

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

1944
APRIL
15¢



S-38

JANET WALDO

EXCITING COLOR PICTURES AND STORIES OF

AMANDA OF HONEYMOON HILL • YOUNG DR. MALONE

Look... Softer, Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

Skin specialists prove Camay is Really Mild!

Your complexion will grow fresher, more velvety soft... with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, change to proper mild care... to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care... on over 100 complexions. And the *first* cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom!—softer!—fresher!



So mild... cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness*... proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay is really mild," said the specialists, "*it cleansed without irritation.*" So stop haphazard skin care. Get Camay... and see the fresh new radiance that comes to your skin.



Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay over face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water. Give *oily skins* an extra C-O-L-D splash.

Try it—skin's lovelier with just *one* cake of Camay!



Mrs. John H. Ridley of San Diego, California, says: "Camay's mild lather helped my skin look lovelier—the very first cake I used! And now, when friends ask me about my skin care, I suggest the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Camay suggests these WARTIME "SOAP-SAVERS"

Get your family to save soap... it contains precious materials.

1. Use just enough Camay for lather.
2. Wipe your soap dish dry—wet dishes waste soap.
3. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit for grand *mild-lather* baths!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

a lovely smile has
beau-catching charm!



Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

DARE TO DREAM, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because *they know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out

radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE



A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Janet Waldo, NBC dramatic actress—Color portrait by Tom Kelley

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IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
CADET NURSE

IRRESISTIBLE *air-whipt* FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIFT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty because it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer, stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.

10c—25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER S.M.O. (STAYS ON LONGER)



That Irresistible something
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME





Introducing



MEREDITH BLAKE

PRETTY, brunette Meredith Blake wanted to go on the stage ever since she was a little girl, and now she has—but it's different.

Meredith, who sings with Shep Fields and his orchestra, has caroled on the stage—and in radio and recording studios—with great success. But she always wanted to be a dramatic actress and the urge still tugs at her heart. It was her interest in dramatics, however, that led to her singing success.

Majoring in dramatics at the University of Wisconsin, Meredith sang for the first time in a university musical show—and brought down the house.

Continuing with her dramatic studies, she accepted a position as vocalist with a local band—considering that strictly a step to further her studies and her dramatic career: Only after both Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller happened to hear her sing and made handsome offers to have Meredith join their bands as vocalist, did she even consider singing as a career.

Only 19 years old when she started, Meredith quickly rose to the top in the field. First with Jack Teagarden, and then with Gray Gordon and Mitchell Ayres, before her present position with the Shep Fields crew, Meredith has made herself a name as one of the top nameband vocalists in the country.

A pretty girl with a big, honest smile, Meredith considers Mildred Bailey and Peggy Mann the best female singers in the business. For men singers, she likes Bing Crosby and Dick Haymes. Her favorite dance bands are those of Shep Fields and Duke Ellington.

Meredith's father was a preacher. Her mother played the piano—not professionally—and began giving Meredith piano lessons when she was only 2½ years old. She still plays, but "just for my own amusement." Likes to cook and is good at it, too!

She collects miniature furniture for her five-room doll house, built more than 50 years ago by her grandfather. Completely furnished, the house is valued at over \$10,000 and since Meredith travels all over the country with the Fields band, it remains in her mother's home in the mid-west.

"I quit, Miss Jones—those girls burn me up!"



Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just *can't* take it any more!

Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be *popular*, too! And perhaps I can be of help to you . . .



Amy: Me—guilty of *underarm odor*? Why, I bathe every day!

Miss Jones: But a bath doesn't always last, Amy. Be smart—after baths, use MUM!



Amy: Jones was a darling to tip me off about Mum! After this, it's a bath for *past* perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.



KNITTING FOR THE BOYS IS FUN—WITH YOU TO HELP US, AMY!

(TO HERSELF)
WE'RE REAL FRIENDS NOW—AND I CAN THANK MUM!

Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Facing the Music



Tommy Ryan took over Blue Barron's orchestra when the Army took over Blue. On the bicycle built for four are the Sportsmen, heard on Eddie Cantor's Wednesday NBC show. Left to right: Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Sperlzel and Gurney Bell.

ONE of the memorable bandstand thrills of the year occurred the day when surprised Paramount theater goers in New York suddenly saw and heard Gene Krupa behind the drums in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. T. D. told no one about it. The reception was thunderous and a little later, when Dorsey graciously turned the baton over to Gene the roof fell in. After the show, Krupa cried like a baby.

Frank Sinatra's new son has been named Frank Junior. The swooner doesn't like all that squealing and whining that accompanies his soft singing any more than you do. But such is the price of fame and for \$30,000 a week you'd grin and bear it too.

Metronome Magazine has picked Lionel Hampton's outfit as the band of the year, a prophecy made some time ago by this pillar.

I ran into Coast Guardsman musician Dick Stabile when he appeared recently as a guest contestant on Double or Nothing, and Dick told me he had advised his lovely wife, Gracie Barrie, to disband his orchestra, and continue as a soloist. Gracie took over Dick's band when her husband went into the service.

"These days it's tough enough for a fellow to lead a band," Dick said, "and Gracie can do so much better without this burden."

Outstanding comeback of the 1944 season goes to veteran Vincent Lopez who grabbed two Mutual network



"Columbia Presents Perry Como" each Sunday evening and with him the charming soprano Rae Whitney.

commercials in one week.

Swooner Dick Haymes can be found most any night at his former stomping grounds, night club La Martinique in New York, roaring his young head off at the antics of comic Zero Mostel.

Jack Teagarden has two new musicians no rival bandleader will ever swipe away from him. They're his two talented sons, Jack Junior, who trombones like his famous dad, and Gilbert, who plays a sizzling trumpet. Both boys are in their teens.

By KEN ALDEN

Frankie Carle's new band is now playing its first big league engagement in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania.

Jerry Wayne, popular radio baritone, is playing the romantic lead in the new musical show "Marianne."

Jimmy Dorsey and his entire crew will go overseas for USO if plans go through.

One of the hits of Billy Rose's all-Negro version of "Carmen Jones" is swing drummer Cosy Cole.

Kay Kyser and his cover girl vocalist Georgia Carroll are interested in more than music.

Kitty Kallen may leave the Jimmy Dorsey crew and stay on the west coast because of a man in her life.

KEEP A WATCH ON THE RYAN

Young, good-looking Tommy Ryan who has just organized his own band after holding down the top vocal spot in Sammy Kaye's orchestra for more than eight years, is experiencing all the growing pains associated with piloting a dance band, and conquering these sundry hazards with a simple philosophy that can't be extinguished. Problems like financing, bookings, personnel, orchestrations and management have downed less sturdy souls who, unable to withstand the physical and mental pressures, have thrown in their batons.

"Sure I worry. I worry plenty," Tommy told me frankly, as we met for brunch in New York's Hotel Edison, his current bandstand scene, "but when I'm blue or depressed I just think of my wife, my baby, and an experience I once had. Then I thank my lucky stars, roll up my sleeves and pitch in."

The wife Tommy thinks about is Georgia, a small, dark, and pretty brunette from his hometown, Newport,

Continued on page 65



Old friends are best when Colds and Sore throats threaten

THAT'S THE TIME you appreciate your old standby, Listerine Antiseptic, more than ever. So often it can be such a help in fighting the bacteria related to colds.

Used early and frequently as a gargle it may help head off a cold entirely or keep it from getting serious. That goes, too, for simple sore throat which so often accompanies a cold.

Fewer Colds, Fewer Sore Throats for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

There's an impressive lot of evidence to back this statement up. Over and over again, in tests made over a period of twelve years, *those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly every day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle.*

Perhaps you wonder why. The explanation, we believe, is simple:

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up house-keeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold, much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

Germs Reduced in Tests

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion." And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

for countless little emergencies



Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really *must* discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those "trying days" of the month.

- | | | |
|-----------------|--------------|---|
| ▶ Housewives | Gardeners | ◀ |
| ▶ War workers | Taxi drivers | ◀ |
| ▶ Secretaries | Club Women | ◀ |
| ▶ Students | Teachers | ◀ |
| ▶ Service Women | Nurses | ◀ |
| ▶ Sales clerks | Bank tellers | ◀ |

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax prevents embarrassment in two ways. Being worn internally it does not cause *costume bulges* and it does not cause *odor*. Tampax needs no belts, pins or pads. Made of pure absorbent cotton, it comes compressed in throw-away applicator. Insertion is quick and dainty—disposal easy. Wear Tampax in shorts or slacks or bathing suit. Wear it in tub or shower or while in swimming. It's really modern!

Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different *absorbencies* for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Or for 98¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Captain Gene Wills, Corporal Jack Steely and Private First Class Herbert Ehrich have a right to be happy—as guests on NBC's Johnny Presents Ginny Simms they get a free phone call to anyone anywhere.



What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

NOW that the Radio Hall of Fame show is a well established feature on the air, it might be an idea to give a little information on the agency that corrals the talent for the show.

To people in any branch of the profession of entertaining, *Variety* needs no introduction. The tabloid size newspaper has been a combination Bible, World Atlas, Employment Agency and shaper of theatrical destinies for years. It's the staff of this newspaper that acts as talent scout for the Radio Hall of Fame.

There are many reasons why *Variety* is so well qualified to make the selections for the pretentious new show. Besides its main office in New York, it has branches in Hollywood, Chicago and London. Two hundred reporters and correspondents, all carefully chosen for their shrewdness in things theatrical, nightly comb the theaters, night clubs and radio air waves in cities large and small from Columbus to Cairo for stories and talent for the broadcast.

For instance, a *Variety* man in Seattle may get a tip that an emcee in a certain club is terrific. He visits the place. If he thinks the entertainer is likely to be a hit on the radio, he gives the fellow a chance. Often, of course, such tips lead to nothing much—but they are always investigated. When the *Variety* man finds something exciting, however, he wires his nominations to Abel Green, *Variety* editor in New York.

The hundreds of suggestions are considered until four or five are selected to go on the air. Being booked for the big show can be a triumphant climax to an already successful career, or, as has already happened in several cases, a springboard to a new one.

Kate Smith deserves to be commended on her criticism of those programs that invite listeners to write in their votes in the Battle of the Songbirds and Battle of the Baritones shows. Kate, always aware of current problems and events, was right in reminding people that the mails are overloaded as it is—with important mail—and that, if people must write, they could do better by writing letters to men in the service. Typically, the fact that Kate was leading in most of the "Songbird" battles, didn't make her change her mind.

Morton Downey has a shadow. His name is James J. Murphy, but everyone just calls him Jimmy. Whither Morton goes—there goes Jimmy. And this has been going on for years.

It seems that one day, while Morton was in Dublin, he went down to see the Horse Show. As he wandered around the stables, Morton sang Irish melodies sort of to himself—but not quite enough to himself, for Jimmy happened to hear him. From that time on, Morton had a "man."

Jimmy returned to America with Morton, and Morton decided to put him to work. Jimmy was put in charge of Morton's wardrobe. Much to Morton's pleased surprise, his trousers were always neatly pressed, his clothes beautifully cleaned and brushed and his shoes polished from that day on. Until the end of the month! Then Morton got the bill from the hotel's valet service.

"After that," Morton says, "I gave up and had a dinner jacket made for Jimmy and took him with me whenever I went out. If I didn't, he would sit home and pout like a spoiled puppy."

Quite a character, Jimmy. Famous people do not impress him, at all, un-

(Continued on page 8)



TRUSHAY* ...THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Guards lovely, busy hands
Use it before every soap-and-water chore

Just smooth on this creamy, fragrant lotion *beforehand*—before you do dishes, or wash undies. Trushay *guards* soft hands against the roughening, drying effects of hot, soapy water—instead of waiting until after damage is done.

Use Trushay all the other ways you'd use a lotion, too. As a smooth powder base, or for

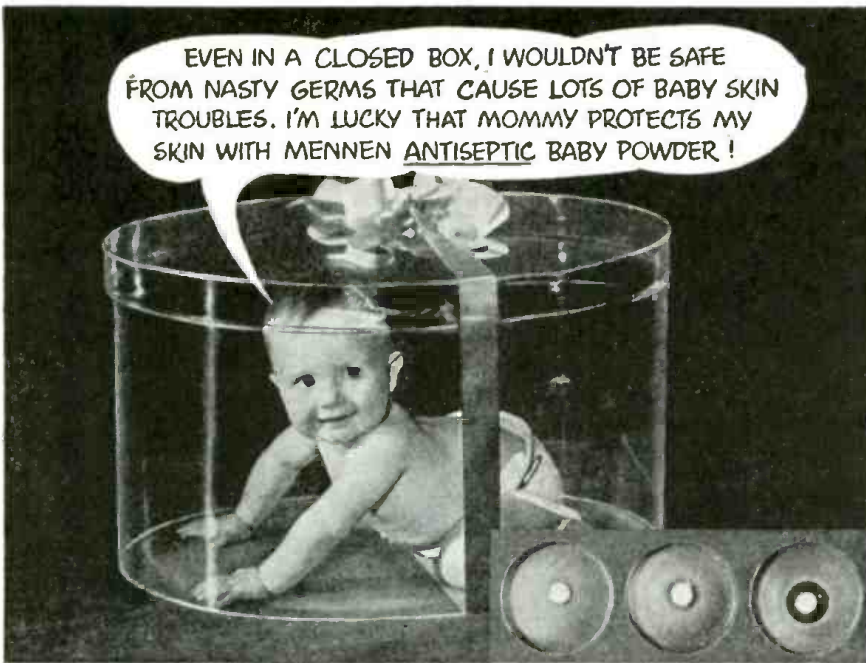
velvety, all-over body rubs. It's inexpensive. So concentrated a few drops do the trick. Ask for Trushay at your druggist's.

*Trushay was formerly called Toushay. A slightly different spelling—but it's the same wonderful "beforehand" lotion.



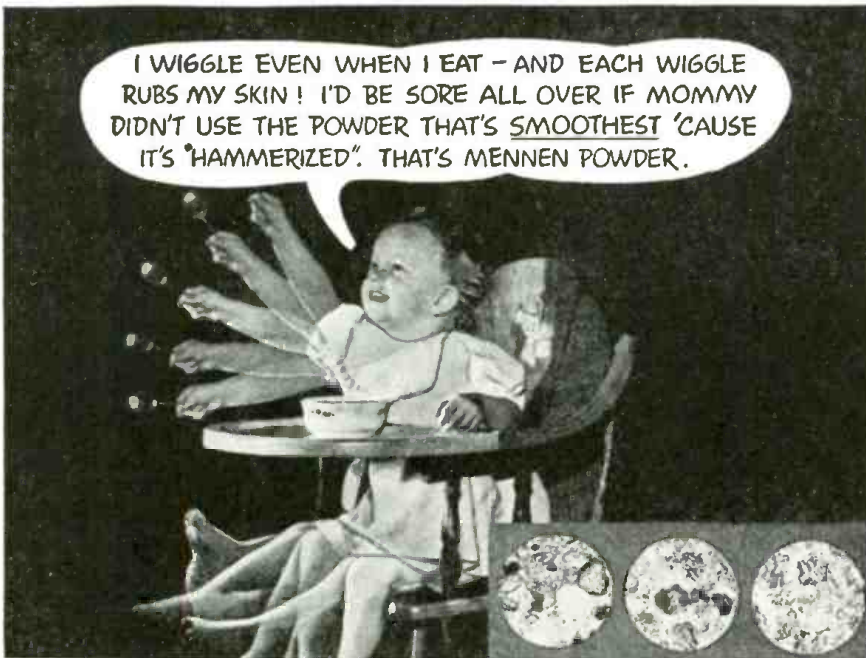
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

EVEN IN A CLOSED BOX, I WOULDN'T BE SAFE FROM NASTY GERMS THAT CAUSE LOTS OF BABY SKIN TROUBLES. I'M LUCKY THAT MOMMY PROTECTS MY SKIN WITH MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER!



Germs often cause common baby skin troubles such as prickly heat, diaper rash. To protect baby, best powder is Mennen. More antiseptic! Round photos above prove it. Centers of plates contain 3 leading baby powders. In gray areas, germs thrive; but in dark band around Mennen powder (far right), germ growth has been prevented!

I WIGGLE EVEN WHEN I EAT - AND EACH WIGGLE RUBS MY SKIN! I'D BE SORE ALL OVER IF MOMMY DIDN'T USE THE POWDER THAT'S SMOOTHEST 'CAUSE IT'S "HAMMERIZED". THAT'S MENNEN POWDER.



Which baby powder is smoothest is proved by round photos above; they show 3 leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoother, finer in texture. That's due to special "hammerizing" process which makes Mennen Baby Powder the best protection against chafing. Delicate new scent keeps baby lovelier.

Want the best for your baby?



3 out of 4 doctors said in survey—baby powder should be antiseptic. It is if it's Mennen.

Continued from page 6
less he personally finds them interesting. On the other hand, he's likely to make friends with a porter at the studio, or a taxi driver, and take him home and entertain him for hours in Morton's hotel suite—on Morton's refreshments.

Many of the people who work with Adelaide Klein would be very surprised to know that she sings—and very well. She has kept that part of her training and career rather hidden. But she started out originally to be a singer and studied toward that end. However she preferred dramatics and switched over the first chance she got.

Adelaide, now playing the part of the Russian Countess in *The House On Q Street*, probably does more doubling than anyone else on radio. Though she speaks only one language—English—she can do a dozen dialects authentically and she claims that her musical training and knowledge of voice control and placement helped her to achieve that proficiency.

The *House on Q Street* character star has played everything from gunmolls to saints—with and without dialects. Once she played five characters in a sketch she wrote for herself on the *Rudy Vallee* program. She's been on such programs as *March of Time*, *Cavalcade*, *Kate Smith Hour*, *Elly Queen*, *Big Town*, *Big Sister* and many others. She has also served her time in the theater, being featured in "Brooklyn, U. S. A." and playing for a solid year as Hester in "Uncle Harry," with Eva LeGallienne and Joseph Schildkraut.

Some radio performers sign off the air with phrases as distinctive and recognizable as their theme songs. Ever notice? Hildegard always says, "And a good, good night!" Jack Benny's farewell is usually, "We're a little late, folks, so good night." "Bye, Bye, Buy Bonds," is Phil Baker's parting shot. Sammy Kaye's sign off is probably the longest—"Here's wishing you a happy Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—and we'll be looking for you again next Wednesday!"

Ginny Simms, who loves good food and can cook it herself, has solved the problem of keeping her trim figure in



Screen star Jack Carson is emcee of the CBS Friday night show from Hollywood which bears his name.

spite of that. Certainly—what other way is there?—when she notices that the ounces are getting out of hand, she goes on a diet. But like everyone else, being very, very human, she finds that temptation can be a bit troublesome. And Ginny's found a very neat solution for disposing of temptation. As soon as she goes on a diet, she bets a friend \$20.00 that she can stay on it, without a single little extra nibble.

You may have wondered what brings on those mighty roars of laughter when Fred Allen and Portland Hoffa set off on their Sunday night visits to Allen's Alley. Unless you're lucky enough to be the studio audience, you'll have to wait until television is universal to really share in the fun. But here's the reason. All the male denizens of Allen's Alley look like refugees from a barber shop, while two of them, Alan Reed and Jack Smart, are the heaviest men in radio. Jack Smart, who plays Samson Souse, sports a beard that makes him look like Henry VIII and Mr. Hollister, played by Everett Sloane, snarls at Allen through a set of fiery red chin portieres that look like a grass fire in a high wind. All Fred needs now is a bearded lady to make the picture complete.

Interesting jobs—the mail staff at NBC's International Division. The International Division shortwaves programs overseas and broadcasts to South America. And the mail department has become the recipient of confidences, complaints and requests from all over Latin America that call for plenty of ingenuity in the answering. For all the letters are answered, one way or another, in the true spirit of Good Neighborliness.

Many letters sing the glories of the United States and express deep appreciation for the wonders of North American radio. Dozens of them request information on how to enlist in the United States Armed Forces. Sometimes, there are even invitations for members of the staff to visit South American plantations. There are requests for information as to where helicopters can be bought and where instructions in American tap dancing can be obtained.

Evidently, the old legend that American streets are paved with gold still persists, because many letters ask



Lovely Mary Lee, with the equally lovely voice, supplies the songs which spice Jack Carson's comedy.

Do's and Don'ts

every woman absentee should know

A WAR-PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days".

These hints are just a few of the many in the new 24-page booklet we offer *free* to help you feel better and stay on the job *every* day. Lost days means lost lives!



DON'T wrestle with these heavy jobs on "difficult days". Straining is harmful, and your foreman would rather give you lighter work at this time than have you on the absentee list. Send for the new free booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for tips on how to lift the *safe* way!



DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt!

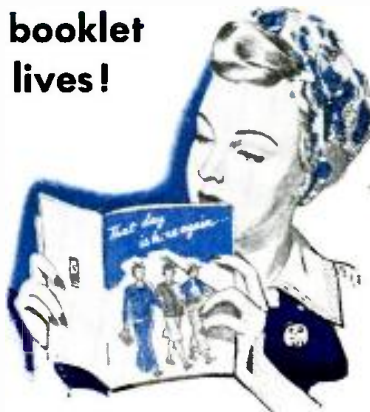


DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep *every* night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

DO send for this free booklet —lost days mean lost lives!

"That Day Is Here Again" contains 24 lively pages of do's and don'ts for war-workers' "problem days". A *full page* of suggested exercises to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. We take pride in bringing you this authentic information just as we take pride that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together.

To get your copy free, just mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-4, Chicago 54, Illinois.



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



TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you (free) a new instruction manual, "Every Minute Counts". It's a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify if you also want free jumbo charts on Menstrual Physiology. Address: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois.

1 Minute Mask



MISS EVELYN BYRD LAPRADE

"After a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream, my complexion looks ever so much smoother and brighter!" says this daughter of the famous Byrd family of Virginia, Miss LaPrade carries on the romantic tradition of beauty of the lovely 18th-century Evelyn Byrd for whom she was named.



Powder-catchers, dust-catchers—that's what skin cells are when they curl up and die on your face! Even a naturally good complexion looks coarse-grained!



But—you can loosen and dissolve scaly dead skin cells easily and quickly. Just spread a snowy 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave it on one full minute, for the Cream's "keratolytic" action to do its job. Then tissue off.



Now look at your "re-styled" complexion! It's clearer. It's brighter. It looks lighter. And your skin is so much softer that make-up goes on with intriguing smoothness. You're ready for a beautiful evening!

"A PERFECT POWDER BASE, TOO!"

"I like to have a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week," says beautiful Evelyn Byrd LaPrade.

"—And on the other days I smooth on a very light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a perfect powder base!"



Now there's a glass shortage! Help save glass and manpower—buy one BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

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



NBC's Young Widder Brown boasts the beauty of Virginia Routh who portrays the role of Judith Adams.

for financial help. One young man who wants to work for Uncle Sam, recently closed his message with: "If there is nothing in the way of a job, send me five dollars to print cards of application." Another letter said: "Will it be possible for you, considering your connections with the stars of Hollywood, to collect some money for me? The mortgage on my farm will be due soon . . ."

Possibly, down South of the Equator, they have been seeing too many Hollywood movies . . .

Alice Cornell, featured vocalist on Music From Manhattan, has gone in for publishing as a side line. Oh, strictly amateur! Each month, she makes up fifteen copies of a homemade magazine full of gossip from Radio City and humor culled from our leading magazines and sends them overseas to fifteen of her first cousins. The men are variously distributed through the Army, Navy and the Marines and are fighting on all fronts, in North Africa, Italy and the Gilbert Islands. To date, Alice has received word that her literary efforts are passed eagerly from soldier to soldier. There's an idea there for the rest of us. How about more things for the boys overseas to read?

Robert Ripley is his own best Believe It Or Not. This amazing character draws his cartoons upside down, owns five automobiles and can't drive a car, has been in China more often than in his own New York City offices and has visited more than 200 countries in his search for oddities.

Oddly enough, his career as a fact finder began because he didn't have an idea. Back in 1918, when he was working in the art department of the old New York Globe, he found himself sitting before his drawing board with the deadline coming closer and closer and with his mind a complete blank. Finally, he had to turn in something before the paper went to press, so he collected a few sports oddities, made them into a cartoon, captioned it "Believe It Or Not" and went home feeling that he'd done a very bad day's work.

From that inauspicious beginning the fifty-year-old cartoonist from California has gone on to a career as an artist-author-radio star that is just as amazing as his oddities.

What with the war and Selective Service, women musicians are no long-

er a novelty, so the news that Paul Whiteman has hired a harpist of the gentler sex is only of passing importance. But Shep Fields had a little trouble before he signed up a lady-with-an-angel's-piano. Like many other band leaders, Fields decided on a lady harpist because she would be safe from induction. But, when he wired the lady of his first choice, he got an answering telegram saying, "Offer came too late. Joined the WAC yesterday."

Of all things! You'd think a serious musician like Dr. Artur Rodzinski, director of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, when asked by the Board of Directors what he would like for a present on his fiftieth birthday, would have asked for some ancient and valuable Bach manuscript. Not at all. He asked for—and got—a cow!

Tulip, a pedigreeed, three-and-a-half-year-old Guernsey cow, is happily settled in her new quarters at Rodzinski's farm in Stockbridge, Mass., and contentedly giving more than twenty quarts of milk a day. Dr. Rodzinski reports that she's the most beautiful and best-mannered cow he's ever seen.

Being a cry baby is pretty generally considered no way to gain one's desired ends. But in the case of Timmy Hyler, it worked fine. Timmy, who now plays Brenda in Young Widder Brown, got her start in radio as a cry baby. Her realistic imitations of babies, crying and cooing, won her the first parts she ever played on the air in Philadelphia. Of course, like most specialists, Timmy soon found that directors just couldn't imagine her doing anything else. It wasn't until one of those emergencies that always seem to happen in movies of backstage life, but so seldom actually happen in real life, that Timmy got a chance to show that she had learned to talk like everyone else. The last minute before the show went on the air, the heroine got ill. There was no other feminine voice in the studio but Timmy, who was standing by, waiting to do her wailing baby at the right cue. The script was thrust into her hands and Timmy was off. She's been playing grownups ever since.

With NBC since 1928, Irving Miller has been a staff pianist and band conductor and his solo piano work is well known to listeners. Unlike most pianists, Irving got there the really hard way—without any parental encour-



Ronald Colman is the star and Arch Oboler the writer of the new NBC *Everything for the Boys*.



"Flowers! from Him!"—Truly,
Evening in Paris is the

Face Powder of Romance!

THE SHEER-VELVET texture of this exquisite face powder touches your skin with a soft bloom of color . . . the haunting perfume which belongs only to Evening in Paris surrounds you always with the sweet Fragrance of Romance. It rests with you to create the moment, the mood for love. Wear lovely Evening in Paris face powder . . . so enchantingly yours for Romance.

Tune in "Here's to Romance," starring Dick Haymes, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris
face powder



Face Powder \$1.00
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00
(All prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

How to help give your face and neck this **QUICK 'BEAUTY-LIFT'**



Helps Skin Appear Smoother, Firmer, More **BABY-FRESH** With Each Application!

Have you ever sighed, "Oh I wish someone would give me a new face!" Well—that's quite impossible unless you resort to drastic measures like plastic surgery.

But there is a very simple method (takes only 8 minutes a day) whereby you can help make your skin appear remarkably satin-smooth, radiant, firmer and more baby-fresh with each application—a famous method which should help you maintain perfectly enchanting face and throat beauty thruout the years—as it has already for so many lovely girls and women—

AND HERE IT IS!

Briskly pat Edna Wallace Hopper's Facial Cream over your face and throat, always using upward, outward strokes (see diagram). Gently press an extra amount of Hopper's Cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on for about 8 minutes. Then wipe off.

Just see how caressingly soft, smooth and glowing your skin appears. The reason Hopper's Facial Cream is so

active and it so expertly lubricates the skin is that it's homogenized.

Faithful use helps you maintain truly dazzling face and throat beauty thruout the years. Hopper's Facial Cream is also a marvelous powder base. At all cosmetic counters.



Another Great Beauty Aid

Hopper's White Clay Pack is marvelous as a "quick beauty pick up"—makes you look ravishingly lovely on short notice. Wonderful for blackheads and enlarged pore openings. It also helps clear away faded "top-skin" debris with its ugly dried up skin cells which make any girl look much older.

agement. In fact, his mother begged him to go out and play ball instead of practicing. She needed the rest. Her other three children were all taking music lessons and their discords were enough for the harassed mamma.

So, during his childhood in New York City, Irving got into the habit of leaving the house carrying his catcher's mitt—to satisfy his mother—and spending his afternoons at a friend's house, practicing his scales. Later, at Columbia University, where he did his very best to fulfill his mother's ambition for him by trying to become a doctor, Irving continued to play hookey at the keyboard. He finally got a job in a Greenwich Village night club and tossed over his studies.

It was while Irving was playing with Rudy Vallee's band at the Hi-Ho Club that Larry Funk heard him and offered him his first radio job. He's been with NBC ever since.

Irving's hobbies are neckties and music. He has hundreds of neckties, many of which he's afraid to wear in public, because of their colors. Music he writes and studies. He claims he's the best undiscovered composer in the world and has written dozens of piano works and pop tunes—none of which have ever made the Hit Parade. However, he's still trying.

Irving seems to be a fine example to disprove the old saying, "Mother knows best." The other three children, whose piano thumping kept him from practicing, all turned out to be musical duds.

Come 1947. Don McNeill, jolly Breakfast Club emcee, will receive an elaborate crocheted table cloth from a feminine fan in St. Paul, Minnesota, who wields her needle diligently every morning, while listening to Don's shenanigans. Seems the lady started work on such a gift for Don back in 1937 and finished it in 1942, almost in time for Christmas. Unfortunately, a careless maid whisked it off the table with some old newspapers and—poof!—five years of painstaking work went up in flames. Now—if the lady had trained her maid to save all scrap paper for the drive—Don would have had his Christmas present.

Perfect human examples of perpetual motion are station WLW's musical group known as the Boone County Buccaneers.

They're five bundles of energy—and



Arthur Young, Bud in *The Baxters* and Junior in *Ma Perkins*, both on NBC, is an ardent collector of guns.

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM



Whether the script calls for Schumann, Shostakovich or Swing, NBC's pianist, June Lyon, has it at her fingertips.

almost as unpredictable as the weather. Which may be understandable when one learns they got the idea for their type of music when they happened to see and hear a truck loaded with milk cans run into a drove of ducks. For these merry madcaps feature—and most successfully, too—an endless number of novelty arrangements that are unbeatable.

Their names are Tiny Stokes, Buddy Ross, Jerry Richards, Curly Meyers and Stubby Fouts.

Tiny and Curly went to school together in Frankfort, Indiana, where they organized their own band. At about the same time Jerry and Stubby met in college and organized a band. Then they heard Tiny and Curly one night, and suggested that the four get together.

Many of the songs The Buccaneers do on their WLW shows are their own compositions.

On the personal side, they're all happily married and each is the father of a child.

Gossip from here, there, and everywhere . . . Nice to hear Ronald Colman's smooth voice and lovely diction regularly on Everything For The Boys, isn't it? . . . Did you know that CBS, which has the exclusive rights to premiere Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony in the United States, has the largest and finest library of Soviet music in this country? . . . Arthur Lake—Dagwood Bumstead—is working on a new picture . . . Those "William and Mary" sketches played by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young on the Dinah Shore program are a legacy to Cornelia from the late Alexander Woollcott. Had he lived, the chances are that he would have played in them himself . . . Hal McIntyre is writing a book about the dance band business. He's calling it "Chords and Discords." Watch for it—especially if you have ideas about starting a band of your own. The book will include analyses of the popular music field and suggestions for aspiring bandleaders . . . Marvels of our postal system—Fibber McGee and Molly recently received a letter addressed to 79 Wistful Vista, U. S. A. . . . The only visitor permitted backstage during a Toscanini rehearsal is Madame Toscanini, who knits sweaters for the maestro, while she waits for him . . . Paul Whiteman is also turning author—writing his memoirs, "Look Sharp Or Fall Flat" . . . Good listening—until next month.

"I hate the day I married you!"



1. It was a horrible quarrel. I didn't believe I could ever say such things . . . we'd been so much in love, Fred and I. Then, these awful fights . . .



2. I couldn't do a thing right at work. One day, the personnel director called me. In a heart-to-heart talk I told her everything. Then she said: "My dear, there's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. She explained that many modern wives use Lysol disinfectant on their doctor's advice. "It cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes," she said. "And besides, it's so easy to use. Just follow the directions on the package—it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues."



4. Since that day I've learned how right she was. I've found Lysol easy to use and inexpensive, too. But the big thing is this . . . the scenes in our home are all love scenes now!

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. Economical—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Cleanly odor—disappears after use. Lasting—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE

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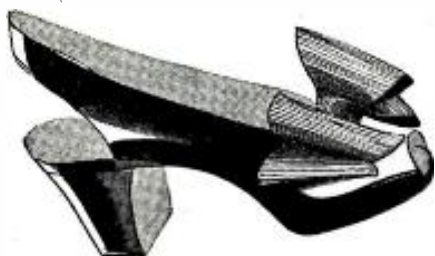
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Love!



Smart, thrifty additions to your wardrobe... Step comfortably into high-style PARIS FASHION SHOES... and step out with complete satisfaction in your wise choice of beauty and dependable value!



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to
\$4
Some styles
slightly higher



Paris Fashion
SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

WOHL SHOE COMPANY · ST. LOUIS, MO.

Your hands are as important a part of your beauty as your face, says pretty Marilyn Erskine of CBS' Let's Pretend.



Tell-tale hands

By Roberta Ormiston

SHE seems much younger than her age—until you look at her hands." How often have you heard this said of women who were all unsuspecting? Hands are such incorrigible gossips! They tell more about us—about our years, occupations and general fastidiousness—than we always realize. Whether our hands speak for or against us, of course, is for us to decide.

A weekly manicure is routine in the life of any woman who pretends to be well groomed. However, to come into their greatest beauty, hands require in-between care. This care, be assured, is easily managed. So are manicures at home.

Use warm water on your hands. A pure soap. And a flesh brush. Scrub across your knuckles. If you brush your hands any other way, you loosen the skin so it tends to become flabby.

The skin on your hands and arms, exactly like that on your face and neck, will feed and thrive on nourishing cream. Massage your hands and arms every night. Work the fingers of one hand down the fingers of the other. And, following this massage, apply a skin tonic to close the pores.

Hands susceptible to callous spots need to be rubbed with pumice stone. Hands which perspire benefit from applications of witch hazel.

Hands stained by fruit or vegetables are quickly bleached with undiluted

lemon juice.

Brittle nails need olive oil. Hands which do housework, dig in gardens, or work with machinery—and what hands do not these days?—require gloves. Do not insist you cannot wear gloves when you work. Buy thin cotton ones that are not awkward and have them larger than you ordinarily wear so your fingers will have freedom of action. For a good measure of hand beauty, before pulling on your gloves, cream your hands and dip your fingers into the cold cream jar. This keeps dust and grit from becoming imbedded in the skin beneath your nails. Incidentally, if your work is so skilled that you absolutely cannot wear gloves, there are some new creams, made especially for today's war-working women, which actually film the hands with a covering almost as effective as gloves.

Elbows, remember, need more care than they usually receive. Rough, discolored elbows detract from charm. There is, incidentally, no way in the world neglected elbows can be made smooth and white overnight. But regular massage and applications of nourishing cream will keep your elbows

Continued on page 16

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

It's Spring... and she has shining hair!  *No wonder love is in the air!*

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

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

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young and gay . . . time for you to be lovelier than ever with radiant, glamorous hair that invites romance!

So DON'T let Springtime find you with hair that's dull from using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! 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!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.



TINY HATS which show most of your hair are among the smartest this Spring. So lovely hair and a becoming hair-do are more important than ever! For the shining smoothness so essential to any smart hair-do you'll find no shampoo that equals Drene with Hair Conditioner!



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

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

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



TELL-TALE HANDS

Continued from page 14

as lovely as they should be.

The first requisite of manicures at home is proper tools:

A file—buy a good file and a long one. The better and longer the file the more flexible it will be. And the more flexible your file the easier it will be to get around corners and shape your nails in the way you want them . . . emery boards . . . orange sticks . . . cuticle remover . . . cuticle scraper . . . cuticle scissors . . . polish remover . . . adhesion . . . polish—there are, incidentally, many new rose shades which come packaged with a matching lip-stick and a complementary face powder.

The first thing to do is remove every last vestige of polish from your nails. Then wash your hands, in warm sudsy water, using a brush—so your hands are truly immaculate.

Next, file your nails. Take care not to file them so far down on the sides that they have no support and will, therefore, split and crack.

Soak your hands in warm sudsy water to soften the cuticle skin.

Apply the cuticle remover with an orange stick, tipped with cotton, by pressing gently the skin surrounding your nails.

Remove all particles of skin softened and loosened in this way with a nail scraper.

The emery board will take care of any rough edges the file has left clinging to your nails.

Apply adhesion.

Top off with nail polish, of the shade most flattering to your hands—but be sure it's one that goes well with your costume colors, too, and with the rest of your make-up. To apply the polish professionally, dip brush deeply, wipe off excess, and apply about the base of the nail, or circling the half-moon, from one side of the nail to the other. Then swiftly fill in the remaining nail with upward strokes from base to tip.

Remove any polish which overlaps the nail with an orange stick tipped with cotton and dipped in the polish remover.

And hold out your hands for all to see—with no worry about their tendency to gossip.

Be Beauty Wiser

Joan T. Glendale, Calif.: So you're shampooing your hair and setting your wave at home these days in interest of war-time economy . . . A splendid waving fluid is achieved by the simple business of mixing white of egg and water. Measure the white of an egg and use four times as much water.

Marion B. Boise, Idaho: A dry shampoo is no trick at all. Rub old-fashioned corn meal into the hair, and brush thoroughly. This removes the oil and dust which cling to the hair, and leaves it soft in appearance.

Mrs. L. B. C., Bennington, Vt.: Many people think camphor and alcohol make an excellent reducing lotion. However, we do not recommend this lotion. We

suggest exercise instead. We have a splendid exercise for reducing the thighs—

Kneel! Keep your chest high and your shoulders back. Head up. Hands on hips. Bring your heels together and keep them together. Bend backwards, slowly, as far backward as you can go. Do it again and again and again. You'll be surprised how much farther back you'll be able to bend with practice and time.

Henrietta B., Kansas City, Mo.: Some months ago we published the recipe for a castile shampoo but we are glad to repeat it for you. Shave a four ounce cake of pure castile soap into three quarts of hot water. Let this combination cook slowly over a low flame until the soap has entirely dissolved. Strain through cheesecloth. Add half a pint of alcohol. Keep in an air-tight jar. Use one part jelly to three parts of hot water for your shampoo.

Gloria P. C., St. Louis, Mo.: Superfluous hair can be effectively bleached by applications of peroxide and household ammonia. Use twelve tablespoonfuls of peroxide and one tablespoonful of ammonia. Shake until cloudy and apply with a cotton pad. This solution is for use on the arms, legs and hands only.

Mrs. John L. M., Binghamton, New York: When you brush your hair, if it is excessively oily, hold the brush so the bristles do not come into contact with the scalp. Hold the brush away from the scalp and use long firm strokes.

Sensational



**NATURAL LOOKING
CURLS and WAVES**

Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT

Each Kit Contains Curlers, Shampoo, End Tissues, Wave Set, Plus Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Solution—There's Nothing Else To Buy.

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Now, thrill to the joy of a cool, machineless Charm-Kurl Permanent. With Charm-Kurl it is easy and safe to give yourself a luxurious permanent wave, at home, that should last as long as any professional wave—and your permanent wave costs you only 59c. Your curls will be soft, easy to manage and will look like natural curls and waves. Try Charm-Kurl today. See for yourself how lovely your hair will look curled and waved in the latest fashion.



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**SAFE
For Every
Type of Hair**
Dyed, bleached or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. Thrifty mothers say it's just the thing for children's soft, fine hair. It's the modern way to add new beauty and allure to your hair. Get a Kit today.

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The cover girl



JANET WALDO

THE pert-faced, lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed miss in the Cadet Nurse's uniform on our cover this month is Janet Waldo, currently heard as Irene in "One Man's Family," among other radio shows.

Janet was born in Grandview, Washington, about twenty-two years ago. By the time she started attending the University of Washington, she had made up her mind as to her future career. And, with success in the theatre—or the allied spheres of movies and radio—very clear before her bright brown eyes, she became very active in the Little Theatre at the University. She was so active in her first year, in fact, that the University gave her a special award.

It so happened that Bing Crosby was attending a homecoming celebration on the campus. Naturally, Bing was asked to make the presentation of the award to young Janet Waldo. He presented her with the award. He took a good look at her and presented her to a Paramount scout.

That was the beginning. Janet signed a contract almost on the spot and was soon in Hollywood, being groomed for pictures. She did a number of bit parts in Paramount productions. Meanwhile, various directors in radio discovered she had a very charming voice, indeed, and the intelligence to play leading roles. So Janet was kept pretty busy on the "Lux Radio Theatre" and as leading lady in the "Gallant Heart" serial. She is also heard frequently in "People Are Funny" and as the Raleigh Cigarette Girl on the Red Skelton show.

Now, a word about the uniform that Janet is modeling on the cover. It's a uniform any girl should be proud to wear.

Under the direct sponsorship of the U. S. Public Health Service, girls and women who enroll as Cadet Nurses are being given full nursing training, without cost to themselves, with the stipulation that after graduating they remain in essential nursing.

The need for nurses is very urgent and is becoming more acute daily. As our fighting men move forward on all fronts, nurses move forward with them, saving lives, tending the sick, easing the pain of the wounded, frequently working under fire as heroically as the soldiers. But there aren't enough nurses to fill the requirements of the front and the increasing needs in civilian hospitals and public health agencies throughout the country. All girls and women with a High School diploma, in sound physical condition, who have not yet found their place in our country's war effort, are urged to investigate the possibilities offered by enlisting in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Natural



CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE,
"STAGE DOOR CANTEN"

✓ "it makes my complexion look blonder... lends baby-skin clearness, velvet smoothness," she says...

Girls!... your shade of Woodbury Powder will do glamorous things for you... Because Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type... And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, super-fine—to stay color-fresh, velvet-smooth on your skin, hour after hour...

Choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades including:
Natural, Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP!... Now with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost... All 3 for only \$1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢



“**F**rom where I sit, Cousin _____

seems as though my beauty tip won you a husband!”



“LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND?” Mommy asked my nineteen-year-old Cousin Kate. “Not my *last* friend, just my best beau,” Kate sobbed. “He’s too interested in another girl. I’ve lost him, I *know*!” “He’s not lost *yet*, darling,” Mommy comforted. “My dimpled dumpling (that’s me) has a beauty secret that may bring your lieutenant back into camp.”



“SOME VELVETY CHEEK—EH?” Mommy chuckled, pinching mine. “Switch to regular cleansings with pure, mild Ivory and I’m sure *your* complexion will grow clearer and lovelier. More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating.”



“OOOOOHH—LOOK AT THEM! That’s Kate with Tom—and they were married at our house! See how happy—and pretty—she looks. As a matter of fact, right after she started those regular, gentle cleansings with ‘Velvet-suds’ Ivory Soap her complexion began to bloom like a dewy rose. And Tom forgot the other girl! Ivory is wonderful!”

99⁴¹/₁₀₀% pure . . . It floats



Look lovelier with Ivory

... the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!



Save Soaps! They use Vital War Materials!

1. DON'T LEAVE SOAP IN WATER when you're through lathering yourself.
2. BE SURE THE SOAP-DISH IS DRY before you put your bar back.
3. USE UP SOAP SCRAPS in wire shaker or tied in cloth.

I tried to smile naturally at Dwight, over the painful thudding of my heart.



Let no man put asunder

Sally looked up and her heart stood still. There he was, the man she had dreamed about all her life. Here begins the story of Sally and Dwight—and of Coralie, who held Dwight's heart in a bondage stronger than love

LOVE can come like a bolt of lightning. It can strike as swiftly, as suddenly, and—sometimes—as devastatingly. For, rightly or wrongly, it can take possession between one breath and the next, between a casual glance into a stranger's face and the instant knowledge that this is no stranger but one long sought.

I know, because love was like that for me. Mine came between the opening and the closing of a door.

And it brought with it more pain than I ever knew existed. Exquisite happiness and desperate anguish are

equally unbearable, and mine brought me both. Because some people would say it was a guilty love and that I had no right to it. . . .

It was on a Saturday morning in early November. I was alone in the bookstore where I worked. I remember even the time—eleven forty-five. I'd just gotten rid of our most tedious customer who always insisted on telling me in detail the plot of the book she was returning to the circulating library, and I'd looked at my watch, feeling sure it must be time for Mr. Caswell to come back from his early

lunch so I could go to mine. But it wasn't. It was only eleven forty-five. And then the door opened.

I looked up. My heart stood still. And the door closed.

He wasn't good looking. Darkly blond, strongly built, with gray eyes, and a jaw that could be stubborn. No, he wasn't good looking. But something in me reached out and claimed him—because he was the man I'd been waiting for all my life.

I stood, holding the book, while he

walked slowly toward me. His eyes were fixed on my face and had the look of someone hardly conscious of his movements. When he reached my table he stopped, still looking at me.

Someone had to break that silence. "Good morning. May I help you?" I forced out the automatic formula.

He looked around with the air of a suddenly awakened sleepwalker. "Oh. Why—er—yes. I'm looking for a book. Or rather, some books. I—have you read this?" He picked up a new book from the display table.

"Yes, I have. Not many people like it but I loved it. It's—"

"I know." He smiled then, for the first time, and the rugged strength of his face was suddenly warmed. "It was—"

WE TALKED about the book. We argued over another. We agreed on a third. And our talk was full of little half-finished sentences, half-expressed thoughts, like that of intimates who knew and understood each other so well there was no need for words. Running through that curious sense of intimacy was the awareness of his eyes as he looked at me, of his big shoulders, the strong, sensitive hands. I wanted to touch him. To touch that strength . . .

Then Mr. Caswell came in and our spell was broken. He nodded to us and went on back to the storeroom. The man beside me looked at his watch.

"I'm sorry—I've kept you standing here talking for an hour. What I really came in for, and for some reason—" he grinned wryly—"seemed to forget, was some technical books on chemistry." He named the titles.

"We don't have them in stock but I'd be glad to order them for you," I said, and walked over to the desk. "If you'll give me the name—" How silly, I was thinking, not to know his name when I know him so well, have known him so long.

"Dwight Emery. And the address—" He stopped, and I realized the pencil point had broken under my sudden start. A voice was ringing in my ears. Coralie's voice. *He's wonderful, Sally. There's nobody like him. I know I've been engaged before but, honey, this is the real thing. I can't wait for you to meet him.* The real thing. I knew what she meant.

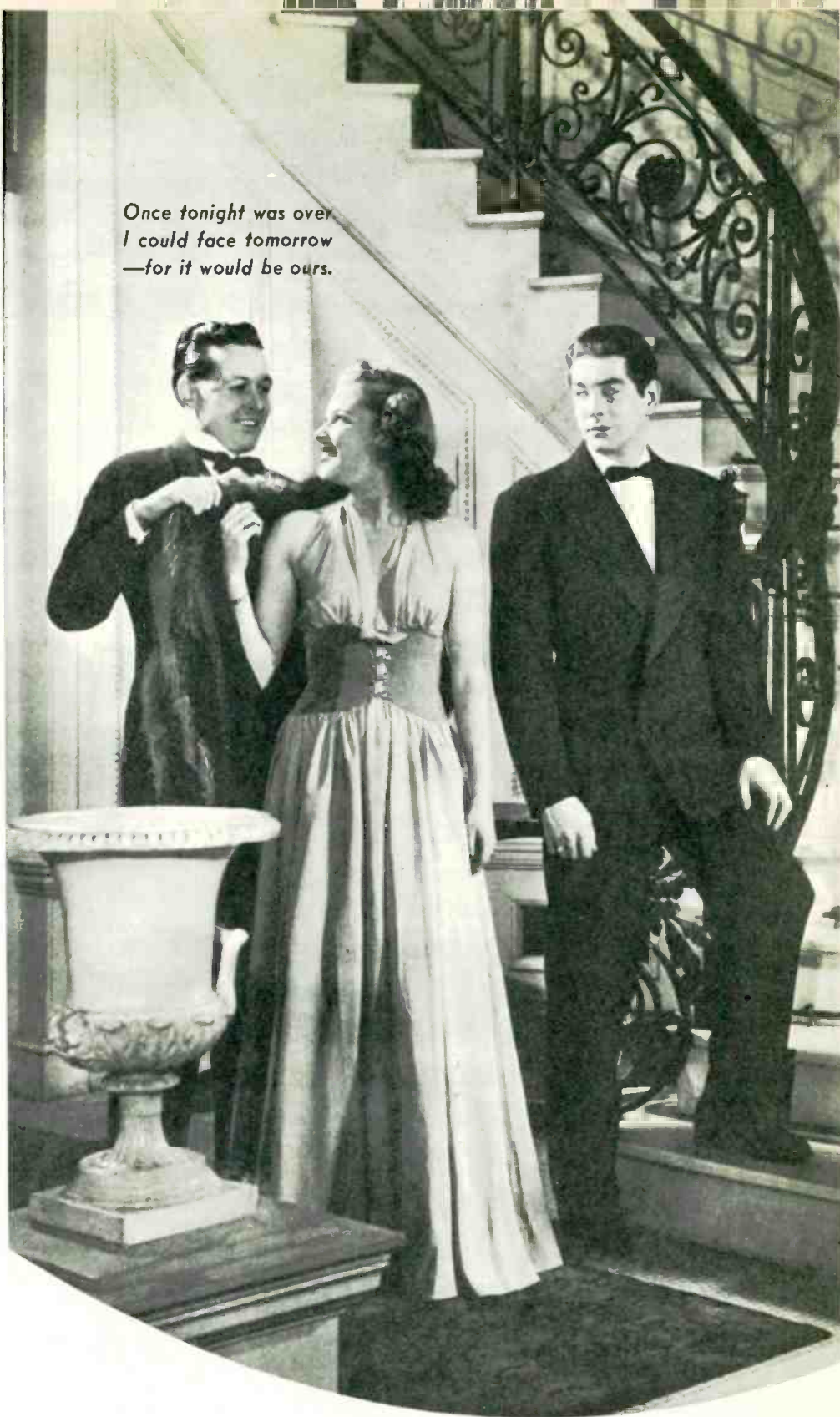
"Oh. You're—you're Coralie's fiance." I hurried on, to cover up the awful flatness of those words. "You've just come to town to work in her father's plant, and you're going to be married soon. As a matter of fact, I'm invited to meet you at dinner tonight. I'm Coralie's cousin—Sally Trammell."

"Sally . . ." Our glances clung for a moment, and then I looked away. I could read the same sudden shock back into reality on his face, too. "She—told me about you. She said—I'd just love you when I met you—"

And again there was that sharp, significant silence that neither of us could acknowledge for fear of what lay beneath it.

I made a determined effort. "Well, it's nice to meet you so unexpectedly like this, Dwight. I—I can see what

*Once tonight was over
I could face tomorrow
—for it would be ours.*



Coralie meant when she talked about you. She's a darling, and you're a very lucky man. And now, about these books—"

He gave me the name of the hotel where he was staying temporarily, having arrived in town the night before. Then he said, "Coralie told me you worked in a bookstore but I didn't know—I mean, I just happened to come in this one—" And again there was that significant pause. "I'll look forward to seeing you at dinner tonight, Sally,"

he finished hurriedly and then he was gone.

I went out to have lunch at a nearby drugstore. But today my sandwich was tasteless and I couldn't eat. He had "just happened" to come in. It had all "just happened." But having happened—

I took myself in hand. I was being silly. Dwight Emery was a very attractive man, just as Coralie had said. That was all there was to it. That moment when I'd felt the surge of



something new and frightening and sure—that had been a momentary response to a stranger with whom I'd found an unexpected common interest. It had been a—a—well, something that could happen to anybody. It didn't mean a thing. It couldn't—because of Coralie.

My cousin Coralie, who had always been so sweet to me. Pretty and blonde and gay, like a happy, petted child. Her father was my mother's brother, and he and Aunt Ethel had been so kind—especially after my father's failure in business that had eventually killed him, and my mother's death two years ago, which had left me completely alone. They'd wanted to take

me in, have me live with them. I'd preferred to be on my own and they'd understood even that; they'd gotten me this job; they'd given me love. And Coralie was always doing things for me: "Sally, honey, please take this dress. I'm tired of it and besides it's ever so much more becoming to you than to me." "Sally, honey, I've met the most divine man—he wants a date for tonight. Please come." "Sally, honey . . ." for a hundred small, generous acts. It was true that Coralie was spoiled and wanted her own way, but she'd always been sweet to me. And I was the first person she'd told about the young chemist she'd met on her summer vacation two months before.

"He's terribly brilliant," she'd told me. "Otherwise Daddy would never have offered Dwight that job, no matter how much I begged him to. He thinks Dwight will go a long way. He's an orphan and always had to work hard to make his own way, but he's not grim or too serious or anything. He's exciting, he's—he's wonderful! And we're going to be married just as soon as he gets started at Daddy's plant. . . ."

I got up abruptly from the counter where I'd been staring at the lunch I couldn't eat.

I was a fool. Dwight Emery was just a very attractive man who was going to marry my cousin Coralie, and tonight when I met him at dinner he would be that and nothing more. And I'd be my own sane, normal self again instead of some idiotic schoolgirl getting a crush on a handsome stranger. It wasn't as if I hadn't known some attractive men myself. There was Kevin MacDonald, for instance, who was to take me to the dinner party tonight. He wanted to marry me.

In the past I'd sometimes asked myself why in the world I didn't marry Kevin. He had so much to offer. He had intelligence and good looks; he made a good salary and could give me security; and he was in love with me. But though I liked and admired Kevin, he'd never aroused in me the thing I'd dreamed of feeling for the man I loved. Maybe the thing I dreamed of didn't exist. Maybe I was a silly romantic who, at twenty-three, ought to know better. I'm sure Aunt Ethel often thought so. "Girls shouldn't wait too long to marry," she often said, and I knew she was too kind to add, especially girls like me, alone in the world who had to earn their own living.

Back at work that afternoon, I made myself believe that that flash of sudden recognition with Dwight had been nothing but my own over-wrought imagination. I assured myself that tonight everything would be back in its proper perspective. Tonight everything would be different.



Inspired by an original radio drama, "Like Mother Like Daughter," by Ralph Rose, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, on CBS, Saturday at 12:30 P.M., EWT.

A radiant Coralie greeted Kevin and me at the door of Aunt Ethel's big, old rambling house. "He's here," she whispered with the ecstatic excitement of a child. "Wait till you meet him. He's divine!" So Dwight hadn't told her we'd already met!

I followed her into the living room, saw him standing by the fireplace talking to Uncle Tom—and there it was back again, the feeling I'd had this morning, stronger than ever in spite of all my assurances. I felt the dryness of panic in my throat.

Dwight acknowledged Coralie's introduction. "Yes, Sally and I met this morning when I wandered into the store by accident," he said steadily, his gray eyes on mine. "Wasn't it a coincidence that I should pick that store?"

Coralie gave her lilting, gay little laugh and linked one arm in each of ours, pulling us closer. "You always do unexpected things, darling, that's why I love you. But isn't Sally pretty, just as I told you?" she demanded. "Didn't I tell you you'd be crazy about her?"

"Yes," Dwight said slowly, looking at me. "You did."

I couldn't say a word with that dryness in my throat. I pulled my eyes away and found Coralie looking at us curiously. "Well," she said, "you don't have to be so serious about it. This is a party. Come on—dinner's ready."

That dinner was agony for me. I talked, but I don't remember what I said. I probably ate, but I wouldn't recognize a single dish of that interminable meal. I drank a toast to the engaged couple in Uncle Tom's best wine, but the words were meaningless. I was aware only of Dwight, across the table beside Coralie, of the way the light caught his dark blonde hair, of his smile, and of his gray eyes that so constantly seemed to seek mine. It was as if there were some mysterious and invisible communication between us that made each know instinctively what the other did and felt and thought.

The others didn't seem to notice. They talked and laughed, and I felt with a stab of guilt, the love and understanding I'd always received in this house—and from Kevin, seated so close beside me.

At last that endless evening ended. At last it was time to go home, to be alone in my room, to try to find the ground beneath my feet again instead of this dizzying bewilderment.

Coralie came with me to put on my wraps. "Honey, he likes you just as I knew he would. I could tell. Oh, Sally, I'm so happy—we'll have such fun together, you and Dwight and me."

Sweet, generous Coralie, wanting me to share even this happiness! I busied myself applying fresh lipstick. "Have you set a definite date yet?" I asked carefully.

"I want to make it around Christmas time. Dwight thinks that's too soon but I'll talk him into it. And Daddy's making a down payment on that little colonial house out near the Country Club for us—you know, the one I'm so crazy about. Dwight will have a fit," (Continued on page 56)

Never say goodbye

*Lee could not give her love to anyone, for it was not hers to give.
Her heart was in the keeping of a boy who, long ago, had
spent one brief, lovely day with her and then gone on his way*

HILLBORO is a lonely town. It's the half-way stop between the valley, with its broad green farm lands and pretty, busy villages, and the open-pit mines scooped out of the top of the big reddish plateau that someone long ago ironically named the Green Hills. The highway, winding up from the valley, goes through Hillboro, but it doesn't stop there, any more than automobiles stop unless they absolutely have to have gas or oil, or a tire fixed. I'm sure no one ever thought of a shabby little place like Hillboro as a destination, as a place to live and laugh in—even for a little while.

The young people of the town, each successive generation of them, talk about getting away. Most of them are trapped by necessity, and go to work in the mines like their fathers before them, but some of the lucky ones have escaped to the valley and the world beyond.

I wasn't one of the lucky ones. I'd had my dreams once—I couldn't remember a time when I hadn't had my eyes on the valley, and on the city in the distance. I dreamed of going to school, and perhaps even to college, in the city, of meeting people to whom life was more than a dull round of working and sleeping, with never enough money or time left over for the things that made living worthwhile.

I didn't know exactly what I wanted—how could I, when all I had to feed my imagination were the few books in our little library and—very infrequently—a movie in the valley? But I wanted something more than Hillboro offered, wanted it so badly that it seemed sometimes that my body was just a shell holding a great, empty ache for something I'd never known. And then one day I did know. One day all of the vague longings became concrete; the dreams materialized and seemed about to come true—and as suddenly vanished.

It happened ten years ago, when I was fifteen. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Sunday afternoons in Hillboro are

likely to be even duller than in other small towns. The mines were closed; there was no line of trucks waiting to be serviced in front of my father's garage; Father had left the place in the care of Ed Grosset, our neighbor's boy, and had gone down to the valley to look at a tow-truck he wanted to buy.

I was wearing a dress I'd copied out of a fashion magazine. It was a thin gingham in a cool green and white plaid so popular then, with ruffled pockets and a softly gathered skirt which I pretended was a long evening dress. I'd brushed my hair into loose curls behind my ears, and I felt pretty, and inexplicably expectant, as new clothes make a girl feel—and depressed. There wasn't really any reason for me to dress up. There never was. I would go down to the garage and wait with Ed for Father to come back, then after supper Ed and I would walk to Young People's Meeting together—and nothing more exciting would happen. Nothing ever had.

But that day something did happen.

I had a kind of foretaste of it as I passed the little combination waiting room-office which housed the display case for auto parts and Father's desk. In the single visitor's chair sat a woman such as Hillboro had never seen, close up. She was wearing a suit in an indefinable color which I afterward learned was called champagne; gloves that matched the suit exactly were thrust carelessly through the strap of an extravagant handbag; the scrap of scarf at her throat and her hat were scarlet.

There were magazines on the showcase beside her, but she wasn't reading, although her foot tapped impatiently. For the first time I realized that the magazines were grimy from much thumbing and greasily soft at the corners. I wanted to linger and look, but I didn't dare. I walked past the office, turned in through the double doors of the shop. There was the woman's car, long and sleek and shining, with a New York license plate, and

there was Ed, half buried in the engine.

"Ed's new shirt!" I thought with dismay, and I was resentful of that elegant, imperious woman who must have so flustered him that he hadn't stopped to put on his denim jacket before going to work. And then I forgot all about Ed and his Sunday clothes.

A boy—he looked about my age, or a little older—came around the front of the car. He smiled a polite half-smile at me to acknowledge my presence, and stood beside Ed. I knew instantly that he must be the woman's son, and that he was—well, nice, in a way I'd never known a boy to be nice. In Hillboro, the boys were either downright fresh or, like Ed, abashed and blunt in the presence of strangers. This boy had eyes that were warm and dark and perceptive, and a sensitive mouth with a quirk around it that looked like a smile even when he wasn't smiling.

"Look," he was saying, "this is a messy job to dump on you on a Sunday. Isn't there something I can do to help?"

Ed straightened and wiped his oily hands on a grease-stained rag. "There is," he said. "You and Lee can go outside, out of the way of the grease. I've found the trouble, but I'll be stuck here for a while."


The boy looked at me, and although he didn't actually bow, he seemed to. "I'd be glad," he said, and a kind of happy confusion crowded my throat and kept me from speaking. All I could do was turn and walk outside with him.

"Lee is a lovely name. Mine's John. Where shall we go? Mother's rooted until the car's fixed. We've time before us—"

"I don't know," I replied awkwardly. "There really isn't any place—"

He laughed. It was a rich, warm laugh, and like his voice, it sounded as quietly expensive as the clothes he wore looked. "No place to go!" he repeated. "Only the whole mountain, and all of it wonderful!"

I turned my steps upward. There was a ledge high on the side of the



*"It's just the same, isn't it?" I asked him.
"We haven't been separated at all."*

hill where I often went to look out over the valley and to dream that my body was following my thoughts to that distant city. Hillboro would have laughed at the hours I spent there, but for some reason I wanted John to see it.

In a few minutes, he had already given me so much. . . . That Lee was a lovely name, that the mountain, that ugly red heap of ore-stained clay, was wonderful, were new ideas to me, but just then I had no time for them. I was glad, too, that the strenuous climb left us no breath for speech. Realization had come to me, sudden and stunning, and I couldn't have trusted myself with words. This boy, John, stood at the end of the long, dark road along which my thoughts had groped toward the life I wanted to be mine. He was what I wanted. Not the worldly, expensive things about him, such as his mother represented, but his laugh, the way he moved, the quirk of a smile around his mouth, and his fine eyes—they were perfection, completion.

BUT I was a Hillboro girl and a realist, and behind that realization was another, a dismal one. I'd found what I wanted now, knew the shape and the face of it—and it couldn't be mine. He would never be interested in me. . . .

He took my arm to help me over the rough places, although I was surer-footed on the incline than he, and the touch made him shiveringly close. I endured it, every impulse in conflict. I wanted to break away, and I wanted him to close his hand so tightly that his fingers would dig into my flesh—It was a relief when we reached the ledge, and he let me go. He dropped to the ground, and I sat down well apart from him.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, "what a climb! You took that slope like a deer, but I—"

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "I—"

"Lee!" He turned to me, laughing, reproachful, and suddenly the strangeness between us was gone. We could speak freely, like people who have known each other for a long time. "Lee, you know it was worth it! All this—beautiful—"

"The valley is," I said bitterly, "but the town—"

"You don't like the town?"

"It's old and ugly. You wouldn't like it either, if you had to live here."

"Maybe not," he agreed. "But I'd try, sometimes, to think of how it looks to a stranger. It looks permanent to me, like the mountain. Why, some of those old houses must have been built in Revolutionary times—"

I hadn't thought of Hillboro as being a part of history. I felt a twinge of pride, and I began to see that there might be something in what he said. Now that we were above and beyond the town, it didn't seem so bad. The houses did look strong and deeply rooted, as if they'd grown out of the slope, and they were weathered to the rich and changing colors of the earth itself.

John laughed softly. "Americans

I knew instantly that he was nice, in a way I'd never known a boy to be nice. He seemed to be smiling even when he really was not.



don't appreciate their own country," he said. "I found that out the last time we were abroad. If your town, with the scenery it has to offer, were in some foreign country—Switzerland, for instance—it would have a huge guest hotel and would be famous all over the world as a resort. Here, no one thinks anything of it, because they see it every day. It's like you—I suppose you don't know how beautiful you are—"

My breath stopped. I'd tried, for the sake of my own self-respect, to think of myself as passably pretty—but John had called me beautiful! He was looking at me, but I kept my eyes on the valley, for fear that he'd see the too-revealing happiness in them. After a moment he began to talk about himself. He was half an orphan, he said—his mother was divorced, and he'd been at school, or traveling around the country with his mother, ever since he could remember. He had two ambitions—one was to be a painter and the other was to have a home in the hills. A real, a permanent home, he added—defensively, I thought.



Suggested by "Her Husband's Job," by Elinor Abbey, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays at noon, CBS

I listened, and my heart sang. I knew that he was telling me things that he wouldn't have told to just anyone, that he was offering his inner self for me to know. I was proud, and humbly grateful, and so piercingly happy that I thought I couldn't bear to live. There's a kind of sharp, exquisite sadness in moments like that; you know even at their height, that no matter what follows, they won't come again.

It's strange that although I remember vividly every detail of that afternoon, I can't remember how the most important part came about. One min-



ute John and I were sitting talking with the ease of old friends—and the next I was in his arms, and his face was close to mine, and the smell of his skin, of lotion and fresh linen was in my nostrils.

That kiss changed my life. It wasn't only that it was the first time a boy had kissed me, the first time I'd wanted to be kissed; it wasn't only that I'd recently learned that John was what I wanted. Now I knew that he was all I'd ever want—that there would never again be anyone else for me. There was a kind of soft, soundless explosion inside of me, like the flare of a Roman

candle, and my whole being seemed to drift on a cloud of warm little stars of happiness. . . .

It was I who heard the horn, far away, but cruelly close in its insistence. I pushed John away, scrambled to my feet. "Your mother—" I gasped. Underneath all of the shaken exhalation my brain was working, thinking about him. His mother hadn't looked as if she'd like being kept waiting, and I was afraid that she'd be angry if John didn't hurry back. And I didn't want him to be sorry in the least little bit that he'd climbed the hill with me that afternoon.

I flew down the slope, leading the way for him. "Lee—wait!" he called once, but I didn't stop until I reached the road. The car was waiting a few yards ahead. John caught up with me, took my hands. "Lee—I can't say goodbye. I'll write—"

His mother called something; the motor roared, and the car began to back up. John turned and ran toward it.

It was like music ending, like the curtain falling on the last act of a play. I saw him get in, saw the car start off. And then, as it rounded the turn in the road, I saw his backward look of anguished dismay, and I realized what he, too, must have just realized. We didn't even know each other's last names.

Slowly I walked back toward the garage. Ed Grosset came out to meet me, his mouth agape, his ruined Sunday shirt forgotten. "She gave me a ten-dollar tip!" he marvelled. "A ten-buck tip for a six-buck job—"

I didn't hear him. I was crying, not openly, but inside, and the tears were harder and more hurtful than if I'd wept aloud.

IT WAS a long time before I understood how completely that one meeting with John had shaped my life. At first I was unreasonably expectant about seeing him again. I looked for letters, knowing that there couldn't be any; I watched for a big car with a New York license, knowing that that elegant woman would probably never again travel by way of Hillboro, that she almost certainly wouldn't stop if she knew that her son was interested in a Hillboro girl. I drew wonderful, impossible mind-pictures of a future meeting. It was because I could do nothing about seeing him, I think, that I turned my attention toward myself. I began to take better care of myself, unconsciously, perhaps, preparing for that dreamed-of, impossible reunion.

I kept my hands white and smooth, no matter how grubby their tasks; I became meticulous about my clothes. I read every book in the library, which was a part of the public school and almost as limited; I subscribed to magazines, glossy, smart magazines that Hillboro had never heard of. My father was glad to buy them for me. Every spring he talked of sending me away to school in the fall; every fall he admitted that this year there wouldn't be enough money.

Few things change in Hillboro. Even the weather seems always the same, according to its seasons—the winters raw, the springs wet and windy, the summers lovely for a few short weeks before they become dusty-hot. The years melted imperceptibly into each other, unidentifiable except in the course of human events. My mother died, and I worked out my grief for her. I had the house to manage; as my father's health began to fail, I took more and more responsibility for the garage. I kept the accounts, looked after the sales and the light servicing; Ed Grosset was in full charge of repairs. (Continued on page 67)

Always by

ALL I remember now is plodding through the wind and the rain and running directly into a towering shape of a man. He had on oilskins, and they felt rough against my face and comfortingly solid as his arms went around me to steady me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. I shook my head, unable to speak, all of the breath knocked out of me. He stared down at me for a moment. Then he said, "You're about the wettest human being I've ever seen. No boots, no raincoat—" Without more ado he picked me up in his arms and strode off down the road.

That was my introduction to Tom Carter. "Big Tom" as I learned later the natives of that little Maine village called him. With his foot he kicked open the gate of a little white picket fence, and we went up a shell-bordered walk to a house blurred dull gray in the gale. Inside, an enormous fire was roaring in the open stone fireplace, and an old man was sitting in front of it, one leg propped up on a low stool. "What have you got there, Tom?" he demanded.

"A kid who doesn't know enough to dress for this weather," said Tom, depositing me in a chair on the other side of the fireplace. I had a strange feeling that he had done the same thing innumerable times with a succession of stray dogs and kittens, that all lost creatures had a claim on him. And I was lost—numb almost with heartache and hurt.

This was to have been my wedding day.

Back in the city everything had been arranged. It seemed like sheer fantasy now, my whole romance with Kit Townsend. Something that had happened in a turbulent dream, and I was waiting to wake up.

I met Kit for the first time when he was brought into Blake Hospital, where I was a special nurse, with a broken leg and internal injuries from an automobile accident. He began to tease me almost as soon as he came out of the ether. "I didn't know Women in White came in such small packages. You're so little I could carry you around in my vest pocket. An angel, too—nice, blonde angel with violet eyes."

I stuck a thermometer under his tongue, and he caught my hand in his. It's silly to say I fell in love with him then, but he had a special kind of attraction. It grew on me during his long

convalescence. He was gay and dark, with bold, black eyes, and he could talk his way into or out of anything. Vera, my roommate, used to ask, "How's your glamour boy?" And then, when he'd recovered and started dating me on my evenings off, she'd say, "He's a smoothie. Careful, Ruth. I know you're an adult, independent woman of twenty-two, but you've still a lot to learn." I'd just smile at her, dreaming my own little dreams. Vera was thirty-one and had had an unhappy marriage, so I thought of her as being cynical and a trifle old.

By that time I was wildly in love. Nothing mattered but Kit's arms around me, and his kisses that blacked out everything else in my particular world. To me, everything he did was touched with excitement. He made me feel alive and glowing inside. And a little reckless. As if the conventions weren't too important. The only time we came near a quarrel was when I had to cut a date short because I was on duty early the next morning at the hospital. It never occurred to him that nurses, like doctors, have responsibilities they cannot shirk. Being at your best when you take a patient out of the operating room and begin the fight for his life is one of them.

But when you're in love, you overlook a lot of things. "Ruth," he'd whisper, holding me so close that I could feel the beat of his heart against my own, "I've been waiting for you forever. We'll be married soon, and then you'll belong to me. You'll be all mine, understand?"

Waiting for me forever. . . . And three days before we were to be man and wife, Kit Townsend married a girl he'd known less than a month.

One of his friends, who was in the same insurance office with him, told me about it. Kit did not even bother to write. Kit had married someone else—I heard the words, but I didn't understand. I didn't understand how Kit, who had loved me—who had made me believe that he loved me—had been able to marry another girl. I didn't understand how all of the wonder and glory I'd known in loving him could have resolved into utter misery.

One thing I did know. Everything I'd had was gone. There was no future any more, without Kit; there was no past—the enchanted weeks we'd had together were only a bitter mockery now. I had no direction, no purpose,

save a blind, animal impulse to escape the desperate aching hurt that was worse than physical pain.

Vera tried to comfort me in her own way. Since the death of my parents while I was in training, she had been closest to me. "There are a lot of men like him, honey. Their emotions shift with the wind, and the woman they're with at the moment is the most important. You're lucky. You don't know how lucky!"

I scarcely heard her. My one thought was to get away from everything familiar, away from myself. I threw a few clothes into a suitcase and got into my car and drove, not knowing, not caring where.



my side

Ruth learned this: a woman's heart cannot hide from love. Wherever she goes, there love is, too—all the glory and all the sorrow of it



I shall never know exactly how I got to Bedford Village. The highways were still crowded in that late fall of '41, and I must have automatically followed the traffic up the coastal route to Maine. It began to rain, and I didn't feel the cold sting of it, nor did I realize that a typical "downeaster" storm was increasing in fury every minute. Kit's face kept dancing in front of me, bold, laughing, teasing. It wasn't until my engine coughed a few times and then stopped altogether that I became aware of my surroundings. I got out of the car with some vague intention of getting help—and, in a blinding sheet of rain, ran directly into Tom Carter.

THE warmth of the fire drove some of the chill from my body. I looked up to find Tom grinning reassuringly at me. "Better get out of those clothes. Here's a pair of dad's coveralls, and my slippers." His grin deepened. "Not much of a fit, but we're a strictly male household, and that's the best we can offer. You can go into the next room, there, and change."

When I came out, a weird caricature in the flapping slippers and the heavy blue coveralls, supper was on the table. The steaming clam chowder was the most delicious food I'd ever tasted. "Where do you come from?" Tom asked. "I'd better try to telephone your folks that you're safe."

I was acutely conscious of my wet hair streaming down, of the too-big clothes that made me seem smaller than I really was. He actually thought I was a child! It was a blessed escape for a moment, and it gave me a chance to study him without embarrassing him. I'd never seen a man like this Tom Carter. He was big and brown and hard-muscled, and his eyes were the blue of sea water on a clear day. His face was lean and strong, and it looked stern until he smiled—an easy, friendly smile, relaxing as sunshine.

His father—he'd been introduced to me as Captain David—was an older version of him.

"It's all right," I said to Tom. "No one will worry about me." I could feel his father's eyes twinkling at me as I went on eating.

"What's your name?"

"Ruth Heyward," I said between bites of bread and jam.

Tom went out to the kitchen, and the old Captain turned to me from his place by the fire. The twinkle in his eyes became an outright laugh. "Tom's a good fisherman, but he isn't bright about women. Always been too busy for them—that boat of his is his life."

I pushed back my hair and went to sit on the stool in front of him. Somehow, it was like coming home to an old friend. Briefly, I told him who I was, and explained that I was on a "vacation" from the hospital. He nodded. He wasn't a man to ask questions. "You can't go skedaddling up the coast on a night like this even if your car would work. You can sleep in Martha's room."

"Martha?"

"My wife. She's been dead close to eight years now." For a long moment there was silence—but it wasn't a sad

silence, and my involuntary expression of sympathy died in my throat. I couldn't feel sorry for the Captain. Something in the way he spoke his wife's name said that she wasn't dead to him. She still lived in the flickering flames of the fire, in the muted colors of the hooked rug on the floor, in the ivy in its stand by the window—in everything her hand had touched in keeping his house.

After a while I put my hand on his knee. "If you don't mind, then, I'd like to stay here tonight."

Tom came back into the room with an enormous apple pie. He was followed by a little old man with long mustachios. "This is Manuel," Tom explained. "He helps me on the boat, does all the cooking for us—is better than a wife!"

"Not so!" Manuel laughed largely. "You gotta get married first—fore you talk like that! Every man needs someone to love heem, and to love." He shrugged and began to cut the pie.

I felt my throat constrict, and I wished desperately that Manuel hadn't spoken. Everyone needs someone to love—the words destroyed the little pretend-game I'd been playing with myself since I'd come to the house—that I was simply a lost traveler who could be comforted by warmth and shelter. I was still Ruth Heyward, who had no future any more, no Kit, whose days had become a bleak and empty question.

I felt the throbbing ache start up inside me, felt my face break, and I was terrified that I was going to cry. I think the Captain saw. He said quietly, "Go fetch Ruth's bag out of



Suggested by an original radio play "Meadowlark," by Cameron Hawley, heard on Theater of Today, broadcast each Saturday at noon, EWT, over Columbia

her car, Tom. It's stalled up the road a piece from where you found her."

"Car? She—" he looked at me, bewildered. "You don't drive—"

"No law against it," broke in the Captain. "Ruth's of age. She's twenty-two."

Tom's face was a study, and as he turned to the closet for his oilskins, the back of his neck, under the tan, was a dull, tell-tale red. I couldn't help laughing a little. It was a queer, shaky sound, coming from my tight throat,

but it was a laugh, and I felt better.

The tears came later, after Tom had brought the bag in, when I was alone in Martha's room, unpacking. A hospital nurse hasn't an extensive wardrobe, and everything in that suitcase I'd worn on my dates with Kit. There was the soft rose sweater he had liked, the blue dinner dress I'd worn on the night he'd asked me to marry him. Too vividly the sight of the dress brought back his kisses, the sweet madness that had swept us laughing, and on top of the world, from one of our favorite haunts to another. I buried my face in the blue folds and wept, too miserable to be bitter and ashamed any longer, only wanting my lover.

I knew then that I couldn't bear to go back. I couldn't face Vera, and the girls at the hospital, with their sympathy and their questions, couldn't bear to see again the places where I'd been happy with Kit. If I was going to be myself again, a whole person again, I would have to start anew, somewhere where the sharp sword of memory would not touch my every waking moment.

After a while I put cold water on my eyes and got out of the bulky male apparel and into a striped flannel sports dress. The tailored feel of it gave me courage to arrange my hair and to make up my face carefully, to put on a good appearance for the people who'd been so kind to me. Tom stared as I came into the livingroom, and shifted his pipe uneasily. The unspoken compliment warmed me a little, restored some of the pride that Kit had destroyed. In one way I was sorry—I could feel Tom's defenses go up, now that he knew a full-grown woman was among them, and he had been so gentle and friendly when he'd thought I was just a lost child.

In a corner Manuel was strumming a battered guitar, and Salome, the huge gray cat, purred contentedly at his feet. I could feel some of the tension go out of me as I sat on the stool beside the old Captain. "Know anything about the sea, Ruth?" he asked.

I shook my head. I'd been brought up in a small farming town in Pennsylvania.

"It's a good life," he said. "A good life. Never was sick a day until I splintered this leg on the rocks up yonder. That was five months ago, and it's a dratted inconvenience, especially when Manuel's out on the boat with Tom."

Manuel looked up innocently. "Bad for you to be alone," he said. "Why not ask the young lady to stay? She would take good care of you."

The Captain looked at Manuel and at Tom, and his eyes lighted with amusement. "That'd be a good idea, Manuel, and fine for all of us—only Ruth's likely got plans of her own. We can't ask her—"

Surely the swift rise of wild, unexpected hope inside me must have shown in my face. Not to have to go back, not to have to brave the terrifying off-chance of meeting Kit again. . . . I bent to smooth Salome's fur, not wanting them to see how desperately I needed



*As I read the yellowed letters
it became clear that Martha, too,
had fled the agony of waiting!*

a refuge. "I haven't any plans," I said. "I'd like to stay a little while if you really think I can help—"

There was no doubt that they wanted me. The Captain beamed; Manuel was agrin from ear to ear. Tom, his face red again with the effort to appear impersonally pleased, puffed furiously at his pipe, and said that it was time his father got some professional nursing for that leg of his.

I had found a haven, and I stayed.

It wasn't easy at first, living at the Carters. But then, nothing in those weeks would have been easy for me. My worst trouble was inside myself, where I couldn't run away from it. There were whole nights when I couldn't sleep for the remembered sight of Kit's face; for the sound of his voice in my ears. There were days when I almost thought I ought to go back to the hospital, back to be hurt anew by reminders of the old hurt, just so I'd know that I was alive enough to feel.

But being in Bedford helped. I grew to love the cottage; I took pride in keeping it as neat and shining as Martha had. The light in the Captain's eyes as they followed me at my work, his appreciation for the massage and the hot packs I gave his leg, were heart-warming. Manuel helped; to see his brown monkey face, with the rolling eyes and the ridiculous moustachios, was to laugh; the love songs he sang, accompanied always by the ancient guitar, were gay and impudent,

as if he felt that love itself should never be anything else.

I had written my former roommate, Vera, for my clothes, and I'd told her what had happened. Her answering letter was amusing, full of gossip about the hospital, and she ended with, "Be careful not to fall for that big young fisherman, just because you're on the rebound!"

I wrote her something light in reply, and wondered what she would have said if she had known how earnestly—if ruefully—I wished that I could fall in love with Tom. The more I saw of him, the better I liked him; when he came into the house he brought life with him, and all of the vigor and the bigness of the out-of-doors. It would have been wonderful to be a Carter woman, I thought to know the kind of devotion

that the Captain still felt for his Martha.

Tom's first awkwardness with me was gone. He could come into a room where I was without looking startled; his eyes, like his father's, followed me with a warm approval of my being there. He was at sea with Manuel a good deal of the time, and I used to walk down to the rocks over the channel to watch his boat come in. She was a sturdy little fishing schooner, the "Martha Carter," and I liked to see the white water shearing away from her stern. Tom was terribly proud to be her skipper. He kept her clean as a whistle. Usually his catch was cod or haddock, but sometimes he brought in hake, pollock, halibut and skates as well. As his dad put it, he was a sailor fisherman, a good one.

I was watching for him one Sunday morning in early December. Everything was serene in the frosty sunlight, the white clapboard houses and the little church down on the village green. In my (Continued on page 75)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Amanda

OF HONEYMOON HILL

See your friends of radio's drama of love and life in wartime in the romantic South—the story of a beautiful valley girl who married the son of an aristocratic family up on the hill



AMANDA LEIGHTON is a flaming, red-haired beauty who left her Virginia valley home to marry Edward Leighton. She has done everything to adapt herself to Edward's life, fitting herself to be a Leighton in every sense of the word. She is responsible for the day nursery project on Honeymoon Hill which takes care of children whose parents are busy with war work. She adores her little son, Robert Elijah, and often plays her lute and sings to him the ballads of her childhood. (Played by Joy Hathaway)

EDWARD LEIGHTON married Amanda against the wishes of his aristocratic mother. And Edward has been a fine and loving husband. Before the war, he used to occupy a good deal of his time sketching and painting—his principal model, of course, was Amanda. Now he is kept busy with his converted factory in Abbeyville which is turning out war supplies. Edward is patient with his mother, although he's always ready to fly to the defense of Amanda when Mrs. Leighton chides her. (Played by George Lambert)

Amanda of Honeymoon Hill, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard daily on CBS, at 11:00 A.M., EWT.



JOSEPH DYKE is Amanda's father, a stern and God-fearing man. Immersed in the ways of the valley, he has no use for the folks up on Honeymoon Hill, whom he calls "outlanders." He makes his living baking bricks in his brick oven down in the valley. He feels that Amanda has given up her heritage by marrying Edward Leighton, and deep in his heart does not quite forgive her for doing so. He adores Robert Elijah, his little grandson, and his greatest regret is that he cannot have more to do with bringing up the child.
(Played by Jack McBride)




EDITH NORWOOD is Amanda's best friend. She is a very capable woman doctor who is in constant attendance at Amanda's day-time nursery for the children of war workers and farmers. Her husband is in the Army in Australia. Edith, an intelligent, well-poised woman, is Amanda's confidante, supplying sensible advice whenever she is called upon to do so.
(Played by Elizabeth Sutherland)



*SUSAN LEIGHTON, Edward's mother, bitterly resented his marriage, but now admits that Amanda has done much to fit herself for her new life. Prejudiced against the valley, Susan cannot get along with Joseph, though both are beginning to concede that one must not let prejudices of a lifetime bring more unhappiness and hate into the world. It is the duty of us all to try to understand others who are different from ourselves and to look for the best that's in them. Susan belongs to the women's clubs and is very active in war work.
(Played by Muriel Starr)*



*AUNT MAISIE is the wise old woman of the valley. She is a gentle, philosophical soul, worldly-wise in spite of her bare feet and her corn-cob pipe. Amanda usually goes to her for comfort in time of trouble. Maisie is always concerned about Amanda of whom she is very fond and she acts as the buffer between Amanda and her father, invariably taking Amanda's side.
(Played by Cecile Roy)*



Three glorious days they'd had, before he

DAVE'S letter lay on the floor where I had dropped it, looking, in that dreadful moment, almost as if it were giving back, stare for stare, the concentration of my eyes on it's half-folded white shape.

Dave was coming home. My husband was coming home to me. But not the same Dave who had left—oh, not the Dave who had kissed me goodbye, whose swift, sure strides had carried him along the platform, to the train, out of my life. Now he was a different man; the letter told me that, more in the messages between the lines than in the words themselves.

No more for David, ever, would there be dancing, with me in his arms, or long walks through the country hills, with me beside him. Never again could he pick me up, lightly, effortlessly, and whirl me about the room laughing so that nothing in the world could keep me from laughing with him. Never again could I watch him walk confidently down the street toward work in the morning, his head high to sniff the delights of a spring morning, the very spring itself animating his whole body, giving him something that was almost radiance.

Crippled . . .

That is an ugly word, a twisted, harsh word, and it can make lives twisted, too. That's what it did to me, that morning. It twisted my brain and my heart and my spirit, and made me an ugly thing. Before, I had been foolish, thoughtless, careless—yes, all of those things. Not much in life had mattered to me but myself, and having the things I wanted. But that morning it was worse. I was ugly, because I didn't want Dave back—not a crippled David, a David on crutches, hobbling through life with all the laughter drained out of him.

Oh, I didn't admit it in so many words, even to myself. But I knew, just the same. I knew what the tight, sick feeling in the pit of my stomach meant. It was repugnance. And I knew what the feeling in my heart was, too. Not sorrow for Dave. I was sorry for myself, a wife who was still a young girl, married too briefly to a man almost unknown to her, a man who was coming back—like this.

I don't like to remember myself as I was then; I don't like to think

Cowards' Heart

went away. Now Dave was coming back, and Sally's frightened heart knew they were strangers

that that small, mean creature with the small, mean thoughts, was me. It makes me bitterly ashamed. I shouldn't even try to offer excuses for myself, but we all try to excuse our mistakes—that's only human. I was young. I was infatuated with David when I married him, not in love with him, for I hadn't known him long enough for the miracle of love to reach a full flowering. And our marriage had been so brief a thing—just three days, and then goodbye!

Mechanically, I reached down to pick up the letter which had fallen from nerveless fingers to the floor. I didn't want to believe what it said; I could hardly make myself believe it. It seemed like some monstrous, cruel joke that life had played on us. My hand went almost to the letter, and stopped. Sometimes even now I think of that, think of myself reaching for Dave's letter, and then fearing to touch it. My life had been like that, I know now. Always I reached out for the real things, the things I knew made other people happy, yet I was always afraid of the realities which came with them.

Dave was a stranger. That was it. A man I hardly knew, little more than a chance acquaintance. In that one dreadful moment, I realized that I had forgotten his face. Oh, I was aware that his eyes were blue, that his skin was darkly kissed by the sun, that his hair was brown, that his mouth was made for laughter. But I couldn't put those component parts together into the face of a man—the face of the man I had said I loved, whom I had promised to love forever.

A stranger was coming home to me, to live with me here in this little apartment, to share a life with me bounded by the realities of two rooms and a kitchenette, by the intimacies of marriage. And I was afraid. That was what it was, really. Not repugnance for a crippled man—how could anyone really feel that?—nor pity for myself, but fear. Blind, unreasoning fear, and the desperate knowledge that I was inadequate to meet what life had brought me.

What would I say to David, and how would I say it? How would I greet him? Should I talk about his leg, or ignore it? Should I wait on him, or let him assert the right of a man to wait on himself? Would there be love between us, nights in his arms, or had this injury cost us that, too, for a while, until Dave got well—as well as he would ever be again?

The fear was a real, a living thing, there beside me, peopling the room with shapes of greater, imagined fears to come.

Leaving the letter on the floor, I got swiftly to my feet. I'd go next door, I thought, and tell Mother about it. I wanted to get out of the apartment, away from the accusation of the letter that lay there. I threw a coat about my shoulders and went swiftly out, shutting the door firmly behind me, shutting into the little room the too-close memories of David and his laughter, his strength, his love of living.

OF COURSE, Mother, once she heard the news, told her friends, and they told theirs. By the next morning it was all over Cresstown—the news that David had been injured in action, that he was returning home, that he was crippled. Everyone was very kind, and I learned swiftly to shut my mind to the fact of David's twisted leg, to the fact that he would be here, beside me, very soon. When he was actually here would be time enough to think about it, I told myself. Time enough then to plan, to decide what I must do.

I was taking it very sensibly, people said. A brave young wife. They didn't know that the letter remained, through two whole days, on the floor of the living room, because I was actually afraid to pick it up, to read it through again—afraid that seeing the words once more would break through the wall of don't-think-about-it I had managed to build about me.

With a woman's instinct I hadn't known I possessed, I set to work to keep my mind busy with putting my house in order. I was living in a little

furnished apartment next door to my parents' home. Dave had suggested that we take it, even though he knew that he would have so little time to share it with me. "You're my wife, Sally," he said, "and I want my wife to have a place of her own while I'm gone—a place to keep ready for me to come home to. And you won't have to worry about affording it. You'll get a good part of the salary Uncle Sam pays me for being a sergeant, and I have a little share in Dad's business, you know. You'll be getting something from that, too."

I'd loved the idea. Every girl wants to get away from her parents, I suppose, no matter how much she loves them—to be free of discipline and restraint, to prove what she has been sure of all along, that she can run her own life safely and sanely. I liked the idea of being able to share the lives of my girl friends who were married, to be admitted to the little circle of women who talked about their husbands and their homes and their babies. And yet, in another sense, I was freer than most of them. I was a married woman, but I had no husband. I came and went as I pleased, and I did just as I chose. Those household tasks that I didn't like, I skipped lightly over. I didn't have to cook, or to wash dishes, or do the other things around the house that I didn't like to do, unless I really wanted to. It was like playing house, really—and I was close enough to home so that I could go to Mother's and Dad's for evenings, or meals, whenever I wanted to.

But now all that was changed. And I was changed, too. I remembered during those days before Dave came home, how I'd felt the morning his letter came. How I'd run lightly down to the hall table to see if the mail had come. How I'd snatched David's letter, run upstairs with it, and then deliberately prolonged the delicious suspense before I tore open the envelope. How I'd turned on the radio and curled up in the big chair beside it. And then—how I'd felt when I'd read those words. As if all my life were over, as if all my love and desire

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

A Problem From

John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour

and impatience and excitement had turned to ashes that could never be rekindled.

Some of the phrases from the letter droned themselves over and over in my mind, no matter how I sought to escape them. "Some of us were killed—I was lucky enough to be rescued . . . I'll be what most people would call a cripple. Sally, it won't matter, will it? Don't let it matter—I need you now, more than I ever did. But that's not fair to you. You must do just as you feel is right, honey. You're so terribly young and so terribly gay and pretty and sweet—it wouldn't be fair to tie you to me. I'm not just being noble, Sally. I really mean it . . . only, honey, whatever you think, please don't decide until I get home. Let's talk about it, first . . . It won't be long before I'll be with you, and you can't ever know how wonderful it makes me feel, just writing that. . . ."

IT WON'T be long. The little sentence went around and around in my head. *It won't be long before I'll be with you.* The hours dragged and flew at the same time, and my heart felt as if a giant hand—the hand of fear—were squeezing it, dragging every drop of love and compassion out of it, leaving me empty and cold.

The telegram came just a week later. "Meet me noon Tuesday," it said, and that was all—but I knew the respite was up, that the waiting was over, that life was going to call on me now, to face it.

I dressed Tuesday morning with fingers that fumbled the fastenings, that pulled stocking seams crooked and made buttons suddenly too large for buttonholes. The fear that had quieted a little was a raging flame again now, and I tried to soothe it with the sweet balm of memories, tried to bring back to my mind the times when Joan and I, still in the gangling awkwardness of our early teens, used to kneel together on the windowseat in our living room and watch David, surrounded by the glory of being a high school football hero, go by on his way home from after-school work in his father's shop.

Joan Allan lived next door to me, and we had been "best friends" ever since I could remember. David lived in another section of town, and we didn't know him, except by sight. By the time Joan and I got to high school, where we might have met David, he had graduated and gone to work for his father. But he was still in our minds, and we still watched, less openly now, for him to pass by. He was so big, so very good to look at, his stride was so free, he held his head so gaily, that it was impossible to forget him. So all through our high school years we kept Dave in our minds, Joan and I, while we were having a good time going out with other boys.

I was prettier than Joan—it was not

only my mirror that told me so. Her hair was a dull brown and her eyes brown, too, and her skin was always dark with the sun. My hair was the color of honey, the boys told me, and my eyes like violets—trite, unimaginative compliments, but they were music to my ears in those days. And yet it was Joan everyone liked best. Sometimes I could feel my affection for her turning in on itself, becoming something very close to the bitterness of jealousy.

I couldn't understand it then—when we met a new boy, for instance, he was always attracted to me first, and Joan had to wait her turn. But her turn usually came. "Joan's the kind that wears well," my mother used to say, with a touch of something like worry behind her laughter. But I didn't understand what she meant. I didn't understand that she realized that Joan was more fun to know than I—more fun, and less demanding. I expected a lot of attention. Joan expected less, and as a result she often got more than I did.

I remembered all those things that morning while I dressed to go to the station to meet David—remembered them purposefully, by force of will, to keep the nearer memories, and the frightening thoughts of what was to come, out of my mind.

I remembered, too, how we finally met David, Joan and I—in a very ordinary way, at, of all places, a baseball game one Sunday afternoon in the park. Some friend of Joan's father came over to speak to us; he had David with him—David looking even bigger, even handsomer, in uniform—and introduced him, of course. As casual and as simple as that—and I felt as if someone had walked up and casually and simply introduced a king or a prince to me. All the hero-worship of years before, half-forgotten now, flooded back. For a moment my tongue was wordless, and then I blurted out what I hadn't meant to say at all—"Why—why I've been dying to meet you for years!"

David laughed as I felt my face grow fiery-hot, and, saving my agonies of embarrassment, he responded gallantly, "And I've been waiting all my life to meet you."

Then David walked home with Joan and me in the twilight, and Mother came to my rescue when it was time to say goodbye to him at our porch steps by coming out and inviting him and Joan in to supper. And then, when supper was over and the evening was growing late, he saw Joan across the lawn to her house, and came back to sit with me in the glider on the porch. I felt, that night, as if I were a fortune-teller whose every prediction had come true. I'd known, I'd *known*, ever since Joan and I had first watched David walk down Pine Street, that I'd meet him some day, and that when I did, he'd like me, and ask me to go out with him; that we'd be friends, and more than

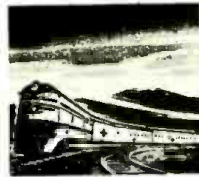


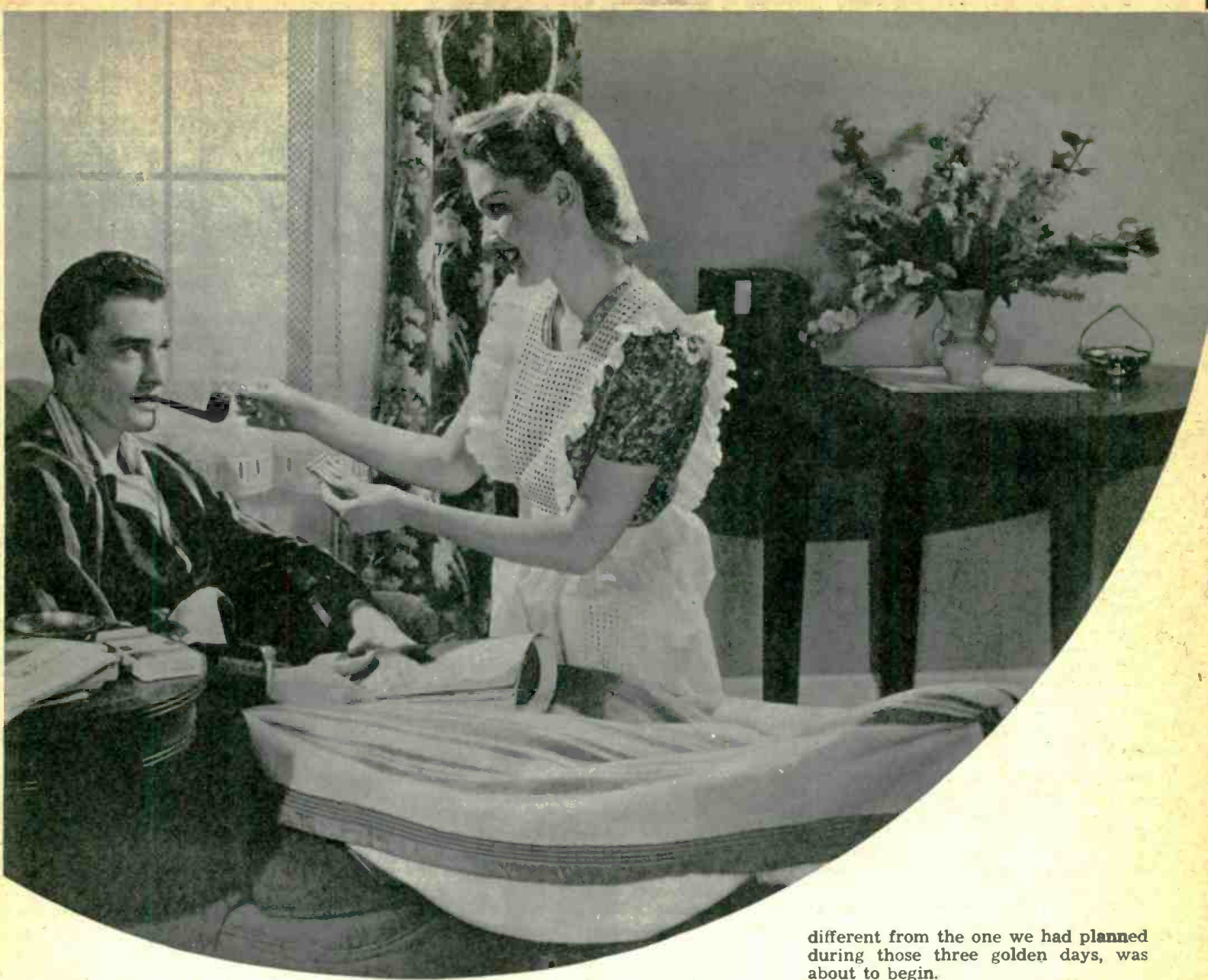
I was forever running to get things for him, or to light his pipe, or help him when he stood up. It was all wrong!

that if I had my way. And here was David, beside me, and there was something warmer than liking in his eyes, something deeper than friendship in his voice, even now. *He'll ask me to marry him, my heart kept telling me. He'll ask me to marry him—soon.*

It was sooner than I thought, for what I didn't know that first night was that David had less than two weeks left before he must go back to the Army—and very probably be shipped out for duty overseas. This was his last leave.

Those were strange days. There was no hesitation in me when Dave asked me to marry him—asked me just two days after that first night. "I haven't any right to say this to you so soon, Sally—not any right at all," he told me soberly. "But—oh, honey, time's so short! Maybe it sounds like something out of a book, but I feel as if we're made for each other, as if we were bound to meet and bound to spend the rest of our lives together. So—will you marry me, Sally? Will you marry me just as quickly as we can manage it, before I go away, so that you'll be here when I come back? I don't care whether





a fellow's the bravest man in the world—just the same he wants some place to leave part of his heart, something to cling to and remember, until he comes home again."

I said yes, and I meant it with all my heart. It was romantic and exciting and thrilling, every moment of it. There were Dave's arms and his kisses, like nothing I had ever known before, as different from the awkward caresses of the high school boys as winter is from summer. There was the knowledge that everyone would think of me in a new light, that I would be a woman, now, not a child—a woman waiting for her man to come home from the war, so that they could take up life where they had left it. There was the hurry of getting a license, of ordering flowers and food for the simple reception mother planned. ("A wedding's a wedding, child, and you only have one once. We've got to do something!") There was the shopping to do, with Joan trotting after me, strangely silent, carrying her heart in her eyes. There wasn't any time to think, to be still and alone and ask myself if I were sure. There was just

time to do, to keep moving and get things ready.

There was, at last, the wedding itself and when that was over we were finally alone, David and I—alone for three days in the little apartment next door to my parents, because there was not time for both a wedding trip and a few days at home, too. I would have liked to go away to a big resort hotel somewhere for a taste of excitement, but David wanted to stay in the apartment. "It will be like seeing—just a glimpse—into the future, and what our life together will be like, after I come back."

And so we had walked through the hills together, and picnicked by the stream, and danced together, and lain together, in each other's arms, in the peace of love fulfilled, and talked the night away—talked about the future and the glorious time when David would be home again.

Now he was home. I came out of my reverie with a startled look at my watch, realizing that it was time for me to leave for the station to meet him. Now Dave was home, today, and the future, so dreadfully, grotesquely

different from the one we had planned during those three golden days, was about to begin.

The fear was bigger than I, now, cold and sickening and deadly, as I forced myself, step by step, down to the station to meet the twelve o'clock train.

Fortunately, the station was crowded—fortunately, because, with all those people to watch me it was easier to square my shoulders and put on a good face. I could be a brave young wife then, with everyone's eyes on me.

His crutches and one foot's tapping made a soft, rhythmic sound on the floor of the station, and he was there—David, terribly thin, his face gray, his body stooped a little to accommodate itself to the crutches, his mouth tight from a long acquaintance with pain. Only his eyes were the same . . .

I couldn't move, and no words would come past my stiff lips.

"Honey . . ." said Dave, uncertainly, his voice strangely quiet and husky. And then, when I still didn't move or speak, he said, "Hello, Sally," as he might have said it to someone he had known once, somewhere, and not too well. But he stood still, leaning on his crutches, and he opened his arms to me, just a little, enough to be an invitation, little enough so that no one would see (Continued on page 85)

Healing Hands

*Are your hands deft, is your heart willing—
have you the courage to save a soldier's life?*

OVER in China doctors are constantly so close to the reality of life and death—and the narrow corridor between—that they know the importance of gentle, experienced, healing hands.

It all started about ninety years ago when a gallant English woman of wealth and social position decided to devote herself to the care of the sick and the poor. That woman knew that her wounded countrymen were dying at the rate of nearly fifty soldiers in every hundred. With a group of thirty-eight other women, she defied the conventions of a hide-bound age and sailed from London to Constantinople. In the military hospitals of the Crimea, these gallant nurses found dirty barracks badly ventilated, a shocking shortage of bandages, soap, towels, medicines and eating utensils. But soon regular meals for the soldiers were arranged, clean clothes and bedding, well-run spotless kitchens, laundries, and other necessary equipment were obtained. And so, after a terrible winter of hardship and toil, the almost fifty deaths in every hundred wounded were reduced to about *three!*

Today many an American girl is changing her way of life because of the inspiration of Florence Nightingale.

I had a letter from a friend back in America last week which gave me a picture of the great need for more Florence Nightingales, not only for service in the Army and Navy Nurse Corps, but more especially in civilian hospitals, homes, doctors' offices and nursing schools. 65,000 new student nurses are needed, as young as seventeen or eighteen, as old as thirty-five—married or unmarried—in good health.

I'm thrilled by the thought of the young women of America rallying to this all-important call. "They're really trying to overcome the shortage of nurses," I told Ann, after I'd read the letter. "As a matter of fact, a representative from Ohio, Francis P. Bolton, has written and put over an act of Congress which is aimed at increasing the nurse supply of the nation. It provides government funds for the training of nurses for civilian and government hospitals, the Armed Forces, health agencies and war industries."

By DR. GERALD MALONE
Radio's Young Dr. Malone

I've been wondering, since then, if women really realize how they might turn their natural instinct to help into a permanent and most gratifying way of life. As a doctor married to a nurse I think I can say that deep satisfaction may be found in such a way of life. Surely you, yourself, have helped out with nursing a member of your family or a sick friend, and have known the satisfaction that it brings.

Your instinct to help a person who is ill or in trouble is evidence that your natural leaning may be toward one of the most inspiring professions for women. If you've never thought about being a nurse, you may be side-stepping a great opportunity for service.

I think a woman is a better nurse when she faces the situation frankly and without pretence. Why gloss over the fact that there are graduated registered nurses in community or industrial health work who earn as much as \$6000 to \$7500 a year? Or that the marriage rate among nurses is exceptionally high? It seems to me that a woman owes it to herself to look ahead and be sure that her planned way of life will bring her security.

Well, once you've made up your mind that the plan will lead to what you really want out of life it will do no harm to face the immediate realities. It's not easy work. Even though the training period now planned by the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is not as long as the usual three years, it averages about thirty months.

During that time, though, your tuition and all fees are paid, also your room and board, books and uniforms. Besides that, you're paid a cash allowance. As a pre-Cadet—the first nine months—you receive \$15 per month. As a Junior Cadet—the next fifteen to twenty-one months of academic and clinical training—you receive \$20 per month. During the final period as Senior Cadet, you receive at least \$30.

Here are some of the questions that are asked girls who want to qualify:

"Are you neat? Are you deft with your hands? Are you interested in people? Have you an orderly mind, a

sense of humor, an interest in science? Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?"

Don't forget, when you've completed the courses at a hospital or collegiate school (there are almost 1000 schools of nursing taking part in the program!), you have many different types of jobs open to you. You may become an Army or Navy nurse—or you may be a nurse in a doctor's office, in a civilian, veteran or marine hospital, or you may become an industrial health nurse, an instructor or director of a school of nursing, or the director of a hospital, or a nurse on private duty.

AND if you're enrolled three months before the war ends your training will be completed according to plan even after the war.

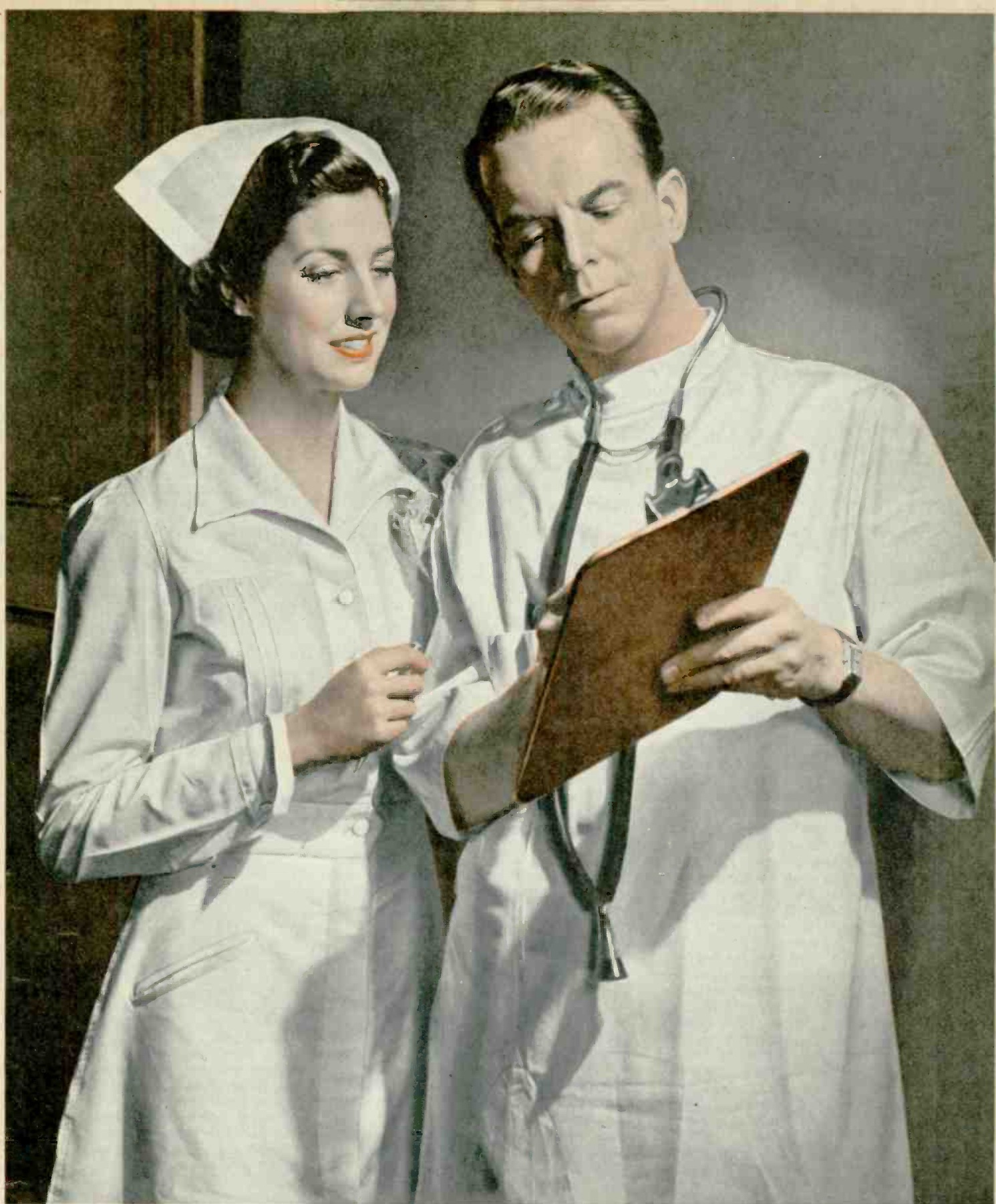
Of course, a Cadet Nurse must promise to remain active in military or civilian nursing, if her health permits, for the duration of the war.

When my friend wrote me about this new program for training nurses she mentioned one thing that may interest you if you have a woman's natural reaction to giving up her feminine clothes. As a Cadet Nurse you don't have to wear your uniform at all times. Except on such special occasions as may be designated by your school, wearing of the official outdoor uniform is optional. That uniform, though, sounds far from unattractive: it features a gray wool suit with silver buttons, a Montgomery beret, red epaulets on jacket and coat.

If you like the sound of the program you can get information from the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y., or your local hospital.

I like to feel that I'm saying all this to you, just as I'd say it if we could have a chat in your own home about your future and your happiness.

We doctors know and appreciate the importance of good nurses. We've seen so many human flames flicker, and fade—and die—for want of good care. We've seen so many others burn steadily—and live—because of "an angel of mercy" who kept the Nightingale pledge: "With loyalty will I devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."



The radio story of Young Doctor Malone is dedicated to those men and women whose selfless service has inspired it—our doctors and nurses. Doctor Malone and his wife, Nurse Ann, worked together in a hospital in a small Western town. They fell in love, married and have been bound together by their mutual love for medicine. They are now serving with the American Red Cross, somewhere in China, healing the stricken people. Ann's going to have a baby, but she hasn't told Jerry yet for fear that he will send her back to the States. Young Doctor Malone is heard every day at 2:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS. (Played by Elizabeth Reller and Alan Bunce)

Waiting

*There was no warmth in Mike's kiss,
no shelter in his arms. That was
Mom's doing, Dennie was sure—Mom,
who knew much and guessed more*



*Dennie
who loved Mike with
all her heart, but
who loved fun, too*



ALL RIGHT, Dennie," Blane Ross said. "Type up what I've just given you, and when you've finished I'll be ready with the last batch. Then," he glanced

across the desk-top at me and flashed that sudden, whole-hearted smile of his, "then we can go home."

It was his way of apologizing—although goodness knows there was no need for apology. This report of his had to be ready by morning: It was an important report: men's lives could depend upon it. And I might be tired, but he must be nearly exhausted, even if he didn't show it except for a tightness around the full lips and shadows under the shrewd eyes. He'd been in the plant since early morning, and had been dictating to me since six tonight. And now it was midnight.

"It won't take me long," I promised, smiling back at him to show that if he needed me, I was perfectly willing to work until dawn.

At my own desk, outside the door of his private office, I snapped paper and carbon sheets into my typewriter, set my fingers to flying over the keys. They weren't easy, these notes—full of technical terms and sprinkled with figures—but perhaps you work better when you're happy. Anyway, while most of my mind was concentrated on what I was doing, a little part of it could stand aside and think, "Mike's coming home! Mike's coming home tomorrow—no, today, because it's today now!"

His first leave. Four months since he'd gone away, and they seemed like four centuries. Letters were so unsatisfactory, so worse-than-unsatisfactory, when what you wanted and needed was the living, breathing nearness of Mike himself. Oh, I wasn't complaining because he'd had to go—we'd known when we were married that eventually he would, and we'd had one perfect year together. But still—

Still, there was one thing I hadn't counted on. I hadn't expected to live with Mike's mother—or rather, to have her living with me—after he went away.

He'd been so casual about it, when the induction notice came. "And of course Mom will give up her little place and move in here," he'd said while we were planning ways and means.

"Mom?" I said blankly. "Your mother—here? In our apartment?"

"Why—yes." He seemed surprised that I should even question it. "There's plenty of room, and on a private's pay and allowance, even with you working, we can't possibly keep up two places. Look." He began quoting figures to me—rent, food, the amount he'd been giving his widowed mother every month, clothes, incidentals . . .

I couldn't argue with the hard facts—yet I tried.

"But Mike," I said, "your mother wouldn't be happy here. She doesn't like me—"

I shouldn't have said that. Two spots of color came into Mike's thin, clear-skinned cheeks. "Meaning you don't like her?" he said evenly.

"No!" I insisted. "I don't mean any-

thing of the sort. Mom has never gotten over feeling hurt at the way we were married. She thinks we should have waited longer, talked it over with her and finally ended up with a regular ceremony instead of an elopement. She feels slighted, and you know it."

"Yes," Mike said. "I do know it. But it's no reason for thinking she dislikes you, and it's no reason for you to dislike her, either. Anyway," he finished the discussion, "the two of you'll have to get along together. There's no way around it. And Mom's willing to try—I've asked her, and she agreed."

I swallowed my resentment. Being Mike, he hadn't even thought that he ought at least to consult me first, before saying anything to his mother. We were a great deal alike, Mike and I—impulsive, impatient to carry out

for you



Mom

who made it her business to find out how Dennie spent her time



Mike

who wasn't jealous at all—until he listened to what Mom had to say

whatever thought came into our minds, with tempers that flickered like lightning. We hurt each other, often, but there was a kind of sweetness even in the wounds, because it was only the intensity of our love that made them possible.

So his mother came to stay with me on the day Mike went to camp—a little active bird of a woman, with watchful brown eyes and sharp ears, a woman I had already tried to like for a whole year, without success. She had been there in the apartment ever since. She was there now, waiting for me to come home, ready with her questions.

"You were working? All this time? But for goodness sakes, Dennie, it's way past midnight! No man has a right to ask his girl—" (To Mom, there was no such thing as a secretary. I was Blane Ross' girl, and that was that.) "—to work as late as all this."

Questions, comments, thinly veiled suspicions. "Will you be out late?"—

if I was going to a movie with Beth Taylor, whose husband was also in the Army. And when I returned: "Was the picture good? Which one was it? Oh, I thought you'd probably gone to see that one with Betty Grable."

Always questions. I shuddered, sometimes, even when the queries themselves were innocent, when she was only asking whether I'd prefer lamb chops or fish for supper. I felt as if she were trying to see straight into my mind.

With her avid interest in other people's affairs, I could understand how deeply hurt she had been by the way Mike and I were married. On a Saturday night we had met, at a dance—and on the next Saturday, I was his wife. Our courtship had been a tumult of wanting each other. Nothing else had mattered, only that dreadful need.

I hadn't even seen his mother until after the ceremony in the City Hall. It was a meeting I'll never forget. She had been crying ever since Mike called her up and told her the news, and

the tears threatened to return at any moment. She couldn't understand, she said, why we hadn't waited, told her beforehand, let her come with us. I saw then how cruel we had been, but it would have been even more cruel to give her the only true explanation, which was that we hadn't thought of telling her. Both my own parents were dead, so I'd grown used to acting on my own initiative, and Mike—well, Mike simply hadn't thought either.

We'd been wrong; I could admit that. But there was no reason for her to go on mistrusting me, as I was sure she did. After all, it had been Mike's fault even more than mine, yet she didn't seem to blame him particularly.

But—my fingers flew faster over the typewriter keys—tomorrow Mike would be home for two blessed days, and for that time Mom and her questions wouldn't matter. I wouldn't let them matter.

When I finished the notes it was nearly one o'clock. I separated the originals from the carbons, stacked them neatly, and went into Blane's office to meet his weary glance.

"A long grind, Dennie," he said. "But we're nearly done. And I'll wait while you type the last batch, and drive you home."

I wished he wouldn't. He needed sleep, and somehow I would have felt

better going home alone. But it was part of his consideration for me, his friendliness, and I knew he wouldn't listen to a protest.

It was after two when we finally left. Blue-white light from the big windows of the plant glared out over the parking lot, and the air was filled with the humming of machines. The graveyard shift was hard at work.

We didn't talk much. I was content to lean back against the soft upholstery of his car and rest there, lulled by its faint vibration. It was a good car, as everything Blane possessed was good; expensive, but not flashy. I wondered, idly, how it felt to be making a salary like his. He was something called an "operations engineer"—an expert in how to do things most quickly and efficiently. Of course he was valuable to the plant. He earned every cent of that salary, in the savings and short-cuts his brain originated. But I liked the kind of work Mike did better. Mike made things himself, didn't just tell other people how to make them. Before he was drafted he'd had a radio-repair shop. It had been all his own, and he'd done good work, work he could be proud of. Somehow, I liked that.

Blane stopped the car in front of the apartment house where I lived, and leaned across to open the door. "Good night," he said. "Thanks for staying so late. And remember what I told you about not coming in tomorrow."

"You're sure you won't need me?" I was being polite; I knew he'd smile and shake his head, and he did.

Then he touched my hand, and a little shock of excitement ran through me. It had nothing to do with Mike or my love for him. It really didn't even have much to do with Blane Ross. It was something that had been born in me, like the quick flinching from pain or the involuntary glow of pleasure at the sight of beauty. But meaningless though it was, it was still with me while I called "Good night," and ran up the steps to the lobby, let myself in and took the tiny self-service elevator to the third floor.

I opened the apartment door and saw a bar of light crossing the hall from the living-room door. Irritation stabbed me for a second. She—Mike's mother—was still up, waiting for me! She wouldn't think of going to bed until I got home. But I reminded myself that I'd expected this, and I mustn't show how much it annoyed me. I went down the hall arranging a smile on my lips, and stopped short in the doorway.

At first I didn't recognize him. The uniform made him look so different, so much thinner and harder, and his hair was cut short and close, showing the good shape of his head and making him seem younger. He was lying stretched out on the couch, his gray eyes on me, and his mother sat nearby, bolt upright in her chair.

"Mike!" I said softly. "Why—you're here! And we didn't expect you until morning!"

His expression didn't change, didn't lose its quiet hostility.



"I can see that," he said.

I ran across the room, to kneel beside him. I must be mistaken, I thought. I was tired, and being tired made me think I heard something in his voice that wasn't there.

"Why didn't you let me know?" I asked. "I wouldn't have thought of working tonight if you had!"

"You were working?" he said with a dangerous lightness.

"Yes—didn't Mom tell you?" Behind me, I heard the sound of her movement—as if, at my words, she'd shaken herself in her chair. "There was a big report Blane had to get out by morning, and he asked me to stay.



Inspired by the original radio drama "Problem Child," by Anne Ray, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturday on CBS

But I don't have to go to the plant at all tomorrow—we'll have all day—"

"Are you sure Blane won't need your help?" Mike asked.

"Of course not—he told me to take the day off." Oh, why did he look at me so coldly? What was the matter? *What was the matter?*

His mother got to her feet and said in that uncertain, nervous way of hers, "Well, now you're home, Dennie, Mike won't need me to keep him company. So I'll just go along to bed."

I looked up at her uncomprehendingly; heard Mike say, "Good night, Mom." And then we were alone.

Mike sat up, reached for a cigarette

and lit it, his lips straight and his eyes veiled.

"Darling," I said timidly. "You— you haven't even kissed me. Is it because I wasn't here when you got home? But I told you I was working."

"It's a funny job that keeps a girl busy until two-thirty in the morning."

"The report—Blane had to have it—"

"Blane!" he said savagely, losing all his tight self-control. "Why did you have to work for Blane Ross?"

I sank back in my heels, slowly. "Oh," I breathed. "That's it."

I had thought he would be sensible about Blane Ross. When he hadn't said anything in his letters . . .

Naturally, when Mike left, I had applied for work at the war plant. It was East Grove's big industry, almost its only industry; and besides, I'd wanted a war job, something that would give me the feeling that I was doing my share, along with Mike. They'd hired me at once, putting me at a desk in a big room where girls typed out specifications, orders, reports, all the endless paperwork of a huge enterprise. And then Blane had seen me, and had arranged to have me

transferred to become his secretary.

It was nice of him. I couldn't refuse. The job was more interesting, and the salary was larger. And yet, I saw now, I should have refused.

I'd known Blane before Mike and I were married, known him well enough to go out with him several times, well enough for a gay, meaningless kiss or two. He was older than Mike—I never knew exactly how old, but I guessed thirty-five or so—and a bachelor, "Confirmed," he said. He was fun to be with, well supplied with money and glad to spend it, and I liked him. I didn't love him, not in the least, and I never had.

WHEN I became his secretary I wrote Mike about it—a little apprehensively, it's true, because he knew Blane slightly and didn't like him. In his answering letter, all he said was, "Glad you got a better job," and I was relieved that he was taking it so sensibly.

But now he wasn't taking it sensibly at all.

I put my two hands on his arms, holding them tightly. "Mike, dearest," I said. "Don't be like that. Blane is nothing but my boss. I love you. And I've been so happy that you were coming back, even for two days. It isn't much time, Mike. Let's not spoil it. Please!"

For a full thirty seconds, at least, I felt the stiffness in his body, the unyielding anger. But then, with a little sigh, almost of exasperation, he pulled me to him, kissing me hungrily.

I thought then that I'd convinced him, and that I'd kept this precious week end from being a failure. I was wrong. I had only won a truce, and the truce didn't last.

The next afternoon—Saturday—we walked downtown, and Johnny Roberts, a young fellow I'd gotten to know slightly at the plant, smiled and nodded at me as he passed. "Who's that?" Mike asked sharply. "I don't know him."

"Just a boy who works at the plant," I said. "Nobody, really. Mike! You mustn't be jealous like this. You never used to be."

He turned and looked at me. "There wasn't any reason for me to be jealous then," he said. "I was with you all the time."

Anger flared in me at his lack of trust. It was a strange kind of anger, because partly it was anger at myself. Yes, I was sometimes thoughtless. I couldn't really blame him for wondering, far away at camp, what I was doing and whom I was with. But what he didn't understand was that our love was one thing I would never betray.

That night, after dinner, we had a silly argument, one of those arguments that can start only between two people who care very much for each other. Mike asked, "Would you like to go over to the Troc and dance a while?"—and I, thinking that he'd never enjoyed dancing as much as I, and wanting to be considerate, answered:

"Oh—I don't know. Not unless you want to particularly."

He looked at me, across the table,

with eyes that were suddenly smoldering. And Mom, sitting between us, glanced back and forth with quick, darting movements. Mike pushed his chair back, stood up, and went into our bedroom.

I almost hated Mom then, for the humiliation of having to follow him, leaving her with the knowledge that a quarrel was in the air, was being carried out where she couldn't hear.

Mike was standing by the bedroom window, looking out. He didn't turn around when I came in.

"Mike!" I said. "What is it? What's the matter now?"

"Nothing," he said evenly.

"Of course there is!" I insisted. "Why did you look at me like that? What did I say?"

He tore the cigarette he'd been smoking from his mouth and threw it savagely out of the window, whirling on me. "How do you expect me to act," he demanded, "when all of a sudden you lose your taste for dancing? You always used to be the one that begged to go out—but now when I offer to take you, you don't want to go!"

Still I didn't understand. "But—but I—I only thought that probably you'd rather stay home or go to a movie—" I stammered confusedly.

He laughed. "Sure it wasn't because you were afraid I might meet someone?"

Of course, I realized. Of course. That was what Mike—this new, strange Mike—would think.

I pressed the palms of my hands against my eyes, tightly, as if I could dam back the tears. "There's nobody for you to meet," I said. "Nobody. I haven't even been to the Troc since you left." And that was true, although sometimes the memory of its music had called me so insistently it was all I could do to stay away.

"No?" he said. "You've gone somewhere nights, though."

"Only with Beth Taylor, to the movies," I said, and then my breath caught in my throat. "How did you know I've gone out nights?" I demanded.


"Why—" He was taken aback, unable to answer, and his silence told me that my sudden flash of knowledge had been right.

"Your mother told you, didn't she?" I said softly. "You came up here from camp, filled with jealousy, and last night you asked her a lot of questions—and she was only too glad to answer them!"

"That—that isn't true." But I paid no attention. Disappointment at the way the weekend had gone robbed me of all restraint.

"Look at me!" I said wildly. "I'm Dennie—your wife! And I don't forget it, ever—no matter how much I like to have a good time. Can't you understand that? Can't you believe me? Yes, I'll admit I've wanted to go out dancing while you've been away! I love to dance, and I always have. But no matter how much I wanted to, I never did. I guess it was a mistake. I should have gone, since I get blamed for it anyway. And next time I will!"

Panting, I faced him, and the silence



Once more I was Dennie Ray, single, nineteen, clothed in the admiration of a handsome man.

seemed to be filled with the warring of our hearts. His face changed, and the skin no longer seemed stretched tightly over the bones. He lifted one hand and passed it across his forehead and over his hair, as if to wipe something away.

I'M—SORRY, Dennie. I don't know—I suppose I'm crazy. You don't know what it's like—being away from you, wondering about you, listening to other fellows talking about girls. Pretty soon you get to thinking maybe your girl is like some of those you hear about. You're ready to believe anything—anything at all."

But I wouldn't listen, wouldn't forgive him for his suspicions. "Let's go to the Troc now," I said coldly. "I don't want to talk any more."

Silently, he assented. We went to the Troc, and danced, and had a drink, and danced again, and we talked about safe things: his life at camp, people we both knew, town gossip. We worked very hard at pretending to have a good time.

This night, when we returned home, his mother had gone to bed. There was no need for her to wait up, I thought wryly, when I was with Mike!

She was with us, though, all the next day. It couldn't be the lazy kind of Sunday we'd spent together before Mike went away. All three of us went to church, and then Mom prepared an elaborate, heavy mid-day dinner, and we ate more than was good for us and felt uncomfortable afterward. I can't be sure, but I think if we had been alone, Mike and I, we could have slipped back, even in that short time, to trust and happiness. At least, there would have been a chance. With Mom bustling about, there wasn't even that.

She meant well, I kept telling myself. She wouldn't let me help with the dinner, because I must spend all my time with Mike, and she went into her room after the meal, to leave us alone—but we were conscious of her presence, even then, and we were both relieved when she came out again.

"No, I won't go with you two to the station," she said when it was time for Mike to leave. "You run along."

She didn't know—neither of them knew—that as she kissed Mike good bye I heard her murmur, "Have a good trip back, son—and don't worry."

Meaningless words? No, not as she stressed them, not when they were spoken so low that it was obvious they were meant only for him.

My face flaming, I went out of the apartment with Mike. There was only one thing Mike could possibly worry about. Financially, we could get along, and his mother's health was good. She'd meant that he mustn't worry about me, about what I was doing—because, no doubt, she'd watch me and keep him informed.

A cold anger formed and grew inside me. He had no right to humiliate me this way, and it would serve him right if I—

I didn't complete the thought, consciously. But it was there, ugly and hard, in the back of my mind.

At the station we kissed like strangers. He said he'd try to get up again in a few weeks, and I said that would be nice, and that was all. Then he was gone, and the train was pulling out. I walked back to the apartment alone.

The next week was an eternity of angry boredom. I'd expected to feel depressed after Mike's visit—depressed as you always are when something you've anticipated a long time is over. But this was worse. The visit hadn't been what I looked forward to. It had been a failure, and I didn't even have any happy memories of it to keep me company.

I was at ease only when I was working. At home, I was sure Mike's mother was waiting for me to go out—casually, she'd say when I got in, "Supper's all ready. I got it early in case you'd planned to do something tonight"—and for that reason I was determined not to go anywhere at all. Beth Taylor, whose husband was also at camp, called me several times, but I made excuses. The evenings dragged along, minute by minute, while I tried restlessly to read, or do my nails, or sew. There was no companionship



possible between Mom and me. We were always polite to each other—painfully so—but we couldn't talk as friends do, quietly and freely.

Blane Ross was the same as ever, and that helped. It was good to work for someone who was also a friend, someone who was kind and considerate and undemanding. And, I added honestly, who was also rather handsome in a dark, mature way. I wondered . . . if I'd never met Mike and fallen in love with him, would Blane ever have asked me to marry him? Probably not. And yet . . . well, you couldn't tell. . . .

I laughed at myself, shamefacedly. Blane wasn't the type to go around asking girls to marry him, and if he had asked me I'd have refused. In spite of my errant thoughts, I didn't want anyone but Mike. Not really.

Friday afternoon Blane had a long-distance telephone call, and when he hung up he sighed irritably. "Things are in a mess in the Pittsburgh plant, and I've got to run up there tonight."

"I'm sorry," I said, since it seemed to be the answer he expected.

"It wouldn't matter," he murmured, "except that the work's been piling up here. I was going to ask you to stay tomorrow afternoon and help me catch up." His long fingers drummed impatiently on the top of his desk. Then, struck by a sudden thought, he glanced up at me.

"I don't suppose you could come along?" he asked. "We could work on the train, but your time would be your own in Pittsburgh."

"Why, I—" I began and stopped. "It would be a change for you," he urged. "And a big help to me. Please!"

I wasn't conscious of weighing the pros and cons of the question, or even making up my mind.—I only seemed to sense the long, empty week end ahead, and to grasp at anything that would keep me from experiencing it. I said:

"All right. I'd love to."

Blane's face crinkled into a delighted grin. "Swell!" he exclaimed. "We'll take the four o'clock train—it will get us into Pittsburgh around eight. Suppose you run along home now and pack your bag, and I'll pick up the tickets and meet you on the train."

That was tactful of him, I realized. It was better not to go to the station together. East Grove isn't very large, and someone would be sure to see us, and talk. Not that there was anything wrong about a man taking his secretary on a business trip, but it was just as well to avoid embarrassment.

The same thought made me—well, not lie, but tamper with the truth when I got home and told Mom I was going out of town. "Mr. Ross is sending me to Pittsburgh," was the way I put it. I didn't care, I reflected defiantly. It was a perfectly innocent trip, and I would see that it stayed innocent. But if I told Mom I was going with Blane, she'd really have something to write to Mike!

She accepted my explanation without question, and hovered around, trying to help me pack. I had to send her into the bathroom for a bottle of lotion in order to pop an evening dress into the bag. I wasn't sure I needed it, but I wanted to be prepared.

"Have a nice trip," she said when I was ready to leave—and surprised me by abruptly standing on tip-toe and kissing my cheek. Surprised me—and upset me, too. The gesture wasn't like her, and I puzzled over it on my way to the station, and I had a sudden impulse to stop at a drug-store and telephone Blane I wasn't coming. It was too late for that, though, so I went on. After all, Mom was the kind who always kissed people who were going away.

Our plans didn't work out quite as we'd intended, because just as I reached the station Blane was getting out of a taxi, and it seemed ridiculous not to walk through the station and get on the train together. It seemed ridiculous, and yet—if I'd known Flo Martinson was seeing her son off to camp . . .

But I didn't. I didn't even catch sight of her in the scattered groups of people on the platform (*Continued on page 98*)

"We couldn't
be happier—"

"Too young to marry," Betty's parents said. But Jim Ameche knew it is not age but sureness of heart that really counts



They said that they could not be happier—until Jim, Jr. joined them. Now they say they didn't know what real happiness was before.

THERE'S considerable talk these days about young people marrying too young; insisting they will grow, with time, away from each other. Often, of course, it works the other way round. . . . Often the younger the boy and girl are when they fall in love and marry the earlier they begin to establish friendship and understanding and all the things which over the years hold men and women together. In proof of which we offer you the love story of Jim Ameche—whom you hear on the air as Master of Ceremonies on CBS's "Broadway Matinee" and "Here's To Romance" and Saturday evening on the Blue Network's "What's New"—and of his wife Betty Harris Ameche. . . .

Jim Ameche had been around. He had, at nineteen, had a dozen girls and more. In Chicago, where he played Jack Armstrong, in the radio show of that name, he knew girls who worked in the broadcasting studios and girls who still were in college and high school. Back in his home town, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Jim had had many girls; and also had known the girls

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

who dated with his brother, Don, a heart-breaker if there ever was one.

Jim found Betty with her eyes brightening with interest, and her mouth curving with fun a hundred times more exciting and feminine and desirable than the others.

All his life Jim had been given to reasoning things out. "The Great Analyst," his family had always called him. "It may be," he reasoned, after meeting Betty, "that we are conditioned to find a certain type of girl attractive while we are still growing up. For instance, because I was the quietest member of my family it may well be that I'll always seek a girl with a 'still quality.'"

He certainly sought Betty, in spite of the fact that she gave him little encouragement and this only sporadically. It wasn't that she didn't find him attractive. She found him too attractive, actually. For she didn't altogether understand him. He was, she warned herself firmly, too smooth. She

was accustomed only to school-boys who had neither groomed themselves for the business world nor trained themselves in speech, as Jim had done. By the time she realized all of this, however, she was leaving, with her family, to summer at Rochester.

She and Jim said goodbye in her living-room, with the furniture covered in dust sheets and trunks standing in the doorway. And both were aware that it was going to be lonely, not seeing each other for two months and more.

Their letters held no protestations of affection and no endearments but they were love, letters nevertheless, forging link after link in the bond always strengthening between them.

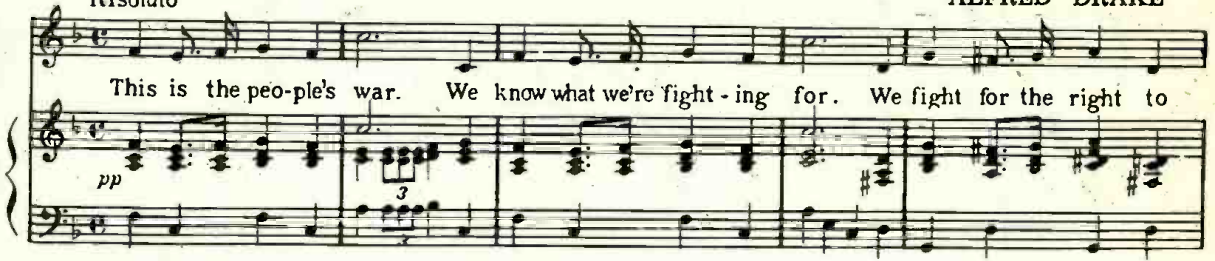
The next summer, though, things were different. Jim and Betty were together week-ends at least. Every week Jim started driving early Friday evening, right after his broadcast. By Saturday he had put the many miles that separate Chicago and Rochester behind him. Always Betty was waiting on the (Continued on page 63)

THE PEOPLE'S WAR

A new Radio Mirror Song Hit by Alfred Drake, star of Broadway Matinee

Chorus
Risoluto

Words and Music by
ALFRED DRAKE



This is the peo-ple's war. We know what we're fight - ing for. We fight for the right to



say our mind, to pray our kind of pray'r. This is the peo-ple's war. We



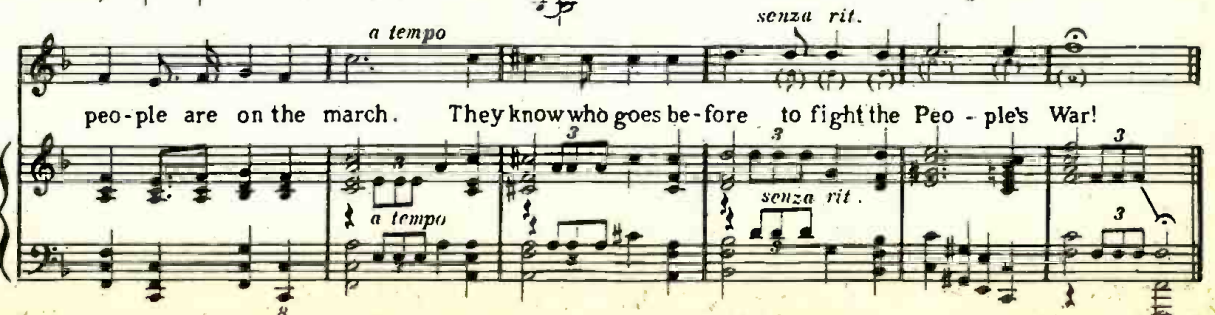
know what we have in store. We'll light up the night of want and doubt, go on to rout des-



pair. With blood and sweat and tears we'll shed our hate and fears. Throughout the earth we'll



bring re-birth of sing-ing peace-ful years! Under the heav'n-ly arch the



peo-ple are on the march. They know who goes be-fore to fight the Peo - ple's War!





ALFRED DRAKE, singing star of the hit daytime musical show, *Broadway Matinee*, is a versatile young man. Besides this radio program, he's appearing on Broadway in "Oklahoma" . . . he writes, and is co-author of several musical comedy scripts which are slated for production soon. . . . Columbia has already signed him up for pictures this summer . . . and furthermore, he's composer of *Radio Mirror's* song hit of the month. Alfred was born in the Bronx, grew up in Brooklyn and went to live in Manhattan. In addition to Alfred Drake, *Broadway Matinee* has Jim Ameche as master of ceremonies, Allen Roth's orchestra, and presents a different girl singer every day. The show is heard daily at 4:00 P.M., EWT, on the Columbia Network.

Don't give my love away

THE STORY:

I LIKED Paul McKenzie from the moment I met him and it wasn't long before liking turned to love, and then faded into bitter despair when I learned that Paul wanted me not for himself, but for his brother Chris. I knew that Paul loved me but he had sacrificed everything, all his life, for Chris, and he was willing to make even this final sacrifice. I felt sorry for Chris, and for Paul too, for all Paul's sacrifices had been in vain. Chris failed in his studies at the technical school where Paul had worked so hard to keep him. He wanted to come to work at the airplane parts factory, where Paul and I were both employed, and Paul gave him a job although bitterly opposed to it and told us both that he never wanted to see either of us again. I found my friendship for Chris ripening into a warm and tender affection—the kind a mother feels for her son, a sister feels for her brother. I knew that Paul was lost to me so that it was not strange that when Chris proposed I accepted him. I was very fond of him—and I was proud of the part I had played in getting him into the valuable work he was now doing. Shortly before we were to be married, Chris tested one morning a new invention of his and it was later that day that I got the message which told me that Chris had been injured during the testing.

IT WAS probably less than an eighth of a mile from my bench in the factory to the infirmary, but it took me a lifetime to get there. A lifetime lived over, from my high school dreams of science—and of love—through the days when I had begun to believe that both my dreams were coming true. But now I saw with shattering clarity that I had seized my happiness at the cost of Chris McKenzie's life.

When I had urged Chris to break away from the education for which I thought he was not fitted—the education and the career his brother Paul had spent years and untold effort helping him to attain—I had taken it upon myself to decide that this was

his salvation. I thought I personally could save him. But instead I had pushed him straight into disaster—even death.

In that moment, running from one building to another, the guard panting to keep up with me, I was certain that Chris would die. Perhaps he was already dead, and I had killed him. The message had said merely that he was hurt. But that was the way they always broke the news, giving time to prepare for the ultimate shock: the irrevocable fact of death.

I imagined the faces of the nurses and the doctor when they tried to find the words that were already so unnecessary, the words I knew.

But what a strange way of saying it!

"He is not here," the nurse said. "You see—"

"Not here?" I echoed dazedly. "You mean—he's dead—"

She took my arm as if to give me support. "No. Sit down while I explain." She led me to a wicker couch. "No, my dear, he isn't dead—"

"He isn't dead!" The hope and relief were too much for me. I sank back against the cushions, feeling sick and faint for the first time. The nurse's further words began to sing and resound in my whirling head. I could not take them in. All I could absorb was the wonderful truth: I had not killed Chris.

"This way he has a chance," the nurse was saying. "In the city hospital, with the best surgical care—"

She always seemed to be two or three sentences ahead of me, I couldn't catch up with her meaning. What was she saying now? Even before my conscious brain could comprehend it, I was vaguely worried.

She repeated, "The patient didn't ask for anyone but you. But we thought—his brother working right here in the same factory and all—we ought to call him—"

"Of course," I said, trying to speak calmly. Why not? Why should the thought of facing Paul disturb me? Surely, at a time like this, one thought of nothing but Chris; that overshadowed all the small resentments, even hatreds.

"He was at home in town," the



Fear winged Sue's feet as she sped to the hospital. "Let him live," she prayed, "and I'll make up to him for everything I've done!"

nurse was going on. "He'll go direct to the hospital. We've made arrangements for you to ride in with Mr. Chalmers."

Mr. Chalmers was the superintendent of the Testing Department.

"We ought to hurry," I said, jumping up, my senses coming to life, alert again to practical details.

"I think I see his car pulling into the circle," the nurse said at the window. But she came back to lay a hand on my arm so kindly that it seemed ominous. "There's no rush, my dear. There'll be nothing you can do for a while."

I was terrified. After the momentary reprieve of knowing Chris was still alive, I had come only slowly back to reality. He was not dead, but he was still in terrible danger. A nurse didn't bother to be so gentle and considerate unless a case was critical. Slowly her other words began to come back to me, the ones that had seemed so far-off and unimportant at the time she spoke them: He'll

I shivered, but I must not show these reporters the pain their comments sent through me.



have a chance . . ." Only a chance!

Mr. Chalmers was coming into the reception room, his big solid face white and lined with worry. He hardly looked at me. "Heard anything?" he asked the nurse.

She shook her head. "There won't be news for a while," she said.

Mr. Chalmers turned toward me. "Might as well get along," he said brusquely.

He didn't talk at first, while we rode toward the city. He concentrated on driving. I had never been in a car that went so fast, propelled by some strange force that hardly seemed to come from the engine. As though Mr. Chalmers' frantic need for speed was like some kind of rocket, shooting it forward, miraculously finding space between other racing cars, sliding past crawling trucks on hills, causing red lights to turn to green as we approached, miles of rolling road rushing toward us and streaming out behind our roaring wheels.

I welcomed the swiftness, even the

rocking, careening, dizzying danger. I could not have borne the trip if he had driven with any care for safety.

When Mr. Chalmers began to talk, I hardly realized it. His words were just murmurs of thoughts that might have been my own. They were awful, violent thoughts, even expressed profanely, but they didn't shock me. They were no worse than mine.

" . . . how in God's name I could have left those details to a bunch of kids . . . if I lost that lad . . . why, it's murder I've done to the boy . . ."

Vaguely, from my remoteness, wrapped in my own bitter thoughts, I wanted to comfort him. I wanted to tell him, "You are wrong. You don't know anything about why Chris McKenzie is dying. You need not

reproach yourself, because it wasn't you, it wasn't you . . ."

Arriving at the hospital was a relief. But one that did not last. It meant only another waiting room, which curiously resembled the one in the infirmary, though this was big and luxuriously furnished with deep leather chairs instead of wicker ones. There was nothing about it, really, to remind me of the infirmary, except the odor. That was it. That was why all hospitals were alike. A smell made up of alcohol—I must keep my mind busy analyzing it—of alcohol and ether, of course. But what else? Nothing really sinister and mysterious, just simple chemicals and adhesive tape and homey comfortable things like steam, and freshly ironed white clothes still (Continued on page 92)

Start the day right



THE old saying "Well begun is half done" applies to a great many things. To the first meal of the day, for one, because there is no doubt that all of us get through our day's work better and easier and quicker if we start out with a good breakfast under our belts. Now in the old days when everything had to be started from scratch, so to speak, getting breakfast probably was quite a chore, but fortunately for us, that is no longer true. This is largely due to the fact that cereal, always a breakfast standby, is now available in so many varied forms, with flavor and nutritive values enhanced by up-to-date methods of preparation, that the main breakfast course is no trouble at all. So if you have been eating skimpy breakfasts I hope you will begin now to eat husky ones for health. And to make it easier for you to start I've worked a few menus, with recipes for preparing some additional breakfast tidbits.

Menus

1. Grapefruit or grapefruit juice
Corn flakes with milk and sugar
Crackling scrambled eggs, whole-wheat toast
 2. Sliced oranges or orange juice
Bran flakes with milk and sugar
Codfish cakes, quick cinnamon rolls*
 3. Tomato juice
Hot wheat cereal with milk and sugar
Fresh fruit muffins, jowl bacon*
 4. Fresh or stewed pears
Puffed wheat cereal with milk or sugar
Parsley baked eggs*, hot biscuits
 5. Apple sauce or apple juice
Oatmeal with milk and sugar
French toast with syrup or jelly
 6. Prunes or prune juice
Wheat biscuits with milk and sugar
Broiled scrapple and apple*, wholewheat toast
 7. Chilled tangerines and grapes
Puffed rice with milk and sugar
Waffles with a la king sauce* or syrup
- Cocoa or milk for the children, of course, tea or coffee for grownups—although it won't hurt the grownups to drink milk with this first meal of the day. And here are the recipes for starred dishes.

Cracklings

"Cracklings" is the old-fashioned term for the bits of fat left after lard has been rendered. I make my own

version of cracklings whenever I bake a ham, this way. Remove rind and part of the fat from ham (leave just enough fat to provide a crisp well-browned surface for the ham). Slice this fat you have cut away very thin and cut it, along with the rind, into half-inch squares. Place in shallow pan and render it over a low flame (in the oven, if there is room). As the liquid fat arises pour it off (keep it for later cooking or for fat salvage). When liquid fat ceases to rise, drain the browned "cracklings" in a colander, then on absorbent paper. By the time the browned cracklings have cooled the excess fat will have disappeared and they will be crisp. Store in covered jar in refrigerator until ready for use.

Crackling Scrambled Eggs

- 1 tbl. drippings
- 2 eggs
- 1 tbl. milk



BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

The foundation for a hard day's work is a good breakfast—begin now to eat healthful ones which are easy to prepare

- ¼ tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- 2 tbls. cracklings

Beat together eggs, milk, salt and pepper and cook in drippings over low flame, stirring slightly. When the eggs begin to set, fold in cracklings and continue cooking until eggs are done.

Quick Cinnamon Rolls

- 2 cups prepared biscuit mix
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- ½ cup milk (approximately)
- 2 tbl. sugar
- 2 tbl. soft butter or margarine
- ½ cup honey
- 3 tbl. brown sugar

Stir unbeaten egg into scant half cup of milk. Add to biscuit mix, with sugar. (If necessary, use a little more milk to make a softer dough.) Pat out into a rectangle on a floured board. Spread dough first with butter, then with honey. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up as for jelly roll, and cut in slices. Place in greased pan, cut side down. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 20-25 minutes.

Jowl Bacon

This is bacon from the jowl of the hog instead of from the flank. It has more fat than flank bacon, therefore it requires slow, low-temperature cooking for crispness, but it has excellent flavor (Continued on page 73)

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

SUNDAY

| PACIFIC WAR TIME | | CENTRAL WAR TIME | | Eastern War Time | |
|------------------|-------|------------------|-------|------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: News and Organ |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | NBC: News |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | NBC: News and Organ Recital |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: Musical Masterpieces |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | NBC: The Woodshedders |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | CBS: News of the World |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | NBC: News from Europe |
| 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | CBS: E. Power Biggs |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | Blue: White Rabbit Line |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | NBC: Commando Mary |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 8:30 | 9:30 | 8:30 | NBC: June Winters |
| 8:45 | 9:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 | 8:45 | CBS: God's Country—Milton Bacon |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | CBS: Church of the Air |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | Blue: Message of Israel |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | NBC: Highlights of the Bible |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | CBS: Wings over Jordan |
| 9:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | Blue: Southernaires |
| 10:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | MBS: Pauline Alpert |
| 10:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | Blue: Lionel Hampton's Orch. |
| 8:05 | 10:05 | 11:05 | 11:05 | 10:05 | CBS: Egan Petri, Pianist |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | MBS: Radio Chapel |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | Blue: Hour of Faith |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | CBS: Invitation to Learning |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 | 11:45 | 10:45 | NBC: Marion Lovridge |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 11:00 | CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 11:00 | Blue: News from Europe |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 | 12:00 | 11:00 | NBC: NBC Orchestra |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 11:30 | Blue: Josephine Houston, Soprano |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 11:30 | NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle |
| 9:30 | 11:30 | 12:30 | 12:30 | 11:30 | CBS: Transatlantic Club |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 12:00 | CBS: Church of the Air |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 12:00 | Blue: John E. Kennedy |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 | 1:00 | 12:00 | NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer |
| 10:15 | 12:15 | 1:15 | 1:15 | 12:15 | NBC: Labor for Victory |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 12:30 | CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London) |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 12:30 | Blue: Sammy Kaye's Orch. |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 | 1:30 | 12:30 | NBC: Chicago Round Table |
| 10:45 | 12:45 | 1:45 | 1:45 | 12:45 | CBS: Starring Curt Massey |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | 2:00 | 1:00 | Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A. |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | 2:00 | 1:00 | NBC: Those We Love |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 | 2:00 | 1:00 | CBS: America—Colling Unlimited |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | 2:30 | 1:30 | CBS: World News Today |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 | 2:30 | 1:30 | NBC: John Charles Thomas |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | 2:00 | Blue: National Vespers |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | 2:00 | CBS: New York Philharmonic Symphony |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | 2:00 | Blue: The Life of Riley |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 | 3:00 | 2:00 | NBC: Reports on Rationing |
| 12:15 | 2:15 | 3:15 | 3:15 | 2:15 | NBC: Upton Close |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 | 2:30 | Blue: Army Hour |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 | 3:30 | 2:30 | Blue: Hot Copy |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 | 4:00 | 3:00 | Blue: Al Pierce Show |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | 4:30 | 3:30 | CBS: Pause that Refreshes |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | 4:30 | 3:30 | NBC: Lands of the Free |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 | 4:30 | 3:30 | Blue: Metropolitan Opera Audition |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | 5:00 | 4:00 | NBC: NBC Symphony—Arturo Toscanini |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | 5:00 | 4:00 | CBS: The Family Hour |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 | 5:00 | 4:00 | Blue: Where Do We Stand |
| 2:15 | 4:15 | 5:15 | 5:15 | 4:15 | MBS: Upton Close |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | 4:30 | Blue: The Shadow |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 | 5:30 | 4:30 | Blue: Musical Steelmakers |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 | 5:45 | 4:45 | CBS: Irony Rich |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | 6:00 | 5:00 | Blue: Silver Theater |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | 6:00 | 5:00 | Blue: Radio Hall of Fame |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | 6:00 | 5:00 | MBS: First Nighter |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 | 6:00 | 5:00 | NBC: Catholic Hour |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | 5:30 | NBC: Great Gildersleeve |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 | 6:30 | 5:30 | CBS: America in the Air |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | 7:00 | 6:00 | CBS: William L. Shirer |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | 7:00 | 6:00 | MBS: Voice of Prophecy |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | 7:00 | 6:00 | Blue: Drew Pearson |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 | 7:00 | 6:00 | NBC: Jack Benny |
| 4:15 | 6:15 | 7:15 | 7:15 | 6:15 | Blue: Dorothy Thompson |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | CBS: We, the People |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | Blue: Quiz Kids |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | NBC: Fitch Bandwagon |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 7:30 | 7:30 | 6:30 | MBS: Samuel Grafton |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | Blue: Greenfield Village Children's Choir |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | NBC: Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | CBS: Goodyear Show |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | MBS: Meditation Board |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | CBS: Crime Doctor |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 | 8:00 | 7:00 | Blue: Keopkees |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 | 8:30 | 7:30 | NBC: One Man's Family |
| 5:45 | 7:45 | 8:45 | 8:45 | 7:45 | MBS: Gabriel Heatter |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 | 8:55 | 7:55 | CBS: Ned Calmer, News |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | CBS: Radio Reader's Digest |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | Blue: Walter Winchell |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round |
| 6:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street |
| 7:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | CBS: Texaco Star Theater, Fred Allen |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:45 | 9:45 | 8:30 | Blue: Jimmie Fidler |
| 8:15 | 8:30 | 9:45 | 9:45 | 8:30 | NBC: American Album of Familiar Music |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | CBS: Take It or Leave It |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | Blue: Revlon Theater |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | MBS: John E. Hughes |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | NBC: Hour of Charm |
| 7:15 | 9:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | MBS: Goodwill Hour |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | NBC: Blue Crabs |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | Blue: Guy Lombardo |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 9:30 | CBS: The Thin Man |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | CBS: Bill Costello |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 | 11:00 | 10:00 | Blue: Everett Hollis |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | 11:15 | 10:15 | CBS: Olga Cepheo & El Charro |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | 11:15 | 10:15 | NBC: Gill Tye |
| 8:15 | 10:15 | 11:15 | 11:15 | 10:15 | NBC: John W. Vandercreek |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 | 11:30 | 10:30 | NBC: Pacific Story |



BUSY MAN...

One of the busiest men in radio is Harlow Wilcox, NBC announcer. Currently, he is dividing his time between assignments on Fibber McGee and Molly, Maxwell House Coffee Time and Amos 'n' Andy. Which isn't a bad record for a man who was told he'd better not try to break into radio back in 1929.

Wilcox was born in Omaha, Nebraska in 1900. He grew up in an atmosphere of showmanship, for his father was in the band of the first Ringling Brothers show and his sister was a vaudeville and concert violinist. Harlow himself studied voice and, while still in his 'teens, left home for the Chautauqua platform and stage. In a short while, he decided that being a salesman would be more remunerative and gave up the stage.

In 1929, he decided that radio had some attractions and succeeded in getting an audition on a small Chicago station. That was when he was advised to stick to selling; radio was not for him. But, reasoned Wilcox, if being a radio announcer isn't selling, what is? A month later he was on the air.

Jim and Marion Jordan were just getting a toehold in radio in Chicago then and Wilcox helped them cut some records. When the pair landed their own radio show, they asked for Wilcox as their announcer. The future triumphs of the trio are well known to all Fibber McGee and Molly fans. When the Jordans moved out to Hollywood in 1939, Wilcox went with them and, now, even when Fibber McGee and Molly leave the air for their annual summer vacations on their ranch, Wilcox carries on, announcing the sponsor's substitute show.

According to his co-workers, who should know, Wilcox's greatest assets as an announcer are his poise and his element of believability, qualities which have won him the announcing spot on so many of radio's outstanding programs. In private life, his friends know him as a quiet, reserved man who talks very little, unless he really has something to say.

Harlow Wilcox lives in Beverly Hills with his wife, the former Mari Bishop of Oak Park, Illinois. He finds little time these days for his favorite pastimes of horseback riding, yachting and polo. Between rehearsals and broadcasts, however, he manages to snatch the time for an occasional game of gin rummy. He's six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds and is considered one of the best dressed men in radio, which in an industry of well-dressed men is itself no mean record.

MONDAY

| P. W. T. | | C. W. T. | | Eastern War Time | |
|----------|-------|----------|-------|------------------|------------------------------------|
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | CBS: News |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | Blue: Breakfast Club |
| 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 | 8:00 | NBC: Mirth and Madness |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | CBS: School of the Air |
| 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | 9:15 | 8:15 | Blue: Isabel Manning Newson |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | CBS: Valiant Lady |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | Blue: Sweet River, Drama |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:00 | 9:00 | Blue: Special Assignment, News |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | NBC: Lora Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | NBC: News of the World |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | CBS: Kitty Foyle |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 | 10:15 | 9:15 | Blue: Singo |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Help Mate |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: The Open Door |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Baby Institute |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Humboldt Family |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Music Room |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Honeymoon Hill |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Road of Life |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Second Husband |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Vic and Sade |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Bright Horizon |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Gilbert Martyn |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Brave Tomorrow |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Living Should Be Fun |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: David Harum |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Kate Smith Speaks |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Big Sister |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Romance of Helen Trent |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: U. S. Navy Band |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: New Gal Sunday |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Baukhage Talking |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Ma Perkins |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Allie Lowe Miles |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Bernardino Flynn, News |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Ted Malroy |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: The Goldbergs |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Air Lane Trio |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Carey Longmire, News |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Young Dr. Malone |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: The Guiding Light |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Joyce Jordan, M. D. |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Mystery Chef |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Today's Children |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Light of the World |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: We Love and Learn |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Ladies' Choice |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Perry Mason Stories |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Hymns of All Churches |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Mary Marlin |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Good Neighbors |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Morton Downey |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: A Woman Knows America |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Elizabeth Bonis, News |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Ma Perkins |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: My True Story |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: Pepper Young's Family |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Now and Then |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Right to Happiness |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Little Jack Little |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | CBS: This Life Is Mine |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | Blue: Broadway Matinee |
| 9:00 | 10:00 | 10:30 | 10:30 | 10:00 | NBC: Blue Fro |

TUESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | Blue: Texas Jim |
| | 8:30 | Blue: News |
| | 9:00 | CBS: News |
| | 9:00 | Blue: Breakfast Club |
| | 9:00 | NBC: Mirth and Madness |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:15 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 9:45 | CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson |
| 8:30 | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama |
| | 9:45 | NBC: Special Assignment, News |
| | 10:00 | NBC: Lore Lawton |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 Blue: Singe |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC: News of the World |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Help Mate |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 Blue: Baby Institute |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: The Open Door |
| 12:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 Blue: Humboldt Family |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC: Music Room |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow |
| 11:15 | 10:15 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:15 | 11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 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 |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 Blue: Baukage Talking |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 Blue: Ted Malone |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News |
| | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: We Love and Learn |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories |
| | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Martin |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: Good Neighbors |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 Blue: Merton Downey |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: A Woman of America |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 Blue: My True Story |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: New and Forever |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: This Life is Mine |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Little Jack Little |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Ozark River |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Perry Como |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Fun With Dunn |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 CBS: Partia Faces Life |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 CBS: Sing Along |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Superman |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: American Woman |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Edna Hill |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 Blue: Capt. Neely |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 Blue: Jack Smith, Songs |
| | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 5:45 | 6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News |
| | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Marsch |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 Blue: Radio Listeners' Digest |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 Blue: Harry James |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 NBC: European News |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: American Melody Hour |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Everything for the Boys, Ronald Colman |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Big Town |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 Blue: News |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: A Day with Judy |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 Blue: Judy Canova Show |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Duffy's Tavern |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Bill Henry |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Gabriel Heatter |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Famous Jury Trials |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Mystery Theater |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Burns and Allen |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Report to the Nation |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Spotlight Bands |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Murder Clinic |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Grant Short Story |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: John B. Hughes |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Bob Hope |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Remembrance |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Red Skelton |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Congress Speaks |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: National Radio Forum |



BROOKLYN CINDERELLA...

Last June, Andree Wallace was just a stage-struck girl, leaving Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn. She had no professional dramatic training and her only experience on any stage was playing the lead in the school's production of "Stage Door."

However, having tasted the pleasures of being an actress, Andree was determined to make a place for herself in the theater—or preferably the radio.

For weeks, she trudged from studio to studio, trying to get an audition. And for weeks, she was met with the same answers from skeptical directors. "So! You were great in your high school play? Well, come back after you've had a few years of professional experience," the old standby of directors from time immemorial and one that has put the lid on many a blossoming career. For, if no one will give the inexperienced a job, how will they ever get the required experience?

Andree, however, remembered the heroine in "Stage Door" and went right on, trudging from studio to studio, until one harassed director consented to letting her audition. It came as such a surprise and such a shock, that Andree was so upset she forgot her material and found herself facing the microphone without any scripts from which to read.

She got the signal to go ahead and, because she couldn't think of anything else to do on the spur of the moment, she launched into the lines she had memorized for the play. She hesitated a moment, stumbled, and then, on familiar ground, she delivered the lines smoothly, feelingly.

The director listened. When she was finished, he didn't say a word. He just handed her one script after another to read on sight, scripts that ran the gamut of emotions—and then some. Still saying only, "Hmmm—" the director handed Andree a final piece of paper. It was a contract calling for her services with the network for the next five years!

And that's how Andree Wallace, at seventeen, leaped from total obscurity to leading ingenue roles in Radio Listeners' Digest, heard at 9 P.M., EWT, Sundays, over CBS. Her success as an ingenue is due partly to the fact that she doesn't know what sophistication means. She doesn't even own an evening dress and she's never had a beau, yet. She prefers suits and she likes to wear them as long as they will stay together. Her one extravagance is hats, and the sillier, the better.

Andree has two ambitions, at the moment. She wants to become a great actress and she wants to get married and have a very large family. She is the youngest of seven children, herself, and she has twenty-two nieces and nephews. As far as Andree is concerned there isn't any fun in a house without children—in fact, it isn't very much of a home.

WEDNESDAY

| P.W.T. | C.W.T. | Eastern War Time |
|--------|--------|--------------------------------------------------|
| | 8:15 | Blue: Texas Jim |
| | 8:30 | Blue: News |
| | 9:00 | CBS: News |
| | 9:00 | Blue: Breakfast Club |
| | 9:00 | NBC: Mirth and Madness |
| 1:30 | 2:30 | 9:10 CBS: School of the Air |
| | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | 10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady |
| | 9:45 | NBC: Special Assignment |
| | 9:45 | CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson |
| | 10:00 | NBC: Lore Lawton |
| | 10:00 | Blue: Sweet River, Drama |
| 8:45 | 9:15 | 10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle |
| | 9:15 | 10:15 Blue: Singe |
| 9:00 | 9:15 | 10:15 NBC: News of the World |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: The Open Door |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 Blue: Humboldt Family |
| | 9:45 | 10:45 NBC: Music Room |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's |
| | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Road of Life |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 CBS: Second Husband |
| | 10:15 | 11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn |
| | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow |
| 11:15 | 10:15 | 11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories |
| | 10:15 | 11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun |
| 8:45 | 10:45 | 11:45 NBC: David Harum |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks |
| | 11:00 | 12:00 NBC: Words and Music |
| | 11:15 | 12:15 CBS: Big Sister |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent |
| | 11:30 | 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour |
| | 11:45 | 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful |
| | 12:00 | 1:00 Blue: Baukage Talking |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins |
| | 12:15 | 1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News |
| | 12:30 | 1:30 Blue: Ted Malone |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs |
| | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News |
| | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone |
| | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D. |
| | 1:15 | 2:15 NBC: Today's Children |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Light of the World |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: We Love and Learn |
| | 1:30 | 2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated |
| | 1:45 | 2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories |
| | 1:45 | 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Mary Martin |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: Good Neighbors |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 Blue: Merton Downey |
| | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: A Woman of America |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 Blue: My True Story |
| | 2:15 | 3:15 NBC: New and Forever |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 CBS: This Life is Mine |
| | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness |
| | 2:45 | 3:45 NBC: Little Jack Little |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Ozark River |
| | 3:00 | 4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife |
| | 3:15 | 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones |
| | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Westbrook Van Voorhis |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 CBS: Perry Como |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound |
| | 3:45 | 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Fun With Dunn |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan |
| | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 CBS: Partia Faces Life |
| | 4:15 | 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 CBS: Sing Along |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Superman |
| | 4:30 | 5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 CBS: American Woman |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight |
| | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe |
| | 5:00 | 6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: Edna Hill |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 Blue: Capt. Neely |
| | 5:15 | 6:15 NBC: Serenade to America |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 CBS: Bill Stern |
| | 5:30 | 6:30 Blue: Jack Smith, Songs |
| | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| | 5:45 | 6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News |
| | 6:15 | 7:15 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Marsch |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 Blue: Radio Listeners' Digest |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 Blue: Harry James |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 NBC: European News |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: American Melody Hour |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Everything for the Boys, Ronald Colman |
| 8:30 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Big Town |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 Blue: News |
| | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms |
| | 7:15 | 8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: A Day with Judy |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 Blue: Judy Canova Show |
| | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Duffy's Tavern |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Bill Henry |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Gabriel Heatter |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Famous Jury Trials |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Mystery Theater |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Burns and Allen |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Report to the Nation |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Spotlight Bands |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Murder Clinic |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Grant Short Story |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: John B. Hughes |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Bob Hope |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 CBS: Remembrance |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: Red Skelton |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 NBC: Congress Speaks |
| | 7:45 | 8:45 Blue: National Radio Forum |

THURSDAY

Table of TV schedule for Thursday, Eastern War Time. Columns include P.W.T., C.W.T., and program titles like Texas Jim, News, Breakfast Club, etc.



NEVER SATISFIED . . .

Marvin Mueller, heard in dozens of shows almost every day—among them Backstage Wife, Road of Life and Lonely Women—first became interested in radio, when he was a student at Washington University.

Marvin was born in St. Louis. He received his B.A. at Washington University, majoring in foreign languages—and that was what led to his tackling radio. The consistent mispronunciation of foreign words over the radio was a thorn in his side—or rather, his ear.

With the idea of doing something about that, he went to a small St. Louis station and asked for an audition as an announcer. He got it and the verdict was that while his linguistic achievements were fine—his announcing was terrible, which meant no job for Marvin as an announcer—at least not for a while.

Nothing daunted, Marvin hid himself home and went to work on his speech, meanwhile writing himself a script called Lord Algy and Company, in which there were ten characters—all of them to be played by Marvin Mueller. It wasn't long before he found a spot for his Lord Algy show, which led to an announcing job with Station KMOX in St. Louis.

Soon, besides announcing all the principal network shows over KMOX, he was playing in dramatic shows, portraying characters from 16. to 60. Once, to sustain the illusion for a studio audience, a curtain was drawn around Marvin, while he read the part of a 65-year-old man.

In 1939, Marvin moved to Chicago and took over the job of being the top-hatted host on the Mutual First Nighter program in 1940. He's the man who invites you to come along with him each Sunday night to an aisle seat in "the little theater off Times Square."

Marvin also worked on many CBS favorites, including the Romance of Helen Trent, Scattergood Baines and Stepmother.

Not that Marvin is content with being one of the busiest actors in radio. He is by way of being a writer and poet, too, and a number of his poems have been published—enough of them to win him a place in the Biographical Dictionary of Contemporary American Poets.

His hobby is collecting books, poetry, photographs and pipes—all of which have to be classified and catalogued, which is pretty much of a full-time job in itself.

Marvin is married, is five feet, eleven inches tall, and he weighs about one hundred and ninety-five pounds. He has dark brown hair and eyes.

Still, not satisfied that his days are full enough, Marvin has further ambitions for the future. He wants to sing and write song lyrics and stories—and does all three on the side.

FRIDAY

Table of TV schedule for Friday, Eastern War Time. Columns include P.W.T., C.W.T., and program titles like Texas Jim, News, Breakfast Club, etc.

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: Music of Today |
| | 8:15 | 8:15 NBC: Ralph Dumke |
| | 8:30 | 8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping |
| | 8:30 | 8:30 Blue: United Nations, News, Review |
| | 8:45 | 8:45 CBS: Women's Page of the Air |
| | 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: Music from Manhattan |
| | 9:15 | 9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter |
| | 9:30 | 9:30 CBS: Garden Gate |
| | 9:45 | 9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Howson |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 Blue: Yankee Doodle Quiz |
| | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Road to Danger |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 Blue: Green Hornet |
| | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Saturday Showdown |
| | 9:40 | 10:45 NBC: Bob Becker's Pet Parade |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 Blue: On Stage, Everybody |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 NBC: Hook 'n' Ladder Follies |
| | 11:05 | 11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 CBS: Fashion in Rations |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 NBC: Lighted Windows |
| 8:30 | 10:30 | 11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 CBS: Theater of Today |
| 9:00 | 11:00 | 12:00 Blue: Blue Playhouse |
| 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: International Exchange Program |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 CBS: Serenade |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 Blue: Popular Music |
| 10:00 | 12:00 | 1:00 NBC: Here's to Youth, |
| 10:30 | 12:30 | 1:30 NBC: The Saxtons |
| 10:15 | 12:45 | 1:45 CBS: Report from Washington |
| 10:15 | 12:45 | 1:45 NBC: War Telescope |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera |
| 11:00 | 1:00 | 2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co. |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 NBC: Grantland Rice |
| 11:30 | 1:30 | 2:30 CBS: Calling Pan America |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 NBC: First Piano Quartet |
| 12:00 | 2:00 | 3:00 CBS: Columbia Country Journal |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 NBC: News |
| 12:30 | 2:30 | 3:30 CBS: Victory F. O. E. |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes |
| 1:00 | 3:00 | 4:00 CBS: News and Reports from Washington |
| 1:15 | 3:15 | 4:15 CBS: Report from London |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 NBC: Doctors at War |
| 1:30 | 3:30 | 4:30 CBS: The Colonel |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 CBS: Carliss Archer |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 NBC: Your America |
| 2:00 | 4:00 | 5:00 Blue: Popular Music |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 NBC: Caesar Saerchinger |
| 2:30 | 4:30 | 5:30 CBS: Mather and Dad |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds |
| 2:45 | 4:45 | 5:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 Blue: Service Serenade |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 NBC: I Sustain the Wings |
| 3:00 | 5:00 | 6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 CBS: People's Platform |
| 3:15 | 5:15 | 6:15 Blue: Storyland Theater |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 Blue: Andy Russell |
| 3:30 | 5:30 | 6:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 Blue: Leon Henderson |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 CBS: The World Today |
| 3:45 | 5:45 | 6:45 NBC: Religion in the News |
| 3:55 | 5:55 | 6:55 CBS: Bob Trout |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 NBC: American Story |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun |
| 4:00 | 6:00 | 7:00 Blue: What's New—Don Ameche |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen |
| 4:30 | 6:30 | 8:00 Blue: News |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 NBC: Abie's Irish Rose |
| 5:00 | 7:00 | 8:00 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 Blue: Boston Symphony Orch. |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences |
| 5:30 | 7:30 | 8:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery |
| 5:55 | 7:55 | 8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News |
| 9:00 | 8:00 | 9:00 CBS: Year Hit Parade |
| 9:00 | 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 Bands |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade |
| 6:45 | 8:45 | 9:45 Blue: Coronet Quiz |
| 7:00 | 9:00 | 10:00 NBC: Million Dollar Band |
| 10:15 | Blue: | Army Service Forces Present |
| 7:30 | 9:30 | 10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 CBS: Talks |
| 7:45 | 9:45 | 10:45 Blue: Betty Rann |
| 8:00 | 10:00 | 11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News |

Carnival

Composer-leader Morton Gould and composer-pianist Alec Templeton combine their talents on this CBS show designed for music lovers with a sense of humor.



YEARS ago they called it the Gallo Theater. It proudly presented opera in the grand manner every evening of the week. Today it's quite a different matter. The Gallo is now CBS Studio Number Four. Music again is pouring into the theater, bringing the ghosts of by-gone entertainers flocking from their haunts in the wings—but it's quite different music!

Perpetrators of these startling innovations are two versatile musical men. Their names are Morton Gould and Alec Templeton. By-words in every music-minded, radio-minded, or even record-minded family, these two famous composers share top billing in a radio show that presents the best in music, plus a good share of original score composed for each broadcast of "Carnival" (Wed. 10:30 p.m. EWT over CBS).

Gould is an American through and through. He has never studied with other than American teachers, he has never been away from this country, he composes, conducts and plays in the American idiom. Templeton is a Welshman: He had his musical education in England and Wales, came to this country after he had achieved notable success abroad. Together they weave a magic pattern of beautiful melodies spiced with topical satire.

Rehearsal begins at ten-thirty on Wednesday morning. The orchestra men drift in slowly in groups and singly, through the stage door. Then Morton Gould arrives and everyone gets down to business.

Usually, for relaxation he and the men play in their shirtsleeves. First they try out the more difficult passages of a Gould arrangement of an old favorite—"Night and Day," or "Begin the Beguine," or "St. Louis Blues." Then they polish off a few current hits, an original Gould composition, the theme music and the music to accompany the commercials.

Just as the first half of the rehearsal draws to a close, the theater's off-stage door opens and two people tiptoe into the music-filled theater and seat themselves quietly. Mr. and Mrs. Templeton, who are Morton Gould fans and love to listen to him at work, sit rapt in the music, sometimes holding hands as they let it sweep over them. Then, while the musicians enjoy their in-between cigarettes and resume their shop-talk, Templeton ascends the stage.

This is the time for a remarkable piece of musical collaboration. Here are two top composers, men who have written both

popular and classical music, both of them fine musicians—one a concert pianist, the other an ex-concert pianist who now as a conductor leads not only his own orchestra, but the New York Philharmonic.

They are about to work out Templeton's weekly topical satire, with himself as vocal and piano soloist, accompaniment by the orchestra. This is a time the orchestra looks forward to, and Templeton, realizing that his audience is with him to the last man, outdoes himself with deft satire, as he takes some current swooner-crooner, or overstuffed diva over the coals. Recent victims who have fallen prey to the Templeton stiletto wit are Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Durante. The musicians had a grand time during the Sinatra-baiting session. They howled as the semi-operatic strains of "Night and Day" dripped in treacle-laden syllables from Templeton's vocal chords.

Before they go into dress rehearsal there's another break; that's when Templeton and the orchestra men play the game. This is a zany guessing game that is played by any one who feels like joining in. First the oboe player will play a trill—and Templeton reproduces it on the piano. Then two of the violins will come in with a theme—and again it will be picked up—and augmented with a few extra musical furbelows, with everyone trying to "stick" the remarkable Templeton memory. Of course no one has succeeded as yet—but they keep on trying.

Dress rehearsal takes them through the entire program just as it will be presented at 10:30 that night. Included is a "Four in One Special" Templeton improvisation. This rehearsal one is just for fun—the broadcast one is always done on the spur of the moment. Templeton's high spot on the show, the "4 in 1" consists of skillful blending of four entirely different musical pieces, two classical, two popular, into one composition. Members of the audiences call out such diversified titles as "Pomp and Circumstance," "Pistol Packin' Mama," "Les Sylphides" and "Little Gray Home in the West"—and Templeton puts them together so that, although you can recognize each tune separately, they form an entirely new and catchy composition.

Time for lunch now—the show is in the bag, and everyone's hungry.



MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I love it."



ENGAGED! MARY JANE MAXSON of West Orange, N. J. to William B. Eppler of Maplewood, an army officer, now overseas. She is a graduate of Mary Lyon Junior College; he attended Princeton.



VICTORY FARM HAND—Mary Jane's war work on the family's victory farm is no glamour job! *She's working where she's needed!* All kinds of jobs need women workers. Check Help Wanted ads—consult local U. S. Employment Service.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"*She's so pretty!*" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has a sweet elfin charm—quiet stillness one minute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has *definite and practical* ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have *sparkling clean skin*," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's

why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face *every night and every morning*. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She *smooths* Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with *more* Pond's,

working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This *twice-over* creaming makes my skin feel *extra clean, extra soft*," she says.

Beauty-clean your face with Pond's *every night, every morning*. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a *big jar* of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



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

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

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Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS HAIR NETS
SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS

Let No Man Put Asunder

Continued from page 21

she laughed, "because he doesn't want to take any help from anybody even at first—but I'll get him over that. And—oh, yes, I've decided to have only one bridesmaid and you're to be it, Sally."

I tried to thank her. I tried to share her excitement. But the words were like sawdust in my throat.

And I knew, as I walked with Kevin out to his car, as I still felt Dwight's handclasp warm on my fingers, still felt his gaze clinging to mine, with a sure and horrible clarity that I was in love with my cousin's fiancé.

Kevin stopped the car in front of the house where I roomed. "Let me come in a minute?" he asked.

He often did. I'd fixed my big front room like a livingroom, with a studio couch for my bed, a desk, some easy chairs and bookshelves, so that I could entertain my friends. The landlady, Mrs. Turley, didn't mind; she'd known me all my life. But tonight I said, "It's late, Kevin, and—I'm tired." And then something made me add, "What did you think of Dwight?"

"He's a good guy," he said casually. Was it too casually? The light from the dashboard fell across the lean lower part of his face, but his eyes were in shadow. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, what he might have seen. "I thought his manner toward Coralie was kind of funny, though. Oh, he was polite and attentive and all that—but quiet. Not at all as if he were with the girl he's in love with."

"Maybe he's just the quiet type," I

said hurriedly. "And now I really must go in."

"Sally . . ." He put his hand on my arm and leaned toward me. "When are you going to give me a break? I know you're fond of me, and you know how I feel about you. Why won't you marry me? What are you waiting for?"

Not tonight, I pleaded silently. Oh, not tonight. "Please, Kevin. You're dear and sweet and I wouldn't hurt you for the world. But I'm just not sure enough. I've told you that."

"Yes, you've told me." His fingers tightened on my arm and he pulled me toward him. "But one of these days I'll make you sure. I'll knock this nonsense out of your head and—" his voice roughened—"I'll make you marry me."

I sensed again the thing I'd sometimes felt in him, the suggestion of hidden fires banked beneath a calm exterior, of hidden violence, hidden depths. I put my hands against his chest. "Please, Kevin," I whispered. "Please."

He strained me to him for a moment and then, with a short laugh, he let me go. "Okay," he said. "I'll call you tomorrow. . . ."

It was a guilty knowledge I took to bed that night and carried, like a secret, sinful burden, during the next two weeks. How could I be in love with Dwight Emery, I asked myself over and over. It was wrong. It was madness. I hardly knew him. And yet—his face was always before me, with its strong, rugged features, its warming

(Continued on page 58)

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO INSURE FREEDOM FROM WANT?

Suppose you owned a wild animal, ferocious and dangerous . . . you'd keep it caged, wouldn't you? You'd take every precaution to see that it didn't get loose to endanger your family and your property. You'd see that it never got out of hand.

Money can be like that—dangerous to your family and your property, if it gets out of hand. Inflation's the word for that, and it's inflation that is our greatest enemy, here at home. Most of us have more money than we used to have and the temptation to buy more things than we used to buy is strong. The temptation to complain is strong, too—to complain about taxes, about the limited quantities of rationed goods, or things that we'd like to have, but which are no longer on the market. That leads to another temptation—the temptation to avoid paying taxes, to get the goods we want through other than legitimate sources.

But remember this—inflation is always followed by drastic deflation, by panic and depression. Freedom from Want is one of the things for which we're fighting this war—and we can't have Freedom from Want when the war is won if we have bought our way into a condition of depression.

Here's a pledge we all must make—and keep. I promise:

- to buy and keep as many War Bonds as I can afford
- to pay my taxes willingly, for they are paying for the war now so that we won't have to pay for it later
- to pay off my debts and not contract new ones
- to guard my future and that of my family with savings and insurance
- to buy rationed goods only in exchange for ration stamps—and at no more than ceiling prices
- to avoid waste and buy only what I need
- to avoid trying to profiteer on the war, and not to ask for higher wages
- to do all these things to fight inflation—as insurance for the future

M-G-M PRESENTS A NEW LOVE AFFAIR...

THEY KNEW HOW TO LAUGH
AND LOVE AND FACE HIGH
ADVENTURE TOGETHER!

SPENCER
TRACY

(A Grand Guy)

I R E N E
DUNNE

(A Swell Gal)

IN VICTOR FLEMING'S
SPARKLING PRODUCTION

*a Guy
Named
Joe*

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
with VAN JOHNSON
WARD BOND · JAMES GLEASON
LIONEL BARRYMORE · BARRY NELSON
ESTHER WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo · Ad-
aptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
Produced by EVERETT RISKIN

GROWING FAST!



Every day, new thousands are switching to Sitroux Tissues. And no wonder! They are proving three ways better:

softer—stronger—more absorbent! Keep them handy for removing make-up . . . for over-blown noses . . . for baby's "bubbling" . . . and dozens of other uses. They're economical! They're sanitary! And how they cut down laundry bills! One box will convince you that Sitroux Tissues are better tissues.

SITROUX
 SAY SIT-TRUE **TISSUES**

Continued from page 56

smile. And at nights I lay awake planning a future that could not be, and I dreamed sometimes of his lips on mine and his arms holding me close, and I woke, shivering.

I tried not to see him. When Coralie telephoned to ask me over, I pleaded extra work at the store getting ready for the Christmas rush. I said I was too tired; I said I had another engagement. I said anything, everything, to keep from seeing them, lest I should betray my secret.

Of course, sometimes it was unavoidable and those times were agony. I could never tell what Dwight felt because I made it a point never to be alone with him or to exchange a personal word. That wasn't hard, as Coralie clung to him with happy, childlike possessiveness, and his manner to her was protective and tender. Probably, I persuaded myself, he felt nothing for me at all. I accepted more dates with Kevin, trying to find in him something that would make me forget. But that was hopeless. And, besides, it wasn't fair to encourage him too much, feeling as I did. There seemed to my tortured mind no escape anywhere from thoughts of the man I had no right to think of, from my own misery.

AND then one evening when I was working late, Dwight came into the store, alone. I tried to smile naturally, over the familiar, painful thudding of my heart. He looked tired; there were lines of strain around his mouth, and I felt an aching desire to take him in my arms and comfort him, as a mother comforts a child, as a sweet-heart comforts her lover.

"Coralie and her mother have gone into Hilton to shop," he said. "They won't get back till late. How about letting me hang around till you're through and then take you home?"

Why not, I thought feverishly. After all, I'll have to see him when he's Coralie's husband, part of my family. I may as well get used to it now; the

best way to get over something is pretending it doesn't exist.

"Swell," I said. "I'll be through at nine. I'd be glad of company on the way home, Dwight."

He strolled around, looking at the books, until I was ready. "Let's walk," I said. "It's not too cold."

And as we walked through the dark, silent streets I talked of everything I could think of—the dance at the country club we were all going to tomorrow night, of the new books we were getting in for Christmas, the little things that made my job interesting. This is the way to do it, I thought. This is safety. Deny your feelings and they won't exist, won't bother you any longer.

Dwight made it easy for me. His tone seemed to match mine. He listened well, he laughed at the right places, and he told me fascinating things about his work. When we got to my rooming house I asked him to come in.

As I switched on the lights, he stood quite still in the middle of the room and looked about him.

"I've never seen where you lived before," he said at last slowly. "You've made it home, haven't you? It's—it's got you in every part of it." He glanced at the shelves of books, at the miniatures of my parents I'd had painted from old photographs, the fat pottery jars of ivy on the windowsill. Then he added simply, "I feel at home here."

This was dangerous ground. This was too intimate, too personal. "I'm glad you like it," I said hurriedly. "Now tell me more about that research you're doing—"

But the words trailed off before those steady gray eyes that seemed to say so much. We stood looking at each other. And then he took the short step between us, and I was in his arms. I'd dreamed of it, I'd dreamed of his lips on mine . . . But this kiss held more, much more, than my dream. This was beyond it, beyond imagining. This was the beginning, and the end, of the world . . .



Dunninger, right, is the Master Mind of Mystery on his own Blue Network show and also writes for True Detective Magazine whose associate editor Clayton Rawson was a guest on the program recently. Articles exposing supernatural rackets and explaining haunted houses and other psychic phenomena, by Dunninger, appear regularly in True Detective.

And his voice was both harsh and sweet in my ears. There was pain in it, and exultant joy. "I love you," he was saying. "I've loved you since the moment I walked in and saw you, since time began. I've tried not to—God knows I've tried. I kept myself from seeing you. I fought to keep from thinking of you—and I might as well have tried to fight a cyclone. Tonight when I came, I didn't mean to tell you. I wanted to show myself I was wrong. And instead, I—oh, my darling." His arms strained me even closer.

Then I made myself pull away. Gently I freed myself. "But Coralie," I whispered. "You can't—love us both."

"Coralie . . . I know." He walked slowly to the window and stood looking out for a moment. Then he turned and faced me. "To put it into words like this makes me sound like all kinds of heel. And that, believe me, is what I've called myself a thousand times. But the truth is that I never loved Coralie. No, wait—" he went on as I would have interrupted. "Last summer was the first time I'd ever had a vacation in my life. I was lonely, and hungry for fun and glamour and romance. Well, Coralie was all of that—she's pretty and gay and sweet, the perfect answer to everything I needed. It should never have been anything more than a summer flirtation, a few kisses in the moonlight. But—Coralie took it more seriously. Before I knew it, I saw she considered us engaged and she'd spoken to her father about this job . . .

NOW comes the hard part, Sally. You've got to understand!" There was desperation in his face, but his eyes were on mine, steady, honest, pleading for belief. "I knew I didn't feel as I should. But I thought maybe I never would, that what I'd wanted in love was just a dream. After all, I was twenty-five and I'd never really loved anyone. I didn't want to hurt her, she'd been so kind and she's so—so like a child. So I made up my mind that I'd forget what I'd dreamed of and give her all of myself that I could. I'd be a good and faithful husband. And then—the first day in town I met you—and knew you were the girl I'd wanted all my life. That's the story, Sally. It's not easy to tell but it's true!"

I believed him. Not because I wanted to so much, not because my heart cried out to his. But because no one could fail to see and feel his passionate honesty.

"But how can we know?" I cried. "About each other, I mean. It's been so sudden, so quick—"

"Love comes like that sometimes," he said simply. "Unbidden. But I know. It's real and deep and final for me, Sally. And I've got to tell her."

"But it would be like hurting a baby! And the wedding's only a month off—"

"It's far better to hurt her now, like this, when she can get over it, than to go ahead feeling as I do. That would be a greater—an unforgivable hurt, Sally . . ."

I don't know how long we talked or all that we said. All I remember is the agony of guilt and indecision, mingled with the deep knowledge of our love. But when Dwight left, we both knew that he would tell Coralie as soon as possible and in a way that would be least dangerous to her pride and her love. Our hands touched as we said good night, but that was all. We



Is there a Doctor in the House?

Dear Reader, 'don't be alarmed . . . it's not that serious. The young man with the pained expression is just our Permanent Pin-Up Boy . . . for the present emergency.

We keep his picture as a constant reminder that millions of mothers and housekeepers are getting along on limited supplies of Fels-Naptha Soap. Sometimes even doing without. And being pretty patient about it.

You have our assurance that we are making as much of this famous soap as we can. That we're making it as fast as we can. That we're trying to give every grocer his fair share.

If you use Fels-Naptha Soap carefully—and shop persistently—we believe you'll get *your* share, too.



FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



*What a queer Courtship
ours was, dear*

We started with a quarrel—will you ever forget?

"I can't stand career girls," you said. And I so proud of my job!

"Unfeminine," you said. (You were quaint, my darling.)
And then you looked at my hands.

Soft, smooth hands. I secretly thanked Jergens Lotion.
Because hands that work hard can easily get rough from the
skin's loss of natural moisture.

My hands are yours now, dear. And I do keep them nice for you—
don't I? I still use Jergens Lotion.



Attractive girls do a man's work making airplanes today; and they use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. You have almost professional hand care with Jergens. Helps smooth away skin-roughness with 2 ingredients many doctors use for this purpose. Quick! No sticky feeling. Use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

each knew that that *must* be all—until Dwight was free.

I passed a sleepless night. Thoughts of Coralie with her laughter stilled by the blow I would help inflict, of Aunt Ethel and Uncle Tom and their kindness to me, were a torturing procession through my mind. And yet it was right what Dwight and I were doing. It had to be!

Early the next morning I got a special delivery from him. It had been hastily scrawled on a single sheet of paper. "My darling, I cannot sleep for thoughts of you and of what I must do. We must be strong—for what we have to do may be wrong in sight of the world, but I know it is right for us. Love like ours cannot be denied. I think I know a way to do it so that no one will suspect, and that will be least dangerous for all of us. It will be tonight, after the dance . . . Until our tomorrow, then. Dwight."

I read it over and over. It was like having him there beside me, reassuring me that all would be well and that we would earn our right to each other in a way that wouldn't hurt Coralie by gossip or ugly talk. Then I put it in my desk. Knowing it was there would give me courage for tonight.

As I drove over to Coralie's with Kevin—we were all to meet there and go to the dance together—I felt keyed up to an icy kind of calm. The calm to act as if nothing were wrong, to hide what I was feeling, and to brace myself for what would come. Once tonight was over, I would have the strength to face tomorrow. For it would be *our tomorrow*—Dwight's and mine.

We stayed at Coralie's only a moment, waiting in the big hallway, Dwight and Kevin and I, for Coralie. The calm was with me still—I was able to smile naturally at Dwight; to compliment Coralie on her lovely new dress. And then in a flurry of laughter, of putting on wraps, we were off—on the most memorable evening in the lives of all of us.

Driving out to the Club, with Kevin, I knew that I would have to tell him, too, and that he would be hurt. But not as much as Coralie. He loved me and he would feel a momentary wound; but he had no claim,

**MAY RADIO MIRROR
ON SALE**

Wednesday, April 12th



Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. To help lighten the burden, RADIO MIRROR will be on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for May will go on sale Wednesday, April 12th. The same applies to subscription copies—they are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late. So please be patient!

and I was sure that in spite of his determination that some day I would marry him, he would not suffer long. Luckily, driving took all his attention and he didn't notice that I was quieter than usual. Rain had fallen during the day, and a thin sheet of ice was forming on the road. I looked at his strong, clean-cut profile and wondered bleakly why I could not love freely, without hurting others.

The whole evening passed like a swiftly moving picture in which I had no part. I danced and laughed and talked; I watched Coralie dancing in Dwight's arms—all with the same cold detachment. Dwight and I avoided each other by mutual consent. We danced only once, and then we dared not speak or look into each other's eyes. My whole being seemed tense with waiting, and not until tomorrow would I live again, and take what would come.

"What's the matter, honey?" Kevin asked once, teasingly. "You look exactly like people look when they're waiting in the dentist's office."

Startled by his acuteness, I forced a laugh. "I'm sorry. Dancing with you is not the least bit like going to the dentist. I'm just tired, I guess."

"You work too hard. I wish—" Then he stopped, and grinned. "I'll wait till I get you home to tell you what I wish. Too many spectators here."

I knew, and I couldn't answer. Over his shoulder, I saw Dwight on the other side of the room, looking at me, and his eyes seemed to say, "Tomorrow."

WE all left together, and Dwight and Coralie, in her car, were right behind us as we drove away from the club. It was bitter cold and the road was patched with treacherous ice. I shivered, uncontrollably.

"Cold, Sally?" Kevin reached out and pulled me closer beside him.

"A—a little." I could not tell him it was not the cold, but the awareness of that car so close behind us that made me shiver. Every nerve in my body seemed stretched tight with that awareness. Through the back window of Kevin's coupe, I could occasionally see their silhouettes—Dwight driving and Coralie snuggled close against him. In a little while . . . in just a little while now . . .

I wrenched my gaze away and forced myself to look only at the road ahead.

Suddenly Kevin gave a horrified cry. Instantly from behind us there was a woman's shrill scream, and then the soul-sickening crash of metal against stone. "They've skidded!" Kevin cried. "Coralie and Dwight—right into the bridge culvert—"

I felt a sick terror. I think I screamed myself. Kevin had jammed on the brakes, and was backing up, backing fast, regardless of danger. As we jerked to a stop, I wrenched open the door and stumbled out. Coralie's car was half on its side, the front of it crumpled against the stone culvert. Dwight, with blood running over his face, was bent over the steering wheel, tugging frantically at what lay wedged between the front seat and the wreckage of the hood.

He looked at us as we ran up, and his eyes were wild and dazed. "I can't get her out. She's caught . . . I can't get her out . . ."

"Take it easy, fellow," Kevin said with quiet authority. "We'll get her. Here, Sally—take care of Dwight. Get him over to my car."



"Kissable little Face"



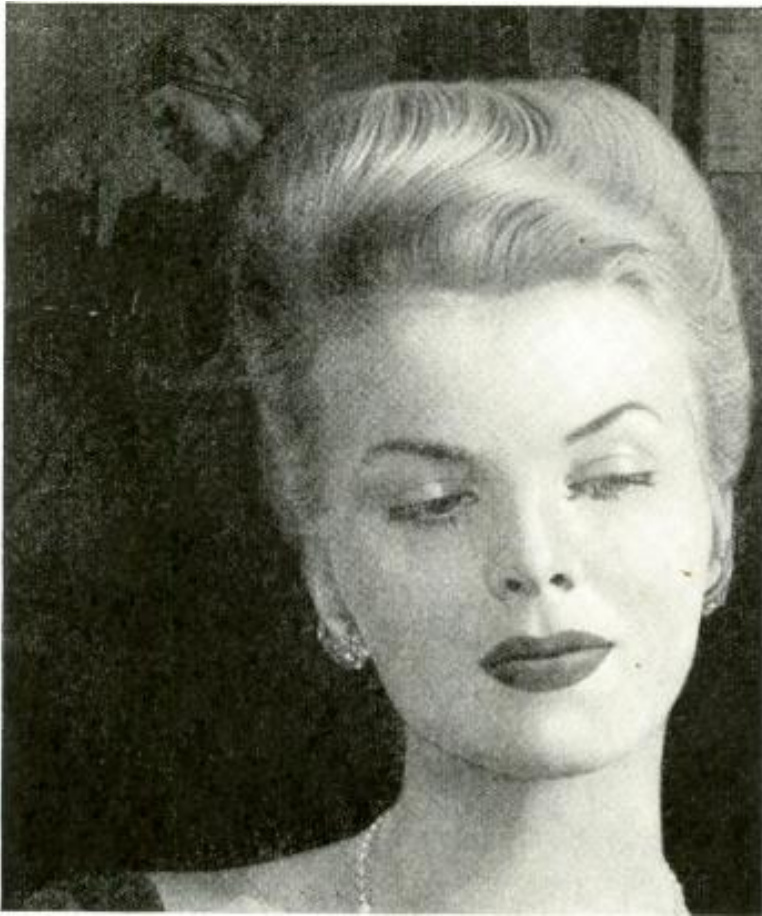
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ALL-PURPOSE CREAM, FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION



Doing More Than Your Share?

A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive as well as efficient!



BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that *really* lasts... smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red,

Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need... vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick... with Tangee's matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

By that time other cars had stopped. There was a confusion of voices and running footsteps, of shouted directions and scraps of words flung into the night. "Doctor... ambulance... she's alive... ambulance..." And then the dim wail of a distant siren.

Through it all, I sat beside Dwight in Kevin's coupe. I stanchied the deep cut in his forehead as well as I could. I put my arms around him and held him close.

He was paper white, and his whole body trembled. "I'd just told her," he muttered brokenly. "I couldn't wait till we got home—she said her mother would be waiting up. I—she—she looked like a crazy woman there for a second, and then she grabbed the wheel. I tried to get it away—and we skidded—"

"Hush," I whispered through stiff lips. "Hush. She's out now. They're putting her in the ambulance..."

And then Kevin crowded in beside us, and we were driving at breakneck speed, following that wailing siren.

I felt numbed. Only one thought was clear, and it kept sounding over and over in my mind. *If Coralie dies, I will have killed her—I and my love for Dwight.*

IT seemed hours that we waited in the hospital reception room. Dwight was taken away and his cut was stitched and dressed. Then he insisted on coming back and waiting with us. Aunt Ethel and Uncle Tom were there, pale and frantic with anxiety. I tried to comfort them. I tried to say something, but I couldn't. If they knew the truth they'd hate me. And through it all Dwight kept saying, "It was my fault. We skidded. I don't know how it happened but it was my fault."

And then suddenly the doctor was there, and the room grew very silent.

"There's no immediate danger," he said. "But her legs are in bad shape. She won't be able to walk for a while. Now, Mrs. Hollins, don't worry," he said soothingly to Aunt Ethel. "It's purely a temporary paralysis, and we'll have her up and around in no time. She's just regained consciousness, and she's asking for Mr. Emery." He looked at Dwight. "Only a moment, please—she's weak from shock."

Dwight's glance crossed mine briefly, and if I ever saw sheer anguish in a man's eyes it was in his. Then he got up quietly and followed the doctor out into the corridor.

In a few minutes he was back again. "She wants you," he said to Coralie's parents. "The doctor says the rest of us had better go home—there's nothing we can do."

Kevin crossed the room to get our coats, and Dwight put his hand on my arm. "You'll have to know, Sally," he said in a low voice, "and it may as well be now. She wasn't able to say much. She only reached for my hand and said if—if it weren't for me, she wouldn't want to get well. You see," he drew a deep breath, "she doesn't remember a thing I told her."

And so tomorrow is not theirs—Dwight's and Sally's—after all, for Coralie, crippled because of the tomorrow they coveted, must come first now. Is there hope, still, for the love that Sally knows will be in her heart forever? Read the exciting second installment of "Let No Man Put Asunder" in May RADIO MIRROR, on sale April 12.

Buy It Only If You Need It

EVERY DAY AMERICA NEEDS \$140,000,000 TO FIGHT THE WAR! HELP WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

We Were Never Happier

(Continued from page 45)

porch to have a snack with him. Soon, of course, he had to take off again, to be back in Chicago in time for his Monday broadcast. But the hours they spent together, dancing, talking, picnicking made his trip well worth while.

"I'm not leaving," he announced one Sunday "even though I miss tomorrow's show—until you say, straight out, that you love me."

A deep flush mounted Betty's smooth cheeks. "I love you. . . ." She whispered it really, against his cheek. But she whispered it over and over and over. He was later leaving that night than he ever had been before. He had to disregard speed limits all the way to Chicago. But secretly he and Betty were engaged and she wore his ring.

That autumn when Betty entered Rosary College her parents made it clear—evidently the engagement was not quite as secret as Jim and Betty thought it was—that they expected Betty to complete the course.

"They know," Jim said. Whereupon he talked quite openly about their plan to marry as soon as Betty was graduated. Then, four years began to seem much much too long to wait, and both he and Betty began to talk about marrying when she had finished her junior year.

"We like you, Jim," Mr. Harris said. "We're delighted to have Betty go out with you. . . . You're always welcome here. . . . But we want Betty to finish college. Then, if you both feel as you do now, you can talk about marriage. . . ."

Betty, looking like an angel, Jim thought, in her white chiffon gown, —they were going to a college dance that night—was close to tears. This was more than he could endure. "Why is it so vital that Betty graduate?" he asked. "It's not as if she wanted a career."

"After all," Betty said, "I don't have to know Latin or Chaucer to take care of a home."

Mrs. Harris frowned. "Don't force your father and me to behave like the proverbial stern parents."

All evening, dancing, Jim and Betty talked of the four eternal years they must wait till they could be together.

"I wish we were married right this minute," Betty whispered.

The thermometer outside the college registered zero. All roads were banked with snow and the state highways were closed. Driving was hazardous. But, shortly after midnight, Betty and Jim started out for Dubuque, Iowa, where Honore Ameche's mother, Don's mother-in-law, lived. They felt they must see her without delay. She was a wise woman, with understanding for young lovers.

Half way there Betty began to fear that her mother would worry.

"She never really goes to sleep until I get in," she said. "I ought to telephone—tell her where we're going."

"If you call," Jim said "we'll have to go back. . . ."

"We just won't go." In her gentle way Betty could be very firm. "We just won't, Jim—whatever mother says. But I can't let her worry all night. It isn't fair. . . ."

Jim pulled up beside a roadside diner. "I'll call," he compromised.

Jim returned in a few minutes. "I have to take you back," he said. "And



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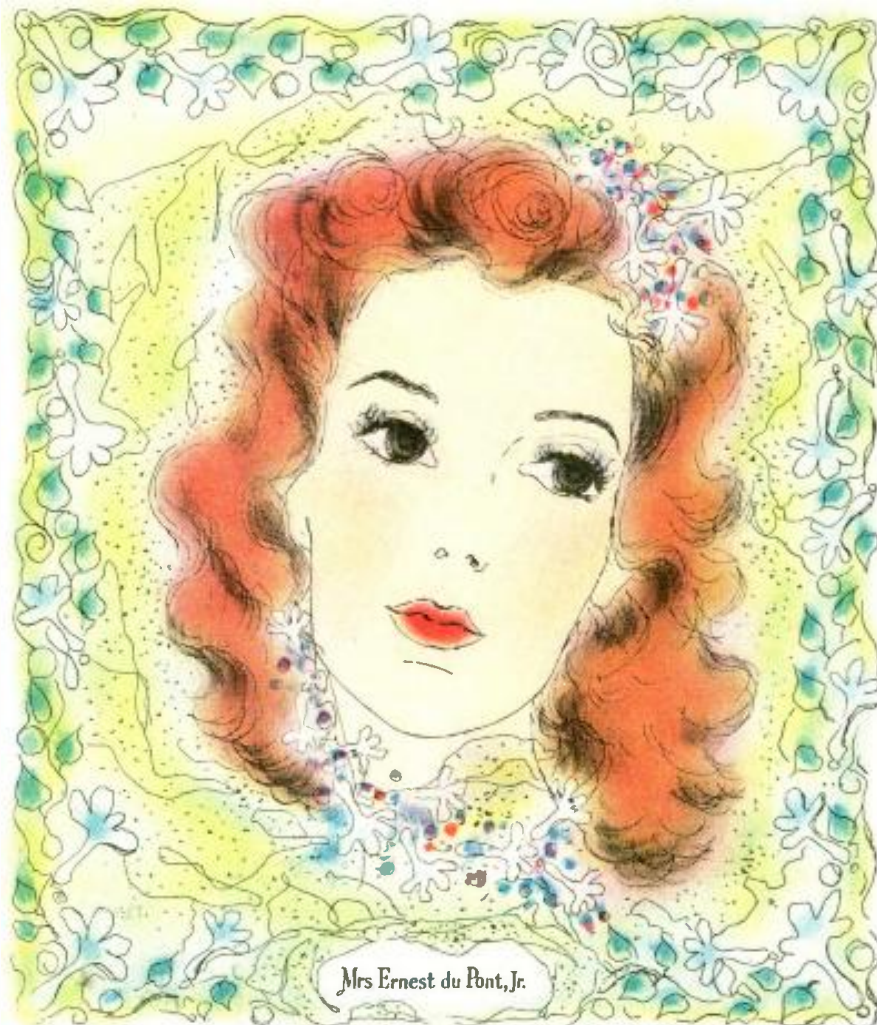
- See how effectively FRESH stops perspiration—prevents odor. See how gentle it is. Never gritty, greasy or sticky. Spreads smoothly—vanishes quickly. Won't rot even delicate fabrics!

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Two sizes—50¢—25¢

NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR





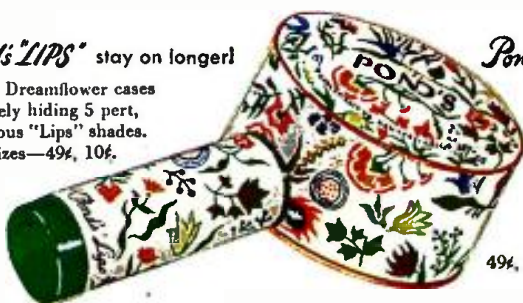
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Pond's "LIPS" stay on longer!

Dainty Dreamflower cases demurely hiding 5 pert, flirtatious "Lips" shades. Two sizes—49¢, 10¢.



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ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
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49¢, 25¢, 10¢.

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

your mother says we are not to see each other any more. . . ."

"I suppose," Betty said, "you blame me—for insisting upon calling. . . ."

Jim shook his head. "No," he agreed "it was right to call. Your mother was pretty worried. . . ."

They turned back, like two dutiful children. As Jim told Betty "I don't want your marriage to me to bring you anything but happiness. It's up to me to figure out how this can be arranged. . . ."

For a few hours short of a week they didn't see each other. Then, unable or unwilling to endure Betty's misery any longer, Mr. and Mrs. Harris relented. Betty flew to the telephone. And within the same half hour, bowed down with peace offerings for the entire family, including a rubber bone for the dog. Jim was there.

For the next few months they behaved as reasonably as they had promised they would. But all the time they loved each other more. And, of course, the more they loved each other the closer they came to another "pretty state of affairs," as Mrs. Harris called their outbursts.

That summer when Jim was week-ending at Rochester, Mrs. Harris's sister was another woman sympathetic to young lovers. "Your mother and father married when they fell in love," she told Betty and Jim indignantly. "They should let you do the same! I'll go to the license bureau with you," she offered finally, her sympathies thoroughly aroused. They met at the license bureau at noon next day.

When Jim had filled out the application for a license the clerk pushed another forbidding form towards him. "For the newspapers," he explained.

Betty and Jim and Auntie looked at each other, appalled. Jim motioned frantically to Auntie to do or say something. "I wonder," she said "if the newspaper notices might be withheld?"

The clerk became suspicious. "Madam," he said, "I'll have to ask you for some identification or proof you are this young woman's mother. . . ."

"I'll have to come back with the proof," Auntie said. And the three fled to the corner drug store where they consoled each other over sodas.

"Too bad," said Betty's aunt, "that you can't be very ill, Betty. . . . Once they saw you at death's door they would consent to anything. . . ."

It may have been mental suggestion but within the same month Betty came uncomfortably close to death; driving along a country road. To save herself from crashing into a farmer's wagon loaded with hay and children, she had to side-swipe a telegraph pole. Her car was smashed. By some miracle she lived, incredibly enough with only minor injuries, to tell about it. Fortunately it was Friday and Jim was on his way to Rochester.

"I think," Mr. Harris told Betty, who recovered rapidly once Jim was beside her "that you had better forget college and get married. . . ."

" . . . and settle down—so your father and I can settle down too."

They were married that August, 1936, a little more than two years after they first met, in the same Rochester church and by the same priest who had married Don and Honore and Betty's mother and father before them.

"We couldn't be happier. . . ." They said it over and over for two years, until March 23rd, 1938, when Jim Junior joined them. Then they changed their tune. "We never knew what real happiness was before. . . ."

(Continued from page 4)

Kentucky. In grade school, Tommy pulled her curls. In high school he carried her books. During graduation exercises he proposed. They've been happily married more than seven years. The baby, Tommy, the Third, is almost two years old, round, wholesome and handsome.

The experience is one that goes down in modern musical history books as one of the strangest ever to beset a singer. It happened in 1939. Tommy was then prosperous and popular in his job as singer with the up-and-coming Sammy Kaye band. He turned singer after a brief spell as a steel worker toiling with his father, and had joined the band in 1935 after some early training singing on Cincinnati radio stations and in church choirs. One night in the Hotel Commodore Tommy got up to sing "How Strange." In the middle of the chorus, his voice snapped. The words and the melody refused to come out.

"We were on the air. I started to perspire. My eyes teared. It was a frightening sensation," Tommy recalled. "Like a drowning man I seemed to see my whole life dance before me and crash into a thousand pieces."

The men in the band picked up the chorus and finished the refrain. Tommy was helped off the bandstand by his friend, Sammy. Next day the boy couldn't speak at all. High-priced throat specialists were hurriedly summoned. The diagnosis was complete paralysis of the left chord. Helplessly, the medicos admitted they could do nothing.

"And there I was a singer without a voice, an empty shell," Tommy continued unevenly. Even today the horror still shakes him as if he were re-living this terrible nightmare.

Although Sammy and his wife Georgia attempted to encourage Tommy, the singer's spirits sunk lower. Desperately he searched for still another medical treatment. It was the tenth doctor. He was a throat man in Philadelphia. The man, kind and patient, spoke frankly.

"All I can advise you, my boy, is complete rest for four or five months. Go home and forget everything."

Tommy didn't go home. He refused to face his wife or Sammy. For three days he lost himself in a maze of thoughts. He wandered the streets. Finally when he returned to his New York apartment, his wife was waiting. She understood. Quietly the girl put her arms around him.

"Don't worry, darling," she said. "You



Tom Reddy presents the nation's top dance bands and their leaders to fans on NBC's Sunday Bandwagon.

3 ways to tell a Fib

(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all three . . .

1. Fibs are "quilted"



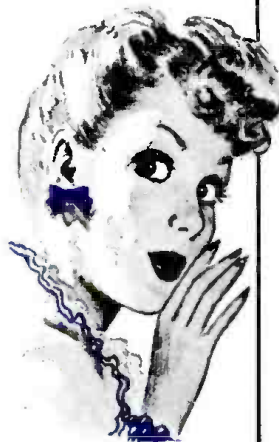
. . . for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion . . . so Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.



2. Fibs have rounded ends



. . . smooth, gently-tapered ends . . . for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you've ever tried. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You'll like the just-right size of Fibs; they're not too large, not too tiny.



3. Fibs — the Kotex* Tampon



. . . a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton*, the soft, super absorbent used in Kotex and demanded by many of America's foremost hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there's no compromise with quality — you get protection as safe as science can make it.

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



The Kotex Tampon for Internal Protection

"These hands come out of the wash soft and pretty!"



★
Our plant is making ammunition fuses. If your favorite store is temporarily out of Hinds lotion please be patient.

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PHOTO BELOW shows results of test. Hand at left did *not* use Hinds lotion



before dipping into dirty oil. Grime clings after soapy-water washing. Hand at right used Hinds before dipping into same oil. But notice—it washes up *clean!*
BEFORE WORK—housework and factory work—use Hinds to help protect your hands against dryness, ground-in grime. Hands wash up cleaner, whiter looking.
AFTER WORK—and after wash-ups—use Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream for smoother, softer hands.
 ● *New cream!* Hinds "Complete Facial"—cleanser, softener, powder base in one! 2-oz. jar, 25c. Plus tax. At toilet-goods counters.

HINDS for HANDS at home and in factory!

have me forever. Now let's start to pack. We're going home to your folks."

Back home under the tender care of his mother, Tommy slowly regained his health. He became accustomed to writing out his music, putting his songs on paper instead of using his voice. The forty-five pounds he had lost were regained.

"Somehow I managed to keep going. I knew that as a singer I was through. I resolved to go back to the steel mills where I came from."

Then, suddenly and without warning, Tommy's voice came back, rich and luxurious, as good as new. He was out fishing. Forgetting his paralysis, he started to hum. Sounds he hadn't made in four months rolled from his lips. Encouraged, he started to sing out. Unexplainably he started to sing "Silver Threads Among The Gold," a song his mother had taught him when he was a little boy.

"I rushed home, shouting at the top of my lungs," Tommy said, the excitement of that discovery coming back into his voice even now, as he remembered.

The family gathered around him. There were joyous tears. In twenty-four hours Tommy Ryan was back on the bandstand with Sammy Kaye. His job had been waiting for him.

"As a matter of fact," Tommy explained, "Sammy had kept paying me my full salary."

Tommy finally left the Kaye band late in 1943.

"I left Sammy because I had gotten as far as I could as a vocalist. I wanted to do more than that for my wife and baby."

BLUE BARRON had just gotten his greetings from the President. The eccentric Barron didn't want to disband his orchestra. He asked Tommy to take over for the duration. They formed an equal partnership and the band is called "Music of Yesterday and Today Styled the Blue Barron Way, under the direction of Tommy Ryan."

The 12-piece band, concentrating on sweet music and the pleasant voice of its 30-year-old director, is winning attention with its broadcasts over CBS and Mutual. Like other new bands, however, it has yet to reap a financial harvest.

"But that doesn't get me down," Tommy said, "things will work out. We know we're good and I know I'm lucky. Gosh, don't you think I'm the luckiest guy in the world?"

There's no argument from anyone in the music business on that score.



Band of the year—that's the title conferred on Lionel Hampton's crew by Metronome Magazine's annual poll.

Never Say Goodbye

Continued from page 25

Eventually—three years after Mother's death—it was I who sent Father away from Hillboro—to Florida, to stay with his brother. Each winter his rheumatism had become more painful until there were whole weeks when he couldn't leave the house. He wanted to go to Florida; visiting his brother had been a secret dream of his for years, and he desperately needed the southern sun, yet he protested right up to the last minute, when I drove him to the station in the valley to catch the train. "I wanted to send you away to school, Lee. It isn't right that you should be doing this for me—"

I could have wept. It was pathetic and touching—this clinging vainly to a hope I'd long since given up for myself. Going away to school had ceased to be important to me when I realized that I could go to all of the schools there were and still miss seeing John. "You get on that train," I ordered, "and don't worry about me or the business or anything. Ed and I will take care of the garage, and you'll be back in no time."

FATHER'S going left me completely alone in the house that had, almost without my knowing it, become my one real interest in life. After Mother died, it was mine to do with as I pleased; gradually I'd remodeled it after the pictures in the glossy magazines. I stripped layers of peeling paint from the woodwork and varnished it in its own soft, natural color; I sent to the city for materials and sewed gay draperies for the windows where limp glass curtains had hung. I discovered that some of the old furniture was good; the ugly, Mission pieces I covered with material left over from the draperies. John had shown me that the exterior of Hillboro had its own peculiar beauty; I was determined that my small part of its interior should be beautiful, too.

That much was a triumph: I had taken a dream and had made it into a way of living. It was an empty triumph in a way, because it was built on one of the bitterest defeats that can come to a woman. I was not only alone—I was lonely.

The loneliness had crept up on me. I'd been first made aware of it long ago, the spring I was out of high school, when Ed Grosset asked me to marry him. I wanted to accept him. He was the nicest boy in town, and handsome in a vigorous, ruggedly masculine way. He was a strong man; he would be a good husband and father. And yet—the memory, three years old then, of a slim, dark boy I'd known for an enchanted hour was stronger than the reality of Ed and the years in which we'd grown up together. I was glad when he married May Mapes a year later. I went to the wedding and tried to picture myself in May's place, and couldn't. Afterward I went home and cried—not because I'd lost Ed, but because the happiness that May knew would never be mine.

The loneliness was insidious. It wasn't always on the surface, where I could face it and fight it. It lay hidden somewhere deep inside me, a growing cancer that hurt only at those moments when I had time to stop and wonder

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Glamorous Diana Barrymore
daughter of the great John Barrymore
says:

"I am glad that people today realize that it is as necessary to use a deodorant as it is to use toothpaste, or any other article of personal hygiene. I am enthusiastically pleased with Arrid and recommend it highly. I think Arrid is a wonderful product because it gives complete protection."

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NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT *which Safely helps*

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"Breathless, Of Thee I Sing, Drumbeat, Pepsi-Cola—you sure are a lucky girl, Miss Millicent!"

about myself, or when I went to other weddings as I'd gone to Ed's, or when I dutifully selected baby-shower presents for girls much younger than I. . . .

A woman's twenty-fifth birthday is dangerous. It starts her thinking not in terms of years but in decades. It sets her to looking back instead of forward. Father had been gone for two years. He was happy in Florida, enjoying his well-deserved rest, but in no way well enough to come home. It was five years since Mother's death, seven since I'd finished high school, ten since a girl named Lee Sherwin had climbed the hill with a dark-eyed boy named John. . . .

TEN years! I didn't believe it. I recounted, and wondered where the time had gone. Every day had been busy; the hours had been full without filling—unsatisfying. What it amounted to was that nothing in all of those years had made as deep an impression on me as the hour I'd spent with a stranger.

I didn't like to think of myself as I'd be at thirty-five, and forty-five. Miss Lee, the Hillboro spinster who ran the garage and who at night shut herself in her house with her books and magazines, who, it was rumored, set as fancy—the word was Hillboro's—a table for her solitary meals as she would have if she were expecting company.

One day a strange and frightening thing happened. I'd come in from the garage for lunch, had combed my hair, scrubbed and creamed my hands, laid

out the meat pie I'd baked before going to work that morning, the crisp green salad. I sat down at the table hungry—and I couldn't eat. I stared at the dainty place mat, the shining silver, the lilies-of-the-valley in their low blue bowl, and I couldn't bring myself to touch the food. Outside it was spring. Through the window I could see the warm new sunlight and the tender new green of the lawn; I could hear the running feet and the voices of children, and I felt cold, and sick with emptiness. The food, the flowers, the pretty room were a mockery; the setting I'd carefully built around myself was—just a setting, useless, and suddenly unbearable.

I was terrified for a moment; then I shook myself and got up from the table. It was only a mood, and I had one sure cure for moods—work. There was always plenty of work to be done. The war had taken away our highway trade, but there were more trucks than ever at the mines, and we'd been getting a lot of business from the new government project in the valley. I put the food in the icebox and went back to the garage.

Ed was waiting for me, standing glumly beside a sport coupe which had come in while I'd been at the house. "Grease job," he announced. "Fellow wants it done this afternoon. Right now he's over at Smiley's, arranging for a room. He's one of the architects on the project in the valley, and he's got to report back by four."

"Why in the world do you suppose he wants to live up here if he works

in the valley?" I asked in amazement.

"Don't know," said Ed. "I asked the same thing, and he just says he always had a hankering for the hills. Anyways, I told him we didn't have time for the job. I said, 'Miss Lee'll have to do it herself,' and he just laughed and said it would do him good to know that a woman could grease a car. Of course I'll do it, Miss Lee—"

Miss Lee again. I'd been Lee to Ed for years; now I was Miss Lee—Auntie Lee to his children. "I'll do it," I said. "Go have your lunch, and then finish that body job, the one we promised for day before yesterday."

I put on coveralls and tucked my hair up under a canvas cap and descended the iron ladder into the grease pit. Never had I been so glad of long, dirty work; never had a car been serviced so well. I concentrated on it; I was almost pleased when I had to stop and rewind the loosening metal coil of the gun hose. Any diversion was welcome, so long as it distracted my mind from myself.

I WAS nearly finished when I heard footsteps on the walk outside the pit, heard them pause beside the car. The faint, steady clang of Ed's hammer told me that he was still inside the shop, and I was in no frame of mind to make conversation with a stranger, to argue about whether his car should or should not have been ready. Deliberately I went on working.

Presently a voice called plaintively, "I wonder if you can tell me if there's a place to eat in town—I mean, besides

the Diner, which appears to be closed, and—

I put down the grease gun—carefully, because the war had made it irreplaceable. I leaned against the side of the pit, listening, pressing my hands to my breast—hard, as if to hold back the sudden rise of excitement, of—of *knowing* within me.

“—and,” he went on, “Mrs. Smiley’s boardinghouse, where dinner isn’t served until six?”

I *knew the voice*. It was well-modulated, peculiarly distinctive in that it sounded quietly expensive. . . .

DESPERATELY I tried to make myself think sanely, tried to think that it wasn’t true, that I must not hope. And yet something told me that it was true. There were the small events of the day—the strange, end-of-everything feeling at noon, the information that Ed had carelessly gathered and carelessly repeated. An architect on the project—it was entirely conceivable that a boy who’d wanted to be an artist had become an architect. And a man who had a hankering for the hills . . .

There’s probably no more incongruous place in all the world than a greasing pit in which to come upon the fulfillment, the end and all of your dreams. It certainly wasn’t like any of the hundreds of scenes I’d imagined but right then I was grateful for it. I was grateful for the cement walls, the sheltering bulk of the car above me. I had time to compose myself, time to gather strength to mount the iron rungs, knowing what I would see.

“Say!” The voice was louder now, and I knew that he must be squatting at the edge of the pit. “Isn’t anyone there—” He straightened as I climbed out. His face fell comically. “Gosh, I didn’t expect—I mean, I thought your man was putting me off when he said a girl would have to do the job—”

“Don’t be upset. It happens often.” That was my cool, outer self. My inner self clamored wildly, “Those are John’s eyes—dark and warm and perceptive. There’s the quirk, like a smile, around his mouth. His lips are firmer and his features stronger, heavier—but then he is ten years older—”

“I’m still sorry you had to do it.” He took off his hat. “I’m John Crane.”

Crane. Ten years, said the uncontrollable inner self, was a long time to wait to learn a man’s last name.

“I’m Lee Sherwin.” I watched for a sign of recognition in him. There was none, and after a moment I added, “What is it you want to know?”

“Where I can get a sandwich to tide me over until this evening—”

I thought of my untouched lunch, and it seemed to me that the same providence that had brought John back to Hillboro had also saved for him the meat pie and the salad. “I haven’t any sandwiches,” I said, “but I could make some. Or if you’d rather have a meat pie and salad—”

I don’t think I made sense, but John Crane seemed to like it. His eyes twinkled, and his laughter turned his protests into a mere pretense of refusal. I led him toward the house.

I was gratified at the quick glance

of surprise and approval that he swept around the rooms. “I’m glad you like it,” I told him silently. “I did it for you.” I excused myself and went upstairs.

When I came down again, without the coveralls and cap, wearing a fresh pink linen dress, I was more than rewarded. There was more than approval in his eyes now—there was the recognition I wanted. For a long moment his eyes held mine, while my heart began to hammer painfully, insistently. Then he flushed, and apologized for staring. “It’s just that you look so—so different,” he said lamely.

“Clothes do make a difference,” I agreed lightly, and pushed back a twinge of disappointment that he wasn’t going to mention our first meeting. After all, a man would be more cautious than a boy in his teens. Perhaps he even regretted that scene on the hillside. . . . But no, I had the look in his eyes to assure that that wasn’t true. It was the look of a man who has found the one woman in all the world who belongs to him.

I TURNED to the stove, put the pie in to heat, and realized that I was ravenously hungry. The hammering in my breast had subsided to a beat of a joyous little song that had begun ten years before. The preordained had happened, and everything was suddenly complete and right and natural.

I knew that John felt it, too. While I set the table, he watched me without making any of the useless, conventional remarks about putting me to so

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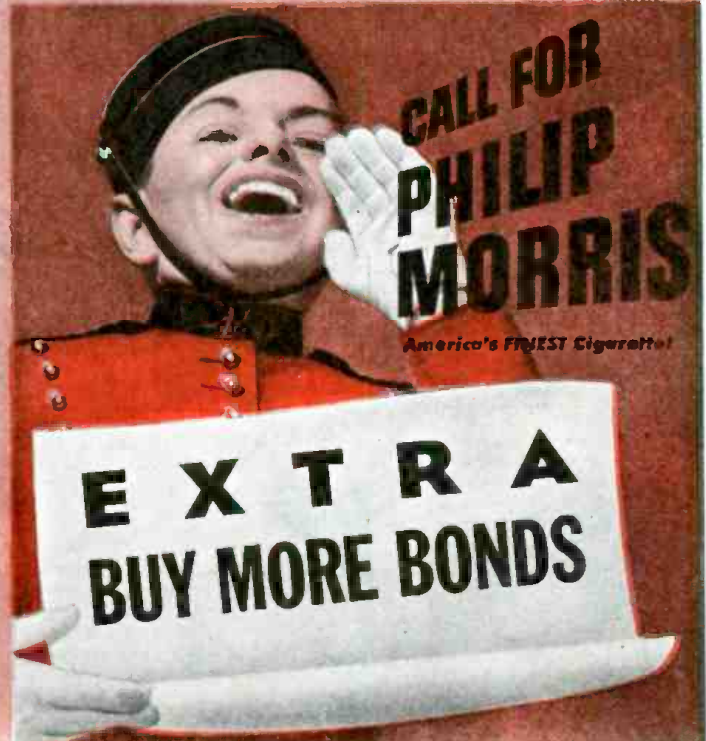
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Getting a war job is *easy*—in most communities—once you've made up your mind to help speed Victory! Millions of women are needed, *at once*. Even if you've never worked before, you can *learn while you earn* in a job that's suited to you. Here's how you can find that job . . .



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Inquire at Your Local Hospital

—if you're 17 to 35 years old . . . get details about training *free*, with pay, for the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. Nurses are desperately needed to replace those who are in the Service. Help care for civilian sick or injured, new mothers and babies!



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*T. M. Reg.
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Published in the interest of the war effort by Kleenex* Tissues



Paper, too, has a war-time job . . . that's why there's not enough Kleenex Tissues to go around. But regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain *Kleenex quality* in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

much trouble. His glance crossed mine contentedly, in open admission that he liked the domesticity of the scene, liked being there with me.

When the meal was over, he said, "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed this—and I'm afraid I can't offer you much in return. You know that I'm new on the project, and I've got a sixteen-hour working day. I'm in the field until five, and at night I do my paper work. I was thinking, though, that if you'd care to ride down to the valley with me tonight, you might get a kick out of the drive, and seeing the office—"

"I'd love it," I answered. Being thus invited into his daily routine was a greater compliment, made me far happier, than if he'd gone out of his way to provide entertainment for me. "Perhaps I can help you. I can type, and I've grown awfully familiar with government forms after all the requisitions I've had to fill out here—"

"You will not," he said positively, but I knew that I would.

IT seems strange now, looking back, that we really had so little time together at first. We saw each other every day, and always at least twice a day, but the time was never ours alone. Every morning John stopped at the garage on his way to the valley; the smiles we exchanged, the few hurried words would light the rest of the morning for me. In the evenings I rode down to his office in the valley with him, and helped him with his work, and joked and talked with the other project men who came in to see him. Sometimes we had dinner at my house, and those hours were like our nightly rides down to and up from the violet-shadowed pool that was the valley—they were full of an exquisite contentment, the deep, quiet contentment of people who have worked hard and happily together, who share an understanding that needs no spoken word.

I waited for him to suggest that we go back up the hill, to the spot where we'd known our first happiness, and then I put the idea aside as being a girl's romantic notion, and an impractical one in the face of the demands of John's job. There would be time for it later, when his work was so organized that he would have at least a Sunday to himself. There would be time then to speak of our love. . . .

It came sooner than I expected. I was sitting idly at the supper table one night, wondering whether or not I could get the dishes washed before John picked me up, when I heard his car in the drive, heard his whistle as he came up the walk. I went to the door, but he wouldn't let me open it. He held the screen shut while he stood outside in the soft, blue-toned twilight. His matter-of-fact voice was in direct contrast to the light in his eyes. "I want to know just one thing," he said, "—do you love me?"

"Of course—"

"That's good, because I love you. Will you marry me?"

"You know I will!"

"When?"

"Whenever you want—" A little laugh escaped me, a laugh that was quickly stifled as the door opened and he drew me into the spring night.

It had come at last, the fulfillment of the years. It was there in John's arms and John's lips, mine for the taking—

High Prices Cause Inflation

Something stopped me. I was beyond thinking, standing there so close to him; my will was no longer mine, but his. Yet something outside myself checked me, told me that one thing was needed for perfection. "Wait, John," I whispered.

Then I did a foolish thing. It was over-sentimental, but there hadn't been much sentiment in my life, and I didn't know where to draw the line. I turned and led the way up the slope to the ledge where we'd sat on a long-ago afternoon. It was a tortuous climb, even dangerous in the half-light; I wonder now that John followed me without question.

I was breathless from the ascent and from the pressure of a moment that had been years in the making. I turned toward the valley. "Don't you like it?"

"Of course—but right now I like you better."

His arm came around me, and I held him off a little with my hand at his cheek. That fraction out of time was everything to us, and I wanted him to know that I was aware of all it meant. "It's just the same, isn't it?" I asked softly. "We haven't been separated at all. We're starting right out from that Sunday ten years ago—"

I COULDN'T be sure in the dimness, but I thought that he frowned. "What Sunday? What about ten years ago?"

My throat ached suddenly, and I was unreasonably close to tears. It wasn't like him—it couldn't be like him—not to fall in with my mood, to be able to stand in this place and still keep the high, bantering spirit in which he'd come to my door. "When you first came to Hillboro—years back"

"When I first—" he shook his head incredulously. "Lee, I was never in Hillboro in my life until I came to work on the project."

I think I died in that moment. I think that dying must be like what I felt then—a falling away into nothingness, a dissolving into nothing. I know that a part of me died, a big part of me—the dream around which I'd built my life. How could it live, after I'd made a travesty of it? After a long while I heard myself saying, still disbelieving, "But—the way you looked at me that day you first came—"

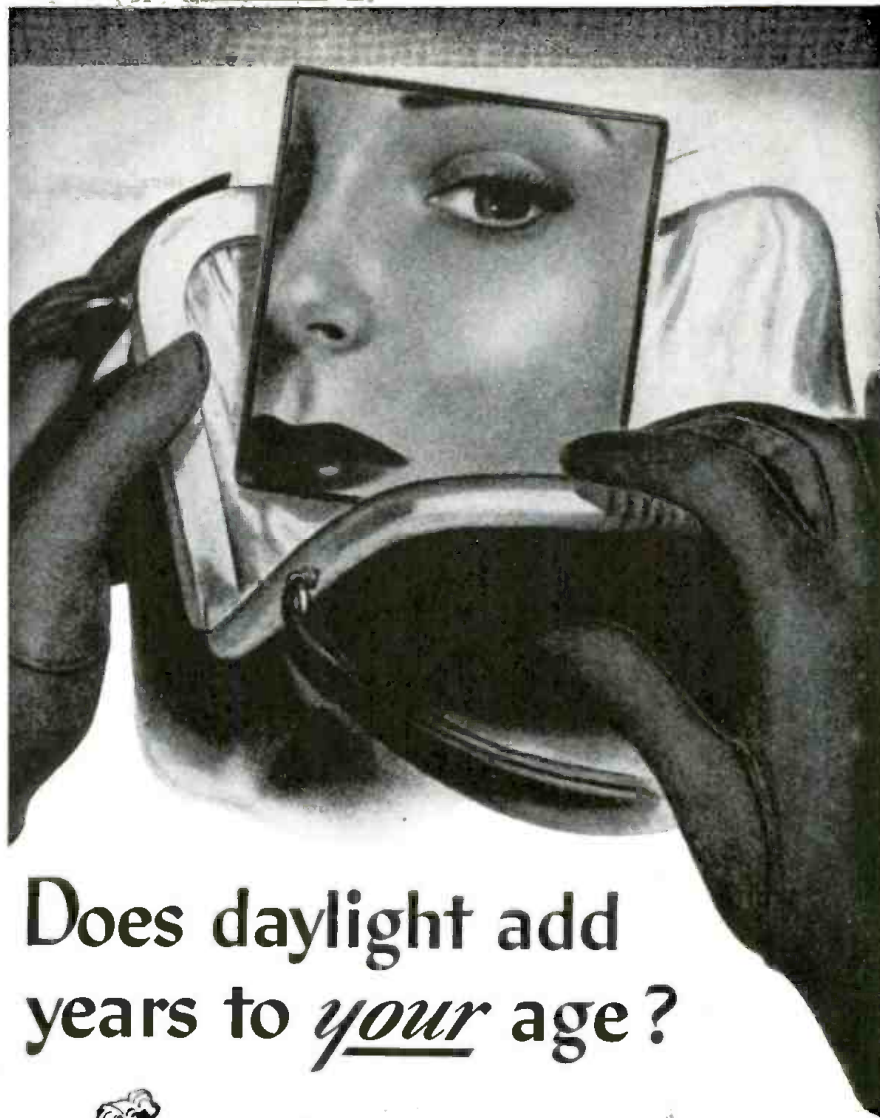
"I looked at you," he interrupted with a kind of savage impatience, "as a man looks when, after thirty-some years of being heart-free, he suddenly falls in love. Now if you'll tell me what this is all about—"

Tell him! How could I tell him—and who was he to ask? The dream hadn't come true after all, and John Crane was a stranger, a man who had no more place in my heart than Ed Grosset or any of the men in Hillboro. Dimly, through tears, I saw the face of that other John, the boy, and it was reproachful, and grieved. I was sick with shame, revolted at the nearness of John Crane; inside me rose a choking hatred of him as the instrument that had destroyed everything for me.

"I've made a mistake." Dully the words turned over and over in my mind until they came out aloud. "I've made a mistake. I don't love you at all, and I can't possibly marry you—"

"Lee!" He reached for me, but I twisted away from him.

I knew every inch of that hill; he didn't know it at all. For a time I heard him behind me, and then I knew



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I'd outdistanced him. I plunged on crazily, down the dark headlong way into blackness as black as my heart.

It was a long time before I could think—or rather, feel—clearly. I'd been shocked numb at first; after I'd been in the house a while, with the door locked behind me, sensation began to come back. I felt tricked. That there could be two Johns, one a would-be artist, and another an architect, that they should both come to Hillboro, that they should both love the hills—with such a coincidence, was it any fault of mine that I'd mistaken one for the other, that I'd so readily laid my heart at the feet of a man who was, after all, a stranger? My face burned at the recollection of the way I'd flung myself at John Crane.

SOME people are spared nothing. I would have given anything that night to have fainted, to have collapsed, for any kind of oblivion. Sleep was impossible. Against my will my brain worked furiously, probing every phase of the thing that had happened to me. My brain insisted that I be honest. I had to admit, finally, that circumstances hadn't tricked me—I had tricked myself. There were thousands of men named John, undoubtedly many of them were artists or architects; more than a few must have dark eyes and nice mouths and good speaking voices. I'd been conditioned to accept John Crane; he'd come to Hillboro a stranger, and he'd fitted into my memory-picture.

All right, I admitted. I fooled my-

self. Now let me sleep. Let me forget.

But the hurt inside me, the aching sense of loss wouldn't let me rest. It prodded me relentlessly, forcing me to look for the things that had let me confuse John Crane with the other John, forcing me to call back the vision that had been with me for so long. *And I couldn't remember!*

I knew then what I had done, and it was a knowledge more terrible than all of the rest. I'd tricked myself into falling in love with John Crane, had let his image take the place of the other image in my heart, had let thoughts of him fill my mind every waking hour. I knew intimately what the touch of his hands was like, every expression of his face and voice, knew all of the things that, once known, can never be shut out of memory. Because a freak of fate had opened my heart for him, my love was none the less real. And I'd sent him away. I'd sacrificed precious, living reality for the shadow of an old dream.

Sleep came too late to be merciful. I awoke in the morning knowing my loss, knowing what I had to face. Habit got me out of bed, got me dressed and out to the garage. I scarcely pretended to go about my morning tasks; I waited, with my heart in my throat, for John's car. It was an eternity before it appeared—and went on without slowing. I wanted to run after it, to stop him and pour out to him everything that was in my heart—and I couldn't. I couldn't go to John, who was vivid and real, because the story of a ghost-love seemed too frail to offer in explanation.

Somehow I got through that day. Somehow I kept from thinking about John. It was when I reached home that night that everything crowded in on me—the past half-lived years, the last few vibrantly happy weeks, and the future, empty of both the man I wanted and the vision I'd lived by.

I was sitting in the half-light, with no heart to get dinner, no heart for necessary household tasks, when John's voice in the doorway brought me to my feet. I rose automatically, snapped on the light, unable to believe that it was he. There'd been no sound of his car, no gay whistle on the walk. . . .

"I had to come up quietly," he said. "You get away from me too easily."

I WAS at the door now, and the light from the room fell on his face. There was no laughter in it; it was strained and tired—and desperate, like his last words. "Lee, dearest—whether I've a right to an explanation or not, I've got to know if you meant it, last night—"

I released the catch on the screen, drew him into the room, raising my face so that he could read his answer in my eyes.

I didn't try to tell him in words, not for a long time. It was too precious, that moment when his arms came around me, when his lips came to mine, and his heart with them. I had to hold it for a while, know all the wonder of it. I could explain later, and, being John, he would understand. Perhaps he would even be grateful, as I was grateful, to that other John who had kept me for him.

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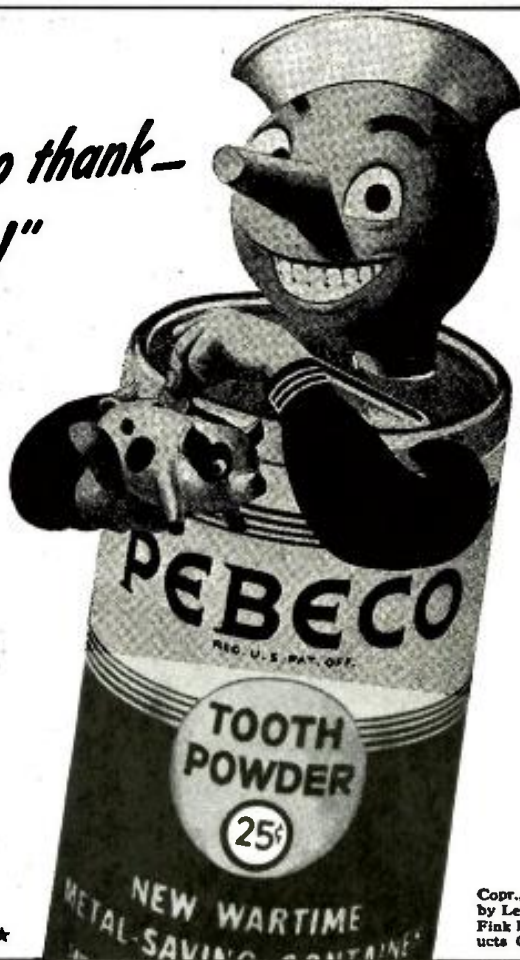
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Start the Day Right

(Continued from page 50)

both for a breakfast dish and as a substitute in recipes calling for salt pork. Currently its great advantage lies in the fact that it sells for 18 cents and one point per pound, as against 42 cents and four points for bacon and 29 cents and three points for salt pork.

Parsley Baked Eggs

- 1 egg
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- 2 tps. minced parsley, fresh or dried
- Drippings

Rub individual baking dish with drippings, and break egg into it. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and parsley. Place ramekin in shallow pan containing about 1 inch of hot water and bake in moderate (375 degree) oven, allowing about 6 minutes for soft-cooked eggs, 10 for firm. When baking eggs for a number of people, try using your muffin tin—it is more convenient than separate dishes and makes the individual servings an attractive size.

Broiled Scrapple and Apple

- 1 1-lb. can scrapple
- 3 medium apples
- Melted drippings

Chill scrapple in refrigerator over night. Remove from can, cut into 1/2 inch slices (there will be 8 or 9 slices). Core but do not peel apples and cut into 1/2 inch slices. Rub broiler rack with drippings, arrange scrapple and apple slices on it and brush apples with melted drippings. Place about 3 inches below flame in pre-heated oven and broil until brown (3 to 5 minutes). Turn slices, brush apples with melted drippings and continue broiling until brown. If apples are sour, dust them just before serving with 3 tbs. sugar blended with 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg, cinnamon or cloves.

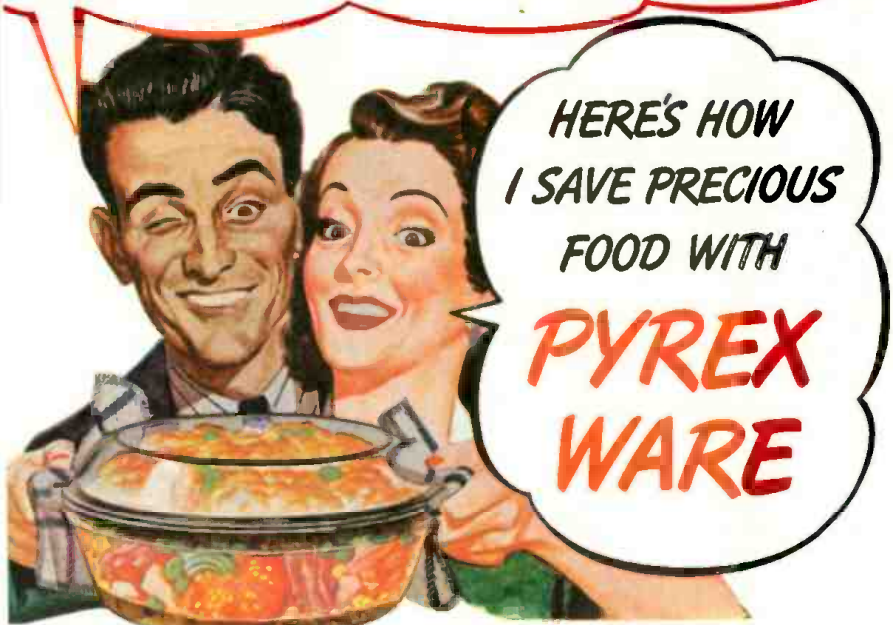
Menu No. 7 is for the week's holiday breakfast. If your family has breakfast together, make a gala event of it and serve waffles with a la king sauce, which is simply one cup of chopped cooked meat such as chicken, ham, kidneys or liver added to 2 cups of well-seasoned white sauce.

If your household is a sleep-late-and-get-up-at-odd-hours one, waffles with syrup will be a simpler answer.

And to make sure of plenty of sleep for yourself, get one of the packaged mixtures which can be prepared in advance, even to the liquid, and left in the refrigerator ready for each member of the family to make his own waffles whenever he gets up and is ready to eat them.



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HERE'S HOW I SAVE PRECIOUS FOOD WITH **PYREX WARE**

TO MAKE THE MOST of the grand things out of your Victory garden, use this Pyrex Double Duty Casserole! Saves time and fuel by cooking 1/3 faster. Clear glass lets you see exactly when food is done. Wonderful too for scalloped dishes or small roasts. Cover keeps food hot on the table and doubles as a pie plate. Three sizes. Family (2 quart) size only **75¢**

Uncle Sam wants stronger nephews and nieces and leaner garbage cans. Here's how you can help! Ever notice how much food gets wasted when you cook in an ordinary baking dish? Look at the chart below.

You probably lose at least a full helping. Now see how you save with Pyrex Ware. You bake, serve and store in the same crystal clear dish. You even reheat leftovers in it and use it again for serving. You haven't made a single dish-to-dish transfer.

You've saved precious food. And you've saved time and dishwashing, and soap and hot water besides!

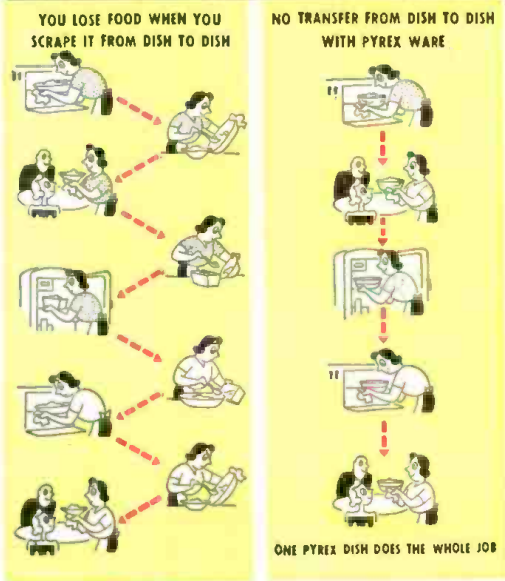


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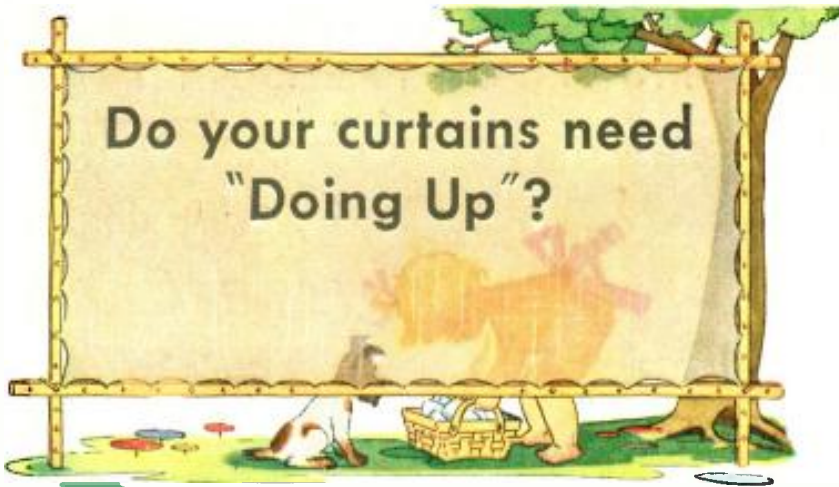
THIS PYREX FLAVOR-SAVER is the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles. Special fluted edge and extra depth keep flavor and juices in the pie—not in the oven. As lovely a dish as you'd want to set on your table. Full 10-inch size Only **45¢**

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***EVERY BOX OF LINIT** tells you three quick ways to prepare the basic **LINIT** mixture.

YOU'LL FIND LINIT at all grocers. It's the modern starch that thoroughly penetrates; protects and lengthens the life of fabrics hard to replace.

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Did you know?

It's time right now to make plans for your Victory Garden—the government has asked us to meet a goal of 22,000,000 such gardens this summer! If you had a tiny backyard plot last year, you can put the experience gained through it to good advantage in raising more this season. The Department of Agriculture says that a piece of ground thirty by fifty feet is about right for a family of four, but if you can't manage that space, use what you have.

Crops recommended for the home gardener are about the same as last year: tomatoes, green leafy vegetables, beans, carrots, beets and onions—sweet corn and potatoes, and soybeans too, for those of you who have enough room.

Tomatoes are by all odds the most popular Victory Garden crop, for they're easily grown in almost any part of the garden, produce heavily with proper care, and are the easiest of all vegetables to can.

Proper care spells long life for household linens—and will pay you dividends in added beauty and service. The more linens we save, the fewer have to be made—and the more men, machines and materials released for vital jobs of war.

Have you a bad habit in your home—some member of your household who unconsciously and absent-mindedly marks on a tablecloth with a knife or fork? At the time, it may seem that no damage is being done, but the fiber may be so weakened that a hole will develop when next you have the cloth laundered. Creases, too, are hard on linens. Don't iron-in the creases in sheets, tablecloths and towels, but fold them after ironing—and fold in different ways each time you wash them.

Don't iron turkish towels—just shake them out and fold. Napkins and tablecloths don't need starch, and linen fibers may crack if starched too stiffly. Finally, remember that washing itself is hard on your linens—be gentle!

If you want to work on a farm next summer—and Uncle Sam wants you to—now is the time to begin laying your plans. The Woman's Land Army got off to an impressive start in 1943, and gives every sign of becoming increasingly important this year.

Requirements for membership in the Women's Land Army are physical fitness, a minimum age of eighteen, and service on the land. Workers are paid at prevailing rates by the farmers who employ them. There's a good-looking and comfortable uniform that may be ordered when you've been certified for service by the County Agent or other designated official in your community. Some states offer special agricultural short courses to train women for farm work, and some conduct camps for women farm workers.

Always By My Side

Continued from page 29

heart there was something almost like serenity. Back at the house, dinner was on the table; the fire was laid, and it was good to feel useful, good to think how pleased Tom would be when he smelled the fragrant roast. He wasn't on a fishing trip this time; he'd gone down to Portsmouth for repairs, and was delayed getting back. When the Martha did come in, she was a picture, all shining paint and polished metal.

Tom was on the landing beside me almost before she had docked. "Brought you a present," he said hurriedly. "Here—" and he thrust a square, flat box into my hands.

I pulled off my mittens and opened the box. Inside were handkerchiefs—beautifully sheer, hand-hemmed, with a trace of delicate embroidery at the corners. "Oh, Tom—" I looked up at him, and was surprised to feel tears in my eyes.

"Don't you like them?"

"Of course! They're beautiful. It's just—"

"Well, then—!" He laughed, pleased with himself and the success of his gift. It seemed entirely natural that he should take my arm as we walked toward the cottage.

We were almost at the door when Dan Murdock, one of the men from the village, caught up with us, breathing hard. "Tom, she's a nurse, ain't she? It's my Janie's time, and I can't get the doctor. This is the worst she's ever been. Something's wrong."

The steaming roast, the warm, welcoming house, were forgotten. Tom and I raced after Dan to the Murdocks'. One look at Janie told me that Dan hadn't over-stated her plight. There were other women in the room—and no better midwives in the world than those staunch New Englanders—but they stood looking on helplessly. "Where's the doctor?" I asked.

"Out in the country, on a case. We can't reach him."

I prayed mutely for strength, for the knowledge I didn't possess, and looked at Tom. "I'm going to need you."

Five hours later a baby's puny wail echoed throughout the little house, and I felt one of the women pat my shoulder. "You did it, Ruth." It was the first time anyone in the village besides the Carters had called me Ruth. I smiled dazedly and caught Tom's answering, tired grin. "He did most of it. Without his help, that young man in the crib wouldn't be here now, crying for his supper." I wasn't flattering Tom. He'd been calm and surprisingly skillful in the emergency.

We walked home from the Murdocks'. I was so tired that my whole body sagged, but I had a sense of deep satisfaction, too. With Tom, I had



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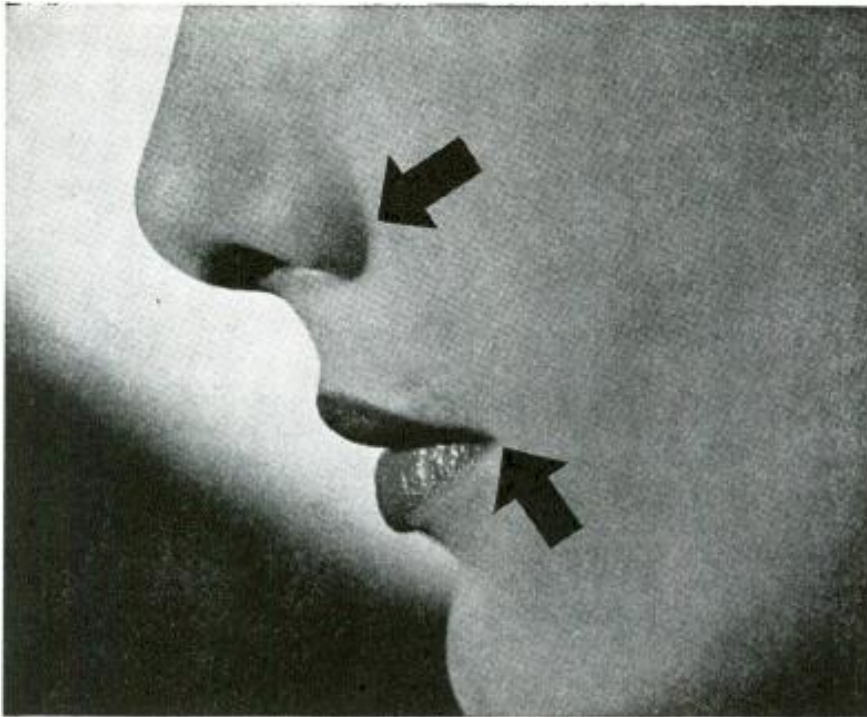
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New All Purpose Magic for HANDS—
ARMS—FACE—BODY. Helps you to a
lovelier, softer, smoother skin all over.

★ 60¢ at Drug, Department and 10¢
Stores. Also 10¢ size at 10¢ Stores. ★



BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES show up quickly in these "Danger Zones" of your skin!

Read how my 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your skin crystal-clean and fresh — and guards against these skin troubles.

NO one needs to tell you that there are "danger zones" of the skin. You know! For your own mirror has warned you about them, many times.

You know, for example, that the curve next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your chin—are two zones that must be watched. For there's where skin troubles get their start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores often become bigger and bigger — until they look conspicuous and coarse. Around your mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden into blackheads.

But you can be sure you won't have any of these skin troubles, if you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it

guards these two danger zones, guards all the danger zones of your skin!

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face Cream it does these 4 vital things: (1) It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin, loosens and absorbs the dry, clinging flakes. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a smooth perfect base for powder.

Living Proof—In Your Own Mirror!

Why choose a face cream because it's expensive, or because of a clever package? Judge it only by what it does for your skin!

That's why I say — try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Get the smallest size jar if you like—but *try it!* When you see how radiantly clean and fresh your skin looks after the very first application—when you see how much smoother and more youthful it appears—it's time enough to get the largest and *most economical* size. But for living proof this is the most beautifying cream you have ever used, get the small-size jar *today!*



accomplished a difficult, grueling task successfully, and I had won for myself a place in Bedford. Perhaps it would seem a small thing later, when I returned to the big world of Blake Hospital, but I needed it then in my fight to reestablish myself.

It was late when we reached the cottage, and the Captain was already asleep. Manuel had disappeared somewhere. Tom stirred up the fire. "I'll scramble us some eggs," I said wearily. At that moment Salome leaped lightly in front of me. I would have stumbled, tired as I was, if Tom hadn't caught me. Suddenly his arms were tight around me, and his lips were on mine, sweet and hungry and blissfully tender. The moment hung like a jewel suspended, while I felt myself responding, wanting him and then . . . something stopped me.

For nearly one whole day I hadn't thought of Kit Townsend. There'd been no place for him in the crisp sunny morning when I'd waited for Tom; certainly he'd had no place in those hours when Tom and I had slaved and prayed to bring a life into the world. But now he intruded, softly mocking, reminding me that he had claimed my whole heart.

I stiffened in Tom's arms, and he released me quickly. "I'm sorry, Ruth," he said. "I thought—" He stopped, for a long moment looked searchingly into my eyes. "I guess I didn't think," he amended flatly, and left the room.

I went to my own room and to bed, but I was too wrought up to sleep. My mind kept returning to the scene in the kitchen, kept remembering how, exhausted though I was, every inch of me had come alive at his touch. "It isn't fair!" I cried silently—it wasn't fair that a man who hadn't loved me should still be able to keep me from finding another happiness. I knew now that if there'd never been a Kit I could have loved Tom.

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RADIO MIRROR

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Paper restrictions make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to go around these days. The best way to make sure that you get every issue is to buy your copy from the same newsdealer each month and tell him to be sure to save RADIO MIRROR for you. Do it now! Place a standing order with your newsdealer—don't risk disappointment.

I hesitated to see him in the morning, in the days ahead. I need not have worried. Tom was gone when I awoke the next morning.

During the weeks that followed, even when he was at home he avoided me. "Tom worka too hard," Manuel grumbled. "I know heem since he is not so big as a codfish, and never he is lazy. But now he worka like da devil."

The Captain said nothing but he took to sitting by the wide front window for hours, scanning the horizon with a pair of powerful binoculars for the *Martha Carter*. "The way my leg's coming along, I'll be able to sail her again myself one of these days, eh, Ruth?"

"Of course you will," I said. And it was true. The injured leg was responding very nicely, but it would be some time yet before he could use it.

On Christmas Eve came a letter from Vera, sandwiched in between cards for the Captain and Tom. A few lines fairly leaped at me, separate from her chatty account of goings-on around the hospital. "You may be interested to know, Ruth, that the woman Kit Townsend married received a \$15,000 insurance benefit about a week ago. Kit knew it beforehand, of course, since it was the insurance company he works for that carried the policy. So you see it wasn't her charms that lured him!"

All that day I went around in a daze of happiness. Vera had given me the one small key I needed to Kit's character—and it was emptier, more contemptible than I had thought possible. I was more ashamed than ever that I'd cared so much for such a poor shell of a man, but I was glad—gladder than I could say—that it was over at last, really over.

The *Martha Carter* came in just before evening. Even Tom's reserved greeting didn't dampen my spirits. I'd put him off once, and I didn't expect him to let his feelings go now because I looked at him with new warmth in my eyes. He wasn't a man to be whistled back at a woman's whim, and I was proud that he wasn't. I could wait.

THAT night I went to the Christmas Eve party in the schoolhouse with a lighter heart than I'd had in a very long time. The sense of release made me almost giddy. It was as if I'd been held in bonds and was free again, now that I saw Kit Townsend objectively, for what he really was, now that his hold on me was gone.

During the Paul Jones, Tom danced with me politely—and he was a surprisingly good dancer for so big a man—but the children claimed him for most of the evening. The smaller ones rode his shoulders; the bigger ones hung around as if magnetized.

I loved every minute of the party. The presents the villagers gave me—hand-knitted mittens and a scarf and the like—told me that I was accepted as one of them, and I know that I glowed openly when one woman introduced me informally as Tom Carter's girl.

During heavy winter weather, fishing is carried on during lulls in the squalls. The ships would come in with their reefed sails as stiff and white as marble. One late afternoon in February the Captain was watching the *Martha Carter* pull in, and it was obvious that he had something on his mind. It wasn't at all like him to ask to be helped to bed until after dinner, but at his request I settled him in his room and closed the door. When Tom came in he went directly to his

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father and was with him for some time. When he came out, he had a strange look; he ate practically nothing at supper, and afterward, when he pulled out his chair, he complimented me extravagantly for the meal.

"That was a marvelous dinner, Ruth. I didn't realize when you first came that a nurse could be a swell cook, too."

"I'm afraid that I looked at him suspiciously. 'Thanks, Tom, but I'm not. That was mostly out of cans.'"

"I know what canned stuff tastes like," he explained. "We get plenty of it at sea. But this had *real* flavor."

"Thank you," I repeated. What was he driving at? It wasn't like him to be effusive about anything.

"Sure makes a difference to a man," he continued, "having cooking like this to come home to—especially if he could count on it... regular."

A small, excited pulse began to beat in my throat. I'd waited a long time for what was coming, and now it seemed too wonderful to take all at once. "Want more coffee, Tom?" I asked hurriedly.

"No, don't bother. There's—something more important than coffee—"

"Yes?" It was a breathless scrap of sound.

"It—it's about your staying here," he said.

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that," I managed. "If you don't need me any more, I can just—"

"That's just the point. We do. We—I want you to stay here, always."

This, then, was what they had been discussing in the Captain's room. I could almost see them with their heads together, the Captain anxiously putting words into Tom's mouth, setting the scene for the two of us. *Compliment her on her cooking, and then propose—* Perhaps it wasn't romantic, but it was touching, and I loved those two hesitant, inarticulate men so much that I could have cried.

The 1944 vogue:

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Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. *Before* bathing, add *Bathasweet* to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
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3. *After* the bath, use *Bathasweet Talc Mitt*. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are *Bathasweet Foam Bath* and *Bathasweet Shower Mitt*.

1 BATHASWEET

2 BATHASWEET SOAP

3 BATHASWEET Talc Mitt

Bathasweet

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning



Blonde and pretty Angel Casey, whose dramatic ability is displayed in *Authors' Playhouse* and *Road of Life*, both on NBC.

Oh, I knew well enough what Tom was trying to say. I couldn't help knowing, when it had been in his eyes for months, in the self-conscious tightening of his body whenever I came near him. But moments like that are what a woman lives for. She has a right to draw them out, to hold them off a little, tasting them, to spice their sweetness with perversity.

"I see," I said. "You want me to stay—as combination nurse and housekeeper."

"No! Ruth, you know I'm trying to tell you I love you—"

I was shaking with anticipation, but some imp of mischief impelled me. "Did your father tell you to say that, too?"

He reddened, rose explosively, towering over me. "No!" he shouted. "I know my own mind—"

At that moment Manuel stuck his head in the kitchen door. He was smiling broadly. "I just wanta ask when we sail again, so I know about ordering da food. Next Tuesday, maybe?"

Embarrassed and red-faced, Tom whirled on him. "Tuesday! We sail tomorrow!" The words fairly crackled. "Go tell the men."

Manuel started to protest, but backed away before Tom's blazing eyes. He shut the door quickly. Tom turned to me, and for an instant I knew sheer panic. He scooped me up into his arms with such force that the breath went out of me. His kiss bruised and hurt—a heavenly hurt that set every nerve in me tingling. I clung to him, felt his hard muscles tensing—and then abruptly he set me down. And he was gone.

IT began to blow a gale the next day. I moved restlessly around the house, unable to settle to anything, finding no relief in a dozen small tasks. There was no sign of the *Martha Carter* in the breakwater. Tom and his men had actually gone to sea again, right into the teeth of the storm.

The second day was worse, and it was then that I began to be afraid. I'd seen coast storms before, none like this, but big enough ones to inspire fear. And sometimes, when the *Martha* was overdue, I'd known twinges of anxiety—but I'd never been really afraid. Perhaps the Captain's serene confidence in his son's ability to get through any weather had kept me from realizing that there was anything to fear. Now I looked out at the raging blur of gray and white that was the sea and shuddered.

About noon on the third day a neighbor woman whose husband was a member of the crew came plodding through the snow. "Is Tom Carter crazy?" she demanded. "He has always been the best skipper hereabouts, but this is just asking for trouble. They all made plenty of money on the other trips. Why, why did he do it?"

At the anguish in her face I felt my own heart falter. "If anything happens," I said, "I'm the one to blame, not Tom."

She looked at me searchingly, then straightened. "Don't be a fool, girl," she said not unkindly. "Tom doubtless knows what he's about. Only he should remember that there are women who wait and worry." She went out again into the blizzard.

I stood looking after her, stupidly holding the door half-open, unaware of the icy wind and the snow beating against me. *There are women who wait and worry*—It was incredible, but it hadn't occurred to me until then that I could lose Tom. Not to a woman,

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MINIT-RUB

FAST 3-WAY RELIEF FROM COLD DISTRESS

as I'd lost Kit, but to his other love, the sea. He'd been born to the sea; it was much more a part of him than any person ever could be. I'd known that from the first, from the very first night I'd come to the house, and the Captain had said, "That boat is his life." Only—I hadn't realized what it would mean to me.

"Ruth!" the Captain called from the living room. "There's a gale blowing in here. Have you got a window open? Is anything wrong?"

Guiltily I shut the door. "Nothing's wrong, Cap'n—" I wondered that I could sound natural, wondered that the things around me could look the same. There was the coal range, the flames chuckling softly in its belly; there was Salome curled on the strip of carpet before it; there was Tom's chair at the table, and beside it one of his pipes in the metal ashstand.

Nothing was changed—except within myself. Nothing was changed—except that all of my bright happiness was in ashes, all of the wonderful new life I'd found in loving Tom was mine no longer. There was no conflict within me, no tormenting indecision—only a hopeless, dull acceptance of the inevitable.

YOU see, I knew what it was like to lose the man I loved. I'd learned it by the harsh and bitter lesson of experience. Kit Townsend hadn't been worthy of my love, but that fact hadn't softened the loss of him at the time. I had grown beyond him now; I could look back upon my feeling for him as a misplaced infatuation—but my own grief at losing him. I remembered too vividly. I remembered it all too well—the first staggering shock, the numb hoping against hope that time would pass quickly and take with it some of the biting pain. I remembered the blind snatching at anything that would fill the days, and—worst of all—the awful, empty sense of having nothing at all to live for.

Oh, no—I couldn't bear to think of going through that again. It would be better for me to leave Tom now, to take the loss and the heartache now, than to face a lifetime of waiting for him to come back, a lifetime of suspense, of thinking with each trip he made, that this might be his last. I knew myself, knew what losing Kit had done to me, knew that the loss of Tom would be a thousandfold more terrible. What it amounted to was that I could no more live Tom's life than I could ask him to give his up for me.

I went into my room—Martha's room. Very quietly I packed. I didn't want the Captain to hear me, to try to stop me before I was ready. What I was doing was hard enough as it was. I was running away, as I'd run away before, only this time there would be no Tom Carter to rescue me, to give back everything I'd lost, and more. This time I was leaving everything worth-while behind me.

But I had to say goodbye to the Captain—he had been so good to me, I couldn't leave without an explanation. I went into the cheery living room. "I'm going," I told him through clenched teeth. "I can't stay any longer—"

He put down his pipe with a deliberate gesture oddly like Tom's, looked up at me with Tom's eyes, and suddenly I was on my knees beside him, my face pressed against his coat, sobbing wildly. After a while he lifted my chin. "Guess you've never weathered a squall, Ruth," he said

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gently. "Tom's mother ran away, too—"

I gasped. "Not Martha!"

"Yes, Martha. Go fetch me the bundle of letters from the table drawer in my room."

They were yellowed and the handwriting was faded. I sat on the stool beside the Captain and read them aloud. They were written from her home in Nebraska, where she had lived before she was married. And as I read, it became clear that she, too, had fled the agony of waiting.

"She was a lot like you, Ruth. Guess that's why I've got my heart set on having you for a daughter-in-law. All women—leastways, the ones that are any good—fear for their men when they go down to the sea."

"How did you get her back?" I asked softly.

"She was gone 'most a year," he said, lost in memory. "Manuel and I were building this ship. There was only one name fitted for her—the 'Martha Carter.' That was the only way I knew to show my love for Martha."

"And she came back because of that?"

The Captain's eyes were dim. "You might say she did. You see, her being in Nebraska hadn't made her stop loving me, and when I wrote her about the boat, she figured that I hadn't stopped loving her, that I'd always love her, *no matter what happened.* That's what she wanted, Ruth, something she could depend on always; something that—well, something that might even carry over from this world to the next."

The room was very quiet; even the storm outside seemed to have abated somewhat. The fire crackled softly; Salome came in on velvet cat-feet, arching her back to be petted. I sat moveless, beginning to understand something of what the Captain was trying to tell me, beginning to grasp a new truth for myself.



Joan Alexander plays Stephanie Gunther in *The Open Door*, Carol West in *Bright Horizon*, CBS shows.

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- HEADACHE
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- UPSET STOMACH with gas, bloating.

Benefits Nation Of Sufferers!

For over 20 years Dr. F. M. Edwards (a noted Ohio Physician) successfully relieved scores of patients suffering from constipation with its headaches, mental dullness and upset stomach, gas, bloating.

This wise Doctor knew liver bile must flow freely every day into your intestines—otherwise constipation often results. So he kept this in mind when he perfected his famous Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but also pep up liver bile flow. Test *tonight!* All drugstores. Follow label directions.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

Love, I discovered, is worth only as much as the man who gives it. There was the kind of love that was quick, heady as wine, and as impermanent in its effect. There was another kind that was like the sea itself—eternal, a source of life and unending nourishment to those who served it. I could see the difference now, between loving Kit Townsend and loving Tom Carter. When Kit had gone, he had left me nothing but shame and humiliation and the ugly job of facing everyone alone; if Tom should ever be taken from me, I would still have everything that was fine and good and strong in him; I'd have his love to guide and comfort me, as the Captain still had Martha's.

I drew a long breath, shaking away the last thought of the deed I'd almost done. I got to my feet, bent to kiss the old man. "Thank you," I whispered, and I'd never meant the words more sincerely. "Don't tell Tom that I was going, please—"

He looked up at me, indignant, a spark of the old twinkle in his eye. "You think I'd tell on you—" A sound from outside interrupted him, a shrill, piercing boat whistle rising above the storm, repeated again and again. "Listen!" he exclaimed, "it's Tom. Sounds like he's trying to say something to you—"

I flew out the door, down to the landing. In the lift of a squall of snow I could see the little schooner rolling and pitching. Then she was through the channel and made fast to the pier. Tom caught me close, his hard red cheek against mine. For a moment we had no words. We just stood there, clinging to each other, while the storm whirled about us.

Then Tom whispered huskily, "Darling, I'm the world's worst—I'll never know anything about women. But this I do know—I love you."

I raised my lips, and it seemed that the happiness unleashed inside me was as wild and as boundless as the gray waters at our feet. "That's all I'll ever need," I answered him.

We have been married for almost two years now. They've been wonderful years, although the waiting has drawn out into long stretches. Tom is in the Coast Guard. He and his men are gone many months at a time in dangers far worse than a storm. With the shortage of doctors, I help out in the neighboring communities as well as in our village. It makes the waiting much easier. So does the package I received recently from "somewhere along the Mediterranean." Inside was a beautiful, hand-blocked shawl. But even more beautiful was the note attached—"Just to tell you, my darling, that I love you."

A woman can go through anything when she knows that. . . .

For Thrills—Mystery—Suspense

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Produced and directed by Mutual Broadcasting System. Check Your Newspaper for Local Time and Station.

KAY FRANCIS



HOLLYWOOD

ON THE AIR

A word picture of your favorite movie star before the microphone

"**CUT!**" cries the director, the star says, "I'm sorry," and the scene begins all over again. No harm has been done and the audience will never know of it, for all movie mistakes are buried on the cutting-room floor.

But not so when that same star appears on a radio program. The script has been written and timed to the split second and not a word can be changed or the precise rhythm of the program will be broken and the vast unseen audience will know that something is wrong.

To add to the tension, there is also a flesh and blood audience out front eager to see their favorites in person. To the movie star, then, there certainly can be nothing casual or taken-for-granted about an appearance before the microphone.

Kay Francis is quite different from the Kay Francis of the screen. For one thing, she appears to be even younger and prettier. Gone is the assured woman of the world and in her place is a smaller, slimmer, more fragile person who is inclined to be a bit nervous. Always well dressed in her own quiet way, there is an air of neatness and competence about her which reveals itself, for example, in her manner of putting away her glasses, of gathering up her furs and gloves.

She wears glasses when she reads and the owl-like look lent by these horn rimmed glasses contributes still more to the impression that this is, indeed, a different Kay. Her constant eye on the prompter shows that she does not yet feel at home before the microphone. She limits her acting entirely to her voice, somehow managing without further gesture to make her part come alive.

She is pleasant but aloof, and one goes away with the impression that it would be rather difficult to get to know Kay Francis, even after one had met her.

Hollywood's radio center is a very busy place today, for the movie colony has accepted the challenge of this other, so different, medium and it is a fascinating thing to watch the varied approach of those of our film favorites who have also made themselves favorites of the air. Watch RADIO MIRROR'S "Hollywood on the Air" in coming months for the radio reactions of your favorite star.

Spring Style Show

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OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMEN Ambitious women who want to earn extra money in spare time representing Fashion Frocks are invited to write FASHION FROCKS, INC. DESK 74039 CINCINNATI, OHIO

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DOLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

(New slant on an old favorite).

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| 3 tbsps. butter or margarine | 1 egg, unbeaten |
| ½ cup brown sugar | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 4 slices Dole Pineapple | ¼ cups sifted flour |
| Maraschino cherries or walnuts | ¼ tsp. salt |
| ⅓ cup shortening | 1 ½ tsp. baking powder |
| ½ cup sugar | ½ cup syrup from Dole Pineapple Slices |

Topping: Melt 3 tbsps. butter or margarine in an 8-inch square pan, sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar; arrange over sugar 4 slices Dole Pineapple, with halves of maraschino cherries or walnuts in centers.

Cake Batter: Gradually add sugar to shortening, creaming till fluffy. Add egg and vanilla and beat well. Add alternately small amounts of sifted dry ingredients and pineapple syrup, beating smooth after each addition. Spread batter over pineapple slices in pan, and bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 to 60 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes, then turn out on plate. Serve warm. Serves 6 or 8.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS

DOLE

Coward's Heart

Continued from page 37

if the invitation were not accepted. I found the courage to order my legs to move, and I walked into his arms, hearing myself repeating, "David—David!" For a moment I felt as if it were I who had come home—as if I were safe, after a long journey, in David's arms, where I belonged. And then the strangeness came between us again and I moved away, saying in a voice that was a shade too loud, a little too brisk, "Are you—are you glad to be back?"

David stared at me for a long moment. Then, "Let's go home," he said.

We got into a taxi outside the station, and silence hung between us. It wasn't the pleasant, companionable silence of lovers, but the awkward silence of strangers who can find no common ground for conversation. I had to break it. Without thinking, I spoke the first words that came into my head.

"Dave, you look . . ." I stopped. It would have been so wrong if I had added "fine" as I'd meant to—and the truth of how he looked was something you couldn't talk about.

"Awful," he finished the sentence for me. "I know. But that won't last, now that I'm here with you, where I belong." He slid his hand, almost shyly, along the expanse of seat between us, and put it over mine. "If you—if you're as glad to have me back as I am to be here, Sally, we'll be all right. Nothing will ever hurt us."

And that was all we said, all we could find to say, on the ride home. The few blocks seemed like endless miles.

Watching him struggle with the flight of stairs that led to our apartment left me sick and shaking. It would be like this always—the remembering of another David who

strode along with his head high, while I watched this new, quiet David, who dragged himself like a stricken animal.

As if he read my thoughts, he said, "It won't always be like this, you know, Sally. It's just that these crutches are new to me. I'll be used to them after a while, and then I'll get around as quickly as ever. The doctor says I may be able to get along with just a couple of canes, after a while, and . . ." His voice trailed off, almost apologetically.

"Of course," I said. "Of course you will." I hated myself for the way my voice sounded—like the voice of a mother reassuring a child who doesn't understand at all what is happening.

I've got to think about him, and how he feels, I told myself. I've got to stop thinking about myself, about what this means to me, or I'll run out of here and across to Mother's, and lock myself in my room and never come out. I can't stand it! I must think about David!

"The landlady spoke to a couple on the first floor," I added hurriedly, to be saying something. "They'll be glad to change apartments with us, and then you won't have to—"

Dave shook his head. "Climbing stairs is good for me. I'm not an invalid, honey. I've got to do things, because that's the only way I'll learn—by doing." He grinned at me. "If I'm pampered and catered to at every turn, I'll be a spoiled brat in no time." He balanced himself on the crutches while he slid out of his jacket and tossed it on a chair. Then, as if on a second thought, he picked the jacket up again and went across to the closet to hang it up.

"Come and talk to me," he said, easing himself into a chair. "We've got a



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lot to talk about, haven't we dear?" That, most of all, was what I didn't want—what I couldn't stand. To talk about the future, because at that moment the future seemed non-existent to me. There wasn't any.

"I—we'll have lots of time to talk," I told him. "I'll see if I can't do something about lunch. I hadn't thought much about it, but I guess I can find something. You—you must be hungry." I knew that I was sounding like a child, who talks fast and furiously about something else to keep away from a subject he doesn't want to discuss. I knew it, and I hated myself for it, but I couldn't help it.

"All right—I guess I'll pamper myself to the extent of stretching out in the chair by the window," Dave said. "It looks mighty comfortable." He looked suddenly tired, terribly tired, as if his mind were as weary as his body.

"I—shall I help you?"

He shook his head.

As I broke eggs into the frying pan, I heard him sink into the chair. "I used to dream about this place," he said, raising his voice a little. "Not that it's so much. But I remembered seeing you in it, and it was home."

WHAT could I say to that? Nowhere in my mind or in my heart was there a reply, so I pretended that I hadn't heard him. I think that if then I could have gone in and knelt beside that chair and taken him in my arms, cradled his head against my breast and told him, honestly and sincerely and lovingly, that I was glad he was home, that my happiness was complete now that he was back, everything would have been all right. But if I'd done that, it would have been false, acting a lie, and he would have known it. I didn't know how I felt, because I was deliberately trying not to feel.

Lunch was a meal of too-long silences, of nervous, uneasy little sentences that broke the silences and faded away without answers. When it was over, Dave got his jacket out. "I guess I'd better drop over to see Mother and Dad now. Mom'll make a fuss because I didn't let her know exactly when I was coming, but I wanted to see you first."

He wanted to see me first because he thought it would be easier, my heart told me, and I've failed him. Shame flooded through me.

"David—" I began.

"Yes, honey?" There was eagerness in his voice.

"Be—be careful," I finished lamely. After all, there was nothing to say to him. Not yet.

"I'll be careful," he repeated gravely, and then he was gone, and I could hear the strange, new sound his crutches made on the stairs, fainter and fainter, until it disappeared. And when it had faded away I could throw myself down on the couch and let the tears I'd kept dammed up come welling out—tears of fear and hopelessness and misery and shame.

Dave's mother called in the afternoon, asking me to come over to dinner, but I made the excuse that I'd let them have David all to themselves this first evening, and, by the time he got home, early as it was, I was in bed—on the couch in the livingroom.

The crutches tap-tapped across the room, and stopped by the couch.

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"Are you asleep?" asked David, softly. I wanted to pretend that I was, but something—something pleading and almost shy—in his voice forced my eyes open. "No, not yet," I said. I felt strangely guilty, and the guilt prompted me to add, hastily, "I thought it would be best for me to sleep here, David, until your leg is better. I might kick you or hurt you somehow, when I was asleep."

That was true—of course, it was better for me to sleep out on the couch for a little while. And, I told myself, it wasn't that I wanted to be away from him—I'd go back as soon as his leg was better—I would!

"Of course," Dave said. "But I could sleep here. Won't it be uncomfortable for you?"

I shook my head. "I'm fine here." I knew, dismally, that we sounded like two people who had just met, discussing the weather. It was true, just as I had known it would be. David was a stranger—a rather terrifying stranger, with whom I had nothing in common. His kiss, too, as he bent to wish me goodnight, was a stranger's kiss.

David would have been a stranger to me, really, I reasoned as I lay there, even if he had come back safe and sound. Actually, he was a man I had known less than two weeks out of my life, a man with whom I had spent three gay, exciting, blissful days and nights before he went away. I tried to tell myself over and over that it was not his injured leg that mattered, that it was all a matter of getting acquainted all over again, injury or no injury. But deep in my heart, even then, I didn't really believe it, couldn't make myself believe it. I couldn't change over night.

I was the same girl I'd always been—the same headstrong, selfish girl who wanted her own way, who wanted everything to go right, who wanted her world to be perfect. David, with his twisted, crippled leg was less than

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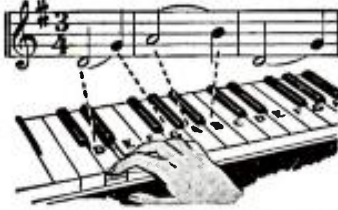
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perfection, and the days that stretched ahead for me, tied to a man who could never dance or run again, made the world seem a dreary place. That night, the years ahead seemed to stretch into a gray, cheerless infinity, and I hated David, and hated myself because I did.

That was the dreadful mistake, of course—believing that David was a different person. He wasn't. He was the same man I had worshipped for so long, had loved for such a brief while. There was laughter in him still, and gaiety to share with me, if I would take it. There was warmth there, too, and love, if I would have it. But I couldn't see those things, then. I could only see myself, a prisoner of circumstances, robbed of a life that had seemed to hold such promise.

The days that followed were all too much like that first day, with David and me moving about the house as if we were separated by some sort of invisible wall. Poor Dave—I think that it was in his power to save us both then, if he had dared. If he had taken me into his arms and let me feel again the love I'd known before he went away, he could have driven all the reservations out of my mind, all the fear out of my heart. But he must have been afraid, too—afraid of a rebuff that would have hurt more than all the physical agonies he had suffered.

IT WAS better when people were there—Dave's parents, my father and mother, or Joan. Best of all when Joan was there. David liked that, having someone young and amusing to talk to, someone who treated him as if he were a normal person, who drew laughter out of him and made him feel wanted and needed.

I tried—at least, I told myself that I was trying. I made an attempt to learn to cook, for instance, but nothing that Mother taught me seemed to stay with me. The guilty feeling that was always with me drove me to do all sorts of things for David—things that I knew were wrong. I waited on him hand and foot, treated him like an invalid, long after he was almost as well as he would ever be, trying to put off the time when he was really well, the time when things would have to be talked out, decisions have to be made. I was forever running to get things for him, or to light his pipe, or to help him when he sat down or stood up. I knew better, but I couldn't seem to stop it. Being helpful, even in the wrong way, would ease my conscience for a moment, and then we both would be more miserable than ever.

As time went by, David improved physically with great rapidity. His face filled out, and his color came back. But he'd lost the cheerfulness he'd had when he first came home. He brooded around the apartment and spent as much time as he could at his father's shop.

Sometimes when we were alone together, in that little apartment, hemmed in by more than the four walls of it, I felt as if I'd go crazy. And yet I couldn't make myself bring it out into the open—couldn't make myself be honest and fair about it. It seemed more than I—even I, who had always cared more about myself than anyone else—could do, to say to him, "David, I can't stand this any longer. It's better, isn't it, to make a clean break now, than to live this half-life

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we're living?" I just couldn't say it.

It was David himself who had to speak first, finally. He came in one night, after spending the evening with his parents, and found me, as usual, already in bed on the livingroom couch. He came over and eased himself down on the edge of it and took my hand very gently in his.

"Sally—let's talk. Let's talk about us, and what we're going to do."

Panic swept me. "I—I don't know what you mean."

He shook his head. "Yes, you do, Sally. Honey, do you want to give me a divorce? Would you be happier that way?"

My voice was very small, so that, for a moment, I thought he hadn't heard when I said, "Would you?"

He was silent for a moment, and when he answered he sounded very grave. "Sometimes I think I would, honey. It would hurt—but it would be over. There wouldn't be this strain, this forced life we're living, you and I, anyway. I—I don't blame you, Sally, I must seem like half a husband to you now. But—"

Then he was quiet again, just looking at me. And suddenly I saw in his eyes something I hadn't seen there since before he went away, hadn't seen since those three glorious, golden days we had spent as husband and wife before he went overseas.

"But—what, David?"

I knew that it was coming, and I welcomed it. I'd know, at last. I'd know, finally and forever, whether I could live with David for the rest of my life—and love him.

"But—I love you so much. Oh, Sally—oh honey, darling—I love you so much!" His voice was a sob, and then his arms were around me—the same strong arms I had known before, the arms that had meant shelter and security and love, forever and forever, to me.

He held me close to him, and I remembered. I remembered tenderness and gentleness and passion and joy so great that the world could not contain it. I remembered love.

After a moment he said, very humbly, "I can't carry you in like a bride, Sally. But—honey, will you come with me?"

He stood up, and I rose and followed him, like a sleepwalker in a dream.

It was strange to waken in the morning and find David beside me, where he had not been for so long. I had only a second in which to recall last night, and then he woke up, too, and smiled a lazy, sleepy smile at me. Then, I suppose, he remembered, too, for he sat up.

"Sally—I don't know how you feel about this, now. I suppose you could say that I took unfair advantage of you, trying to make you see things my way. I don't want to do that. You see, what you decide isn't just for now—it's for always. That's why I don't want to talk about it now. I'm going to the office, and give you the whole day to think about it. And then, tonight—well, let's decide."

After he had gone I lay very still in bed, and once more I was remembering. I was remembering David of long ago—it seemed a thousand years ago that we were married—and David now, especially David last night, David . . . whose love now was the love of a man asking a favor, a timid, plead-



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ing love so different from the passion that had claimed all of my mind and my heart and my body, long ago.

I knew that I still couldn't face it. I couldn't face life forever with David, and I couldn't face telling him. I was a coward, and like all cowards, I would take the easy course. I would run away.

Even now, I don't like to talk about those days. I don't like to remember how brave I felt, packing a bag, leaving a note, going down to the train. I don't like to remember that note and the things it said about not being sure, about wanting time to make up my mind, free of the influence of seeing David all the time . . . just as if it were only I who mattered, as if David were some sort of pawn in a game of life I was playing.

I went to Richardsville, where the radio parts plant was, and I got a job grinding crystals. I knew that David would leave me alone, would let me find my own way out, and that he would make my parents leave me alone, too.

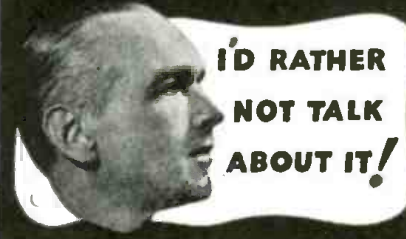
For a while I felt like a martyr, working harder than I had ever thought possible, putting off thinking about the future, as I had always put it off, making a new existence for myself, built on the ruins of a marriage that I had destroyed, a love that I had killed. But after a while I stopped feeling like a martyr, because I began to like the work, to enjoy doing something skillful with my hands—those hands that had done so little that was useful in the world.

And so all was well with my selfish little world, until one night. The night when, sick and dizzy with disbelief, I listened to the company doctor tell me that I was going to have a baby. I hardly heard his words, kindly and sympathetic. "There's nothing physically wrong with you, you know. You can go on working for quite a while yet. Just take good care of yourself. Here's



Alice Reinheart, of Life Can Be Beautiful and The O'Neills, is a hard-working staff member of CDYO.

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Never, in all my life, had I ever thought of having a baby. Babies were things that came of a normal marriage, of a happy home—babies were things that settled women had, women who were through with gaiety and dancing and the fun of youth. I don't know what to say in excuse for that, except perhaps that I had never grown up myself; I was still a child, still as ill-equipped as a child to face reality.

But I grew up. I grew up in my mind and in my heart, along with the changes that were taking place in my body during the next two months. Fear and despair—the things I felt when the doctor told me I was going to have a baby—turned to joy and pride in a little while. A baby can do that to a woman, especially to a woman who is alone in a strange city. I felt as if I had somehow performed a small miracle, something just a bit more wonderful than anyone else had ever managed before me. I was going to have a baby. I could buy flannel, yards of it, and make wrappers, and feather-stitch them down the front. I could crochet a sweater and a cap, maybe, and go shopping for a bassinet.

And suddenly one night as I sat in my room, I knew that I mustn't be alone, any longer. I couldn't be. This was the sort of secret that must be shared. I must ask Mother to teach me to feather-stitch and crochet. I must talk to my friends who had babies of their own. Most of all, best of all, I must have David beside me when I went shopping for that bassinet.

I got up out of my chair and ran into the hall. Now, right now, I'd go down to the phone and call David. I'd ask him—not tell him, but ask him—if I could come home.

I was whistling as I rounded the bend in the dark, narrow hallway at the stop of the stairs—whistling a fragment of a song my Dad used to sing to me—when it happened. How I still don't know. Perhaps my heel caught in the hem of my slacks. All I know is that suddenly the dim bulb of the landing below was spiraling up to meet me, that the thick roundness of the newel post was straight ahead, and I was falling—falling to the sound of a high, thin scream that must have been my own.

The first thing I remember after that is opening my eyes, and seeing the doctor's face above me, and around him the white, sterile cleanliness of a hospital room. I felt torn apart and put together again.

"The baby?" I meant it to be a question, but it came out a croaking whisper.

"Don't worry," he said. "Don't worry—just go to sleep." But I could see it in his face, and in the face of the nurse behind him. I knew.

I was crying with my face buried in the pillow when David came in—crying as I hadn't realized that I knew how to cry, so that I didn't hear him open the door, didn't realize that he was there until the tap-tap of the crutches told me. And even then I couldn't turn my face up to his.

But his arms were there—the same strong arms that had meant shelter and security and love to me once. There was strength in him, I realized then, such as I would never know. "Sally—honey, don't cry. There's so



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much ahead, that we haven't time to look back, even for a moment, at the past. We've got lost time to make up, darling. There's all of life left for us—love and—and more babies—and us. There's all that, if—you want it . . ."

I remembered then something that he had said to me that last night at home. *Sally, I know I seem like only half a husband to you . . .*

Shelter . . . security . . . love. I wanted those things. Those are the only things a woman needs, and I had tossed them away, unthinking. And now they had been brought back to me, like a precious gift, offered without reproach. David had been a husband, always—it was I who had been only half a wife.

"Oh, David," I cried, and I meant it from the bottom of my heart. "David, David—take me home!"

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Don't Give My Love Away

Continued from page 49

warm and crisp from the mangle.

The nurse came in again—she was a busier nurse and couldn't give time to save our feelings and reassure us as the one at the infirmary had—and said, "They've taken Mr. McKenzie to his room—"

Mr. Chalmers was on his feet as quickly as I was. The nurse looked at me. "I believe he's calling for you, Miss Merrill."

"Oh," I gasped, "can I see him?" I was already half way out the door.

She shook her head. "Not yet. He's still under drugs. The doctor says he would not know you now. Just wait—"

She disappeared. "It was my fault," Mr. Chalmers began abruptly. "I should have known that he had to have trained assistants to bring it off. I—"

"It isn't your fault, really," I said rapidly, urgently. "You were all overworked, but you did your best. If anybody is to blame, I mean if anybody has really done wrong and deserved blame, it was—"

I stopped. For Paul had come into the room. And he was looking at me in a way that made my halting, incoherent confession quite unnecessary. In his deeply shadowed brown eyes was an accusation so much clearer that anyone could read it.

Those others did, I thought. They looked at Paul's haggard face and then at me, and it seemed to me that horror came into their faces, very different from the shock and bitterness that had been there before. They saw my deeper guilt, the moral sin of taking another person's life in my hands and shaping it to my own mortal plans—a guilt that washed away any technical mistake of theirs made by nervous hands or tired, harried brains.

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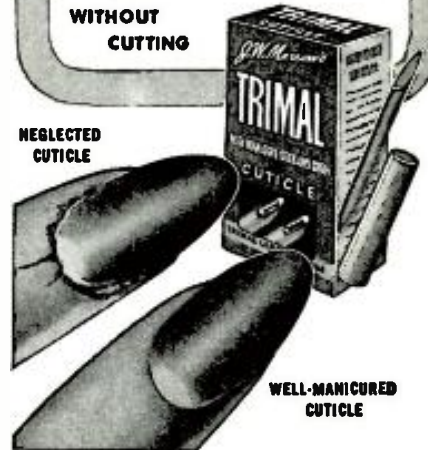
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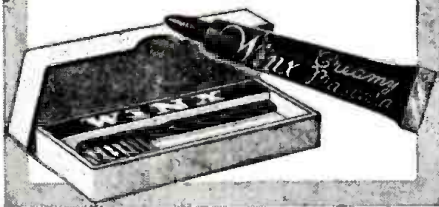
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Paul said, "The doctor said you are to go to his room."

He said it reluctantly and for a fleeting moment I wondered if that was part of the reason for the accusation in his eyes: the knowledge that Chris wanted to see me and had not asked for him.

But no. Paul was too fair and just for that. And I deserved the accusation utterly. It bore me down even as I hurried to the room. My feet were almost running but my heart dreaded getting there. Now that I could see Chris, I was afraid. I couldn't go through with it.

I thought I would see Chris now. But I did not. I saw only an outline under the bedclothes, a head swathed in bandages, and a glimpse of a face that was like a mask, so waxy white, and so still. His eyes were almost closed, but not completely, so that you knew this was no peaceful, normal sleep, and both the lids and the deeply shadowed hollow sockets were luminous with a sort of shining mist.

The nurse who had led me in looked up questioningly at the doctor who stood beside the bed, and he shook his head ever so slightly. "I thought he might be lucid long enough, he seemed to be trying to convey some message—" He sighed. He was an old man and the smile he arranged on his features as he turned to me did not quite cover the weary hopelessness I knew he felt. "A little later, perhaps," he said vaguely.

The nurse gave me a quick little smirk. "I'm afraid he's slipped back under."

I learned afterward how many hours I spent in that waiting room. But the actual time means nothing, for it had no relation to what I went through there. I didn't live, I sat through a dream that was often a nightmare, though not always. You can bear horror only just so long.

People came in and spoke to me and I learned by a curious, half-conscious concentration of one part of my mind, how to answer intelligibly without losing the train of my more important thoughts. Those went on, those thoughts, round and round, self-accusing, frantic, desperate, then relaxing slowly and beginning to search quite sensibly for hope; until the hope would come and for a while seem real to me, and I would plan about the future almost happily: how I would make up to Chris for this danger, this narrow escape, that I had caused him. I would make up for everything I had done to him!

Reporters telephoned and came in a dozen times a day and all of them talked to me, questioned me. I suppose I must have spoken coherently, for I have one of the interviews that a national wire service used, and there are my words printed in black and white. But at the time I hardly knew what I was saying.

"Is it true that Chris McKenzie was a genius?" I remember that question, all too well, and my answer which was not printed in the paper.

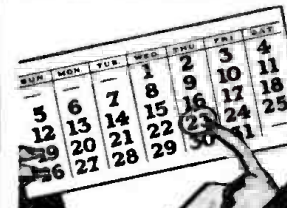
"Chris McKenzie is a genius," I told the boy quietly.

"Of course, I didn't mean—naturally—"

I went on, "Chris has always been able to take things in his hands and understand instinctively what makes them work, how to make them work

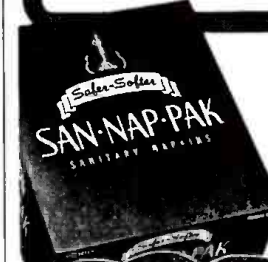
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better. Even as a child—"I broke off. These things were not mine to tell. "You should ask his brother, Paul," I said. "He was the one who did everything to develop his talent, gave him every advantage. Have you talked to him?"

The reporters looked at each other in embarrassment. At last a stout older man on a local paper said, "He wouldn't give us a thing, Miss Merrill. He said you know all the answers where his brother was concerned."

I shivered, imagining the bitterness behind that statement. But I must not show these reporters the knife-sharp pain their second-hand comment had sent through me. They must not guess what lay behind Paul's silence. I knew how eagerly they would have seized on that angle, and I could see their story screaming across the headlines.

"He sacrificed a scientific career, didn't he," a bright red-headed girl asked, "to take this war job?"

"He thought he could help best in the war this way," I told them. For his sake I would say those words I had said before, the words I hated now to remember, the words that had sent him to risk his life. "But of course," I went on steadily, "his education must have proved tremendously valuable to him in his job."

"When this turret gets into production," a keen, sharp-faced man asked, "will it make a real difference? I mean, in such a spot as Gafsa where the German '86's tore right through our tanks as if they were paper?"

I said, "Chris thought this was the most important job he'd done. And don't forget he'd changed our overhead stud welding rate from forty to one thousand in an eight-hour day."

And so the headlines made a fallen war hero of him. That was the least I could do. And the most. Day after day I sat there just waiting for bulletins which became more and more pessimistic. Transfusion followed transfusion in quicker and quicker succession. Of course Paul donated blood and begged to give even more. Plasma from the hospital bank was used between calls on the volunteers from the factory. My blood was not even the right type to give directly to him, and it seemed like a judgment on me.

Time after time I was called to his room but when I went in, even if his eyes were open, they stared at me horribly blank of recognition. I hated to answer the nurse's call. When it came again on the evening of the third day I thought I would have to tell her that I couldn't go through the frightful farce again. But of course I followed her meekly to his room.

As I approached the bed my heart jumped and seemed to suffocate me. This time was different! I could tell that, though I could not have said where the difference lay. His eyes were still half closed, but I said quickly, eagerly, my breath coming fast, "Chris. Chris, I'm here. It's Sue."

And his brown eyes opened. This time they did not stare blankly at me. They looked at me and they saw me. The lips moved, just barely, but I could sense a smile. The tears burned as they ran down my face. I could not speak.

The covers moved a little at his side and the nurse drew his hand out and laid it in mine. Then she tiptoed from the room. I stood before the bed, my



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eyes holding his. His lips moved again. No sound came, but I knew he was trying to speak. I bent over. "Yes, Chris? Do you want to tell me something?"

His hand pressed mine faintly. My cheek went against his and he sighed deeply, as if in content. We stayed that way long minutes before he spoke. Then he said one word: "Happy."

The tears came flooding and ran over both our cheeks pressed there together on the pillow. "I'll be happy," I said, "when you are well."

He moved his head a fraction of an inch and I felt denial in the movement. He said, "No. I... you made me happy. See?"

I nodded, too glad for speech. But he was not satisfied. "It's been—great," he said, his eyes imploring me to understand. "Wonderful... the work... you..."

His breath was coming in terribly quick shallow gasps. Each word cost him terrific effort.

"Chris, don't try to talk any more now. You can tell me later."

Again I felt the movement of denial. "Now," he said, and his lips seemed to smile almost in apology. "You must know... be sure... It was right, see?"

"I see," I told him, but I don't believe I did see.

"It was living," he gasped. "Worth... anything..."

HIS voice caught and stopped on a choking gasp. But his smile did not fade, and for an instant it was brilliant, almost merry, happier than I had ever seen it in all the times we had been together, happier than when he was boyishly boasting about his work, happier even than dancing... For a flashing instant I knew with absolute certainty that he had told me the truth: those months at the factory had been right, had been wonderful, had been worth—anything—

I dared not say the word he had not said. For a moment I could put away the thought, postpone it as he had.

But only for a moment. His gasps for breath became quicker, more painful, agonizing. His smile seemed about to fade. I held tight to his hands, I cried out his name, "Chris!" And my eyes clung to his as if I could hold him in this world by our locked gaze. But slowly, while he was still looking at me, the light and the knowledge went out of his eyes. The smile stayed and he looked young and sweeter than I had ever known him.

The nurse came hurrying in, glanced at him, biting her lip, reached for a hypodermic needle and then dropped it slowly back into the drawer, shaking her head. She took his hand, held her finger on his wrist only a moment and replaced it under the covers. I realized that the doctor had been there for some moments before I saw the almost imperceptible shrug of his old shoulders as he came to me. He took my arm. "I think you'd better come outside now. We have done all we could."

Perhaps words like that are comforting to some women who have lost their men. But the doctor did not know how ironically they rang through my whole being.

For the faith Chris had given me in that moment had been wiped out by the awful minutes that succeeded it. My guilt had come back, multiplied a

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thousand times by the sight of his death. I had killed him. And without even giving him my love. Strangely, that was the most painful part of my thoughts now. The knowledge that—intentionally or not—I had deceived him.

I did not go to the funeral. I knew Paul would hate to have me there. I sat in my room in a sort of wild, still panic. I couldn't stay here. I must go somewhere. I must run away.

The factory was opening a branch in Martinsville, over a hundred miles away. I could not give up my war work, of course, but I could be transferred to that new town. I could start life over, leave all this behind me.

It was when I was on my way to the Personnel Office to ask for the change that I knew I could never leave this behind me. I knew I could not go.

I was living over that other day, the day I had gone to that same office to ask to have my hours changed so that I could study chemistry at night. I remembered as clearly as if it were happening again, how Paul's face had lit up with interest when I told him I wanted to make science my life work. He had really cared.

Well, there was only one thing to do. I had no choice, I had to do my part to help take the place of Chris who had died—and I had to do it in two places, the factory and the school where Paul had sent him to study.

And so for long months I flung myself into my work, forgot my personal agonies in concentration both at the plant and at the school.

It was nearly five months before I had the strength to do what I must have known all along, beneath my frantic concentration on my work, that I must do. I must see Paul. I must tell him that he was right, that the accusation I had seen in his eyes was true. I had the feeling that it would somehow relieve his grief if the blame could be placed, openly and beyond argument, on my shoulders. An outlet for his anger might soothe his pain.

I shall never forget Paul's face as he opened the door of his apartment that night. I waited as his eyes focused and registered my presence, and I dreaded seeing them light up with the awful fierce angry brilliance that had been in them before.

But what I saw made me stumble back, actually in fear. Because, for a minute, I thought he could not be sane. For he was smiling.

Yes. His firm, sculptured lips had curved in a smile of gentle sweetness, and in his eyes was a light—not brilliant and intense as when I had seen him first—but soft, luminous. That was what frightened me, I suppose. We are not prepared in this world for people to give forgiveness and sympathy when they have been mortally hurt.

He said, "Come in. Come in, Sue." He took my hand and led me into the apartment which even in my preoccupation I saw was a place made beautiful by Paul's taste and his personality. "I had planned to call you," he went on quietly. "I have something to tell you."

Even then his words made me apprehensive. Surely anything he had to say to me would be something to dread. He must have seen how I felt, for without a word he poured me a glass of sherry from a decanter on a black walnut sideboard and brought it to me.

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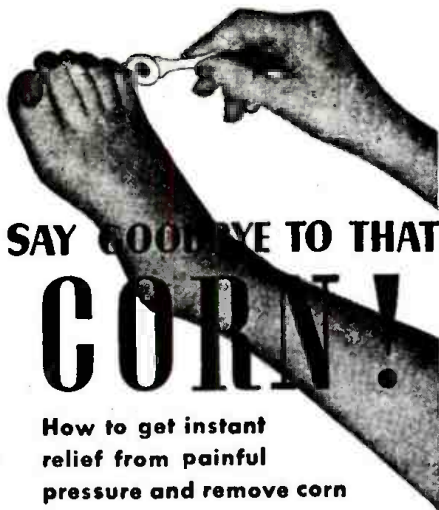
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After my throat had relaxed he said, quietly, "Sue, did you know? The first shipment of the new safety closure turrets went off today."

Again I could only stare at him. There was no bitterness in his voice or his face.

I said, "But that isn't enough, Paul. Maybe somebody else could have worked out that device. I had no right to send him to his death!"

"You didn't," he said. "You sent him to the first life he had ever had. Even six months of living, of doing the job for which he knew he was fitted, of achieving something—well, it was something—was worth dying for—"

I looked at him amazed, remembering when Chris, in almost the same words, had told this to me. But no one else had heard.

"Paul," I said slowly. "How did you know? Did Chris—"

He was shaking his head. "Chris never asked for me. But I know. I am absolutely certain."

How weak my faith had been! Chris had told me, but except for that flashing moment I had not believed. Paul, without being told, had known.

I couldn't speak. I just stared into Paul's thin, ardent face, his serious dark eyes, and I knew that he had come to his knowledge after a long, passionate struggle. He had had to fight all the dreams and hopes and certainties of his life before he could come to that knowledge.

As if he knew what I was thinking, he said, "It wasn't easy. I was stubborn. I had tied up my whole life to one goal, and when that was taken away from me I thought there was nothing left. That showed me how selfish I had been—"

"Selfish!"

He raised a hand to silence me. "Yes, selfish. It took me quite a while to see that. But sacrificing yourself for somebody else can be—in some queer twisted way—the most selfish thing anyone can do. Trying to make your own dreams come true at someone else's expense. And probably the worst injustice I could have done all three of us was giving him the girl I loved."

He stopped there, but not ashamed, not embarrassed. We sat looking directly into each other's eyes, both of us searching, both of us incredulously finding what we searched for.

It was a strange scene of betrothal. For that locking gaze was our only embrace. We did not even touch each other's hands that day. We did not speak of the future, of our marriage. I think it was enough for both of us, after what we had suffered, just to rest at last in the knowledge of the haven to which our tortuous paths had finally led us. And then, very quietly, our voices not joyful, but full of peace, we said goodbye.

We have come very slowly into our happiness, Paul and I. At first, with all his passion, I wondered how Paul could ever throw off the shadow of the loss of what had been his whole life. But now he has been granted the one gift that could free him: another life to shape and guide, a chance to atone with his wisdom in cherishing his own child, for the mistakes he made with Chris. And in that prospect we are sharing the final glorious fulfillment of our marriage.

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Waiting for You

Continued from page 44

as the train pulled in and Blane helped me up the steps. We were laughing, because suddenly this prosaic business trip had become a holiday, an excursion. In East Grove we call Pittsburgh "The City." For us, it's a place of theaters and big stores, hotels and night clubs, excitement and romance.

The City lived up to its reputation, that weekend. Once more I was Dennie Ray—single, only nineteen, clothed in the warm admiration and gallantry of a man. We worked on the train, yes—Blane dictated until we reached Pittsburgh—but after that we stopped being boss and secretary. We went, as a matter of course, to the biggest and best hotel, and had a leisurely dinner there, while an orchestra played softly from behind a screen of palms. It was after ten when we'd finished.

"I'll be out at the plant all day tomorrow," Blane said. "Of course, I suppose we could catch a train back to East Grove tomorrow night—"

He hesitated, on a questioning note, the shadow of a smile on his lips.

"Or," he went on smoothly, "we could stay over until Sunday, and enjoy ourselves tomorrow night. In fact," he said with decision, "I think that's what we'd better do, if you haven't any objections."

His eyes, boldly, dared me to offer any. "No," I said. "No objections."

Danger . . . but sometimes danger beckons sweetly.

SO I found a use for the evening dress I'd smuggled into my bag. I wore it, and the flowers Blane had sent, when we had dinner at a French restaurant where the huge menus were written out in purple ink and I learned that pheasants really were served to you under a big, steamy glass bell. I wore it at the nightclub we went to afterward, while I discovered all over again how Blane could make the common act of dancing into something meaningful and lovely.

It was late when we left the nightclub, but still we hated to end the evening, and we found an all-night lunch room where we ordered hamburgers and strong black coffee. And suddenly the atmosphere between us changed. I don't know why, unless it was that Blane willed it so.

He didn't touch me, but he seemed to. All he said, looking steadily at me across the table, was, "You know, Dennie—you're very sweet." That's what he said in words, but without them he said much more, in a language that has never needed to be spoken aloud.

Once, swimming in the surf, I'd measured my strength—at first in merry defiance, then suddenly in panic—against the current that would have swept me out to sea. It was like that now. Now, as then, all power seemed to leave me. I'd gone too far from shore—I could never get back. I could only surrender myself to the gentle, all-embracing pull of the tide, let it take me wherever it willed.

Only for a moment, an instant that couldn't be measured—then the panic was gone, and the lassitude, and I was serenely aware, just as I'd been that time in the sea, of my own ability to fight back against the current and master it. Blane was nothing, and the pull he exerted on me was nothing—nothing but primitive instinct. I loved

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Mike, and my love for him was stronger than any brief impulse, stronger than selfish desire.

I smiled—lightly, pleasantly. "Sweet?" I said. "Maybe—but never after three o'clock in the morning." I picked up my evening bag, to show that it was time to leave.

Blane's face went perfectly blank. Why, I thought in amazement, he'd been quite sure of himself, certain that he'd made a conquest. I felt something that was half anger and half amusement—that behind his polished manners, his air of success, he should be so shallow.

Rather sulkily, he paid the check, saw me to the door of my room, said good night. As soon as the door had closed behind him, I forgot him completely. I undressed, got into bed, and fell asleep at once.

I returned to East Grove the next afternoon, traveling alone. There had been a note for me at the hotel desk: "Am spending the day with friends, and will have to take a late train home. See you in the office tomorrow morning." He'd signed it B.R.—the signature he used in the office to okay reports and memos. That made it official, I decided. We were boss and secretary again. And I smiled to myself.

I found out, on that ride back to East Grove, that I had never known what real happiness was. Not the bouncy, bubbly kind of happiness that comes when you're out for a good time, but the peaceful inner content which goes with windows shut against a rainstorm and a fire crackling on the hearth. This I had never had—until now.

Nothing had really changed, yet everything had changed. Mike was still away from me, and he was still Mike, with all his jealousy. His mother was still in the apartment, ready to watch and report on me. All that didn't matter. Somehow, I was sure it didn't. It just wasn't important. I could handle it.

I came into the apartment when



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late-afternoon sunshine was pouring in at the windows and the radio was playing softly. And it too had changed, while remaining the same. It hadn't welcomed me, not even once, in the weeks since Mike left; but now it did. The chintz-covered chairs, the green sofa, the striped wall-paper, all seemed to say, "We're glad you're home."

Mom looked up from her chair, smiling. "Well, Dennie," she said, "did you have a nice trip?"

"Oh—" I didn't want to lie, but I had to, because this was something that had started before I grew up. It would be the last lie I'd ever bother to tell her, I resolved. "It was all right. Just business—I wasn't expected to enjoy it particularly."

"Flo Martinson," Mom said, "told me you seemed to be enjoying yourself when you started out. She was at the station and saw you with Mr. Ross."

The silence that followed drummed in my ears. As if it were being dissolved in acid, I felt my new-found serenity leaving me. I looked at her sharp-featured little face, and I said to myself, "Now—finally—she's found the weapon against me she has always wanted."

I SUPPOSE you wouldn't believe me," I burst out, "if I said it was all perfectly innocent. I hardly saw him, except last night. He took me dancing—that was all. He didn't even kiss me—"

"You don't have to tell me," she interrupted. "I'm not curious."

In spite of everything, that made me laugh. Hysterically, I cried, "Not curious! When you're always asking me where I've been and what I've been doing—and then you say you're not curious!"

A slow, dull red crept into her cheeks. She looked at me and then away again, and her shoulders hunched up and together, as if she were cold.

"Well—maybe I have been," she said at last, painfully. "In fact—yes, Dennie, I know I have. I'm sorry."

I put my hand on the back of a nearby chair, to steady the room's dizzy spinning. It wasn't possible, it simply wasn't possible—

Still with her head bent, looking at the wrinkled hands folded in her lap, she went on, "There isn't much to occupy me, you see, and I guess I was more—I asked more questions—than I should have. I didn't mean anything by it. I only— You and I haven't been very good friends, Dennie, and I thought if I was interested in what you were doing we might get to talking, and that way we'd come to know each

other better, build up companionship."

The nervous, halting words, the soft voice—they painted a picture for me. It was a picture I'd never seen before, because I'd never bothered to look. It was a picture of a lonely, confused old lady, pathetic in her lack of understanding, wanting love but never knowing how to win it. Not vindictive, not a spy, but awkward and inarticulate—always taking the wrong road.

She went on, "And then, the other night, Mike came home and he asked me about you—who you saw and where you went—things like that. I told him as much as I knew. I guess I talked too much, but it was only because he seemed to want to know, Dennie. I didn't realize what I was doing until I heard you two quarreling—you didn't quite shut the door when you went into the bedroom. Then I knew it was my fault—partly, anyway."

Without speaking, I sank down on the chair I'd been clinging to. I felt very tired. If all this could have been said a week ago—then I wouldn't have done the stupid, reckless thing, wouldn't have gone to Pittsburgh with Blane. We could have been happy here, she and I, and she could have helped me quiet Mike's jealousy. Now...

"I thought you always held it against me because Mike and I left you out of the wedding," I said dully.

"Well, I did," she said honestly.

"For a while. But not enough to— My goodness, Dennie," she burst out, and her voice was shocked, "I'd never think of making trouble between two people that love each other. Love's too precious for that. And sometimes you're a flighty little thing, but you do love Mike. That's why I'll never tell him you weren't right here in the apartment all weekend."

Relief can be so great that it is a physical pain. I learned that then. "You won't—" I said, and couldn't go on.

Mom shook her head, keeping her eyes on mine. "No, Dennie. I may not be very smart, but I'm smart enough to know you'd never do anything to hurt Mike. You couldn't. Some day Mike'll realize that too, and then he won't be jealous any more."

She had that much faith in me. It was more, I saw, than I'd had in myself, this last week since Mike's brief and unsatisfactory leave. But not more than I had now. This was her gift to me.

"Thank you," I said, not caring that my eyes were filled with tears. "Thank you—dear."

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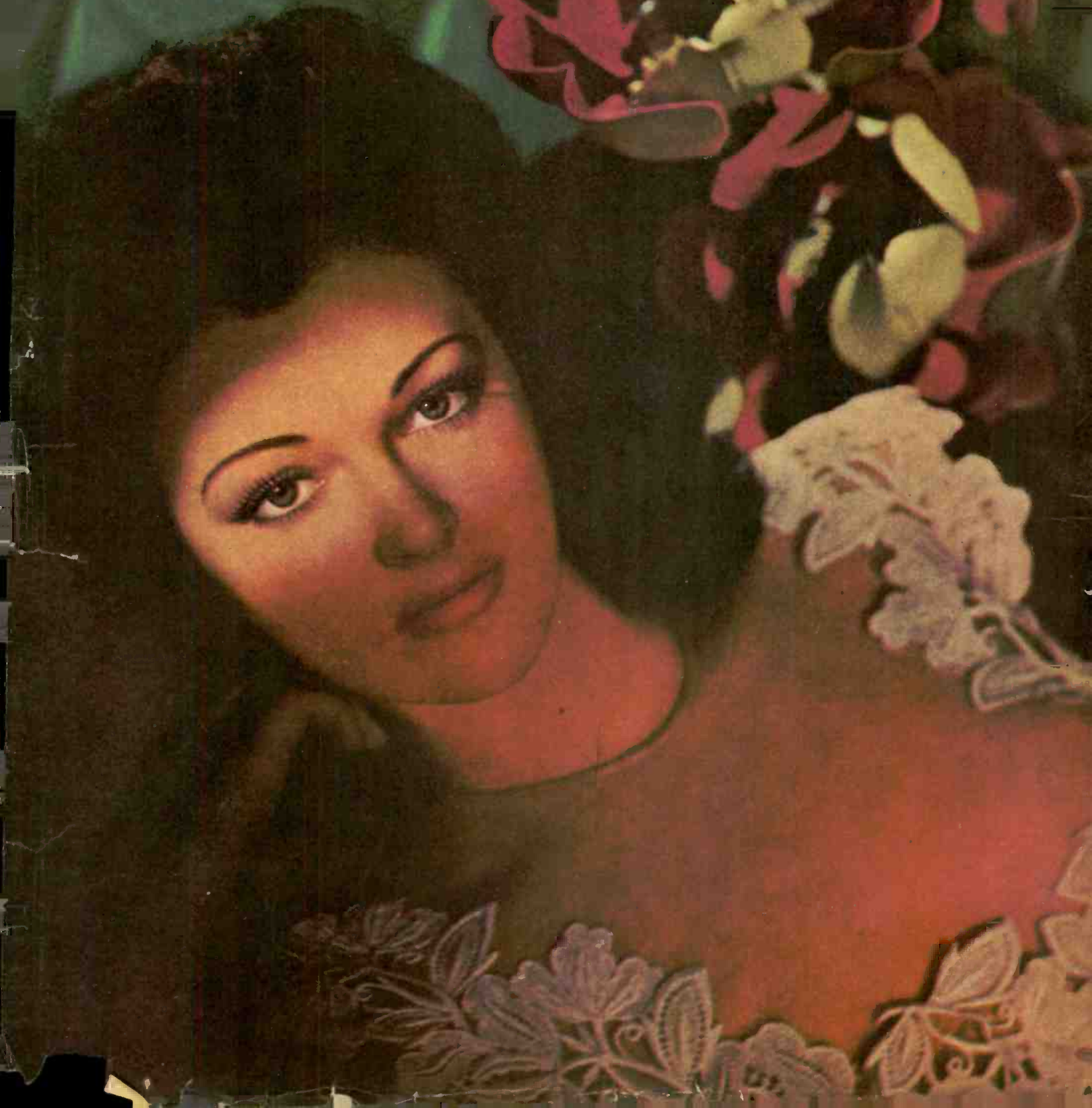
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