

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

19
MAY 44

15¢



BARBARA JOYCE

EXCITING COLOR PICTURES YOU ASKED FOR

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES • PORTIA FACES LIFE

You'll win **Softer, Smoother Skin** with just One Cake of Camay!



Mrs. Alexander Carver Jr.

OF FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

"I was so happy—to discover how much lovelier my complexion looked with my first cake of Camay," says this lovely bride. "Camay's *mild* care seemed to soften my skin . . . leave it more velvety."

Yes! Complexion tests prove Camay is really mild!

Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just *one cake* of Camay—when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions. And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the *first* cake of Camay!



. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness* . . . proved it can benefit skin! "*Camay is really mild*," said the specialists, "*it cleansed skin without irritation*." Remember this—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet . . . to bring new, softer charm to your skin.



Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Night and morning, cream Camay over face—nose, chin. How *mild* it feels! Now—rinse warm. Touch *dry skins* with cream. Give *oily skins* a lively C-O-L-D splash! Simple, isn't it?—and your very *first* cake of Camay means lovelier skin!



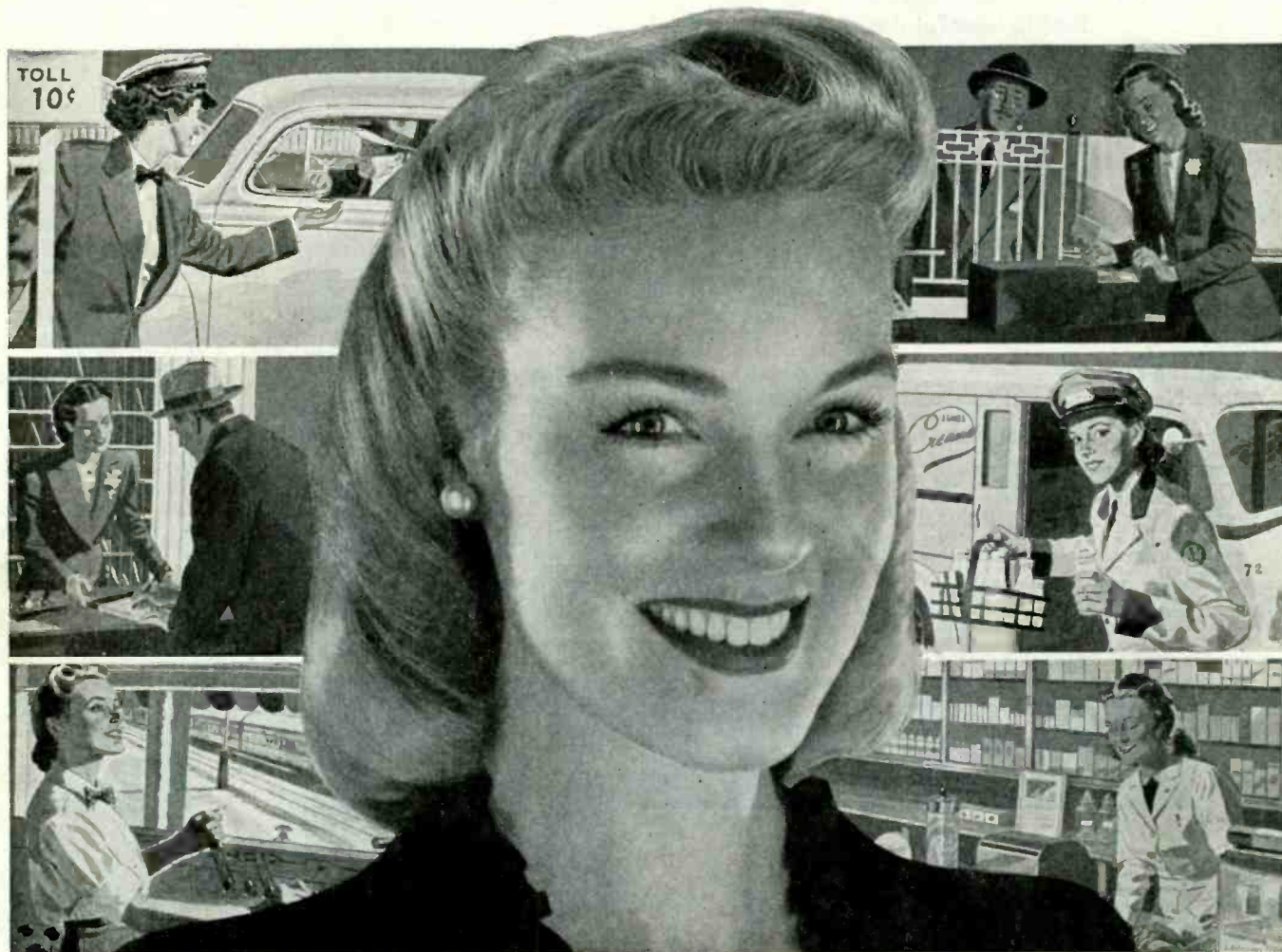
CHERISH CAMAY

Precious materials go into Camay, so make your cake last—2 or 3 weeks

1. Use just enough Camay for good lather.
2. Don't let Camay stand in water when not in use.
3. Wet soap dishes waste soap. Keep a cloth handy to wipe yours dry.
4. Put Camay slivers in a bathmit—get grand lather!

After Hours—

hearts surrender to a radiant, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE helping to end this war sooner and you're proud and glad to be doing it. But *after hours*—comes fun—comes laughter—comes romance!

So put on your best bib and tucker. Take a last peek in the mirror and—smile. Hold on—was that a bright smile? Sparkling? The kind of smile that warms hearts?

If you can smile like THAT—you don't need great beauty! Just look at the popular girls you know. Many aren't beauties at all! But we'll bet they've got a dazzling

smile! So let *your* smile be that kind of smile—gleaming, alive! Just remember sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"; see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean

teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a winning smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

A million women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now. What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Barbara Joyce, radio dramatic actress—Color portrait by Tom Kelley

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IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
WAR WORKER

IRRESISTIBLE *air whipt* **FACE POWDER**

Achieve that fresh, alive, out-of-the-clouds look with the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is non-drying, color-true. Clings longer too, giving your skin that mat-smooth, wonderfully clear finish that is today's badge of beauty. Try Skintone, the new Air-Whipt powder shade.

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!






That "Irresistible something"
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

The cover girl



BARBARA JOYCE

REFRESHING as a breath of Spring is Barbara Joyce, our cover girl this month—brown-eyed, brown-haired, with an ingenuous smile that gives the lie to some of the villainous parts she has played.

She's one of the busiest little actresses on the air—to say nothing of the stage. Right now, she's playing the part of Page Benson on the Dick Tracy show regularly, as well as spreading her versatile talents on such shows as The Romance of Mary Marlin, Lighted Windows, Pepper Young's Family, just to name a few. Besides all this, in the past year she's found time to appear in three Broadway plays—the perennial "Tobacco Road," in which she played the part of Elly, the harelippped girl, which was no mean feat for a girl with Barbara's looks; "Petrified Forest," in which revival she played the lead, and "Lady Behave."

Barbara was born in California and lived a normal, healthy childhood, manifesting no more interest in the theater than is usual for young girls. She attended the University of California and, later, Mills College. After finishing her courses she came to New York to study with Michael Chekhov.

Two and a half years of study and work with the Chekhov Theater and three summers in stock companies, Barbara was ready for a really professional job in the road company of "Stage Door." There followed engagements in "R.U.R." and William Saroyan's "Afton Waters."

If it hadn't been for her having an appointment with a radio actress in the offices of the Trans-American Recording studios, it might have been a long time before Barbara appeared on the air.

While she waited in the reception room, a nice-looking young man kept walking in and out of the offices and staring at Barbara. For which one couldn't blame him too much. However, Barbara began to feel embarrassed and decided she should either say something to him, or leave.

The next time he came through, she walked over to him and asked him bluntly whether he was a radio director. Much to her surprise he said he was. And again, much to her surprise, she told him she was a radio actress. Before she had time to be very frightened by her own nerve, he whisked her into a studio and handed her a script and told her to read it.

The young man's name was Jerry McGill and the part she read turned out to be a nice, long part in one of the Famous Jury Trials scripts. And Barbara got the part.

Since then, Barbara has appeared on so many different programs, in so many different types of roles that she has almost lost track of them all.

"...Just how do you land a Marine?"



Janet: Listen, blonde and beautiful, I've got my eye on a Marine that I could go for . . . but he acts as if I didn't exist! I wish I knew how to nab him, Elsie.

Elsie: Use strategy, Janet! Leathernecks might halt for a pretty face—but they go "all out" for charm! You could have charm galore—but—



Janet: But underarm odor! Why, Elsie, I bathe every day!

Elsie: A daily bath only removes past perspiration. After every bath, I use Mum.



Janet: Tonight's a special date with my Marine—so thank goodness I learned about Mum. Now after my bath, I've Mum to protect future charm.



LET'S QUIT NOW, BEAUTIFUL. MY HEART WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!

(TO HERSELF) HE THINKS I'M SIMPLY SUPER— THANKS TO MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:

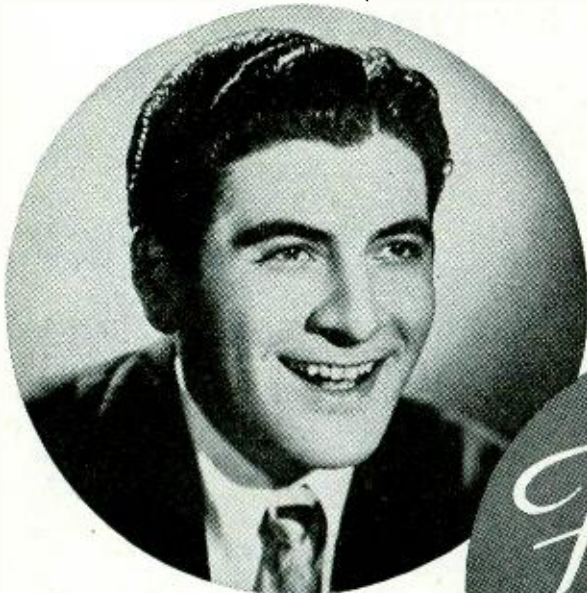
It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

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

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

"You've got to be serious if you want to get ahead in the band business," says Georgie Auld. Right, Ann Salloway, his vocalist.



Facing the Music

WATCH for the finest dance bands ever assembled as soon as this war is over. Youngsters now playing in G.I. orchestras are being scouted by Tin Pan Alley agents and many outstanding instrumentalists have been discovered.

Broadway's latest married couple is Abe Lyman and Rose Blane. Rose has been Abe's able vocalist for a good many years. Their wedding ceremony was held up because Abe got involved in a thrilling gin rummy game.

Artie Shaw and his swell Navy service band have apparently come to the parting line. No one seems to know why although it's reported Artie may get a medical discharge.

Kitty Kallen, Jimmy Dorsey's ex-singer, has joined the Bing Crosby air show.

Vincent Lopez, making a real comeback with two Mutual network commercials and a long-term contract at New York's Hotel Taft, is also reaping a harvest with his new book on numerology, "What's Ahead?" Vincent believes everything that happens depends on numbers. By giving new stage names, scientifically numbered, to Betty Hutton, Sonny Skylar, and Karole Singer, those Lopez-trained youngsters reached stardom. Now he is confident that his new swooner, Bruce Hayes, will click with his new Lopez-name.

Count Basie is back at New York's Hotel Lincoln with a Mutual wire.

Dinah Shore and her husband George Montgomery have purchased a new home in Beverly Hills, California. Dinah was recently voted by U.S. Marines in the South Pacific "the girl we'd most like to dream of while in a coma resulting from malaria contracted in Guadalcanal."

Xavier Cugat has changed his plans and will remain east until summer.

By KEN ALDEN

For the twelfth year, Guy Lombardo won the nation-wide radio editors' popularity poll counted by the New York World Telegram and The Billboard. Dinah Shore copped femme honors while Bing Crosby beat out Sinatra in the men's singing division.

Red Nichols, one of the pioneer swingsters, is now a member of Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra.

Tommy Dorsey has been invited by Dr. Fritz Reiner of the Pittsburgh Symphony to appear next Fall as a guest trombonist. T.D. accepted immediately.

Here's the latest induction situation for men of music: Johnny Messner gets his khaki suit soon. . . . Woody Herman has been put into 1-A. . . . Charlie Barnet and Ray Heatherton are both 4-F.

Add Blessed Events: The Count Basies. . . . It's a girl for the Enric Madrigueras. Mrs. Madriguera (Pat Gilmore) is back singing with the band.

The current novelty rage, "Mairzy Doats" took two years to get published.

Helen Forrest is set for the biggest build-up ever given a girl singer. Her manager is Billy Burton who so ably pilots the careers of Jimmy Dorsey and Dick Haymes.

Shep Fields and Buddy Kaye are the writers of RADIO MIRROR's song hit for this month, "It's a Small World," which you'll find on page 45 of this issue.

Shep has another big interest in life right now. If you know anyone who can do a slick tap routine, toss off a song easily, or whistle like Uncle Abner's pet barnyard fowls, better tell him about Shep's search for talent.

Not so long ago a terrific wail went up along Broadway, because so many performers joined the armed forces. Nite club owners and theater managers were bereft of sparkling talent.

Well, Shep Fields took the situation in hand and one day told the boys in his all-reed orchestra, "Listen fellows, we're going on a tour anyway, so why can't we round up some talent in the cities we're going to? Why," he exclaimed, "there must be a million other Sinatras throughout the country."

The boys were extremely enthusiastic, and it wasn't long before a plan was whipped into shape. At each show at local theaters, Shep selects four contestants—vocalists, instrumentalists or dancers. The winner is chosen by the applause of the audience and receives a prize. In addition, they have a special show on the last day of the engagement, and all the winners are invited to compete for the grand prize.

Buddy Kaye, the other half of the team who wrote "It's a Small World," has a couple of other hit tunes to his credit—you'll remember "This Is No Laughing Matter," and "Do You Miss Your Sweetheart?" Right now he's busy in Hollywood, where he's writing music for Paramount Pictures.

AULD OR NOTHING

WHEN word got around the rhythm grapevine that Uncle Sam had given saxophonist George Auld a medical discharge, almost every youngster who had enough strength to blow a horn or slap a bass fiddle, ferreted out the ex-G.I., pleading for a chance to audition for his new band. Other

Continued on page 6



TO HELP HIM GROW UP TO HIS HAT

AS THAT YOUNGSTER of yours grows to manhood in a peaceful post-war world there will be countless little ways in which Listerine Antiseptic can be of help to him . . . many a time when its quick germicidal action will help to safeguard his health.

In boyhood, when carefree days and hearty play take their toll of scratches and abrasions, he'll find Listerine Antiseptic ready, effective and willing, just as you did. Remember?

In his self-conscious teens he'll come

to rely on its help to overcome non-systemic cases of offensive breath which might humiliate him in the eyes of his girl.

And, if he takes the experience of others and the advice of Mother and Dad, he'll gargle with it at the first symptom of a cold.

It won't take him long to realize its value—to appreciate what tests during 12 years of research have shown:

That regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds,

milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

This, we believe, is because Listerine Antiseptic kills so many of the mouth and throat surface germs called "secondary invaders"—types now believed, by many authorities, to be the cause of much of the misery and discomfort of colds.

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.

FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** IN SERVICE 60 YEARS



Abe Lyman is no longer dance-land's most eligible bachelor. He married his vocalist, Rose Blane.

more established bandleaders, who had trouble combing the country for urgently needed replacements, scratched their heads in wonderment. All they could find were futile 4-F's.

"Gosh, I was lucky," George explains. "I guess kids that were still in knee pants when I played with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman sort of liked my stuff and probably resolved that when they were old enough they'd want to play for me."

Financed by music publisher Jack Robbins, George wasted no time in organizing a new outfit. He listened to hundreds of hopeful applicants and carefully but quickly selected the most talented.

"It didn't take long. I can tell in sixteen measures whether a kid has it."

Within six months after leaving Camp Kilmer, N. J., the 25-year-old Toronto-born tooter has his own band again, filled with sixteen eager, young fellows. A successful engagement at New York's Hotel Commodore, plus plenty of broadcast time, put them in the running as the young band of the year. Each musician plays as if his life depended on each note. And their dark-haired, olive-skinned leader feels the same way.

George, who talks like a juke box, is married to a former Earl Carroll Vanities showgirl and stand-in for Hedy Lamarr. They met in Hollywood, have been married two years. George wouldn't let Mary go back into show business. Instead, she moved in with George's folks in Brooklyn and got a job as a salesgirl in Abraham and Straus' department store at \$18 a week.

"I realized Mary had spunk," George says proudly, "and I want to match it. No more early morning jive sessions in Harlem. This time it's for the real thing."

Now George and Mary live in a small, comfortable apartment near Times Square. Part of the time I talked to George it was in this apartment. George was dressing for work and Mary was cooking dinner. Papa Auld was playing gin rummy with the band manager and George's 13-year-old nephew Stanley dropped in before going for his saxophone lesson. It looked more like a scene from One Man's Family than the home life of an up-and-coming swing king.

George pointed to his nephew. "The kid's solid; in the groove." Stanley



Shep Fields, leader of the new novelty orchestra and composer of Radio Mirror's Song of the Month.

beamed.

This new-found domesticity is all part of the key to George's new-found success. Those who remember George's wild-oat sowing days are not a little amazed.

"You wouldn't know it was the same guy," said a press agent. "Why, he even drove Artie Shaw nuts with his tomfoolery."

"That guy made Charlie Barnet look like a sissy," said a song plugger, "you couldn't keep up with Georgie."

George was born in Toronto, Canada, the son of a modest tailor, who had emigrated from Russia. George quit school when he was thirteen. Music-crazy, he impressed the late Rudy Weidoff, Rudy Vallee's saxophone teacher, with his talents. Weidoff offered



3 Main Deodorant Troubles- WHICH IS YOURS?

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries and grains. Yodora stays smooth as a fine face cream, and creamy to the last... a pleasure to use.

TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective powerful protection.

"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"

(Due to irritating chemicals)

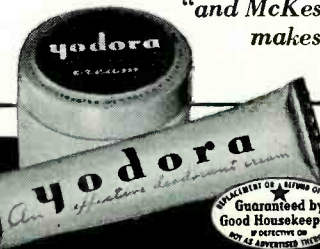


You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant—Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! Actually soothing.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant once you try *different* Yodora. So much lovelier! Yet you get *powerful protection*. Yodora never fades or rots clothes—has been awarded Seal of Approval of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau, Inc. In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc. Bridgeport, Conn.

"and McKesson makes it"



YODORA deodorant cream



to train the boy in New York and George jumped at the chance.

"It was a good thing I had just had my confirmation. That gave me my first pair of long pants, thirty-eight bucks and a gold watch."

But the New York adventure was short-lived. In a few months George was back home. He played in local bands, became influenced by the records of the great Negro saxophonist, Coleman Hawkins, and adopted his style. Gus Edwards' kid show passed through Toronto one week, and the discoverer of Winchell, Jessel, and Cantor, decided to discover George. Again the lad left home for Broadway.

"My folks didn't mind," George recalls, "they knew from the number of black eyes I gave out and took around the neighborhood that I could take care of myself."

This time George stayed away for good. He got a job playing in Nick's swing sanctum in Greenwich Village at \$25 a week, switched to Bunny Berigan's band for twice that amount. However, it was with Artie Shaw's great band that brought fame to the ambitious young musician.

Shaw broke up his band in a sudden flare of temperament, turned the whole band, lock, stock, and barrel over to his amazed saxophonist.

"But I didn't want the darned thing. I was only twenty and was having too much fun without any responsibilities."

George switched over to the Benny Goodman band, earned \$250 a week. Then when Shaw returned from Mexico and reorganized, George came back to the fold.

Again Shaw dropped his band, this time for a better reason: to join the U.S. Navy. More confident, Auld decided to form his own band. After six months of moderate greetings from the rug-cutters, greetings came from the President of the United States.

George was discouraged at this governmental summons but now he is grateful for it.

"I've learned a lot since then. I've learned that you've got to be serious if you want to get ahead in the band business. There's a lot at stake. Money, men, music. Now when I'm finished working I go straight home. The Army taught me a lot too. This is no time for clowning."

George has won the confidence of the trade, the public, and the kids who are playing for him. He is positive that he won't let any of them down.

"I feel like a kindergarten teacher, but I love it."



Dinah Shore and her movie star husband, George Montgomery, have purchased a home in Beverly Hills.



TRUSHAY* ... THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION

Smooth it on before you tackle daily soap-and-water jobs! Helps keep busy hands soft!

A marvelously *different* idea in lotions! Trushay, used *before* you wash undies—*before* you do dishes—guards smooth, white hands. Helps *prevent* soap-and-water damage, instead of trying to correct it after it's done. This rich, creamy lotion's grand for all-over body rubs, too—soft and soothing for chapped elbows and knees. Trushay's economical, so you can use it *all* these ways. Ask for it today —at your favorite drug counter.

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



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Left, Bob Burns plays a newspaper editor on his NBC Arkansas Traveller show which also features Spike Jones, corn king. Below, Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante rehearse for their CBS show heard Friday at 10:00 P.M.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

THE nation's shrinking fleet of cab drivers, harried by gas and mileage limitations, could add a sizable sum to their weekly pay envelopes by taking a tip from a certain cabbie in Bayside, L. I. Between rush hours, this smart fellow hires himself out at regular meter rates as a portable radio station for Baysiders whose radios have gone dead and who can't get replacements because of the war. He has regular calls for Duffy's Tavern, Walter Winchell and the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. Just lately, he's added a morning call for Breakfast at Sardi's.

News of our English cousins—Have you ever wondered what especially our British allies prefer in the way of entertainment? Well, even if you haven't, a CBS official, recently returned from London, reports that our variety programs are the most popular over there. And there's nothing wrong with their tastes, or very different about their sense of humor. Their favorites are Kate Smith, Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Edgar Bergen. So—next time you hear a story about the Englishman's lack of a funnybone—remember this.

When Hildegarde started broadcasting from Chicago awhile back, she wasn't sure whether to be embarrassed or flattered by large groups of girls who kept turning up at her broadcasts with sketch pads and pencils. It turned out that she should be flattered. The girls were fashion students, coming to make sketches of her clothes.

It's nice to have William Bendix on the air regularly in his own show. The Life of Riley is a refreshing, solid



Bob Hope joins forces with Vice President Henry Wallace, doing dishes at the Hollywood Canteen.

piece of entertainment and just right for him—and for his listeners.

Bill's only been acting for about eight years. Before that he was, among other things, a grocery store manager, except when the spirit moved him to do a little entertaining and he'd go out and get himself a job as a night club master of ceremonies.

Like his wonderful accent, Bill Bendix comes from New York's East side. His father was an accomplished musician and so were two of his uncles. But Bill didn't seem to have inherited any of the musical talent in the family. He wanted to be a baseball player. In fact, he wanted to be one so much that the first job he ever had was as bat boy for the New York Giants. Bill was sure his future was assured when he was invited to accompany the team

south for the spring training season. Bill thought so, but his parents didn't. He wasn't allowed to make the trip and that put an end to his baseball career, except for some semi-professional baseball which he played later.

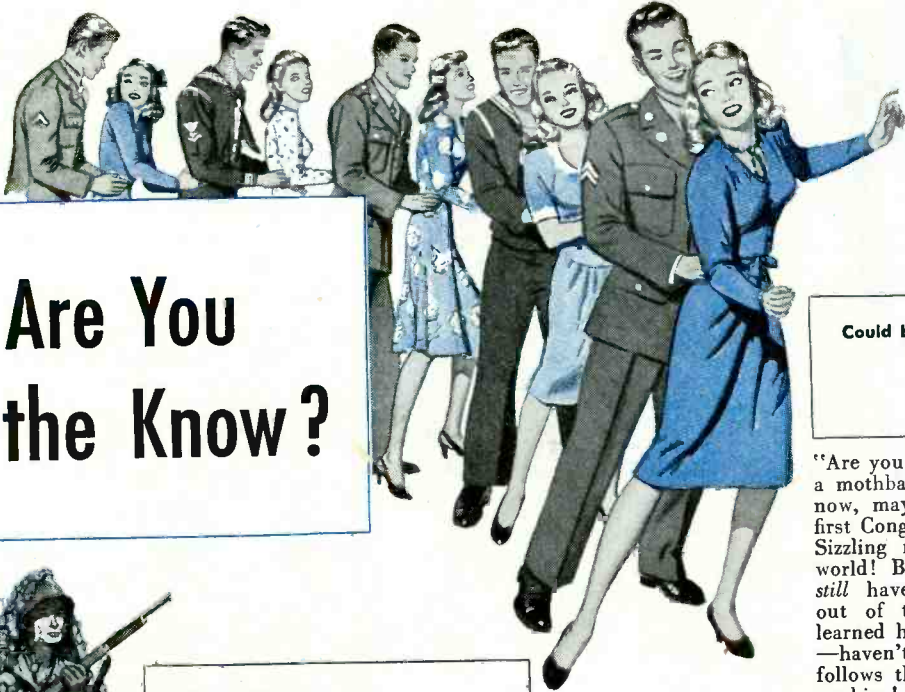
His beginning in the theater was inauspicious and involved with the usual beating of the pavements in the search of a job. In 1939, however, everything changed. Bill got the part of the policeman in William Saroyan's "Time of Your Life" and made an instant hit in the role.

In 1941, while he was rehearsing in a new play, MGM signed him for the part of the bartender in "Woman of the Year" and that set him going in Hollywood. Since then, he's worked for most of the major studios and his work in "Wake Island" brought him a nomination from the Motion Picture Exhibitors of America as the actor most likely to succeed in 1944—a forecast which Bill is bringing to life in more ways than one.

Be sure to see him in "Life Boat" and "The Hairy Ape." And by all means, listen in on The Life of Riley, the saga of a two fisted war worker and the head of a typical American family.

Whatever their profession, most people seek those jobs which will call for the least expenditure of energy and wits for the most money. Not so sound effects men in radio. The more they have to cudgel their brains for new devices to make various noises sound

Continued on page 10



Are You in the Know?

- Could be they're doing —
- A Square Dance
 - The Conga
 - A Rhumba

"Are you kidding?" you ask us. "Only a mothball wouldn't know *that!*" And now, maybe you're remembering your first Conga Line. Drums and maracas! Sizzling rhythm! It was out of this world! But it's something some girls still haven't known—because they're out of the fun. Girls who haven't learned how to sidestep calendar cares—haven't discovered how confidence follows the comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins!



- What is it?
- A Sniper's Suit
 - Paratrooper's Uniform
 - A Commando Outfit

Meet the little man who isn't there! His safety depends on *concealment*. So this soldier blends with desert sands and shrubs in his burlap Sniper's Suit. It's an art—camouflage. Useful at home, too. For it's sharp strategy to hide your feelings at times . . . "certain" times, especially. Then, be gay! "Dress to kill" in your fetchingest frock! And let Kotex help to hoodwink your public—with those concealing, flat pressed ends that show no outlines, tell no tales.



- You hear it on which radio program?
- Beat the Band
 - Red Skelton
 - Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin'" if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't*, for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

- Is the little lady —
- Digging for fishing worms
 - Searching for Treasure
 - Hoeing for Victory

Right! She's one of Uncle Sam's gardeners—millions who've been gleefully munching their own home-grown vittles all winter. They're a proud, happy clan! And if you're an outsider—get hep! Add your plot to the 20,000,000 Victory Gardens planted last year. For this year your country needs 22,000,000, and now's the time to start! *Stay* with the job, too, come sun or cloud—or problem days. Just remember: Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*



Girls in the know choose KOTEX

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX* than all other brands of pads put together.

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



IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest* Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.



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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.

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS	HAIR PINS	HAIR NETS
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SNAP FASTENERS	SANITARY BELTS	

more authentic on the air than their originals, the better they like it.

That's why Gang Busters always has sound effects men angling for an assignment. Conceded to be the Number One sound show on the air, Gang Busters always needs two and, sometimes, three sound effects men, all of whom stagger from the studio, exhausted but happy at the end of the show. According to a statistically minded listener, who took time out to tabulate the different sound effects on ten consecutive broadcasts, Gang Busters produces an average of 275 effects per show.

Most sound effects are reproduced as realistically as possible. When the script calls for a dead body to fall, a sound effects man obligingly collapses with as much noise as he can. The hardest sound to reproduce is an execution scene—either the trap door falling or the whine of the current in an electrocution. But most sound men agree that the toughest sound is the final "bubble" when a fugitive's speedboat sinks.

The only sound none of the experts have to worry about is a siren. Sirens are out for the duration, because of their use as air raid warnings. Phillips H. Lord, the director of the program doesn't want to pull any Orson Welles-Man from Mars stunt.

Nothing that happens in Hollywood should ever surprise anyone. However, lots of swing fans are going to be pretty confused when they see "Sensations of 1944" on the screen. Hep cats who know Woody Herman's band, won't know whether to believe their ears or their eyes, because they'll hear Vido Musso playing the saxophone, but they'll see him playing the piano.

The answer is very simple. In making movies, the sound track is recorded first and the camera close-ups are taken later. Ralph Burns, the pianist, was ill when the close-ups were being shot and Vido, who incidentally, just got a cup from Down Beat Magazine as being one of the outstanding saxophonists in the country, sat in for his sick friend.

When and if Rise Stevens makes a guest appearance on the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street, it will complete a cycle for Milton J. Cross. He's been involved in every one of the major steps forward in her steadily rising career.

They met first when Rise made her radio debut on a still-going-strong children's hour, now called Coast to Coast on a Bus. Next, he presented her to the radio audience when she won one of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. More recently, he was again at the mike, when Rise starred in the Met's performance of "Manon."

Bouquets and kudos for Maestro Arturo Toscanini. A few years ago, he turned down a Hollywood offer of a cool quarter of a million dollars to make only one movie. He's just finished making one for nothing! He made it for the OWI Overseas Branch and it's going to be shown in countries freed from the Nazi yoke.

Then add a round of applause for another maestro—Leopold Stokowski. Stokowski is busy organizing and directing a full sized symphony orchestra at New York's City Center of Music and Drama. He is working without remuneration, but more than that, when he offered his services free, he made the condition that there should be no discrimination because of race or creed in the organization.

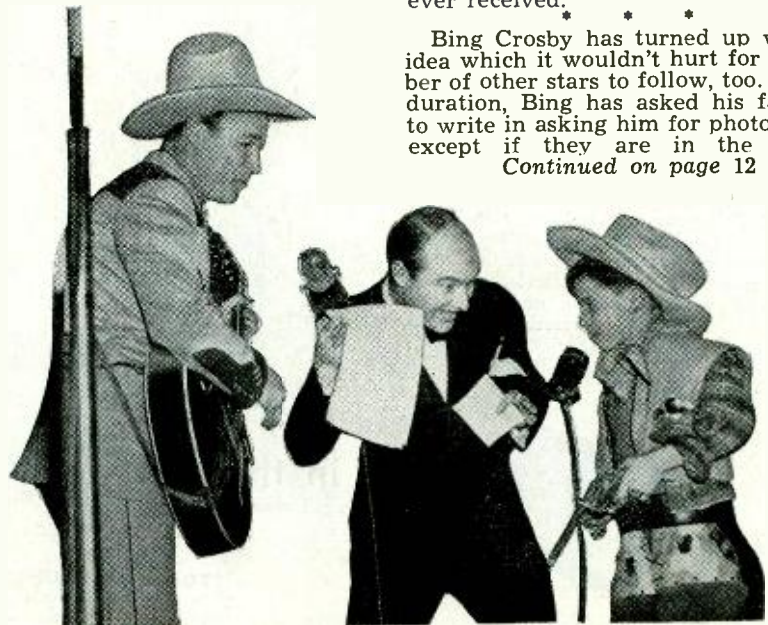
Comes Fall, you can start looking around in the flower shops for a new rose named the Mirandy. The All-American first prize rose for 1944-45 has been named for none other than Mirandy of Persimmon Holler, whose homespun philosophy is dispensed daily on the National Farm and Home Hour.

Just so you'll know what to look for, the rose is a dark red bloom developed by the Armstrong Nurseries in Ontario, California. It's a cross between the Charlotte Armstrong, a gorgeous cerise rose, and Night, a very dark red rose.

A rose grower herself, Mirandy considers the naming of this specimen after her the greatest honor she has ever received.

Bing Crosby has turned up with an idea which it wouldn't hurt for a number of other stars to follow, too. For the duration, Bing has asked his fans not to write in asking him for photographs, except if they are in the Armed

Continued on page 12



Little Tommy Rera sings "Pistol Packin' Mama" accompanied by Roy Rogers while Truth or Consequences' Ralph Edwards directs him.

Give Yourself A *Glamorous* PERMANENT WAVE *at Home!*

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In Curlers, Cool... Comfortable
Lovely, Long-Lasting Results!

Imagine being able to give yourself a permanent wave right in your own home... and have the waves come out soft and natural-looking. Think of the time and money you can save by giving yourself your own permanents. Your hair will have the sparkling luster and smart styling that is a "must" with every well-groomed woman. You need no hair-waving experience... yet you can give your hair all the glamorous appeal of shimmering waves and soft curls that usually a professional stylist only could create! No need to worry about straggling ends and "damp-weather" days any more. Now, long-lasting curls are at your very fingertips' command! This wonderful home permanent wave is successful on all types of hair—even if bleached or dyed!



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Each KIT Contains 40 Curlers,
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There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo, Wave Set, and Permanent Wave solution are now included in each CHARM-KURL KIT. This amazing Kit comes to you complete in every detail. Get one today and see how truly delightful this remarkable buy is. You'll find full instructions that are so simple a child could follow them. Don't miss out on your share of beauty because of straight, stringy hair. Know the joy of having really lovely hair that is soft, glistening and full of life. Buy your CHARM-KURL KIT right now.



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In 3 Quick Steps You Have a PERMANENT WAVE!



1. **Shampoo.** Simply wash your hair as you always do, using the shampoo provided. See that your hair is free from dirt, rinse the soap out carefully and then...



2. **Put Up.** Use the paper foils, permanent wave solution and curlers as you are instructed in the directions. There are no harmful chemicals... the process is cool, comfortable, machineless.



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IMPORTANT—You can order CHARM-KURL by mail, if your dealer cannot and will not supply it. One CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit is 59c; two Kits, \$1.18; three Kits, \$1.77. If C.O.D. postage charges are extra. Send orders to CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 199, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.



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...if you are doing just that with the help of our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

Don't misunderstand! Neither our cosmetics, or anyone else's, will make you a better WAC, or a better war-worker, or a better wife. But a Tangee

TANGEE Lipsticks
with the new Satin-Finish

TANGEE Face Powder
with the new Petal-Finish

Fashion students sketch Hildegard's clothes as she broadcasts on her Beat the Band program Wednesdays.

NEEDLE HITLER WITH YOUR PIN MONEY—BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Services. Bing decided to curtail his mailing list because of the acute paper shortage, the overworked and understaffed Postal Department and the scarcity of photographic equipment.

There's no limit to what actors and actresses go through for their public—like not getting enough sleep for instance. Recently, when Constance Moore finished her film role in "Show Business," she made elaborate plans to



schedule of visits to Army camps, involving some very precise timing of plane flights. With him on the shows were Ginger Rogers, Fred MacMurray and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson.

The first hitch in the schedule came when the plane was forced down at El Paso, Texas, an unscheduled stop. Of course, the Eighth Service Command was only too happy to have eight free shows thrust on the men. Next, the schedule went haywire when the plane

"You were never lovelier!"

Hampden's Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion. Applied without water or sponge it never causes dry skin; helps conceal skin flaws; stays on for hours without repowdering. Use Hampden's for "lovely make-up always." 5 alluring complexion changes.



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hampden
POWDER-BASE

Hollywood, Truex looks back proudly on his fifty years in the theater. He's glad he never grew up—taller, that is. He has an idea that if he'd been taller, he might have gone in for tragedy in a big way. As it is, his fifty years were all funny ones—and happy.

Everybody on Broadway calls him Jimmy Chick, which is not his name. He's known as Giacomo Ciccarello.

Jimmy was lured by Broadway. The bright lights were unimportant, because Jimmy is blind, but the din and the smells and the movement were the things which throbbed in his pulse. For years he has been selling Variety and Billboard and newspapers to the stars whose names are known all over the world.

One Sunday afternoon, not long ago, Don Johnson, script writer of the Texaco Star Theater ran into Jimmy outside of the CBS Theater on 53rd Street and Jimmy happened to mention that one of his lifelong ambitions had always been to play on a big studio grand piano. Johnson thought it might be a nice gesture to take Jimmy inside and give him a chance before the studio orchestra turned up to rehearse with James Melton. In a few minutes Jimmy was at the piano, his fingers busy with "La Donna e Mobile."

And then, James Melton walked in—early. He listened a moment and then asked Jimmy to accompany him at the pre-broadcast studio warm-up. So, a blind boy played the accompaniment while a star of the Metropolitan Opera sang—and, for once, the studio audience didn't need to have one of those huge placards waved in front of it, to tell it when to applaud. Jimmy had his moment in the sun.

After this, Ken Griffin, star of Road of Life and Backstage Wife, is going to confine his contributions to making life happier for men in the service to established means like trips to camps to put on shows and helping out in canteens. A couple of weeks back, Ken threw a party for service men at his house—and he's still getting over it.

Something went wrong with the arrangements. Everything was in readiness—food, drink, and the choicest blossoms in Chicago's feminine lineup. And four soldiers turned up.

In the midst of the gloom, a blonde beauty stalked to the door, muttering,

*Invitation
to ROMANCE—*

A natural glow...
fresh as new romance
... irresistible!
Hampden's NEW
cream Rouge gives you
this enviable
complexion loveliness.
Applied directly
to your cheeks...
blends gently, evenly
... for a smooth,
youthful make-up.

Now in 4 alluring shades
at popular cosmetic counters

hampden
ROUGE-STICK



50c - 25c
and trial size



William Bendix lives the Life of Riley—that's the name of his new show heard Sundays over the Blue.

"I'll pep up this party—or else!"

The blonde lovely took herself over to the Dyche Stadium and, what with her looks and a few contacts, managed to get a few seconds at the public address system microphone, between halves of a football game. Blithely she announced, "All service men who would like a free meal go to such and such an address, after the game."

The final curtain went down on a scene that would have done D. W. Griffith, the mob scene king, credit. When Chicago bluecoats arrived, men were streaming into Ken's house through doors and even windows.

Writers are always having stories turned down with the criticism that you can't make a plot depend on coincidence. Yet, life has a way of giving the lie to editors.

Tony Leader, production director of Words At War, was auditioning actors with foreign accents to read a letter from a German refugee. All the aspirants for the role were given a copy of the letter to glance through. The letter gave the man's history—he was going into the United States Army, he'd been born in China and was anxious to become a citizen of this country.

Much to Leader's amazement, one of the actor's jumped up gasping, "Why this is my story!"

His name is William Falten. Needless to say, he read the part—and got it.

Gossip—here, there, and elsewhere—Lili Valenty, who plays a Czech refugee on Kitty Foyle is a Polish actress, whose first movie role was as an American cowgirl in a picture filmed by a German company in Austria. . . . A Hollywood contract is being waved at Dick Todd, but it stipulates that he's got to pare off some of the pounds first. Too bad, he was always rather proud of being a King-size singer. . . . Another Carrington is carving a niche for herself. Pat, the daughter of Elaine Carrington who authors the Pepper Young scripts, is now writing "Prepare to Die." Pat's only eighteen. . . . Can you imagine Groucho Marx being a member of the Parent-Teacher Association? Well, he is . . . coming in on Leap Year advances. Bob Haag and Jimmy Monks have received marriage proposals—and—from the same small town in Michigan! . . . Good listening—until next month!



Jane Powell is Charlie McCarthy's new girl friend and she stars in the movie, "Song of the Open Road."

"THE 1-MINUTE MASK..."



...makes my skin look its very nicest—in just 60 seconds," says...

Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle



Make-up "scuffed up"—You know how scaly bits of dead skin scuff up and spoil your make-up. But did you ever realize what dirt-catchers those little roughnesses can be? Enough to dull and coarsen your whole complexion!



"Re-style" your complexion—with a luscious 1-Minute Mask! Slip a fluffy white layer of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens and dissolves tiny skin roughnesses and trapped dirt particles. Tissue off the Mask after one minute—see the difference in your looks!



Fresher look . . . softer feel! "My complexion seems brighter after a 1-Minute Mask!" exclaims Mrs. Biddle, of Philadelphia's youngest married crowd. "I love its lighter, finer textured look. And my face has a smoother finish, too—ready and waiting for clinging make-up!"

"IT'S A GRAND POWDER BASE!"

"3 or 4 times a week, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a smoothing—brightening 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. Biddle. "Other days, I spread on a light film of the cream before make-up. It holds powder so smoothly!"



Help ease the glass shortage! Buy one lovely BIG jar of Pond's instead of several small ones.

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!

**IMPROVEMENTS
WILL HAPPEN**
(AS EVERY
DAUGHTER
KNOWS)



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put" . . . New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless *improvements will happen!*

TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPAX (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection) . . . Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then *they* in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter. *Note the 3 sizes* to suit early days and waning days—also different *individual* needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy package for 98¢ lasts about 4 months . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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RECOMMENDED BY A LEADER OF MODERN
Guaranteed by
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of the American
Medical Association



Peggy Knudson, CBS dramatic star, warns that a good figure is essential for the new spring styles.



Spring silhouette

By Roberta Ormiston

WHEN the shops begin showing bathing-suits and shorts and sun-back dresses—and they are showing these things right now—the time has come to consider the figure that soon will go into these revealing clothes. For half the fun of wearing a bathing-suit or shorts or a sun-back dress is knowing you look well in it! If the curve of your bosom isn't as full or as high and firm as it should be here is the exercise for you. . . .

Extend your arms in front of you until your hands are on a level with your eyes. Press your fingers together. Doing this you should feel a definite pull on your pectoral muscles. Relax and repeat—over and over again!

Usually, however, it is less curve that is desired. The first thing to remember when you wish to reduce is not to drink with meals or for one hour before or after meals.

Now for reducing exercises. . . . There is nothing desirable about a fat tummy; there need be nothing permanent about a fat tummy either! Lie down—on your bed or on the floor. Place your arms under your head. Breathe in until you pull in your stomach—until you pull in your stomach so it seems to touch your spine. Do this until it hurts. Otherwise you are wasting time. Breathe out. Do it a dozen times morning and night.

Your hips will profit—by diminishing—if you will stretch out on the floor and face the ceiling. Fold your arms across your chest. Raise your feet and your shoulders about four inches from the floor. Roll over—to the left until you face the floor. Return to your starting position. Roll over—to the right until you face the

floor. Again return to your starting position. Left, right, left, right—a dozen times. Be sure always that your feet and your shoulders are raised from the floor so you roll on your hips. Your hips, consequently, will be downright sore for a few days. But don't let this stop you.

Slim ankles and calves can be so simply achieved. . . . Cross one leg over the other. Place your fingers behind your ankle joints, firmly. Work your fingers up and around, so you press the weight up, up, up!

Arms too are easily reduced. Stretch your arms out as far as possible. Shake them! Hard and long!

To defeat the back-of-the-neck-bump—called a widow's bump—lie on your bed. Face down! Ask a friend to help you. Your friend's hands should be in a vertical position with fingers spread so only the little fingers actually strike your flesh when a gentle firm tattoo is applied. After several minutes, when your flesh is soft and warm, have your friend place her fingers between your shoulder blades and, using a circular motion, push your flesh toward the left shoulder and the right shoulder—exactly as if she were going to push it right over your shoulders. One treatment, of course, will accomplish nothing. But these treatments applied day by day will send a widow's bump into oblivion—where it belongs!

Now is the time for figure control. Summer with her revealing clothes is just around the corner!

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

No Matter What Your Age...

No Need to Let **GRAY HAIR**
Cheat You



Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

NOW...

Comb Away Gray This Easy Way **NEW**

Attention!—all you folks who have gray hair! Did you know that in many occupations a more youthful appearance is a necessity, and that just a whole lot of people are let out of work every year because gray hair makes them look older than they really are? Now, you don't want that to happen to you, do you? Then, why not try KOLOR-BAK, that marvelous solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm to gray hair and makes you look years younger? All you have to do is to follow the simple, easy directions and sprinkle a few drops on your comb and comb it through your hair. If you would like to easily overcome your gray hair worries and handicaps, then decide at once to

KOLOR-BAK

Solution for
Artificially
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Gray Hair

Make This Trial Test . . .

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under the positive Kolor-Bak guarantee that it must make you look years younger and often far



more attractive, or your money will be paid back in full. Make this wonderful no-risk Kolor-Bak test without delay, and see if you too are not quickly rewarded with hair that has color and charm, and free of the tell-tale gray that may now worry you.

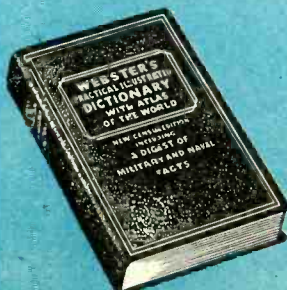


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Evelyn Keyes in "NINE GIRLS" A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Max Factor * Hollywood Face Powder!

- 1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up
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Accent the beauty of your type...whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...with your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood Powder*. It gives your skin the look of youthful loveliness...it creates a satin-smooth make-up...it stays on for extra hours. Try it today...*Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder*, one dollar.



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



My darling, My darling

"The War Department regrets to inform you. . ." Betsey stared at the message, recalling how Steve vowed, "I'll come back to you unchanged, just as I am tonight!"

WHEN I was a little girl, and we children played house, I was always the mother. And the make-believe house, the make-believe world I lived in, was beautiful.

I can remember Mom saying to Dad, years ago, "Look at that child, John! I will say that when Betsey grows up her house may not be the neatest on

the block, but I do believe it will be the prettiest. She just seems to have the knack. . . ." Mom was just, the other way—her house definitely was the neatest on the block—much too neat to be pretty, I always thought. Everything was so—well, so *ordered!* The furniture stood with backs stiffly against the wall. Everything that

didn't belong was hidden from view at once—newspapers put down cellar, mother's sewing basket tucked away in a drawer. Even the box of Turkish paste that Dad brought Mom each Saturday night was always put into the table drawer at once, not left invitingly on top. It was almost as if the house wasn't lived in, at all.

A Theater of Today Drama

Inspired by the radio play, "Rings For Her Fingers," by Stuart Hawkins, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays, 12 noon, on CBS.

When I grew up, I told myself, my house would be different. My husband was going to be free to smoke his pipe in the living room without feeling that he was ruining the lace curtains. He was going to be able to drop sections of the Sunday newspaper down by his chair as he finished them, if he wanted to. The napkin I was hemming or the socks I was mending—or maybe, even, the baby jacket I was crocheting—would be left on the table while I went to get dinner, not hidden away and then brought out again when the dishes were washed. Sometimes, even, I'd tell myself defiantly, I'd go to an early movie with my husband, or off to see some friends, and let the dishes go until morning! And I'd let my children pull the dining room chairs into the living room and line them up to play train, if they wanted to, or have their friends in for tea parties without letting me know in advance. I'd make the little girls (there were an infinite number of children in my imaginings) pretty dresses, with ruffles and sashes, not at all like the plain little blue jumpers I wore. My back yard would be full of flowers growing every which way, inviting you to pick them, instead of in such stiff rows, such meticulous beds, that you were afraid to touch them for fear of spoiling the pattern. And the children could make a tree house, if they wanted, no matter how unsightly it looked. My husband would be handy with tools, and he'd help them, and then we'd sit on the porch, he and I, and have lemonade and cookies, even if it did spoil our dinner, and watch the children playing. All this—all this—when I grew up. This was the way it would be!

BUT it very nearly didn't happen that way. It very nearly didn't happen at all.

As I told you, when we children played house I was always the mother. And I grew up looking forward with almost unbearable impatience to the day when I could be married and have real children, lots of them, instead of just make-believe ones. When I was thirteen or so, I began making a little money on Friday nights and Saturdays taking care of the neighbors' children,



He loved to read to me sometimes . . .

as a lot of other girls my age did. But there was a difference. The other girls did it because they wanted money for sodas, or to save for Christmas, or something. I did it because I loved it, because I could pretend, for an afternoon or evening, that these children were mine, that the house of which I was left in charge was mine, too, and that pretty soon my husband would come home from work and ask me what was for dinner.

And so I grew up, loving children, loving the idea of a home and a husband, waiting impatiently for my own particular Prince Charming to ride up and claim me. That is, I lived that way until the accident. . . .

It didn't seem such a bad accident at the time. Johnny Martin was driving. He turned out to pass a truck, honking it over, but instead of giving him more room, the truck unaccountably swayed farther left. I remember the look of utter amazement on Johnny's face as he tore at the crazily swinging wheel, and I remember how it seemed as if a slice of the world had fallen away as we went over the embankment on the other side of the road. But I didn't feel hurt when I opened my eyes and found myself lying on the grass below. I even got unsteadily to my feet, and began to look around for the others. And then I felt the blood coming, in a sickening flood. . . .

"You're all right, Betsey," Dr. Jorgenson told me, a long while later. "You're no different from anyone else. You can laugh and talk, can't you? And you can still dance, and go on picnics, and do all the things you always did. It's just that you'll never be able to have any children, my dear. It's a great pity, for I know how you love children. But there it is, and you'll have to face it. It isn't something that has happened just to you—there are lots of women like you, who cannot, for one reason or another, have children, and they make happy, normal lives for themselves just the same."

And because I was normal and healthy, because there was nothing neurotic about me, I didn't do any of the things I might have done. I didn't shut myself away from my friends, or cease going out with boys. I went on just as I always had. I laughed and talked; I danced and went on picnics, just as Dr. Jorgenson had said I would. But there was something missing. It was as if I couldn't see into the future any more. Before, I had been happy

in knowing that after a while I would be happier. Now there was no longer any dream of greater happiness to come. It was as if I had been told that at night the moon would keep on shining, just as always, but never, never again would there be any stars.

I suppose that was why I didn't marry when the rest of the girls in my crowd did. Johnny Martin asked me to marry him when I was eighteen, but I said no. Then I got a job in the



. . . or to scrape the frosting bowl . . .

typing pool at Brigham and Clark, and after a while, when I was twenty, young Joe Clark proposed to me. But I said no then, too, and went on working. One summer on vacation—that was when I was twenty-three—I met a young engineer, and before the two weeks were up, he had asked me to marry him. But there was no dream ahead with him, either, and I packed my clothes with something like relief and went back to Jamesville and Brig-

ham and Clark, where I was secretary to the elder Mr. Clark by now.

And that was the end of it. No one else asked me, and I began to hope that the years would drift gently by without my having to count them. I was going to be an old maid, and that was that. In a place like Jamesville, there isn't much chance for you when you get past twenty-five. All the men are married, or they've gone away somewhere.

Yes, that was the end of it—until one night when Mr. Clark sent me on an errand to another lawyer's office, and I ran into that other lawyer's new client. Literally ran into him, for I was hurrying, and a little cross at having to carry, after hours, some papers that I thought the office boy might just as well have delivered in the morning. I pulled the door of the office open abruptly, and bumped into Steven, who was coming out.

The first thing I noticed, while he touched his hat and apologized, was that he was handsome. Maybe he wouldn't have been to some people, perhaps some women would think his nose too long, or his eyebrows too heavy, or his mouth too wide. But to me he was the Prince Charming who had haunted my dreams, the dreams I had stopped dreaming too many years ago.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and started to go past me. Then abruptly, he turned back. "I'm going inside again," he said, as if an explanation were neces-

sary, and held the door for me.

I know that Mr. Branson introduced us. "Miss Gray, Mr. London. Mr. London's bought Joe White's hardware store, Betsey—so he'll be a neighbor of ours." And I know that I said something pleasant—I don't remember what—in acknowledgement, and handed Mr. Branson the papers I'd brought. Then, somehow, we were out on the street again, Steve London and I, walking toward my house.

"Mind if I walk along with you?" he said. "I've been sort of lonesome, since I got in town yesterday. Mrs. Gaherty, who runs the boardinghouse where I'm staying, isn't what you'd call an inspired conversationalist."

"You've bought Joe White's hardware store?" I asked. I'd already been told that, but I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"Yes. Joe's going to join his brother out in Utah, I understand, so I got a good bargain. Mind if I smoke this?" He pulled a tired-looking old pipe out of his pocket.

"No—go ahead."

He filled the pipe from an equally old oiled-silk pouch, tamped it down, lighted it, and went on, "I think I'm going to like Jamesville. It's a pretty place. I like the way the trees go right up and meet in an arch over the street. It's—it looks like home."

I HADN'T thought about it, one way or the other, for a long time, but now I knew once more that Jamesville was a pretty place. "You mean it looks like your home town?" I asked.

Steve shook his head. "No—no, I mean it looks the way home should look. I—I'll tell you what I mean, some day when we know each other better. Because we are going to know each other better, aren't we?"

"I hope we are," I said, and my mind repeated it. *I hope we are!*

But when I got in the house, the glow of pleasure left me. Of course, he'd been nice, and he'd seemed to like me, but after all, I was the first girl he'd met in town. It didn't mean anything. Besides, why should I want it to mean anything, I asked myself. But I did—I did!

After supper was over, and the dishes were washed, I went to sit on the porch swing—to sit and dream shamelessly, as I had not dreamed for years. To dream that I was waiting for Steven London, that in a few minutes he

would come up the steps.

And in a few minutes, he did.

So much happened that night, in so short a time. That's the way it always was with us, Steven and me, after that. We packed so much living, so much happiness, into every moment of the time we spent together. We crowded a lifetime of love and tenderness into that one little year we were together, before he went away . . . but that's getting ahead of the story.

We learned all about each other that first night—we needed to know to make us sure that we loved each other, that we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together. I learned, for instance, what he had meant by saying that Jamesville looked the way home ought to look—for Steven had spent all his childhood in an orphanage in a big city. He learned from me that I could never have a child—and for once it didn't seem a hard thing to talk about. We learned that we liked the same things—swimming, and walking in the snow, and fishing, and dogs, and geraniums on the kitchen windowsill, and an old-fashioned front porch where you could sit and watch your neighbors and they could watch you.

"It'll be a beautiful house," Steve said, "because love will be there—it will be full of love." That was all we said, but we both knew what he meant—that he loved me and I loved him, that we would be married and spend the rest of our lives together.

"It'll be a house full of children, too," Steve went on. "We'll have a swing in the backyard, and maybe a tree house, and—"

"But Steve—I told you—"

His hand on my lips stopped the words. "We'll adopt them, then," he went on. "The world is full of kids like me when I was a little boy—kids who want a home so badly it's a big hurt inside them that never stops. Kids who want a mother to run to when they get hurt, who want a mother's breast to put their heads against when they're tired, who want a Daddy to take them fishing and to buy them a little dog all their own."

It was right then that I found the key to my love for Steve. Why, he was, in a way, still a child himself, for he still yearned fiercely for all the things that he had missed, all the protective, tender love he had needed so much back in the days when he lived at the Home.

Steve and I were married on my birthday, just one month later. We took Joe White's house—with an old-fashioned front porch—and we might have been near to twenty instead of near to thirty the way we romped and loved our way through fixing it up. We put a row of geranium pots on the kitchen window sills, and I made slip covers in warm, rich colors for the worn furniture. Steve painted the woodwork white, and the marred old softwood floors a deep forest green. One day a little white dog house appeared in the back yard, and the next day there was a fluffy little scrap of a puppy as its tenant.

Oh, we were so happy! There's no way of putting happiness like that into words. It's something inside you, growing until it fills every fiber of your being, but it's hard to make anyone else understand the little, trivial things that go to make up a happiness like ours. Such small things—the almost pathetic delight of Steve when he learned that I could make light, delicious three-layer-high cakes. The way he scraped the frosting bowl when I was through with it, just as children do—and as he had never had a chance to do. The way he was always so warm, like a cosy stove to cuddle up against on cold winter nights. The way he liked to lie with his head in my lap, smoking his old pipe after dinner. The way he played with the puppy, with a pseudo-roughness that was infinitely gentle. The way he never forgot to kiss me goodbye when he left in the morning or hello when he got back at night—not little, dutiful pecks, but kisses with his heart on his lips. The way we reached out automatically, to touch each other when we passed in going about the house. The delight Steve took in my being able to make dresses for myself, and in all the other domestic things that were second nature to me.

And the way we teased each other . . .

"Why do you love me?" he'd ask, and I'd say, slowly, as if I were thinking it over, "Oh, because you're so handsome, and because you're such a child."

Somehow, I fell into the habit of calling him Stevie. (Continued on page 61)



... or to help me around the house ...



... or lie with his head in my lap.



A Just Five Lines Drama

Inspired by an original radio story, "Love and Louisa," by Robert Arthur and Amzie Strickland, heard on Just Five Lines.

Please come home

Suddenly all her happiness seemed to vanish. Neila had been so sure of Mark's love. She'd never had reason to doubt that it would be hers always until—

I HAD had no warning at all. The day that was to be so different, so tragically different from any other I'd ever known, began even more pleasantly than usual. For one thing, it was spring. Sunlight streamed through the windows of the breakfast nook, across the maple table with its gay peasant cloth and the bowl of bachelor's buttons and the places set for two, and fell in a golden pool on the kitchen floor. It was the new-born, uncertain sunshine of early March, but it was the first we'd had after weeks of muddy weather, and my heart lifted accordingly. I'd just finished getting breakfast, and I was waiting for Mark to come in from the garden, and I was thinking how good it would be to have an hour with him, after having had only glimpses of him for the past several weeks.

Mark's business was real estate, and because he worked as intensely as he did everything else, he put in his time as the market demanded. There were periods when he spent only a few hours a day at the office, and we had long afternoons and evenings together, whole weekends for trips or improving - and - painting projects in our still-new house. There were other times when he saw clients until late in the evening, and then worked for hours over accounts after he got home.

This last stretch of work was the longest I'd seen him go through. It had begun in January, when the Army doctors had told him that he had a punctured eardrum and was permanently 4-F. I knew that he was working out his disappointment over the Army's decision, knew that the job must be some compensation, in that it concerned government housing and was vitally important, but I couldn't help worrying about him. The strain of business, the inadequacy of sandwiches and coffee consumed in haste, had made him tense

and thin; in the brief moments we had together he'd been preoccupied; his eyes and his attention had seemed to slide past me—to, I supposed, the next meeting of the realty board, the next conference with a contractor.

Of course, I never let him know that I worried, any more than I'd ever let him see how disappointed I was when our plans for an evening together had to be changed because a client must be entertained. Mark was thirty, seven years older than I, and I'd made a secret promise at the very beginning of our marriage that I'd be an adult



Neila

wife to him, a serene, untroubled wife, one who wouldn't bother him with useless fussing, nor intrude her wishes on his. What it amounted to was that I was a little in awe of my husband, and—even after three years of being married to him—a little amazed that I'd attracted him. He was everything that I was not—gay and volatile, with a temperament that matched his rusty-bright hair, with a heart as open and generous as his smile. Women invariably had one word for him—charming; older men smiled upon him with as much paternal pride as if he'd been their own

son, and young men looked up to him. And he was a good business man; for all his lightness and his love of laughter, he was hard-headed enough to have built a thriving business from nothing.

I was quiet and reserved, all the more so because I'd been painfully shy when I was a child, and even after I'd learned to fight shyness for the inverted form of selfishness that it really was, I'd never felt quite easy about showing emotion. For Mark's sake I'd changed as much as I could. I learned to smile and to seem deliberately to let a remark pass when I was uncertain about how to answer it; I'd learned to let other people pick up the things I dropped and to cover my embarrassment with a gracious thank-

you; I learned to be calm and unflustered with Mark, when a glance from him, even across a crowded room, sent my blood pounding and my heart beating suffocatingly high. I was rewarded when people called me poised and self-contained, instead of seeing me as the tongue-tied, awkward person I felt inside. I did so want Mark to be proud of me!

You see how my worrying over my husband seemed almost an impertinence—like a plain, brown wren's fussing over a brilliant scarlet tanager! But it was over now for awhile, along with the weeks of his absorption in his work. I'd known it as soon as I awakened that morning. Mark's place beside me was empty—he'd slept in the spare room, as he often did when he worked late at night, so as not to disturb me when he came to bed—but the spare room bed, although used, was empty, too, and from the window I could see Mark down in the garden.

It was a good sign, a wonderfully good sign. It meant that a hard job was behind him, that his mind was free for other things than business. I raced through dressing for my part-time job at Bailey's Department Store; I cooked breakfast with my heart high with relief that Mark could rest and relax now, with anticipation of the good times we would have together.

When the platter of bacon and eggs, still bubbling from the pan, was on the



Mark

table, I went to the window to call him. He was at the far end of the yard, looking down at the valiantly green stubble that was the crocus patch, and although I couldn't see his face, I could picture his expression. I loved him for it, for the time he'd spent with me in coaxing flowers to grow in the rather barren soil of our yard, for his deep attachment to things that were small and voiceless—and I decided against calling him in. Surely, on a day like this, the sight of the first crocus was as important as a hot breakfast!

As he started toward the house, I went to the closet in the hall to remove my apron from the tailored dress I wore at the store. I felt a chill as the back door opened; perhaps it was a physical chill from the draft of outside air; perhaps it was something else, a premonition, because Mark hadn't called to me from the porch as he usually did. Whatever it was, it wasn't enough to warn me—because I turned from the closet to greet my husband, and faced a man who might not have been Mark at all, but a stranger cast in his mold!

Mark looked—frightened. It was inconceivable to me that Mark, who was always self-assured, who could meet any situation with the right, light word and superb confidence, could be afraid. But it was true. His gray eyes were bleak now, with the warmth drained out of them, and the laughter-lines in his face were taut sentinels guarding an inner distress. "Neila," he said in a queerly twisted voice, "I've got to talk to you—"

"Yes, Mark—" I felt my defenses rising—my hands locking together for steadiness, the muscles of my face tightening to hold it still against whatever came.

"It's about—" Then the words were forced out, as if he had to get them said now or not at all, "I—Neila, will you give me a divorce?"

I can't tell you how I felt at first, nor what I did. I don't know, myself. I must have moved, must have sat down, because I remember sitting sideways on a kitchen chair, my hands gripping the back for support, speaking in a voice which a grim, foreseeing providence must have prepared in advance and put into my mouth when the time came—asking why.

Why! It would have been easier to die than to hear my question answered. It would have been far easier, and no less shocking, if Mark had actually struck me. Blow followed blow, each one numbing, each one finding a new place to hurt. There was a girl, a woman. Sandy Shalott. And Sandy—

"She picked me up one night after work," Mark was saying tonelessly. "I didn't expect her—she just stopped by and offered to drive me home, and suggested that we stop for a drink at her house. I was dead tired, and half crazy with figures, and a drink sounded like a good idea. And then—"

"Mark! Don't go on—" I thought I was shouting at him; instead, the words came out thin and shrill.

"I have to," he said doggedly, "be-

cause that wasn't the end of it, although I thought it was at the time. I intended never to see her again—and I didn't, until last week, when she called up and said she had to see me—"

I was not spared even that one last thing that every woman dreads—I wasn't spared hearing Mark tell me that another woman was going to bear his child. Physical nausea rolled over me, blotting out Mark and the sound of his voice. A cold blackness closed in, until I saw only my knuckles white on the back of the chair, felt only the clean, sharp pain of my teeth digging into my lower lip.

I heard Mark start toward me, and I shrank from him. I couldn't bear to have him touch me, couldn't stand to have him see what he'd done to me. "Go away," I gritted between clenched teeth. "Please go away. I'll divorce you, of course—only go away now."

I couldn't look at him. He was a blurred shadow on the periphery of my vision, a strangely suppliant shadow as I remember it now, and his voice, too, was an appeal. "Neila," he was saying, "you've got to believe that this isn't the way I wanted it—"

I shook my head dumbly, and turned a blind, uncomprehending stare toward him. Believe—what could I ever find to believe in again? Then the dining room clock struck once, and a habit-reflex told me that it must be eighty-three—time for me to leave for Bailey's.

"I can't go to work," I said. "I can't see people—"

I wasn't aware that I spoke aloud, but the blurred shape that was Mark

Two bright spots of color flamed in her cheeks, and she interrupted with a short, hard laugh. "I don't know what you're talking about, "Neila."



ness—the grocer's truck stopping next door, the Walker children hailing the school bus, the shuffling step of the postman on our own front porch—and still I sat stupefied, trying to understand why I'd failed in the one thing in which I'd counted myself triumphant.

I'd been so sure of Mark's love! It was all I had, all I wanted, and I'd never had reason to doubt that it would be mine always. It was Mark who had sought me out in the beginning, when I'd been too shy and unsure of myself to believe that I could attract a man like him. He had courted me ardently, almost literally under the very nose of the rather grim aunt who had raised me, and if, in those bewilderingly beautiful months of courtship, his calls and flowers and attentions had stopped suddenly, I think I wouldn't have lifted a finger to get him back. Not that I didn't love him—it was just that I had a hard time convincing myself that all of the new-found wonder in life was really mine, that Mark really wanted me.

After we were married there'd been

a thousand proofs of how dear I was to him—small, unimportant things like his being uneasy and calling to me if I was too long in another room from him, like his glancing up from his newspaper now and again as if to make sure that I was really there, and the kisses and the tenderesses that had warmed and sweetened the most prosaic hours. When we went out, if he paid another woman a nice compliment, he always managed subtly to pay me a better one. Even his pleasure in his work had been indirectly on my account—a successful contract meant a trip that would please me, or a new coat, or the rug I wanted for the house. He'd never been too busy to call me from the office at least once during the day—until these past few weeks. Until—I realized now—Sandy.

I had met Sandy, and I'd been her hostess for an evening. That had been around the first of the year, when she'd first come to Midvale to open a gift shop. Mark had handled the lease on her shop, and she'd commissioned him to find a house for her. One night he'd

brought her home for dinner, as he'd often brought other clients. She was a small woman, with the appealing grace of a kitten, with a fluff of blonde hair and plump, little hands with sharp, pointed nails. I remembered how amused Mark and I had been at her extravagant expressions, at her repeated oh-ings and ah-ings over our "cosy little nest." Mark had pinched his finger on the meat fork while carving the roast, and from the concern Sandy showed he might as well have broken his arm. I remembered the wry face he'd made at me while Sandy's dandelion head was bent pityingly over his pinched finger, remembered how, after she'd gone, we had laughed openly at her.

"She'll never buy a house from you," I prophesied. "She'll keep you looking until you've no more to show, and then she'll lease an apartment in the Fair Oaks section. She'll be desolated when she can't see you any more. I thought tonight she'd swoon over you."

"Sure," Mark had said complacently, and with complete disinterest. "Only I don't like the fluffy type. Now, if she had black hair and wore it slicked back, school-marm style, and solemn black eyes and a cute little monkey face—"

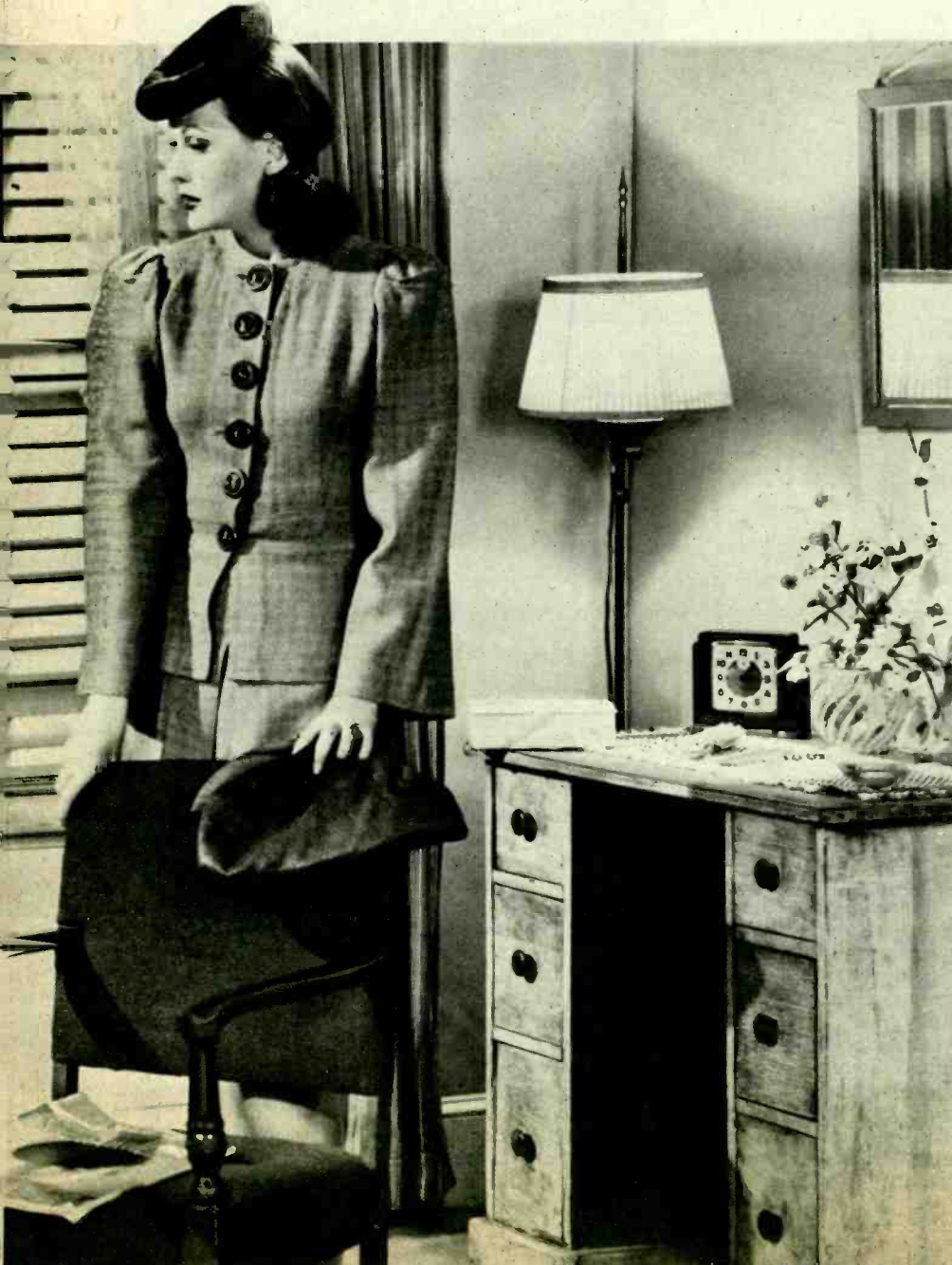
I started for him at the unflattering description of me, and it ended in a giggling scuffle on the love-seat beside the fireplace.

A SHARP sound like a dry sob escaped me, and I rose stiffly from the kitchen chair, unable to bear remembering any more, unable to bear the sunlight streaming into the breakfast nook—the sunlight that only an hour before had seemed such a bright portent. I moved on weighted limbs toward the cool dimness of the front rooms, my head throbbing dully with the repeated question—why.

Mark and I had been happy together. I couldn't be mistaken about that—the happiness between us had been as recognizable as strong emotion is in a person. We'd never quarreled. We'd argued, sometimes spiritedly, but over trifles—such as whether a club or a fan-back chair would look better in a certain corner of the living room. We had seen eye-to-eye on everything—no, not quite everything.

There had been the Army physical. Mark had been wretched over his failure to pass it, and for the life of me I hadn't been able to sympathize with him. I understood his disappointment, but it was all I could do to keep him from seeing my own wild, selfish joy that he wouldn't be taken from me. Happy as I was, I'm afraid that my attempt to console him couldn't have sounded anything but superficial. "Your work is important," I reminded him. "If you stop to think about it, providing living quarters for war workers is as important as anything you might be doing in uniform—"

He almost shouted at me then, and if I hadn't known that it was his disappointment speaking, I'd have been hurt and alarmed. "Neila," he cried, "don't you understand? (Continued on page 66)



Let no man put asunder

THE STORY

IT was just an ordinary day, in my ordinary life as a clerk in the bookstore—until the door opened and a young man walked in, and I knew that I had lost my heart in that moment. Imagine, then, how I felt when I learned a few moments later that he was Dwight Emery, who had come to town to work in my uncle's factory—and to marry my cousin, Coralie. In the days that followed, in spite of the fact that wedding plans were going ahead, Dwight and I fell deeply, hopelessly in love. We knew that none of us would be happy if Dwight married Coralie, and so we planned to tell her. Dwight sent me a note, one night after he had walked home with me—a note written in haste and in love, telling me that he had decided where and how to tell Coralie in a manner that would hurt her least. He would break the news to her, we decided, after the country club dance the next Friday. On the way home from that dance, with Kevin McDonald, who had taken me around for years, and who had often asked me to marry him, I knew a strange feeling of foreboding that threatened to drown my happiness. Behind us, in Coralie's car, Dwight was even then telling Coralie that he and I loved each other, that he must break off the engagement. My feeling of impending trouble was realized when Kevin and I heard a crash behind us, when we turned to find that Coralie's car had crashed over the embankment of the road!

DWIGHT and I sat waiting in the Hollins' living room. Upstairs, the doctor and Aunt Ethel were with Coralie, and we could hear the murmur of their voices. It was the only sound. We waited without speaking, as we had waited together so often during the last two months. Over in the corner of the room was a new wheelchair.

It stood there like a grim and tangible conscience. I felt a deep guilt every time I looked at it, and yet I could not help looking at it. It was

Coralie's, and since she had been home from the hospital she had lived her life in it and in the bed upstairs. For she was still unable to walk.

Shared guilt between two people is a strange thing. Insidiously, it creates an iron bond that chains them together; and at the same time it makes a barrier to all that is natural and good between them. All these weeks since the accident, Dwight and I had hovered anxiously at Coralie's bedside, praying that she would get well. Our every thought was for her. And yet, underneath, ran the knowledge that her recovery would set Dwight free; and as we waited for

signs of returning health, we were also waiting for her to remember what Dwight had told her in the moment before the car skidded. She got better, but she never remembered. She clung to Dwight more than ever.

"When I see her lying there so helpless," he told me miserably, "I blame only myself. I tried not to hurt her—and I made her a cripple!"

"But, darling, the accident wasn't your fault. She grabbed the wheel."

"I know—but I keep seeing her face as she did it. Not like Coralie's at all—but white and twisted like a crazy woman's. And now I must go on living this lie, letting her think we're going

"Maybe someday, somehow, we'll have our tomorrow, Sally dear," Dwight said. But now they kissed with that final, silent, desperate clinging of those whose love has no tomorrow

drove me to and from the hospital; he performed small errands for the Hollins'; he proved himself a good friend. He never tried to make love to me, and I was grateful. I grew fonder of him than I had ever been, but I knew I didn't love him and that I never would. . . .

I was brought back from my thoughts by the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Dwight and I stood up, side by side, as Aunt Ethel and Dr. Frick entered the room.

The doctor cleared his throat. "It's as I thought," he said. "These things happen sometimes after a violent shock. Physically, Coralie is perfectly able to walk. Emotionally, she can't—fear or shock has robbed her of the will to use her legs. It's what we call hysterical lameness, and it all fits in with the fact that she can remember nothing of the accident. The last thing she says she remembers is leaving the dance."

"Will she—ever remember?" Dwight said with difficulty.

"That's really unimportant," Dr. Frick said. "You have told us how it happened. . . ."

Dwight had explained that he and Coralie had been having a playful argument and that she had accidentally jerked the wheel away from him. On a dry road it wouldn't have mattered; on that treacherous piece of ice, it had been nearly fatal. Dwight had felt he could not say more until he had had the chance to tell Coralie the truth first. It was an explanation apparently accepted by everybody.

"What is important," the doctor went on, "is to get her over this unconscious fear of walking. You must all be kind and patient and make her life seem as normal as possible. As you know, she has gone ahead with plans for her postponed wedding. . . ."

"She's so brave," Aunt Ethel murmured tearfully. "She wants to go on as if nothing had happened."

"That's just the point. She *must* go on as if nothing had happened. We must not make an invalid of her. The best thing in the world you can do," he said to Dwight, "is to get married right away, as she wants. I'll guarantee that she'll be walking as well as

Suddenly I stiffened in his arms. Something moved in the blackness, something white like the curtain of the closed door.

to be married, until she's well enough—" He couldn't finish the sentence.

"Then don't tell her!" I cried. "Forget me. Forget we ever loved each other."

"You know I can't. And you know, too, that once she's well again, it would still be just as unfair to her, hurt her just as much, to let her ruin her life by marrying a man who's in love with somebody else."

I knew he was right. I knew he was the stronger and wiser, because he understood that the accident had changed nothing. It had only postponed the inevitable, and made it

doubly cruel for all concerned.

We agreed not to see each other alone until Coralie was well. It would be too underhanded, too wrong. If Dwight was still her fiance to Coralie and to the world, then he would be it in all ways—except his heart, which he could not control.

And so that horrible waiting went on, and day by day grew more unbearable and more hopeless.

Oddly, it was only Kevin MacDonald who seemed to sense the emotional strain in me that underlay the obvious one of worry over Coralie. He never mentioned it, but he grew more tactful, more considerate. He

she ever was in a few short months."

There was a moment of breathless silence in the dim, shadowy room. I felt as if a weight were pressing against my breast that kept me from speaking. They were looking at Dwight. His face was closed tight, and I turned suddenly away so that they should not see mine.

"I understand," he said quietly.

Yes, he understood. And so did I.

"Yes, sir, you're a lucky man, young fellow," Dr. Frick was saying. "She's a very game little girl. Now, Mrs. Hollins, let her be carried downstairs every day and give her the run of the house in the wheelchair—it's self-propelled, she can easily learn to use it. And the busier she can keep herself, the better . . ." Their voices trailed off in the vestibule leading to the front door.

DWIGHT walked home with me, through the winter Sunday quiet. I still carried that awful weight that seemed to numb me. When we got to my room, Dwight stood looking around at it as he had the first time, only now it was as if he were saying a silent goodbye.

"There's no need for us to say anything to each other," I said hopelessly. "I think I must have known all along this would happen. It's been inevitable—as if our love were wrong. As if we'd never had a right to it in the first place."

He turned to me swiftly, urgently. "Never say that, Sally! Our love was right. Is right. It had to be! It's only if we used it in the wrong way that we wouldn't have a right to it. If we used it to hurt Coralie, maybe to keep her in that wheelchair forever—then it would be evil. We must use it, my darling, to make us strong to do—what has to be done." His voice broke over the last words, and he pulled me to him.

We stood there like lost, frightened children. "I'm going away," I said at last. "I can't bear to stay—and see you married to someone else. I'll ask for a leave of absence or give up my job or—"

"Don't be driven into anything desperate, Sally. We must each make friends with pain—not run away from it. It would be better if you went away for a while now—till afterwards. But this is where your home is—this is where the people are who love you. And I need you, darling. Oh, I don't mean that we can see each other except casually. But to know you are nearby, that sometimes I can walk this street and see your window and know that you are all right—you can't take that away from me!"

"I'll go for a little while then," I said finally. "But—when I come back, I can't see you often. I can't see you as—her husband . . ."

His arms were holding me, and his eyes were fixed on some distant future which I could not see. "Maybe some day, somehow, we'll have our tomorrow, Sally . . . But till then, whatever happens, however ill-starred our love, you are in my heart forever—



as a friend if you ever need me, as an image I'll always want and always need, deep down inside me where no one else has ever reached. And now—"

And now goodbye. Neither of us could say it. We only clung to each other and kissed, with the final, silent, desperate clinging of those whose love has no tomorrow.

The next day after work, I went to Coralie's. Mr. Caswell had promised I could go away for a month.

She was in her wheelchair in the living room, going over a list of names for the wedding announcements. Dwight was standing beside her, leaning over the back of the chair, and as she checked each name she looked up at him and smiled. I stood there, unheard for a moment, watching. *Make friends with pain*, Dwight had said.

Then she looked up and saw me. "Sally, honey!" She gave a happy little cry. "I'm so glad to see you. Look what I can do!" She gave the rubber padded wheels of the chair a push, and propelled herself across the room, stopped, turned it expertly and careened back. She was like a child showing off a new toy. "I've been practicing all day," she chattered happily, "and I can go into every room downstairs—except the vestibule, of course. The door's too narrow. So Dwight will have to be the one who shows our company out." She looked

up at him radiantly.

"That's wonderful, Coralie. I don't see how you learned so quickly. . . And now I've got some news for you, too. I'm going away for a month. For a winter vacation, just like millionaires. Mr. Caswell doesn't need me and—"

"But you can't!" Coralie broke in. "There's the wedding. You've got to be in it—you and Kevin."

"I know that's what you planned at first," I said evenly. "But now—"

Suddenly she began to cry. "That's cruel of you, Sally. Just because I'm chained here to—to this, like a cripple—you think everything's different. You can't do that to me! Nothing's changed. Nothing! Dwight, tell her she's got to stay and be in my wedding."

He looked at me over her head. "Coralie, Sally really needs the vaca-



After the ceremony there was champagne, and my hand shook as I held the glass. They talked and laughed, and I stayed through it all.

tion. She's been working hard and there's been the worry over you and—"

Coralie backed the chair suddenly away from him, and for an instant her eyes seemed almost to hate him, to hate us both. Then she looked down at the blanket that covered her legs. "The two people I love best in the world," she said in a heartbroken voice, "and you can do this to me. You know I've counted on having Sally—Oh, if I were well you wouldn't! It's only because—"

I couldn't stand it any longer. I went over and took the huddled little figure in my arms. "It's all right, Coralie," I whispered. "If you want me so much—I'll stay."

She threw her arms around my neck. "Of course you'll stay! You've got to—you've got to see Dwight and me married," she cried triumphantly.

And so I stayed. I stayed while Coralie telephoned me every day to discuss what we should wear, how the house should be decorated, what to do with the wedding presents—all the innumerable details of the wedding of the man I loved! It was to be a quiet home wedding, of course, with only the family, Kevin and myself.

That, somehow, made it harder.

And so I stayed. Somehow I endured that February evening when I stood beside Coralie's wheelchair and heard the solemn words that made her the wife of Dwight Emery. I felt as if my heart were being slowly torn into pieces—and I could utter no sound, show no pain.

Dwight stood there straight and strong and serious, and not once did he look at me. I knew he never would again, in the old way. He had the courage and the honor to look only at the present, at what *was*, with no backward glance at what might have been. And Coralie, dressed in soft, dull blue, looked exquisite. The color brought out the whiteness of her skin, made her hair like a golden halo, and deepened the blue of her eyes that held an expression that was somehow—victorious. That was it, I thought. She has conquered pain and injury to win the man she loves.

And after the ceremony, there was champagne, and they all laughed because my hand shook so I dropped my glass and said I was more nervous even than the bride. They talked and laughed, and I stayed through it all—until that final moment when Dwight

carried Coralie up the wide front stairs, and into the room that they would share alone together. And I went home and sat huddled in a chair the whole night through, staring into the darkness of my room and of my life ahead. . . .

I was gone a month on my "winter vacation." I went to a boarding house Aunt Ethel suggested in a little mountain town, popular in the summer time, almost deserted now. Quiet was what I wanted, and I was the only guest. At first, I was so bruised and battered, the pain was so fresh, the long solitary walks I took in the snowy hills were like a flight from the images that obsessed me—pictures of the wedding and that final, irrevocable moment when Dwight had said "I do"—of Dwight and Coralie together now, in their room, in each other's arms, breakfasting together, laughing together—And then Dwight's face as we said our last goodbye and his words—*you will always be deep inside me where no one else has ever reached*. It was that memory that at last made my lonely hours not a flight but a source of strength, until the beauty and the quiet brought a kind of peace.

I HAD one short note from Coralie ecstatically happy, saying that they missed me and I must hurry back. Kevin wrote nearly every day: "I've seen the newlyweds several times—they seem entirely wrapped up in each other . . . Coralie is blooming with happiness but is still unable to walk . . . This place is not the same without you and I miss you more than I knew I could miss anybody . . . Hurry back." From Dwight, of course, there was no word.

I went back when the month was up. I was better prepared now to accept what my life must be with part of myself gone forever, but I knew I must not, *could not*, see Dwight and Coralie often. The fact of the marriage I could resign myself to—as long as I did not have to become an intimate part of it. The closeness between Coralie and me must cease, I knew.

Kevin met me at the station and drove me home. It was good to be with him, to feel that steady, stubborn devotion that nothing ever seemed to change. He'd gone by my room earlier and lit the lamps and put fresh flowers in the vases to welcome me, and I was touched by his thoughtfulness.

"Don't thank me," he said. "I wanted to do it. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, Sally—you know that."

"Yes," I said in a low voice, "I know. And I wish you didn't feel that way. Because I feel just affection and gratitude for you, Kevin—and nothing more."

He laughed. "Affection and gratitude can go a long way to make happy marriages, my dear. . . . Don't ask the impossible, Sally. You've gotten some idea that love should be a great, undying passion, out of all those books you read. Life isn't like that. You'll change your mind," he said confidently. "And now (*Continued on page 94*),

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

When a Girl Marries

Here are the pictures you've been waiting to see—the people whose eventful lives you follow day by day in this dramatic radio story of a society girl who married a struggling, small-town lawyer



JOAN DAVIS is a devoted wife and mother, whose only interests are in her home and family. As Joan Field, wealthy society girl, she broke her engagement to play-boy Phil Stanley to marry Harry Davis. Joan was very happy until she discovered that Harry's secretary, Betty Skidmore, is in love with him and is trying to break up their home. Twice, their marriage has almost gone on the rocks, but their little boy's sickness, followed by Joan's recent experience with a crazed kidnapper, made Harry realize how much Joan means to him.
(Played by Mary Jane Higby)

HARRY DAVIS, a successful young lawyer, is married to lovely Joan Field. Harry really loves his wife, but is flattered by the devotion of his secretary, Betty Skidmore. It was Betty who kindled a political ambition in Harry, and who has now become the foundation stone of his campaign for the mayoralty in the town of Beechwood. However, Betty's adoration has begun to frighten Harry, and he wonders where these chains of love may lead him, because not only is he making his wife, Joan, unhappy, but there's Betty's husband Steve, to be reckoned with.
(Played by Robert Haag)

This serial, by Elaine Carrington, is heard every day, from Monday through Friday, at 5:00 P.M., EWT, over the NBC network.



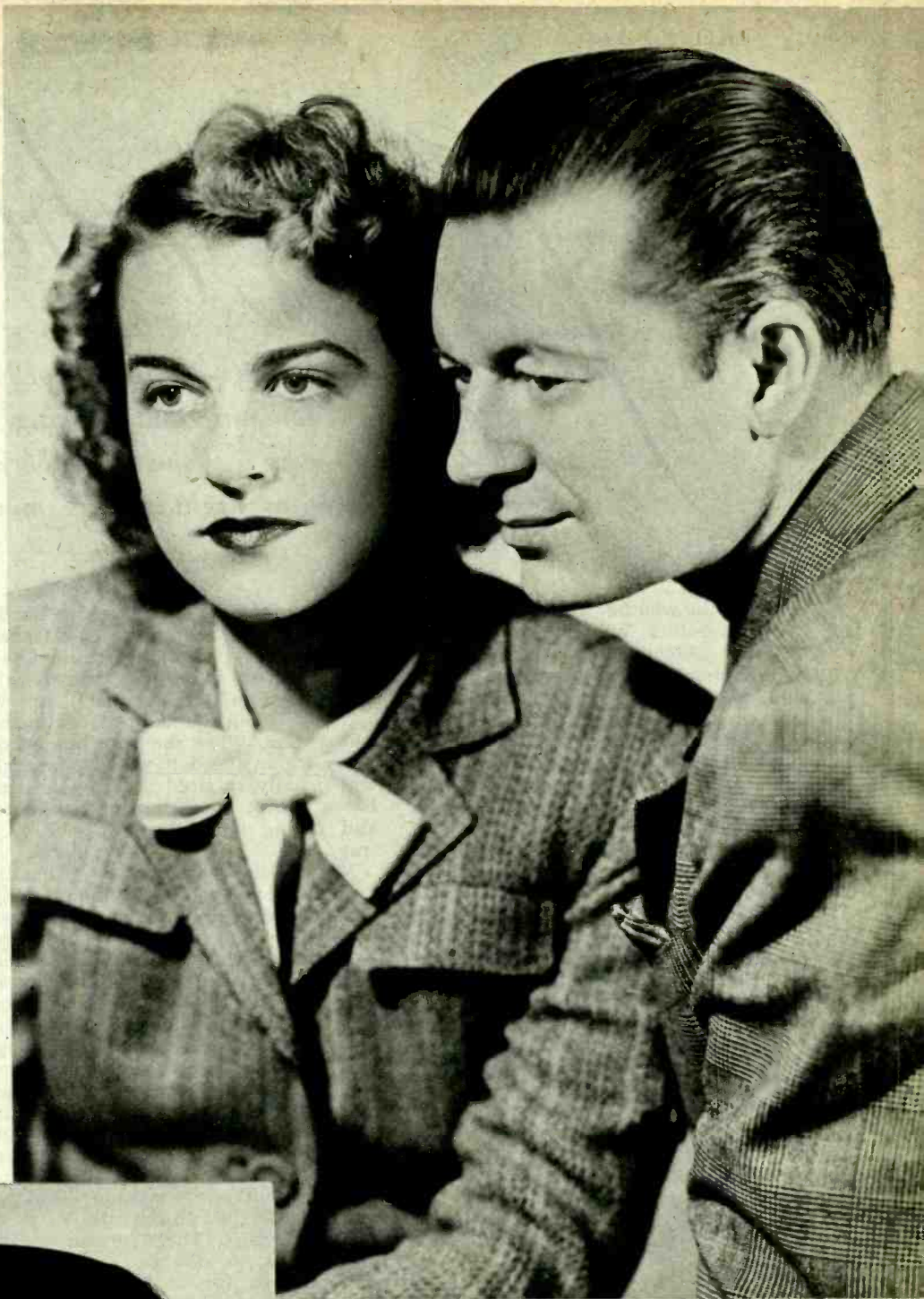


IRMA CAMERON is Joan's best friend. She's a young widow with two children, Kathy and Rudy, and is struggling to make her farm a success. Irma was madly in love with Steve Skidmore and was broken hearted when he married Betty. Seeing the way Betty is ruining the lives of the two people she loves most—Joan and Steve—Irma tries to show Betty that the game of hearts she is playing is a dangerous one—one that can end only in tragedy. (Played by Jeanette Dowling)



KATHY CAMERON is Irma's charming twelve-year-old daughter. It was Kathy who innocently revealed Harry's and Betty's secret tryst at the Skidmore farm in Steve's absence. Kathy doesn't realize that her mother still loves Steve, and unconsciously rubs salt into Irma's wounded heart when she praises Betty. In her child-like innocence, Kathy cannot see the foreboding undercurrents of these entangled lives. (Played by Anne Francis)

STEVE AND BETTY SKIDMORE are rapidly discovering that their marriage is a mistake. Betty married Steve so that she could stay in Beechwood and be near Harry. Steve, realizing Betty's deceitfulness, turns to Irma for companionship, and understanding. Oblivious of the tempest she is brewing, Betty completely disregards all the storm warnings, and plunges blindly ahead in her stubborn pursuit of Harry.
(Played by Jack Arthur and Gertrude Warner)



MRS. DAVIS, Harry's mother, is the exact opposite of the tyrannical, interfering mother-in-law. She loves Joan as she would her own daughter. She realizes that Harry is weak, and deep in her heart pities Joan because of the bitter unhappiness which she feels is in store for her. She is doing everything in her power to help Joan and Harry find contentment, but sometimes despairs of ever seeing them truly happy.
(Played by Marian Barney)

Forget about me

Diane was dressed for her wedding—to Marshall. It was romantic and exciting, just as she had planned. Then why was she remembering Ted, and the look in his eyes that night in the moonlight by the old lovers' tree?

IT was the weather, I think, that made the trouble. Winter had lasted so long! All through April we had kept hoping for Spring to come, but the cold held our little New England village in grim icy fingers, and just wouldn't let go until the students in our dormitory felt as if they'd been imprisoned all their lives. We stopped believing that warm weather ever would come.

But it did! Suddenly it was May, and the sun was hot and sweet on my shoulders, and I wandered about in a happy delicious daze. The world seemed to open up wide and beautiful around me, and I'd find myself suddenly stopping quite still on a campus path, forgetting where I was going, forgetting everything, just breathing in the fragrance and waiting—waiting. Oh, something was going to happen. Something wonderful *had* to happen!

Coming to me then, the telegram from Ted Stillwell was like a miracle. He had been transferred from the southern airfield, where he had taken the first part of his aviation training, to Maryatt, only twenty miles away! And he wanted to come over to Hopefield for the weekend!

There was no one like Ted, never had been. We had played together since I was two years old, and I don't know how I'd have grown up without the firm, cosy knowledge that he was right next door and all I had to do was call out and he'd come running.

I guess I called pretty often, too. For I was very lonely. You see, my mother had had to work very hard to support us since my father died when I was small, and an empty house can be a terrible place for a little girl who is hungry for love.

Not that Mother didn't love me; she did. And her love was a very special, close, gay kind of love that few girls can have from their mothers. My mother had been married very young and now no one would ever believe I

was her daughter, for she was hardly more than a girl herself. She treated me in a merry, comradely fashion as if we were two very good friends who had chosen to live together. And we had fun—when she had time! But that was seldom. When she came home from her work in the department store, she was usually so tired that by the time I was twelve I was putting her to bed and taking her supper to her on a tray.

Maybe that wasn't a very healthy kind of life for a girl growing up. Maybe I needed to be petted and taken care of—mothered. I don't know. If anyone had hinted such a thing, I'd have denied very fiercely that anything was wrong with my life. But just the same, there was something wonderful about going away to Hopefield Teachers' College, wonderful to feel as young and care-free as any of the other girls and much more thrilled than any of them, I suppose, to spend hours chattering endlessly about the future, about boys and dates and love—

And now Ted was coming. That just made it too good to be true.

But it wasn't. There he was, getting off the bus, looking just like himself, only more so. I mean, in his uniform he seemed even taller, broader, more marvelously healthy and strong and sure of himself. Oh, too sure of himself! For a minute, just as his blue eyes came to mine, I was frightened. Why, he was a man! I couldn't even speak, as he came striding up to me.

But he didn't speak, either.

He just stared at me, not making a move toward me, his lips opening in a wondering half-smile through which no words came.

Then, after it seemed as if ages had gone by and the other boys from Maryatt had all passed us—laughing at us, probably, but I'll never know—then Ted said, "Diane." His voice was low and breathless. "Diane, it's really you."

My voice came then. Suddenly I wasn't afraid of him any more. Suddenly I was a grown-up girl who knew what to say when a boy was impressed with her. "None other," I told him.

He just kept on shaking his head, slowly, as if dazed. "You've changed. I can't get over how you've changed."

"For the better, I hope?" I asked.

He didn't seem to notice how lightly I spoke. "You were always swell," he said quietly. "But now—well, now—I don't know—" He reached out a hand almost shyly and touched my red hair that had always seemed to me just a dim copy of my mother's flaming auburn curls. "Everything about you seems to shine brighter somehow—"

Oh, it was wonderful to hear him say just that. So wonderful that I didn't dare keep looking into his eyes. I had to turn away from him and say, "I guess it's the sun in your eyes!"

"No," he said slowly. "It's not the sun in my eyes, Diane."

And he bent over and picked up his suitcase and followed me. We walked to the boarding house on Maple Avenue where I'd reserved a room for him, and even while we talked about school and about his life in the Air Corps I knew that things were different between us.

We went downtown for lunch to the College Diner. Everybody from Normal went there Saturday noon even though a perfectly good meal was waiting for us free at Dorm. And everybody came past our booth and made an excuse to stop. It was wonderful to introduce Ted. He was the kind any girl would want to show off, even though he wasn't exactly handsome with his narrow sandy head and sort of knobby-featured face. It was something about the way his blue eyes shone when he grinned, something about the funny wide mouth with the lower lip that seemed too big for the upper one until he smiled.

After lunch I took him around the campus and showed him all the ugly, ill-matched buildings that I loved. "This is where I take Economics," I told him beside Lindsay Hall. "From Marshall Bainbridge."

"Never heard of him," Ted said

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Inspired by Roger Denny's "It Could Only Happen in June." Stars Over Hollywood is heard Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT over CBS.



cheerfully. "Who is he?"

"You would if you were an economist," I told him indignantly. "He publishes all sorts of papers and things. And he had a good job in the Government but he gave it up to come here."

"Sounds funny," Ted said. His blue eyes teased me.

"It's not funny at all!" My whole body had stiffened. It was sacrilege to talk that way about our school's idol. "He wanted to get away to a quiet place where he could think."

"Quiet?" Ted laughed. "With you girls around?"

Ted could always get me angry, and sometimes I think he liked to, the way his eyes would watch me, amused, when I'd come back at him. But just as I was about to tell him off this time, he asked me something that made me forget what I had been about to say. "What's happened to that poor tree?" He waved a hand toward the great horse-chestnut that towered over the Business Building.

"IT'S initials," I told him, following him to stand beside the scarred trunk of the big tree. "It's an old tradition that boys who get engaged to Hopefield girls must carve their initials on this tree."

"Old?" Ted tipped his head and squinted his blue eyes in that darling way he had. "Most of them look mighty new to me."

I nodded, suddenly feeling hot and breathless. "It's the war. All the service men coming to visit. They always seem to leave their initials before they go."

Ted didn't look back at the tree. He just kept looking at me. "So that's the way it is," he said thoughtfully, and his blue eyes stayed narrowed, studying me, until I thought I'd suffocate, not daring to breathe.

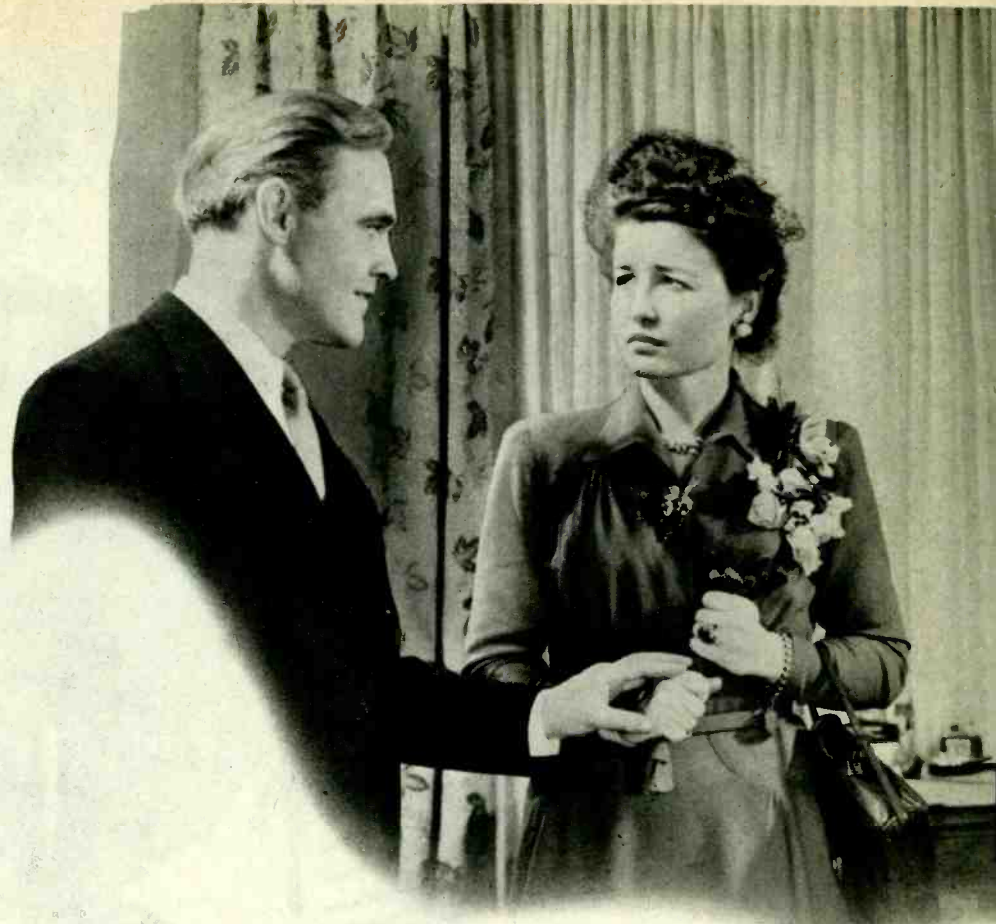
He said, still watching me, his voice soft, "Too bad I haven't got my jack-knife with me."

I didn't know how to take it, whether he was teasing or feeling the way I felt. I tried to say lightly, "Too bad."

He said, "But the tree will still be here tomorrow, won't it?"

And I said, "I guess it will."

That was all. But it became the most important thing in the weekend, something to make everything else important and exciting. It was with me all during the dance that night so that it was like a dream being passed from one soldier's arms to another's till I was dazed. I was still remembering it the next morning at Chapel with Ted sitting so quiet and big and dignified beside me, and at dinner at the Dorm with Ted talking so courteously to the head of the social committee at one end of the table and the House Mother at the other. Afterward, six couples walked to the top of Sugar Loaf and when we came back it was time to dress for Vespers which was always followed by a Date Supper given by the Dean for all the girls with boys visiting them. It was nine o'clock when we came back across the campus and the moon wasn't very bright. I was afraid he'd forgotten all about the tree. But suddenly he stopped. He put



his two hands on my shoulders. He said, "It's pretty permanent, you know. If I cut those letters into that tree, they'll stay cut."

"I—I know." I could feel the soft sweet air touching my hot cheeks and I lifted my face to it exultantly, breathing deep.

"I wonder how much you do know," he said slowly. He tipped my chin up with his finger and looked deep into my face. "Honey," he whispered, "honey, you're such a baby—"

"I'm not a baby!" I told him indignantly. "Lots of girls no older than I am, right here at Normal, are already married!" I turned and ran my finger around the deep-carved line that circled one pair of initials. "That's what the rings mean. They're married."

He looked, but his eyes came back to my face, studying me intently. "So that's what the rings mean," he said slowly.

"Yes," I told him, breathless. "And why not? If it's the only chance for

happiness a girl and boy may have, why shouldn't they take it while they can?"

I stopped because his hand had tipped my head back farther to look into my eyes, his face very close to mine. "Is that what you want?" he asked, very quietly.

"Well—" I hardly knew what I wanted, right then. Except to feel his arms come about me tight, and his lips press down over mine and—well, for something to happen, for the thing that had seemed to be hovering, waiting, in the soft, Spring air.

"Listen, honey," he said, his hands still hard on my shoulders, "I can see how it is with you. You've heard a lot of talk. Those girls getting married around you, when you're off here alone, on your own for the first time—it's been like champagne to somebody who never tasted wine before. But honey, I wouldn't want you to do anything you'd be sorry for when you woke up."

I could have cried! He was lecturing me as if I still were ten and he a very superior twelve. I said stiffly, "If that's the way you feel about it, perhaps we'd better give up the whole idea."

He said, "Honey, that's not *all* the way I feel about it. I'm trying to see it clearly, the way it is. Marriage seems to me like something to be sure about. Something for two people to study and plan, and keep on building all their lives. Not something to rush into just because the idea's in the air, and then regret it later."

My heart fell like lead, heavy inside me. He didn't care enough! He was just making up these serious, important-sounding reasons to cover his own doubts—his indifference!





I stood a long time at the window, watching—I had never felt like this before—so frightened!

So this was what the weekend had been leading to—to stand here with the breeze blowing fragrant through the pines around us and listen to him spoiling the moments that I had thought would mean the climax of my whole life! I couldn't bear any more.

I said, my voice small, "It—it's getting late. I have to go in now."

He said, "We'll talk about it again, honey. All right?"

I said, "All right." But I wouldn't. I'd never talk about it again. Not this way!

Still, I couldn't help being glad in the morning that Ted was still there. He was just as funny and gay at breakfast as if nothing had happened.

It was exciting to have him sitting in Economics class with me. He had insisted on coming. "Any man that can make girls like Economics is worth watching," he'd said. And now he was slouched beside me in the back row, his long, khaki-clad legs twisted into the narrow space, his eyes steady and intent and inscrutable while Marshall Bainbridge talked.

Mr. Bainbridge spoke in a slow, deep, confident voice, his words just flowing, every sentence smooth and perfect. And

yet he'd never let his easy manner lull us to boredom. He'd make an unexpected joke or surprise us with a conclusion we hadn't seen coming, and rise occasionally to make a few quick diagrams on the board, his hand very swift and graceful. He'd look very handsome, his firm solid body in wonderfully-cut heavy tweed, his thick brown hair just graying a little at the sides.

He was talking now about changing from the war boom to a peacetime economy. "For a while, perhaps, we can keep production going by manufacturing for Europe—on credit. But have we really solved our pre-war problems? Have we solved them any more than a man—though this is hardly the appropriate comparison for a class of young ladies, I'm afraid—" He smiled, little lines crinkling around his brown eyes. "Any more than a man in trouble who drinks three double Scotches and then feels for one brief half-hour that he's got all his troubles whipped? But he has to go back to them the next morning—and with a grievous headache in the bargain." He lifted his eyebrows, holding us easily centered on him and what he was going to say next. "Now, economists, like

other intemperate people—" He smiled again—"all have their favorite headache cures. Let's see what some of them are."

He was talking now in more technical language, but I did not follow him. For Ted leaned over and whispered to me, "Does that remind you of anything?" He grinned. "I'm not the only one that thinks there'll be a lot of things to straighten out, after the war—"

"That's quite different," I answered in a violent whisper. "He's not talking about personal—"

I STOPPED, for I realized suddenly that the room was deadly silent. Marshall Bainbridge was looking directly at us, waiting calmly for us to finish our conversation. And the rest of the class was staring. Ted sank back in his seat, his lips taut, his eyes looking straight ahead.

Marshall Bainbridge broke the silence then. "I suppose we should not complain," he said calmly, "when the hospitality our courses offer to visitors sometimes leads to a trace of—shall we call it mere inattentiveness instead of discourtesy? Uniforms, in which so many of our guests are garbed these days, are notoriously distracting, and if our work occasionally seems to suffer a little by becoming a background for tête-à-têtes between our students and members of the armed forces, how readily we should be willing to make that slight sacrifice for the better morale of our military personnel."

The class giggled a little, but Marshall Bainbridge did not smile. For a moment, before he went on, his eyes and Ted's seemed to meet and lock. Ted's jaw went out, angry and defiant. In that moment, looking at Ted's thin flushed face, I got an odd, indescribable thrill. I had never seen Ted like this before. He had always been so easy-going, nothing bothered him. But now, though I told myself that this had nothing to do with me, it gave me a queer sort of hunger. I wanted to stir Ted, upset him. I wanted to shake him out of his good sense! Maybe it was this need in me—buried so deep I hardly knew myself that it was there—but terribly strong, just the same—maybe it was that intense need that drove me headlong in that path I was so soon to follow.

But right then I was worrying because Ted marched out of the class room when the bell rang, never giving Marshall Bainbridge a glance. "We—we ought to apologize," I told him faintly.

"For what?" Ted asked, his jaws still stubborn.

"Well, you can imagine what he goes through. He hates the way the girls are always bringing their mothers and their boy friends to class. And my mother has gone with me three times."

"I guess he doesn't mind having her around," Ted said. "Most men wouldn't, I imagine."

"He was nice to her, of course," I admitted. "But he must get sick of all the mothers coming up afterward and saying how (Continued on page 81)

It's not too late

When your daughters and sons grow up, will you be able to tell them that you did everything you could to protect their future? Check this list of war services and see if you can!

SIX years from now, my son will be eighteen.

When that day arrives, I want to be able to tell myself, proudly, "You did all you could to help win World War II so that never again would men have to fight for their freedom, so that henceforward all free men could live in peace together—so that my son, and all the mothers' sons of the world, would never again have to take up arms to defend their way of life!"

All you could do to help—that's the important phrase that keeps coming into my mind, day after day. And I know that a lot of women in Parkers-town, and everywhere else, must have the same experience. No matter how busy they may be, they are constantly asking themselves, "When my boys and girls grow up, will I be able to tell them that I did all I could to protect their future, to fight for the country that guarantees them their freedom!"

We women have worked hard, all of us. We've saved and cut corners, we've called on reserves of energy we didn't know we possessed, and stretched the precious minutes of the day until there was time to accomplish more than we had ever thought possible in twenty-four hours.

But—well, I think something has happened to us women, lately. Kathy Marsh and I were talking about it just the other day. "It doesn't seem as if such a thing could be possible," Kathy said, "but in a sense I think I'm right. The war news has been too good—too good to be good for us here at home."

I knew what she meant, of course, Kathy meant that we're beginning to fall into a feeling of complacency, all of us. We've got the mistaken notion that the war is practically over, that we can slacken up and take it easy now, that we can stop doing some of the things we've worked so hard at doing before, and start doing again some of the things we'd have been horrified at doing a year ago, when news was blacker.

Something Walter Manning told me not long ago illustrates that very point.

By PORTIA BLAKE

He said that a friend of his told him the other day that he didn't see any reason for not buying black market gasoline any more. I was shocked. Why this same man—I won't tell you his name—had been fighting tooth and nail against black market practices a year ago!

"I know one thing," I told Kathy, when we were talking it over. "You can just bet that the boys who are doing the actual fighting in this war don't think it's nearly over. They know that it won't be over until, literally, the last gun is fired—they know that until that very last moment their lives are as much in jeopardy as they were when first we began to fight. Bombs and bullets don't slacken up and take things easy, even though the color of the war news may have changed a bit."

Kathy nodded. "We all do something," she said, slowly. "We all buy war bonds, and we all do something else—Red Cross or USO work, or the like. But we don't all of us, do everything—every single thing we can do."

And Kathy was right, I knew. She meant that a total war is being waged by Uncle Sam, and that only a very small portion of the men and women—especially the women—of this country are devoting themselves totally to working toward victory.

"I don't mean," Kathy went on, "that all of us can work full time at a war job. Many women do—something like twenty million of them—but I do mean that the rest of us are missing so many opportunities to really help, just because we don't stop to think what we can do. It isn't so much a matter of shirking duty, as of not seeing in how many and varied directions our duty lies!"

"Why don't we make a list," I told her, "of all the things we women can do every day of the week, as part of our everyday lives—and do them? I think a great many women imagine that it's too late to start, or fall back on the excuse that one more pair of

hands won't mean much one way or the other, or don't even know what can be done besides setting aside money for war bonds, and running their homes on a sensible war-time basis."

That's how Kathy and I came to make our list. It started out with just the things we could think of as we sat there in my living room that afternoon.

There was blood donation, for one thing—I put that first on the list, because only last week I had contributed a pint of blood. In larger cities, there are regular blood-donation centers, and in smaller places, like Parkers-town, the Red Cross mobile unit sets up a blood donor center in town at regular intervals.

Kathy added actual factory work that can be done at home—for many war plants have small but vital things that need to be done, which require no elaborate machinery, and which can be done by housewives in their own homes.

WE LISTED all the kinds of salvage, of course—the all-important fats which go into the making of powder and of drugs. The saving of tin cans, and the salvaging of scrap metal of all sorts, the careful saving of every scrap of waste paper—all the things which may be, to a busy woman, an irksome task, but which, too, may save so many lives!

Then we put the morale builders on our list, too—the collecting of books and phonograph records for soldiers. And we added knitting and sewing and other Red Cross and AWVS services which women can do.

"Why don't we find out more about the women who are showing the way to fight a total war at home?" Kathy asked. "This list could be so much longer."

Then and there we agreed. We got in touch with several government agencies—especially the office of War Information which knows about such people—and we found out about those women and have been telling our friends in (Continued on page 91)



PORTIA BLAKE, a successful lawyer and mother, has found the solution to the career-versus-motherhood problem. She finds time to give her son the loving guidance necessary to youth. Respected for her sense of fair play, Portia is a very conscientious war worker. She makes periodic donations to the Blood Bank—a gift everyone can make to men in service. Portia Faces Life is heard daily, 5:15 P.M., EWT, over NBC.

YOUR HEART

Knows the Answer

Mary would always remember Carol in her graduation dress—like a bride, crossing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. Carol must never learn that her mother almost robbed her of happiness

ONE moment your children are babies, coming to you for comfort, advice, love—and the next, they are adults, with their own particular opinions and emotions, seeking their own roads to happiness, straining to leave you behind. That seeming-swift change, I think, is the hardest thing a mother ever knows. For she is never prepared. Never, no matter how many times it happens.

I had gone through it with Bob, and again with Nelson. I had glanced away for an instant from each of them, and when I looked back there they were— young men, not boys. Young men, laughing in their manhood. And I was still “Mother”—but oh! how different the word sounded. No longer questioning and blindly adoring, but friendly, perhaps a little patronizing, as if they knew secrets I’d forgotten. Old Mom—a good scout, but hopelessly out of date!

Well, I’d said, there were still Carol, our only daughter, and Dave, our youngest son. They were still children; they wouldn’t grow up for a long time yet. Not for a long, long time.

That was when Carol was fifteen. And I was still saying and thinking the same thing when she was sixteen, and when she was seventeen.

Our boys, Rob’s and mine, are just good, honestly masculine-looking specimens. Even if they’d ever shown any inclination in that direction, none of them would get very far as a matinee idol. But Carol is beautiful, and always has been. Her delicate face, clear-skinned, is something that an artist might wish to put on canvas; but he wouldn’t succeed, because no portrait could catch the vibrant, questing excitement that dances in the depths of her hazel eyes and in the corners of her lips. Nor could a portrait evoke the bubbling music of her laughter and tumbling speech, or the quaint gestures of her brown hands.

I’ll have to be honest, though. Even if some artist *had* tried to paint Carol, I’m afraid he might have been driven into a frenzy by her restlessness, her impatience, her extravagances. Carol—and this is her mother speaking—can be very difficult at times.

She was difficult when her father moved us all to Harristown.

If you looked at Rob, my husband, you would see a pleasant-faced, middle-aged man, a little thick around the middle, more than a little bald and gray



on top. That’s not the way I see him. As far as I’m concerned, not one line of his face, not one muscle of his body, has changed since the day, tall and straight and nervous in his dark suit, he waited for me at the altar.

Because the Rob I know hasn’t changed, I understood when he wanted

to move to Harristown. Young Rob Tucker would have been eager to put on the uniform of his country, but middle-aged Rob Tucker couldn’t do that so he did the next best thing. He asked his partner, Jim Cowles, to run the Tucker and Cowles hardware store by himself for the duration, and he



went to Harristown and got himself hired as foreman in the foundry of one of the war plants there.

He was jubilant when he got home. "They really need me, Mary!" he exclaimed as if he couldn't quite believe it. "It's been fifteen years since I handled a tool, but they greeted me with open arms."

"I'm glad," I said, and I was.

It was late at night, and Rob hadn't been able to get anything to eat on the train. We sat together at the kitchen table, talking while he devoured the ham and eggs I'd cooked for him. But gradually his excitement thinned. He looked at me doubtfully.

"You're sure, Mary? You don't mind giving up the house, our comfortable life here, and going to a place that's

sure to be crowded and dirty?"

"I don't mind, Rob," I told him.

"Harristown's pretty terrible. You don't know how lucky I was to find a house we could move into."

"Any town's the same to me, as long as"—my voice caught a little—"as long as we're all together." For that was part of it. We couldn't be all together. Bob was in the Air Corps now, serving overseas, and Nelson was at a Naval training station. But Rob knew what I meant.

"The children?" he said. "Carol and Dave—will they mind moving?"

"Dave won't," I said slowly. "Moving's just an adventure when you're twelve. But Carol—"

"Yes," Rob's agreement was sober. "I suppose

she'll hate to leave everything—her friends, school—"

I wished then that we'd told the children about Rob's plan from the very first. We'd only wanted to spare them the uncertainty, but it would have been kinder to ask their opinions and advice than to offer them, as we must do now, the move as an accomplished fact which they must accept, willy-nilly.

"Don't worry," I told Rob with an assurance I didn't feel. "Carol may not like it at first, but she's a good sport. And when she realizes that moving to Harristown is part of helping to win the war she'll be just as glad as the rest of us."

But I was wrong, as I half feared I might be. Carol was not glad.

"Moth-er" she cried in utter horror the next morning, when I told her. "Oh, no! Have you and Dad gone crazy?"

"Not in the least," I said firmly. "It's something Dad's been thinking about for weeks. It's his way of fighting, just as flying an airplane is Bob's. And going along with him, making a comfortable home for him in Harristown, is my war job—and yours, Carol."

"But Harristown!" Carol shuddered. "It's such a dreadful place—all smoke

and dirt. It'll be terrible!"

"You can't have factories without smoke and dirt," I reminded her. "It's very clean and pretty here in Westley, and that's exactly why Dad can't stay—there are no war plants."

Carol's clear eyes, under the thick fringe of her lashes, were staring past me, and her full under lip was trembling. "The end of the world!" she said tragically. "It's just the end of the world for me!"

I DIDN'T smile. Why should I? Carol's dramatic tone didn't change the fact that her friends—the boys and girls who made up her life—were as important to her as my friends and my home were to me. More important, really, since when we moved to Harristown I would still have Rob, and Carol had no Rob.

"Dear," I said gently, "can't you think of it as something that's necessary to help win the war? When Bob—and then Nelse—went away, they hated to leave home, too. They—"

"It's not the same!" Carol interrupted me furiously. "It means something if you're going off to England or Australia or Italy and really fight! If I were old enough to be a WAC or a WAVE, I wouldn't mind. But where are we going?—Harristown! To live with a lot of factory workers!"

"Carol!" I said, and this time my voice was sharp. "That sounded very snobbish, and I think you should remember that your father is going to be a factory worker too."

"Well—" she said rebelliously and still on the verge of tears. "It isn't fair, that's all!"

Perhaps it wasn't, I reflected unhappily. Carol's patriotism was the sort that needed parades and military bands and what she called "cute uniforms" to keep it going. That was natural—she was too young to understand that war is one part glamour and ninety-nine parts hard, tiring work. She wanted to do big things, yes, but she wanted to have fun too.

Silent and woe-begone she went through the busy days of making arrangements to move. While Dave entered with destructive enthusiasm into the spirit of packing, Carol was gone for hours, snatching all the time she could with boys and girls she obviously never expected to see again.

At last everything was done. Our house had been rented to another family, our personal possessions had been either stored or put into trunks to take with us. Rob went to Harristown a few days ahead of the rest of us, to open up our new home.

Standing alone in the empty living room, a few minutes before the taxi came to take us to the station, I looked around and felt a pang of fear. We had been here so long—all the children had known only this house, this street. Everything ahead of us was strange and—it seemed to me just then—filled with danger. Was it right, after all,

even in war-time to uproot children as young as Carol and Dave? Could I protect them from influences which might ruin their lives? I'd read in the papers of girls and boys in cities like Harristown, roaming the streets, getting into all sorts of trouble . . .

I shook my head and straightened my shoulders. How silly I was, even to consider such things! Those children I'd read about were children without homes, whose parents were in the services or gone all day, working. I needn't worry about Carol and Dave.

Carol came to the door, lovely in her blue wool suit. "The taxi's here, Mother," she said listlessly.

The journey on the crowded train was a nightmare, with disappointment at its end. For Rob met us at the Harristown station, looking upset.



"Mary!" he blurted out, even as he kissed me. "I tried to stop you before you got on the train, but you'd had the phone disconnected, and a wire wouldn't have reached you—"

"Rob! What's the matter?"

"The house I was so lucky to get," he said. "The people moved out yesterday—something happened early this morning, a loose connection in the wiring, I guess—anyway, the place was empty, and it caught fire. It burned to the ground."

My first sensation was one of relief, because I'd expected something much worse—but that was before I realized that Rob had already told me there wasn't even a vacant hotel room in Harristown. "You mean," I said, "we've no place to stay?"

Rob swallowed painfully. "Well," he said, "I have rented a place for us, but you may not like it. I mean, you may think it's sort of—funny. To tell the truth, it's a—gasoline station. A filling station."

"A—filling station?" I said flatly.

Beside me, Dave cried "Hot dog!" and began to caper in glee. I hardly heard or saw him. I only heard Carol's gasp and saw her stricken face.

Humbly, Rob said, "I suppose you think I'm out of my mind . . ."

Before I could answer, Carol answered for me. "Dad, of all the terrible things to do!" she said furiously. "You mean you really expect us to live in a place . . . you've actually rented . . . Oh, Dad!"

"It isn't just an ordinary gas station," Rob tried to explain. "It's really sort of pretty—white with green trim. The man that built it intended to live there, only he was drafted—"

"You expect us to leave a nice home of our own and—"

I found my voice again. "Carol," I said sternly. "Be quiet. If—if your father can help win the war by working in a factory, he's going to. And if we have to live in a gas station so he can—why, then we'll live in a gas station!" But even as I said it, I was afraid. Already this move had done things to Carol. Never in all her life had she spoken quite so bitterly to her father. I couldn't blame her for being disappointed, but her tone had showed more than disappointment. Through it had run the ugly thread of—of something very like hatred.

She was silent, but her thoughts were plain to see in her face as the taxi took us through the smoke-blackened Harristown streets, past narrow houses crowded one next to the other, to a corner where a low white-and-green building seemed dwarfed by the three shrouded gasoline pumps standing on the bare concrete in front of it. The novelty of living in a filling station, even a closed-up one, thrilled Dave; it brought only shame to Carol.

As for myself, after I'd inspected the four rooms, I was able to tell Rob honestly that his choice wasn't so bad. Everything was clean and solidly built, the furniture was cheap but adequate, and there was enough room for the four of us.

"Gee, Dad!" Dave said. "It's super!" But Carol said nothing at all. She stood by one of the windows, staring out at the row of little shops across the street.

We settled down. I hung curtains at the windows, put some of our own pictures on the walls. Dave and Carol enrolled at school. Rob, in his scant leisure time, covered the yawning grease pit at the side with planks nailed together, as a precautionary measure against anyone falling in. I learned to arrange my time to fit the needs of a husband who worked from four in the afternoon until one or two in the morning. I could have been happy—if it hadn't been for Carol.

With a bored indifference, she said that school was "All right" when I asked her. The boys and girls she met there were "All right," and so were the teachers. That was her phrase for everything: "All right." It was as if, once having made her protest to me and failed, she now looked on me as a stranger, someone who could not be trusted with confidences.

Back home, she had never reached the house before five o'clock in the afternoon. She had been always busy, "working on the year-book," or "going to a Literary Society meeting," or just "having a coke down at the Shack." Now she was home by three-thirty,

A Hasten the Day Story

Inspired by the Office of Civilian Defense series, "Hasten the Day." Check your local newspaper for time and station.

taking her books into her own room and staying there until dinner time. She had always been a good student, but home-work had never been so fascinating an occupation until now.

Quite on an impulse, I stopped her one afternoon as she went through the living room, suggesting that she sit down and help me shell some peas. She hesitated, half turned away from me, her golden-brown hair making a shining curtain to hide the part of her face I might have seen otherwise.

"I've got a lot of home-work to do," she demurred.

"You can spare a few minutes, can't you, dear?" I asked. "I may be wrong, but it seems to me we haven't been seeing as much of each other lately as we used to."

Reluctantly, she came back, sat down on a stool near me, and picked up a handful of the green pods.

And suddenly I had the feeling that she saw straight into my mind—would recognize any casual remark I might make as an effort to capture again a trust she wasn't willing to give me. She forced me, by her silence, to be direct.

"I'm terribly sorry that you're not

happy here, Carol," I told her.

"Are you?"—distantly, with cool disbelief.

"Of course I am," I told her. "How can I help it? But I may as well tell you I'm a little angry, too. It doesn't seem to me you've made any effort to be happy. Surely there are people in the Harristown high school who are just as much fun to know as the ones you went with back in Westley. There must—"

Carol raised her head angrily. "If there are," she demanded, "do you think I'd want them to come here and see where I live? In a—a—" She choked over the words, couldn't get them out.

"That's ridiculous, Carol. Anyone you'd like well enough to want to be friends with would know perfectly well how crowded Harristown is, and that we were lucky to find any place at all to live."

She took refuge in the remark children have made to their parents ever since, I guess, the world began. "Oh, you don't understand," she said. After a second she added, "They'd—they'd laugh at me."

And some of them, I knew, would

laugh. There is nothing so devastating, when you are Carol's age, as the laughter of your little world.

Yet I said, "Let them laugh, if they don't know any better."

Carol had finished her handful of peas, and now she clutched the empty pods tightly in her hands. "It—it isn't just that we live here, either," she confessed tensely. "It's—oh, I wish I were older! Or a boy! The war's going on, and they let boys go into the Army when they're eighteen, but—but there's nothing for a girl to do except go to stupid first aid classes and help collect paper and tin and—and things like that, that don't mean anything. Honestly, sometimes I'm so bored I could burst!"

My busy fingers slowed, stopped. I heard it in her words and in her voice:

There they were on the sofa, like a portrait of love—hand in hand, turned to face each other, their gazes mingling sweetly.



the war restlessness, the frustration, the desperate longing for activity, the search for some meaning. The tempo of the world all around Carol was too fast. She saw it whirling, dizzying in its speed, and everything that was young and vital in her cried out to be a part of it. By uprooting her, tearing her away from the everyday routine of her old life, Rob and I had intensified that feeling of restlessness, made it nearly unbearable.

And there was nothing I could do to help her. Nothing. There was nothing anyone could do. It was a battle she had to fight out for herself.

Carol knew this as well as I. Abruptly, she jumped up and ran into her own room, slamming the door behind her.

But as if her explosion had cleared the air, she seemed to be a little more content in the next few days . . . or if not content, at least resigned. There was to be a school dance, and she was going with a boy named Jimmy McMinn. A party frock that we'd bought only a little while before leaving Westley helped—she liked it, and although I considered it a bit too sophisticated for seventeen, I refrained from saying so.

Jimmy came, the night of the dance, which happened also to be Rob's night off, to meet her. I don't know how she had persuaded herself to let him see where she lived. Maybe she realized, as I did the minute I saw Jimmy, that he wasn't the kind who would care. He was fresh-faced and attractive, with clear brown eyes and that appealing awkwardness a boy has just before he turns into a man. I liked him at once, as he sat on the edge of his chair waiting for Carol and talking to Rob about Westley, which it seemed he'd visited once or twice as a member of the Harristown basketball team.

Carol didn't let us talk to him long. In a minute or so she came out, breath-takingly lovely in her long red dress and white cloak. Jimmy jumped to his feet, his eyes widening, and I felt an absurd lump come into my throat. They were so beautiful, these children—and so vulnerable!

"Nice youngster," Rob said abstractly when Carol had rushed Jimmy away. "Hope he manages to make Carol feel better disposed toward Harristown."

I didn't answer. Faster than the speed

of light, my thoughts had gone back to a time when Rob came to my parents' house to meet me for our first date. We'd been older than Carol and Jimmy, of course. Rob had worn a brown suit and a white shirt with a stiff, high collar, and I'd had a pale blue silk of which I was very proud. We had been so secure!—not at all like the young people today. The first World War had just ended, and there would never be another. Well, the security had been an illusion, but this time—when this war ended—it would be different . . .

I REALIZED with a start that Rob was watching me.

"Worried about Carol?" he asked quietly.

I forced a laugh and said, "Worried? About Carol? Of course not! Why should I be?"

"That's good," Rob said—but I had an uneasy feeling that he knew I had lied.

It was late when Jimmy brought Carol home. I heard their voices, murmuring, at the little front door, then the click of the latch as Carol let herself in. She went very softly to her own room, but somehow, through some deep mother-instinct, I sensed that she was not the same Carol who had left a few hours before. It was as if she brought with her a vibrant atmosphere which filled the little house—something as intangible yet real as the sound of a plucked violin-string.

In the morning I knew I had been right. It was Saturday, but she was up early, her skin as fresh and her eyes as clear as though she'd had ten hours' sleep instead of six.

"Did you have a good time last night?" I asked. "How was the dance?"

Carol sat down at the breakfast table and unfolded her napkin. "The dance?" she said casually. "Oh—awfully dull. We didn't stay long."

"Didn't stay? But where . . ."

Abruptly, she abandoned her woman-of-the-world pose. She gave an excited little bounce in her chair and said, "Mother, Jimmy took me to some of the most thrilling places you ever saw! First we went to the Cairo, and then Jerry's Tavern, and finally a little place called the Lido, and Mother, it was simply fascinating. They were all crowded with soldiers and sailors and Air Corps men and war workers, and in one of them there was a fight, right at the next table!"

"A—a fight?" I quavered in horrified astonishment.

"Yes—two men began arguing, and got up and hit each other, and one knocked the other down before two waiters came up and stopped them."

I stared at my daughter incredulously. I hadn't been in Harristown very long, but I knew a little about the places she'd mentioned. They were cheap, ordinary bars, equipped with tiny dance floors and juke-boxes—the last places in the world I would have wanted her to go. Yet here she was, not only admitting having been there, but describing them with very evidence of enjoyment!

I had just presence of mind enough not to let her see my disapproval—for I didn't want to remind her that she had stopped confiding in me.

She rushed on, "Jimmy's coming to get me this morning and we're going to play tennis and—and do you know, Mother, he'll be eighteen the week we graduate from high school and he's going to try for the Air Corps!"

Inexplicably, I was relieved. This, at least, I could understand. I didn't like the idea of his taking her to road-houses and bars, and I meant to let him know it if I could, but—well, it was natural for her to be thrilled by a potential Air Corps cadet. It was even natural when you remembered that her own brother Bob was in the same branch of the service—because brothers don't count.

"That's nice," I said inadequately. Carol was satisfied, though. Perhaps she didn't even hear me. Overnight, she had lost all her listlessness. Once more she was alive, at peace with herself and us. When she'd finished her breakfast she got up and, humming a little tune under her breath, proceeded to help me with the dishes—without being asked.

I managed to get a minute alone with Jimmy McMinn when he came, and I used it to say, "Carol told me you'd taken her to some of those South Street places last night."

A tide of crimson washed up to the roots of his dark hair.

"Gee, Mrs. Tucker," he said, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I told Carol—" And then he stopped, realizing that he'd unwittingly betrayed her.

I nodded. "I suspected it might have been Carol's idea in the first place," I said dryly.

"Honestly, though," he said, "you don't have to worry about Carol when she's with me, Mrs. Tucker. If anybody'd tried to get funny, I'd have—Well," and he grinned a little at his own naive boasting, "you needn't worry anyway."

The funny thing was that I believed him. He was a nice boy, I decided, straightforward and honest, and extremely attractive.

After that, Jimmy McMinn was a frequent visitor at our gasoline-station home. He never stayed very long, it's true; usually he and Carol were on their way somewhere. From Carol, I learned a little about him. His mother was dead, his father had been manager of a downtown drug store but now was working in a defense plant, he had an older brother in the Navy—such bits of information I picked up from time to time.

It did occur to me, I suppose, that it hadn't been like this back in Westley. There, young people had drifted in and out of the house at such ever-changing rate that it was hard for me to keep track of them. Carol had gone out not with one boy, but with a whole procession of them. Here, it was only Jimmy McMinn who ever came to the house, only Jimmy who was her escort. Almost deliberately, I saw no significance in the fact. Carol was happy again, (Continued on page 54)



IT'S A SMALL WORLD

It's a sentimental new melody, written by Shep Fields, popular danceband leader of the unique all-reed instrument orchestra

Chorus

Moderato (with a lift)

Words and Music by
SHEP FIELDS and BUDDY KAYE

It's A Small World, is - n't it dear? Find - ing you here
in my dreams when we kissed night - ie night an ho - ur a - go,
whod 've thought that we would soon be say - ing "hel - lo" It's a
great thrill lov - ing you, dear you're ev - en near when we're a -
part. For af - ter all It's A Small World when the
one you love is al - ways in your heart. It's A heart.

mf

1. 2.

R R



Stay with me always

Ann had never thought herself pretty enough to attract any man. No wonder this handsome stranger who spoke so thrillingly of love took her breath away. And so happiness came to Ann that day—only to be lost again with a stolen kiss

SOMETIMES, when I think of that very first day—when I remember the tiny, red light which flashed on in the elevator call box in response to Jeff Carrier's impatient first-floor buzzing—I believe that that flame-colored signal was an omen, a warning that gay, laughing Jeff would ride with me to heights of joy such as I had never known before—and would leave me to come back to earth again, alone.

Because that is what happened. Although, in all fairness, looking back over every single happening, counting each queer little link in the long chain of events which followed our first meeting, I still can't blame Jeff entirely. Even the knowledge that I, too, must share the blame, and that it was partly the fault of Franny, my mother—even repeating the story of her jealousy to myself over and over again—can't soften the memory of that blow. You see, I learned, as Franny herself had learned so many years before me, that it's a terribly long drop to earth from the shiny tip of a pin-point star.

No, the shock of discovering that the man I loved had turned to another girl—the long months of aching, hurting loneliness—I can't attribute entirely to Jeff's cruelty, for cruelty is too hard a word for lack of understanding. That isn't fair. Certainly it isn't fair when you remember that the misunderstanding was an almost-unbreakable wall that I, myself, had built between us—a strong, harsh barrier of reserve and suspicion, cemented tightly with the knowledge of Franny's strange resentment of me, her only child. A warm, friendly, open person like Jeff could never understand that ugly tightness inside me. Never—not when I'm only now beginning to understand it myself.

I'd better tell you a little bit about us—about Franny and Jeff and me—so that you can understand how happiness came to me one day with the ringing of a bell, and fled again with a stolen kiss.

When I met Jeff, I was an elevator operator in the downtown office build-

ing which housed radio station WCOT on its top floor. But that's not the beginning of the story. The story began, I guess, when first I realized that my mother wasn't like other mothers, or, at least, that she didn't feel toward me as other mothers felt toward their daughters. It would be impossible to tell Jeff's story and mine without including that, for Franny's feeling toward me was something that shaped and clouded my whole life, long before I met Jeff, and long afterward, and played a tremendous part in it—the life that seemed so insignificant when I first got my elevator-operating job in the Kahl Building.

It was a small building—our town's not very large, itself—and had just two elevators, so I really got to see and know by name everyone who worked at WCOT. The first few weeks I worked there I was secretly thrilled at the idea of taking radio announcers and actors and writers up and down every day, of calling them by name, of eavesdropping on their petty station feuds and new program ideas. But, after a few months, men like Johnny, the Yodeling Cowboy, and Ed Starrett, Your Own Sportscaster, didn't excite me very much. You see, I found out that just having a job in a radio station doesn't make a person glamorous—not in a station the size of WCOT, anyway.

The men and women who rode up and down with me had problems just

like everyone else. Not dramatic things—just simple, every-day problems like too many doctor bills, or a son in service, or a nagging wife. That's what I decided then—that radio people were no different from others.

And then Jeff Carrier pressed the button outside my square, steel, box-like enclosure one day, and I took it all back. I was convinced all over again that anyone, even on his way to apply for a job in a radio station was blessed with a certain superiority—especially if he were tall and lean and brown, especially if his smile flashed in sudden warm friendliness, and his eyes crinkled at the corners to go with the smile.

He was smiling that way when I first saw him—smiling down at me, and saying, "Hello, Beautiful!" When I write that down it sounds as if—well, as if he were sort of fresh. But he didn't mean it that way at all. It was just gay and happy and kind of comradely. But smiling wasn't a habit with me, and even though I wanted to laugh at this tall, handsome stranger, I couldn't. I simply asked, "Floor, please?" and started up.

"You know, you ought to smile," Jeff said solemnly. "I'll bet that when you laugh you're really good to look at, and an elevator girl should be good to look at, you know. There isn't a thing to do in an elevator but stand and stare at the girl who runs it."

I could feel his eyes on my back, like the soft, gentle touch of a hand, but I wasn't embarrassed, because I sensed that his examination of me wasn't critical—just warm, and friendly, and brimming over with fun, like Jeff himself. It was so strange, and so—so nice, feeling the warmth of his presence, that I did something completely unlike myself. I turned to him, and asked, "Are you working at the radio station?" Usually it didn't occur to me to ask questions of the people who rode my elevator.

The elevator stopped jerkily three inches short of the floor level, and Jeff



had to step up as he got out. I thought he wasn't going to answer my question, but he turned back. "Not now—but I hope I'll be starting in about five minutes. So keep your fingers crossed for me, Beautiful, because if I get this job, you and I are going to have fun."

The way he said it, the way he looked at me, I knew that he meant it, that he wasn't just teasing.

I suppose I fell a little in love with Jeff in those brief moments between the first floor and the fifth—but if I did, I didn't know what had happened to me, I couldn't have put a name to the warm, sweet feeling that was surging through me. You see, in all of my eighteen years I had never been in love—I'd never even considered myself pretty enough to attract any man's attention. No wonder that this handsome stranger with the gay smile fascinated me so; no wonder he almost took my breath away—and did take my heart!

All the time that Jeff was in the studios I was thinking of him, saying a little silent prayer that he would get the job. Someone like him—someone who knew how to laugh, how to find the fun in life—was what I needed so badly, although I didn't actually know, then, that that was what I needed. And so I waited—and hoped.

I can't explain how I knew Jeff's ring that first day, when he pressed the DOWN button on WCOT's floor. But when I heard the three long and one short rings, when I saw the red light flash on my panel for the fifth floor, I sensed that the first man who had ever noticed me was up there—waiting for me, thinking of me. I put the elevator into motion, planning how I'd ask him, with just the right, careless little laugh, if he'd got the job.


But then, when I slid the heavy doors open, I couldn't talk. Timidity, which had haunted me always, washed over me, and I just stood looking at Jeff. Oh, I wanted so much to say something—something easy and friendly—and I wanted more than anything in the world at that moment to know if he

were going to be working in the same building with me every day. But no words would come. When the door clanged shut behind him, I simply stood, forgetting to move, forgetting to touch the lever which would start us down the shaft.

Jeff, bless him, didn't laugh at me.

He just said—and the bright happiness in his eyes made me know how much he'd counted on it—"Well, I'm an announcer here now. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

He got the job—he got the job! The words sung themselves over and over in my mind, a tune to accompany us



I knew he loved me when he kissed me quickly when we were alone in the elevator—quickly and sweetly.

down to the ground floor. And then, when I raised my hand to open the door he covered it with his own, to stop me.

"I've never been in this town before in my life. I'll have to have a guide. How about it—will you show me where people go and what they do in Midston?"

WHY, I don't know many places to go—" I began, honestly.

"Do you know what show has the best movies?"

I nodded.

"Well, then, that's all there is to it. Only—" and his voice was suddenly grave, as if he were speaking of a world-shaking problem—"I hope you like to eat popcorn in the movies. I have to have popcorn with a double feature."

"I—I like popcorn," I told him. I wanted to say something funny and silly, to talk the way he did, but I didn't know how. No one had ever spoken to me like that before.

"With plenty of salt," he added. "Now, that's settled, then. What time are you through work?"

I was tempted to go with him—some place, any place—but I remembered that I didn't know him at all. I remembered all the things Mother had said to me—

"I'm sorry," I began, hating myself for sounding stiff, "but—"

"Oh, I know—you've got a fellow in the Army," Jeff interrupted. "Everyone has, nowadays." For the first time, the gaiety went out of his eyes, and his face was sad and a little bitter. I learned something then that I never knew before—that a man can be more appealing, more lovable, when he's sad than when he's happy. Before I thought I said something else completely foreign to me, something I'd never thought of saying to a stranger before. It came out quickly, on the next breath, before I could stop it. "I don't have anyone in the Army, or anywhere—and I'm through here at 5:30!"

All the rest of the day I floated up and down in that elevator as if I were in a dream. I had a date—I, Ann Stillman, who never went anywhere with anyone, had a date with the most attractive man who'd ever spoken to me in my life! And it didn't matter that I didn't even know yet that his name was Jeff Carrier, or that I was doing something I shouldn't be doing, or—anything. At least, it didn't matter until five o'clock came around, and I knew that I had to call Franny and tell her.

Usually I met my mother—she worked in a real estate office—on the way home from work, and we bought groceries and went home to the little house on Brown Street and cooked our dinner. Tonight, I had to tell her that I wouldn't meet her, and I dreaded it. I dreaded what she'd say, the questions she'd ask, resented in advance

her sharpness that would somehow tarnish the shining, pure joy of this new friendship that I wanted more than anything else in the world to remain beautiful and bright.

Now, when I'm telling you this, now that I'm a little older—and so much wiser—I can be sorry for Franny. But I couldn't feel anything but resentment, then. Then, I only knew that I resented her trying to look so young, her tired prettiness, her gaiety that was so forced, so different from Jeff's gay lightness—I only knew that I was hurt, ashamed of her attitude toward me.

You see, we weren't really like mother and daughter, Franny and I—at least, not like other mothers and daughters I knew about. When first I was old enough to try to puzzle out Franny's feeling for me, I decided it was because she thought she could have held my father if it hadn't been for me. I know that when my father deserted my mother (I was six years old then) he left a scar in her life that time, itself, could never erase. There was a resent-

ment, deep-rooted in Franny, against life, and she took some of it out on me.

When I was a little girl, going to school, I thought that Franny hated me because I wasn't pretty. But now that I'm older, I know that Franny didn't care whether I was pretty or whether I wasn't. The trouble was that she was afraid that I was robbing her of her youth. She feared me because she knew that I would grow up before she was ready to grow old. She wanted another fling at life—to make up for the bitter blow my father had dealt her—and that fling was always just ahead, just out of reach. I was born, you see, when Franny was just sixteen. I know that she didn't want me then, and I can see how much she must have disliked having me around after my father went away. There she was, a good-looking young girl of twenty-two, full of life, ready for excitement—and there was I, a six-year-old daughter, always having to be taken care of, to be stayed home with, and worse, a constant proof that Franny was more than a bright-eyed girl.

I know that every increased year of my age was painful to Franny. She was a woman who loved attention, who had to have it. I didn't take the limelight away from her, for I was never as exciting, as full of life, is she was, but my very presence, even if I was quiet and mouselike, was proof that she was getting older.

Jeff came into my life at a time when Franny and I were having a little more trouble than usual. Oh, we never argued much—I never did, anyway. Most of the time I stayed out of her way as much as possible. But I was so conscious of her feeling toward me that I had a constant kind of—of

curdled sensation inside me. But the queerest thing was that most of the time I didn't feel as hurt about Franny as I felt worried about myself. All my life since I was old enough to realize what was going on I'd asked myself, *what is the matter with me that my own mother doesn't like me?*

Taking the job in the Kahl Building was good for me in that way. I didn't have quite so much time to think as I had when I'd been staying home and taking care of the house. I like to think that maybe it was Fate—Fate that was guiding me to Jeff Carrier. And perhaps it was Fate that made me accept that first date that Franny so cruelly called a "pick-up."

Yes, I was right about Franny's being angry, when I called her that night. Her voice on the phone was tight and derisive.

"Going out with a man who picked you up, are you? Let me tell you—"

"He's a nice fellow, Franny," I insisted quietly.

"I suppose you could tell that just riding up in an elevator with him?"

I'd never openly defied her before—it had always been easier to agree, and say no more. But this really *mattered*. "Well, I'm going anyway!" I flared defiantly.

Her voice was cold. "I can't stop you. But—you'll be sorry. You mark my words, you'll be sorry, Ann. Don't say I didn't warn you!"

I remembered that later. But now I wouldn't give in. I couldn't let her destroy this friendship the way she had those I'd made in high school. Somehow I knew that this was different. This time—this one time—it was really important. Once or twice during my high school years a boy had stopped in after school with me, or come around in the evening—but Franny had discouraged that so easily. Somehow, by her very vitality, her strength, her sharp wit, she made me seem a pale, small girl in comparison. And she seemed to take pride in diverting the attention of those young boys from me to herself. I

know now that the boys meant nothing to her, but a craving for attention, a desire to stay in the limelight, meant everything.

But during that first evening, as I drank in the warmth of Jeff's gaiety and friendliness the way a starving kitten laps up warm milk, I soon forgot about Franny. We didn't do anything special that first night, Jeff and I—but I shall never, never forget it, for it marked my coming alive in a world of pleasure and contentment and fun such as I hadn't known existed. I'll never forget that we had meatloaf at Smitty's, for dinner—the same Smitty's where I ate every noon. It wasn't very good meatloaf, either, but I wouldn't have noticed, I don't think, if it had been made of sawdust. I'll never forget the beautifully lighted store-windows—the same windows I passed every night on my way home from work, but (Continued on page 73)



“*You go
to my head—*”

*It was more than just a song to Joan Edwards
—it was the very music her heart sang when
she first saw Jules. Their love song has never
been stilled—not for a moment—since they met*

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

FOR the second time in two years they're saying Joan Edwards' voice—which you hear on The Hit Parade every Saturday night at 9:00 P.M. EWT, over CBS—is fuller and richer and warmer; lovelier by far. They said this first five years ago when Joan fell heart over heels in love with Julius Schachter. They said it again last winter when Judy Ann, lovingly called Pumpkinface because she arrived on Hallowe'en, was born. Proving Joan's mother, manager and all the others who pled with her to forget Jules and put her flourishing career before everything else, overlooked a few basic laws. The green baytree

never flourished the way Joan's career has since she loved Jules and married him.

There were thirty-five men in the Whiteman band, some bald, some gray, some dark. Joan, coming out on the stage, always knew the pattern their heads would make. But one night at the Lyric Theater in Minneapolis she discovered the pattern had changed. There was a blond head among them. It belonged to a new musician named Julius Schachter. And the music from his fiddle stood out from the rest of the string section in the same way he stood out from the other boys in the band. He was so shy and serious and so modest and reserved that Joan, at first, thought he also was a little corny.

He was nine years older than Joan, nineteen then. Nevertheless she proceeded to champion him. Continually she reminded Whiteman that this new man was a great treasure.

“Sure it's Schachter's musicianship that interests you, Joanie?” the boys in the band asked, grinning like devils.

The boys in a band have a pact about the girl singer who travels with them. They leave her strictly on her own. A practical measure on their part, really. Otherwise—they have their instruments as well as their lug-

*Her voice is fuller, richer,
warmer—Joan is lovelier by
far since Judy Ann arrived.*



gage to carry—they would find themselves loaded down like dray horses with make-up kits, hat boxes, coats and other feminine paraphernalia. They would eternally have to give up desirable berths on trains, seats on 'busses, rooms in hotels. They would spend half their time sharing a candy bar, lighting cigarettes, retrieving dropped lipsticks.

Joan always had relished the independence which was forced upon her; prided herself on the way she was able to get along without asking any favors. When Julius Schachter appeared upon the scene, however, she found herself resenting the boys and their pact. She had no chance with Jules at all. Furthermore, suddenly and inexplicably, she found herself decidedly feminine with an almost overwhelming wish to be helpless.

One afternoon, en route south, in the special Whiteman car, Joan spied Jules and two other boys casting about for a fourth at bridge.

“I'll play,” she said, sitting down before anyone could demur. “I'll be Mr. Schachter's partner . . .”

She was so excited that she promptly trumped Jules' ace.

“I'll see you outside!” he threatened. “You're darn tooting you will!” she told him. (Continued on page 98)





First in the heart of the whole family—cake, to make a simple meal festive. Here are economical, easy recipes, including one for this delicious Wonder Cake with a surprise frosting.

SOMETHING Sweet

NO MATTER what changes wartime meal planning has brought about in your menus, I am willing to guess that cake—tender, rich homemade cake with delicious creamy frosting—is still A-1 on the list of desserts that your family prefers. Now that I have told you that, you may think it odd that I have neglected cakes in *RADIO MIRROR* for so many months. But I haven't been neglecting them, really; I've just been collecting and trying and discarding recipes until now at last I have for you recipes for five superlative cakes with sure-fire icing.

Wonder Cake with Chocolate Wonder Frosting

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
4 tbs. butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually and cream together well. Add egg, and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 minutes.



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.

Chocolate Wonder Frosting

3 ounces (1 package) cream cheese
2 to 3 tbs. milk
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
Dash of salt

Soften cream cheese with milk. Add sugar one cup at a time, blending after each addition. Add melted chocolate and salt and beat until smooth.

Peppermint Candy Cake with Fluffy Frosting

2 cups sifted cake flour
1 tsp. soda
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar
¾ cup corn syrup or honey
2 eggs or 3 egg yolks, unbeaten
2 to 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly; add syrup or honey gradually and beat well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; add melted chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven, 25 minutes, or until done.

Fluffy Frosting

2 egg whites
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup light corn syrup
1 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg whites with salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly, about 10 to 15 minutes, or until of right consistency to spread. Add vanilla. After frosting cake, garnish with small peppermint hard candies, or crushed stick candy.

Hot Milk Sponge Cake

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 tsp. double acting baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
2 tps. lemon juice
6 tbs. hot milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Beat eggs with rotary beater until thick enough to stand up in soft peaks (5 to 7 minutes). Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add lemon juice. Fold in flour, a small amount at a time. Add hot milk and stir quickly until thoroughly blended. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans which have been greased very lightly on the bottom only, in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. After removing from oven, invert pans until cake is cool. Remove from pans. Put strawberry or raspberry jam between layers and dust top of cake with confectioners' sugar.

Honey Chocolate Cake with Cream Cheese Frosting

2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ tsp. baking soda
½ tsp. salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups honey
2 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¾ cup water
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt and sift (Continued on page 72)

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

SUNDAY

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



SUCH MADNESS . . .

One of the best things about the Mirth and Madness show heard daily at 9:00 A.M., EWT (Saturdays at 10:00 A.M.), over NBC, is that the cast has as much fun as the audience. That's because Jack Kirkwood, who writes the show and produces and acts in it, has fun too.

With a background of twenty-six years in the theater as a comedian, musical comedy lead, dramatic stock character, actor, singer, vaudeville trouper, producer, director, writer and all-round showman, Jack finds his weekly stint of turning out five half-hour shows fairly simple. He's accumulated plenty of ideas to keep him going indefinitely, to say nothing of seventeen trunks full of gags, most of which are there so he will know what not to use. And, if he did do a few repeats, it wouldn't be so unforgivable, considering the amount of material he has to turn out. In the past two and a half years on the radio, he's written and performed enough material to keep a show going for thirteen years.

Born and brought up in Belfast, Ireland, the theater was the last thing in young Kirkwood's mind, when he set out for Winnipeg, Canada. He was heading for a draughtsman's job in an architect's office. He got there, but he didn't stay long.

An old friend turned up in Winnipeg with a road company of "Madame X." On a dare, Jack took over the part of the prosecuting attorney, when that part became vacant unexpectedly. That was the end of the promising career of a young architect. Jack Kirkwood stayed in the theater.

The next twenty-six years were packed so full of activity it would take a book to chronicle all his exploits. He appeared in stock companies with most of the famous stars of the day. He played all over this country, the Orient, Australia and Great Britain. He performed in every type of entertainment from Burlesque—not as we know it today, but the kind that turned out some of the finest comedians and finest comedy—anyway, he ran the field, from Burlesque to Shakespeare.

His introduction to radio was almost as accidental as his getting his first job in the theater. He was invited to do a comedy recitation over a small station in Portland, Oregon. While Jack did his sketch, the owner-announcer-engineer of the station stepped out for a minute—and didn't come back. Left holding the mike for over an hour, Jack reached for a ukulele that was on the studio piano and carried on an impromptu program until the manager remembered to come back. For that little job, Jack got so much fan mail that he was made a regular feature.

MONDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time	
	8:00	9:00	CBS: News
	8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
	8:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson	
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama	
	9:45	NBC: Stories by Oimsted	
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton	
	10:15	NBC: News of the World	
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS: Kitty Foyle
	10:15	Blue: Singo	
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30	CBS: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Baby Institute
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue: Air Lane Trio
	9:45	10:45	NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Brave Tomorrow
8:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:15	10:45	11:45	Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	Blue: Dave Hart	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gai Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Humboldt Family
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Bernard Flynn, News
	12:30	Blue: Ted Malone	
	12:45	1:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue: Herman & Banta
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: We Love to Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	Blue: Mary Marlin	
	3:00	CBS: Good Neighbors	
	3:00	Blue: Morton Downey	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	3:30	Blue: Now and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45	Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
1:15	3:15	4:15	Blue: News
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenz Jones
	4:45	Blue: Sea Hound	
	4:45	Blue: Perry Como	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Fun With Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: Jettie Johnson, Songs
5:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Quincey How
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: To Your Good Health
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Jettie Johnson, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
8:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Horace Heidt's Orch.
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC: H. V. Kaltenbarger
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: News
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Lux Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Counter Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: Raymond Glasser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Broadway Showtime
	10:30	Blue: America Looks Ahead	
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Doctor I. Q.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



MORE MADNESS . . .

Next to Jack Kirkwood, the one who gets the most fun out of working on Mirth and Madness is Lillian Leigh.

When she was signed to work on the show, Lillian expected to play a wacky female. Her expectations were more than realized. She plays all the feminine roles on the script and they're all wacky like "Sloppy Sue." "Maw Cooney," the corniest cornbelt mamma, "Sadie Black," the girl riveter, and any other feminine curiosities dreamed up by Jack Kirkwood's fertile imagination.

Originally from East St. Louis, Illinois, Lillian was brought up in California. She got her first stage experience in the high school plays out there. A short time after she was graduated from high school, a girl friend talked her into auditioning for a part in a musical comedy that was being cast. Much to Lillian's own amazement, the audition was a success and she got the part.

That was only a bit part, but in the next few seasons, Lillian worked her way from small spots, higher and higher, until she was a featured comedienne. Then, she took a flier into vaudeville and stayed with it for the next five seasons.

It was in vaudeville that she began to develop the versatility that stands her in such good stead, now. In those five seasons of touring all the major vaudeville circuits, Lillian danced, sang, acted and, once, even trained animals.

Back on the West Coast, she got an engagement in a musical comedy company, where she met Jack Kirkwood. Not long after their meeting, they were married, and spent what amounted to their honeymoon, touring the Hawaiian Islands and the Orient with the Richard Wilbur Players.

Since then, her career has paralleled that of her energetic husband. They've appeared in many plays and musical comedies together and have toured together in vaudeville.

When she broke into radio a few years ago, it was in a kid act. Before taking over all the feminine assignments on Mirth and Madness she piled up quite a few credits to her name by her fine performances on many of the leading dramatic, mystery and variety broadcasts.

Lillian Leigh is small and vivacious and filled with a zest for life and laughter. Right now, in addition to the rather full schedule dictated by the rehearsals and performances of the Mirth and Madness show, she finds time to corral the rest of the zanies on the program into putting on special performances for war workers in and near New York. That's her special contribution to the war effort. In addition, she does her own extra bit with an expertly-cared-for Victory Garden that is the pride of the neighborhood.

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: Stories by Olmsted
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
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: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC: Big Sister
	9:15	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:55	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
12:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: This Life is Mine
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Ozark Ramblers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea House
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Young Widdor Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. March
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Radio Listeners' Digest
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Ronald Colman Show
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 CBS: Lum 'n' Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's Tavern
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Wunder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Red Skelton
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Congress Speaks
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: "Creeps by Night"

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: Stories by Olmsted
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC: Words and Music
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
	9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbold Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Three Planos
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
12:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 MBS: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 Blue: Sea House
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widdor Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. March
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Connie Boswell Presents
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kallenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Sammy Kaye, Orch.
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
5:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:15	7:15	8:15 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Take a Card
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: My Best Girl, Drama
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Beat the Band—Hildegarde
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Joseph Dunninger
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Cresta Blanca Carnival
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Star For a Night

THURSDAY

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
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Stories by Olmsted
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vaillant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Roaf of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbord Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Josef Stopak's Orch.
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	3:15	4:15 Blue: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	3:45	4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun With Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hep Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: House on "Q" Street
7:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Heshitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 CBS: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 NBC: Out of Shadows
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Stop and Go
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



ALONE AT LAST . . .

He isn't quite sure why he did it, but it may have been because he was tired of just being first tenor in a quartet, even if it was one of the most popular quartets on the West Coast. Anyway, as a gag, Bill Days made a recording of his voice, singing solo. He was playing it back for his own amusement, when Groucho Marx walked into the studio, listened a moment, and yelled "Who's that singing?" Bill's answer was, "Me." And the result was that Bill now fills the featured singing spot on the Groucho Marx show, Blue Ribbon Town, heard Saturdays at 8:00 P.M., over CBS.

Bill was born in St Louis, but hardly remembers it, because the family moved to Los Angeles when he was very young and he got all his schooling out there. When he was still in high school, Bill took all sorts of jobs to make money for singing lessons.

Despite the singing lessons, Bill's first professional job was dancing on the Orpheum Circuit. It seems that a talent scout for the Circuit was in the audience at one of the shows Bill was in at high school. Bill was dancing with Lucille Friml, whom he later married, and two others. They were hired on the spot and went on the road the next day. They hoofed their way over the Orpheum Circuit for the next year and a half. By that time, Bill had decided he preferred harmonizing to hoofing and returned to California to take up his singing seriously.

He landed a role in the local company of "The Student Prince" and, soon after that, appeared on his own program over a Los Angeles station. That led to a three-year contract singing in the chorus of Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall. Then, he and three other members of the chorus formed the "Metropolitans." Today, known as the "Sportsmen," the quartet is one of the top singing groups in Hollywood. As a unit, the four boys have been featured in such musical hits as "Anything Goes" on the stage and appeared on the air in practically every show that uses musical spots.

Having a featured spot all his own, at last, you'd think Bill would relax a little and take it easy. However, that's not Bill's way. He's still one of the "Sportsmen" and still singing with them pretty regularly on the various Hollywood programs with which they have become identified, shows like Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor and the United Airlines broadcasts. Recently, Bill's even done solo work in the movies, in "Lady, Let's Dance," and in Warner's "Rhapsody in Blue."

A sound character, this Bill Days, in spite of his charming manner, his powerful good looks and his really swell voice, all of which might very easily have led to his having a rather large-sized head. He likes his work and he likes his hobby—taking pictures and seeing them. Most of all he likes his family and is happy about his success, because it helps to make things nice for them.

FRIDAY

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
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Stories by Olmsted
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vaillant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
		10:15 NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: Singo
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor, Baritone
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	12:30	NBC: U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Humbord Family
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Good Neighbors
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	3:15	4:15 Blue: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	3:45	4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hep Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: House on "Q" Street
7:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Heshitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 CBS: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
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6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
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7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Stop and Go
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

Your Heart Knows the Answer

Continued from page 44

and that was the main thing.

The rainy, cold winter melted into spring. Rob dug up the square of ground in back of the station and planted a Victory garden. Fat robins appeared, bent on growing fatter on the worms they found in the newly spaded dirt. Dave got out his baseball bat and catcher's mitt, and could be found after school at the vacant lot down the street, and Carol and I shopped for her graduation dress.

It was in one of the stores, I think, that I first realized—but very dimly—what was happening. It's easy to say now that I should have been quicker, more perceptive. But we close our minds to certain things; we refuse to admit them simply because they do not fit in with our preconceived notions. And I still believed that Carol was a child.

THE clerk had brought out an eyelet embroidered dress, full-skirted and with a close-fitting bodice. It was the prettiest dress we'd seen, but while I inspected it with approval, Carol's gaze went past it, abstractedly, and her agreement to my comments was mechanical.

"What's the matter?" I said at last. "Aren't you interested in your graduation dress? Because if you're not, I can think of lots of other things I could be doing."

She gave a little start. "What? Oh—oh yes, Mother, of course I'm interested. I was just—thinking about something."

"Well, go try this one on," I said, "and we'll think about your graduation dress for a change."

I shall always remember Carol in that dress—the snowy material soft about her slim young body, her hair spilling down over her shoulders, her face tranced, rapt in a kind of ecstatic dream. She was like a bride, ready to step across the threshold of girlhood into womanhood—timid and brave, foolish and wise.

Summer heat descended upon us the week Carol graduated. The high school auditorium was a sea of fluttering programs, stilled by the sound of the orchestra playing the processional march as the class filed in. This was the third time Rob and I had come to see one of our children get a high school diploma, and it was very different from the other two. There was a soberness here, underlying the surface festivity—for these boys and girls weren't going out into a world of peace. In a few weeks almost all the boys would be in uniform, and the girls would be scattered to defense jobs or to colleges where there was little left of the light-hearted gaiety the word "college" had always meant in this America of ours.

I told myself these young people were strong and brave, but I was saddened, and I couldn't force back the tears when, at the very end, they sang the school song together for the last time.

We met Carol in the hall after the ceremony. She came with Jimmy, breathless and with rosy color glowing in her cheeks. "Mother," she said when she'd kissed us, "Jimmy and I are going over to Alice Green's house—she's having a buffet supper. You don't mind, do you?"

Rob and I both laughed. "If we did, do you suppose it would do us much good?" I said.

Rob turned to Jimmy. "Heard from

your Air Corps application yet?" he asked.

I saw Carol's hand tighten on Jimmy's black-sleeved arm. "Yes sir," Jimmy said. "It came through today. I'll be leaving in a week."

"Come on, Jimmy. We'll be late." Carol's voice, quick and light, interrupted Rob's congratulations. She laid her lips against my cheek and then they were gone, hurrying down the hall toward the front door.

"Well!" Rob said. "That was a quick brush-off!"

I stared after them. "Rob," I murmured, "do you suppose—Carol's been acting so strange, lately, almost as if—do you think she could imagine that she's in love with that boy?"

But Rob only chuckled at the idea. "Good Lord, she's only seventeen!" he said. "I expect she'll miss Jimmy when he leaves, but she'll get over it."

How little we really know of even the people who are closest and dearest to us! I let myself be convinced by Rob's reassurances. I went home with him and went to bed and slept so soundly I only half awakened when Carol came in. And the following morning, Saturday, I was so preoccupied with getting an early start with my week-end marketing that I was out of the house as soon as I'd given Dave and Rob their breakfasts, while Carol was still in her room dressing. Yet, I don't believe I would have guessed, even if I had seen her that morning. Certainly Rob didn't. He was out in the garden when I returned about eleven, and to my question about Carol he answered abstractedly:

"She ate her breakfast and went off somewhere. Said she'd be back this afternoon."

She kept her word. She came home about three, and with her was Jimmy McMinn.

THEY came into the living room where I was darning a collection of socks, and stopped just inside the doorway which led directly to the outdoors. The brilliant afternoon light was behind them, making them into dark shadows, outlines without faces.

"Mother—" Carol said, and the tone of her voice was enough to make me drop my work into my lap in sudden suspenseful dread. "Mother—"

"Let me tell her," Jimmy said. "We're married, Mrs. Tucker."

He made the announcement so calmly—as if he'd said, "We've had an ice-cream soda"—that I couldn't grasp the sense of it. I sat there, quite still, while they came farther into the room and their faces slowly emerged from the shadow. They were serious faces—frightened, but determined too.

"We talked it over," Carol was saying rapidly, "and we both know there won't ever be anybody else for either of us. And Jimmy's going away soon, but he'll be back on leaves for a while and after that—well, the war just can't last forever. "Mother! Don't you see?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but my tongue and lips were dry and I had to close it again before I could say hoarsely, "You were married—when?"

"Just a little while ago," Jimmy said. "We came straight to tell you," he added pleadingly, as if that fact somehow lessened the enormity of what they had done.

Continued on page 56

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC: News
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:15	NBC: Ralph Dumke
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	Blue: United Nations, News, Review
	8:45	CBS: Women's Page of the Air
	8:45	NBC: News
	9:00	CBS: Press News
	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	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 Hewson
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Yankee Doodle Quiz
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Read to Danger
	9:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Green Hornet
	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 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 Baxters
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Country Journal
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 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 Plane Quartet
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Victory F.O.B.
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Doctors at War
1:35	3:35	4:35 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: Mother 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 NBC: Ink Spots
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: 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: Rob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: American Story
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun
5:00	7:00	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
5:00	7:00	7:30 NBC: Eilary Queen
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: RCA Program
4:30	6:30	8:00 Blue: News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Able's Irish Rose
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Boston Symphony Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
8:30	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: Your Hit Parade
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
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
		9:55 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
		10:45 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



Cadet Nurse Engaged

DOROTHY M. FORRESTER of the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps to Charles C. Carmichael, an officer in the U.S. Army Air Corps.



ENLISTED IN A PROUD PROFESSION—Her nurse's "white" lends a special glamour to Dorothy's exquisitely smooth skin. "It would be wonderful," she says, "if high school graduates who see this would enlist as Cadet Nurses. We need more nurses so." As a Cadet Nurse you would be given *free training*, a monthly allowance. Write to U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

FROM "HIM"! "Charles is as glad as I am that I'm one of the Cadet Nurse Corps," Dorothy says. Dorothy is wearing the official Cadet Nurse suit of gray wool. It has red epaulets and sleeve insignia. The beret matches the uniform and looks adorable with her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

*She's Lovely!
She uses
Pond's!*

CADET DOROTHY FORRESTER

is studying at the California School of Nursing in Los Angeles, not far from her home town in Vista.

Her smooth, capable hands are learning to bring comfort at a touch. Eyes smile gratefully after her trim young figure in its white on-duty uniform—especially becoming with her glorious, dark hair and the soft, fresh-as-a-new-day look of her lovely complexion.

"I'm a Pond's Cold Cream girl—always." Dorothy says, "I think there's nothing half as nice as Pond's for making your skin *feel soft and clean.*"

Dorothy believes in a twice-over creaming with Pond's—this way:

1. She *smooths* Pond's fragrant soft-smooth Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats it on briskly but gently to

soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off thoroughly.

2. She *rinses* now with *more* snowy-soft Pond's, working its softening creaminess round her face with little spiral whirls of her finger tips—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again well.

* * *

Give your face this soft-smooth Pond's complexion care that Dorothy loves. You'll see that it's no accident engaged girls like Dorothy, noted society beauties like Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor, Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., and Britain's Lady Morris use Pond's Cold Cream.

Ask for a luxurious *big jar* of Pond's today. Use it every night and every morning—and for in-between beauty clean-ups! You'll *love* Pond's, too!

ASK FOR A BIG LUXURY JAR!
Save glass and man-power!
And it's so quick to dip
finger tips of both hands
into the lovely wide jar!



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

Want to be his
Lady Fair?



Charm him with
your lovely Hair

Men love hair that's bright and shining,
Filled with highlights, lustrous sheen,
Hair that gleams will rate you higher,
One sure way to be his Queen!



If drab hair has you discouraged,
Colorinse will make it glow,
Give it color, sheen and highlights,
Help you win your favorite beau.



Use Colorinse—and you'll discover
Hidden beauty in your hair,
Hair that glows gives you more glamour,
And his heart will you ensnare.

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Creme Wave, by Nestle—originators of perma-
nent waving.

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keep your coiff in
place throughout
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bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC

Continued from page 54

"I—" All at once I felt I couldn't carry this knowledge alone, couldn't talk to them alone. "Your father—" I whispered, and stumbled to my feet. "I must tell him."

In the kitchen, which I had to cross in order to reach the garden where Rob was working, I felt a wave of actual illness, and I leaned, shaking against the door frame. Rob, his back to me, was bent over the neat rows of young beets, beans, carrots, methodically and lovingly uprooting weeds. How could he go on with such an every-day task? Why didn't he know already what had happened?

He turned and saw me, and smiled. "Time for me to start for work?" he asked. "Have you got my lunch ready?"

"Your lunch," I said carefully, as though I'd never heard the words before. And then the hideous spell that had held me was broken, and I was running towards him, crying, "Rob! They're married—Carol and Jimmy! Married!"

THE amazement in his face was quickly driven out by anger, and without a word he started to brush past me. I caught his arm.

"No, Rob! Wait! We've got to talk first. We've got to make some kind of plan. It won't do any good to go in there and scold them." I pressed the back of my hand against my forehead and it came away damp with perspiration. "You know Carol—scolding never was any use with her. If I could only think . . ."

Rob stood, indecisive, still pulling away from me yet aware that what I'd said was true.

"The crazy kids!" he growled. "I thought they both had better sense." Struck by a sudden idea, he snapped, "When did it happen?"

"Just a little while ago," I repeated what Jimmy had told me.

Then it isn't too late! We can have it annulled—they're both under age."

"But suppose—suppose they won't agree? They might run away . . ."

"They've got to agree," Rob said grimly. "And if we have to, we'll lock Carol up until that boy is out of town." He pulled his watch from his pocket, glanced at it and swore under his breath. "Three-thirty—and I've got to go on shift, Mary. I'm not going to let a couple of love-sick youngsters make an absentee out of me. I'll tell you—you fix up my lunch in a hurry, and I'll go in and lay down the law to Carol and her"—he brought the last word out on a savage breath—"her husband!"

AND so I knew I'd been wrong in calling him. What if we did stand on our legal rights and insist upon an annulment? What would that accomplish? Oh, the answer was easy to find. Carol's proud young spirit couldn't be broken. She would submit because she must, but in keeping her we would lose her. The estrangement between us would be complete. Rob had known Carol for the seventeen years of her life, and still he hadn't learned that never once had we accomplished anything by telling her she had to do this or that. Even as a little girl, I had been able to lead her where he couldn't drive her.

"No," I said. "No, Rob. We must be kind or—we'll only break Carol's heart, and our own too. We'll have to talk to them, show them it will be better for themselves if they wait."

Rob gestured impatiently. "You think we can?"

"We can try. Rob—do this for me," I begged. "Don't see them now. You might say something we'd all be sorry for later. Stay here in the kitchen while I fix your lunch, then go out the back way and let me talk to them alone. If I have to, I'll keep them here until you get back. I'll—I'll do something!"

But what that something would be, I realized after Rob had given a dubious consent, I had no idea. With trembling hands I cut bread, made sandwiches, wrapped them in waxed paper and laid them in the lunch box, and all the

Continued on page 58

Uncle Sam WANTS YOUR WASTE PAPER

ONCE we get our fighting men overseas, it takes 81 tons of supplies per month per man to keep them there—and a large percentage of those supplies requires paper for containers.

Is it any wonder then, that Uncle Sam is asking you to help in salvaging waste paper? There isn't a scrap of paper in your home, even the small pieces you crumple up and put into the fireplace or throw into the wastebasket, that can't be used to help our fighting men, for waste paper is essential in the manufacture of new paper, and our mills are facing shut-downs because of the shortage.

It's up to you. There's a local salvage committee in your town, organized to collect the scrap paper, but it's up to you to save it, have it ready. All kinds of waste paper are wanted—wrapping paper, brown bags, magazines, newspapers, and the scraps from your wastebasket.



Newspapers and wrapping paper should be neatly folded, magazines and brown bags flattened and bundled, boxes taken apart and flattened. Then, when your donation is ready, call and sell it to a junk dealer, donate it to a charitable organization, or see your newspaper for the date of the local salvage committee collection. But begin now, and keep at it!

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MY LUX SOAP FACIALS MAKE SKIN **SMOOTHER!** COVER YOUR FACE GENEROUSLY WITH THE RICH LATHER, WORK IT IN THOROUGHLY. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COLD. PAT TO DRY.



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It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it!

time my mind was racing from one possible argument to another—examining, rejecting, hoping.

Perhaps it was only weakness that had made me veto Rob's impulse to insist, quite flatly, on an annulment—perhaps in a situation like this it was impossible to be anything but stern. Carol was under age, and we could force her to do whatever we ordered. But still something warned me against any course so heavy-handed. It wouldn't work, this inner voice kept telling me. It simply would not work.

WHEN Rob had gone, I went back into the living room; and in the instant before they became aware of my presence I saw Carol and Jimmy like a portrait of love. They were together on the sofa—not kissing, not in each other's arms, but hand in hand, turned to face each other, their gazes mingling in sweetness. Then they heard me.

"Where's Dad?" Carol asked nervously.

"He—he was just on his way to work," I said. "I didn't want to upset him." And that was true enough; I didn't have to add that I had upset him nevertheless. "I think we'd better talk this whole thing over."

"Yes," Jimmy agreed surprisingly. "I guess you're wondering what our plans are. I've got nearly a whole week before I leave, and we thought we'd use it for a honeymoon. Afterwards—well, what happens afterwards is really up to you and Mr. Tucker. If you want Carol to go on living here with you, it would be fine. But if you'd rather not, if you think she ought to be independent, why, I've got a little

money my mother left me for college, and Carol can get a job and live by herself. Whatever you'd like best."

The sheer, cool impudence of it took my breath away at first. Then, looking at their intent young faces, I realized they weren't being impudent—they were being brave and sensible. They understood very well that marriage meant responsibility. I couldn't preach to them, because there was nothing I might say that they didn't know.

"I see," was all I could find to answer, faintly. "I see."

Jimmy smiled, suddenly. It went straight to my heart, that smile—it was innocent and gallant.

"Gee, Mrs. Tucker," he burst out, "you're wonderful! Carol said you would be, once you got used to the idea, but I wasn't sure. I was afraid you'd cry and be mad and raise all sorts of a fuss, and I wouldn't have blamed you, because I guess Carol and I are pretty young to be married. And of course we did lie about our ages. You'd have a perfect right to be sore. But instead, you—well, I guess you just understand."

"Mother," Carol said softly, "always understands."

I didn't know why those three words sounded strange as well as lovely in my ears. But then I remembered. Not so long ago, at the height of her resentment over moving to Harristown, she'd told me I didn't understand. It had been a child speaking then—it was a woman speaking now—

And she was right. I did understand. I understood that growing up is not a matter of passing your eighteenth birthday, or your twenty-first; that it

can happen any time. I understood that I was face to face with two mature people who happened to be young in years. I had blamed the war for unsettling Carol, but I'd been only partly right. The war—its fierce, swift tempo—had matured her, too; and it had matured Jimmy.

They had no illusions. Ahead of them, they could see already the long separation, the loneliness, the hardship—all the things that war made inevitable. They could see them, and they were prepared to face them. All they asked was to face them together.

ROB and I had nearly made a terrible mistake. Rob had wanted to insist upon an annulment, and I had wanted to reach the same end by kinder means. It hadn't occurred to either of us that an annulment was in itself all wrong. Carol had been seeking a meaning in life, something to do—and now, in Jimmy, she had found both. To try to take them away from her would have been sinful.

They must never know how near Rob and I had come to committing that sin against them. That, at least, I could do for them. Rob would see it, too, when he came home—I would find the words to show him. And I said:

"Of course we'll want Carol to stay here with us, Jimmy. And you must try not to touch the money your mother left you. It will come in handy—after the war."

"Oh, Mother!" Carol said. "Mother!" Her arms were around my neck, her cheek wet against mine. And Jimmy was beside her, and I put out my hand and drew him close.

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"... Eagles on the shoulders. Pepsi-Cola on the table—
an officer and a gentleman if I ever seen one."

Introducing



SID GARY

SOME years ago Abe Lyman was sitting in Lindy's with his old friend, the stage and screen baritone, Sid Gary, when an idea occurred to him. "Sid, why don't you be guest star on my program this Sunday night?" Sid, who had sung for the orchestra leader scores of times in night clubs and restaurants, demurred. He murmured something about radio not being his field, but Lyman, a great admirer of the other's voice, insisted.

That Sunday, Sid sang "Old Man River" and the station was besieged with requests for more Gary. Lyman beamed, "I told you so," and adopted Gary as his featured singer. Then followed twenty-six weeks with Abe Lyman on his radio program; and then a succession of other radio shows. At present Sid sings every Sunday at 1:15 P.M. over New York's Station, WMCA.

Radio is just one side of Gary's many faceted career. His father, a singing teacher and choir leader, intended him for opera, but the boy's desire to sing struggled with his wish to be a comedian. "You're not serious enough to be a great singer," warned Gary senior.

However, at sixteen, Sid, together with George Burns, donned derby and brown suit and went on the road with a soft shoe, song and comedy act, until, after four years George saw Gracie Allen in an Irish Stock Company show in Union City, N. J., and partnered her for show business and life. Sid thereupon took on Freddie Bernard, and with him did the "big time" vaudeville spots until Hollywood called him.

Typical Broadwayite, Sid's office is at a corner table in Lindy's. His club is the Friar's where, every day, with Milton Berle, he plays three cushion billiards. Sid's pleased with radio because of the regular hours. This may be the result of the road years with bad hotels and worse restaurants, but it is probably because, waiting for him at home is pretty brunette Mrs. Josephine Gary, ex-Powers model, who never missed one of his performances before they were married and has never skipped one in the six years since then.

Sid is glad to be comedian as well as singer if only because it helps him entertain the boys in the Veterans' hospitals. He spends time each week, singing best loved songs—and "Old Man River" is still his favorite—and pattering away in auditoriums and wards at Walter Reed and Halloran Hospitals. "Best audiences in the world," he calls these men. "Tell them jokes, sing them classics or popular hits—offer them anything you have and they will applaud, just so it isn't stories and songs of the maelstrom they have left; just so it doesn't remind them of the war."

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My Darling, My Darling

Continued from page 21

On the face of it, it sounds silly to call a six-foot-tall man, broad of shoulders, strong of arm, by such a silly diminutive, but it seemed to fit him somehow, and he loved it. I babied him shamelessly, waiting on him, catering to his every taste, but he loved that, too, and so did I. In a way, it made up for the emptiness of my arms when I saw another woman with her child; helped to fill the corner of my heart that a woman's husband can never quite fill.

"I treat you as if you were about three years old, Stevie," I said one day. "Do you mind? Maybe I'll smother you with so much of my love that your own will die out."

He shook his head and reached out a big hand to ruffle my hair. "No you won't, Betsey. It—well, it makes me know that I'm loved as few other men are. I'm loved as a husband and lover, and I'm loved with all the warmth and gentleness that a woman gives her child—all the protectiveness and the mothering. I missed that when I should have had it, and it makes me twice as grateful for it now. So I'm doubly blessed, Betsey."

STEVE loved to work around the house on Sundays, puttering, putting up shelves, or fixing something that had been broken during the week. He was as proud of the house as I was. "It's the most beautiful house in town," he often said, and then I'd remember how I'd dreamed of having just such a house, and I'd known again how lucky I was.

Sometimes Steve even helped with the work in the house that was really my province, beating eggs for Saturday night omelet with fierce concentration, or running the vacuum over the living room rug with obvious pride. One day, when he was dusting the books in the bookcase, one of them fell out, open on his knee. He leafed idly through it, and then stopped. For a while he was silent, and then he called, "Betsey, listen to this."

"What?"

"It's something I found in this old book of verses we brought over from your folks' house. Listen." He read, in a voice that faltered slightly at the unaccustomed rhythm of the words:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—And, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

I'd never cared much for poetry—it seemed to me, when I'd had to read it in school, to be just a hard-to-understand way of saying things. But I understood this. I went across the room to Steven, and he reached up and pulled me down to kneel on the floor beside him, the touch of his hand telling me more than any words.

He was quiet for a long time after he'd finished, his arm tightening about my waist. At last, he said, "That's the way we are, honey, and that's the way we'll always be. We don't say it as prettily, and dress it up with a lot of extra words, but that's the way we feel, too, isn't it?"

I rested my head in the familiar hollow of his shoulder. "Yes, Steve—that's the way we feel. Oh, Steven—I love you so much!"

He kissed my forehead, laughing—perhaps because he felt, as I did, close to tears. "That's the way it'll always be. Just you and I together, for a little while, and after that, a lot of children to fill up the empty rooms. We'll be able to afford it—I'll have Joe White paid off for the store in a few years, and you can get a girl in to help you after school, maybe, and we'll be even happier because we're sharing our happiness. Yes, that's the way it will be—a year or so that's all ours, and then after that we'll start shopping for our brood. But we'll have a year to ourselves—a year in which every day is like today."

Steve and I had that year together—or nearly a year.

BUT there wasn't a second year for us, or time to shop for a brood, as Steve called it, because by then the war had come. I didn't want Steve to go; I hated bitterly the thought of his going, the thought of anything that would spoil our perfect happiness, anything that would uproot the love we shared. But I knew in my heart that it was right, that he must go, just as he did when he told me, "I've got to, honey. It's got to be made safe for us, and for all the lovers like us who come afterwards, to live out their lives in peace. That—that sounds almost like the poetry we read that day, doesn't it? Betsey—you do understand that I have to go, don't you? I'd fight the war single-handed if I thought it would make our own little world here in Jamesville safer. And the sooner we get into it—I, and a lot of fellows like me—without waiting to be drafted, the sooner it'll be over and I can come back to you. If we just keep thinking about that, Betsey, about the time when I'll be home again, it won't be so bad."

But it *was* bad. I didn't tell Steve, of course, in the letters that I wrote to him, but I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. I tried to comfort myself, to make the long, long days seem shorter, by remembering what he had said to me the last night—the night before he left. Sleep had been far away from us, and we lay all night, holding close to each other, like two frightened children. And Steve had told me, "When I come back, we'll go on just as if our lives had never been interrupted. Because we won't be changed, either of us. I swear to you Betsey, that it will be just the same—so don't be afraid. I'll come

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producing the supplies themselves." And practically every one of the 700,000 different items conveyed to our boys is wrapped for protection in paper or paperboard or both!

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This and the other magazines, although using only 5 per cent of the paper supply, are saving 450 million pounds of paper this year—to release it for vital war needs.



This advertisement, contributed to the war effort by this magazine, was prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.

AT THE STORE. Unless it's absolutely necessary for their protection, don't ask to have things wrapped. Never ask to have boxed or bottled goods wrapped. Carry your own shopping bag or market basket to help save the storekeeper's precious paper bags.

AT THE OFFICE. Help your company devise methods to reduce the amount of paper, stationery, etc., used in carrying on its business. If you're employed by a package goods manufacturer, help him figure out ways to save on vital paperboard.

AT HOME. Make paper stretch! Use smaller sheets of writing and wrapping paper; conserve paper towels, facial tissues. Share the printed word; give this magazine to a neighbor. Never burn used paper; prepare it for your local committee on paper salvage.

back to you just as I am tonight, when I'm going away. I swear it—for I'd rather not come back at all than come back any different, or to a life any different from the one we've shared, you and I."

THANK goodness, there was the store to run, and that kept me busy, especially after George, Steve's clerk, was drafted. I couldn't get anyone to help me, except a man to clean up the place, so I was at the store all the time. I was grateful for that, and I worked hard at home, too, keeping things just as they were for Steve. I was determined that when he came back he'd find the house he said was so beautiful just as it had been when he left. And that's what I comforted myself with on the long winter nights when there was no Steve to curl up beside.

And so I changed nothing at all. When up-swept hair-dos came in, I left my hair in its long bob, although the put-up style was very becoming to me. When one of the kitchen window geraniums died, I was careful to hunt for another of exactly the same shade. I saved some of my pretty, gay house-dresses and pinafores and got others to wear now, so that when Steve came home I could wear the old ones again for him. After many washings the peach-colored bedroom curtains began to fall apart, and when I couldn't find an identical pair in Jamesville, I sent to the city for them. I had to laugh one night because I found myself being foolishly angry at the dog for being full-grown now, instead of staying a puppy. Fiercely, protectively, I kept myself, my house, my love untouched.

Until the telegram came.

It was waiting for me one night

when I got home very late, after taking inventory at the store. A yellow rectangle of paper, carrying a deadly message of fear and pain.

The War Department regrets to inform you that your husband, Sergeant Steven London, was seriously wounded in action February fourteenth in North Africa.

That was all there was for a long time—a time when nights and days were all one, all one long black time of terror for me. I went about the business of going to the store, of coming home at night and getting dinner, of going to bed, automatically, hearing little that was said to me, not tasting the food I forced myself to eat. Always my mind went everlastingly back to the time I'd met Steve, and followed carefully, painfully, step by step, our lives together, re-tasting all the joy that was bitter-sweet now. And always my thinking followed through to this: *If he dies*—and stopped there, because what would happen then would not bear thinking about.

After a time, I was informed that Steve was being sent home, and again, a little later, I was told that he had arrived and was in a hospital. Steven's injuries, the doctor's letter said, were "serious, but not fatal." And he went on to ask if I could come to the hospital to see my husband and to "discuss further arrangements." It was all very formal and it made me feel as cold as the words sounded.

The doctor, when at last I was seated across his desk from him, was not nearly so cold or formal as his letter had sounded. He was a short man, inclined to be pudgy, with friendly brown eyes and a broad white scar bisecting his left eyebrow, pulling it

up to make his expression forever questioning.

"You look like a sensible woman," Mrs. London," he said. "I think I can go ahead and tell you exactly what is wrong with your husband in a perfectly straightforward way."

I didn't feel like a sensible woman, at all. But I managed to say, "Of course, Doctor," in a little voice that sounded dreadfully unlike my own.

"Physically," he went on, "your husband is improving. Not as rapidly as we might hope, but he is improving. I—have you been told the extent of his injuries?"

Mutely, I shook my head.

"The muscles of one leg were badly injured, and there was a compound fracture of the—of this bone." He took the pencil and tapped his own leg to show me. "It is possible that he will limp slightly, but that is not serious. It is healing nicely. Now, as to the injuries to his face—"

"His face?" I repeated the words after him, on an indrawn breath.

YES. His face was quite badly burned, and there was some impairment of the muscular function. You must understand, Mrs. London, that under emergency conditions in a war zone it is not always possible to do as good a—shall we say a repair job, in a condition like this, as we'd like to do. But we are going to make up for that. Mr. London is scheduled to undergo further facial surgery later, and I think I can safely assure you that we can give him a face that will be, if not as good as new, at least very presentable. So that, too, is not a serious problem. But his mental condition is."

I felt as if he had struck me across

the face with that tapping pencil of his. "Mental condition?" I repeated stupidly. And then, "Doctor—to you mean that Steven is—is insane?"

HE shook his head swiftly. "No—no, I don't mean that at all. I'm sorry if I frightened you, Mrs. London. No, it's just that he is very deeply depressed. He asked us not to send for you. Indeed, when he first came here he kept asking us to tell you that he was dead. He told us repeatedly that he must not be sent home, that everything was changed now. 'I'm not the same, and that means that nothing is the same,' he said to me a number of times. And his mental attitude is getting worse, not better, I'm sorry to say. He does everything he can to hinder us in our efforts to help him. Frankly, Mrs. London, there are indications that he is turning the idea of suicide over in his mind. That's why I've sent for you, against his expressed wishes. I think you can do a better job than we can right now, of restoring his confidence. You see, he believes that he is different, now, than when he went away. He believes that this difference in him makes his whole world different. It's your job to convince him that to you, he is unchanged, and that your feeling for him is unchanged. Do you understand?"

I nodded. I couldn't find any words. Strangely, I was thinking not of Steven, but of the house on Pine Street in Jamesville—the house unchanged, with the peach-colored curtains that were just like the old ones, the dresses hanging in my closet, unworn, awaiting Steve's return, the row of geraniums, just as before, on the kitchen windowsill. It *wasn't* the same, I thought.

The curtains looked like the old ones, but they were really new. The little puppy had grown up. One of the geraniums had been replaced—with a flower just the color of the old one, but a new flower, just the same. *You can't keep things unchanged, I knew suddenly. You never can, no matter how hard you try.*

The doctor's voice, going smoothly on, brought me back. "It's this first meeting with your husband that will count most," he was saying. "You mustn't let him think, for one second, that you see or feel any change in him. In order to keep you from being shocked at the sight of him, I had a picture taken for you to see first. You must accustom yourself to the way he looks before you actually see him, so that he won't see shock, or—or revulsion, on your face." He rummaged in a drawer for a moment, found a photograph, and silently passed it across the desk to me.

It wasn't Steven. It was a strange man, with a shorter, differently shaped nose, with a partially healed scar that twisted his mouth into a new, bitter pattern that was like the travesty of a smile, with another, flat scar that had wiped away one of the thick, black eyebrows, with eyes in which rebellion against the world had crowded out all room for love or for laughter.

"As I told you," the doctor repeated hastily, "further facial surgery will make him—"

I heard my own voice, flat, expressionless, interrupting him. "It isn't Steven. *It isn't Steven at all!*"

The doctor's pencil made a final, sharp, exasperated-sounding click against the desk, but when he spoke, his voice was soft and persuasive, the

sort of voice he uses on patients who aren't behaving, I thought.

"Now, Mrs. London, I know this is a shock. But your reaction is exactly the one we want to avoid in dealing with your husband. You've simply got to make him feel that everything is just the same—that he is unchanged, that you are, too, that your life will go on together just as it was before he went away."

But I wasn't listening to him. I was talking to Steven. I was hearing, as clearly as if he were speaking to me, now, the things he had said, the things I had said to him. Laughingly, teasingly, but meaning it—"I love you because you're so handsome, Steve." . . . "It will always be the same—every day will be like today." . . . "When I come back, we'll go on just as if our lives had never been interrupted. Because we won't be changed either of us. I swear to you, Betsey, that it will be just the same. I'll come back to you just as I am tonight, I swear it—for I'd rather not come back at all than come back any different, or to a life that was any different than the one we've shared, you and I. . . ."

"I can't do it!"

I HADN'T formed the words in my mind, but as I heard myself speak them, as I saw the startled look on the doctor's face, I knew they were true. "I can't do it. I can't go in and face him, now. He's not the same, and he'll know that I know it. He'll know that everything's different. He'll know—oh, doctor, let me go. I've got to think. I—I'll come back—I'll come back this afternoon."

He let me go without saying a word. Blindly, I stumbled down the long

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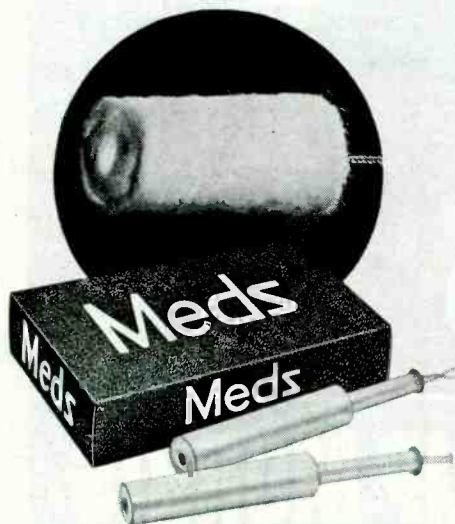
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white corridor, out into the sunlight, back to the nearby hotel where I had taken a room last night. *I've got to think, my mind kept repeating. I've got to decide what to do?*

Once in the room, I walked straight across it to the dresser. It seemed to me that I, too, must be changed after what I had learned this morning. But it was the same face that looked back at me—the same Betsey that Steven knew so well. I was just as I had been before he went away. I had been so meticulous about it, so careful that not even a hair of my head should be out of place. My lipstick—the color on my mouth, that was twisted and set now—was the same brand, the same shade. My suit was one that Steven had helped me pick out—I'd taken it out of its moth-proof bag last night, at the last minute, sure that Steven would be pleased because I'd thought to wear something he remembered.

SLOWLY it came to me what I must do. I was afraid, and still my heart told me that it was right. I remembered all that doctor had said, and still I *knew*. I had no right to question the doctor—I was no psychiatrist, and the mystery of what goes on in people's minds was a closed book to me. But Steve—Steve was mine. I knew him better than anyone, didn't I—better than any doctor? Yes, I knew what I was going to do. I was going to gamble—to gamble my happiness and Steve's—perhaps Steve's very life. With hands that were steady, I picked up the telephone.

I felt very different when I presented myself at the doctor's office that afternoon—afraid, still, but at the same time very sure. But as I seated myself once more across from him, my sureness melted away. How did I have the right—how could I set myself up as a higher authority than this man, who had made the study of men's minds his life work? But I knew still, that I had to make this desperate try. For how could I live my life with a stranger? How could I wake up in the morning and see that travesty of Steven's face beside me on the pillow, and know that the heart and the soul of him were ravaged and a stranger's, too? It was a dreadful, monstrous trick that life had played on us, and this was my one chance to set things right again.

The doctor's eyes were not as friendly and kind as they had been this morning. I had, for a moment, a strange feeling that no time had elapsed at all, that we were continuing this morning's discussion in this office without interruption, because once again I could hear Steve's voice competing with the doctor's. "I'd rather not come back at all than come back any different. . . ."

"I want to say something very frankly to you, Mrs. London," the doctor was saying. "At times like these, we can't afford, any of us, to be selfish. When I ask you to see your husband, to reassure him, to reaffirm your faith in him, and you answer me, 'I can't,' you are being selfish. There should be no such thing as 'I can't' for you, now. Because what I want you to tell him is just the simple truth. He is the same man. He has the same feelings, the same heart. He—"

Now that I had made up my mind, I was impatient. "Yes, doctor—I understand. And I'm ready to see Steven now, if you'll take me to him."

The doctor rose, and escorted me down a long hall. At the door of a

ward, he stopped and looked down at me. "This is going to be hard on you. And I warn you again that you can do your husband incalculable harm if you do or say the wrong thing, Mrs. London. So if you feel—"

I shook my head. "I'm ready," I repeated. I had to go through with it now, but his words were like a hand on my throat, shutting out the air. As if that hand were actually on my throat, I began to feel a great numbness creeping over me. And I knew what it was. It was fear, fear such as I had never experienced before.

The doctor looked sharply at me, and then opened the door. He led the way between two rows of beds to one set off from the others by two white hospital screens. Motioning me to wait, he went around one of the screens.

"London—I've a surprise for you."

"Surprise?" The voice that answered him was thick and blurry-sounding. Why, it wasn't Steve's voice—even that had changed!

"Yes," I heard the doctor continue. "Your wife is here to see you. As soon as she was informed that you were back in the country, she came at once."

I heard the other voice begin to protest, and the doctor cutting him off, calling, "Come here, Mrs. London."

I felt sharp little pricks of pain in the palms of my hands; looking down, I saw that my fists were clenched so tightly that the nails had bitten into the flesh. Automatically, as if someone had pulled the strings that guided me, I moved around the screen, and I was looking at Steven.

HIS face was a stranger's face—the scarred, hurt face of a stranger. But that didn't matter. Because his eyes were Steven's. The eyes that had warmed to the sound of my voice, the eyes that had looked up at me when he lay, his head on my lap, that old pipe of his clenched between his teeth. The eyes that had softened with tenderness that day he'd read, so stumblingly, the poem that said, "I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my life."

They were Steven's eyes, but they were the eyes of a child, too. A child, lost and alone, and afraid, terrified that night will come, and the darkness close in about him before he can find his mother again.

The numbness left me, melted away in the warmth of remembering our love, and my fear left me. I didn't have to be afraid. This was Steven, and I knew him better than any doctor did. I knew him because we loved each other, and that is the greatest knowing of all.

In that strange, blurred voice, Steve said, "Betsey?" The little word rose to a question at the end, a question that meant so much—is it really you?—do you still love me?—do you want me, Betsey?

Swiftly I was across the little space that separated us, and Steve was in my arms. I heard my own voice, but I don't know what I said—the sweet little murmured half-words that have always been the words that lovers use.

But in a moment he had pushed me away. "Betsey—" and his voice was flat, and lifeless. "Betsey—I—I don't even look the same. My face—"

Somewhere, somehow, I found the courage to laugh—a laugh that rang true. "Well, darling, for that matter neither do I." My fingers smoothed the hair which I had had cut and set this morning. "I'm different, too. How do you like my hair up? Don't you think it's becoming?"

"You're beautiful, Betsey. Any way—always—you're beautiful."

"And my dress? You never thought you'd like coral on me, remember? But it's becoming, isn't it? I bought it just this morning, in honor of your homecoming, Steve. Honey—things don't stay just the same. Not even me. Why, even at home things are different. That pup of ours—he's a great big dog now, nearly as tall as I when he stands on his hind feet. And the house itself—the bedroom curtains wore out, and I got green ones this time, instead of peach, and I had the woodwork painted yellow, and—" I was improvising now, but I knew I could make those improvisations into truth before Steve could come home from the hospital—"I decided it was more patriotic to grow food than flowers, so all the kitchen window pots hold herbs and chives nowadays."

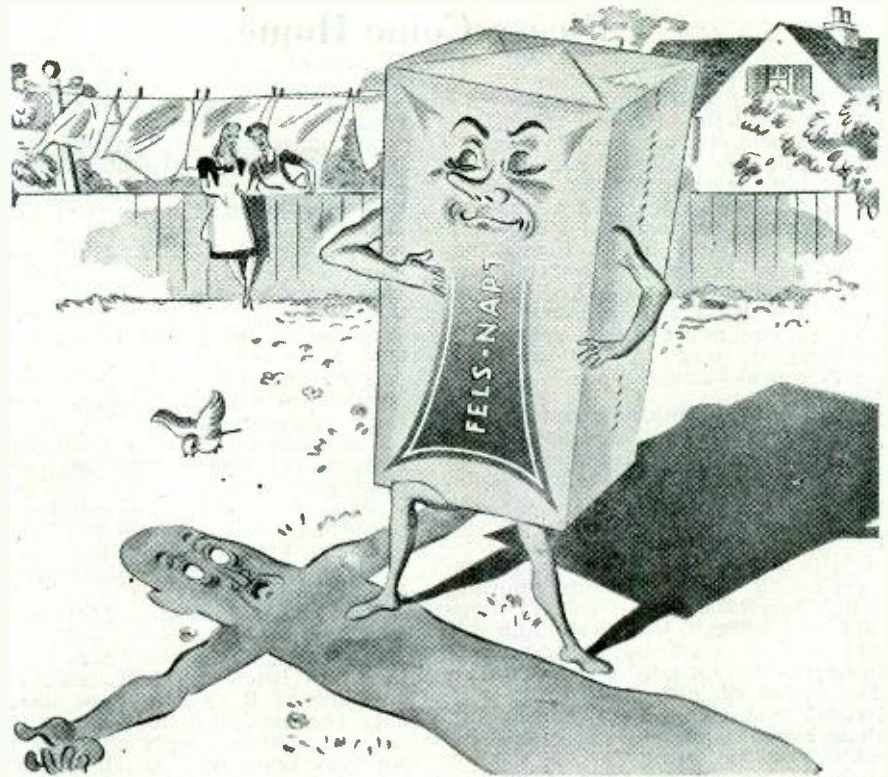
Steve was looking at me, perplexity in his eyes. I caught my breath, and with it went a prayer for strength, a prayer that I could make Steve believe.

"So you see, darling, everything changes—a little. A little bit, outwardly. It's only people who don't really change. People like you and me, who love each other, never change, inside. I may put my hair up high on my head, and paint my fingernails pale pink instead of the deep red they used to be, but that doesn't change the real me. And you—oh, Steve, you may look a little different, but you can't, you can't feel any different. You've got to be the same Steve, inside, because if you aren't I just couldn't bear it. And I know you are—because you're my Steve, the Stevie I love so much."

His body, stiff in my arms, relaxed against me. "I've been afraid—" he said slowly.

"Of course you have—but that's all over now, because you're home again, with me, where you belong. And you'll have to hurry up and get well so you can really come home, to the house on Pine Street in Jamesville. We've been so lonely, waiting for you—"

Steve's lips, the lips with the little scar that twisted them, turned up to meet mine. And as I lowered my face to Steve's for that kiss we'd waited for so long, I caught the doctor's warm, friendly eyes on me, and the little gesture of salute he made as he moved off behind the screen.



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7. Cooperate with our Government's wage stabilization program.

Please Come Home

Continued from page 25

I'm a man, and I'm alive! When I think of all the—the hell that's loose in the world, I want to throw myself at it tooth and nail—" And then he broke off, staring at me strangely, seeming to reconsider. His next words were strange, too, and if I'd had sense enough to think about them, they might have shown me the enormous difference between us. "No," he said slowly, "I guess you wouldn't understand. You never throw yourself at anything, do you? You're as remote sometimes as—as the moon."

BUT I wasn't thinking about what he said about me. I was thinking of him, thinking that he would do now as he'd done once before, when the loss of a big contract had almost ruined his business. He would go down to Peter's Bar and Grill for the evening, and—because he ordinarily drank very little,—he would wake up in the morning with a headache and a burning desire to forget himself in work. And I, I told myself, must be understanding. I must be careful not to mention again the matter of his part in the war; I could best help him by letting him alone to work his way out of his discontent—as he surely would. Things always came out right for Mark.

And that's exactly what happened. Mark did go down to Peter's that evening, and the next day he began to work like fury. Only—all of those long evenings in which I'd waited for him and worried about him hadn't been spent at the office. One of them at least had been spent with Sandy.

Sudden rage rose within me, scalding hot and bitter, at the thought of how I'd been deceived, at what a trusting fool I'd been—and then it died as suddenly in a cold wave of hopelessness. Mark was gone from me, as surely as if death itself had taken him. The Mark I'd loved and who had loved me wasn't the Mark who could care about Sandy Shalott. It was a merciful thought in a way, because it kept my mind from following him into the future, picturing him married to Sandy.

Somehow, that dreadful day came to an end. Sometime before evening I cleared the breakfast table, removed the platter with the bacon and eggs untouched and drying, washed the dishes. Before Mark came home, I locked myself in the spare room and stayed there until he had gone. I never wanted to see him again—not Mark, who had always seemed a little like a god to me, and who had proved himself to be something less than a man. I heard him moving about in our bedroom, packing, and once I thought he called my name, but the sound was like the others, dulled and meaningless.

Waking the next morning was like waking on the day of a funeral. There was a kind of dreadful, cold clarity in the sunlight, and in my heart the same clarity about what I had to do. The house was frighteningly silent; I left it as soon as I was dressed, and I went straight downtown, to Bailey's.

I was cleaning out the jewelry counter when Margot Thompson stopped by on her way to the dress department. Margot and her husband, Dave, and Mark and I had been an inseparable foursome; now the very sight of her hurt me. "How do you feel today, Neila?" she asked. "And how is Mark?"

"I wouldn't know," I answered. And then—"We've separated."

She started to laugh at this absurdity, and stopped abruptly, and the breath went out of her in an incredulous ejaculation. "Neila—you're serious!"

"I certainly am—" And that was as much as I could say. I felt the nervous tears start again, and I fought them back and went on cleaning the showcase, wishing that I hadn't tried to come to work at all.

I felt Margot staring down at me. "Neila," she asked hesitantly, "is it because of Sandy Shalott?"

The dust cloth dropped from my fingers, and I rose slowly, my cheeks flaming. "How—how did you know?"

She came around the counter, laid her arm across my shoulders. "I didn't—that is, I didn't until now. Only—a week or so ago, David, told me that he'd been in Mark's office one day when Sandy'd telephoned him. Mark seemed terribly embarrassed—"

I listened. Every word was gall, but I had to listen. "David didn't think anything of it. He told me about it only because—well, it's always funny when a woman openly chases a man. And you know how we all laughed at her when she first came here and kept Mark looking for houses until he flatly refused to show her any more, and she took that apartment in Fair Oaks. You mustn't pay any attention to anything you've heard, Neila. Why—I'll bet she wouldn't be above circulating a story that she'd actually been seeing Mark!"

The tears still threatened, and yet I had a fantastic desire to laugh at how wrong she was. When I could trust myself to speak, I said, "Mark asked me for a divorce yesterday, Margot."

HER arm dropped from my shoulders, and she took a step back, her eyes shocked and incredulous. "I can't believe it," she said slowly. "Mark wouldn't—surely he knows what she is. She's been so—so obvious. I mean—things like her refusing to join the Community Club because it was all women, and then breaking her neck to get into it after she heard we gave dances often. And that shop of hers is a blind—she isn't there half the time. She's got a little money, and she's in business just so she can get out and meet people—men, specifically. I can't believe Mark's completely deluded. . . . Neila, surely you're not going to—"

"What else can I do?" I asked stiffly.

"What else!" she exploded. "Refuse! Stand your ground—and stand by Mark until he comes to his senses. He can't care about her, and she could never in the world make him happy. Whatever's happened, Neila, you ought to think it over—"

It was torture, standing there, hearing Margot say all of the things I would have liked to believe—and couldn't. The whole truth would have silenced her—but that was Mark's secret, and Sandy's.

I was relieved when the opening bell rang through the store, and Margot had to go up to the dress department.

I didn't know what to think by the end of the day. Certainly I hadn't expected my friends, those of them who didn't rise wholeheartedly to Mark's defense, to ignore his part in the matter. They condemned Sandy without



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reservation. She was grasping and unscrupulous, they said, and without shame. They implied that I was a fool not to see through her. Mark's friends would never accept her; she would ruin his life, and if I were so spineless as to let her, I would be partly to blame.

I didn't want to listen. The way they talked made love sound like a game, played by women with a man as the pawn or the prize, whichever way you looked at it—and that wasn't what the love between Mark and me had been at all. The bond that had held us had been a spontaneous, natural thing, more enduring than anything formed by human thoughts and acts—or so I had believed.

I was even more confused a few days later, after I'd gone to see Mr. Powers, Mark's lawyer, about the divorce. It wasn't a difficult interview. Mark had talked to him beforehand, and all I had to do was to answer a few questions and sign papers, and wait until the case came to court. There was no doubt but that the divorce would be granted, and I was free to build a new life for myself.

IT was the only thing to do, and yet—I didn't feel *right* about it. My mind said that I'd done a painful but necessary deed; my rebellious heart cried out that I'd betrayed Mark and myself and everything we had been to each other. It was as unreasonable as it was hopeless, and I tried to ignore it, tried not to admit—oh, most of all I tried not to admit that I still wanted my husband! I didn't want to want him; but not for one minute, after the first shock and revulsion had passed, had I stopped wanting him. I was ashamed of it; I tried to fight it—and then, as the weeks slid by, I stopped fighting.

It rained a great deal that spring. Bailey's wasn't busy because the weather discouraged the usual seasonal interest in clothes, and I was needed at the store only one or two days a week. The weather kept me out of the garden, too, and I had my choice of remaining indoors or of taking long, exhausting walks from which I returned with wet feet and no peace of mind whatsoever.

Most of the time I stayed in the house, because that was where Mark was, and the sound of his voice, and the—the feel of his presence. I knew what I was doing to myself, living in a memory-world, and I didn't care. If I had reasoned about it at all, I would have said that the present and the future held out only one thing to me, and that the bitterest frustration that a woman can know—the man I loved belonged to another woman, and she was going to bear the child that should have been mine. The past, at least, belonged to me, if I could find a strange, bitter-sweet comfort in pretending that there'd never been a Sandy Shalott.

I let myself hear Mark come home in the evening, tossing his newspaper into a chair, coming out to the kitchen to put his arms around me and to slip into my apron pocket the bag of candy, or some other trifling present he'd bought at the newspaper stand. I heard him teasing me gently, jollyng me out of worried silence when I was concerned over things that had gone wrong at the store. I saw him sitting cross-legged on the living room floor, boy-like in his enthusiasm, maps spread all around him, turning to ask me about every detail of a trip we were planning. And at night I went to sleep in the shelter of his arms, with my head pillowed on his shoulder, believing that

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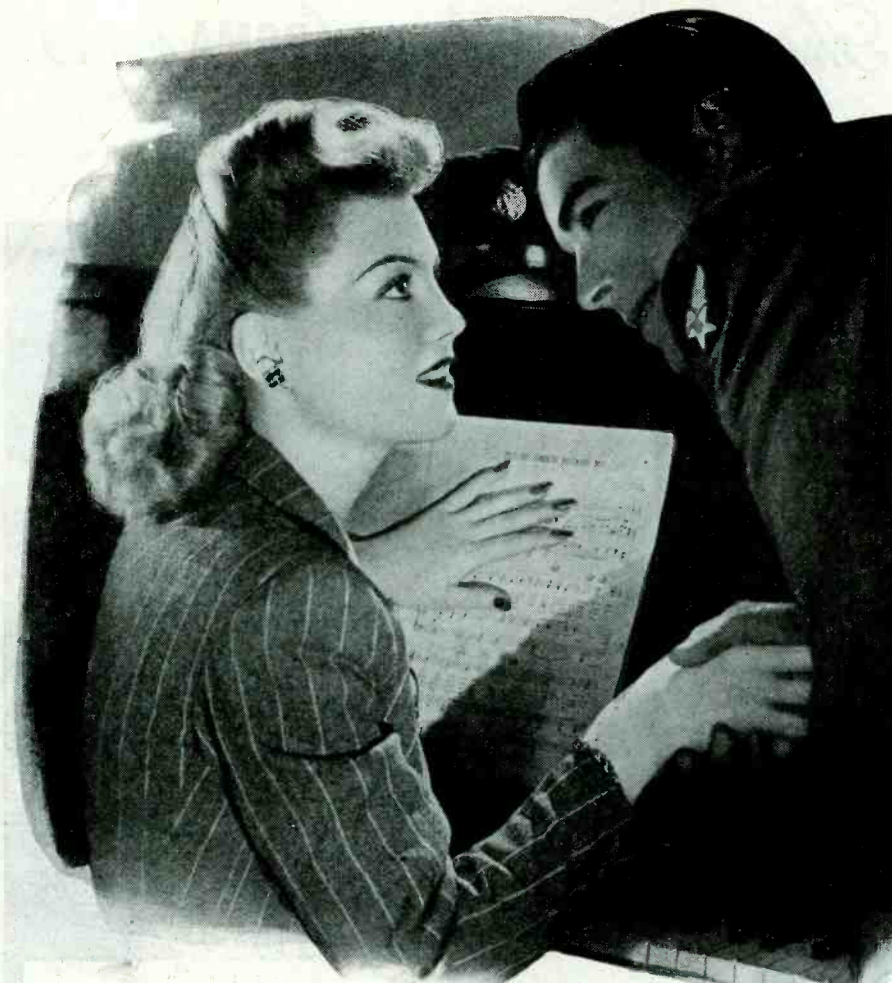
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We met on a "blind date"—I love to remember.

Jane and Bob were getting married, and Jane had arranged a date for you and me.

You fell in love right then, you said—at first touch of my smooth, soft hand.

Just think, dear, if my hands had felt rough and gratey! They did for a while. 'Til Jane advised me to use Jergens Lotion.

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if I stirred he would murmur a sweet, sleepy endearment and brush his lips against my face. I could sleep, believing that, and escape for a few hours.

My friends were kind. They invited me out often, and I went to a few parties and suffered as I hadn't suffered since high school, when I'd sat awkward and ill-at-ease on the sidelines while everyone else had a good time. Without Mark to draw me out, to shine for both of us, I didn't feel complete. The Red Cross afternoons were easier. At least my hands were busy then, and I could pretend that I was silent because I was working instead of because I had nothing to say when I couldn't talk about Mark.

It seems unbelievable now, missing Mark as I did, loving him in spite of myself, that I didn't realize how much he had put into our marriage and how little I had contributed. It seems even stranger that the person who finally revealed me to myself was—Sandy Shalott.

It happened because Margot Thompson thought that a new dress would cheer me. She came down to Main Floor one afternoon just before closing. "Neila," she said excitedly, "it's come in—that blue knit I was telling you about. It'll be wonderful on you—"

"I don't need a new dress," I protested. What I meant was that I didn't want one. I had no interest in clothes any more, either, now that Mark wasn't there to comment on them. Finally I gave in, to please her, and followed her up to the third floor.

"It's back in stock," she said. "Wait and I'll bring it—oh, darn! Wouldn't you know—"

I LOOKED around. A late-staying customer was bearing down on us, a dress over one arm and in her eyes the determined glint of a woman who has her mind made up to a purchase. I couldn't help laughing, and then because I was touched by Margot's disappointment, I reassured her. "I'll wait, Margot. I'll hunt up the dress."

I found the dress without any trouble, and carried it into the fitter's room to put it on. I was wearing it and waiting for Margot when the sales slip attached to some clothes awaiting alteration caught my eye. I stepped closer, and a thrill of unpleasant excitement ran through me. The slip, covering a half-dozen garments, was made out to Sandra Shalott.

To examine Sandy's purchases was a feminine reaction, and a human one, too, as human as the impulse to worry an aching tooth. Under a pale violet suit were dresses, summer dresses, prints and pastels, and from the drapery and the clinging gathers I think I would have recognized them as Sandy's even if her name hadn't been on them. That was the first thought that struck me. The other, the obvious, but almost unbelievable fact, didn't dawn until I'd lifted the last hanger. All of the clothes were small sizes, Sandy's size, elevens and twelves—things that a woman who was expecting a baby could not possibly wear for another year!

Explanations flashed into my mind, and were discarded as rapidly. She had bought the things for someone else, or she intended to put them away until the summer after this. Neither one rang true. These were obviously Sandy's clothes, and if I knew her at all, she wouldn't be caught in a last year's style.

For a long moment I stood thunder-struck, waking to the significance of

what I'd seen, and then I was furious. Sandy had lied to Mark. She hadn't been sure of him at all, and she had used the oldest, most shameful trick known to a woman to establish her hold on him. That, I saw suddenly, was the important point of the whole contemptible scheme. Mark and I must be parted, and after that—well, Sandy could tell him anything she chose, and Mark, having no one else to turn to, would have to believe her.

I didn't even stop to change clothes. I ripped the price tag from the new blue dress and left my old one draped limply over a chair. I left the dress department by way of the door that led directly from the stockroom to the service elevator. In the locker room I paused long enough to get my coat and hat and to apply lipstick—slowly, because my hands were shaking badly—and then I was on the street, hailing a cab.

It would have seemed strange to anyone who knew me well if he could have seen me then and had known where I was going. Neila Thurston, in a new blue dress and with her mouth carefully carmined, was going to see the woman who had stolen her husband. It would have been impossible for the Neila of a year ago, or of a few months ago. But then, that Neila hadn't had everything she valued in life taken from her.

Nevertheless, it was fortunate that the Fair Oaks Apartments were close by. My old impulses to retreat, to shrink back from the whole ugly business were coming to the fore when the taxi stopped. I got out of the cab, asked the driver to wait, and stood uncertainly on the sidewalk for a minute. Then, with no will of my own, it seemed, I went into the building and pressed the bell under Sandy's name.

IT seemed ages before the door clicked open, before I'd made my way up the stairs, down the carpeted hall. Still, it wasn't long enough. A door opened, and Sandy stood before me—and I was totally unprepared.

Sandy, too, seemed caught off guard. There was an explosive, uncertain silence, and then she said, "Why—Neila—" and broke off with a gesture that I took to be an invitation to come in.

I put my purse and gloves down on the arm of a chair, and then, for some reason, couldn't manage to sit down myself. Abruptly I said, "I wanted to talk to you—" Then there was another awkward silence, while I wished desperately that I hadn't been too angry to use those precious minutes in the taxi to think what to say.

Sandy helped me. "Is it about the divorce?" she asked, and the sharpening of her voice gave me courage.

"In a way. You see—I've decided to withdraw my complaint." Actually, I'd decided no such thing, and I'd had no intention of saying so, but after it was out, I was glad I'd spoken. Sandy was still suddenly—her small, quick hands, her bright yellow head—and it was the waiting, frozen stillness of a trapped animal. "You lied to Mark," I went on as if I were reading a lesson. "You misrepresented—"

She understood, and in that moment I had my proof. It was in the barely audible catch of her breath, the imperceptible widening of her eyes before they narrowed to expressionless slits. "What makes you think that?"

It was odd—I was positive now that I was right, and still I felt awkward all of a sudden, unsure as a schoolgirl



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MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. **MODESS JUNIOR** is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.

explaining herself to an adult. "I work at Bailey's," I began, "and today I saw some things you bought—"

Two bright spots of color flamed in her cheeks, and she interrupted me with a short, hard laugh. "I don't know what you're talking about, Neila, but I think you're just trying to make trouble. You're not happy yourself, and you don't want Mark and me to be happy, either. As for not divorcing him, aren't you a little late—"

"Late—" I faltered.

"Yes, late!" She fairly spat out the words. She leaned forward, suddenly tense, and for a moment I thought she was going to strike me. "I didn't take your husband away from you, Neila—you lost him long before I ever came here. You weren't a real wife to him; you took everything and thought you were doing your part as long as you kept house and had dinner on the table when he came home. You let him do all the planning and the worrying, and never even knew when he was in trouble. You—"

She stopped as I rocked backward, blindly putting out a hand to stop her.

"Oh, don't worry," she said more calmly, almost contemptuously, it seemed. "Mark didn't tell me those things—he's too much of a gentleman for that. But I've got eyes of my own, and ears, and I've seen too many wives like you. It didn't even mean anything to you when he almost went to pieces over not getting in the Army! I—"

It was Sandy's victory. I left her then; I picked up my gloves and my purse and left without another word, beaten. On trembling legs I walked down the hall and out to the cab, not caring that Sandy watched me go, that she saw how shaken I was. Sandy wasn't important any more. She had never been really important. I saw that now. She had been an—evidence—of the real trouble between Mark and me.

BUT what she had said was important. Her tirade, I realized dimly, under the turmoil in my mind, had not been directed at me alone, but at all of the women who had the security and the protection that Sandy herself had not—but there were truths in it, truths that I should have known long ago. I hadn't been a real wife to Mark. Instead of giving him an easy companionship, I'd given him adoration, waiting on his moods as a handmaiden waits upon royalty. The tendernesses, the little spontaneous acts of affection, I'd accepted as being a part of Mark's nature, never dreaming that he might want the same signs from me. I hadn't seen that Mark, like everyone else, might be uncertain of himself sometimes, and in need of comfort and reassurance.

In my very determination to be a good wife, I'd missed the essence of marriage—the free giving of self, each to the other, that made the oneness that bound two people together against all the world, that reached across time and space and kept them together always. If—yes, if I'd been truly with Mark in spirit, I'd have wanted him to get into the Army as much as he'd wanted it; I'd have been glad to see him go, knowing that my heart went with him; I'd have been as disappointed as he that he was refused.

I understood about Sandy now. I understood how Sandy and her ready sympathy must have seemed to a man who was tired and overworked and dispirited. She had been an escape, like strong drink, and as temporary—

and it was I who had sent him to her.

I rode home that night to a house empty of even the shadow of Mark. I couldn't pretend any longer that he was there, couldn't conjure up the vision while I was too much aware that I myself had driven the actuality away. I tried at first to act as though nothing was changed—I lighted the lamps in the living room, went out to the kitchen to get myself dinner. And then, when I had half the provisions out of the icebox, I couldn't stand it any longer—the thunderous reproachful silence of the rooms, the eerie, lonely sound of my own footsteps, and I fled upstairs to my room and flung myself down on the bed.

Sometime later, I heard noises below, and I recognized them, even while I knew they couldn't be. A key turned in the front door lock, a newspaper flung into a chair, footsteps going toward the kitchen, back to the living room, and then—silence.

I waited, and then, half-ashamed of the excitement that shook me, I went quietly down the stairs.

Mark was in the living room, on the couch, sitting in its center and on the edge, as if at any moment he might get up to go. His name dissolved in a little strangled noise in my throat, and he looked up and saw me.

FOR a long moment we looked at each other like strangers meeting. Then he said slowly, "I broke my promise to you, Neila. Sandy called me, and I went to see her—for the last time. She told me—everything."

"Yes—" The small word squeezed past my hammering heart, out of my tight throat.

"She—" His mouth twisted in a wry grin, "she asked me to relieve her of the lease on her shop. She's leaving town."

"I'm sorry—" And I was. I wasn't sorry that she was going, but I was sorry for her, and I hoped that somewhere along her way she'd find the happiness she so desperately wanted.

He was still staring at me as if he'd never seen me before. "You went to see her," he said wonderingly. "I can't believe it. I can't imagine you exposing yourself to such a scene. Why, Neila?"

"I had to go, Mark." My voice was as unsteady as my knees, and I leaned back against the wall for support. "I had to be sure—I didn't know how you felt—"

"I didn't know how *you* felt," he interrupted softly, "until you did what you did this afternoon. Sometimes—I'm ashamed of it now—but sometimes I used to feel that I'd married a happy child, who was pleased enough to have me around, and who wouldn't have missed me if I'd gone away. But I never wanted to lose you. I've been through hell without you, and if what you did today means that you might forgive me—Neila!" He broke off, horrified. "Neila, dearest, why are you crying? Don't please—"

I couldn't help it. I had my hand pressed tight over my mouth, but tears were raining down my cheeks, trickling through my fingers, salty on my lips. I was crying over the shameful waste it was to love and not to let your love be known, over Mark's coming to me for forgiveness, when I'd been so sure I'd never have a chance to make up what I'd done to him.

But I didn't have time to tell him about it then. I was enveloped in his arms suddenly, and there was no time and no need for any explanations at all.



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Adrienne Ames

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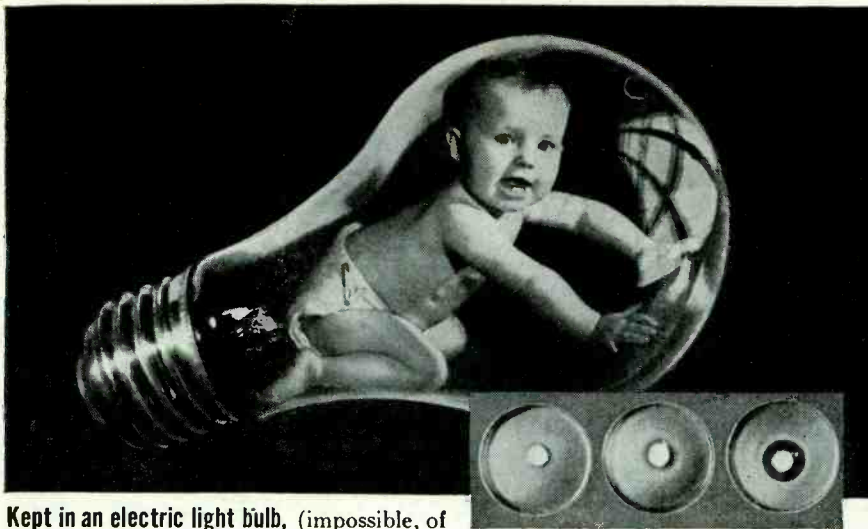
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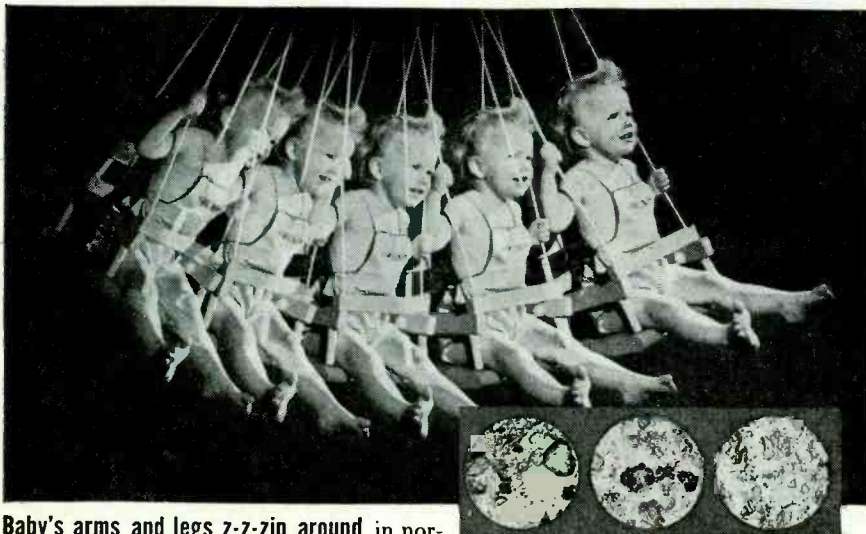
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Startling differences in baby powders!



Baby's arms and legs z-z-zip around in normal play (shown by speed camera). He needs the *smoothest* baby powder to guard against chafing! Which powder is smoothest is shown by round photos above of leading baby powders seen thru microscope. Mennen (far right) is smoothest, finest. That's due to special "hammerizing" process, 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.

Something Sweet

Continued from page 50

together three times. Cream shortening, add honey very gradually, by tablespoons at first, beating very hard after each addition to keep mixture thick, and cream together thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour and beat until smooth and well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with water in halves, beating very well. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven about 30 minutes.

Cream Cheese Frosting

3 tbs. butter
6 ounces (2 packages) cream cheese
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted confectioners' sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla Dash of salt

Cream butter, add cheese and salt and blend. Add sugar, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. If necessary, chill until of right consistency to spread.

Sugarless Cake

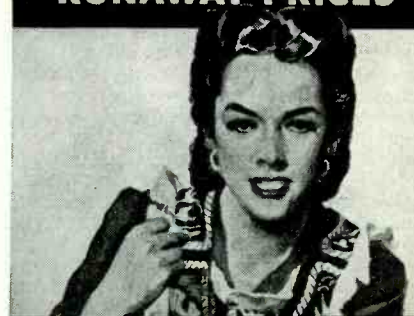
$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ tps. double-acting baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening
2 tps. grated orange rind
1 cup light corn syrup
2 eggs unbeaten $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream shortening with grated orange rind; add syrup gradually, beating well. Add one-fourth of flour and beat until well blended. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add remaining flour in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating very well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in 375-degree oven, about 30 minutes or until done.

Chocolate Chip Frosting

While the layers are still warm, place them on a baking sheet, having one layer topside down. Cover with semi-sweet chocolate chips. Heat in moderate oven until chips are just softened. Remove from oven, spread softened chocolate chips over bottom layer, letting chocolate run down on sides. Arrange top layer and spread as before, then spread sides evenly.

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6. Follow ration rules and price ceilings.
7. Cooperate with our Government's wage stabilization program.

Stay With Me Always

Continued from page 48

it was endowed with a kind of fairytale brilliancy that night. The Palace, where we saw a double feature, was no longer a drab movie house with worn carpeting and creaky seats, but a palace in reality. Everything was suddenly glamorous—with Jeff beside me.

After the show, at Tony's, when first I heard bitterness creep into his voice as he told me about his medical discharge from the Army after only two months of service, I was sure that I had fallen in love with a man I hadn't even known existed when I came to work that morning. At least, I knew that I wanted to ease the burden of his disappointment in some way, to share it with him, to kiss away the tightness and bitterness from his mouth.

Before he left me that first night, Jeff said something I was to remember a long time afterward. "You're about the nicest girl I ever knew," he told me, looking down earnestly. "I guess I'll stay in Midston."

"Why, of course you'll stay," I said, "you have a job."

"There are lots of jobs," he answered, laughing. "A job could never hold me anywhere—but a girl like you could."

THAT was the beginning—a beginning that held promise of a happy ending for me. In the golden, heavenly days that followed I knew at last what being in love was like. It made life one long Spring morning—the kind of morning when the air is so fine and so fresh it almost hurts, when the smells of flowers hang almost tangibly in the air, and birds chatter happily about the nests they are building and the families they are going to raise, when you walk along so lightly, loving the whole world and thanking God that you're alive, that your feet seem hardly to touch the ground at all. That was what being in love with Jeff was like—and I knew that I was in love in so many little ways. I knew it when the light in the call box flashed and I heard the three long buzzes and the short, imperative one that meant Jeff was waiting . . . I knew it when I slid the elevator door open and saw Jeff, and my heart leaped as if each time I saw him was the first time . . . I knew it when he kissed me quickly when we were alone in the elevator—quickly and sweetly, kisses that made me remember last night and look forward to tonight.

And so—I was happy. Happiness is a quality, a feeling—a thing you can't put into words. It's there, and you know it, and it becomes a part of your life, that warm, delicious feeling of content. It becomes a part of your way of living—so that when it goes, it leaves you lost and frightened, worse than if you'd never been happy at all. For the first time in my life I was glad that I was I—I was glad that I was Ann Stillman, small and quiet, because it was small and quiet Ann that Jeff loved.

I'll never forget the day that Marty Manning started to work in the script department of WCOT—because on that day the pattern of my life changed, the new and lovely pattern in which I had walked until I had lulled myself into a false security. On that day, two seemingly-unrelated events changed the whole fiber of my life, put me back inside of my hard little shell of distrust.

The first was a casual remark made by one of the executives of WCOT to his secretary as they got into the elevator. "That new announcer, Jeff Carrier,



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is really pulling mail, Mr. Swanson," the girl said, and my pride smiled silently.

And then Mr. Swanson answered something that puzzled me—frightened me. "He's good, all right," he said, thoughtfully, "but he's never going to stay put. He's a born drifter. There are a lot of them in this business."

My hands were cold on the lever, and the elevator jerked, but my passengers were too interested in their conversation to notice. "Do you know how many stations he's worked for?" Mr. Swanson went on. "Nine! Imagine that for a young fellow his age. You see, he gets bored somewhere, so he moves on. I'd rather have a plugger any day than a bright young fellow like Carrier who's drifting at his age."

All that day those casual remarks kept coming back to me—along with remembered scraps of Jeff's conversations with me. Things like, "Our life will be exciting, beautiful—I couldn't stand a dull one." Or—"There's a lot to see in this old world, and I want to see it all." Or—"I'll never forget you—just remember that." Gay little phrases then—ominous ones now.

And then I remembered things Franny had said, too—things I had attributed to her jealousy of my new-found happiness. "He's just like your father," she warned. "They're fascinating, that kind, but they don't stay put."

I wanted to talk to Jeff about it—that was my solution for any problem in those days—and I planned to ask him at noon, ask him to assure me that he planned to stay in Midston, that he liked his work . . . that he really loved me. But I didn't ask him that day—because that was the day Marty Manning came to work at the radio station.

MY first glimpse of Marty—and it seemed as if Fate had a hand in that, too—included Jeff. They were standing on the main floor, waiting for the elevator. Somehow I sensed danger in Marty at once, perhaps because of that sharpened awareness that knowing Jeff had brought me. She was younger than Franny, of course, but she looked like her in a way. Oh, her hair was blonde instead of red, and she was taller, and very slim, but there was that same kind of possessiveness in her face. And there was something else, too—Marty could turn on and off the bright gaiety which lighted her face as easily as you can turn a light off and on. When she talked with Jeff her face was lighted and happy, but when she turned away it was shadowed and thoughtful—and—shrewd. She had a kind of I'll-get-what-I-want look, with a forced confidence about it. I know now that that comes from bluffing your way through a bad hurt—from being sick of everything, and hating the whole world—but I didn't know it then. I knew, only, that I was afraid of Marty Manning.

Poor Jeff—he couldn't understand my quietness that night. And how could anyone expect him to—he had done nothing, really. How could he know that I had heard a man call him a drifter this morning? And how could he know that I was afraid of the new blonde girl at the station, the girl who was going to work beside him every day? He couldn't know—and I couldn't tell him. I couldn't explain, because—no matter how hard I fought it—I felt the old wall of reserve building up inside me, the wall that had protected me from a not-too-friendly world before Jeff came along, and which was

now forming a barrier between us.

I wonder why I was afraid? Because that—my thinking of Marty always in connection with Jeff—was what gave Marty her power over me. But so many little things made up the fear—Marty's worldly kind of beauty, her assurance, her smart clothes, her air of knowing what she wanted. I was as pretty as that taffy-haired girl—not as smart-looking, for I didn't have clothes like hers, nor could I have worn them, anyway—but as pretty, in my quieter, softer way. I wouldn't have believed it if you'd told me, then.

But I had no confidence—I only knew that I was afraid of this girl who became, by slow and subtle degrees, more and more possessive of Jeff's time, who found ways of urging him to work with her on scripts at night—those evenings he had always spent with me—who pushed between us with a quiet, concentrated sureness.

One night that I remember particularly Jeff and I met Marty just as we were leaving the Kahl Building to go to Tony's for dinner. Marty began to talk excitedly to Jeff, ignoring me, as she always did. "Jeff, that new organist on your Center Transfer Company show needs some help in timing. She doesn't know radio at all."

Jeff nodded. "It goes on tomorrow night, doesn't it? Tell her I'll rehearse with her tomorrow afternoon."

"You can't—you'll be rehearsing with the Rhythm Ramblers. Can't you see her tonight sometime?"

"But Marty—" Jeff began.

"She'll be just sick," Marty interrupted, sympathy for the organist softening her voice. "She wants to make a success of that show, and she just doesn't know how!"

JEFF shrugged. "All right," he agreed. "We'll be up at 7:30—see if she can meet me then."

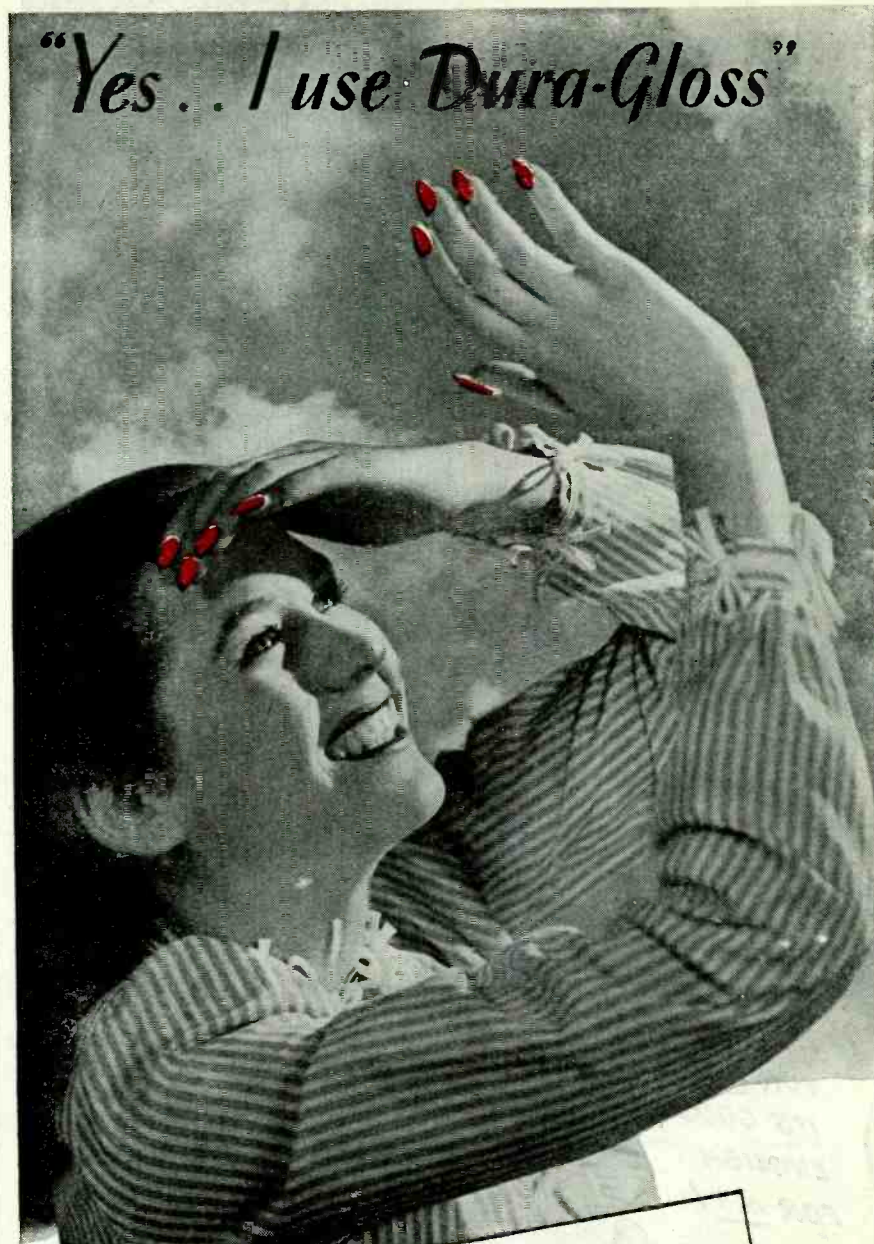
Marty looked at me. "You're awfully nice to come up to the station and sit around while Jeff works—you must be bored to death, but you're always so sweet about it. It's a shame for Jeff to insist."

"I don't make her come," Jeff said. "She doesn't have to come up."

Somehow, when he said that, I felt that he didn't want me at the station—that he would rather be there with Marty. And so I said coolly, "I'm not going to the station tonight—I've a lot of things to do at home." And I added quickly to Jeff, "If you have to be back at 7:30, you might as well get a quick bite by yourself somewhere, and I'll go on home."

That's the way it was—instead of fighting Marty on her own ground, I ran away. I closed up inside myself. After that, unless Jeff left at exactly the same time I did, I never waited for him in the arched doorway in front of the Kahl Building. And if he didn't call me for several nights in a row, I'd ask Franny to tell him I was out. He's just calling because he thinks he ought to, I'd tell myself. He doesn't want to hurt my feelings. He thinks it's his duty to call. Of course, all those things were my pride speaking—and the terrible feeling of loneliness that came over me when I saw Jeff and Marty together. I felt that they were in a world I couldn't enter, and that I was standing on the outside looking in.

Jeff must have found me hard to understand on the nights that I did go out with him. Sometimes, as we sat quietly in a booth at Tony's after a movie, I was conscious of Jeff's eyes on me. Once he said quietly. "Darling, what's



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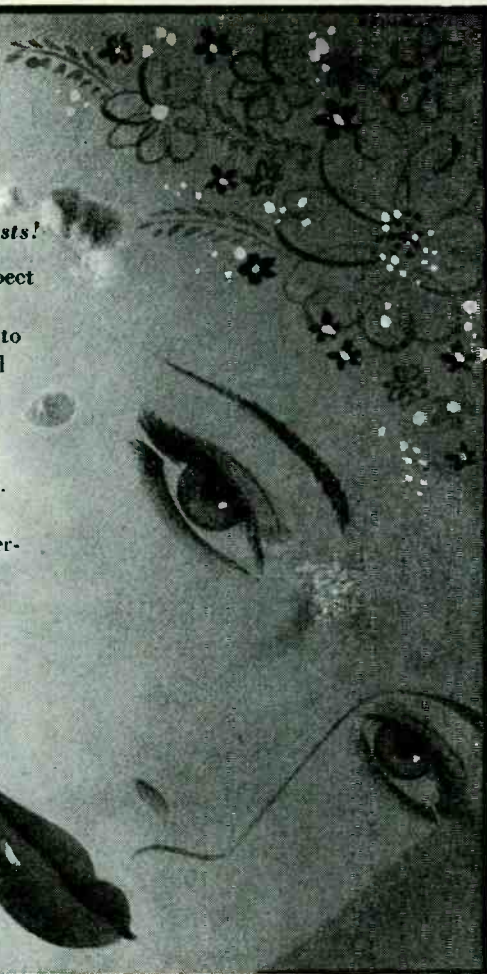
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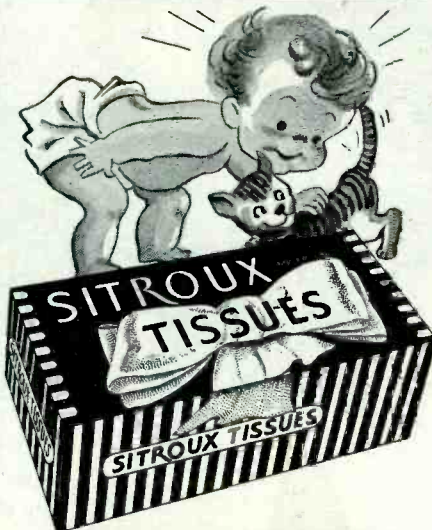
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the matter? Is anything wrong?"

Suppose I told him, I thought. Suppose I poured out to him all the doubts and fears that are in my heart? But I couldn't—fear of a deeper hurt kept them locked inside me, so I simply pretended to misunderstand. "Why, not a thing, Jeff—what do you mean?"

"It's just that we used to—to fit so well together," he began. "And now—"

"And now—what, Jeff?"

"Now, I don't know."

That night I didn't sleep. I lay very still in the dark, as if I were afraid to move, trying to understand what had happened to our love. I looked everywhere for reasons—everywhere but in my own heart, where the real reasons lay. I blamed everyone but myself—Franny for her taunting, her little unkindness. Jeff, for his fickle, drifter's heart. Marty—well, just for being Marty. But I couldn't search my heart, couldn't lay the blame at my own door. Tomorrow, I told myself, tomorrow I'd have it out with Jeff. Tomorrow I must find out the truth!

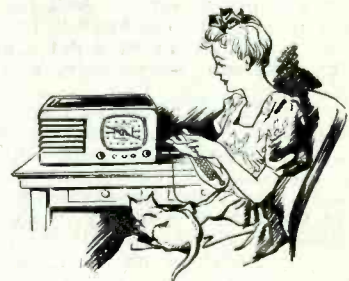
And when tomorrow came, I very nearly did go to Jeff, very nearly did make an attempt to straighten out our misunderstanding. I got as far as Jeff's door—but then it was too late.

It was a little after ten when Mr. Swanson's secretary got in the elevator next morning. We got down to the fourth floor when she gave a little exclamation of annoyance and said, "Take me back up, will you, Ann? I forgot something. And here—" she pushed an envelope into my hand—"mail this, will you? It's Marty's—and it's rather important, I suppose. It's to her husband."

For one long, time-defying moment after I had closed the elevator door behind her I stood still, ignoring the flashing lights of the call box, paying no attention to the impatient signals of the buzzer. Marty Manning was married. Marty didn't want Jeff at all—she was married!

Oh, it was silly and childish of me, I

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BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION

know, but at that moment it never occurred to me that any woman could want attention from more than one man. I couldn't believe that a woman, married, would want another man. I only knew that this woman *was* married, knew only that Jeff would not—could not—think of marrying her. That is what love meant to me, you see—love meant marriage.

All that morning I smiled quietly to myself as I worked—smiled as I thought of the wonderful times Jeff and I had had together, that we would have again. Because I was sure, in this newly-re-gained happiness of mine, that just by going to Jeff, just by touching him, by letting him know that I loved him and trusted him, I could put time back, and everything would be just the same as it was before Marty came.

But things don't go the way you plan them. I found that out at noon, when I let the other elevator operator take me to the fifth floor, when I started back toward the script office, my head high, my heart beating out a love song. I knew that Jeff would be alone in that small office, reading over his copy for a two o'clock program while Marty was out to lunch. In a minute, in a second, I'd be with him—and everything would be all right with our world again.

I hurried down the hall, running with swift, eager steps. The door was open a little, and I pushed against it quietly, some half-formed plan for surprising him in the back of my mind.

BUT I didn't surprise him . . . because he didn't see me that noon. He wasn't alone. Marty was with him—Marty, close to Jeff, smiling at him, possessing him with those sure, cool eyes of hers. And then, before I could say anything, Jeff turned toward her, closed his hands on her wrists and kissed her—kissed her hungrily, deeply as he had kissed me during those first glorious months of our love.

I suppose I didn't cry out because there was no sound left in me, no voice to raise in protest. Blindly, physically sick, I stumbled down the corridor, wanting only to get away from there—to get as far away, as quickly away, as I could. Without thinking about it at all, I knew what I must do. I had neither the strength nor the courage that Jeff's love had given me. Marty had robbed me of those. And without strength and courage I knew that I couldn't stay here. I couldn't face Jeff and Marty day after day, watch them go in and out of the building, happy in just being together . . . just as Jeff and I had once been. I didn't have that kind of courage—so I went straight to the manager's office and resigned. That same noon I turned in my key and took my salary for the half-finished week.

I wasn't prepared for Jeff's telephone call that night. When the bell rang I answered listlessly. And then his voice—his dear voice—came to me questioningly.

"Ann, what's wrong? Why did you—?"

I knew that I couldn't bear to talk to him—I had to cut away, swiftly, cleanly. "Jeff, I never want to see you again. Never, do you understand?" My voice sounded hard, tight—because it was knotted with pain. And then I hung up, because I couldn't stand to hear his answer.

I told Franny when she got home later that I had quit my job—and that I wasn't going to see Jeff any more.

"Well," she said, after a moment, "I'm

When will the war be over?..

A month after it could have been won?..

A year longer than it should have taken?

American women must give the answer

What American woman doesn't pray with all her heart that Victory will come at the earliest possible moment? Who wouldn't do anything to speed the day when husbands will come back to their wives . . . fathers return to their children . . . sons to their parents? . . . Then why do so many war-time jobs remain unfilled? It must

be because some women have not understood this desperate emergency . . . The hardest part

of the war remains to be fought. The continuation of the present American war production is vital to our success.

It has put a tremendous strain on our resources..

The manpower it requires, the increasing needs of our armed forces, make it imperative that

more and more women go to work.

Not for just a few hours a week

. . . not only in war industries . . .

but in *any* essential job that you

can be trained to fill . . . If you

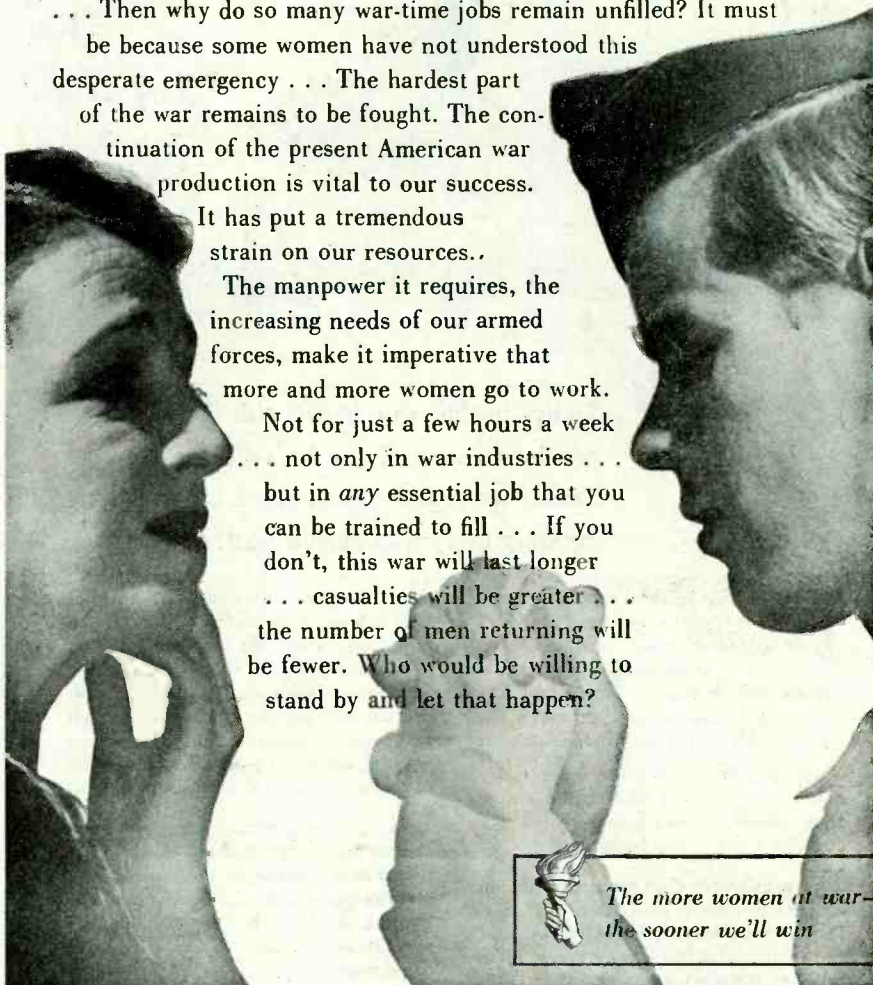
don't, this war will last longer

. . . casualties will be greater . . .

the number of men returning will

be fewer. Who would be willing to

stand by and let that happen?



The more women at war—the sooner we'll win

What you can do . . .

Act! Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before—are skilled or untrained—makes no difference . . . Millions of women

are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants—in the

armed services—in the hundreds of different type jobs in essential

business—they're helping overcome this serious emergency. See the

Help Wanted advertisements in local newspapers—visit the local office

of the United States Employment Service, or the Army and Navy

Recruiting Stations—make inquiries among your friends . . .

There's work to be done—there's a war to be won!

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The Pharma-Craft Corp., Chicago, Illinois

MANUFACTURERS OF **FRESH** UNDERARM DEODORANT CREAM

R
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NO GREATER

Loneliness



To live in the same house with the man you love . . . and yet be miles apart! That is the greatest loneliness! A revealing story every wife should read!

THE silence in the living room was so deep that the ticking of the small desk clock sounded loud and sharp . . . the way it does in the middle of a sleepless night. That—and the rustle of Rod's newspaper were the only sounds in the room since dinner.

Bitterly, Enid remembered the happy evenings they once had shared. Now they shared nothing but the same roof . . . What had come between them?

DOCTORS know that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many, who think they know, have only half-knowledge. So they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

You have a right to know about the important medical advances made during recent years in connection with this intimate problem. They affect every woman's health and happiness.

And so, with the cooperation of doctors who specialize in women's medical problems, the makers of Zonite have just published an authoritative new book, which clearly explains the facts. (See free book offer below.)

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For Every Woman's Most Serious Deodorant Problem



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glad to see you're getting some sense, Ann." And then she added something that was like a slap in the face to me. "He never loved you—anyone could see that. He's just the sort of fellow who took a plain girl around because it made him feel generous. Now he's tired of it—that's all."

Whatever she meant to achieve by telling me that, it had its effect. I believed her. Mother was right—I knew that when I looked into the mirror that night. The girl with the rosy glow of love enveloping her, the girl with stars in her eyes, was gone.

In the week that followed I did nothing about applying for a job. Indeed, I did nothing at all. Twice more during that time Jeff called me—and I just sat there, listening to Franny put him out of our lives. "Ann says she doesn't want to talk to you, Jeff, and I'm certainly not going to force her to. You'd better just leave her alone—that's what she wants."

I sat very still, my hands clenched tightly together in my lap. What a fool I'd been—and what a fool I was now, and would always be, as far as Jeff Carrier was concerned, for just knowing that he was there, at the other end of the wire, sent the blood beating hotly in my sick heart.

THEN one day the manager of the Kahl Building called me. Could I come back to work, just for one day? The girl he'd got to replace me wasn't satisfactory—a new one was coming Monday, but could I work Saturday? I refused, of course, but he reminded me of the shortage of help because of the war, of the predicament I'd left him in by resigning so abruptly. And in the end I said yes—not daring to admit, even to myself, that I was so hungry just for the sight of Jeff that I no longer cared how much that sight of him would cost me in hurt and tears.

But I didn't see Jeff that day—not in the Kahl Building, anyway. I saw only Marty, and even she was not the same. No longer cool and haughty, no longer assured and self-confident—but a Marty who looked a little desperate, a little frightened, as she clung to the sleeve of a man in khaki.

"That's Marty Manning's husband," the other elevator operator whispered to me, and then they were in my car, and I got a better look at them both. Yes, I'd been right—this wasn't the Marty I'd known. This new Marty had the look of a woman clinging to something that was escaping her grasp. I saw her arm, slipped through her husband's, and she wasn't leaning on him as much as she was hanging onto him. I didn't know that there was a difference until I saw them, then. And suddenly I didn't envy Marty at all—I only felt sorry for her, for the hunted, frightened look in her eyes.

Marty's husband looked at me and smiled. "Five," he said, and then, to her, "Marty, if you're going to be busy

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| True Romances | Radio Mirror |
| True Experiences | True Detective |
| True Love and Romance | Master Detective |

all day you might introduce me to your friend, here. This little girl's nice—I can tell."

Marty noticed me then, and her face grew hard. "Really?" she said, with a rising inflection that was cold as ice.

Her husband laughed. "Don't pay any attention," he told me. "She's just jealous—Marty always acts that way when she's jealous, don't you, Marty?" He turned back to me, smiling. "Now I really am interested in you!"

I couldn't find a word to say—these weren't my kind of people. I didn't understand the veiled cruelty of their words—I didn't speak the same language they did. But I was glad to open the elevator door at the fifth floor and let them out.

Marty got off without looking at me, but before I could shut the door again, I heard her say, "Jealous?" And then that brittle little laugh of hers. "Jealous of her?" Then she added something else—something that, in one short little speech, began to undermine the foundations of that bitter wall I'd built around myself. "One of the announcers here is in love with her—she's his girl."

THE whole world brightened as the door slid shut, just as if the sun had come out to warm a gray and cheerless day. *One of the announcers is in love with her. She's his girl.* My heart beat fast, caught in my throat until I thought it would crush the breath out of me. After months of numbness I was coming alive again. Perhaps it was true—Marty would know. Marty was the kind of woman who knew a man's feelings instinctively. Oh—it was true! Jeff was still in love with me. The exquisite pain of believing that was almost more than I could bear.

I think that I really grew up in those next few moments, because, for the first time, I stopped thinking about myself, and how I'd been hurt, and began to think about Jeff—began really to understand him, at last. I remembered how people had said he was a drifter—of course he was! He was a drifter because there was no reason for him to stay in one place. I had given him my love, and then I had withdrawn it, had turned back into myself. That was how life had been for him, always—wanting things, getting them, not being able to hold them. He had wanted to go into the Army, for instance, but, although he had gone in, he had been sent back home almost at once.

The same thing had happened with me. And then, when Jeff, needing comfort, wanting a woman's affection and tenderness, had turned to Marty, had kissed her hungrily that day in the office, I had run away instead of staying to win back my own.

It wasn't Jeff's fault. The fault lay with me—I knew that now. Jeff was friendly, loved company, wanted the companionship of a woman. If he couldn't have mine, he would drift to that of someone else. But if he could have me—if I were warm and steadfast, always, unquestioningly, beside him, he would never leave. I knew that. I knew it as surely as I knew that I was alive.

Suddenly I had to see Jeff—now, at once—but I couldn't leave the elevator, of course. Everytime I was called to the fifth floor my heart stopped beating until I slid the door open, began again with a sick thud of disappointment when I found it was someone else waiting there for me. Somehow, the long day dragged by, in an endless series of buoyant hopes and sinking dis-

Housework's the Only Job I Know

— what could I do in a war job ?

**"The More Women at War
— The Sooner We'll Win!"**

Harness that housework energy and skill to *any* home-front service! Every day, more and more women *must* help keep production moving! If your town needs workers, each day you delay means more men must die—Victory must be postponed. Below, see how many domestic duties can be applied to a war job!



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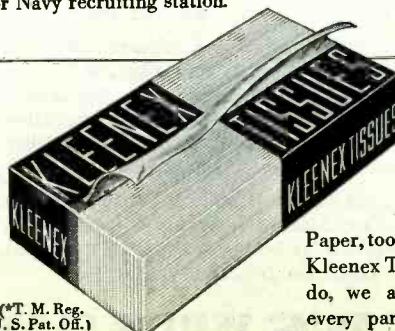
Ever wash and iron? . . . laundries need you! If you can run a washing machine, or do *anything* in the laundering line, here's a war job that will relieve your country of a serious problem! See the want ads. Also, your U. S. Employment Service Office will gladly give you free information.



Ever keep accounts? . . . manage household bills, budgets? The WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES need women for many types of work. Jobs computing pay rolls, keeping records, etc. Serve in uniform—release a man to fight! Inquire at your nearest Army or Navy recruiting station.



Ever go marketing? . . . try selling! It's like shopping—in *reverse*. Drug store clerks are urgently needed to sell cosmetics and other items, to serve at fountains or as cashiers. A job in *any* store is *essential*! Inquire in your neighborhood—read those want ads! Start working *today*!



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

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.



Triple Thrill bathing

with **Bathasweet**

1
BATHASWEET

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.
- 2 *While* bathing, use *Bathasweet Soap*. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
- 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*.



3
BATHASWEET Talc Mitt



Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:—
Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning

Help "flake off" your faded aging coarse textured 'TOP-SKIN'

Also Marvelous for
Enlarged Pore Openings
and to Loosen Blackheads

Day in and out—a "deflaking" process is constantly taking place in your skin. This "deflaking" process is practically invisible but very necessary if your under-skin is to reveal itself in all its clear, enchanting freshness.

And here's why Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack is famous for helping clear away this "top-skin" debris.

A Real Short Cut To Beauty

Just spread Edna Wallace Hopper's White Clay Pack over your face and throat. Wash off when dry. (Takes only



8 minutes.) Here's what it does!

This treatment is a remarkable quick beauty pick up. It helps you look your dazzling best on short notice. See how it whisks away that tired look, and gives your skin a glow—a fascinating beauty that is positively devastating!

Used weekly—Hopper's Clay Pack helps you maintain a heavenly smooth, clear, "top-skin" beauty thruout the years. At all cosmetic counters.

appointments. At last, near five o'clock, when Mr. Swanson's secretary got into the elevator, I could stand it no longer. Trying to make my voice sound light, as if I were inquiring for some casual friend instead of asking after my own heart, I said, "Where's Jeff Carrier keeping himself? I haven't seen him all day."

There was scorn in her voice as she answered me. "Jeff? Oh, he walked out on us last night, just like that, without any reason. Mr. Swanson is terribly angry and hurt. He said a long while ago that Jeff is a drifter, and I guess he was right."

There was one more question I had to ask. It came out almost in a whisper, and I held my breath, dreading the answer.

"Has—has he left town, do you know?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so—at least, he was still here this noon, because Mr. Swanson went out to his rooming house to see if he could get him to come back." She smiled and shrugged. "Oh, well—there's nothing we can do about it. Nice to have you back, Ann."

I THINK I must have flown to Jeff's rooming house when work was over at last. Mercifully I didn't have time to think, or perhaps I wouldn't have dared to go. I didn't know what I was going to say, and surely I didn't know what I'd do if I found that he had already left—but he was still there. He was there in the hall, with his overcoat on and his hat in his hand, and a big bag at his feet, paying his rent to the landlady. She took one look at me and vanished into the back part of the house, bless her.

And then—I found that I had nothing to say, or, rather, so much that the words tangled on my tongue, and wouldn't come out. I simply stood there, looking at him—loving him with my eyes, feeling strangely as if I had been lost, and at last found my way home.

"Ann—Ann?" He said my name questioningly, unsurely.

As if just the sound of Jeff's dear voice saying my name unlocked something inside me, I was able to speak at last.

"Jeff—Jeff, you can't go away. You can't."

He shook his head. "Ann, there's nothing to stay for."

I moved across to him, reached to catch his broad shoulders, far above mine, in my two hands. "Yes there is, Jeff." And with those words, the last of that barrier, that wall of distrust I had built around myself for protection against the world, crumbled away. "Yes, there is, Jeff. There's—me." I had no need for a wall, now, against the world. I had Jeff, and he was protection and security enough. "I—Jeff, I love you so. I've been such an awful, terrible fool, but I love you so much!"

He didn't need to answer. His arms around me, his lips against mine, were answer enough. And so for a long moment we stood there. And then Jeff laughed, and pushed me away. "We can't stand around here," he said, and the old gaiety, the laughter I had missed so much, was back in his voice and in his eyes. "I've a show at the station in half an hour, and I can't be late—and we've got an awful lot to do. Ann, do you suppose we could go apartment hunting tonight, after the show, so we'll have all tomorrow morning to get the license?"

Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S** WHITE CLAY **PACK**

Forget About Me

Continued from page 37

fortunate their daughters are."

"I bet he loves it," Ted said. "He's the kind that goes for sweet words from pretty ladies. And besides, I didn't care for that remark about the armed forces."

"Oh, he does his share," I argued. "He gives a lot of time to war activities."

"Just the same he's jealous of us," Ted said hotly. His face was flushed and I had never seen his blue eyes so bright. "We're in uniform and there he is sitting safe on a platform making an impression on a lot of girls who don't know whether he's talking economics or stamp-collecting!"

"Ted, that's cheap!" I cried out furiously. "You could do with some of his dignity and poise!"

This time Ted didn't answer. The set look on his thin face frightened me. Had I gone too far? I glanced at him fearfully as we walked in silence to the corner. I didn't dare speak as he got on the bus. He turned and looked down at me, as if to mutter brusque words of farewell. But then his eyes softened. And he was jumping off the step. He caught me up close against him, and his lips came down over mine in a quick, hard kiss. He had leaped back on the bus before I could breathe again.

How differently things might have turned out if Mother hadn't chosen that week to visit me!

SHE couldn't get away often, but whenever business was quiet at the store she'd make a trip to Hopefield. I loved having her, of course, she was so charming and gay and winning with my friends, but this time there was something lacking in my welcome. Maybe it was premonition, maybe it grew from the things Ted had said, but most of all I dreaded taking her to Economics class. And she insisted, as I'd known she would.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she said. "He makes me feel like a girl again."

I hardly heard a word Marshall Bainbridge said that day. He must have been in good form, because when I slowly followed Mother to the platform afterward, I heard her saying, "I never heard you speak so brilliantly. I tell my daughter that your lecture is always the high point of my visit."

He smiled. "Perhaps I can return the compliment by saying that your visit makes a high point of my lecture."

I felt like dragging Mother away, out of range of his smiling warm eyes, his deep soft voice. Mother must have felt it, for she laughed and said, "I think my daughter is about to scold me for monopolizing your time."

They both looked at me then, and I felt my cheeks get hot with embarrassment. Oh, why had she come here to make me look like a clumsy young imitation of herself!

"I beg you to let your mother off lightly," Marshall Bainbridge said, his eyes twinkling. He was laughing at me! I could have died. In that moment it seemed to me that the one thing I wanted, the one thing absolutely necessary, was for Marshall Bainbridge to take me seriously, as a person in my own right.

When I had seen Mother off on the train, I felt unsettled, lost.

And then I heard his voice. Mar-

"This One Complete Cream is all you need"



Marjorie Reynolds

featured in
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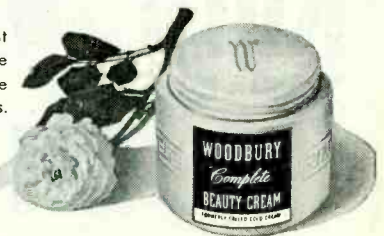
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Smooths. Gives a velvet finish for powder. Acts as a night cream. Helps smooth away dryness and tiny dry-skin lines.

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QUEST POWDER

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U. S. Pat. Off.



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shall Bainbridge was standing right beside me on the curb. "I'm afraid I can guess what brings you to this part of town this time of day," he said. "Your charming mother must have left on the 10:10."

I nodded. Then in a sudden rush, I told him. "Oh, I've wanted to apologize to you. About bringing people to class, I mean. I'm sorry—"

He smiled, his brown eyes warm. "If you knew just how little you had to be sorry for—"

"But I mean it!" My voice was urgent. "I've felt awful about it."

He studied my face. "You do mean it, don't you? Let's try to do something about that awful feeling over a cup of coffee."

He had pushed open the door of the Mary Alden Tea Room and now we were moving across the deep carpet to a leather-covered circular seat in the corner. I felt as if I were in a dream.

For a little while he was silent, studying the menu. When he had given the order he looked at me intently. "I don't think you'd worry about my professorial dignity," he said, "if you really knew me as I am. And I want you to know me, which rather surprises me, considering that I came here to escape people—to get away from knowing them too well." He spoke slowly, almost reluctantly. "I'd been through rather a lot, you see."

"I know." I had heard that his marriage had ended in divorce. "I'm sorry." My voice was breathless.

He smiled, as if with effort. "That's all past. I made up my mind I'd never let myself be trapped again. But now I've begun to wonder. Perhaps I shouldn't try to protect myself against my own feelings. Perhaps that would simply be cheating myself out of a second chance of happiness."

THE waitress came then with our coffee, and it seemed to me I held my breath all the time she was placing the cups. My mind was whirling. Why should Marshall Bainbridge say these things to me?

When we were alone again, he spoke softly, his brown eyes very intent on my face. "The question is, could there be a second chance for me? Do you think I dare to hope?"

Why should he ask *me*? My heart was beating terribly fast. I said, "almost in a whisper, "Why, of course—"

He shook his head doubtfully. "You can't know yet how insecure each person is at heart. How isolated, how lonely. You're too young—"

"I'm not! I cried out urgently. "I know what it is to be lonely!"

"You?" He smiled gently. "You, so charming, with your lovely mother?"

I said quickly, "A person doesn't have to be old to know these things. I know!"

"You almost make me believe you," he said. "And I want to, very much." "You can believe me." My voice was very small.

"Then I shall." His brown eyes were shining. I held my breath, waiting for what he would say. "You see, your sympathy is very important to me. If you are right that I have another chance at happiness, you can help me find it."

"Me?" My throat was tight with excitement. I couldn't breathe.

"Yes." He spoke rapidly now, urgently. "Suppose I had found someone so lovely, so altogether right somehow, that I was tempted to hope. You think I should go ahead and stake everything on that hope?"



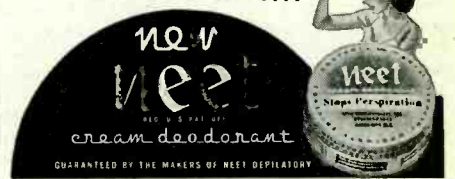
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"I do," I told him, trying to keep my voice steady. "Yes. I do."
 "You are very sweet. You don't know what you've done for me this morning." He took my hand and pressed it, and there was a breathless silence in which the ticking of the grandfather's clock in the corner of the tea room was very loud.

We both heard it at the same time. He shook his head as if coming out of a daze, and we both turned. Ten minutes to eleven! Almost time for class. "I'm sorry," he said. "This has meant a lot to me."

"To me, too," I told him. And it was true. Always I had dreamed of a man who would speak to me in these deeply thrilling tones, and now it had come true.

"I wish we were free to repeat this occasion," he said, frowning regretfully as we rose to go. "There is so much to say, I wish the college rules didn't stand in the way—"

"I don't care about rules!" I told him. "I mean, with anything so important—" I broke off, my cheeks hot.

But he was smiling down at me as if delighted with my spirit.

"I shouldn't let you." The wistfulness in his tone settled it.

"You can't help yourself," I told him, laughing up at him in sudden daring confidence. "I'll meet you down by the Boathouse Saturday night."

All week I felt as if I were stepping lightly from one white downy cloud to another, part of the lovely sunny blue sky that surrounded me, in tune with the lilting birdsongs, breathing fragrance of lilacs and chestnut blossoms.

It was Friday when Ted called. "Get ready to celebrate!" he shouted gaily over the phone. "I'm coming over tomorrow!"

He was just taking it for granted that we would spend our time together. I told myself he had no right to be so casual. That was the trouble. It wouldn't hurt him to know my time wasn't so easy to get. "I'm afraid I have a date," I told him with dignity.

"Date?" His voice sounded incredulous. "But I was counting on coming—I mean, I thought I told you we always got off for Saturday night at least—He sounded miserable, like a little boy who'd been denied a treat, and I wanted suddenly to tell him I'd break my date. But he had to learn to set a higher value on me than he had last weekend.

"I can't break it," I told him. "You see, it's with Professor Bainbridge." I tried to say the name calmly, as if such dates were commonplace in my life.

"Bainbridge!" His astonishment was very satisfying to me. But instantly he had spoiled it. "What's he up to?" he asked gruffly.

"Up to?" I asked stiffly. "He's just an attractive man with whom I have a date, that's all."

"Attractive to your mother, no doubt," Ted said rudely.

I was really angry then. "It happens that he doesn't feel that way," I said furiously. "He says I'm important to his happiness."

"Maybe he wants you to promote him with your mother," Ted said with a laugh. Suddenly I hated him. Up to then, I think I had wanted Ted to persuade me to break my date. But for him—Ted who had always stood by me—for Ted to imply that no one could really like me for myself—Oh, I couldn't bear it!

"I'll find out whether you are right," I told him in a voice that was small and smooth like an icicle. "And then

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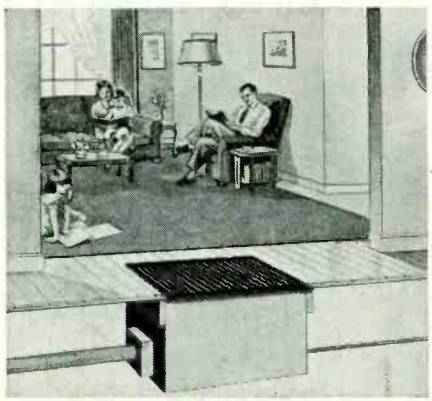


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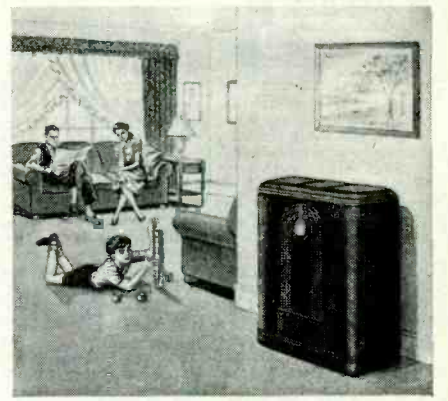
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"I'll let you know, I promise."

"Oh, I would! I'd show him! I hung up without waiting for Ted to answer. I had to. I couldn't keep from crying. I had never been so angry and hurt in all my life before.

By Saturday night I was in a real panic. Suppose Ted had been right? I would never be able to hold up my head again if my boasts turned out to be based on nothing more than a school-girl's silly vain imagination.

I was weak and breathless when I turned into the path beside Still Pond. At first I saw no one. Then, when his solid figure emerged from the shadow of the boathouse, my relief was so great that I felt faint. I think I'd have fallen, for my knees were giving way beneath me, if he hadn't reached a hand and held me strongly by his side. I leaned against him, trying to get my breath and dignity.

"So you came." He smiled. "Of course I came." The words were a sort of gasp. "How could I stay away? After what you said—"

"Perhaps I said too much." He frowned, looking into my face. "Maybe I took advantage of your sweet young kindness."

"Kindness!" I stiffened in the circle of his arm. "It wasn't kindness. It's been just the same for me as it is for you. It's wonderful to know that we needn't be lonely—either of us—"

"How can you be so sure?" he asked me. His eyes were brooding as he looked out over the lake. "Happy endings aren't so easy, you know—"

"But this is real!" I cried out. "Why should we doubt it, when we know—" I stopped, there on the path, my eyes looking up into his face.

His face bent closer, his eyes searched my face. "Know what?" he asked. "Know that we love each other," I told him steadily.

"Diane!" It was the first time he had called me that, and his voice was deep

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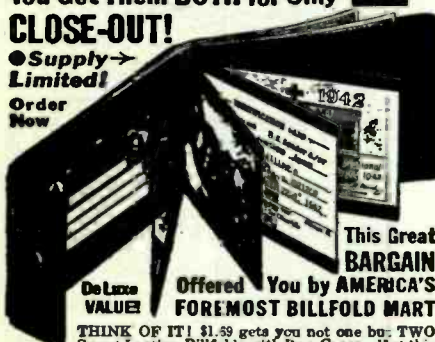
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with a sort of wondering, incredulous emotion. "Diane... what are you saying?" His hands gripped my shoulders, hurt me with their strength.

"Can't you believe it?" I asked him with a shaky little laugh. "Have you been so unhappy that you can't believe in happiness?"

"You're very sweet," he said softly. "But child, you hardly know me—"

"Hardly know you?" I laughed again. "After this year!"

"But you're too young to realize—"

"I'm not too young!" I cried out almost angrily. His words were an echo of Ted's and I hated them. "You said yourself that understanding didn't depend on age. You said I had a comprehending heart!"

His hands tightened again on my shoulders and he drew me closer. "You have, you sweet child."

My body felt as though it would melt in the loveliness of the moment, held so close to his solid strength, the soft night breeze touching my cheeks and hair. I lifted my face to his, till our lips were nearly meeting.

And then it was happening. His lips had found mine and he was kissing me, gently—Oh, with infinite gentleness at first—but then his arms were tightening about my body until it seemed no longer my own at all, but part of his. His kisses were long and rich with a fire I had never even dreamed about, and between them he was murmuring brokenly against my hair, "You lovely thing—you darling—"

I DON'T know how much time went by. I don't know when I began to be a little frightened. At last I pushed away from him and asked him breathlessly, "Now do you believe it?"

He shook his head as if coming out of a daze. "I don't know what to believe," he said. "But there is one thing I know. And that is you're lovely."

Oh, wonderful words to hear on a night like this! Exactly right for this soft sweet fragrant air that was like a caress against my face. I wanted to laugh and cry in ecstasy. Slowly we started walking, hand in hand, not talking much but sometimes standing still to look into each other's faces with a sort of wondering joy. When we had circled the lake, Marshall suddenly stopped and said, "We've been a little mad tonight, I'm afraid. Things may look very different in the morning."

Again his words echoed Ted's. I couldn't bear it. I said urgently, "Not to me! I know!"

"Do you, child?" He bent his head again to study my face. "Do you?"

"Yes," I told him firmly. "And I'm not a child."

"I don't know what you are," Marshall almost groaned, his arms about me again, his lips close to mine. "You're magic, that's all I know." He kissed me with sudden violence. "You make everything seem possible."

"Then it is!" I told him. The words seemed to come from me involuntarily, out of this fiery certainty. "Then Marshall—let's not wait—"

"Diane, please. Don't say what you can't possibly mean."

"But I do mean it." I laughed, dizzy with a sudden sure sense of power. "I mean I'll marry you whenever you want me. This week. Saturday."

He held me off, staring at me incredulously. "I really believe you would." "Would?" I laughed again, excitedly. "I will."

Then he laughed, too, with the same reckless, joyous abandon. "We are mad," he whispered, his lips against



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mine. "But it's a wonderful madness." It did seem mad, to me too, when I woke up in the morning. In fact, each morning, all week, I had to go over the whole thrilling evening, word by word, my heart beating again at the memory of every kiss, hearing again the deep tones of his voice, roughened sometimes with excitement—only then could I believe that this had really happened to me. I was going to marry Marshall Bainbridge!

When Ted called, his voice sounded strange and unfamiliar. "How about it, Di? Am I forgiven?"

"Of course, Ted." My own voice sounded just as remote and queer in my ears.

"Then it's all right for Saturday?"

"Oh, Ted. No. I mean, I'm afraid I'll be busy—" I found it terribly difficult to tell him.

"Say, what is this?" Ted's voice rasped. He was angry. Again I felt that need to stir him. But now it was too late. I must stop him even as he started blustering, "Don't tell me you've got another date with that smooth prof—"

"Ted, don't." My tone cut off his words. "Listen, Ted." I told him, trying to keep my voice steady. "You see, I'm going to marry him. Saturday."

"Marry—" It was more a strangled gasp than a word. "Marry who—"

"Marshall," I answered. "Marshall Bainbridge."

There was no answer then. No sound at all. I thought the line was dead.

"Ted, are you still there?" I asked in a queer desperation. I had to hear him say something. I clung to that receiver as if my life depended on it. "Do you understand, Ted?"

"Yes." He said it tonelessly. "I understand."

Did he? I wondered. I wondered if I really wanted him to understand. Maybe I wanted him to scold and shout and swear and call Marshall Bainbridge every name in a man's vocabulary for taking his girl away from him. Maybe I wanted to hear him threaten to come right over and do something about it with his own two big bony young hands. Perhaps I even wanted him to come and do it before my eyes! I don't know. All I knew was that he did not storm and shout, and I felt a deep lost empty feeling. He didn't care!

Well, why should I want him to care, when I loved someone else? Marshall Bainbridge loved me and we were going to be married.

Ted said, very quietly, "Here's wishing you best, Diane. Whatever will make you happy—"

"Thanks, Ted."

That was all. There didn't seem anything else to say. Why should I stand there holding the silent receiver in my hand? The phone had clicked off, Ted was gone. Gone. I might never see him again. He'd go away after a while and he'd fly planes in battle, and he might never come back—

Well, there was no use thinking of that. I would be married, and Ted wouldn't mean any more to me than any other soldier.

I SUPPOSE the days before a girl gets married are always different from her dreams of them. I'd always thought I'd walk on clouds, but now sometimes I wished I could come back to good solid earth again. To make myself feel real, I'd meet Marshall and talk very busily about practical matters: how we'd change the apartment where he lived, what furniture we'd

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need to keep house there. And he'd laugh at me, his eyes twinkling in amusement, and kiss me. And in his arms I'd forget the queer, dizzy sense of unreality. He loved me!

It was Friday when Mother called. She phoned me often, whenever she had time to think of anything but business. But this time her voice sounded different; it did something new to me. Maybe it was the way a girl feels before her wedding, sort of emotional and trembly and—well, needing a mother, maybe—Anyway her voice sounded softer, sweeter, more motherly, because I wanted to hear it that way. "I'm missing you," she said. "How about taking a train and coming home to Mommy for the week-end?"

Suddenly the idea was very attractive, compelling. For a moment I almost wished— But of course not. "Mom, I can't. I—I've got a date—"

"Sounds important," she said gaily. But her tone was a question, and I felt somehow I had to answer her.

"Yes. Yes, Mom, it is important." "A date as important as all that," Mother said, still gently, still casually, but somehow more as if she cared than I'd ever heard her speak to me. "Maybe you could let your mother in on a date as important as all that?"

"But you wouldn't like it," I faltered, wanting suddenly to tell her. "You'd want to stop me."

"I promise I won't," Mother said.

That gave me the funniest feeling. "You won't?" I asked her dubiously.

"No. Why should I?" "Because I'm getting married."

I expected her to show shock or alarm then—something! But she simply said with a queer little laugh, "Well, that is an important date. And I still want to share it. I'd take it as a favor if you'd come home and let me give you the prettiest little wedding I can achieve on such short notice."

"Oh, Mom!" I was crying then, I didn't know why. She was so sweet!

IT felt queer to be riding along through the familiar landscape with Marshall Bainbridge in the train seat beside me. We were both pretty silent, looking out across the fields that were getting green now, though you could still see patches of snow in the shady woods. I looked up at Marshall's face and his dark eyes seemed so far away that I put my hand on his knee. He jumped and then smiled quickly down at me. "How are you?" he asked. "Anything you want? A drink? Sandwich?"

I had to laugh. We'd just had lunch before we started. But I guess neither of us had eaten very much.

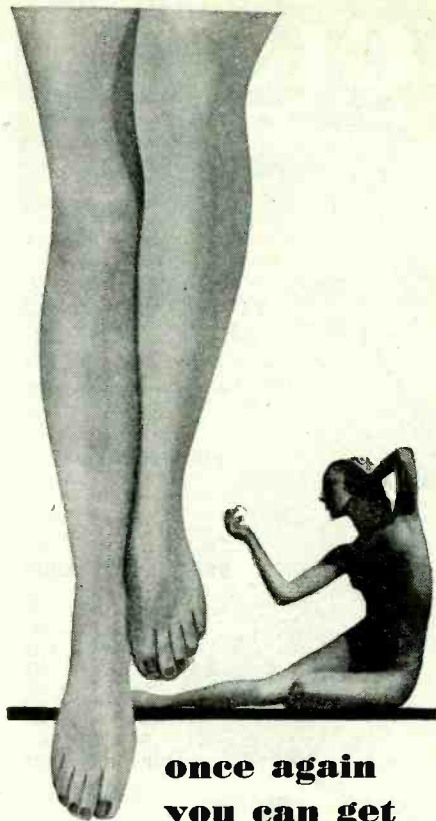
"No," I told him. "You just looked so stern sitting there."

He patted my hand. "Bridegrooms are notoriously tense on the big day," he said. "Maybe I am a little worried that your mother will call the police and have me arrested. You're such a child—" He sighed, looking down at me fondly.

"Don't be absurd." I lifted my chin high and looked steadily into his brown eyes. "I won't be the youngest girl in my dorm to be married."

He shook his head a little. "So proud—" He kissed the tip of my nose. "And so beautiful."

The house was a mass of gorgeous flowers, I had never seen it look so wonderfully festive. And Mother stood in the midst of all the glow and shine, smiling her welcome. I threw my arms about her neck and had all I could do to keep from crying like a child. I had the craziest feeling I'd never really



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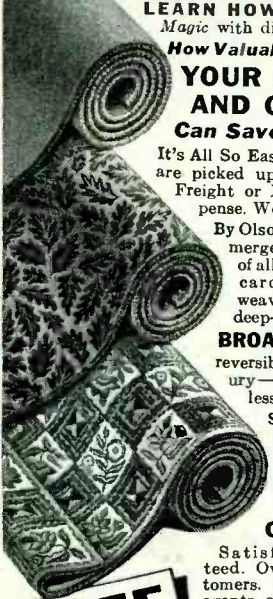
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found her till that minute—and now it was too late.

But how silly. Marrying wasn't going to take me far from her. I could always see her any time I wanted. I tried to remember my manners. "Mother, you remember Marshall, of course—"

"Of course." For a minute they stood there looking at each other, not speaking quite as quickly as you'd expect two poised people to speak. Marshall looked almost scared, as though he really had expected Mother to say something terrible to him. It could have been funny, but somehow it wasn't. For Mother had tipped her little head to one side and her gray-blue eyes were narrowed, studying him as if she were deeply puzzled—and almost hurt. I thought, "It's the first she's ever felt old, knowing her daughter's marrying. That's what hurts."

But she spoke now, very briskly, showing Marshall to his room, and telling me to go up to mine and bathe and take a rest. "I've laid some things out for you," she told me with a gay, significant smile. "Some things that are old and some things that are new; some things that are borrowed and some things that are blue."

SHE took my arm and we went up the stairs together. "The wedding's at six," she told me, and went on chattering about food and arrangements. "I've got old Reverend Merrihew, I thought you'd want it very small—"

I stopped on the landing to look at her. "Small!" The thought of anyone at all seeing me stand up and marry Marshall Bainbridge terrified me.

"Just the Stillwells—"
 "The Stillwells! "Do you mean—is Ted coming?"

"Why, of course. He happened to be coming home for the week-end anyway. He got a chance to ferry a training plane from Maryatt to some field near here on Long Island—"

We were standing at the door of my room and I still didn't move. What if Ted—what if he tried to spoil things? Mother gave me a little push. "Go see."

I looked in and caught my breath. Laid out neatly on my bed was a traveling suit of glowing rust color to match my hair, complete with shoes and hat and stockings; nighties and underthings of sheer, lacy white; a peach negligee and a jade green housecoat. "Mom—Mom!" I looked at her through a glitter of tears. And suddenly our arms were about each other.

She patted my shoulder. "No weeping now," she said. "The bride must

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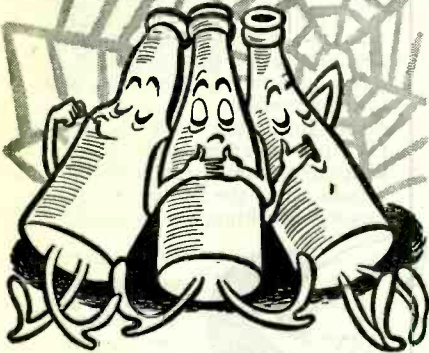
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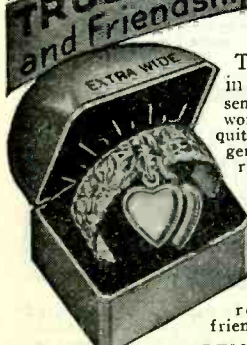
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be beautiful!" She turned from the doorway. "Call me when you're ready for the finishing touches."

I bathed and tried to rest; dawdled over the packing of the new suitcase. At ten minutes to six, Mother came in. "The minister's here," she said. "And you're not nearly ready."

"Anyone—else?" I asked the question fearfully. I dreaded seeing Ted.

She shook her head. "I called Mrs. Stillwell. Ted was expected home before five. She doesn't know what to think. But no doubt by this time he's arrived."

Of course. He'd be there, all right. No escaping those keen, mocking blue eyes of his. I sat staring into the mirror while Mother pinned flowers in my hair. My face looked as white as the gardenias, and my eyes with the pupils unnaturally enlarged looked black and huge. "I guess when this is all over, I'll come to," I told Mother with a little laugh. "Maybe I won't look such a ghost."

"Of course not," she comforted me. "It will be different when you're married and alone at last with your husband—"

Husband! Her words painted a new and suddenly disturbing picture. Marshall Bainbridge would be my husband. I wouldn't be Diane Carter any longer, just a girl. Wherever we went—hotel desk or faculty tea—I'd be Mrs. Marshall Bainbridge. I jerked up my chin. Well, I'd be proud of the name!

SIX o'clock came and went. Mother went downstairs again. I heard her phone again to the Stillwells. I ran to stand at the head of the stairs, and started down. I didn't need to hear Mrs. Stillwell's answers to understand. Ted hadn't come. She had called the airport but she hadn't learned anything.

As I came down the stairs, Mother shook her head. "It seems he's been delayed somehow," she told me, adding brightly, "He'll be all right, of course."

"Of course," I echoed dully. "We'd better go ahead with the ceremony, though, don't you think?" she asked in her brisk tone. "We can't very well ask Dr. Merrihew to wait around. And the supper will be spoiled—"

I stared at her, my eyes widened so that I could feel the muscles tight.

"Mother! You wouldn't—"

"Why not?" she asked calmly. "You and Marshall have a train to catch, remember. And this isn't Ted's wedding, after all."

Those last words shocked me. They sounded so callous and unfeeling. "But Mother," I pleaded, "I can't just go on with my plans as if nothing had happened. When Ted might be lying out in some woods, hurt—or killed—I stopped. I couldn't bear the picture my own words brought up. I went across the room to the window.

Mother shrugged and turned to Marshall. "Well, we can wait a bit—"

I didn't move, just stood there still as a statue. Because the thought had come to me. Maybe there was a reason for this strange vagueness about Ted's whereabouts. Maybe he had lost himself—but not by accident!

I remembered the way he had looked at me when he first came to visit me at Normal, the way his hand had lifted my hair. And that night at the tree when he would have carved our initials. He had said, "I want you to be sure. Because marriage is something for two people to build together all their lives." Why had I thought his hesitation meant he didn't care? Why hadn't I

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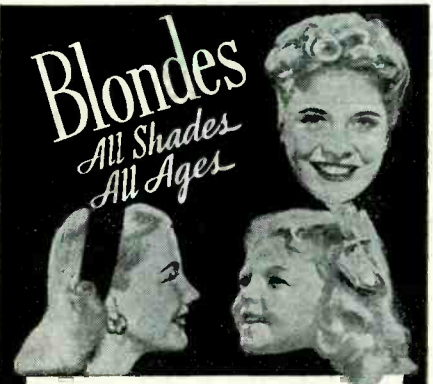
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didn't especially need but which *might* be needed later. No, it wasn't easy. But Marietta did it. She said, "We Americans have over forty billion dollars a year which we *shouldn't* spend. It's money we must save, or put in War Bonds, or insurance, or taxes. Because if we *don't*—it means that fatal spiral of rising prices that will lead to national disaster."

So Marietta bought only what the Hansons needed, took care of what they had, encouraged her husband to pay his taxes promptly and cheerfully—and made a special effort to avoid waste in her kitchen.

It seems simple—but the men who know tell me that Marietta Hanson is making as important a contribution to winning the war as any soldier, sailor or war worker.

Then there's Jane Bingham. She wanted to see her aunt who lived in Detroit, only 400 miles away. They hadn't seen each other for two years and Aunt Amy had been sick with the flu for several weeks. Jane's husband had the money all right—he was making plenty in his restaurant. Jane decided she would go. Her husband said okay. Then a letter arrived from Aunt Amy. It said, "Jane dear: I'd love to have you come to see me. But I've thought it over carefully and I've decided you'd better not—not just now, dear. I read the trouble we're having sending out boys to the camps, the ports of embarkation and *home on furlough* with the present rail and bus facilities. The government is begging us not to travel unless we absolutely have to. I don't suppose my boy Sammy will be getting back from the Pacific *this* year on furlough but I'll still feel happier knowing that you and I did our part for *other* boys like Sammy. It's the least we can do, Jane?"

JANE wrote back a long, chatty letter which ended, "God bless you, Amy, darling. I do so want to see you—but I'm not coming. You're right. It's the least we can do."

Later Aunt Amy wrote to her niece Jane about another thing. She had learned that twenty-five million letters are being sent each week to men in the armed forces—a tremendous amount of tonnage which displaces important equipment, rations, ammunition, oil. "If we stick to V-Mail," Aunt Amy said, "we can reduce that dangerous tonnage—and do more for our boys than we can imagine. It's a temptation to send a big, fat letter—I did that for Sammy till I found out the facts—but now I'm using V-Mail exclusively and I wish you'd tell all of our family and friends to do the same." So Jane has been spreading the news.

Of course, we all know how important it is to produce all the food we possibly can—and then preserve whatever we don't actually need. In 1944 there will be more than twenty-one million Victory gardens producing over ten billion pounds of food. That's very important because 13% of all our food goes to the Armed Forces and about 10% to our Allies and friendly countries. Even though we're producing more food than ever before, we need so much more, so every new garden is another nail in the coffins of Hitler and Hirohito. I remember reading what Ma Perkins wrote in this magazine about Ellen Foster who grew twenty-seven different kinds of vegetables, even though she'd never had a garden before—and as a result won prizes including \$10 in war stamps and a \$25 War Bond for her beautiful

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vegetables. All of us who can grow food, should do so.

That's about all I have to tell you about the women we found who had decided that it's never too late to fight a total war. I mustn't stop, though, without telling you about Gloria Banning. She has a family of four young ones, and a mother who was paralyzed several years ago. Her husband was in the last war and went right back in after Pearl Harbor. Gloria can't devote much time to "Win-the-War" activities—about an hour a day. Here's what she does. She found out all the details about the WACS, the WAVES and other services for women as well as the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and the Women's Crop Corps. Then she went around, from house to house, just like a magazine subscription salesman, to find girls and women who wanted to join one of those organizations but had never found out the facts. You'd be surprised how many of them welcomed Gloria Banning, ate up the information she'd collected, and what's more—joined up with one of the organizations.

WELL, there it is—a supplementary check list of service, to add to the original one Kathy and I had made, based on what other women have discovered. I've started doing them all so I can face my boy six years from now when he's eighteen!

1. Save money, and encourage saving, by buying war bonds, insurance and by putting away as much cash as possible.
 2. Take care of possessions and don't buy new ones unless you need them.
 3. Buy rationing goods only with stamps and not above ceiling prices.
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 10. If you can't devote yourself to full-time war work help your friends and neighbors who can do so to find the right war job.
- If you haven't done any or all of these things up to now, remember—it's not too late to start, now!

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Wednesday, May 10th



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word she pushed herself away from the table and wheeled out into the hall. Anger and something more than that was in every line of her small, upright body.

"You shouldn't have done that," I whispered. "You've hurt her."
"I couldn't help it." His eyes met mine miserably and for the first time I saw, beneath their careful shield, the anguish that lay beneath. "I'm sorry but—I couldn't help it."
After that, things were somehow subtly changed. Coralie still seemed to want me at the house and yet I surprised a fleeting expression on her face sometimes as she looked at Dwight and me—as if she were warily watching. Once there was a flash almost of



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LIPS LOOK LOVELIER—LONGER

Let No Man Put Asunder

Continued from page 29

I've got a business meeting and I've got to go. Have dinner with me tomorrow?"

Life is like that, I wanted to say. I know, because my love is like an all-consuming flame that has nothing to do with the books I read. But I didn't. I only said I'd have dinner with him tomorrow, and thanked him again for the flowers.

Just after he left, the telephone rang. It was Coralie. "You've got to come right over," she cried. "I'm dying to

hate in it. I told myself I must remember that she was sick, and had the natural resentment of those who are helpless for those who are well.

Kevin told me that he had taken Coralie out driving once or twice in his car. "She wants to get over the fear of cars she's had since the accident," he told me. "She wants to surprise Dwight by offering to go for a drive with him one day. She'll do it, too," he added admiringly. "Coralie always does what she wants."

Poor little Coralie, I thought. So determined to get well that she runs the risk of overtaxing her strength, endangering her long road back to health. Somehow that night, in Dwight's attitude toward me, she had sensed something. I felt sick with pity and with guilt. I'd been a fool to think things could go on this way indefinitely. Coralie was bound to suspect something sooner or later.

I knew I would have to put us all beyond the risk of that happening. It was up to me, and there was only one way to do it.

"Kevin," I said slowly, "if you—still want me, I'll marry you. No—wait!" I thrust out my hands to hold off his eager arms. "Don't misunderstand. I still don't feel as I hoped to, maybe as I ought to—but I think you're right. I have been asking the impossible. And so, knowing that I like and respect you and that I'll try—"

"That's all I want!" he cried, and there was something like triumph in his voice. "I'll teach you to love me. If I still want you—my God, why do you think I've waited all these months, been so patient when I—" His arms did go around me then, and his lips came down on mine, demanding.

I STRUGGLED away. "Wait, Kevin. Please." I gave a shaky laugh. "Let me get used to the idea."

I tried to listen as he talked, to enter into the plans he was making. "... right away, of course. And we'll go to New York for our trip—there's so much I want to show you—"

All I could feel was that this was our tomorrow, Dwight's and mine.

I told Dwight that night. I'd tried to tell them both, but Coralie had seemed too removed, too hostile, as she had so often lately. Several times when I'd started to say the words, I looked up to see her eyes fixed on my face with that inexplicable expression. Dwight had come with me into the vestibule to show me out.

I looked up at him—at the sturdy ruggedness of his face, the dark blondness, and the sensitive strength of the hands I loved so, and it was like seeing them for the last time.

"I've got to tell you, Dwight," I whispered. "I told Kevin this afternoon that I would marry him."

He stared at me and I could feel his body stiffen, as one stiffens under an electric shock. Then he looked toward the lighted living room where Coralie waited alone, and pulled me out on the porch, and closed the door.

He didn't touch me but the suffering in his voice was like fresh wounds in my heart. "It's as if part of me is dead," he said, "the part of me that had kept alive on hope. Oh, I know the hope was wrong. I didn't even know I still had it—till just now."

"I know, Dwight. I had it too. Until I saw how, unconsciously, I was coming between you and Coralie. We were beginning to hurt her. And so—there isn't any other way."

He was still for a long time. "Yes,

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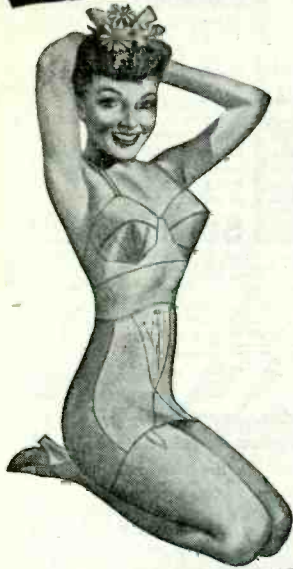
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vegetables. All of us who can grow food, should do so.

That's about all I have to tell you about the women we found who had decided that it's never too late to fight a total war. I mustn't stop, though, without telling you about Gloria Banning. She has a family of four young ones, and a mother who was paralyzed several years ago. Her husband was in the last war and went right back in after Pearl Harbor. Gloria can't devote much time to "Win-the-War" activities—about an hour a day. Here's what she does. She found out all the details about the WACS, the WAVES and other services for women as well as the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and the Women's Crop Corps. Then she went around, from house to house, just like a magazine subscription salesman, to find girls and women who wanted to join one of those organizations but had never found out the facts. You'd be surprised how many of them welcomed Gloria Banning, ate up the information she'd collected, and what's more—joined up with one of the organizations.

WELL, there it is—a supplementary check list of service, to add to the original one Kathy and I had made, based on what other women have discovered. I've started doing them all so I can face my boy six years from now when he's eighteen!

1. Save money, and encourage saving, by buying war bonds, insurance and by putting away as much cash as possible.
 2. Take care of possessions and don't buy new ones unless you need them.
 3. Buy rationing goods only with stamps and not above ceiling prices.
 4. Pay your debts and don't contract new ones.
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 6. Don't travel except in emergencies.
 7. When you write to boys and girls in the services use V-Mail.
 8. Produce and preserve as much food as you can grow.
 9. Avoid waste of food—waste of anything.
 10. If you can't devote yourself to full-time war work help your friends and neighbors who can do so to find the right war job.
- If you haven't done any or all of these things up to now, remember—it's not too late to start, now!

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Let No Man Put Asunder

Continued from page 29

I've got a business meeting and I've got to go. Have dinner with me tomorrow?"

Life is like that, I wanted to say. I know, because my love is like an all-consuming flame that has nothing to do with the books I read. But I didn't. I only said I'd have dinner with him tomorrow, and thanked him again for the flowers.

Just after he left, the telephone rang. It was Coralie. "You've got to come right over," she cried. "I'm dying to see you."

I protested I was tired, that I still had to unpack. But she cut me off and her voice was hurt. "Of course, if you don't want to," she said. "After all—And I thought I heard a sob in it—"it isn't as if I could come see you."

Well, just this once, I thought. If I don't go she'll be hurt and she might suspect something.

SEEING them together was like some new, exquisite torture. To be in the same room with Dwight, to brush accidentally against his shoulder, to hear his voice—and yet to see how completely Coralie claimed him. She was like a gay, imperious tyrant: "Dwight, darling, will you do this? Sweetheart, do get that for me..." And once when he was out of the room she whispered, "Oh, Sally, he's more wonderful even than I thought. He loves me so—he'd do anything for me. I can't wait for you to fall in love and get married—you won't know what I mean until you do. Although of course," and she laughed, "there couldn't be another man like Dwight. Could there?"

"No, Coralie. I'm sure—there couldn't be another man like Dwight." When it was time for me to go, Dwight offered to drive me home. His manner all evening had been just as it should be—to a beloved cousin of his wife—considerate, affectionate, yet impersonal and casual. And I knew that when we were alone it would be the same. Dwight might love me, but he was married to Coralie and he would be hers completely.

He was just about to leave the room to get his coat when Coralie called him back. She looked about to cry. "Don't leave me, darling," she said. "I—I have so little of you when you're working all day, and it isn't—it isn't as if I could go, too. Sally wouldn't mind—we can call a taxi for her. After all, Sally—" and her voice broke just a little—"can walk."

"Of course, I wouldn't mind," I said hurriedly.

He looked at Coralie and then he looked at me. "Perhaps I'd better," he said briefly. "I'll get you a taxi, Sally."

I wouldn't go there again, not for a long time, I told myself going home in the cab. I couldn't yet make friends with this kind of pain.

But in the many weeks that followed, I did go. Often. I went because Coralie demanded it. "But you know I can't go out," she'd say wistfully. "You and Dwight are the people I love best in all the world, and I want you with me. It—it makes my legs better. Is that too much to ask, Sally?"

Aunt Ethel added her pleas. "It means so much to her, Sally, and she's being so brave. This paralysis, is going on so much longer than any of us thought," she went on anxiously.

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"I know the doctor doesn't understand it. He thought getting married would help but it hasn't. He keeps saying that we mustn't worry, and must do everything we can to give her back what he calls a sense of security. He says it's as if she's afraid to walk. Oh, Sally, sometimes I wonder if she'll ever—"

I took her in my arms and comforted her as best I could. And as I did so I knew that I, too, had hoped with a last, desperate hope that some day—some day—And then, ashamed and shocked, I put that knowledge from me.

And so nearly every evening I spent at Coralie's. Sometimes Kevin took me and we all played bridge. Sometimes there were just the three of us, and those were the hardest times. Never since that first night did Dwight offer to take me home, and never once in all those weeks were we alone together. Sometimes he dropped in at the store, but always when Mr. Caswell was also there. And I wondered if he felt that same poignant compound of misery and joy that I did.

Through it all, Kevin was there, his love intruding itself on my consciousness whether he said anything or not. And sometimes, as the late spring came and passed and became summer, I wondered in my desperate unhappiness, "Why not? Why not at least make Kevin happy? For I can't go on like this forever!"

One evening I was alone at Coralie and Dwight's. Kevin was away on a short business trip and the three of us had been playing rummy. Coralie had just won the last hand and we were sitting there around the table making idle conversation when suddenly she said:

"Sally, when are you going to marry Kevin?"

I FELT my cheeks flush and then pale. "I don't know that I ever am," I said unsteadily, trying to laugh it off. "I've told him 'no' a hundred times but he—he doesn't seem to believe it."

"You ought to," she insisted. "He's been crazy about you for ages. And you would be about him if you just gave yourself a little push in the right direction. Oh, please do, honey—it would make me so happy."

"That," Dwight broke in harshly, "is Sally's business. It's for her to decide, not for you."

We both stared at him. It was the first time he had ever spoken sharply to Coralie, and this was more than sharp. "But Dwight, I've only got Sally's happiness at heart—you know that. And I think—"

"All new wives want to be match-makers for their friends. But you're going too far. You leave Sally and Kevin alone!"

Coralie sat stunned. Then without a word she pushed herself away from the table and wheeled out into the hall. Anger and something more than that was in every line of her small, upright body.

"You shouldn't have done that," I whispered. "You've hurt her."

"I couldn't help it." His eyes met mine miserably and for the first time I saw, beneath their careful shield, the anguish that lay beneath. "I'm sorry but—I couldn't help it."

After that, things were somehow subtly changed. Coralie still seemed to want me at the house and yet I surprised a fleeting expression on her face sometimes as she looked at Dwight and me—as if she were warily watching. Once there was a flash almost of

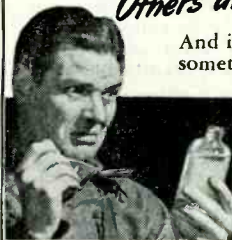
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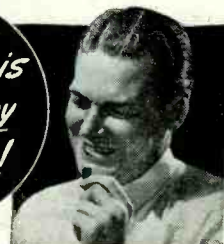
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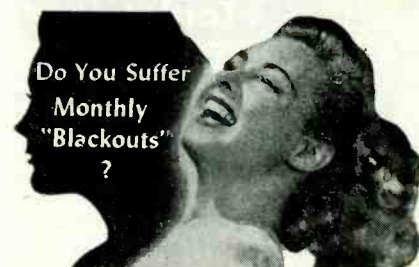
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hate in it. I told myself I must remember that she was sick. and had the natural resentment of those who are helpless for those who are well.

Kevin told me that he had taken Coralie out driving once or twice in his car. "She wants to get over the fear of cars she's had since the accident," he told me. "She wants to surprise Dwight by offering to go for a drive with him one day. She'll do it, too," he added admiringly. "Coralie always does what she wants."

Poor little Coralie, I thought. So determined to get well that she runs the risk of overtaxing her strength, endangering her long road back to health. Somehow that night, in Dwight's attitude toward me, she had sensed something. I felt sick with pity and with guilt. I'd been a fool to think things could go on this way indefinitely. Coralie was bound to suspect something sooner or later.

I knew I would have to put us all beyond the risk of that happening. It was up to me, and there was only one way to do it.

"Kevin," I said slowly, "if you—still want me, I'll marry you. No—wait!" I thrust out my hands to hold off his eager arms. "Don't misunderstand. I still don't feel as I hoped to, maybe as I ought to—but I think you're right. I have been asking the impossible. And so, knowing that I like and respect you and that I'll try—"

"That's all I want!" he cried, and there was something like triumph in his voice. "I'll teach you to love me. If I still want you—my God, why do you think I've waited all these months, been so patient when I—" His arms did go around me then, and his lips came down on mine, demanding.

I STRUGGLED away. "Wait, Kevin. Please." I gave a shaky laugh. "Let me get used to the idea."

I tried to listen as he talked, to enter into the plans he was making. "... right away, of course. And we'll go to New York for our trip—there's so much I want to show you—"

All I could feel was that this was our tomorrow, Dwight's and mine.

I told Dwight that night. I'd tried to tell them both, but Coralie had seemed too removed, too hostile, as she had so often lately. Several times when I'd started to say the words, I looked up to see her eyes fixed on my face with that inexplicable expression. Dwight had come with me into the vestibule to show me out.

I looked up at him—at the sturdy ruggedness of his face, the dark blondness, and the sensitive strength of the hands I loved so, and it was like seeing them for the last time.

"I've got to tell you, Dwight," I whispered. "I told Kevin this afternoon that I would marry him."

He stared at me and I could feel his body stiffen, as one stiffens under an electric shock. Then he looked toward the lighted living room where Coralie waited alone, and pulled me out on the porch, and closed the door.

He didn't touch me but the suffering in his voice was like fresh wounds in my heart. "It's as if part of me is dead," he said, "the part of me that had kept alive on hope. Oh, I know the hope was wrong. I didn't even know I still had it—till just now."

"I know, Dwight. I had it too. Until I saw how, unconsciously, I was coming between you and Coralie. We were beginning to hurt her. And so—there isn't any other way."

He was still for a long time. "Yes,

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there isn't any other way. You have a right to whatever happiness you can find—and I only hope to God that it is more than I have had." There was no complaint in that, only a quiet bitter acceptance. "If I know that you are happy, then maybe I will be, too . . . Goodbye, my darling . . ."

He reached for me then, blindly, instinctively, and I for him. We clung as if we would never let each other go, for this was the final parting.

Suddenly I stiffened in his arms. Over his shoulder, something white had moved in the blackness, something white like the curtain of the closed door.

"Someone saw us," I whispered tensely. "That curtain moved!"

He turned quickly. The curtain hung motionless. "No one could have seen us. There's no one home but Coralie."

"Coralie! If she saw us—" "How could she? The vestibule door is too narrow for—her chair." There was bitterness even in that quiet statement. As if he were tasting the irony of the fact that she was safe from the knowledge of our goodbye because we had tied her to the chair that made that goodbye necessary.

TO say any more was impossible. There was one brief, last kiss, and then I was hurrying along through the moonlit night. Still shaken—and even through my pain, oddly uneasy. That curtain had moved. Yet I remembered how Coralie had laughed and said, "I can't ever see the company out."

But what if the chair weren't necessary? I stopped stock still at the sudden thought. What if Coralie had walked into the vestibule? I had heard vaguely of such things—of hysterical paralysis broken by an unexpected emotional shock.

Then I forced myself to walk on again. That was impossible. For there would have been no unexpected shock unless she had seen us on the porch, and she couldn't have seen us on the porch from her chair.

I tried to think how brave Coralie had been. Or how her parents, Kevin, Dwight, myself, all her friends had marvelled at her courage at going on with her life as if she were not chained to that chair.

As if she were not chained . . . Fiercely I shook that thought from me. This was horrible!

I flung off my clothes and threw myself into bed, trying desperately to free myself of this new torment. Against my will, I kept remembering little things of the last months—Coralie's insistence on my presence and yet never allowing Dwight and me a moment alone together, which certainly would have been natural under the circumstances. The look that had blazed out at us the night he'd been harsh with her for wanting me to marry Kevin. That air of victory she had worn the night she was married . . .

Finally I fell asleep. But in my dreams, I was running along a sandy beach beside a pounding sea, to some distant place where Dwight was calling desperately, and at my side Coralie was running, too, holding me back from ever reaching him.

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"You Go to My Head—"

Continued from page 49

When the train pulled into the next station she was waiting on the platform. They walked up and down.

He told her of his childhood; how when he was nine years old he had played his fiddle on the last of the Mississippi show-boats. Because his story was the colorful story of a boy who had followed where music led and because it was his story Joan listened with rapture.

She told him, in turn, how she had always lived with music too, how she had majored in music in high-school, been accompanist for many singers under contract to her famous uncle, Gus Edwards; how she had toured with Rudy Vallee, sung on his program, directed her own orchestra and, finally, been signed by Paul Whiteman. It was a story of a girl who had been places and knew her way around.

"All A-b-o-a-r-d!" called the trainman. Laughing, Joan and Jules climbed on their car, their hands filled with the newspapers and magazines, cigarettes and chocolate bars they had bought.

THE boys looked disapproving. They took Jules aside. "You aren't too experienced in travelling with a girl singer, apparently," they warned him. "There's only one way to get along with them—leave them alone!"

For the rest of the day Jules avoided Joan; and she was miserable.

At an ungodly hour the next morning they pulled into Durham, North Carolina. There was a hot, pelting rain. The station boasted only one cab. Paul Whiteman and his valet got it. "Hotel's about three blocks down yonder," the station master told them. The boys started off in little groups, loaded down with their luggage and instruments. Joan stood on the platform of the Whiteman car which had been shunted off on a siding. "Hey!" she cried. "Hey there!"

Jules turned. "How are you going to get to the hotel?" he called through the driving rain. The boys whistled at him. "Come on," they insisted. But Jules turned around. "Someone," he said, "has to look out for Miss Edwards..."

After that, in violation of the gentle femininity Joan was feeling, she pursued Jules as definitely as she had, all her life, pursued whatever it was she had wanted. He didn't make it difficult, certainly. In fact he did quite a little pursuing of his own.

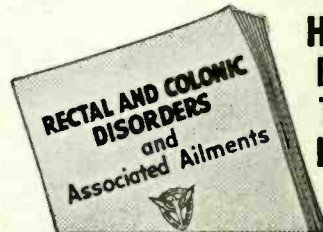
"I have a new car," she announced when they stopped over in New York, en route to Boston. "I'd like to drive up—but my mother doesn't think I'm experienced enough. If you'd come along and take the wheel—well, we could escape that train jump."

"Sounds like a good idea," said Jules. And being a woman Joan read, properly enough, much more than he said in his eyes.

They planned to meet on an upper Broadway corner. Jules was waiting when Joan arrived, half an hour late, in a taxi. "My car is frozen on the top floor of the garage. What shall we do?" she asked. "It won't matter too much if I'm late for rehearsal but it won't be too good for you—a new man..."

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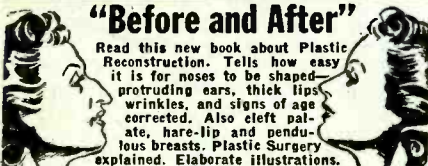


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Miss Edwards. Tomorrow, when your car is okay I'll drive it up."

Whenever Jules pushed the Chevy over twenty-five miles an hour there was a noise resembling spontaneous combustion. Above this noise he and Joan talked ceaselessly, interrupting each other, reminding each other of experiences almost forgotten, humming classical refrains and snatches of popular songs. And they snatched to each other that it would be wonderful driving back, in Joan's quiet car.

Joan, however, returned on the train. She had grippe and Whiteman, unwilling to risk her catching more cold and being unable to sing, insisted Jules bring her car down alone.

When they went on the road again no member of the band tried to influence Jules to stay away from Joan.

All over the land they drank cokes in drug stores, ate hamburgers in dog wagons, tried out golf courses, and danced on the best dance floors. Word got back to New York. Letters from Joan's mother and manager flew across the miles imploring Joan to consider her career. There also were beseeching telephone calls. Finally her manager appealed to Paul Whiteman who, in turn, appealed to Jules. "If you're head over heels in love with Joan it's too late to stop it, of course," Whiteman said, in effect. "Otherwise it might be a good idea to keep away from her, give her a chance—She really has a future!"

Three days later Jules left the band. That night when they assembled on the stage of another theater in another city there was no blond head among them. Joan's heart sank when she came on the stage. She had feared this might happen. She had caught Jules looking at her strangely. And once or twice he had said things which somehow filled her with fear.

SHE tried to bind up her loneliness with pride. If Jules cared so little that he could go away without a goodbye he wasn't worth her longing and her pain. In vain, however, she tried to feel bitterly towards him. There was no mean or selfish thing she could conjure up which fit his personality.

A year later they met again. During the year Jules, concentrating upon his work to keep Joan out of his mind, had become so preeminent in his field that Whiteman again sought him. He reappeared with the band as suddenly as he had left it. Joan, arriving for rehearsal, for a second time spied a blond head among the bald, gray and dark heads.

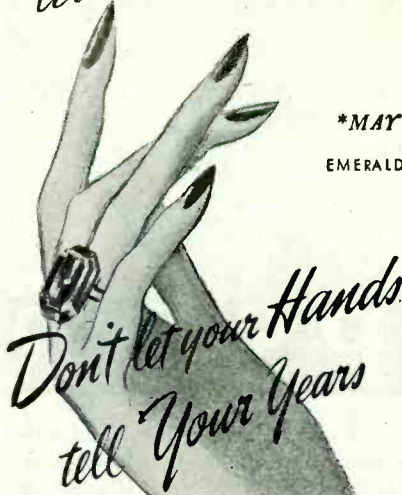
"You go to my head," she sang, "and you linger like a haunting refrain and I find you spinning round in my brain like the bubbles in a glass of champagne..." Beginning the day Jules came back and forever after it was a great mystery to Paul Whiteman how Joan could play the piano on a corner of the stage, sing into the microphone and, at the same time, sing to Jules too. Whereupon his fiddle would answer.

They took up where they had left off. They went dancing, golfing, swimming, walking. They drank innumerable cokes and coffees and ate chowmein and hamburgers by the score. It was as if there never had been any separation between them.

But when they were to be parted for a few days or a few weeks, remembering the old loneliness, they would release each other's hand reluctantly, promise to write, plan long distance telephone calls.

When they telephoned each other, Joan would set her alarm for five min-

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utes. The charges were frightful enough without any more overtime. Then she wouldn't pay the slightest attention to the alarm because Jules was saying "Joanie, I love you . . ." "I wish you were here," she told him from Montana. The next morning he was there. He had flown one thousand miles. He could stay just two hours. "You're crazy," she scolded. "After all this is Thursday and I'll be in New York Saturday." But her eyes shone. They put separations behind them when they both went to work on The Hit Parade.

"Let's drive across the bridge to Long Island after tonight's broadcast," Jules said one evening in January. On their way home, hungry as usual, they stopped at a White Castle stand for hamburgers. They ordered triple ones and piled them so high with ketchup and onion they could scarcely get their mouths around them. "It's getting late," Joan said when they had consumed their second order. "I have to be getting home." "I wish we had a place of our own," Jules told her, "and could go home together."

She reached for his hand. "Let's get married, Joanie," he said. "Let's drive up to Connecticut Monday and make arrangements—and be married there next Sunday—what do you say?" "I can't get married without my mother . . ." she protested. "Lots of girls do, when their mothers disapprove," he said. "Lots of girls!" Joan told her mother she and Jules planned to be married. "Without my consent," Mrs. Edwards said. "I'll never agree to you marrying a musician. Never! A boy who travels with a band!"

SATURDAY night, before The Hit Parade went on the air Andre Baruch and Bea Wain, found Joan weeping in her dressing room. "Jules and I are being married—up in Greenwich tomorrow," she sobbed. "And my mother won't come. And it's not going to be the kind of a wedding, I've always dreamed about at all . . ." "We'll go with you," Andre and Bea announced happily. "We love weddings!"

It was a lovely wedding after all, with about fourteen guests. Joan, in a gray dress and veil, looked lovely. She carried a bridal bouquet of gardenias, the center of which could be detached as a corsage following the ceremony. Jules, as a surprise, planned a wedding breakfast at the Greenwich Inn, with a huge cake and champagne.

The next day, contrite Mrs. Edwards arrived at the Schachter apartment, laden down with wedding presents and such extra peace offerings as a jar of mustard pickles for Jules, a chocolate cake, three-layered, and preserves.

"I want a baby," Joan told Jules, not at all like the shy heroines who blushing display tiny garments. "It wouldn't be fair," Jules protested, "when I may be called into the Army." Joan shook her head. "After all," she reminded him, "I have my own income! I want a baby, Jules. I want to start having a big family. I want all the things that go with a sound marriage. I want deep enduring roots."

So last Halloween, Judy Ann was born. Instantly, she proved herself the true daughter of the man and the girl who planned their wedding over triple hamburgers. She yelled, right lustily, until the hospital put her on a double formula.

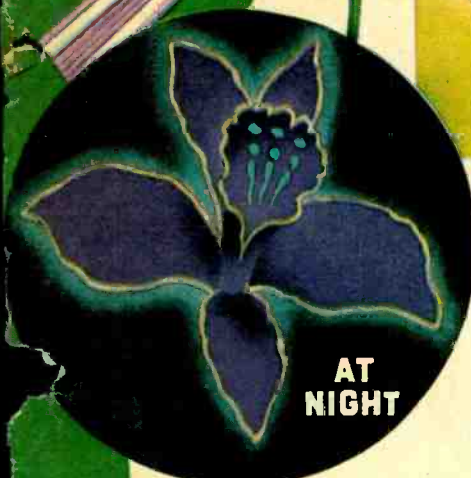
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Wonder as it
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