

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

APRIL
15¢



THE ROMANCE of HELEN TRENT — Real Life Color Pictures of Your

Will he whisper Praises about your Skin?

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

Mrs. Roger Van Schoyck

CINCINNATI, OHIO

"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."



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



Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—*how mild it is!* Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.



Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

A little time, a little care...

This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice — praised by lovely brides!

HOW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!



Washing your hair?

LISTERINE
to guard against
infectious type of
DANDRUFF



HERE'S a tip from the lips of thousands of women who have been helped by the Listerine treatment:

As a part of every shampoo, either preceding or following it, as you prefer, use full strength Listerine Antiseptic, followed by vigorous and persistent massage.

The minute Listerine Antiseptic reaches scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Your hair and scalp will feel wonderfully clean and fresh and threatening germ-invaders will be combated in large numbers.

If Dandruff Develops

If the infectious type of dandruff has really made headway on your scalp repeat the Listerine treatment at least once a day. Twice a day is better. You

will be amazed to find how quickly the distressing flakes and scales and the annoying itch begin to disappear.

Remember that 76% of the sufferers in a clinical test showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

And what a contrast the Listerine method is to most of those suggested for troublesome scalp conditions! Fast-drying instead of sticky—clean-smelling instead of offensive—a delight instead of a chore. And remember, germ-killing the minute you use it!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

**THE BEST
SAFEGUARD
I KNOW**



The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. **MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MEMO: A little loving care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke

Miss Blake's coat and sweater courtesy of Martha West, N. Y.

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Irresistible AS YOU WANT HIM TO REMEMBER YOU



THAT IRRESISTIBLE SOMETHING IS

Irresistible

PERFUME

The glamour that dreams are made of captured in this unforgettable perfume. Wear it like a smile... to lift the heart and stir the imagination. Spicy, flirtatious, Irresistible Perfume is as stimulating as a cocktail... as lasting as it is lovely! Specially packaged for Easter.

10c at all 5 and 10c stores



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

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Overheard

BLOWS COLD, BLOWS HOT

WHEN a room is very cold, it may be quickly warmed, once the steam starts, by directing an electric fan against the radiator.—Miss Imogene Herzstein's prize-winning hint, heard on Alma Kitchell's Meet Your Neighbor program—the Blue Network.

WASHINGTON SALUTES HOLLYWOOD

In the movie, "Talk of the Town," Ronald Colman made a closing speech (it was a court scene) which for posterity's sake will be preserved in the Congressional Record under the date of August 31, 1942. I shall not quote in full but in part something of that speech which I believe should be engraved on the tablet of your heart. . . .

"Think of this country, and the law that makes it what it is. And think of a world crying for this law. Then maybe you'll understand why you ought to guard it, and why the law has got to be the personal concern of every citizen . . . to uphold it for your neighbor . . . as well as for yourself . . .!"—Stella Unger, Hollywood News Girl, over NBC.

LAST WORD IN FASHIONS

The new Paris fashion, under German rule, is a heavy wool dress, padded inside with special material, used not only to hide the thinness of French women, who, because of the lack of proper nutrition, are half-starved, but to make up for the lack of coal for heating the home. This new fashion model is called "Central Heating," because the Germans expect you to wear your warmth all the time and to expect none from other sources.

There used to be a time when Paris with its gay hats and its original style touches fairly shouted "American women! Please copy!" Now, we're saying: "No, thank you! We'll take our plain, practical American clothes, designed for use and service and beauty—and our fashion shows—real fashion shows, not propaganda with its ghastly design of deceiving the world into believing that Paris is once again the spot where 'the heart is young and gay.'"—Kate Smith Speaks, CBS.

IT'S IN THE BAG

A paper bag comes in handy, if you want to flour chicken. Just put a little flour in the bag. Put the pieces of chicken in, and shake them around a little. Very quick and not nearly so messy as the piece-by-piece method.—Nancy Booth Craig's, The Woman of Tomorrow, over NBC.

"If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!"



Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar. . . but the fellows stand in line to take *you* out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You *should* have plenty of comethers, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!



Alice: That's the way underarm odor fools you, Joan—you can offend and *never know it!* Even with a daily bath, you can't be *sure*—that's why I use Mum!



(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.



THAT DREAMY WALTZ IS OUR SONG, JOAN!

(TO HERSELF)
AND UNDERARM ODOR CAN'T SPOIL THE DREAM—THANKS TO MUM!

Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even *after* you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers



LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
in return for
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Have Jack Benny and Fred Allen buried the hatchet? Don't be misled—this smiling act was specially put on for the Marines.



What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

THE last time we saw Lou Costello and Bud Abbott was a few days before the boys left for Hollywood to make their first picture. Lou and Bud were worried, as eight out of ten comedians who get movie contracts do not make the grade. Costello said to Abbott, "Well, Bud, if we flop we can always go back to burlesque." For once, Abbott agreed. Not long ago, Bud and Lou returned to New York to put on several shows in the Radio City studios. We reminded the boys of their fear of failure in Hollywood and asked for an explanation of their great success. "Well," Costello finally said, "when we read in the paper about Mayor LaGuardia closing down all the burlesque houses, we knew we had to make good."

"Yeah," Abbott said, "we had nothing to come back to."

Eddie Cantor is always gagging about going to perform at Army Camps to find husbands for his daughters. But, if Eddie's daughter Marilyn is any criterion, the daughters do all right on their own. Marilyn recently went up to WNEW, a New York radio station, and landed a job as a staff announcer. One of her co-workers there is Paula Stone, daughter of the famous actor, Fred Stone.

PUBLICITY STUNT: Gary Moore, star of Everything Goes, was up at NBC having pictures taken of himself in his wife's four new Easter hats. Mrs. Moore designed the hats and the gag is that Gary was her model.

Two miles on a bike, 60 miles on a commuting train and a mile hike are required before actress Joan Blaine can do her broadcast each day. Joan lives on a Connecticut farm 62 miles out of New York. She bicycles from her farm to the station, takes her train to Grand Central, then walks to the CBS studios. Her figure, it might be added, is very trim.

Norman Corwin recently wrote a ten-minute drama for the Mutual Carnival Show. The instructions in the script concerning the opening musical passage read as follows: "Maestoso passage, portentous and commanding but not uncomfortably so; not a fanfare in the accepted radio sense; to be miked for extra dimensional effect." Conductor Morton Gould, reading the remarks, made a very brief comment. "I hope," Gould said, "that he's kiddin'."

Those of you who miss Sam Hearn, who used to play Schleppeerman on Jack Benny's show, will be interested to know that Sam is now in the Benny company again, touring the Army camps. Benny won't talk about it, but it has been estimated that his free shows to the camps cost him \$5,000 a week.

Did you know that 60 College professors have selected NBC's Inter-American University of The Air as required listening for their classes? The Air University has been teaching History and Music and is now starting on Literature. It's a grand way to brush up on things we all ought to know.

Many of you may have been startled recently while listening to Warren Sweeney, CBS newscaster. A copy boy, very new at CBS, who did not know Warren was on the air, burst into the studio and yelled, "Hey, Sweeney, call Washington right away!" The message went coast to coast.

* * *

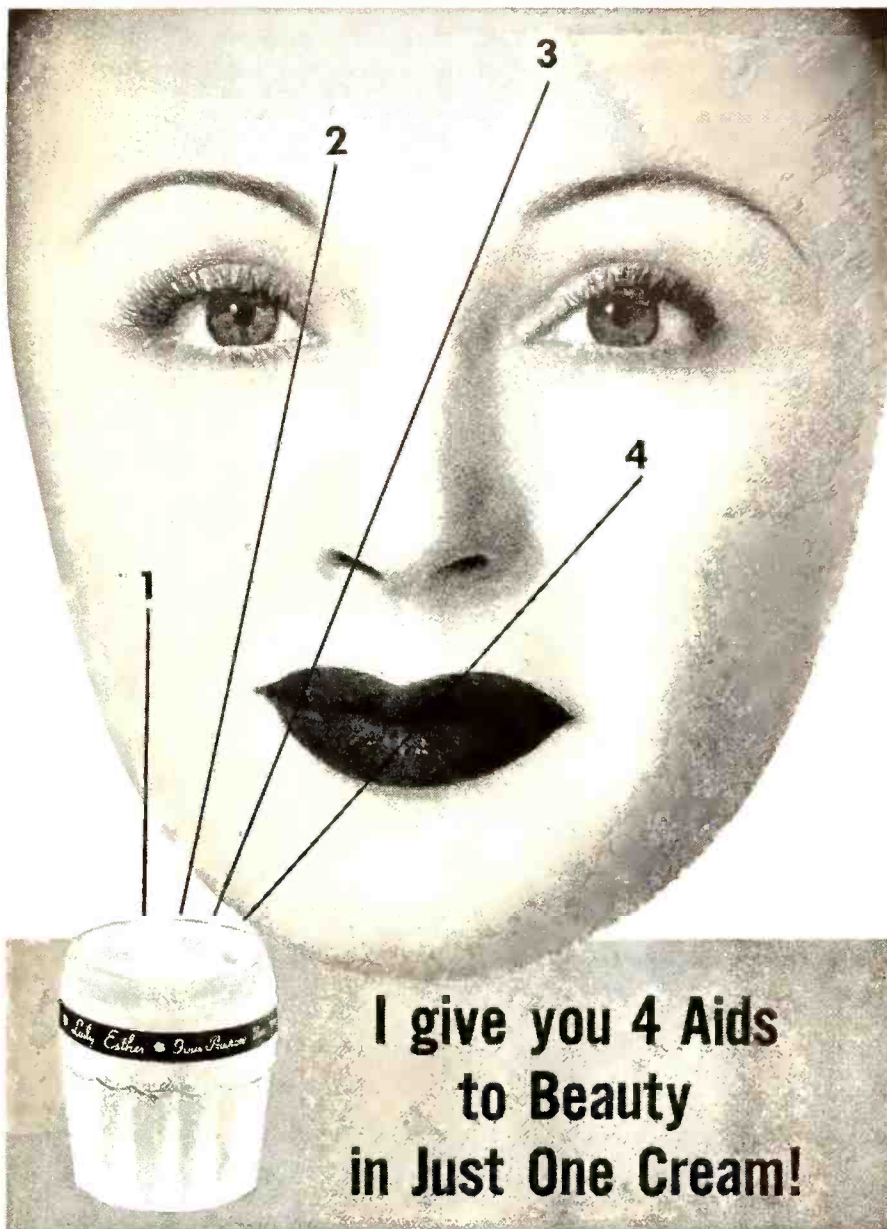
NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Each Saturday night in the studios of WSM at Nashville, Tennessee, Beasley Smith and his Orchestra send out over NBC Coast-to-Coast a half-hour of music labeled "Mr. Smith Goes to Town." The accompanying picture explains why Mr. Smith chooses to go to town. Jeri Sullavan's her name and she came to WSM by way of Art Jarrett's band playing the Black Hawk in Chicago.

Jeri Sullavan was born in Washington. She has light red hair, blue eyes, is about 5' 4½" tall, and weighs approximately 110 pounds. As a child she was trained to become a professional dancer, but her dancing career was cut short when she discovered that she could also sing. During her high school days, she had singing parts in school plays, and also joined the Glee Club.

When Jeri was eighteen, she went to California where she lived for about three years, singing with various bands, including Bernie Cummins in San Francisco. When Cummins and his band left the Coast, Jeri accompanied them to Chicago for a four-month engagement. While in Chicago, she also sang for several months with Orrin Tucker and his band, replacing Bonnie Baker who was taking time out for an appendectomy.

She later joined Pinky Tomlin and went to San Antonio, Texas, and then on to New York. Jeri and Bonnie Baker became very good friends, and when Bonnie left Orrin Tucker to go out on her own, Jeri traveled with her as secretary and companion, eventually returning to Chicago.

In addition to lending her vocal embellishments and red-haired charm to the Mr. Smith Goes To Town program, Jeri is heard by WSM listeners in quarter-hour programs known as Songs by Sullavan. Jeri admits that



**I give you 4 Aids
to Beauty
in Just One Cream!**

**My one 4-Purpose Face Cream
ends need for other face creams**

WOMEN who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need any other cream for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly, but gently, *cleans* your skin; (2) it *softens* your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature *refine* the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect *base* for powder.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you

have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly helps all these troubles—brings glowing new freshness to your skin!

Send for your generous tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM



LADY ESTHER, (84)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)



The reason "Mr. Smith Goes to Town" over WSM at Nashville, is because of lovely Jeri Sullavan.



**"Walking,
working *more*...
a girl must
suffer less!"**

MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

she gets as much kick out of emceeing her own show as in the singing.

* * *
The "Duffy's" show on the Blue, starring Ed Gardner, has more spectators during rehearsal than any program in radio. At four o'clock every Tuesday, half of the NBC press department slips out to watch the rehearsal and are joined by stenographers, page boys and guides. One of the NBC executives wanted to put a stop to it, but Ed went to bat for his rehearsal audience. Mr. Gardner likes company and the spontaneous applause.

* * *
Back in 1918 they were known as Marian Driscoll and Jim Jordan. Jim was to be inducted into the army in five days and so he proposed to Marian. The future looked mighty uncertain, but Miss Driscoll accepted. They were married in the St. John's Church in Peoria, Illinois, and Jim went off to war. Today, twenty-four years later, they have a son, Jim Jr., in the Air Force. You know them as Fibber McGee and Molly, and to the thousands of cadets and enlisted men in the Armed Forces they are "Pop" and "Mom." Their advice to youngsters thinking of marriage today is, "Get married and fight to make it a better world."

* * *
Madeleine Carroll is a very busy girl these days, what with her efforts on behalf of Merchant Seamen. But, every afternoon, between 5 and 5:15, she relaxes and reads. She reads aloud, over the air, to thousands of listeners and is now finishing up "Lost Horizon." Madeleine has no contract on her reading show and says she will continue reading just as long as the audience likes it.

* * *
Fred Allen's long standing complaint is that every time he goes to a movie on Broadway it is so crowded that he has a terrible time getting in. The other day at rehearsal, Portland was telling us about her "movie trouble." She was very angry because the price changed just two minutes before she got to the box office. "It isn't the principle of the

thing," Portland smiled, "it's the money. Why should you pay more to see a movie in the afternoon than you do in the morning?"

"Did you go to the movie, Portland?" Fred asked.

"Of course not!" Portland replied. "Good girl!" Fred cracked. "I'll take you tonight."

* * *
RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES: Each month we bring you news of radio people who have recently joined the fighting forces. Nineteen-year-old Jimmy Donnelly has left the cast of the O'Neill's show to join the Navy. . . . When Charlie Barnett's first trumpeter, Irving Berger, left for the Army, Charlie called Lyman Vunk, formerly with Bob Crosby, and asked him to take Irving's place. Vunk rushed East, but when he arrived a letter was waiting for him from his draft board classifying him in 1-A. . . . Wonderful Smith of the Red Skelton show has now been promoted to a corporal. . . . Hal Hopper is now in the Army. Now, instead of being billed as the *Music Maids and Hal*, the Kraft Music Hall singers are known as the *Music Maids and Phil*. Phil is Phil Hanna. . . . Dick Jurgens, popular orchestra leader, has also just joined up. . . . CBS Blondie technician, Mel Noe, has been commissioned a lieutenant in the Navy.

* * *
CHARLOTTE, N. C.—How anyone as absent-minded as Charlie Friar ever became anything but a college professor is probably due to the existence of a maiden aunt who despised "drumming" on the piano, and a Baptist Deacon father who tried to keep his son away from dances.

Charlie, who now is accompanist for The Rangers Quartet on WBT, Charlotte, reacted pretty much as could be expected. He "forgot" to come home from school until he had had his music lesson. He "forgot" that he mustn't play until Auntie had finished her nap. Finally, after a couple of years of this state of conditioned amnesia, Charlie made a fine compromise with his own desires



Lt. Frances Rich, recently appointed Navy "V" mail supervisor, smiles over congratulations while her mother, Irene Rich, of CBS's *Dear John* series, proudly holds the phone.



He doesn't smoke that pipe, but Charlie Friar knows how to play the piano for *The Rangers* on WBT.

and his Dad's aversion to dancing. He played for Sunday School and Church on Sundays, for prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, and for every available nearby dance on Saturday nights.

He is a most personable lad to know, pleasant, long-legged, lanky and unassuming to look at. When he's finished playing, he always grins apologetically, a trifle abashed at the applause he receives, and still isn't expecting. But as for the performance itself—music sweet or music hot—Charlie is always master of the situation, and his melodies invariably reach deep into the hearts of his audience and bring out unconditioned appreciation—as is expressed in the scores of fan letters he receives daily from his listeners.

Charlie's a native of Knoxville, Tennessee, in his early 20's, has blue eyes, brown hair, and is well over six feet tall. He made his first radio contact in his home town of Knoxville, at Radio Station WNOX, in 1936, as accompanist for a choral group. The following year, he held a similar position with WMC, Memphis, and after six months there, moved on to KWFT, Wichita Falls, Texas, and then to North Carolina. He came to WBT, Charlotte, from a radio station in Raleigh, N. C., to be the accompanist for *The Rangers* Quartet. At present, he accompanies not only the Western lads, but is pianist for other choral groups and radio shows, and is in demand for civic and social affairs.

The fact that Charlie usually carries around an unlighted cigarette, or a dangling unlighted crooked pipe, may be that he's simply forgotten to light it. But when he finally gets to the piano, he remembers perfectly the songs folks want to hear—and the way they want them played.

The bright looking young lad on page 9 who is eating a hamburger is Alastair Kyle, 11-year-old British boy who plays in Aunt Jenny's

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."



4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

Check this with your Doctor

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

Lysol
Disinfectant



FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

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For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R. M.- 443. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.



'IDEAL' FOR WAR-TIME CANNING!

Can successfully in BALL IDEAL fruit jars—the jars that save metal for war! This jar, preferred for years by many experienced home-canners, has a "no-stretch" spring steel wire clamp. The glass top lasts as long as the jar. Extremely easy to seal or open.

New BALL Glass Top Seal Jar: Another reliable jar using less metal and rubber. Glass lid, rubber and metal screw band form a perfect seal at top edge of jar. Band should be removed after 12 hours and re-used.

Buy Glass Top Seal closures for Mason jars you have on hand. Easy to use—no puncturing to open.

BALL BROTHERS CO.
Muncie, Indiana

Ball

ALL-GLASS JARS



FREE! The BALL BLUE BOOK—complete instructions and 300 tested canning recipes. Fill in coupon on printed leaflet from a carton of BALL Jars, mail it to us for your free copy. If you do not have the printed leaflet, send 10c with your name and address.



YOU WON'T BE HUNGRY IF YOU CAN!

LEARN MUSIC in Your Own Home This EASY Way

YES, you can actually learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home this amazing short-cut way! No expensive teacher—no tiresome scales and exercises—no confusing theories. You learn at home, in your spare time, at a cost of only a few cents a day. Every step is as clear as A B C—and before you know it, you are playing real tunes by note. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.



U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C. Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument)

Instrument..... Have you.....
Name..... Instr. ?.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

.....

.....

Stories over CBS. Alastair really loves hot dogs and hamburgers, ice cream and politics. We actually overheard him explaining the English Beveridge plan to several actors and actresses in a CBS studio. Alastair's father is Captain Allen Kyle, who is making munitions in the midlands of England. Alastair has two older half-brothers in the Army and Navy in England.

* * *

When Benny Rubin left Encino, California, to come to New York to start his radio program, he left his job to Spencer Tracy. Benny was Senior Air Raid Warden of Encino, a movie colony near Hollywood. Under Benny's command were George Brent, Don Ameche, Micky Rooney, and Lum 'n' Abner.

* * *

Radio is having a very hard time getting movie people to guest star on shows. Reason is the \$25,000 ceiling. Movie stars used to pick up extra change working radio, but the salary limitation has stopped all that. That's why you are hearing so many big radio stars "guesting" for each other. Benny works for Allen, Fibber and Molly "do time" on the Gildersleeve show and Phil Baker does "guest shots" for Jack Benny. Why don't the Hollywood stars do the guest appearances and turn the money that they get over to War Relief agencies?

* * *

BOSTON—Jack Stanley, one of New England's favorite radio personalities, is now heard nationally on the program World News To-Day. He is fast coming to the fore as one of the leading news analysts. It is because of his success in the northeastern states and his recognized popularity that his listening audience has been expanded to a much larger section of the country. His broadcasts originate at WNAC, Boston, key station of the Yankee Network.

Stanley is well fitted for his role of news analyst. He knows his field, especially the international scene, and is well equipped to handle the difficult assignment of interpreting the great events of the day. He is not one to engage in startling forecasts or hazardous predictions, but interprets the news as he sees it through the eyes of the on-the-scene reporters around the world.

Jack has been identified with some of the major programs on the air in New England since 1938 when he joined the Yankee Network. He was the Voice of New England in that successful daily program which gave the millions of listeners in that area, and for the past four years he has also done the Press Roundup. Recently he has been the master of ceremonies on the important Boston Traveller program, The Traveller Speaks.

He was born in London of an American father and an English mother. Being a descendant of Governor Bradford, Stanley, when he came to this country, naturally settled in New England. Jack was educated at Malvern College, Worcestershire, England, and attended the Sorbonne in Paris. He lived two years in Paris and two in Cologne, Germany. Stanley's experience on the Continent well fits him for his role as news analyst.



Jack Stanley is one of New England's favorite newscasters.. He's heard on WNAC's World News Today.

Jack is a family man with two boys as his pride. He is a good singer, plays the cello and has one consuming hobby, playing tennis.

* * *

SUCCESS STORY: A girl named Cora B. Smith came to New York against her father's wishes. She wanted to be an actress and got a few small parts, but, after a year, was down to her last cent. Her only possession was a stamp collection, which she took to a collector to sell. While they were haggling over the price, a man stepped up and asked her if she was an actress. Cora said she was. The man was the director of the CBS Joyce Jordan, M.D. show and Cora now plays the part of Gale Moore and, of course, still has her stamp collection. The director was Hy Brown, a stamp collector.

* * *

It was A. L. Alexander who first started the Good Will Court, which John J. Anthony now conducts. Alexander now has another very popular program on Mutual called The Mediation Board. During this show, Alexander listens to complaints from both sides of the family. A woman came to him recently and asked him to find her husband, who had left her. Alexander did and asked the husband if he were willing to go on the air with his wife and iron out their difficulties. "Sure," the husband said, "maybe we can make up." Alexander then returned to the wife and told her what her spouse had said. "Why, I wouldn't go on a program with him," the woman said. "I just wanted you to scare him."

* * *

Recently, Dinah Shore won two nationwide awards as best popular female vocalist. Now, we learn, Xavier Cugat has just compiled a list of the ten best amateur rumba dancers in America and Dinah's name is included. When Warner Bros., who have just signed her to make a picture, learned about this they wrote in a scene in which she dances. Name of the picture is "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

Radio reception in the Aleutian Islands, where our boys are battling the Japs, is very poor. Our soldiers, sailors and flyers receive only garbled remnants of their favorite programs. Now this situation is being remedied through the use of transcriptions. In a letter recently received by Kate Smith, a soldier writes. "Dear Kate: Your first batch of records arrived today. They were wonderful! Please send us more." Kate is now taking time out to fill the soldier's requests.

* * *

DEADLINE FLASHES: Al Jolson will go to Africa to entertain the troops just as soon as he finishes his current CBS series. Last year, if you remember, Al performed for the boys in Alaska, Ireland and Trinidad. . . . Three CBS stars, Jessica Dragonette, Phil Baker and Dorothy Lowell of Our Gal Sunday, all had appendectomies recently. . . . Major Bowes is making it tough for the publicity people by insisting that he, personally, okays everything they write about him. . . . "Pepper Young" recently passed its 1,800th show, nearing seven years on the networks. . . . Diane Courtney, Blue singing star, was just named Queen of the Prom by N. Y. U. Juniors. . . . That new John Gunther-John Vandercook show looks like a sure-fire hit. . . . Woody Herman just started work on the new Sonja Henie picture, "Quota Girl". . . . Singin' Sam, back on the air for Mutual, just celebrated his 54th birthday. Singin' Sam's real name is Harry Frankel. . . . Lotte Lehman's new CBS show is bringing in scads of fan mail from the serious music lovers. . . . Rudy Vallee, who speaks French, has just broadcast a stirring message to the people of occupied France. . . . Leon Janney's place on the Parker Family show has been taken by Mickey O'Day. Janney is now studying Russian and hopes to enter the diplomatic service soon. . . . We're glad to see Penny Singleton back on her old job as "Blondie." Penny's new baby is named Roberta, after her husband, Capt. Robert Sparks of the Marine Corps. . . . Helen Sioussat, Director of Talks at CBS, has just written a delightful book called "Mikes Don't Bite". . . .



Eleven-year-old Alastair Kyle, who plays in the CBS Aunt Jenny's Stories, likes politics and hamburgers.



Men in the armed services are buying more Pepsodent than any other brand. It takes over one-fourth of all we can make just to supply them. But they come first—and rightly so—even if the rest of us have to use Pepsodent more sparingly for a while.



The biggest number of civilian users in history want Pepsodent, too. But wartime restrictions limit production—so there's a temporary shortage. If you can't get Pepsodent right away—don't blame your druggist. Try again in a few days.

Keep your smile bright . . . but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT



1. MEASURE out only as much Pepsodent Paste as you need—about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch is enough. Squeeze end or roll tube from bottom. Save Pepsodent from washing down the drain by moistening brush before applying paste.



2. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the palm of your hand. Do not sprinkle it on the brush. Enough powder to cover a 5c piece is plenty. Then dab (—don't rub) moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



3. KEEP your tooth brushes serviceable by hanging them up to dry after use. Wilted, soggy tooth brushes are inefficient, waste dentifrice. Use a good tooth brush, take good care of it.



4. DENTAL science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those in Pepsodent. They are so safe, so effective, in fact, that only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your smile far brighter.

From your skin out—

Lovely Geraldine Kay, heard on Doctors at War over NBC, gives you eight steps for true make-up beauty.



Skin tonic first



Then foundation



Eyeshadow sparingly



Blend rouge in



Pat your powder on



Follow the curve of natural brows.



Mascara upper lashes



Lip-stick carefully

YOU make-up, of course! But the chances are your make-up is a routine job—a quick to-do with a mascara brush, a flip of an eyebrow pencil, a smear of lipstick, two pats of rouge, and three dabs of powder.

It's easy enough to use cosmetics so they create beauty for you. But you must remember certain basic rules.

A well-groomed woman makes up—from the skin out—at least twice every day. No amount of retouching removes the dark cast which rouge over rouge gives the skin, masks the shadows which caked powder produces, or hides those little smudges where lipstick went over the line.

If the lines in your face go up, not down, you'll look younger and you'll look pleasanter.

It is your mouth, eyebrows, and eyes that give you expression and are most noticeable. Stress the best of these features.

Heavy make-up is tabu. It makes you look coarse.

If your nose is longer than you wish it was use a darker powder base on the end of it. Be sure, however, to blend this in with the powder base you use on the rest of your face so there isn't any line of demarcation.

A double chin also is less pronounced when it is covered with a darker powder base, well blended into your lighter powder base.

A darker powder base also camouflages a wide jaw, when used on the outer edge. Here, too, it should be blended carefully.

All right, remembering all of the above basic rules which apply in your case, proceed with your make-up:

By Roberta Ormiston

1. *Skin tonic or an astringent* . . . Pat it on. Stimulate circulation.
2. *Foundation cream or powder base* . . . Apply lightly and evenly.
3. *Eyeshadow* . . . If you have eyelids that are wrinkled it isn't for you.
4. *Rouge* . . . Rub rouge into your skin. Otherwise it will come off when you use powder. If your skin inclines to be dry, paste rouge will do a better job for you, merging with your skin more satisfactorily. Put rouge where your natural color would be. If you aren't certain where this would be jump up and down or run about until color floods into your face. And mark the area well.
5. *Powder* . . . Pat your powder on. Be generous with it. Then remove all surplus powder, taking special care none remains around your hair-line, with a powder brush.
6. *Eyebrow pencil* . . . Eyebrows should follow the curve of nose and frontal bone. Widen the distance between eyebrows if your eyes are close together.

7. *Mascara* . . . Mascara on the ends of your lashes will make your eye openings appear larger.

8. *Lipstick* . . . Your lips should be dry when you use lipstick. Apply it carefully but generously. Blot your lips dry against cleansing tissue or a blotter. Put a dot of color at the corners of your mouth and wipe it off with a deft upward motion to make your lips seem to curve upward.

Don't waste time putting on a careless make-up as a matter of habit. Take a little more time and put on a make-up that will be what it should be, a means to greater beauty.



*"Her proud head topped with shining hair
Gives her charm beyond compare"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



SO EXQUISITELY FEMINE, yet so practical, too . . . this up-swept way of handling shoulder-length hair! Glamorous enough for evening wear, yet suitable for active war-work days, because it's easy to keep trim and neat! Hair shampooed with Special Drene.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous . . . sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre -
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner



Phil Spitalny is the leader of the unique all-girl orchestra of the Hour of Charm, heard Sunday nights on NBC.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

A SECRET Radio Mirror has kept for more than a year—Sammy Kaye's marriage—has now been revealed by the swing and sway bandsman. Sammy's wife is an attractive brunette and widow from Cleveland, Ohio.

Jan Garber, one of the pioneers in sweet music, is reported spending \$20,000 to convert his band into a swing group. Jan has added seven more men, retained only one man, Charlie Ford, from the original aggregation. His new vocalist will be Ray Eberle, who formerly sang with Glenn Miller and Gene Krupa.

Reports reach us that Chief Petty Officer Artie Shaw is at Pearl Harbor with his all-service dance band.

Jimmy Brown, one of the airwaves' familiar voices, has left Blue Barron for Guy Lombardo.

Benny Goodman has been appointed an adjutant to the U. S. State Department to assist in solidifying Pan-American relations.

Gracie Barrie, holding hubby Dick Stabile's baton while he serves in the Coast Guard, is set for a sixteen-week run in Chicago's Blackhawk.

Woody Herman has arrived in Hollywood for work on the new Sonja Henie film. His female trumpeter, Billie Rogers, has turned down several offers to form her own band.

Jack Miller celebrated his thirteenth year as Kate Smith's musical director.

There's a difference of opinion in the various dance band popularity polls. Harry James ran off with the New York World Telegram one, while Duke Ellington (swing) and Tommy Dorsey (sweet) won the Downbeat magazine vote.

Another annual event is Metronome



Maxine is the contralto soloist with the group.



Vivien's is the lovely soprano voice you hear.



Evelyn's magic violin—a feature of the show.

magazine's annual All-Star Band, voted by its readers. The 1942 aggregation lines up this way: Toots Mondello, lead alto, Benny Carter, hot alto, Benny Goodman, clarinet, Charlie Barnet and Tex Beneke, hot tenors, Harry James, lead trumpet, Ziggy Elman and Roy Eldridge, hot trumpets, Tommy Dorsey, lead trombone, J. C. Higginbotham, hot trombone, Count Basie, piano, Alvino Rey, guitar, Bob Haggart, bass, Gene Krupa, drums, Frank Sinatra and Helen Forrest, vocalists.

LADIES OF THE BANDSTAND

THERE is a huge, ornately carved desk in Phil Spitalny's New York hotel suite that many a desperate, draft-distraught band leader would give his bank roll to pry open. For locked inside it is a card-crammed file containing the names of five thousand hopeful and talented girl musicians.

Today when other bandsmen see Uncle Sam tap their top instrumentalists and substitutes present acute problems, stocky, smart Phil Spitalny holds the most enviable position in the music field.

"All the girls have stock in the band," he explains. "They have shares in proportion to their position in the organization. Any girl who leaves for another job forfeits her holdings. Girls who retire are given cash settlements providing they do not work for another orchestra for one year."

Phil gave the girls the stock and last month each received a ten per cent pay increase with the stipulation that this bonus be put into war bonds.

1942 saw the close of the orchestra's most successful season since its inception eight years ago. Their NBC, General Electric-sponsored Sunday night series was renewed again, they made their first movie, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and they rolled up record breaking attendances in theaters and concert halls.

The band is busier than ever because Spitalny insists on doing most of his broadcasts and extra dates before sailors and soldiers in training.

Born in Odessa, Russia, Phil came here when he was fifteen, a proud but penniless graduate of the Imperial Music Conservatory. But before he attained success in music here, Phil struggled at all sorts of menial jobs.

Phil got the idea for an all girl orchestra when he heard a Carnegie Hall concert played by a young girl violinist.

The task of organizing the dream orchestra Phil had in mind was gar-

(Continued on page 50)

Entirely New Idea in Make-up



JERGENS "TWIN MAKE-UP"

two lovely make-up aids—in ONE box

to give you that young dewy-fresh look

IN A JIFFY, you've the loveliest make-up ever!

First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!

Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake *right in the same box* with your shade of face powder.

Only \$1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

\$2.00 Value for \$1.00

Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake
with matching Face Powder



• Boxed together, for the first time—
Both for \$1.00—less than many girls pay
for a make-up cake alone! Choose the pow-
der shade that lights up your type of skin;
your twin harmonizing shade in make-up
cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of
shades—one specially styled for you!) Get
Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long — at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.



10¢ PLUS TAX

Copyright 1943, Lorr Laboratories · Paterson, N. J.
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS *nail polish*

Cuticle Lotion
Polish Remover
Dura-Coat

*They called her Miss Prim
—how could they know that
it was not love she feared
but the hurt that can come
when love is stolen away?*

THEY called me "Miss Prim" in the office. They used to say that I was old-fashioned; they told me I ought to go in for gay, glamorous clothes and start wearing more makeup, and do my hair in a different way.

I knew what those other girls thought—little Connie Marshall, old-maid-to-be, without time or inclination for love and romance. Of course, they didn't know—and they never would know. And neither would Victor McAllister.

He was behind his desk now, Victor McAllister, looking across at me with that grave smile of his, and saying, "I'm sorry you have to work late again tonight." I thought then that if he'd said, "Connie, I love you madly," I couldn't have been any more enchanted. It was enough—at least, I thought then that it was—just to listen to him speak, to know that he was speaking to me.

The smile twisted wryly. "Miss Damon is out sick, and I've a raft of letters. Do you mind?"

The lamplight from his desk struck obliquely across his face, touched those probing gray eyes of his. I sat erect in my chair, staring primly—well, they called me Miss Prim, didn't they?—down at my notebook, pencil poised. "It's quite all right, Mr. McAllister," I answered with just the proper business smile, "I don't mind in the least." That answer was hardly precise. Mind? But I couldn't tell him that staying after hours to work for him was a kind of out-of-bounds heaven. You can't tell a man you're wickedly glad his secretary is ill because it (Continued on page 74)



*Promise
for tomorrow*

Fictionized by Will Oursler
from an original radio script
heard over the Mutual Network.

I was to blame

FOUR wool blankets, ten pounds of sugar, half-a-dozen cans of coffee and as many packages of tea, an assortment of canned fruit and vegetables—these were the small things upon which our marriage was wrecked.

Jim stood in front of the closet, looking in at the neatly arranged shelves. After that first black spasm of anger, his face had become heavily expressionless.

I tried to laugh. After all, it wasn't really important! "Don't make such a fuss, Jim," I said. "These are just a few things I—"

"Oh, I suppose they don't matter," he agreed wearily. "If they were all! . . . But a man hates to face the fact that his wife's a selfish, thoughtless—"

"Jim!" The anger I had been trying to smother flared up uncontrollably. "I won't have you talking that way to me!"

"Won't you?" His dark eyes met mine somberly. "It's the truth, but maybe you're right. I'm too tired to tell you the truth."

He turned and went downstairs, his heels coming down sharply on each tread with a horrible sound of finality.

I shut the closet door, and it was as if I were shutting a door on a part of my life. Jim and I had quarreled before now, but this was more than a quarrel. It was a climax to something that had been brewing for months, perhaps for years, and after it, nothing would ever be the same again.

There is a picture of Jim and me, taken in 1932, on our wedding day, that I've always kept, although a long time ago I stopped having it out where people could see it. We look so fresh and—untouched—in it; it reminds me too sharply of what the years have done to us. It shows Jim with shoulders pulled back very straight, looking directly into the camera out of the wide-apart, deeply set blue eyes that gave charm to a face that might have been too stern otherwise—and that has been too stern, often, since.

And it shows me so proud, so happy, so blonde and pink-and-white and pretty . . .

We were very young when we married. I was barely eighteen and Jim was twenty. It wasn't a particularly good year to be married because the word "depression" was on everyone's lips and in every newspaper. But Jim had a good job, neither of us had any other responsibilities, and we were terribly in love.

For a few months we had the kind of life we'd expected—living in one half of a two-family house which we rented furnished, eating at restaurants when I didn't feel like cooking dinner, going to dances on Saturday nights, spending nearly all the money Jim earned.

IT was my kind of life, I guess, more than it was Jim's. Even then he liked to read and think about what he read. If I had been more content to spend my evenings quietly at home he would have been perfectly satisfied, but he was happy to take me places because I enjoyed it so. I used to tease him by calling him "Old Sobersides," but he wasn't, really. Not in those days.

He became sober enough later, after the shoe factory where he worked as a machinist shut down. He was sober when we'd used up our few savings and had to go to live with his parents and then mine, and when Dickie, our little boy, was born in the free ward of a hospital.

Somehow, we got through those bad years, but they changed us so we weren't any longer the Jim and Anne Porter who posed for that wedding-day picture. Trouble is supposed to bring a man and a woman together, but it separated Jim and me.

I didn't consciously blame Jim for being unable to support Dickie and me—I'm sure I didn't—but I must have blamed him in my heart. I went on loving him, in a way, but without that outpouring of oneself which makes love beautiful.

We didn't think alike. When,

after five years of wondering where the next meal would come from (for our parents were almost as badly off as we), things began to get better, I wanted to build a bulwark of security. I wanted to save money and at the same time to surround myself with all the things I'd had to do without. Jim wanted this, too, of course, but not as much as I did. Mostly, he wanted security for other people as much as he did for himself. That's why, he told me, he spent so much time in union activities at the factory where he finally got a steady job, and why he read so many dull-looking books.

I used to laugh, a little irritably. "Stop thinking you can remake the world, Jim," I'd say. "There's nothing you can do about it."

"Maybe there will be, someday," he'd answer with that heavy seriousness which often made me long to slap him—particularly when I wanted him to take me to a movie or somewhere, and he wouldn't because there was a union meeting.

We hadn't wanted Dickie—things were too bad, then—but after he came I idolized him, worshipping every satiny-soft inch of his body, transferring to him all the affection I had once given Jim. And yet—I'm afraid I must admit that during the bad years it was Jim who saw that no matter what we had to go without there was always money for the food and medical care and expensive, nasty-smelling oil Dickie needed to keep him strong.

EVEN with Dickie, somehow, life cheated me. As he grew older, I lost touch with him as surely as I had lost touch with his father. He was sturdy and independent, and very much a boy, and he hated maternal fussing. Well, it was natural, and I understood, but I missed the baby he had been, and often, watching Jim and him together, I thought bitterly that he preferred his father to me.

Still, I was contented, in a stagnant sort of way. I had all the material things I wanted. A year be-



*There was that one
moment of stolen won-
der in the magic of the
firelight—then in the
face of her son she saw
the shame that was hers*

fore Pearl Harbor we moved into our own house, one we were buying on the FHA plan. It was a darling little house, not very different from any other on the block, it's true, but new and convenient and well-built. It had five rooms downstairs, a big basement, and an attic which Jim fixed up for an extra bedroom that first summer when his cousin Jimmy came to stay with us for a few weeks. It's ironic that I was the one who insisted on preparing that extra room!

The war changed our life, as it

changed everyone's. There was little danger that Jim would be drafted. Besides having a family to support, he was needed at the factory, which had been converted to make small parts for engines. But he might almost just as well have been drafted for all I saw of him, because he worked long hours, often seven days a week—and of course he made a great deal more money than we had ever had before.

It wasn't desire for money, though, that drove him—it was a conviction that there was no time

to be lost, that every possible engine had to be pushed out of the factory, overseas, to the boys whose lives depended on their equipment. He and some of the other men in the union got together and persuaded the management to let them form a committee to work out time-saving devices in getting out the work.

But most of all, these days showed me how far apart Jim and I had grown in our hopes, our wishes.

I WANTED to help win the war, but I didn't see why the Porter family should do more than its share. I didn't see, for instance, why Jim should subscribe fifteen percent of his salary for War Bonds while everyone else was subscribing only ten, or even less. I didn't see why Jim should give up some of his precious free time to be an auxiliary fireman—he was doing enough, and more than enough, at the factory. I didn't see why he refused to buy Dickie a bicycle for his tenth birthday, as he'd always promised, ever since Dickie had been old enough to want one. And the car—

We really had an argument about the car. When gasoline rationing began, Jim, as a defense worker, was entitled to extra rations. He wouldn't apply for them. Instead, he began walking half a mile to the bus line, and he rather sternly told me I wasn't to drive for anything but heavy shopping.

"And I suppose Dickie can walk to school?" I demanded. Until now, Jim had been taking Dickie with him in the mornings and dropping him off at school.

"He can," Jim said flatly, and then grinned at Dickie where he sat next

to him at the supper table. "We talked it all over this morning and Dickie's perfectly willing—aren't you, old man?"

"Sure," Dickie agreed. "I'd like to. Anyhow, I always walk home. Now I'll walk both ways."

"It's perfectly ridiculous," I said. "Why, we won't even use up our A ration. And as far as I can see, other people are still driving."

"That's no reason we should."

"But Jim—" I always came back to this one argument—"why should we do more than our share?"

"Everybody's going to have to do more than their share," Jim told me, "if we expect to win this war."

There were enough of these clashes to teach me to keep my opinions to myself. But I never changed the opinions, and sometimes I did things I knew would have angered Jim if he'd known—things like throwing away empty tin cans instead of preparing them for salvage, simply because they seemed too small to bother about. Or like buying a few extra supplies and putting them in the closet in the attic room.

It was another of Jim's ideas for helping the war effort that brought about the discovery of the closet's contents.

He came home, that night, and announced that he was going to rent the attic room to one of the workmen at the factory.

"Oh, no!" I protested as soon as he mentioned the plan. "Bring a stranger into this house—to live with us?"

"He isn't a stranger. His name is Kane Garnett. He's a good worker and a nice fellow, and he'll take his meals out," Jim said with rather more reasonableness than he usually showed when we disagreed. "You'll hardly know he's around. Right now he's sleeping on a cot in a room with three other men. It's all he can get, the town's so overcrowded, and with the work he does he deserves something better."

"I know," I protested, "but—oh, Jim, I'd hate having someone else in the house. And—well, the room isn't very nice, and it hasn't any water or heat—"

"I told him it wouldn't be very fancy, but he said he didn't care," Jim interrupted, and somehow I knew with an irritation which made me go cold all over, that it had been all settled before Jim told me about it, that he'd already offered the room without even consulting me.

Jim stood up. "Think I'll go up now and see if there's anything we'll really have to get," he said.

For a moment I didn't remember the things in the closet. Then I was



We both knew that tonight would be different—Jim would not be here.

on my feet, running up after him.

He had the light on and was standing in the middle of the room looking around him, when I came in. "Seems all right," he said, surveying the single bed with its bare mattress and pillow, the second-hand but serviceable chair and dresser, the rag rug on the floor.

"I'll clean it up and buy anything we need," I said quickly, anxious to get him back downstairs.

"All right," he said, and almost as if he weren't thinking of what he was doing, opened the closet door...

"What's all this?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing—just some—" I stammered.

He looked at me with disgust in his eyes. It was then, cutting short my explanations, that he called me selfish and thoughtless.

Written for *Radio Mirror* by Lee Ginter, "I Was Ta Blame" was suggested by a radio drama heard on CBS.





Later, when I followed him downstairs, he was already in bed, with his face turned to the wall. After I had undressed and switched off the light, he spoke.

"I'll bring Garnett home with me tomorrow night," he said, not defiantly, but simply stating a fact.

As I got into the other twin bed I said to myself that I hated him.

NOW that I tell all this, I am ashamed that we could have let our quarrel solidify into such complete bitterness. It was so petty, and so tragic! Yet I feel ashamed for Jim as much as for myself. I was at fault, with my insistence upon my own personal comfort, yes; but so was Jim. One word of—no, not apology, I didn't want even that—but of simple tenderness, would not only have brought this particular quarrel to

an end, but would have helped wipe out the irritation which led up to it.

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But the tone didn't register with Mr. Garnett. He took my hand in one of his huge ones and said, "It sure is swell of you, Mrs. Porter, to let me come in here. I'll try not to be any trouble."

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he was half French and half Irish, but I knew about the Irish part the minute I saw him. He was very dark—hair that was deepest black, skin a ruddy-brown, eyes of brilliant blue—and he had a happy-go-lucky charm that made him hard to dislike. He was no taller or heavier than Jim, but he seemed to fill our kitchen with vitality.

I said what I had planned to say, but already I was beginning to wish I didn't have to say it: "I'm sorry, but I didn't have time to fix up your room today. I'll give you some sheets and a pillowcase—"

He waved my apology aside—and somehow it *had* sounded like an apology.

"That's all right. I can fix it up myself. And anyway, I won't need the room until tomorrow morning. I guess Jim told you I'm on the night shift—eight to four."

There was an uneasy pause before Jim said with a forced laugh, "Guess I forgot."

"Oh— Well, it doesn't matter." He picked up the cheap suitcase he'd brought with him. Impulsively, I said.

"Won't you have some supper with us?"

He flushed with pleasure, but answered, "No thanks—I had supper before I met Jim. I'll just—"

The back door banged and Dickie rushed in, as usual all out of breath from an afternoon's playing. He stopped short at sight of Kane Garnett, his eyes wide.

"This is our boy, Dick," Jim said, and Garnett again held out his hand.

"Glad to know you, Dick," he said in the man-to-man way I knew would instantly capture Dickie's heart.

Then Jim was taking our new roomer upstairs, and Dickie was asking me excited questions about him—who was he, was he going to live here, did he work at the same place as Dad? I answered mechanically, my thoughts busy. I knew I couldn't carry out my plan of being so unfriendly to Kane Garnett that he'd move away. It simply couldn't be done; he was the sort of person it was impossible to snub without hating yourself for doing so.

But still my anger at Jim didn't lessen. He had no right to bring a stranger into our home without consulting me first—and above all no right to continue treating me like a criminal because I'd done something of which he didn't happen to approve.

When he came back after showing Kane the room, Dickie's excited chatter and questions formed a welcome screen behind which we could hide our (Continued on page 69)

to be lost, that every possible engine head to be pushed out of the factory, overseas, to the boys whose lives depended on their equipment. He and some of the other men in the union got together and persuaded the management to let them form a committee to work out time-saving devices in getting out the work.

But most of all, these days showed me how far apart Jim and I had grown in our hopes, our wishes.

I WANTED to help win the war, but I didn't see why the Porter family should do more than its share. I didn't see, for instance, why Jim should subscribe fifteen percent of his salary for War Bonds while everyone else was subscribing only ten, or even less. I didn't see why Jim should give up some of his precious free time to be an auxiliary fireman—he was doing enough, and more than enough, at the factory. I didn't see why he refused to buy Dickie a bicycle for his tenth birthday, as he'd always promised, ever since Dickie had been old enough to want one. And the car—

We really had an argument about the car. When gasoline rationing began, Jim, as a defense worker, was entitled to extra rations. He wouldn't apply for them. Instead, he began walking half a mile to the bus line, and he rather sternly told me I wasn't to drive for anything but heavy shopping.

"And I suppose Dickie can walk to school?" I demanded. Until now, Jim had been taking Dickie with him in the mornings and dropping him off at school.

"He can," Jim said flatly, and then grinned at Dickie where he sat next

to him at the supper table. "We talked it all over this morning and Dickie's perfectly willing—are'n't you, old man?"

"Sure," Dickie agreed. "I'd like to. Anyhow, I always walk home. Now I'll walk both ways."

"It's perfectly ridiculous," I said. "Why, we won't even use up our A ration. And as far as I can see, other people are still driving."

"That's no reason we should." "But Jim—" I always came back to this one argument—"why should we do more than our share?"

"Everybody's going to have to do more than their share," Jim told me, "if we expect to win this war."

There were enough of these clashes to teach me to keep my opinions to myself. But I never changed the opinions, and sometimes I did things I knew would have angered Jim if he'd known—things like throwing away empty tin cans instead of preparing them for salvage, simply because they seemed too small to bother about. Or like buying a few extra supplies and putting them in the closet in the attic room.

It was another of Jim's ideas for helping the war effort that brought about the discovery of the closet's contents.

He came home, that night, and announced that he was going to rent the attic room to one of the workmen at the factory.

"Oh, no!" I protested as soon as he mentioned the plan. "Bring a stranger into this house—to live with us?"

"He isn't a stranger. His name is Kane Garnett. He's a good worker and a nice fellow, and he'll take his meals out," Jim said with rather more reasonableness than he usually showed when we disagreed. "You'll hardly know he's around. Right now he's sleeping on a cot in a room with three other men. It's all he can get, the town's so overcrowded, and with the work he does he deserves something better."

"I know," I protested, "but—oh, Jim, I'd hate having someone else in the house. And—well, the room isn't very nice, and it hasn't any water or heat—"

"I told him it wouldn't be very fancy, but he said he didn't care." Jim interrupted, and somehow I knew with an irritation which made me go cold all over, that it had been all settled before Jim told me about it, that he'd already offered the room without even consulting me.

Jim stood up. "Think I'll go up now and see if there's anything we'll really have to get," he said.

For a moment I didn't remember the things in the closet. Then I was



We both knew that tonight would be different—Jim would not be here.

on my feet, running up after him.

He had the light on and was standing in the middle of the room looking around him, when I came in. "Seems all right," he said, surveying the single bed with its bare mattress and pillow, the second-hand but serviceable chair and dresser, the rag rug on the floor.

"I'll clean it up and buy anything we need," I said quickly, anxious to get him back downstairs.

"All right," he said, and almost as if he weren't thinking of what he was doing, opened the closet door...

"What's all this?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing—just some—I stammered.

He looked at me with disgust in his eyes. It was then, cutting short my explanations, that he called me selfish and thoughtless.

Later, when I followed him downstairs, he was already in bed, with his face turned to the wall. After I had undressed and switched off the light, he spoke.

"I'll bring Garnett home with me tomorrow night," he said, not defiantly, but simply stating a fact.

As I got into the other twin bed I said to myself that I hated him.

Now that I tell all this, I am ashamed that we could have let our quarrel solidify into such complete bitterness. It was so petty, and so tragic! Yet I feel ashamed for Jim as much as for myself. I was at fault, with my insistence upon my own personal comfort, yes; but so was Jim. One word of—no, not apology, I didn't want even that—but of simple tenderness, would not only have brought this particular quarrel to

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Written for Radio Mirror by Lee Ginter, "I Was To Blame" was suggested by a radio drama heard on CBS.



If love were all—

IT WASN'T much of a night for romance—but somehow that didn't seem to make any difference to Gene and me.

We'd gone to the movies, the second show, and it was after eleven when we got out. Briarton goes to bed early, especially on a rainy spring night, and we were almost the only two people on the street, after we'd turned to the right off Briar Avenue and started up toward my house. The wind swept straight down from the northwest, right across the Canadian plains and then across Lake Michigan and then into our faces, with practically nothing to interrupt it, so that we had to lean forward and fight for every step.

We were laughing when we got to my house and ran into the shelter of the old wooden front porch. In a few months that porch would be enclosed with screens and shaded with vines, and we'd use it as a friendly refuge from the summer heat instead of the wet wind, but now it was still bare and a little forbidding. Rain whipped in under the eaves, and a twig lashed one of the posts, so that although we could catch our breaths we still had the feeling that at any moment the storm would invade it and batter us once more. We stood very close to each other.

"Fine country!" Gene grumbled with mock severity. "The end of April and it feels like winter."

"I like it," I said. And I did. I liked the way the blood was thrumming through my body, I liked the tingling wetness on my cheeks, the damp feel of curls springing from under the brim of my little blue felt hat.

Gene grimaced. "You wouldn't if you had to crawl around under cars all day in that 1890 version of a greasing pit old Searles is so pleased with." And this time there wasn't anything mocking in his voice. There never was when he spoke of his job at Searles' filling station.

"It won't be so bad pretty soon," I said hurriedly, sorry that the subject had come up. On this wild, exciting night, I didn't want to

talk about jobs and bosses and greasing pits. And Gene, with that sensitive feeling for other people's moods which was so much a part of him, grinned.

"Sure," he said lightly. "Pretty soon I'll be complaining about the heat instead, won't I?"

Then, for a minute, there was silence except for the tattoo of the rain and the uneven song of the wind. For no reason at all—no reason except that the earth turns and rain falls and plants grow and life exists—something happened to us in that minute.

We were looking at each other in the uncertain, wavering light from the corner arc lamp. And I thought I knew every line of Gene's face, but suddenly he was different. He wasn't the straight-haired, merry little boy who had moved into the brick house down the block when I was five, he wasn't the skinny playmate who had taught me to kick a football and to dive into the muddy swimming hole at the edge of town, he wasn't the rather grubby-handed high school boy who had pulled me through algebra, general science and physics and had in turn been pulled by me through English composition, history, and Spanish. He wasn't even all those other Genes grown to be twenty years and a few months old. He was a face with faintly smiling lips and eyes that didn't smile at all. He was a body that had muscles to move and tense. He was a whole mysterious male life, about whom I knew nothing at all even though about someone named Gene Gorman I knew everything.

"Arda," he said softly. "You're—"

Whatever he had started to say, he didn't finish. Of course he had seen the same change in me that I had seen in him, and directly, simply, he answered it. He bent his head, and took me in his arms. We had kissed before, though never recently, and never like this. His lips were urgent, sweetly demanding, and under their pressure my own softened and parted. I felt as if I were falling, then as if I were being lifted up, up to the

top of the world. I closed my eyes against the dizziness of it. And all the time I was holding him as closely as he held me; his coat was rough under the palms of my hands.

It was that bit of reality, that everyday sensation, which broke the spell. I turned my head away and moved out of the circle of his arms. Embarrassment seized both of us—a delightful embarrassment, at least on my part, but nonetheless enough to make me say huskily:

"Good night, Gene. I've got to go in now."

"No! Not yet . . ."

"Yes—I must. Good night."

"Well," he said unwillingly.

"good night, Arda."

My hand, groping behind me,

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

She was tasting first love with all its rapture, reckless of the bitter cup of wisdom that must be tasted later. Here begins the story of Arda and Gene and his brother, Tim, who loved them both, and broke the heart of one

touched the knob of the door and turned it.

"See you tomorrow night?" he asked quickly.

"Yes—of course."

"Good night, then."

I slipped inside and, peering through the glass pane of the door, saw him hesitate, then square his shoulders, turn, and go down the walk to the street. I watched him out of sight, for the first

time glorying in the way his long legs spurned the pavement and in the stubborn resistance of his body to the wind, and after I couldn't see him any longer I stayed there, in our front hall, not even bothering to switch on the light. I could hold this new wonder so much safer and closer in the darkness.

That it should be Gene! This was the amazing and beautiful

thing about it. I had always thought that when I fell in love it would be with someone new, a stranger, a man from out of town perhaps or someone I met on a trip. That was the way things happened in books and movies, but I really hadn't ever liked the idea much. It was so much more—more—well, more comfortable and *nicer*, to be in love with someone I knew so well, particularly when that night's unexpected moment of revelation had shown me that he could be strange and mysterious too.

It never once entered my head that this might not be love. Other boys had kissed me, after school dances or other dates. They seemed to expect it and want it, and I'd never liked to have them think I was prissy or priggish; but the kisses had never meant anything at all to me. I simply hadn't been interested.

So it was obvious, it didn't even need any thinking about, that if other kisses had meant nothing to me, and this one did—why, then, of course I was in love for the first time in my life.

We spent all that long summer together, planning our lives, dreaming our dreams.



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A Star Over Hollywood Story

Adapted by Norton Russell from the radio drama, "Happy Hours," by Walker Hovland, based on Gene Gofman's story.



Gene, who let another man propose for him to—

And, I thought, suddenly grave, for the last.

Then, still in the darkness of the hall, I giggled. Wouldn't my father and mother be surprised? And Tim, Gene's older brother? . . .

MY parents probably would not like it too much, but Tim would. Tim liked anything that Gene wanted, anything that would make Gene happy. Big, solid, serious Tim, slow of speech and slow of movement—why, he'd be almost the same as *my* brother now!

Unawares, my thoughts had led me into a region where I didn't want to go—not just yet. I wouldn't let myself think of marriage, of its intimacy, its permanence, its essential practicalness. Blushing, I raced up the stairs, but I couldn't race away from remembrance of Gene's arms, his lips, the hard muscular strength of his body.

That raw spring night was the beginning of a wonderful, disturbing summer . . . the summer of 1939, whose like none of us will ever, perhaps, see again. Certainly I never shall. I was in the midst of first love, tasting all its raptures and uncertainty, pulled one way one minute and another the next, divinely happy and abjectly miserable by turns. I was nineteen and today I am twenty-three, and it sometimes seems that ten years have passed instead of barely four.

I am no different than almost any girl you could meet in a small middle-western town. I'm five feet three inches tall, and I weigh about the right amount to go with that height. I probably wouldn't ever win any beauty contests, but on the other hand I'd never think of trying to win one, so that doesn't matter. My best features are my eyes, which are large, long-lashed, and dark blue, and my nose, which is small and a little tilted at the end. My mouth turns down just a bit at the corners so that I look sulky, but I'm not. I don't like my hair, but then, what girl ever did? It's brown, and very fine and thick, and the only way I can make it look nice is to spend hours fixing it because it doesn't have

were a lot of families like mine. I loved Dad and Mother, but I wasn't really very close to them. They always seemed so much older than I that I couldn't believe they'd ever understand my young problems, and the result was that I never asked them for advice, or paid much attention to it when it was offered. I worked things out for myself, and as it happened, most of my decisions were the right ones.

All except my decision on the most important question of all . . .

Decisions didn't have to be made that summer. Life was too full and wonderful for anything so prosaic. Every night there was the thrill of waiting for the telephone to ring, of hearing Gene's voice saying:

"What's doing?"

"Oh—nothing much." (As if there could be, when Gene wasn't with me!)

"Think maybe I better come around?"

Very seriously, as if I had devoted a lot of thought to the matter—"Well yes, maybe it *would* be a good idea."

In a few minutes he'd come bounding up the front steps, dark brown hair still damp and curly from the shower, and I'd be ready to meet him and to go out—it didn't matter where. Sometimes Gene's fearful and wonderful old car would be running and we'd ride in it; other times—quite often, in fact—it would be torn to bits in the shed back of his house and we'd walk. Gene had (Continued on page 64)



Arda, whom he loved but feared to marry until—

much of a natural curl.

Dad works in the Briarton National Bank; when I was little he was a teller there, but by the time I was nineteen he had been made assistant cashier. He's a quiet, gray-haired darling, with just three loves in his life—Mother, me and his job, just as Mother loves only him, me and *her* job, which is taking care of our house. I haven't any brothers or sisters—I did have a brother, born before I was, but he died when he was a year old, and I didn't even know of his existence until I was grown up.

I wouldn't be surprised if there



Tim, his brother, offered them future security.

Remember!

From the heroine of one of radio's great human dramas comes a challenge of vital interest to every woman—one that you'll find yourself thinking about long after you've finished reading

By Helen Trent

THE other day I was very busy. Since gasoline rationing began, here in Hollywood, we've got into the habit of saving up all our errands for one big excursion downtown, and on this particular day I had a list of things to do that covered two whole pieces of notepaper—none of them important to anyone but me.

But here's what happened. With my head full of personal matters, I went through the whole morning and part of the afternoon—before the chance sight of a newspaper brought me back to reality, and I remembered that my country was at war.

I was shocked—really ashamed of myself. How could I have forgotten? But then it occurred to me that there must be many other people who do the same thing, and the thought made me feel worse instead of better.

Certainly it is pleasant to forget the war. I am sure I was happier during my period of forgetfulness than I was after it had ended. No one likes to live with the knowledge that thousands of brave American boys and girls are many miles from home, suffering danger and—what may often be worse in some ways—discomfort and loneliness and boredom. It's only natural to want to forget. But I'm very much afraid that it isn't safe.

Suppose a homicidal maniac—a real killer—was known to be at large in your town, or your neighborhood. Could you go about your business—shopping in the afternoons, going to the movies at night, letting the children play unwatched in the front yard, just as if there were no danger? Of course you couldn't—not for one sec-

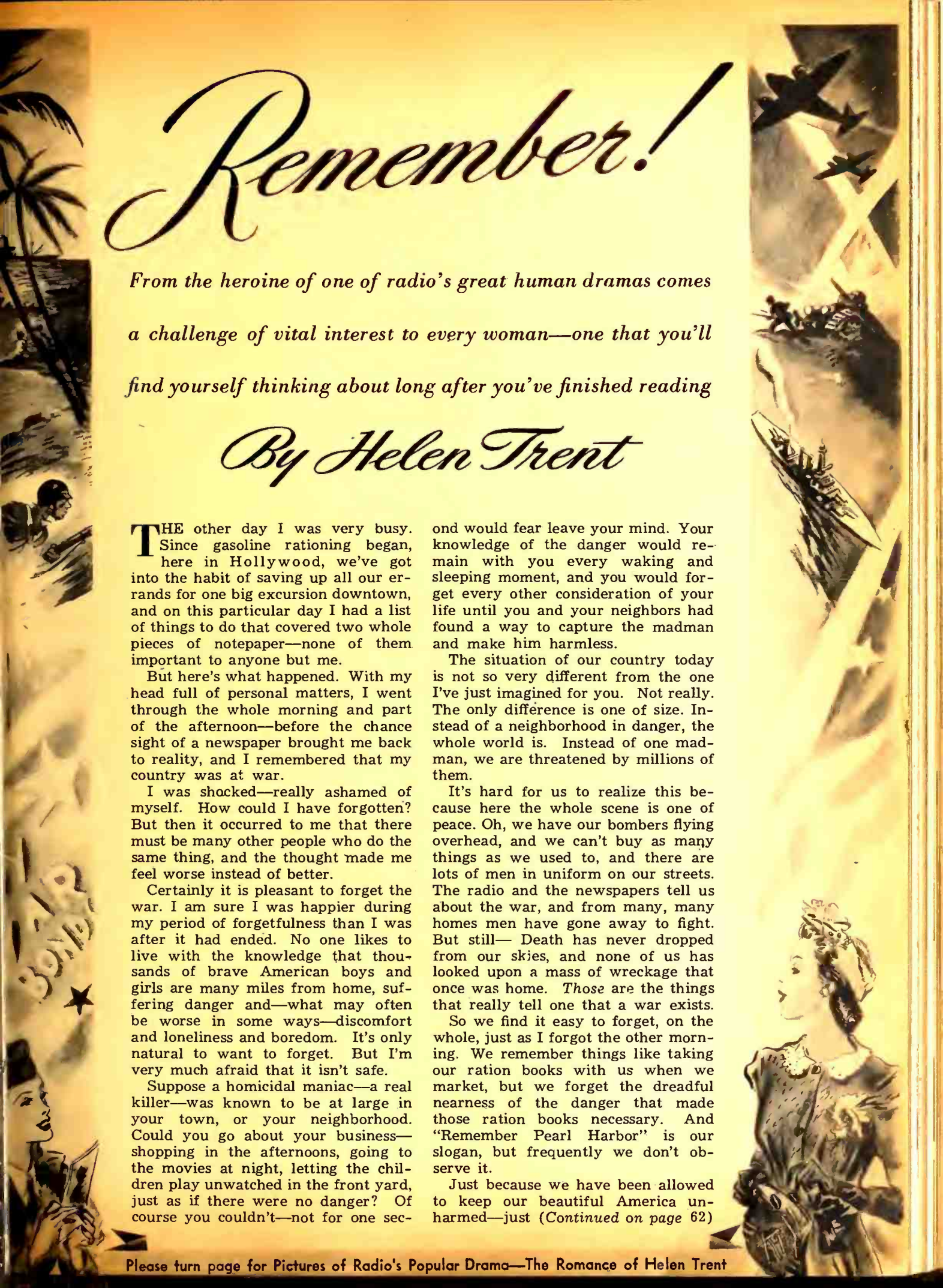
ond and would fear leave your mind. Your knowledge of the danger would remain with you every waking and sleeping moment, and you would forget every other consideration of your life until you and your neighbors had found a way to capture the madman and make him harmless.

The situation of our country today is not so very different from the one I've just imagined for you. Not really. The only difference is one of size. Instead of a neighborhood in danger, the whole world is. Instead of one madman, we are threatened by millions of them.

It's hard for us to realize this because here the whole scene is one of peace. Oh, we have our bombers flying overhead, and we can't buy as many things as we used to, and there are lots of men in uniform on our streets. The radio and the newspapers tell us about the war, and from many, many homes men have gone away to fight. But still—Death has never dropped from our skies, and none of us has looked upon a mass of wreckage that once was home. Those are the things that really tell one that a war exists.

So we find it easy to forget, on the whole, just as I forgot the other morning. We remember things like taking our ration books with us when we market, but we forget the dreadful nearness of the danger that made those ration books necessary. And "Remember Pearl Harbor" is our slogan, but frequently we don't observe it.

Just because we have been allowed to keep our beautiful America unharmed—just (*Continued on page 62*)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

The Romance of Helen Trent

*Enter the lives of the people you've learned to love
in this fascinating story of happiness and heartbreak*





GIL WHITNEY is a prominent Los Angeles lawyer who is now a confidential Government agent. Long ago he fell in love with Helen Trent, but she always refused to marry him, fearing she did not love him enough, until at last he became engaged to Martha Carvell. News of Helen's recent illness, however, seems to have made him realize that she has a place in his heart no other woman can fill.

(Played by Marvin Mueller)

HELEN TRENT is a glamorous Hollywood designer of gowns, who works for Para-Film Studios. Now that it is perhaps too late, she understands that her true happiness lies with Gil. A short time ago she was forced to enter a hospital. Last summer, in trying to save a truck loaded with vital war supplies, she received a head injury which bothered her until finally an operation was needed.

(Played by Virginia Clark)



MARTHA CARVELL, left, is Gil Whitney's young and attractive assistant in the confidential work he is doing for the Government. Martha met Gil just after he had made up his mind that Helen would never marry him, and it was an easy matter for her to catch him on the rebound. He proposed to her and was immediately accepted. However, his affections really belong to Helen, and at the moment it looks as if Martha will eventually have to give up her ambition to be his wife, though she almost certainly will not willingly release him from their engagement.
(Played by Lois Zarley)



GINGER LEROY, right, gum-chewing and wise-cracking secretary to Helen at the Para-Film Studios, is very much impressed with the motion picture stars and other famous people who come into Helen's office. She is a good-hearted girl and a hard worker, and she has Helen's interests in mind always, defending her against intruders. The big question in her mind, as it is in the minds of the others, is: will Gil give up Martha for Helen again?
(Played by Bernice Martin)

AGATHA ANTHONY, an elderly and crippled woman who is Helen's best friend, shares her apartment. She is a lovable sort of person, who refuses to let herself be embittered, although she can walk only with the aid of canes. She advises Helen and soothes her when things go wrong at the office or in her personal life. Agatha's chief interest at present is Hiram Weatherbee, the man who lives next door and is about her own age. Together, they work in her flower garden.

(Played by Bess McCammon)



HIRAM WEATHERBEE has always said that life would be complete if he had a woman's companionship. He is about 65, a retired business man, former owner of fruit orchards. He and Agatha have become interested in each other through Agatha's garden, and Helen and some of the others often tease them about it. Probably if they were thirty years younger they would marry. As it is, they have founded a warm and lasting companionship which fills the lonely days.

(Played by Klock Ryder)



All the

hair escaping from beneath my hat in loose auburn curls, my eyes black and enormous with apprehension.

This wouldn't do. When Eric came—and of course he was coming—he mustn't see me looking like this. But he wouldn't! When Eric came, there would be nothing more to fear. When Eric came, there would be an end to fears, and everything would be right again. When Eric was with me, everything was always right. So I tried deliberately to shake off my growing panic, set my mind instead to thinking of how wonderful it would be to be reunited with Eric, to wondering what living in this little town was going to be like.

All I knew was that we had reservations at the town's one hotel for the weekend. Eric had not been hopeful about our finding a pleasant permanent place to live. Indeed, he had been doubtful about my leaving our comfortable little apartment in Allensport.

"I'd feel much easier about you," he had said, "if I knew you were there in a neighborhood you know and where you're known, than if you were trying to get along in make-shift quarters here near camp. Besides, I may be sent out of the country in a short time, and then what would you do, honey?"

If he hadn't said that about being sent out of the country, I suppose I would have stayed in Allensport. I had known, of course, that he probably would be sent away, but it was one of those things that doesn't seem real until it's put into words. After that, the thought of being separated from Eric while there was a chance for me to be with him before he was shipped off—oh, perhaps for *years*—was too much to bear.

I knew then that I had to follow him as far as I could, to be with him every moment that I could. I had written him that I was coming to join him, and his answering wire was all the encouragement I needed. It was a brief wire, and perhaps it wouldn't have made much sense to some people, but it told me more than volumes how badly he wanted me with him, although he had been so careful not to say so in his al-

They shared a wonderful love—but marriage takes more than that. Marriage takes courage and faith to weather the storms which only go to make love sweeter afterwards

IT was small and smoky and crowded, the waiting room in the railroad station of that little Montana town. It was filled with men in rough clothing—service men, miners, bronzed and denim-slacked men from the surrounding cattle country—but to me, Lisa Aldren, it was as vast and deserted as the empty space through which the train had brought me. The only person who mattered wasn't there. Eric had not come to meet me.

Eric and I had been married such a little while—two months—and for more than half of that time we had been separated, ever since he had been called into the service. And we had known each other for so short a time before our marriage, just a brief, deliriously happy two weeks, that we were still—well, still *new* to each other, that each meeting carried the breathtaking thrill

that our first sight of each other had given us.

Waiting there in the station, I thought at first that I had skimmed the small sea of faces too quickly, that I had been half-blind with excitement at the thought of seeing Eric again. But by now my train had been gone on its westward way a good hour; during that hour I had vainly searched the face of every man in khaki in hope that one would have Eric's brilliant blue eyes, Eric's lean, strong features.

There was nothing to do but wait. I closed my eyes for a moment against the smoke and the strangeness, and when I opened them again I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror of the penny scale against the station wall. I saw myself, very small against the stiff, high back of the bench, my face white and strained from the tiring journey, my

World to Me



He was carrying me out of the doctor's office, and down to the waiting taxi.

most too-cheerful letters. The wire said simply, "Bless you, beloved. Eight-thirty Friday night."

You see, Eric and I were really all the world to each other. We were both orphans, a circumstance which had drawn us together from the first. Aunt May, who had raised me, was good and kind, but not very affectionate. Neither Eric nor I had anyone else whom we cared about, or who cared about us, and because of that we loved and needed each other more.

I think sometimes that in spite of the shortness of our time together, I depended upon Eric and he depended upon me more than any other two people in the world, and that, although our dependence gave us a rich and delicious sense of intimacy, it was perhaps not altogether the best thing in the world for either of us.

While I heartened myself with remembering Eric, and with anticipating our meeting, there was the roar of a train on the track outside. The already busy station was suddenly convulsed with activity, and then, a few minutes after the train pulled out, the waiting room was as deserted as it had been crowded before. In the emptiness and silence my apprehension mounted again to panic. It was ten o'clock. Eric was an hour and a half late. This was no ordinary delay. Surely something terrible must have happened.

A girl came in through the gate at the tracks and flopped down on the bench beside me. She had a lot of blonde hair and a lot of make-up, and although the spring night was chilly, her fur jacket looked as out of place as her high heels in that rough building.

She took a cigarette from her purse, tapped it, lighted it. "Gee, I'm glad that's over," she said. "I hate seeing people off, don't you?"

"Your husband?" I asked sympathetically, a little comforted at having found someone else who knew what parting was.

She shook her head. "Boy friend," she said briefly. "A nice guy, but I sure don't see why I had to come along to put him on the train. You waiting for someone?"

I nodded, holding my eyes wide to keep tears of weariness from falling. "My husband."

"Is he at Fort Martin?"

"Yes."

She laughed, a short, mirthless laugh which flattened her full red lips against her teeth. "You'll wait a long time, then. There's been a

flood over about twenty miles from here and every man at the post had his leave cancelled for the emergency."

I looked out at the black and empty night. "A flood!"

She laughed again. "This is Montana. We got rivers, and they overflow in the spring. Have you got a

place to stay?"

Again I nodded. "Eric—my husband made reservations at the Central Hotel."

She whistled. "For cripe's sake, what you sittin' here for? He'd expect you to go over there, wouldn't he? He's probably left word for you there!"

Of course! I stared blankly at the girl, wondering why I hadn't thought of it before. As I rose, she jumped up. "Look," she offered, "I'll walk you over. Besides, you want to pick up that reservation before it's gone. This town's booming."

IT was a scant two blocks to the hotel. The town itself was even smaller than Eric's letters had described it, a tiny circle of light set down in the midst of great, dark, empty country. I began to realize that it might be indeed difficult to find living quarters in that tiny place, and I asked the girl—she had introduced herself as Stella Jorgens—if there were any other towns or cities nearby. "A little one," Stella answered, "about twenty miles east. It's about half this size. On the other side there's Butte, seventy-five miles away."

An exclamation of dismay escaped me. I knew that Eric went to Butte every Saturday night to do his radio show. Eric had been an announcer in Allensport before he went into the Army, and ever since he had arrived at Camp Martin, he had given part of his Saturday nights to running a war bond show over a Butte station. The show wasn't much, just some phonograph records and Eric talking. Its object was to get people to 'phone in pledges to buy war bonds, and what made it different from other shows of the same sort, what gave it greater pulling power, was that Eric was a soldier and not one of the station's regular announcers.

I explained to Stella about the

show, and her eyes widened incredulously. "Whew! He's patriotic enough for two men, giving away his free time like that. But it'll ruin your week-ends, won't it?"

"Why should it?" I asked.

Her look was pitying. "He'll have to start for Butte as soon as he's off duty in order to be there at eight and if the show isn't over until nine, he won't be back here until midnight. I know that bus. It crawls."

"I'll go with him," I insisted with a stoutness which I did not feel. I was beginning to be more than a little afraid of this desolate place to which I had come, afraid of what our life here would be like.

At the Central Hotel, the same sort of rough crowd which had been at the station stood three deep at the desk, and the clerk barely glanced my way. "Sorry," he said, "but your reservation was given away an hour ago. Too bad you couldn't get here sooner."

"But you must have another room," I faltered.

"No rooms at all. Sorry."

Eric had left a message for me, however. "Darling," it read, "you've probably heard about the flood by now. Make yourself comfortable and I'll see you tomorrow night after the show. I love you."

Make myself comfortable! My eyes smarted. Even Eric's love couldn't reach out from wherever the flood was to find me a place to stay that night. Stella laid a hand on my arm. "Don't get panicky," she said. "I got a hunch I can get you in over where I stay. The landlady's been saving a room for a girl who's supposed to come in tomorrow, but I don't think she's going to show up. Better come with me—you won't find anything else in town."

I hesitated. In spite of her friendliness, I wasn't quite sure that I liked Stella, and I knew that Eric wouldn't like her at all. But she was kind, and my brief glimpse of this little town had convinced me that I had better accept her assistance for at least the night.

The boarding house in which she lived was even worse than I had feared. It was a huge old place, probably built by some pioneer who had expected the town to become a flourishing city and who had looked forward to being its first citizen. The room I was given had evidently been intended for unwanted guests—it was tiny, drafty, on the third floor, with the nearest bath on the floor below. The cot it contained was narrow and hard, and try as we would, Stella and Mrs. Nelson, the landlady, and I could not open the one small window.

It was an unpleasant place in which to wait—and I had to wait so long. You see, Eric did not come to me until after midnight the next day, Saturday.

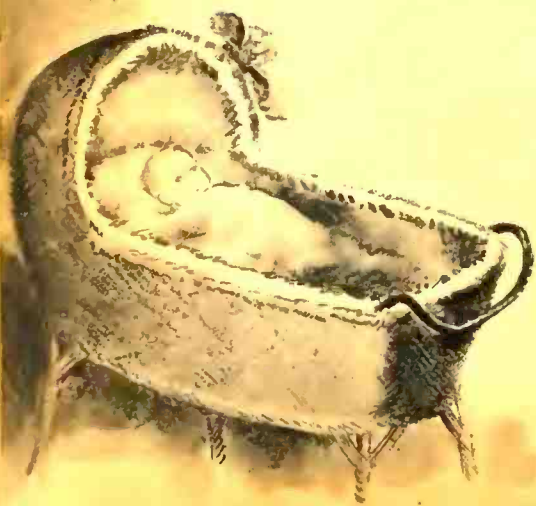
I don't really remember exactly how I did stand that seemingly interminable interval. I know that I slept mercifully late Saturday morning, exhausted from the trip, and that I walked around town in the afternoon, seeing what little there was to see and verifying the disheartening fact that there was absolutely no room to be had other than the ugly and uncomfortable one Stella had found for me.

I stopped at the hotel to leave a message letting Eric know where I was and found out that the hotel accepted no permanent guests because of the volume of transient trade. Around four I went back to the boarding house, so thoroughly disgusted that I was glad even of Stella's company. She invited me down to her room, which was slightly larger and brighter than mine, and presently Louise, another girl who lived in the house, dropped in. The girls tried to be kind to me, probably sensing how I felt, but their conversation consisted entirely of talk of their boy friends and their dates, and I found myself trying to manufacture an excuse to leave when Mrs. Nelson rescued me by calling upstairs to announce that supper was ready.

It was too heavy a meal to be called a supper—boiled potatoes, meat soggy with gravy, creamed vegetables. The food, the walking I had done, and the long, dull afternoon combined to make me sleepy, and when Stella and Louise went upstairs to get ready for their evening's dates, I went up with them. Listlessly I went through the motions of getting ready for bed. I had a hasty bath, for other people wanted the bathroom on Saturday nights, and then I mounted the last flight of steps to that cheerless little cubicle on the top floor and dropped wearily into bed.

My rest was troubled at first. The muscles of my legs twitched from my long tramp around town in search of rooms, and remembering that led into a kind of half-thought, half-dream that I was alone on a vast, dark plain, lost, searching for Eric and being unable to find him, and wandering in ever wider and more aimless circles. That dream frightened me so that I cried a little out of sheer loneliness, and at last I slept soundly.

Later, much later, I awoke to utter darkness, and to a curious feeling of complete rightness and peace. The room was no longer stuffy



but sweet and fresh, and through the open window I had a glimpse of stars in a clear, chrome-blue sky. And someone was leaning over me, touching me ever so gently. I knew, while still half asleep, that it was Eric. His fingers were tangled in my hair, and as I turned my head on the pillow and kissed his hand to let him know that I was awake, I heard his voice choke in saying my name. "Lisa. Lisa, darling."

I nestled my cheek in his palm, not wanting to disturb by even that small movement the sensation of joy so intense that it was almost more pain than pleasure. He bent down to me, and his lips brushed my cheek, my eyelids, the corners of my mouth.

"I—oh, Eric, I was so afraid you wouldn't come!"

He laughed at that, a deep, rich, amused laugh. "You know I'll always come to you. But, poor sweet, you must have had a dismal time of it. Come here, let me look at you by starlight." He swung me up and around to sit beside him at the foot of the bed, where the lovely silvery light from the sky fell on our faces. I can't tell you even now, when I have time to find words to describe it, exactly how we felt at that moment. Perhaps there are no words to tell of a meeting between two who love so deeply.

"Lisa." He drew a finger down my cheek to the hollow of my throat, and then with his mouth followed the path his finger had traced. I bent to kiss the top of his head.

"Dear God," I prayed. "He *did* want me with him. I'm glad I came. Glad!"

WE had Sunday together, one perfect day, and happy as I was at the time, I was even more grateful for it afterward, because it was really the last unmarred happiness we knew for a long while. Eric would not hear of my going down to breakfast, and he persuaded Mrs. Nelson to set a tray which he carried up to me, triumphant over not having spilled so much as a drop of the coffee. He had brought the Sunday papers home with him the night before, and we sat side by side on the narrow bed with a small sea of newsprint around us, laughing uproariously over the comics, less because they were funny than because it was so wonderful to be together again. Later we walked around town, and that trip which had seemed so dismal the day before was suddenly full of fascinating little adventures now that Eric was there to share them with me. In the evening we watched the sun



*"Dear God," I prayed,
he did want me with
him. I'm glad I came!"*

go down over the hills which rimmed the plain, and we talked as lovers talk.

I awoke the next morning with the sure, contented feeling that all was well with my world. Eric was not there—he had to be back at camp by 5:45 when reveille sounded—but he had left assurance behind me. Drowsily I remembered his whisper as he bent to kiss me good-by. "Until Wednesday night, darling—I'll come back Wednesday night." And, as I turned my head, in sleepy contentment, I saw that he had, bless him, scribbled a touching, foolish "I love you" in shaving soap on the bureau mirror as a parting reminder.

Wednesday. I counted the days over, slowly, as if they were tangible things, pages I could turn with my hand. Monday and Tuesday—those would be blank, dull pages. And then Wednesday—that would be glorious again, wonderful in anticipation all day, more wonderful still when Eric could come. Already I had begun to see the pattern that my life would take here. There would be dull, dreadful times, and I would have to learn to drug myself with the remembrance of happiness and the anticipation of happiness in order to live them

through, And I could exist through Monday and Tuesday, waiting for Wednesday.

But I did not see Eric on Wednesday. Instead, he called to tell me that his schedule had been changed. There was a new commanding officer at the camp, a disciplinarian who believed that the men had been permitted too much freedom. Instead of being free every weekend and every third night, he would have for himself one weekend out of four, and every fourteenth night. He would still be allowed time for his radio show, but he would have to return to the camp immediately after the program. I took his news cheerfully enough—there was nothing else I could do over the 'phone on the hall landing, with Mrs. Nelson's other boarders listening, and besides, I did not realize how completely his change of orders would affect (Continued on page 52)

PRESENTING

Carolyn and Richard

Two young people who have become your friends in The Right to Happiness, heard daily over NBC, sponsored by Ivory Soap






NBC Photos

CAROLYN KRAMER some time ago divorced Bill Walker and married Dwight Kramer, but the shadow of her first marriage destroyed the beauty of the second. Convicted of the murder of Walker, Carolyn went to prison, where her baby was born. Later pardoned as a result of new evidence, Carolyn found that Dwight had died as a soldier, and that she faced a new fight—to prove that she was a fit mother for her son, that she had a right to happiness.

(Played by Claudia Morgan)

RICHARD CAMPBELL, a brilliant young doctor who has recently become a captain in the Army Medical Corps, was the one person who had faith in Carolyn throughout the harrowing legal battle she fought to retain possession of her little boy. Since then, the two have become the dearest of friends. Separated by Richard's army service, they are still close together in sympathy and understanding as Carolyn faces a brighter future.

(Played by Les Damon)



*Tell me
you're mine*

Jackie had to find a way out of all the misery and heartbreak her marriage to Dean had brought her—because now she knew what love really meant

THE STORY

IT was love—no, infatuation is the word—at first sight, the moment I laid eyes on Dean Hunter. Dean was rich, he was famous, and there was something about him that drew me irresistibly to him. But something drew me toward Tom Trumble, too—Tom, with his endearing puppy-dog awkwardness, his shy way of letting me know that he had fallen in love with me.

I met Dean Hunter and Tom Trumble on the same day, for both of them had come to Washington to appear on the Hiya Soldier program, and I was secretary-assistant to Colonel Wilson, who was the producer of that radio show.

Great stars of stage, screen and radio appeared on Hiya Soldier, but sometimes there were ordinary, everyday people, too. Dean was one of the great stars—Tom was a soldier, with a sweet, true voice. I don't want to make excuses for myself, but I think any girl who had led a dull existence for as many years as I had would be bewildered—and proud—when she suddenly found two men vying for her affections. That's the way I felt, anyhow. And when one of those men was Dean Hunter—well, can you blame me for saying yes when he asked me to marry him?

The happiness of my marriage lasted one short night, and then Dean went away, leaving me puzzled and frightened. I followed him to New York, and once again things were wonderful—until I met Diana Stuart. She was the girl Dean Hunter really loved, I was told, but she was married. That didn't keep her from telling me bitterly that Dean Hunter had married me in order to escape the draft!

Disillusioned, I fled back to Washington—and there was Tom Trumble, recalled for another appearance on Hiya Soldier, waiting for me. And I knew then what real love was—I knew that what I felt for Dean was nothing but a sham. I was in Tom's arms when Dean called me. He had come back to town, and he demanded that I come to his hotel at once. I didn't want to go, and I turned to Tom for guidance.

"Will you do what I tell you to?" he asked me, and, sure at last where my heart lay, I told him that I would.

WHEN Tom Trumble finished telling me what I must do about Dean Hunter I knew he was right. It wasn't easy for Tom to tell me and it wasn't easy for me to contemplate the idea.

Tom put it this way: "Look, Jackie," he said, his honest eyes

searching mine. "If this were any other time in the world except the end of 1941 I'd say, 'Take it easy, everything will turn out all right; just let's wait around and see what happens.' But that's not the way things are these days, darling. Don't you see—we don't know where I'm going to be day after tomorrow—and if anything is ever going to happen to you and me"—his hand touched mine—"then we can't just sit around and—well, you get the idea."

"Yes," I said with resignation, "I get the idea."

"Then you'll do it!"

I shrank from the ordeal of facing my husband. "You want me to have a showdown with Dean. That's it, isn't it, Tommy?"

"Yes," he said with a long intake of breath which was a sigh of relief, "that's just it."

It was then I decided I must tell Tom the thing that would be terribly painful to my pride to say but which I must tell him if I hoped to have any sort of un-

Looking contemptuously over his shoulder, Tom slammed the door. I was safe from Dean for the moment—safe with Tom



derstanding between us. "You know," I said quietly, "that Dean Hunter only married me to escape the draft."

Tom stared at me in wonderment. "Who told you such a thing?" he said.

"Oh, the girl he used to go with—or perhaps still does—Diana Stuart. It was just a convenience, Tom—that's what it was—and I went for it, hook, line and sinker."

"Well, maybe—but he couldn't have looked at you and known you without wanting you for his wife, no matter how convenient it was."

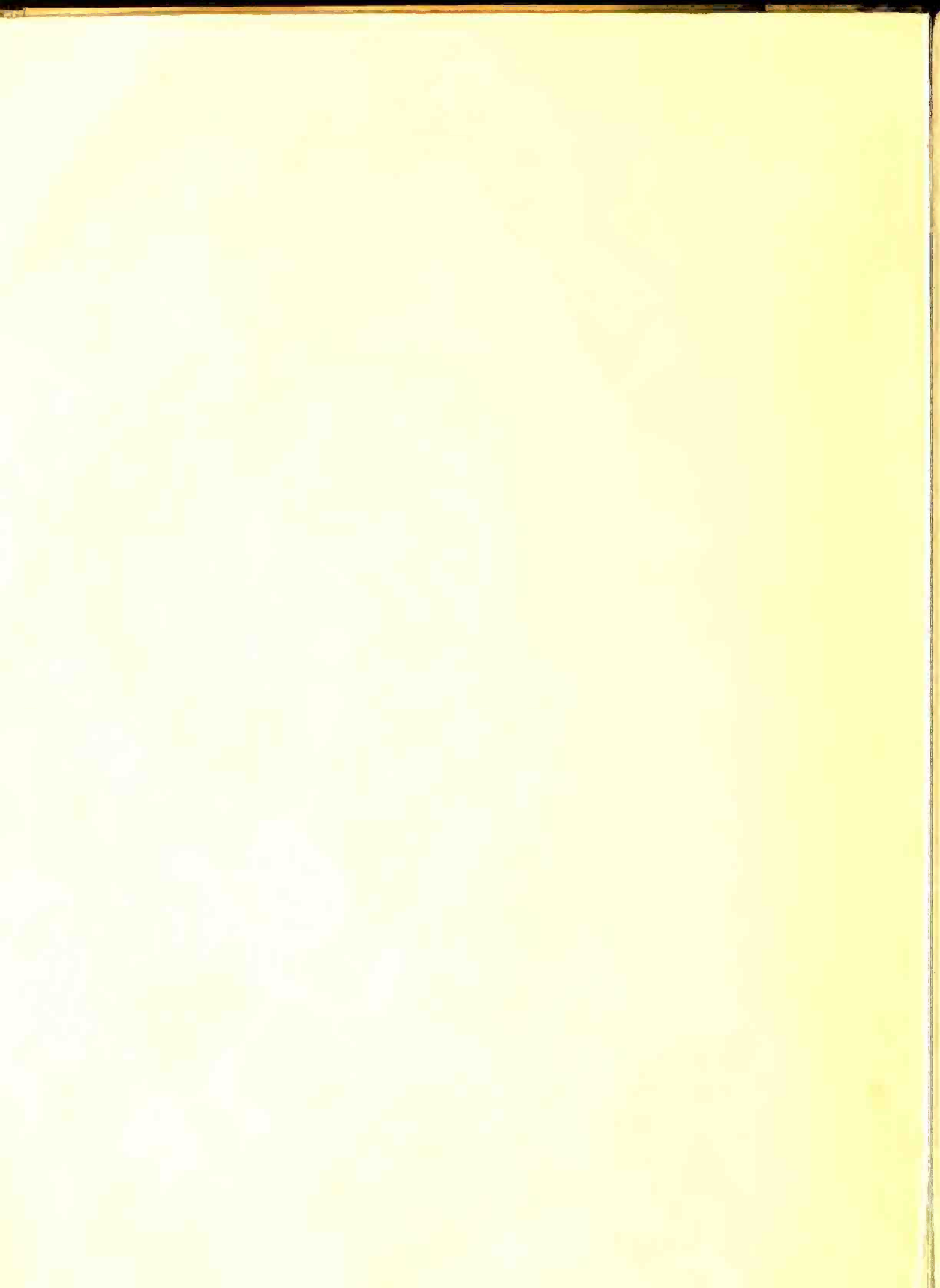
I laughed at his quaint way of putting this rather involved compliment. But my voice was close to tears and Tom seemed to sense the pain that was deep inside me.

His arms went around me with great tenderness and he held me close to him. Looking down into my eyes he said, "You've been through so much, Jackie, but just the same I'm taking you over to see Dean Hunter right now."

"What good will it do?" I said hopelessly.

Suddenly Tom Trumble held me so close to him, crushed me against him with an intensity I never expected from him, pressed his lips against mine so rapturously that I couldn't breathe under the impact of his desire. The room had no

boundaries, then, and there was nothing in my world except a vibration between us that made my head swim and caused me to wonder if my will would be strong enough to oppose his will. Then, as the waves of longing seemed about to overwhelm us we pulled apart from each other and Tom said huskily,



Tell me you're mine

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"I want to know I have the right to do that. Come on, Jackie. Get your coat!"

I did as he asked and we hurried out of the tiny room, into Washington street.

ACCORDING to the rules—I was a married woman—I suppose I should never have allowed Tom Trumble to touch me. I don't want to make excuses for myself and I'm not going to pretend that I thought this all out carefully before I let Tom kiss me on that day which was so important to my future happiness. No, I acted on impulse then, I'll admit that. The visit to New York, the uncertain days spent with Dean when I had so little reassurance about our future, and the evening at Margaretta Shelley's party when the horrible suspicion of Dean Hunter's motives in marrying me had been firmly planted in my mind—all those events had had a profound effect on my state of mind. I wasn't in love with Dean Hunter after all that. How could I still feel the wifely loyalty toward him I would have given to my dying day to a man who earned it?

When Tom and I reached Dean's hotel, Tom held me for a moment and said softly, "I'll be with you, Jackie—don't forget that." Then he was gone and I was left to face the ordeal that lay ahead.

Dean Hunter welcomed me eagerly. He had a bright, almost frightened look in his eyes when I came into the suite. He had been drinking, I knew, but liquor usually had little effect on him. He spoke in a clear voice and he was completely self-possessed. But he said nothing. He just looked at me with an inscrutable gaze that shattered my own self-possession. All the fine phrases I'd planned escaped me. Presently his sorrowful look had completely disarmed and disconcerted me.

All I could manage to do was chatter trivialities while I kept thinking: "Yes, I can understand why I fell for this man the way I did. Heaven knows he is attractive. He's clever. And famous. Why

should I blame myself? What if he did have a motive in marrying me? Nobody can question that there was something between us—perhaps just a physical bond—but something definitely. Even now with Tom's caresses still warm in my memory I can't put out of my mind what this man meant to me not so very long ago nor what excitement just

enough to play this game so I can win—so that Tom Trumble and I can have some hope of happiness?"

Yes, I racked my brain for the right words that would settle everything once and for all.

Dean said at last: "You ran away from me. Why?"

I plunged into the icy waters. "Because of something Diana Stuart told me."

"She told you I'd married you to escape the draft. That's true, isn't it?" His directness was shocking.

"That isn't just the way she put it," I said, "but that was the general idea."

He took a deep draught of his drink. I heard the ice tinkle against the glass. "Of course you believed her," he said, looking straight into my eyes.

He had me on the defensive. I couldn't lie. I couldn't pretend that I'd ever believed—or on the other hand disbelieved—what Diana Stuart had said. How could I tell him in one sentence the constant throbbing uncertainty I'd experienced, the shifting from momentary belief to momentary reassurance, the torturing inability to decide what was really true?

I said, "I didn't know what to believe."

"That's what I thought," he said. "I knew you didn't trust me."

"You mean that it isn't true—that's what you want me to believe?"

"You can believe what you like," he said evenly. "It happens that I love you and so it doesn't matter how many people succeed in poisoning your mind about me—I won't change—I can't change. Because love doesn't change, not when it's like mine for you."

His voice was taut with emotion. If he was acting he was a mighty fine actor. But I pulled myself together. I mustn't let pity—or anything—stand in my

way now. At last I said: "I'm afraid we made a mistake, Dean. I'll grant that I've been carried away by you but I guess I'm just an old-fashioned girl. I've thought too much about what marriage *should* be to be satisfied with what ours has been. No, there's nothing left between us."

He did something disarmingly sweet. He (Continued on page 58)

THE MOYLAN SISTERS

"Peggy Jaan, you sing the downstairs notes and I'll sing the upstairs ones, shall we?" In that manner was radio's youngest harmony team, the Maylan sisters, lunched. Veterans now of five years on the air, eight-year-old Peggy Jaan and ten-year-old Marianne are favorites with Blue Network listeners. It was a stroke of fate that revealed the talented youngsters as a pair of natural harmonists. It happened one quiet Sunday evening—Mrs. Moylan was sewing, Mr. Maylan was reading, and the two girls were playing with their dolls. A quartet on the radio caught the attention of the children, and it was then that Marianne asked Peggy Jaan to try the "downstairs notes". What followed made their parents catch their breath. Without a bit of coaching the youngsters broke into perfect harmony. Just a short time before, Mrs. Moylan had been persuaded to seek an audition for Marianne, and a few days later the audition came through. It was Marianne herself who sold the audition judges on accepting the two as a team. "Peggy Joan sings, taa," she insisted, "even if she is only three!" To prove it, the two began "Beautiful Dreamer," Marianne shifting deftly from soprano to tenor when the melody went too high, and her lisping sister doing equally well alternating between alto and soprano. That was five years ago, and the two little girls have been stars ever since. But fame hasn't changed the children a bit, and their parents are determined that it shall not. They are raised in wholesome surroundings like any other children and taught that singing is just a routine matter, part of a growing child's daily activities. They attend a school near to their home with other neighborhood youngsters, getting slightly better than average marks in their studies. Their favorite pastime is designing, sewing and crocheting new dresses for two pretty Princess dolls, gifts from radio fans. Constant companion of the girls is Rascal—a wire-haired terrier who is frequently mentioned in their broadcasts. Mr. Maylan works out all of their arrangements, and rehearsals are of half an hour's duration each day. Marianne is learning to play the piano, while her sister seems to prefer the violin. Both girls have brown hair, and large, inquisitive brown eyes, and they say their favorite foods are spinach and milk. In addition to their radio work, the children are also recording stars. An album of childhood favorites, many times requested by listeners, has just recently been released. The picture on the opposite page shows Peggy Jaan and Marianne as they look when singing together on their Sunday afternoon broadcasts.

a look from him could kindle in me then. I'm sitting here, talking my fool head off and he just stands there disconcerting me with that look—what is it in his face that affects me so that I can't say what I came to say?—what is he trying to do—hypnotize me? Or does he think he can get to me through pity? And am I clever

Peggy Joan and Marianne



STICK TO YOUR KNITTIN', KITTEN

Here's a catchy and tuneful new Song Hit Guild number, featured by Mary Small on her CBS program, and written by Mary's husband, Vic Mizzy, now in the Navy

Lyric by
WANDA FAULKNERE

Music by
VIC MIZZY

Voice

If you wan - na keep out of mis - chief — And keep me hap - py,

mp



too; The so - lu - tion is too, too sim - ple; — Here's all you have to do: —



Chorus

STICK TO YOUR KNIT - TIN', KIT - TEN, — I've got a job to do; —

p-f



STICK TO YOUR KNIT - TIN', KIT - TEN — Till I come back to you. —




I need a mit-ten, kit - ten, — Mine's kind-a wear-ing thru; — I want a mit-ten,



kit - ten, — From no one else but you. — Re - mem-ber what you prom-ised me —



in your let - ter; — I can hard - ly wait to see — my new



sweat-er, — So, STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT-TEN, — Till all my work is thru, —



STICK TO YOUR KNIT-TIN', KIT-TEN — Till I come back to you. — you. —



RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

NO MORE TO FEAR

*Locked in Alma's heart was a secret of the past
—and then one day the past came back to threaten
the shining promise that the future seemed to hold*

I STOOD by the window, I remember, looking out at the little New England town in the evening snow and feeling happier than ever in my life. I felt as if I'd climbed to the crest of a hill, and now the past lay in the shadows behind me and the future, bright and clear, beckoned ahead. Those friendly lights out there meant home, the only place I'd ever really belonged. Those mellowed stone buildings over to the right were Winston College where I'd found the job that had brought security and peace. Not much money—but enough.

And then, I enumerated happily, and then there was Julian, my young brother. In the last four years he'd changed from the wild, headstrong youngster who had brought me only worry and fear, into a fine, high-spirited boy of sixteen who made me proud. True, I'd promised he could join the Navy when he was seventeen. He was all I had, and it wrenched my heart to have him go; but other boys were going, and that he wanted to so desperately filled me with a sense of humility and pride.

And there was Andy. Most certainly there was Andy.

Andrew Pendleton was head of the English department at the College. Thirtyish, an ex-football player, he had a heart as big as the world and a face that made you like him on sight. If it hadn't been for a bad shoulder Andy himself would have been marching off to war. As it was, he was coming to see me tonight—again. "Something special to tell you," he'd said this afternoon in the hall. And I felt like an excited schoolgirl with a heavy crush, instead of a woman of twenty-five with a past to forget.

For the first time, I could forget it. The past was way back in the past, where it belonged, and my years of flight and hiding over. All the ugliness was gone, and my

little world was good. "Alma Clinton," I said aloud, "you're the luckiest girl on earth."

The doorbell buzzed—Andy's special ring. I gave one look around the tiny living-room. Firelight glowed on the chintz curtains I'd made, and hid the shabbiness of the old easy chairs. Julian was out at a 4-H meeting, and for once I was glad he wasn't home.

My heart thudded as I opened the door to Andy, as it always did. He grinned that grin of his that made him younger than any of his students and said, "Let's get the good news over with right away, so we'll have plenty of time to celebrate. You've been promoted."


I laughed. In the treasurer's office of a small college, you might get your salary raised but you didn't get promoted. There was nowhere to be promoted to. "Dean Fuller's job?" I said.

"To my office. My secretary's leaving. I've had my eye on you for some time, wasting all that secretarial sweetness on the desert air of the business office, and I asked the Dean about it today. He said okay. So you start tomorrow—with a nice fat raise. How about it, Alma?"

It was as if my small cup of happy contentment were suddenly overflowing. Not only was it a vastly more interesting job, not only would the extra money help a lot—but it meant I would be with Andy every day. I could talk to him and look at him and—to my embarrassment, my eyes filled with tears. "It—it's wonderful! I don't know how to thank you, to—"

"Here, here, none of that. Wait till you see what a Simon Legree I am with secretaries. Besides, I ought to be thanking you."

But I wasn't to be stopped. "It's not only this—it's all you've done. The way you took Julian in hand and made a man of him. The way you've made him look



*"Don't say that," I
pleaded. "Oh, Andy,
please understand!"
But he walked away.*

up to you and want to be like you. All the other things."

"Alma, don't." He looked really uncomfortable. "As for Julian, I like the kid. He just needed a word here and there to set him right. And as for gratitude, it's on my part. I'm grateful to old Drake for getting you here in the first place. I'm grateful to you for just being around where I can see you . . ."

THE words trailed off. They said more than had ever been said before, brought me closer to the verge of something, infinitely precious, infinitely sweet.

Maybe something of that showed in my face. Because Andy made a sort of inarticulate sound and then gathered me to him. I felt the rough tweed lapel of his jacket against my cheek, smelled the clean, masculine freshness of him, and even before his lips met mine, I thought, "I'll have to tell him. He's got to know." And then, "But not yet. Not now."

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I opened the door—and the radiance was stilled of itself, as if there had never been any. For there was the past I thought was over, caught up with me again. Standing there on the threshold was Jed Clinton.

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"Yes." I felt like a ghost of myself with a numbed brain and nerveless hands.

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"It wasn't a love scene! And you've got no right to come here, to—track me down!"

"No?" He raised his eyebrows. "Maybe you didn't notice your boy friend was wearing a smear of lipstick on his chin." Then he laughed. "It's a good thing I'm a broad-minded guy, Alma. After all, you are my wife."

"Only because of the divorce-laws of this state—Jed, how did you find me? Why couldn't you leave me alone?" The old trapped feeling was coming back.

"The answer to the first is easy. I've known where you were for some time. As to why I came—well, I'm a little short of cash at the moment. I thought that under the circumstances—" he paused significantly—"you could tide me over."



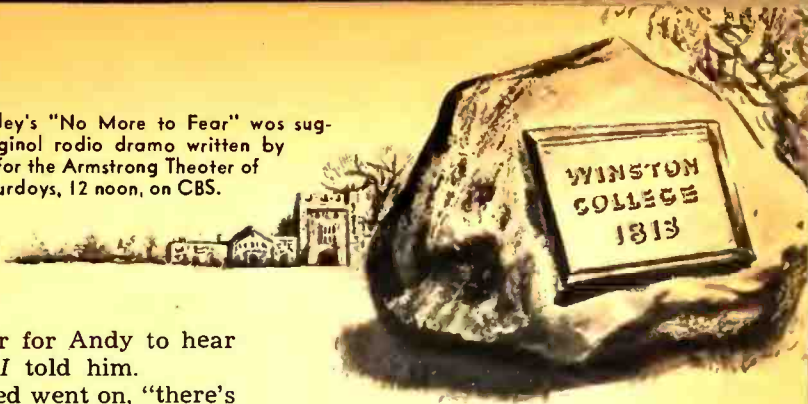
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I crossed over to the mantel. With unsteady hands I lifted down the Mexican pottery piggy-bank that had stood there so proudly. I turned it over in my hands, thinking of the quarters and dimes it contained. "About—seventy dollars. Julian and I were—saving it for a war bond."

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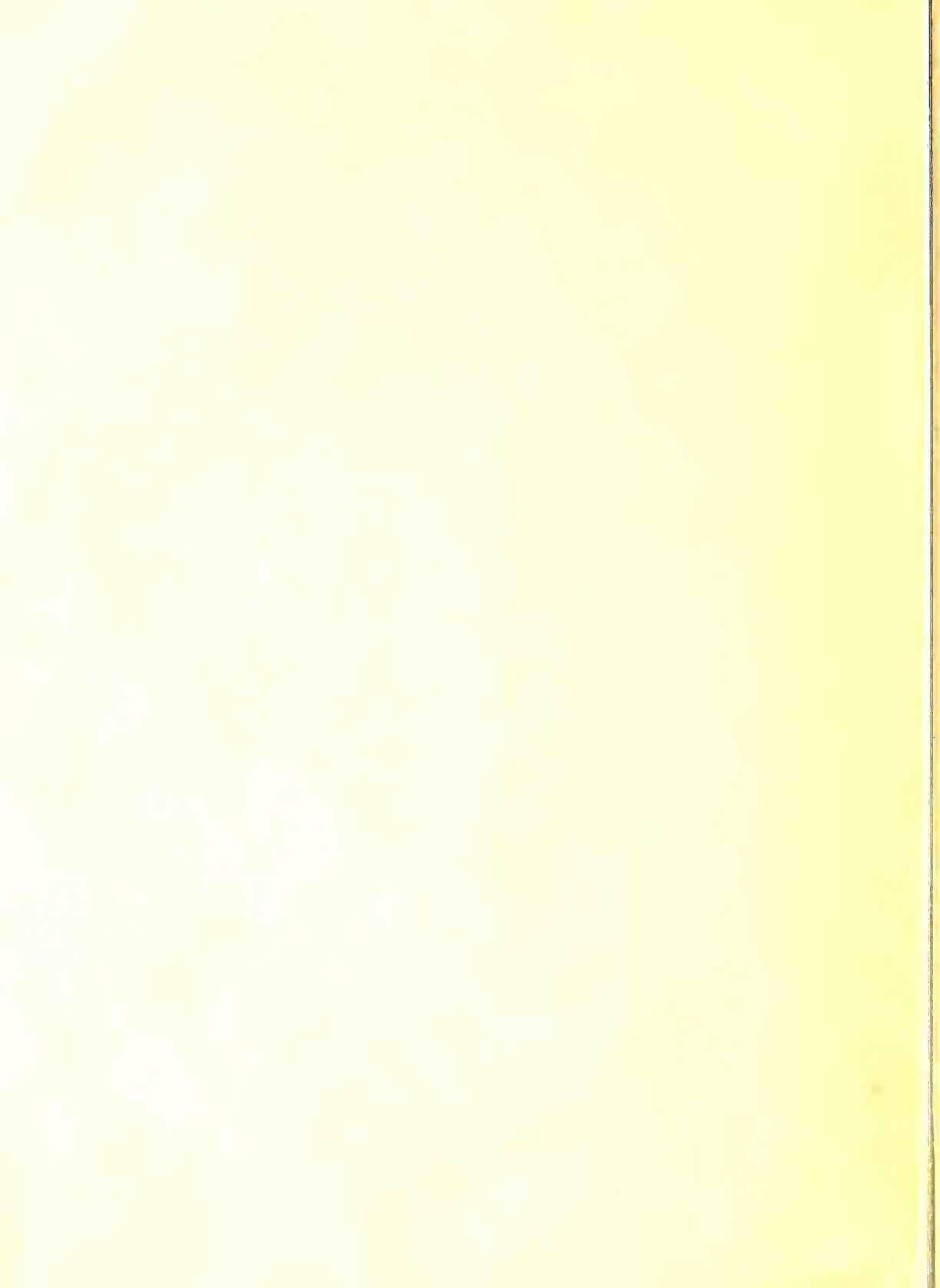
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Shirley Mitchell is the village belle in love with Rudy.



Joan Davis plays the part of his scatterbrained assistant.



When Rudy Vallee, Joan Davis and Shirley Mitchell get together on Thursday nights over NBC's coast-to-coast network, that's the popular Sealtest Show, and it's also—

Time for Fun

HERE'S the recipe for one of the funniest radio shows on the air. Take a general store in a small town (where anything can happen and usually does), add to this a proprietor who considers himself quite a ladies' man, a love-struck assistant who says of herself, "What has Rita Hayworth got that

I couldn't have remedied?" and a beautiful village girl who basks in the sunshine of Rudy's smile.

That's the Rudy Vallee program, with a guest star each week for good measure, and the music of the Fountainairs, singing quartet.

When visitors come calling at Rudy's store, he either out-brags

them, if they're male and talented, or momentarily forsakes both his fiancee and his right-hand woman, if the guest is female and pretty.

Joan Davis casts wistful and hopeful glances at all the handsome men who happen to be around Rudy's general store on Thursday nights at 9:30, EWT.



*Chief Petty Officer Rudy
Vallee of the Coast Guard.*



A kidney and mushroom pie, savory beneath a crisp cheese pastry, proves that the humblest meats can be delicious.

Don't Ration VARIETY

I AM sure you feel, as I do, that rationing is the fairest, most efficient way—in fact, the only way—to make sure that our armed forces, our allies and those of us at home will get the greatest possible benefit from our available meat supply. But no matter how whole-heartedly you approve of it, you have probably been asking yourself what in the world you can serve in place of meat that will keep your menus up to standard both for nutrition and taste.

One answer is to serve more of the unrationed meats. In the long run, I think this will prove an advantage, for the variety meats, such as kidney, liver, heart and so on, are so highly nutritious and have such distinctive flavor that we really should use them for those reasons as well as to see us through the rationing period.

An excellent combination is kidney and mushrooms and when they are

served as a pie with a cheese pastry for the top they are sure to make as great a hit with your family and guests as they do at Schrafft's Restaurants.

Kidney and Mushroom Pie

1 lb. lamb kidney	2 tbs. flour
5 tbs. butter	½ tsp. salt
1 tbl. chopped onion	¼ tsp. pepper
2¼ cups water	Pastry dough
½ lb. mushrooms	½ cup grated cheese

Trim fat and skin from kidney and cut each in 8 crosswise slices. Sauté minced onion lightly in 2 tbs. butter, add kidney and cook for 15 minutes. Add 2 cups water and simmer for 30 minutes. Bring to quick boil, remove from fire and strain, keeping kidney and liquid separate. While kidney is simmering, wash and slice mushrooms and sauté in 2 tbs. butter. Add ¼ cup water, bring to quick boil and strain, adding liquid to kidney liquid. Melt remaining butter and stir in flour. Add mushroom and kidney stock and simmer until sauce is thick and smooth. Add kidney and mushrooms to sauce and turn into buttered casserole or individual baking dishes. If desired, add cooked vegetables such as diced potatoes, small onions, carrots or peas—about ½ cup of each. Top with pastry dough into which you have mixed the grated cheese, and bake in a hot oven until pastry top is done.

Beef and pork kidney also make delicious casserole dishes but they should be pre-cooked to remove their strong flavor.

Braised Kidney with Tomato Sauce

1 lb. kidney	½ bay leaf
¼ cup flour	½ tsp. salt
2 tbs. cooking oil	¼ tsp. pepper
1 cup boiling water	Slice of lemon
	½ can tomato paste.

Soak kidney in cold water for at least an hour, changing water several times. Bring slowly to boil, then drain. Cover with fresh cold water, bring to fresh boil, then simmer for 10 minutes. Drain, and when cool, remove skin, white cords and fat. Cut in thin slices across, flour each slice and sauté lightly in cooking oil. Remove kidney from pan, stir remaining flour into oil, add boiling water and simmer until sauce is smooth. Add remaining ingredients and simmer kidney in sauce, closely covered, for 1 hour.

As a change from broiled liver, try liver casserole or liver loaf.

(Continued on page 63)



BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's
daily talks at noon
and her Friday night
Variety Show, heard
on CBS, sponsored
by General Foods.

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

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
		Time	Program
	8:00	CBS:	News and Organ
	8:00	Blue:	News
	8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
	8:30	CBS:	Musical Masterpieces
	8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
	8:00	CBS:	News of the World
	8:00	Blue:	World News
	8:00	NBC:	News from Europe
	8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC: Deep River Boys
	8:30	9:30	NBC: Commando Mary
	8:45	9:45	CBS: English Melodies
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Fantasy in Melody
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
	10:00	11:00	Blue: Tony Pastor's Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: Vera Brodsky, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Quincy Howe, News
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: New from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Emma Otero
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: That They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Robert St. John
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Frank Sinatra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: Sammy Kaye
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Steopnagle's Steoparoes
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:50	1:50	2:50	CBS: Great Lakes Choir
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Moylan Sisters
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: National Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Green Hornet
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Childer & Vandercook
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Lot's Brings' Orch.
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Metropolitan Auditions
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: The Great Guildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Commandos
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
4:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
4:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Charlie McCarthy
4:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
4:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
4:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Eric Severeid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue: The Parker Family
8:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: FRED ALLEN
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Report to the Nation
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: News of the World
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Blue Barron Orch.
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Tommy Dorsey Orch.
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Unlimited Horizons



GENIAL MAESTRO . . .

It is not exaggerating to say that conductor Mark Warnow is the best loved man at CBS. The general maestro of the Hit Parade and Westinghouse show has more friends than any other person in radio, his pals ranging from vice-presidents to page boys. In fact, the CBS page boys voted Mark their favorite radio artist and tendered him a luncheon at the Automat.

It is easy to understand why everyone adores Mark. Underneath a shock of unruly dark hair are a pair of warm, friendly brown eyes which reveal a kindly, tolerant nature. When he smiles, his whole face lights up and he has that wonderful quality of being more interested in other people than he is in himself. The fact that he is CBS's ace conductor, is something to toss in to show that a man can have great talent and still be human.

Mark Warnow has been dispensing fine music for over twenty years. The phrase, "Orchestra under the direction of Mark Warnow" has been applied to many of the biggest commercial shows. He directed the Chrysler show, We The People and the Helen Hayes program, to name just a few. He's conducted and helped bring to popularity such stars as Connie Boswell, Morton Downey, Virginia Verrill and Gertrude Neisen.

Behind Warnow's virtuosity is a background of many years of experience playing widely diverse types of music, from a three-piece ferry boat outfit, down through Salvation Army units, four-piece cabaret bands and symphony and opera orchestras. The same year he directed the Saturday Night Swing Club, his baton waved over the Philharmonic Symphony as guest conductor.

Mark comes from a poor East Side family. At 15, while going to school, he was playing in orchestras to help the family finances. In his spare time, he studied serious music. At 18, Warnow was leading pit orchestras in Music Box Revue productions and the Ziegfeld Follies. He went on to direct the old Massel Opera Company orchestra and was credited with being the youngest operatic musical conductor in the world.

In spite of this musical accomplishment, very few people in Great Neck, Long Island, where he lives, know him as a famous conductor. They think of him as "that nice man with the car full of kids." Mark loves children and he never goes to town without taking a gang of them along. He has three of his own, Morton, aged 17, Elaine 15 and Sandra 9. In the summer time, his 46-foot yawl sinks almost to water level when all of his children's friends board it.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time	
		Time	Program
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS: The Chapel Singers
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC: The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: The Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45	NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Jack Baker, Songs
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Vic and Sade
12:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue: Stella Unger
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS: David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Sing Along
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Three R's
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Ted Malone
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Col. Lehman
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Men of the Sea
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Children and the War
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Are You a Genius?
5:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: John F. Kennedy, News
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Terry and The Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Eric Severeid
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45	Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Col. Stoopnagle
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Ceiling Unlimited
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: News of the World
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Blonde
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kattenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: GAY NINETIES
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue: Dale Carnegie
7:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue: Gracie Fields

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.S.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Golden Gate Quartet
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
9:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	10:15	11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
	1:30	2:30 Blue: Victory Hour
	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio
	2:15	3:15 Blue: Thrax
	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: David Mannes School
	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	3:30	4:30 Blue: Living Art
	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
	3:45	4:45 Blue: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?
	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry & The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30 Blue: Bobby Tucker's Voices
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: Stars From the Stage
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lights Out
	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Al Jolson
	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's
	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heldt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Suspense
	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie
	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Our Yummyday
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Frank Smatra Sings



ACCENT ON ENGLISH . . .

Judy Blake, the pretty girl on our cover this month, went to England with her father when she was four years old. The six years she spent in that country are still reflected in her accent. She can, however, in the middle of a sentence, switch to plain American speech with the greatest of ease. Many of you heard her last year as "Marcia," an English girl, in the CBS show, *Second Husband*. This year she's "Penny," an all-American girl in NBC's *Mary Marlin*.

When Judy returned to America, at the age of ten, her Aunt Valerie took one look at her beautiful young niece and decided she should have a career in the theater. Judy's mother, her uncle—in fact, the whole family—objected to Aunt Valerie's suggestion. Judy sided with her aunt, drowned out the protests, and she and Aunt Valerie have been companions and pals ever since.

A few months after Judy was enrolled in the Ellen Cole Fetter Dramatic School, Aunt Valerie appointed herself Judy's manager and landed her a job on WNEW's *Five Star Final* show, on which she performed for a good many years. Whenever the major networks needed a girl to play an English role, Judy was called in. She's played the part of Princess Elizabeth innumerable times. "Which was very nice," she smiles, "but I hated being typed as English and secretly yearned to play an American."

Phillip Barrington, producer of *Five Star Final*, at last gave her the chance she had been waiting for and Judy was so excited she almost muffed it. As an American girl in a chase scene, she was introduced to read a line, urging the driver of the car to step on the gas. "Faster," Judy urged, "faster, faster." And then, losing control for a moment, she shouted, "Oh, I say, *fashster, fahster!*" Luckily, it was only a rehearsal and, on the broadcast, she played it strictly American.

Her most embarrassing moment in radio occurred on a recent *Mary Marlin* show. An actor had labored long over a very lengthy and stirring speech, which, when the time came to deliver it on the air, he did beautifully. Judy, forgetting she was in a studio, applauded enthusiastically. A quick witted organist, who plays the show's theme song, managed to hit the keys hard enough to cover up most of the sound.

Judy's been on many of NBC's Television shows because of her beauty, and Hollywood has an eye on her. This year, she was in one Broadway play, "Ghost for Sale," which closed after a brief run. Several nights a week you can find her at the Stage Door Canteen, where it is her special job to talk to British sailors, because her voice reminds them of the girls they've left behind. But her heart belongs to an American, a soldier in a parachute battalion, whose wings she wears proudly.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.S.W.T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Time
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: The Chapel Singers
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:15	10:15 NBC: The O'Neills
9:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Joe and Ethel Turp
	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	10:15	11:15 Blue: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:45	11:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:00	2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
	1:30	2:30 Blue: Victory Hour
	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: David Harum
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Sing Along—Landt Trio
	2:15	3:15 Blue: Thrax
	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: David Mannes School
	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: News
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	3:30	4:30 Blue: Living Art
	3:45	4:45 CBS: It's Off the Record
	3:45	4:45 Blue: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
	4:00	5:00 Blue: Sea Hound
	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
	4:15	5:15 Blue: Hop Harrigan
	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius?
	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Ben Bernie
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and The Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30 Blue: Bobby Tucker's Voices
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Col. Stoopnagle
	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: Stars From the Stage
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lights Out
	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Al Jolson
	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's
	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heldt
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Suspense
	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Dale Carnegie
	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Our Yummyday
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Gracie Fields
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Frank Smatra Sings

THURSDAY

P.W.T.		C.W.T.		Eastern War Time	
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim	
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News	
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club	
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes	
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air	
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Golden Gate Quartet	
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady	
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson	
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John	
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle	
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News	
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills	
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill	
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Baby Institute	
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate	
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children	
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene & Glenn	
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor	
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband	
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue:	Vic and Sade	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon	
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village	
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories	
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little	
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks	
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour	
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful	
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks	
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade	
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World	
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women	
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn	
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light	
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family	
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Dallas	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches	
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum	
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along	
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Three R's	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Indianapolis Symphony	
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ted Malone	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness	
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News	
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Green Valley, U. S. A.	
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Highways to Health	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Mountain Music	
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Madeleine Carroll Reads	
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound	
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries	
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad	
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan	
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Are You a Genius?	
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong	
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman	
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill	
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie	
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight	
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell	
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt	
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Terry and The Pirates	
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	John Sebastian, Harmonica	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Bobby Tucker's Voices	
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern	
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today	
	6:45	7:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas	
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Col. Stoopnagle	
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang	
4:05	6:05	7:05	Blue:	Those Good Old Days	
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James	
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News	
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces	
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns	
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Meet Corliss Archer	
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News	
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Coffee Time	
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner	
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days	
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	BLVD NICH FAMILY	
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes	
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter	
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen	
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands	
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Waltz Time	
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Dale Carnegie	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line	
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper	
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing	
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello	
7:15	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Grace Fields	
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time	
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Frank Sinatra	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Slinger, News	



NEW HENRY . . .

At last, Norman Tokar's made it, but it took nothing less than the United States Army to swing it for him. For four years, Norman has been tagging along in the wake of Ezra Stone, the irrepresible Henry of radio's Aldrich Family and George Abbott's Broadway production, "What a Life." Now, Ezra Stone has left the show to be a sergeant in the Army and Norman is playing Henry on NBC.

It all started four years ago, when freckle faced, redheaded Norman Tokar begged off for an afternoon from his after school job in Newark, New Jersey—where he still lives, by the way—to come into New York City to try to get a part in "What a Life." For hours, he stood in line with lots of other kids with the same idea, only to have George Abbott emerge from the stage door, finally, and announce that he wasn't giving any more auditions. "Come back tomorrow," the producer said.

Norman was frantic. "But I can't come back tomorrow!" he cried and shuddered to hear his voice break and go high.

Abbott grinned at him and said, "All right, one more."

That audition led to Norman's getting a contract to be Ezra Stone's understudy in the stage play. Unlike the stars in most backstage movies, Ezra stayed disgustingly healthy and Norman's only, brief chance to play Henry came when Eddie Bracken, who was playing the role in the road company of the show, caught a cold in Philadelphia.

Norman did a swell job and, oddly enough, it was precisely because he was so good as Henry that NBC producers weren't too enthusiastic about him, when they were picking a cast for the Aldrich Family show. They thought his voice sounded too much like Ezra's to appear in the same script.

But, being fast on the trigger like most red heads, Norman took a hitch in his belt and invented his character of Willie. The befuddled youth who talks as though he had a mouth full of marbles was an immediate hit and Willie became a part of the program, to say nothing of Norman's being around whenever a substitute Henry was needed.

Norman's private life is almost as hectic, although not as irrational, as Henry Aldrich's. He is addicted to sand lot baseball, and, somehow, manages to work in a little of it in an already heavy program. Norman not only acts. He writes radio plays and sells them. He's had a good deal of stage experience, having appeared in "What a Life," "Delicate Story" and "Days of Our Youth." At present, he is one of the featured actors supporting screen actress Gloria Stuart in the recently opened revival of "Sailor Beware." And, just to keep time from hanging too heavily on his hands, he works frequently in supporting roles in many of radio's major dramatic productions.

FRIDAY

P.W.T.		C.W.T.		Eastern War Time	
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim	
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News	
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club	
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes	
1:30	2:30	9:10	CBS:	School of the Air	
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Isabel Manning Hewson	
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Chapel Singers	
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady	
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson	
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Robert St. John	
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Kitty Foyle	
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News	
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills	
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill	
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	The Baby Institute	
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate	
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children	
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Gene and Glenn	
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	A Woman of America	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Joe and Ethel Turp	
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband	
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue:	Vic and Sade	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon	
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Snow Village	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories	
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little	
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks	
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour	
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful	
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins	
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade	
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Carey Longmire, News	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World	
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women	
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn	
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light	
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family	
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Stella Dallas	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker	
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum	
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Sing Along	
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Three R's	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Indianapolis Symphony	
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ted Malone	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family	
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue:	Men of the Sea	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness	
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News	
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife	

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:00 CBS: News of the World
	8:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 NBC: News
	8:15	8:15 CBS: Dance Songs
	8:30	8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	8:30 NBC: Dick Lebert
	8:30	8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
	8:45	8:45 CBS: Bert Buhrman Orchestra
	8:45	8:45 Blue: News
	8:45	8:45 NBC: News
	9:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
	9:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
	9:15	9:15 CBS: Caucasian Melodies
	9:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	10:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	10:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	10:00	10:00 NBC: NBL String Quartet
	10:30	10:30 CBS: Hillbilly Champions
	10:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	10:30	10:30 NBC: Nellie Revell
	10:45	10:45 NBC: Encores
	10:45	10:45 Blue: Betty Moore
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Servicemen's Hop
	11:05	11:05 CBS: American Red Cross
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: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Golden Melodies
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Whatcha Know, Joe
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Washington Luncheon
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: David Cheskin's Orchestra
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: People's War
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: News
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Frank Black's Matinee
11:05	1:05	2:05 CBS: Of Men and Books
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43
1:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Nat'l Parents and Teachers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Minstrel Melodies
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Hello from Hawaii
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Charles Dant's Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Report from Washington
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Report from London
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Music of America
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Cleveland Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Joe Pines Orchestra
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Beverley Mahr, vocalist
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, Alex Drier
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Country Editor
2:45	5:00	6:00 CBS: Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Good to Know You
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Message of Israel
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: People's Platform
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Danny Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Noah Webster Says
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Strange Doctor Karnoc
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Crummit and Sanderson
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Able's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Over Here
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Eric Severoid
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Soldiers With Wings
7:15	9:15	10:15 NBC: Dick Powell
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Let's Play Reporter
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Queen Farrell
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 12)

gantuan and painstaking—so demanding that no other similar organization has yet challenged Spitalny.

Phil traveled coast to coast, interviewed 1,200 girls in six months. He finally selected twenty and brought them to New York. Today a dozen of the original applicants are still with him.

The average age of the Spitalny group is twenty-one. Ninety per cent come from small towns.

On the road, the girls follow three strict rules:

1. No dates except if approved by the governing committee.

2. No crying. Cry babies are promptly liquidated.

3. No lateness. A Spitalny-ite who is late once is fined a dollar, twice, ten dollars, and a third time, is dismissed.

Phil finds little difference between men and women musicians. "Girls are no different from men in this work. There are the same complaints, the same problems. But girls take more pride in their work, they'll take more grief, will rehearse harder."

Phil admits that there have been twenty recent attempts to duplicate his orchestra. None have succeeded.

MEET THE "HOUR OF CHARMERS"

EVELYN: Band's manager and concertmaster. She has played violin since she was seven.

VIVIEN: Tall, statuesque blonde from Fresno, California. She's the orchestra's soprano soloist.

MAXINE: Indianapolis contralto and a Butler University co-ed.

FRANCES, CONNIE, FERN: Three states, Missouri, Louisiana, and Iowa gave this trio to Spitalny. The girls resemble each other though they're not related.

ROSALINDA: Born in Chicago of Russian parents; studied piano abroad.

LOLA: Another Spitalny pianist,

Lola hails from Fostoria, Ohio, graduated from Chicago Musical College.

MARY: Red-haired Irish drummer from Belle Fourche, S. D., where her father is a music teacher.

GRACE: Taught herself banjo and guitar. She's also a dress designer and the band's fashion authority.

FLORENCE: Comes from a musical family in Guthrie, Oklahoma. This violinist also studied at Chicago Musical College.

ESTHER: Started to study medicine but music won out. Russian-born, Esther took up violin at six.

JENNIE: Of Polish parentage, Jennie is a New Yorker who studied at the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. She's another violinist.

MARIA: One more violinist. From Geneva, N. Y., she's a proud graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

LUCILE: Lucile is of Turkish descent and a violinist, too, who won a fellowship to the Juilliard School.

CARLENA: Viennese harpist, Carlena studied in England.

VELMA: Jacksonville, Florida's contribution to Spitalny's brass section is trombonist Velma.

LORNA: Auburn-haired flutist from Los Angeles, and a former student at University of California.

MARION: Marion's father, a U. S. Army bandsman, taught her how to play the saxophone.

HAZEL: She's a tenor-saxophonist and Cleveland child prodigy.

MARIE: Trumpet soloist and graduate of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. Both her father and mother teach music in the Quaker City.

JEANNE: She's of French descent and a newcomer from Concord, N. H. Plays trumpet like her father.

JAN: Young "wonder girl" of the band, plays fourteen different instruments, but specializes on the tuba.

KATHLEEN: Warren, Ohio, sent this alto-saxophonist. She auditioned three years ago for Spitalny and was told she needed more practice. She returned later and was accepted.

VERNELL: Kansas City girl trumpeter. Began her musical career in the high school band.



Twenty-one lovely ladies and one man—that's the famous all-girl orchestra and its leader, Phil Spitalny. This unusual musical organization is noted for its beautiful arrangements.



BARBARA IS ROMANTICALLY LOVELY with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also *today's* American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant!



LUNCH-BOX INSPECTION at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.



"MY SKIN needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

SHE'S ENGAGED!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



BARBARA'S RING—is charmingly feminine, a sparkling solitaire set with a small diamond either side, in a delicately engraved platinum band.

BARBARA SHEETS, captivating young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As

Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only ½ hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This every night without fail—and

"for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely soft-smooth cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price . . . at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

**New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration**



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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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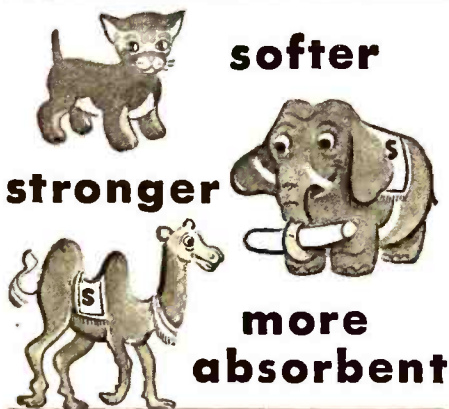


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CLEANSING TISSUES · PAPER
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All the World to Me

Continued from page 31

us. After all, the camp was only five miles out of town, and, ignorant as I was of Army regulations, I was sure that somehow we would see each other frequently.

Also, I did not realize that time was not malleable. I did not realize when Eric said that he would see me before and after the program on Saturday, that those few hours—spent in the ride to and from Butte—would be the only time we would have together until the following Saturday, which would be passed in the same dismal fashion. Somehow, before, time spent with Eric had not seemed like time at all, but—well, just pure happiness without beginning and without end. After he left me the glow remained at first, vividly, strongly, as if he had not yet gone, but it did not stay long enough. Not nearly long enough. In the interval between our meetings I went over every word of our last conversation together, recalling his every expression, the way he reached out to touch me sometimes as if to reassure himself that I was really with him, but even so, I had not had enough of him to keep me company while he was away. I planned things to say to him when I saw him next, as a girl in love thinks of things to say to a new and exciting man; I sorted and saved accounts of little incidents which occurred around the boarding-house and in the town—there were few enough of them—which I thought would amuse him. But when the long, empty days had dragged by, when I saw him again, I had forgotten the things I had stored up, and worse, I found myself tense and almost tongue-tied at the realization that in a few hours he would again be gone for another series of endless days.

FROM then on life became unbearable for me there. There was absolutely nothing I could do to pass the time. I had never considered myself completely lazy and resourceless, but I tried everything I could think of, and I still found nothing to do. I read until my eyes ached. I walked until I was sickeningly familiar with every inch of the town and the surrounding territory. I began to learn to knit, and the local department store promptly ran out of yarn. The town's one theater changed pictures once a week, and on more than one occasion I paid to see the picture for the third time, simply because it gave me the illusion, at least, that I was doing something.

There were plenty of women to keep me company, but they, too, were without their men, and we succeeded only in boring and depressing each other with interminable recitations of the last time we had seen our husbands.

Worst of all, I felt that Eric and I were growing farther apart, a separation encouraged by the very circumstance which the authorities had arranged to help keep us together—visiting days at the camp. I grew to fear those days as much as I had at first looked forward to them. On visiting days a bus carried me and forty other women in circumstance much like mine to the camp, where we were privileged to sit with our husbands on a bench on the edge of the parade grounds for a couple of hours until we could catch a bus

back to town. On rainy days we met in the Y.M.C.A. building. Nevertheless, outside or inside, it was equally bad. There was absolutely no privacy. We sat like strangers, talking stiffly, being polite.

Eric felt it, too—I knew from the way he gripped my arm as he helped me to the bus, clutching at it as if to reassure himself and me that we really weren't losing each other.

I KNOW now that I became hypersensitive about his attitude. His very consideration was a reproach to me. I knew that he worried about me, and because he so carefully avoided even mentioning the subject, I was sure that he would have been happier if I had stayed in Allensport.

There came that Saturday morning when I did not want to get up and face the day which held no hope and no interest. I lay late in bed, feeling miserable and feeling also that I had no energy to rise. The sun forced me up, finally, beating through the window and heating the room to suffocation point. I got to my feet, breathing with difficulty in the close, hot air, and pushed at the window. It stuck, as usual. I flung my full weight against it, and, as it gave and receded upwards, I felt suddenly cold, colder than the rush of summer air should have made me, and blackness closed me in.

Somewhere, somehow, in the midst of that faint, I learned its cause. It seemed really less like a loss than like a detachment of consciousness, as if the most sensitive and receptive part of me were taken into a sacred place where the rest of me could not follow. Then the sensation passed, and the detached parts of me were again one, and I became aware of the world around me, a brighter world, with the sunlight more yellow, the sky a clearer blue. I got to my feet, moving carefully this time, knowing my body to be suddenly and infinitely precious. "Eric," I thought. "I must tell Eric. We are going to have a baby, and I must tell him right away."

I couldn't tell him right away, of course, but I was so elated at my discovery that I felt impelled, for the first time in days, to go down to breakfast. I planned, as I went down the stairs, to go out to camp to see him that afternoon, even though it was Saturday, and he would come into town in the early evening to take me to Butte with him.

At the table Stella was, as always, holding forth with her usual quota of town gossip picked up in the course of her travels the night before. As I came in she was saying something about "that poor kid at Hurley's Cafe" and I, feeling unusually gay and sociable, asked brightly, "What poor kid at Hurley's?"

"The little brunette, Rose," said Stella.

"What's poor about her?" I asked. Stella gave me one of her worldly-wise, pitying looks. "Why, she's going to have a baby, that's all."

The way I felt that morning I could look Stella right in the eye and challenge her opinions. "And what's wrong with that?" I demanded.

"Wrong with it!" Stella exclaimed.

"What's right with it? Her husband's"

Continued on page 54

“I will
take good care of
the things I have”



**Kalamazoo tells you how to make your cooking
and heating equipment last longer**



Gas Burners and Electric Burners work best when clean. Don't let food boil over. Free clogged gas burners by running pipe cleaner or hat pin through holes. Electric coils can be kept clean by

brushing after coils have cooled but don't use a wire brush or any tool that may chip unit and require replacement.

Broilers. Clean after every use. Grease heated a second time not only permeates food but discolors broiler. Trim excessive fats off meat before broiling, and avoid spatter. Use mild cleanser in removing burned food.



Tops are porcelain enamel. Don't put hot foods or ice cold liquids directly on them. Wait until after range has cooled before cleaning—then wipe with soapy water and dry cloth.

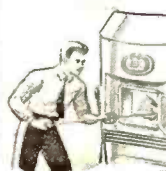
To avoid stains, remove acid such as lemon juice or vinegar immediately before it has a chance to dry and spot.



Heaters. Over-heating of your unit is often responsible for cracking and warping of cast iron parts. Don't let clinkers accumulate in grate. Remove ashes frequently—otherwise heater efficiency is reduced.



Furnace Rules: 1/8" of soot in radiator may cut heating efficiency 25%. A burned out smoke pipe is a fire hazard. Always take clinkers out from the top. Don't allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit. Fluctuating temperatures waste fuel.



Ovens. Wipe after every use. If racks should tend to rust, sandpaper and rub with salad oil. Rusting in ovens can be prevented by opening door a few minutes before actual use to let steam escape. Repeat after use to prevent condensation inside.

**MILLIONS of women
have taken this pledge**

Three cheers for you, Mrs. America, and all the things you're doing at home to help win the war. You're Betsy Ross, Barbara Fritchie and Molly Pitcher, reborn. You're a real fighting American.

Without bugle or roll of drums you're in stride with the march to victory—you're setting the thermostat at 65°, saving money to buy bonds, serving less meat, keeping the children well, turning off lights and radios, defrosting the refrigerator, doing Red Cross work, saving metal, taking First Aid, sharing cars, writing letters—anything, everything to win.

Yes, America is tied to your apron strings—and proud of it.

Kalamazoo PRESIDENT

**Kalamazoo
Stoves and Furnaces**

in the Army; he may be sent away any time. He can't help her, and how's she going to take care of it herself, with no training except for waiting—and she won't be able to do that much longer? Where will she keep it, even if she can support it, in a town like this, where there isn't enough room for the people who are already here? She'll have to leave town, for sure, and that alone costs money. And what if she gets sick, or if the kid gets sick, who's she going to turn to?"

I looked around the table at the faces of the others. They were evidently in complete agreement with Stella, or, if they were not so forthrightly disapproving as she, their faces were at least grave and concerned. "In a case like that," Stella was saying, "there's only one thing to do—"

I LEFT the table hastily, feeling suddenly sick and defeated, and ran up to my room, where I sat down on the bed to stare unseeing at the sunlit world outside. I should have known, I thought, that there would be something wrong with my having a baby. Everything else had gone wrong since I had left Allensport; even a normal and wonderful event like having a child couldn't be right under the present circumstances. I realized that my case was exactly like Rose's, except that Rose at least knew how to do some sort of job.

"Eric," I told myself desperately, "will think of something. He'll know what to do."

But even as I tried to reassure myself, I could not help but feel, underneath, that Eric might not be able to help. I had seen enough of him here at camp to realize that actually he no longer belonged to me, nor to his home, nor to any part of his civilian life, but to the Army, and that his first thought and first duty must be for the Army. While there was a war to be won, I did not, could not count, although I also knew that in a larger sense Eric and all the millions of men in the Army were fighting for me and for other women like me.

By the time five o'clock came, by the time the bus left me at the camp, I was afraid to face my husband, afraid to tell him. In a shaky voice I asked the guard for Private Aldren. A few minutes later Eric came hurrying down the gravel path, the westerling sun on his face, a straight, fine figure of a man—of a soldier—looking, somehow, a little glorious. He caught me to him with rough, hungry arms, not speaking for a moment, and I fancied that his greeting was more

intense than was usual for those dismal, formal visits at the camp. "Lisa, beloved," he murmured into my hair, "I could hardly wait for you to come. At a time like this—"

At that moment I thought that he knew. He was a sensitive man, and intuitive, and I thought that perhaps he had noticed changes in me that I myself had not realized.

"You know?" I tipped back my head to look at him. "Eric, you know, and you're glad? Thank God, I've wanted our baby so much—"

His arms dropped from my shoulders, and he stepped back and away from me, not only in a physical sense, but as if the ground at our feet had parted, separating us and leaving a yawning chasm between. And I shall never so long as I live forget the look on his face at that moment, utterly aghast, a look of horror and of hopelessness.

"A baby!" he choked. "Are we—"

I turned and ran. I raced blindly down the path to the circle where the bus was turning, loaded with soldiers on their way to town. The driver saw me waving and stopped impatiently, and as I climbed on and as we drove off, I saw Eric racing after me, heard him crying hoarsely, "Lisa, wait!"

Wait! I could not. I could not bear to face more of his disappointment and dismay, could not bear to see him pull himself together for my sake. I knew one thing—that I couldn't be separated from Eric. I would do anything in the world, anything, in order to stay with him, or to keep my chance of staying with him.

Of the bus ride I remember absolutely nothing. It was as if I'd been put in a tube such as those in which change is sometimes returned in stores, and shot through a vacuum back to town without thought, without feeling, without emotion. At the boardinghouse I went directly to Stella's room.

Mrs. Nelson stopped me on my way upstairs to tell me that Eric had called and had left a message saying that he would call again in a few minutes. I paid her no attention. I did not want to talk to him, not while that terrible look on his face was still with me. I must have been a little light-headed by then. I remember standing in the doorway of Stella's room, saying with elaborate politeness, as if I had just dropped in for a cup of tea, "I beg your pardon, Stella. I'm very glad to find you at home. Do you remember what you were talking about at the breakfast table this morning?"

I must have looked strange, too. Stella's eyes were sharp and guarded

as she said, "Sure, I remember."

"What did you mean when you said there was only one thing to do in a case like that?"

She shrugged. "What else is there to do but—but lose it," she said.

"Do you know how, Stella? Or where?"

The look in her eyes changed, and she became immediately the friendly person I'd first known. "You?" she exclaimed. "You poor kid!"

That was all there was to it. Stella made a telephone call to Butte, made an appointment for me with a doctor there. She interrupted her conversation with him to place her hand over the mouthpiece and to ask me, "He can see you Monday afternoon, or tonight, if you want to leave right now."

"Tonight," I said, quickly.

I know now how criminals feel when they are about to commit their first crime. Once the decision was made, I was seized by a kind of hysterical determination to get it done, done quickly and over with, before anyone could stop me. Anything in the world was right if it would keep Eric from looking at me as he had looked when I'd told him about our baby.

MY criminal courage began to slip, and sanity began to return when I saw the doctor's office in Butte. It was a dingy office in a dingy building, three flights up.

I waited because I had not the courage to leave. I wanted most of all to flee the place, to run and hide in Eric's arms, but the recollection of that terrible look on his face stopped me. I knew that what I was about to do was wrong, so terribly wrong.

The door to the inner office opened, and I caught a glimpse of the doctor, a little man with flat, dull eyes. The receptionist showed another woman in, and glanced sharply at me as she went back to her desk. "Want some water?" she asked.

I shook my head weakly, feeling cold and sick. She shrugged, and then, as if inspired, began to fiddle with the radio on her desk.

I heard Eric's voice as she spun the dial, and I cried out for her to turn back to his station, and in a second his voice was coming into the room, full and strong over the airwaves.

"—again interrupting our program at the request of Private Ernest Allen, who wishes us to find his wife, Lisa, missing since this afternoon. Lisa Allen is to call this station at once."

His tone was intense, desperate, breaking over my name. Of course, there was no Private Ernest Allen—it was Eric broadcasting for me, reaching out with his strength and his love to pull me back to sanity.

I got to my feet, and the receptionist, alarmed, hurried toward me. I heard a voice that must have been my voice, but detached from me and far away. "Call that station!" I cried. "Oh, please, call that station."

I don't know how much later it was that I felt myself fighting my way up out of cold and smothering mists, struggling for breath, for strength, reaching finally a place of light and peace—the blessed security of Eric's arms around me. He was murmuring broken bits of phrases in my ear, carrying me out of the doctor's office and down the stairs to the taxi he'd kept waiting. I tried to speak, and he said, "Don't talk now."

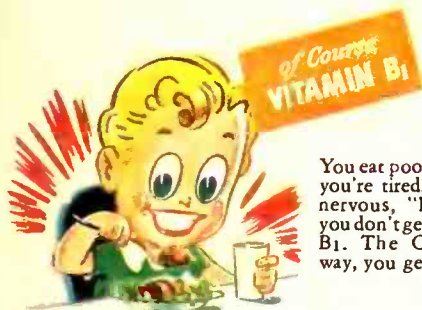
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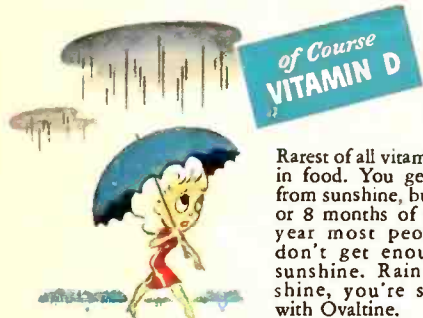
Say Hello To-

CONNIE HAINES, so tiny that she has to stand on a platform to sing into the microphone, is living proof of the old saying that "good things come in small packages". Connie is the featured songstress on NBC's Abbott and Costello program. Her real name is Yvonne Marie Jo Mois, and she started her career, tutored by her mother who was a singing instructor, at the age of four in her home town, Savannah, Georgia. When Connie was fourteen she tried her luck at New York, and shortly thereafter joined Harry James' band, and later Tommy Dorsey's, as vocalist. Last year she went to Hollywood as a Blue Network staff artist. Connie's hobbies are swimming and golf—the miniature variety—and she collects animal miniatures as well. Her repertoire of tunes numbers around four thousand.

ALL THE *Extra* VITAMINS AND MINERALS YOU NEED



You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B1. The Ovaltine way, you get plenty!



Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine, but 6 or 8 months of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovaltine.



They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.



You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the entire Vitamin B complex family in Ovaltine!



Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the way you can use it!

Don't think vitamins and minerals are all Ovaltine gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement prescribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sleep.

3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why—

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result, millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovaltine user—and are eating three average-good meals a day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovaltine may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovaltine user, you're already getting all the *extra* vitamins and minerals *your system can profitably use*, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovaltine *extra amounts* of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be deficient in the average diet—*enough to be sure*—in scientific proportion—all except Vitamin C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, underweight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovaltine is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovaltine to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

3 MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

If you want to read more about this extremely interesting subject, send the convenient coupon below. If not, start your Ovaltine today and don't worry!



Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

WARNING!

AUTHORITIES say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing and cooking reduce the vitamin-mineral values of food.

SO RELY on 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day for all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need!



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Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine—and interesting new booklet.

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OVALTINE
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

WAR COMES INTO THE KITCHEN

WE'RE stripped down to "rock bottom." Here are some of the do's and don'ts the homemaker is going to observe—and very willingly, too—in the coming months, in order that the men who are fighting for us may be adequately supplied:

Food must go to war.

All of these canned foods, packed in 1943, will go: Canned apples, applesauce, apricots, blueberries, figs, grapefruit segments, orange juice, blended orange and grapefruit juice, beets, carrots, pumpkin or squash, tomato catsup.

Varying amounts of other canned fruits and vegetables and juices will go.

Civilian shares of canned fruits and vegetables in 1943 are expected to average about one-half their 1941 total.

We're not getting all the milk we could use for military as well as civilian use. So WPB says no more whipped cream, except on doctor's orders.

There'll be 20 percent less ice cream made than otherwise would have been made at this time of year. Ice-cream makers must not change the quality.

Tin's scarce, and much of what there is must go to war.

No more tin may be used to pack these foods for civilians: Meat spreads, sausage, whole tongue, chopped luncheon meats, edible oils, lard, white asparagus, succotash, sauerkraut, baking powder, among other things.

Undoubtedly, substitute packing, using less critical materials, will be found for some of these foods.

Tin-saving orders cut down on the amount of tin that can be used to pack

still other foods, but figures do not yet reveal how much of the foods affected will stay at home, how much will go.

Alcohol is needed for explosives. So we're cutting out more alcoholic toiletries and cosmetics.

Metals are the first "musts" in war. So no more attachments for vacuum cleaners can be made.

No more chocolate hearts or bunnies or eggs for the kids. WPB thinks they'll get better food use out of our limited chocolate supplies if we cut out the "novelties."

Gum chewers are learning how to make each stick last longer. 1942 production almost equaled 1941's record output, but many more chewers came to market. Don't look for larger supplies, because while there's plenty of chicle to be had, it must be imported, and shipping space is limited.

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

Then don't MISS this heavenly NEW "Natural!"

The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde... tender... but radiantly alive!

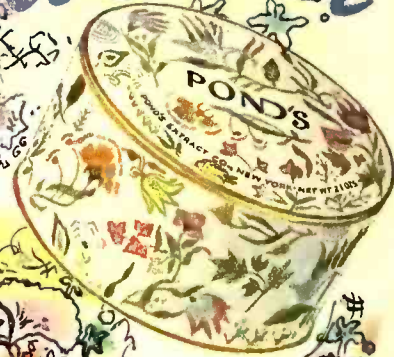
Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade soon!

"I have always worn 'Natural' Powder—but I've never found one that suits my skin so well as Pond's beautifully blended new Dreamflower 'Natural.' It is an unusually lovely shade."

MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

New Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Box—
dainty as a garden bouquet.
Luxurious dressing-table
box—only 49¢. Two
introductory sizes
—25¢, 10¢.



Tops the List!

"What lipstick did you last buy?" a beauty editor asked recently. Pond's "Lips" topped the list! Matching compact rouge—Pond's "Checks"!

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on Longer

Actual 10¢ size

TODAY!

See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades—

NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
DUSK ROSE—for rich rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes
At Beauty Counters Everywhere

I'VE LEARNED THAT

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FRUITS ARE ALWAYS
THE BEST

BECAUSE only the finest fruits raised in California are used in packing Signet Fruits in sparkling glass containers. For your added protection, every jar has passed a rigid, continuous inspection by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture and is certified top quality ... U.S. Grade A. Fancy.



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All the World to Me

Continued from page 54

Lisa. Don't try to talk now, darling." Only when we reached a hotel room, when Eric had laid me on the bed and had bathed my face and hands and had sent for warm milk for me to drink, would he let me talk. "How did you know?" I burst out. "How did you know what I was doing?"

IN the midst of his happiness and relief at having found me in time, he looked suddenly grave. He sat down on the edge of the bed and was silent for a moment. At last he caught one of my hands and held it tightly, as if he would never again let me go—and he began to tell me how he *must* let me go, so soon, so terribly soon.

"We learned something at camp this afternoon," he said, "just a few minutes before you came out. It—it knocked me off my feet. Not for myself—for you, honey. I didn't see how I was going to tell you—"

I felt safe, secure. I could even laugh at him. "Darling, darling," I cried. "You aren't making sense—what are you trying to tell me?"

It came out then, in one short, sharp sentence. "We're going overseas." What could I say in answer to that? There was nothing to say. I just lay there, holding tightly to his hand. In a moment he began to talk again, as if he must fill the silence. "I ran after the bus this afternoon, honey, but you were too quick for me. So I went back and called the boardinghouse a little later, but you hadn't come in." I nodded. "Mrs. Nelson told me

you'd called, but I—but I couldn't talk to you right then."

He went on as if he hadn't heard me. "You see, dearest, when you came out unexpectedly that way, I thought you must have heard about our being ordered to a point of embarkation. But then, when you told me about the baby, I—I didn't know what to say."

"You didn't say anything," I told him. "You—you looked. You looked frightened and desperate and almost angry. I thought you meant that—that you didn't want our baby."

He caught me to him and held me close. There was no security in our world, but I felt, strangely, that I had reached a final, unshakable security.

His voice, close to my ear now, went on with his explanation. "When you didn't telephone me, I called back. Mrs. Nelson said you'd left, so I asked to speak to Stella. I managed to get out of her that you had gone to Butte to see a doctor, but she wouldn't tell me the doctor's name. What he does is criminal, you know, and she didn't want to be involved. I got into town as fast as I could—I was going to get it out of her if I had to beat it out—but by the time I got to the boardinghouse, she was gone. I didn't waste time looking for her. I got to Butte as quickly as I could. If I couldn't reach you through the program, I was going to call on every doctor in Butte. Thank God, I did find you."

"Thank God you did," I echoed him.

There was silence in the room again, the silence of time stopped, of sudden complete understanding, of

old things dying, of new things being born. Two weeks—two days—ago I would have been heartbroken at the thought of Eric's going away. Tonight I could say simply, "I'm doubly glad of the baby now, Eric."

His arms tightened around me; for a while we were content to be still.

"Eric," I said finally, "Eric, I was thinking while I was in that—that doctor's office—I was thinking of all of the things I could have done instead of what I was about to do. I was thinking that I could go back to Allensport. I've a little of Aunt May's money left, and you can send me a little, and if that isn't enough, in Allensport we—I could borrow from someone. I could take a business course, or learn a trade, and by the time the baby was born, I'd be ready to work. Do you think that would be all right, Eric?"

He pressed his face against my breast, my throat. I felt that his eyes were wet, and I knew that it would be all right.

YES, I knew it would be all right. I still know. Eric has left me. He had to go. He had to fight—as millions of men are fighting for their loved ones—for me. No, for us. I am not alone. Eric has left part of himself behind. Even if he—yes, I'm not afraid to say it, for I'm not afraid of anything any more—even if he should die, he would not be dead, for our baby is Eric's immortality. But he will come back. Somehow I know that. He'll come back home to us.

Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 36

dropped to his knees and knelt by me where I sat. His arms went around me and he looked up at me with real tenderness, a look you must have seen on his face in his movies. "From now on," he said, "it's going to be different. You've been a wonderful sport, Jackie, and I'm going to start paying off for your sportsmanship. Give me a chance, darling. You won't have another lonely moment—not as long as you live—I promise it!"

I had to tell him quickly before my courage failed me. "It's not like it was, Dean. It's changed."

"You mean you don't care for me any more?"

"It's not that, Dean. I don't believe you any more."

"Then you *did* allow that woman to poison your mind against me."

"I don't think she had anything to do with it but—" His face was drawn and pale—frighteningly so. I stammered: "It's probably my fault. Why does one stop believing another person? I don't really know."

I KNOW, he said with terrifying softness. "It's when you fall in love with somebody else!"

"Listen, Dean," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'm terribly tired and we have the rehearsals tomorrow. Let's talk about this thing when we're not both so played out. Tomorrow—maybe at cocktail time..."

But he didn't seem to hear me. "Who is it?" he said coming closer to me, "who is it that you're in love with?"

"Dean, stop it. Please..."

Then: "Is Tom Trumble in town? Tell me—is he?"

I remembered that night of our wedding, that terrible wave of jealousy that suddenly swept over Dean about Tom—and then there was so little reason for it.

"Yes, he is," I said. "But that hasn't anything to do with it."

"Oh, it hasn't! We'll see about that."

"I must go now," I said. "I really must."

"Go? You're my wife, Jackie. You're not going to go. Not tonight you're not."

"But I am—I must."

"No," he said firmly, with inexorable determination, "you're not going. You're going to stay right here with me—like a good wife—do you understand?"

Dean Hunter's arms were around me, although I tore at him and tried to pull away from him. He whispered impassioned words into my ears, first brutally, then with cajoling gentleness as if hoping that each mood would have the right effect on me. But every moment that went by made me more resolute—and more frightened that I wouldn't know how to escape my own husband!

"Stop it! Stop it, Dean," I said breathlessly as I tried to avoid his hands. But he had no intention of letting me go. I began to batter at him with my fists. He grasped my wrists and held them behind me and smiled brutally as he became aware of the physical advantage he had over me.

In that moment the doorbell rang. His face paled. "We won't answer it," he said fiercely.

The bell jangled insistently.

"You'd better open it," I said breathlessly.

"No," he said. "They'll go away." He held me to him more tightly than ever.

But the bell rang again. "If you don't open the door whoever it is will break it down when I get through screaming!" I said.

He knew I meant it. He let me go and went to the door.

"Who's there?" he said without opening it.

Again the bell rang, relentlessly. Dean opened the door. Relief coupled with a new fear filled me when I saw who was there. It was Tom.

Dean's back was to me but I sensed the paleness of his face, the fury in his eyes for I heard him say, "What do you want?" The man in uniform didn't answer at first. He passed his host and came to me. "Are you all right?" he said.

"Yes, of course," I said, fatuously. But Tom knew.

"Get out of here!" Dean Hunter was saying.

"You're darn tootin'," Tom said, smiling. "Come on, Jackie."

"My wife stays right here," Dean said in high-pitched anger.

"Only if she wants to," Tom said quietly. I took my coat and bag and



"I always said you sing like a bird," Eddie Cantor tells Dinah Shore as he listens to her and her pet canary doing a duet.

started for the door. But Dean stood there blocking it. Very calmly Tom grasped my husband's lapel and pulled him to one side so there would be room for me to pass. Then Dean swung—and Tom, caught off guard, fell across a small table, tripped and sprawled on the floor. When he got up Dean was standing over him, scowling savagely. Then his fist shot out—and Tom ducked.

Again, still smiling, Tom grasped Dean Hunter's lapels and held him. "All we want to do is get out," he said quietly. But Dean gritted his teeth in fury and began to swing again. Tom's gestures were so fast I could scarcely see what he'd done. His foot came up in a quick movement that made Dean Hunter grunt with

pain as he buckled and reached for his shins. "I don't think I'd better hit him," Tom said, half to me, half to himself. "I might just happen to kill him."

And before I knew it I was on the way out with Tom following me. He slammed the door and we hurried toward the elevator.

My heart sank, despite my relief at being away from Dean Hunter. *Now his jealousy would always stand in our way!*

On the way home in the cab I didn't tell Tom my fears. I was too grateful to him for his timely appearance. He told me he'd had a hunch I needed him, just a hunch. It was with great tenderness that he kissed me before we parted in front of my boarding house. Both of us knew what lay before us the next day, but we didn't speak of it. There was a wave of warmth and emotion between us and we were somehow satisfied with that.

At last there was no doubt in my mind. I loved Tom Trumble wholly and completely and if there was any way for us to have a moment in eternity together I would do my utmost to arrange it. How could I have foreseen what was to happen the next day?

First—and this is hardly the most important—there was the rehearsal. I half expected Dean and Tom to take one look at each other and then go into a knock-out-drag-down fight. Of course they didn't. When I came into the studio they had both arrived. Colonel Wilson was there, too—and Tom and Dean were at opposite sides of the room, busily engaged with their respective problems of the moment, both making an effort to avoid each other's gaze. I had the feeling that Dean was a little chastened by the sober daytime, but there was an uncomfortable and almost shifty look in his eyes when he finally saw me and came over to me. We were close to Colonel Wilson who was saying, "She never sent me a message from New York. Can you imagine such a girl?"

AND Dean said, looking at me intently, "No I can't. It must be the cruel streak in her."

Colonel Wilson missed the edge in Dean's voice. He just laughed.

"What is this power she has over men?" Dean Hunter said, then.

I looked across the room, panic rising in me. Tom Trumble was striding over toward us. Colonel Wilson had his inevitable graceful answer, "It's the fatal charm of the honest woman," he said. Then Tom came up and was saying to the Colonel, "How are you, sir?" His salute was respectful and Colonel Wilson returned it with natural dignity. "I'm certainly glad that you asked me to come, sir. I promise I won't blow up this time."

"Maybe you'd better," the Colonel said smiling. "It went over big last time."

"Thanks to Mr. Hunter," Tom said smoothly.

I think the look in Dean Hunter's face was the oddest I'd ever seen. He was affected by Tom's compliment, and yet there was something else, something almost primitive in his look. He said suddenly, "If you blow up this time, Trumble, I'll let

Jackie pick up the pieces."

Then the storm broke. Not the storm I expected. Not the storm any of us expected.

Suddenly there was a voice in the studio. It came from the control room and the sound man was saying, "Listen, everybody. Listen to this!" And then a news broadcast was pouring into the room:

"... Taken completely by surprise. The attack came without warning and the extent of the damage may not be known for days. Yes, the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor while their envoys were still negotiating in Washington. Within a few hours it is expected that America will be in the war which is now without any question a global war..."

Doesn't it seem like years ago? It does to me. Yet the events of that afternoon are as vivid in my mind as if they happened yesterday. I remember so clearly the white, drawn, incredulous look on people's faces, not quite believing, not understanding, using phrases like, "National suicide! We'll crucify them. They must know they're licked from the start..."

The show went on, as so many shows did that day, with frequent interruptions to bring the American public the few morsels of unsatisfactory news that were available to them.

IT was a good show. Tom didn't break up as he had the first time—in fact, he did a fine job of singing and I felt proud of him. As I listened to him and watched his sweet, natural face strained in his effort to put the song over into the microphone, I thought, "If there's going to be time for him to have me with him I'll not let anything stand in the way—before he goes off somewhere to fight." I suppose numberless women who read this had feelings like mine that day—a sort of return to essentials, when you thought things like: whom do you love and who loves you and will this thing stand in the way? Of course it will, we women were thinking that day, it's bound to in the cases of so many of us, but we were thinking, too: He's all that matters to me and I'll fight for every minute that we can be together, no matter what it costs me.

That's what I was thinking about Tom. I was thinking too that I had courage I'd never known was in me. I had courage to face what I knew lay before me—with Dean—and I knew that I would never again be weak with him.

But, like so many fine resolutions, everything didn't turn out quite that smoothly. After the broadcast, Dean said goodbye to me quickly—and suddenly he was gone. I called him at his hotel later, but he'd checked out.

As for Tom, there was a telegram for him. His leave was cancelled. He was to return to camp at once.

I took Tom to the train. A great surge of emotion welled up in me as I stood again on the same ramp where only a few weeks ago I'd met the simple, awkward soldier boy who in the meanwhile had somehow grown up and become a man. It was such an odd sensation to remember that on that very day Dean Hunter had appeared on the ramp with his retinue. How different my estimate of those two men now, and what a sequence of events and changing tides of human emotion had come to pass



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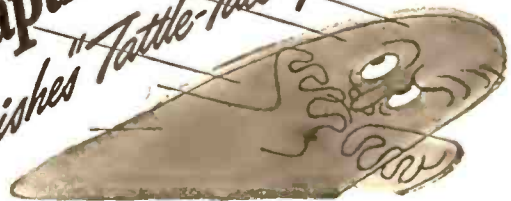
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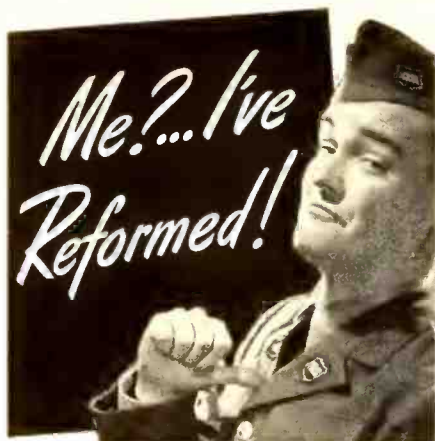
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Golden bar or Golden chips—
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BOY, WHAT A SUCKER I WAS when it came to taking a laxative! That stuff I used to take tasted terrible. And it used to knock me for a goal! I'm a pretty husky guy, but it was just *too strong!*

LATER I TRIED another laxative which was supposed to be very mild. And that's when I made my second mistake! All the medicine did was to churn me up inside and leave me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*



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between then and now!

When Tom Trumble held me in his arms to say good-by I thought that I could never restrain the tears. I saw people around us but somehow they raised a charitable curtain of unconcern to leave the soldier and his girl quite alone. I kissed Tom gently and whispered into his ear, "No matter what happens, Tom, remember that I love you."

His arms tightened around me. "Remember what I told you, Jackie. You're mine. Will you remember that, darling?"

"Yes, Tom. I'll remember. I'll remember."

At last the parting was over and I was alone with my confusions and uncertainties. What was I to do? What could I do?

GRACIE put it simply, later that night when I'd poured the whole story out to her: "I never thought it'd turn out this way, baby. But now that it has there's only one thing to do. You're going back to New York, sweetheart."

And, that's what I did. I went back to New York. I dared to do it because I couldn't get Tom Trumble's face out of my mind. I never believed I could love anyone as much as I loved him. I would fight for him. I'd die for him. I'd even kill for him.

Gracie may not be the most brilliant girl in the world, but she did have a good idea. It wasn't an easy one to work out. But for me to try to work it out, I had to see Diana Stuart.

What I told her could be put in a sentence. I wanted to talk to her and Dean Hunter together. Would she send for him, and could we all have a talk, please?

She told me that was impossible, that there was nothing the three of us could talk about that would justify her calling a man she hadn't seen in days.

When I smiled my disbelief she said, "Well, and if I had seen him, what would you do about it?"

"That's what I came to talk to you both about," I said evenly. It's odd how an air of self assurance can dismay someone who a moment before has had the best of a conversation. I had no proof of any kind, only my instinct on which to base my implied accusation, but I knew that I'd have to be clever and courageous to get what I wanted. She may not have been taken in by my bluff, but Diana Stuart immediately called Dean Hunter on the phone. He wasn't in but his man knew where to find him. Ten minutes later Dean Hunter called back. Fifteen minutes after that he was there, for what Diana Stuart told him over the phone made him hurry!

We sat quietly for quite a time in that attractive living room facing Central Park. We drank an excellent imported sherry and ate little canapes which Diana Stuart had ordered her maid to prepare. At last Dean came to the point.

"Well, Jackie," he said, "what's this Diana was telling me on the phone?"

"Perhaps," I said calmly, "I alarmed her unnecessarily. There's no cause for alarm if—well, I want a divorce, Dean."

He looked at me intently. "Never in this world, Jackie. Never. You're my wife and you remain my wife."

"Why? Is it a matter of military necessity?"

I stung him but he blinked and went on: "I'm fond of you, that's why." His eyes turned toward Diana who smiled knowingly.

"Many divorced husbands are fond of their wives," I said, then.

He rose from his chair. "Well, if that's all we have to talk about, I think I'd better get back to my rehearsal."

I rose too. I faced him. This was the moment when he would win—or I would.

"There's no point in your doing that," I said.

He brushed me aside. "I have a big program tomorrow night."

"Yes, I know. But I don't think they'll want to hear you sing."

I saw that Diana Stuart had risen from her divan and was coming toward me. "And exactly what do you mean by that?"

"Keep out of this," I told her firmly and turned back to Dean whose face was deathly pale. "Yes," he said.

"What are you getting at?"

"Listen, and keep quiet, both of you," I said. "Now this is the way it is, Dean: I married you because I was mad about you and because I thought you were mad about me. You didn't seduce me or talk me into it. I married you of my own free will. So far that's simple enough, isn't it?"

"Go on," he said.

"But you know," I continued, "you know, Dean, that you married me because you thought it would help you with the draft board—and a dozen people heard Diana Stuart admit it when she was drunk that evening at Margaretta Shelley's. To me it's the most contemptible trick any American can play on himself and by now your conscience must tell you that. I, for one, don't think they're going to let you get away with it no matter what happens. But that isn't the point. I know I'm not going to let you get away with what you did to me—and the reason is that I want a divorce—and you're going to give it to me!"

Dean Hunter glared at me in a fury. "Never!" was all he said.

"No? All right. That's all I need to know. I must go now."

BUT before I'd gotten to the door, Dean Hunter's hands were on my shoulder. "What are you going to do?"

"I have a date with some newspaper reporters," I said.

"You wouldn't dare!" Diana Stuart said. I laughed quietly. Diana Stuart and Dean Hunter knew that I dared!

"Yes, Dean," I went on, "if you don't give me a divorce I intend to spread the truth from one end of the radio and movie world to the other. Dean Hunter, the great singer, because he couldn't marry his sweetheart Diana Stuart, since she was already married, found himself an innocent girl and talked her into marrying him so he could escape the draft. It'll make a pretty story—and I'm betting that Dean Hunter's innocent little wife will be believed, don't you?"

He looked at me with fury for a moment, then suddenly turned away.

I had won!

"How do you want to arrange it?" he said quietly.

So I told him. All during the talk, Diana sat silent. Perhaps it was the way she wanted it, too. Perhaps even Dean would learn to be happy about the whole thing after a while. The Army might make a man of him.

I had won the major battle in my fight for happiness. But there was still much to do.

I went back to Washington and told Colonel Wilson that I hoped to be able to come back to the job—if he wanted me—in a couple of months at the most, but that meanwhile would he give me a leave of absence because—well, I had to have a rest and get a few things straightened out. He didn't ask any questions. He just told me that he hoped to get me back.

Reno wasn't so bad. I needed to rest and that's what I did for days and days. Then one day my time was up and the lawyer brought me to the court house and I went through that painful routine, emerged into the bright Nevada sun—a free woman!

After that—? Well, I went right to Tom's camp. I'd saved enough so that I could just about manage.

THE sunshine played about Tom's face as he came out into the recreation room at the Camp where they'd sent me to wait for him. When he saw me he stopped for a long moment as though he couldn't believe his eyes.

My heart leaped as he came to me. "Jackie," he said. "This is really funny. I dreamed about you last night. You were so clear in my dream it doesn't seem at all odd to see you today. You're looking wonderful!"

"I had a lot of sleep in Reno," I told him.

"Reno!"
"Yes, darling," I said softly. "You don't have to take me—but I had to be ready when you wanted me."

His arms were around me then. "Want you," he was saying. "I haven't thought about anything else since we saw Washington together. Do you remember, darling?"

"I'll never forget it as long as I live," I told him.

Then he said: "I'll be on my way any day now."

My heart sank but I said: "I'm glad I got here in time."

He held me close to him and whispered, "Are we going to get married? Today, Jackie?"

"Today," I said.

And we were married—for his commanding officer gave him the necessary leave.

That was weeks, months ago. Tom isn't here now, but I've had some wonderful letters from him. He can't tell me where he is or all the things that are happening to him. But he tells me the same thing in every letter, the thing that I keep close to me every day and night of my life now that I'm back working for Colonel Wilson in Washington.

What Tom writes me at the end of every letter is simple and lovely. He puts it in different words but the thought is always the same. He writes "I know I'll be back, darling. I have to see you again and hold you close to me. We're going to win this war, baby, no matter how tough it gets, and then you and I will be together again. Good night, Jackie. I'll dream of you again tonight. I'll never forget you, my darling, because no matter what happens or how long or hard the battle is that's ahead of us, I'll always know that you're the best thing that ever happened to me. I look forward to those swell letters of yours, dearest. Write me soon again, Jackie—and don't forget to tell me what I want to hear again—tell me you're mine!"

The End



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To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues of RADIO MIRROR will appear upon the newsstands at a slightly later date than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 7th. On that date step up to your newsstand and say "A copy of RADIO MIRROR, please," and your newsdealer will gladly give it to you.

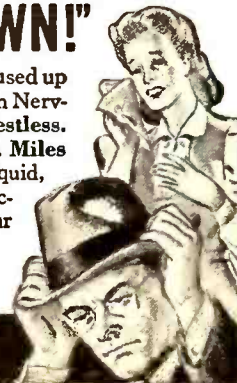
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Remember!

Continued from page 23

because it is so easy for us to create an illusion of peace and safety—it seems to me we all have a greater obligation than the people of other, less fortunate, countries, to remember the war every single moment. The only ones among us who have any right to say, "Oh, the war is so terrible I don't even want to think about it!" are those who have actually lost someone they love, who have had a brother or a son or a sweetheart killed in battle. Not that any of them would exercise that right, any more than a Russian or Chinese or Briton would, because to them the danger is no longer remote. The madman has already entered *their* homes.

Are you wondering what harm it does if you forget the war for a while? This is the harm it does:

WHEN we forget, it is easy to break the few simple rules by which we civilians are being asked to live. It's easy to lay in a big stock of the foods that we read are going to be rationed next month. It's easy to use the car for going to a movie and buy more gas at that service station you know where they don't insist on getting a coupon for every gallon. It's easy to skip tonight's Air Raid Precaution meeting. Most important of all, it's fatally easy to put off until tomorrow buying some war stamps or a war bond.

It's strange, isn't it, that we should have to be reminded to buy bonds? It's as if, with the madman invading our home, we had to be reminded to pick up a gun that was lying there within easy reach on the table. Buying a bond is a simple act of self-preservation.

Of course there is always something else to do with the money—something which seems, at the moment, important and even vital. There always is. We find excuses without half trying. Taxes are high. With the cost of living going up, it takes all we have just to buy the things we need to get along. Other people are making more money; they can afford to invest in bonds better than we.

But a person in danger doesn't stop to wonder if he can afford to buy the weapons that will save his life!

And we are in danger. Just as long as the Japanese and German and Italian nations remain undefeated, we are in danger, no matter which way the tide of war seems to be running at any single moment. Even though we know that eventually we will win, we are in danger—the danger of not winning soon enough to save thousands of lives and millions of souls.

Let us not forget. Let us build our lives wholly around an awareness of the war. Let us measure every action of the day against that awareness. On even such a small thing as the expenditure of an hour or a dollar, let us remember the war—for if we do, how many millions of hours and of dollars will be put to work bringing the war to an end!

CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN . . .
Lovely Helen Trent and Radio Mirror thank Fred Black, popular designer of Chicago, for the attractive dress which Helen wears on page 25.

Don't Ration Variety

Continued from page 46

Liver Casserole

1 lb. liver
2 green peppers
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. rosemary or thyme
1 cup buttered crumbs
2 tbs. bacon drippings

2 onions
2 tomatoes
¼ tsp. pepper
1 bayleaf

If you use beef or pork liver, follow the directions for pre-cooking kidney, above. When liver is cool, cut into thin slices. Slice onion, green pepper and tomato thin. In buttered casserole arrange alternate layers of onion, green pepper, tomato and liver, using buttered crumbs for the final layer. Add dry seasonings, dot with bacon drippings and cook, covered, in 350 degree oven until liver is tender (about 1 hour). The vegetables should make sufficient sauce, but 2 to 4 tbs. boiling water may be added if necessary during the cooking. Remove cover for the final ten minutes so the crumbs will brown.

Liver Loaf

1 lb. liver
1 green pepper
1 stalk celery with leaves
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. dry mustard
1 tbs. minced parsley
2 cups bread crumbs
2 tbs. melted bacon drippings
1 egg, beaten

1 onion
¼ tsp. pepper
½ cup milk

Pre-cook beef or pork liver and run through meat grinder, together with onion, green pepper and celery. Add

bread crumbs and remaining seasonings and mix well. Combine beaten egg, bacon drippings and milk and stir into mixture. Bake in loaf pan at 350 degrees for 1 hour, basting occasionally with 1 tbs. bacon drippings combined with 1 tbs. boiling water.

Heart

Hearts may be braised or used as the basis of a stew or casserole. Before cooking, remove all membranes, fat and arteries. Beef and pork heart should be soaked in cold water for 1 hour then parboiled (simmered) for 30 minutes (use 1 tbs. lemon juice or vinegar, ½ tsp. salt and a pinch of pepper, in just enough water to cover). For stuffed, braised heart, use any savory bread stuffing, then rub the meat with bacon drippings, pour over it a can of tomato soup and season to taste. Cook, covered, at very low temperature—a 325 degree oven for roasting or the simmering flame for the top of the stove. Lamb or calf heart needs 1 to 2 hours; sheep, beef or pork heart 2 to 3 hours.

Brains

To prepare brains, wash in cold water, remove arteries and membrane and soak in cold water for 1 hour. Simmer for 20 minutes in water to cover seasoned with a little lemon juice and minced onion, celery leaves or parsley. Blanche in cold water and break into small sections. To serve,

scramble with eggs, sautee in butter or reheat in medium white sauce, mushroom or tomato sauce.

Sweetbreads

Wash, parboil and blanche sweetbreads as directed for brains. Cut them apart, then cut in half lengthwise. Rub with a mixture of 2 tbs. soft butter, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. minced parsley, ½ tsp. salt and a pinch of pepper and broil for about 7 minutes; or serve them in sauce in a rice or noodle ring.

Creamed Sweetbreads

1 pair prepared sweetbreads
1½ cups medium white sauce
2 hard-cooked eggs
1½ cups cooked vegetables
Pinch of mace

Cut sweetbreads into ½-inch cubes and dice eggs. Add to white sauce, together with vegetables (peas, asparagus tips, mushrooms and celery hearts are good with sweetbreads) and heat thoroughly. A delicately flavored cream soup may be used in place of white sauce.

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If Love Were All

Continued from page 22

taken that car apart so many times, adding some new gadget or adjustment every time he put it together again, that it no longer deserved its original maker's trade-mark; but it could almost do what Gene laughingly claimed for it—come when he whistled. Gene had a way with machinery.

Before that rainy spring night, when Gene and I went out together we had, as often as not, gone with other couples or with a crowd. Now, by an unvoiced consent, we wanted to be alone—even though being alone together brought us as much pain as pleasure. It isn't easy to deny the hot eagerness of love, to forget that the sweetest of kisses is by rights only a prelude to a greater sweetness. And yet, I suppose it was easier for me than for Gene.

"Oh, Arda," he'd whisper after he'd held me in his arms for a kiss that it seemed should never end. "I love you so much—why—"

And he would leave the question unfinished, while I, torn between my terrible desire to give him everything and anything he wanted and my deep conviction that to do so would be wrong, stiffened and drew unwillingly away from his beseeching lips.

THIS could not go on, I knew in my heart. But never once, when Gene told me he loved me, did he speak of marriage.

It wasn't that I wanted him to speak of it. Marriage frightened me—but so did love without marriage. I knew I would have to make a choice, but Gene should have offered me that choice and he did not.

"When summer is over . . ." I thought, childishly setting up for myself a barrier in time. But it is strange that I should have selected the end of summer.

If you were like me, you knew that the radio was devoting more time than usual to news broadcasts, and that's all you knew, until all at once Europe was at war. And this fact you found it very hard to believe.

Yet almost at once, the war had its effect on my life.

If I haven't said much, up to now, about Tim Gorman, Gene's older brother, it's because, up to the time the Germans marched into Poland, he wasn't very important to me. Oh, I knew him well enough, naturally, but he was just Gene's brother—years older than either of us, serious, and not at all interesting.

The truth is that Tim had always seemed older than he was, even when he was sixteen and Gene ten—which was the year Mr. and Mrs. Gorman were killed in an automobile accident and Tim was left to be Gene's almost sole support. There was a small estate, but the courts—or somebody, I never really understood who—put it in trust so that there was only a little income. Tim went to work that same year in Bradford's grocery store, and he'd worked there ever since. Luckily, the house where the Gormans lived had belonged to them, so the boys didn't have to move. Tim made an arrangement with a motherly widow, Mrs. Wilton, to come and live with him and Gene, and the three of them

got along very well.

"Tim's a fine boy," Dad used to say. "Gene doesn't appreciate all the things his brother's sacrificed for him. Why, Tim had one of the best scholastic records any Briarton High student ever rolled up, and he could have gone on to college and really made something of himself. But he gave all that up, just to take care of Gene, A fine, honest, young fellow."

This was all true, and I knew it, and I admired Tim; but you need more than admiration for friendship. Whenever we saw each other we had a hard time thinking of things to say. He seemed almost middle-aged to me, and I was sure I seemed childish to him.

So I was surprised one night toward the middle of September, when the telephone rang and it wasn't Gene, but Tim.

"There's something I want to talk over with you, Arda," he explained in his slow, careful way. "And since Gene's out in back, tinkering on that jalopy of his, I figured you might not be busy tonight. Can I come over?"

"Of course," I said at once. "I'll be out on the front porch."

While I waited, curled up in one corner of the new red-and-white striped glider we'd bought that summer, I wondered what on earth Tim wanted to talk about.

He came up the steps, and the glider creaked as he sat down beside me. Tim was bigger than Gene. Gene was lithe and quick, but Tim was solidly muscled, broad in the shoulder from years of handling heavy crates of groceries. He was handsome, too, it struck me suddenly, in an ordinary sort of way. Not Gene's way, which was something special.

IGUESS you're wondering what I wanted to see you about," he said hesitantly, after we had exchanged polite and pointless remarks about the weather and my parents' health—the kind of remarks which, until now, had always been the only ones Tim and I could find for each other. "Yes, a little," I smiled. "You sounded as if it were awfully important."

"It is," he said simply.

At first I felt like smiling again at his solemnity—and then, suddenly, I didn't feel like smiling at all. I knew that whatever Tim was going to say, it *was* important.

"This is a funny thing for me to be doing," he went on after a minute. "Maybe you'll think I'm butting into something that isn't any of my business. I'll try to explain, so you don't see it that way. But first, I've got to ask you a pretty personal kind of question—you *are* in love with Gene, aren't you?"

"I—" But I didn't resent this, coming from Tim, and I didn't feel any wish to avoid answering. "Yes, Tim," I said. "I guess I am."

"That's what I thought," he said evenly. "It's been—pretty plain that you were, these last few months, but I wanted to hear you say so." His gray eyes, darker than Gene's, were steady on my face. "Then here's what I've been thinking—why don't the two of you get married?"

I couldn't go on looking at him as

I answered. "He—he hasn't asked me. That might be one reason."

With a little, impatient movement of one big hand, Tim said, "Oh, I know that. But it's not because he doesn't want to. How could Gene ask a girl to marry him, when he's stuck in that service station of old Searles', getting eighteen dollars a week, with no prospect of ever doing better?"

"He could ask me!" I exclaimed. "I know Gene's going to do better. Why, with his knack with machines, there's nothing he couldn't do—"

"In the right sort of town," Tim interrupted, "Gene could do plenty. But you know yourself there's no chance here in Briarton. If we had a factory here or something of that sort— But we haven't, and as long as Gene stays he'll go on working for Searles or for some other garage owner. And that isn't good enough for him."

"You think he ought to—to go away somewhere else?" I asked, trying not to let my sudden hurt and panic show in my voice.

NOPE. I don't much like the idea of separating two people in love. It's better for them to get together for good . . . No, Arda, I only thought, if you and Gene wanted to get married, there's a service station and repair shop, with a nice little apartment upstairs, out on the highway at the town limits. It's a wonderful location—the best in town, really, and the fellow that owns it is only letting it go because his wife's sick and they have to move South. Gene could build up a nice business there. He could hire a kid to pump gas and do all the repair work himself—"

Tim was animated now, talking with an enthusiasm that was infectious.

"Oh, it *would* be wonderful!" I breathed. "And I could fix up the apartment and it would be all our own!"

"Yes!" Tim agreed excitedly—and then caught his breath and laughed a bit shamefacedly. "You'd think it was my place, the way I talk, wouldn't you? Well, anyway—"

The bright dream had faded. "Well, anyway," I said, coming back to earth, "it's all impossible because I suppose you have to have money to buy a place like that—and money's what we haven't got."

"Oh, yes, we have," Tim said. "We've got our inheritance from Dad. I've had my share ever since I was twenty-one, and Gene will get his in a few months. I'm pretty sure we can borrow on the strength of it, and all together we'll have just enough."

It took me a moment to grasp his full meaning. "All together?" I said.

"You mean—your share, too?"

"Tim!" I was aghast. "You couldn't do that!"

"Why not—if I want to? I've never touched it, anyway. We'll rent the old house, and I'll take what income it brings, after taxes and upkeep. Won't be much, but it's all I'll need."

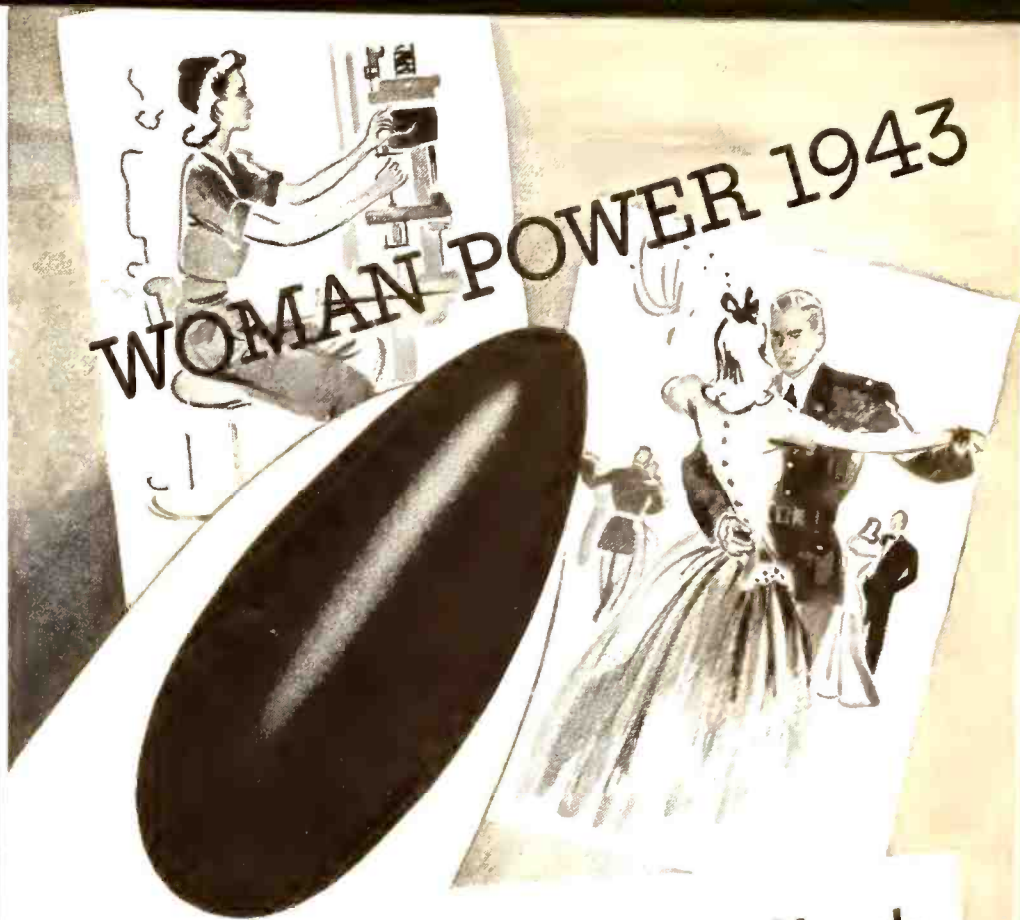
"But—I don't understand."

"A fellow doesn't need much money in the Army," Tim explained.

"In the Army!"

"That's where I've decided I want to be," he said. "I think I'll like it. And even if I didn't think so, probably I'd go in anyway . . . It may not

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seem like it now, Arda, but this war that just started is our war, too. Give us a little time, and we'll be in it, and once that happened they'd take me for the Army whether I wanted to go or not. That being the case, I'd just as soon get in on the ground floor. The only thing is, I wouldn't feel like going unless I knew Gene was fixed up and happy. He's always depended on me, you know, and I—I just wouldn't feel right, leaving him alone. Silly, maybe, but that's the way I'd feel. But if you and he get married, and he's boss of a nice little business of his own—well, that'll be different. It'll all be working out the best for—*for everybody*," he concluded.

As for me, I sat there with my brain in a whirl. Tim's bringing up the subject of marriage for me and Gene would have been enough to set it spinning, but in addition there were the service station, the inheritance, Tim's decision to join the Army—

AND yet, out of it all, one fact emerged clearly. Everything was working out perfectly for everyone. Gene and I would have our happiness, our home, the security Gene felt he needed for marriage, and Tim would have the freedom to do as he wanted to do, join the Army.

"Tim," I said unsteadily, "this is so sweet of you—so wonderful—"

"Oh—" he said awkwardly. "It isn't so much. I'd do a lot more if it was necessary to make the kid happy. But as it happens, it's as much selfishness on my part as anything else. I want to be able to get out of here—" I was surprised at the uncharacteristic vehemence with which he said "out of here"—"and know Gene's settled."

"All the same, I still think it's wonderful. And I want you to know we'll pay back the money someday—when you need it."

"Forget it." I saw the flash of his teeth. Then he stood up. "Well—I'll be going, Arda. I—I guess you'll be wanting to see Gene."

That made me remember, suddenly, that here we'd been sitting arranging Gene's whole future, all by ourselves. I gasped. "Suppose Gene doesn't want to... well, suppose he doesn't want to marry me?"

Tim laughed. "You ought to know better than to worry about *that!* The kid's crazy about you."

He turned quickly and went down the steps. To tell the truth, I hardly was conscious of his leaving. My imagination was already leaping ahead... We wouldn't have a very elaborate wedding, of course, because probably there wouldn't be much time to prepare, with Tim in a hurry to join the Army. But we could have it in the chapel of the church where

I'd been christened, and afterwards we could have a reception here at the house... I'd wear my mother's veil, and get a white dress that I could use later for parties. And we'd go to Chicago for our honeymoon.

I shivered, hugging my shoulders in my arms and smiling to myself. "Mrs. Gene Gorman," I whispered. "Mrs. Eugene L. Gorman..."

My vague fear of marriage seemed to have evaporated. It was as if somehow Tim, by a magic charm, had brought me courage and confidence along with his other gifts. If Tim thought marriage was right for Gene and me—if he was sure that our marriage would leave him free to leave with a light and certain heart—why, then, he must be right, because Tim was such a *right* sort of person.

I sat up with a start. The house was dark behind me, and the notes of the bell on the city hall clock were still vibrating in the night air. Subconsciously, I had counted them, eleven of them. I had dreamed away at least two hours since Tim left!

And Gene hadn't come. Tim had said—hadn't he?—that I'd "be wanting to see Gene." That must have meant he intended to see Gene himself, tell him his plan. Well, if he had, wouldn't Gene have hurried right over to see me?—that is, if... if he was as happy as I over the prospect of being married?

APPREHENSION broke over me like a cold drenching wave. I had been too blithely sure of myself in assuming that Gene loved me; so had Tim. He didn't want to marry me at all. He was at home now, trying to think of a way out of the impossible situation in which Tim had placed him by coming to see me... Well, he needn't be afraid. I wouldn't hold him to a promise his brother had made for him. I'd tell him I had thought things over and decided we shouldn't get married, I'd hide the way I really felt, I'd hide my disappointment and my hurt.

And then I saw Gene coming up the steps to the porch.

I had been so sure he wouldn't come that I could only stare, an invisible band clamped so tightly about my throat that no words could pass.

Ghostlike in the darkness, he stood in front of me and said softly, "It's so late—I was afraid you'd gone to bed."

He stopped, and I found my voice—a flat and choked-sounding voice. "I was just going," I said. "I thought you weren't going to come."

"Tim and I got to talking, and I didn't know it was so late."

We were like two boxers, sparring, testing each other. I still sat in the glider, huddled up close into one corner of it, and he towered above

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me as if uncertain whether to stay or leave.

Something had to break the deadlock. With my heart heavy inside me, I asked:

"I suppose Tim—Tim told you all about what he thinks we ought to do?"

"Yes," Gene said, and I was amazed to hear an undertone of laughter in the word. "It sounds pretty swell to me—how about you?"

"To—to me?" I stammered. "Oh—oh, Gene!" Relief—not so much at his words, but at the tender merriment of the way he said them, at the tone which carried in it a conviction greater than any number of words could have expressed—made me weak, so that the tears I'd been holding back overflowed and I sobbed in his arms. "I thought—when you didn't come—I thought you didn't want to marry me—I thought you were mad because Tim hadn't spoken to you first—"

A little grimly, although he still held me close—"Well, I was kind of sore, to begin with. A fellow likes to do his own proposing. Tim's a swell guy, but tact isn't his long suit. But then I got smart, and thought, what difference did it make who did the proposing, as long as I got what I wanted . . . you!"

WITH the delight of that in my ears, I turned my lips up to his for our first kiss as an engaged couple—and if it was a little salty from my tears, I don't think either of us noticed.

We were married a month later—in the chapel of the church where I had been christened, with me wearing my mother's veil over a white dress that could, so sensibly, be used afterwards, and with a reception at the house following the ceremony . . .

It was like a dream, the way everything happened exactly as I had planned it that night on the porch after Tim had left me. There was only one small hitch, and it was really in Gene's and Tim's share of the arrangements. The service station on the edge of town turned out to cost more than Tim had expected, and it was necessary to arrange with the bank for a mortgage to cover part of the price. For a while it looked as if the boys might have to mortgage their old house, but finally the loan was made on the service station itself because, as Tim explained, even at the price we were paying the place was a bargain and the bank could see it didn't stand to lose anything.

Gene and Tim raved about the station's equipment—the hydraulic lift and the gasoline pumps and the air compressor and half-a-dozen other things whose names I could never remember; but I was mostly interested in the apartment upstairs, which was perfectly darling. It was the tiniest place imaginable, but so complete that I couldn't have wanted anything better. The living room was at the back, with a view of the country east of town. In front were the kitchen, with everything built-in to save space, the bath and a little bedroom.

The couple who had had the station were taking all their furniture with them, so I was able to revel in buying a completely new set of things—our wedding present from my father and mother.

At first, when we set the date for



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the wedding, it seemed ages away, but then, all at once, it had arrived, and I was walking down the aisle on Dad's arm, seeing Gene waiting for me at the altar with Tim beside him—both very scrubbed and pink-looking, and terribly solemn. And in swift jumps of time, the ceremony was over—and the reception—and it was late afternoon, with the shadows purple underneath the gold of the trees—and Gene and I were running across the lawn toward the car one of our friends had loaned us, followed by people throwing rice...

Honeymoons are supposed to be funny, and I guess maybe they are, to everyone but the two people concerned. Emotions are so near the surface, the sense of strangeness is so acute, and mingled with happiness are shame and fear, the desire to give oneself, the instinctive will to remain inviolate—

But for me, that honeymoon week with Gene was beauty made real. With that strange intuition of his, he knew every emotion, every thought that visited me. He knew when to be tender, when to be ardent, when to laugh away embarrassment, when to be patient. No matter what has happened since, that week is something I shall always have with me in memory, its loveliness undiminished by time or by tears.

It never occurred to me to wonder at Gene's sure knowledge of the ways of love. How could it? I thought I knew him so well.

YES, I thought I knew him as well as he knew me. But even in that first week, there was a signpost that I might have seen, if I'd had the eyes.

It was late at night, and we were getting ready for bed. Outside our hotel window, the traffic of Michigan Boulevard was intermittent.

Still reveling in the newness of intimacy, I loved these moments before bedtime—their relaxed, slippers-and-pajamas atmosphere, the ease with which they brought thoughts into words.

Tonight, while Gene was brushing his teeth, I sat at the dressing-table, cold-creaming my face and letting my mind wander over the evening just past. Dinner at the hotel... a musical comedy... a funny-looking woman we'd seen between the acts, a woman with long straight black hair and a dead-white skin, who smoked a cigarette in a black holder... the night-club where we'd gone afterwards... smoke and noise...

The formlessness of my thoughts crystallized. "Gene," I said, as he came out of the bathroom, "you know

Tim's so sure the United States will be in the war, too, pretty soon. Do you think he's right?"

Gene laughed. His fingers rumbled the hair at the nape of my neck. "Not a chance. We learned our lesson last time."

"But he's so sure, Gene!"
"Tim's always getting ideas, and nobody in the world could ever talk him out of them, he's so sure... Anyway, this was a lucky notion for us."

"How... Oh, you mean his lending us his share of your inheritance. Yes, it was."

"Lending!" Gene's laughing eyes caught mine in the dressing-table mirror. "What do you mean, lending! That was a wedding present."

"Oh, yes, of course that's what he said it was. But we'll pay it back someday."

"Some chance!" He was still laughing, still looking at me in the mirror. "What do you think I—" He broke off abruptly, and I was left with the feeling that he'd started to say something quite instinctively, without thinking about it, then checked himself.

"What do I think about what?"
"I mean—" his eyes left mine—"it isn't like that at all. Tim knows if he ever needed money, and I had it, he could count on me giving it to him. That's all—it isn't either a gift or a loan, it's just Tim helping me out when I needed help."

I must have known he was lying. I must have known that for a minute he had trembled on the verge of an inadvertent revelation—that he had almost shown me his secret self. But I didn't want to know these things—and I was glad when Gene bent over and nuzzled his face into the curve of my shoulder.

"Okay," he said, his voice muffled against my bare skin. "Okay. If the boss wants us to pay Tim back, whether he needs it or not, we will."

The intoxicating nearness of his lips helped me to forget—helped me to persuade myself that I had not seen the sardonic, mocking look on his face when I said we'd pay back Tim's money, and had not heard the quick, wary change in his voice when he answered me.

And so Arda, young and eager for whatever life may have in store for her, begins her marriage to Gene, knowing that there is happiness ahead, perhaps not realizing that for every happiness there is heartbreak, too. Don't miss the exciting second instalment of this new serial, in the May RADIO MIRROR, on sale April 7th.



Say Hello To-

SELENA ROYLE, who plays Kathy Morsh in Portia Faces Life and who is celebrating her tenth year in radio. Selena is the daughter of Edwin Milton Royle, the playwright who wrote "The Squow Man," later the first motion picture produced in Hollywood. Selena has been in more than forty stage plays, and has appeared with many stock companies throughout the country. Prior to the war, her spare time was devoted to writing, and converting an old Pennsylvania schoolhouse into a modern home. Soon after Pearl Harbor, however, she went to work with Jane Cowl in planning and organizing New York's enormously successful Stogie Door Conreen for service men, a project which has been duplicated in many other cities and has raised large sums for contribution to Army and Navy relief.

I Was to Blame

Continued from page 19

coldness toward each other.

You might think it would be hard for two people to share the same house, eat meals together, even sleep in the same room, and not make up a quarrel. In a way it is, but in another way it is shamefully easy. You only have to keep remembering how angry you are, and to be very sure that nothing in the world is so precious as your own pride. And as the days go by, your bitterness becomes a habit.

I was grateful for Kane Garnett's company—and saw nothing illogical in being so while I still continued my grudge against Jim for bringing him there. He usually came downstairs about four in the afternoon, and after the first few days it seemed natural to offer to prepare a breakfast for him. I was usually in the kitchen then anyway, and it was no trouble to fix bacon and eggs.

He was always cheerful. That was what I appreciated most about him. No matter how depressed I might be, the sight of his smile, the sound of his drawling, laughter-touched voice, would make me feel better.

At the end of the first week, he paid me much more than the room and the one meal a day I gave him were worth. I protested, but he only shrugged, and said:

"Look at all I'm getting—a comfortable room, a swell breakfast—and company while I eat. The company's the best of all. You'll never know until you've tried it how bad it is to eat alone, off a counter."

I might have answered—but I didn't—"And you'll never know how much of a relief it is to have someone to laugh with again."

Once Jim and I had laughed together. But that was so long ago . . .

Often Dickie came in early from playing after school and joined us, and there was something very warm and delightful in that small kitchen. Almost at once, it seemed, Dickie and Kane were fast friends; indeed, as soon as Dickie learned that Kane worked from "bedtime" until four hours after midnight, he acquired a glamour that nothing could lessen.

"But don't you get sleepy?" Dickie inquired. "I would. I get sleepy if I'm up after nine."

"Sure I do," Kane answered. "But I pinch myself to stay awake." Over the boy's head his eyes met mine. "Or I think about important things," he added.

"Like what?"

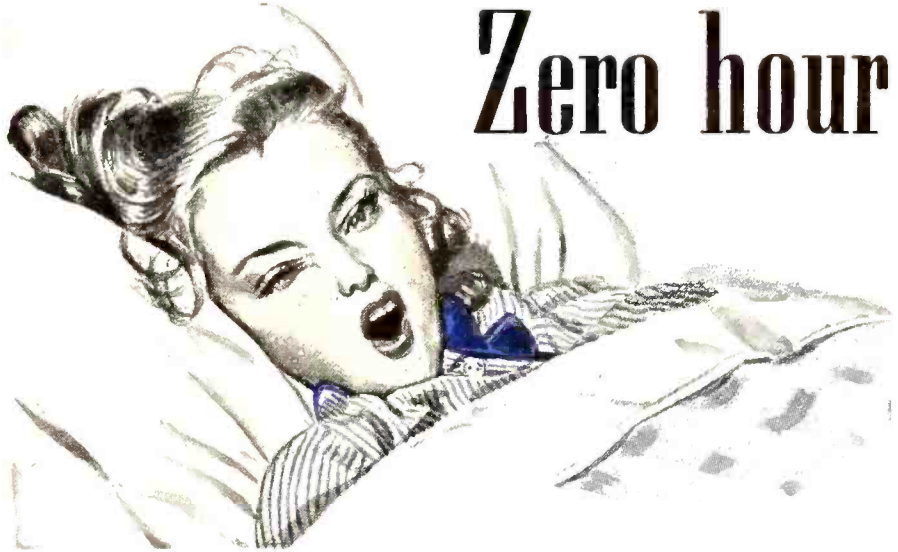
"Oh—like whether to buy a new suit of clothes or not. Or like asking your mother if she'd like to see a movie with me sometime."

I felt myself coloring under his direct gaze, but Dickie promptly answered for me. "Sure she would—can I go too?"

"Nobody's going to any movie," I assured him. But somebody did—one night when Jim had a committee meeting and Kane wasn't working.

There was nothing in the least remarkable about our trip to the movies together. We just went to the early show, as soon as the dishes were done, and came home right afterwards. But we didn't take Dickie, and the picture was a good comedy, so that the laughter we shared seemed to make a bond between us.

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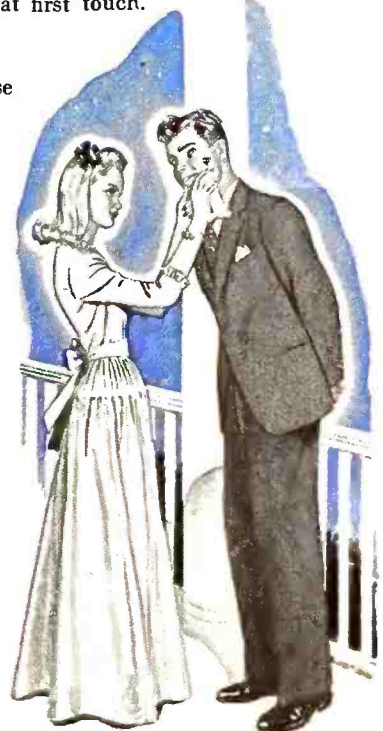
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CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Without wanting to, I found myself comparing Kane with Jim. Why couldn't Jim be as gay and fun to be with as Kane?"

Sometimes, when Dickie and Kane and I were together in the kitchen, Jim would open the door and walk in. It always was hard to believe it was half-past six already. I would hurry to get supper on the table, and after a moment Kane would get up and remark that he guessed he'd go downtown for a while before work; and then the kitchen was quiet again.

Jim never showed that he disapproved of these late-afternoon hours when Kane and I were together. In fact, he apparently didn't even notice them.

UNEXPECTEDLY, Jim came home one day at noon and announced that the factory was sending him to its branch in another city for a few days, to help the men there to set up a labor-management committee like that in the home plant. Jim, under his calm exterior, was excited and pleased.

"It's a real chance to do something," he said. "If I can help them to get results out there like we've gotten here—well, I'll feel pretty good about it."

He was going to catch the three o'clock train, so for a while we were both busy bringing up the suitcase from the basement, collecting clean linen, sorting and packing. Under the stimulus of the excitement, with Dickie at school and Kane not yet up, it was almost like the old days. We were closer together than we had been for months.

But suddenly Jim straightened up from the table where he'd been tucking papers into a big brown envelope, a new thought making him frown.

"Say!—I just remembered. How about Garnett? I guess he—well—" he stumbled in embarrassment—"I mean, it'd look sort of funny if he stayed here while I was gone."

I looked over at him, a pair of trousers half-folded in my hands. For just a moment our eyes met, and then he glanced away.

All the comradeship we had regained vanished in an instant. Jim's mention of Kane Garnett had made us both wary, ready to snatch up bitterness again.

I said curtly, "It doesn't make any difference to me. Tell him he'll have to get out, if you want to. You're the one that brought him in."

His face whitened, and with short, sharp motions of his hands he went on putting his papers into the envelope.

"Looks like it's a good thing I did," he said. "At least, it's one way of keeping you entertained."

I said, with anger gathering inside me, "Surely you haven't any objection. Since you don't want to entertain me yourself—"

"That's all you think of, isn't it?" he asked fiercely. "Being entertained

—having a good time—getting all the things you want! My God, haven't you realized yet that this isn't the time for that?"

I didn't answer. The packing was almost finished, and I left it as it was and walked toward the door. Because the worst of it was, I knew that in a way he was right. I was sorry, by now, that I had collected that closet-full of quite unneeded blankets and food. I wished I had shown more appreciation for what Jim was trying to do with his labor-management committee at the plant. I even saw myself, in that moment, with Jim's eyes—selfish, thoughtless, interested only in my own small desires.

But something too strong for me kept me from admitting this to Jim.

He left the house, carrying his suitcase, with only the briefest of farewells. I watched him from the window, resentment still hot within me. As I turned back into the room I found that Kane had come down and was watching Jim leave, too.

I wonder, now, how much of what happened in the next few days was due to the anger of that parting. It's so hard for us to know our own inner thoughts! I told myself that if Jim hadn't suggested it, I wouldn't have thought anything of Kane's presence in the house, with all its implications. But—if I'm to be honest I must admit this—it might have made no difference. For I was in a reckless mood even before then, a mood of defiance and self-pity.

While I fixed Kane's breakfast I told him where Jim had gone and why. He was greatly impressed.

"Jim's smart," he said. "And he really likes to work. I guess he just can't help getting somewhere, with that combination," he laughed as he spoke, a little ruefully, and I asked:

"How about you? You're smart too—don't you like to work?"

"Not much." He looked at me and the twisted smile left his lips. "Maybe," he said slowly, "I haven't got the incentive Jim has."

FOR a moment I met his eyes, long enough to see the fire smoldering in their depths, long enough to be warmed by the sense of danger. But all I said, turning back to the stove, was, "Jim doesn't need any incentive—he likes work for its own sake."

While he ate we talked of small, unimportant things, just as usual, but this afternoon there was a difference. Dickie would come in from his play soon—but we both knew that tonight the back door would not open to admit Jim.

Kane didn't leave until half an hour before shift-time. We were very gay, the three of us, over supper, with Kane coming back to the table for another cup of coffee, and afterwards he and Dickie both helped me with the dishes. When he had gone and Dickie had been put to bed, the house was silent and deserted,

MAY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE APRIL 7th

Wednesday, April 7th, is the day on which you can buy your May issue of RADIO MIRROR. To help lighten the burden placed on transportation by the war effort, the May and subsequent issues will go on sale at a slightly later date than formerly. On April 7th, ask your favorite newsdealer for your copy of the May issue of RADIO MIRROR—he'll have it ready for you.

much more so than on the many evenings I had spent alone while Jim was out at some meeting.

I tried to read, but I couldn't keep my mind on the story in the magazine I picked up. At last, bored and restless, I went to bed, to sleep fitfully. Just before dawn I heard Kane's footsteps, strangely light for so big a man, come through the house and go softly past my door and upstairs. It was as if I had been waiting for them, for immediately afterwards I slipped into a comforting slumber.

The next day, Friday, I got Dickie off to school and gave the house a thorough cleaning. I felt as if I wanted to be busy—very busy, to make myself forget that soon Kane would come down and once again we'd be experiencing the false, disturbingly lovely intimacy of the night before.

And suddenly I stopped dusting, the cloth dangling from a slack hand.

I had remembered that on Friday nights Kane did not work.

Mechanically, I again began running the dust-cloth over the mantel-piece. I thought, "This is crazy! What am I thinking of? Kane will probably go downtown right after supper, just as he usually does on his nights off. . . . And suppose he doesn't? What of it? . . . I could decide to take Dickie to a movie . . ."

IN the mirror over the table I saw my own face. It was so drawn and white it frightened me.

Because I knew I did not want Kane to go downtown, and neither did I want to take Dickie to a movie if Kane decided to stay home.

That evening, after supper, he might almost have been repeating words he'd read in my mind when he said, "You don't mind, do you, if I stick around the house tonight? It's pretty raw and mean outdoors—"

"Of course not," I said as lightly as I could. "You can build a fire in the living room if you want to."

"Not a bad idea," he agreed, and went to do it, accompanied by Dickie, while I cleared the table.

"I think I'll stay up an hour or so later than usual," Dickie announced with careful casualness when they returned. "I don't feel very sleepy."

Above Dickie's head, Kane was grinning in appreciation of my son's roundabout method of getting permission to stay up. I glanced down at the round, too-innocent face and couldn't help smiling too. "All right," I said almost thankfully. "Since it's Friday night. I'll tell you what—we'll pop some corn after a while."

But there came a time when, after all the corn had been popped and eaten, Dickie's head began to droop and I had to take him, protesting stoutly that he wasn't sleepy at all, to bed. When I returned, Kane was in the big armchair in front of the fireplace, long legs stretched out to the blaze. He didn't look up.

"Get the boy to bed?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "but not asleep yet."

Kane chuckled. "He's a swell little kid . . . You know what I've been sitting here thinking?"

"No—what?"

"That Jim's a pretty lucky guy. The only thing is—" and with a swift, smooth movement he was on his feet beside me—"I don't think he knows just how lucky."

I said nervously, "Maybe he just doesn't show it." *Get out, get out!* a voice inside me was warning. Go to your room, close the door. Almost

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stammering, I said, "I—I think I'll go—to bed. I'm rather tired—"

"You're not tired!" Kane cried, in a low, savagely restrained voice that sent a thrill of exultation through me. "You're afraid to stay here with me, aren't you?" He had stepped closer, and the fingers of one hand went around my waist, holding it like a steel band.

"Of course I'm not," I said. "Let me go. I—"

He laughed. With a twist of his hand, he pulled me into his arms, and into a witch's spell of madness in which I forgot everything—Jim, Dickie, my own self-respect—and knew only that I would follow this man wherever he led me.

And then, while we were still locked in each other's arms, while his lips were still on mine in that first kiss, there was a sound from the hall—no, hardly a sound, no more than a quick, indrawn breath.

I tore my lips away, pushed Kane from me with both hands.

In the open door stood Dickie, a slight, pajama-clad figure. "I couldn't sleep," he whispered.

His face puckered, and he turned and ran, his bare feet making pattering sounds through the silence. But he left behind him something I knew I should never lose—the memory of his face, filled with stark, incredulous horror.

I STARTED to run after him, but I stopped before I reached the door. What good would it do? What could I possibly say?

I sank down into the nearest chair, covering my face with both trembling hands. In my shame and revulsion, I didn't even want to see Kane. He stood beside me, no doubt trying to think of something to say, but after a moment I whispered, "Please go away," and I could almost feel his relief as he left the room.

How long I sat there I'll never know. I was almost physically sick.

The exultation of a few moments before was gone completely, and in its place there was only a feeling of sordidness and guilt. To have my son—my little boy—see me so! It was worse than if it had been Jim—

Jim. Dickie would tell him. He was certain to tell him.

I didn't think I could stand it to have Jim hear the story from Dickie. Perhaps if I talked to him, I could persuade him to be silent. . . . But no. I wouldn't even try; I wouldn't debase myself any more in his eyes. The only thing was to make certain that I saw Jim first, so I could tell him everything before Dickie had an opportunity. After that—well, if this was the end of the road for Jim and me, it was no more than I deserved.

And Kane must leave. Not because of me. I knew with a deep certainty that he could never mean anything to me now, and I was completely indifferent whether he stayed or not. But his presence in the house would be a constant reminder to Dickie of what he had seen.

On my way to bed I stopped outside the door of Dickie's room. But it was closed, and I found I didn't have the courage to push it open.

The next morning he came to breakfast looking subdued and unhappy, and very anxious not to look straight at me. He ate in big, hurried gulps, and as soon as he was finished started for the back door.

"Dickie . . ." I said in desperation,

and he stopped, but he didn't turn around. Every line of his little body was tense with discomfort.

"What you want?" he said in a guarded voice.

Sick at heart, I gave up. There was nothing I could do or say that would make him understand or forgive. "Nothing, I guess," I sighed. "Go on out and play."

I dreaded the long hours before Kane came down. But about ten o'clock I was amazed to see him enter the house by the back door. Instead of being in his room upstairs, as I had supposed, he must have been gone all night. There was a tired look about his blue eyes as he shut the door and stood against it.

"Did you ever feel like a heel?" he asked wearily.

I tried to smile, but without much success. "That's how I feel now," I told him.

He turned his hat around and around in his hands. "Funny," he said, "how you can be all set to do something you know you shouldn't, not caring who you hurt—and then, in a minute, something happens. And you don't see how you could have acted that way, but you know darn well you did." His head snapped up. "I've got to get out of here," he said.

"Yes," I said. "I know."

"I'll find someplace else to stay." He hesitated, then added, "Unless it'll be too hard for you to explain to Jim?"

"No," I said. "I'd rather you went."

"I'm sorry," he said, "for—everything."

"That's all right."

So Kane moved out. He was gone before Dickie came in for lunch. And I noticed that Dickie did not even mention his name.

Saturday passed, and Sunday, and Monday—each day made up of hours that dragged endlessly. I dreaded Jim's return, and yet even facing him would be better than this waiting, with Dickie avoiding me so.

AND then, after all, Jim came back unexpectedly, and Dickie saw him long before I did.

On Tuesday afternoon I came home from a shopping trip to find that Jim had been home for an hour. He and Dickie were in the living room, and the sound of their voices was the first intimation I had that Jim was back. I walked along the hall, my heart thudding. Had Dickie told him?

I couldn't guess from their expressions. Dickie stopped talking when he saw me, but Jim said awkwardly, "Oh, hello, Anne. We didn't hear you come in."

He took a step toward me and stopped. Yes—I was sure of it now—he was ill-at-ease. But was that because he knew what Dickie had seen, or because we had parted so angrily? There was something almost apologetic and pleading about his manner, though.

As naturally as I could, I asked him about the trip, admired the matching tie and handkerchief he'd brought Dickie, listened while he told of the crowded trains, the difficulty he'd had trying to find a place to stay, the work he'd done at the factory.

Not one of us mentioned Kane Garnett.

"Why doesn't he ask where Kane is?" I thought—and answered myself. "Because Dickie has told him Kane's gone—and why."

At last supper was over, and Dickie

was in bed, and we were alone.

I sat in my usual place, on the right of the hearth, and although the newspaper was in my hands, I wasn't reading. I was waiting—waiting for something, I didn't know what.

As the minutes went by, and Jim turned on the radio, listened briefly and dialed another station, hope surged up in my heart. Maybe Dickie hadn't said anything, and Jim simply assumed that Kane had gone out before he arrived. Then I needn't tell him what had happened. I could give some explanation—it didn't matter what—of Kane's departure, and—

Jim switched off the radio. He came over and took the newspaper from me. "Anne," he said, "I—Maybe it'll be easier to explain if I tell you what happened to me on the trip. I told you the hotels were full. Finally one of the men at the factory invited me to stay at his place while I was in town. His name's Porter, too—funny thing."

While Jim talked, he kept running one hand through his thick brown hair, graying a little now at the temples. "His name was the same as mine, but he and his wife were about as different from us as—anything you can imagine. They'd been through a lot, too—he lost his job in the depression and they had a tough time. Like us. Worse than us, though—they had a baby, but it was born dead, and they couldn't ever have another. But all of it didn't make any difference in the way they felt about each other. They're—they're happy, Anne.

"One night, at supper, Mrs. Porter said something about having seen a woman friend of hers that day—I didn't catch the name, and anyhow it

doesn't matter. The thing that struck me was that Mike didn't like this friend of his wife's and didn't really want her to see her. But instead of getting mad he only laughed and kidded her about it. I couldn't help thinking that if it had been you and me we'd have had a big row."

HE was sitting on a low stool he'd drawn up near me, his face turned up so I could see its lean, sharp lines, the flatness of the cheeks, the firm modeling of the chin. But most of all I saw its sadness.

"I couldn't help wondering where we'd got off the track, Anne. These people were just ordinary. There wasn't anything very smart about them. But some way or other, they'd succeeded where we failed. And I couldn't help seeing that part of the failure was mine. If I'd been a little more willing to see things your way—or anyhow, hadn't been so bound that you'd see them mine—I don't know. This is what I'm trying to get at, Anne—couldn't we start in all over, and maybe each of us take the other fellow a little easier?"

Oh, I wanted to say yes! There was nothing in all the world I wanted more. And I could have said yes, if only Jim had asked his question a week earlier.

Tears stung my eyes, bitter tears for the happiness we could have had; tears of sorrow, too, for the moment to come when I would see the tenderness vanish from Jim's face. Because I had to tell him.

"Wait, Jim," I said shakily. "First—hadn't you noticed Kane Garnett isn't here?"

"Yes," he answered, and then went

on quickly, "I know you didn't want him around. If you asked him to go it's all right."

"It isn't that," I admitted. "It's—worse, Jim. I was furious when you left—but I won't make excuses. I—I let him kiss me one night and . . . Dickie saw us."

"Dickie! Oh, no, Anne!" Jim's shocked concern was not, I knew to my shame, because of the kiss—I think he knew that even to me that kiss was a nightmare, something to forget—but for its effect on Dickie.

"Yes, Jim, it was terrible. I was never so ashamed—I didn't know it was possible to be so ashamed." Now I began to cry in earnest, all the emotional stress of the past days bursting its bonds and coming out in deep, body-racking sobs. "I was sure he'd tell you and—and I couldn't bear the thought of it. I made up my mind to tell you first, but— But this afternoon you came home while I was out and—and he didn't tell you at all!"

Then Jim proved that he'd meant it when he asked if we couldn't start over. He picked me up, as if I'd been a child, and sat down again, cradling me in his arms.

"Of course Dickie didn't tell me," he said softly. "He's no tattler."

"But even if he didn't," I cried, "he'll always hate me—he'll always remember—"

"No, he won't. He's only a kid, and he'll forget."

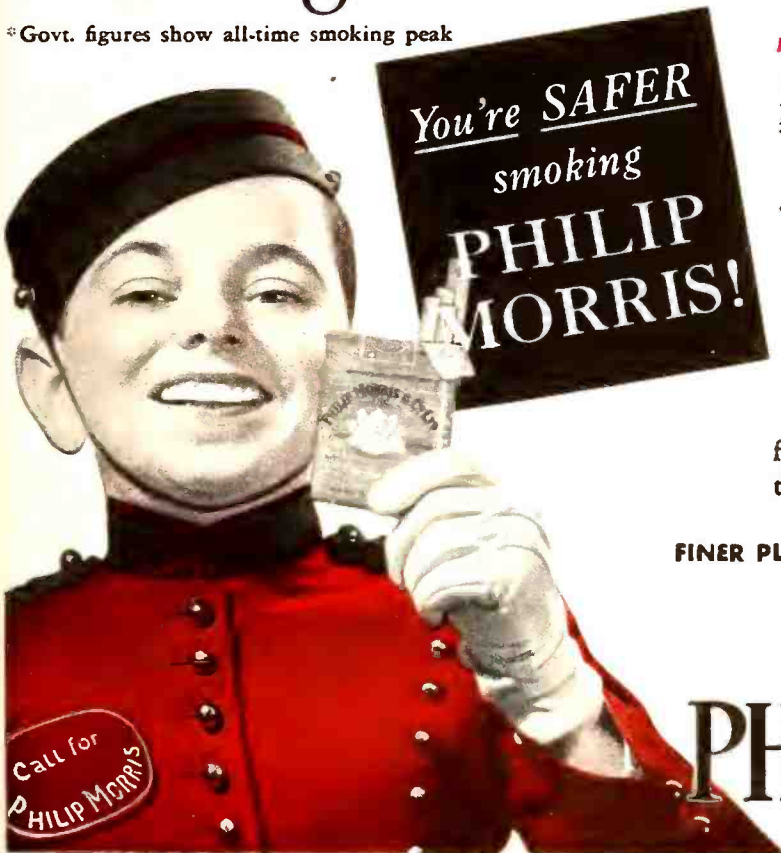
Kind words, meant to help me, but I knew they were only words. Jim might forgive, but Dickie never would.

And then Jim added the few words more that meant everything.

"We'll help him to forget," he said. "Together."

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Promise for Tomorrow

Continued from page 15

gives you a chance to be with him, nor can you explain that you're very glad to be here, because he means more to you than anyone has ever meant before or ever will again.

No, you couldn't say any of those things—and he wouldn't guess them, not ever in a thousand years.

It was spring outside and an early-evening breeze danced through the open windows of the office and ruffled my hair. I brushed back a dark strand from my forehead.

"First to Robert Darnett," he was saying. "Washington, D. C. My dear Bob—"

My pencil raced over the paper almost automatically, in time to his words. I tried to concentrate on the meaning of those words, to lose myself in the work. The new shipment of parachutes would be delayed three days, to make improvements. These would be the most practical developments—

But other thoughts kept crowding into my mind. I tried to keep them away—I didn't want to admit to myself the full and somehow frightening truth—that I'd actually fallen in love with him. How did I dare to fall in love with this lean young man who sat only a few feet from me, whose heart and soul were wrapped up in his business, who didn't really think of me as a human being at all, but only a part of the office equipment?

FUNNY how things happen, how different people are, how life gets itself all mixed up. Take Helen, for instance, my sister. She and I are millenniums apart. Helen's pretty as a princess and she's tall and slim, and her dark, curling hair falls to her shoulders. But it's more than that—Helen has a manner, a gaiety in her laughter and talk. Men seem to cluster around her—there's hardly an evening when she isn't off to some party or dance.

Both Helen and I have worked ever since father died three years ago. Helen started as a model and worked up to be assistant buyer in a department store, and I've been typist and stenographer at the McAllister Textile Company.

Helen's only a year older than I, and even though we're so different, we've always been terribly close—in a way. But you see, I was afraid. To start with, I was—well, it sounds like a funny thing to say about your sister, but I was afraid of Helen. It wasn't her fault that she was always the center of attention, that from the time, years ago, when boys first began to come around to our house they always came to see Helen. Or, if they didn't come to see Helen the first time, it was always Helen they came to see the second time and all of the times afterward. And pretty soon I just got so I didn't ever bring boys home any more. It hurt too much.

Out of that fear of Helen grew other fears. I knew I wasn't beautiful, and in contrast to Helen, I just simply wasn't anything.

And so I set aside a neat little compartment in my heart, and I locked it. That place was for love, and maybe the door would never be opened. I swore I'd stay away from love, stay away so I'd never be hurt. I would make my career my life. I would find all of my happiness in work.

But you can't, not really. And in my heart I knew I was hungry for love. Only it had to be real, it had to be new and clear and honest, it had to mean more than anything in the world. It couldn't be cheap or tawdry—it had to be more than schoolboy kisses and petting in the rumble seat.

I certainly had had no intention of falling in love with Victor McAllister. Yet, looking back, it seems that it was almost inevitable.

I knew how the firm was in bad shape when he took over after his father died—how he battled with the doddering trustees and forced them to agree to convert to making parachutes for the Army. I knew the way he had of making a decision and fighting it through. And I knew, also, how those hard gray eyes could suddenly kindle and seem eager and somehow lonely. You watch a man at his work, learning these things about him, day after day, until—until one bright morning you realize you're in love.

The dictation was done and I closed the book with a professional snap and stood up. Mr. McAllister leaned back in his chair and glanced up at me. I could see the fatigue in his gaunt features—fatigue that had come with long hours of work daily, month after month, since the outbreak of war. Our eyes met and for a long instant we were looking at each other without speaking.

There was something electric in that moment. I didn't want it to end. Yet I was afraid—afraid my eyes might tell him something my lips would never say. I turned away from him quickly. He stood up, walked to the window, gazed out at the darkened office buildings and factories.

"You like working, don't you, Miss—Miss Prim?" His lips broke in a smile.

Across the room from him, I drew back a step. Miss Prim, he'd called me. "That's not my real name," I said hurriedly. "My real name is Miss Marshall. The girls outside made up the other name—"

IT sounded silly, saying that. I watched Mr. McAllister light his pipe. "I know," he told me. "You've worked here over a year, haven't you? I was only—tell me, why do they call you Miss Prim?"

I shook my head. I wondered if he were joking with me or—or trying to make friends. "I don't really know," I lied. "Maybe it's because I'm mostly interested in work."

For a moment he seemed puzzled. Then he said, "Yes, I know. You're—you're really in love with your work, aren't you? You find romance in doing your job. I know because—that's the way I am, too."

"Yes, I know you are," I told him. Then, without pausing to think a moment I said, "You've been working too hard, Mr. McAllister. You ought to take a good rest."

I stopped short, horrified at myself. It sounded presumptuous and out-of-place for me to tell him that. But he wasn't angry—he was grinning. "You sound," he said dryly, "almost like a wife."

With an effort I managed to smile "I guess it's—really a sisterly instinct Besides—the firm ought to watch out for its president, times like these."

"For its young ladies, too," he said

"You've been working pretty hard yourself."

"I enjoy it. Really, I do."

"Yes, you do." His tone was suddenly serious. "Maybe that explains it. Maybe that's the reason—"

"Explains—what?" I asked him.

"The way we work," he answered.

"When we're together it's—it's almost like a team. I seem to get more done, it seems to go better. Somehow I can't understand—"

I was thinking of Miss Damon, his regular secretary. She had been his father's secretary before him, and she was tall and stately and she thought she knew more about the business than anyone else. No, she wouldn't understand Mr. McAllister, wouldn't understand a young man with a dream—

"Maybe," I said, "it's because we're each in our own way looking to the future. Maybe because of what we're hoping for tomorrow—"

"You know," he said, "you may be right. Each of us doing our part in this hodge-podge of a world. Each of us joined in this struggle for decency."

"Each of us waiting—hoping—for a new tomorrow," I echoed him.

I STOOD there watching him, motionless. An odd sense of terror in my breast. I was afraid, afraid of spoiling this moment, this intimate sharing of ideas. Afraid I might say the wrong thing, the way I almost always did when the talk got too far from business, from typewriters and Dr. Gregg's shorthand.

"I think," I said, haltingly, "it's getting late and—I'll have these letters to do, first thing in the morning—"

He nodded. "Yes. Yes, of course." He watched me as I gathered up pencils and notebook. "Yes, I think you're right, Miss Prim. I think we—make a good working team."

"I'm glad. I'm—very glad—"

You see, that's all it was. Yet when I reached my room that night, I went over in my mind everything we'd said, remembering every word of it, reaching out to catch again that sense of intimacy between us, as if we were the only two people in the world.

That was the start, that night. Because after that, I stayed late often to work for him. Even when Miss



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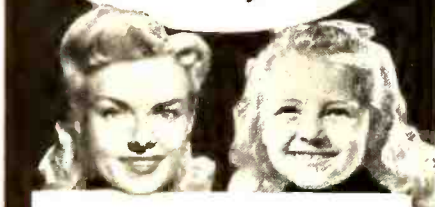
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Damon returned, it was I he asked to stay on for late dictation. It was almost all business, and yet sometimes we talked—talked about the war and the world—and the kind of world we wanted after the war. It was in those moments that it seemed there was a kind of secret kinship between us, more real because we would never speak of it.

And then one night—one late spring night when the world seemed sweet and new—it happened, right out of a clear sky.

We'd been working hard all evening, and all of a sudden he stopped dictating and looked at me and I saw a hint of laughter in his eyes.

"Miss Prim," he said slowly, lingering over the silly little name so that I suddenly loved it, "you know what I think? I think you're lonely."

I laid down my pencil and stared at him, hating the slow rise of color I felt flooding my cheeks. "Lonely?" I repeated. "Why, why what do you mean?"

The laughter in his eyes moved down to his lips. "Because sometimes you look the way I feel."

My heart felt as if it were rolling down a hill. In a very small voice I managed, "Maybe I am lonely."

"You know what else I think?" He got to his feet, came around the desk and stood looking down at me. "It's spring, and spring's no time to be lonely. So I think that tomorrow night we ought to play hookey, you and I, and have dinner together."

I'd dreamed this scene between us so many times. I'd dreamed how he'd ask me to go out with him, and how I'd answer, how with complete self-possession I'd say, "Why, I'd love to, Mr. McAllister!"

But now that the moment was here, I could only look up at him and then look quickly down again, and hear that voice of mine, still idiotically unlike my own, gasping, "You—and I? Why—I mean—"

HE rested his hand ever so lightly on my shoulder. He didn't know it, but with that hand he had reached into my heart to unlock the door that was barred against love, to unlock the door that was my safety, and leave me vulnerable, exposed to hurt.

He smiled down at me. "You and I—yes. What's wrong with that, Miss Prim?"

I gasped at the foolish little name, letting my mind hold firmly to it to keep my head above water. "Nothing. Nothing's wrong with it. It's a lovely idea."

He turned back to his desk and picked up a letter, but his eyes were still on me. "Tomorrow night, then. Shall I pick you up at your home?"

I almost said yes, and then I remembered Helen, and I remembered that boy I'd lost my heart to in high school, and another one who had moved into our neighborhood one summer, and . . .

It wasn't going to happen again. It wasn't ever going to happen again. I didn't care what anyone thought, not Helen herself, nor mother, nor even Victor McAllister.

"No," I said. "I—I have some shop-

ping to do first. Suppose I meet you afterward? Will that be all right?"

He raised his eyebrows a little, but the smile was still there. "Of course," he said, "that'll be all right."

I didn't sleep that night. I tossed and turned, and tried not to think, but my thoughts kept weaving a pattern in my mind. It was a picture of happiness. The love I had kept buried and hidden in my heart—perhaps now there was hope for its release.

But I was afraid, too. It would be different, going out with him. It wouldn't be like the office. Suppose I froze up and couldn't find anything to say, the way I always did at Helen's parties? Suppose—but this *mustn't* go wrong. I wouldn't let it.

AND it didn't. From the moment Victor met me until he brought me home, long after mother and Helen were in bed, the evening was perfect—at least for me. Oh, there were silences—but they were the silences which don't need words to bridge them. And there were times when I couldn't find the right things to say, but there was laughter between us, and in my heart there was so much happiness that I couldn't even stop to wonder whether Victor was happy, too. All I knew was that I was having a wonderful time.

And three nights later we went out again. That time I told him that I had to visit a friend of mine who was in the hospital, and would he mind very much picking me up there? On Sunday I invented an excuse to go to my cousin Esther's so that Victor could call for me at her house. By the following Wednesday I could hardly look Victor in the eye when I said—and tried to say it oh, so casually—in response to his invitation to go dancing, "I'm having dinner with a girl friend tomorrow night, but I'll be through early. Would you like to pick me up at her place?" I could hardly look at him because I knew he must sense that something was wrong. There'd been a difference in his attitude the last time we were out together.

And the difference was more marked that Thursday night when we went dancing. Oh, it was heaven to be held in his arms, to move, two people like one person, about the floor with him in perfect time to the music. But between dances my old fear came back. I found it hard to talk to him, and this time Victor seemed to have no words, either, to fill the long silences. As he said good-by to me at the door that night, I thought for a moment that he was going to put the question in his mind into words, that he was going to ask me why I avoided having him come to our house, why I kept him from meeting my family. But in the end he said nothing—just dropped his hand to my shoulder for a moment in that light caress which had come to mean so much to me.

That was Thursday night. On Friday Victor had time for nothing but business, and Saturday, too, passed without his saying anything about seeing me again. Sunday was a lonely day—almost as lonely as those long Sundays I used to spend, except I had something to remember—some-

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thing that perhaps I would have to try to forget.

On Monday I left the office without having seen Victor all day. By now I was definitely afraid, and by now, too, I was beginning to be Miss Prim again, discouraged and defeated before the battle was half over.

I walked slowly up the long block toward our home. I was three houses away when I heard familiar laughter ring out—laughter which sent my heart soaring, and then plunging sickeningly back to normal to thud out a warning. Victor's laughter.

Another voice joined in, high and light, like music. Helen and Victor. Helen and Victor, sitting together on our front porch, laughing together, as if they had known each other all of their lives.

It's happened again, I told myself, and tears stung my eyes. Well, you might have known it would. You might have known it couldn't last. You might have known that Helen—

I couldn't bear it. Swiftly I turned on my heel and fled back down that long block. I walked—oh, I don't know how far I walked, how long I walked, but at last I turned back toward home. I'd have to face it. I couldn't stay away forever. But I knew what would happen now. Victor had met Helen—Helen, the fairytale princess, the beautiful Helen no man could resist. And now I could go on being Miss Prim for the rest of my life, and Victor wouldn't even notice, wouldn't care whether or not I was lonely . . .

IT was dark when I reached home. Victor was gone, but Helen was still sitting in the glider on the porch. She hailed me cheerfully. "Hi, Connie! Where on earth have you been?"

"I had to work late," I told her. "Well, your boss didn't," she said. "Connie, you've been holding out on us. Why didn't you tell us that you've been going out with such an attractive man?"

"He—" I began, but Helen went blithely on. "Victor McAllister came calling tonight. Too bad you weren't home. He said that since he knew you so well, it was high time he met your mother and your sister. Connie, he's a darling—"

But I couldn't stand any more. I ran into the house and up to my room. Too bad I hadn't been home! Too bad I'd ever been born! I sat in the chair by the window, thoughts like dull hammer blows beating in my brain. I had lost. I had lost. And then, born of my misery, born of my fear that there was nothing left for me, a desperate plan took shape.

Helen had everything she wanted. Helen had ten men running after her to every other girl's one. Why couldn't I take a leaf from Helen's book? Heaven knows that I'd heard enough of her gay chatter to be able to imitate it perfectly. What else did I need? Courage? I'd find that somewhere.

Maybe all of this sounds foolish to you. But it wouldn't if you'd ever had a sister like Helen, if you'd been overshadowed from the day you were born by another girl's beauty and magnetism. If, when you were a little girl, you'd heard your mother say over and over again, "Oh, yes, Connie's a dear child—but have you seen Helen? Connie, run out and find Helen. Tell her mother wants her to play the piano for the company." It was Helen who had had the pretty dresses because she had put down her

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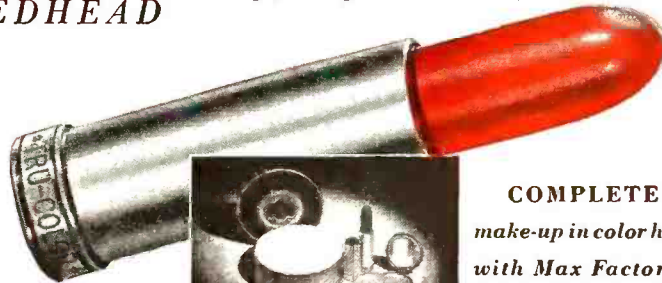


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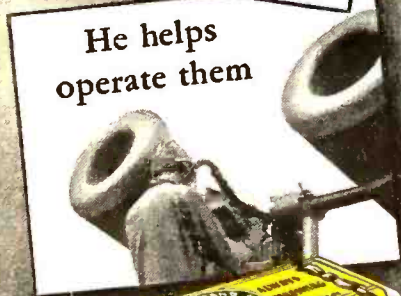
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lovely little foot and had insisted upon them. "Connie looks better in simple things." It was Helen who had had dancing lessons. "We'll wait until you're a little older, Connie. Until you—well, learn to handle yourself a little better."

Maybe if you'd asserted yourself long ago, Connie, I told myself angrily, life wouldn't all have been Helen, Helen, Helen! Well, perhaps it still wasn't too late. At least I was going to have an awfully good try!

I sailed into work the next morning with my head high, and before I could lose my nerve, I sailed right on into Victor's office. He looked up and smiled.

"Hello, Connie. Where on earth were you last night? I dropped by and waited some time for you. Your sister and I had quite a chat. Lord, she's a beautiful little thing, isn't she?"

I couldn't wait to answer him. If I stopped to think about his meeting with Helen, I would lose my new-found courage. So I plunged desperately ahead. "I'm sorry I missed you," I said, and added hurriedly, "Let's make up for it by having dinner tonight instead."

HIS eyebrows shot up to give his face that endearing look of quizzical surprise. The twinkle flickered in his eyes for a moment and was gone. "Why of course," he agreed. "Where shall I meet you?"

I shook my head. "Call for me at home. About seven?"

He nodded with satisfaction. "About seven," and turned back to the papers on his desk. But as I walked out of the office, I felt his eyes following me. I felt a little bold, and a little shaky—but oh, so terribly determined!

That afternoon I told what I considered a completely forgivable lie. I said I had a headache and asked to leave the office early. But I didn't go home. I went first to the bank and then to Monsieur Paul, the most expensive hairdresser in town. "Give me everything," I had told the girl on the phone that morning when I'd made the appointment.

I didn't look at myself until Paul's deft fingers had put the finishing touches on my hair, until a Miss Eloise had wrought a miracle with makeup, until a Miss Jeanette had changed my office-grubby fingernails to shining ruby ovals. And then a completely different person looked back at me from the mirror. My dark hair was piled high on my head; my skin had taken on a sun-warmed tone; a touch of blue above my eyes had made them larger and darker and somehow mysterious. My mouth was full, deeply red and luscious—not Miss Prim's mouth. I was satisfied. I was no longer Miss Prim at all. Neither was I Connie Marshall. I was—well, I was someone new and exciting. I felt as though I had just been born, with the whole world ahead of me.

At Chez Marie I bought a dress that was like a stroke of ink on white paper, dead black, dramatic, Helen's kind of dress, and to go with it a sleek little cap of black feathers with a crimson feather flower that reflected the flame of my courage.

What can I say about that evening? It was right, so very right, as I came down the stairs to meet the amazement in Victor's eyes. And then, there was the first tiny note of warning. Victor's glance left me, and his eyes met Helen's, which had been staring

at me in equal amazement. What was it that flickered between them for the breadth of a second? What did they understand between them that left me out? Whatever it was, I was determined not to let it touch me. This night was mine.

But it wasn't mine at all. It belonged to the girl I created out of a black dress and a hat with a red feather, out of a cake of rouge and the sweep of a mascara brush. It belonged to a stranger to Victor, and he treated her as a stranger. He held her in his arms as he danced with her, but they were a million miles apart.

We left the Coq Noir early. We had never left there before until the lights had dimmed and the orchestra had put its instruments away.

There was still the ride home, a last chance for me. There was nothing for me to say. I had said all of the little empty things. How do some women fill a lifetime with words like that? I knew only that I was losing Victor, and that there was but one thing left to try. I moved closer to him and sunk my teeth into my lip to control the terrible shivering that the touch of him sent through me. But there was no response in him. He did not move away, but neither did he take his eyes from the road.

As the car stopped before our house, I turned my face up to his. "Good-night, Victor." They were soft little words, and there was no mistaking the invitation that went with them.

After a moment, he accepted it. I had dreamed about this kiss, this first kiss between us, but there was no relation between the dream and the reality. Victor's mouth was firm and cool; his kiss was as formal as the how-do-you-do exchanged when strangers meet.

THEN he opened the door on his side of the car and came around to let me out. Numbly, I went up the walk to the house, Victor behind me. Helen was sitting on the glider. To her he said good evening; to me he said good night. If there was to be more, I couldn't wait for it. I ran up the stairs to hide from myself in the shadows of my room. In the bitter silence there was only the sound of Victor's car driving off.

Sick with misery, I crouched in the



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chair by the window, knowing that with him had gone my every hope of happiness. There had never been anyone like him before, and there would never be again. I had been given a sight of something precious, and with my own hand I had closed the door on it. Because I knew now that I had blundered terribly. I had let fear trap me into doing something which was not only unlike the real me, but which was cheap and shameful. Hot waves of that shame flooded over me; I was too miserable even to cry. I could only huddle in the darkness and try not to remember.

There was a repetition of the sound which had broken the silence—the sound of a car. A car coming slowly along the street, pulling to a stop before our door. And then footsteps on the walk, Victor's footsteps—I knew them so well! Their sound brought me to my feet on the crest of a great surge of joy and relief. He had come back!

I might have turned then, and rushed down to him, but the sound of his voice stopped me. His voice, whispering—the small, intimate sound of a name, but not my name.

"Helen? Helen, are you still there?"

And her answer. "Yes, here I am."

I don't know what they said after that. It was as if merciful hands had stopped my ears, but nothing could stop my thoughts. This was why Victor had brought me home so early. He had planned all along to return—to Helen. This was what that look which had flashed between them had meant. I sat very still, gathered into myself, as if in my very stillness I could stop the turning of the world, the progression of time. And in the silence I heard their voices once again. But first, their laughter, mingling and coming up to me as one mirth.

OH, the idiot! The poor little idiot!" That was Helen, and her voice was all kindness.

And Victor answering her. "I don't know whether you'll understand, but somehow, I simply couldn't say anything to her. She was making such a brave showing, and—well, you know how fine and sensitive she is. I was afraid if I asked her why she staged this little drama, it might send her back into that shell it took me so long to crack. And so I thought I would wait until tomorrow, but I found I couldn't let the night go by with this between us. Helen—do something. Fix it up for me."

Helen's laughter sounded again. "You'll have to speak for yourself, John." And close on the heels of that, her voice calling softly to me, "Connie! Connie, come down here."

Something quite outside me took me out of my room, impelled me down the stairs. Victor was waiting for me on the porch, but Helen had disappeared.

Remember that kiss I dreamed about? It was reality now, and so were the arms around me.

There was laughter in his voice, and something else that shook it, that made the sound of the words incredibly sweet. "Connie, Connie, I ought to turn you over my knee! You've been such a little idiot!"

"I know."

"And I've been such a terrible fool."

I found a little laughter of my own. "I know."

And that was all we said. Not that there wasn't more to say, but that could wait until tomorrow.

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SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

No More to Fear

Continued from page 43

me, and that I could not bear. I loved him above everything; he was all I had. My mother's words, as she lay in that last delirium, had been, "Keep Julian with you . . . stay together . . . you must keep Julian . . ."

Mrs. Steiger with whom we boarded tried to help me with him. But she, too, was busy struggling to make ends meet, and she couldn't do much with a child as difficult as he.

THEN Jed came to town. He was a promoter. About ten years older than I, well dressed, good looking, a smooth talker, apparently with plenty of money—I thought he was the most attractive man I'd ever met.

I was young. I was pretty. I was innocent. But it was more than that. Jed was experienced far beyond his years, and my fresh eagerness intrigued him. A jaded appetite is excited only by something new—and I guess I was certainly that, to him. For all my eighteen years, and working, I was a naïve child. And compared to the women he had known, I was a baby.

When he talked of being crazy about me, I thought he was talking about love. When he said he wanted me, I thought he meant marriage. And marriage with Jed, I thought, would be wonderful. It would bring the things I'd longed for with the passionate dreams of youth—romance and adventure, and best of all, sanctuary for Julian.

For Jed had said, "If you're so worried about the kid, I'll make myself his legal guardian. He likes me, I like him, and if I'm his guardian, nobody can take him away."

The excited, unreal happiness of that whirlwind courtship and marriage lasted about eight months. When the disillusionment came, it was swift and shattering.

It began when, suddenly and almost stealthily, we left my home town and moved to a big city halfway across the continent. In spite of Jed's glib, plausible explanations I knew something was wrong. Finally I got at the truth of it. Jed's "promoting" deals were shady ones. I don't pretend to understand anything about business, but his seemed mainly to consist of fleecing poor people of life-long savings by selling tricky investments.

Maybe those deals weren't actually outside the law, but they were close to it. When you had to hurry away from a place, leaving debts and angry investors believing they'd been cheated, that was stealing to me.

When we'd been married a year, I knew Jed was tired of me. The charm of my youthful inexperience wore off for him. I found out that there was another girl—a cheap little hanger-on of his circle of friends. And I found out, too, that underneath that smooth, good-looking exterior ran a streak of real cruelty. He flaunted the knowledge of that girl in my face with a sort of sadistic pleasure.

Then I discovered something else. Julian was suddenly getting good grades at school. He was getting them because Jed encouraged him to cheat. "Why get 'em the hard way? Don't be a sucker, kid." He even egged him on to pick on smaller boys.

"So what if he is younger than you? If you don't like what he says, beat him up. There's no place in the world for softies, Julian."

Making a mess of my own life was one thing. But seeing my brother grow up into a cheating, swaggering bully was something else.

I did the only thing left for me to do. I took my brother and ran away.

I went to a neighboring town, got a job in a drug store and wrote to old Dr. Drake. He was Dean of Winston College, and had been a good friend of my parents. I poured out the whole sordid story and he, bless him, offered me a job at the college.

"I think, my dear," he said when I came to Winston, "that you'd better say nothing to anyone about your husband. Let people assume you're a widow. This is a small town and the college is denominational—good people, you understand, but inclined to be over-strict in the conventions. They wouldn't understand, perhaps. Later, when you're well established, we can arrange for you to go away quietly and get the divorce—and annul the adoption. Otherwise, people will talk and you've had enough unpleasantness for a while. I want you to be happy and forget. You leave it all to me . . ."

It was he who first introduced Andy to me and arranged for Julian to attend the summer camp Andy ran for boys my brother's age. It was he who did everything. I know he acted for what he believed the best but "later" never came. Before the year was out, Dr. Drake was dead of a heart attack.

Dean Fuller took his place, and I thought my secret was dead with the good doctor. Until tonight . . .

I roused myself and looked at the clock. Nearly ten. Julian would be home soon. I picked up the pieces of shattered pottery and threw them in the wastebasket. Tomorrow I would tell him what had happened. Tomorrow when Jed was gone.

Jed couldn't hurt us now, I kept telling myself. Meanwhile there was Andy to think about. Andy who tonight had kissed me for the first time . . .

There was no hint that that kiss had ever happened, in Andy's office next day, as between his classes, he introduced me to my new duties. I was a little disappointed. I thought something in his manner might suggest he remembered it as I did—but, after all, we had to be business-like now.

LA TE in the day when classes were over, all the letters dictated, and the last student had had his conference, Andy said, "Time to knock off. Let's drop over to the sandwich shop and have a snack. I've got a lot to talk to you about."

Once more that breathless moment of last night brushed me. I felt again the sense of sharp expectancy, half sweet, half fearful. Would he say he loved me? Would he ask me to marry him? And if he did and I told him what I had to tell him—what then? Would it make any difference? Oh, surely not. Not with Andy.

We left the building and started across the campus. Suddenly I stopped short. Across the street, directly in my path, was Jed Clinton.

He walked toward us, with his easy, self-assured smile. "Surprised you again, Alma." He turned to Andy. "Matter of fact, I surprised myself. I'd planned to leave today. But last night at the hotel, I got to talking, asking questions and the like—and decided Winston College might like to hear about a little idea of mine. So this morning I saw Dean Fuller and he gratified me very much by being very interested. I'm staying on."

"You're — staying?" I repeated stupidly. "You saw—Dean Fuller?" He went on glibly talking about his little "idea" to Andy. I hardly listened. It was something about now that the college had been so hard hit by having its enrollments curtailed by the war, there was some property owned by the college that could be developed sufficiently to bring in a good income. . . . Andy heard him through, his intelligent gray eyes never leaving Jed's face.

Finally Jed said, "There are some things I've got to talk over with you, Alma. If you're not too busy—"

"I'm sorry," Andy cut in. "We are going—"

"Please, Andy, I—let's make it tomorrow. I—I'll have to see Jed now—I'm terribly sorry." I was pleading with my eyes for him to understand.

"Oh." There was a little silence. "Just as you like." Andy bowed and turned away, like any casual stranger.

Jed took my arm and led me into the sandwich shop. When our orders were taken, I faced him desperately across the small, scarred table.

"You promised! You said you'd go away and never come back!"

"That was before I knew the easy pickings around here. . . . Now don't look pious, Alma. This deal is on the up and up. Chance for me to pick up some real dough, and it'll be a long time before Fuller finds out he's not quite as smart as he thinks he is."

"I'm going to tell him about you. I don't care if it means my job or anything else! You're not going to cheat these good, simple people! I'm—"

Jed blandly lit a cigarette. "I don't think you will. I saw Julian this morning. Quite a kid. Said he was going in the Navy. I didn't tell him this, but he can't go in unless I say so. I'm his legal guardian, not you. And furthermore, baby," he leaned over the table and his face was no longer bland, "one squawk out of you to anybody, and I'll take him away from you! I've got more right to him than you have, according to the law. So don't forget that."

THE blood in my veins turned to ice. "You couldn't!" I whispered. "He thinks you and I were divorced long ago—you couldn't, Jed."

"Why couldn't I?"

Suddenly the old pattern of my life was falling back in place again. Once more I was that helpless, frightened girl—with Jed ruthlessly doing what he wanted, getting what he pleased. Once more the familiar panic swept over me, trying to struggle against a force too strong, doomed to failure before I even started. I couldn't think. I couldn't act. I could only plead—and pleading with Jed had never done any good. He could carry out his threats and I knew it. . . .

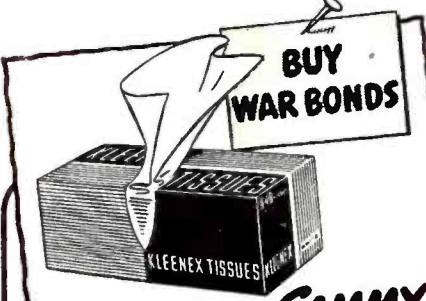
Julian was waiting for me when I got home after that awful two hours. "It was sure funny running into Jed this morning," he told me. "What's he doing here, anyway?"

"It's just a business matter."

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I hushed his questions with half-truths. If I told him all of it, Julian might tell—and then Jed would take him away. In my panic, I knew I would do anything—anything—to keep that from happening.

At the office, next morning, I heard through the faculty grapevine, that the board of trustees was meeting that afternoon to discuss a way of making money for the college. I wanted to cry out, "Don't do it! Don't listen to Jed Clinton!"

But I couldn't. All during the day I felt Andy's eyes on me with that puzzled look. I tried to avoid it, to keep away from anything but the business at hand. Finally he cornered me.

"Something's on your mind, Alma. You've looked positively scared all day. It isn't the new job, is it?"

"Oh, no. It's nothing, Andy—really."

"But it is. You're not yourself. Can't you tell me?"

I felt a wild, hysterical desire to laugh. I could picture how startled he might look if I suddenly said, "I've lied to you. I've lied to everybody. I'm not a widow and that man's not my cousin. He's my husband and a crook! And you have to help me because I'm in love with you and want to marry you!"

"You're not worried about Julian, are you?" he persisted.

"I'm just a little tired, that's all. Now about these term papers—"

How could I explain? He'd never given me the right to explain. He'd never said he loved me—maybe I'd only imagined it because I loved him so. If he found out now, like this, I might lose him for good.

It was that night that Jed came again. He breezed in, as if he belonged there, confident and jubilant.

"It's in the bag," he announced. "Fuller may be a hick in a jerkwater college, but he moves fast. I've already met with the board and they're meeting again Sunday for the final decision. It looks like I'll be in the chips again and then—aren't you glad you played ball with me, Alma, like a sensible little girl?"

"I've never played ball with you! I've kept quiet because I've had to and I hate myself for doing it. Now go away and leave me alone."

HE let the door swing half shut behind him and came further into the room. He laughed softly. "How you've changed! You used to be a soft little thing, like a kitten, all big eyes and scared of your life. I like you better this way."

"Well, I'm not scared any more." I lied. "And I don't like you. Will you please go?"

He dropped his coat on the couch and walked over to me. "What a way for a wife to talk. Such a pretty wife, too—" His eyes flickered over me—"in that blue dress, and your skin soft and white, and your mouth—"

I backed away from him. "If you don't get out of here this minute I'll—"

"You seem to forget—" his hands reached out and jerked me toward him—"I'm still your husband."

He held me so I couldn't move and forced my head back. For just one hateful instant his lips were on mine. And then a voice spoke from the doorway.

"I seem to be intruding."

Jed released me and whirled around. Andy stood in the half-open door. His face was pale and tight.

I seemed rooted where I stood. Inwardly I was pleading with Andy to understand, not to judge me, and all the time frantically aware of how it must have looked. In another man's arms. . . . Hastily I crossed the room, pushed Andy out, pulled the door to behind me.

"Andy, I—I—" "I just came by to tell you," he said in a perfectly dead voice, "That it won't be necessary for you to come into the office tomorrow. I'm going out of town for a few days. I've arranged for someone else to meet my classes if I'm not back by Monday. I'm sorry if I came at an inopportune time."

"Don't say that! Please understand, Andy. It's—"

"I think I understand. Good night." He went down the walk without looking back.

THE next two days were the most wretched of my life. With Andy gone—and in the middle of a term, too, with no hint of a reason to anyone—all hope of any explanation to him seemed gone, too, for good.

I spent the time alone as much as possible, away even from Julian who was too full of curiosity about Jed and why he was here. I walked for miles along the quiet New England roads, in the biting wind, trying to fight my way out of the trap that had closed in on me. A trap, I knew now, mostly of my own making. If I had been strong enough to tell the truth long ago and taken whatever consequences came of it, instead of being lulled by a false sense of security, all this couldn't have happened. Even when Jed first came—if I'd told then. But there had been Julian to protect. Always, there had been Julian.

Jed, I thought bitterly, was wrong when he'd said I was different. I was still a "soft little thing . . . afraid of my life." And, as a result, I'd lost everything. I had to sit by and see Jed go through with his scheme. I'd lost Andy, and I was once more completely at the mercy of the man I'd married.

When I got back to the house that Sunday afternoon, Jed was there with Julian. The boy's face looked flushed and angry, and Jed wore his smile of amused detachment.



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"He says he won't let me go in the Navy," Julian cried to me. He was almost weeping. "He says he's my legal guardian and I can't go unless he signs the papers!"

A slow, burning rage such as I had never known possessed me as I felt the impact of those words. I turned on Jed.

"You promised. You said if I kept quiet, you'd leave Julian alone. You're going to keep that promise if it's the last thing you ever do!"

"I've changed my mind. I've got other plans for the kid. The Navy's a sucker's racket."

Julian strode over to where Jed stood, his young eyes blazing. "You can't say that to me—or to anybody else!" he said shrilly. "You're a slacker. You're a—heel. You take that back or I'll sock you one."

Jed laughed, but his face was ugly. "Yeah?" he said. "Like—this?"

His right hand shot out and Julian toppled backward. It was more a push than a blow, but Jed was heavier by far, and bigger. The boy's head hit the mantel with a sharp crack, and for a second he slumped there.

"That'll teach you to talk like that to me," Jed said harshly.

Julian shook his head to clear it. Then his face set and he lunged back across the room. Jed side-stepped and reached for him. Holding the boy at arm's length with one hand so that his fists flailed the air, with the other he cuffed him roughly across the mouth.

"Stop it!" I screamed. "Jed—stop it! Julian—let him alone!"

Julian only lowered his head and bowed in. "Take it back! Take it back!" he was sobbing. Jed stepped back under the onslaught and then with a final heave, he half threw Julian from him. The boy hit the floor hard.

"I ought to break every bone in your body..." With a vicious glance at me, Jed whirled around and slammed out the door.

SOMEHOW, by main force, I kept Julian from going after him. I left him bathing his cut lip, and hurried out. That slow rage was kindled now and I felt on fire with it as I ran every step of the way to Dean Fuller's house. Julian—the little brother I'd always had to protect—was a man now and he'd taught me a lesson. He'd found the strength to stand up for what he thought was right even though he took a beating doing it.

What I was going to do would mean a beating, too, of another kind. I'd lose my job. I'd lose Andy. But Julian had given me the strength to do at last what I knew was right.

I pushed open the heavy front door of the Dean's house without knocking. From the dining room came the sound of voices. The board of trustees was meeting in there. I stumbled in, unaware of the startled faces and the sudden hush.

I didn't give them time for questions. I just poured out the story. Of our marriage, of Jed's other deals, of the people he'd cheated. "You can't go in on this scheme, whatever it is, with that man," I said at last. "He's only in it for what he can get out of it. He'll rob you!"

There was a heavy silence when I'd finished. Then Mr. Price, the banker, leaned forward in his chair. "Have you any proof for this—this extraordinary statement, Mrs. Clinton? You've made grave charges, you

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know. This idea of Mr. Clinton's seems perfectly above board to me and, if I may say so, I'm a man of considerable experience—"

"No, I haven't any proof!" I cried, cutting into that dry, judicial voice. "You'll have to take my word for it. Oh, I know I should have told you before, but—there was Julian. Don't you see?"

Dean Fuller cleared his throat. "I'm afraid I don't see. I find no reason why we should take your word on this when—by your own admission—you have chosen to—deceive us all this time about your real status with this man. Undoubtedly, you have reason to dislike him. But as you haven't told us all this before, I'm afraid it appears like a grudge—" He glanced around at the others. "Suppose I call Mr. Clinton."

"Yes, call him!" I said defiantly. And suddenly I wasn't scared any more. Of Jed. Of anything.

"I certainly shall—" And then Dean Fuller halted in mid-stride, and stared at the door through which I'd come. I turned.

ANDY PENDLETON was coming in—a torn, disheveled Andy with one eye blacked and his tie under his ear. He waved a sheaf of papers at me and grinned happily.

"I'll have to apologize, gentlemen, for this rather unorthodox entrance. But then I've been on unorthodox business the last couple of days. I've been tracking down a crook—our good friend, Mr. Jed Clinton." He put the papers down on the table triumphantly. "There's enough in here to hang him—almost. Affidavits from people he's swindled, and—proof that under another name, he has been in jail!"

I dropped weakly into the nearest chair. Around me excited voices buzzed. I could hear only Andy's, see only his happy, excited face.

"I got suspicious at the strange way Mrs. Clinton acted when she first saw him," he was saying. "And I didn't like the look of the fellow. As you know, old Dr. Drake was almost like a father to me, and when he died, a lot of his effects came into my possession. I knew Mrs. Clinton had first come here as his protegee. So I looked through his personal files. I found a letter she'd written, four years ago. It told the whole story—at least, her part of it. I gave her a chance to tell it to me but she—" he looked at me and my heart warmed at what I read in that look—"preferred not to, for reasons of her own."

"So I simply took some time off and back-tracked on Clinton. I went back to the town where Mrs. Clinton

had first met him. Then I flew out to Chicago. I could have gone to a lot of other places, too, but I got enough. Enough, I thought, to scare him out of town and out of her life. Just now I confronted him with these facts at his hotel. There was a little—er—trouble, but I frightened him so he jumped in a car in front of the hotel and left—in a hurry. And, I am happy to say, the police are hot on his trail now..."

The room swam dizzily around me. Again there was the buzz of excited voices. And then someone was putting a glass to my lips and Andy was holding me and Dean Fuller was saying something about "apology..."

Then the telephone jangled sharply and in a moment Dean Fuller was beside me again. "I'm afraid," he said slowly, "that there is a further shock in store for you, Mrs. Clinton. That was the police. The car in which your—your husband was running away skidded on the ice. He—was dead when they found him."

"Is it awful of me to feel only relief he's gone?" I murmured to Andy as we walked home later.

"No," he said firmly. "Men like Jed Clinton bring only misery. It's better this way, Alma. Far better than to try to feel grief. But oh, my darling, if you'd only told me! I could have spared you so much."

"I couldn't," I told him. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I didn't know if you loved me enough to—want me if you knew. I was afraid."

He stopped me there in the dusky twilight and turned me to face him.

"I don't know why you didn't know. I've been trying to tell you for weeks. But you always seemed so strong and sure inside yourself—I was afraid you couldn't need me as I needed you and—"

"Me? Strong and sure?" I laughed weakly. "I was the scarestest person in the world—until today, Andy."

"That was only because you thought so. You never tried to see what was inside. You forgot you had the courage to take care of Julian and make a way for yourself when everything was against you. That's the trouble with a lot of us—we run from noises because we think we're scared. You won't ever think that again, will you?"

"No," I said. "Not ever." "And you'll marry me soon?" "Any time you say, Andy..."

We kissed and this time there was no interruption from the past, no interruption from anything. Then we went in the house and walked up the stairs together to tell Julian...



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ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, whose Sunday afternoon concerts on CBS are a highlight of the musical week. Born in St. Petersburg, he began piano lessons almost as soon as he could walk, and his first experience as a conductor came at the age of eight, when, on a visit to Finland, he was allowed to lead a band. At 19, he became conductor at the Grand Opera House in his native city, where, during the last war, fuel was so scarce that the orchestra men rehearsed in fur coats. He came to this country after the war. Since 1932 he has been an CBS almost without a break, and he and his wife, Lily Pons, have shattered box office records throughout the country in their joint concerts. His present aim is to present what he calls "middle music"—music which is not as austere as most symphonic music.

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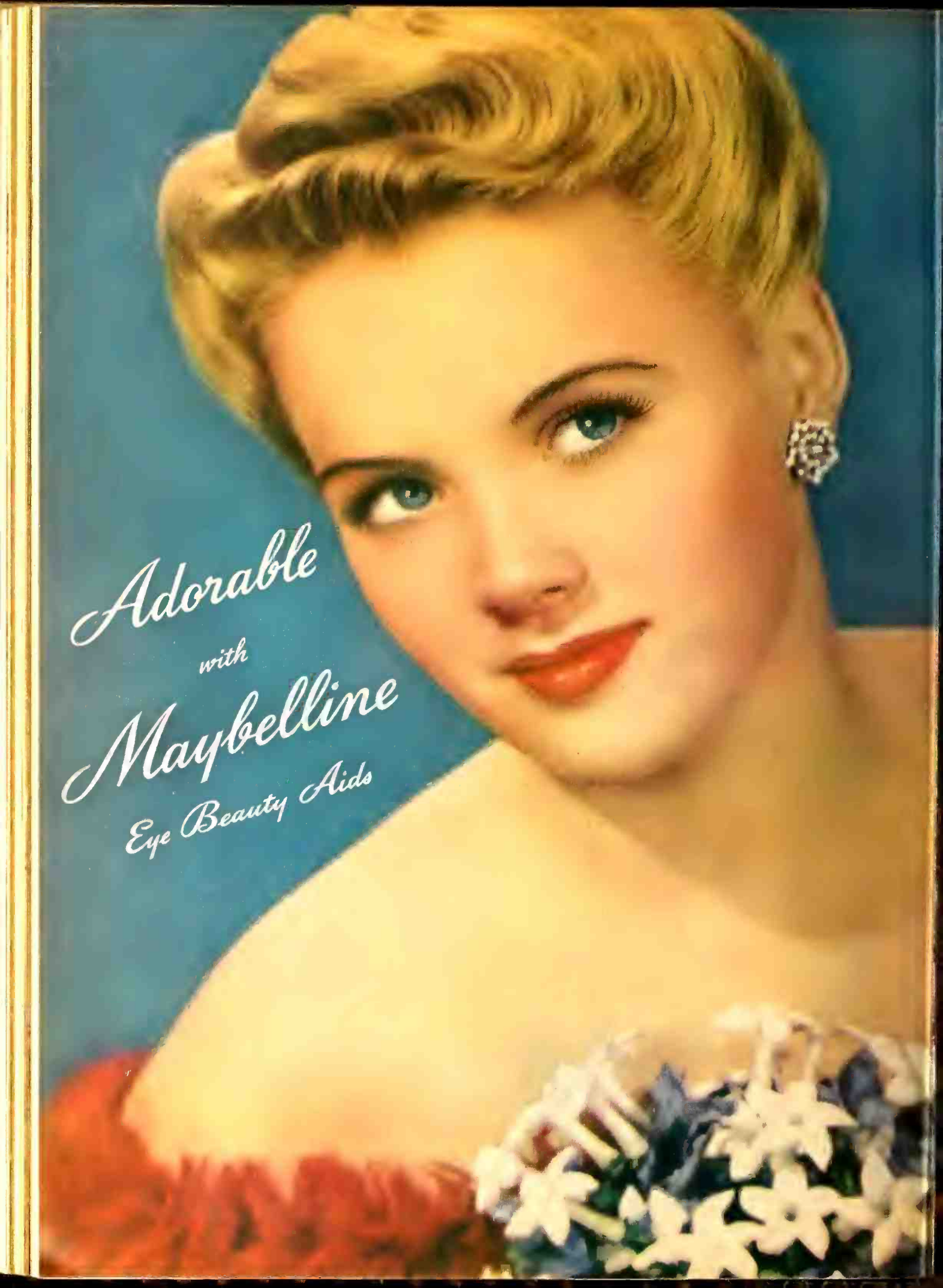
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