arranged for me to go to a combination dude ranch and nursing home called Buena Siesta. It was near a little town in Texas, just north of the Mexican border.

Mrs. Hathaway, who ran Buena Siesta with the help of her peppery old husband, met me at the door and took me to my room. It was wonderful—not pretty or well furnished, but very clean and the window was open! Through it blew warm, soft air, and the sun slanted in upon the rug from a sky as blue as your coat.

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Hathaway



Lips

said, "you've only to ring if you want anything. There are nurses on the staff, and a resident physician. And of course if there's anything I can do, or Mr. Hathaway. . . . You know, pretty, unattached girls are rare down here, and I could tell by the gleam in Hathaway's eye that all you have to do is nod at him to make him your devoted slave."

Those first weeks were grand. Every day I lay in a deck chair on the patio, and drank in the sun. I read when I felt like it, and dozed and dreamed the rest of the time. I could feel that fever baking out of my joints, and that heavenly clear air washing through my lungs.

And the people were wonderful. There were not many guests just then, and Mrs. Hathaway had time to take me under her capable wing. Mr. Hathaway liked to talk about the old Texas he had known, and he spun for me such quaint, improbable, tall tales that I was frequently in hearty laughter with him. I think he had told them so often that he half believed them himself, but if you laughed he saw how improbable they were, and laughed with you.

After a while I began to feel as strong as ever, and took to horseback riding. In North Dakota I had never done it, but down there in Texas it seemed natural and right. In two or three weeks I considered myself an expert, and dared to venture longer rides.

I couldn't move when Brant put his arms around me and kissed my cheek.





The Touch of Your Lips

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I couldn't move when Brent put his arms around me and kissed my cheek.



Then early in March, riding on a sunny afternoon I came across a narrow stream up in the hills. The water was fresh and clear, and it rolled over the rocky bed like a chain of diamonds. I couldn't resist the temptation. I pulled old Bess, the gentle mare they gave me, off to the side of the trail and tied her to one of the stunted trees, where she could nibble on the leaves if she wanted.

I WALKED down to the creek and pulled off my boots and rolled up the breeches. When the voice hailed me I was still there dabbling my feet in the water.

"Very pretty," the voice said. "Very pretty indeed." It was a masculine voice, strong and hearty, with mocking overtones, so that you weren't sure whether he was laughing at you or at what the voice said. When I turned to look, he was standing beside the trail not twenty feet away. The burbling water must have covered the sound of his approach. Over on the trail was a big car.

He swept off his sombrero, and I saw the shock of black hair, so black it reminded me of the deep, intense shadows cast by the strong Texas sun.

"Brant Whitley," he said, bowing extravagantly. "Not on a charger, and not with a plume, but still at your service."

I couldn't help smiling, caught in that ridiculous position. When I stood up, the hot sand burned my feet, and I had to step back into the brook. "You could at least carry a horn to signal your coming," I told him.

"Ah, but then look what I'd have missed. You, being a proper young lady, and well brought up, would have gotten securely onto your horse to avoid embarrassment. No thanks. I'd rather creep up on you."

"You did," I said. "Have you Indian blood?"

"No, but if it helps, I wish I had. Are you one of the invalids from Buena Siesta? You don't look like an invalid."

"But I am," I protested.

"The place is improving." He started to pat old Bess. "A lovely horse. So intelligent," he said.

I sat down to pull on my boots, and just as I had one half on, he threw the reins quickly over Bess' head and hooked them on theommel of the saddle. Then he gave her a resounding smack, and surprised, she trotted off through the brush.

My mouth was open with amazement. I sat there with one boot half on, and I heard Bess clumping



up onto the trail and going on down toward home.

"What did you do that for?" I demanded.

"Well, I should think you'd see you can't ride that old nag and sit in my car at the same time, and likewise that she can't carry us both!"

"I could walk," I said.

He laughed. "In those boots?"

Still I couldn't be angry. His manner was so gay, so unusual, that I found myself climbing into his car, and riding toward home. I suppose if he'd said we were going to California it would have been all right with me.

"Now," he said, "it's five miles to Buena Siesta. That's about two hours more or less with the roads in this state. Just time for me to tell you all about both of us. To begin—I toil not, neither do I spin—I have a little money, and when the mood is on me, why I write a little something, and occasionally I find an editor foolish enough to buy it."

He lived alone, he said, with an old man to cook for him, and then he told me where I was from and what I had been doing all my life. He got it surprisingly right. Even George was in the story, and I thought for a minute he must have

"Of course I'll miss you," George said impatiently. "But that isn't the point. You've got to get well."

known George. "A very noble and good young man," he said. "But dull as dishwater."

When he let me off at Buena Siesta, the two hours had actually passed and we had been laughing together for all of the time. "Tomorrow," he said. "Same time, same place, same girl, same horse." When he let in the clutch, the wheels kicked up dust and he roared away.

I COULDN'T get him out of my mind. After all, he was a new experience for me, and when you're twenty-three, and in a new country, you sort of hug new experiences—especially if the country is Texas, where the air is so clear and the sun so warm and inviting, and the whole place so different from anything you've known.

That night I dreamed about a tall slender stranger with blue eyes, who rode a big white horse and looked at me with a mocking smile as he took off his plumed hat. The dream ended in a funny way. He



drew his sword and his face became very fierce, and for a moment I was afraid. Then I awakened, and the fear vanished.

All morning I sat with Mr. Hathaway, and listened with half an ear to his talk. I wanted to ask him if he had ever heard of Brant Whitley, but of course he had, and I didn't dare. Then I wondered idly whether I would be there at the same time, same place, same horse.

I didn't need to wonder. When the time came I was out at the stables getting Jimmy to saddle up Bess, who of course had come straight home after that slap of Brant's. At the same hour I stood on the little bridge over the brook. This time I kept my boots on. I'd show him that I didn't intend to be caught again by having Bess sent home. Jimmy had teased me enough about that to last me two years. I hadn't even known it was considered a joke.

The plume of dust raced down the hill from the other direction.

Brant pulled up, skidding the car so that Bess drew back and I had to hold her hard. "Skittish today," Brant observed. "Temperamental." He fiddled for a minute with the saddle. I couldn't see what he was doing. "Stirrup loose," he said. "Now fixed."

We stood on the bridge and watched the water tumbling below us. Brant talked on aimlessly. I had never known anyone who could be so completely charming, and yet so unknown. He told me all about himself and still I knew nothing what was inside him. He never spoke seriously when he could mock, and he could always do that.

"Riding home with me, today?" he said.

"Why do you think I'm holding Bess so hard?" I demanded.

"Can't imagine." When he smiled his teeth were very white, and his eyes very blue.

A few minutes later, I started to go home. I pulled Bess around

threw the reins over her head, and put my foot in the stirrup. I should have known enough to test the cinch. When I stepped up, my weight pulled the saddle down on the loosened cinch, so that it hung ludicrously off to one side. I staggered back trying to keep my balance in those silly, high-heeled boots, and at that moment Brant smacked Bess and started her off for home. I was so mad for an instant I wanted to run after her. Then I began to laugh. What else could I do? Twice in a row! Jimmy would never get over it.

When Brant took me home, he said, "Tomorrow leave that comic opera steed in the stable. I'll come and get you. I want to show you my shack, anyway, and it's too far to ride."

I might as well. If Bess came home riderless once again, they wouldn't let me go out alone any more.

SO the next day he came for me in the big car, right after lunch, and we drove the twenty-five miles to his hut as he called it. This day he was different—quiet almost to moroseness. It seemed an effort for him to speak, and he talked like anyone else, with all that gay mockery gone. I fell silent, too, with thinking about him—how strange and alone he stayed, although on the surface so frank.

In front of his house, he pulled the car up with the same reckless flourish, and without a word led me inside.

Brant was not like the men I had known back in North Dakota. He was freer and somehow wilder, almost pagan in the way he lived so completely outside the usual laws about amounting to something. I couldn't imagine him living in ordinary surroundings, but his house just suited him. It was really an adobe shack, but bigger than any other I had seen in Texas, and furnished with taste and enthusiasm. On the walls hung many masks—those frightful, arresting things that the Zuni Indians have made for centuries. Yet these too were not like others I had seen. They were fiercer, wilder, more compelling.

I walked to the middle of the room slowly, taking time for my eyes to become accustomed to the dimness. I wanted to see everything.

When Brant put his arms around me, from behind, I just stood still. Again I was frightened a little bit. George was strong. I knew that, and yet his arms had never given me the feeling that they were made of iron. *Continued on page 66*



Then early in March, riding on a sunny afternoon I came across a narrow stream up in the hills. The water was fresh and clear, and it rolled over the rocky bed like a chain of diamonds. I couldn't resist the temptation. I pulled old Bess, the gentle mare they gave me, off to the side of the trail and tied her to one of the stunted trees, where she could nibble on the leaves if she wanted.

I WALKED down to the creek and pulled off my boots and rolled up the breeches. When the voice hailed me I was still there dabbling my feet in the water.

"Very pretty," the voice said. "Very pretty indeed." It was a masculine voice, strong and hearty, with mocking overtones, so that you weren't sure whether he was laughing at you or at what the voice said. When I turned to look, he was standing beside the trail not twenty feet away. The bubbling water must have covered the sound of his approach. Over on the trail was a big car.

He swept off his sombrero, and I saw the shock of black hair, so black it reminded me of the deep, intense shadows cast by the strong Texas sun.

"Brant Whitley," he said, bowing extravagantly. "Not on a charger, and not with a plume, but still at your service."

I couldn't help smiling, caught in that ridiculous position. When I stood up, the hot sand burned my feet, and I had to step back into the brook. "You could at least carry a horn to signal your coming," I told him.

"Ah, but then look what I'd have missed. You, being a proper young lady, and well brought up, would have gotten securely onto your horse to avoid embarrassment. No thanks. I'd rather creep up on you."

"You did," I said. "Have you Indian blood?"

"No, but if it helps, I wish I had. Are you one of the invalids from Buena Siesta? You don't look like an invalid."

"But I am," I protested. "The place is improving." He started to pet old Bess. "A lovely horse. So intelligent," he said.

I sat down to pull on my boots, and just as I had one half on, he threw the reins quickly over Bess' neck and looked then at theommel of the saddle. Then he gave her a resounding smack, and surprised she trotted off through the brush.

My mouth was open with amazement. I sat there for one boot half on, and I heard Bess clumping

up onto the trail and going on down toward home.

"What did you do that for?" I demanded.

"Well, I should think you'd see you can't ride that old nag and sit in my car at the same time, and likewise that she can't carry us both."

"I could walk," I said.

He laughed. "In those boots?"

Still I couldn't be angry. His manner was so gay, so unusual, that I found myself climbing into his car, and riding toward home. "The same place, same girl, same horse." When he let in the clutch, the wheels kicked up dust and he roared away.

"Now," he said, "it's five miles to Buena Siesta. That's about two hours more or less with the roads in this state. Just time for me to tell you all about both of us. To begin—I toil not, neither do I spin—I have a little money, and when the mood is on me, why I write a little something, and occasionally I find an editor foolish enough to buy it."

He lived alone, he said, with an old man to cook for him, and then he told me where I was from and what I had been doing all my life. He got it surprisingly right. Even George was in the story, and I thought for a minute he must have

"Of course I'll miss you," George said impatiently. "But that isn't the point. You've got to get well."

known George. "A very noble and good young man," he said. "But dull as dishwater."

When he let me off at Buena Siesta, the two hours had actually passed and we had been laughing together for all of the time. "Tomorrow," he said. "Same time, same place, same girl, same horse." When he let in the clutch, the wheels kicked up dust and he roared away.

I COULDN'T get him out of my mind. After all, he was a new experience for me, and when you're twenty-three, and in a new country, you sort of hug new experiences—especially if the country is Texas, where the air is so clear and the sun so warm and inviting, and the whole place so different from anything you've known.

That night I dreamed about a tall slender stranger with blue eyes, who rode a big white horse and looked at me with a mocking smile as he took off his plumed hat. The dream ended in a funny way. He

drew his sword and his face became very fierce, and for a moment I was so afraid. Then I awakened, and the fear vanished.

All morning I sat with Mr. Hathaway, and listened with half an ear to his talk. I wanted to ask him if he had ever heard of Brant Whitley, but of course he had, and I didn't dare. Then I wondered idly whether I would be there at the same time, same place, same horse.

I didn't need to wonder. When the time came I was out at the stables getting Jimmy to saddle up Bess, who of course had come straight home after that slap of Brant's. At the same hour I stood on the little bridge over the brook. This time I kept my boots on. I'd shown him that I didn't intend to be caught again by leaving Bess sent home. Jimmy had teased me enough about that to last me two years. I hadn't even known it was considered a joke.

The plume of dust raced down the hill from the other direction. Brant pulled up, skidding the car so that Bess drew back and I had to hold her hard. "Skittish today," Brant observed. "Temperamental!" He fiddled for a minute with the saddle. I couldn't see what he was doing. "Stirrup loose," he said. "Now fixed."

We stood on the bridge and watched the water tumbling below us. Brant talked on aimlessly. I had never known anyone who could be so completely charming, and yet so unknown. He told me all about himself and still I knew nothing what was inside him. He never spoke seriously when he could mock, and he could always do that.

"Riding home with me, today?" he said. "Why do you think I'm holding Bess so hard?" I demanded. "Can't imagine." When he smiled his teeth were very white, and his eyes very blue.

A few minutes later, I started to home. I pulled Bess around

threw the reins over her head, and put my foot in the stirrup. I should have known enough to test the cinch. When I stepped up, my weight pulled the saddle down on the loosened cinch, so that it hung ludicrously off to one side. I staggered back trying to keep my balance in those silly, high-headed Bess, at that moment Brant's boots, and those silly, high-headed Bess, and started her off for home. I was so mad for an instant I wanted to run after her. Then I began to laugh. What else could I do? Twice in a row! Jimmy would never get over it.

When Brant took me home, he said, "Tomorrow leave that comic opera steed in the stable, I'll come and get you. I want to show you my shack, anyway, and it's too far to ride."

I might as well. If Bess came home riderless once again, they wouldn't let me go out alone any more.

SO the next day he came for me in the big car, right after lunch, and we drove the twenty-five miles to his hut as he called it. This day he was different—quiet almost to moroseness. It seemed an effort for him to speak, and he talked like someone else, with all that gay mockery gone. I felt silent, too, with thinking about him—how strange and alone he stayed, although on the surface so frank.

In front of his house, he pulled the car up with the same reckless flourish, and without a word led me inside.

Brant was not like the men I had known back in North Dakota. He was freer and somehow wilder, almost pagan in the way he lived so completely outside the usual laws about amounting to something. I couldn't imagine him living in ordinary surroundings, but his house just suited him. It was really an adobe shack, but bigger than any other I had seen, and furnished with taste and enthusiasm. On the walls hung many masks—those frightful, arresting things that the Zuni Indians have made for centuries. Yet these faces were not like others I had seen. They were fiercer, wilder, more compelling.

I walked to the middle of the room slowly, taking time for my eyes to become accustomed to the dimness. I wanted to see everything.

When Brant put his arms around Aggie I was frightened a little bit. George was strong. I knew that, and yet his arms had never given me the feeling that they were made of iron. Continued on page 68

I NEED YOU, MY LOVE

REFRAIN

Words and Music by ED HAMELBURG



I NEED YOU, MY LOVE From the

p-f

bot-tom of my heart, For I miss you so since

we have been a - part. I

NEED YOU, MY LOVE I've be - gun to re - a - lize

How the stars a - bove re - mind me of your

eyes, Since you have gone a -

dolce

Johnny Long plays it and Radio Mirror forecasts it as the hit of tomorrow—this beautiful melody composed by a New York bellhop

way, I miss you night and day,



I just wait for your re- turn- ing, Oh how my heart is



filled with yearn- ing. I NEED YOU, MY LOVE

rit. *a tempo*



Won't you please come back to me?



Oh can't you see I NEED YOU, MY



1. LOVE. I LOVE. 2.





Baby Snooks

HELPS HER UNCLE SAM

EVEN radio's Baby Snooks is buying Defense Stamps now.

Listeners to her Thursday-night broadcast on NBC-Red were recently treated to one of the most hilarious in a long series of hilarious moments in Snooks' life, when Daddy took her to the local post-office to make an investment. It was Daddy's idea that Snooks needed a lesson in both thrift and patriotism. Snooks, as usual, had other ideas—at first.

But read for yourself what happened. Radio Mirror is happy to bring you the entire copyrighted broadcast, by special arrangement with Fannie Brice, who creates Baby Snooks on the air, and her sponsors, the makers of Maxwell House Coffee.

Snooks and Daddy are just entering the post-office, and Daddy says, "Have you got your money ready?" SNOOKS: Yes, Daddy.

Daddy gives Baby Snooks a lesson in thrift. Read it and you'll laugh yourself into buying Defense Stamps, too

DADDY: Where is it?
 SNOOKS: I got it in my shoe.
 DADDY: In your shoe! No wonder you've been hobbling along like a stilt walker!
 SNOOKS: When?
 DADDY: All the way over here! Your left foot's four inches higher than your right foot. Take off that left shoe!
 SNOOKS: The money's in the other shoe, daddy.
 DADDY: Well, why is your left shoe

like that?

SNOOKS: That's where I got my candy.

DADDY: Good heavens! You're not going to eat that stuff after walking on it, are you?

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Oh, take off both your shoes and let's empty them out!

SNOOKS: The socks, too?

DADDY: No, just the shoes.

SNOOKS: Well, how will I get my chewing gum?

DADDY: Snooks, you didn't put chewing gum in your socks!

SNOOKS: Didn't I?

DADDY: Look at that mess! (coins pour out of shoe) And the money's all in pennies! Chewing gum! Chocolates! And a piece of apple!

SNOOKS: Where's my lollipop?

DADDY: Here it is! Whatever possessed you to conceal this stuff in your shoes? *Continued on page 62*

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: The World Today
	8:00	NBC: News
	8:15	NBC-Red: Eton Boys
	8:30	NBC-Red: Dick Leibert
	8:45	CBS: Adelaide Hawley
	8:45	Blue: String Ensemble
	8:45	NBC-Red: News
	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	9:15	CBS: Kenneth Spencer
	9:15	NBC-Red: Market Basket
	9:30	CBS: Garden Gate
	9:30	NBC-Red: Hank Lawson
	9:00	Blue: Musical Millwheel
	9:00	NBC-Red: Reflect on's In Rhythm
	9:30	CBS: Jones and I
	9:30	NBC-Red: The Wife Saver
	9:45	40:45 NBC-Red: Betty Moore
10:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Lincoln Highway
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: God's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Ask Young America
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: America the Free
	10:45	11:45 CBS: Hillbilly Champions
	10:45	Blue: Fables For Fun
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: Consumer Time
10:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Iika Chase
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: Whatcha Know Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Paul Laval Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Juan Arvizo
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: U. S. Marine Band
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Brush Creek Follies
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: County Journal
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Patti Chapin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: On the Home Front
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Music For Everyone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Matinee at Meadowbrook
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Weekend Whimsy
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Air Youth of America
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: Doctors at Work
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Red: In a Sentimental Mood
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC-Red: War Reporter
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Dance Music
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Religion In the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Three Suns Trio
9:45	6:00	7:00 All Networks: THIS IS WAR
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Kay Thompson & Co.
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Message of Israel
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: Eilery Queen
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: The Green Hornet
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Abie's Irish Rose
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Swap Night
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Truth or Consequences
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Spin and Win
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Rochester Orchestra
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Bob Ripley
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Bill Stern Sports Review
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Public Affairs
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Hot Copy
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: News of the World

Temperamental Lady



In a comparatively quiet mood, Tallulah Bankhead studies her script for the Johnny Presents show.

TUESDAY nights on NBC-Red you have a chance to hear one of America's best actresses and most colorful people, when Tallulah Bankhead broadcasts a playlet on Johnny Presents. Tallulah, who has been called "glamorous" so often that she's sick of the word, receives \$2,750 for each broadcast.

Charles Martin, the dynamic young director and writer of Johnny Presents plays, gets full credit for persuading the temperamental Tallulah to sign on the dotted line. He's a director who is known for browbeating his actors, but never browbeats her. She'd probably throw something if he tried.

Tallulah comes from a famous and headline-making family, the Bankheads of Alabama. Her grandfather was governor of the state, her father, who died not so long ago, was Speaker of the House of Representatives, and her uncle is a U. S. Senator. Her sister Eugenia has been married several times, to Tallulah's frankly expressed disapproval. Tallulah herself has been married just once, to actor John Emery—a marriage that ended in the divorce courts of Reno.

She hates publicity and will do almost anything to avoid being interviewed—but when a reporter finally corners her she will talk without stopping until he leaves. In fact, she is one of the world's champion non-stop conversationalists. At rehearsals in the NBC studio she chatters to anyone who happens to be around. She also ignores NBC's no-smoking rule and lights one cigarette after

another. Incidentally, they are not her sponsor's brand, which doesn't bother her a bit.

If anyone has ever awed her, she didn't show it. Meeting Mrs. Roosevelt, she remarked, "I know you and I will get along together, because you're always so kind to wayward girls." Meeting Wendell Willkie, she told him she considered him the third greatest man in the United States. When he asked who were the first two, she said, "Franklin D. Roosevelt and Joe Louis."

Tallulah always shows up for rehearsal wearing slacks and a mink coat. For broadcasts, of course, she wears evening gowns, but would much prefer to stick to the slacks. She insists she hates to fuss with clothes, but that doesn't stop her from being picked every now and then as one of America's best-dressed women. She overflows with nervous vitality, and impresses one as being under a strain most of the time. She swore off liquor the day the British evacuated Dunkirk, and says she'll never take another drink until Hitler has been defeated. This sounds like a press-agent's story, but her friends all say it's perfectly true.

She's headstrong, a law unto herself, egotistic, amazingly genuine and honest, generous to people and causes she believes in, and hard on the nerves if you're around her very long. Maybe all those qualities are necessary to make up a great actress—and you'll agree that's what she is if you tune in her broadcasts.

For that Spring-Lovely Look

**POND'S
TWIN BEAUTY
SPECIAL**



Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this *every* night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is *free* with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You'll find this Pond's Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don't wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond's Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond's!

● "I just love Pond's Cold Cream. It makes my face, feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond's lovely engaged girls.

● "I'm so pleased with Pond's new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.



Free 28¢ size Pond's Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.

You Can't Lose in Love

Continued from page 35

meet her at once. I got a job, pumping gas in a filling station at \$12.50 a week. And I began to make contacts with church groups and clubs, lining up platforms from which to sing. My plan of action was mapped out. I would sing anywhere, everywhere—for free suppers, for nothing. I would sing from street corners if I had to; and someday someone would hear me and I would be made.

Then I saw Camille Wyatt.

SHE drove into the filling station one day in her old Chevrolet coupe, and I spilled gasoline all over the car and the pavement because I couldn't take my eyes off her face.

Lots of people think Camille looks like Norma Shearer. I think she's prettier. Anyway, she has the same aristocratic features, dark brown hair and hazel eyes and she wears just the right sort of simple, tailored clothes to set off her streamlined figure. I probably didn't realize all that the first time I saw her, but I got the general impression. She'd do.

I was entirely too bashful to say anything to her except that the gas came to one dollar and thirty-eight cents, but as soon as she drove away I broke my neck trying to find out who she was.

Fortunately, for my peace of mind and good digestion, I found that Camille and I had a friend in common, and I persuaded him—I would have used force if necessary—to take me by her house that evening for an introduction.

I don't know what I would have done if Camille had thought I was impossible. From the moment I saw her she was the most important thing in my life—more important than my job, or my plans, or my future. As soon as I saw her I knew I had to meet her.

I wanted to tell her all this. Instead, I asked her if she were doing anything tomorrow night.

She wasn't.

"Then maybe you will go with me to a movie?"

She would be delighted.

I walked out on air.

The next night was my regular night off at the filling station and I worked like a demon all day so that there would be no unfinished chores to hold me after the usual quitting time.

My date was at eight o'clock. I would be off work at six. That would give me two hours in which to scrub myself and press my other suit and whip myself into some semblance of

the Man About Town I felt Camille deserved. By five o'clock my work was done. There was nothing to do but service whatever cars drove in between that time and six o'clock when the relief attendant came on duty. The minutes crept by. At last it was five minutes until six. At that moment the phone rang. The relief man had been stricken with appendicitis and rushed to a hospital. I would have to fill in for him that night.

I telephoned Camille. "I can't come," I groaned.

"Then I'll come there," she said, and she did, bringing sandwiches and cokes for an impromptu supper and her portable radio for an impromptu dance. We both waited on cars between bites and between dances, Camille going at dirty windshields with enthusiasm if not finesse.

It was the most wonderful evening I had ever spent.

From then on Camille and I were inseparable. "Going steady," we call it in Arkansas. I don't know just when I actually proposed, but after a few months it was tacitly agreed that we were engaged.

Then the leading Little Rock department store announced an amateur contest. The winner would compete with winners from similar contests in other cities. After a series of eliminations the finally successful contestant would win a trip to New York and an appearance on the radio with Ben Bernie and his orchestra.

I ENTERED the contest automatically. I never passed up a chance to sing. I was not too surprised when I won first place in Little Rock. When I won out over the state finalists I was a little breathless.

Everything had happened so fast that I was saying good-bye to Camille at the station, with a ticket to New York damp in my hand, before I realized what had happened.

"But this is awful," I gasped in last minute horror. "I can't go to New York without you."

"Of course you can," she said. "Now go along."

"But . . ."

The train was moving.

"Write to me, Camille," I shouted. "You must promise to write to me."

"Every day," she called back.

She was running along the track waving and crying and I was still standing on the platform feeling awkward and decidedly unhappy. I didn't care if I never saw New York.

I hated the city as I had known I would. I arrived on the day of the Bernie broadcast, and had only time to leave my bags in the cold luxury of my hotel room before I was rushed off to rehearsals. Several letters from Camille were waiting for me, and I read them in the taxi as we crossed town to the broadcasting studio.

I got through the rehearsals somehow, and through the show. I sang "Melody From The Sky," the number with which I had won all the contest eliminations. I suppose my vocal chords worked automatically. They had no help from me.

Everyone was going to a nightclub for supper after the broadcast, and I was invited to go too, but I made some excuse and found my way back to the hotel. There was more news from Camille, a wire this time.

"You were wonderful, darling," it read.

I stopped thinking when I read that wire. I was consumed with emotions that were new and strange to me. I was a country boy in the big city and I was homesick and scared and sick at heart. I checked out of the hotel and took a cab to the Grand Central Station. I found there was no train leaving for St. Louis—and Arkadelphia—before morning, but I refused to go back to the hotel. With my one little bag tightly clasped between my knees, hunched up in a miserable knot on one of the stone benches, I slept in the station all night.

I was all the way to St. Louis before my New York friends caught up with me. My manager was desperate. Fred Allen had heard me on the Bernie show and wanted me for a broadcast the following week. A man I had scarcely met, but who turned out to be one of the best friends of my life, Bill Paisley, of the NBC music department, had arranged for me to appear over the air with the NBC staff orchestra.

I came to my senses briefly when I talked with the railroad police. They had been authorized to put me on a train heading back for New York, and I acquiesced.

BACK in Radio City I tried to cooperate with the people who were helping me. I did everything I was told to do as well as I could—I really tried, but my heart wasn't in it.

On the Fred Allen program I sang "Lost," and that is just what I was. Even Mr. Allen saw my misery and tried to cheer me up with a pat on the back and a friendly joke.

My voice came through without any help from me once more. I won Fred Allen's amateur contest for the season, and the coveted reward of a week in Big Time vaudeville on the stage at the Roxy theater.

At the close of my Roxy engagement the Fanchon-Marco booking office offered me a long-term contract for personal appearances.

I was grateful, a little flattered—but I couldn't accept. The separation from Camille was eating my heart out. The personal appearance tour would mean another whole year away from home and the hazards and discomfort of such an undertaking were too great to ask Camille to share them with me. Once more I bowed out—with somewhat more dignity

Continued on page 50



Say Hello To-

JANETTE DAVIS—who owns the new voice Breakfast Club and Club Matinee listeners are hearing these days an NBC-Blue. Janette's a Tennessee girl, with a lilt in her voice that carried her into radio when she was only fourteen years old. First she sang over Memphis stations, later in Shreveport, Louisiana. Gradually working her way up from the Deep South, she made a big hit as a star singer on WLW, Cincinnati, before coming to Chicago and NBC. She is five feet four inches tall and has dark brown eyes that go very becomingly with her fair skin and thick auburn hair. She likes tennis and swimming and going to the theater, and hopes some day to star in a stage musical comedy.



DURA-GLOSS *nail polish* *contains Chrystallyne**

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it sticks to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn't get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn't "peel" or "fray"—is all because of a special ingredient in Dura-Gloss, CHRYSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.



10c

PLUS TAX

LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
© 1942, LORR LABORATORIES

3 New Colors for Spring

Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry



It's **DURA-GLOSS**
for the most beautiful
fingernails in the world

Continued from page 48

this time—and bought a return ticket to Arkansas.

My family was disappointed; they had had such high hopes for me. Camille was depressed—she felt the responsibility for my madness keenly. But I was in heaven.

I was able to communicate some of my elation to Camille when we were reunited, and she agreed—with only mild misgivings—to my well-laid plans for an elopement.

I was twenty; she was eighteen. We knew we would have to keep our marriage secret at least until we could win our families over to the idea.

I had exactly seven dollars and a half after the license was paid for, and five of that went for flowers for Camille and a wedding supper. Why not be lavish? I had a \$12.50 a week job to go back to.

Why not be happy? It was the beginning of a new life.

A SECRET marriage is no fun. We stuck it out for two months, but we wanted our own home and a chance to see one another alone now and then. So we took a long breath and told our families. Like the real people they all are they wished us luck.

We took a tiny apartment in Arkadelphia after that, and tried to set up housekeeping. On \$12.50 a week, that's a neat trick if you can do it. We couldn't.

Little by little a plan took shape in our minds to leave Arkansas and go some place where I might have a second chance to click with my singing. With Camille beside me I felt that I could lick the world.

Camille's sister and brother-in-law Thelma and Russell Cash (just a coincidence; no relation) were living in Southern California. Her parents were planning to drive out for a visit and offered to make room for us in their car. It meant scraping together enough money for the trip. It also meant that I would have to find a job awfully fast once we arrived on the coast if we weren't to be dependent on someone. We decided to take the chance.

We arrived in Glendale late in October; total cash on hand ten dollars.

I began looking for a job. I was choosy at first. I wanted a singing job, as I told the talent scouts at a dozen radio stations and theaters. I would have repeated the story at the motion picture studios except that I couldn't get in there.

After a few weeks of this, I was ready to dig ditches if necessary. I would have taken any job which paid

me enough to buy food and pay a little rent, and stand on my own feet.

My pitiful ten dollars had long ago been spent. Camille's sister and brother were keeping us—paying for the roof over our heads and the meals we ate, and even for the tickets to the ten cent movie once a week which was our only extravagance.

It was pretty humiliating. At last I landed a job—working part time at the Safeway grocery store in Burbank, California.

\$12.50 a week is no fortune. Camille and I just managed to get by on my pay—and there was nothing left over with which to pay back my brother-in-law.

But we were happy. I remember Christmas in 1936. It was our first Christmas away from our families and we were both a little homesick—but each of us lied to the other, and tried to be cheerful.

We probably would have gone on like that for years, except that soon after Christmas Camille told me—half fearfully—that we were going to have a baby.

I think I got a little desperate then. It was all right starting over again at the foot of the ladder, and patience is a virtue in its place. But bringing a baby into the world when all you have to offer it is the slender security of a part time job in a strange town... Well, that just wouldn't work.

I told my boss that, as articulately as I could, the day after Camille broke the news.

"You've been swell to me," I said. "And I know I should wait my turn for promotion... but I can't wait. My wife is going to have a baby—and you can't have a baby on twelve dollars a week."

He was a brick. He had kids himself, he said. While I was still in the office he telephoned the supervisor and explained the situation. When he had hung up he smiled and told me that I was working full time as of that moment at a salary of twenty dollars a week.

I WAS a millionaire. I went home that night laden with a basket full of ridiculously expensive groceries—Camille had to get the right food!—and an assortment of toys which would have staggered a five year old youngster. And it was eight months before Berta Sue was even to put in her appearance!

We couldn't have been richer that winter. We didn't have things. Camille made over her last season's clothes and I rode back and forth to work on the street car to save every possible penny for the baby's coming. Our home was a crowded, ugly little

furnished house—but it was a haven of warmth and happiness for us. Camille and I never will be any closer together no matter what new adventures in good and bad fortune we are called upon to share.

Life settled down into a groove of work, and pleasant evenings at home, and plans for our baby's future. After Berta Sue arrived there was never enough leisure time to spend with her. Everything she did was so fascinating that I could scarcely tear myself away from her crib to report for work in the mornings. I could have gone on like that forever, and been happy. Of that I am certain.

Camille, however, once the baby had safely passed her second birthday and we had caught our breath, so to speak, financially, began to talk about singing once again.

"You must take lessons," she urged. "We can't afford it," I said.

But she insisted. We could spare a nickel here, a nickel there she thought. She showed me how we could readjust our budget to provide for a moderate investment in musical study.

So I began looking for a teacher. A great many of the more famous Los Angeles vocal coaches turned me down—I didn't have their kind of money. But Charles Lawman, who is one of the best, listened to my voice and took a long chance. He took me on, and began the deadly slow process of getting me in shape to sing again. For the first six months we didn't even talk about music! It was that long before I had regained sufficient self confidence to sing at all. At last, however, Mr. Lawman decided I was ready to face an audience. And he made a record of my voice on his home recording machine.

IT was that home-made record which landed me on the Burns and Allen program.

My teacher learned that George Burns was conducting auditions for a new singer. Mr. Burns and his producers had listened to seventy singers before Mr. Lawman even got past the reception clerk to give them my record. It took Mr. Burns twenty seconds to decide that I was the man they were looking for.

"When can we see him?" he pressed Mr. Lawman. Every one in the room apparently was excited and relieved.

"As soon as he can get off work," my teacher said.

George's face fell. "Oh, is he already under contract to someone?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Lawman, "he's working in a grocery store."

So I signed the contract—for two years, with options. And I signed it standing behind my cash register at the counter in the Safeway store.

I signed my name to the paper which would change our lives, while flashlight bulbs blazed all around me, and curious shoppers stood around, their mouths agape. Standing quietly in the crowd watching the whole proceedings was an attractive young woman who watched with somewhat more interest than the others. She held a bright-eyed, four-year-old girl by the hand. I looked up and smiled at Camille and Berta Sue.

The destiny on which I turned my back five years ago had caught up with me at last. And this time I welcomed it.

This time I can't lose.



Say Hello To-

JOHN WAYNE—the hero of the new mystery-drama serial, *Three Sheets to the Wind*, on NBC-Red Sunday nights at 11:30, EWT. John is the movie star you've seen in so many pictures. He was born thirty-three years ago on a farm in Winterset, Iowa, and christened Morion Michael Morrison. The family moved to California, and Morion Michael grew up to be six feet four inches tall and on All-American tackle for the University of Southern California. A broken ankle cut short his gridiron career, and he took a movie studio job as prop-boy. A director saw him and put him in a picture, and he's been an actor ever since. He's married, has four children, and likes to hunt and ride horseback on his big ranch near Hollywood.

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1. "It's lovely skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap.

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Fibber McGee and Molly keep fit for their Tuesday night programs over the NBC-Red network with a game or two of Badminton.

Their Most Romantic Moment

Continued from page 3

around the corner to choir practice at St. John's Catholic Church, as she had been doing during the week before Christmas almost since she could remember. They were rehearsing for St. John's Christmas music festival and she knew that, on this night, a young men's quartet from another parish would participate. But, of course, that was nothing to get excited about. Marian took her accustomed seat back of the organ in the choir loft and opened her hymnal. The organist struck a few chords, the conductor took up his baton and the singers lifted their voices.

*"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright . . ."*

Marian's fresh young contralto did its part. She was aware, too, that the new quartet was contributing much to the general effect. In the shadowy recesses below, candles flickered on the altar and the pungent fragrance of incense was sweet in her nostrils. She says, now, that she never smells incense, sees a candle on an altar, hears the lovely strains of "Silent Night" that she doesn't remember this night in December.

"Rest in Heavenly peace . . ."

It was as the last words of the carol died away that Marian saw the boy's face in the organist's mirror . . . Thick brown hair above a broad forehead, warm gray eyes that seemed to look straight into her heart, and a wide mouth that, smiling at her, turned that heart over!

OF course, the choir of St. John's Church, Peoria, sang many more songs that night but to this day, Marian doesn't remember what they were. She remembers only the face in the mirror, the asking eyes and that thrilling, secret smile. He was a member of the visiting quartet—the first tenor. She even knew his name

because he looked so very much like her eldest brother's best girl and she knew that this girl had a brother of her own—Jim Jordan.

Choir practice was over, at last, and the conductor suggested that everybody gather in the recreation room for some impromptu festivities before going home. As she descended the narrow little stairway from the choir loft and made her way with the others to the recreation room, Marian Driscoll's knees felt like jelly. She would meet the boy in the mirror, of course. She would, perhaps, talk to him. She . . . He . . . Never before had she felt so breath-takenly confused. She, who some three hours before had announced so loftily that love at first sight was—silly!

Once in the recreation room, someone sat down at the piano while the others gathered around. "Every Little Movement," they sang, first, Marian remembers; "Sympathy" and "Gianina Mia" from "The Firefly." Marian stood at one side of the piano with the alto group. Jim Jordan stood on the other. Every once in a while singers would all stop and let him solo and, Marian says, he had the voice of an angel. He was only seventeen years old, then, but it was full and rich and clear.

Then, after a while, the pianist began to play jig tunes and when he struck up "The Irish Washer Woman," Marian moved away from the piano and out into the center of the room, where she did such a riotous, marvelous jig that the others soon made a circle around her, clapping their hands in time, and when she had finished they brought down the house. She says, now, there was such an exhilaration in her that she had to dance; such a thrilling, heady happiness.

All this while, she hadn't met this

Jim Jordan who was so suddenly and yet completely capturing her heart. She met him, now, though. Back by the piano, again, out of breath—but not any more from her dance than from excitement that possessed her, she saw him go over to one of the other boys and say something; saw them look toward her and start over her way. She waited, trying to still her trembling, trying to look composed as a sixteen-year-old young lady should when she meets a new boy.

"Marian, this is Jim Jordan," the other boy said. Then he left the two of them there, looking at each other.

"Yes, I know," Marian faltered, finally. Her voice sounded small and far off.

"I saw you in the mirror," Jim said. "I—I—" But he never finished. He just stood there, awkwardly, with his eyes telling her what his lips could not because maybe boys in those days didn't have the same assurance they seem to have now. He told Marian long afterward, though, that it was the jig she did which clinched things with him. "You looked so pretty with your pleated skirt whirling out and your cheeks pink as roses," he said. "I was a gonner from then on."

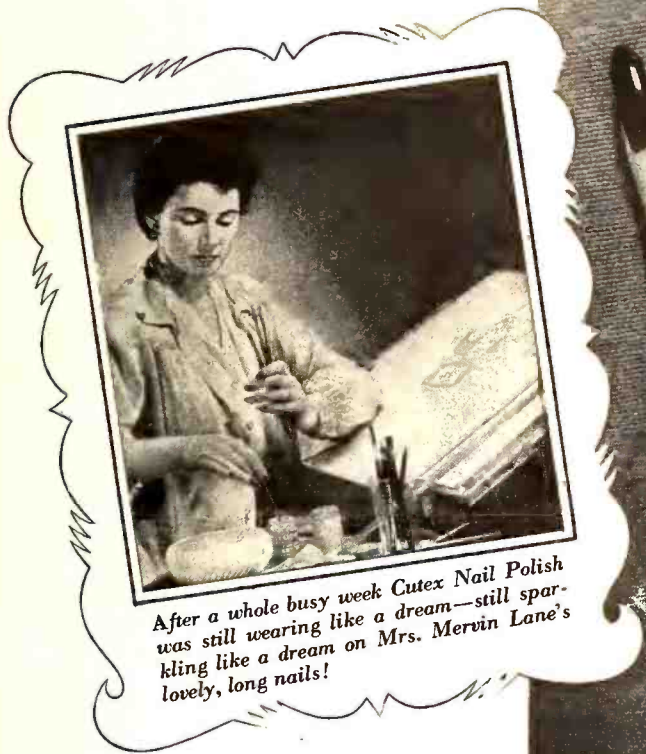
Even so—and this is funny; Marian and Jim have laughed about it many times since—he didn't even ask to take her home that night. He just stuttered a little more after he'd met her and then kind of sidled away. When the merry-making was finally over, Marian actually went home by herself.

She was walking on air, though. She knew she'd be seeing Jim Jordan again. She knew more than that. Sixteen is young to think about such portentous things as marriage and a home and wifehood, but she knew that some day, some way, this boy would mean everything to her. What was that she had said that very day about love at first sight being silly? Snug in her bed, dreaming awake over every minute of this, the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to her, she whispered wonderingly into her pillow, "To think that I said there is no such thing!"

WELL, Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan had their first date on New Year's Eve, just a little more than a week after that momentous choir practice at St. John's. Three years after that, on August 31, 1918, they were married in the same church, with the same organ playing and the same choir singing their wedding music. Jim was sent to France with the A.E.F. almost immediately, and was gone ten months. He came back though, and Mr. and Mrs. James Jordan—Fibber and Molly McGee—have managed to live pretty happily ever after. Of course, they have had their ups and downs. Who hasn't? But, all in all, life has brought them many good things, including two "very satisfactory" children (to use their own quotes), Katherine and Jim, Jr. But, even with their Silver Wedding anniversary only a little more than a year off, as they look back along the "memory lane" they have travelled so far and so successfully together, to Marian—to both of them, in fact—no milestone stands out so vividly, so thrillingly, as that night when the choir rehearsed its Christmas music in St. John's Church in Peoria and they looked into the organist's mirror and found each other.

"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" *Mrs. Mervin Lane*

Hand MRS. MERVIN LANE
Polish NEW CUTEX "BLACK RED"
Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE



After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane's lovely, long nails!

Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . MRS. MERVIN LANE. No wonder she's so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! "At the end of a whole busy week there wasn't a chip or peel in my polish!"

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren't thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York



Wear **CUTEX**

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

The Story of Mary Marlin

Continued from page 34

whether she actually existed in the flesh or was as insubstantial as she sounded. Whoever she was, he had steadfastly waited many years for her.

"Sometimes dreams don't come true," she said gently. "Isn't it better to accept a reality, even though it isn't as fine as the dream?"

"For some people, maybe," David assented. "But not for me. Not for you, either, I suspect—or you'd be in Washington now, with Joe."

Mary stared at him in surprise. Here was a new way of looking at a problem she thought she had already inspected from all possible angles. Perhaps she was no less a dreamer than David—demanding perfection, refusing to accept less.

OVER and over, after David had gone, she examined this new thought—and realized, finally, that David was right. "For better or for worse," the marriage service had said, and instead of turning her back on Joe she should have remained with him in Washington and gone on helping him to fight his battles—even if, on the surface, he didn't seem to want her aid.

When, the next evening, the telephone rang and the operator said, "Washington calling Mrs. Joseph Marlin," she had a momentary conviction that somehow Joe had felt her decision across the miles, had been stirred by it.

"Mary!" There was a repressed excitement in his voice.

"What is it, Joe? Everything's all right, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. More than all right—something very important has happened. The most important thing that has ever happened to me—to us. I can't explain it over the telephone, but I've been asked to undertake a very important mission. I have to decide before midnight and—I'm leaving it up to you."

"To—me! But what—why? I don't understand," Mary stammered.

"They want me to go away—rather far away—perhaps for a few weeks or much longer—"

"But where, Joe?" she cried.

"To Russia . . ."

"But that's the other side of the world! I—I can't conceive of you going so far away!"

"I know," Joe said. "I hardly can, myself. I'd like to tell you more about it, but I can't—it's too secret. It's a great honor, and will bring me prestige I've never even hoped for."

"Why, it's—it is wonderful, isn't it?"

"I thought so at first, but then I—I thought of you and Davey, and somehow Russia seemed very far away."

Now, if ever, Mary knew that she was being given her chance to go back to him. A word from her, and he would decline the appointment. They would take up their life together again where they had left it off. And perhaps this time they would recapture that old, trusting love . . . or something almost as good, something wiser and more mature. But she had no right to speak that word, if speaking it would hurt the career which meant so much to him.

"We shouldn't be frightened," she said faintly.

Quickly he caught her up. "Are you?"

"A little—when I think of you going so far away—and not knowing how long you may be gone."

And then she learned that instinct, surprisingly, had put precisely the right answer on her lips, for Joe said happily, "Ah, Mary—to know that you feel that way changes everything. I won't mind going now. And Mary—you know I must go."

"Of course," she said. "You're a part of world affairs now—you must go wherever they lead you. Oh, Joe! —I'm so proud of you—"

"It means everything to me to hear you say that," he answered humbly, and after a pause—"I sail next Saturday."

"Saturday? So soon? But this is Tuesday. Won't you even have a chance to say good bye to Davey and—me?"

"Do you want me to come home?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course I do!"

"Then I will!" he exclaimed, like a boy. "I've a mountain of work, but I'll dig into it all tonight and tomorrow, then take a plane and be in Cedar Springs Thursday morning."

"That will give us—two days."

"Yes. And Mary—let's have a very quiet time alone together—just you and I and Davey."

But by Thursday morning, when Joe's plane slanted down out of the sky, the news of his mission (although its purpose was hinted at only vaguely) was in all the papers, and Cedar Springs had turned out to do honor to its most successful son. There was a luncheon, and a constant stream of old friends and political cronies, and a dinner and ball, hastily arranged for, at night. There was no

opportunity for the "quiet time" Joe had wanted, no opportunity all that first day even for five minutes' conversation between him and Mary.

It was late when they returned from the ball, and Joe was in a daze of weariness. It made it easier for Mary to say what she had planned: "I've had Annie fix up your old room for you, and you're to sleep as late in the morning as you like."

"Yes," he said quietly. "Good night, dear."

IN the morning—the morning of the day he was to take the plane to New York, for he would not have time to go back to Washington before sailing—they had a late breakfast of popovers, cherry jam and crisp bacon, prepared by an ecstatic Annie. Joe wanted to play with Davey for a few hours, he said; then he would go to the office a while to see David Post. "I want to see everything I can of Cedar Springs," he said. "I have the strangest feeling—as though after I leave tonight this—all of this that I love—will never be mine again."

"Joe! You mustn't say such things," Mary chided. "Here you are facing the greatest opportunity of your life, and you're being morbid about it."

With a laugh, he said, "I guess it's only a hangover from my dream last night. Such a real dream . . . I can't seem to shake it off. It started here, in this house. It was summer—everything was green, and your flowers were blooming. Then, all of a sudden—you know how it is in dreams—everything was changed for no reason at all, and I seemed to be flying through the air—"

"Oh, that's simple!" Mary scoffed. "You were dreaming about your plane ride here."

"Wait! The next thing I knew it was dark—the wind was shrieking and I found myself on a vast barren plain, stretching off in every direction farther than I could see. And I was trying desperately to reach a hospitable little light that flickered way off in the distance, because it seemed to me that there I would find this house—and you, and Davey. So I struggled along, bent almost double against the wind, but the light never got any nearer. And then . . . I woke up . . ."

Mary shuddered. "What a hateful dream!"

"Yes. But," Joe laughed, shaking off his depression, "only a dream, after all. Now, where's that son of mine? I hardly had a chance to see him yesterday."

Only a dream, after all! But there was something inexpressibly disturbing about the thought of Joe's journey, and they both felt it. Perhaps it was only the secrecy that surrounded, of necessity, its purpose, making it impossible for Joe to discuss it with her in any but the most general terms. Or perhaps it was his destination—that vast and shadowy land, of which so little was known or understood here in America. At any rate, when she said good bye to Joe that night, Mary stood for a long time at the airport, gazing up into the sky, straining her ears after the retreating sound of the powerful motors until it was only a faint humming deep within her brain; and then



Say Hello To—

DRESSER DAHLSTEAD—the serious-faced young announcer whose duties in Hollywood include intruding *I Love a Mystery* and other network shows. He was born in Springville, Utah, and began his radio career at the age of nineteen, working for a small station to get money to pay his way through college. After college, he stuck to radio and joined the NBC staff in San Francisco. Dresser enjoys doing different kinds of programs and hopes he never becomes a specialist in any one type of announcing. Tennis and golf are his hobbies, but when he wants to have a really good time he takes his car apart and puts it together again. He's fond of music and is an accomplished violinist, although he's never played on the air.

went home to a house that now seemed empty and desolate, even though it had known so little of Joe lately.

HENRIETTE DORNE and her adopted son Timothy were to visit Joe in his stateroom the next day and see him off, and that comforted Mary. Henriette was one of her dearest friends, and it would be the next best thing to seeing him off herself.

She was to wish, later, that Henriette and Timothy had not been at the ship, for it was through Timothy that she eventually learned what they had seen there, unexpectedly entering Joe's stateroom: Bunny Mitchell, in tears, taking her own secret farewell of the man she now openly professed to love more than her own husband. Timothy should have kept as silent about the discovery as his foster-mother, but he was only a child and didn't fully understand the pain the knowledge would bring Mary.

She would rather not have known, even though she told herself it could not have been Joe's fault. He would not have sent for Bunny, nor wished for her to be there—not after those two days in Cedar Springs when he had spoken of the things he really loved, home and his child and his wife; had been in so many ways the old Joe that she loved. He could not have acted so, knowing that in a few hours he would be in the clinging arms of another woman who had already done so much to put awry his life and his happiness!

But while she protested this faith in him, there was still that small, unadmitted doubt, the doubt that now would always exist between her and him. How little she really knew of Joe Marlin—of what went on in his heart and mind. He had been capable of deceiving her before; why not again?

Joe must have been in Russia by the time she received his first letter, written while he was still aboard ship. It was a strange letter for Joe to write—mystical, almost rhapsodic. It told of the depression that had hung over him as the ship sailed—not a mention of Bunny Mitchell!—and of how he had been unable to shake it off until one foggy night when he had walked the deck alone, long after other passengers had gone to bed. Then, out of the darkness, he had received a conviction that even on this vast waste of tossing waters there was a Presence, a watchful, protective Presence, guarding him and at the same time Mary and Davey and everyone in the world. Joe had never been deeply religious, and that made this new belief of his all the more startling and in a way comforting. It was good to know that he felt secure, after the misgivings with which he had started.

Then, a few weeks later, came a curt message by cable: "Leaving Moscow at once. Destination in letter following. Love to you and Davey always." Of course, Mary reasoned, he could not entrust news that was of possible international significance to the publicity of a cable. All the same, she was upset by the uncertainty of not knowing exactly where he was. And that night she, too, had a dream.

She was with Joe, yet not with him—that is, he was unaware of her presence, and she could not speak to him, only watch him as he sat in the dimly-lighted cabin of a passenger

Guess What?



Unh-Unh . . . guess again.

Something worse. . . Give up?

All right, here's what's wrong . . .

This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

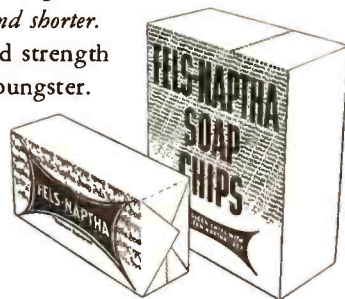
And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just *has* to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. *Especially* on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give . . . *two* wonderful cleaners—gentle naphtha and richer *golden* soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier *and shorter*.

Giving her more time and strength to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.]



Golden bar or Golden chips—**FELS-NAPHTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Identical Twins prove...

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT



Jack and Alan, the Sampson Twins of Norwood Park, Illinois, champion swimmers, tournament golfers, team up in a new contest.



"Honors are usually pretty even between us, in swimming, golf, or track... almost any sport. But when we made the tooth powder test... wow! Jack beat me a mile because he was using Pepsodent... I had chosen another well-known leading brand."



"It wasn't even close! At school, friends knew Jack at a glance... because his teeth were twice as bright! No question about it—Pepsodent made the difference! That's why the family began using it, too, even before the test was over!"

IT'S A PHOTO-FINISH TIE... WE'RE BOTH USING PEPSODENT NOW!



SAMPSON TWIN TEST CONFIRMS THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST... PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

plane. There was a strap around his waist, holding him tightly in his chair, and he tilted and shook before her eyes, buffeted by the winds outside. She called to him to be careful, but of what she did not know, only that the plane was heading into some frightful doom.

Suddenly the plane was gone, Joe was gone, and she could see only darkness and drifting clouds. A scream like that of a tormented soul pierced her ears, then a crash, and the crackle of flames.

"Joe! Joe!" she cried—and woke at the sound of her own voice, shaking with terror.

THE familiar outlines of her own room drifted into place before her eyes, dimly revealed in the dawn light—yet it was they which were insubstantial and only the dream which retained reality. She got out of bed, hoping to shake off the oppressive sense of calamity, but got little comfort from the feel of the cold floor under her bare feet, the sight of snow-covered streets gleaming palely outside. With difficulty she restrained herself from putting in a telephone call to Eve Underwood in Washington; Eve would be the first to know if anything had happened, the State Department would get in touch with her even before calling Mary herself.

The sun came up, and she dressed and went downstairs; had breakfast, saw Davey, telephoned an order of groceries to the market downtown, did everything she would have done on an ordinary day. But this was no ordinary day. She waited, filled with dread.

Night came, and she would not go to bed, but built a roaring fire in the living room fireplace and sat beside it, trying to warm her chilled heart.

And at last, near midnight, the telephone rang. It was the message she had known all day would come, yet now, as she listened, she could not believe.

Eve's voice was thick with unshed tears. "Mary—you mustn't be frightened. We've just had news that Joe's plane crashed, somewhere on the steppe east of the Urals. They hope he escaped... I didn't want to call you, with so little news, but the State Department said I must—it'll be in the papers tomorrow."

Mary heard herself saying, "Yes. Yes. I know. I... Thank you, Eve. You'll call me the minute there's anything—"

Stupid, incoherent words. Dead words, dropping like stones into the black maw of the telephone mouth-piece. Meaningless words.

Joe—lying blackened and still on the short grass of a Siberian steppe; dead, never again to laugh and say, "Where's that son of mine? I want to see him!" Never again to delight or wound her heart.

"No!" She cried the word out loud in the silent room. It was not possible. Joe could not be dead. Rather—a picture he himself had described flashed into her mind: a vast dark plain, stretching away farther than the eye could reach, and one small twinkling light. Joe would be struggling to reach that light, bent almost double against the wind, because there he knew he would find all the things he loved.

"But the light never got any nearer..."

AS Eve had said, the news of the disaster was in all the papers the next morning. People came and went in the Main Street house; messages of hope and comfort poured in from all over the state. Mary did what there was to be done. She nodded and said "Yes" and "No" and "They expect a report from the rescue party soon."

Through the day, the picture of what had happened so far away began to take shape. Joe's plane had left Alma Ata for Irkutsk, traveling over a desolate region. Six hours after it should have landed in Irkutsk, aviation authorities there grew alarmed and sent out a search party of four planes. The transport was found, then, a twisted, charred mass of wreckage.

In a peasant's hut five miles from the scene of the accident, the rescuers discovered the pilot. The peasants had picked him up, some distance from the wreckage, and carried him back to their home. They had found no other living creature. The plane had been blazing so fiercely they had been unable to approach it. The pilot was still unconscious, but it was hoped he would recover sufficiently to make a statement.

David Post had talked to Mary on the telephone several times during the long day, and that evening he came to the house. Annie, red-eyed and subdued, admitted him. Mary herself had not cried, not once since she heard the news.

She and David tried, for their souls' sakes, to talk about ordinary things,

Cedar Springs things, but always they returned to the one topic, going over it again and again.

"But if the pilot was thrown clear, Joe could have been too, couldn't he? And they didn't find any other—any other bodies."

"Of course. And he might have wandered in another direction, to another hut."

"Yes—although the reports say the hut where they found the pilot was the only one for miles around."

DAVID was just preparing to leave when the telephone rang. It had been ringing most of the day, but there was something about its sound now that sent David to it and kept Mary immobile in her chair.

"Yes? . . . Oh, hello, Jonathan . . . Just now? . . . Yes, I'll tell her."

He hung up and stood for a moment, his back to Mary, as if gathering himself for a great effort. Then he said, "The pilot made a statement before he—died—forgive me, Mary, for being the one to tell you this—but he said the passengers were all—strapped in. There was absolutely no chance—for anyone—to have escaped."

Mary did not answer. He turned, to see her sitting white-faced, staring straight before her.

"Mary," he said in deep compassion. "Why don't you say something or—cry?" She bowed her head quickly, hiding her face with her white hands. "Why can't I believe it?" she moaned.

The weeks that followed did their best to force her into belief. Search parties went over the wreckage of the plane—a gruesome task, best left unimagined. Identification, they sent word, was impossible, but it seemed

none of the passengers was missing. The name of Senator Joseph Marlin disappeared from the headlines, and perhaps from the minds of all but a few people.

The business of the world must continue, though, and a day came when Mary sat in the office of the Governor of the state. She wore a dark tailored suit, white lawn crisp at wrists and throat; she had refused to put on mourning. The Governor's swivel chair creaked lustily as he threw his heavy body back into it.

"You know, of course, why I asked you to come see me, Mrs. Marlin?" he asked.

"Naturally," Mary said. "David Post told me. And I said what I came here to say to you—I am deeply grateful for the honor but I can't—"

"Just a minute." The Governor raised a broad, pink-fleshed hand. "Let me say something before you refuse. Joe was not an ordinary politician. I didn't know him so very long—I consider myself unlucky in that—but I did know him long enough to see that he had something few of us possess. Oh, I don't mean ideals. They're easy enough to have, if you're honest and sincere. The trick is to make 'em concrete—put 'em into form so they'll do some good. Joe could do that."

"But that doesn't mean I—"

"I'm not so sure," he interrupted. "I think you could, or I wouldn't be offering you the appointment to fill out Joe's unexpired term. I've talked to Post about you, and the editor of the Cedar Springs Times, that Jonathan fellow. They both agree that you had more influence on Joe's work than either of you, probably, ever

suspected. But leaving all that aside, there's another reason I want to make this appointment. You know, the name of Marlin itself is almost a magic one now. I couldn't choose anyone who would be more popular, all over the state, than you."

Mary hesitated, considering the Governor's lined face, the face of a man wise in the ways of his political world. That was the real reason, then. The voters would be pleased. And why wasn't it a good enough reason?

Her life would be empty now, even emptier than it had been when Joe was in Washington and she in Cedar Springs. It would be good to have a job—a real job and a hard one, something very much worth the doing. If only she were wise enough! But all her friends and Joe's—Eve Underwood, David Jonathan, even Frazer Mitchell—believed in her. They had started the movement to get her the appointment, they had all urged her to accept it. If they had faith in her.

"Think of it," the Governor said gently, "as a way of keeping Joe's dreams—his ideals—alive now that he's gone."

Mary raised her head. "No," she said almost challengingly. "I'll take the appointment, but not to keep Joe's ideals alive now that he's gone. To keep them alive for the day he returns. Because I know he will."

Will Mary's new life, in the midst of Washington's glamour and excitement, bring her the happiness she has been seeking? Be sure to read the startling climax of this dramatic serial in the June issue of RADIO MIRROR.

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A Wife in Need

Continued from page 19

the understanding, the learning to know each other, the togetherness. Unable to say a word, I stood in the circle of his arms holding me close.

Finally he said, loudly, "But now let's be practical. I'll get a job in a filling station until we can save enough—"

"Indeed you will not! You're a geologist. You can locate oil wells. Anybody can find oil in a filling station. Mark, if you had a hundred dollars, could you go ahead—right away—with your idea about the lease?"

"We might just hold out," he said thoughtfully. "But to borrow money now—"

"No, not borrow. Wait a minute." I ran into the bedroom and opened my lingerie drawer. Tucked away in the back was a penny bank. Triumphant I held it out.

"Look, dear, it doesn't have pennies in it. Mother gave it to me. Years ago, when she and Dad were young, she saved money in this bank. She finally got a hundred dollars, got it changed into one bill and put it back and sealed it. See the seal?"

"The hundred's still there?"

"She kept it in case dad got in trouble. He didn't have to use it, after all, but it meant a lot to them to have a hundred dollars in reserve. It gave dad confidence. When we were married, mother gave it to me. Here—it's yours."

Mark's eyes lit up and for the first time his face lost that awful closed, tight look. "Ellen, we'll do it! I'll get a well drilled!" He reached for me and our hands met and clasped over the foolish little bank. Somehow, in the touch of it, I could feel determination and sureness flow into each of us.

"The first thing to do," he went on, "is invite Ed Kreuger to dinner. He's an independent oil operator and a great old fellow. He doesn't know it yet but he's going to be our partner. He's going to take the lease, drill the well, and give me a quarter interest."

"Invite him tomorrow. What does he like to eat?"

"Ham hocks, cabbage, and cherry pie. I heard him say so."

"When I finish with him, ham hocks, cabbage, and cherry pie will be coming out of his ears!"

WELL, they just about were. If I do say so myself, that dinner was perfect. The ham hocks were done to a turn, the cabbage was succulent, and the pie crust melted away if you looked at it. If feeding a man what he liked was the way to his heart, Mr. Kreuger was going to be won over that night if it killed him!

He was a big, jovial man whom I liked on sight, and I loved watching him stow away helping after helping. I could eat hardly a mouthful myself, and poor Mark was nervous as a cat. After all, this was our one chance, the key to our big adventure.

Finally Mr. Kreuger shoved away his pie plate, leaned back in his chair and sighed happily. "Well, Mark," he said, "you've sold me on that hundred and sixty acres." He laughed at our

stunned faces, and went on. "That's all right. It's the way I like to be sold—a couple of fine kids, a wonderful dinner. I talked to your old boss today and I figure you've got a good property there. I'll take the property, drill the wells and carry you for a quarter interest. How's that?"

It was the first time I ever saw Mark at a loss for words. "Gee, Mr. Kreuger—that's wonderful! I mean, it's just what I had in mind—"

Mr. Kreuger laughed again. "I know what you mean. Well, barring delays, we ought to sink a well in about six weeks. And we ought to come up with a good one. Of course, in this business you never can tell. I've drilled plenty of dry holes in my day."

Six weeks! Barring delays . . . and maybe a dry well. Mark was looking at me. There was still time to back out. I glanced toward the bedroom, where the penny bank was, and then back at him, and smiled. He nodded, and his eyes were bright. He turned back to Mr. Kreuger.

"It's a deal! We're partners."

We were so excited that night after Mr. Kreuger left we talked till nearly dawn. Mark got the bank out of the dresser drawer and put it proudly on the mantelpiece where we could see it every day. We planned how we'd put off opening it until we absolutely had to, how the well would probably be a gusher and we'd be rich, how—if the impossible happened and it turned out dry—well, we still had the hundred to fall back on, didn't we? During the six weeks of waiting, we'd cut out this and cut down on that to save money. . . . Mark was really smoking too much anyway, and I didn't absolutely need a new permanent.

It's a challenge to start with, to see how much you can do without that you thought was a necessity before. It's a game to see how cheaply you can plan meals that still are nourishing, how you can clean and press your own clothes, how you can listen to the radio every night or read a library book instead of going to an occasional movie. It's thrilling and fun—for a while.

And then—some days it's not fun at all. It's grim and scary. No matter how you scrimp, the money disappears frighteningly fast. There's a subtle difference in doing all those things to *save* money and doing them because you have to, in order to exist. Suddenly your best stockings start a run and you know you can't buy any more. You have to go around with a long, unsightly darn and you're a little ashamed. Cheap meals get monotonous, and you walk miles to the super-market where things are a little cheaper.

The well gets down to a thousand feet—still hard soil and rock—and you're excited for a while, but it seems to take so long to get anywhere. Little things you never noticed before come out. I saw for the first time how much soap Mark used when he came home, to get the grime off his hands. Soap costs money! So you laugh and chide him, and he laughs and doesn't use so much, and the

COMING ATTRACTION! Watch for the full page gallery portrait of the bandleader who won Facing The Music's danceband poll—in the June issue

towels get dirty in one using. Unimportant little things, but they assume a terrible significance. It's just that your nerves are tensed, every minute. No, it isn't fun. No matter how much you try to think it is, it turns out grim.

ONE night Mark came home later than usual. "We got down to fifteen hundred feet today," he said.

"That's wonderful. But, Mark—is anything wrong? You seem sort of subdued."

"No—only, the lawyer who checked the title to our property came into Kreuger's office today. It seems he never was paid. Ed gave him twenty dollars."

"Oh, dear, we'll have to pay Mr. Kreuger right away. He shouldn't have to bear that expense."

"That's what I thought."

I glanced fearfully toward the little bank. Mark grinned, a little shamefacedly.

"Nope, we won't open it yet—not till we *have* to. I thought of another way to pay back Kreuger."

"How? Mark, what have you done?"

"Well, I—we've got the old alarm clock here at home and when I'm out on the job there's always somebody around to tell me the time, so I—I hocked my watch."

"Oh, darling. That was your father's watch!"

"I know. But I'll get it back when the well comes in."

"If the well comes in!" I burst out.

"Oh, Mark, I just can't bear to think of your watch being gone. . . ."

"There, there, honey." He held me close. "We've still got the hundred.

If worse comes to worst, I'll use part of that to get it back. And while we're on the subject, what's become of your washing machine?"

"Oh, that?" I said vaguely.

"Come on. Spill it."

"It was so hard to clean. And when Norma Hall said she'd buy it, I was so pleased. We've been eating off it for the last week and we will be all next week and the week after, too."

"So that's what it is," Mark said thoughtfully. "I must say, honey, the meals lately have sorta tasted like that old washing machine."

We both laughed, a little hysterically. "I can wash by hand," I said. "I'm strong and it's good exercise."

Mark stopped laughing. "Yes, Ellen, you're strong. Strong in more ways than one. You're—gosh, what would I ever do—if you weren't around?"

"Don't," I whispered. "Don't, darling. It's you—"

"Part of it's the hundred dollars, isn't it? Part of it is knowing what's in that little old bank up there."

"Yes," I said and the tears were hard in my throat. "Part of it is that little old bank. . . ."

It's the waiting that is so bad. Six weeks doesn't seem long, when you think of it in advance. Six weeks out of a year, out of a lifetime—what does it amount to? But it's a lot of hours. Hours, separated one from the other by alternating hope and fear, anticipation and panic, each one freighted with its own kind of pressure, so that the days are interminable. Especially when the six weeks stretch into seven, to eight, and it looks as if they'll stretch forever. There were delays—equipment needed repair, a crewman had to be replaced, things that no one could be blamed for. That is when the tension of waiting grows in you until it is a burden you carry



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Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

to bed every night and wake up with every morning. That is when cheerfulness becomes strained and family jokes get awfully feeble.

It was when the tension seemed most unbearable that a Mr. Thorgensen called one night. He bought leases on speculation, rather like a gambler who offers you a price on something he thinks looks good. He wanted to buy our quarter interest. I'll never forget that telephone conversation.

Mark listened to him for a while, then he said, "Just a minute, please," and turned from the phone to me, his hand over the transmitter.

"He offers five thousand dollars for my share." His face was pale. "What do you think?"

FIVE thousand dollars! What could I think? It was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, it was the treasure troves of the world, it was dinner at the hotel with real steak.

"Oh, yes," I murmured weakly, "let's take it."

"If it's a good well, we'll make lots more than that, Ellen," Mark said. "On the other hand, if it's a dry well—oh, gosh—"

His voice was like a thin, taut thread. Suddenly I couldn't stand to hear it like that. I said loudly, "Don't take it. We've gone this far. Let's see it through."

He spoke into the phone. "Thanks, Mr. Thorgensen, but it's not for sale. Yes, I know it's a good offer, but—" he glanced toward the bank on the mantelpiece—"I can afford to hold on. No, please don't offer any more."

He replaced the receiver and wiped his brow. "Whew, five grand and we turn it down! Maybe we're a couple of prize idiots, honey, but we've still got the hundred to fall back on. How much money have we got left, besides that?"

"A dollar and eighty-four cents. You know, Mark, I don't like the radio any more."

He looked speculatively at the radio. "I was thinking the same thing. Listening gets pretty dull, doesn't it? But, Ellen, what would we do for entertainment?"

"We can always," I said firmly, "listen to the neighbors'. Heaven knows they keep it on loud enough."

"You're right. Having one of our own is completely and absolutely wasteful."

So the radio went the way of the watch, and our liquid assets were increased.

Down to twenty-three hundred feet. Down almost to sand. Mark explained how oil is always found in a sandy formation. If you don't hit any sand—well, you just don't ask any questions. You forget all about it and go in another business.

Then the well was down to twenty-four hundred, and we were down to pennies. That was when the crew dropped a tool and they had to fish for it, which meant another delay. I never knew before how complicated digging a well was, nor how tasteless warmed-over spaghetti can be three nights in a row. Several times I caught Mark fingering the penny bank, but he always put it back.

"We recovered the tools today. It won't be long now till we know," he

said one night. We were in the living room. It had been a hard day. I had done the washing and it had taken hours to get Mark's shirts clean. I thought of the ironing I must do tomorrow and somehow I wished tomorrow would never come.

Mark paced up and down the living room nervously. Suddenly he stopped in front of the mantelpiece.

"I tell you what let's do. Let's break the seal. Let's take the hundred dollars and get dressed and go to the hotel. We'll order champagne and dance and forget about the well. Come on, honey, let's have a blowout."

"Let's wait till the oil comes in," I said wearily. "I couldn't dance an inch tonight."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," he said after a moment. "Champagne wouldn't go so good on top of spaghetti anyway. You go on to bed, Ellen. You've done enough work today to kill a horse."

I dragged myself off to bed. I was glad Mark was sitting up a while because I was plunged into a black depression and I didn't want him to see it. For some reason, I kept thinking of Henry and Louise Field. They'd been friends of ours, last year. Things had gone bad for Henry. He'd lost his job and couldn't get another. And one morning Louise woke up to find Henry gone, and a note with some money in it on the dresser. She had showed me the note. "Take this money and go on home to your parents, dearest," it said. "I'll send for you when I stop being a flop." Louise had gone on home to wait, but somehow they'd never gotten together again. Things had gotten worse with Henry instead of better, and she was still waiting. What could happen to them could happen to anybody. It could happen—yes, it could happen—even to people like Mark and me. . . . I buried my head in the pillow to muffle the sobs, and finally I fell into a troubled sleep.

HOURS later I awoke. Instinctively I glanced at the other bed. It was empty! And the clock said two-thirty. Mark wasn't there! The thought of Henry Field flashed through my mind, and for the first time in my life I knew what sharp, naked fear can be.

Then I heard a creaking noise from the kitchen. Quietly I slipped out of bed, my heart pounding, and softly cracked the door. I'll always remember what I saw. Mark, his faded old bathrobe over his shoulders, was doing the ironing. A pile of folded shirts lay on the table beside him, and he was frowning with fierce concentration over the one on the board in front of him. At his feet lay the laundry basket with the rest of the clothes neatly rolled into sprinkled bundles.

Choking with mixed tears and laughter, I noiselessly shut the door. Mark would never know I'd seen him. I went back to bed. No matter what happened to other people, the sight of a big, awkward man, in a dimly lighted kitchen, patiently doing a woman's work in the dead of night—that had happened to me.

The next morning there was no sign of Mark's handiwork, and I made

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Shirley Temple's become quite a young lady as you'll see for yourself with next month's beautiful color cover of Shirley, radio's lovely new star

no reference to it. The phone rang while we were drinking our tea. When Mark came back, he was fairly popping with excitement.

"That was Ed Kreuger," he said with a gruff, forced calm. "Looks like today's the day. He's coming by for me. Will you ride over with us? I—I'd sorta like to have you there."

"I'd love to be there! I've got to be there! Mark—what happens when a well comes in? I mean, does the oil just spurt up without any warning—or what?"

"Well, if it's a big well, you hit oil and gas together. Then you hear a little rumbling sound down in the ground, and then it comes shooting up through the hole and all over every place."

"That sounds lovely."

"It is lovely—when it happens."

MR. KREUGER, when he came, was as excited as we were in spite of all the wells he'd dug.

The big derrick loomed up tall and dark, and the drill was going with a steady rhythm. We got out of the car and walked toward the rig. My heart was up in my throat somewhere. I stretched out my hand toward Mark and it met his, stretching out to me. We clutched each other like two children.

We stood around for a little while. They were getting deeper and deeper, and Mr. Kreuger's face looked grim and grave. Suddenly I sniffed.

"I smell gas!" I cried.

"You do?" Mr. Kreuger grabbed my arm and sniffed too.

Then Mark yelled, "I do, too. Look, you can see the gas!"

Mr. Kreuger called, "Hold it, men." And the drilling stopped. From a far distant place, deep down, there came the sound of faint thunder. It grew louder and heavier. "Anchor the bailer," Kreuger ordered. "Kill the motor! Clear out of here, everybody!"

We started to back away, hurriedly. Then simultaneously with a great roar and a who-o-osh, Mark cried, "There she comes!"

We began to run then, as a giant stream of black exploded up out of the depths of the earth. There was oil on our shoes, on our clothes, on our faces. There was oil all over the world!

"We're rich!" Mark yelled in my ear. "It's a gusher. We're rich. Darling, what are you crying about?"

"I just want to go home," I sobbed, and clung harder to him.

Mr. Kreuger drove us home, and we were incoherent all the way there. He left us at the door, and we stood for a few minutes laughing weakly at each other's spattered face. Then we turned to go in.

"You know," Mark said more quietly. "We owe a lot to that little penny bank. It deserves to be opened now. We'll take the whole hundred to celebrate!" He went over and picked it off the mantelpiece.

"Oh, no," I said. "No."

"But why not?"

"I'd like to keep it. Just as it is."

"But we'll close it up again—with two hundred dollars, a thousand dollars."

"No, Mark. Don't you see? Sealed in that little bank is—our faith in each other."

He looked puzzled. "Faith? But the money—"

And then, very quietly, I told him. "There's no money in it. Darling—there never was."

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For faces of fashion

PRINCESS PAT

SNOOKS: Who's he?

DADDY: The man I'm telling you about! He represents our government and everything that's American! And his name is Uncle Sam!

SNOOKS: Does he know Aunt Sophie?

DADDY: No!

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: I don't know. The important thing is he wants your thirty cents!

SNOOKS: Who does?

DADDY: Uncle Sam?

SNOOKS: Waaaahhhh.

DADDY: What are you yelling about?

SNOOKS: I ain't gonna give him my money.

DADDY: It's for your own benefit, Snooks. If you buy Defense Stamps for that thirty cents you'll always have it.

SNOOKS: I got it now, ain't I?

DADDY: Yes, but you might spend it. If you buy stamps, Uncle Sam will get the money and return it to you.

SNOOKS: Will he spend it?

DADDY: Certainly.

SNOOKS: No, he won't.

DADDY: Why not?

SNOOKS: 'Cause he ain't gonna get it.

DADDY: Snooks, this is not only a saving proposition. Every real American should buy these Defense Stamps and Bonds, apart from the interest involved.

SNOOKS: What's interest, Daddy?

DADDY: It's a premium paid for the use of money—usually reckoned as a percentage. Like interest at five percent per annum of five thousand dollars. That means you got back two hundred and fifty dollars at the end of a year.

SNOOKS: Two hundred and fifty dollars?

DADDY: That's right.

SNOOKS: How can they afford it for thirty cents?

DADDY: Oh give me that money!

SNOOKS: Waaaahhhhh!

DADDY: Shhh! Give me three ten cent Defense Stamps, please. . . . Thank you very much. . . .

SNOOKS: Waaaahhhhh!

DADDY: Stop crying, Snooks. Here are your stamps.

SNOOKS: I'm glad I sewed the other money in my pants.

DADDY: Now, listen to me. You've just done a very noble thing. You're too young to understand, but America today is facing a grave emergency. The President has called upon the financial aid of the entire nation, and you want to help, don't you?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Listen. The few cents you've exchanged for those stamps will be put to work instantly. Defense workers are slaving night and day at different projects helping to make an impregnable fortress of this country, to keep our strength so that we may help others. Battleships will be built, airplanes will roll into production, tanks, guns, and even food for the army will be bought.

SNOOKS: All with my thirty cents?

DADDY: Don't think it doesn't help! Just imagine if every person in America did the same thing! Snooks, strange as this may sound, your thirty cents may save half of the world!

SNOOKS: Yeah?

DADDY: Yes.

SNOOKS: Turn me over, daddy?

DADDY: I'm not going to spank you.

SNOOKS: No—I want to get the rest of the money and save the other half of the world.

"And you're the fellow they called the 'Hermit Crab'!"



"Yes, but I'm living it down fast! Not a bad rhumba for a hermit, hey?"

"It'll do . . . Were you really like people said you were . . . crabby, sour, skinny, down on the world?"



" . . . like this? I sure was! And worse. But then I learned I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"Say it in smaller words, please."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S every day in nice, cool tomato juice, and before I knew it, I was . . ."



" . . . a man among men again! Nice work. But what's this talk about tomato juice?"

"That's the new way to take yeast. Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Very tasty, believe me."



FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with *all* these vitamins: A, B₁, D, and G. And remember, the only sources of the Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources such as yeast and liver. Remember, too, if you bake at home: Vitamins A, B₁, D and G are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go into your bread! Ask for FLEISCHMANN'S—with the yellow label.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

*You're
a Dream*

...AT A DISTANCE



Don't let the nearness of you shatter his dream. Don't let even a whisper of staleness brand you as the "lady who forgot" to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder.

IN SPRING TIME more than ever you need Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder. Because, spring with its bright freshness cruelly emphasizes any let-down in your daintiness.

So—before you dress, sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Softly as snowflakes this delicate talcum falls on your body. Dries up lingering moisture . . . leaves your skin pearly smooth, with a superfine film of protection to guard against chafing.

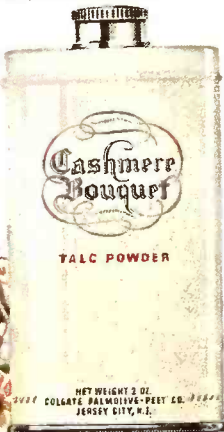
And Cashmere Bouquet Talcum—for dramatic climax—imparts to your person the "fragrance men love". You'll be *sweet, fresh, enticingly feminine.*

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

TALCUM POWDER

Another member of the Royal Family of Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Preparations.



Facing the Music

Continued from page 12

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Jerry Summer has replaced Phil Brito as Al Donahue's chief vocalist . . . Gene Howard is Charlie Barnet's new singer, succeeding Bill Darnell, now a soldier . . . Suzanne, a seventeen year old professional model, is warbling with Al Kavelin's band. . . Jane Fulton is Joe Reichman's new thrush. . . Charlie Spivak's click in the Hotel Pennsylvania early this year has won him a return engagement in May. . . Eddy Duchin takes over the bandstand in Chicago's Palmer House April 1 when Xavier Cugat moves on. The tango king is a sure bet to return to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in early summer. . . He'll have Tommy Dorsey as a competitor. T. D. gets the roof spot at New York's Hotel Astor.

Paul Whiteman, after a long absence from phonograph records, has signed a new contract with Victor.

Johnny Messner has concocted a novel way of answering requests for autographed photos of himself and his vocalist. The bandleader asks his fans for a ten cent defense stamp. Upon receipt of the stamp, Johnny sends the photo and presents the stamps to the American Red Cross. This scheme has helped fill up six stamp albums to date.

FAMILY TREE

ALVINO REY, master of the electrical guitar and major domo of one of the country's fastest-rising dance bands, has successfully mixed business and marriage.

Not only is Alvino's wife, Louise King, an integral part of the organization's vocal department, but so are three of his sisters-in-law, Donna, Alyce, and Yvonne. The latter's husband, Buddy Cole, is Alvino's pianist. And just to make the cycle complete, Alvino is sure to get a curt note from his father-in-law every time the band broadcasts a program not up to the usual standard. The King Sisters' dad is a music teacher.

In such a closely-knit family corporation, there is always the danger of who has the last word.

"We girls are always trying to boss each other," admits Louise, "and when we fail in that we gang up and try to boss Alvino. But in his quiet way he just ignores us and takes command."

This group owes its formation to Horace Heidt, who discovered in 1933 that he had to hire a new girl rhythm team and a guitar player. The girls he employed were the Kings, a quartet of comely Mormons from a Salt Lake City radio station. Alvino Rey was the guitar player Horace selected. He was a retiring young man who had merged two hobbies—music and electricity—and developed a streamlined guitar.

"It was purely a bandstand romance," says Louise, who likes to talk as much as her quiet husband likes to eat. "We were always caught holding hands during rehearsals and whispering sweet nothings to each other between sets. It became a stock gig with the boys in the band. But Horace didn't mind. In fact, he en-

couraged us."

When Alvino was a youngster he thought more about gadget tinkering than rhythm making. But the wail of a local musician's saxophone attracted him and he asked his prudent mother to get him one for Christmas. "Definitely not, Alvin," she said. "It's unsanitary."

Instead she purchased a banjo for her son.

Alvino reconciled himself to the banjo and started taking lessons. However, he didn't neglect his first love—electricity.

"At that time," he explains, "electrical plug-in radios were just getting on the market. I figured I could adapt the same principle to the banjo or guitar. I hooked a wire to the instrument and connected it to our radio's speaker. This electrical amplification produced a new effect. Later on I improved upon the effect by removing the guitar's soundboard and replacing it with a built-in microphone."

Rey didn't bother to patent his idea. "I didn't see enough money in the venture," he says simply. "There just aren't enough guitar players to worry about. You have to be a combination musician and electrician."

His new-fangled instrument got Alvino plenty of jobs in bands. When the banjo lost favor in dance circles, Alvino switched to the guitar. A publicity-minded friend suggested that Alvin Rey didn't sound romantic enough so he added an o to his first name. He played for a spell with Phil Spitalny's all-MALE orchestra, replacing the great Eddie Peabody, then joined NBC's San Francisco house band, a post he held until the Heidt offer came.

When the King sisters left their Utah home they ruined a plan their father had been nursing for years. He had dreamed of his own all-family band, with himself playing the saxophone, his wife the cello, his two sons, Karlton and Billy, the pianos, older sister Maxine the violin, Louise the harp, Alyce viola, and Donna the drums. The two babies, Yvonne and Marilyn, were being tutored in their musical A-B-C's before rounding out the ensemble.

"Now four of us are singers," Louise says; "Karlton is a mortician and Billy is an art student. Maxine has retired to a family life."

Louise and Alvino stayed with Heidt a year after they were married. First to quit was Alyce who decided to become a soloist on the west coast. Yvonne left to take a rest and avoid a nervous breakdown. Louise and Donna missed their sisters and turned in their notice to Heidt shortly afterward. Alvino followed the Kings westward three months later.

On the west coast the girls and Rey were reunited and Alvino got the post of musical director of KHJ, Los Angeles. He used the girls in his own band, hired Skeets Herfurt, formerly with Tommy Dorsey, and Dick Morgan to form the nucleus. Air time won them a following and they headed east again where there is more activity for new bands.

The Rey band clicked by stressing the attractive King Sisters, Alvino's guitar work, and plenty of novelty numbers. They jolted the juke boxes

and had enough production numbers for theaters and ballrooms to win a spot in a new RKO picture, "Sing Your Worries Away."

After a theater tour, the band takes up residence at Meadowbrook, N. J., for a spring engagement and a multitude of CBS and MBS wires, and then will have its first major New York hotel engagement—the Hotel Astor in the summer, following Tommy Dorsey.

OFF THE RECORD

Freddie Martin (Bluebird 11430) "Grieg's Piano Concerto"—"Serenade for Strings." It is seldom that a band is able to click with a tune similar to one that skyrocketed them to popularity but this platter does the trick for Mr. Martin.

Harry James (Columbia 36478) "I Don't Want to Walk Without You"—"B-19." Helen Forrest clicks on the A side with a capable rendition of a hit ballad. The James instrumentation is par for any record course.

Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 4132-4122) "I Remember You"—"Build a Better Mousetrap"; "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry"—"Not Mine." Disk honors of the month go to J. D. for a quartet of sock tunes from the film "The Fleet's In." Gives Helen O'Connell and Bob Eberly plenty of vocal work although Helen falters at the finish of the Arthur Murray takeoff.

Hal McIntyre (Victor 27777) "Fooled"—"I'll Never Forget." Initial disk of a bright new band that shows plenty of promise in its tuneful shadings and excellent vocalist, Carl Denny.

Carl Hoff (Okeh 6556) "You're a Sap, Mr. Jap"—"We Did It Before." Sauciest of the new war tunes featuring the Murphy Sisters, a hard-hitting rhythm team.

Kate Smith (Columbia 36498) gets properly patriotic with "They Started Something" and "We're All Americans."

Count Basie (Okeh 6564) "Harvest Blues"—"Coming Out Party." A low-down tribute to men of Cambridge. The students will like it but don't play it for any members of Harvard's faculty.

Woody Herman (Decca 4030) "Blues in the Night"—"This Time the Dream's On Me." If it's not too late for another version of this great number try this one.

Tommy Dorsey (Victor 27749) "How About You"—"Winter Weather." A slick disk that will suit any taste.

Guy Lombardo (Decca 4134) "Sometimes"—"Happy in Love." In the Lombardo pattern with plenty of infectious piano work and Carmen's singing.

Barry Wood (Victor 27773) "Couple in the Castle"—"Who Calls." One of the airwaves' better baritones, rolls out a pair of winners worth listening to.

Ray Noble (Columbia 36479) "By the Light of the Silvery Moon"—"While My Lady Sleeps." A novel treatment of a nostalgic old favorite coupled with a song from "The Chocolate Soldier."

Doc Clayton (Bluebird 8901) "Gotta Find My Baby"—"Clayton Blues." Looking for something different? Try this indigo blues lament.

(Recommended Albums: Carmen Cavallaro's new Decca collection of piano solos, "I'll See You In My Dreams," featuring eight dream songs including the title number and "Girl of My Dreams" . . . Cubano Rhythms, played by Arturo Arturos for Victor and just what the name implies . . . Victor's package of "Favorite Love Songs," sung by tenor Frank Munn.)



High-speed camera catches the motion and grace of Arthur Murray dancers in a Conga turn—all on one film.

In Action



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Gentle, delightful to use—non-greasy, non-gritty Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! Get a jar! Dance and still be sweet and appealing when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

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ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT



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Carole Landis
with Victor
Mature in "My
Gal Sal" (20th
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*Soft Hands hold
a Wayward Heart—*

Carole Landis
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YOU can easily help keep your hands desirably soft, flower-petal smooth as Carole Landis does—by using Jergens Lotion. Helps prevent unexciting rough, chapped hands. Gives you almost professional hand care. To help common-looking rough skin to lovely smoothness, many doctors use 2 special ingredients which are in this famous Jergens Lotion. Never sticky! The first application helps you.

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The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3537, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to try Carole Landis' hand-care. Please send free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.

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The Touch of Your Lips

Continued from page 39

Brant's did. They drew me close, like two steel bands. I couldn't have moved.

Then he kissed me on the cheek, and let me go. For an instant I stood alone, and for an instant I wanted to be back in his arms. He took my hand and led me to the fireplace. "This one I made myself," he said. "I think it's better than the others."

I could see why he thought so. The Zuni made their masks in the images of their gods, for whom they felt devotion and great respect. Never having seen the gods, they made them like themselves, but endowed them with supernatural features and qualities.

Brant's mask was a gargoyle—an image of himself, but a self for which he had no respect. It was a gargoyle, looking at the world, but not part of it, grinning and mocking at everything it didn't believe in. Yet it was compelling—like Brant—and strangely frightening.

He put his arms around my shoulders. Again I felt that twinge of—was it fear? But it thrilled me and quickened me. I didn't want him to take it away. I must have moved closer to him, because in an instant I was in his arms, hard and fast and very close.

I think it was that night I wrote home and told my mother and father about Brant. I must have written everything I could think of, because three days later Dad sent me a wire. "Answer whether you are all right stop how is health."

I laughed when I read it. Even about his daughter's well being, the business man in Dad kept the message to ten words.

That evening I called them long distance. They wanted to know more about Brant, and I told them all I could, which wasn't much. They seemed to need reassurance that I was not falling in love with some ne'er-do-well. Was I? I didn't know. I wished that I hadn't mentioned Brant, and I wished, too, I'd been able to tell Mother and Dad more about him.

THAT was on a Thursday. I was with Brant every day for the next three days. Knowing him better, I discovered many things. Always there was a core in him I could never reach, and frequently I suspected it was a thing he was ashamed to have other people see. But otherwise, on the surface and to the world, he maintained that strict mocking guard. Never once did he break it down again as he had during that first silent drive. When he kissed me it was a swift, dangerous bliss that shook me. Then he laughed and joked and belittled love and everything else I believed in. But still it was a height of ecstasy, and in those three days it came often.

Monday Brant took me back to Buena Siesta in the late afternoon after we had been riding in his car all day. I walked into the lounge, expecting he would follow. Leaning over the desk, talking to Mrs. Hath-

away, was a man whose back was so familiar and so out of place that I stopped dead.

"Here she is now," Mrs. Hathaway said.

"George!" The exclamation—surprised, pleased—was out even before I had thought what his coming might mean. I wasn't quite prepared for the wave of gladness that swept over me at sight of him. It was good to see a familiar face. Without knowing it, I had been hungry for a friend.

When he spoke he was the same George, so sure of himself, so very calm that my pleasure was a little dashed and I remembered what I'd forgotten at first—that in these weeks of sunshine I had grown away from him.

"Hello, Jeanette," he said quietly. "You seemed to be enjoying it so much down here I thought I'd try some of it myself."

"But how did you get here?" I asked. "In the old coupe?"

He nodded. "Made it in just four days."

My cordiality, so spontaneous in the instant I'd seen and recognized him, now sounded hollow in my own ears as I said, "It's nice you've come. This is really a wonderful place you picked out for me."

George's gray eyes held steadily a moment on my face. For the first time I saw a look in them that seemed to say, *I am master of you because I am master of myself.* Then he looked beyond me, to where Brant had just come in. Very quietly, with a friendly quality in his voice, he said, "You must be Brant. Jeanette has written about you. I'm George Morgan."

Brant said carelessly, "How do, Morgan. Jeannie's spoken of you a couple of times."

George laughed, still quietly. "That's all a fiance can expect these days—a couple of honorable mentions a month."

The three of us had dinner together that night. It was a strange meal—Brant trying to be his usual self, but operating under a considerable strain and George even quieter and more self-possessed than usual. There was animosity between them, I could see that, but they made an effort to be friendly and it came off all right.

After Brant had gone, George and I sat in the lounge, listening to the radio and talking. Or trying desperately hard to talk. There wasn't any common ground for us to meet on, any more. I didn't want to hear about things that had happened at home since I left—all that seemed far in the past—and whenever I tried to tell about my life here at Buena Siesta, Brant Whitley crept into the conversation. I would have been glad to tell George all about Brant, how I felt about him and everything, because I wanted to get that unpleasant duty over with. But I could almost feel George refusing to let me tell him.

I didn't know exactly how I felt about George's unannounced arrival. Part of me resented it—resented it because it was an intrusion on the carefree dream-life I had found down

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S exciting First Nighter Drama, told as a thrilling love story of courageous men and women who are working for victory—

here in this sun-drenched land. But another part of me, a very feminine part, was glad that George had cared enough for me to drive a thousand miles and compete with Brant for my love. Then I laughed at the idea—because just now George wasn't showing any signs of competing very briskly, sitting quietly beside me and talking about Texas roads and the weather he'd gone through on the drive south! He hadn't even kissed me.

JUST after midnight, that strange voice came on the radio, as it had been doing every night for the past week. There was a crackling and sputtering that drowned out the regular station, and then very loud, over the noise, the harsh voice roared.

"This is a new secret station, set up to bring the people of America the truth," it said. "Your democracy has failed. All efforts to save it are doomed to failure. Unite now to bring yourselves a new life—an orderly life under the rule of a leader who will govern you wisely—"

I got up to turn it off. "That station comes in every night," I complained to George.

"Leave it on!" Then I looked at him. His face was harsh with rage. I had never been frightened of George, but I didn't like to look at him with that expression. It made me wonder if I had ever really known him.

He listened to the end, filled with that slow, consuming anger. "Those people should be put behind bars where they can't spout their filthy lies," he muttered.

"Oh, never mind that broadcast!" I said impatiently. It was so like George, I thought, to get upset about some unknown person on the air. Just as it was like him to come all this way to see me and then act as if I were only a casual acquaintance.

"That broadcast, as you call it, is more important than you or I will ever be," he said curtly, and a few minutes later stood up and said he was going to bed.

Later, alone, I lay awake with a deep sense of unreality. George was as familiar to me as my own right hand, and now, in the strange light and the strange air of Texas he had become in part of himself as strange as the land. And Brant? What was he? What he seemed or something else? And I? Was I Jeanette McClellan, who had always lived in North Dakota, a good little only child who said her prayers regularly? Probably that was what George wanted me to be.

I felt, suddenly, sorry for George, and knew that I hated to hurt him. But I had to! There'd been a time when I was ready to love him, but he hadn't seemed to want my kind of love. He wanted someone as sensible and reserved and—and stodgy—as he was himself!

I didn't see George until late the next afternoon. Mrs. Hathaway told me that he'd rented a car early in the morning and gone into town. And Brant didn't come at all. *He must be angry because George is here, I thought.*

When George came back he acted as though he had something on his mind. I was sitting on the patio and he dropped into the chair at my side.

"Jeanette," he said. "I've been meaning to ask you how you felt about Brant Whitley."

"Why do you care?" I said quickly.

"the sweetest KISS on your Satin-Smooth FACE"



A pity if Dry Skin Wrinkles age Your Face too soon



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Cleanse off stale powder and make-up with a generous application of Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Now a second (light) application of Jergens Cream; splash with cold water. Such satiny skin!



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He'd Never Guess Her Age!



New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! He'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35? She has found her *lucky shade* of face powder—the shade that *flatters* her skin, makes her look young and enchanting.

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Are you sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

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Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Mail the coupon for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your *lucky shade*—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier!

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He shrugged. "We're still engaged to be married, aren't we?" But he did not relax. I could feel the tension in him.

"Are we?" I said bitterly. "You've been here a whole day, and you haven't kissed me or wanted to!"

"You're wrong, my dear. I have wanted to kiss you."

I didn't believe him.

"I'm not your dear, and I'm not Jeanette. Why do you keep on calling me those things? You sound like my Aunt Alice." I knew it was hurting him, but I had to keep on.

"What does Whitley call you?" His voice was low and controlled.

"He calls me Jeannie. And I like it."

"Then you must like him."

"I do."

George got up, and when I looked at his face I saw that it was the same face, but somehow contorted inside so that the strain of trying to keep it the same showed in the muscles and bones. Then he got hold of himself with a great effort, and leaning over, he touched my hand and asked so that I could barely hear, "Jeanette, would you like to break our engagement?"

"Yes." The word was out before I had realized how final and easy it would be to say it—and how hard to take it back.

"Very well," he said. His voice was flat and toneless now.

I TOOK off the ring I had worn for three years and gave it to him. He took it in his hands and looked at it for a long time. "I—I wish you happiness, Jeanette."

"Happiness!" I laughed crazily, almost in tears. "You come a thousand miles to see me. You don't even kiss me, and when I tell you I like someone else better you speak of happiness!"

Inexplicably, that stung him. "You forget," he said, "that I came at the insistence of your father." He paused. "I shouldn't really have taken the time."

"Oh," I gasped. He hadn't even come here, then, because he wanted to, only because Father had been worried and George had felt it his duty to look after me. I was dismayed. I hadn't wanted him to tell me that. Was it pride? The feminine desire to think he loved me in spite of everything?

Then he left me, a little angry, but cold, very cold and distant. I longed for Brant—for his hard, demanding arms, and that impulsive warmth. Sitting there, with the sun low in the western sky and that incredible blue above me, some of the primitive heat of the country crept into me. The bright, sharp light was brighter to my eyes than it had ever been. The little sounds around me were clearer.

I went to Mrs. Hathaway and asked her to let me borrow the station wagon.

"Buy your own gas and it's yours," she said.

I wanted to see Brant to tell him that George and I were not engaged any more. I wanted to hear what he would say, and I thought, to feel his arms around me again. I drove furiously, still shocked by my encounter with George. And several times I was conscious of how bare my finger felt where the ring had been so long. I rubbed it. It did no good.

When I knocked there was no answer for a long time. Finally Brant

came to the door. He had some tools in his hand and I saw a smudge of dirt on his face. I didn't wait. I put my arms around his neck and made him kiss me.

"Jeannie!" He was startled. "You're a new woman. Fight with George?"

I nodded. Nor did it seem strange then that he should know.

"Come inside. I was just fixing up my radio set."

Later, sitting before a fire he'd built, I told him all about George and me. He nodded.

"It's so nice," I told him. "I don't have to explain everything to you. You always know before I tell you."

"Do you love me, Jeannie?" he said.

"That isn't the question," I said.

"Do you love me?"

"Love you!" he said. "I want you very much."

His arms were good! But he made me leave early, before ten o'clock. "You have some thinking to do," he said, "and I want you to get it all straight. I'll see you in the morning."

Back in my room at Buena Siesta I lay still on my bed for a long time, outwardly very quiet, but inside a turmoil. I was sure that what I had done was right, and yet I could not keep back those images of George's stony face, so controlled and so tortured.

When I slept it was for a long time, and when I awakened it was to another morning like all the rest. The sun threw the same shadow through my window, and the hand that lay on the coverlet in the bright beam was my own. Yet this was surprising. I knew that this day would be a strange day, and wonderful. Brant would come this morning—and then? I didn't know.

WHEN I walked into the dining room and saw George sitting there calmly eating his breakfast I almost laughed. It was impossible. George and I had said goodbye yesterday, and he had gone home. He could not be here—and yet he was.

"I thought you'd gone," I said. "I didn't think you'd stay here after last night."

He shrugged. "Why should I leave? As you say, this is a very nice place. Since I'm already here, I might as well take a few more days and get rested . . . That is, if you don't mind."

"I do mind," I cried. "You're deliberately spoiling it for me, and besides how can you stay? You must have a machine instead of a heart!"

"A very efficient machine then. Doctors frequently admire it. The last time—"

I turned and stalked out of the room. At the desk I asked them to send my breakfast upstairs.

Before lunch Brant came over. As we drove away from Buena Siesta he said, "All straight, Jeannie?"

I shook my head. George is still here.

"Still here! Why doesn't he go home?"

"He says he might as well stay a few days for the rest."

"What kind of a man is he? Can't he understand when he's not wanted?"

"Apparently not."

"I'll tell him. He's staying here to make you uncomfortable, Jeannie."

I nodded. "Take me to your house," I said.

"Can't today, Jeannie. I've got some workmen there. You wouldn't like that."

A strange thought crossed my mind.

"Workmen for what, Brant?" I asked him.

He laughed, carelessly. "My workshop. I guess I never showed it to you."

"No." Then I forgot it.

"But that guy George, what's the matter with him? Why is he staying?" Brant's face became a thundercloud again when he thought of George.

"I guess he's worried about me," I said.

Was it relief that crossed Brant's face? "Well, he should go home and not bother you."

I didn't see George that night, after Brant had taken me home, and I had resolved not to let him spoil things for me. If he chose to stay I would simply ignore him. But could I? All day with Brant thoughts of George had crept upon me, sometimes slowly and sometimes with a rush so that I had to blink to hide the tears from Brant.

The next morning, when I went down to breakfast I kept thinking what I would do if George were there. If I ignored him, would he insist on speaking to me? Or would he ignore me? I almost tiptoed into the dining room. He wasn't there! My heart sank a little, and I thought; *This can't be right.* But it was.

I sat down and started to eat the food they placed before me, without even noticing what it was. I was tense and nervous, waiting for something.

Then, entering the room and coming up behind me so quietly I didn't hear him, George spoke. "Jeanette."

I didn't turn around, but went on conveying a section of grapefruit to my mouth with a hand that trembled. I tried to stop its trembling, because it was silly to be upset. Everything was over between George and me, and so it didn't matter whether he stayed or went, whether he spoke to me or not. He came around the table and sat down opposite me.

"Jeanette, I'd like to ask you not to go to Brant's house today."

It was the same George—the young lawyer, telling me what to do and what not to do. "Why not?" I said defiantly.

He colored and frowned. "Well—I thought maybe you'd like to go for a drive with me."

HIS voice was so humble suddenly, so unlike him, that for a moment I couldn't answer. It was the first time I'd ever seen him uncertain—the first time he'd ever asked me to do something instead of pointing out that it was the logical, sensible thing to do. I wavered, wanting all at once to say, "Yes, I would like to." But I reminded myself that this was only temporary—once George and I were together again he'd go back to being inflexible and correct.

Still, I couldn't trust myself to speak. I jumped up, leaving the rest of my breakfast uneaten, and ran from the room, out to the front of the inn to look for Brant. His car was just pulling into the driveway. He saw me and waved, and when the car stopped I jumped in as I was, without even getting my hat.

"Take me away!" I said. Brant looked at me strangely, but he did as I told him. As we left I caught a glimpse of George's face as he came through the door. For a moment I thought he was going to try to stop us. Then he stood motionless, watching us out of sight.

"That's a very stubborn guy," Brant

Smile - Sister, Smile!



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murmured. "I wish he'd clear out." Something in his voice—something thoughtful and worried—made me turn and look at him. There was a puzzled frown on his brow, and he swung the heavy car around the curves of the road mechanically, as if his mind weren't on driving at all, although we were traveling at a high speed.

I wished then, without any real reason for wishing it, that I had gone for the ride with George.

We climbed the hill to Brant's house, and when Brant stopped the car the desert silence came down like a warm yellow blanket—intensified, more than broken, by the faint humming of the grasshoppers that live in the bushes. Yet Brant stood beside the car, listening intently.

"What's the matter?" I asked. He smiled. "Nothing. I just thought I heard something."

We went into the shadowy interior of the house, but Brant did not kiss me. He wandered restlessly about the big main room, lighting a cigarette, glancing out of the small, deep-set windows. I could feel an inexplicable tension mounting in the room, gathering, like electricity in the sky before a storm.

Brant paced to the back door, the one leading to the kitchen. "Manuel!" he called—and waited for the dark-skinned Mexican who was his only servant to answer. The house was perfectly still, except for that insect humming from outside. "Where is that greasy devil!" Brant said furiously, and strode into the kitchen.

Real terror struck me then—struck me hard, like a blow in the pit of my stomach. It was terror of the silence, of Brant's restlessness, and most of all of the brutal tone in his voice when he left to look for Manuel. Impelled by panic, I started for the outer door.

I had my hand on the knob when Brant whirled me around. "Get back!" he commanded. "You can't go out." "But Brant—why? What's the matter?"

"I don't know . . . something . . ."

NOW the humming was louder—it was not insects, it was a car grinding up the hill at high speed. Brant cursed, under his breath, horribly. Still holding me by the wrist, he dragged me across the room. From behind a chest he took a smooth, wicked-looking rifle. He released me then, but he gestured with the gun.

"Come over here, near the door—but not too near. Just so I can watch you. And if you move—!"

By the time we were back to the door the car had stopped outside. I heard men's voices. Someone called, "Whitley! Open that door!"

There was a tiny, diamond-shaped pane of glass in the heavy oak door. With the barrel of his gun Brant shattered it, sighted quickly, pulled the trigger. The explosion was like that of a giant firecracker, and an instant later it was answered from outside. I heard bullets thud into the thick adobe wall beside me and saw splinters fly from the inside of the door.

It could have lasted only a few seconds, but they seemed endless.

Brant staggered back, dropped his gun, fell. I saw blood on his face, and I think I screamed. Then the door

had flown open and strong arms were around me, holding me tightly, and a voice I could hardly recognize as George's, it was so shaken with emotion, was saying, "It's all right, darling. It's all right, it's all right."

Over and over, like a phonograph record.

IT WAS much later, after George had taken me out of the house that was so sinister now, and was driving me down the hill, away from the men who were now swarming through the rooms, calling to each other and taking flashlight pictures, that I was able to learn what had happened.

"Whitley ran that secret radio station we listened to," George explained. "He wrote and broadcast all that filthy stuff—the Government men are in there now, taking possession of the sending equipment he kept in a back room. I thought I recognized his voice on the air—he disguised it, but there was an intonation you couldn't miss—and the next day, down in town, I ran into 'Tom Chambers.'"

"Tom Chambers?" And then I remembered. Months before, back home, FBI men had broken up a local Bund organization. Tom Chambers had been one of the Government men, and George had been able to give him some information he needed. They had become good friends.

"Yes," George went on. "He told me why he was down here, and that he suspected Whitley. I knew they planned a raid for this morning. That was why I tried to persuade you to stay home. I guess," he admitted ruefully, "I made pretty much of a mess of it—I couldn't tell you why, of course, and all I managed to do was make you mad. That's the worst of—of getting into a situation like that with the girl you love."

"You do love me?" I said. George slowed down the car, then stopped it at the side of the road. "Love you?" he said huskily. "When I knew you were in danger I nearly died."

He made the statement simply, but I was wiser now. I knew that words of love didn't have to be impassioned to convey all that was in a man's heart. George's love was expressed in actions, not words. He had been the first to storm that house where I was in danger, in the face of Brant's bullets.

I would not reproach him now for being so cool and correct when he came to Buena Siesta. How could he be otherwise, being George? He'd found me there, infatuated with another man, not knowing my own heart—and he'd had the gallantry and honor to let me choose my own road. It was not his fault if for a moment I had made the wrong choice. Nor was it really my fault—only my very good fortune—that a radio broadcast had served to bring us back together.

George did not say it, but he didn't have to, because I knew: I had always loved him, but I had taken him so much for granted and been so cold with him that I had almost lost him. It was I who had kept myself aloof, both here in Texas and back home. I was the one who had been cold.

But I wouldn't be again. "George," I whispered, "hold me. Kiss me. Never let me go."



COMING
A NEW SONG HIT BY TED STRAETER

A Romeo for Julie

Continued from page 26

when the cruise got under way again. She couldn't possibly see him again—that is, not unless she happened to run into him the next day!

It couldn't have been in hopes of seeing him that she spent the following day sight-seeing Havana with a thoroughness not to be outdone by the most avid tourist. She inspected Morro Castle, trudged through miles of twisted, narrow streets, drove through sugar plantations, wandered in and out of Sloppy Joe's, and stood for some time in front of the impressive Hotel Nacional. And of course, since she did all this without any idea of seeing Steve West, she had no reason to be disappointed when she didn't.

The *Christobal* wasn't sailing until midnight, so that evening Julie returned to the casino. But although she stayed as long as she could, watching many people lose money and a few win it at the different tables, there was no young man with a dare-devil smile and an utterly impractical system of playing roulette.

HUDDLED alone in a deck chair, Julie watched the black mass of Morro Castle slide past the ship—and suddenly its sharp, stony lines were blurred by a mist of tears. Because she knew, and would go on knowing for all the rest of her life, exactly what the one man she could love looked like.

Nassau—sun blazing on little pink and white doll houses, bronzed native youngsters cutting deep down into clear waters after tossed pennies, a tender to take you from the ship to the shore, more natives begging you to buy fruits, flowers, curios.

Julie walked along the main street, idling, looking into shop windows, watching the stream of bicycles spinning past—and then her heart turned over as rapidly and completely as one of those very bicycle wheels.

"How about a carriage ride, Miss? Got a fine, thoroughbred mare to take you to our island's famous coral reefs. You'll see sand as soft as your skin and water bluer than your eyes."

He was leaning out of the carriage that had just drawn up beside her, and he was laughing. Julie forgot all about being angry.

"Steve!" she cried joyously. "How did you get here? Where have you been?"

He laid a solemn finger against his lips. "Shh! I cannot tell you that, Julie. Here on official business—very official." He jumped from the carriage and handed her gallantly up the step. "But it can wait until I show you Nassau. Driver!" he commanded the grinning native on the box, "To the very best reefs there are in the Bahamas."

There had been times in Julie's life when she thought she was happy, but today she discovered that those times had been nothing but pale, washed-out imitations of the real thing. This was the spicy scent of exotic flowers, and the strong beat of waves against the coral reefs, the sun warming her and the breeze fanning the warmth away. It was a sensation of being so alive that her body could scarcely hold its own bursting vitality—and at the same time it was a delicious languor which was exactly like float-

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(from a letter by
G. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa.)



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(from a letter by D. J. C., Lewiston, Me.)

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ing through the tropic air.

It was, she guessed, being in love. With the horse's hooves clop-clopping over the ancient cobblestones, they drove out to the reefs, and left the carriage waiting while they walked along the beach, sat on the sand, stood up and walked some more. Lunch-time came, and they went to a cafe in an old courtyard, where a waiter who must have been in love himself at one time, Julie thought, put them at a table a little distance from all the other diners and brought them food such as she had never tasted before.

BETWEEN courses they danced to the music of an orchestra which played, not too loudly, at the other end of the courtyard, and before either of them knew it the sun had dipped down behind the red-tiled roof and the day, the wonderful, perfect day, was over. And still she didn't know anything about Steve West, beyond his name and the fact that life without him would be as empty as a pair of dancing slippers on the morning after the ball.

"Time for you to get back on the ship, Julie," he said gently. "Time to say good-bye."

"But... won't I see you again?" Pride made her try to keep the question casual, but instead it came out all quavery and faint. *Not again!* her heart was crying. *When I've only just found you, don't run away from me again!*

His face changed and the tender half-smile on his lips vanished, leaving them straight and bitter. It frightened her, because just then he looked almost as if he disliked her. Then he said curtly, "Maybe. Who knows?"

"But you can't just send me back to the ship as if—as if you'd lost interest in me and didn't want me around any more!"

"Aren't you forgetting Edgar?" he asked harshly.

Julie caught her breath in amazement. "Wh—what do you know about Edgar?"

"More than I'd like to," he told her in a grim tone. "I know that you're supposed to marry him."

"I'm not! I mean—" She stopped. How to explain Edgar to this young man who was looking at her now like a judge—who seemed to know so much about her that he might really be what he'd jokingly claimed, an international spy?

"You don't seem to be very sure," he said. "And I guess that means it really is time to send you back to the ship."

He didn't go with her. He put her into the carriage and told the driver where to go, and when she looked back he'd disappeared.

It was only six o'clock in the evening, but it might have been a few minutes after midnight, and she might have been Cinderella, because that was how she felt.

Everything had happened so quickly! One minute she had been so happy, and the next all that happiness had been shattered like thin glass and Steve was talking about Edgar without ever explaining how he knew about Edgar in the first place or what he thought Edgar meant to her. And then, before she'd had time to collect her wits, it was all over and Steve was gone.

"If I'd only had time!" she sobbed, alone in her cabin on the ship. "If it

hadn't been so mixed-up and sudden—and Steve hadn't looked so stern and—"

She tried to puzzle it out. Could he have only been enjoying himself with her? But no, that couldn't be it, or he would have acted differently when he sent her back to the ship.

Almost, she wished she had never met him. It might have been better that way. You couldn't miss love so much if you'd never had it.

The dinner gong sounded, but she stayed where she was, and she was still there when the powerful engines far beneath her began to throb and the ship pushed its way, slowly at first and then faster and faster, through the water in the general direction of New York. It was a relief, in a way, to be on her way home. At least New York wouldn't keep reminding her of Steve.

It wasn't easy to get through the three days of the return trip, hating the *Christobal* and everything and everyone on it. She tried staying in her stateroom but the stewardess was too solicitous, continually wanting to know if she were ill. Then she went on deck, but the sight of happy people made her more forlorn.

The memory of one wonderful afternoon wasn't much to bring back from a holiday cruise.

ON the last day out she wandered listlessly over the ship. It was a miracle of efficiency and cleanliness, and she should have been interested, but she wasn't. Exploring it was only a means of helping the lagging minutes on their way.

Hardly noticing where she was going, she went along passageways and down steps, around corners and down more steps, until she was on a platform above the engine room. For a while she looked down at the machinery; there was something hypnotic and thus comforting about its heavy, unvarying motion. But at last she turned to go back—and stopped, one hand pressed to her breast to quiet the sudden wild beating of her heart.

A man in a white officer's uniform had just walked along the corridor, past the open door leading onto the platform.

"Steve!" she called, above the roar of the engines, and ran after him. "Steve!"

She overtook him in the corridor, seized his arm and faltered, "Steve—I don't know what you're doing down here—but you're not—you're not going to get away from me until you explain why you're so angry and—and mean—"

Steve looked down at her unhappily. There wasn't anything of the young buccaneer about him now. "I'd rather you hadn't found me," he said, "but since you have—Come on in here." He opened a door to a tiny office containing a desk, a chair, a few charts and diagrams. "This is my place," he remarked indifferently. "I'm supposed to be learning the shipping business—my father's a director of this line."

"How did you know about Edgar, Steve?" She must ask him all those questions now, all the questions she had been too confused to ask before.

"I've known him a long time. He knew I'd be on this ship, and when you booked passage he asked me to keep an eye on you for him."

"To keep an eye— But why? I don't understand."

Steve avoided her puzzled gaze. "I

think he was afraid you'd fall in love with someone else."

"Oh!" Julie breathed. "How—horrible."

"I told him so. I told him if he didn't have any more faith in you than that, he'd better forget about marrying you. That's why he and his first wife, Annabella, split up and got divorced—because he never would trust her. I didn't know," Steve finished, still not looking at her, "that maybe Edgar—had a right—to be nervous about you too."

The hot blood flamed in Julie's cheeks. "You think I was deliberately throwing Edgar over, after I'd promised to marry him? But I didn't! I never said I'd marry him!"

"You—didn't?" His eyes were on her now, a bright, blazing blue. "You didn't? But I was sure—that is, I took it for granted, that if Edgar wanted me to watch you—you must be engaged."

"And so you took on the job!" Julie said furiously. "No wonder you said you were a spy, because you are! A sneaky, nasty spy! It didn't make any difference to you that I might really fall in love."

"Julie—I'm sorrier than I can say, about everything. I didn't mean to spy on you—I told Edgar I wouldn't. I didn't even know it was you, that first night in the casino, and when I found out your name I knew I ought to leave you right away, only—I just couldn't—"

SHE was going to cry in a minute, and she'd rather die than let him see that, so she whirled and ran out of the cabin. He came after her and caught her hand, and was trying to hold her back, pleading, "I didn't want to do this to you—or myself—or Edgar. I've had to fight with myself every minute to stay down here with the engines and not let you know I was aboard. Please don't be angry."

He broke off, because a smartly uniformed page-boy had just turned the corner into the corridor. He had an envelope in his hand. Steve released her, and they stood in embarrassed silence while the boy approached and offered the envelope to Steve.

"A radiogram for you, Mr. West."
"Oh. Thanks. Don't go away, Julie—please."

Hurriedly he ripped the flap open and scanned the message. And after a second of startled incredulity he began to laugh—joyous laughter that swept away Julie's misery by its very infectiousness. "Oh, poor Edgar!" he gasped. "Poor, poor Edgar!"

"Steve—what in the world . . ."
For answer, he held out the radiogram. Julie took it and read, "Annabella and I are making up and getting married again. I can't face Julie, so will you break the news?"

She had to read the words twice before they made any sense, but when they did she felt as if the whole weight of the S.S. Christobal had been suddenly lifted from her heart. She turned a shining face to Steve.

"While we were trying to forget each other because we didn't want to be unfair to Edgar—!"

"—Edgar was being unfair to you—bless his heart!" Steve shouted exultantly. "Julie—" he swept her off her feet, into his arms—"will you please marry me?"

But she didn't get a chance to answer just then, because her mouth was busy being kissed.

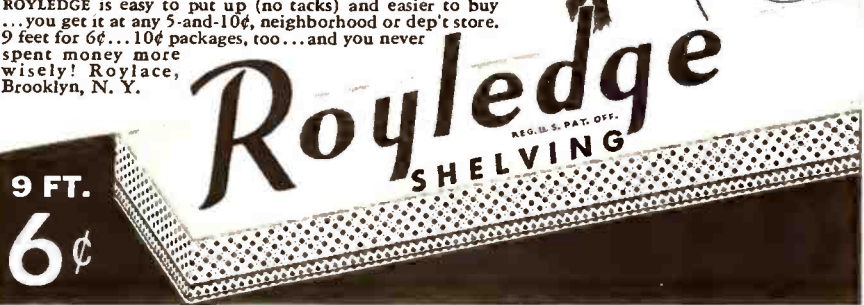
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What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 7



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But he didn't go to WJAS, where his father was an executive. He wanted to get a radio job on his own merits, not through influence, so he went to KQV and, using the name of Jimmy Thompson, asked for an audition. They handed him a piece of copy bristling with words he'd never seen before. He looked at it, gasped, and said clearly into the microphone so that all the auditioning board might hear: "I don't know how to pronounce any of these words, so I won't try. I've never heard an announcer use such words anyway, so why try to pronounce them?"

After this outburst, he expected to be shown the door. Instead, he was rushed into the manager's office, hired, and put to work on September 1, his twentieth birthday.

Jimmy was born in the Oakland district of Pittsburgh, the same section which contains Carnegie Tech and the University of Pittsburgh. He grew up here, playing baseball and going in for track at Schenley High School.

On September 5, 1939, he married Maria D'Amore, who sings on the air in Pittsburgh, and whom he met after entering radio. They have one child, Robert Arthur, born last October, and are one of the happiest young couples in town. But Jimmy still remembers that audition script, and how he might have been out of radio before he started if he'd tried to pronounce the words in it.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Olin Tice, popular announcer on Charlotte's station WBT, isn't like most people. He honestly doesn't like compliments. So nothing will be said here about his good looks or his excellent singing voice. It's all right, though, to mention that he has a large stamp collection, because it, and the rare specimens it contains, are something Olin has been known to boast about.

As an announcer, Olin is equally

good at reading commercials, broadcasting the latest news, acting as master of ceremonies, or getting up in front of a microphone without a script and just talking. It's his sense of humor, though, that endears him to most listeners. As an example of this quality of his, there's the story of Cleo the Cow.

Olin was on the air one morning playing records of popular music for listeners. He got bored after a while, and so he decided to have a little fun with some sound effects records. Picking sound effects at random, he came across one labelled "cow moo," and put it on the turntable, remarking that listeners would now hear his new air partner, whose name was Cleo. To the great surprise of both Olin and everyone at the station, Cleo's one broadcast made her so popular that listeners wrote in demanding that she be kept on the air. So Olin would pretend to milk Cleo every morning, and would carry on a line of chatter with her—Olin doing the talking and Cleo the mooing. Finally, after a year of this, Olin began to suspect that Cleo's popularity was waning, but he couldn't figure out how to take her off the air. Luckily, about this time Ferdinand the Bull became famous. Olin simply married Cleo off to Ferdinand and retired her to a domestic life.

Olin has always been pretty definite about his ambitions—knowing what he wanted out of life and what he didn't want and wouldn't accept. Only once did he change his mind. That was when he met the present Mrs. Tice. She was a radio commentator, and so attractive and talented that he forgot his vow never to marry anyone even remotely connected with radio. He's never regretted that change of plan.

* * *

Two more additions to the growing list of radio shows forced off the air by war and priorities are Kate Hopkins and We, the Abbotts, both daytime serials. They leave the air together, in the first week of April.

Looking smart in her American Women's Voluntary Services uniform, Benay Venuta recently starred on a Fred Waring broadcast.



You Showed Me the Way

Continued from page 17

plenty of everything here on earth for us," he went on. "All we have to do is reach out for it. Here you are, a beautiful, intelligent girl; of course you're here for some reason. And He never intended for you to have that long sad face. He meant for you to smile."

"Could you smile," I asked, "if you hadn't eaten for two days?"

Alec's mouth dropped open. "Two—days?" he repeated.

"That's right."

"Oh, oh." He shook his head in disapproval. "That won't do." Then he brightened. "Now here I have a pocket in my trousers," he said. "If this pocket were generous, it should have—"

His hand came out of the pocket, holding one copper cent.

"Hm!" he sighed. "Not very generous today . . . Poor little fellow—he's been all alone in there for quite a while."

"You too?" I asked incredulously. "But you look so—so—"

"Prosperous! Well, I feel that way, really. Honestly I do. You see, I just say to my stomach, 'My friend, the Old Man in the Clouds says it is good to fast once in a while.' And my stomach replies, 'Okay, boss, I've been getting overworked lately anyhow, so I'll take a rest with you.' And both of us, my stomach and I, are quite happy about it."

He beamed, but it wasn't the kind of humor I could appreciate just then. "It seems to me your Old Man in the Clouds is letting you down," I said.

"Not Him! He never lets anyone down who understands Him. . . . Now, let us just take stock. What do you want? What do I want?"

"Food, mostly," I remarked.

"Food! Now, where is there food?" He looked all around us, then pointed in triumph. "There, across the street! It says—Automat."

"Have you ever been in an automat?" I asked. "Do you know what separates you from the food? Nickels!"

"Then nickels are the immediate need!" he exclaimed. "Nickels—nickels—nickels. . . . Which way from here is the railroad station?"

"Why . . . over at Park Avenue and Forty-second Street. But what—?"

"Come on!" It was a command. "We're going to get nickels."

I DIDN'T know, then or in the next hour, which of us was crazy. Everything that had happened since Alec Rimash walked into Miss Patterson's office had the fantastic, weird quality of a dream. And yet—there was something awfully nice about him—about his rugged face, not too handsome but pleasant and cheerful, and his unconventional talk about the Old Man up in the Clouds. For the first time since I'd come to New York, I felt as if I had a friend. That can mean a lot, when you're hungry and lonely and have been locked out of your rooming house because you couldn't pay the rent.

Alec rushed me to Grand Central and looked around until he found a long row of telephone booths. Then he began darting into the booths, one after the other, staying in each just long enough to poke his forefinger into the slot where coins are returned. Most



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Food will build a NEW America

WHO has the most perfect male figure in Hollywood?

A YEAR ago PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR named Betty Grable as having the most perfect figure of all Hollywood. What interest it created! Now—what about the men? Why not a survey of the males whose physiques cause women fans to gasp in ecstasy and gentlemen to gnash their teeth in envy?

So, based on the same system by which Miss Grable was selected, the same expert jury has just completed a survey of the outstanding male stars and in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR the result of this survey is announced—and illustrated.

The best male figure in Hollywood! Is your favorite actor among them? Get your copy of the new PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR at the nearest newsstand—now—and see for yourself.



WALTER WINCHELL

the ace columnist, has contributed a stirring article to the May issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. Entitled "Keep 'Em Rolling, Hollywood," it is something every patriotic minded reader must be sure to read—and enjoy.

LOTS MORE! These are only two of the outstanding articles appearing in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, plus the usual generous collection of full color portraits of the favorites of Hollywood.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

MAY ISSUE :-: ON SALE NOW

sure she had been that nothing could ever stand in the way of their life together, that nothing could stop Lorenzo from becoming the great, fine man he dreamed of becoming.

And she thought of their years together, of all the little things that you couldn't put into thoughts that made any sense, and yet, were so important. She remembered the joys and excitements they had shared, the many failures she had nursed him through with a deep faith in his honesty and fairness.

FROM a long way off, she heard the front doorbell ringing. She tried to blink the sleep out of her eyes, as she pulled on a robe and hurried downstairs. Judy Peabody stood in the doorway, looking young and sweet in a bright blue coat and perky hat.

"Belle Jones, asleep at this hour!" Judy said. "Why it's almost eleven-thirty."

"Eleven-thirty!" Belle gasped. "Lorenzo must have gone to work without his breakfast."

Something about the way Judy prattled cheerfully and vaguely, while Belle had her breakfast, made Belle suspect that she knew about the way Lorenzo had been carrying on. Judy was altogether too gay and aimless. Belle decided to find out what Judy knew. She told her about the flowers, purposely making light of the whole thing. Judy was shocked.

"Belle," Judy said, "I think you ought to take Anna Hunter more seriously."

"Why, Judy?" Belle asked softly, carefully hiding her panic.

"I don't think Lorenzo's in any danger."

"Maybe not," Judy said unconvincingly. "But she's started Lorenzo inventing again. And Nick is wasting his time on the invention, too, and I don't like it."

The fact that Lorenzo was working on another invention seemed trivial and unimportant to Belle, now, in the light of the greater danger. "What sort of an invention, Judy?" she asked absently.

"Something about a tire chain," Judy said indignantly. "Doesn't that sound silly?"

"Yes," Belle said, "I suppose it does."

"What are you going to do, Belle?" Judy asked anxiously.

"Do?" Belle asked, this time not quite hiding her fear. "What can I do?"

Judy's eyes grew big and round and angry. "Belle Jones, you're a very attractive woman—a very lovely woman. It seems to me you ought to be able to make Lorenzo forget all about that Hunter woman. All you need is a new get-up, something that will open his eyes and show him how blind he's been."

"Oh, I couldn't afford—" Belle began, but Judy caught her up.

"You can afford anything that's as important as this. I'm going to take you downtown this minute," Judy insisted—and almost before Belle knew what was happening she found herself in the best store in town, trying on dresses and hats and shoes and vivid, bright accessories. She stared at herself in the mirrors, surprised by the changes a few new clothes could bring about. It seemed as if years had visibly melted from her age.

"Belle," Judy gasped at one point, "you look absolutely seductive in that dress. Buy it."

Belle blushed. "It's a little daring



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"Belle," he began, "I've been your husband for fifteen years." He paused. To Belle, the few seconds of quiet seemed like hours. "Belle," Lorenzo said, his voice rising, "I can prove to you that I have been accused falsely by my own wife. I can prove that I'm innocent of any entanglements of a romantic nature, Belle." Lorenzo paused dramatically. "Belle, Anna Hunter is in love with another man!"

Belle felt the blood rushing to her head. "Who, Lorenzo?" she asked softly.

"With the man she's going to marry, of course," Lorenzo said. "Oscar Himmedinger. And," Lorenzo went on, letting a little hurt creep into his tone, "if you hadn't been so jealous of her little attentions to me, you might have talked to her the way I did and discovered this fact."

"But—but Lorenzo," Belle said in confusion, "what about the flowers?"

"Yes," Lorenzo said, "the flowers. I sent her those flowers when she told me about her engagement."

"Lorenzo," Belle said weakly, "is that the only reason you sent her the flowers?"

"Hmm," Lorenzo said. "Yes, Belle." Then, he added quickly, "Belle, I'm not one for fancy phrases, but I married you because I was in love with you and that feeling hasn't changed."

"Is this really true, Lorenzo?" Belle asked, looking at him with a new light in her eyes.

"True as could be," Lorenzo said. "Maybe I have been hasty and suspicious, Lorenzo," Belle said, wanting to cry again.

"Now, now, my dear," Lorenzo hugged her tight. "Let's forget all about this. Let's forget Anna and Him-

medinger. They have their life to live, let them live it."

"Then, you're not going to see her any more, Lorenzo?"

"Well, now," Lorenzo hedged, "she's still a sort of inspiration for ideas."

"But, Lorenzo," Belle reminded him gently, "you promised there wouldn't be any more inventions."

"Belle," Lorenzo sighed, "you're such a practical woman that sometimes it's hard to explain things to you."

"Promise me, Lorenzo."

"All right," Lorenzo said. "For Heaven's sake, let's not talk about it any more. I'm starving." He kissed her tenderly. "Let's eat."

BELLE didn't see Anna Hunter for the next few days and she half-feared that, perhaps, Lorenzo had made up the story about Anna's being engaged to Oscar Himmedinger, the head of Townsville's department store. But one morning, a week later, Belle was overjoyed to see an announcement of their marriage-to-be in the Evening Star. That afternoon, she and Lorenzo received an invitation to the wedding.

It was a lovely affair. Belle was glad she had bought that new outfit, because Lorenzo exclaimed, again and again, about how pretty she looked and fluttered around her so at the ceremony, that she felt as if she were the bride. One thing, however, threw a shadow across what was otherwise a beautiful afternoon.

She and Lorenzo were talking to Anna and Oscar, when Oscar said, "Lorenzo, Anna has told me about that idea of yours and I've advised her against it."

Lorenzo gulped and fidgeted and looked at Belle, to see if she had heard. "That so?" was all Lorenzo said.

Later, on their way home, Belle asked carefully, "What idea of yours did Oscar advise Anna against, Lorenzo?"

"Nothing, my dear," Lorenzo said quickly. "Nothing at all."

"Was it your idea for the tire invention?" Belle asked.

"In a way, Belle," Lorenzo said, trying to seem lighthearted about it. "You see, Anna was sort of my counsellor. I sort of tried out the idea on her, so to speak. I guess now that she's married to Oscar he's against my taking up her time with my ideas."

"Hmm," was all Belle said.

"Himmedinger is a short sighted fellow," Lorenzo sighed. "There couldn't be any harm in my talking over ideas with her, could there, Belle?"

"No," Belle said thoughtfully, "as long as it was only talk. It was only talk, wasn't it, Lorenzo?"

"In the strictest sense, I guess it was, Belle," Lorenzo said.

"You haven't really got this invention, have you?" Belle asked.

"Belle," Lorenzo said, "let's not go into talk about it. I said I wouldn't work on any more inventions, didn't I?" Belle nodded. "Well," Lorenzo went on, "I meant it. Now, what has already been done is different. So let's forget about it."

LORENZO didn't go near the workshop all that next week and, happily, Belle settled down to watching the budget and keeping Lorenzo contented at the garage. It was a happy and

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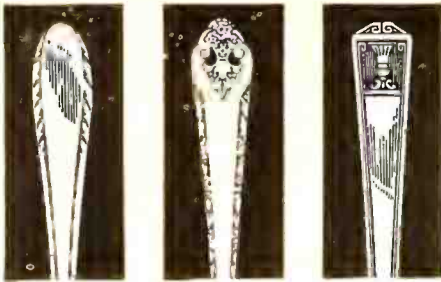
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beautiful week, a week in which Lorenzo seemed to be trying to make up for all the anguish he had caused her during the past month. At times, he was restless and nervous and he had long telephone conversations with Nick Peabody. Except for this, everything seemed to be running smoothly.

Then, one evening, Jim Barker and Irma came over for a visit. The two men seemed to have something on their minds. Jim suggested that Belle and Irma go to the movies.

"But," Belle objected, "why don't you two come along with us? Lorenzo, you know you like the movies better than anyone."

"Not tonight, Belle," Lorenzo said. "Kinda tired tonight."

"We have a few things to discuss about the garage," Jim put in quickly.

"Fiddlesticks," Irma said irritably. "Why, you two have all day together to discuss the garage."

"We're too busy," Lorenzo said. "Yes," Jim took over, "we have to discuss plans for the new year. You know, Belle," he said warmly, "now, that Lorenzo's settled down, I don't do a thing without his advice."

"I'm glad to hear that, Jim," Belle said proudly. "After all, when Lorenzo invents, our life becomes so complicated. It's so nice when his mind is focused entirely on his work at the garage."

Belle might not have thought a second time about the conversation, if Irma hadn't fussed about it. On the way to the movies, Irma kept harping on how secretive Jim had been of late. Several times during the evening, even during the picture, Irma hinted that she was not at all satisfied with the explanations Jim gave her for all the extra time he was spending with Lorenzo.

Thinking it over, Belle decided Irma

was just overly sensitive and suspicious. After all, Belle reasoned, Jim had been fooled many times in the past by Lorenzo's schemes and thus Irma had been deprived of things she needed. Then, too, they owed the Barkers that thousand dollars, which was no small amount, and she knew as well as Irma did, that only if Lorenzo worked very hard for a long time would they be able to pay it back.

When Irma and Belle got home from the movies their husbands had their heads close together over sheets of paper scrawled with figures. They both seemed perfectly relaxed and contented. Jim, Belle noticed, had never seemed as kindly disposed toward Lorenzo as he was now. She felt a sudden rush of warmth toward her husband. Here he was, spending a quiet evening at home with his boss, discussing the work of the year ahead. This was what she had always hoped for, this genial understanding between the two men, this serious approach of Lorenzo's to the work at the garage.

"What were you and Jim figuring out?" Belle asked, when the Barkers had left and she and Lorenzo were getting ready for bed.

"Oh, just some figures, my dear," Lorenzo said, kissing her playfully on the nose. "Looks like we're going to have a wonderful year."

BELLE was terribly happy. Her happiness made the next day's work about the house a delight. Around fifty-three in the afternoon, she heard a strange rumbling in the driveway. She ran to the kitchen window. There was a truck in the driveway and some men were dumping snow on the gravel. She stood there stunned. Then she put on her coat and hurried outside.

"What on earth is the meaning of



Hal Styles, Hollywood radio star, sets the "styles" for 1942 by resurrecting his grandfather's old three-seater bicycle. His two daughters, Patricia, center, and April, rear, help him run it.

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS—MAY

True Story

this?" she asked one of the men, who was busily spreading the snow around.

"Ask him," the man said. Then Belle noticed Lorenzo, standing, half hidden behind one of the gigantic wheels of the truck.

"Lorenzo," she asked, "are you responsible for this?"

"Well, Belle," Lorenzo said, "yes and no."

"But why?" Belle cried. "What on earth is going on here?"

"I'm doing Jim a favor," Lorenzo said. "You see, Belle, the snow belongs to him."

Belle gasped. "What does he want with snow?" Her eyes narrowed. "And, if it's Jim Barker's snow, why isn't it being put on his driveway?"

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo said soothingly. "I'm going to answer when you're calm enough to understand. Jim has a sort of experiment he's going to try out and Irma objects to the snow being on their driveway."

"I don't like that word experiment, Lorenzo," Belle said evenly. "Don't you mean invention?"

"Loosely speaking, Belle, you're right," Lorenzo admitted, pushing the snow around with his foot and edging away from her.

"Whose invention?" Belle demanded.

"I didn't hear you, Belle," Lorenzo said. Belle repeated her question in a loud, clear voice. "Oh—er—Mr. Carter's invention."

"You mean," Belle said, "that old Mr. Carter who died several years ago?"

"That's the one," Lorenzo said.

"What sort of an invention?" Belle demanded.

"I SEE I'd better begin at the beginning," Lorenzo said helplessly. "Now, you didn't know it, but I was fairly friendly with this Carter and, just before he died, he showed me this invention of his. A world beater, Belle."

"Go on," Belle said with dangerous calmness.

"Now," Lorenzo went on, "the True-borough Company—the biggest company of its kind in the United States—has professed an interest in this invention. But, in order to demonstrate it, snow is needed. Now, it hasn't snowed for some time, has it, Belle?"

"It hasn't," Belle said.

"So," Lorenzo said, "since Carter left me sole rights to the invention, I've agreed to cut Jim in, providing he furnishes the snow for the demonstration. It was only a hundred dollars," he said blithely.

"A hundred dollars!" Belle caught her breath. She stared at Lorenzo, not quite believing she had heard properly. "Lorenzo," she said forcefully, "what sort of an invention is this?"

"Something to do with a tire chain," Lorenzo said, very rapidly, trying to get over it fast. "The Grip Tight Zipper Tire Chain. Interesting idea, isn't it?" he said enthusiastically.

"Oh!" Belle said explosively, her anger keeping her from bursting into tears. "Lorenzo Jones, that invention is your own!"

"Well," Lorenzo said, "if you want to look at it that way, maybe it is."

"It's the invention you've been working on for months," Belle said accusingly. "And you've told Jim Barker it was this—this Carter's invention, because you knew he wouldn't be foolish enough to put any money in anything you invented." Lorenzo

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pinching and scraping, a scant three hundred dollars.

Three hundred dollars. It had seemed such a lot last Saturday, when she had looked at the bank book. But now, with both of them out of work and over a thousand dollars in debt, Belle realized how little it really was and how soon it would be gone. Her very last thoughts before she fell asleep were of Lorenzo—sad thoughts mingled with pity and hopelessness.

When she awoke, the sun was streaming brightly into the room. For a minute, it seemed like any other morning and she almost jumped out of bed to hurry down to the kitchen and make Lorenzo's breakfast. Then, with a lost, sinking sensation in her heart, she remembered the night before.

She looked over at Lorenzo. He was sleeping and he looked terribly helpless. That was the one quality she had never expected to see in him, helplessness. Before, even in more serious straits, he had always been ready to sail into battle again. But now he looked, as he had last night, utterly defeated.

Suddenly, Belle knew what she must do. It would not be pleasant going back to Madame Cunard's beauty parlor, to face people every day who would remind her of her husband's failure. But, Belle thought, trying very hard to be cold and objective about it, failure or not, Lorenzo had to eat and have warm clothes and a roof over his head. Yes, she decided, if Madame Cunard would have her, Belle Jones would go to work again.

At breakfast, Belle told Lorenzo what she was going to do. For a moment, he came out of his haze and looked startled.

"Is that necessary, Belle?" he asked unhappily.

"Yes, Lorenzo," Belle said, "it is."

"I'll look for work myself," he said softly.

"You'd better not go out for a few days, Lorenzo," Belle said. "You look peaked."

"Do I?" he murmured absently.

He was still sitting at the table, staring off into space, when Belle left for the beauty parlor. Madame Cunard was delighted to see her. But, when Belle told her why she had come, Madame Cunard frowned and pursed her lips.

"Well, Belle," she said, "things are a little close, now."

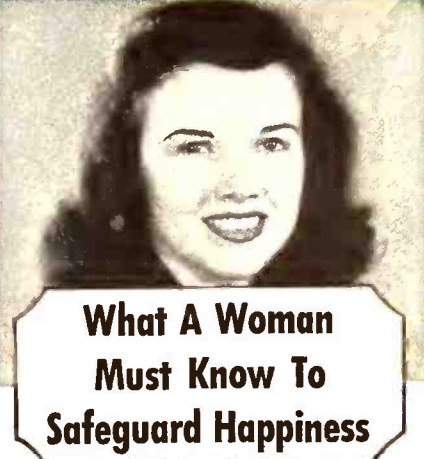
"Then you can't use me?" Belle said, turning to go.

"Now, wait," Madame Cunard said. "I didn't say that. Tell you what—maybe putting somebody new on will liven things up a bit." She smiled. "The customers always liked you, Belle."

"Thank you," Belle said, her lips trembling. "You're a real friend, Madame Cunard."

"Oh, for goodness sake, Belle," Madame Cunard protested. "Now take off your things. You might as well start right now."

THE day dragged on endlessly. Belle hadn't realized how exhausted the last few months had left her. When she got home, dead tired, Lorenzo was sitting in his favorite chair, reading the paper. Belle noticed that he looked tired and wan, even more dejected than when she had gone out in the morning. She told him about her day, making believe that it had been fun getting back to work.



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"So I am," Lorenzo said. "Well, just as soon as I can get dressed, Mr. Barker is going to hear a piece of my mind."

But, while Lorenzo was dressing, a sobering thought struck Belle. Lorenzo had said they were rich. A thousand dollars was a lot of money, but it was still a hundred dollars less than they owed the Barkers. Belle knew what had to be done.

"Lorenzo," she said, when he bounded down the stairs. "You're not going to see Jim Barker."

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo said, "a man's got a right to do a little peaceful gloating—"

"Lorenzo," Belle interrupted, "there is a matter of one thousand one hundred dollars that we owe Jim Barker and you're going down and hand that check over to him."

"Belle!" Lorenzo stared. "Are you serious?"

"I certainly am," Belle said firmly. "We owe Jim Barker that money. It's only natural that we should pay it."

Lorenzo sat down disconsolately. "I for one," he said, "wouldn't call it natural. I'd call it extraordinary."

"Why?" Belle asked.

"How many men do you know, who, having suddenly been blessed with a lump of money, would go looking for their creditors?"

"Of course," Belle said, "if you mean shady characters—"

"Shady characters!" Lorenzo said. "Are you referring to your husband as a shady character, Belle Jones?"

"Of course not!" Belle said. "Because I know you're going right down to the garage to pay Jim Barker. Aren't you?"

"Well, Belle, loosely speaking, that's just what was in my mind," Lorenzo said.

"I'm proud of you, dear," Belle said, starting toward the phone. "I'll just call Jim and tell him you're on the way."

BELLE waited until Lorenzo went out and then picked up the telephone. Jim's gruff voice was pleasant to hear. Belle let him get in a few very bitter remarks, before she told him that Lorenzo was on his way to present him with a check for a thousand dollars.

"You'll get that additional hundred dollars we owe you, tomorrow, Mr. Barker, when I go to the bank. And," she added, "I believe you owe Lorenzo an apology."

"Now, look, Belle—" Jim began.

"Goodbye, Mr. Barker," Belle said and hung up. With a very full heart, she bustled out to the kitchen and, humming a tune, she went to work on the breakfast dishes.

It was a very different Lorenzo Jones who faced his wife that night. He told Belle of his conversation with Jim Barker.

"Don't mention it, I told him," Lorenzo grinned, "before he even had time to thank me. This thousand dollars means a lot to Belle and me, I said, but a debt of honor comes first." He beamed. "He was touched, Belle. Tears of gratitude came into his eyes."

"Go on, dear," Belle smiled.

"After I gave Jim the money," Lorenzo said, "and he had dried his eyes, we had a little talk. First, we talked about unimportant things and then we got around to a discussion about me and the garage." Lorenzo chuckled. "Jim figured he'd fired me sixteen or seventeen times and each

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time it was a mistake. Then I had to admit that it was a mistake those eleven times I resigned."

Belle sighed. "It certainly was, dear."

"Then," Lorenzo went on, "we talked about the little women, you and Irma."

"Oh?" Belle said.

"Yes," Lorenzo grinned. "And, if I do say so, you came out more than a fraction ahead, my dear."

Belle smiled. "Thank you, Lorenzo."

"Then," Lorenzo continued, "Jim had to admit that he was a hot tempered, narrow minded fool and he asked me to forgive him." Lorenzo drew himself up importantly. "And then, Belle, he offered me a job as general manager of the garage."

"Lorenzo!" Belle cried exuberantly. "That's wonderful!"

Jim, as Lorenzo explained it, was thinking of some day opening up a whole chain of garages. There would be a great future for Lorenzo. Already, Lorenzo saw himself as the vice-president of a chain of garages that stretched from coast to coast.

"Well," Belle sighed happily, "let's not look too far ahead, Lorenzo."

"Why not?" Lorenzo asked. "That's how most hard-headed, practical businessmen have done it."

"Lorenzo," Belle said, "do you really think you can be practical again?"

"I am now," Lorenzo stated. "Those days of puttering around the shop and reading a spot of poetry are all over, Belle. For fifteen years, I've played the dreamer and—with what result? A paltry thousand dollars for some idea a child could invent."

"Lorenzo," Belle said, "do you really mean this?"

"You have my word for it, Belle," Lorenzo said. "I think, my dear, that it's time I changed completely and gave the little woman a break."

"This is a very happy moment for me," Belle said, blinking back the tears. "I've always hoped that you'd give up your fancy schemes and settle down at the garage." And, feeling a sudden rush of emotion, Belle threw her arms around her husband and kissed him. "Now," she said, "if you'll let me go, I'll fix supper."

IT DIDN'T take long, at all, to make the supper. But when she went into the living room to call Lorenzo he wasn't there. Nor was he upstairs. Belle sighed and walked to the back door. The light was on in the workshop. She walked slowly out to the shack and stepped quietly inside. It was the same dirty, disreputable looking old shop, but, suddenly, she felt an unaccountable affection for it. It was the same indefinite attachment she felt for many things that had long since outworn their usefulness, but which she hated to throw away because they were linked with so many joys and sorrows.

Then she saw Lorenzo. He was bent low over an old machine, one he had owned for years. She walked quietly up to him. He was poking at the parts, humming, his hands covered with dirt and grime.

"Lorenzo," Belle said softly.

"Huh?" Lorenzo jumped. "Belle, you gave me a start."

"Supper's ready," she said.

"All right, Belle," he said, looking around the shop.

"Something troubling you, dear?" Belle asked kindly.

"No—no—" Lorenzo said with a

catch in his voice. "I was just thinking, Belle—as long as I'm not going to do any more inventing—I was just wondering what I could get for the old machinery." He sighed softly. "It isn't worth anything, I guess, but we could pick up a few dollars."

Belle looked covertly at his sad, troubled face. Her heart went out to him and, as his eyes took on a far-away look, she felt a great pity and love and a certain amount of strange respect for the impractical dreamer who was her husband.

"You'd kind of hate to sell it, wouldn't you, dear?" she asked.

"Oh, not so much," Lorenzo said bravely, but not looking at her. "It's really no good, Belle. If I had had good machinery, I might have been able to perfect that tire chain myself." His eyes lit up. "You know, Belle, with a few new things in here, well—" He looked at her, then quickly lowered his eyes. "But that's the old Lorenzo Jones."

BELLE took one of his grimy hands. "I must be a terrible fool," she said softly, "but I'm awfully fond of the old Lorenzo Jones. How much would the new machinery cost, dear?"

"Now, Belle," Lorenzo half frowned, half beamed. "I haven't been giving the slightest thought to how much it would cost. I know we haven't got a red cent and I'm practical and settled down—like I said—for life."

Belle was very surprised to hear herself saying, "I have two hundred dollars, Lorenzo. I'd saved three hundred, but I gave one hundred to Jim to clear up our debt completely."

"Two hundred dollars!" Lorenzo gasped. "Why with that—" he stopped. "Belle—you're trying my mettle, so to speak."

"No, I'm not, Lorenzo," Belle said, feeling a little foolish because the tears had sprung to her eyes. "If you want the two hundred dollars for machinery, you can have it."

"Belle!" Lorenzo cried.

"On the condition," Belle said as firmly as she could, "that you continue your work at the garage, like you promised."

"My dear," Lorenzo said. "I'll work my fingers to the bone for you. I'll be so steady and practical that you'll hardly know me. And, Belle," he said, his voice rising to the occasion, "you won't regret this step. Some day," he announced fervently, "the world will be proud of the little woman who had faith in Lorenzo Jones." He paused for breath. "Belle, do you think we could order that machinery tomorrow?"

"We'll see," Belle said. "Supper's getting cold, dear."

As she followed her excited husband out of the workshop, carefully stepping over the old pieces of iron and twisted parts, Belle wondered whether she had been wise. Then she realized with a secret smile that wisdom and love do not always go together. And she knew that nothing in the world would ever change the dreamy, sweet, impractical and unpredictable man she had married so many years ago. Nothing would ever change him and, deep down in her heart, she knew that she didn't want him to change, really. She loved him just as he was. She always had and she always would.

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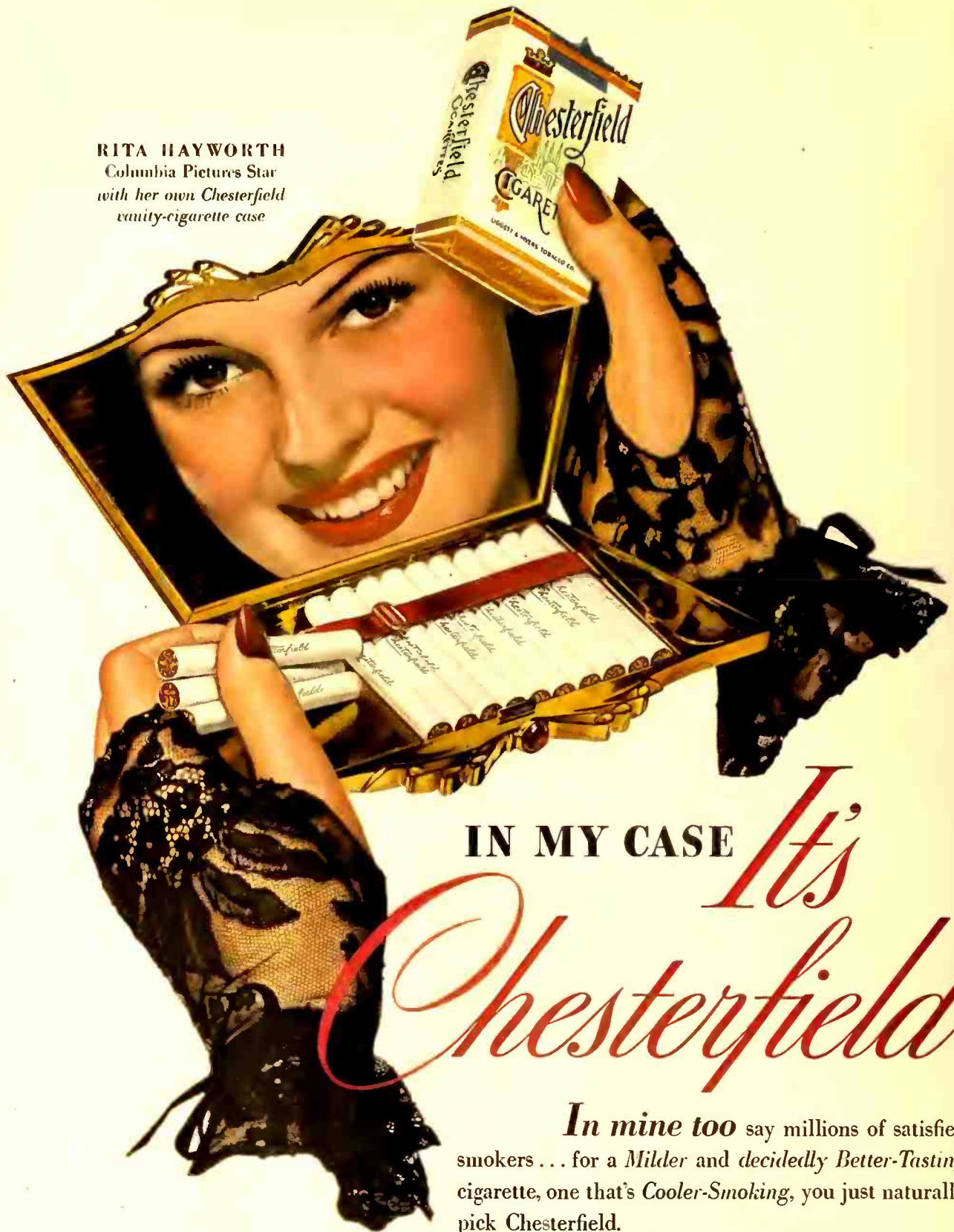
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