For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very first cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY

Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very first cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

Singin' in the snow, and planning a 'honey-moon holiday' every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion stays on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For your lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.
**CUPID:** What a couple! Coldest little romance since the Ice Age! Mister Frozen Face and Miss Poker Face! ... Sis . . . don’t you ever smile?

**GIRL:** Smile? Me? I—

**CUPID:** Marshmallow, don’t you know that even plain girls get daces if they go around gleaming at people? Try it, Sis! You—

**GIRL:** Hold it, Little One. I can smile, yes. Gleam . . . No. Not with my dull teeth. I brush ’em like clockwork, but they just won’t gleam.

**CUPID:** Hmmm. Any “pink” on your tooth brush lately?

**GIRL:** But—

**CUPID:** “But,” nothing, Baby! That “pink’s” a sign you’d better see your dentist! And in a hurry!

**GIRL:** Dentist? I haven’t got a toothache!

**CUPID:** Dentists aren’t just for toothaches, Dear. Yours might say that “pink’s” a sign your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he might suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

**GIRL:** But what about my smile?

**CUPID:** Plenty, Precious. Because Ipana not only cleans your teeth. With massage, it’s designed to help your gums. Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean brighter, sounder teeth. A smile that gets you a date with somebody besides that Fugitive from a Snow Shovel. Try Ipana, Angel, today.

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For the Smile of Beauty  
**IPANA AND MASSAGE**
CONTENTS

ALL MY DREAMS .................................................. 17
    The love Linda wanted belonged to her sister
CHRISTMAS DAY WITH ONE MAN'S FAMILY .................... 20
PRELUDE TO HAPPINESS ........................................ 24
    A Leave It To The Girls Story
LIGHT OF THE WORLD—IN LIVING PORTRAITS ................. 28
TO THE END OF THE JOURNEY .................................. 32
    Part III of a John J. Anthony Problem
ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS ..................................... 34
    A My True Story Romance
PEACE ON EARTH .................................................. 38
    Joan Davis (When A Girl Marries) tells of some of the human problems of peace
LEGACY .................................................................... 40
    A Stars Over Hollywood Story
"ONE MOMENT ALONE" ............................................ 44
    The love story of Joanne and Dick Haymes
HAIL, K.M.H.—SONG OF THE MONTH ............................ 46
FOR EVERY COURSE—KATE SMITH'S Cooking Page ........ 48

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

YOUR PUBLIC ......................................................... 4
WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST ......................... 6
    by Dale Banks
FACING THE MUSIC ............................................... 10
    by Ken Alden
COVER GIRL .......................................................... 14
    by Eleanor Harris
INSIDE RADIO ....................................................... 49

Your Cold... the plain truth about it

Can you avoid catching cold? And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity? Oftentimes—YES.

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called “Secondary Invaders”, a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a “mass invasion” of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the “mass invasion” of germs.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset... to go after the surface germs before they go after you... to fight the “mass invasion” of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic’s ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germ-killing action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
THOUGH you may not be a celebrity, you have a public which is just as real as the star-making public which watches and listens from the other side of the footlights. It's a public made up of the people who see you in a day's time—the people you work and play with, strangers who pass on the street, shopkeepers, the grocer, the laundry man and most important—your family and the man in your life.

To all of them, you're in the limelight.

And what's the formula for getting your share of rave notices? We asked Jo Stafford, who, in her busy stage and radio career, knows a thing or two about competition and how to please the public eye. "When people see you for the first time, it's your general appearance that makes perhaps the biggest impression. If you flop, most people don't forget very soon."

Selling yourself to the public isn't easy for it calls for attention to many details—keeping clothes spotless, pressed, hair gleaming from frequent brushing and shampoos. And you can't stop there. You must learn more about good posture and be consistent in your efforts to keep tummy in, head high and proud, hips tucked under. (The gal with good carriage always is noticed!) You must search till you find a make-up that sticks by you—foundation, powder, lipstick, and mascara that really make you look young and fresh and lovely—but not ready for the first row of the chorus. You must analyze and improve on your best features, discover your most becoming type of clothes in the colors that become you too. (The man in your life can often help—so get his suggestions!)

If you do your own nails, learn to do them well so that you'll never need to be seen with polish chipped. Be using your hands more carefully. Gracefully, you can cut down on manicure accidents.

Of course, when there's housework to do, breakfast to get and children to hustle off to school, no one expects you to look ready for a party. But glamour does begin at home the moment you wake up. Try at least to look clean and neat. Brush your hair and teeth, wash face and hands and apply a little lipstick. In a fresh, neat apron or housecoat you can face your private public.

Then later when you have to go out look your best even if you're only going to the grocer's or to air the baby. The day you think you won't see anybody and dress accordingly will be the day you'll meet your most critical friend, an old rival, or someone who really counts.
Hold this moment softly in your hands...this moment so dear, so near to heaven.
And be glad your hands are such an endearing part of you—kept lovely by Trushay.
Creamy, flower-scented Trushay is different from other hand lotions.
Use it to give your hands a fragrant softness. But use Trushay, too, in a special way...the "beforehand" way. Before you wash a dish, before you tuck a garment smooth on Trushay. It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water.

Remember always to use Trushay...whenever, wheresoever you need it.

TRUSHAY
The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
Before a CBS broadcast of the spine-chiller Suspense, guest star Peter Lorre tells Mrs. Peter Lorre what he has in mind for the trembling victims.

Former film actress Helen Mack is producer of CBS's Monday night comedy show Beulah, in which dialect specialist Marlin Hurt stars.

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

BY DALE BANKS

A NOTE on inflation, just to show you what it can be like. Not long ago, up at the American Broadcasting Company's office, we were shown a copy of the Shanghai Times, an English, language daily newspaper published in that city and which was forwarded to his home office by Frederick Opper, the correspondent.

It wasn't the news in the paper which was so interesting. That was all quite old. It was a bit of information appearing on the front page, at the extreme right hand side of the top of the page, where we usually read "3c" or "5c," the price of the paper—the price on this one was $00.00.

Just a sample of the inflation prevailing in China.

Cheery note to welcome the boys. Since the day when the hospital ship U.S.S. Dagwood—yes, named after Blondie's husband—pulled into San Pedro Harbor to be greeted by Jeri Sullivan singing from a blimp hovering over the ship, the Navy has set aside one of its largest blimps for the sole purpose of meeting ships bringing GIs back to Los Angeles.

The Anything Can Happen Department. Not long ago, Bobby Hookey (fated to Don Lowe, the announcer of his program, that he'd like to own a soda fountain all his own. A few days later, Bobby's mother got a letter from a soda fountain company telling her that arrangements were being made to install a miniature soda fountain in her home as soon as materials were available. Now, Mrs. Hookey reports that Bobby and his friends are making visits to the corner drugstore to learn the business of shaking up the drinks.

Elaine Rost started her radio career as a singer, now acts in Just Plain Bill.

There's a cute story—a sidelight—attached to Hildegarde's being invited to the White House. A car was sent to pick up a singer, but none was sent for her companion. Hildegarde arrived at White House, expecting to find pianist there. Since he hadn't arrived, she phoned his hotel and told him to come over at once.

He rushed out and scrambled into cab and told the driver where he wanted to go. The cabby was a trifle disgraced. In twenty-six years as anington hackie, he had never heard
An exquisite ballerina, the former Tilly Losch is one of today's most beautiful society favorites. Unbelievably bright blue eyes accent the creamy loveliness of her skin. "Three or four times a week I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says. "It makes my skin look brighter ... smoother!"

Try the Countess' new beauty mask—today!

Cover your face—all but your eyes—with a cool, white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on for one full minute.

The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens and dissolves tiny bits of dead skin and imbedded dirt particles! After one minute, tissue off.

Your complexion is "re-styled"! It feels softer, finer-textured! And it looks so different—clearer, brighter! Now your make-up goes on with smooth new glamour. Looks fresher ... longer!

Light, silky powder base . . .

Pond's Vanishing Cream is light ... ungreasy—an ideal foundation! Just dip a fingertipful over your face—and leave it on. It smooths . . . it protects . . . it holds powder tenaciously!

THE Countess of Carnarvon

The lovely Countess of Carnarvon—she's delighted with Pond's 1-Minute Mask

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

Evelyn Knight is the blonde, beautiful song star of CBS's Powderbox Theater.
Try this famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this overnight 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

Glover's
with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

FREE TRIAL!
Good Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment. Get your Coupon Today!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 551, New York 1, N. Y.
Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLOVER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE P. E. booklet. I enclose $1.00 to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name
Address
City Zone State

After four years of answering "Coming, Sergeant," Ezra Stone, the original Henry, is back on CBS's Aldrich show.

work you've been doing has been of some use. Bernard Person, CBS newscaster has been working almost exclusively in Dutch in the Shortwave Department during the war. This was almost strictly a one-way job, without any knowledge of whether what went out over the air was heard by the people for whom he was responsible. Recently, just as the news tickers were reporting that Dutch censorship on outgoing telephone calls had been lifted except on calls to Germany, to worry about Japan. Person of the first trans-Atlantic call from the station. And this is what he heard: "You have become well known in The Netherlands. Through your shortwave broadcasts during the war years, you put your heart in many a Dutchman living in a mental prison." Bernard says he couldn't have been more thrilled if they'd handed him a medal.

Ed Begley is a very versatile actor, but probably his best known characterization— and, incidentally, the one he likes best to do—is the soft-spoken, philosophical Chinese detective, Charlie Chan. He comes by his very authentic, song-sing intonation for the part in a very authentic manner. As a boy, Begley worked as a cook's helper in the kitchen of a New Haven hospital. The chief cook there was a Chinese and Begley picked up the speech mannerisms from him, not even suspecting that many years later he would make use of them.

Here's an interesting little note on Begley, besides. He's so busy, sometimes, that it's impossible for him to cover all the rehearsals for all the shots on which he works. When that happens, he isn't worried about his performance because he can do a part on a moment's notice. And he doesn't have to worry about the rest of the cast not being able to rehearse without him. He has an agreement with his brother, Martin, who is also a radio actor, that whenever either one of them can't make a rehearsal, the other stands in for him. That's what you call real team work.

One of the few radio stars who is a little afraid of his morning mail is Jay Jostyn who plays Mr. District Attorney. It seems that every day's mail contains letters addressing the proper authorities. The letters explain how the complaints came to Jostyn if the first place and ask that said complaints be attended to, please.

Get ready to welcome Red Skelton back to the airwaves. He's due any day now—if by the time this appears he hasn't already returned.

CBS merger: Les Tremayne (Thin Man) and Alice Reinheart (Life Can Be Beautiful) will marry any day now.
Choose I don't Portia Paul

House

WHERE

IF/ou

that has been effective in showing how all prejudice against all minorities is basically the same thing. Good luck for the New Year to all the men and women responsible for making this the fine program it is.

**

Do you feel as good as we do about hearing Norman Brokenshire back on an important spot on the air? The Theatre Guild of the Air made a wise choice in him—that's a nice voice he's got there—and poise—and good sense in the way he says what he says. Remember him back when his familiar "How do you do, everybody? How do you do?" was a kind of signature?

**

SMALL TIDBITS OF STUFF FROM HERE AND THERE... House Jameson, of the Aldrich Family and sundry other shows, is busy these days fitting his radio schedule in with his theater engagement. He's playing the lead in "Mr. Cooper's Left Hand" on Broadway. Paul Lavalle has just finished a book—his first—dealing with the scientific approach to music. It's all based on a mathematical formula. Should be on the stands any day, now. Dr. Frank Black, NBC musical director, is branching out. He's written the score for a musical comedy, "The Duchess Misbehaves," which is due on Broadway one of these days. Jo Stafford is in Hollywood, working on a picture for Paramount. A new book of Norman Corwin's will be on the stands early in January. It's called "Untitled and Other Radio Plays." Incidentally, "On a Note of Triumph" has already sold 45,000 copies. More authors—Sud Cassel, radio actor, has also written a book about his eight-month tour of the South Pacific. He's having trouble thinking up a title. A few anniversaries... Portia Faces Life—for the sixth year; Lowell Thomas has been an analyst and newscaster for fifteen years on the air now; Stella Dallas, the strip show about a mother's great love for her daughter, is entering its ninth year. Again—a very Happy New Year to all of you and happier listening than ever before. . . .

Are you in the know?

Keenan Wynn, screen comedian, fought off Charlie McCarthy's quips on several of Bergen's NBC Sunday shows.

How to belittle a too-big foot?

☐ Wear shoes with instep interest
☐ Choose cut-out toes
☐ Shaw fuzzy, light-hued shoes

To "shorten" king-size tootsies, mind all three admonitions above. Choose shoes with a bow (or suchlike) at the instep. Go in for open-toed, sling back types. But not for you the over-elaborate light boud models—they make your foot conspicuous. Be as cautious in choosing sanitary protection. Remember, Kotex is the napkin that is really inconspicuous, for those flat tapered ends of Kotex don't show. . . . don't cause revealing outlines! And Kotex' special safety center gives you extra-special protection. That's why there's no need to worry about accidents.

Is this the technique for a—

☐ Water wave
☐ Pin curl wave
☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave! Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taut... wind "clockwise" in flat coil from ends to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Kotex aids your daintiness, your charm. Now, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out—for it's processed right into every pad, not merely dusted on! A Kotex safeguard for loveliness.

Should you let him pay your way if—

☐ It's a pre-arranged date
☐ You meet unexpectedly
☐ You never saw him before

Whether you meet him at the movies or the "Marble Slab," go dutch—unless it's a pre-arranged date. He may not have the moobs to spare. And you don't want to embarrass him. Know the right thing to do at the right time. At "those" times, you're always at ease when you choose the right napkin for comfort. That's Kotex! Because Kotex has lasting softness—different pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing.

*DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN

AT NO EXTRA COST...

More women choose KOTEX

than all other sanitary napkins
Back Talk about HAIR

This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do... so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

That means DeLong Bob Pins, of course. They're made of a special quality steel, the kind that doesn't lose its taut springiness... they really do have the

StrongerGrip
Won't Slip Out

You'll never be satisfied with wissy-washy bob pins, once you've used DeLong's dependable products.

Meet Me At Parky's is an invitation to meet Betty Jane Rhodes, David Street, and Opie Cates at NBC's mythical beanyery, Sundays at 10:30 P.M. EST.

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

**E**ddy **D**uchin should be out of Navy Blue by the time you read this. Eddy was with the Third Fleet and saw the historic Jap surrender in Tokyo Bay. Friends here report that Eddie plans to return to the keyboard and bandstand which is good news for all popular music lovers.

* * *

Your old friend, Lanny Ross (remember the famed old radio Showboat?) headed the first all-soldier show to play for our occupation troops in Yokohama, Japan. Lanny is a U. S. Army Major.

* * *

Lt. Wayne Morris, film star, who covered himself with Navy glory, spent his first night in civvies dancing to Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra.

* * *

Look for film star Jane Wyman to develop into a popular singer of stature. At George Jessel's Hollywood party I heard Jane perform in a sultry, smooth style, accompanied by Meredith Wilson.

* * *

Dinah Shore and her husband, Corporal George Montgomery have become such camera enthusiasts that they have torn out what was once the bar of their home and converted the space into a photographer's dark room. Neither George nor Dinah drink so they won't miss the bar.

* * *

Larry Parks, a promising young actor, has been assigned the role of Al Jolson in the film biography of the mammy singer. However for the song numbers, Jolson's actual voice will be used on the sound track.

* * *

Frank Sinatra had a most embarrassing experience the day I saw him in Hollywood. He forgot the words to his song, "The House I Live In" and then couldn't find the song sheet. He had to hum the missing lyrics.

* * *

Blonde Shirley Mitchell who plays Barbara Weatherby on the hilarious Joan Davis show on CBS and Joanie's
Ginny Simms had a memorable opening night on CBS when she debuted her new show. Sponsor presented her with a costly diamond clip. Her show received glowing notices. But her new husband, Bob Dehn, couldn't enjoy the fun. He was refused admittance to the broadcast studio and had to hear his de-lovely on the car radio.

RCA-Victor have signed two promising new vocal groups, The Murphy Sisters and The Ginger Snaps.

Jean Sablon, the French Bing Crosby is due back on the air soon after serving a lengthy hitch in the Free French Army.

Freddy Martin and Guy Lombardo have worked out a deal that should please residents of both coasts. Guy will play in the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles two months each year while Freddy shifts to Guy's permanent camping grounds, New York's Hotel Roosevelt, for a similar period.

Burl Ives, radio balladeer of American folk music, makes his movie debut in Fox's "Smoky."

T. D., LTD.
There's more to leading a big-time, big-name band than waving a baton. Ask tireless Tommy Dorsey, trombone titan. 51 assorted musicians, singers, song pluggers, lawyers, accountants and managers are on the expansive Dorsey payroll. They are all vitally necessary to keeping the divers Dorsey interests spinning productively and profitably 52 weeks a year.

I had some difficulty pinning the bespectacled, good-humored Tin Pan Alley tycoon down during heated rhythmic sessions in New York's barn-like but bustling 400 Club, first stop on an extended Tommy Dorsey band tour.

"You'll have to excuse me for all these interruptions," T.D. said apolo-

The old Southern touch makes a hospitable spot of Dinah Shore's NBC Open House.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER
Think of the improvements that are helping modern mothers raise healthier babies. For instance, wider knowledge of infant nutrition, strict care in sterilizing babies' utensils, and — not the least — the introduction of prepared baby foods.

Mrs. Dee Garber

Special Smile for Mother
It's that feeding-time smile that mothers who serve Gerber's know so well! Lucky babies begin with Gerber's, the strained foods with these four advantages: (1) Cooked the Gerber way by steam to retain precious minerals and vitamins. (2) Famous for smooth, uniform texture. (3) Made to taste extra good. (4) Laboratory-checked at every step.

Mother, be sure to get Gerber's — with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods

Two Cereals for Babies' Needs

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods

Free sample

My baby is now ... months old. Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. W1-6, Fremont, Michigan

Name: ____________________________

City and State: ____________________
Mrs. Hyatt Robert Dehn, singing to her new husband, sounds just like Ginny Simms.

and to his wife, patiently waiting for supper with her busy husband.

"Things have sure changed from the days when my brother Jimmy and I had a band together," recalled the squire of syncopation, "then it was simply getting in the hot licks and avoiding arguments."

Tommy could afford to get nostalgic about that band. It made some sort of musical history. Bob Crosby was the singer. The late Glenn Miller glistened his trombone side by side with Tommy. Ray McKinley slashed the drums, and Jimmy Dorsey tooted the mellowest saxophone in town. But there were so many individual styles and strong opinions that the unharnessed combination broke up with each man forming his own band. Both brothers developed wonderful bands with Tommy hitting the high spots thanks to a memorable version of "Marie." Those were the hectic days of brotherly feuds but newfound prosperity has made the two brothers closer friends.

Tommy admits his activities today are on a big business scale but insists it is impossible for him to pare them down.

"Look, I didn't really start to make dough until a few years ago. By that time the taxes were very heavy, 90 per cent of what we now make goes to Uncle Sam. If we don't keep working at a zillion things, we're in the red."

Tommy points out that other music leaders like Lombardo, Waring and Kostelanetz probably rolled up fat bank balances before the tax increases. And, he added for strong good measure, "I like action. I can't keep still. I don't know how to relax. If I haven't got at least one tune grinding away in the jubes, I'm an unhappy character."

I asked Tommy to give me a rough-cut agenda of his multi-activities.

The band itself, backbone of all operations, includes 16 musicians, 5 singers, including the uniformly lovely Clark Sisters, Stuart Foster, arranger Hugo Wintehralter, and two bandboys who take care of miscellaneous chores. On the business side there's band manager Dave Jacobs, secretary Cy McArthur, and personal mentor Arthur Michaud.

Tommy's band is now on a tour of hotels, theaters, and ballrooms. They still have their regular Sunday show and on tap are sixty new phonograph records to be cut.

With brother Jimmy he is soon to make a new film, their own independent production entitled "Two Men and a Horn," which will be released around April 1.

And, finally, there's the Dorsey music firms, Embassy Music and Dorsey Brothers, Inc. One is ASCAP, the other BMI. Some fifteen more people are engaged in these activities. The firms have produced two recent smash hits, "I Dream of You" and "I Should Care."

Because Tommy requires only five hours sleep, usually retiring at 6 A.M., and waking at 11 A.M., he can cram plenty into a twenty-four-hour day.

When in Manhattan, mornings are devoted to checking on mail, answering fan mail about his second wife, MGM starlet, Pat Dane, conquer domestic problems. Like many another American couple, the day I saw Tommy and his wife were without any domestic help.

"Pat swore to me she could cook," "Can she?" I asked.

"Well," Tommy replied guardedly, "I'm still alive.

After a noonday brunch, Tommy hustles to his office in the busy Brill Building on Broadway to discuss business details with his various associates, marks time until he joins his band at the club.

With slight variations, this routine remains the same whether he is on the road or on the west coast. Hotel suites substitute for offices.

Tommy scored a personal hit in the film "Thrill of a Romance" but it also gave him an added problem; answering fan mail about his children.

That was not my kid in the picture.
NEW RECORDS
(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

ARTIE SHAW (Victor) Artie's version of the new hit tune from the flikker, "State Fair" called "That's For Me" and it's certainly for all of you, 'specialy the way Hal Stevens lyricizes. From the new Fred Astaire film, Shaw weaves a welcome waxing of "Yolanda."

FRANK SINATRA-XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia) Spain and Hasbrouck Heights make a surprisingly happy partnership as swoons and maracas tinkle out "My Shawl" and "Stars In Your Eyes." A double feature bargain.

CHARLES SPIVAK (Victor) Spivak's slick trumpet shrills out "You Are Too Beautiful" and for good measure adds the new London importation, "Just a Little Fond Affection."

JOHNNY MERCER (Capitol) The prolific Mr. Mercer masters the classic Stephen Foster's "Camptown Races" and then reverses himself with the spicy new one, "Surprise Party."

BENNY GOODMAN (Columbia) B. G. turns out another top platter with "Paper Moon" and "Gonna Love That Guy." Ginny Simms (Columbia) does a neat trick with the same tune and on the turn-a-bout is a dreamy chanting of "Till the End of Time."

HISTORY OF JAZZ (Capitol) Here are two volumes for jazz collectors, discing history-making versions of the best instrumentalists like Teagarden, Singleton, Mercer, Leadbelly, and Bauduc.

TOMMY DORSEY (Victor) First issue of the bright new tune from the next Bing Crosby film, "Bells of St. Mary's." It's called "Aren't You Glad You're You" and though it's reminiscent of "Swingin' On A Star" you won't mind.

HARRY JAMES (Columbia) "Autumn Serenade" coupled with "A Long, Long Time" makes for a disc treat aided immeasurably by Kitty Kallen's pretty pipes. The latter tune is also available with Stan Kenton's rendition (Capitol).

DAVE ROSE (Victor) Rosey-versions of two new music portraits by the conductor himself. "Nostalgia" and "Sweet Spirit" won't have the same success as "Holiday For Strings" but will do until something better comes along.

KATE SMITH (Columbia) Sound, singable versions of two new ones, "Some Sunday Morning" and "Dearest, Darling" by one of our great singers.

DUKE ELLINGTON (Victor) When you tire of the musical cliches of most of our organ grinders try an Ellington. Whether it's this new one made up of "Every Hour on the Hour" and "Time's a Wastin'" or an old platter, you will feel musically refreshed.

“Little employment”? These days?—Don’t be silly, Willie!

Nowadays, it's polish and paint...scrub and scour till your hands are scratchy and rough and unromantically red. Protect your hands with snowy Pacquins Hand Cream. Pacquins helps give your hands a dainty "young skin" look.

Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 scrubbings a day. That's hard on hands! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. It's super-rich with "humectant"...an ingredient that helps make dry skin feel softer, more supple.

Pacquins HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth...not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
No Sneez...  
No Sneez... 

Say goodbye to icy feet! 
Pedees assure extra foot warmth and longer stocking life... absorb perspiration and protect against friction! S-t-r-e-t-c-h-a-b-l-e from toe to toe... without binding elastic. They hold their shape with glove-like fit! For greater comfort through wintry days, wear Pedees!

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NOW 25¢ PAIR
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Made by HERBERT HOSIERY MILLS, INC., NORRISTOWN, PA.
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COVER GIRL

By ELEANOR HARRIS

The average Miss Eighteen-Year-Old's top dresser drawer is full of dance programs, sweaters, and her high school diploma—the history of her life. But not eighteen-year-old Eileen Barton, who graces the cover this month. Her top dresser drawer could be full of clippings beginning when she was three years old, and ending this morning. Right now, she has her own NBC coast-to-coast radio program, Teen Timers Show, which you can hear every Saturday morning—where she's singing, acting, and m.c.-ing the entire show! And she's keeping it moving at a pace that many an older, more experienced master of ceremonies would be delighted to achieve.

What's more, after 15 years in show business, she doesn't look like a sophisticated career girl at all. She looks like any pretty redhead who has brown eyes, a slim figure that's five feet two inches high, and who weighs one hundred five pounds. Around home, she usually wears bright plaid slacks, a matching plaid jacket, a loud sweater, and brown moccasins—with copper pennies stuck in the moccasin-flaps to show that she's a Sinatra fan. (Silver pennies, as anyone knows, mean that you're for Crosby!) To look at her, in other words, you could never tell that she has soared to being Sinatra's featured singer for seven months. But she has, nevertheless.

She lives at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, in a big room with a lot of Eileen Bartonisms about it. For instance, there are two huge trunks in the middle of the floor, full of clothes and partly opened. They've been that way for six months now, ever since she moved in—"I haven't enough closet space," she explains. Also there for six months are two unopened cardboard boxes, used as book-ends for a row of books on the desk. But it's her clothes that you feel are slowly filling up the entire room—sweaters in boxes piled in corners, copper pennies stuck in suitcases stacked under the windows, costumes on hangers clinging to door hinges and light fixtures. Her handbags she keeps under the bed.

But this room is just her temporary New York home. She also has one in California—a whole houseful of rooms near Frank Sinatra's house at Toluca Lake. It's white stucco, bungalow-size, and almost completely furnished—the finishing touches are now being put on it by Mother Barton. Meanwhile Father Barton (Ben by name, and in the music publishing business) and daughter Eileen are waiting impatiently for Mrs. Barton to hurry East again and establish them in a New York home.

However, living out of trunks isn't new to Eileen by any means. Her parents were popular vaudeville actors, and the only reason Eileen was born in Brooklyn was that the senior Bartons were playing there at the time. From then on, baby Eileen traveled with them—literally sleeping in a trunk. She gave her first performance at the age of three in Kansas City, singing "Ain't Misbehavin'"... and at once she was in show business on her own. She joined Ted Healy and his Gang immediately, in New York City; and by the time she was six she was a veteran actress who went briskly into her first radio show with the Horn and Hardart Children's Hour. From there it was easy (at seven!) to sing eighteen songs a week on WMCA, meanwhile guest-starring with the Rudy Vallee and Eddie Cantor shows. And then she jumped easily into a long contract with Milton Berle on the Community Sing program.

But came, as it must to all children, the Awkward Age. Eileen promptly retired from show business to attend the Professional Children's School, the Marken School, and Julia Richman High School (where Lauren Bacall once studied also). When the Awkward Age was over, Eileen left it behind like a wet bathing suit. She vaulted right into a year's work as Nancy Walker's understudy in Broadway's smash hit "Best Foot Forward." And the minute the show hit the road, Eileen left it to hit New York's top night clubs as a singer—a singer who had never had a singing lesson, let us add.

At eighteen, Eileen Barton has already sung herself into fame. Before acquiring her own NBC show, she sang with Sinatra.
She sang at La Conga and the Greenwich Village Inn in New York City, and then she tracked West to Hollywood to sing in "Slap Happy" Maxie Rosenbloom's famous night club. Then the dream of any girl singer's life came true—Frank Sinatra heard one of her recordings and said, "I'd like that girl for the radio program." That, of course, did it. For seven months Peggy sang and acted with Mr. Sinatra, who is one of her best friends as a result. As Sinatra fans know, anything besides Sinatra on a program of his is usually impatiently endured, while his avid listeners wait hungrily for the next song sung by The Voice. But Eileen didn't have that effect on them—they liked her too. Sinatra fans became Barton fans too, and divided their enthusiasm between the two. And that, it must be added, is a historical-making episode. Then she had the featured singing spot on CBS's Let Yourself Go, with Milton Berle... and then came the Teen Timers Show which is all Miss Barton's very own, at the age of eighteen.

She is the right girl in real life for any Teen Timers Show, what's more. Her friends are any teen ager's dream—Frank Sinatra, Dave Rose, Peggy Ryan, and the Town Criers, not to mention her two special boy friends, the boxing twins Harvey and Moe Weiss—who are now in the Army, and who have both won the Grady Crable and Lana Turner boxing awards in the Pacific. Her best girl friend, Pamela Walker, is also a prize-winner: she won the silver cup for having the biggest pink Sinatra Fan Club in the whole United States.

With all of these things in life, Eileen should be the happiest girl in the world. She owns a brand new gray convertible, a huge collection of brightly colored clothes (she leans toward Kelly green and shocking pink—and winces away from black), and a voracious appetite. Her idea of Olympian food is spaghetti, banana ice-cream, and cold home-fried potatoes, eaten right out of the pan they were cooked in. She wears leg paint instead of stockings, never puts hat to head, and has several passions: for drawing pictures in pencil, for doing the "Lindy," for going to the movies, for hearing records, and for entertaining at Army shows. Also, she reads: "I spent two of the most interesting months of my life reading Forever Amber," she grins now, "and some day I'll finish a book I began almost a year ago—The Fountainhead!"

But even the luckiest girls in the world—and the most hard-working and deserving girls in the world—don't quite achieve it at once, everything they want. Even Eileen has a few heart's-desires that she's had to put in abeyance for a while. A dog is one—that will probably have to wait for the California estate, the New York apartment-owners not taking kindly to anything besides people living in their apartments. A brother is another unfulfilled wish. And the third, says Eileen wistfully, is "I want to act in Hollywood movies."

Well... we don't know for sure about the dog, and we can't guarantee the brother, but with all that red, vivid hair, with those clear and happy eyes, with all that young exuberance that makes her personality crackle and her voice lift... cheer up, Eileen. By the time you're an old lady of twenty-two, you may have that wish. And probably all the others, too.

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Hold it!”

Complete security for glamour-going or business-bound hairstyles is yours with Grip-Tuth HAIRTAILERS— the comb that won't fall out and so eliminates hairfussing! Each tooth is a tiny spring that g-r-t-i-s-p securely—hair strands can't slip through. A neat trick for all hair-dos and any hair texture!

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[ ] 2 for $7.98 for present in full. Send Camera and Case Remittance.

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Yes, you can have your very own Photo Master, complete with personal carrying case, worth $1.50 for only 1c in mail order money.
"Outshines 'em all..."

Women call S.O.S. their favorite cleanser of pots and pans

Burned black—but never mind! S.O.S. will save that pot—will make it shine again like new. Scorched or crusted food—that's just one of the problems S.O.S. was made to meet. Grummy corners, stubborn spots—give 'em a once-over with S.O.S. and they're clean and bright in moments. Yes, with S.O.S.—burned-on food goes, shine comes!

Greasy mess—get S.O.S.!
So quick, so easy. So amazing the way it cuts through grease in hurry-up time. And so efficient, you don't ever need to fuss around with other soaps, cleaners or scouring aids. Use handy S.O.S.—grease goes, shine comes!

Here's all you do—dull aluminum shines like new. Reach for S.O.S.!
Dip—rub—rinse—in moments the pesky job is done. Really, S.O.S. is the one cleanser to shine and save every pot you cook with. Do try S.O.S. yourself—dullness goes, shine comes!

"Favorite cleanser" for pots and pans—that's what women everywhere call S.O.S. With soap in the pad, it does a complete job on scorchers, stains, burned-on or crusted food or dullness. It shines aluminum like new. Like magic.

S.O.S. the magic cleanser of pots and pans

Look for the YELLOW and RED package

YOU can tell a lot from a woman's hands. You can tell whether she is nervous or calm, careless or fastidious, insincere or straightforward. Linda Martin's slim, long hands with their pink, oval nails reflected her whole personality. Frail but not weak. Talented but not strenuously ambitious. Restful hands—sensitive, and a little bit afraid. They twisted the radio dial now in search of companionship to blot out the loneliness in the little vine-covered house on Pine Street.

When the radio was on, Linda didn't feel alone. Warm voices, familiar voices which came into this room day after day, drowned out the little cry in her heart—the faint little cry that came from regretting that she was set apart from the world, at twenty-two.

Not that Linda was an actual shut-in. Dr. Phillips allowed her—in fact, he encouraged her—to go out for a short walk every day. But Linda seldom left the house unless Julia was with her,
because Julia worried so if she went out alone. Linda hated to worry Julia about anything—Julia, who worked long hours each day at the radio station. Julia, her sister, two years older, as aggressive as Linda was retiring.

Julia's hands told a lot about her personality, too. Strong but not cruel. Energetic but not nervous. Kind but not soft. Julia was Linda's one contact with the world outside—the bustling, striving, busy world she had forsaken after that frightening heart attack which followed a siege of rheumatic fever. Ever since that attack, Linda had stayed at home in the little house where she had grown up with Julia. And Julia had been the breadwinner, working her way up from file girl in the continuity department to secretary to the program director. Now, since their parents were gone, the little house belonged to them, and with Julia's salary and the insurance money, they managed all right.

LINDA wasn't unhappy staying at home—not really. She played the piano quite well, and she enjoyed that. She could do light housework, so she kept busy every morning. And, of course, she had her radio friends—hundreds of voices she knew intimately after years of constant listening. Then, too, Linda had the world outside—because Julia brought it to her. Every night Julia came home from downtown with news from the very inside circle of radio, which was more exciting to Linda than anything else in the world.

"I love to think of you down there—actually putting those programs on the air," Linda said one time.

Julia laughed. "But I don't get them on, darling. Producers do that—and writers and actors. I'm just a plain stenographer."

"But you hear them plan a program before they ever even write it, and you type the programs—and, well, you're on the inside."

"I don't know what happened to Girl of Today this afternoon, and you do," Julia reminded her. "You really know more about radio than I do—because you have time to listen."

Linda always took time to listen to

*John was gay and exciting and fun, adept at manipulating conversation so that both the girls could talk.*
Girl of Today, because of all the programs on the radio, that one was her favorite. Linda loved Dinah Marsh who was Girl of Today—loved her husky, low voice and the exciting life she led. Loved her almost as much as she loved Julia. Dinah was very real to Linda—and so was the man who loved her, Brent Carlton.

Linda lay on the couch listening to Brent’s deep, masculine voice now—lay quietly on one side as she always did, enjoying this late afternoon show. 

“Dinah, marry me,” Brent whispered and his voice was urgent. And Linda could feel a strange, pulsing warmth envelope her entire being. 

“Marry him, Dinah,” she whispered to her radio friend. “You’ll always be sorry if you don’t—because there isn’t another man like him in the world.”

“Whether marry you now or not, I love you. Remember that, darling—always,” Dinah said softly in her intimate, exciting voice.

“I love you,” Linda whispered the words to herself. And now, she wasn’t thinking of those words in connection with Girl of Today. She wasn’t thinking of the girl, Dinah. Nor of the girl, Linda. Linda would never say those words to any man she was withdrawn from the world in which men lived, and laughed, and fell in love. No—she was thinking of the girl, Julia. That kind of adventure, impossible for her, was possible for Julia—attractive, vital Julia who enjoyed life so thoroughly. Sometime, some day soon, a man with charm and intelligence would whisper those three magic words to Julia. “Please make him come soon, and let him be nice,” Linda whispered to an unseen occult power—and she meant that soft, scarcely-spoken prayer more than she had ever meant anything in her life.

**THEN** Brent was talking once more. He was saying to Dinah, “Somehow, I didn’t think anything as wonderful as you would ever happen to me. I thought the wonderful things happened to other people—but not to me.”

“Why, he’s just like me,” Linda thought. “I always think of the glorious, exciting things as happening to other women—to Julia. But never to me.”

Then, for the first time, she thought of love—coming to her—of a man like Brent Carlton whispering softly to her, “Linda, my darling, I want you.”

Her lips parted now, and her eyes grew strangely bright, and her heart beat until she could feel its pounding all through her body. Her heart, with its rapping reminder. And the dream went away because she knew it could not be. For the first time, the loneliness of the little house pressed around her. And the knowledge that her life must go on this way for always made her wearily sad.

At the end of the fifteen-minutes, Linda turned off the radio and mentally pulled down the curtains on her melancholy. She busied herself preparing a simple casserole dinner for Julia and her. By the time her sister came up the front steps, laden with groceries, brimming over with news, Linda’s strange afternoon mood had disappeared.

Conversation at dinner concerned radio, as it usually did, with Linda giving the latest developments in all of the daytime serials, and with Julia telling the problems and triumphs of the staff of KCTU. Tonight, Julia brought news of two new exciting radio shows to be produced locally—a War Loan broadcast, featuring the famous pianist, Bela Menson, to be fed to the network in another week; and a series of shows to be broadcast from the Veterans’ Hospital, the first one scheduled for this very night.

“You mean the boys in the hospital will go on the air over KTUC tonight?” Linda asked with interest.

Julia nodded. “Yes, but they won’t tell their names. They just tell the kind of work they did before they were in the hospital and what they’d like to do when they get out of the hospital.”

“But how can they do anything? I mean, aren’t most of them badly handicapped?”

“That’s the whole point of the show,” Julia explained, her eyes shining. “The radio station wants to help them get jobs—all of them. Each boy will tell what he’s able to do. I mean, he won’t have to get up and say he’s lost a leg. He’ll just say, instead, that he’s handy with his hands and would like work in a dental laboratory, or something.”

“Why, that’s wonderful,” Linda said with enthusiasm. “What a marvelous break for some of those boys!”

“That’s what Mr. Palmer thinks,” Julia agreed. “Everybody at the station thinks it’s a swell idea.”

Both of the girls were sitting by the radio when the new show from the veterans’ hospital came on the air at eight-thirty that night. They were quiet—waiting. They were excited, as they always were before a new local show—perhaps they were praying a little—hoping that this new program would be a success. Tonight Linda was more excited than ever before when she, had silently wished a new program luck. Tonight, she seemed to be experiencing something—waiting for the curtain to go up on an entirely different phase in her life. She seemed to be reaching out to someone, waiting to welcome a new radio friend to her circle of acquaintances.

And then the show was on the air, and she was listening to his voice—a new voice remarkably like Brent Carlton’s. And this voice was vibrant and warm and seemed to be carrying a message straight to her. Because this was the voice of a person; handicapped for life, yet a voice that was unafraid. And the words he spoke gave her hope and courage and an elated happiness.

“The world says I’m handicapped,” the veteran said, “but I don’t agree. Oh yes, I have a physical disability—but that won’t hold me back when I live in a country with people who love freedom, and friendship, and fun. Before the war I was a photographer’s assistant. What happened to me overseas won’t make me any less capable in that work. So that’s what I want to do as soon as I get out of the hospital tomorrow—I want to get a job with a photographer—not because I want help because I’m handicapped, but because I feel that I am trained and qualified to handle a job doing developing, and because I want to begin earning my own living again just as soon as I can.”

“What a marvelous radio personality,” Julia said thoughtfully.

“‘What a marvelous person,’ Linda corrected quietly. ‘He’s ambitious, courageous—everything.”

“And didn’t he sound happy?” Julia asked.

“A physical handicap doesn’t make you unhappy,” (Continued on page 60).
Then Brent was talking once more.

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"They won't tell their names. They'll just tell the work they did before the war and what they did all right. And they'll get out of the hospital!"

"That's the whole point of the show." Julia explained, her eyes shining. "The best way to show that we can get jobs—all of them. Each boy will tell what he's able to do. I mean, we don't have to wait for a war. We'll all be able to work in a dental laboratory, or something."

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And then the show was on the air, and she was listening to his voice—a new voice remarkably like Brent Carlson's. A voice that was vibrant and warm and seemed to be carrying a message straight to her. Because this was the voice of a person, handicapped for life, yet a voice that was unafraid. And the words he spoke gave her hope and courage and an elated happiness. And how can I get back when I live in a country with people who love freedom, and friendship, and fun?"

"That's what we were handicapped, the veteran said, "but I don't agree. Oh yes, I have a physical disability—but that won't hold me back when I live in a country with people who love freedom, and friendship, and fun?"

"What a marvelous radio personality, Julia said thoughtfully. "What a marvelous person," Linda corrected quietly, "It's ambitious, courageous— everything."
Christmas Day with One Man's Family

Christmas 1945 . . . for every family, a special solemnity and a special joy illuminate with new vigor the old, old meaning of the beloved holiday season.
Christmas Day with One Man's Family

Christmas 1945 ... for every family, a special solemnity and a special joy illuminate with new vigor the old, old meaning of the beloved holiday season.
From the first stolen glimpse of the tree, to the last radiant smiles above, rustling paper and ribbons, the Barbour's keep Christmas in the old, traditional way.

O UTSIDE the holly-wreathed bay window of the Barbour home daybreak sniffed out the stars. The fog drifted wraithlike, and through it the first faint rays of dawn kindled another star—in the window—that brave, age-shabby, tinsel star on top the Barbour's Christmas tree.

Downstairs, shadows still darkened the rooms. The stairs creaked a little, settling themselves for the coming of The Day.

Overhead it was quiet. Well—almost. You could hardly count snores as a disturbance. Like the ones, measured, slow, dignified, that came from behind this door. . . . The satisfied sounds of a head of a household who has gathered most of his brood around him once more. Not that Father Barbour would admit to those snores.

"Eh? Certainly not!" he had denied to Fanny only the other day. "I never snore! Sleep like a log—always have."

But there it was, the snore.

Not a sound down this hall where Cliff and Irene slept quietly, dreaming of Sky Ranch. In a nearby bed seven-going-on-eight Skipper lay awake, but tensely, careful to make no noise. A blanket kicked off is soundless and his baffled thoughts can't be heard out loud: Gentle, Betty's three little girls slept with smiles pinking their cherubic faces.

But there were sounds behind one particular door. Muffled ones, it was true, but unmistakably there were movements and whispered voices and, once in a while, a little scuffle.

"Don't make so much noise, Pinky!" Hank expostulated. The two boys huddled on the bed. Not so much for warmth—more in the nature of conspirators. "You know Grandmother said we couldn't go downstairs before eight!"

"Hey! That's the middle of the morning. By the time people wash their faces and stuff their breakfasts, it'll be time to go to church. There won't be any time for presents!" Pinky was aghast at this incomprehensible indifference of grown-ups on Christmas morning. "Besides, to the first landing of the divan it's not more than—What? It's just—well, it's—it's neither upstairs nor downstairs—it's inbetween—come on, Hank!"

Having thus somehow cleared up the question of boundaries, Pinky crept through the hall and slid carefully down the banisters to the broad landing, Hank following. From here the two adventurers could see the misletoe hanging from the chandelier of the hall below and even catch a tiny glimpse of the livingroom . . . a breathless view of one sweeping ornament—laden Christmas tree branch. Excitement mounted in the boys, making their very toes tingle.

"Hey! I heard you! . . . I heard you! Is it Christmas yet? The door at the top of the hall was flung open and nine-year-old Margaret bounced out.

Hank and Pinky looked at each other in resignation. Ordinarily they would have ignored their sister, but right now they weren't too sure that they belonged where they were. After all, the family had been awfully definite about that "no downstairs" business.

"You'd better be quiet," they warned her. "It isn't eight o'clock yet. Here— you can get between us and then you can see something."

Margaret was surprised at the sudden friendliness, but she was no one to question favors.

"Oh, dear," she wriggled, "I can only see one corner of one package. It looks like the one from my friend, Cynthia Marlowe. It has a fancy wrapping paper—" this last, grandly, tossing her head.

"Oh, fool! Cynthia Marlowe—she's not so much. Snoozy—stuck-up—"

"She is not! She's sufficiatated—!"

"Stop teasing Margaret, Pinky." A new voice broke in over their whispers. Behind them, Joan had stolen up.

Usually Joan, although the same age as Hank and Pinky, considered herself more grown-up than her twin cousins. But Christmas has a way of reducing people to their right age, especially when they are children. Joan was no exception. Now her eyes shone in her soap-scoured face and she clutched her warm flannel robe around her with fingers that trembled with excitement.

Seconds—minutes—went by. Fingers of light were streaking the horizon outside the hall window and the streamers of holly draping the fireplace, the big red bell over the front doorway, emerged sharply now against the white woodwork.

And then—just when waiting was becoming intolerably painful—

"Well . . . I see you've established a beachhead!" It was Mother Barbour and her eyes twinkled as she looked down on them; her mouth could not stay in the firm line it attempted. "By rights, I should send you scurrying back to bed—it's not half-past seven yet. But . . . as long as you're up and dressed—but, mind you!—only one peek as you go by the livingroom. March right into the kitchen and get some hot breakfast inside you or you'll all be sick by the time we have the tree."

The four trailed behind her, submissively, overjoyed to be out of their restraining perch. Obediently they each gave one peek at the package-laden tree and then hurried into the kitchen, their eyes like saucers and their faces aglow, chattering like magnpies.

They had barely finished their hot chocolate before the others began clattering down.

"I know it's early and we were all up late, but somehow I just couldn't sleep—" Teddy pleaded; when Mother Barbour scolded her.

"Same here," laughed Cliff, tossing a freckle-faced, tousle-haired Skippy into a chair at the big table, and stealing a spoonful of the hot cereal placed before his son.

There was expectation, the thrill of waiting, there in the big, warm kitchen, but no one would have thought of making a move. Not until—

"A Merry Christmas, everyone." The greeting was so sedate and conservative as the tall, erect, white-haired figure who spoke from the doorway—but there was a fine smile in the grey eyes.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, FATHER! MERRY CHRISTMAS, GRANDFATHER! Merry Christmas, everybody!"

The day had officially begun.

It was only a moment before they were all grouped around the tree in the livingroom, with Father Barbour in his favorite armchair and his favor-
ite grandchild, Margaret, at his knee. The others grabbed chairs or sat on the floor—that is, those who were composed enough to sit at all.

To Pinky and Hank fell the role of porters. It was their job to call out the names and distribute the packages, handling them oh-so-carefully. The system even worked well, for a while, until the boys could simply no longer resist grabbing for their own presents.

"Mrs. Clifford Barbour—Aunt Irene, that's you. . . . Grandmother, it jiggles—I'll bet it's perfume . . . it's from Uncle Jack—see the APO postmark, Aunt Betty! . . . stop it, Hank!—you can't open yours yet. . . . oh, the three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts we. . . ."

carol). The twins, as their hands made devastating inroads on the pile of packages under the tree, their tongues never still, their cheeks as red as fire, their eyes popped in excitement and with the strain of being careful.

"Oh, Hazel—you shouldn't—it's much too much—!" this from Betty, holding aloft for all to see the quaint peasant blouse, still creased from its package.

"Hm-m," said Paul, watching her, flushed face, "in that—no one would ever believe you were the mother of three infants, Betty."

"It's not perfume. It's that wonderful spice-and-herb set I've been wanting for the kitchen," Mother Barbour exclaimed joyfully about the package that "jiggled."

"Dan!—the boys are simply overcome!" Hazel's hand sought that of her new husband. "Catchers mask—mitt—baseball bat—now they won't always have to be borrowing." She tilted her head backwards under the sprig of mistletoe Dan was holding and kissed him, while the family looked on and laughed, affectionately. For a stepfather, Dan was tops.

"What about you, Father?" Cliff looked up from the rattle he was showing his baby niece, Mary Lou.

"'Eh? Oh—Margaret is taking care of me. Very good care. Now—what were you saying, Margaret, about Christmas and changes?" Under cover of the happy tumult about them, he and his grandchild had been having one of their conversations. Now, very carefully, he took the new initiated handkerchief from her hands, pretending to examine them—but his keen eyes were searching the small, troubled face before him.

"It's like this, Grandfather. Cynthia—that's Cynthia Marlowe, my special friend—she said her family thinks celebrations like ours are aw'f'ly old-fashioned. When I visited them last week-end, Mrs. Marlowe said Christmas just meant everybody saw relatives they didn't like once a year and everybody was bored and ate too much and acted like children and gave each other things nobody really wanted. They said civilization was getting streamlined and Christmas was a hangover from me—from mee-dee-val times. They're being sensible, this year."

"Streamlined!" Father Barbour's lips straightened in disapproval. "And just how do they intend to modernize Christmas, pray? Are they wealthy people, Margaret?"

"Oh, no! Mr. Marlowe is always fussing about something he calls their 'bujit'. But you should see their house, Grandfather! A friend of Mrs. Marlowe is an interior decorator and she helped her fix the livingroom so it looks like a picture. You can hardly tell it's supposed to be Christmas, but it's all very sophisticated. There's an imitation shalley—"

"Chalet, Margaret. That means a house Swiss people live in."

"Chalet, then. It's all made of gingerbread and red and green frosting for the roof and the snow is all span- gled. It takes up the whole mantel-piece over the fireplace. Of course," Margaret giggled, "they can't have a fire or it would all melt."

Father Barbour studied the earnest little face at his knee, as Margaret tore the string off another package. He couldn't quite put his finger on what was troubling his usually happy grandchild, but obviously a comparison between the Barbours' way of life and the Marlowes' had brought that tiny frown to her brow and that puzzled dissatisfaction to her voice. He comforted himself it wasn't too serious—at least, it wasn't spoiling her delight with the possession of a pair of roller skates.

Whatever it (Continued on page 72)
"But—you can't mean it!" I whispered, sickly.

There was a thickness in my throat, and my wrists began to pulse. "Elinor, it's—oh, you can't!"

We were in her bedroom. The bedroom my half-sister shared with Hunt Parker, her husband, who had left the house only a few minutes ago. My thoughts dived, and scattered. She couldn't be serious!

"I do mean it!" Elinor said. Her round, babyish face looked different, suddenly. There was a new stubborn set to her soft lips, and around her jaw there was a hardness I'd never seen before. "I'm so unhappy with Hunt. Laura, nothing's right between us. Just because I made a mistake—" Her eyes dropped. The silence between us became huge and high, like a glass wall with splinters at the top.

A mistake. Elinor had made a mistake that cost me my heart. You see, I was engaged to Hunter Parker when she fell in love with him. Oh, it was a long time ago. Three mortal years. I pushed down the lonely, lost misery that always rose in me, remembering. I'd gotten used to it. The pain was all behind me—there was just this dull disillusion, now. That, too, would pass.

She began to sob, her bright head down on the chaise longue, her voice muffled and hopeless. "I know it's mean. But oh, Laura, Laura, it's not as though there's any other man, anything nasty and—and ch-cheap, like that. It's just—we aren't right for each other! We never have been. Only that time—that magic time—"

I set my lips. That magic time, when enchantment had lifted them, when the magnetism of that pull toward each other had been too strong for reason, or duty. . . . "Life's not all fire and stars, the way it is at first," I heard myself saying. "People settle down. It's calmer. Marriage, making a home."

"But you don't understand! There's nothing, nothing at all, between us!" She sat up, defiantly. "Sometimes I think Hunt's sorry for what we did! Sometimes I think it's on his conscience." Like knives her words ripped at me. "While he was gone I used to feel it in his letters. Asking about you. So glad when you began going with Paul Logan again. Now, when he's home, he watches you. . . ."

"Oh, no, Elinor!" I was sinking to the bottom of the pit I had tried so desperately never to tumble into. The crazy pit of hope. Hope that Hunt hadn't really forgotten, that his feeling for my half-sister was only infatuation that would wear off.

Dizzily, I told myself, "But they're married. And I have Paul now. This can't be!" Out loud, as the bars of sunlight on the pink carpet waved and blurred in my eyes, I said "You just imagine these things, Elinor." I pulled myself together and went across the room to her. How little she was, and soft! Her shoulder under my fingers was delicate as a child's.

Elinor was older than I. She had been five when our mother married my father. But I was a big girl. Big, like Daddy. Brown hair, no glamour, just the frank open face, the blue eyes, the good wholesome smile he had. My hands had always been quick and capable, and my legs willing. When Mother was so ill, the year I was sixteen, I'd waited on her, run the house, done all the things Elinor wasn't strong enough to do. Somehow, after that, the family—Daddy and Elinor—leaned on me indefinably.

"Such a good girl," the neighbors said. But it was Elinor who had the laughing boy friends and the parties. Not that I was homely, or without friends. But I worked—in the town library—and Elinor stayed home. I had no use for dance dresses and fetching bathing suits. Elinor got them.

I shook her a little, now. "You can't simply walk out on Hunt as though—as though he'd done something horrible!" I said. "Even though you're unhappy, you've got to give him a chance. Talk it over with him. Think about it. People don't break up a marriage like this!"

"But ours—isn't a marriage! It isn't the way I dreamed of it, while I waited for him. I thought we'd have fun, when he got home. I thought we'd laugh together, plan things, do things." Her voice broke. Tonelessly, I said, "Even waiting was romantic, Elly. All of a piece with the way you fell in love. The way you married. . . . But now—"

"I'm leaving him," she cried stubbornly. "If I don't, I'll go crazy here." She pulled free of my hands. Wildly, she wrenched open a dresser drawer. "I just wanted to tell you. I'm going to my Aunt Norma's, in New York. I—well, I've written her, Laura. I'll leave a note for Hunt—and then I'm going to go!"

Her Aunt Norma was her father's sister, no kin to me at all. I didn't even like her. A thin, tall

Prelude to Happiness

Do you truly know your heart's desire? Laura knew hers, knew deeply
and surely what meant happiness. And one day it was given to her
I'll never forget the imperious ringing of the bell, that night.
Paul’s eyes were dangerous. “You do know what you’re doing,” he said hoarsely. “This has gone far enough. I’ll make you stop!”
woman beautifully dressed with cold eyes and a sort of patient disgust with Mother, her brother’s widow, who had married such an ordinary nobody as Daddy.

Now, seeking escape from Hunt, Elinor had thought of Aunt Norma. And Aunt Norma would see nothing wrong in a discontented girl leaving a husband only a few months returned from a war. My heart twisted, thinking of Hunt. He had been so happy, coming home! I saw again the way his big shoulders relaxed against the leather chair, the light from the lamp ruddy in his hair. “Gosh, this is wonderful, after foxholes!”

HUNT had had malaria, and there was still a faint yellow tinge under his tan from atabrine. The wound in his thigh had healed so perfectly he scarcely limped. But he had not yet gone back to his job of manager of the Bicket Auto Agency. “No rush,” he grinned. “They’ve got nothing to sell except a few tired jalopies.”

Maybe it was because Hunt was home all day, because they were together so much, in this tiny house Elinor had furnished so prettily, that Elinor was jumpy. I tried once more—“Darling, if you’d only wait—when Hunt goes back to work—”

“Oh, you don’t understand, Laura. You’ll never understand!” She stood there, a small dressing case in her hands, and whispered, “You’re good! You don’t have those locked up dark places, eating into you. Even when we hurt you, Hunt and I, you—you were generous.” She flung the case down and began blindly to stack hairbrushes and glass bottles and powder boxes into it. “You’re what he needs, what he really wants deep down. That’s why there’s nothing for me. Night after night, he listens to the radio, reads the newspaper, sits! We never go anywhere but his mother’s! I never dreamed it would be like that. I—I must leave!”

Hours later, feeling battered as though the cab that had taken Elinor to the station had run over me, I sank down on the bed in my own room. In some ways, this was like the first, strange pain that swept over me, the night I learned that I’d gone off in Hunt’s car and gotten married. The silence, the deep-down terror, my thoughts skittering. Something wrong, something terribly, shatteringly wrong. And I, helpless in the midst of it, lost.

How unprepared I’d been, that night three years ago! I loved Hunt so wholly. His big shoulders, the narrow, lean face, his eyes the color of steel, were my whole world. We had been going together a year, and his ring shone on my finger as I stamped books in and out of the library. We had been sensible, though, when he went into the service. “No swift marriage and all that unthought-out, unprepared stuff,” he had said. “I don’t want you following me around messy camps and living God-knows-how while I’m training.”

So long ago. . . . I had trusted him utterly. “Whatever you say, Hunt.” How could anything happen to such faith and love? I’d forget the ringing of the bell, that night, imperious in the empty house, and how I raced downstairs in a white robe. Through the glass upper-half of the front door Paul Logan’s face peered at me.

Paul lived across the street. He and Hunt and Elinor and I had been friends since childhood. I stared through the glass. He looked so strange and grim! “What is it?” Alarm surged through me.

I thought of his father. He wasn’t well. I opened the door wider, tightening the sash of my robe, conscious of my long hair loose on my shoulders. I’d washed it, because Hunt was devoting tonight of his leave to his mother. “Do you want me to come across the street with you, Paul?”

I turned toward the livingroom, where the dark shape of the piano gleamed with reflected moonlight. As my hand reached for the light switch, Paul’s fingers closed over my wrist. “Don’t. Listen, Laura. I—they phoned me. I came to—”

“Who phoned you?” I turned, and I was very close to him, staring up, my hands moving upward as though to brace my face for something dreadful just ahead.

“Hunt,” he said. “Hunt and Elinor.” His arm was around me then, and his big body stiffened. “They were married tonight. I—I didn’t want to tell you like this, but Elinor cried on the telephone. She said she couldn’t face you, that’s why she made Hunt go without warning you.”

Even now, the moments that followed were blank. Disaster caught me so unprepared, it was as though a terrific detonation had deafened and blinded me. I must have dreamt it, I must have walked, and breathed. But I don’t remember.

Paul was wonderfully kind. I remember riding around in his car, later, feeling nothing but the lack of feeling. I remember the time he bought me hot coffee at a roadside. And the time he said, “Cry. You’ll feel better. Don’t hold it in, Laura. This is no time for pride.”

But I couldn’t cry. Something had died inside me, stiffening in death.

Paul Logan stayed with me, a comforting quiet bulwark at my side, all that night. By morning, I had worked it out a little. I must not go to pieces. I must hang on, and pull myself somehow out of grief. I must not cry, nor rail at Hunt and Elinor. It was not as though they had deliberately set out to wound me! Why, Elinor was my sister! How could they help falling in love, falling in love so madly nothing else mattered?

It wasn’t easy. But I got through that first day. And the next, and the next. One day at a time. But getting used to the fact that never again would Paul’s arms be around me or his lips on mine, took months.

Months when Elinor wasn’t around, for the sturdy common sense Hunt had had for me didn’t operate about the tiny-bright-haired girl he’d eloped with. She followed him from camp to camp, living in auto courts, waiting for the few hours each week they could snatch together. Elinor loved it. The excitement, the feeling of being one with other girls living on borrowed time, as she was. The keyed-up laughter of camp towns, the color of uniforms, the special, swift little world of Army wives. Oh, she told me all about it, later. After she came back. After Hunt was shipped.

Paul was my safety-valve. Decent, wonderful Paul who moved into my life and taught me to smile again. He wasn’t dramatic about it—he just came around. His red hair always standing up, his earnest eyes, his long, flat lips giving him a beaky, inventive look. And no man was ever gentler, in the matter-of-fact way that Paul had.

“Why did I do it?” It was more a statement than a question. And rides. And walks in the woods. Picnics as soon as Spring burst into bud. Dances, his strong steady arm around me, the music soothing in my ears.

Odd, to recall now that I’d had more gaiety, more “going places and doing things” after Hunt married Elinor than ever before.

Even the Boy Scout troop of which Paul was the leader accepted me, grudgingly, as “Paul’s girl.” They showed me the badges they’d earned, and brought me their handicraft achievements. Twice I was allowed by the sober, (Continued on page 56)
Fold-out Placeholder

This fold-out is being digitized, and will be inserted at a future date.
Presenting in Living Portraits

*Light of the World*

The unique daytime dramatization of stories from the Bible

**DANIEL**, the youth who came as a captive to the Court of the King of Babylon, has achieved there, because of his sensitive intelligence and strength of character, a position of great power. Jealous of the high honors Daniel has gained, a group of envious courtiers conspires to ruin and destroy him, and through their machinations he is thrust into a den of lions to meet his death. Only a single and invisible weapon protects him: his unfailing belief in his God. But this is protection enough. The beasts lie quiescent under the Power his faith has invoked; unharmed, Daniel emerges from the danger. (Daniel is played by Bill Hollenbeck)
JONATHAN, rescued from slavery by the beggar Hassan, has searched desperately for Elona, the girl he loves. After weary weeks he learns that she has become a slave at Nebuchadnezzar’s court. Shocked and troubled to find her dancing before the King of Babylon, Jonathan determines to find a way to help her to escape; but because he himself is an escaped slave he must linger in the background, concealing his identity, until an opportunity occurs. Surrounded by suspicious enemies, Elona is not completely friendless; the little slave girl Tamara has more than once befriended her. (Tamara is Judy Blake; Elona is Inge Adams; Jonathan is Richard Coogan; Nebuchadnezzar is Bernard Lenrow)
AMYITIS, beautiful Queen of Babylon, is madly in love with the dangerous Captain of the King's Guards, PRINCE ARIOCH. As unscrupulous, as greedy for power as Amyitis herself, Arioch pretends to return her love, meanwhile conspiring with her in a plot to seize the throne. But, discovering that her lover is secretly infatuated with Elona, the Queen's deadly fury is loosed against the lovely dancing girl; Elona narrowly escapes with her life from the fate that the jealous Amyitis has decreed for her. (Arioch played by Carl Emory; Amyitis by Jane Lauren)
Through the vast welter of intrigue and treachery that is the Kingdom of Babylon moves the lithe figure of HASSAN, the mysterious beggar from Persia. Swift, elusive, infinitely resourceful, Hassan has become leader among the beggars of Babylon. Though his own life is often precariously balanced above a dangerous abyss, Hassan finds ways to help others who are threatened. Both Jonathan and Elona owe their lives to Hassan, as do many slaves he has smuggled into Persia. (Hassan is played by Luis Van Rooten)

Written by Adele Seymour; supervised by an Advisory Board of Clergy; directed by Basil Loughrane; heard daily at 10:15 A.M., EST, on CBS.
THE STORY

I MET John—and his best friend, Philip—in my home town of Corona shortly before the end of the war. And I fell in love with John, in spite of my previous contention that “all soldiers have girls back home.” John did, in fact, have a girl back home—Mary Lou—but he assured me that there was no engagement, not even an “understanding” between them. While stationed at Corona, John went home to visit his family at Maple Falls, and Philip went with him, partly because John wanted Phil to meet his family, and partly because Phil felt he ought to go along to keep an eye on John. You see, John had been a victim of tropical sunstroke while in service, and still had periods of post-sunstroke amnesia during which he acted quite normal, but after which he could not remember what had gone on during the brief attack. When John and Phil returned to Corona, both were sent away—John to a relocation center, and Phil overseas to the Pacific Theater. And then V-J Day came, and John called to tell me two pieces of news—first, that Philip was missing in action, and second that he, John, was to be discharged within a few days. Very soon he was in Corona, asking me to marry him—and to go at once with him to Maple Falls, as he had had a telegram from his father urging him to come home at once—he and his father were business partners, and there was some trouble at the store, John presumed. And so we were married, and that same evening arrived in Maple Falls. But instead of the welcome I had expected from John’s parents, I was greeted with shocked surprise. John’s mother and father asked to speak to him alone, and I was shown to the guest room.

Soon, John came upstairs—to tell me that Mary Lou was going to have a baby, and that she said he was the baby’s father. And it was possible, he said, because he had had one of his “blackouts” while he and Mary Lou were together during the time that John and Phil had visited Maple Falls earlier. We talked for a while about what must be done, not only for Mary Lou’s sake, but for the child’s. And then John went away, to give me time to think. When he came back, I knew what my answer was—I would fight for my right as John’s wife, and for our love—in other words, I would not di-

Closing the door on happiness, Beth meant

never to look back. But she couldn’t

lock the door; someone else held the

key. Suddenly, strangely, it opened again

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY’S FILES

To The end of the Journey was inspired by a problem presented originally on John J. Anthony’s MBS program, Mondays through Fridays at 1:45 P.M. EST.
He knew, and I would fight any divorce or annulment proceedings he might institute against me. He was mine; I loved him; I would let nothing come between us.

And, next morning, I found that John was gone. He had taken the only way out—he had left Maple Falls.

John, gone! I knew, without knowing how I knew, that this was his answer to my outburst of the night before, in which I had said that I would fight any action he might take to dissolve our marriage. What it amounted to was that he had left me. I couldn't believe it. "But where—" I looked at his mother, who was taking her place at the table, at his father, who was buttering a bit of toast with deliberate thoroughness, as if nothing unusual had happened. "Where could he have gone? Is he still in town?"

Mr. and Mrs. Dorn looked at each other, a glance that was the flicker of an eyelid, nothing more. "I don't know," she said. "He didn't say anything to us—" .

But I'd seen the glance, brief as it was, and all the pent-up hurt and resentment within me welled to the surface. "Perhaps he didn't tell you," I cried, "but you do know! You just don't want me to know; you act as though I'd no right to know. You—you've been against me from the start, all of you!"

Tears stopped my voice. I could not, would not let them fall in the sight of these people who were my enemies. I jumped up from the table, ran upstairs, slammed the door of my room behind me. Flinging myself down on the bed, I wept, tears of hopelessness and rage—and remorse. Already, I was sorry that I'd spoken to the Dorns as I had. They weren't to blame for anything that had happened. They were hurt by it all, too, and distressed and terribly embarrassed. But it was true, I defended myself fiercely, that they did side with John against me, that they thought I ought to go back to Corona. Oh, they pretended to stay out of it, to keep to themselves, but secretly, they wanted me to be gone, so that John could marry Mary Lou. I felt it in their very courtesy, in their impersonal, guarded friendliness; they were only waiting for me to leave.

There was a knock on my door. I stiffened. I wouldn't answer, I thought; I wanted only to be left alone. But then the knock came again, and John's mother's voice said, "May I come in, Beth?" (Continued on page 75)
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I MET John—and his best friend, Philip—in my home town of Corona shortly before the end of the war. And I fell in love with John, in spite of my previous contention that "all soldiers have girls back home." John did, in fact, have a girl back home—Mary Lou—but he assured me that there was no engagement, not even an "understanding" between them. While stationed at Corona, John went home to visit his family at Maple Falls, and Philip went with him, partly because John wanted Philip to meet his family, and partly because Philip felt he ought to go along to keep an eye on John. You see, John had been a victim of tropical sunstroke while in service, and still had periods of post-sunstroke amnesia during which he acted quite normal, but after which he could not remember what had gone on during the brief attack. When John and Philip returned to Corona, both were sent away—John to a recreation center, and Philip overseas to the Pacific Theater. And then V-J Day came, and John called to tell me two pieces of news—first, that Philip was missing in action, and second that he, John, was to be discharged within a few days. Very soon he was in Corona, asking me to marry him—and to go at once with him to Maple Falls, as he had had a telegram from his father urging him to come home at once—he and his father were business partners, and there was some trouble at the store. John pressed. And so we were married, and that same evening arrived in Maple Falls. But instead of the welcome I had expected from John's parents, I was greeted with shocked surprise. John's mother and father asked to speak to him alone, and I was shown to the guest room.

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(Continued on page 75)
I could talk to John Collins; his advice was always sincere. But that morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind...
That really matters

YOU can't mix girls with cost accounting.

That was something I didn't know until that morning, but I was learning it fast. Write down a long list of items in the proper columns of the ledger; everything from pennyweight nails to wheelbarrows; add them up and write off your discount, if Mr. Collins paid the bill in ten days, which he usually did. Then figure on the retail price for the item when it went on sale in the store.

Right in the middle of an invoice for delivery of a hundred feet of garden hose you see the girl's face. Pretty oval face. Hazel eyes that burn a kind of low flame when they look into yours. Olive skin that has to be kissed when you think about it. And you write down something silly, like: "Miriam Gardenhose, $17.20, 2/10/net."

Bounce the pencil on the desk. Go ahead, Bill. Get up and walk over to the window. Look down Market Street and see if you can see anything. What do you see, Bill Brungard? You see Miriam Wagner's face. It's a smiling face with little wrinkles in the nose when the smile breaks out in the eyes. Without knowing it you try to make the same kind of face and a deep sigh comes from your chest.

"Hey, Bill. What you moonin' about today? Got that statement ready? You remember we'd planned to run over to the paint factory, and it's 10:30 already!" It was Mr. Collins, my boss and proprietor of the County Hardware Company. He came over and stuck a pencil behind my ear, grasped my bleepe in his big hand and pushed me toward the desk in the corner of the office.

"Let me look at you, Bill. Hey, why the dreamy look? Bet I can guess—It's that Wagner girl. Saw her at the country club dance last night, didn't you? Mrs. Collins said she saw you two spoonin' on the veranda. Hah!"

I liked John Collins. He was like a father to me, and yet he was my pal and my boss and a father confessor, too. We had things in common, although he was twenty-five years older than I. He had played football at Central High when he was in his teens; so did I. He had joined the Navy when the first World War broke out; I served a hitch in the second big scrap. John Collins had a head for figures, and math was also my favorite.

I could talk to John Collins because I knew that if he gave me any advice it would be sincere and was offered with the hope that it would do me some good. Sometimes, however, he'd keep his thoughts to himself until he had figured things out; and after a week or so he'd come to me and say: "Look, mate, the wind's blowing the other way, now. Change your course and the deal will work out okay."

That morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind, but the grin on his face was inviting.

"You know Miriam Wagner, John?"

"Sure, since she was a baby. I know her pappy, too. Ed Wagner's credit manager for the slate works over in Delacroix. He belongs to the lodge. Spends all his spare time building rock gardens for himself. What else, Bill?"

"That's all, John."

He laughed loudly and put on his hat. "Come on, Bill. Your face is an open book. You've got it bad for the Wagner girl. Let's get over to the paint factory, and we can talk about it on the way."

I drove the truck while John Collins relaxed and smoked his pipe. He had a knowing look in his eyes, but he didn't bring up the subject of Miriam Wagner again. So I let the matter drop, too. John began on his favorite subject, Navy talk, as though he wanted me to forget Miriam for a while. It wasn't easy.

I enjoyed those conversations with John Collins. He told me about the Navy as it was run in 1919 while I furnished him with details about the present-day life of a seaman.

"One of my mates was sent up to the crow's nest for night watch, Bill. We were in the North Atlantic and it was so cold your breath would crackle... Know what I mean?... Anyway this pal o' mine was a sleepy sort o' guy who spent most of his spare time in the sack when he wasn't on watch. The gang warned him about falling asleep up there but it didn't do any good. He dozed and when his two hours were up they had to hoist him down. He was asleep... dead. Frozen stiff!"

John let the story sink in, then added, "But I guess you didn't have to worry about freezing down around those Solomon Islands, eh, Bill?"

Solomon Islands! The name alone conjured up thoughts of days and nights of torturous weather as we rode the heavy seas that pounded the battle area. No rain for two weeks, and then a small typhoon that scared the day-
I could talk to John Collins; his advice was always sincere. But that morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind...

Growing pains always hurt. Sometimes they hurt not only the person who’s growing up but all the people who love him. Bill and Miriam found out everything about that

A MY TRUE STORY ROMANCE

All That Really Matters was inspired by a story heard originally on My True Story, a program presented each weekday morning at 10:00 A.M. EST over the ABC network.

I knew that if he gave me any advice it would be sincere and was offered with the hope that it would do me some good. Sometimes, however, he’d keep his thoughts to himself until he had figured things out; and after a week or so he’d come to me and say: “Look, mate, the wind’s blowing the other way, now. Change your course and the deal will work out okay.”

That morning I hesitated in telling him what was on my mind, but the grin on his face was inviting.

“You know Miriam Wagner, John?”

“Sure, since she was a baby, I know her pappy, too. Ed Wagner’s credit manager for the slate works over in Delacroix. He belongs to the lodge. Spends all his spare time building rock gardens for himself. What else, Bill?”

“That’s all, John.”

He laughed loudly and put on his hat. “Come on, Bill. Your face is an open book. You’ve got it bad for the Wagner girl. Let’s get over to the paint factory, and we can talk about it on the way.”

I drove the truck while John Collins relaxed and smoked his pipe. He had a knowing look in his eyes, but he didn’t bring up the subject of Miriam Wagner again. So I let the matter drop.

John began on his favorite subject, Navy talk, as though he wanted me to forget Miriam for a while. It wasn’t easy.

I enjoyed those conversations with John Collins. He told me about the Navy as it was run in 1919 while I furnished him with details about the present-day life of a seaman.

“One of my mates was sent up to the crow’s nest for night watch, Bill. We were in the North Atlantic and it was so cold your breath would crackle... Know what I mean?... Anyway this pal of mine was a sleepy sort of guy who spent most of his spare time in the sack when he wasn’t on watch. The gang warned him about falling asleep up there but it didn’t do any good. He dozed and when his two hours were up they had to hoist him down. He was asleep... dead. Frozen stiff!”

John let the story sink in, then added, “But I guess you didn’t have to worry about freezing down around those Solomon Islands, eh, Bill?”

Solomon Islands! The name alone conjured up thoughts of days and nights of torturous weather as we rode the heavy seas that pounded the battle area. No rain for two weeks, and then a small typhoon that scared the day...
lights out of the toughest of us. Terribly sick, shaking with fright, wounded men aboard who cried out in delirium—it was 'a nightmarish memory; and yet there was something fresh and clean and heartening about the life of a sailor that would always be good to remember.

You could talk to John Collins about death and disaster and the loss of your shipmates, and you understood each other's language; and you never mentioned the power of the sunrise and the rareness of the sunset and the richness of the nights at sea. You knew that John Collins and a lot of other Navy men had those things in their blood once they had a taste of it. The whiff of sea air would do it, or the clank of the sea hook, or the call to chow. You had it all the time even though you were out of the Navy for almost eight months; a civilian again, holding the job of office manager and accountant for John Collins and his County Hardware Company.

YOU had the feeling of nostalgia whenever you thought of life at sea, and you wondered why that was, for life in the Navy in your case was not easy. Gunner's Mate for a guy who saw plenty of action was a toughie, and the machine gun bullet scar in your leg came from a Jap who did one of the suicide jobs at your deck. But you didn't think too much about the fighting phases of the Navy life; it was the unbounded sense of freedom you enjoyed. To a lot of other guys in your outfit, the Navy was a prison; to you, it was freedom.

I didn't listen very carefully to John Collins' conversation that morning. My thoughts seemed to be all mixed up; I thought of my job, my mother, the Navy and mostly about Miriam Wagner. I tried to put all those people and things together, but it didn't work; and I knew that, somehow, I'd have trouble working out that jig-saw in the future.

When we got back to the office that afternoon Miss Green, one of the saleswomen in the store, told me my mother had phoned. I called her at home and she said she was dying to see that new movie over at the Central Theatre.

"But, Mom," I started to protest, "I don't know what time I'll get home. There are some things I have to clean up down at the office. We're buying a big supply of paint . . . John and I want to shelve it and have it ready for the sale next week. I was going to get a bite to eat downtown and stick around. Why don't you run along to the movies and I'll see you later when I get home."

That conversation was typical of the way my mother and I talked to each other. I felt responsible for her, felt it all the time, and yet I didn't have the courage—if you want to call it that—to come right out and say I was going to have a date with a girl, or try to have a date with a girl. Imagine that, a fellow who played football, who spent some time at sea, who could handle himself well in any kind of company, having a complex about his mother.

I tried to analyze the situation. On one hand I realized that I was the only one my widowed mother had in the world. I understood that she doted on me, that she thought the sun rose and set on my head, that she couldn't be like other mothers who had husbands or more than one son. And on the other hand I knew that I had my own life to lead, that some day I'd want to break those apron strings. I knew that she was disappointed because I was not going to the movies with her that night. Believe me, I felt a pang of uneasiness whenever I had to make a decision like that.

Mother had been terribly unhappy when I was away from her; her letters to me when I was in the Navy were proof of that. And I knew she was the very best mother a fellow could have. I thought of all those things, and right in the middle of the thoughts of my mother I thought of Miriam Wagner!

It didn't take me long to finish my work that evening. I ate a ham and cheese sandwich and drank a bottle of milk at about a quarter to eight. Then I called Miriam on the phone and asked her if I could come out to see her.

"Yes, Bill," Miriam said eagerly, "I want you to meet Dad. How soon will you be here?"

I said it would take me twenty minutes to drive to her home, but it actually took me about a half hour. Miriam was sitting on the porch of her house with her father and she called out to me as I stepped from the car. I answered her greeting and started up the walk when I noticed something, a slight action of her father's that punctured my enthusiasm. He glanced quickly at his wrist watch.

"This is Bill Brungard, Dad," she was saying, and I put out my hand to her parent. He was still looking at his
watch, and I felt just a little annoyed and embarrassed. When he shook hands with me it was, I thought, a sort of uncordial handshake.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Wagner," I said.

"How do you do," he replied. "How long did it take you to drive out?"

I said I thought it took about a half hour, and he said he thought it would take more than twenty minutes. His remark, I knew, was a comment on my promise to be there ten minutes sooner than I had arrived.

"I know your boss, John Collins," Miriam's father remarked. His eyes were critical and his tone business-like. I thought he would sit down and talk to us a while, but he picked up his hat from a nearby table and started down the steps.

"You'd better get some sleep tonight, Miriam," he said. "You were out pretty late at the club last night. I'll be back in an hour or so." He left us.

When her father had walked down the street Miriam led me to a big porch swing and we sat down together.

"Your Dad upset about something, Miriam?" I asked innocently. "He seemed sort of unfriendly."

"No, Bill." Her eyes were hiding something I didn't understand at the moment. "He's that way, Bill. He's not the friendly type, like you."

I had her little hand in mine and my other arm was around her shoulder. It was a protective feeling I had for her, and I liked it. Miriam was the dearest, prettiest girl I had ever known; and her closeness stirred me, made me forget about her father and all the other people in the world. We didn't talk much, just sat and watched the moon etched on the edge of the chimney of the house across the street, listened to the crickets chirping a farewell to summer. I could feel the occasional magic of her blonde hair as a wisp of it brushed against my cheek, and the scent of something she wore almost made me breathless. In the moonlight the tone of her skin was ivory; her lips were terribly inviting.

Miriam let me kiss her after a while. She knew I was in love with her, just as I knew her feelings about me. You can tell those things after you've been going around with a girl for several months, and you don't have to meet her father to prove it. Speaking of her father, he came up the walk just then and Miriam and I stood up to meet him. I don't know whether he saw me kissing his daughter, and at that moment I didn't really care. He was abrupt in his greeting.

"It's getting late, Miriam," he said. "You promised you'd get a good night's rest." He didn't say anything to me. I said goodnight to Miriam, and she said she'd walk as far as the gate with me.

"Don't mind my Dad," she whispered softly, holding my hand in hers.

"He doesn't like me, Miriam," I replied.

"Don't say that, dear. Don't make any snap judgments."

"He seems to have made one regarding me."

She turned up her face and I kissed her lightly. (Continued on page 66)
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She turned up her face and I kissed her lightly. (Continued on page 66)
I can't think about Christmas this year without wondering what it will mean to my little son twenty years from now, when he is grown and has a Sammy of his own. Our first peaceful Christmas since 1940! It's hard to believe. And I wonder, somehow, how peaceful it really is for most of us.

Of course, everybody is happy that the war is over. But so many of us are still waiting for the war to be really over, and for our loved ones to be back with us to share this peace. And others of us must look into the future without hope because someone we loved will never come back.

Harry told me the other day about a Beechwood woman whose conversation he overheard on the bus. "They're going to draft Johnny—can you imagine?" she said, "Even though the war's over." She went on to say that no man of twenty with his future before him should have to go through basic training and be shipped to Europe or Asia or the Philippines or Japan—now that the war's over. Harry says she was quite indignant but somehow or other she didn't seem to be very much concerned about the woman who sat across the way from her in the bus and listened without making any comment. Everybody in Beechwood knows that this small, sad-eyed woman's boy Stephen has been on Guam for over two years and can't possibly be brought home unless a new young soldier can be sent to replace him.

There are a lot of women like the one Harry overheard. Their attitude seems to be that the war is over, and there's no reason for any further sacrifice.

If all of us behave this way on our first peaceful Christmas in four years, we cannot count on many peaceful Christmases in the future. Now that the nervous strain and fear of war has passed, it seems to me we ought to be able to face the real dangers of the peace without returning to the blindness that kept us unprepared and led us into this war in the first place.

The year of 1945 was probably the most momentous in the history of the world. Besides the decisive defeat of Germany and Japan we were awakened to the deadly danger of the split atom. Any woman who thinks about the happiness of her home must remember that in hastening the end of the war with this terrifying invention we have forever parted company with every delusion of isolation. When the atom was split the world was united. If we don't realize the truth of that, "peace on earth, good will toward men" will become a mockery.

Good will toward men... Does that phrase mean that on this Christmas we can dare to look upon our enemies with anything less than the hatred and anger they have earned by their brutality and hopeless egotism? It isn't easy so soon to think about our enemies in terms of "good will toward men," but once our stern justice has been established irrevocably in their hearts and minds we can again begin to remember that in the eyes of the Man whose birthday we celebrate they too are creatures who have erred, and that to forgive them is divine.

It's too early to forgive now. It's too early, with the pain of grief in the hearts of so many of us, to do more than remember that our enemies must still be policed. We all think that it should be done by the other fellow—just like the woman Harry overheard. But let's not, on this Christmas, forget that when the war was on the spirit of sacrifice was much easier to kindle than it is now when everybody wants to get back to peaceful pursuits.

On this Christmas let's remember that there is no more painful question to the man in uniform than the one I've heard so often here in Beechwood: "When is Jack coming back from overseas? Shouldn't he be back any day now—after all, the war's over, isn't it?" Our Army experts tell us that even years from now we will still need half a million men in our foreign installations. Today, with the difficult job of occupying enemy land still before us, many men must sacrifice their convenience and comfort to you and to me. As we sit around our Christmas trees with thoughts of peace replacing thoughts of war, let's not forget those men, or how much pain we cause their families when we make thoughtless comments about their absence.

The old Pilgrim fathers made a law which prescribed arrest and punishment for anybody who celebrated Christmas. That's because they considered exhibitions of gaiety and happiness sinful. I hope that all of us here in Beechwood will decorate and light our Christmas trees, fill the cotton-covered floor with gaily-packaged presents for all the children and grown-ups, drink eggnog and toddies to our future and in no way imitate the strait laced Puritans of yesteryear. But I hope too that the shadow of the momentous years that have just passed will hang over us as a warning so that the abandon and foolishness of the same Christmas in 1918 will never return.

Those were the days when we carelessly turned our backs to the past and sought profit in isolation. That must never happen again if we are to hope for a long, long chain of peaceful Christmases.

In the last war we could think about oceans. Now there are no more oceans. If we cannot live in good will with our friends and even with our enemies, if we (Continued on page 71)
JOAN and HARRY DAVIS, (When a Girl Marries, NBC, daily at 5:00 P.M. EST) are the kind of youthful Americans whose job it will be to watch carefully over the traditions of the past, so that they may hand them on, preserved and enriched, to their children. Christmastime is one of those traditions, and this year little Sammy Davis will have all the old-fashioned excitement—the mysteriously bumpy stocking, the breath-taking tree, false snow powdering its branches as white as real snow outside that makes a path for a holiday sleighride. And the silvery tinkle of sleighbells will mingle in Sammy's young memory with the turkey, the cranberries, the laughter, the fascinating, colorful makings of Christmas, the best-beloved of holidays.
There was a force in Andrea so powerful, so strong, that even when she wasn't near it changed and shaped the lives of the two she so deeply loved.

Andrea Denning was the last person I'd ever expect to need help. She was so strong, so gay, so full of the joy of living that to be with her made you feel stronger and happier and more confident. And yet, here was her letter, saying that she was ill, asking me to come to take care of her and her house.

The letter reached me in July, when I was on vacation from teaching school in Sleighton. I was at my parents' farm at the time, spending the summer there simply because I couldn't afford to go anywhere else. "I won't pretend that coming here will be a holiday for you," Andrea had written. "The house is so big, and Mike is running himself ragged trying to do his work and to take care of me, too. Aside from the fact that I need help badly and there just isn't any to be found here, I don't want to bring a stranger into the house at this time, and I want very much to see you."

Half suspecting a trick, I packed my bags and took the next train for Corinth, where Mike and Andrea lived. It would be one of the generous, thoughtful tricks Andrea had often played when we'd been in school together. We'd roomed together for four years, ever since I came in from the farm and Andrea came up from Corinth to go to Sleighton Normal School. And I don't recall Andrea's having even a cold in all that time. She was a big, breezy girl, with dark red-brown hair and a lovely golden skin. She finished school with honors, but I don't remember her sitting still and studying very much. It was easier to remember her in cap and mittens, coaxing me to go skating, or packing beach bags, both hers and mine, promising to help me with my homework if I would go swimming with the crowd. It was easier to remember her bounding into a room, saying breathlessly, "Look, Eileen, we've got to do something about that Flynn girl. She's going to flunk psychology unless someone coaches her. Now suppose I take her one evening, and you take her the next—"

And when we were through school, Andrea hadn't settled down to teaching, as I had. She'd gone back to Corinth and had married Michael Denning, a big, brown young man who looked amazingly like her. I'd never seen Michael, but Andrea had sent snapshots, and her infrequent letters were full of him, of their friends and the places they went. It's true that I'd heard from her only a few times in the last two or three years, but then she had always been too busy to write very much. It was hard to believe now that she was really ill, hard to imagine her being quiet and still, taking orders from a doctor. It was much easier to picture her saying to her husband, "Look, Mike, we've got to do something about Eileen Judd. It's five years now since we got out of school, and every year she's not only refused to come to see us but I'll bet she's spent every vacation between Sleighton and the farm. One year the barn needs repairing and another year her brother's teeth need straightening, and of course everyone always looks to Eileen to pay the bills. Now suppose we send her the fare and tell her I'm ill, and then she just can't refuse."

And then, when I got off the train in Corinth on that hot summer afternoon, I didn't recognize Andrea. I recognized Mike, from the snapshots and because he was exactly as Andrea had described him—very tall, very broad, with his hat clapped carelessly on the back of his head and his tie a little askew. With him was a tall slim woman whose eyes were too big for her thin face. Then the woman waved, and ran up to fling her arms around me, and I saw that it was Andrea. "Andrea!" I cried. "You look—" I stopped, too late. I'd been going to say that she looked wonderful, because that was what one automatically thought of saying to her—but not now. She kissed me and moved back a little, and grinned—and with the grin, she was really Andrea. "I look terrible," she said cheerfully. "You caught me on one of my bad days. Eileen, dear, this is Mike."

Mike's big hand closed over mine; there was relief in Mike's smile. For a second I saw myself mirrored in the pupils of his eyes, saw how I looked to him—dark and small compared to Andrea, but sturdy and competent. "So this is Eileen," he said. "You took a long time to come to see us."

Andrea answered for me. "It's her family, I've told you, Mike. There are dozens of them, and they're all crazy about her, and they all take advantage of her—"

I laughed, and protested that she was making me sound like a martyr, but I was glad of the opening to talk about my family, about my teen-age brother, Buddy, and my sister Meredith's babies. I made the story of Dad's trying to enlist in the Marine Corps when he was 'way over age last throughout the drive to the house. Inwardly, I was still shocked at the change in Andrea. She was really ill, not only in her body, but in her soul, too. There was a disturbing stillness about her and a shadow in her eyes, a shadow that deepened whenever she looked at Mike. And Mike—Mike's face, in repose, when he forgot himself, was enough to break your heart. There
Their house was a big old-fashioned one on an old-fashioned street, set in the middle of a wide lawn under tall old elms. It had belonged to Mike's parents and it was kept very much as it had been when Mike was a little boy... even the swings and the playhouse behind the garden in the back yard were painted and kept in repair, although Andrea and Mike had no children. Inside, Andrea had brightened the high-ceilinged rooms with gay chintzes, had filled the empty fireplace with summer flowers. The kitchen had been modernized with a porcelain sink and a gas range, and there was a large refrigerator, crammed to overflowing now with the cold dinner Andrea had prepared. "It's the last bit of work I'm going to do for some time," she remarked as we put the frothy dishes on trays. "Now that you're here, I'm going to sit back and let you do everything."

"THAT'S what I came for," I told her. "How long have you been sick?"
She answered carelessly. "Oh, I've been feeling low for three or four years, off and on. But it hasn't been really bad until lately."
Three or four years! And she had never written a line to indicate that anything was wrong...

"That's why I sent for you," she went on. "The doctors told me that I ought to rest this summer. I'm going to the hospital in the fall."

"For an operation?" she didn't answer immediately, and it occurred to me that a person faced with an operation might not want to talk about it. "You'll be all right after that?"

Still she didn't answer. She was bending over the table, arranging a sprig of parsley in a salad bowl, and her face had an absent, dreamy look. Then she straightened abruptly, as if she had just now heard me. "Oh, yes. I'll be perfectly all right after that."

I went weak with relief. I had been terribly afraid for her, but now no one could have doubted the ring of truth in her assurance. "We were quite gay at dinner. As we talked about old times, about school, a faint pink came into Andrea's thin cheeks, and whenever she laughed, a smile lighted the somber depths of Mike's eyes. When we were ready for dessert, there was a laughing squabble over who should remove the plate... "You sit still," Mike ordered me. "I'll do it. You're company."

Andrea's eyes brightened, and she laughed happily. "Company," she said.

"Oh, Mike, isn't it wonderful to have company again?" And then she put her napkin to her face and began to cry.

Mike was beside her in an instant, gently urging her to her feet. Still crying, dozily as a child, Andrea leaned her self be led out of the room and upstairs. I followed them to the foot of the stairs, wondering whether or not to follow. In a minute or two Mike came down to the landing, leaned over the bannister. "Eileen," he said, "would you mind making a cup of hot tea? You'll find the tea and the pot in the cupboard nearest the stove.—"

I made tea, fixed a tray with cream and sugar from the table. Mike met me in the upper hall, took the tray from me. "Come on in. Andrea's all right now. She wants to talk to you."

Andrea was resting on a chaise-longue, bolstered with pillows. She smiled faintly when she saw me, stuck out her lower lip in imitation of a tearful child. Mike left us alone, and she drank her tea gratefully. "Thanks, Eileen," she said when the cup was empty. "I'm sorry I went to pieces, but that's what's bothered me most about being sick. I mean—Mike and I are alone here night after night, and we both love company, but I just am not strong enough to have people in. It was a miracle, having another person at the table tonight, laughing and talking and having fun..."

I blinked, steadied my voice. Perhaps my own nerves were a little overwrought; perhaps I was tired from the trip; still, it was touching to be told I'd produced a miracle. "But it won't be for long," I said. "When you're rested and well again..."

She moved her head impatiently on the pillow. "Oh, yes, I know..." And then her voice faded, and the dreamy withdrawn look came over her face. "I wish," she said presently, wistfully, "that we could have a party while you're here. A really big party, like those we used to have when we were first married. Perhaps in September, because the weather is always beautiful then, and the garden will still be nice. We'd invite everybody. I want you to get to know everybody, Eileen. We have such wonderful friends..."

After that, I felt easier about Andrea, felt less disturbed when I thought of the contrast between her as she was now and the girl she had been. Her breakdown at the table had been pure nerves, and I began to believe that much of her illness was nervous rather than physical. It would be a natural enough reaction for anyone as active as she had been to resent sickness, to fight against it and to feel hampered and inadequate because of it, until she hurt her own chances of getting well. I felt easier about my own job, too. Now that it seemed only a matter of keeping Andrea rested and cared for and contented, I enjoyed every minute of the long, busy day. The first thing in the morning, there was Mike to be got off to work—Mike, who lingered appreciatively over bacon and eggs and hot cereal, after months of snatching a bite in a downtown drugstore. Then there was the housework, and I liked that, too, because never had I had such a house to care for. At home, on the farm, there had been so many of us, so many muddy boots going in and out, that the furniture never stayed polished, the floors never stayed clean long enough for you to admire the effect of your own effort. And the apartment I lived in during the school year—well, that was just an apartment, a little box of a place that had never seemed like home.

This house was different. It seemed to have a spirit of its own sometimes; it responded to attention. Its dark old

Legacy was adapted from the story
"My Name Is Mary Smith," written by Eugenia Klein for CBS's Stars
Over Hollywood, Saturdays, 12:30 P.M., EST.

As we passed each other I felt his cheek brush mine, and then I was in his arms, his lips on mine.
furniture gleamed after a polishing; the rugs lay sleekly along the floors and cushions fitted snugly into chairs as if to say, "We are well cared for. We will repay you by making you as comfortable as we can." And, quiet as the rooms were in the morning after Mike had gone to work and Andrea still slept, they never seemed stiff and un-lived-in. They had been lived in for too many years for that. I could almost fancy that they were only resting for a while, like Andrea. When she was well again, the house would be as it should be—with friends coming and going, with children—dark, tousle-headed children who looked like Mike—playing in the devious, old-fashioned halls, in the playhouse at the back of the garden.

In mid-morning I took Andrea's breakfast up to her, and we planned the marketing together, discussed what was to be sent to the cleaner's, to the laundry. Then I shopped, and came back to have a late lunch with Andrea, and in the afternoons we read or rested or went on short walks when the weather wasn't too warm. Mostly, we talked, and the talk was nearly always about school. I got our class year book out of the attic, and we spent hours poring over it, discovering treasures in the form of dance invitations and flattened favors and faded corsages pressed within its pages. Andrea never tired of looking at it, asking about this classmate and that, reminiscing. Often she settled down for her before-dinner nap still laughing over some long-forgotten and I would close my eyes, thinking that surely, when she could laugh like that, she was already on her way to getting well.

Then would come one of the best hours of the whole day, when dinner was on the stove, and the rich smells from the bubbling pots mingled with the cool evening breeze and the fragrance of the garden outside. Mike would come in, then, quietly, so as not to disturb Andrea. He'd stop to toss his hat into the closet in the hall, and then he'd come out to the kitchen to ask how Andrea was feeling. "Just fine," I'd say, and then I'd tell him all about our day, and he would listen and prompt me and prowl about the kitchen, pausing to spread a cracker with cheese, to dip an experimental spoon into the soup kettle, until I made a great show of starting after him and scolding him for spoiling his dinner. Then he'd grin and duck and take his paper into the living-room, and I'd turn back to my cooking, satisfied. It was worth a little pretense to see Mike smile.

You see, as the weeks passed, it was Mike I worried about, more than I worried about Andrea. I was sure that Andrea was getting better. She still had her "bad days"—days when she was white and crippled with pain, but they, I assumed, would continue until she was operated upon. But my own eyes told me that her color had improved and her cheeks had filled out a little, and—more important than anything else—the shadow came less often to her eyes.

But Mike lost weight, in spite of all my efforts at the stove. And daily his face grew more set in its despairing lines, as if he carried the burden of a hopelessness Andrea herself didn't feel. He hung close to Andrea, too, always seeking to meet her eyes, reaching out to touch her—almost like a little boy who was afraid that his mother might go away and leave him.

In the evenings when the dinner dishes were done, the three of us would sit in the living room for a while, and then Mike would follow Andrea up to her room while I settled back with some mending or a book. In a little while the murmur of voices from Andrea's room would stop, and her door would close, and I'd hear Mike's footsteps going to his room at the front of the house. For what, I wondered? He was up late every night, because there was always a light under his door when I went upstairs. Always a light, and never a sound from the room. Was he reading, or just sitting there, staring ahead at something I couldn't see? I worried about it, and I wondered, too, at the biting pain in my own heart whenever I thought of the lonely, unhappy man. (Continued on page 52)
T"HAT'S what I came for," I told her.

"How long have you been sick?"

She answered carefully. "Oh, I've been feeling low for three or four years, off and on. But it hasn't been really bad until lately."

Three or four years! And she had never written a line to indicate that anything was wrong.

"That's why I sent for you," she went on. "The doctors told me that I ought to rest this summer. I'm going to the hospital's fall."

"For an operation?"

She didn't answer immediately, and it occurred to me that a person faced with an operation might not want to talk about it.

"You'll be all right after that?"

Still she didn't answer. She was bending over the table, arranging a sprig of parsley in a salad bowl, and her face had an absent, dreamy look, then she straightened abruptly, as if she had just now heard me. "Oh, yes, I'll be perfectly all right after that."

I knew I was boldened. I had been terribly afraid for her, but now no one could have doubted the ring of truth in her assurance.

"We were quite gay at dinner. As we talked about old times, she somehow, a faint pink came into Andrea's thin cheeks, and whenever she laughed, a small dimple appeared the number of which Mike's eyes. When we were ready for dessert, there was a laughing squabble over who should remove the plates. "You sit still," Mike ordered me. "I'll do it. You're company." Andrea's eyes brightened, and she laughed happily. "Company," she said.

"Oh, Mike, isn't it wonderful to have children?" And she put her napkin on her face and began to cry."

Mike was beside her in an instant, gently urging her to her feet. Still crying, she led him to the living room where we were to be let out of the room and upstairs. As I followed them to the front door, I thought a moment to follow. In a minute or two Mike came down to the landing, and then he said, "You would never make a cup of hot tea? You'll find tea and the pot in the cupboard nearest to the stove." I made tea, fixed a tray with cream and sugar from the table. Mike met me in the upper hall, took the tray from me.

"Come on in. Andrea's all right now. She wants to talk to you."

Andrea was resting on a chaise longue, bolstered with pillows. She smiled faintly when she saw me, stuck out her lower lip in imitation of a fearful child. Mike left us alone, and she drank her tea gratefully. "Thanks. Eileen," she said when the cup was empty. "I'm sorry I went to pieces, but that's what's bothered me most about sicking. I mean—Mike and I are alone here night after night, and have no love company, but I'm just not strong enough to have people. It was a miracle, having another person at the table tonight, laughing and talking and having fun—"

I blinked, studied my voice. Perhaps my own nerves were a little overwrought; perhaps I was tired from the journey; it was touching to be told I'd produced a miracle. "It won't be for long," I said. "When you're rested and well again—"

She moved her head impatiently on the pillow. "Oh, yes, I know—" And then her voice faded, and the dreamy withdrawn look came over her face. "I wish," she said presently, wistfully, "that we could have a party while you're here. A really big party, like those we used to have when we were first married. Perhaps in September, because the weather is usually beautiful then, and the garden will still be green and lovely for everybody. I want you to get to know everybody, Eileen. We have such wonderful friends."

"After the weather, I expect."

I felt a little disturbed when I thought of the contrast between her as she was now and the girl she had been. Her breakdown at the table had been pure nerves, and I began to believe that much of her illness was nervous rather than physical. It would be a natural enough reaction for anyone as active as she had been to resist sickness, to fight it, and to feel humiliated and inadequate because of it, until she hurt her own chances of getting well. I felt easier about my own job, too. Now that it seemed only a matter of keeping Andrea rested and cared for and contented, I enjoyed every minute of the long, busy day. The first thing in the morning was Mike's, to get off to work—Mike, who lingered appreciatively over bacon and eggs and hot cereal, after months of snatching a bite in a downtown drugstore. Then there was the housework, and I liked that.
Right from the start the Haymes romance has been a triangle: Dick, Joanne and the long distance operator

By JOANNE MARSHALL HAYMES

WHEN Dick Haymes tried to bounce up from New York City to Saratoga to see me when we were courting and had nothing but trouble on the trip—he took a plane, and was grounded, hired a car and ran out of gas, hitched ninety miles the rest of the way and got into Saratoga just in time to catch his train back to New York—he told me to think nothing of it.

"That's the way things happen with me," he said, "I'm the original hard luck kid."

I didn't believe a word of it, but I should have. That was a mild sample of the Haymes bad luck.

When we were married, we were broke.

When our first baby came, we were broke and homeless.

And when we found out a second baby was on the way, we were broke, and homeless, and Dick was sick and out of a job.

We stayed in love through it all—grew more in love, really. True love, for us Haymeses, fairly bloomed under adversity. And may I add, with fingers crossed, that I hope that doesn't mean that love will fly out the window with success—for things are looking up right now. What with Dick starring on his own show on the air, playing leads opposite Betty Grable in Fox pictures. And what—I pinch myself when I think of it—with my new contract with Howard Hawkes. The man who picked Lauren Bacall for stardom has picked me as a "find"... he says things look good for a career for me on the screen. Things are looking up indeed.

When I met Dick both of us were champing at the bit—waiting for the big break, the first one which is always so hard to get. Dick was soloist with
Harry James’ band, and dying to try to make good on his own as a singer. I was dancing with the Samba Sirens at Copacabana, and dying to make good on my own too.

We met the night before the Sirens opened with Benny Goodman’s band at the New York Paramount theater. Our whole troupe invaded the Lincoln Hotel where Harry James and his band were playing, and the whole band dropped by our table to smooch. It was a big night.

Dick and I shined up to one another right away, but we didn’t have much chance to follow up on our meeting. Dick made records with the band in the mornings, broadcast in the afternoons, and sang at the hotel at night. And I was doing four shows a day myself. We did have dinner once or twice, but we were never alone.

Then the Sirens left New York for a road tour, and Dick and I tried to stay in touch by long distance.

Our show went to Boston, to the Ritz Carlton. Dick couldn’t get ‘up’, but he sent his pal, Marty Clark, to ply his suit with me. Marty convinced me that Dick was lonesome for me, so I flew into New York one Saturday night, and hurried back on Sunday. And—believe me, I was as surprised as anybody—when I got back I was engaged.

Dick and I finally had spent a moment alone.

I left Boston and went to Piping Rock—more romance by long distance phone. I had my engagement ring—otherwise I would have thought the whole thing was a dream. Not even Marty could get to Piping Rock to reassure me.

Saratoga was the next stop, for me. Dick was still in New York, and I told in the first paragraph what happened when he tried to get up to see me. When I got back to New York, Dick was in Maine with the band. We had been engaged for a whole summer, and spent less than twenty-four hours together. It was just a hint of what was to come.

September came and we were both in New York. Dick thought we’d never get a better chance to get married. I protested that we didn’t have any money. It didn’t matter, Dick said—we could get it. So we made our plans—elaborate plans they were, too, for a couple of stony broke kids.

We were married on the morning of September twenty-first at the Eighty-sixth street Episcopal Church, with five hundred of our friends on hand to wish us well.

Mother had made my white satin wedding gown and long veil, and all of the gowns worn by my attendants. Helen Dillard’s—she was my maid of honor—was blue velvet, and Shannon Dean and Alice Walsh, the bridesmaids, wore similar princess style gowns of gold and rose.

Dick was in full formal dress, split-tail morning coat and all—thanks to a rental agency, and a $100 loan for the emergency from his boss—and best man—Harry James. His luck running true to form, Dick limped up to the altar to meet me. He had been struck by a passing automobile just as he started across the street to enter the church.

We were all very gay—borrowed money and Dick’s skinned knee forgotten.

The wedding (Continued on page 65)
Frank Morgan, NBC's Kraft Music Hall

Frank Morgan's befuddled fun swings in behind this theme by John Scott Trotter, musical director of Kraft Music Hall, and Carroll Carroll, Thursdays at 9:00 P.M. EST, NBC

HAIL! K.M.H.

HAIL, K. M. II. Hail rain or snow On-ward to victory Forward we will go!—Tramp-ing on our ad-ver-sa-ry

like a daunt-less drom-e-da-ry tramp-les on his foe for-
HAIL! K. M. H. Our motto fly!

Be brave and love each other. Wear the old white tie. Like an eagle

loose aloft. Wave the pomegranate and puce aloft. Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah! With a hey non-nie non-nie and a hah-cha-cha HAIL! K. M. H.

H. N. B. C.
GOOD NEWS for gourmets was the recent removal of cheese from the ration list. There is almost no limit for the uses of this food favorite; a complete protein, as meats are, it provides the same nutritive values, and a variety of types and flavors ensures zest for even the simplest meals, for every course—from soup right through dessert.

Crispy Baked Eggs and Cheese
1 tablespoon melted butter or bacon fat
3/4 cup grated American cheese
2 cups corn flakes
6 eggs
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Pour butter over corn flakes, add cheese and toss lightly to mix. Arrange corn flakes to form a nest in six sections of greased muffin pan; or use custard cups. Break eggs carefully, slipping one into each nest. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) until eggs are firm, about 20 minutes. To serve, loosen with knife or spatula and lift out gently. Or bake in greased shallow baking dish. Place corn flakes in bottom of pan and arrange to form 6 nests. Break an egg into each. Serve with bacon or ham.

For every course—
Place over medium flame and cook until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice, lemon rind, and cheese. Cool. Turn into pie shell.
As a pepper-up for left-overs, cheese is almost indispensable, for delicious casseroles may be made from small amounts of left-over cooked meat and vegetables, rice, macaroni, and noodles. Here are a few appetizing combinations:
**Beef casseroles:** Use beef with white onions, peas, carrots, and gravy. Or beef with celery, rice, and tomato sauce.
**Veal casseroles:** Use veal with lima beans, corn, and tomato sauce in nest of well-seasoned spaghetti. Or veal with chives, sauteed mushrooms, carrots, potato balls or cubes, and gravy.
**Pork casseroles:** Use layers of pork, sweet potatoes and raw apple rings with a little cider or water (no sauce needed). Or pork with rice, thick raw onion rings, peas and tomatoes.
**Ham casseroles:** Use ham with cauliflower or cabbage. Or ham with string

**Lemon Cheese Pie**
1 package vanilla prepared pudding
1 1/4 cups milk
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup cottage cheese
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly.
Off the ration list at last, cheese couldn't be more welcome. Protein-rich, it's a meat substitute. Or use it for itself as a meal's beginning, end, or tangy, delicious main feature.

**Cheese Topping**
1 cup corn flakes or 40% bran flakes, whole or crushed
1 teaspoon melted butter
3/4 cup grated American cheese
Heat flakes in saucepan. Pour butter over hot flakes and toss lightly to distribute butter evenly. Put into bowl; add grated cheese and mix lightly. Sprinkle as topping over small dish served in small casserole. For large casserole, double recipe.

By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, heard over CBS, at 8:30 EST.
## SUNDAY

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<td>CBS: The Jubalaires</td>
<td>ABC: Earl Wild, pianist</td>
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<td>E. Power Biggs</td>
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### LOVELY PRODIGAL BACK FOR GOOD...

Let's hope that Jane Pickens' stay of a year in the South will have done Jane good. Her being back on the air for good. Now that she has been singing for a year on the American Melody Hour (CBS, Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. EST), she also has all her fan mail and has convinced her she really ought to stay around.

Remember the Pickens Sisters? Jane, Patricia, and Mary from Atlanta, Georgia—started singing together as children. Jane went a little beyond this, studying singing and piano at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, in Paris with Camille de Creux and at racing and art school in New York. At Juilliard, she won scholarships.

In 1932, the Pickens girls came to New York to see what they could do with their singing. At first, she did not get along. Then Helen got a job as secretary to Estella Karn, Mary Margaret McBride's manager. Eventually, Miss Karn heard the girls singing, liked them so much that she arranged for auditions for them with Leo Reisman and Vincent Lopez. The two bandleaders were sufficiently impressed to get the girls a job on station WJCA. A little while later, the Pickens Sisters made a record audition for NBC and landed a three-year contract with the network.

The girls went far and fast—and might have been a top singing combo still if Cupid hadn't interfered. In 1937, Helen—the first—got married. Then Pati followed suit. Even sister Grace, who doesn't sing but was doing very well as the manager for the trio, got married. That left Jane, who is still resisting any very handsome offers of matrimony.

Jane became a soloist, willowy-nilly. Not that her radio means that she's back on the air for good. Next week she'll be back on the air for good. Now that she has been singing for a year, the sponsors of the American Melody Hour asked her to fill in for four weeks, while the leading soprano of the show had a vacation. Jane did that and the fan mail was terrific. Jane was asked to stay on the show and for awhile she thought she wouldn't be able to do it, because she had a contract to go to Florida to sing in Miami. Then, the government put a ban on horse racing and Jane got married. That left Jane, who is still resisting any very handsome offers of matrimony.
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SOME SPORT...

If you're a boxing fan—or if your husband is and you have to listen to the Friday night national boxing events on Mutual, whether you like it or not—you're familiar with Don Dunphy's voice. If you're a real sports fan, you've heard him hundreds of times.

Don Dunphy is a New Yorker. He was educated at Manhattan College in New York. Don was on the track team and played varsity baseball and football.

Once, during his adolescence, the writing bug struck him and he dashed off a 70,000 word romantic novel to be entered in a Campus Prize Contest, conducted by Doubleday. Don Dunphy was given his notice right up to midnight of the day the contest closed and then had to plead with the post office to send it through. The novel arrived on time—special delivery—and came back regular mail. This was his last effort in fiction.

When he was graduated from college, Don got himself a job as a sports writer on the College. He didn't see eye to eye with Don, and was fired simultaneously. It was 1935 and Don decided that radio was for him. He got a job with WHOM in New Jersey, doing a sports column and sports Commentaries for seven dollars a week. A year later, he got a real break. He sold a spot announcement on his Sports Column and got three dollars and sixty cents per week as a result of it. A month later, the broadcasting executives became aware of the NRA and raised Don's salary to $15.00 per week. Those were the days! That year, Don supplemented his income by working at WINS, broadcasting during the halve of the Saturday football games. Later he became permanently attached to WINS as a staff sports announcer.

When the Mutual network got the contract to broadcast the College-bound world championship battles, an open audition was held for a sports announcer. Don threw his hat into the ring and came out the winner. He says it's the most exciting thing that ever happened to him, Overnight, he had hit the big time!

Don Dunphy is one of the few sport announcers who has handled every major sport event—world championship boxing bouts, the Drake Relays, basketball, World Series Baseball games and the championship New Year's Day Cotton Bowl Game.

Don is interested in many things besides sports—but his chief interest is people. He likes them. He likes to listen to them talk and watch the way they behave. And, of all people, the one he likes most to watch is his young son—when he has the time.
AND SHE CAN TALK, TOO...

Here's Anita Ellis. She's a pert and charming girl with a voice as smooth as satin and a temperament as sweet as honey. And, as if that weren't enough, she can discuss the current and weighty topics as well as the latest issue of Variety.

Anita was born in Montreal, Canada in 1920, but she's strictly an American product at station WWDN. She's a graduate of the Cincinnati College of Music and of U.C.L.A. She majored in psychology and music and studied Spanish, which she speaks fluently and in which language she chooses to record songs from her repertoire for Latin American consumption.

In 1937, Anita made her professional debut and was signed to a stock contract at MGM, and she was starring in "Dancing Co-Ed", "Forty Little Mothers", and "Strike Up The Band". Naturally, radio soon called and Anita appeared on many of the top shows, including Scrappy Andy, Mabel Too, and the Tommy Riggins Show, the Jack Carson Show, Ceiling Unlimited, and the Edgar Bergen Show. She was also a staff vocalist for CBS in Hollywood, sang with orchestras and featured on the Andy Russell show.

One of four children, Anita credits her career to her mother's understanding in urging her to take singing lessons to overcome some of the shyness from which she suffered as an adolescent.

Right now, the entire family lives in Hollywood, where they have been living since Anita was nine years old. Occasionally, Anita spots her younger brother and sister in bit parts in pictures. Another brother was, until very recently, in Germany with the Tank Corps. Anita has been very serious about her part in the home effort, during the war, and accepted every invitation to make recordings for the GIs and to sing at camp shows. In addition, she went west one hundred sixty-three hundred hour mark as a Nurse's Aide.

Anita is very happily married to Lt. Col. Frank Ellis, whom she met while singing at the Variety Club. She and her husband married in 1943 after a story book courtship. While he's overseas with the Air Force, Anita has been living in her own little apartment in Hollywood.

When she doesn't have to dress the part of "glamorous top-notch vocalist", Anita prefers simple skirts, sweaters, and low-heeled shoes. She wears very little makeup when she is off the stage. She loves to dance, but she also loves serious music and rarely misses a symphony. One of her dreamiest likes is walking in the rain.

Anita's headed for places—right up at the top. And she's very well to handle those places and the people in them. Vivacious, with her chestnut hair and glowing brown eyes, she'll be able to dazzle those who need dazzling. But, in addition to that, she'll be one of those rare creatures—a vocalist who can talk about something besides the latest song hit or the current dressing-room gossip.
And then one night, I knew why Mike troubled me so. On an evening late in August he came back downstairs instead of going to his room after his evening classes the day before. He sat down in the chair opposite me, saying abruptly, "Andrea's worried, Eileen. It's almost September and she's afraid she's wondering if you're thinking of going back to school for the fall term."

The sock I was mending dropped in to my lap; I straightened, aghast. "Oh, no! I cried. "Don't worry; we'd back." And then my voice died in my throat, leaving the vehement words to echo in the room, and I sat sick and horrified at what I knew now about myself. I needed my job; it was natural that I should be thinking about getting back to it. But I hadn't, not one, and I wished glancing at the letters in which my family asked when I was coming home. And it wasn't only because I felt that Andrea needed me. It was because I didn't want to leave. I kept thinking that the night and the radiancy and the tenderness he woke in me, and behind the warm, contented feeling when he came home, behind my love for the house itself, and yes, behind the dream—children I'd peopled it with...

I BENT my head, afraid that I'd let him see what I'd just seen; I forced my hands to be steady as I picked up the sock and the needle. But Mike's eyes were resting reflectively on the sock when he turned over the evening ball, and when his glance flickered past mine, it was impersonal, almost blank. That's good, he said. "Of course we'll make it up to you, I have some arrangement... I shook my head mutely, not trusting myself to speak, wishing only that he would go away and be quiet.

In a moment or two he did go; as soon as I heard his door close I fell back in the chair, covered my face with my trembling hands, trying to think, and thinking nothing except that Mike must never know, and Andrea must never know, that I must find ways to avoid him, to avoid being with him...

Ironically, in the next few days I saw more of Mike than ever before. I had to, because it was the week of Andrea's formal party, and I couldn't make all the arrangements and do all the work alone. Twice he came home early from the office to help with the heavy cleaning and to move furniture to make room for supplies. And in the end, although I was outwardly only friendly, I gave myself over completely, inside, to the swelling, entirely painful happiness that swelled within me whenever he was near; I took the extra time with him gratefully, accepted the spilling out of planning and doing things with him, the element of his easy, friendly companionship. It would be only for a little while, I told myself—why not? Mike had said...

It ended on the night of the party. The party was all Andrea wanted it to be, with the rolls bagged back for dancing, and the phonograph going on continuously, and a steady stream of guests pouring into the house until they overflowed onto the porch and the starlit garden. Andrea herself was radiant. Her eyes glowed; against her red-brown hair and her russet dress her skin was like candleflame. She was almost unrecognizable except that the bright breeziness was gone; this new radiancy had a more fragile quality. And, like the schoolgirl Andrea, she was eager to see that everyone had a good time.

Several times, after everyone had arrived and I'd been introduced all around, I tried to slip out to the kitchen; but Andrea and Mike hired to help out for the evening were getting along. Each time Andrea found me and dragged me out, laughing and scolding. "It's your party, Eileen. I want you to know everyone—" Toward the end of the evening she disappeared; I went to look for her and found her in the parlor. The russet dress was draped over a chair, and Andrea was in bed, sound asleep with her cheek pillowed on her hand and a little smile of contentment curving her lips. Alice laughed, "That's Mike, all right."

"Thanks for a lovely party. Please let everyone stay as long as he wants to and have fun."

I had said he or she had carried it downstairs with me. Some twenty minutes later Mike sought me out, asking anxiously, "Where's Andrea?"

"Sound asleep," I said, and showed him over to him to smile over it as I had, because Andrea had had such a very good time and because she had been sensible enough not to overdo.

Instead, his face darkened. "Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded. "It's late enough for people to be going..."

I shrank back, the hurt and surprised to answer. He sounded as if he were blaming me—for doing exactly as Andrea wished.

That was one incident. A little later there were more revealing. I don't know whether or not Mike got the people to leave, but they began to go shortly after that. He was standing and the door closed and I was standing a few feet away, talking to some people, when a little blonde woman danced up to me. "Good night, Mrs. Denning," she said. "I've had a lovely time—"

It was an understandable mistake. The little blonde woman had met neither Andrea nor Mike until this evening. She had come with some friends of theirs. But before I could explain, Mike's voice cut sharply, "Mrs. Denning is upstairs. This is our house, after all."

And curiously he bowed the woman out.

I went on talking to the people around me, but my face flamed and I was filled with rage and anger. It was preposterous of Mike, as I should act as if I were trying to make the party too much mine, as if—you as if I were trying to take her place in even such a small way. And why after she had gone to bed? Even if, in my secret heart, I had wanted anything that was Andrea's, I hadn't let him know about that or of that...

I hadn't known myself until a few days ago how much he meant to me, and since then I'd been especially careful to be no more than friendly with him, but I had left every decision of any importance to Andrea. And, in my secret heart, I didn't want Andrea's
place, not in Mike's house nor in his life nor in his heart. I loved Andrea; she was closer to me than my own sisters, and it was as if there were two of Mike—the Mike who was her husband, and the Mike in my dreams, the Mike I loved. Perhaps, to be completely honest, it was because Andrea was ill and helpless and needed both of us that I felt no envy, no jealousy when they were together, when I saw their eyes meet and their hands touch in a way that shut the two of them away from all the world. It was like being in love with a movie star, someone I could see once in a while, whose voice I could hear, someone I could dream about—but who was utterly, forever, out of my reach.

The party marked a change in Mike's attitude toward me. I tried not to notice it, to act just as I always had, but I couldn't help knowing that he came home late each day from the office, so that Andrea was up and ready for dinner when he arrived and there was no need for him to stop in the kitchen and inquire how she was. At breakfast he hid behind the morning paper, and every evening the time the three of us spent together in the living room was shortened by a few minutes.

I TOLD myself that I was glad, and in a way I was honestly relieved that he seemed to have developed a dislike for me, to resent my presence in the house. Surely it would be easier to forget a man if you knew that he actively disliked you, if your every thought of him was turned back by the hard wall of his resentment toward you. Still, I had a hard time getting to sleep those autumn nights, and sometimes I would wake in the black dark before dawn, sick with dread of facing the weeks and the months and the years ahead of me.

And then one night I couldn't sleep at all. The weather had turned unseasonably warm for the season, and a full moon sent a clear white light streaming through my window. I turned for a while, and buried my face in the pillow, and at last I gave up and wrapped myself in some handy clothes, and crept quietly down the stairs and out of the house. I don't know what drew me across the garden to the playhouse, unless it was the instinct of a hurt animal, seeking a dark, close place in which to hide.

As soon as I'd opened the door of the little place I knew that I wasn't alone. Mike was there, his face buried in his hands, the band of moonlight from the small window just brushing the top of his dark, rough head. I stepped back, and he lifted his head, saying, "No—come in, Eileen," and he rose to give me the settee, the only piece of furniture there that was large enough for an adult. We had to stoop a little to avoid bumping our heads against the low ceiling, and as we passed each other I felt his cheek brush mine, and then I was in his arms, surrendering myself to his kisses. And it was my Mike who was kissing me, the Mike of my dreams, who loved me, who wanted me as I wanted him.

And then we were standing a little apart, but clinging to each other as if to brace each other against a force that threatened to be too much for us. "Eileen—I didn't want you to know—" It was a groan shaped into words.

Somehow, I found strength enough for both of us. I stepped back, out of

Home at last! "Let's have that honeymoon, darling." The girls packed for me and tucked in my bottle of Jergens Lotion. "For soft hands," they said. The favorite way to sweet, soft hands. Hollywood stars use Jergens, 7 to 1.

Now more effective than ever—thanks to wartime research. Jergens skin scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. "Hands feel softer," women said after testing this even more effective Jergens. "Protects my hands longer."

Two people enchanted! Loving women, remember—Jergens Lotion still contains those 2 ingredients so "special" for skin softening, they're just what many doctors use. Now in the stores—this postwar Jergens Lotion—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION
It's new, thrilling... and so effective
THE
FLOATING FACIAL*

for fresh make-up effects far lovelier than you may dream possible

It's ALBOLENE, the cleansing cream that liquefies instantly on application—and a cream must liquefy to float off beauty-blurring impurities gently, effectively

Only a cream specially made for super-cleansing can give your skin the beauty of a Floating Facial—a cream so light, so pure and crystal-clear—a cream that literally floats away old make-up residue, dirt, dust, grit and skin scales, even stubborn cake make-up, without irritating or tedious "double cleansing." And Albolene lubricates as it cleanses—a "must" for dry, flaky skins.

This lovely, quick-liquefying cream tissue off so easily. All-cleansing—no fillers, chemicals—none of the water must "beauty" creams contain. Leaves skin miraculously soft, cool, dewy-moist—immaculately clean! That's why new make-up on an Albolene skin can be such a freshly radiant base for clear, breathing-make-up-effects.

Thrift to a Floating Facial this very day. It's so modern, so effective! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. Sizes at 10¢, 25c, 50¢, and the big economy 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

Mike's face was in shadow above the band of moonlight; I felt rather than saw the shock that went through him, felt it in the quality of his silence. It was a silence of the heart pounding against my ears, and then somewhere in the midst of it Mike's voice was saying, "Don't you know? Didn't Andrea tell you? She isn't going to get well!"

I felt as if I were falling from a great height through endless, empty space, through eternity... but then Mike was holding me back in his embrace, hold of the playhouse, and we were starting toward the garden with Mike's hand at my elbow, supporting me.

Mike was talking hotly now, in a harsh, loveless voice: "That's why you and I will have to forget about tonight, Eileen. That's why I could cut my own heart out for the way it behaves when I'm with you, when I come home at night to find you where I want you—in my house, cooking my dinner... and in the evenings, curled up in a chair beside my fireplace... It's—it's cheating Andrea out of the little bit we have left of our marriage. Do you understand, Eileen?"

I didn't really. I hardly heard him, Andrea isn't going to get well. He'd meant Andrea is dying. "It's impossible," I'd spoken aloud.

Mike understood. "I'd have said so, too, a few years back—that first year we lived together, as we talked, if you'd been with her as much as I have all the years since... . We had so many doctors at first that Andrea got sick of them, refused to go to another one. And she didn't for a long, long time. That's why we didn't know about this thing, this cancer, until this spring, and then it was too late."

So that was it, then. Andrea was dying of cancer, and this trip to the hospital wasn't for an operation after all; it was just a mercy-stop along the way, for drugs, and then let her live to bear a little longer. I wondered now that I hadn't known before. So many things should have told me—Andrea's reluctance to bring a stranger to the house; her thinning, her retreat in speaking about her illness, her constant harking back to the time when life had been as it liked it—likable. Soft, dainty—and her insistence on every movement. Everything about Mike was explained, too—the hopelessness and heartbreak in his face, his recent resentful attitude toward me.

And now I understood what he meant when he said that we would have to forget tonight. We could plan no life together because if I claimed his love now, when she was gone, he'd been our shadow would always be with us, probing us. And in our hearts there would always be the ugly feeling that we had cheated her.

We had reached the house; Mike was holding the porch door open for me. In the livingroom he drew me close for a moment, not kissing me, just holding me in a kiss of friendship and farewell. Then there was a sound, the merest whisper of a sound, but we both heard it. We started apart, looked up the stairs, and I could have sworn there'd been a figure on the landing watching us. But the stairs and the landing were empty now, and there was no sound, no footsteps. We smiled

MAKING THIS REVEALING TEST—

Remove one side of your make-up with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Wet some cotton and wipe the Albolene-treated side. Now clean the cotton strip! Then wipe it over the "beauty"-treated side. See the telltale smudge from left-on dirt...

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

WENT to sleep on Mike's door, my heart beating high with hope. Andrea looked so well, spoke so briskly... was it possible that he'd been wrong, or that I'd misunderstood him? Mike hadn't been wrong, and I hadn't misunderstood him. A few days after her visit to the doctor, Andrea went to the hospital. I packed for her that morning, and when everything was ready I waited for her to tell me. And she came every morning, about household affairs, about the drapes that were overdue at the cleaners, and which of Mike's shirts needed turning at the collar, and announced, "I'd like to come down and have breakfast with you and Mike. And then I think I'll go to the doctor. Poor man, he must be wondering what's become of me. Tell Mike, will you, Eileen? He'll have to take time off from work and drive me down."

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house for the next week or so. Then one night Mike called to say that he’d come out and pick me up if I wanted to visit Andrea. I said yes, but I think I knew even before I saw her that the visit would be only a gesture. There was very little of her in the thin white shell of a woman on the hospital bed, and what there was was smothered beneath layers of pain-killing drugs. She greeted me vaguely, as if I were a stranger, talked a little bit vaguely, politely. Only when I rose to go did she become herself for a second, and then she stirred a little, fixed her eyes upon me. “Remember,” she said. “As long as he needs you—” Then her eyes closed sleepily, and I went out in the hall, where Mike was waiting.

Andrea died at six o’clock on a gray November morning. I heard the telephone ringing, and stumbled downstairs to answer. Mike’s voice said, “Eileen—” and I said “Andrea—?” and then there was only silence, a confirming silence.

THAT’S what I remember most about all that time, the silence, the stillness that weighted everything, that was almost a tangible thing in itself. Mike came back to the house, and there were arrangements to be made, and the funeral, and flowers, and notes that must be written, and friends coming to the house, but they were all surface things, and I dealt with them with the surface of my consciousness, while all the rest of me was imprisoned in the stillness, waiting, for life to begin again, to begin to keep my promise to Andrea, if Mike would let me.

Actually, I think that it was several days before he realized that I was there. He was like an automaton; habit alone kept him eating and going to work and returning to the house again in the evening. Each night, I went to my room as soon as the dishes were done. It seemed kinder to let Mike be alone. For all his obliviousness to outside things I felt that he was uneasy in my presence.

Then one night he stopped me as I started up the stairs. “Eileen,” he said haltingly. “You’ve been—so good. It’s time we made some plans—”

“Plans?” My heart stopped. I would have to fight now, to make him let me stay in the house, to begin to accomplish what Andrea had asked.

“Yes—what you’re going to do. I want you to let me help if there’s any place you want to go...”

“That depends on you. I thought you might want to go away for awhile... I could look after things here.”

“Oh, no.” He shook his head stubbornly, a little impatiently, as if I were being very stupid. “It depends upon you. Andrea said I was to look after you. She seemed bothered because she’d kept you away from your home and your work for so long, and she wanted me to be sure you got straightened out.”

And then it dawned upon me. I was being stupid. We both were. Andrea had known how we felt about each other, and she had been glad of it. Perhaps it had been a faint hope in the back of her mind when she’d written to ask me to come to Corinth. I whispered, “Oh, Mike—” and stopped, struggling for words. What I wanted to say was “Thank you, Andrea,” but when the words came they were the words that had been dammed up inside me all these months. “Oh, Mike, I love you so!”

But I think Andrea understood.
considered vote of the troop to accompany them on hikes. "You take us out again?" Scared one boy said to another, as I fruged with them. "They took their squawks on hikes."

Elinor had been home four months, and was just beginning to notice the stone ring on her wedding ring and the sound of her voice saying, "Hunt says——" when Paul asked me to marry him.

"You—you don't know. He told me softly, there in the booth at the Camel Inn. "When you first started going with Hunt, I knew I hadn't a chance. That's why I never said anything. But I knew he was right. His eyes glowed. His fingers crept to mine across the cloth. "Give me a chance, dear."

Suddenly, warmly, I knew. This was for me. Paul, and the way his eyes cherished me. Paul, who had been so good, who thought of me first, who'd made me happy. "We might not have the ecstasy such as I had known. But there'd be the summer nights with Hunt. There'd be no crazy, trembling lift of the heart, no mad-music eerie in my ears, with Paul. But there'd be the good, sweet things of life."

I lifted my eyes, and Paul's were waiting. "I'd be proud," I whispered. "Paul, to be Paul's?"

Yet now, here in my room, a tingle began. Elinor had left Hunt. That meant—that might mean—I got up and began to pace the floor—that might mean that some day, Hunt would be mine.

Oh, no! Paul deserved better of me than this! But the insistent, yearning hunger that had never quite burned out, inside me, clamored, and would not be still. After he got over this blow......

Hunt might be my own again.

I couldn't sleep that night. If Elinor really had "a good, perfect life"—as she'd said—if life in New York was rich for her, rewarding with excitement, electric with thrills, Hunt might turn to me again.

Only Paul and I were to be married in October. A few weeks......

It was barely day, the next morning, when Hunt Parker rang my doorbell.

"I've been half crazy all night. I nearly burst out, as I opened the door. "Elinor is gone! She took all her clothes—everything. And she left me this note——"

I looked at it, hardly seeing the words. "Sorry, but it has to be. We can't make a go of it... I'm unhappy, and I want to be, too... I'm going to a perfectly safe place, so don't worry about me... If ever I change my mind, I'll let you know, but don't count too much on hearing from her again."

My fingers curled up in my palms. Hunt's narrowed, steel-colored eyes burned down at me.

"What did she tell you, Laura? Who did she do it?"

"Oh, Hunt—I don't know. I don't think she knows herself."

His head went down into his hands. "Here's a letter—Laura—would she could she? Oh, I know she wasn't too happy. We had our spats, and——" his voice trailed off.

"Would you make me some coffee?" It was the only thing I could think of to say.

Blindly, he followed me into the kitchen. He did not seem to know what he was doing, or to taste the hot, strong coffee. "I knew she wasn't happy," he repeated dully, "but to love me like this. To leave me, with—giving me a chance——"

I turned my face away, trying to tell myself Hunt was only stunned. When he thought it over calmly, he'd see Elinor had expressed the same sentiments that Elinor who had expected the glittering fabric of romance instead of the sturdy reality of marriage.

A week later—after the week that followed, when I kept expecting Hunt to tell me Elinor had written him, but he never did—Hunt grew to depend on me so that people noticed. In his face, I can't keep much to private. I said lightly to neighbors', "Oh, Elinor needed a vacation. They didn't believe me. Not with Hunt looking gaunt and bereft, not with his own house dark while he sat with me in my house.

Paul was a problem, too. He felt sorry for Hunt. "Elinor was always immature," he said. "There was no way to settle anything." But he was not alarmed at my efforts to cheer Hunt up until three weeks had passed, and still Hunt was forever dropping in.

"Or if he's not here, you're running over there to see what he's doing," he said slowly. His eyes watched me, soberly. "He's not a child. You've done all you can."

I clenched my hands, after he'd gone. I had thought it over, I'd thought and thought, and all the thinking came to was that I loved Hunt, and nothing else mattered.

The next night, Hunt came early. The little leap of my heart, the spreading warmth, hit me again. "Have dinner with me downtown," he said, almost cheerfully.

"Oh, let's eat here," I urged. "I have steak and salad. Come along, Hunt. Set the table."

I remember leaning down to light the broiler, and how Hunt turned to me, the pink plates in his hand, a strange startled expression in his eyes as I glanced over my shoulder at him.

But he was with Elinor——" he murmured. "Domestic, calm and well, clear. He shifted the plates to his other hand. "She's your half-sister. She should have a life."

We were sitting over our dinner when the bell rang. A guilty flare of fear spurted through me. Special de-

But he's a soul after my own heart,—he's haunted—she had said she'd write Hunt, yet she hadn't. Was she wiring me that she had decided to come back, that I must help her explain to Hunt? A tear filled my eye, and before I knew it, I had burst into floods of tears.

"But Hunt was asking, "Paul?"

"Hunt's soul looks like it's come back to me. Of course. It had to be Paul. I got up and went to the door. It was Paul.


He looked down at me. "I was sure he would be," he said evenly.

My face flushed. But I went back to the diningroom. Paul's footsteps heavy behind me.

Two the men greeted each other.

Then Hunt said, "Want to help us with the dishes?"

"I'm sorry, but I've got to eat, did I?" It was unlike Paul. But Hunt did not take offense. He grinned. "Can't blame you. Well, I'll do 'em myself, seeing as how I've deprived you of your girl's company." And he reached for my hand. Paul said.

"Oh, they mustn't fight, they mustn't! A strange, puzzled expression came to Hunt's face. He started at Paul.

"You're doing a lot, you know."

"Let me go! My eyes were dangerous, "You do know what you're doing, Paul," he said hoarsely. "This has gone far enough. I'll make you stop! His eyes searched mine. "I don't hear you go away, but his compelled me. "Oh, are you still in love with him?"

I felt the tremor that went through his hands and then he was saying, "That's it, isn't it? You love him, don't you? That's why you're doing this! You—why, Laura, you're trying to get him back, aren't you?"

Paul backed off. He gripped a chair. His face was gray. "You're doing a terrible thing, Laura. I can take a lot from you, because I love you. But this I'm only human. And Hunt's only human."

I unfolded the chair away and straightened. "Think why you're doing it. Face it."

There was a footnote in the kitchen. Paul finished hoarsely, "You're playing with dynamite, Laura. You're losing a situation that could blow us all to bits. But you'll be hurt worst of all, Laura."

Hunt stood in the doorway, now. "Job's done," he said. He seemed unaware of any undercurrents. "I just remembered, I've got to phone to old man Inn. He still said nothing. I came back now that gas is free. Sales are looking up even on jalopies."

He added, "I'll give me something to do, anyway. Mind if I use your phone?"

Irrelevantly, I thought of how gay
Paul said, suddenly, "Did you ever stop to think, Laura, if Hunt doesn't love Elinor—if there's actually a chance he still cares for you—he'd have left her, instead of her leaving him?"

That thrust went home. I whimpered helplessly, "Let me alone! Let me alone." Unwillingly, I added, "Hunt would never have left her. Never. And he does—"

I couldn't say that "He does care for me. He does." My heart insisted on it, passionately. But I could not make the words push through my dry, closing throat.

Paul left while Hunt was still on the phone. And in the days that followed he did not phone me. I continued to see Hunt. All Evansville talked about it, and I didn't care.

After Hunt went back to manage the Bicket Auto Agency, I would drop in on my way home from the library. I asked him questions about his customers, about the cars he could get to sell. I tried to inject some gaiety, some of the old appetite for life, some of the pride in accomplishment, into Hunt. But he did not rise to enthusiasm. His work was merely something to make time go by.

There had been no letter from Elinor yet. I wondered frantically about that.

Then Hunt began drinking. I didn't know when he first started. I noticed he ordered seconds and thirds when we were out together. And fourths. But the night I came to the Agency and a puzzled, almost frightened woman was edging toward the door as Hunt talked about a station wagon, I knew. My heart sank. Had I helped so little that Hunt was turning to that? I'd tried so hard! After the woman left, I asked him, trying to sound light and unafraid, "What are you celebrating?"

"What. Oh." He rubbed a hand over his hair. Funny, though, his eyes glittered and the smell of alcohol was sharp, Hunt did not seem gay or exhilarated. "Celebrating not hearing from Elinor, I guess. Look here, Laura." He looked down at me pleadingly. "Don't you know where she's staying? Her address?"

From the depths of my stubborn hope, I brought up, "No, Hunt, I don't." And with that lie, I had sealed my course. Tonight, I'd tell Paul straight out I couldn't marry him. He wouldn't be surprised, and it would end his right to censure me. I'd get Hunt back. We'd be happy. He wouldn't drink any more. Elinor, in New York, was getting what she wanted. Why shouldn't I mold life to my own desire too?

Telling Paul wasn't easy. Though we had quarreled last time I'd seen him, though he hadn't phoned me, he did not help me by acting angry. He sat there, the same big, quiet man who had once helped me over a heavy hurdle, long ago, and he let me struggle on now. "It's not that I—I've changed about you, Paul," I said painfully. "It's just that I can't help how I still feel about Hunt. You know how I feel. You said you know." Desperately, I caught at straws. "You're not surprised. You've been expecting—"

His eyes were unreadable. One thing I've always remembered. Paul did not beg. He sat there, taking it. In dignity, surrounded by a strength peculiarly his own.

"Oh, Paul, if I could force myself to feel for you what I feel for Hunt—" I cried at last. "But love can't be forced."

"Love?" he said oddly. "Sure it's love, Laura?"

As though to make certain he heard, I repeated, "I love Hunt very much."

As Paul rose to go, a sudden memory came to me of the companionship we'd had. The deep understanding, the shared laughter. Being with Paul had nourished something inside me, almost like food, so strengthening and satisfying. Now I had only this drugged yearning, this love for Hunt. Only a frantic compulsion to get him back, get him back. Why, suddenly, must I feel unsure, as though I leaned on a swaying reed?

I'd cut away the last ties that bound me, and now I must stand with Hunt, not alone like this. Maybe tonight, maybe tonight Hunt would see—realize. Tonight he might say, "When I'm free, Laura, will you marry me?" He might speak of the past, of the time before Elinor came between us, when we knew wonder.

Only, Hunt wasn't at home. I stood on the porch, after my breathless running through the dark streets, knowing that he had not been here since morning. Because there was a little pile of mail on the mat at the front door. Had Hunt left the agency to go somewhere and drink?

I stooped over the white envelopes, meaning to slip them one by one under
the door. Then I saw, in the darkness, Elinor’s handwriting. My fingers shook. A roaring began in my ears. I could not see plainly, but I knew. She had written. What had she said? I turned the square envelope over and over in numb hands. What had she said in this letter to Hunt? She had written no letters except this! And now, just when Hunt and I . . .

Suddenly I was pushing the letters under the front door. All but one. All but the letter from Elinor. The last one was going down the porch steps, walking rapidly home. The envelope, addressed to Hunt in the handwriting of Elinor, was thrust deep into my coat pocket.

In my turn I was far back in the corner of a drawer, under a pile of slips, I fought off conscience. I wouldn’t open it; of course I wouldn’t open it. I would take it back.

Telling myself that, I tried to go to sleep. But I could not, because I knew, deep in my heart, that I was committed to this now—I wouldn’t take that letter back in the morning.

I SAW the dawn come. At the library, my head ached and my eyes burned. I kept dropping pencils, making mistakes, and I wept, and when light had finally limped around, I put on my jacket and walked to Hunt’s show-room.

He was in back, at his desk. As I came closer, I saw that he was huddled up oddly. He looked exhausted. Why, Hunt was shivering! He looked up at me. I’m afraid I’ve got a touch of malarial fever again.

“Then you should be home in bed.”

“But it could be just a hangover.”

He tried to grin, but his teeth began to shake.

“Hunt, let me take you home. You’re sick!”

He protested weakly. I locked up the place, and hailed a cab. Half an hour later I stood at his door and watched him as he got into bed. I had phoned the doctor, and the library to tell them I wouldn’t be back this afternoon.

“He’s fever, all right,” the doctor said.

“Not too bad. What’s he been doing—drinking too?” He shook his head.

“Darn fool. Well, here’s what you do.”

Hunt was docile as a baby. “And the next time you go on a binge,” I told him fiercely, “I’ll chop your head off!”

Next morning, as I slid Hunt’s breakfast tray across his knees, he caught my wrist. “Laura—”

I smiled at him. “Feeling better? You didn’t hear me come in. I slipped away last night. I was certain you’d sleep all night.”

“I feel much better. That’s how this jungle fever is. He did not let go my wrist. “You’re being awfully good to me,” he said softly. “I don’t deserve it. I—well, I treated you shabbily once.”

My heart knocked, and I felt warmth in the wrist his fingers pressed on. He was saying, “Elinor isn’t coming back. I tried to kid myself. But maybe she was right. Maybe no matter what I did, it wouldn’t work out, but I still didn’t like you . . .”

He looked up at me then. “You’re what I’ve always wanted, Laura. Are you going to marry Paul?”

His words tumbled out urgently. You haven’t been falling in love lately. Is that my fault? Is it Laura? I—I haven’t much right to say this yet. But when I’m free—when Elinor divorces me—will you marry me?”

All that I had dreamed of, schemed for, waited for, was mine. Hunt had just given me everything I wanted.

But where was the joy? Where the triumphant surging of love to meet his love? Something was wrong—horribly wrong. Why didn’t anything happen inside me? I had his heart’s desire—now there must be some stupendous feeling, some crashing emotion, knowing that what I wanted was mine, safely and forever. Only there was nothing—nothing—all at. I felt flat and dull.

Sickly, I thought, “Vindicating Hunt’s given me back the thing I lost when he ran away with Elinor. He’s given me back my pride, my self-assurance, my very love.” Why wasn’t I happy?

Hunt was staring at me. I remember it so clearly, that suspended moment, with the smell of coffee mixed up in it, and the look of the soft-boiled eggs in their white cup. I remember moving my arm, as though the touch of his fingers chained me. Hunt’s hand opened. I stood there, rubbing my fingers and wondering. Nothing had happened. No joy. None of the magic, the enchantment I’d remembered.

“Laura?” he whispered. “Don’t you care?”

That was the answer, of course. I had been sleepwalking, and now I was awake. It was as though Hunt’s asking me to marry him, when he was free, had blown open the steel doors of a cage. For a long time—for such a long, dreary time—I’d been locked up in hurt. I’d clung tenaciously to a dream. Clung to it even when Paul’s love was leading me out of the murr . . .

“Hunt,” I heard my own voice saying, chokedly. “Hunt, I—I’m sorry.”

He was holding his private, throbbed voice. “I did want you back. I thought I did, I even s—stoope to things you’d hate me for. But now I see, I don’t love you. I’ve never really loved anyone but Paul.”

HE had a right to strike out at me. But he did not. There was sunlight on the foot of the bed, making dazzling the cases of a counterpane but on all the actions of my life these past few weeks. It wasn’t easy to see myself pitilessly, without the cloak I was manufactured. But I was seeing myself and I was suddenly sure. “Thank you for asking me, Hunt. And for—not—for saying what I deserve.” I touched his shoulder, lightly. “Of course you don’t really want me at all. It’s Elinor. It’s just that I—I’ve stuck so close, and you feel you owe me something. But it’s strange and foolish of you to think you wouldn’t have hurt you so.”

I knew what I must do. The phone. I’d tell him all the truth about that letter I kept from him. I’d say, “He’s ill, Elinor. He needs you.”

Then no matter what she had written, she’d come. I went to some distance operator put through the call to New York, I thought of Paul. Paul, to whom I must go and say humbly, “I’ve been such a fool.” It was not always, but I must tell him, I would tell him. My blood began to beat, thinking of his deep eyes, of the touch of his lips on mine again. But perhaps I’d hurt Paul too much for that long time before Paul would come back if ever.

Whatever it takes to get him back, I’ve tried it. It’s painful. “Even if he doesn’t want me now, I’ve deserved that, too.”

The operator said, “Mrs. Elinor Park—
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For Newer Feminine Hygiene
All My Dreams
(Continued from page 19)

Linda said, "It doesn't have to. Sometimes I think I'm happier than a lot of people."

"But you're nicer than a lot of people," Julia said, reaching over to pat Linda's arm. Linda turned and looked at her. "Julia, I think I'll write to him." 

Julia understood. It's a funny thing about sisters who are very dear to each other—they don't need words for understanding.

This wasn't the first letter Linda had written to a radio friend. Two or three times, she had sent notes of appreciation to radio artists who entertained her. A word of thanks to a familiar personality—a word of encouragement to a radio newcomer—Linda wrote short letters like that often. But never before had she sent a note of such a personal nature. And she found the writing difficult.

"I'll forg--" she began.

"This is in answer to your radio message tonight. I don't have a job for you, but someone will—because you are courageous and ambitious, dearie, because you believe in me, as I do, that the world is good. You see, I, too, have a physical disability. But in spite of that, I have built a good life for myself, and I'm happy—completely hap--"

She stopped writing and sat staring down at those last two words. Completely happy, the word for the first time, since she had become ill, she wondered if she really were happy—if she had built as full and rich and complete a life as she might have done. "I'll be wishing you luck and thinking about you a lot, and admiring you tremendously," she wrote quickly, and then signed her name and sealed the envelope.

All of the next day Linda found herself thinking of the veteran who had talked of facing life ahead with honest hope and courage. And, this day, when Ennis and the Man from Dinah on the Girl of Today program, Linda let herself dream of love's coming to her.

"I could give a handicapped person understanding and encouragement," she thought. "And I would be living a more useful life, too—I would be contributing to another person's happiness."

That evening, after she had scrubbed the potatoes and put them in the oven to bake for dinner, Linda sat at the piano and played, not softly in a minor key, but happily—a gay little tune that echoed in her heart. And when she flung open the door to welcome Julia at five-thirty, her eyes were sparkling—shining from the joy of being alive. And so were Julia's.

Julia's words came out in a rush, tumbling all over each other in excitement. "Guess what, darling. He came to the boy on the street and asked if he'd liked your letter—and he liked you—and me, too—and he's wonderful." Linda waited, outwardly serene, but inside her heart was not at all. But the look in Julia's eyes was beating with anticipation—waiting for an answer to the questions which had been inside of it since last night.

"Is he nice looking? Is he as happy as he sounded? What's the matter with him?"

"He's handsome—tall and dark and wonderful. And he's happy—gay and charming and witty. And—Julia's voice was suddenly serious, "well, he's blind.""


But Julia's voice went up again, and eagerness came back into her words. "But it doesn't matter, Linda—really it doesn't. You don't even think about that, because he doesn't seem to. He's such a grand person—"

"Did he like my letter, really?" Linda asked, almost shyly.

"He loved it—I know, because I read it to him," Julia said.

"I've got to write to him."

"Oh, he will—I know he will," Julia assured. "And he'll come to see us often. He said he'd stop at the station again tomorrow."

"Did anyone write about a job?"

"Two men—he was going to go to see them today!"

Linda called. "I'm terribly glad," she said softly, "but I knew it would happen that way." Julia smiled with her eyes and her mouth and her heart. The little smile that curved her lips upward and put the shine in her eyes was the reflection of a captured memory—the memory of a meeting which was to affect her whole life. Linda saw the smile and realized its meaning.

"You liked him very much, didn't you, Julia?"

"Better than anyone I've ever met, and so will you," Julia answered.

"Why, Linda,—with someone to help him."

Linda knew that she could help him—help him because she understood a handicap, understood it because she had one, too. "I'm going to bring him to dinner some night."

Julia's eyes were dimmed. "Then, you'll see for yourself." The very next day Julia called to say that she was bringing home John Bronson, the veteran who was beginning a new life in his world of darkness—a life which would be rich and full—a life which would be attractive to any woman who admired strength and courage and ambition in the man she married.

"Don't do a thing about dinner," Julia said, "I've got everything on the way home, and I'll get it ready when I get there. You just rest." 

But Linda was too excited to rest. And, somehow, she wanted to prepare dinner tonight's surprise for Julia's help or even her knowledge.

So that afternoon she walked to the store to buy tangy cheese for the top of rolls she had planned, and put meats for her meat loaf a festive flavor. She bought olives and celery hearts and broccoli—all of the little things she so often ate served to their men when they wanted to entertain them pleasantly. And then, she carried her purchases home and spent the rest of the afternoon preparing for a guest at six o'clock, and when Linda shook hands with the tall, dark boy—when she felt his strong fingers curve around her slender one, it felt closer to him than she had ever felt to any man, or would ever feel again.

That evening was the scene of the most gala party the little house ever knew. For the first time, Linda was at home, with her friends, her mother and John—at six o'clock, and when Linda shook hands with the tall, dark boy—when she felt his strong fingers curve around her slender one, it felt closer to him than she had ever felt to any man, or would ever feel again.
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“That’s beautiful, Linda,” John said when she finished. “You have a real talent.”

“No,” she corrected, “but I love music—and I enjoy playing.”

“Thank you for playing for me.”

John’s voice was warm. “You’re a remarkable woman.”

“Julia’s remarkable. I can’t do anything.”

You do enough just by being you, Linda,” John said, his hand softly, and she had again a feeling of closeness, of a strong current of warmth.

Julia came in, then, with more coffee for both of them, with an ash tray on which sat the arm of John’s chair and a cushion for Linda’s back.

“You’ll spoil us, Julia,” John told her fondly.

“Juli—aughed. “You’re my two favorite people—why shouldn’t I spoil you?”

John seemed to hate to say good-night. When he finally left about midnight, he said, “Julia will kill me for keeping Linda up so late, but I couldn’t leave. May I come again?”

“Anytime,” Julia said convincingly.

“Stop in the station tomorrow, and we’ll plan another dinner soon.”

“Please come when you can,” Linda said simply.

And if John could have seen their eyes, he would not have apologized. Both of them, dark-eyed Julia and pale-checked Linda, were prettier than they ever had been before.

For the next three days Julia came in each evening, glowing with excitement. Each night she told Linda about John’s stopping in to see her at the station, about his new job and his enthusiasm about the station. She said, “He said to tell you, darling.”

“He remembers me—he must or he wouldn’t ask her about me,” Linda told herself. “But that’s him, too—I’ll remember him always.”

On the fourth day, John came to the house in the afternoon. Linda was surprised that he didn’t see her cheeks blush warm with pleasure at his coming—happy that he couldn’t see her excitement, her love for him which must reveal itself in her eyes or voice—now—only that he stood—before her—Linda knew that she loved him.

“Come in, John,” she said softly, as she turned and preceded him into the living room. Afterward, she knew that Julia would have helped John, guided him skillfully, unobtrusively through the short hall. But Linda was too excited to think of helping him. And he could find his own way—without trouble or her—Linda knew that she loved him.

“You must come often,” Linda said and was conscious of Julia’s personal-ity in the room—Julia, who loved him, too.

“What about tomorrow night? Can I see and that remarkable sister of yours somewhere tomorrow night? And I—listen.”

“Tomorrow night,” Linda repeated. “Why, just a minute—we have tickets for a broadcast, but maybe Julia—”

“Julia couldn’t see Julia’s face. It was restrained—closed.

“I don’t know whether I can or not, Linda,” she said. “All of the tickets are gone—and the Radio Theater only seats 300, you know. And for a special show like that—I’m not at all sure—”

Then you and John go,” Linda insisted. “Herd like no end. You’ve seen shows like that before—and-

“No,” Julia said firmly. “Some way I’ll get another ticket—tell him to stop by for Linda’s heart sang when she spoke again into the phone.

The next night at their early dinner at home, Julia and Linda talked about everything but John. Julia told of the elaborate plans the station was making for a reception to follow tonight’s half-hour performance in Radio Theater, the auditorium used for special radio shows.

“You’ll get to hear the great Men-son,” Julia said. “Perhaps, he’ll talk to you about your music—maybe he’ll list—”

Linda smiled and shook her head.

“I’ll never be a great player—ever,” she said. “I put those dreams out of my mind a long time ago. But I’ll always love music and love to play—for my own pleasure.” She did not add what was in her heart. “For my own pleasure—and John’s.”

John stopped by. They went in a cab the next night and they drove to Radio Theater, the little home-town auditorium built specially for public service broadcasts. Tonight it was charged with an electric current—Julia was swallowed immediately in a deluge of pre-broadcast details.

“Where’s my extra script?”

“Did you arrange to have this piano moved back for the broadcast mor-row?”

“What time did you tell Menson to be here for rehearsal?”

“Where’s the conductor’s copy?”

Julia remained calm, solving prob-lems as they were put to her, soothing with her efficiency the others who raced wildly around the stage. And even here in the excitement ass-aressed by a nervous, exhausted pro-gram director, Julia remembered to make Linda and John comfortable. It was not done without some tears. Julia saw his first network show. She stopped often beside his seat, explaining each step of tonight’s rehearsal proce-dure.

Five minutes before time for the broadcast she whispered, “Now the program director is giving last-minute directions to the announcer. In just a few minutes the words on the wall will light up. They’ll turn red and say, ‘KTUC—ON THE AIR.”

“I could have described all of this to him if I were kind—and thought-ful enough,” Julia thought. “I—myself. ‘I’ve been to the broadcasts with Julia enough times to understand what it’s all about. I could help him to see it.”

“OK, and maybe you—it’s—just so happy to be here beside him. And I forget that he’s blind.”

She could see how much John appreci-ated Julia’s descriptions of the ill-mother—her delight and interest in his face each time Julia stopped with more information. Julia came and sat in the seat they had at the last show.

“It’s getting quiet—see,” she whis-pered. “The doors at the back are closed—the emcee is standing in front of the mike on the stage.”

The announcer on the stage, in an effort to relieve the tenseness of the audience and himself, said, “First on the program is a piccolo solo which we’ll omit,” and the crowd laughed, as fact. Then, the laughter died away.
and nervous anticipation ceased—because the lights announced that they were on the air.

Julia and John and Linda sat quiet, listening—giving themselves to the music—stirring, exciting, professional music which thrilled Linda completely. She sensed that John was enjoying the music, too, but she knew that his enjoyment tonight was different from his, calm, relaxed enjoyment of the music she had played for him. Now he was absorbing more than the music—he was drinking in the excitement of radio—he had caught Julia’s mood—Julia, who was stronger than Linda, sturdier and more considerate and right for John.

THE mind that the realization came to her that John and Julia were meant for each other, Linda knew that she had sensed this all the time. She knew that this sure knowledge of their complete rightness in each other had been tucked away in the back of her mind, staying back there because she had kept it there rather than face the truth. Julia, of course, was the woman John needed to become a whole-rounded personality. She could help him the way she helped Linda, in a hundred tiny ways every day. She would be the perfect wife for John, contented and happy and unselfish, just the way she had always been with Linda.

At the end of the first solo when applause rolled up all around them, Linda saw Julia bend close to John to whisper into his ear. She saw her touch his arm very gently and she saw John respond instinctively—saw him reach for her hand to cover it gently with his large one.

Suddenly, even though she knew the rightness of this combination, even though she wanted it to be for both of their sakes, Linda felt that she had to escape. Not only from the auditorium and Julia and John, but from life, itself.

For the first time since she had been partially invalided, she cried out inwardly at fate. She gripped the arms of her seat in an effort to stifle the sob which tried to break from her lips.

“If I don’t get out of here, I’ll do something terrible—like cry,” she told herself. Every minute of the broadcast she prayed for help, help to hold back the sobs which caught in her breast.

Immediately after the last number, she stood up and edged past Julia and John.

“Will you excuse me if I go home—I mean, if I don’t stay for the reception—I’m tired—and—well,” her words ended lamely. But she was out in the aisle—dashing.

And, then, Julia caught up with her.

“Darling, what is it? Are you ill? What’s the matter?” the older girl asked with horror.

Linda looked back and saw John’s puzzled face—saw him trying to get to them, fumbling just a little. And she was ashamed.

“I don’t mean to cause any trouble, Julia,” she apologized. “I’m not sick—but I want to get out of here—I want to go home—please.”

“John and I will take you right away, of course,” Julia agreed.

The scream pushed up again inside of her, and Linda bit her lips.

“Julia, I want to go home alone. You and John stay and then come home and tell me about the reception.”

“Just a minute—I’ll tell John to wait—then I’ll help you get a cab,” Julia said.

When the cab came and Julia was helping Linda inside, she said gently, concerned, “You aren’t cross about anything, are you?”

Linda shook her head slowly, fighting back the tears.

“No, Julia,” she answered, looking out the window. “I’m not cross. And please don’t worry about me.”

“I can’t help it—when you act this way,” Julia said. When the cab moved away, Linda was glad. Now she could lie back against the seat and cry. Now the pent-up sobs could come out.

In the little house, she bathed her tear-swollen face and then went to bed. But she didn’t sleep. She just laid there, thinking through the evening and the future it forecast.

“Don’t stand by, you’ve prayed for,” she told herself. “You’ve wanted a man for Julia—a man to cherish and love her forever—a man who is fine and good and will bring her happiness. Not you, you are too selfish to be happy for her?”

“After tonight, I won’t let it bother me,” she told herself. “I’ll face this tonight. And afterward, I’ll accept it and be glad for both of them.”

But when she heard them come in—when she listened to their low voices and easy laughter, she knew that she could stand by while they fell more and more in love.

SHE pretended to be asleep when Julia came into the bedroom to see her. And she felt guilty and ungrateful and mean at the emotion which shook her as Julia gently tucked the covers around her, reminding her of her care.

After Julia had rejoined John in the living room, and Linda lay once again listening to their muffled conversation, she kicked at the covers childishly as if by shaking them off she could free herself of invalidism.

Her thoughts shot wildly around in circles the way they do in the night, when you just think about your worries but can do nothing about them.

“I’ve got to get away from here,” Linda repeated to herself over and over again. And then the questions rose up to torment her. Where can you go? What are you trained for? How can you work when you’ve never been trained or had any experience? And how can you think you’re strong enough to hold a job, to support yourself?

Exhausted, she lay at last crying again—sobbing against the fate which had weakened her and taking away her of independence. Some way, somehow, she must find an answer.

“Oh, Julia, forgive me this jealousy,” she whispered against her pillow. “I love you as much as always—but I love him, too—I love him terribly.”

Weak and feverish, she lay with her face buried in the pillow and too exhausted to cry anymore. But still she had found no answer to the problem which confronted her—that problem of escaping from the two persons who loved more than she did life, itself.

Nothing in Linda’s sheltered, dreamy life has prepared her for this agonizing problem. She faces a real world for the first time in the present installment, in February Radio Mity, on sale at your newsstand January 11.
"One Moment Alone"

(Continued from page 45)

was just as perfect as I had dreamed, and so was the big reception our mothers gave for us afterward. But the nicest part was our honeymoon—all alone, at last, on a farm in Litchfield, Connecticut. Dick could be gone for one day—but we stayed three. Who could blame us—after our months of staying in love by post and telephone?

We had rented an unfurnished apartment on East Forty-sixth Street for which we had wonderful decorating plans—but all we ever furnished in the six months we spent there was the bedroom. When we had parties our friends sat on the floor in the living room. The Haymises did get rich quick.

AFTER years of not getting rich as a soloist with a band, Dick in November quit his job to form his own orchestra. In December came Pearl Harbor, and all of Dick's instrumentalists were drafted. At this point—characteristically for us—my doctor told me we were going to have a baby.

Dick went with Benny Goodman's orchestra on the road, and I went to live with Dick's mother at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to wait for my baby. Skipper was born on July twenty-fourth at St. Luke's hospital, and Dick quit again—this time to come home and see his son.

Next he signed with Tommy Dorsey—still unhappy and frustrated because he wanted to get out of the radio business—and of course headed straight back across the country for Hollywood. I had had enough of being married to a man whose job kept him 3,000 miles away from me, so when Skipper was six weeks old we set out to follow him.

I will never forget that trip. I was alone with the baby on a train crowded with troops. I carried bottles back and forth through twenty cars to make Skipper's formula, and stayed up all night with him when he cried.

Dick met us at the train and drove us to the most beautiful apartment I had ever seen. It was bright with sunlight, and gay with flowers—and I sagged into a chair, Skipper still in my arms, not quite believing that we had a home at last.

"It's beautiful, darling," I said, then added, knowing my Dick, "but how much does it cost?"

The rent for the place was five hundred a month—and Dick's entire salary was just that. I cried then, for I had to go house-hunting—and I was too tired.

We moved from the swanky Morrison to El Cadiz—not so light or so cheerful—but within our means, and settled down, I thought, to domestic life.

There was nothing very domestic about it. Tommy and the band were making a picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (in which Dick was disguised in a white wig and awkward George Washington pants and the less said about the whole thing the better) so that my husband was up before light and gone all day. At night, he appeared with the band at the Palladium.

I was tied to the house, caring for our tiny baby with no help—cooking, nursing, keeping house. Ah, glorious, carefree Hollywood.

If this was life in Hollywood I didn't want any part of it. I rarely saw Dick. He never saw his baby, and he loved that baby.

I was terribly run down. I had weighed one hundred and twenty-seven pounds when we were married. Now with the hard work and the no fun, I struggled to hang onto ninety-eight pounds. Dick felt miserable too—his nerves were on a rampage. We hired a "sitter" for Skipper one afternoon when Dick was free at the studio, and went together to see a doctor.

We were run down, all right. But that wasn't all. We were going to have another baby.

I suppose it would seem folly to more cautious people, but at this point I urged Dick to quit his job. Even if he could hang onto his job with Dorsey, sick and tired as he was, the salary he earned (matched up with Dick's expensive tastes, and his proclivity for buying elegant presents for Skipper and me) would never stand the strain of another month to feed. Worst of all, I was afraid that another year of the frustrating grind of working too hard at a job he hated would kill that talent that was in him.

SKIPPER and I packed off to New York and a furnished room. Dick, still not really well, stayed in Hollywood and knocked on doors—which nobody opened.

The rest of the story has been told. The break came at last—but the long way around. Dick had to come back to New York and make good singing in nightclubs before he could get an offer from the studio who had snubbed him beautifully as long as he was easily available in Hollywood.

By the time our Pigeon, Helen Joanna, was born on May 13, 1944, we were out of the woods and Dick had moved into a family from their furnished room to a suite at the St. Moritz. After that, everything good happened—movies, radio, and Pigeon, best of all.

It sounds like a sad story with a happy ending. I know, but really it was fun most of the time—at least when Dick and I were together.

Our new house complete with swimming pool is more comfortable than the bare floors on Forty-sixth Street. But Dick's music was just as sweet before anybody bought it, and our laughter just as merry.

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65
sensing that her father was watching us from a window of the house. I left Miriam and got into my car, drove home.

Being alone for a few minutes gave me a chance to think things out. I was annoyed at the cold reception her father had given me, and I wondered who he thought he was to give me that snooty attitude. I had a good reputation in town; I was honest, worked hard for a living and had a good future ahead of me. Man to man, I believed I was every bit as good as... Ed Wagner.

“He can go,” I started to say aloud just as I drove up in front of my house. I saw a light burning in my mother’s room and that started me thinking along different lines.

“You didn’t work this late, Bill,” Mother said when she came down-stairs to the kitchen where I was raiding the ice box.

“NO, I went over to the Wagners’ house— for a while.” I was on the verge of telling her all about Miriam’s father, but all at once, I told myself that was as though the problem was not for other ears, even my mother’s. I asked her how she had enjoyed the movie.

“‘I didn’t think it was hard, and there was a plaintiveness in her tone. ‘You know I don’t like to go to the movies alone.’

Again that uneasiness, that feeling of being possessed, came over me. I couldn’t blame my mother, but on the other hand I didn’t like it.

‘I’m tired, Mom,’” I said. “‘Guess I’ll turn in.’

“Maybe we can see the movie tomorrow night,” she suggested. And I said, yes, I guessed we could. She kissed me good night and I went to bed.

But I didn’t sleep. I was up late. For a long time I thought of the job I had, of the girl I had; and finally my thoughts turned back to my year in the Navy. Standing on the top of the deck of the battleship Laco’s Exquisite, with the all-arms engagement ring in my hand, I felt I was on the verge of all the conquests that were to be mine.

Now I was in the Navy myself, but I knew that I was not going to have to fight for anything. All I had to do was to stay in the Navy and to be a good sailor, and to try to get to be a captain in the future. And I knew that I was going to do that. I knew that I was going to be a captain in the future, and that I was going to be a good sailor, and that I was going to stay in the Navy.

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about a movie tonight for you two."

"Okay. John. Thanks."

I was all mixed up. For the first time in my life I knew what social complications were. The loveliest girl in the world pulling at my heartstrings, a mother who wanted my attentions and now the father of my girl moving into the picture to unsettle me! If I had any plans, I felt like breaking out, telling everybody they could go chase themselves off a cliff, doing what I darned well pleased. But how could I do that? How could I take an attitude like that?

What I wanted to know, I kept telling myself, was: Who does my life, my happiness belong to?

And if I thought my problems were to subside it just showed how wrong I was. About a week later my mother asked me to go to a church festival and I promised to go. I didn't have any idea events would tie me up in another, firmer, knot.

The occasion was an outdoor party on the lawn of the Chatsworth Estate, a wealthy church member, held her annual bazaar for the local hospital. Hundreds of people were there and it was quite a social occasion for our town. I had just left mother with a friend of hers when I met Miriam.

It was a wonderful surprise and first dance of the evening was probably the most enjoyable I'd ever had. When the music stopped for a minute I led Miriam over to my mother.

"This is Miriam Wagner, Mother. You've heard me speak of her. The introduction is one of those things you do, knowing full well that each of the persons introduced already has a pretty good dossier on the other."

"I'm so glad to meet you, Bill," Mother said. "I'm getting one of those frightful headaches. It must be my sinus coming on. I wonder if I hadn't better go home in a little while."

I was surprised, amazed. Only a little while before Mother had told me she was feeling wonderful, that she thought she'd have a fine time at the party. I didn't think that I'd be glad to take her home any time. Then I saw the expression on Miriam's face and I hastened to add: "But I'll come back to the party as soon as I drop Mother at home, Miriam."

Oh, I suppose a guy can get himself jumbled up if he's not careful; but I should have known better than to say that. But Miriam laughed as though I was joking. All the way home Mother kept complaining about her headache and I felt like a Grade-A scoundrel when I left her at the door and turned the car toward the Chatsworth Estate again.

And when I got there I found Miriam had lost some of her enthu-

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sor, sore throat, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

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Every exit from the predicament I found myself in was blocked by a personality who opposed my hopes and my dreams. My Mother: selfish, maybe; clinging to the only one she had in the world. But was that my fault? Mr. Wagner: determining, yielding, governed by the belief that I was encroaching on his happiness. But could I help it if I loved his daughter? Mama’s boy! The connotation fit me perfectly. I could hear other people in town besides Miriam talking about to themselves. Bill Brungard’s nice girl, but what a mama’s boy! He felt all at once a fierce reaction to the whole affair set in, and I was wild with anger. I slammed on the brakes of my car and strode into my own house. I hardly realized I had driven it.

My Mother was sitting up, waiting for me. Concealing my feelings as best I could, I started toward my room; but she caught up with me on the first floor landing.

"DID you enjoy yourself, Bill?" She detected my emotions. I knew that.

"How long have you known Miriam, son?"

"All my life," I declared. "But I don’t know her any longer."

Mother was taken back for a second, but she pursued the interview.

"Don’t know much about her, do you?"

For the first time in my life I felt like slapping something cruel at her, but I controlled myself and put an arm around her.

"Look, Mother," I said quietly, "I’m taking good care of you all told myself. Let me think things out, alone. I’m no kid, you know. Now I’m going to bed!"

The next day found me in a terrible mood. Men and women down at the office and in the store avoided me as though I might eat them up if they dropped a pin near me. John Collins kept away from me for a minute. I was blocked until five o’clock. Then he shut the door in my office and sat opposite me.

"Take it easy, Bill," he said. "Whatever’s eating you—and I have an idea what it is—is changing the vector from your hair. Get it off your chest, if you want to; but for gosh sakes relax a bit. Now is there anything I can do for you, mate?"

I had to grin at him. Knowing he was at my side was all I needed, although I knew he couldn’t give me any direct help.

"What does a guy do when all the odds are against him, John?"

He laughed and slapped my knee.

"Don’t give up the doggone ship, son. That saying is as good today as a century ago. If you have something worth fighting for, then give it all guns and don’t spare the engines."

I wasn’t too sure I felt exactly that way about things. I didn’t have the confidence in my future that John Collins seemed to have. He could sit there and laugh and tell me that everything was all right. He could put me on the back and say a lot of nice things meant to cheer me up but doing anything but that.

And John Collins and I have sensed that his pep talk wasn’t going over too well. After a while his face grew stern, his voice quieter. He changed the subject to business things and we talked about the day’s work until I got up and started thumbing through a file of accounts that needed checking.

"Wait a minute Bill," John said, "Let that go for a minute. I want to talk to you about something else."

I turned and faced him, realizing he had something important on his mind. "I bought the paint works over at Delacroix today, Bill."

I was amazed, and I guess I showed it.

"Don’t be surprised," he laughed. "That factory was something I’ve wanted for a long time, and I got it today at a good price. We take over immediately. I know you can handle that job well, and I do think you’ll manage the plant for me. Miriam could go along with you, Bill."

He waved me into silence when I began to say something again.

"I’ll take over without you for a while in this office, Bill," he went on. "You’ll have to move over to Delacroix and start an audit immediately. I know you can handle that job well, and you can drive to and from the plant for me. Miriam could go along with you, Bill."

He was grinning again and felt the excitement of the moment pumping a new life into me. I put out my hand to him and he took it in his.

"Don’t start thanking me, Bill," he said. "I’m lucky to have you to handle that end of the business for me, and I’m sure eventually I suppose you’ll be taking over completely. In the meantime..."

I let out a whoop and wrestled John Collins around the office. He had a half-Nelson around my neck and I had him pushed up against a filing cabinet. We were laughing like a couple of kids. He pushed me away from him finally, turned, and said, "Go back and tell Miriam. After all, a girl has to have a little time to prepare for a wedding."

I couldn’t wait to go out there. I pushed myself away, and then I took a run out. But as it happened, phoning was all I did.

"Listen, honey," I said, when she answered, not waiting for any preliminaries. "I want to get married right away. Let’s just go ahead and do it—what do you say?"

WELL, maybe that wasn’t a tactful way, or a romantic way to say it, but I was too excited to be tactful, or to wait for a moonlight-and-roses setting. "I want to get married right away," said Miriam over the phone. I told her we were about ten thousand miles off. "You do. That’s very nice. Who are you going to marry?"

"Now, Miriam, look. Let’s get married—it’s our lives. My mother will just have to like it, and your father—well you should feel the same way about it."

"Don’t you ‘now, Miriam’ me, Bill Brungard. Have you forgotten the other night? If you have, I haven’t. Apparently she hadn’t heard a word I said."

I took a deep breath. "Honey, for Pete’s sake forget all that. This is serious—the most serious thing we’ll ever do in our lives. I’m asking you to marry me. Right away. Wait till I tell you the reason."

Her voice cut into mine. "And I’m saying no," she said. "Right now, Dad’s going to be all right and I’m going to get along with him." Her voice was very cool.

"We’d better forget about each other once and for all, Bill. The whole thing’s a mess, and I want to get it out of my mind."

And she hung up. And that was that.

I didn’t know, literally, what to do. And when I’m in that state, I usually get in the car and just drive somewhere—anywhere. That’s what I did then—drove up to State Park, left my car at the roadside, and walked into the woods. The park was a favorite spot of mine, a sort of sanctuary I had
visited throughout my boyhood when I wanted to think things out. A lonely bench near a little waterfall provided the proper setting for my mood. And there I sat down and considered the state of affairs.

My thoughts were mixed beyond control for a long while. I watched the autumn leaves falling to the ground, heard a bold squirrel scold me from a low branch, and I was like the end of the world that day.

I had made a miserable try for happiness and had failed. I thought of my mother, realized she had never understood that I was a mere boy, had returned a man. I thought of Miriam’s father, who didn’t care who it was that Miriam loved, so long as it was not her; of Miriam, plagued by her parent’s selfishness to the point where she hardly knew herself.

And I thought of John Collins and his plan for my happiness, which was very obvious to me now, and which had also failed. And as I stewed in those unhappy thoughts a new kind of anger grew within me. In place of the feeling of futility which possessed me when Miriam turned me down I developed a righteous fury that made me want to fight and hurt someone. I had fallen from a tree and hurled it into the rushing stream before me. The stick whizzed through the air wildly before it crashed against a rock in the stream. In the darkness, stepped on the gas and sped away in the direction of my home.

In my blind anger I didn’t care how fast I drove that car and when I pulled up to the house I saw two in front of the house. I wanted to see any longer. At first I was determined to drive the thoughts of Miriam from my mind, but as the days went by it became more difficult to do that. Little things kept reminding me of her; the pencil I used was a gift from her and I couldn’t bear to get rid of it; the picture of her I kept in my

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1922, AND MARCH 3, 1925, OF THE RADIOMANCER PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT DUNLAP, N. C., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1945.**

State of New York

County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, to me well known, who being by me duly sworn, deposes and says that I am the Editor, managing editor, and business manager of THE RADIOMANCER and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the number of copies printed, the number of copies actually mailed to subscribers, the number of copies printed for single copy sale, the number of copies printed for trade or otherwise not mailed, and the number of copies returned unsold, for the month of October, 1945. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, during the eleven months preceding the date hereof was 1,000 copies.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.

(Typed) MEYER DWORKIN

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EVEREST SCHOOL

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Money-back she was in a little town. called from Delacroix, that she was in a hotel room waiting for her father to return from a business engagement.

Can’t was going to take me to Delacroix in about two hours, Bill. Will you wait up for me?

Would I wait up for her? Would a guy who has been starving for the girl love, was going to take her?

I thought I could endure it, and I heard her wonderful laugh—and then I said I’d wait until the end of the picture if she’d promise to be there to meet me.

Those two hours couldn’t have been very easy on the rest of the people in the rooming house. When I’m happy, I’m quiet. But that didn’t cut it. Finally it was time to go, and I was waiting for Miriam at the bus station on the stroke of midnight. I’ve never in my life had a bigger desire to see a big Greyhound as it rolled in. And then there I was, opening up my arms, and there Miriam was, flying into them, and I was standing, around and smiling at us in that little, sweet way people smile at a couple of kids so head-over-heels in love that it sticks out all over them.

We got away from the bus station, and into a little all-night lunch wagon. I took Miriam’s hand in mine, and turned her chin around so she was looking at me.

“You said you’d been thinking,” I told her. “I have, too. And I sort of imagine we’ve been thinking the same thing. I want to get married—right away. But we’re going to go it in the right way, this time. I’m going to drive you home, now, and that’s all my mother. Tomorrow morning we’ll tell your Dad. If they see us together, and see how happy we are—we, they’ll realize that our happiness will make them happier than they would be right away, they will after a while—they will, in the end.”

I don’t know where the words came from, or how I put them together, but when I needed them—just the right words to clear up what I’d been thinking and what, if the expression in her eyes was any indication, Miriam had been thinking too.

She nodded. “I thought about those things, too, and I was so lonesome I knew just how you must be feeling. And I was thinking I couldn’t stand it any longer, Bill. It just seemed silly of us to be thinking the same thing and wanting the same thing, and not doing something about it. And so I called you.”

I grinned down at her. I felt fine, now. “You’re a regular mind reader,” I told her. “Can you tell me what I’m thinking right now?”

She laughed before she turned up her lips. She knew I wanted to kiss her, just by looking into my eyes.
Peace On Earth
(Continued from page 39)
cannot fulfill the promise of Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks, and of the San Francisco Conference, we might better imitate the Puritans and punish the celebration of Christmas!

Whether he is called Santa Claus, Bonhomme Noël, Father Christmas or St. Nicholas, the spirit of the Yuletide comes only to good children. Father Whipple, who in the legend accompanies Father Christmas, is said to carry on his shoulder a basket filled with tiny birch rods, and he leaves one of these whips to any child who has been wicked during the year. This Christmas I think that Father Whipple will leave his whips to those of us who turn again to selfish ways and who forget what Scrooge in Charles Dickens’ beautiful Christmas Carol promised to his spirit-guide: “I will honor Christ-
mas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present and the Future...”

We must remember the devastation and destruction of the past, the danger and challenge of the present and the hope of the future. We must remember that far away other Americans—soldiers and natives—Hawaiian children, under palm trees, in the heat of summer—Alaskan infants, in warm fur coats, during a few hours of day-
light—natives of Guam under a tropic sun and of the Philippines where so many of us have fought and died for the belief in themselves and Uncle Sam—there, too, homes are de-
orated in honor of the “American gift-
time.” We must remember that for security and life rule that we are more dependent than ever upon the spirit of Christmas—because without good will among men and nations we cannot hope to survive the atomic dangers of tomorrow.

No, none of us can think only of his own happiness within the family this first peaceful Christmas. This year we wives and mothers must remember that now our family is the world.

Tired Kidneys
Often Bring
Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don’t work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don’t neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause ague, rheumatism, leg pains, loss of pop and energy, swelling under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan’s give happy relief and will help the 16 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

Away Go Corns
Instant Relief

The instant you apply soothing, cushioning, pro-
tective Dr. Scholl’s Zincopads on your corn or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops painful pressure is lifted. Separate Medica-
tis are included for speedily removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

NO ONE-YEAR
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The hurry, worry, noise, confusion and ex-

Dr. Miles Nervine

Dr. Miles Nervine is made in liquid or efferv-

Dr. Miles Nervine

FULL OF FIDGETS, NERVES ARE TENSE, CAN’T SIT STILL A MINUTE

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TAKES A GLASS OF MILES NERVINE, FINDS CALM AND COMFORT IN IT.
was, the problem was Margaret's and Father Barbour knew he could only stand by to help when she wanted him. He changed the subject. "Elizabeth Sharon Ann is certainly the most determined child I have ever seen. What do you suppose she's looking for?"

"It's Santa Claus. She's looking for him. Aunt Joan says we should be on the lookout because he would come last night and Sharon Ann is still trying to find him. Oh, there—" Margaret exclaimed in relief, as Betty swooped down on her child-detector and carried her to a soft chair. "You know, Grandfather, I'm glad Betty is telling the babies that Santa Claus brings the presents. I know it's only a wish but Santa Claus still seems real to me at Christmas time."

"Hmmm—pretty old-fashioned... Santa Claus. Not very streamlined," Father Barbour teased.

MARGARET blushed. "That's not the same thing at all!" she said indignantly, but illogically. "Hey—watch out! To me, it is finely realized by this Christmas season. Of his duties—was walking around the room, a baseball bat in his hands, a new homemade muffler knotted under an ear, a book perched on his head and a doll clutched in his finger. Hi-De-Ho, danging from the end of the baseball bat. He tripped over Paul—fell onto the sofa—and finally rolled over and over and over in laughter from this morning. But Skipper!—Skipper was utterly oblivious to sight, sound or touch—he could only stare and stare again at his new real, super-Zoomer model airplane set!

It was finally over and the last present taken from the tree. A dazzled and happy family tramped in for the big breakfast. The rakish father, Bubba, could remember their manners or even eat as much as they should; not all of them could relinquish a beloved new present, nor could he, the Christmas morning baby, into the livingroom for one more peek. In fact, Hank had finally to be firmly admonished that even on Christmas, boys had to eat!

"Every bit of your egg, young man!" was Mother Barbour's last word. "We're all going to church and it will be a long time before dinner."

"Especially," Hazel seconded her. "since Dan and I and you and Pinky and Margaret have to run home first and change our clothes. We'll meet you on the corner of Oak Street, Mother. It won't take us more than a half-hour."

"So it was decided, and when the breakfast dishes were finally cleared away the family scattered to make ready for services. New ties, new gloves, new handkerchiefs were proudly, if a little self-consciously, donned and coats and dresses were brushed until they shone on the sidewalk. There was even a little delay while Joan took instructions from Teddy in applying her very first nail-polish... Very pale-pink.

Indeed, there was a handsome family as they gathered on Oak Street and proceeded to church. Not even Margaret, in her new role of critic, could find anything amiss.

And when they all stood together with the congregation to sing "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," the eyes of Father and Mother Barbour met across the heads of the others in a silent message. There had been strains and troubles and pain in their lives, but there had been much joy and happiness, too. Now their gratitude to Him welled up—for their children and grandchildren and for the hope of more to come and to make a world at peace. Mother Barbour's eyes grew misty—she couldn't help it. Boys were coming back from the war... there were other boys with whom to play."

The organ pealed. The wide church doors were opened; service was over. Progress up the aisle for the Barbours was slow because there were many friends in the pews. "Merry Christmas!" and so many wanted to stop and chat; there was a young minister to be complimented for his fine service.

"Grandfather," she said at last, a little fretfully, "I want your honest opinion. Don't you think a Christmas tree and silver is nicer than our green one?"

"Eh?" Father Barbour wrenched his comfortable warm thoughts back with difficulty to the troubled note in Margaret's voice, "You think... well, yes—I've seen some. They're very spectacular, to be sure, but, somehow I miss that fresh piney odor about them. The silver sparkles to glisten upon and things. No, I think the one we have created artificially for artificial tastes. I prefer the breath of the outdoors that our own Christmas tree brings."

"W.E.L.L. Mrs. Marlowe says the spray keeps the needles from dropping off and her carpet from getting messy. And Cynthia says it's 'positively dazzling!'" She says she was allowed to go after it right along with all by herself, so her folks could sleep. It was plain from Margaret's tone that she was awed by the maturity of a household where a child was considered old enough to open her own packages. "And she got some storybook records to play on their victrola and a doll from France that's so fragile it has to be kept under glass and lined with slippers and a rabbit-skin scarf."

"I ordered for two girls and a panda bear had been sadly eclipsed by Cynthia's magnificence."

But it wasn't envy that bothered Margaret, Father Barbour knew. It was, rather, the comparison between the homey, unpretentious Christmas of the Barbours and the sophistication of the Marlowes. This was the first time he had ever seen Margaret dissatisfied. He checked the stern words on his lips. This was something she would have to work and battle and fight for on her own."

Now Hank and Pinky, as well as the rest, were glad they had forced themselves to eat that hearty breakfast. Otherwise, they would have been hard put to it to withstand the enticing odors, the cheery bustle in the kitchen, the crisp, delighted sounds of dinner roasting, baking, brewing, bubbling and steaming.
Oh— paul groaned from the has-sock where he was admiring Teddy’s new sewing-kit—this is almost more than human flesh can endure. mother chased me out of the kitchen and she and i stood there buss- ing around in there and every time that door opens i get weak from hunger,”

know, teddy sympathized, “grant he ever did it out. they have joan cracking nuts and hank and pinky whipping cream. it’s a mad-house.

“that’s an exaggeration,” irene protested from the dining-room doorway. her cheeks were rosy from the stove heat. “we’re all perfectly calm—al- though betty did make too much dressing. just be patient a little while longer.”

somehow the time passed. cliff helped, holding center-of-stage on the living-room rug as he showed skip- per and the other house pets how to put together the pieces of the model airplane. and, finally—at last—

“dinner is served.” joan, in the door- way, bowed, exultant.

the formal effect was somewhat spoiled by pinky’s yell over her shoul- der—“come and get it!”—but no one cared.

the table was a lovely sight. bay- berry candles were smoky purple spires on parade down the center; a festive ar- rangement of holly surrounded a pyra- mid of rosy-checked apples, tangerine- and butter-colored balls in father’s cherished copper bowl. the candlelight made dancing prisms of color in the water goblets. before each place was a bright red velvet ‘cracker’—the kind that pulls with a glorious ‘pop’—with a fortune inside.

to father barbour went a solemn warning: “in care of marriage; you have the temperament of the typical bachelor.” mother barbour, whose greatest extravagance was a new hat every two years, found this: “unless you want to marry, you are worse than a bachelor.” cliff laughed at them till he cried.

but his own hit the mark. it read: “the outdoors is your guide- post in life; find and see what adventure with you,” and he toasted irene in tomato juice, for her courage and her love of sky ranch.

“what do you think of margaret? afraid to read your own fortune?” dan had noticed hers, unopened, in front of the girl.

margaret tossed her head. “it all seems so—so childish.” even her tone was superior.

for a moment there was stunned silence around the table. then the laughter roared and the tension became so unmerciful that father barbour had to stop it, finally, with a peremptory glance at the offenders.

and did the turkey come from the kitchen, a plump royal bird crowned with parsley and bursting with stuffing... and left the room much, much later just a huddle of bones. the cranberries were pink and tart, delici- ous with the sage dressing and the sweet potato balls. the two big bowls of peas looked too good to eat—their green outer skins were covered with golden butter. crisp celery and olives and spiced peaches disappeared like magic from mother barbour’s cut-glass dishes, and joan’s first culinary achievement, her molded vegetable salad, was a great success. pumpkin pies—and mince pies—and custard for the little ones!

but it was the turkey, first and last, that occupied the center of attention. after the fashion of good cooks every- where mother barbour took the com- pliments demurely, asking anxiously if anyone didn’t think it was just “the least bit dry.” but no one did—they thought it was the best turkey they had ever eaten.

“each year,” paul muttered, as they left the table; “i promise myself i will eat sensibly.”

“oh boy!” skipper flung himself onto the sofa. “i’m filled right—up—to- here!” and he measured graphically. “next year dad said rectifying pro- vingly, ‘you needn’t be so explicit. but,’ with a burst of honesty, “i know just what you mean. now, while i help with the turkey, you want to keep mother in here. she isn’t to do another bit of work today.”

mother barbour’s protests were over- ridden and, while hazel and irene and joan were busy chasing up the others slowly recovered enough energy to play the games the barbours adored.

“indications!” joan urged.

but she was wrong. “eh? indi- cations? what on earth is that? i’m too old to be learning new tricks.”

“It’s like charades, father,” cliff reasurred him, only different. you were able to see the people without giving your team an indication of what the title is, besides acting it out.”

“I don’t want to learn anything,” margaret protested. “it’s Christmas Day.” in itself, she herself was unable to resist that strong current that always swept the family into games and fun, into that strongly-cooperative spirit that knitted them so closely to- gether. father barbour’s eyes softened as they rested on her earnest face and sparkling eyes. he gave her braids a loving twitch and relaxed.

charades they were chosen. the honor system forbade anyone listen- ing to the whispers that ran around the room.

Dan’s team led off and the handsome irishman took the center of the floor.

“First word... first word...” hank chanted, watching Dan’s frantic mo- tions “Love..." He held up "love..." "Deck! Second word... then...“Timbers...” the others were bombarding Dan, at the same time, with hopeful ideas—"walls... house... leaves..."

“what sort of party, mother?” margaret asked. "la-la-la" sang betty. and dan sub- sided in relief, the first victory won.

“Oh, that was easy,” cliff pro- tested, through the cheers. at this time we were a hard one—you’ll have to sharpen your wits quite a bit.”

and it was a hard one. in spite of all Pinky’s desperate acting—or, may- be, because of it, it hadn’t been more than a hint. they were com- pletely baffled and at last they gave up.

“The cricket on the hearth!” Pinky told them, disgustedly. “Didn’t you see me chirping and chirping?”

“I thought you were a frog.” And betty collapsed in her chair, weak from laughing.

next to go was on and, presently, teddy and irene and hazel joined the circle. now it was margaret’s turn to take the stage.

“a hard one!” hank spotted, feeling her little daughter’s intent, hopeful eyes upon her. but what was the rest of the sentence? it had something to do, she saw, with all of them, with dan and cliff and it was tough for margaret, even with all the barbours. something very personal. “home, sweet home?” she asked margaret, cautiously. But the girl shook her head, her head clutching...
at her press in the vague region of her heart. At last she turned to her grandfather.

"Home is where the heart is," he replied instantly, and Margaret clapped her hands, cut the piece of tape, and covered the applause and the bustle that signified another player about to test his powers, she nestled on the floor against Father Barbour.

"If you knew you'd get it," she confided.

"Wouldn't you think anyone would have guessed that? It's so simple.

"Simple?—yes it is, Margaret. But sometimes truths are the hardest to remember, the easiest to forget.

That loving hearts make happy homes—just because it is so true and so simple, has mean more to them. They become restful. Careless. Sometimes they begin to believe that possessions make a home, or a better neighborhood, or just that the welcome mat outside costs more than that. Or else they think just the right number of people inside a home—whether or not you take any pains to cultivate their love—to work at being a family—that that could make a home."

FOR some reason, Margaret found she couldn't look at her Grandfather and his white beard, and the white-brown of his lint-grey hair. It wasn't often he lectured her. Even now she couldn't be sure—nor certain just how words applied to her. But she knew that.

Twilight was closing in. Someone put a match to the kindling under the logs and the fireplace blazed with a cheery warmth. Chairs were drawn into a tight circle. There was great interest.

Paul left the room for a moment and when he returned he held a book in his hand.

"He asked, gently, "I was the first, you know... the first of your children to hear you read on Christmas night. I wouldn't want to begin the new year without renewing your old friends. So..." and daughters nodded their agreement, and the grandchildren settled themselves in anticipation. A sleepy Skipper, still clinging to the precious Zoomer, climbed onto Cliffords lap.

Father Barbour started to read, but soon he let the book fall. He knew the story by heart and he liked to tell it in his own way.

"... they were three very learned and very wise men, but when their messengers came bearing tidings of the birth of Our Child, they became like children in their humility. They started their long and arduous journey, bringing with them the most priceless jewels, the most costly gifts of frankincense and myrrh, the most highly priced treasures of parchment and cloth and silks.

These Wise Men knew their gifts were poor things compared to the real gifts they offered Jesus. The real gifts were the sincerity and humility and the love of humanity in their own hearts. That Baby who was born had no need of their material things—that he brought to the world far greater gifts—the lessons of peace and understanding and brotherhood. But they gave them in token of their feelings."

"Where did the Wise Men come from, Grandfather?" Joan asked.

"From widely different places. It was said that one was Caspar, the other Melchior of Babylonia, and the third Bathazar. But they were drawn to him, the Baby, by the mother of their beliefs, and their customs were different. They all sought the same thing. Goodness. How to live together in peace and wisdom."

Mother Barbour looked up from her mending. Not even on Christmas Night were the hands still. "Indeed," she said, "the wise men of all the nations are still striving for the same thing?"

Father Barbour smiled at her. To himself he thought, "I suppose it is natural when two people like Fanny and myself have lived together so long, that our thoughts should follow the same pattern."

"Exactly. This year, right here in San Francisco, the representatives of all the nations came together to plan for a united world. We have come together to think about what man's inhumanity to man. Now, like the Wise Men of old, the people of the world are seeking to live together in goodness and in peace. And it gives this Christmas a still deeper meaning than ever before."

The telephone rang, its shrill note breaking into the thoughtful spell that held them silent. It was for Margaret and she excused herself.

Father Barbour went on, telling the old, familiar story to his listeners. Only to Barbour's two ears it was new. "... and so... and then... " But interwoven throughout the story were the thoughts of God's children about man's inhumanity to man. It was new. And then, it was old. It was new. It was old."

He let his voice die away. Margaret had returned and from her manner, from the way she hesitated in the doorway, he knew that something important had happened. Father Barbour turned his head and looked at her. As if it were a signal, she hastened to his side, kneeling down, impulsively hiding her head in his lap.

"What is it, dear?" her mother asked. The attention of the whole room was on that small figure.

MARGARET raised her head and she took a second before she answered. Then she blurted out: "It was Cynthia. It's a—a mean trick! She's all alone and she's feeling terrible and her mother and I have said for months that she has no one to play with and she says she 'hates Christmas!' The enormity of anyone hating Christmas was conveyed to her listeners by the sincerity of her heart went on—"she can't play her records because her mother is afraid she'll damage the phonograph and all the rest of her mother's stuff. And Father Barbour turned his head and looked at his Grandfather. "I know what you meant now—about how his heart is. And about it being something you have to work for, not just something anybody can do to make up a family. Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe don't work at it—being parents I mean."

I was a little bit embarrassed now at having made a public confession and having been the center of all eyes. She mumbled under her breath—"I like our Christmas better any other kind. He's the only one who is best because we're a family," Pinky scolded her, but his voice was unusually kind to his sister.

"We're the Barbour family," Skipper piped up.

There was a chorus of approval, and then Father Barbour's quiet, sure voice came as a benediction.

"Like Tiny Tim—I say, 'God bless us everyone.'"
"Just a minute," I said. I got up, smoothed my hair, rubbed my face with a rag, and opened the door.

Mrs. Dorn's face was grave and set, but her eyes were bright and two pink spots of determination flamed in her cheeks. She didn't seem to care up this misunderstanding, Beth."

I interrupted her. I didn't want to talk about it. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did, Mrs. Dorn. I didn't mean it. I was upset."

She accepted the apology and put it behind us with a quick little movement of her head. "Of course you're upset, all right. But I'm sorry you've felt, even briefly, that we're against you. It isn't a matter of taking sides at all, Beth. John's father and I have been very careful not to do or say anything that would cause an incident."

I began to tremble. There was it again—John's decision. As if he had everything to say. No account taken of my feelings. "But you think that I—I'm not right," I flared. "I. feel. You think that John—That Mary Lou—"

Mrs. Dorn flushed and bowed her head a little and said proudly. "Perhaps we do," she said quietly. "You see, Beth, we know John, and we know that he'll never be at peace with himself unless he does what he thinks is right, regardless of how he feels—and his feeling has nothing to do with Mary Lou personally, nor even, in a way, with you. It's a simple matter of right and wrong with him. You must know that, Beth. You love him, too."

And then, suddenly, I did know. I should have known all along—yes, from the first. If I'd met John at the recreation center dance in Corona and had seen that rock-like jaw of his and had felt instinctively that here was a man one could trust always—in any-thing. And his trip to Maple Falls to tell Mary Lou about me even before he asked me to marry him, just on the chance that she might care about him and would want to. And saving her pride. Not many men would have done that, I realized.

John himself had tried to tell me, while the wedding was going on, that our marriage was the only way out. I could hear him now, pleading for my help, my understanding. It's how I'd feel about having started a life out in this world without giving him a chance to live. Please, Beth, try to see things my way. . . . I still feel that somehow there's hope for us, and that if only I would come right. . . . That wasn't the same John who last night had stared at me as if I were a stranger when I'd told him that I would fight any action he started on me. That was the John who, this morning, had walked out without a word to me. It wasn't Mary Lou who had come between us. It had been John—all because Mrs. Dorn put her hand on my arm, comforting. "Where is he?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, Beth. He didn't tell us. But I would guess that he's gone to Marshall to see Henry Benton."

Her hand tightened as the intensity of her voice deepened. "Please believe me, Beth, we're not thinking only of John. There's you, too. We think you care enough about him so that you'd never be happy if he didn't feel—right. . . . Oh my dear—and Don't you speak to the world of pity and heartbreak in her voice—"you're so young."

I straightened. "Oh, no, I'm not," I said. "Perhaps I was, but I'm not now. I'm all right now. I wish I'd gone right away. I've been thinking of a relationship that won't really mean anything."

And John's mother understood. She raised herself on tip-toe, kissed my cheek. "Dear Beth," she murmured, "I wish—perhaps you'd finish the sentence. The telephone rang downstairs, sharply, and she hurried to answer it.

I stood with my hand pressed to my cold, feeling the last traces of resent-ment and fear. There was only a rush of gratitude. I couldn't help knowing what she had been about to say—that she wished things had been different. But there had to be. And really, truly, John's wife. I was glad. Knowing that I was wanted, welcome, made it easier for me to leave."

There was no longer any question in my mind. I was going to speak to John as he wanted to go. Mrs. Dorn had made me see that, too. You see, she loved him in one way and I in another, but for all the difference in the two kinds of love, they had one thing in common; both Mrs. Dorn and I wanted his happiness. Perhaps that was what all the different kinds of love really were, rather than the usual understanding and selflessness. I got out my bags and began to pack.

Still I had a feeling that something was unfinished, a feeling that slowed my hands until I caught myself sitting staring into space for minutes at a time. John's face haunted me—his face as it had been last night. Oh, no, I couldn't go on with this way, not with bitterness and enmity between us.

I went downstairs, called the office of Henry Benton in Marshall. While I waited, my mind went over all the details of our wedding in the hotel where we were to be married. The superintendent had told me that the hotel was being sold by an outside concern in a week, and that the place would be closed forever.

I thought about the wedding in the hotel, but that was only the surface of it. The deeper feeling was how much I was going to miss John. And that made me think of John's mother's words about Beth. I knew what she meant, and I thought of her again, and then of Beth. And then I looked at myself, sitting by the telephone, and thought too of Beth.

I got up and went into the living room. It was an old hotel, with a large, well kept library. I sat down, and took my reading, and thought, and threw my head back when this last, . . . Then a voice came over the wire, a man's voice, but not John's. "Mr. Benton?" I asked.

"Yes—"

I'd like to speak to John Dorn, please." There was a pause. "John isn't here. I haven't seen him.""Will you give him a message for me, if he should come in? I asked. "Tell Mrs. Dorn. Please tell him that I'm in the office today, and that any arrangements he wants to make will be right with me." A sense of incompleteness still troubled me. It seemed somehow, there was something more I should do, something I ought to do. . . . Mary Lou. Surely, if anyone in Maple Falls ought to be told that I was going away, was Mary Lou."

I had stopped to think what it would be like—facing Mary Lou, telling her "The telephone rang downstairs, sharply, and she hurried to answer it. I stood with my hand pressed to my cold, feeling the last traces of resentment and fear. There was only a rush of gratitude. I couldn't help knowing what she had been about to say—that she wished things had been different. But there had to be. And really, truly, John's wife. I was glad. Knowing that I was wanted, welcome, made it easier for me to leave."

There was no longer any question in my mind. I was going to speak to John as he wanted to go. Mrs. Dorn had made me see that, too. You see, she loved him in one way and I in another, but for all the difference in the two kinds of love, they had one thing in common; both Mrs. Dorn and I wanted his happiness. Perhaps that was what all the different kinds of love really were, rather than the usual understanding and selflessness. I got out my bags and began to pack.

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I had stopped to think what it would be like—facing Mary Lou, telling her..."
that I was going away, leaving John to her—I might have never come. But I didn't stop to think, nor to analyze my reasons for going to see her. I was acting under a compulsion that had nothing to do with my own will.

I looked up at her address in the slim little Maple Falls telephone book. There it was—312 East Elm. I didn't even stop for a hat, for my purse; I walked straight out of the house into the strong sunlight. I walked fast and purposefully, as if something warned me that this curious detachment from the world and from my own self would drop away at any moment, and I would begin to feel again, to hurt again.

The number 312 leaped out of me like a blow. I stopped, and then I turned bright, like a flash, knocked on the doorway sharply; there was no answer at first, and then I heard footsteps, coming from the back of the house. A woman opened the door—Mary Lou's mother. I was sure that she recognized me; there was a kind of shock in her eyes, and then her face settled into the careful impassivity I'd brought to any situation. On the Dorn's faces. "I'd like to see Mary Lou." I said. "I'm Beth." She hesitated. "Mary Lou isn't well... And then she let me in. I waited in the dim coolness of the living room, where green shades were drawn against the morning sun. There were voices above stairs, and then Mary Lou came down, holding a painting of this book at once. Mailed to you in a plain wrapper, postage prepaid. Priced at only 25c a copy.

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Purchases made by "back door" methods—things bought at more than ceiling prices, rationed goods purchased without turning in ration stamps—can be even more disastrous now than during the war. Help your government to prevent inflation by playing the game according to the rules—and by buying Victory Bonds and keeping them!
and stopped. "Beth" he exclaimed. "Where's John?"
He put an urgent hand on my arm. "I just tried to call him. Look, Beth, when he gets home, tell him to stick around until he hears from me. I've got to talk to him—" And then he hurried on.

His touch made it real. I stood dazedly in my arm where his hand had been, and then I started after him, calling, "Philip—"

He heard me. He turned, waved me back. "Tell John to wait. It's important. I'll tell you everything—"

I spun on my heel, started to run toward the house. In all the whirling confusion of my mind there was only one thing I didn't forget that moment. It said all that needed to be said between us—that we were still a part one of the other, would always be; that whatever happened, whatever we made of our separate lives, there would always be this living love between us, a light in the darkness, a fire in the cold.

"Always?" John questioned. And I said, "Always," and then I drew my hand from his and went on up.

I don't know how much later it was that I heard his voice, calling me, and then a knock on my door. I hadn't finished any unpacking—I'd been sitting most of the time, not really thinking, just remembering John's face as it had been when he stood gazing up at me. Now he said, "Beck, please come down. Philip is here."

"But John, please—"

"You must." I'd never heard him speak that way before, and when I opened the door, his expression matched his tone. His face looked sealed and forbidding.

Wondering, I followed him down the stairs, into the livingroom—and then I saw that Philip was not alone. Mary Lou was with him, standing close to his side, like a small dark shadow in contrast to his blond height. "I think we may as well sit down," John said.

"Mary Lou has something to say to all of us. Go ahead, Mary Lou."

I LOOKED at Mary Lou's small, pinched face, at Philip's, almost as grim as John's, and sank into a chair, simply because my legs would no longer support me.

Mary Lou looked pleadingly up at Philip. "Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning."

She drew a deep breath. "Well," she said thinly, "I guess the real beginning was the first year John was away, in the Army. Before that, if I remember anything special about him, it was that he was more my friend than other fellows I went out with, and not just someone to have fun with. But then the war started, and most of the boys left, and all of a sudden everybody seemed to have separated into couples. Some of the couples got married and went engaged, and every girl was at least writing to some special person, and I was the only one who wasn't wasn't.

"I'm in the swim," John supplied dryly.

Mary Lou's chin lifted. "Call it that if you want. It didn't matter much at first, but then, gradually, I began to feel that I was waiting for John. I began to remember all the years we'd known each other, and how I'd always depended on him, and—I fell in love with him." She checked herself. "I thought I might, I thought I fell in love with him. It wasn't real, I know that now. But I thought it was real, and I was looking
forward to his coming home, wanting so much to see him—and then he did come home, to tell me that he was in love with the girl I had only briefly, absolutely, and completely taken to, at first. I was just shocked, I guess, to think that he wouldn’t always be there, as he always had been. And then, we were so busy that week he and Philip were here, getting up parties and arranging dates, trying to fix things so that John could get his work done and still be with us, that I didn’t have time to sort out my thoughts. And there was Philip.”

She glanced at Philip, went on quickly, “I think I fell in love with Philip the first night I saw him. Of the imagined—built-up feeling I’d for John. But I’d been attracted boys before—not as much, but in somewhat the same way—and I’d been all mixed up over John, and I didn’t trust the way I felt about Philip. The last day John and Philip were here, when we went on the picnic up the river, I just seemed to go all to pieces inside. All I could think of was that I had to hang on to John somehow, because he was solid and stable and dependable, someone I’d always known. I asked him to walk up to the Cove with me, and he did, but it wasn’t any good trying to talk to him. He kept answering me shortly or not at all, and I started to cry—”

“I followed them,” Philip cut in, “I wasn’t spying. I’d noticed that John was beginning to look peculiar, and I had a hunch he was getting one of his spells. I kept them in sight, and when I caught up with them, John was out on his feet. I told Mary Lou what was wrong, and we took him home. What happened after that was my fault. I’d been crazy about Mary Lou from the beginning, but I hadn’t thought I had a chance until that day. But when John folded up before her eyes, she turned to me, clung to me as if I were the only person in the world she could depend on. And I couldn’t stand it, knowing I had to go away in the morning, not being sure when I’d see her again. And she was so sweet, I couldn’t help myself. We spent that night, or most of it, in one of those tourist cabins down the road. . . . You know the rest,” he concluded harshly. “John and I went back to Corona the next morning, and I was shipped out, and I crashed, my first mission. By the time I got back to the base, there were several letters from Mary Lou, and in the last one she told me about our baby. Though I was getting one of my panic moods, I got a sympathy furlough right away, and space on a bomber that was being flown directly back to the States. I didn’t even stop to write or cable, because I knew he’d be here before the message would. I got a plane to Corona, and took the train for Maple Falls. I got in here this morning and called Mary Lou—and she tried to tell me that it was all a mistake and that she didn’t want to see me. Then I went over to her house and made her talk to me—that’s when I ran into you on the street, Beth—and found out that she had taken advantage of John’s loss of memory to put the blame on him.”

Mary Lou whirled on him, her eyes blazing. “You’re too strong for her face contorted. “I didn’t mean to blame anyone!” she cried. “I was just desperate. I thought you were dead, and when I went to Dr. Philip, and he said that John was the baby’s father, I— I just didn’t deny it. I didn’t dream that he meant to marry Beth so soon. I didn’t expect anything. I felt about you, even after that night—I was afraid it might be one of those quick, wartime things that wouldn’t last. And I couldn’t help thinking that maybe John’s caring for Beth was a quick, war-time thing, too. I had to take the chance. I didn’t want to marry John. I knew that after it was too late and there was nothing else I could do. I knew then that I’d never care about anyone but you, but I had to go through with it. It wasn’t only myself—”

“Shut up,” Philip said, and she turned her head away from him. She was crying now—great deep sobs that were dreadful to hear. “Tell him, John, she begged. “Tell him what it’s like in Maple Falls. There’s the Hardy girl—her little boy is ten years old now, and still when strangers come to town people point him out and whisper, ‘That’s little Jerry Hardy. He hasn’t any father,’ I couldn’t let that happen—”

John’s face was gray. I knew that he was thinking of the tortured hours he’d spent, unable to trust his memory, distrusting his very self. “You could have told the truth—to me, at least.”

Mary Lou shrank back as if he’d struck her. She stumbled and would have fallen if Philip hadn’t caught her. He shook her, not too gently. “Mary Lou—stop it! Crying isn’t going to help. For that matter, I’ve a few things to cry over myself. Go home now, and I’ll come after you in a little while.”

Mary Lou swallowed, and smiled up at him, waveringly, loving him, and suddenly a little afraid for him, too. In the beginning, I’d loved him for his hard, sure strength—would he be strong enough to carry me through? John had looked down at me, and I nodded, and he smiled at Philip. It was a wry little twist of his lips, and it took effort, but it was a smile. “Sure,” he said. “Sometimes. . . . pretty soon.”

It is only a few months since John first brought me home to Maple Falls. I’m living at home because, I really is my home now, for I’m John’s, truly, truly my husband. We are still living with John’s parents, but by spring we hope to begin building our own cottage near the harbor, with a flower garden and a garden—all the things we’ve dreamed about. Now, with the hard-won miracle of peace upon the world, everything that lies ahead of us seems good. We know, of course, that it won’t be always, all good, but whatever happens John and I are secure. We see, we love each other, and we found out in the early days of our marriage how strong our love is, that it is a living, growing thing in itself, a source of strength and hope that will last beyond eternity.
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or ask your beauty shop to use it.

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From the Girls who Know

Lovely Lily Carlson, glamorous New York model, Cover Girl and Drene Girl..., poses for many famous fashion photographs. She wears her Drene-lovely hair in many exciting styles.
In Front of the Camera, Lily chooses this center-part up-sweep to go with the jersey dress by Joel. "See how my back hair is coiled up into shining rolls. Twist strands of pearls around velvety ribbon for the matching comb and choker." That polished-smooth look of Lily's hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

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Cover Girl and Drene Girl...
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The eye make-up
I would never be
without

Sincerely,

Joan Crawford
"Gonna send it to yourself, Sugar?"

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

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

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

**CUPID:** Ever try brushing your teeth?

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

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

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

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

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

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

*For the Smile of Beauty*  
**IPANA AND MASSAGE**
CONTENTS

An End to Tears .......................................................... 19
Breakfast in Hollywood .............................................. 22
A New Love Song ....................................................... 26
Backstage Wife—In Living Portraits ............................... 31
“And We Kissed” ....................................................... 36
Fear .............................................................................. 38
In Search of Home ...................................................... 40
So Little! ....................................................................... 44
All My Dreams ............................................................ 46
Children’s Prayer—Song of the Month ......................... 48
Back on the Table—Kate Smith’s Cooking Page ............ 50

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Radi-I-Q ................................................................. by Jack Lloyd 3
In Your Hands .......................................................... by Dale Banks 4
What’s New From Coast to Coast ................................. by Ken Alden 6
Facing the Music .......................................................... 12
Introducing John Scott Trotter ..................................... 17
Inside Radio .................................................................. 51
Cover Girl ................................................................. by Eleanor Harris 54

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

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

“You pick them for their taste, don’tcha?”
One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 95. A score between 8 and 10 is good, 7-5, fair, and below 5—well, listen in more often, won’t you?

1. She used to warble on a show with Frankie. Now she’s the star of NBC’s Teen-Canteen. Guess who?

2. When Red Lantern takes you on an under-water trip to meet Sergeant Pine, Kid Squid or Sir Keen Carver, you’re tuned to what program?

3. Unscramble the names of these popular daytime dramatists:
   (a) A Woman For A Day
   (b) A Woman’s Children
   (c) Queen Of America
   (d) Bachelor’s Life

4. One of the movies’ crooners has temporarily shelved his “pipes” and turned to sleuthing. As Richard Rogue he tracks down the crooks on NBC’s Rogue’s Gallery. Know him?

5. On Sunday nights, Hollywood Mystery Time is sandwiched between two programs of Hollywood news. Can you give the name of the two famous gossipers?

6. Comedian Marlin Hurt created a character on the Fibber McGee and Molly show, which made such a hit, that he’s got his own show now, featuring that lovable creature named .

7. Although you never meet Duffy on NBC’s Duffy’s Tavern, you are hosted by Duffy’s “maitre d’hotel.” Now what’s his name again?

8. Jack, Mary, Larry and Don provide lots of laughs for you on which popular Sunday night comedy show?

9. The new chief investigator-commentator on A.B.C. Gangbusters is the former police chief of New York City. Do you know his name?

10. Which famous radio personalities do the following musical numbers bring to mind?
   (a) Love in Bloom
   (b) My Time is Your Time
   (c) Good-night Soldier
   (d) When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain

---

**A Sweater traps more than Men, my pet!**

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

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

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

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

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

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.
The hands of Elaine Vito, harpist with the orchestra on Phil Baker’s Sunday CBS show, are dreamy examples of what feminine hands should be—smooth, beautifully groomed, graceful. They look capable and strong yet soft the way men like them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Besides polish, the right jewelry adds to the attractiveness of your hands. Rings on fingers out of ten are quite enough and these rings should harmonize. A large fake stone looks dreadful worn along with a smaller, precious one. The nicest piece of jewelry you’ll ever have is, of course, that ring HE gave you. Keep it dazzlingly clean. Between its check-ups at the jeweler’s, you can keep your diamond sparkling as a star if you’ll take the trouble to find out how. There are several excellent jewelry-cleaning preparations on the market, easy to use, and guaranteed to do an excellent job for you.
Sure! Eddie had been avoiding her lately but she foolishly put it down to the fact that he was very busy. Certainly she never expected anything like this...another girl getting engaged to him under her very nose! Laura never guessed the real reason*.

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

Isn't it just common sense to be constantly on your guard against this condition? After all, Listerine Antiseptic offers such an easy and wholly delightful precaution. Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and before any date where you wish to be at your best. How it freshens! How it sweetens! How it deodorizes!

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before any date

Listerine Antiseptic
for oral hygiene
IT'S TIME, now, to give a little resume of the results of NBC's Welcome Home Auditions. Remember, some time ago we did a little blurb on this idea of NBC's for giving returning veterans a break. Welcome Home Auditions are over a year old, now. We did a little scouting to see what has been happening—and what comes out of the whole thing. This is what we found out.

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

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

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

Time was when Orson Welles seemed to have enough energy for at least five men. He used to operate that way, in any case. But time is beginning to catch up with him, it seems.

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

The way things worked out wasn't simple. The Secretary used to sleep while Orson was working. There was need for many conferences between them, however, so Mr. Secretary had his day fixed so they could confer at certain hours—but the only available
MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU, wife of the suave and distinguished screen star and a reigning beauty in her own right.

Mrs. Adolph Menjou says:

"In lipsticks, Tangée Gay-Red is the hit-color of Hollywood!"

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

Orson will always remember Texas—

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lucky he had a boat.

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

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

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

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

---

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"Hello, Lazylegs...."

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

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Produced and Directed by FRITZ LANG
A UNIVERSAL RELEASE.

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Based on the novel "La Chienne" Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS Art Direction by Alexander Golitzen
fact that he can keep it in real, running condition. He'll tell anyone all about every gadget on it—anyone who will stand still for a minute.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Family reunion—it's the Aldriches, and they're welcoming back Ezra Stone, the original Henry, who has returned to the program after four years in the Army.
She Stopped at Nothing—Not Even

TO HOLD THE MAN
SHE LOVED!

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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11
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He'll love the girl with sparkling hair!

Yes—there's nothing like bright, sparkling hair to make a girl more attractive AND—to bring a flood of Valentines to her door.

What's the secret of such glamorous hair? It's simple—when you use Nestle Colorinse. For Colorinse fills your hair with glowing highlights—adds radiant color and gives your hair a softer, silkier sheen.

See how gleaming hair makes your eyes and your whole face brighter! Start today to use Nestle Colorinse and discover for yourself that glamorous hair is the sure way to a man's heart.

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Keep hair in place all day long.

Delicately perfumed Nestle Hairlac keeps all styles of hairdos looking well-groomed throughout the day. Also adds sheen and lustre to your hair. 2½ oz. bottle 25¢.

Nestle HAIRLAC

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

Betty Hutton's expected blessed event curtails any radio plans for the blonde bombshell. Many a sponsor was anxious to sign the star.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I spoke to Kate Smith the other night just before she went on the air and she told me how delighted she is that this season she has no studio audiences. "I sing better, feel more relaxed and I don't have to worry about what to wear. Then too we now have the opportunity right up to air time to work over a tune we're not entirely satisfied with."

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

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

One of the busiest singing groups around are the Four Chicks and Chuck. They're heard on the Kate Smith and Alan Young shows. Chuck says this is a soft touch. During the war he not
only did his singing chores but worked daytime in a New Jersey war plant as a welder.

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

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

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

DANNY BOY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Are you in the know?

For that wee-woisted look, she'd better—
- Give up breathing
- Minimize the midriff
- Try corset laces

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

Does a square shaped hand indicate—
- An inquiring mind
- An impulsive nature
- A dynamic personality

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

If the lady doesn't laugh, would you consider her—
- A pickle-pon
- Dracula's mother
- Justified

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

Contains a deodorant at no extra cost!

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins
Will she still turn heads at 37?

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

Neglect of proper skin care...too much exposure to winter's harsh winds and summer's hot sun...these are the things that cause your skin to lose its natural moisture.

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

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

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Phillips' MIlk of Magnesia CREAMS

Cleaning cream—A light, daintily-scented cleansing cream that leaves off easily. Lingers as it smooths it on your skin. Leaves your complexion looking dewy, fresh and sparklingly clean. 60c, plus tax.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

THE BIG CITY CHANGED THINGS

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

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

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

Larry went to see Miss Liebling. He

His income tax blank lists him as Merwyn Bogue, but he's better known as Ish Kabibble, back with Kay Kyser on NBC.
told her very sincerely and honestly that he didn't have a dime to pay for any singing lessons, but wanted just to sing for her and find out whether he'd be wasting his time or not. Miss Liebling agreed to listen to him and give him her honest opinion. She did listen and then to damn him, to pull her back against his future earnings. And they went to work.

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

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

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

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

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

There's another illustration of an old bromide, and it seems you can't get away from them. Plenty of people would have let themselves be worn by less discouragement than Larry Brooks underwent. But if you do let yourself get thrown, Larry figures, it must be because you don't really want what you thought you wanted so very much. He did want it, worked for it—and got it.

* * *

NEW RECORDS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Woodbury Champagne Rachel

MARSHA HUNT

...of the luscious ivory-and-gold skin. For her "glow-girl" look, fluff on this exciting new shade, Woodbury Champagne Rachel!

A golden, exotic Rachel—so color-fall—thanks to exclusive Film-Finish blending. See its golden glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade as in glamour on your skin—the same exciting shade as in glamour on your skin—amazingly. Look at the box! Compare its misty flattery with the powder you're wearing. Woodbury clings...stays fresh! Conceals tiny flaws. Choose from 8 Star-excitement shades.

Pretty Smooth...before powdering, fluff on Woodbury Creampuff Powder Base. Make-up clings!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP...all 3 for $1
1. Big $1 box Woodbury Film-Finish Powder
2. Star-styled lipstick—keyed to your skin-type
3. Matching rouge—your just-right shade

Woodbury new film-finish Powder
w
leawe
four
hair
so
lustrous,
yet
so
easy
to
manage.
Queen of the winter scene with sparkling hair!
All aglow in the sunlight or firelight.
That’s Drene-lovely hair.
Cover Girl Shari Herbert shows you
these exciting hair-dos to go with the things
you’ll do and the clothes you’ll wear
on a gay winter week-end.
“Changing your hair style is part of the fun,”
says Shari. “And your hair is so easy to fix
after a Drene wash. This wonderful shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action
leaves hair so smooth and easy to manage.”
You’ll love the way Drene brings out
all the gleaming beauty of your hair . . .
as much as 33% more brilliance than any soap.
Drene is not a soap shampoo.
It never leaves any dull dingy film on hair
the way all soaps do.
Fashion models, like Shari Herbert,
are always so smartly groomed.
No unsightly dandruff, not when
you’re a Drene Girl! Start
today. Use Drene Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning action or ask
your beauty shop to use it.

Wonderful Hair-dos for Your Winter Week-End

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

Drene
Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action—
Carol's lips smiled, her eyes invited; yet somehow Jim knew she wasn't alive.

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

It was that way with Carol Black. Carol Emerson, she was before she married Larry Black, and one of the prettiest, sweetest girls in Littleton. I've known her practically from the minute she was born, you might say, and never once, in all the years she was growing...
up, did I see her do anything unkind or unhand. Tiny and slim, with eyes that looked dark blue sometimes and violet others, and a quick way of walking that made you think she was running eagerly to meet whatever life had in store for her, Carol could have had her pick of Littleton boys. But we all knew, from the time they were both in high school and beginning to go out on dates, that there was nobody for her but Larry Black—just as there was no other girl for Larry but Carol.

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

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

Carol and I telegraphed, bringing the news that Larry had been killed in France.

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

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

Carol's illness, which lasted about two weeks, was probably a good thing, taking everything into consideration, for Hester. She could forget some of her own grief in caring for the girl who lay only half-conscious in the Black's spare bedroom. The doctor came, and said it was collapse brought on by shock, and prescribed a tonic and plenty of rest, and gradually Carol got better.

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

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

"I've been enough trouble to you already," she said.

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

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

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

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

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

Carol moved back into her own apartment, and began working again for the telephone company. People said at first how brave she was—but as the weeks went by their approval fell off and they started to whisper that she couldn't have cared very much for Larry after all, or she wouldn't act the way she did—as if, they pointed out, she had never known Larry or been married to him or lost him.

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

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

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

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

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

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20
most with hostility. "Picture?" she said vaguely. "Oh, I—I put it some place. I forget where."

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

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

Hester stood (Continued on page 81)
up, dad I see no anything and
on anything that is no

a place there was a place

a girl or not for Larry but Carol. Larry's father and mother liked Caro, and Carol's father—her mother had died when she was ten—approved of Larry, so it seemed there was nothing at all standing in the way of their happiness. In the ordinary course of things, they'd have been married and settled down in Littleton to raise a nice healthy family of children—but the war changed their plans. They were married, all right, but it was after Larry had gone into the Army, and Carol was a bride of six months who had spent perhaps two weeks with her husband all told, when Larry went overseas.

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

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

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It was then that the trouble began. Larry had begun to notice things she shouldn't have seen. She couldn't either understand or forgive. Larry had been sentenced to the state penitentiary for the murder of his wife and child. Carol had been with him, and had served a long term. She was now in a reformatory. She was very formal with Hester and Peter, as if they had met their kind acquaintances who had taken her in while she was ill, and no more in her story, and came with them, she laughed, and said she wouldn't think of that. "I've been enough trouble to you already," she said.

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

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

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She had been contented, she said, to have been chattering lightly about a movie she'd seen, looked at Hester al-

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

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

And now that was right where she was—at a table in the Hollywood Restaurant, and everyone around her had finished his breakfast and was laughing and talking, waiting for the program to begin. And it wasn't any fun at all. It was just something to do to take her mind off herself for a while, to make her forget how miserable and defeated she was.

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

She replied automatically, "Minneapolis, Minnesota."

"And your name?"

"Dorothy Larsen."

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

Dorothy flushed. "Do I have to tell?"

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

"No," said Dorothy, "but—my boss may be listening in." And then she had to tell him about listening to the program in the mornings at the drug store, when she was supposed to be upstairs taking dictation. Tom laughed, and the audience roared, and Dorothy's face began to burn. It was all in fun, of course, but when you were tired and disheartened, you didn't rise to fun very easily. Her eyes flashed as she exclaimed, "Don't think the laugh's on me! I quit my job two weeks ago." She bit her lip. She hadn't meant to say that. Suppose he asked why she quit?

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

Dorothy sat back, relieved. She closed her eyes and opened them again immediately. Pay attention to what's going on around you, she told herself sharply. Don't think about yourself. Don't think about home, before the war, when Jimmy was there, when you went dancing with Jimmy at the Crystal Ballroom on Friday nights, and riding around the lakes with Jimmy,
A fairy godfather whom radio listeners will recognize works unorthodox magic for a sailor and a pretty girl, both far from home, both lonely

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

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

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

The broadcast had started now. The announcer was introducing Tom Breneman. Dorothy made herself listen to every word of Tom's little speech of greeting, forced herself to smile when he stopped at a table at which sat a large, severe-looking woman and a small, meek-looking man. The man was the woman's secretary, and they were going to be married this afternoon. Everyone laughed at that, and Dorothy smiled, too, although she didn't think it was at all funny. They were going to be married, and they would probably be very happy...

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Trying to find some people from Minneapolis."

"What on earth for?" Tom demanded. The boy looked more embarrassed than ever. "Just to talk to. I guess."

"Well, good lands!" Tom exclaimed. "We've got people from Minneapolis right here! Come on!" And then he was bringing the boy over to her table, drawing up a chair, almost pushing him down beside her. "There you are, Minneapolis! Talk your heads off! Both of you look as if you needed company!"

And, grinning, he went back to the service table.

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

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

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

"I bet you're glad."

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

"Hate Minneapolis!"

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

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

"Glennery."

"Helen."

"Helen."

"Do I know him? Why, we—" he stopped.

"Yes," she urged. "Go on. You what—"

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

Her voice caught. "But you said—"

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

She answered without thinking. "Dorothy."

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

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

Ken went willingly, with hardly another glance at her. And then, as she watched his retreating back, she knew why he'd made her think of Jimmy. Her hand plunged into her bag. If she could only find that picture! She must... Virgil. Ken sat down at the service table, weak with relief. Wheew! he thought, he'd just missed giving himself away—and it would have been bad, seeing the look that would have come into her eyes if he'd told her the truth about Jimmy Glennery. She looked like the kind who took things hard. And she was so pretty, and so sweet... he could have talked to her all morning, happily, if Jimmy hadn't come into the conversation. Determinedly, he fastened his eyes up his mind upon the show. Tom Breneman was moving around now, looking for the woman with the funniest hat, stopping by a woman in a contraption that looked like a stovepipe with ribbons, who sat at a side table with a sweet-faced old lady. The woman bridled with pleasure as Tom kidded her about her hat, and then looked incredibly disappointed when Tom tried on Hedda Hopper's hat instead. She exasperated that she was actually getting up and walking out. And the old lady was trying to stop her—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ken felt sick. He felt worse a second later, when Andy Russell began to sing, "If I Had a Wishing Ring," and Dorothy went back to her table looking—well, almost as if she were praying. After that, try as he would, he couldn't keep his mind on the broadcast. The sweet-faced old lady—her name turned out to be Mrs. Annie Reed when Tom interviewed her—won the orchid for being the oldest person in the room. Ken noticed that she seemed to have got over her spell. She answered Tom's questions pertly, and she seemed to be enormously pleased with her orchid. A drab, middle-aged woman won the make-up kit, and then the band struck up and the crowd was singing, and the program was over. As soon as the song was ended, Ken started for the door. He wanted to get out before the impulse to talk to Dorothy overcame him, before he'd talk to her, and let her get out of him the true story about Jimmy Glennery.
Dorothy saw Ken rise, and she tried to keep an eye on him, but she lost him in the crowd. Then she worked her way to the door as fast as she could, and waited outside. She hardly noticed the knot of people gathered in the entrance alcove, was hardly aware of the ambulance that drew up to the curb and of the crowd that gathered around it. Ken—she had to find Ken . . . And then she saw him when the ambulance pulled away and the crowd began to move. She stepped up to him, put her hand on his sleeve. "You were teasing me, weren't you," she accused, "about not knowing Jimmy Glennyng." And she drew the snapshot out of her purse—the snapshot that showed Jimmy shoulder-to-shoulder with another sailor, who was undeniably Kenneth Smith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They walked a few steps in silence. Dorothy found herself tongue-tied suddenly, and she began to wonder at herself for going with a stranger, for having asked to go with him. Even if he was from home and had known Jimmy . . . Then Ken's fingers closed over her arm. "Look—" he whispered.

Near them, on the curb, a large flustered middle-aged man was standing, doing his best to placate two very pretty, very young, very indignant girls.

"Now, Gloria," he sputtered, "I didn't say I had any objections to your friend coming with us. I just said I was surprised—"

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

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

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

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

Dorothy frowned. "Cartright—isn't that the name of the woman who won the make-up kit this morning? I'm sure it was. She was about this man's age, and very (Continued on page 68)
I REMEMBER the day to the hour, almost to the minute, when I fell in love. It was after school one afternoon, and Lucille Beatty and Shirley-ann Palmer—my best chums at Wynwood High—and I were sitting around the radio at our house, listening to a program of Loren Lane recordings. I remember Lucille's saying critically, after Loren had just finished singing My Love and I, "He's good, all right, but he isn't anything like Bing. Now, when Crosby sings, I just—" And a little ecstatic gesture completed the sentence.

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

I was fifteen, and when you're fifteen it seems you're always just waking up to things that have been going on around you without your really noticing them. I listened to the radio as often as the other girls, and there were some singers I liked better than others, but
it had never occurred to me to write to them or to ask for their pictures. And as for getting a crush on any of them—that seemed just too silly for words. How could you have a crush on a person you didn’t even know? And if you did, what good would it do you?

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

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

Lucille was more forthright. “You’re making it up!”

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

“You kids! He’s years older than you are!”

“Ten years, about,” I said. “I was in kindergarten, then. Anyway, I wasn’t swimming; I was wading, and I walked out beyond my depth. And Loren saw me floundering around and reached down from the dock and pulled me out. That’s all there was to it. I mean, he didn’t risk his life or anything, but I’d have drowned if he hadn’t been there.”

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

“What happened after that?” Lucille asked.

“Nothing. I just used to see him around Hilldale. After all, ten years makes a lot of difference when you’re kids.” I hadn’t meant to create the impression that I knew Loren better than I did. And I was distinctly uncomfortable at the one recollection I had of talking to Loren after he’d pulled me out of the lake. It was several years later, just before my family moved from Hilldale to Wynwood. Loren was singing with a “name” band at the time, but he’d come home for a week on vacation. I happened to meet him on the street, and for some reason it entered my ten-year-old head that I’d never thanked him for rescuing me. Loren nodded to me, and I stopped. “You saved my life,” I said, “that time at the lake. I never thanked you—”

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

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

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

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

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

EVER since we'd come to Wynwood, Mother and Dad had taken a cottage at a near-by lake for Dad's two-week vacation, usually in June, so we could be out there for my birthday. On that morning Dad would go into town, and bring Lucille and Shirleyann back with him. The three of us would spend the afternoon at the beach, playing around in the water, and lying on the sand, talking as if it had been years instead of a few days since we'd last seen each other. We'd have a camp supper, and sing songs around the fire afterwards, and then we'd walk up the road to watch the dancing around the pavilion. After that would come the best time of all, because Shirleyann and Lucille would have permission to stay overnight. Mother never made us turn out the light early on my birthday, and we could sit up as late as we pleased, talking and giggling and eating of the five-pound box of chocolates that Dad always produced at the last minute, as if he'd almost forgotten to give it to me.

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

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

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

A date! I'd never had a real date. I'd gone to school dances and to movies with boys, but always in a crowd, with no one ever thinking of pairing off. And now Shirleyann and Lucille were looking as if they'd been having dates all their lives. I tried to be casual. "Who with—whom?"

"Georgie Eames."

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

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

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

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

I didn't go to the dance that night. I said I had a headache when the boys came out, and I spent a quiet two hours around the campfire with Mother and Dad. Somehow, no one seemed to feel like singing very much, and I went to my room early, and ate too many
chocolates, and brooded, and tried to understand what had happened. In the few days between the time school had closed and my birthday, Shirleyann and Lucille had grown up. They had dates now; they were going to dances—and I, I didn't know anyone, except George Eames, who wanted to take me out, didn't even know anyone I'd care to go out with... except Loren Lane. Remembering Loren as I'd last seen him in Hilldale, very slim, very handsome, with deep blue eyes and dark waving hair, I felt a quiver of excitement at the very thought of walking into the pavilion on Loren's arm. And it wasn't impossible, I told myself. Suppose Loren just happened to come out to this lake for a vacation, and he wouldn't know anyone here but me...
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I dreamed a lot about Loren that summer. I had plenty of time to dream. The crowd I knew at school was scattered, and after my birthday I wasn’t as close to Shirleyann and Lucille as I had been. We visited back and forth, of course, but somehow they always seemed to have things to talk about in which I had no part; they were always going out, or expecting a call from Bob or Dick. Once or twice they again suggested business as far as George Eames was concerned, and when I refused, they asked Annabelle Cummings, and before I knew it, Annabelle was seeing more of them than I did. Left to myself, I stayed in the house a great deal, and read, and listened to the radio, and dreamed. I had one favorite dream which had endless settings and endless variations, but which was always essential in the same way. In it I was always seeing and falling in love with a beautiful girl whom he was sure he had met somewhere, sometime, but whom he couldn’t quite place. After going to all sorts of trouble to meet her, he would discover, in a thrilling climax, that she was the girl whose life he had saved years ago in the little town of Hilldale.

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

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

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

I took the record and thanked him, but I couldn’t help feeling guilty. After all, I really wasn’t a friend of Loren’s . . . and taking the record was the same as taking money from Donald. “We’ve a lot of use for it here,” he suggested. “There’s one Crosby made with Whitman that I’m sure is worth something. If you’d like to come and look them over—”

His face lighted. “Would I?”

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

I still watched for Loren’s name in the papers, still hoarded every bit of information I could find about him. I knew where his California ranch was, and the stock it supported, knew that Loren, flew out to it as often as his work permitted. I knew about his penthouse apartment in New York, and his collection of miniature musical instruments, my feeling for black hacker gloves. I knew that he liked sloppy cardigan sweaters and gin rummy and polo games on Long Island. I suffered, too, whenever the syndicated column in the Wynwood paper reported Loren engaged, and I was correspondingly relieved, each time, when the columnist admitted that Loren’s romance with this girl and that had broken off. Loren was, of course, the one that was, and when we started our senior year, I began to “go steady” with Donald. He kissed me, for the first time, one night when he brought me home from a party at Shirleyann’s. “Want to know something?” he asked huskily.

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

“You’re my girl.”

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

That time always seemed far distant untold. Donald and I, by a strange chance, hit it disturbingly close. One May day, after a movie and sodas at the corner drug, we didn’t go straight home, but drove out the road that led past the river and the falls. We stopped at a spot that overlooked the falls, and Donald drew me close and kissed me, lightly, as if in greeting. “Got something to tell you,” he whispered.

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

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

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

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

He wasn’t asking me to promise him anything. I could easily have given him that. Donald looked at me oddly. His lips were smiling a little, but his eyes were grave. “In a radio station, perhaps?” I flushed, and regretted having talked so freely about Loren. “I don’t care where it is, just so I get out of Wynwood.”

“What’s wrong with Wynwood?”

“Everything,” I said. “I mean, there’s nothing right with it. It’s dull and little, and there’s nothing exciting to do, and no interesting people—”

“Like Loren Lane,” Donald suggested drily.

“Not necessarily,” I said stiffly. “After all, there’s such a thing as a career—”

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

I was so angry I could have cried. Donald—talking (Continued on page 98)
Mary Noble, Larry Noble's charming wife, made a successful stage debut last year. But no career will ever interfere with Mary's devotion to her husband, her home, her son.

(Mary Noble is played by Claire Niesen)
MAUD MARLOWE, well-known as a character actress, has criti-
cized and advised her way through many years of close
friendship with the Nobles. De-
voted to five-year-old LARRY,
J.R., protective toward his par-
ts as a lioness guarding cubs,
Maud is always ready to share
either their trouble or their fun.
(played by Ethel Wilson)

TOM BRYSON, who for a long
time has been Larry’s theatrical
manager, last year branched out
into playwriting, and wrote the
play “Blackout” in which Mary
Noble scored her first acting
success. Tom is a worldly, some-
times tough-sounding person,
but the Nobles have known him
long enough to understand him.
(played by Chuck Webster)
LARRY NOBLE is famous as one of Broadway's most popular, compelling actors. His career, for a long time a series of satisfying successes, was interrupted for a while by the war. After spending some time in the Coast Guard, Larry has returned to his familiar theatrical haunts to look for a suitable new play. Because he is having a little difficulty in finding just the kind of part he wants, Larry, a high-strung, sensitive man, is becoming a trifle uncertain of himself. Mary has tried anxiously to help her husband in working out his delicate, unusual adjustment problem.

(Larry Noble is played by James Meighan)

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

Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hunmert
Many years ago, wealthy, attractive VIRGINIA LANSING was in a play with Larry Noble. Now a widow, her interest in Larry is not confined to his career; she is waging a subtle campaign to weaken his confidence in himself so that, by consoling him, she can come to mean more in his life than Mary does. She finds her plans hampered by her young, charming sister, IRENE, who lives with her in the Park Avenue apartment she maintains, because Irene has become increasingly friendly with both Mary and Larry Noble. (Virginia is Helen Claire; Irene is Andree Wallace)
CLIFF CALDWELL, handsome young actor rehearsing in Mary's new play, does not realize that his romance with Irene may be ruined by Virginia Lansing's interference. Virginia, who took Irene's first love away from the inexperienced young girl and married him, will not hesitate to upset her sister's life again.

(played by Phil Truex)

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

(played by Kay Renwick)
NOW that the war is over I'm thinking of writing to President Truman to ask him to declare a National Honeymoon Week.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We flew down, I with a few secret notions of my own, and some misgivings. (What if they didn't like me?) I forgot them when I spied Chet waiting at the airport with a station wagon, and as we drove through unbelievably beautiful country toward his home it seemed to me there was nothing to worry about. Nothing at all. The house was a big, informal, lived-in looking house. And Chet's mother and father were friendly, hospitable people who made us feel immediately at home.

"Now will you relax?" Chet said.
How did he know I hadn't been?
That afternoon, Chet and I slipped away from the others for a little walk.
I was wearing my hair in pigtails, slopping along in flat shoes and no stockings, in a little-girlish gingham dress.
Chet said I looked sixteen. I certainly didn't feel like a femme fatale whose milieu is the smoking, smelly insides of a night club. I didn't know how I felt, except that whoever I was, whatever my destiny, this moment was terribly close to happiness.
I didn't know where we were walking, but Chet seemed to be leading the way. Suddenly we came upon a singing little stream, rushing along between two lanes of old trees. A narrow handrail bridge led across the water to the farther bank. Chet stopped me halfway across the bridge and asked me to marry him.
There was only one answer to a question like that, asked in such a setting. So he slipped his gold signet ring, the family crest worn smooth by many generations of Englands, onto my engagement finger. And we kissed. It was nice. It was wonderful!
As I think of it, the three years he has been in the Army don't seem long at all.
That quiet, blissful week-end was not a harbinger of what was to come. I flew back to New York and then to Hollywood and we had to continue our courting by long distance.
In October, Chet went into the Army. We wanted to be married, but there seemed to be no time or place where the Army would put him and my sponsors put me simultaneously.
That went on until March—when, at last, I had New York engagements at the same time that Chet was stationed temporarily at Mitchell Field, L. I. On March 14 we piled Chet's father and a few friends into our car and drove out to Newton, New York, and were married, we thought quietly, in the Episcopal Church there.
The church looked empty. It just seemed to hum (Continued on page 88)
"Now let the world be beautiful and safe for people like Ricardo and me,"

Maria prayed. But how could a prayer defeat this waiting evil?
I WAITED for Ricardo in the patio of the Union Station as we had agreed. But I had reasons of my own for being there—it's brooding sunshine-and-shadow greenness, its flower borders under the high, lovely, disdainful arches that framed the patio had a hushed and waiting air that matched the held-in eagerness of my own body.

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

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

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

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

Though I had continued to write him of the injustices and the troubles of our Mexican-American population here, I knew I had softened somewhat the burning indignation within me. After all, it wasn't pleasant reading for a soldier. And in his letters there had been a buoyancy, and page after page of grand-sounding plans—just as if there were no discrimination against us, no cops, no segregated living, nothing to keep us from living where we wanted to and working where we wanted and being just like any other Americans.

It bothered me. Had Ricardo forgotten?

"Maria—I!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ricardo linked his arm in mine, pulling me away. "We'll see you at eight o'clock at the top of Olvera Street, guys. Find yourselves a USO and Maria and I'll show you the town tonight."

They were on their way and Ricardo and I were walking slowly out of the Station grounds and toward the Plaza.

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

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

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

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

We hated the Plaza, too—we younger ones. Because it was at once our home and our prison. It marked a boundary line that could not be found on any map—but it was there. It rimmed the "Mexican" district to set us apart from the rest of the city. We were not wanted elsewhere in Los Angeles—at least not in the more select residential districts. (Continued on page 60)
Neil must love her, Lelis thought, because she loved him so.
Then why was he waiting, watching? In what way was she failing him?
THE TRAIN was crowded, but gay with the sounds of voices, the tinkle of laughter. The Captain who shared my seat was thoughtful, though. "Do you think it's going to be the way we expect?" he asked, when he learned that I, too, was going home for good.

I smoothed the skirt of my uniform. For three years now I had been a Wac. T/4 Lelis McNamara. But next week—maybe tomorrow—I'd be out of this uniform, wearing clothes like that girl across the aisle. A print dress, flowers in my hair, a coat with a fur collar.

"Why shouldn't it be what we expect, Captain?" I asked, almost defiantly. I was so excited! I'd dreamed of coming home so long.

"I was only wondering," he said. He rose.

"Care for something to eat?"

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

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

I sat alone, then. And as the train drew closed to Bennetville, my blood began to hum. I looked out of the window, seeing the familiar fields, the gray highway down which I used to ride so often. Well known barns, remembered houses, flashed by. Home! Unsteadily, I got up and went to the ladies lounge. I did my face over with trembling fingers. I combed my hair, put my uniform cap on again at a perky angle. Home!

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

We wore pants in the jungle, we Wacs. Even our uniform skirts were too feminine for the mud and the mosquitoes and the rugged duty. We wore pants. Maybe in Bennetville I dreamed of a train pulling into the depot! Maybe there are no words for what that means to a girl. Or maybe I had dreamed too long.

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

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

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

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

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

Jack grinned, making me a low bow.

"Welcome home, soldier!" Home! It was all the same, just as I remembered.

A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY
In search of home

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"She looks marvellous!" Katy said. "Heaven, that luscious tan—and those blue eyes!"
"Yelp," Jock agreed. "The South Pacific has made a tearing beauty of our Nell."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, no, Mother. I'm all right. I'm fine!" I laughed. "You should have seen me on the transport! Eight girls in a cabin meant for four, and jammed decks, and we never went to sleep anywhere. I'm drowsy. It must have been such fun," Katay murmured softly. "Oh, Lelis, I do envy you!"

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

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

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

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

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

Mother watched me, her eyes bright and prodding. "Take off your uniform, dear. I'll run your bath." She bustled about getting clean towels. She insisted on opening my canvas luggage, getting out my things. "Don't bother, dear. Feeling, I'll do it all for you!" She added, "Heaven knows, after jungles and airplanes and war, you need a rest! I'm going to see that you get it, darling."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Was it the party for the neighbors that started it? They crowded around me, well-meaning women who'd seen me grow from a skinny little girl into a young woman. "The Army really needed girls in New Guinea?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Pete Angus, you got married!”
“T sure did,” he said. “The thing is, Lelis—she’s Australian. I—well, I—I—”
“So that’s why no one at home knows!”
“You know how Ma is,” he said defensively. “No use in her crying her eyes out, and carrying on imagining a lot of hooey. I just thought, when I bring Amy home in person—”

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

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

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

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

So little!

By CAROL WEST
of "A Woman's Life"

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

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

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

When Michael and I came across it as we were packing some things, my first impulse was to tear it to bits. Then I thought about it. I thought about the days in which we live, when so many girls—very much like Barbara—will be marrying the boys coming home from the war, or who, having been married hurriedly during the war, will be settling down to family life for the first time, now. And it occurred to me that perhaps some of these young girls might get some good out of this, which is a compilation of some of my own experience in motherhood, some of the wisest and clearest of the many things I read right after young Mikey was born, and some of the sane advice given me by a cooperative baby specialist.

Remember, this was intended for Barbara.

"Darling . . . It's wonderful news. And I'm glad for you—and for Steve. It will be great fun. You'll see. Being a mother, for the first time especially, is the most fascinating, the most marvelous and the most terrifying thing, all at the same time. You'll know what I mean, when they show you that little, probably not very attractive, red-faced, scrawny urchin for the first time. You'll probably think—as I did, and as most mothers do, I understand—What will I do with him? How will I ever take care of him? He's so little! And there will be something a little frightening in the thought of what a job you've started. That's a very natural feeling to get. It's also the first feeling you'll absolutely and quickly have to get over. Because, once having embarked on motherhood, you have automatically assumed the responsibility of remaining calm and unfrightened and gentle in any and all situations. For, darling, the thing your baby will need most in the world—especially right in the beginning—is you. He'll need to feel he's wanted—always, to know that you love him—always, that you're there to do what he needs done—always, that you're there when he needs you—always.

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

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

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

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

Child psychologists explain it this way. 'You have to think of things from the baby's point of view. You have to remember how very simple and basic life is for a baby. His first pleasure and satisfaction in life is feeding. His first dissatisfaction is being hungry. And his first human relationship is with the person who feeds him. If all this is handled in such a manner that the baby is not frustrated, not frightened, not forced, his first impressions of life and his mother's love are happy, secure and good. He will approach each new step in his development with the same sure feeling. If all this is handled improperly, you're likely to make a problem child out of your baby. It's a difficult thing to realize, but my baby specialist told me that when feeding problems do arise, it's almost always the mother's fault. He says mothers always worry that their babies won't get enough to eat. In a way, it's natural for a mother to want her baby to be fat and jolly and gay. But, my doctor says, what mothers fail to understand is that the more they worry, the more they coax and force, the more they'll have to worry about in the end—because the more pressure they put on, the less the baby will eat.

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

But, look what happens when a mother isn't smart about it. The baby is hungry and cries. According to the clock, it's too early and his mother decides not to feed him. Unfortunately, the baby knows nothing about clocks and doctors' schedules. He just knows he's hungry and keeps on crying. After awhile, finding that the only way he has of expressing himself isn't getting him what he needs, he gets frightened—and cries harder. Meanwhile, no matter how firmly she tells herself, the baby's mother is getting nervous. And there's nothing so nervewracking as having to listen to a baby cry for a long time. By the time she does feed the baby, that's not relief enough for her tired nerves and she finds it hard to be natural, easy and gay with the baby, during or after the feeding. And the baby, after a few such sessions, he'll probably begin to get the idea that this is what life is supposed to be like, that you have to cry and be denied, that you must always go through a spell of utter misery and terror before you get what you need and want. And this is the beginning of a real problem child—one who will go around looking for trouble and know what happens when a mother worries about her baby not getting enough to eat. The baby stops sucking—but there's more in the bottle. The mother is afraid the baby hasn't had enough. She coaxes. The baby shows a tendency to fall asleep, so she keeps clucking it under the chin and stuffing the nipple in her mouth. She really makes an unholy nuisance of herself and the sleepy, un hunry baby has to put up a fight to get her to leave him alone. He remembers that. After awhile, he begins to associate feeding with unpleasantness, even with temper and anger with his mother. He begins to refuse to eat at all. And the more stubborn he gets, the more anxious his mother gets. She coaxes harder, even tries to force him to eat. In some ways, coaxing is worse than forcing, really, because the force will be met by force. If the coaxing becomes too strenuous, the baby begins to attach more importance to that performance than he does to the eating. Which is again laying the groundwork for serious problems later, because the baby's learning to get pleasure out of the hunger and crying and bribing, when he should be getting pleasure out of the simple, enjoyable process of eating when he's hungry.

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

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

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

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

Happy, secure babies demand only the absolutely necessary things like feedings when they're hungry, drying them when they're wet and covering when they grow a bit older. If all this is handled properly, you're likely to make a problem child out of a baby. It's a difficult thing to realize, but my baby specialist told me that feeding problems do arise, it's almost always the mother's fault. He says mothers always worry that their babies won't get enough to eat. In a way, it's natural for a mother to want her baby to be fat and jolly and gay. But, my doctor says, what mothers fail to understand is that the more they worry, the more the baby will have to work in the force, the more the baby will have to have a fullness in the end—because the more pressure they put on, the less the baby will work. It works like this. The baby is hungry, which he announces by crying. A smart mother pays attention to that and feeds the baby, no matter what the clock says. The baby eats as much as he needs, stops when he's satisfied and goes on a different schedule. In that case, the baby relaxes and goes to sleep.

Look at what happens when a mother can't do this. She'll be crying out the baby, and he'll be hungry and cries. According to the clock, his meal is over. It's not only a clock—by that and all his schedule is. Your baby will do the actual scheduling himself. If you give him everything that he wants, he'll work out a routine in a week or two. It will usually follow the clock—but at the baby's own hours. He'll cry when he's hungry and your job then is to feed him as quickly as possible. He'll stop eating when he's had enough. Your job is to stop feeding him, right away.

Maybe you'll think I'm stressing this too much. I'm not. I've read—and a lot that I've seen—that babies are mothers and their babies—establishing a harder, healthier and happier relationship between yourself and your baby in this one aspect of life—is feeding is probably the most important thing you can do for your baby, well being, and happiness, and for your own.

Child psychologists explain this in two ways. You have to think of things from the child's point of view. You have to remember it's a life for a baby. His first pleasure and satisfaction in life was to be hungry and eat what life is supposed to be like, that you have to cry and be denied, that you can't have it all. Nothing is too much of a problem when you're hungry. If a baby is hungry and he's going to cry until he gets what he wants.

And then there's the problem of timing. You can't fool babies, incidentally, about things like feelings—he'll make fewer demands on your time and energy and attention.

Never force feeding

Twice during meals...

By CAROL WEST

CAROL WEST (played by Joan Alexander in A Woman's Life, CBS daily at 11:30 A.M. EST) has brought up her own son, Steve, along with three other babies. He suggests here for all prospective mothers.

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

In that mood I sat down and wrote it, and it put away care for a long time. In the future, when Barbara would come to talk to me about that she was going to have her first baby, it was possible to look ahead far, then. Now it's never—well, now, I can hardly bear to remember all the things I planned and hoped for Barbara. It will be a long time, now—if ever—before anything like this will be useful to her; the accident which interfered with her marriage to Steve came so near to wrecking her life completely!

And then, I came across it—as we were packing some things, my first impulse was to throw it away. Then I thought about it. I thought about the days in which we live, when so many of us—myself, Barbara—will be marrying the boys coming home from the war, or who, having been married hurriedly during the war, will be settling down to family life for the first time, now. And it occurred to me that perhaps some of these young girls might get some good out of this, which is a compilation of some of my own experience in motherhood, some of the wisest and clearest of the many things I read right along. I know I was born, and some of the same advice given by me by a cooperative baby specialist.

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

It will be a great boon.

You'll be a loving mother.

It's a very natural feeling to get. It's also the first feeling you'll absolutely and quickly have to get over. Because, once having embarked on motherhood, you have automatically assumed the responsibility of remaining calm and unfrustrated and gentle and kind.

For, darling, the thing your baby will need most in the world—especially right in the beginning—is you. He'll need to feel he's wanted—always, to know that you love him—always, that you're there to do what he needs done—always, that you're there when he needs you—always.

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

And look at what happens when a mother worries about her baby getting enough to eat. The baby stops crying—here's more in the bottle.

The mother is afraid the baby hasn't had enough. She coaxes. The baby has a tendency to fall asleep, so she keeps clucking it under the chin and stuffing the nipple in his mouth. She really makes an ugly nuisance of herself. And the unhungry baby has to put up a fight to get to leave him alone. She remembers her schedule, and she begins to associate feeding with unpleasantness, even with anger with the mother. He begins to refuse to eat at all. And the more stubborn he gets, the more ridiculous it looks. She coaxes harder, even tries to force him to eat. In a way, coaxing is worse than forcing, really, because the force will be met by force. If the coaxing becomes too strenuous, the baby begins to attach more importance to performing the function he does to the eating. Which is again laying the groundwork for serious problems later, because the baby's learning to get pleasure out of the abnormal charming and bribing, when he should be getting pleasure out of the simple, enjoyable process of eating when he's hungry.

I've devoted a lot of time to this, darling, but that's because it's the first time I've had a talk before—most important hurdle you'll have to overcome. No mother is perfectly, everything else will be fine. You've got to be a couple of rules to follow—but the main and most important thing you keep in mind, is relax—relax—relax. That's the only thing just plain love it here. Here are the rules, though.

1. Never force your baby to eat anything. The first time you try to force he probably won't like it. If he refuses the food, sit down between him and you—don't take him at first and refuses them, later again forget it. He'll take them when he's ready, he'll never yet met an adult who only drank milk.

2. Let the baby work out his own schedule. It may seem erratic and all over the place, but you'll have established a fine, close and good relationship with your baby, without any of the feelings of you of having to be "smarter" and "better." Of course, feeding isn't the only function in a baby's life, although for the first month or so. And remember, I said that almost always, very (Continued on page 77)
THE STORY:

LINDA, a semi-invalid with a heart condition, lives a very simple, quiet, but happy life with her sister Julia, who is secretary to the program manager of the local radio station. Linda's chief interest in life is her radio and her radio friends—she listens almost constantly, and often writes to the people she hears on the air. A new program on the station at which Julia works is concerned with finding jobs for disabled veterans, and on the first night of this show, Linda and Julia hear a young man whose story interests them very much. Linda writes to him, and next day Julia comes home to say that the veteran, John, had come into the station that day—and that he is blind. Linda, John and Julia become good friends. John finds a job as a photographer's darkroom assistant, and often stops in on his way home from work to talk to Linda, or to listen to her play the piano for him. It is not long before Linda realizes that she is in love with him; she is, for a short while, extremely happy, for she had always thought of herself as never marrying, as never having the romance which she obtains vicariously from the radio serials to which she listens. And then the sickening realization comes to Linda—Julia loves John, too, and John seems to be more attracted to Julia than to Linda. Linda is unselfishly happy for her sister—she has always hoped that Julia, who is so intensely alive, so full of energy and high spirits, will find someone to love. But Linda knows that the thought of living with John and Julia after they are married is insupportable. She must find some way out for herself—some way to support herself, to make her own way in the world, so that she will no longer be dependent on Julia, so that she will not have to see Julia and John together.

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

The futile circle would begin again in her mind. Her consuming love for John—his natural preference for Julia—her own terrible desire to escape, to be independent of Julia—the frail body which kept her chained to home. Over and over again her mind raced around the circle that had no end.

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

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

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

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

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

"Too bad you couldn't give up your beauty treatment for one night. We
John could bring strength, happiness, to only one of these sisters. But was it Julia, or was it Linda, who belonged in John's arms?

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

"John gets along with everyone, doesn't he?" Linda asked, thoughtfully. "How could anyone help but like John? He's always so nice, so friendly."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Before they had finished breakfast, Linda was up (Continued on page 73)
Here is a song familiar to us for its own charm, and through its identification
with one of the best-loved hours on the air, Sunday evenings at 8:00 P. M. EST, over ABC

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER
from "Hänsel and Gretel"
(As sung on the Ford Sunday Evening Hour)

E. HUMPERDINCK
Arr. by William J. Reddick

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Two are on my right hand

Two are on my left hand

Two who warmly o'er me hover,

Two to whom 'tis given To guide my steps to Heaven

Gladys Swarthout
Rise Stevens
Lauritz Melchior
Eleanor Steber
Do you remember the tricks that make veal tasty, lamb succulent? Now that roasts are with us again, here are some reminders.

**BACK on the TABLE**

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

**Veal Roast**

2 1/2 to 3 lbs. shoulder or rack of veal, boned
1 tsp. oregano or thyme
1/2 tsp. minced garlic
1/4 cup minced parsley
Pinch pepper

Place veal on waxed paper, cover with seasonings, roll and tie firmly with heavy twine. Place on rack in shallow baking pan and roast uncovered in 325 degree oven, allowing 35 minutes per pound, or about 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

**Beef Roast**

2 1/2 to 3 lbs. rib or rolled beef
2 thin slices garlic
1/2 tsp. rosemary
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

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

**Pork Roast**

2 1/2 to 3 lbs. pork loin
1 small orange
1 small onion
1/4 tsp. sage
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

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

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

**Lamb Roast**

3 lbs. rolled or square cut shoulder of lamb
2 thin slices garlic
1/4 tsp. powdered ginger
1/2 tsp. salt
Pinch pepper

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

**Gravy for Roast Meats**

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

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

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

**Gingerbread with Chocolate Nut Frosting**

1 package gingerbread mix
1 ounce package chocolate bits
1/4 cup chopped nut meats

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

By
**KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

**Radio Work is Heaven**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Anyway, we’re rooting for them.

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**MONDAY**

Eastern Standard Time

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5:00</td>
<td>Breakfast Club</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:15</td>
<td>American Lux</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>Valentia</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>5:45</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<td>6:00</td>
<td>Light of the World</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>6:15</td>
<td>The Book of the World</td>
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<tr>
<td>6:30</td>
<td>The Happy Family</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<td>6:45</td>
<td>The Music Box</td>
<td>MBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:00</td>
<td>The Joe Dowd Show</td>
<td>NBC</td>
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<td>7:15</td>
<td>The Benny Goodman Show</td>
<td>NBC</td>
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<td>7:30</td>
<td>The Lyric Family</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<td>7:45</td>
<td>The Slice of Life</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:00</td>
<td>Tom Breneman's Breakfast</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>Far and Away Show</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>A Woman's Life</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>8:45</td>
<td>Take It Easy</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>David Harum</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>Kate Smith Speaks</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>America</td>
<td>NBC</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>Peabody and the Hawk</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>Life Can Be Beautiful</td>
<td>MBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:15</td>
<td>Constance Bennett</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>John J. Anthony</td>
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Huck Finn of Radio

A bit of the unpredictable, a bit of the zany, a lot that is solid and real, a touch of whimsy and a good dash of mischief—and you have Arthur Godfrey, custodian of one of the most popular early morning shows in American radio. Depending on where you're listening from, if you're an early riser, you hear him over WTOP, in Washington, and WABC in New York, six days a week at the hours of sixty-three to nine-fifteen and five days a week, over the CBS network from 8:15 to 10 in the mornings. Small wonder that his life is so arranged now that he gets up at 5:30 in the morning, eats his breakfast during one of his various programs—yes, he's not kidding when he tells what he's eating while you're listening in—and goes to as near an invulnerable rule on nine o'clock.

Godfrey was born in New York City in 1905. An enterprising and restless character, he left home at fifteen. Naturally, his career was rather checkered. In his roving lifetime he's been a coal miner, architect's office boy, Navy radio operator, insurance and cemetery lot salesman, taxi driver, vaudeville performer, radio announcer, horse and dog breeder and aviator. In 1935, in Washington, he was assigned to a "musical clock" program over a local station. He won on the air, seven in the morning. Godfrey's temper, which matches his unruly red hair, got the better of him after awhile because he found the routine so monotonous and the competition so fierce. The morning, however, he smashed a few of the phonograph records, gave his verbal beating to the blurb he'd been handed to read and heckled his sponsors and their products. He went off to a little air and waited to be fired. Fans cheered, the papers headlined his "sincerity" and, lo and behold, his sponsors were rushed to death with business. He was told to keep it up and hasn't stopped to this day. And in all those years; he's really built up something with his show. He's had as many as eighty-eight sponsors at one time—which is a record.

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

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

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

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

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

She also went through the sometimes painful routine of being shown off by her parents at every opportunity—at church affairs and functions at the school operetta.

Luckily, unlike so many other kids who've been put through this kind of thing, Annamary loved to sing. During all this time, Annamary attended public school in December, III, where she was born. Later, she graduated at a B.S. in music from James Milliken University.

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

Music and radio and the Metropolitan. She's been heard with the Chautauqua Opera Association, the Cincinnati Zoo Opera, the St. Louis Municipal Opera, the Grand National Opera in Puerto Rico, among others. Last season Annamary made a nationwide concert tour under the direction of the USO Camp Shows, besides entertaining U. S. troops in the Caribbean area, singing for innumerable war bond rallies.

As if all this weren't enough in such a young life, last fall, Annamary decided to stick to the radio and give the dignified members of her usual singing circles something to buzz about. She took an engagement to sing at the Shank Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf-Astoria, which was no way for an established opera singer to behave. But Annamary showed that she had a wider musical range than most of her friends of the opera and concert world. She proved that she could sing popular songs as well as she could sing the arias in her usual repertoire. And she goes on proving it every Sunday evening.
IF YOU should ever hop aboard a New York subway and sit down next to a girl who's singing operatic arias in a low voice—complete with French, Italian, or German words—don't jump away nervously. Stay put. Because you'll be listening to the daily voice practice of a very famous young lady named Jane Wilson. She's the soprano soloist with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and she can be heard with Mr. Waring's orchestra five days a week at a 11 A.M. (NBC). Or else, as we said, you can hear her on the subway.

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

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

ment is the Central Park Zoo!

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

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

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

(Continued on page 103)
CHRISTINA MUIR NEWBERRY, II
daughter of
Lt. Col. and Mrs. Phelps Newberry
engaged to
James Douglas Darling, II

Christina and Jim met early last spring in Overbrook—one of Philadelphia's fashionable "Mainline" suburbs.

A few weeks later Christina said "Yes" . . . she's another charming Pond's bride-to-be—tall, slim, with shining dark hair, green-gray eyes.

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

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

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

She's Engaged!

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

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties

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

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

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

Christina's complexion is beautifully soft and smooth.
orchestra sound clearer than if the listener were present in the studio.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We're all the time talking about success and successful people. Someone thought to ask a few of the Quiz Kids what they thought constituted a successful man.

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

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

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

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

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

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM EVERYWHERE . . . Myron McCormick, of Listening Post and dozens of other programs, is currently appearing in the Broadway play ‘State of the Union’ by Arthur Miller. Mr. McCormick, who is also the author of a mystery novel, is a member of the United States Navy. HeThis woman knows comfort, Security, too—
Meds' extra protection Will give both to you!

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

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

Meds only 25c
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS

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

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

Very first to greet his master—Lanny Ross is welcomed by his Irish Setter on his return after two and one half years Army service in the Pacific Theater.
young babies only cry because they're hungry. The way to make sure, is to offer the baby food. If it takes the food and stops crying—that's the answer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Again in spite of the ads, mothers shouldn't place undue emphasis on clearing the bowels when babies and children have colds or are slightly ill.
As your baby grows older, there will be many new problems coming up. There will be weaning and toilet training, of course. Here, the same basic rules that apply to feeding apply to these two changes in the baby's life. Never force the baby to give up his bottle and never force the toilet training of a baby, if he objects. The main point about these problems—as about feeding—is not to make a problem out of them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

**Want Sweet Kisses?**

Have kissable skin—with the smoothness of satin.

Dry skin troubles you now?

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

**Easy to give yourself this exciting 1-Cream Beauty Treatment**

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

1. for regular Cleansing and Make-up Removal
2. for Softening
3. for a velvet Foundation—every time you make up
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Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream for you—the same who make your Jergens Lotion. Many a smart girl is thankful. You will be, too. See lovely results, using Jergens Face Cream this way. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Give this new 1-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial.

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**FACE CREAM**

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
Why have doubts? Use MODESS—
with the triple-proved DEODORANT!

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

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

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

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

NO SEPARATE POWDER, no nuisance!

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of "Growing Up and Liking It"—a
bright, modern booklet on the low
and why of menstruation—write
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A SOFTER NAPKIN! Remember that three
out of four women voted Modess softer to
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SAFER! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, proved
Modess less likely to strike through than
nationally known layer-type napkins.

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

Fear

(Continued from page 39)

The ties that bound us to our Mexi-
can culture were strong ones. But in
every other way we were Americans.

And we resented being labeled "Mexican"—as if it were a bad
word—by newspapers and in the
schools and by the careless words a
gavacho spoke.

I shook off these hateful thoughts
quickly. This was Ricardo’s home-
coming and nothing should spoil it.

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

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

I HAD always admired Senora Mar-
tinez. A newcomer to this country in
middle age, she had forced herself to
adapt to American customs and the
American tongue, difficult as it had
been. She had gone to night school.
She kept herself slim and carefully
dressed. Her white, gently-waved hair
was beautiful against her olive skin.

She had been adamant that Ricardo
must have a good education no mat-
ter what the obstacles—the lack of
money—his troubles in school. And
she had succeeded.

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

But she, like all the others, rejoiced
to see Ricardo back safely and even
admired him in his Sergeant’s uniform.

There had been a time, when Ricardo
was captain of the wild Tiger gang, that
she had opposed our engagement—but
no more.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hello, Dixon." Ricardo clipped the words, but to my surprise there was no undercurrent of antagonism in his voice.

"I'm back. How's everything been while I was away?"

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

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

Ricardo grinned. "That, Dixon—" pointing to one of his ribbons— "is the Good Conduct ribbon. And you don't get those over a dime-store counter. Maybe it would be a good idea if you and I were to sit down and talk things over, though. I've found that helps—
Quick, easy Twin Treatment speeds up removal of dry outer skin flakes. Helps protect pore openings against clogging . . . blackheads.

Claim your right to the beauty of a clearer, younger-looking skin. Not with creams and lotions galore. Just this simple, effective Twin Treatment. Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack each week—and Homogenized Facial Cream each day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

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<> Smart Shades . . . you can get the very color effect you want with this modern Hair Make-Up. Try it, after your next shampoo

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

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

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

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

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

"So this is Olvera Street!" Slim Welterlund drawled. He had an accent I couldn't place.

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

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

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

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

There was one last thing we wanted to do that night. Quietly, reverently, we slipped into the Church of Our Lady Queen of the Angels and knelt. In its hushed and gracious beauty I could believe in happiness and I could give thanks for Ricardo's safe return.

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

"Look, little one, I promised them a real home-cooked dinner, Mexican style. They're leaving tomorrow and I can't take them home because Mother's hand is bad again. You'll have to bite. They're good guys."

"Sure, why not? Tani, my younger sister, had come out on the porch and was waiting for them. We're all going—that is, if Bobby Dixon can get away."

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

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

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

There was nothing I could do about the dinner—except go ahead with it. Mama set about the cooking as grandly as if it were a feast day. But there was no excitement in her eyes. Papa's mustaches curled more fiercely than ever and he went about muttering under his breath.

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

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

I was acutely aware that everything in us had to seem odd to these men—our few pieces of heavy mission-style furniture, our white plaster walls with the dark-framed saints' pictures, the carping at the old man with its vivid sarape covering. From the kitchen steamed the heavy, rich odors of Mama's cooking.

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

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

I must have grinned at her, "Swedish, Minnesota. But my Mom is nuts about her painted chairs. Some guy from the old country made them for her just like the ones she had when she was a little girl, back in Sweden."

It was a miracle to see the change in Mama's face—the beaming hospitality of her smile. Your mother come here, too?"
"She was a foreigner like me and Papa?"

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

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

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

Ricardo smiled across the room at me and his smile seemed to say—"See! Didn't I tell you?" and my heart brimmed over. These were his friends. They were mine, too. Perhaps those plans that Ricardo had for us and for our life when we were married weren't so fantastic after all. Maybe we could move away and find a life in another community and be accepted by everyone and have friends like these—

The evening became gayer by the minute. Dinner was hilarious. Although I was serving, Mamma couldn't sit still and was jumping up and down every minute to bring the boys something else to eat, urging them to try everything, laughing at every joke—even when she couldn't always understand them. They teased each other, but they showed, even in their joking, a definite regard and respect for Ricardo that didn't escape any of us. Evidently he had been as much of a leader overseas as he had here at home.

And after dinner even Papa unbent, so much so that when Ricardo brought in his old accordion and began playing it, Papa took out of the carved chest his precious gourds. Now I knew it was a party! No one—no one could make those marimbas snap and shake like Papa could... no one could hold them with quite the nonchalance, and it was unbelievable that there could be that kind of rhythm in Papa's conservative, taciturn soul.

"Estra-a-li—ta..." Ray and Bob sang, barber shop style, with their heads together, while Slim bounced Mama around the room in what he fondly insisted was a tango. The candles in their brackets on the wall werejarred by the stamping of Army boots and the furniture was pushed aside to make a little room for dancing. Ricardo and I even did an exhibition rhumba: for them.

It was while he was holding me—lightly—in the gently seductive measures of the rhumba that I saw in his face the same happiness that was mirrored in mine. Dancing with Ricardo was always an intimate thing for me. Our steps matched so perfectly we might have been of one body. And the lovely current that flowed between us—the retreat and the coming together—was a very personal thing.

Then he caught me to him, closely, and I felt the hard beating of his heart through the khaki of his blouse. I felt his arms strong around me and my forehead was pressed against his cheek. I could see the outline of his jaw—so firm and cleanly-cut—through the curtain of my eyelashes. And my love for him pounded through me, shaking me.

This was the way it should be for us, our love flowing together without a trace of unhappiness. Without bitterness. Without the desperate need for each other of solace after hurt. Even the rhumba seemed more fitting for this new life of ours, than did the crazy pace of the jitterbug we used to do.

"We've had one swell time, Maria," Bob Martin said to me when they were finally leaving. It was early but all three had a train to catch in the morning. "I'll never forget it. You know, overseas you learn to know your friends pretty well. You take their personal life as hard as you take your own. Ricardo told me something of—of how you live here. It shouldn't be, Maria."

"No," I answered, "it shouldn't." But it didn't seem to matter so much just then.

He hurried on in a lighter tone, as if he were afraid of having said too much. "And we worry about each other's girls, too. It's nice to know that you're not only as pretty as Ricardo used to tell us, but you've got what it takes to go along with him, too. He's quite a guy."

Quite a guy, I thought to myself, dreamily, after they had gone and Ricardo and I were sitting on the old wooden railing of our porch. His arm was around me and in this lovely mood that held us so close, even the shabby houses and the jumble of narrow streets and shabby, garish cafes and stores and dark alleys looked fine to me there in the darkness with only a few neon lights stabbing the low skyline.

"It's so good to be home, darling." His words were muffled as he bent to kiss the hollow of my temple. "We'll be married just as soon as I find a job."

There was silence for a while—silence.
filled with an overwhelming joy for me, but Ricardo's next words showed that he had been thinking, "Trouble is, I don't know just what kind of a job. I got used to working with people—organizing—first the Tigers and then in the Army. I like it. I like the responsibility. But that isn't much qualification for a job. And I'll have to get one quick, so we can get married. By the way, that reminds me—did I ever ask you if you would?"

I laughed at him. The nonsense of Ricardo having to formally propose to me—Ricardo, who had settled that when we were children and he had announced solemnly that I was "his girl" and he would "fight anyone that said I wasn't!"—

I stopped laughing suddenly. I had heard footsteps, running footsteps!
They were the sounds of someone running hard and fast, the gravel of the walk spurtling up in sharp, scraping spurts behind them—the footsteps of someone terrified and coming like the wind. Don't ask me how I knew—I was hearing echoes of the kind of desperate fleeing that had been in our ears so much during those days of riot and horror.

It was Tani. My sister. She came up onto the porch flying but she slipped on the top step and went down on one knee. She hung on to the porch railing, her eyes big with fear, her breath coming in tearing, uneven gasps. Ricardo reached her first.

"Take it easy, sister," he said quietly, pulling her to her feet and holding her gently. "What's the trouble?"
"
I don't know—" she gasped—"they—Pop Miller told us to stay but I had to find you. They said we did it—he's hurt—"

My heart was pounding in the same choking way as her voice. The palms of my hands were wet and fear made a sick churning in the pit of my stomach. My little sister—

She was still terrified but with Ricardo's urging she managed to speak a little more coherently, "It wasn't our fault—our whole crowd was in Miller's and we were just dancing and having fun. And then this other bunch came in. I knew a couple of them. They wanted to have Miller's for their hangout because they knew we had so much fun there and it was decent and Pop was sorta like a guardian to us and even Mama liked to have me go there—but these kids were jealous and they had some older boys with them—" she ran out of breath for a second.

In my mind's eye a picture was forming. I knew the boys and girls Tani went with. Nice kids. But proud with their temper tantrums and pride of adolescence. My heart sank, 

... and those older boys kept breaking up our dances and heckling Jose and—" she stopped suddenly, as though she had been about to make a slip of the tongue, and then went on—"and some of the others, to take a drink. Then there was a fight." Tani was sobbing now. "One of the other gang was hurt. He's lying there on the floor and Pop said no one was to leave until the doctor came—"

"How badly is he hurt?" Ricardo asked curtly.

Her face was paper-white. "I think he's dying," she whimpered.

I turned in panic to Ricardo. Once again the sick fear I had known all too well, all too often, in those past days before Ricardo went to war, welled up in my throat. As a secondary I put out a hand to steady myself against the porch railing.

"What shall we do?" I cried. "What shall we do? Ricardo? We must—"

"We're going to Miller's. Come on, Tani. It was all right to come for us, but never run away from trouble. We'll all go back and face it."

She held back a little, then stumbled after us. "I'll go— but I'm afraid. Pop Miller sent for Dixon. And now it will get worse. We'll all go to jail and Jose said they'd come back and throw rocks in Miller's window because he called the cops—" she broke down.

Ricardo's hand holding mine was like a vise. We hurried up the streets, but every step was agony for me. Cops ... revenge ... gangs ... riots ...

It was starting all over again!

More frightening than a blow is the panic that sweeps Maria. Violence, bloodshed, misunderstanding ... will they ever be free of it? Read the next installment of this serial in March Radio Mirror, at your newsstand Wednesday, February 13.

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- more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas...
- more CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS than 2½ servings of American Cheese
- more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter...
- more VITAMIN B1 than 3 servings of Oatmeal...
- more NIACIN than 5 slices of Enriched Bread...
- more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
- more VITAMIN G than 3/4 pound of Sirloin Steak
**Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!**

Dreamy-smooth, glowing with mysterious color-softness—that’s the way Pond's powder goes on! Because a new suffusing ingredient makes Pond's powder "sheer-gauge"—spreads the myriad particles of soft color more evenly over your skin! No streaks or grainingness mar the clear, flawless color-smoothness. Compare it with your present powder. You'll understand why beautiful Lady Furness chooses "sheer-gauge" Pond's!

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**Breakfast in Hollywood**

(Continued from page 25) grab—"Ken laughed teasingly. "Just like a woman—trying to build a story out of everything! Don't tell me that this man we just saw is married to the woman you saw at the Breakfast—"

"Of course not!" She spoke vehemently, because, to be utterly truthful, she had been imagining just that. "It was just the similarity in names that made me think of her. Besides, it was touching—the way she spoke of her husband on the program. Everyone laughed when she told Mr. Breneman that he was a traveling salesman, and she said, very proudly, that although she knew the reputation traveling salesmen were supposed to have, her husband was an exception. She said, too, that he liked plain, natural, home-type girls. I thought for a moment that she was going to refuse the make-up kit. Didn't you see her?"

"No," said Ken. "He did not add, "I was too busy thinking about you," but he might as well have, because he was looking down at her so intently that Dorothy turned her own eyes away.

"About Jimmy," she said abruptly. "Did you sail with him very long? And were you in Manila when he was there?"

It was astonishing how quickly the time passed. They went out to Mrs. Reed's bungalow and picked up the dog, a small fox terrier, mostly white, with a round dark patch over each eye. His name was Tippey, and he licked Dorothy's hands politely, and followed at Ken's heels as readily as if they'd been life-long friends. He was a very old dog, and Dorothy noticed that Ken slowed his steps out of consideration for him. They walked through Griffith Park, and talked, and she and Ken discovered that they'd spent several years just missing each other at home. Ken had gone to the Crystal Ballroom as steadily as she, but on Saturday instead of Friday nights. Wally's, where Dorothy's crowd went for hamburgers, was just around the corner from the Chinese place where Ken's friends met for chow mein. And of course, when they came to the amusement pavilion, with its mechanical piano and its games and electric shooting rifles, they were both reminded of the amusement park at home. For lunch they ate an indigestible mixture of hot dogs and hamburgers and cokes, and Dorothy discovered that she was having a very good time. Not, she told herself loyally, as good a time as she would have had with Jimmy—but one of the best times she'd ever had, nonetheless. It was so easy and natural, being with Ken, that she forgot herself sometimes, said things like, "When we get back to Minneapolis, we'll have to go to D'Arrey's for sea food—" and at Ken's quick look, she added hastily, "I mean when Jimmy comes home, and we're all back there together."

"We'll do that," said Ken. And then he couldn't help saying, "You don't forget him for a minute, do you?"

"No," she said, but it wasn't entirely true. She had forgotten Jimmy today, for hours at a stretch; she had forgotten herself and her defeat, had forgotten even the time. She didn't realize how late it was until Ken guided her to the photomaton in the amusement pavilion, saying, "Let's investigate this gadget. I'd like a picture of you before you go."
"Before I—" And then she looked at her watch. "Ken! It's after three o'clock—"

"I know, but we've time for a picture." He led her into the little curtained booth.

The first picture turned out badly. It showed them sitting stiffly side by side, Dorothy looking scared, Ken wooden-faced and grim. Dorothy took one look at it and laughed. "Oh, Ken, that's terrible! Let's take another and really smile, this time!"

She moved closer to him, rested her head back against his shoulder. Ken caught his breath, then made himself put his arm around her casually. She was so close that he could feel her breathing, smell the fragrance of her hair. "Go ahead," she urged, smiling into the machine. "Put the dime in.

He leaned forward and dropped the coin. What happened next happened without his will; it was as natural as lifting his face to the first sun in spring. His lips closed over Dorothy's; his arm drew her closer. For a blissful moment her mouth was consenting, her body warm and relaxed against him. Then she stiffened, drew back. "That wasn't fair," she said coldly.

His heart was hammering so that he could hardly talk. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. Honest, I couldn't—"

She stepped out of the booth. Ken followed, caught up with her. Her eyes were very bright; she looked angry, and she looked ready to cry. "You didn't understand. I didn't mean—I was just being friendly."

"I know," he said miserably. "I—it's just that you're so darn' sweet, and I'm so darn' lonesome."

Her mouth tightened. "That isn't very flattering to me, either."

"I mean we're both in the same boat. We both need somebody to help us over a hurdle, see?"

"No," she said frigidly. "I don't see."

He reached for her hand. She pulled away and started down the path. After a few steps he caught up with her. "Dorothy, please! I don't want you to think that I'm just making a play for you! I meant that kiss—from the bottom of my heart."

She stared at him, her eyes wide and grave and shocked. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I certainly do! I still mean it."

THEN you're a fine friend of Jimmy's."

"I'm a better friend of yours. That's why I want to tell you something." He didn't want to tell her, but he knew that he was going to, knew that he had to. Everything was changed now. She might hate him for it, but somehow it seemed more honest to tell her himself than to wait until she found out for herself. "Jimmy's married," he said rapidly. "He met a girl in Spokane. He hadn't seen you for over a year, and he went hook, line and sinker for her—and married her the week I shipped south. He was trying to get up the nerve to tell you—"

Her face went dead white, and she swayed a little. For a moment he thought she was going to faint. Then her face hardened. "I don't believe you."

"She repeated, as if trying to convince herself, "I don't believe you. You're just saying that to—-"

And then she turned and fled down the path.

Ken started after her and stopped as Tippy's leash tangle around his legs. "Dot!" he shouted. "Don't run away. I've got the dog—-" But it was too late. She had already disappeared.
The office of the Hollywood Restaurant was not normally a quiet place, not at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the fever of preparation for the evening's business was at its peak. Even so, Ken's entrance was little short of cyclonic. He ordered rather than persuaded the protesting secretary to announce him to Tom Breneman, and when Tom's voice boomed, "Send him in," over the 'phone, Ken was past her and in the inner office before she could repeat the message.

Tom grinned at him from over a desk heaped high with letters and telegrams. "What's on your mind, Ken?"

Ken exploded, "You got me into something, Mr. Breneman, and you've got to get me out."

"I got you into something?"

"Yes. Remember that girl from Minneapolis, the one who won the Wishing Ring?"

Tom couldn't help smiling at the story the boy poured out. An old story—a boy and a girl and a quarrel, but very real, very momentous to them. And the boy was sincere, there was no doubt about it.

"It isn't just a crush, Mr. Breneman, I swear it. This morning when you picked me up I had nothing to gamble for. Now I've got everything! I'm sure she's gone to the bus station, and her bus leaves at five. If you'll only go over and explain to her, she'll believe you. She thinks that I was just telling her about—that fiancé of hers to make myself an opening!"

Tom's secretary opened the door, stuck her head in. "Mr. Breneman, that party's calling back again. They say it's urgent."

"Get their number. I'll call back right away." He turned to Ken. "Get yourself over to the bus station, and hold her until I get there. I'll be along as soon as I return this call. Now, run!"

Ken ran, stammering his thanks as he went.

Tom picked up the telephone, and as he listened, his heart sank. The old lady, Annie Reed, was worse. This noon, when they'd brought her home from the hospital, she'd seemed so well that he'd been sure there was no cause for worry, and now... "I'll be right over," he said into the 'phone. He spoke with his eyes on the clock. Could he get out to Mrs. Reed's, over to the bus station, in twenty minutes? He doubted it. The kids would just have to wait. They had all the rest of their lives; Annie had only a little time, perhaps a very little time.

He knew, the instant he stepped inside the neat box of a bedroom in Annie's cottage, that Annie had stopped trying to get well. There was indifference in the faint smile she gave him, resignation in the way she turned her head to the window to watch the sinking sun. "Annie," he accused, "you're not putting up a fight at all."

"I'm tired of fighting," she whispered. "I've been fighting for eighty-two years. I haven't anyone but Tippy, and he's lived his life, too."

"That's not true," said Tom. "There's always work to be done, always someone who needs our help."

"That's a lot of malarkey."

Tom decided to change his tactics. "Maybe," he agreed. "Maybe you've got the right idea, and it's silly to bother about other people. Those kids—the boy..."

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**Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best**

Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.
who took Tippy out today, and the girl
who won the 'Wishing Ring this morn-
ing—the boy's got a crush on the girl,
and they've had a quarrel, and she's
going back to Minneapolis tonight. And
—well, you'd think it was the end of
the world, and now it's not!"

"To people in love," said Annie with
a touch of spirit, "a quarrel is the end
of the world."

And Tom smiled, got to his feet. "I
suppose so. But that's none of your
business—or mine, either. They'll just
have to work it out for themselves."

Annie turned her head toward him.
"I don't suppose they'll ever get
brighter now; she was busy thinking.
"If you brought them here—"

"I wouldn't think of bothering you.
You're tired."

She sat straight up in bed. "I'm not
that tired! You bring those youngsters
right here to me, Tom Bremen! I'll bet I
can get them together!"

TOM chucked about it all the way
to the bus station. Annie was going
to be all right. So long as life went
on, he couldn't be too busy to be
responding to it, taking part in it. Now if
he could only reach the station in time.
He was too late. He pulled up before
the station to find Ken, a very dejected
Ken, walking away. He stopped as Tom
hauled him, and then started to walk
on.

Tom caught his arm. "Ken, I'm sorry
I'm late. What happened?"

"Nothing," said Ken flatly. "Nothing
at all. She's gone. She wouldn't talk
to me, wouldn't give me her address,
and she isn't even in the 'phone book at
home. I'll—her—" His voice thickened,
and he pulled away from Tom, moved
dougly down the crowded walk.

Tom started after him, and then a
hand clutched his sleeve, and a gushing
feminine voice caroled, "Oh, Mr. Brene-
man, what a lovely coincidence! I just
bought another silly hat. It's across the
street—the one over there—look! I want to
see if it makes you laugh."

Tom groaned. It was the woman in
the crazy stove pipe hat, who had
sat with her back to him at the office.
He had forgotten about that morning. She
was hanging on his arm, babbling about hats, and Ken—
Ken was already blocks away.

At five-thirty a very tired, very per-
spiring Tom arrived at his offices at the
Hollywood Restaurant. "Get the police
on the 'phone," he ordered his aston-
ished secretary. And then get Mrs.
Annie Reed, and—"

"The police, Mr. Bremen?"

"The police, and then Mrs. Reed. And
—one more thing: where would a sailor
be likely to go, a sailor who'd just lost
his girl?"

His secretary clamped one hand to her
forehead, reached for the telephone
with the other. She was used to crazy
things, but this was a new one. Tom
just managed not to shout at the office.
But today had been one of the worst she'd
ever seen. "Where?" she repeated on
a rising note of hysteria. "How about
a bar?"

Tom sank into his chair. "That's
right! After you get those other calls,
try the bars, ask for Kenneth Smith of
Minneapolis—"

She looked up at him. There were
only, she thought blankly, some nine
hundred bars in and around Holly-
wood. And she was supposed to call
all of them for a man named Smith.

Dorothy didn't see the police car pull
up beside the bus. She was too busy
staring out at the night, at nothing, too
busy crying to see or think of anything.
Thinking only set the ache inside her
tormenting, started her thoughts to
milling tortuously. Jimmy Ken had
told her the truth about Jimmy. She knew
that now. Perhaps she had known all
along—yes, even before she'd left
Minneapolis on her hopeless search
that Jimmy had been a girl.

She just hadn't wanted to admit
the truth of something that hurt so much.
And Ken—It hurt to think of Ken, too.
Ken had been gone, and sincere. Jimmy
you couldn't look at him without knowing
that he was sincere in everything he
said and did. And she had walked out
on him because she'd been too shocked
and sick and confused to want to talk
to anyone. She'd run away from the one
person who could have helped her pick
up the pieces of her shattered heart, to
start over, the one person who wanted to
help her.

She was aware that the bus had
stopped, that a policeman was up front,
talking to the driver. Then she heard
her own name called. "Is there a Miss
Larsen aboard?"

She stumbled forward. "My name's
Larsen." And then the policeman was
pointing at her, and the driver was
telling her that she would have to go back to Hol-
lywood because she'd stolen—stolen—an
-thing that belonged to Tom Bremen!

"But it isn't true!" she protested. "He
gave me a ring, on the program this
morning. It was a part of the pro-
gram—"

"Sorry, miss. All we know is we have
instructions to bring you back—"

There was nothing for it but to get
into the police car. The bus driver set
her bag in beside her, and Dorothy
leaped to conclusions, trying
to calm her sharpening nerves. Of
course, it was all a mistake. Mr. Brene-
man couldn't possibly accuse her.

She didn't believe it even when she
found Tom Bremen in his office,
and Tom, his face very serious, told
the officer, "This is the young lady, all
right. Would you mind waiting outside
while I talk to her?"

The officer left, and Dorothy turned
indignantly to Tom. "How can you have
me arrested? You gave me that ring
this morning, I didn't steal it!"

Tom's lips twitched. "Maybe not. But
you did steal something else—the heart of
a swell kid by the name of Kenneth
Smith."

"Oh—" She sagged weakly against the
desk. Then she said bitterly, "Is this your
idea of humor—bringing me back
here just to tell me that?"

His smile faded. "No," he said earn-
estly, "I'm not trying to be funny. I
think it's serious—serious for both of
you. Ken told me the whole story, and
I'd like to see both you kids have the
chance you didn't—or I won't put you to a lot of trouble, Dorothy; I
only want you to give Ken a chance
to explain. I promise you that things
do work out, and then you have a ticket back to Minneapolis—"

There was a commotion in the outer
office, and several things happened at
once. The door swung open, and Ken
burst in, bringing the policeman at
his heels. Ken's fist described a short,
swift arc, landed neatly on Tom's jaw,
sent him reeling back against the desk.
"Ken, don't!—" Dorothy screamed, and
then the policeman had pinned Ken's
arms.

Ken stared at her, too astonished to
struggle. "Dorothy! I thought you were
in jail! I mean, she said she'd had you
arrested—"

Dorothy tried to speak and couldn't.
The last few seconds had put the cap
on the whole crazy, heart-breaking day.

INSTANTLY...

make YOUR lips more thrilling

Here is the most important charm
discovery since the beginning of beauty.
A "lipsstick," at last, that isn't greasy
—that actually can't smear—that
really won't rub off—and that will keep your
lips deliciously soft, smooth and lovely.
It isn't a "lipsstick" at all. It's a liquid,
in the most exciting tones of red ever
created. It's so permanent. Put it on at
dusk—it stays till dawn or longer.
Regular size bottle that lasts a long,
long time is only $1 at all stores. Or,

SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

Check shades wanted:

□ English Tint—new glairification for blondes,
or with platinum or gray hair.

□ Scarlet—devastating on girls with brown hair,
hazel eyes, fair skin.

□ Parisian—spectacular for red heads, and for Irish type
—dark hair, blue eyes.

□ Regal—real excitement for girls with dark hair,
brown eyes, medium skin.

□ Gypsy—does wonders for dark-haired, dark-eyed
charmers with olive skin.

□ Gay Plum—enchanted to wear with flesh, orchid,
or purple costumes.

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Can't smear! Won't rub off!

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ACT I: Back Home to Mother

Mary expected sympathy from her mother when she left Joe after that last big quarrel. But what she got was better—good, sensible advice! “Of course you know about feminine hygiene,” her mother told her, “But listen to me, dear... now-and-then care isn’t enough. A wife shouldn’t risk her marriage happiness by being careless even once!” She advised Mary to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

Every nerve was strung tight, and she was still shaking from the sickening crack of the blow. She opened her lips and closed them again, wordlessly.

It was Tom who spoke—Tom, miraculously still on his feet, even smiling a little, ruefully. “It’s all right, officer,” he said. “Let the boy go. And—thanks a lot. You’ve done me a big favor.” He turned to Ken as the policeman released him and went out. “Who told you I’d had her arrested?”

“The old lady—Mrs. Reed,” Ken spoke dazedly. He was still staring at Dorothy. “I went out there after I left you at the bus station—”

“Went out to Annie’s! Why? We’ve been trying every bar in town—”

“I don’t know why. To talk to the dog, I guess.”

Perhaps it was funny, but Tom didn’t smile. Dorothy didn’t smile, either. Suddenly, she had had just too much. She was going to cry, or she was going to collapse, or she was going to have hysterics... She turned on her heel and walked out.

Somehow she made the wrong turn, somehow she found herself in the corner of the building, where the band was playing and couples were dancing and waiters were hurrying back and forth. She couldn’t turn back without running into Ken. There was a door across the floor; it might lead outside...

Ken caught up with her at the edge of the dance floor. His hand closed over her arm, halting her. “Dorothy—!”

She dared not look at him. “What?”

“Dorothy—you forgot your handbag.”

She looked down at the bag. “Oh—yes. Thank you.” And then, “Let me go.”

“Dot, you’ve got to listen—” He was pleading; then his voice changed suddenly to an excited whisper. “Dot, look! Isn’t that your couple—you know, the woman we saw this morning and the Cartwright man we saw with those two girls—?”

A dozen feet away, in the aisle between the tables, stood the man they’d seen this morning with the two very young girls. He was still red of face, still perspiring, and he was still, obviously, trying to explain himself—this time to a woman of his own age who sat alone at a table for two. It was at the woman Dorothy looked longest. She was, undeniably, the drab-looking woman who had won the make-up kit this morning, who had spoken so touchingly, so trustfully, of her husband. But she wasn’t drab any longer. She had new and becoming clothes; her hair was waved beautifully, youthfully, and a little made-up had given character to her face, enhanced her really pretty features. She had confidence now, too, in her clothes, in her new loneliness, in herself. Her face, as she listened to her husband, was self-possessed and a little disdainful and a little teasing.

Dorothy gasped and forgot about her. “My God! It is!” she cried. “You see, Ken, I was right—and you laughed at me for building stories about people—”

She stopped. Ken was looking down at her gravely, and the expression in his eyes brought the smile to her face, set her heart to beating unevenly, pounding out a love song.

“I was right about something, too,” he said. “About us. We need each other, Dorothy. Won’t you give me a chance to prove it?”

Dorothy couldn’t find words to tell him. She could only nod. But even that was enough.

ACT II: Love is a Wonderful Thing!

Joe and Mary, together again—and now their love is even more beautiful than at first! Yes, Mother certainly knew best. Since Mary started using Lysol always in the douche, she knows for herself how thoroughly this proved germ-killer cleanses. Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. Really does the job... easily and inexpensively, too.

Check these facts with your doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of every woman. So, douche thoroughly with correct Lysol solution... always! Powerful cleanser—Lysol’s great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. Proved germ-killer—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control... far more dependable than homemade solutions. Non-irritating—Lysol douching solution is non-irritating, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. Cleary odor—disappears after use; deodorizes. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (For FREE feminine hygiene booklet, write John & Pitkin, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.)

For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol always!
All My Dreams  
(Continued from page 47)

and down from the table a dozen times. Julia watched her, frowning. "Don't rush so, darling—you'll tire yourself!" Linda forced herself to smile. "I'll be all right, Julia. Don't worry about me."

"But I do worry about you, Linda," Julia insisted. "You've always been the most important person in my life."

"Always been," Linda remembered that all day. Always been—that's what Julia had said. But what she had neglected to say, Linda thought, was "Always been—up to now."

That day for the first time in months Linda didn't turn the radio on for Girl of Today. She couldn't bring herself to listen to Brent Carlton's love-making—the words of endearment coming to her in that voice so like John's. "I must be terribly, terribly selfish," she told herself, "not to be happy for Julia, after I've prayed that love would come to her."

She sat on the davenport during the long afternoon—sat with her head in her hands. "Don't I want Julia to be happy?" she asked herself over and over again. And, always, she got the same answer, "Yes—but I love John, too—love him so much, so much!" The day wore wearily on.

THAT night when Julia and Linda ate dinner in the little blue-papered dining-room, they didn't chatter about radio and the neighborhood news the way they usually did. They ate in almost complete silence—a silence uneasy with waiting. And when the telephone call came, they both started up—as if the brrring were the signal for which they had been waiting.

Linda sat back in her chair when Julia went to the phone, and listened helplessly to the conversation—Julia's words answering John's. Before Julia hung up Linda knew that tonight Julia was going out with John—alone.

Julia's voice was half-apologetic as she explained John's call, but she could not completely keep down the excitement she felt.

"Linda, darling—John says it's such a beautiful night he'd like to take a long walk along the river. You don't mind, do you? You ought to get to bed early, anyway—you seem tired to me."

Linda had finished the dishes and was upstairs in her room when John came, so she didn't have to watch them go out together. But what she couldn't see, she imagined, as she lay tossing for the second night in her darkened room.

"I'll go out of my mind if I have to keep on watching them," she told herself, and she cried futile tears of despondency. "Some way I've got to get away—some place I've got to find a job."

The next morning Linda awakened early again, and so did Julia.

"I have a washing to do in the basement before I go to work," Julia explained. "I want to get it out of the way."

"She doesn't want to talk to me—she's nervous, too," Linda told herself. "That's why she's going downstairs—away from me."

Julia came upstairs just before it was time for her to leave the house for work. She drank orange juice, coffee, and ate toast hurriedly, and then rushed out the door.

But just before she left, she looked back at Linda and said, "I have some-
"One Rose, by those Fair Fingers cull'd, were worth a hundred kisses"—Tennyson

Nice going, Mr. T.... but can fingers stay "fair" and make with the mop?

It can be done! Yes... in spite of scrubbing floors... scouring... cooking... all the hard housework in the world... Pacquins Hand Cream still helps keep hands adorably soft and smooth. Use Pacquins regularly for whiter, smoother-looking hands.

Ask your doctor or his nurse about keeping hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 soapy-water scrubbings a day. Pacquins was originally formulated for their professional use... and their hands get really hard treatment! Pacquins is super-rich with humectant, an ingredient that helps parched, roughened skin feel softer, more supple. Pacquins is pleasant to use too. Snow white... not greasy!

Pacquins
HAND CREAM
Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE
"Julia asked me not to discuss it with you just yet," John admitted, "but I think that I want to. Linda, I have to. Please listen."

"Not now. Especially if Julia doesn’t want you to."

"Julia would understand. I’ve told her how I feel," he insisted. Linda’s hand made a faint disord. "I know. It’s written in her face."

John frowned. "She’s terribly anxious about you and your happiness."

"She won’t have to worry about me very much longer. Some way, I’ll find a way to do all the things I want to do." Linda’s voice broke in spite of her efforts.

John started toward her and there was pity in his face—pity and tenderness. She was ashamed that she had let him feel the weakness in her—a weakness which he did not know in himself even with a handicap far more serious than any of her troubles.

And just then Julia came in. She stood for a minute in the doorway, looking at them. Her strange, closed-in mood of this morning was gone. She was smiling and gay, and she said, "Hi," as she walked toward them.

Taking the groceries out of Julia’s arms Linda started for the kitchen so that the other two could be alone, together.

"You’ll stay for dinner with us, won’t you, John?" she said over her shoulder.

"Not tonight, Linda, thanks," he answered, turning his face toward her voice, "I have a lot of things to do at home."

Linda didn’t come back to them until she heard them walk into the hall to the front door. When she went in to say goodbye to John, he and Julia didn’t see her. They were talking intently. And when she approached them, she heard John say, "Then you’ll see Dr. Phillips about her right this week?"

Julia started to speak, then saw Linda and interrupted their conversation abruptly. But Linda understood everything now. "They are wondering whether or not I’ll always be dependent," she thought. "Dr. Phillips will be able to tell them."

At dinner, Julia was gay. For a little while she managed to recapture the happiness of their other dinners, before John had come into their lives. They talked of the radio station and the veterans’ program which had introduced them to John, and had been responsible for much help for the veterans from the town. "But Mr. Palmer’s almost crazy worrying about that veterans’ program now," Julia said, unhappily.

"Why? What’s the matter?" Linda asked. "It’s done such good—"

"He said today, he wished he’d never put it on the air," Julia said. She added thoughtfully, "If he hadn’t, we’d never have known John."

Both girls were silent, considering that strange possibility and the queer way lives have of getting tangled.

"Without John neither of us would have known brilliant happiness or hurting sadness," Linda thought. "I’m glad he’s part of our lives—even if it hurts me to know him only as Julia’s sweetheart. What if I had never written that first note to him? I never would have known love except the second-hand kind you get from reading stories and listening to radio serials."

But these were private thoughts. Aloud, she asked again, "Why is Mr. Palmer worried about that program?"
"Two's better 'n One!—here's what we mean—"

**MENNE**

Also, be sure to use MENNE ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby’s skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.

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MAIL ORDERS

Write for booklet!
to be kind and let me talk with him as much as possible. I've got to make myself talk to him sometimes," she thought, as she picked up the receiver. "I can't get away from it."

And then his voice was coming to her and his image was in her heart.

"Hello, Linda. I tried to get by to see you today, but I got tied up down at the shop. Can I stop by tonight?"

"Just a minute and I'll let you talk to Julia," Linda evaded.

John laughed. "I'm quite sure Julia will approve."

"Then, of course—do come," Linda urged.

Afterward, Linda said to Julia, "That was John. He's coming to see you tonight."

"I'll have to get used to this," she told herself. "I'll have to know that I'll see them together—that they belong to each other—that I'm outside the circle. I might as well begin doing that tonight."

Julia led the conversation that night. She was gay, vivacious, charming, as she described to John the new program which Linda had suggested and which would be broadcast the next night.

"It's a marvelous idea, Linda," John congratulated her. "Not only the veterans who were afraid of life—a lot of civilians are, too. Forgetting, as always, that he couldn't see her, Linda turned away.

"He's thinking of me," she told herself. "He's sorry for me and annoyed that I don't show more push."

It was at that moment that she got the idea of sending her own personal problems into the radio program. She knew, of course, that Julia would see her letter—would know who the girl was who needed help—but at least the blow would be struck. They would all be through with little games and secrets. And there was the possibility that someone listening in might have the answer that she needed.

She excused herself, impatient to act on the sudden thought. But when she said that she was going to bed, John turned his face toward her curiously, and Julia frowned.

"But, dear," Julia said, "we have a guest. Aren't you feeling well?"

"Not very," Linda apologized. "I have a headache and I can't be much fun. I'll go sleep it off." She tried to keep her voice light—gay.

John said, "Goodnight, Linda. If I stop by tomorrow, will you play for me?"

"Tomorrow we have that appointment, John," Julia interrupted quickly. "Don't you remember?"

And John said, as quickly, "Oh, that's right. Perhaps the next day, Linda?"

Uptairs, Linda sat down at the little painted table she used for a desk and composed a letter to the Employment Program for Handicapped Persons.

"Dear Counselor:

Perhaps one of your listeners will have the answer I need. Because of ill health, I have been dependent on my sister for many years. Now my sister is in love with the most wonderful man in the world, and they will be married soon. She is right for him, because he is handicapped, too. And she will care for him and help him through life. Though I know they are right for each other, for personal reasons I find that I cannot live in the same home with them.

But what can I do—where can I go? I have had no training which could equip me to earn my own living. I play the piano a little and take care of our

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small home and I do a little sewing—but that's all. So how can I make enough money to support myself? But, still, how can I live here—when I feel the way I do?
Perhaps you can answer my problem—I do hope so.
That night Linda did not wake. She slept soundly. Just by writing the note to Dr. Phillips—simply by pouring out her heart to another person—she was relieved. She no longer felt that the solving of this problem was her entire responsibility. Someone else would find a reason for her.
The next morning at breakfast Julia asked her gently, "Linda, why did you go to bed so early last night?" "I was dreadfully tired," Linda explained.
"I'm afraid John will think you're rude if you do that often. I'm sure John understands that I'm—not well," Linda said slowly.
"Lately, John and I both have dared to hope that you were getting better—lots better," Julia suggested. "In fact, Linda, I've been planning to talk to Dr. Phillips about you—to see if you could live a normal life.
"She knows that I love John and that I can't live with them," Linda told herself. "Sis-ter knows each other's very things. She knows.
But then Julia said something so shocking—so startling—Linda thought that Linda forgot any other thing in the world. She said, "I have gone to talk Dr. Phillips if you can marry." The word marry dropped between them and hung suspended.
"Marry?" Linda was incredulous. "Julia, you know I'll never marry.
"You're sweet, Linda—and very prettily and awfully nice," Julia said. "Why shouldn't love come to you, as it comes to every woman?"
Linda shook her head. "No, Julia," she answered, "I will never marry—but I can be independent. I know that can and it's what's important."
"Independent? Why, Linda, aren't you happy this way?"
Linda began to cry, and this time she was not crying because Julia said, not because they both loved the same man—but because Julia seemed bent on reminding Linda of her weak, dependent condition—of perpetually her compl-
She hurried from the room and up the stairs, and threw herself on her bed, sobbing wildly. "Linda, she thought, "is the only person I'd ever trust to understand me, and now she's going to hurt me—"
Her words infuriated Linda. Julia was being protective and kind and helpful—and a little bit pitying. And Linda hated this attitude more than ever before because it reminded her of

her own helplessness. She stopped crying and got up and went into the bath-
room. "Please go to work, Julia," she choked. "Please. I can't talk any more now.
But as she listened to Julia's footsteps slowly descend the stairs and heard her open the door and go out, she knew that Julia should be happier now than ever before and that she, Linda—the sister whom Julia had lovingly helped, supported, for so many years— was standing in her way and making her miserable.
That day Linda didn't think so much about John—she thought about Julia. And in an hour, she was calling her at the station to apologize.
But Julia wasn't there.
"She went out with a friend," the swain said. "I'm sorry, Linda. And Linda knew that Julia and John were together.
In an hour Julia called her. Her voice was warm and kind, no hint of this morning's emotion in the words she spoke.
"Darling—I have to stay down for dinner tonight. Mr. Palmer is swamped with mail for that new show.
"Tonight she'll see that letter—or hear about it," Linda thought. "I'm glad she'll know, but I don't care. It will be in the open.
"I'm just here this afternoon," Julia continued. "and he's going to have dinner with you. I told him to go out because I can't be there.
"But—Julia," Linda objected.
"Why, I thought you'd like it! I can't be there, and she didn't have a chance to call you until now—and I know you haven't dinner ready for two."
"But I'm tired, Julia," Linda said.
"How to handle parents"
by BING CROSBY

"Parents are positively people. Remember, they have a lot of problems. When Dad hides your lipstick, or Mom insists you take sad sack Elsie to the Prom, don't pout . . . speak out. Give 'em the benefit of the doubt . . . they want to understand.

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in her life, to make it come out right.

"In the first place she must face the fact that she herself is in love with the handicapped friend. And she must also know that she is right for him—much more right for him than is the helpful, older sister. That girl would give him a handicap forever. The dependent girl who loves him and believes in him will give him confidence and purpose.

"Because she has been the breadwinner for a long time, the older sister probably will believe at first that she is the right one for the veteran—that she can care for him, too. But as she sees him grow stronger and happier in the company of the less aggressive sister, she will realize her mistake. And then she will go out and leave them alone. And perhaps this older sister will be better adjusted if she thinks of herself, for a change—if she sees her own happiness."

"My advice to this letter-writer is—face the fact that you love this man and that you are right for him. Then seek your own happiness and—take the love that is coming to you now."

THAT was all—Julia had finished.

Linda sat very still thinking of Julia's advice—not daring to look at John. John got up and switched off the radio. And he bent down and kissed Linda—kissed her long and gently as if she were something precious entrusted to his care.

"But, John," Linda asked uncertainly, "aren't you in love with Julia? Isn't it Julia whom you want to marry?"

John pulled his chair around until it faced Linda's. Taking her small hands in his large ones he stroked them very gently as he told her what he had been trying to tell her for days. "I admire Julia tremendously. I have from the first. But, Linda, darling, it's you I love."

Linda thought of the rights of suffering—her days of pain.

"Oh, John, I've been so miserable."

"The night after the concert when Julia and I went out alone, I told her that I loved you. I told you, Linda. And she was afraid that you were not strong enough for marriage. I thought she might be right. I was—afraid. But, Linda, this afternoon Julia and I went to see Dr. Phillips. Linda sat up, tense, "What did he say?"

"He talked to us for a long time. He scolded Julia a little for keeping you more dependent than you should have been."

"Julia's always been perfect," Linda corrected warmly. "Julia's a natural mother," John said. "And sometime she'll have children of her own to care for. But, Linda, darling, you're a woman—a grown woman—entitled to your own happiness. The doctor said that you would have to take it easy always, but that if you were careful, you could live a good, full life."

Tears welled up in Linda's eyes, but this time they were tears of joy, not pain. "John, darling," she said softly, clinging to his fingers, "I love you so."

"I promised Julia that I would be very careful of you—that I would take care of you always. I'll help you, my darling."

"I know," Linda said, "and perhaps in little ways I can help you, too."

John drew her to her feet and enclosed her gently, warmly, in the arms whose touch she had so longed for, and that now were rightfully around her slim frail body. But she didn't feel frail now. She felt soaring and—safe, forever.
up at last, defeated. Her face was white and haggard when she said, “I tell you, Carol, you’re making a mockery of Larry’s memory. I’ve tried to be generous and tolerant, but no mother could stand for what you’re doing to my son. I don’t ever want to see or hear of you again.”

At the door of the apartment she turned, hoping Carol would call after her, break that terrible, stony silence. But Carol was still sitting where she’d left her, her shoulders hunched, her head bent, the thumb of her right hand slowly rubbing the third finger of her left—where there was no longer a wedding ring.

The truth was, of course, that Carol was sick—not in her body, but in her mind. Sometime during her collapse after the news came of Larry’s death, it had happened. She had faced the reality of her loss, and found it so tragic that instinctively her mind had turned away. The Carol who had been Larry’s wife was gone now. She had retreated into some hidden inner chamber of her heart, and had quietly shut the door on the truth. Her refusal to mention Larry’s name, her hiding of his picture and letters, her naked wedding-ring finger—all these were a piece with the way she was living. For her, Larry had never existed. He was only a name.

Hester’s accusations had been like brutal assaults on the locked door of her mind, and she had cowered behind it, afraid that it would fly open and let in the blinding light of reality. But it had held. Hester was not the one who was strong enough to break it down.

AFTER that quarrel, if Hester met Carol on the street she looked the other way; and Peter Black, who was a kind-hearted man, but pretty much under Hester’s thumb, followed her lead. So did some other folks in Littleton, but if Carol noticed or minded she never showed it.

Larry had been dead a year, and the war was over, when Carol met Jim Freebairn. She was taking her vacation at a summer hotel in the mountains where he was staying too, and they went swimming and riding and boating and dancing together. Jim was as unlike Larry as could be. Larry had been slight and not very tall, with a gentle, sensitive face, but Jim was a six-footer and a little more, a solid hundred and ninety pounds of bone and muscle and rough good looks. He’d been a tank commander in the war, and now he was going into business in Metropole, and in his straightforward way he fell in love with Carol the minute he saw her.

With all his bigness, he had brains, too, and a kind of intuition, and it didn’t take him long to realize that Carol had been badly hurt, and was keeping the hurt a secret.

“If you’re not listening,” he said one day while they were on the beach, interrupting a story he’d been telling about his combat experiences.

Carol turned her head quickly, and he knew she was blinded, although she said in a light voice, “Wasn’t I? Maybe not.”

“Don’t you like to hear about the war?”

“No—not very much.” She dug one finger into the sand, making a hole, filling it in, gouging it out again.

“Did you have somebody—somebody you cared for—in it?” Jim asked.

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directly. He never was one to beat about the bush."

"I?" Carol shook her head. "Oh, no!"

But he didn't believe her. He went on prying, asking innocent-seeming questions about Littleton and her life there, and he noticed a curious thing. She would talk about things that had happened to her up to the time she graduated from high school, and she would talk about the year just past, but in between there was a blank, as if she'd lived or studied. He didn't get the impression that she was trying to evade his questions—just that she honestly had nothing to tell. But that, he told himself irritably, was folly. Those were three of the most interesting years of a girl's life, and must have contained dozens of important events.

"THERE aren't many enterprising men in Littleton, I guess," he remarked once. "Either that or you're mighty hard to please."

Carol laughed at the compliment, but she didn't volunteer any information.

He puzzled over the problem, but finally he decided that whatever had happened to Carol in the past, it didn't matter to him. He loved her, and he had decided to marry her if she'd have him.

They dined late on the last Friday night of Carol's two-weeks vacation, and when the band stopped playing they walked out onto the pier that jutted into the mountain lake. "If we keep going after we get to the end of the pier," Carol said, "we'll be walking on a path of silver straight to the moon."

"Shall we try?" Jim asked, and he picked her up in his strong arms and swung her, laughing, out over the water. She was wearing a long white dress, and it glowed in the moonlight, making her seem unearthly and ethereal. In truth, she used to think it was warm and alive, with a satisfying weight, and he set her down on her feet again and held her close and kissed her.

He heard her breath catch in panic, and then she took both his hands against his chest, pushing herself away from him while she stared up into his face. In the pale white light he saw that she was terrified.

"Darling," he said, "don't be afraid. I love you, Carol. I want to marry you. And because he knew that for some reason she needed his words, he declared, "I'm tenderness willed up and he tried to pull her back, into the shelter of his strength. It was the only way he knew of comforting her.

"No!" Carol's voice sounded as if it had been trapped in her throat. "No, Jim! You mustn't—I won't let you. Let me go!"

"But Carol—" Poor Jim, completely confused, still held onto her, trying to find some way of making her understand the love in his heart.

She wrenched herself back and forth in his grasp. Suddenly wild with hysteria, she was stronger than Jim had thought possible, and he was afraid her struggles would topple them both into the water. He pulled her away from the edge of the pier and released her. Without a word, she turned and ran back along the pier and up the stairs to the hotel while Jim stood and watched her go.

"Carol—" he called, and took a step after her. But then he stopped, frowning thoughtfully. It wouldn't do any good to try to talk to her now. In the morning they would both be saner, and he could find out what was really troubling her.

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In the morning, when Jim got up, Carol had already gone, a day before she'd planned.

Jim's kiss had brought her back to reality. With the shattering force of an explosion, it had swept aside all the comforting mists that had hung between her and comprehension of Larry's death. In some strange way, she had felt not only Jim's lips on hers, but Larry's too; not only Jim's arms holding her, but Larry's. The numbness of the past year was gone in a flash. It seemed as if all the agony of grief which might have been distributed over twelve months of days and nights was being concentrated instead into the few seconds before she was able to tear herself loose and run away.

She got back to her room and locked herself in, panting. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and hardly recognized what she saw. But she had escaped. Already the mists were closing in again, already her mind was scuttling back to its secure refuge where it could hide from the truth. If she could just get away, avoid seeing Jim again.

With shaking hands, she tossed clothes any old way into her suitcases. She didn't even stop to change her dress, but threw a light coat over her shoulders and went downstairs.

"Is there a car I can hire to take me to the railroad station tonight?" she asked the clerk at the desk. "And do you know if I can catch a train there for Metropole?"

The clerk, curious but polite, got the car for her and looked up a train in the timetable. She caught it, after waiting an hour at the deserted village station, and the next afternoon she was back in Littleton.

But now even Littleton seemed full of lurking dangers. Each street, every

One of radio's busiest voices in that of Ken Niles. Among the many announcing chores on his regular schedule is the Beulah Show, and he and Marlin Hurt, who is Beulah "herself" often manage to steal time enough for a trout-fishing weekend. The program is heard on Sundays, 8 P.M., EST, on Columbia.
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SHE started toward the door of the apartment. It was Saturday afternoon, but Mr. Haskell, the manager of the Jacksonville telephone office, might still be downtown, and she could talk to him about the transfer. She laid her hand on the knob, and at that instant the doorbell rang. That would be better, she’d like that. She’d sell the car, too—or perhaps it would be better to take it with her. That was something she would have to decide.

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house, held the threat of those memories which had burned their way into her emotions in the seconds after Jim Freebairn had kissed her. "I can’t stay... I can’t stay," she whispered to herself, standing in the middle of her apartment and turning her head from side to side, as if afraid that at any moment something horrible might spring on her from the shadows in the corners of the room. "I’ve got to go," she said, and didn’t know she was talking to herself.

In a panic of hurry, she began making incoherent plans. She didn’t have much money, but she could sublet the apartment and sell the furniture—and maybe the telephone company would let her transfer to another town—or to somewhere the city—though it would be better, she’d like that. She’d sell the car, too—or perhaps it would be better to take it with her. That was something she would have to decide.

* * * * *
of the Black's old-fashioned white house. Hester herself opened the door.

"Good afternoon," Jim said, smiling.

"Mrs. Black?"

"Yes."

"I'm Jim Freebairn, a friend of Carol's."

Hester's eyes went cold and wary, and she made a move to close the door.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but that is no recommendation to me. My daughter-in-law and I are not on good terms."

"Oh—I don't know that," Jim said quickly. "Couldn't you tell me why? You see," he rushed on before she could answer, "I met Carol two weeks ago, at the start of her vacation. We got to be very good friends. I'll be frank with you—I'm in love with her. But she won't marry me. In fact," and he grinned ruefully, "she ran away when I proposed to her. The idea seemed to frighten her."

Hester, who had listened at first with anger, stared at him in surprise. "She—ran away?" she repeated.

"Yes. And I've come to you to find out why, if I can. I didn't even know she had been married."

Hester's lips hardened. "No—she wouldn't be likely to tell you!" She held the door open. "Come in," she said.

So, in Hester's big, gloomy living-room, under the eyes of the photographer of Larry that stood on the piano, Jim heard the whole story, or Hester's side of it. And, hearing her side, he guessed Carol's.

"But it wasn't because she didn't love your son," he said to Hester's bitterness. "Don't you see, Mrs. Black? The fact that she ran away when I asked her to marry me proves that.

She didn't just refuse—she ran away, and was terrified. And I knew all along, from the minute I began to get interested in her, that she had some secret—some trouble." He spread his big, muscular hands. "It's hard to explain—it was something I couldn't help sensing. Maybe because I loved her."

Hester, sitting upright in her chair, looked at himsearchingly. Her enmity for Carol, she realized suddenly, was a burden. She would be glad to lay it down. If only there were some way she could be certain that Carol was not after all, shallow and heartless—

"I don't know," she said wearily. "Perhaps I've misjudged her. I'd like to think so. It would make—losing Larry—a little easier."

"I'm certain you've misjudged her," Jim said earnestly. "And I think I can prove it."

His eyes strayed to Larry's photograph—as if it were a third party to their conversation. "Tell me this, though," he asked. "If I can help Carol, and after that, if I can persuade her to marry me—would you hold that against her?"

Hester took a deep breath. "No," she said. "If I've been wrong about her—I'd want her to be happy. And I think she might be, with you."

"Thank you," Jim said with simple sincerity. "Now, there's one favor I'll have to ask of you—"

When he rang the bell of Carol's apartment, there was no answer. Yet, somehow, he knew that he would find her on the other side of the panel of blank wood, listening and waiting in agonized suspense. He rang again—and then glancing down, he saw that she had left the key in the lock when she entered, and without hesitation he turned it and pushed the door open with one hand, keeping the other behind him.

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Carol shrank back. "Go away," she whispered. "Please go away. Don't try to see me. Oh, please!"

He closed the door behind him with a foot. "Carol," he said. "Don't be afraid. I've come to help you."

"You can't help me," she sobbed, backing up a step at a time as he advanced, holding out her hands with their palms toward him. "You can only hurt—"

"I'll hurt you first," he said soberly. "I'll have to, to help you. Carol, I know you've been married—I know your husband's name. It was Larry, Larry Black—"

"No!" she screamed. "Go away—I won't listen!" Like a pathetic child, she covered her ears.

"And this—" He brought it from behind his back, where he had been holding it. "This is his picture. Carol. I borrowed it from his mother to show to you. I want you to look at it."

With a little wounded cry, Carol turned and ran through the livingroom, into her bedroom. But before she could slam the door shut he was at her side, following her, catching both her hands with his one free one, holding her so that no matter how she turned and struggled, the photograph was always before her face. "You've got to look at him, Carol. You've got to realize—you can't shut him away. He was your husband, and you loved him." Jim's voice, deep and strong and sure, filled the room. "But he's dead now, Carol. He was killed in the war. You must realize that, you mustn't try to hide. You'll have to face your grief, and conquer it—for your own sake, and for mine too.

He pried open her clenched fingers. "Here—take his picture. Hold it, and look at it."

Suddenly quiet, Carol looked up into his eyes as he bent over her. Her own eyes were wide and staring, and again, they were almost black. She let him clamp her lax fingers around the edges of the frame, and then, as if it were being drawn by a power she couldn't fight, her head bent slowly until she was looking at the picture.

Time stopped for both of them, and there was nothing in the world but Larry's face—calm, smiling a little, seeming to be just on the point of moving, of speaking.

And little by little, the blankness went out of Carol's eyes—little by little, just as, in the same way, the ice must have been melting out of her heart, the numbness slowly losing its death-grip on her mind. Carol was waking up; Carol was coming alive again. It was a painful process, and all her being rebelled against it, but there was no stopping.

Carol gave a choked sob and fell across the bed, still holding the picture. Her slim body shook as she cried, giving way at last to the tempest of emotion that had been pent up for so many months. Jim waited until the worst was over, and then he picked her up and sat down in the nearest chair with her on his lap, murmuring to her and wiping away tears with his handkerchief. Dusk crept into the room, and at last Carol moved, lifting her head. "Thank you, Jim," she said. "I feel better now." She touched her disordered hair. "I must look a sight," she added with a shaky little laugh. "You look beautiful," Jim told her. "But if you went and washed your face you might look even more so."

She smiled mistily, and got off his lap. He went into the livingroom, and for the first time he realized how tired he was. But it was a good tiredness. He took a deep breath and lighted a cigarette. Carol came back after awhile her eyes still reddened, but with her hair combed and makeup applied. Jim wanted to take her in his arms again, but there was one more thing he had to do first.

"Would you like me to take you over to see Larry's mother?" he asked casually. "I told her we'd return her picture."

Carol said in a quiet voice, "Yes, I think that would be a good idea."

She pressed his hand as he stepped the car in front of Hester's house. "You needn't come," she said. "I'll go alone. Just—wait for me."

"I'll wait," Jim said, and watched her run lightly up the walk and into the house. Larry's photograph in her hand.

Well, they were married six months later, Jim and Carol, and it was a lovely wedding. I prefer church weddings as a general rule, but it was right that the ceremony was held in a house—in Hester's house, where Carol came down the stairs on the arm of Peter Black, who gave her her in marriage. She paused at the foot of the stairway, I remember, and for a second she looked past us all to the piano, where Larry's picture stood all alone. And then she went on, serene and beautiful, to the altar where Jim stood waiting for her.

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“And We Kissed”
(Continued from page 37)
a little. We thought the hum came from outside where a throng of townspeople who had got wind of our plans somehow had collected on the sidewalk. It was not until the ceremony was over that we realized that the balcony of the church was packed to overflowing with kids of all ages.

“I see why you dressed up for the occasion,” said Chet, who had worn his private uniform himself.

“Nonsense,” I replied, “for my public I wear shootin’ irons.”

For Chet I had worn Hattie Carne-gie’s quietest blue suit, with a heavy hat with veil of real Chantilly. I still have the spray of white bovardia I carried in my white prayer book. The bovardia is yellow now, and the fragrance has vanished. Looking back I wonder—could it really have been so many moons ago?

We had a five-day honeymoon at the Sherry Netherlands, courtesy of the U. S. Army. After that brief interlude we parted again, I to go back to Holly-wood, Chet to go to Ohio State University for training—a course in languages—for service with the A. M. G.

We didn’t see one another after that for over a year. In June I tried desper-ately to fly to Ohio to see him, and was put off six straight planes for lack of a priority. There was not enough time for a train trip across country, so we had to wait until November when Chet had a five-day furlough.

Five days more together—then long months apart. The pattern was getting too familiar to be funny. The next time I saw Chet was when Julietta, our Tweenie, was two days old. Chet came to see us at St. Joseph’s Hospital in the San Fernando Valley. I had picked because I liked the Disney characters on the walls of the nursery! He had just four days to admire his new daughter, with hair just as yellow and eyes just as blue as his own, before reporting to Camp Ritchie, Md., and boarding a transport heading overseas.

“Tell her her daddy is a master sergeant,” Chet said wistfully as he said goodbye. He was very proud of his new stripes.

“A master sergeant in Intelligence,” I amended his rating, trying to let him know I was proud too, but jokingly, so I wouldn’t cry.

What a world, I was thinking, to rip people apart when they need most to be together. What a heartless, selfish world to deny its young a chance to be young, and in love, in peace.

You get emotional when you’ve just had a baby, a little hysterical if you aren’t careful.

But we survived it. Peace has come-long overdue, but welcome at last. And we’re still young and God and Time willing, still in love.

That’s the thing we’re sure of, and that’s the thing we’re going to count on for all our lives. That—and the fact that, after all, we’ve got as much to build on as anyone our age.

Maybe there’s a chance yet that we can live like—well, like people.

Editor’s Note: Just as Radio Mirror went to press, we received word from Hollywood that Chet England is back home with his wife . . . happy ending, or rather happy beginning, for Judy Canada England.
kept on hurting. It was really a shock.

But by the time Pete had to race
to catch his ride back to his own base
across the Bay, I was laughing with him
and making plans to visit his Amy if
I ever got leave in Australia. I was
promising to write her a letter assuring
her of what a fine choice she'd made.

Pete said, "Sometimes I think, gosh,
I could have been a prize heel back home
and how would she know? She sure
married me on fancy!"

Here in the livingroom of my own
home, that memory washed over me.
But it wasn't my secret—it was Pete's
and Amy's. So I smiled at Mrs. Annis-
ton. "I'm afraid I'm still fancy free," I
said softly. "Pete and I were good
friends, that's all.

Doing my job, there on the other side
of the world, it hadn't occurred to me
to care what Bennetville would say,
when at last they did find out about
Pete's marriage. But now, as my
mother stared at me, and Katsy's eyes
became troubled, I suddenly realized.
Why, this town would think I'd been
jilted! And it wasn't like that.

WHEN the ladies had trooped out at
last, Katsy flung herself into a chair.
Her red-gold hair was tousled, and her
cheeks were flushed. "I'm beat. Poor
Jock. No use trying to explain.

"Jock can take care of himself!"
Mother said, almost angrily. "You're
not a slave, Katsy!"

Since I'd been home, I'd noticed that
Mother monopolized a great deal of
Katsy's time. It seemed to me too that
Mother was faintly hostile toward Jock
and his claims on Katsy. I remembered
suddenly how many times she'd say:
"Pooch, phone him and tell him you
won't be home! Spend the night, Katsy.
He'll be all right."

"I'll go home with you, Katsy," I
offered swiftly. "We'll fix supper to-
gether."

It was there, in Katsy's house, that I
met Neil Potter. Jock brought him
home from the plant, explaining. "He
came to town to advise us about stuff
we might make out of plastics. He's
got me so interested I dragged him home
to tell me the rest of it."

Neil Potter laughed. He was tall
and redheaded, with an engagingly homely
face and loose-fitting tweeds that
looked as though he'd slept in them. "I
could talk all night, and not begin to
scratch the surface. But right now I'm
hungry," he sniffed. "Is that food I
smell?"

"That's jungle stew," Katsy told him.
"Lellis made it. Was special."

"Were you in the jungle?" Neil de-
manded, staring at me. "How do you
like that? The government forces me
to sit home in a hot lab, slaving, and
then they take a kid like you!" His
eyes glowed. He kept looking down at
me, and the glow in his eyes became
little flaming pinpoints. "A girl like
you! They sent you to—what jungle?
Where?"

"New Guinea," I said meekly. "Hol-
landia, to be exact."

"The President shall hear of this!" he
shouted sonorously. "Unfair to scien-
tists!" He dropped down to the sofa
beside me. "Tell me more."

"There's nothing much to tell. I was
there and now I'm back."

"That part of it's good," he said
gravely. "Your being back. That part's
very good. Do you know, I didn't even
want to come out here talking about
plastics!" he pretended to shudder. "I
might have missed you. I'm not so good
at giving the pep talks. I'm a research
man."

KATSy said, "Mr. Potter, you give me
the distinct impression that you're
darned good at talking about whatever
you're talking about." She laughed, and
slipped her hand in mine. "Come along,
Lellis, let's get supper on the table."

It was a merry meal, with Neil gal-
antly passing me salt, mustard, ketchup,
sugar, in a sort of absentminded
idiocy. "I just like to give you things," he
said. "Bread! Butter! Emeralds!"

But for all his tomfoolery, Neil was
grate appDelegate, "What are you
going to do now?" he asked, as we
walked slowly home. "Back to the old
job?"

"I don't think I'll be able to," I
admitted. "It seems so—well, piffling."

"I imagine a lot of the men and girls
coming home feel that. What would
you like to do?"

"I don't quite know." But suddenly,
walking beside this tall man I'd only
known a few hours, I felt the surge
of a new conviction. "Yes, I do. I want
to get away from here! I—well, maybe
they don't understand. But they're so—"
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oh, concerned for me. As if I were still a child. Especially my mother." I rushed on, "It's as though she's afraid I've changed. Grown up. As though she's trying to hold me back, keep me still the little girl. Oh, maybe this sounds queer to you.

"No," Neil said. "It doesn't sound queer." He took a pipe out of his pocket and began tamping down the tobacco. In the flare of the match, his long face was grave.

All the bawling dissatisfactions that had plagued me in this short time I'd been home, rose now. I heard myself saying, "Maybe I'm not adjusted. Maybe the trouble is with me, not with them. But the girls I used to know are strangers to me. They're married, and there's nothing to talk about! No common interest. Even my sister—"

How dull and pointless her existence was! She lived from one day to the next, without purpose or plan. Mother phoned her, demanding her time, and Katya trotted over obediently, like a child. "I want something more!"

"You've been part of a tremendously important purpose," Neil said. "Anything less urgent is bound to seem—flat."

"But surely there must be work that will be worthwhile. Something to fill my mind, to be rewarding, to—oh, darn, something to amount to something!"

Neil Potter stopped walking. His hand was gentle on my elbow. On each side of this street, the lights shone warmly from the windows of little houses. "In this small town?" he asked.

"Then I'll leave it! I'll go to New York! I've learned how to live—I can't just stagnate!"

For the first time since I'd come home, I was alive, tingling with self-confidence. But at my door, Neil said, "Take things easy. Think it all over. Look—" as he leaned closer. "I wish I didn't have to leave in the morning!"

I wished he didn't have to, too.

"Write me," he urged. "Let me know how you're getting on. And maybe your sister and brother-in-law will ask me up for a week-end, soon."

It was ridiculous, to feel a pang of loss at the going of a man I hadn't known this morning. "I'll write," I promised.

Mother was waiting up. Fretfully, she asked, "What kept you so long?"

"A friend of Jock's was there. He brought me home. We—dawdled, I suppose."

"I was worried."

"I throttled the spurt of annoyance inside me. "I came home safely from much further places, Mother."

I started upstairs, but she said, "Lelis, Mr. Johnson at the bank asked me when you were coming in. I told him you'd see him tomorrow."

I turned on the step. "Thanks, Mother, but I don't—I'm not going to work there. Besides, some other girl has that job now and I—"

"Not going back?" Mother stared at me. "But Lelis—"

Maybe I should have led up to it more gradually. Maybe I should have prepared her. But I blurred, fiercely, "I couldn't go back to the insignificant nonsense of that bank, Mother! I've got to do something really important." I straightened. "As a matter of fact, I've decided to go to New York."

"New York?" Mother's soft, pink face crumpled into weeping. "Oh, Lelis, no! You're my baby, all I have left. I waited so long for you to come home!"

She began to tremble. "I won't let you. You can't!"

"But I've got to, Mother! Try to understand."

"We won't talk about it now. You don't really mean it. We'll discuss it in the morning." She seemed to think I'd gotten into the habit of always going somewhere, always having something happening, swift changes, that this was merely a kind of nervousness I'd get over. "Dilly feet, they called it when I was young," she murmured.

That shouldn't have irritated me, but it did. Fury seared me. "Mother, for Heaven's sake!" Then I clamped my lips tight. The more I talked, the more

One of Fibber McGee and Molly's infrequent appearances in New York always calls for a party and a gathering of any of the other radio zanies who happen to be in town. Fibber and Molly are heard Tuesday nights on NBC.
I checked it, but found that there was no radio communications work here. I wept, but Lelis, who was cradling the phone, said, "I'm sorry, Mother. There's no radio communications work here."

Weeping, she raced downstairs to the phone. I could hear her desperate anxiety as she wailed to Katsy, "Come right over, Lelis is leaving too! Oh, bring Jock! I don't know what to do with her!"

She came back upstairs. "Maybe you'd listen to our minister, Lelis. He's most understanding, and spok to the congregation about the problems of adjust—"

We both heard the sound of Katsy's car, then. She came in, her red-gold hair flying, her eyes troubled. "What's up? Oh, Lelis, can't you give yourself more time?" She tried to quiet Mother. To me she said, reasonably, "After all, you're not sure you'll actually get a job in New York more important than your old job in the bank."

"Of course I will! I'm a trained radio communications worker, Katsy, you know there's no single place for a radio worker in this town!" I thought of Neil Potter, who'd understood that immediately. I was oddy eager to see him again. But that was only a small part of my impatience to be gone.

Katsy managed to get Mother to go downstairs, and closed my bedroom door. She came to me slowly, her hands on my shoulders. "Look, honey. You've been places and done things, while I've stayed home. But I am older, and I—just listen to me. No, don't get angry. Try to be fair. You're feeling cramped now, Mother's possessive and I know how she—she hovers. But this is your life, at least until you marry. Mother's all alone." She bit her lip. "I'm not saying this right. Who am I to talk about duty? But Lelis, you have had freedom, and now you're back in a box. You want out! Mother smothers you. Only, darling, is that the right basis for leaving home, for hurting her so?"

Murderously calm, I went on with my packing, while Mother went downstairs. I refused to stop for lunch, and she came up, pleading. There was something cowed, frightened about her as she watched me. And then, in the afternoon, Jock came over to add his bit. "Sure, you're young up," he said. "Sure, you're your own boss. But you just want to take on the responsibility of being a daughter, just an ordinary girl in a peacetime world. All the courage isn't saved for war, Lelis. Think it over. What you're doing is not seeking out a larger field for responsibility, but dodging the one you've got here!"

I flashed at him. "To hear all of you, a person would think Mother was doddering, in short, and that I have a dozen children I'm abandoning, besides!"

But Jock did drive me to the station, where so short a time ago I'd left the train that brought me home. Katsy kissed me, whispering, "If things don't turn out the way you hope, Lelis, don't be proud. Wire me for money."

So I came to New York. After two weeks, I found a job with World Airways Communications. The huge building near the waterfront, with its sky-reaching steel towers and its complicated, ever-busy equipment sending and receiving messages from all over the earth, thrilled me. Though this was different from working in the sultry heat of New Guinea in a headquarters hut, it shared some of the same urgency and excitement. Most of the other girls were ex-Wacs or ex-Waves. I felt back where I belonged, among people I understood. Yes, I had done the right thing.

It was strange, then, to realize that Neil Potter didn't seem altogether sure I had. I had phoned him my second day in New York. He took me to dinner. "I'm surprised you came so soon! I mean, I knew you wanted to—but this is swift!" He buttered a roll. "Was it a shock to your mother?"

I'd remembered Neil as a laughing companion, not as this grave questioning man. A little uncertain, I said, "You practically advised me to come, didn't you?"

"Not quite. But I'm glad you're here." He reached for my hands across the table. "If you hadn't, I'd be spending most of my salary on train fare to see you!"

I reached in my heart. Oh, I wouldn't be lonely here. We'd have fun, Neil and I. All the future seemed rosy. Something to look forward to... something wonderful happening... peeped out at me from the road ahead.

After I got my job, Neil went with me looking for apartments. I couldn't stay in the hotel, but apartment hunting was almost hopeless. How we tramped! Evenings, promptly at five, he met me...
in the lobby of the Airways Building. I'd tuck my hand in the crook of his elbow. "I get lost, looking for the addresses in the ads in the papers, if there are any, I mean." Usually the only ones were horribly expensive, expensive sleeping places, or grimy little holes in dreadful neighborhoods Neil said I couldn't live in. We had fun, looking—but I didn't find an apartment until Neil's laboratory technician was transferred, and Neil asked her to give me the lease of her place. It was Neil who helped me hang my curtains. Neil who tagged auctions with me, looking for a comfortable chair, not too expensive, and a studio couch without a mountain range up its middle.

When did I first realize I was in love with Neil? It came so slowly, so naturally. Maybe it began the night we look-ed the Five and Ten on Third Avenue. We stumped home through the snow loaded down with kitchen wares in bulky bundles. The apartment was welcoming as we came in. Neil dumped his packages in the living room. "Not that you really need a combined potato masher and eggbeater. I should have bought that grapefruit corer and cucumber slicer instead." He tore open a package. "Oh, I did buy the corer."

"You went wild," I laughed. "You spent a fortune. I couldn't stop you." He'd been so crazy about his own home, thought with a new, lingering pang. He'd make shelves and paint cupboards, just as though he weren't a great research scientist. And 1, who'd never been domesticated, suddenly knew that I could be. With Neil!

In the grip of my thoughts, I was standing very still. Suddenly I felt his eyes on me. My thoughts seemed shapeless, and so real I was almost afraid he might have heard them. My breath caught, and a fierce blush burned across my cheeks. Neil took a step forward. My heart thudded. How close he was! Why, he—he was going to kiss me! I quailed, and made a flustered, silly sound. I blurted, pathetically, "Coffee?"

He sighed. "All right. Coffee." The moment was splintered.
For two suspenseful weeks I waited for such a moment to come again. "Fool!" I taunted myself. Next time, I'd let him kiss me. I loved him so! Then, on Sunday morning, he rang my bell very early. "How about a seven-course breakfast at Ninon's?"

The mailman had just left—a special delivery man, with a letter from Mother. It was long, rambling, full of reproaches. "I'm terribly lonely, darling. I miss you so. I was so sure that when my little girl came home, we'd be together. It's hard to admit you'd rather be alone in New York. I am not well. Katsy is taking me to the doctor next week."

Now I asked to lean my throbbing head on Neil's shoulder. I longed to whisper, "Why can't she let me alone, Neil?" Instead, I made a wry face, handing him the letter. "Complaints from home."

Neil held it for a moment, his eyes concerned. "Sure you want me to read it?"

"No secrets. Just a little gentle nagging. Well, maybe not so gentle."

"Darling, don't be bitter! It's natural that your mother should..."

He read the letter. His eyes were shadowed when he gave it back to me. "We might run up and visit her today, instead of the breakfast and the rest of it," he said.

"Oh, Neil! We'd be four hours on the train each way. Sunday was a precious stretch of time that only came once a week. In that moment, hating to give up today with him, I knew surely and for always that I loved Neil.

But did he love me? The gnawing doubt, the shaming not-sureness, the chills and uncertainties, began that day. Because while I laughed as I plowed through the snow in the park, while I talked of places we might go to ski, next week, Neil seemed only half-listening. Gradually, my flow of chatter stopped. When he took me home, I couldn't help asking, "What's wrong, Neil? You—today, somehow, you—"
changed." The sweet close feeling I'd always had with him had broken. There had been no approving little smiles for me, none of the almost-adoration in his eyes. Or had I only imagined those, all this time?

Neil didn't answer immediately. We were in the lobby of the house, and he drew me away from the elevator. "Would you care to run out to Bennetville next week, Lella?"

Anger touched me. "You don't have to remind me of my duty to Mother!" I cried. "I know! She just wants to make me miserable. What's wrong for me to live my own life?"

"One Sunday out of a life-time—" he began.

"If I went once, she'd expect me every single week!"

**TROUBLED,** he asked, "But you love your mother?"

"Yes, of course. Only—" only I loved him, too! I worked hard all week, and so did he. This was our time! Our time of joy and discovery, of our time that only comes once in a lifetime. If he loved me... Oh, I'd thought he did, before. When he'd almost kissed me. So often there'd been tenderness in his voice, in the touch of his fingers. Where had it fled? What had happened?

"It's getting late," he said tonelessly. "Better run up, Lelia."

Like an adult, taking to a baby, I didn't see that I was behaving childishly, and that Neil was too grown up to indulge a child in a tantrum.

After that, there was a barrier between us. Sitting at my machine in the long room where radio messages flew from far corners of the world to the narrow tape under my fingers, I kept seeing Neil's eyes. Didn't he love me? Was he only filling in time? Maybe I ought not see him again. Perhaps it would be better to make new friends, go out with other girls.

I was miserable, and afraid. Yet though Neil did not tell me he loved me, though he never spoke in the old tender way, he kept phoning me and taking me out.

Once I almost burst out, "Why do you bother, if you don't care?" It seemed something the he was watching me. Watching, like a cat at a mouselov. Watching for what?

I looked long into the mirror, as every morning. She wanted to assure herself she's not too bad. I saw my longlashed eyes, the dark cloud of hair, the way my face was creamy and oval. I wasn't a raving beauty, like Katsy. But I was pretty. Neil had thought me pretty the first time he ever saw me. Why, why didn't he say something? Maybe he didn't want to rush me. I tried to comfort myself with that. "Who wants to be sure." Now it was almost Spring. In April—by May, surely—Neil would ask me to marry him.

But May, on a warm, sweet night when I flung my windows wide and couldn't sleep for thinking of him, my bubble died. I snapped off the radio long after midnight, yet still lay wide-eyed, restless. When the doorbell pealed, I jumped.

Neil! I thought, reaching for my robe. He'd been at the theatre tonight. He had begun thinking, as I was thinking. Maybe he simply couldn't wait till morning...

My feet were light, racing to the door.

Only, when I flung it open, it wasn't at all. It was my sister Katsy, standing there, saying, "Why, Katsy! What's happened?"

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didn't you phone? It's so late—what is it? What's wrong?

"I only decided to come after dinner tonight—that's why I'm so late." Unseeingly, she walked into the little apartment. "Lelis—come home," she burst out. "I've thought and thought about coming to talk to you. Several times I just about made up my mind to come, and then I—well, I just didn't. I figured you had a right to do as you pleased. But tonight I made up my mind to come and talk to you, and I got on a train before I could change it again.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Mother—is she sick?" My heart turned over with a swift, sick fear. But Katsy shook her head. "Not sick, really. But she's—oh, Lelis, you should see her. You haven't any idea what a shock, a blow, your leaving was to her. She just doesn't seem to care, any more. And then Pete Angus came home, and—"

"Pete?" I'd almost forgotten him. But what did Pete Angus have to do with Mother?" I asked, "Did he bring Amy with him, and the baby?"

Katsy whirled, her eyes hot. "Then you knew! So the town was right—you ran away because you couldn't bear to be there when he came home!"

I turned on her in exasperation. "That's silly, Katsy, and you ought to know it! I've known Pete was married for two years. I wasn't even thinking about Pete when I left. Why—" My vehemence, the stunned incredulity in my face, convinced Katsy. She stopped her jerky pacing.

"But don't you see, Lelis, that's what's been worrying Mother. And those gabby-hens at the Friday Club keep condoling about your being jilted, and hashtag it over and over in that nasty way of theirs...

"Why don't they mind their own business, and—" My voice trailed off. Mother lived in Bennetville. They were her friends. Even though they were wrong, their ideas about Pete's marriage and the reasons that had driven me to New York were bound to affect her.

"Look," Katsy was saying rapidly, "Pete's wife isn't having too easy a time, either. The Friday Club women and the rest like them are making a fuss about it, too. They've made a caro so much, one way or the other, but it gives them something new to talk about. So they make a great show of parading their loyalty to you and to Mother, and poor Amy has to bear the brunt of it. Don't you see? Pete's mother gave a party for them, and of course the women turned out in a body—they couldn't miss a chance to look the girl from Australia over. You'd think Australia was on another planet, the way some of them talk. Well, any

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way—it didn’t make me proud—"

Her voice went on, and I sat very still, seeing it all vividly. Bennetville was like that. ""Fitted"" I wanted to laugh. ""When Pete told me, in New Guinea, I was glad for him. I wrote to Amy!"

Katsy shrugged. ""I know, I know—but how can you convince the gossips of that? It doesn’t help Amy a bit when she shops in the Supermarket, and everyone whispers. She has no friends. She hates America, Leslis, because of this. Pete’s bewildered—and mad! He talks about going to Australia to live."

""Oh, can’t they just accept Amy, and make her feel happy and at home, and forget the rest?"" I demanded angrily.

""If you’d been there,"" Katsy pointed out, ""maybe they would have. After all—it did look as if you’d run away. They think you’re sidy.{. She touched my arm. ""And tonight—well, Mother wasn’t feeling well. She’s had one cold after another all winter, and she’s coming down with another. You wouldn’t know her, she’s so thin. Anyway, Mother was feeling irritable anyway, the way she always is when she’s sick. And Pete came over to the house and brought his little boy. I don’t know what he said to touch Mother off—probably something she misinterpreted completely—but anyway she lost her head. She—she accused him of being unfair to you, driving you away from home—"

My throat was dry. ""How awful—how awful!"

Katsy’s fingers fiddled nervously with her purse, snapping and unsnapping the catch. ""I walked in and found them quarreling—or, rather, Mother was giving him an awful talking-to, and he was trying to soothe her. Finally she just sat down and cried until I thought she’d never stop. And—well, it was then I decided it was about time you knew how things were at home. So I caught the 8:30."

""Oh, Katsy, maybe I ought to go home!"

""What do you think I came here for?"" she asked flatly. ""Your place is home. It’s always been there, but you—"

""I'll phone Neil!"

""Neil?"" She glanced up at me quickly. ""You’ve been seeing him?"

""Yes, quite a lot."" I amended swiftly. ""We’re just friends."" Because Neil had been so careful to warn them with no word that might be binding, I had to make that clear. My hopes didn’t matter, nor my dreams. All that counted was how Neil felt, I explained. ""Some one will have to phone World Airways, you see, in the morning. If Neil tends to it, we—we can catch the first train. The milk train, isn’t it?"

When he answered his phone, Neil brushed aside my apologies for having waked him. ""I’ll be right over."

Katsy was in the bathroom when he came. ""She’s taking a shower. She’s griddy and worn out.”

I pulled myself together to tell him what had happened, calmly and sensibly. How he was dressed and upset and then, as I talked on, even though I knew he couldn’t possibly care what happened to me, I dissolved into tears. It was as though the solid strength of his nearness called out to me to unburden myself. ""Forgive me,"" I muttered, ""I’m being a sissy. But it’s so good to have someone to stopped, despising myself. He didn’t care! Always, always he’d been so careful never to say he cared.

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But now he said, "Don't hold it in, Lelis. It'll help you to cry it out." And then, queerly, his big hands were gentle on my shoulders. I understand," he was saying. "Your mother was bitterly hurt because she thought you loved Pete and had kept your heartbreak from her. Naturally, the whole town turned their resentment against the strange girl from Australia.

"The least I can do is show them all how wrong they are! Especially Mother. Katsy says she's sick." I began to sob again. "It's all my fault. I should have stayed here!"

His finger touched my chin. He tipped my head up, until my tear-wet eyes met his. "Lelis, do you feel responsible for having failed them? Do you? Do you see your mistake? Tell me, darling do you really want to go home? It'll be tough.""That doesn't matter. I've got to go. I must explain to Mother, take care of her. And I'll do everything I can for Pete and Amy. Oh, I know how to handle those gossipy tattles! I'll show them!" Now strength was flowing back into me, strength and will to battle for what I felt was right.

Neile's eyes began to glow, the way they'd shone in admiration that long ago night in Katsy's house. "Atta girl!" He grinned, and then astoundingly, he was saying, "Oh, darling, darling, I've been waiting for something to show me you aren't a flighty baby, but a grown woman!"

I didn't understand. I stood there, in the circle of his arms, and Neil's voice told me, "I'm a serious guy. Maybe too darn serious. But in my book, marriage is forever. I didn't want to make a mistake, Lelis. I didn't want to be in love with a shallow kid. I had to be certain that we weren't storing up misery, when we married. Sometimes I thought you were too restless, not quite adjusted to being home in a normal world now, after a war, and that scared me. I was waiting for something to tell you I'd gotten over it. Oh, Lelis, now it's happened! Your willingness to shoulder this burden, to work through the trial to make things right for your Mother and Pete and Amy,"

Happiness was a warm wave, drenching me. Happiness was a sweet wind, lifting me up.

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**MARCH RADIO MIRROR**

**ON SALE**

**Wednesday, February 13th**

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for March will go on sale Wednesday, February 13th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!
to me as if I were five years old and had no sense at all. "Whatever you think I ought to do doesn't make a great deal of difference," I said coldly.

"I know what I want—and I don't want to stay in Wynwood. I'd scrub floors to live in New York."

"For Pete's sake, why?" he demanded.

"Wynwood's a good town. It's got it over most cities in a lot of ways. You'd have to go far to find a view like this one—" and he waved his hand toward the river and the falls— "and if you'd studied your civics you'd know that it's got other things to offer, as good government and good schools. The trouble with you is you don't know what you want or what you're talking about. If you don't wake up and start appreciating the things around you, you'll turn it into one of those dissatisfied women who spend their whole lives wishing they were something they aren't—like Hank Marlowe's wife, for instance."

THAT was the last straw. It was bad enough to be talked to as if I were a child, but not and not being compared with fat Mrs. Marlowe, who was endlessly complaining, and whose house went uncared for while she spent all her time at the movies.

"Thanks," I said icily. "And now you've told me what you think of me, would you mind taking me home—"

"Bonnie, I didn't mean—"

"I don't care what you meant." I had to keep talking to keep from crying.

"And I don't care if I never see you again, either."

"Do you mean that?"

I didn't, of course. I knew that, even in the midst of my anger. But pride wouldn't let me back down. "Certainly I mean it."

Donald said nothing more. He started the car and drove me home, and left without so much as a good night.

I didn't expect his silence to last, but it did. He avoided me at school for the next couple of days, and the week-end I spent at home with Mother and Dad for the first several in many months. On Monday morning Lucille came up in the halls before classes began. "Whatever happened between you and Donald? I was asked. "Do you know that he's invited Peggy Nelson to the Class Day dance?"

I was stunned. The Class Day dance was little more than a week away, and although Donald hadn't actually asked me to it, I'd taken for granted that I was going with him, quarrel or no quarrel. When you went steady with a boy, he automatically took you everywhere, especially to official functions, like the school dances. "We had an argument," I said briefly.

Lucille looked at me curiously. "But that's mean!" she cried. "He knows it's too late for you to get any kind of a decent date. And what are you going to do the week after that, for the graduation dance?"

I shrugged, as if it didn't matter in the least. And I didn't, really, not after I'd lived through several days of not hearing from Donald, of having him go out of his way to avoid me. I'd gladly have skipped all the dances there were, if things had only been right between us again.

But it mattered to my friends. They talked of little else over the lunch table at noon, and over cokes after

A New Love Song
(Continued from page 30)
school, and I went home that night feeling that to be lacking a date for the Class Day dance was to face a major tragedy.

And then that night at dinner Mother asked, “Have you seen the evening paper, Bonnie? Someone you know is coming to town. Loren Lane is going to be at the State Theater next week, beginning Saturday.”

I ran for the paper, stared at it with unbelieving eyes. And for once neither Loren nor the prospect of seeing him in person mattered. All that counted at the moment was the fact that I saw a world out of the comfort of million miles at school. The next noon at the lunch table, when the inevitable subject of the dates came up, I said casually, “I don’t know that I’m going to make any dates for next week. Loren Lane will be in town—”

“I saw the ad!” Shirleyann cried. “I was going to tell you! Oh, Bonnie, do you think I can get—”

“I don’t know,” I said cautiously. “He might not even remember that I’m living here now.” So far as I knew Loren didn’t know that I’d ever left Hildale, and wouldn’t have cared if he had known.

“Write to him,” urged Lucille, “and tell him. Believe me, I would. Besides, you know what enjoyment it is!”

I said that perhaps I would, without any real intention of taking her advice. The more I thought about it, the less likely it seemed to me that Loren would pay any attention to a letter from Bonnie Phelps. Which of course made Lucille’s statement all the more valid—I couldn’t possibly lose anything by writing to him. And that night, perhaps because Donald didn’t call and because I had nothing better to do, I did write to him. I mentioned the rescue incident to remind him who I was, and I said simply that I was glad he was coming to Wynwood, so that I’d have a chance to see him in person.

On Friday there was a letter waiting for me when I came home from school. It was written on Loren’s personal stationery, and it was signed “Cordially, Loren Lane.” He remembered me very well, he said, and he was glad to know that I was in Wynwood. Would it be all right if he called me Saturday morning when he got into town, and if he was free, could we have dinner Saturday evening?

I couldn’t have been more astonished if the moon had fallen out of the sky and landed into my hands. I carried the letter to Mother. She read it, and smiled, and handed it back to me calmly. “That’s nice,” she said. “Don’t get your hopes up too high. I’m sure something could easily happen to spoil it. But it’s nice to know that he remembers you.”

“Nice!” I repeated dazedly. Loren had written to me; Loren was going to call me if he wanted to take me to dinner. I couldn’t eat that night; I couldn’t even think. When the telephone rang, Mother had to call me and remind me to tell Donald was on the wire, asking to talk to me.

Donald’s voice sounded faint and far away; it was an effort to catch his words. “You’re coming,” he said, “and I’m going to have a ride, or a show.”

I didn’t mean to be cruel or rude or arrogant, but excitement had completely unbalanced me. “You’d better take Peggy Nelson,” I said. “I’ve got—”

He interrupted me. “That’s why I wanted to see you. I want to explain—”

“But I tell you I’ve got a date. I’m having dinner with Loren Lane.”

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ordered a bowl of soup and sat and talked to Loren while he ate it. Then two or three people came up for autographs, and the headwaiter, who appeared to chase the autograph seekers away, stopped to chat with Loren.

Even when we were left alone, it was hard to keep the conversation going. It was disconcerting to discover how few common memories we had of Hilldale, and Loren was reduced to asking me about school. I told him that I was graduating next week, and he asked what I was going to do.

"I don't know," I said, "I may go to work for my father." All of a sudden I'd stopped thinking about a trip to New York, and working in New York.

"Fine!" said Loren—and then that topic was exhausted.

But mostly I found it hard to talk because of the lead-heavy feeling of disappointment within me. This wasn't at all like the dream—but then, in the dream Loren had been interested in me. Although I wasn't sure now that I wanted him to be interested in me, I still didn't understand why he'd written so cordially, why he'd gone to the trouble of asking me to dinner.

And then all at once I did understand the reason for all of it, for the letter and the pictures. It came to me just as Loren looked at his watch, said apologetically, "You know, Bonnie, I meant to take you dancing after the show tonight. But with this tangle in my schedule, I would have time—"

I meant to smile, to say that it was all right. But I couldn't. I was so disgusted and disillusioned and humiliated that I couldn't..."That's all right," I said thickly. "I'm sorry I bothered you in the first place. You didn't want to see me. It was for publicity—"

He started to protest, and stopped, biting his lip. Then he said honestly, "You're right; it was a publicity stunt. I'm sorry, Bonnie. But once Hartwell saw that letter of yours, I thought it was too good to pass up. I didn't like the idea of capitalizing on the fact that I'd once pulled you out of the lake, but I hoped you'd get a kick out of it instead of feeling used—"

"I didn't feel used," I said. "It was just—I couldn't finish, couldn't tell him about the dream.

But perhaps Loren saw it. He sat stirring his coffee, looking at me, really looking at me for the first time. I had the uncanny feeling that he was seeing through me, seeing all the pictures I'd built up around him. "Now, Bonnie," he said finally, "in this business you

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the end of her first year, she took a shamers reporting job with the Mansfield News Journal—and promptly turned her life upside down.

She heard, you see, that Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians were coming to play a theater engagement in nearby Cleveland. Instantly upon hearing this—to her—breathtaking piece of news, a completely thought-out scheme leaped full-blown into her pretty head. She immediately advanced upon Cleveland, and shortly thereafter Mr. Waring was notified that a girl reporter from the Mansfield News Journal was outside and would be very happy if he would grant her an interview.

That's the way she got him cornered. But he soon found out that she had no intention whatsoever of making this meeting an interview. Instead, she promptly began to sing to him—Brahms' Lullaby, she remembers that it was. And what's more, Fred Waring didn't hold up his hand and cry "Stop!" after a few bars, as she had been afraid that he might do when he discovered the deception. Instead of tossing her out into the street, Mr. Waring listened to her finish the number, applauded, laughed at the trick that had been played on him, and—best of all—hired her on the spot as a singer with the orchestra.

This was the beginning of everything. With her name, Wallace, came the 8 inches, the 4 dollars, and the name's most ardent fan, is in the Army. Naturally, Jane owns a Waring mixer...or, rather, half a one. New Year's Eve, between radio shows, she carried one half of her mixer downtown for a between-shows snack and left it there. Don't ask us why she was toasting half a mixer around—but the tragedy is that some one needed just half of a mixer made over with it...so Jane is eagerly awaiting the postwar Waring mixer just like the rest of the nation.

Meanwhile, she's indulging her faith—love for murder—every free minute during rehearsals, with her special affection going to Nero Wolfe. And every morning, over the breakfast table together by John and herself while they race through dressing for the day, she manages to read "Orphan Annie," which she has read every morning since she was a baby. For most earnest reading, she's telling everyone to read the life of Caruso, which she just finished.

As you can see, a great deal goes on behind Jane's pretty face. But very little goes on it! She never uses creams—just soap; and her only beauty trick is this: to make her lashes look wonderful, she applies heavy, she touches them with cold cream, then dusts them white with powder—and then puts on mascara.

That pot-pourri is the current news on Miss Jane Wilson. But there will be more in the years to come, because Jane wants to be a truly fine singer on the stage or screen—and some day she'll be just that.
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with her satin skin and melting mouth. Kitty with the shyly body of a wildcat ... the tongue of a teaster ... the greed of a girl of the streets. Kitty—the saucy trumpeter of Half-Moon Alley who became the Duchess all England talked about.

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What were the secret scandals that kept Kitty from marrying the “Blue Boy” of her dreams?

... Scandals that began when dashing Sir Hugh Marcy brought home a rough-and-ragged Kitty—taught her to dress, to speak, to act like a lady, and launched her career that was to be the talk of England. “A girl like you could get anything she wanted,” devil-may-care Hugh murmured. And Kitty took his advice. With his help, Kitty married wealthy Jonathan Battall, who never made a purchase for her without exacting penny’s worth ... but who didn’t live long enough to collect from Kitty. After Jonathan’s violent end, Kitty kept right on climbing ... became the wife of a dying old Duke ... gave Kitty her fortune ... but his most cherished dream, the birth of a hero, was too much for his old heart. His sudden passing left her free for Brett—the Blue Boy! Of her dreams who’d haunted her every adventure. But when Brett, Lord of Montford, finally offered her his hand in marriage, could Kitty accept? She had riches ... she had power ... but could she pay the price that had to be paid for the only man she ever loved?

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**CUPID:** Now wait, Sis! Hold it!

**GIRL:** For what, you faithless little imp! It's about time some girl taught you not to go around ignoring girls just because they're not beautiful!

**CUPID:** So! It's that way, huh? Well now you listen, my little fugitive from spinsterhood! It's about time you stopped looking at men with all the charm and radiance of a tired wash cloth! Smile at 'em, Sister! Sparkle!

**GIRL:** With my dull, dingy teeth? Hah! Heaven knows I brush 'em enough, but sparkle... hah! They—

**CUPID:** Ever see 'pink' on your tooth brush?

**GIRL:** Just lately. Why?

**CUPID:** Why? Why Great Day in The Morning, Pet, don't you know that's a sign to see your dentist— and right away! Because he may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**GIRL:** Fine, fine, fine. Very impressive. But weren't we discussing my smile a while back? What happened to it?

**CUPID:** Pet, don't you know that a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums? This Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you start on your way to a sparkling, radiant smile— that'll stagger any stag line. Now get going, Baby! Ipana and massage!

For the Smile of Beauty

**IPANA AND MASSAGE**
CONTENTS

Queen For A Day ................................................. 19
"To The Girl I Love"—A Portia Blake Story .................... 22
With My Blessing—A My True Story .......................... 24
Life Can Be Beautiful ........................................... 28
Far From My Arms—A Powder Box Theatre Story .......... 30
Big Sister—In Living Portraits ................................ 34
Fear—A John J. Anthony Story ................................ 40
Have You Forgotten?—A Leave It To the Girls Story ....... 42
"A Very Nice Young Man"—Jay Jostyn's Love Story ......... 46
County Fair Polka—Song of the Month ........................ 48
A Fine Beginning—Kate Smith's Cooking Page .............. 50

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

Recommended Listening .......................................... 3
Better Than Beauty ................................................ 4
What's New From Coast to Coast ............................... 6
Facing the Music by Ken Alden ............................... 10
Cover Girl by Eleanor Harris .................................. 16
Inside Radio ....................................................... 51
Introducing Ethel Everett ....................................... 64

ON THE COVER—Anne Francis, color photograph by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios

"Don't let them kid you!"
says RAY MILLAND

starring in the Paramount film, "KITTY"

“You can't tell a good American by the color of his skin, the church he goes to, or the way he spells his name.

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Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., MAKERS OF FINE CHEWING GUM SINCE 1885
IT'S nice to have radio's "bad boy," Red Skelton, back in the fold after his stint in the Army. He's reached his stride by now, and the programs are like the old ones in fun and flavor, only more so. They leave a pleasant taste at the end of an evening already packed with more good comedy shows than any other night of the week. Skelton is heard Tuesdays, 10:30 P.M., EST, on NBC. . . . You can have the sort of show you like, whatever your taste, in the half hour between 7 and 7:30 P.M., EST. One sponsor has taken the half hour, split it into two fifteen-minute periods, and then "split the network" on each of these quarter hours, so that actually four shows go on during the half hour. At seven until a quarter after, some of the stations on CBS carry Mommie and the Men, some of them the Jack Kirkwood Show. Starting at 7:15, part of the network carries the Jack Smith Show, part your old Vic and Sade. . . . Don't skip Saturday, you daytime listeners—your favorite serial characters may be taking a weekend vacation; but that doesn't mean that there isn't good, meaty listening enjoyment for you, just the same. CBS, for instance, has three bang-up dramatic shows straight in a row, half an hour each from noon until 1:30, EST—Theatre of Today, Stars Over Hollywood and Grand Central Station, in that order. And as a sort of dessert after the main dish of drama comes the County Fair for another half hour. . . . If your children are a bit young for the rough-and-tough variety of radio kids' shows, don't forget these three really good ones, which have consistently won the praise of doctors, parent and teacher associations and the like over the years: Mutual's Land of the Lost, CBS's Let's Pretend and ABC's Coast to Coast on a Bus.

Recommended Reading: Next month's Radio Mirror brings you living portraits of Today's Children. . . . An April Fool's Day story about the happy family you've grown to love on NBC's A Date With Judy. . . . Martha Tilton on the cover. . . . the second in the Life Can Be Beautiful series. And an article by House of Mystery's Roger Elliot on how fear is made and conquered.

Recommended Listening...
Charm is the eye-opening, heart-opening magic that would keep you remembering lovely singer Dinah Shore even if she never sang a note.

IF a fairy godmother offered you the gift of beauty or charm, you’d probably take charm, for you’d know that charm is magic more potent, more lasting than looks...it wins more friends, it opens more doors.

According to Dinah Shore, singing star of Open House, on the air every Thursday night, "Charm is the very best inside of you, expressed by your clothes, speech, voice and manners. A girl who is charming radiates a warmth and vitality. She is friendly, anxious to please others and sincere in her pleasant attitude toward friends as well as strangers."

With Dinah’s definition as a guide, any girl can practice and make perfect on charm. It comes down to a matter of polishing the fine details of looking and living graciously.

Charm is still charm in a hovel or a mansion, but it gets a better audience when your make-up is right, when you wear the colors that set you off like a diamond on black velvet; when you wear necklines that suit your face, look right with your perfectly chosen hair style; when all the little matters of good grooming are properly attended to, seams straight, clothes well pressed, well brushed, gloves spotless, hat veils crisp, and so on. You don’t wear cocktail dresses to an office or slacks when you should look feminine, for good taste is also a facet of charm.

With clothes and make-up completely right, the girl who is charming forgets herself, for a large part of charm is an interest and enthusiasm in the lives and conversations of others. She trains herself to remember names and birthdays, to write thank-you notes the moment they’re due. Her courtesy and kindness are genuine and are not saved for outsiders alone. She is a good listener, the girl who gets more fun doing for others than she does for herself. She’s generous in her opinions, gives others the benefit of the doubt.

She is by no means a mouse, yet she doesn’t laugh raucously, argue heatedly, contradict or interrupt. She doesn’t talk loudly, yammer to be heard—but instead speaks quietly with her lips and tongue, not her jaws. By not trying to dominate the party, she dominates it because she’s comfortable to be near...she makes you feel good. Under that calm, unfustered exterior, you know she’s very much alive, very interested in you and life in general.

When you think of charm, you think of gracefulness too, and a girl’s ability to enter a crowded room of strangers without fidgeting, stumbling, knocking things over. The woman with charm has poise. She doesn’t plop herself down in a chair, but sits down slowly, easily. She sits tall but not stiff. And as you see her walk across a room or down a street, you think of a queen, for she walks proudly, head high, never turning around to stare, but keeping her bright eyes very much ahead.
Wet Feet? Cold Feet?
Look out for a Cold!

GARGLE WITH LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

Germs Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7%, and up to 80% one hour after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

How Listerine Antiseptic Can Help

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders"... gives Nature a helping hand in halting the mass invasion of germs.

Naturally, plenty of rest, warmth, and light foods will help immeasurably in fighting off the infection.

Fewer Colds in Tests

You need only look at Listerine's impressive record made in tests over 12 years to see how helpful it can be. Consider:

That those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle... and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co. St. Louis, Mo.
WHEN we heard that Taylor Grant and Richard Tobin were beginning to show signs of the shakes—they're the two men responsible for ABC's Headline Edition program—we weren't the least bit surprised. Plain newscasters and commentators lead a hectic enough life. These two had to think up for themselves the idea of getting real, live interviews with the most significant news personality of each day—every day.

The show goes on the air at 7 P.M. (EST), but work on the show begins in the morning. Taylor Grant starts his day by going through all the newspapers and the news on the wire services. He selects and chops and clips and, by eleven o'clock, he's ready for a conference with Richard Tobin. At that daily conference, they have to decide which of the prominent figures who've been making headline news in the past twenty four hours should be approached for the program.

Once, it was all set by two in the afternoon that heavyweight champion Joe Louis was to go on the air. But, at six o'clock, his manager reported that he was unable to find Louis, who had last been seen on a golf course. Another time, during the uprising in Argentina, the transmitter was kept open all day for the ABC correspondent there. Grant went on the air at seven, ready to announce the correspondent at the pre-arranged signal of a handkerchief wave from the director. He never got that wave and he spent a nervous lifetime in those fifteen minutes.

That's a nice thing the Tom Mix radio crew is doing. When the original cowboy was alive, he made a yearly visit to the St. Louis Fireman's Benefit Pension Association, and put on a real show for the invalid kids. Now, in memory of the great cowboy's personal interest in the organization, the "Tom Mix" of radio—otherwise known as Curley Bradley—and the entire troupe from the program, recently made a similar trip and put on a bang-up Western show for the shut-ins.

Have you heard Request Performance yet? It's a CBS show on Sunday evenings at 9:00 EST. It's put on by the Masquers' Club, one of the most celebrated theatrical organizations in the country, numbering among its members about six hundred of the most illustrious names in show business. It all started about twenty years ago when a small group of Broadway actors, working in Hollywood, got to—

(Continued on page 8)
DEAR MRS. JOSEPH COTTEN:

We think you're lucky...to be so lovely yourself...and to be married to such a distinguished star of the screen.

Yours,

TANGEE

Mrs. Joseph Cotten says:

“At last I've found it—the perfect cake make-up!”

Scores of cake make-ups came to Hollywood ahead of Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up. Some were fine in one way...some in another. Then Constance Luft Huhn's newest creation arrived and took the motion picture colony by storm because it's ideal in every way. You'll find that Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is so very easy to apply...stays on for so many extra hours...is designed to be oh-so-kind to your skin! And you don't look—or feel—as if you were wearing a mask.

The thrill of Satin-Finish!

Yes, it is a thrill to find a lipstick that does not run or smear...that means lips not too dry, not too moist...that stays on for extra hours. And that's what Constance Luft Huhn has done for your “lip-appeal”...by creating the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Today's smartest colors are Tangee Gay-Red, Red-Red and Medium-Red.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN, Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's recent triumphs are the famous Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick, and the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.
Looking **down** into mirror, apply mascara clear to end of lashes. Hold brush there till lashes "set." (About 30 seconds.) **Wipe** brush clean with half Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Go over lashes to separate. Apply mascara to upper lashes only for "natural" look.

To extend eyebrows, remove almost all mascara from brush with half Sitroux Tissue. Brush brows the wrong way to pick up tiny hairs. Then brush back into place. If necessary, sketch in hair-like lines with eyebrow pencil.

At bedtime, use eye-cream generously. **Gently** work out toward temple under eye—back toward nose on eyelid. Remove excess with Sitroux. Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures, dozens of daily "beauty" aids!

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

**BRIGHT**

**EYE-DEAS!**

Through Red Skelton spent two years in the Army, his "Junior" doesn't seem a day older (Tuesdays on NBC).

(Continued from page 6). Together to renew old friendships. The Masquers did more than talk about old times on the "boards". They got a clubhouse where they erected a stage and put on weekly performances of one act plays and vaudeville skits, just to keep their hands in, as it were. Later, they even started some short film projects on their own. Three years ago, they launched a war service group to put on shows for servicemen visiting Hollywood. Within a month, these weekly programs for servicemen became ten-act vaudeville bills, with such stars as John Charles Thomas, Jose Iturbi, Cary Grant, Roy Rogers, Nelson Eddy and hundreds of others taking part.

During the war, an average weekly audience of three hundred servicemen was entertained this way.

We're glad to hear George (The Real) McCoy back on the radio. He's back from the Army—and nights when you can't sleep you'll listen to his gib and lively chatter in the wee hours. He's enceeing the WJZ All Night Show on Saturdays and Sundays from one to six A.M.

Before he went into the Army, McCoy was well known in radio circles for his famous sidewalk interviews. He was a sergeant in the Army, but that didn't keep him from continuing his sidewalk chatter over a microphone. In fact, he was a favorite of thousands in the service, who attended his GI radio sessions in Algiers and Rome. He got them with his famous opening line, "Is there anybody here from out of town?"

Here's a cute twist on that old cry that's been raising such a furor in the transportation business. Everyone's pretty well up on the fact that there are some 50,000 girls in England who want to come over here to join their GI husbands. But CBS correspondent Richard Hottelet reports that one lone male voice has been added to those 50,000 pleaders. He's an Englishman who married a WAC and wants to come over as a GI groom.

Milo Boulton (below) is master of ceremonies on CBS's *We, The People*, broadcast Sunday nights at 10:30 EST.

How to get a break department. Eddie Cantor "discovered" Thelma Carpenter last year—so all the stories in the newspapers said. And it all sounded as though she had not been around and done things before that. That's the way those "discovery" stories always sound.

Actually, it wasn't Eddie Cantor who really found Thelma. It was Eddie's daughter, Marilyn, who saw Thelma's act at the Ruban Bleu in New York and persuaded her father to go and hear the young Negro singer. That and Thelma's performance in "Memphis Bound" were what led to her contract on the Eddie Cantor show.

But Thelma's been around for a long time. In fact, when she was seven years old, she arranged her own first radio audition.

Thelma was born in Brooklyn and learned how to read and write at home before she was old enough to go to school. Even earlier than that, she was a fan of WNYC's Kiddies' Hour. She decided to try for it herself, very sure she could make a hit because she always made a hit singing at neighborhood entertainments and parties. So, she wrote a letter to the station—and got an audition and made many appearances, off and on, after that.

When she was fifteen, Thelma won an amateur contest at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem and that launched her on a strenuous schedule of going to school daytime and singing in night clubs at night. For several years, her mother escorted her home every evening from her singing dates.

Meanwhile, she was getting pointers at home from her grandfather, who sang in church choirs and frowned on singing, and from her mother, who had wistful memories of a brief career as a dancer. After she finished Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn, Thelma sang with name bands and toured for two years with Count Basie.

So her first big radio job is not an overnight thing, at all. The girl worked hard for the poise she has and there's solid experience to account for the professional smoothness of her performances.

(Continued on page 54)
GOING TO HAVE A BABY?

Get this MENNEN BABY BUNDLE FREE!
before your bundle from heaven arrives

Yes, it's free... if you're expecting a baby, send coupon below for your wonderful Mennen Baby Bundle! You'll receive:

4. Helpful Shopping List of baby needs.
5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, good for many applications!

IMPORTANT! Millions of mothers know that by smoothing Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil on baby's body daily, you help keep baby's delicate skin lovely, comfy, glowing with health. Most doctors, hospitals and nurses* say Mennen Baby Oil is best for baby. Being antiseptic, Mennen Baby Oil helps prevent urine irritation, diaper rash, many other troubles. And Mennen babies smell so sweet. Get both Mennen Baby Oil and Mennen Baby Powder now, to have for baby's first day home.

MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER

YOU GET ALL THIS FREE

1. Famous Guide on baby care.
3. Lovely Perfumed Sachet Card.
5. Generous sample bottle of Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil, best for baby.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY

Dept. MC, The Mennen Co., Newark 4, N.J.
Send me at once the Mennen Baby Bundle absolutely free, as I'm expecting a baby about:

(Write approximate date you expect baby)

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City___________________________State________________________

*Acc. to surveys. Ask for Money-Saver sizes
Stronger Grip

...Watch your "Good-looks Score" go up and up when you use DeLong Bob Pins to give your hair-do that smooth, new uncluttered look.

It's the "Stronger Grip" in DeLong Bob Pins that makes them so different from bob pins of the wishy-washy type...

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

Comedian Joe E. Brown, about to start on a road trip, gets travel advice from bandleader Georgie Auld, just in from a nationwide tour. (Right) Singer Dick Todd, a Canadian import, is star of the CBS Hit Parade.

By KEN ALDEN

Frank Sinatra is doing fine and sincere work in trying to help curb juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination, but his well-wishers are finding it increasingly difficult to talk to him as a regular fellow. He has more advisers than a White House official and more stooges than an Olsen and Johnson show. I know of an important radio star who tried to get Frankie on the telephone for almost a week without success. When he came east recently he drove CBS executives frantic, insisting on a particular broadcasting studio which at the time was housing another show.

Sinatra is now an institution, and deservedly so, but it would be a shame for him to lose friends because of it.

Credit Joan Edwards, female star of Your Hit Parade, with radio's newest trend—a stand by for mule performers. For the past year and a half Joan has had an understudy for her Hit Parade chores. The idea met with a great deal of skepticism when Joan first introduced it but now Joan has proved it to be a practical idea and it's catching on with other busy radio performers.

What does a radio stand by do?

In addition to being available in case Joan is unable to make her radio show (because of illness), the stand by rehearses with the band during the long hours of orchestral polishing. She serves as a guinea pig for CBS engineers when they test proper acoustical placements. This relieves Joan of a number of painstaking hours on broadcast day and relieves the star's vocal strain.

Joan's stand by is lovely Peggy Mann, a rising star in her own right.

It cost Ginny Simms a pretty penny (something like $5,000) to visit her new in-laws. Ginny's CBS show usually originates from Hollywood. If Ginny desires to broadcast from any place else she must assume the additional expenses. Ginny and her new and handsome groom, Hyatt Dehn, wanted to come to New York to visit Dehn's folks last month, and so Ginny had to take her entire radio troupe along for the ride and the broadcasts.

Abe Lyman vigorously denies he has retired from the bandstand. After a lengthy layoff, the veteran is regrouping an organization on the west coast. His wife, singer Rose Blaine, will, of
Mrs. Smith's Favorite Son
Skyrocketing to New Fame...

Jack Smith
Radio's Newest Star
With a song in his heart
And a smile in his voice for you

"Big Time Thrushing"
says Walter Winchell

"Sings with a jaunty bounce"
says Time Magazine

Oxydol Presents
The Jack Smith Show

Starring Jack Smith
With Don Hancock, Earl Sheldon's Orchestra
And a never-ending parade of
Famous Guest Stars

CBS Stations—Every Night
Monday thru Friday
Tune in—See local paper for exact time of broadcast
It's on the way back

...to YOU

More and more is being distributed—the same consistent high quality that has been the Beech-Nut standard for years—and now it's on the way back, for your enjoyment.

Be sure to ask for Beech-Nut Gum—by NAME

Eventide
by DUCHESS D'ANDRE

SOPHISTICATED PERFUMES and COLOGNES TO ACCENT YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS

INTIMATE as dusk intriguing
as the lengthening shadows of
twilight...stirring as that first
star-canopied moment alone...
EVENTIDE beckons and captivates
...heightens a subtle awareness
of YOU, Lovely Lady! His heart
will be yours forever to have and
to hold.

DUCHESS D'ANDRE, 405 N. Clark St., Chicago 2
Please send me 2 purse size Samplers of Duchess
D'Andre—free exclusive 25c to cover cost of packing,
mailing and Government Tax.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

HOT TODDY

Although Dick Todd, the new Hit Parade baritone, is several lengthy strides behind Crosby, Sinatra, Haymes, and Como in the swoon sweepstakes, the redheaded singer is determined to narrow the distance in 1946.

Bea Wain's new radio spot is as featured vocalist on Starlight Serenade, Thursdays on Mutual, 9:30 to 10 P.M. EST.
She Knew
What She Wanted

...and she stopped at nothing to get it!

ELLEN BERENT was one of the world’s most breath-takingly desirable women. But beneath a loveliness that made men gasp was the soul of a tigress—with a ferocity that knew no bounds; respect for no laws; tore shreds of the lives of every man, woman, or child whose innocent action aroused her insane jealousy.

No wonder the New York Times stated that Leave Her to Heaven (the million-copy best-seller you can now have FREE) “will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page!” For here is a woman whose passionate career will hold you spellbound. Her whole being flamed into deadly rage if she is forced to share even a tiny part of a man’s love with anyone else—or with any thing.

Her devouring love gorged itself like a wild animal after a jungle triumph. Her lies and betrayals tore the heartstrings of others with crafty cunning. Her jealousy—as racking as a never-ending heartburn—bit like acid into every life that touched her own. This woman, who gave too little and took too much, stopped at nothing to get what she wanted!

---

BOTH FREE—This MILLION-COPY Best-Seller Which Has Just Been Made Into A Smash-Hit Movie

Leave Her to Heaven

and ALSO

SHORT STORIES OF DeMAUPASSANT

Leave Her To Heaven is one of the most fascinating love stories of our time. And now you may have it—FREE—as a New Membership Gift from “America’s Biggest Bargain Book Club”!

In addition, you ALSO receive, FREE, Short Stories of De Maupassant, containing over fifty tales of love, hate, intrigue, jealousy, passion and madness—complete and unexpurgated, the frankest stories of their kind ever written!

Read of Ball-of-Fat, buxom girl of easy virtue—and what she did! Read Love, Mademoiselle Fis, Story of a Farm Girl, Bed No. 29—and all the best works of this master of daring realism!

Our Double-Gift to You—Both These Books FREE!

Each month ONE of the Book League’s selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Ben Ames Williams, Somerset Maugham, Ernest Hemingway—selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher’s edition.

And EVERY MONTH you receive a BONUS BOOK—a masterpiece of immortal literature. These classics are uniformly bound. They grow into a handsome lifetime matched library. The great authors in this series include Shakespeare, Poe, Balzac, Zola, etc.

This club builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces.

You do NOT have to accept every selection.

The NEW book plus the BONUS book sent you each month are valued at $1.50 to $4.00 in the publisher’s edition. But you get BOTH for only $1.49!

You do NOT have to accept each monthly selection and BONUS book; only six of your own choice during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. There are no membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

Accept This Trial Membership—No Obligation

Send the coupon without money. Read these two gift books for five days. If they do not convince you that this IS “America’s Biggest Bargain Book Club,” simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today, then keep them as a gift; your subscription will begin with next month’s new selection and BONUS book. Mail coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS NOW! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Mail this Coupon to
BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me—FREE—Leave Her to Heaven and Short Stories of De Maupassant, as described. Within 30 days I may either cancel this plan, return all books, and owe nothing; or continue to receive forthcoming new monthly selections and BONUS books—at only $1.49 plus few cents postage, for both book and coupon.

However, I do NOT have to accept each month’s new selection and BONUS book; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

MR. MRS. (please print plainly)

ADDRESS_________________________ Zone No.

CITY_________________________ if lost, please return to

BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG-3, Garden City, N. Y.

Occupation_________________________ if under 21

If you have your passwords handy, copy BONUS books in standard binding; otherwise, please state in coupon whether you want standard binding or hard binding. If you do not want any BONUS books, please state; but we shall be glad to send you a FREE COPY of Short Stories of De Maupassant, if you desire it.

Slightly higher in Canada. Address 105 Bond St. London W. 1, England.
Dick hasn't any super strategy blue-printed for his campaign to reach the top broadcasting brackets. "I'm just counting on the luck of the Irish," he told me as we lunched at Toots Shor's establishment, between CBS rehearsals, "and the fun I get out of singing. But one thing you can count on. I'm not going to worry about it either way."

Ever since Dick left his native Montreal he has had no trouble getting his smooth Bing-like baritone enthusiastic audiences. And without any melodramatic Alger incidents or backstage musical picture scenarios. "This may disappoint you," he added, "but I was never the hopeful understudy who stepped in on opening night when the star took suddenly ill, nor did I ever miss my three squares a day."

Flatterers these—oh, what exciting things they do for your feet.
Young, smart and just a tiny bit frivolous—and made, of course, in wonderful leathers.

$4

some styles
slightly higher

Dick realized that this trip would cut heavily into his career's progress. But so many of his friends had joined up and many of them had given their lives that Dick was genuinely uncomfortable not doing something.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Gladys Swarthout's brilliant mezzo-soprano voice stars on the ABC Ford Hour shows, Sunday evenings at 8:00 EST.
A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft—
Dependably Strong

NEW RECORDS
(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

FRANK SINATRA: F.S. records in words and music the theme of his nationwide tolerance lectures with the stirring “House I Live In” and the immortal “America, the Beautiful.” A worthy and patriotic platter. (Columbia)

FREDDY MARTIN: Another dance time version of a classic, with Rachmaninoff’s Concerto No. 2 the subject matter. Pianist Jack Fina is the ivory hunter. A pleasant ballad, “I'm Glad I Waited For You,” is on the back. (Victor)

KING COLE TRIO: An infectious grooving featuring a sure-fire hit, “Come To Baby, Do” and some Harlem hash titled “Frim Frum Sauce” dished out with rousing rhythm. (Capitol) Les Brown (Columbia) also does a slick job with the former tune with some nice pleading by Doris Day.

GENE KRUPA: The drummer man contributes to the juke box hatchery with “Chickery Chick” and the British import, “Just a Little Fond Affection.” Well done. (Columbia)

JO STAFFORD: Seems this fine singer can’t do anything wrong. Another slick sampling of style and smoothness as Jo sings the Parisian hit “Symphony” and “Day by Day.” (Capitol)

PERRY COMO: Two appealing tunes from Perry’s new film, “Doll Face.” The ballad is “Here Comes Heaven Again” and the jump tune, “Dig You Later” is sure to get plenty of hubba-hubba-hubba from the vets. (Victor)

STAN KENTON: “Artistry Jumps” and “Sittin' and A Rockin’” are two strictly instrumental jump tunes enthusiastically played and highlighted by Stan’s piano and Vido Musso’s sterling tenor sax solos. (Capitol)

VAUGHN MONROE: Styne and Cahn’s seasonal “Let It Snow” is pleasantly sung and played but the reverse “Sandman Rides the Trail” is strictly for nursery sentimentalists. (Victor)

KAY KYSER: The Ole Prof disc two lovely songs from the film, “Yolanda and the Thief,” “Angel” and “Coffee Time” and the carefully arranged orchestrations are helped by two new and promising singers, Michael Douglas and Lucyann Polk. (Columbia)

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

YOUR NOSE KNOWS—
THERE’S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can’t promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: we’ll always keep Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!


There is only one KLEENEX
Expected postwar miracles. Look for
this new, excitingly different idea
in deodorants. Ask for new super-fast
ODORONO Cream Deodorant...—stops perspiration troubles faster
than you can slip on your slip.
Because it contains science’s most
effective perspiration stopper.
Affords other greatly needed blessings
too: Will not irritate your skin...
or harm fine fabrics...or turn gritty
in the jar. And really protects
up to 3 days.
Change to ODORONO Cream
Deodorant—super-fast...supper-modern...excitingly different.

BY 1948, EVERY eighteen-year-old
lovely in New York had better
get a firm clutch on her latest
swains—because by 1948, Anne Francis
will be eighteen years old too! Since
she’s pretty enough at fifteen (which
is right now) to knock over a stag line
without lifting an eyebrow—and since
she’s been a successful career-girl for
seven years now—and since she be-
comes more famous every week—the
deb of the 1948 season had better be
prepared for a hard winter.

Young Anne is a slim and grace-
ful five feet six inches, with flaxen-
blonde hair, very blue eyes, and she’s
dressed like every fifteen-year-old you
know: in flat moccasin shoes, hob-
sox, a sweater and skirt, and a sports
clothes. No hat, no gloves, no makeup
except lipstick. Her beauty secrets?
“Soap,” says she, “and plenty of it!”

She is the only child of a most sens-
sible and likable couple named Mr.
and Mrs. Philip Ward Francis, and
with them she lives in a small apart-
ment in Forest Hills, Long Island, a
suburb of New York City. When
you arrived you would probably find
Anne standing over the kitchen sink
busily bathing (in the dish-pan, with
regular soap chips!) her pet dog,
who is a three-year-old black Cocker
Spaniel named Stubbs. She would
doubtless be wearing her mother’s
apron over a dress that would defi-
nitely be Alice-blue in color because
so are nearly all her dresses. When
she finished bathing Stubbs and had
taken him for a walk, she would no
doubt ask you if you’d like to hear

COVER GIRL

One of the stars of NBC’s When A Girl Marries
is fifteen-year-old, wistfully lovely Anne Francis, who
loves cake, Van Johnson, and a boogie beat.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

some piano. You’d say “Yes,” and
ladylike-looking Anne would thereupon
sink charmingly to the piano bench
—and blast the roof off the house with
her boogie music. At one time in her
boogie-playing career, Anne crashed so
hard on the piano keys that she sprained her right wrist—and went
around bandaged for several weeks as
a result.

If you were lucky, you’d be in on
Anne’s favorite dinner—steak and Mrs.
Francis’ special chocolate cake. And
after dinner, Anne would probably dis-
appear with a crowd of Forest Hills
friends of her own age to an early
movie. None of her friends is in the
entertainment world; but they all love
movies with the same fixed passion that
Anne does, and, like Anne, they all
carry cameras slung from their shoul-
ders with which they snap each other
in all kinds of candid poses.

Her schooling is the kind that other
eighteen-year-olds dream of: she has a
tutor for two hours, three times a week.
And in the afternoons, at that. How-
ever, she is cramming a full week’s
work into those six hours. For relaxa-
tion after her lessons, she reads her
favorite comic strips: “Penny,” and
“Bill,” both of which remind her of
herself and her friends.

And, happily, Anne has just made
a discovery about her father. It is he
who fights against her boogie piano
playing most strenuously—and she just
recently found out that his secret mu-
sic passion is a piece entitled,
“They’re Burning Down the House That
I Grew Up In!”
Every doctor in private practice was asked...

Yes, your doctor was asked too, along with thousands of others from Maine to California! Family physicians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists ... doctors in every branch of medicine were asked.

Three nationally known independent research groups ... hundreds of trained research specialists ... put the question: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

The answers came in by the thousands from all over the country ... the actual statements of doctors themselves. Figures were checked and re-checked with scientific precision. The answer? Right! Camels! And by a very convincing margin.

According to this recent nationwide survey:

More Doctors Smoke Camels

Than Any Other Cigarette!

The "T-Zone" Test Will Tell You

The "T-Zone" - T for taste and T for throat - is your proving ground for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you ... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

Now it's down in black and white. Based on the actual statements of doctors themselves to 3 outstanding independent research organizations.

This was no study of "trends." No mere "feeling the pulse" poll. This was a nationwide survey to discover the actual fact ... and from statements of doctors themselves.

And the men in white have put their answers down in black and white: As the brand they smoke, the most named Camel!

Doctors smoke for the same enjoyment as the rest of us. Camel's full, rich flavor is as appealing to the doctor as to you. And Camel's mildness and coolness are as welcome to his throat as to yours ... and to those millions of other smokers the world over!
Are you a modern in Gabardine?

- Are you eager, energetic; keyed to the tempo of a rapidly changing world? Then for you, streamlined gabardine and, of course, Solitair Cake Make-Up.

- The modern, round-the-clock make-up—Solitair will actually give your complexion the smooth, clear, faultless-freshness you've always wanted—never before found. And since it's Solitair, your make-up looks naturally lovely, because it's the featherweight, precision blended cake make-up that never looks mask-like. Rich in lanolin, Solitair guards your skin against dryness, too. Takes only seconds to apply. No need for loose powder. Try it—you modern in gabardine! $1.60, 25¢.

- Original Gabardine suit by Anthony Blotta

- Nine leading skin specialists say, "Solitair won't clog pores!"

Solitair cake make-up

Contains Lanolin
I remember someone putting the red velvet ermine-trimmed robe around my shoulders.

They call me Maggi down at the office.

My name is Margaret Marlowe, but Maggi is more glamorous and anything that sounds glamorous has always appealed to me.

How do you get bitten by the glamour bug? What makes a glamour-struck girl any different from a Sinatra fan or a rooter for the Brooklyn Dodgers? Don't ask me, for I couldn't give you the answer.

All I know is that once you've been bitten you are definitely lost. All your days and nights are taken over by...
dreams about the lives of other people; in my case they were dreams of girls who live the life of cafe society, whose pictures are used in advertisements and other places.

It began when I was old enough to read the Broadway columns, when I began to learn about Brenda Frazier, Cobina Wright, Jr. and the others whose names and pretty faces made news. It continued right through the period when I was autograph-crazy and waited around the stage doors of the big theaters in New York and pestered the stars as they came out of the Wednesday matinees.

I WAS born in New York City and lived there all the time; right through grade school and high school. When I was sixteen I stayed out very late one night and stood outside the Stork Club. It was one o'clock in the morning when I stepped right in front of Joan Crawford and her handsome escort. She knew what I wanted and she took the fountain pen from my nervous fingers.

Miss Crawford signed her name to my little book and looked at me curiously.

"Isn't it rather late for you to be out, young lady?" she asked, with understanding in her eyes.

"Yes, Miss Crawford, and my dad will be plenty mad when I get home." I ran all the way over to the Eighth Avenue subway with that wonderful two-sentence conversation ringing in my ears and I was so excited about having the signature to show to my girl friends in school next day that I forgot about my father's temper. But no matter what he said to me when I got home, it would be worth it to have the prized handwriting in my book.

Dad was standing in front of the apartment house up in Washington Heights where we lived when I came running up the street.

"You little gypsy," he roared. He put his big hand on my arm and squeezed it hard. My arm hurt but I didn't cry. The autograph was worth it.

I was punished by my parents for that escapade, although my mother was far more lenient than Dad. And Dad couldn't be angry at me for very long. He was proud as a peacock when he looked at me. He said I looked like Aunt Genevieve when she was a young girl and Aunt Genevieve was his idea of beauty.

When high school was over and I was about to start to work—a wonderful emancipation for me—the war suddenly broke out and my father came home from his job one night all excited.

"Mama, Duchess," he called out to my mother and me as he burst in the door, "we're going to California. Pack the valises!"

In my dad's mind everything was always as easy as that. Pack the valises! My poor mother stood looking at him as though he had lost his mind. She wasn't sure what he meant, and she wasn't sure we had any valises; but she left the stew cooking on the kitchen range and went into her bedroom closet. She brought out one valise.

"Okay," said Dad, looking at the grip. "I'll get the tickets for the train tomorrow. I've got a job out in a place called Glendale and we'll get a house or something out there to live in."

Of course nothing like that happened. It took him a week to get one ticket for the train, and he finally left us behind to close up the apartment, sell the furniture and get our own tickets. Mother had to handle all the details of the expedition and she also had to worry about Dad who kept sending night letters, reminding us to bring his prized shotgun and his fishing tackle and his bathing suit.

Getting to Glendale was the most exciting event of my life although I discovered it really was nowhere near the Hollywood studios. Yet that didn't stop me from sending postcards to my friends in the East to tell them how very wonderful it was to be "practically next door to the stars." Dad was waiting for us, of course, and I had to admire his spirit. Somehow he had managed to get a small apartment for us and he had bought enough furniture to fill it. He was already a foreman at a big airplane factory and he said he had a job for me. One of his men at the plant had a daughter who worked for the National Banking Company in Los Angeles and it was all arranged for me to meet her and learn how to apply for a job.

I went down to the National Banking Company the very next day and was hired as a comptometer operator.

"Your age, Miss Marlowe?"

"Nineteen." "Your birthplace, Miss Marlowe?"

"Washington Heights."

"Where is that, Miss Marlowe?"

"In New York City," I informed them with some dignity.

"You will report tomorrow morning to Miss Miller in the Reap Department. You will be advised by Personnel of your payroll deductions, hospitalization, vacation and sick leave allowances. Thank you, Miss Marlowe."

Well, it wasn't Hollywood; but it was the nearest thing to it. And it was my first job. I came down from Glendale on a bus next morning and joined the great throng of girls who worked for National Banking. There were all kinds of girls working there and I noticed they dressed more casually than the girls back in New York. Sweaters and skirts were popular and nobody wore a hat. Nobody but me.

The girls noticed me right from the start. Some were friendly and others were aloof but they all noticed me. In the washroom, during the rest period at eleven, they pumped me about my background. So I gave them a well-edited account of it. You'd think I was a graduate of some fashionable finishing school instead of Washington Heights High School up on Wadsworth Avenue.

Tess Brown, one of the friendlier girls, seemed to get a kick out of me. "You're the first one I've ever met who lived in New York," she said. "What's it like? Ever been to any of those famous places? How about the Stork Club?"

Well, that was my cue to tell about all the theaters, night clubs, celebrities and everything that New York is famous for. There was always an audience with my descriptions of Broad-
way for the girls always wanted to hear more. The girls were interested in me and interested in the things I had seen and done. It flattered me a great deal to have them ask me about those things and my popularity in the office grew. On several occasions during the months that followed the girls asked me to go out with them on dates with their boy friends.

"I told Timmie about you, Maggi," Tess said one morning. "He said he'd get a friend of his for a double-date any time you say."

I didn't go out with them for two reasons; I wasn't sure I'd have a good time roller skating and I wasn't sure I'd like her boy friend's pal. I wanted to get to know the real Hollywood people. But it wasn't easy to turn down the date because I didn't want to offend Tessie. I really liked her a lot.

"Timmie's wonderful," Tessie confided. "He's assistant boss over at that big garage on Sunset Boulevard. Timmie can take a truck apart and put it together again quicker than anybody else in the shop. He's a whiz with a monkey wrench."

Now that kind of wizardry definitely did not appeal to me. I had to admit that mechanics are needed in this world, but not for me; my ideals ran in a different direction and I couldn't get excited over any fellow whose career was one carbon-and-valve job after another. Because, I was well-occupied at the moment with the latest heart affair of Van Johnson as it was reported in Hedda Hopper's column.

That was my main interest, reading those columns. Every day, after I'd get a quick sandwich at the co-op lunch in the building, I'd hurry back to my place in the Recap Department and go through the columns. And it was during one of those lunch hours that I met Johnny Butler.

I had been working for National Banking just about a year when it happened. I remember the day as clearly as though it were yesterday. I was sitting at my desk munching some salted peanuts, my mind occupied by a Winchell column, when I felt somebody's eyes on me. I looked up and saw him standing there: a tall fellow with a boyish expression in his eyes. His mouth was half-opened as though he was about to say something, he didn't know what. His eyes were full of admiration, the kind a girl readily recognizes, and likes.

Now I was accustomed to having young men look at me, and some of them actually whistled at me when I'd come out of the building to go home at night. So I should have been used to it. But this was different, somehow, and I dropped my eyes back to the paper I was reading. And just then Tessie came into the office and sat down at her desk.

"Hello, Johnny," I heard her say, and he walked over to her desk. She turned to me: "Maggi, do you know Johnny Butler? He works in Personnel."

"No," he (Continued on page 56)
I was born in New York City and lived there all my life. It was a fine place, as I remember it, though I hadn't always been there when I was young. I was always going places, and I loved it.

I began to enjoy the Broadway column, when I was twelve, and I began to enjoy the big theater, when I was sixteen. I began to enjoy the life of the city, when I was eighteen. I began to enjoy the life of the stage, when I was twenty. I began to enjoy the life of the world, when I was thirty. I began to enjoy the life of the theater, when I was forty.

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"To the Girl I Love"

By PORTIA BLAKE
of Portia Faces Life

The shop windows are full of Valentines, these days, and the counters inside are riotous with hundreds of them in their bright red and white and gold—everything from modest little cards with shy little sentiments to gay and gaudy petticoat-lace masterpieces, lush with scarlet satin and fat gilt cupids and declarations of as-yet-undelivered love.

They remind me of a box that's stored away among my things somewhere at home. I haven't thought about it for years, but somehow I remember this year. This year, when at last I'm reunited with Walter, my husband, and I know in my heart that no matter what lies ahead for us, things will work out all right because we are together. Right now, I'm sentimental—and not a bit ashamed of being; either—just as all people who are in love themselves look kindly and sentimentally upon the loves of others, and the open expressions of them like those Valentines I've been seeing.

But about that box I spoke of. I wish I could say that it's a very special sort of container, tied up with a heart-red ribbon for sentiment's sake. I'm afraid, however, that it's just a discarded suit box in which something was delivered from a department store, and it's tied together with a very utilitarian piece of stout twine. What's inside is quite different, though, for it's filled with Valentines. I said I was sentimental, didn't I—I've saved every Valentine that was ever given to me from the very first bedraggled and thumb-marked one I got from the boy next door when I was three and he was four.

I thought of that box the other night, and of how I'd like to find it and go through it. I remember in particular two Valentines I'd find there—every Valentine's Day brings back to me the remembrance of those two cards, and of another Valentine's Day years ago, when I first began to understand the true meaning of that word we sometimes use so lightly—love.

From thinking of Valentines it was a simple step to thinking of love, and its meaning in life—in my own life, with Walter. And I tried to tell him, then, a little of how much being with him means to me, almost as if I felt impelled to speak my Valentine to him. I said, "Darling, the things that I want are the things that only you can give me. A home—I don't care whether it's a shack or a palace, as long as you're there with me. And children—more than anything else I would like to give you a son. Those are the things—the warmth of heart, the sharing, the happiness—that money can't buy, but that trouble cannot take away. As long as we love each other, they're ours for the asking."

I told him, too, that if we have faith in our love nothing can hurt us, for then we can find the strength and the courage to face whatever may come to us.

"It's funny how trite the truth about love usually sounds," Walter said, musing. "Remember what Milton said about it? Mutual love, the crown of all our bliss. And Victor Hugo said it this way: The greatest happiness of life is
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The conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves, or rather, loved in spite of ourselves.

That is the real truth about love—the truth I began to learn that February, in the year that I was fifteen. I told Walter about it, then, and I'd like to tell you.

In the town where I was raised, father was a druggist. When things got very busy in the store, he counted on me to help him at the soda fountain. I got to know everyone in the neighborhood that way—and you'd be amazed how popular I was! It was no small fame among those teen-agers to be known as the girl who could whip up the most luscious banana splits, the creamiest, out-of-this-world sodas in town.

Fortunately, I wasn't exactly boy-crazy, or I'm afraid the fountain would never have shown a profit. But there was one boy on whom I had a whole-hearted crush. He was the captain of the basketball team, and as I look back on him now I realize that he was all knees and elbows and seemed to have several extra pairs of hands and feet that got dreadfully in the way. But in those days he was, to me, the very epitome of male charm, and just the sight of him left me limp and speechless.

He'd sit at the counter in the after-noon, drinking a soda (into which I had, of course, slipped an extra ball of ice cream and an extravagant amount of whipped cream) and I'd stand on the other side, worshipping from afar. Sometimes he'd reward me with a casual, "Boy, what a cook you're going to make some day!" Or he'd turn to one of his friends, and say, "Portia makes the best darned soda in this town!" And I'd feel exactly as if I'd been knighted.

He was a grade ahead of me in school, but I got to know him through the drug store, which I practically blessed each night in my dreams. And one night—I considered it the highlight of my life, to date—he asked me to go to the movies with him. Father thought it over and said, finally, that it was all right if I was home before ten. I can't remember what the picture was, or what Jack and I said to each other—probably because we couldn't find much to say—but I know that the evening was unalloyed bliss for me. After the movie we stopped at the drugstore for a soda—and that gave Jack an opportunity to tell me how much better my concoctions were than those of the soda clerk Dad hired evenings.

Without a doubt, I told myself, this was The Great Love of My Life. And, of course, I had to see him play the rival school in the championship basketball game of the year. I sat breathless, watching Jack stride across the floor, evading the opponents with his excellent footwork, throwing an incredibly long basket from the far side of the court. (I tried to convince myself that he was playing so superbly because he knew that I was in the audience, and I think I literally prayed for the time to come when he would take me out again!) (Continued on page 99)
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One was a great red satin heart, its red love-filled. The other was a simple card.
"I can't!" Grace was almost shouting. "You ought to understand."
I SAT shivering in the air-conditioned movie house, calling myself all kinds of names for not having brought a coat and wondering uneasily what Grace would say if I came home with a cold. As a matter of fact, I wondered what Grace would say even if I didn't. Eight years of untiring devotion had taught me to dread the amount of reproach she could convey in the simple exclamation, "Oh, mother!" Tonight an overdose of that same suffocating devotion had caused me to slip out of the house myself for the rare pleasure of an unescorted trip to the movies.

I sneezed three times in succession and groaned inwardly as I pictured myself making excuses to Grace. At times it was a little hard to remember that I was the mother and she the daughter. Her manner of chiding me differed from the way I used to scold her only in being more gently maternal.

Was it just my imagination that Grace had once been a naughty, frisky little tomboy with yellow pigtails and a tendency for getting into mischief? Had the straight, severe lines of her mouth really ever melted into ready laughter? Incredible to think that my sedate spinster daughter had once been a merry, gaily thoughtless girl, with her life, like all Gaul, divided into three parts: boys, dancing, and sports.

My mouth twisted wryly as I pictured Grace now—her unsmiling face and unhappy eyes; the dark, oversimple dresses that made her thirty years seem older; her hair pulled straight and tight to the back of her head in an unflattering bun.

As another trio of sneezes interrupted my thoughts, I searched frantically in my pocketbook for a handkerchief. The next instant a jacket was slung across my shoulders and a hanky thrust into my hand.

Startled, I turned my head to peer at the soldier who had made the donations. "Young man," I remarked, "chivalry is definitely not dead."

"Thank you, ma'am." "Don't call me ma'am," I shuddered. "It always makes me feel ancient." Even the darkness of a movie house couldn't conceal his grin. "No doubt," I said severely, "you do think me ancient. I presume you gave me your jacket because I reminded you of your mother."

"Of course not," he protested feebly, looking a little sheepish. "Here, have some candy."

After a moment's hesitation, I gravely selected a chocolate peppermint and thanked him.

"Shh," someone in front whispered, glaring at us.

As we both laughed, some vague recollection stirred in my mind. Suddenly I remembered what it was. Many years ago I had been one of three giggling hockey players who sat in a theater whispering above the crackle of paper-wrapped candy and snickering at the protests of our irate neighbors. It was a long time since I had felt so young and I looked gratefully at the soldier.

Later, when the feature was over and we drifted out of the theater together, I looked at him approvingly. He was a tall, well-built sergeant, about thirty-three or thirty-four, and his face, if not handsome, showed sense and good humor.

I don't know exactly how it happened, but before I was really aware of consenting we were seated in a drug store booth and matching confidences over chocolate malts.

Somewhere it didn't seem disloyal to tell him about Grace. For years I had protected my youngest daughter against the gossiping tongues of the town and suddenly I was pouring out her story to a total stranger. Perhaps it was because I had been thinking and worrying about her too much. Perhaps not. I only know that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do. I told him what a lovely, laughing creature she was until eight years ago when she was twenty-two and Tom Bickford jilted her for a girl with money.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I realize how hard something like that must be for a girl, but why should it have changed her completely?"

So I tried to make him understand, still defending Grace, how my daughter's pride had prevented the gossip from dying a natural death.

"She was so afraid of snubs," I explained, "that she stopped going to parties and socials and drifted away from her friends. And she was so afraid that every boy who spoke to her

Many years before, Grace had been hurt, hurt so terribly that she never tried to be happy again. That was why she turned away even from Larry.
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did it out of pity that she frightened them all away by her coldness. By and by she didn't have to refuse invitations because she no longer received any.

"And then," I went on, as the soldier gave no signs of losing interest, "when things were about as bad as they could be, I had to go and get rheumatic fever. The doctors said that for the rest of my life I'd be practically a semi-invalid and ordered me to quit my job.

"I had been personnel director in the town's largest department store ever since my husband died when Grace was a little girl," I elaborated. "He helped me to take care of my four children for a good many years, but not to put aside much money for an emergency like this."

As I continued my account, I could remember the grief I had felt when I first realized that, with my son and another two daughters married, the main burden would fall on Grace. And I could remember my amazement when I discovered that her reaction was the exact opposite of mine.

With an almost abnormal alacrity she settled down to being the perfect daughter, lavishing on me all the love which should have found a more natural outlet. And as 'the perfect daughter' she gradually came to be known, a martyr glorying in her martyrdom and in the idea that there was one person, at least, to whom she was indispensable. "Like a watchful dragon," I said glumly.

The mailed story was finished at the same time, and, guiltily aware that I had been monopolizing the conversation, I asked my companion about himself.

"EVERYTHING about me can be told in one sentence," he laughed. "I'm Larry Collins, just back from overseas and temporarily stationed at a camp outside this town. My discharge is supposed to come through any time now," he added, "and I'm hoping it won't be long. I want to get out to the West Coast as soon as I can."

He didn't confess, as he might have, to being lonely. But I knew that even the best-fed of sergeants would not be drinking malts with a grey-haired grandmother if he could be dancing with a pretty girl; and, although I wasn't acknowledging it to myself, it must have been then that a vague plan began to take shape in my mind.

Larry walked home with me and waited while I rang the bell. There was an eager rush of footsteps and the door was pulled open. Grace stood in the entrance. In a blue satin negligee that deepened the blue of her eyes and with her hair, let down for the night, curling around her forehead and tumbling over her shoulders, she looked for a minute like the Grace of eight years ago. The illusion vanished as soon as she started to speak.

"Mother," she began in the reproachful tone I had expected, "I was so worried. Where—" Then she caught sight of Larry standing behind me and stopped abruptly, color flooding her face.

I stared from my blushing daughter to the awe-struck sergeant and this time I was honest with myself about the sudden wild hope that leaped into my head. A lonely man and an unhappy girl—surely stranger things had happened!

My jaw firm with determination, I brushed by Grace, pulling the still—slightly—dazed Larry with me.

"You can ask your questions later," I told Grace briskly. "but right now two very hungry people would like some coffee and sandwiches."

She turned towards the kitchen silently, and Larry, with a sly wink at me, followed. "I'm a wonderful sandwich maker," he was assuring her as they left the room together.

I sat down in the rocking chair, which it gave Grace some strange pleasure to see me use, and rocked contentedly for fifteen minutes, straining my ears to hear the murmur of their voices above the clatter of dishes and joining them reluctantly when they called me.

"Mother, where did you and Mr. Collins—"

"Larry," he interrupted.

Grace smiled a little consciously. "Where did you and Larry meet?" she amended.

"He picked me up in a movie," I said with wicked pleasure.

Grace choked over her coffee and had to be thumped on the back by a solicitous Sergeant. "Mother! You didn't!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able to speak.

"But we did," I returned placidly. "Don't you think I'm attractive enough to be picked up?"

Surprisingly, she laughed. "I wouldn't put anything past you." The laugh did wonders for her face and Larry stared at her with increasing admiration. Grace blushed again, and, to cover her confusion, jumped up and went to the stove, murmuring something about more coffee.

Larry bent over towards me. "You told me about the dragon," he whispered, "but you didn't say anything about an angel."

"The angel and the dragon," I whispered back, "are one and the same."

This time it was Larry who choked and Grace supplied the first aid. "I don't believe it," he announced, while she was repairing the damage to the table cloth.

"Don't believe what?" Grace inquired.

He was leaning forward as she bent over the table and a few strands of her hair were brushing against his jacket. He put out a furtive finger and touched the hair gently. "Oh, anything, nothing," he answered in an abstracted tone.

She looked puzzled, but said nothing, and I decided that it was time for me to feel tired. I was delighted but unsurprised the next day when Grace arrived home from her job at the library, accompanied by Larry.

"He's so alone here," she apologized hurriedly while he was washing his hands, "that I thought it would be nice to invite him to dinner. You don't mind, do you, Mother?"

"Not at all," I answered innocently. "I think it was very kind of you."

She looked at me suspiciously, but Larry came into the room just then and after that she had no time for divided attention.
In the weeks that followed it began to look as though my plan were working even better than I had dreamed. The two spent every spare hour together and it was soon plainly evident that Larry was very much in love. Grace was not as easy to read, but it seemed to me that she was attracted to him against her will and desperately fighting the feeling.

Things came to a crisis the night that Larry came bounding into the room and announced that his discharge was final.

I looked at Grace quickly. Her face was quite pale. In a voice completely emptied of emotion she said, "Then you'll be going home soon."

"No," he corrected gently, "we'll be going home soon."

"We?" Grace faltered. "What do you mean?" But her eyes avoided Larry's.

I think it would be best for us to be married here before we go," he explained cheerfully. "No, don't go, Mother," he said, turning to me as I started to leave the room. "We'll need you to help us with our arrangements."

"There won't be any arrangements," Grace interrupted coldly. "I have no intention of marrying you."

"Why not?"

"I don't have to give you any reasons. I'm just not." Larry looked at her grimly. "Do you think I'm going to let you ruin our chance for happiness because some dumb kid didn't have enough sense to appreciate you when you were twenty-two?"

There was an uncomfortable pause before he continued, "Between the way you act and what your mother has told me, I've been able to piece the whole thing together very nicely. And you're crazy if you think I'm going to let you spoil things now because of something that happened eight years ago."

Ignoring him, Grace turned fiercely on me. "Mother, you had no right!"

"Dear me, Grace," I answered pleasantly, "it's six years since I last saw you lose your temper. That's a very healthy sign." Larry and I exchanged winks.

Then he went over and took her by the shoulders. "Look darling, stop fighting it and let yourself be happy," he begged. "Marriage is the thing for two people in love, you know."

"I don't love you," she contradicted quickly.

Larry shrugged and looked back at me over his...

(Continued on page 80)
I glanced at Grace when they started to probe her about Larry. She sat silently, white-faced.
RADIO MIRROR OFFERS
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH
FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly, wise word of advice, changed your whole outlook, when some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Chichi and Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month, which in their opinion best expresses the thought, “Life Can Be Beautiful,” RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. Address your letters to Chichi, care of RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Listen to Life Can Be Beautiful daily on your CBS station; check the program guide on page 51 for local time. The prize-winning letter will be featured each month in this new RADIO MIRROR department.
LIFE Can Be Beautiful is more than a program title: it is a way of life, a philosophy taught and lived by real people everywhere. When Papa David and I decided to ask our listeners, and Radio Mirror readers for true incidents from their own experience expressing this philosophy, we knew that we could give you not only interesting glimpses into the lives of those about you, but strong and positive reminders of basic truths upon which we may all build a friendlier, brighter and more fruitful world.

Perhaps there is no one who is in a better position to illustrate what we mean by the phrase "Life Can Be Beautiful" than is Papa David. This wise, kindly and lovable old gentleman is the never-failing example of what a really good world this could be if we all practiced the lessons he teaches in generosity, tolerance and faith.

I told Papa David that we were going to ask readers to send us stories from their own lives which began disastrously but ended happily. Papa David suggested that as a starter I remind you of some of the things that have happened in Life Can Be Beautiful. Since our conversation, he has sent me several notes which serve as examples of the type of heartening experiences which I hope you will send us from time to time, as well as bits of his own philosophy from which we have all gained so much.

Here are a few of the letters Papa David sent me:

January 1, 1945.

Dear Chichi:
The Holy Script truly teaches us: "First build a home, then marry." Do you remember when Edgar was so hopelessly in love with Hilda? There didn't seem to be any solution to Edgar's problem, for he didn't dare tell Hilda of his love. He desperately needed at least enough money to start a home, and without it he did not feel he had the right to ask Hilda to share his rather uncertain life. We were all troubled by Edgar's problem, but there wasn't very much we could do about it in those days. It was just when we had almost given up hope that you told Edgar of Hilda's love for him. I don't guess Edgar will ever forget that day. Right after you told him about Hilda, you ran out of the Bookshop without any explanation. But when you came back, you had good news: that a stamp collector offered you $1,400 for the old stamp Edgar used on Hilda's letter. It was a happy ending to that story, as Mr. and Mrs. Edgar can testify.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

February 3, 1945.

Dear Chichi:
There is a great deal of unnecessary trouble in this life. A lot of it is caused by people who haven't enough business of their own to attend to. A very wise man once said, "Take care of your own soul and of another man's body, not of your own body and another man's soul."

Affectionately,
Papa David.

(Continued on page 87)
Life can be beautiful

By CHICHI HAMILTON

LIFE Can Be Beautiful is more than a program title: it is a way of life, a philosophy taught and lived by real people everywhere. When Papa David and I decided to ask our listeners and Radio Mirror readers for the incidents from their own experiences expressing this philosophy, we knew that we could give you not only stimulating glimpses into the lives of those about you, but strong and positive reminders of basic truths upon which we may all build a friendlier, brighter and more fruitful world.

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Affectionately,

Papa David.

(Continued on page 87)
LANNY fought for me in kindergarten when the other kids teased me about my freckles. As clearly as if it were yesterday, I remember the school yard, and the watching ring of children, and a boy named Bucky Jones, a big bully all of seven years old, shouting, "Nina Staples, Freckles Staples, Nina-Freckles-Staples—" I stood dumbfounded, not knowing what to do about the insult, when a small thunderbolt of a boy rushed out of the crowd, flung himself upon Bucky. "You let her alone, Buck! She's too little to take care of herself—"

That was Lanny, and that was Lanny's attitude toward me all through our growing up together. I was big enough to go fishing with him in the creek on sunny spring mornings, but I wasn't so big that I was expected to put on the bait, or to take the squirming fish, with their prickly fins, off the hook. In high school I never had to think twice about a date, to wonder, as some of the other girls did, whether or not I'd be asked to a party. Lanny always asked me, before anyone else even had a chance to ask me, and Lanny always had everything all arranged. I had only to say where I wanted to go, what I wanted to do, and Lanny would have the car at the door, lunch baskets and firewood and blankets packed for a picnic; if we were going to a dance, Lanny would come running up the steps, brushed and shining and with a corsage in his hand.

After we were through school and had gone to work, Lanny for a textile dyeing firm and I for Milton and Loeser, lawyers, he planned our future just as thoroughly and competently. "It's this way," he said the night he told me about his job. "Dad wants me to go to college, but I figure if I start to work right away, you and I can get married in a couple of years. I like the work, and I can pick up whatever education I need in night school, as I go along. The important thing is for us to get settled—"

I said, "Yes, Lanny," as I'd said "Yes, Lanny," to everything he'd ever suggested, and I snuggled a little closer to him, seeing us settled in our own home, seeing Lanny studying at night while I mended his socks, 

Love—was it a quiet contentment? Or was it this other feeling...
We danced, and Chris didn’t talk much; he let our dancing together speak for him.
ANNY fought for me in kindergarten when the other kids teased me about my freckles. As clearly as if it were yesterday, I remember the school yard, and the watching ring of children, and a boy named Bucky Jones, a big bully all of seven years old, shouting, "Nina Staples, Freckles Staples, Nina-Freckles-Staples—" I stood dumbfounded, not knowing what to do about the insult, when a small thunderbolt of a boy rushed out of the crowd, flung himself upon Bucky. "You let her alone, Buck! She's too little to take care of herself—"

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Love—was it a quiet contentment? Or was it this other feeling...
turned the collars on his shirts.

We never quarreled. The nearest we ever came to it was when Lanny took a new job in Maxwell, a town several hundred miles away. It was in his line, but vastly better than his present job; it would enable us to get married as soon as he'd established himself with the new firm and had found a place for us to live. "The only thing I don't like about it," he worried, "is that I'm not sure when I can send for you. It may take three or four months—"

"I'll go fast," I said soothingly. That was part of my job—to soothe Lanny when he fussed over things. "I can get a few more things made for my hope chest while you're gone, and that quilt I've been wanting to finish—"

"Oh, quilts! I'm sick at the thought of leaving you, and you talk about quilts! Sometimes, Nina, I wonder how much you care about me—"

I stared up at him with shocked, wondering eyes. Care about him—who and where? I thought of him! He was dearer to me than anyone else in the world. And the welling tenderness his kisses stirred in me—that was love, wasn't it? What more did he want?

"But leaving town was your idea," I pointed out. "You said yourself we can get married sooner if you do. Surely you'd rather I got some work done for us while you're gone instead of just sitting around wringing my hands—"

"Of course, sweetheart." His arms gathered me close, his cheek pressed the top of my head. "I'm sorry. You're right, of course. I meant—I don't know what I meant. Didn't know what I was talking about, I guess."

Still, I didn't feel that everything was perfectly all right. He was troubled, even if he wouldn't admit it, and I couldn't understand why. I tightened my arms around his neck, brushed my lips softly against his. "Lanny—aren't you happy with me? Please tell me—"

"Happy with you!" His voice almost broke. "Oh, Nina—"

I was happy too. When Lanny gave me my ring, a few days before he left, it was like the climax to a long, sweet story. Our engagement was official now, and all my friends could share in my happiness. The girls at the office were almost as pleased as I was, and they promptly gave a party for me. Everyone thought Dad was pleased, although it hadn't been so long ago that Mother had objected when we talked of getting married. "You're so young, Nina," she'd said. "And you've never known any other boys. It wouldn't hurt you to wait a little while, until you're sure you know your own mind, as men do."

Dad had laughed at that, although he really agreed with her. "If she had any doubts," he said, "Lanny would get rid of them for her. He's been telling her what to do ever since I can remember. And he sticks closer than glue. Why, a stranger, looking into this house any time in the past fifteen years, would think we had two kids instead of one."

I didn't realize how much Lanny had been around until after he was gone. He wrote almost every day, and I wrote to him, but letters, and sewing for my hope chest, didn't fill the blank his absence made. I began to spend more time with the girls at the office, to stop downtown for dinner with them after work—and still time dragged endlessly.

And then I met Chris. It was at the office, early one morning, before anyone else had come in. I'd just got there, and I was at my desk, with my compact propped up on the typewriter, and touching my make-up, when I heard the door open and a breezy voice said, "Good morning, Pretty!"

I looked up indignantly, and then I couldn't help smiling. It was impossible to take offense at the man in the doorway. He was so big, in a pale topcoat that made him look bigger, so blantly handsome; his smile was so infectious. Then I saw the glossy, but business-like brief case he carried, and I got up and held out my hand. "Good morning," I said formally. "You must be Mr. Alden. You're here on the Markham case—"

"How do you do," he said, just as formally, but he was making a game of it. "That's all correct. And you're Miss—"

"Staples," I said—and then Mr. Loeser came in and took him into his own office. I sat down again and picked up my compact. Blue-green eyes tilted upward a little at the corners, looked back at me from the mirror, and white skin, no longer freckled, dark hair smoothly parted. Pretty—the way Chris Alden had said it made me feel pretty. He'd spoken spontaneously, involuntarily, as if he were exclaiming over something striking in a shop window.

Perhaps that was, the beginning of Chris Alden's attraction for me—his making me conscious of myself, in a way I'd never before known. When his glances followed me about the office, I felt—well, special; I wasn't just another nice-enough looking girl, his eyes told me, but one who had been drawn exactly to his specifications. He went out of his way to talk to me and to pay me compliments, and while I paid them back in the same light tone in which they were given, I couldn't help feeling flattered. When he first asked me for a date, I was pleasantly excited, but I refused, flatly, and told him why.

"I know you're engaged," Chris said. "The whole office told me, the first day I was here. But I'm not asking you to break your engagement; I'm only asking you to dinner."

As if for support, I took Lanny's picture out of my purse and showed it to him. Chris' brows rose in approval as he looked at it. "He's a handsome boy," he said. "Looks like the kind who knows where he's going."

I studied the picture for a second before I returned it to my purse. Of course Lanny knew where he was going—he always did; but it hadn't occurred to me before that he was handsome. Tumbled dark brown hair, unearthly curly, and outthrust jaw, outthrust lower lip—he was really good looking, appealing looking. I hadn't thought of it before; the shape of his..."
face was as familiar to me as the shape of my own hands.

"Write to him, if it will make you feel better," Chris suggested. "Ask him if it's all right if you have dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner. Tell him I'll bring you home at nine, sharp."

My face burned. He was teasing me, making me feel that I'd attached too much importance to his invitation. And

the truth was that I had. I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but if the date were really only dinner with a lonesome out-of-towner, as Chris put it, there would be nothing wrong with it, and Lanny himself would have been the last person to object.

Still I said no, and I continued to say no to his invitations until Chris's own attitude began to change. A

genuine insistence crept into his voice when he mentioned our going out together, and there was disappointment under his levity when he joked about my turning him down. That was exciting, too, and every day had its moments of drama when Chris and I went through our verbal skirmish, request and refusal. Even so, it might have remained just what it was—a semi-serious game, had it not been for the Company party.

The party was on a rainy night in April, at the office. Dad drove me to it, grumbling a little without meaning much of it, over being dragged out in such weather. "But, Dad," I said, "I've got to go. The party's in honor of Mr. Loeser's son, who's been in the Army and who's coming back to the firm as junior partner. It'd be an insult not to go—" The truth was that a blizzard couldn't have kept me at home that night, but not for the reason I gave Dad. Chris would be there—Chris, whose eyes told me I was lovely in the plain, tailored things I wore at work. Tonight I was at my very best, in a beautiful gown that deepened the color of my eyes, with my hair brushed to shining ebony. I could see him threading his way through the crowd, could see the look on his face as he came toward me. And I could dance with him now, be with him now—and still everything would be all right. It wouldn't be a real date, and there would be dozens of people around. . . .

It all happened so exactly as I'd pictured it that I had the uncanny feeling, when Chris came toward me across the dance floor, that it had happened somewhere before, or that it had been fated to happen, and that there was nothing I could do to change it. We danced—and Chris didn't talk much; he let our dancing together speak for him. At the end of it he said, "You see—how much time we've wasted?" I couldn't pretend not to understand him, and I couldn't pretend, either, that I didn't agree.

He danced nearly every dance with me that night, sat with me at supper, and we both knew that as surely as the music swept us across the floor, a still stronger force was sweeping us inevitably together. I made a last brief struggle against it when the evening came to an end, and I told Chris that I had to call my father to come after me.

"Call him," said Chris, "and tell him not to come. He doesn't want to get out at this hour in this weather."

"Well," I said, "it is a bad night—" His smile shook me, and my own melted tremulously into it.

In the warm intimacy of the car—a large and shining car, handsome, as was everything that belonged to Chris, like his silver cigarette case and his expensive, engine-turned cigarette lighter—I sat stiffly apart from him. Chris seemed not to notice, but when he stopped the car outside my door, he sat looking at me for a moment. Then he said, "You're very far away."

"Yes," I said thinly.

"Too far." And then he reached over and took me (Continued on page 74)
turned the collars on his shirts.

We never quarreled. The nearest we ever came to it was when Lanny took a job at a neighborhood drugstore a hundred miles away. It was in his bills, small enough for him to save a dollar a week, and I knew that as long as he held his job, it would enable us to get married as soon as he'd established himself with the new firm and had found a place for us to live. "The only thing I don't like about it," he worried, "is that it's not sure when I can send for you. It may take three or four months—"

"T'LL go fast," I said soothingly. That was part of my job— to soothe Lanny when he fussed over things. "I can get a few more things made for my hope chest while you're gone; and that quilt I've been wanting to finish—"

"That's good," Lanny interrupted.

"Yeah. One day you're going to need a bed," I said tenderly.

And Lanny laughed at that, although he really agreed with her. "If she had any doubt," he said, "Lanny would get down on his knees and beg her. He's been telling her what to do ever since I can remember. And he sticks closer than true, why, a stranger, looking into this house any time in the past fifteen years would swear it was one of his."

I didn't realize how much Lanny had been around until after he was gone. He wrote almost every day, and I wrote back, and we talked and thought and planned and daydreamed, and she didn't fill the blank his absence made. I began to spend more time with the girls at the office, to stop downtown for dinner with them after work—and still time dragged endlessly.

And then I met Chris. It was at the office—early one morning, before anyone else had come in. I'd just got there, sitting at my desk, with my compact propped up on the typewriter, re-touching my make-up, when I heard the door open and a breezy voice said, "Good morning, Pretty!"

I looked up indignantly, and then I couldn't help smiling. It was impossible to take offense at the man in the doorway. He was so tall, in a pale top coat that made him look bigger, so blondly handsome, his smile was so infectious. Then I saw the glasses, but business-like brief case he carried, and I got up and held out my hand. "Good morning," I said formally. "You must be Mr. Alden. You're here on the Market, too?"

"How do you do," he said, just as formally, but he didn't look me in the eye. "That's all correct. And you're Miss—"

"Staples," I said—and then Mr. Loeser came in and took him into his own office. I sat down again and picked up my compact. Blue-green eyes, tilted upward a little at the corners, looked back at me from the mirror, and white skin, no longer freckled, dark hair neatly parted. Pretty—the way Chris Alden had said it made me feel pleasant. He'd spoken spontaneously, voluntarily, as if he were explaining over something striking in a shop window. Perhaps that was, the beginning of Chris Alden's attraction for me—his making conscious of myself; in a way I'd never before known. When he looked at me, I always felt—well, special. I wasn't just another nice-enough looking girl, his eyes told me, but one who had been drawn exactly to his specifications.

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"Write to him, if it will make you feel better," Chris suggested. "Ask him if he's all right if you have dinner with me, and if there would be nothing wrong with telling him you'll bring me home at nine, sharp."

My face burned. He was teasing me, feeling I'd already attached too much importance to his invitation. And the truth was that I had. I didn't want to admit it even to myself, but if the invitation came from him, Lanny himself would have been the last person to object. Still I said no, and I continued to tell Chris of my own attitude began to change. A genuine insistence crept into his voice when he mentioned our going out together, this was a disappointment to me under his levity when he was turning him down. That was ex- citement of the moment of drama when Chris and I were through with the usual ritual of skirt, request and refusal. Even so, it might have been

Upon receiving the invitation, Chris went to work. I was at my very best, in a beautiful gown that deepened every color of my eyes, with my hair brushed to shining gloss. I could see him threading his way through the crowd, could see the look on his face as he entered the room. And I could see him, with him now—and in the dark of the cinema, I wouldn't be able to see at all. It wouldn't be a real date, and there would be dozens of people around... But I had pictured it— I had pictured it as Chris came toward me across the dance floor, that it had happened somewhere before, or that it had been fated to happen, and that where I was nothing I could do to change it. We danced and Chris didn't talk much; he let our dancing take care of his thinking. But at the end of it he said, "You see—how much happier we've made ourselves. We couldn't pretend not to understand him, and we couldn't pretend, either, that I didn't agree..."

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"Call him," said Chris, "and tell him not to come. He doesn't want to get out of this to-night."

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In the warm intimacy of the car—a large and shining car, handsome, it was everything that belonged to Chris, like his silver cigarette case and his expensive, engraved cigarette lighter—I sat stilly apart from him. Chris seemed more slyly, but when I stopped the car outside my door, he sat looking at me for a moment. Then he said, "You're very nice, but I want to take you for a ride."

"Yes," I said thinly.

"Too far," he then reached over and took me (Continued on page 74)
RUTH WAYNE'S long and difficult years as "big sister" to her young brother and sister have made a valuable background for her life as Dr. John Wayne's wife. Friends in Glen Falls know that young, pretty Ruth Wayne is capable of a very mature understanding and tolerance. (Mercedes McCambridge)

DR. JOHN WAYNE, back from overseas Army Doctoring, is uncertain of his ability to fill the requirements of the rewarding, but exacting, position which Dr. Reed Bannister is urging him to accept. He believes he can be more useful, and more successful, by working with old Dr. Carvell. (played by Paul McGrath)
DIANE RAMSEY’S mysterious return from New York City got her to Glen Falls so she could nurse her foster father, DR. DUNCAN CARVELL, through a bad heart attack. During the illness of Glen Falls’ kindly veteran G.P., Diane’s assistance has been valuable to Dr. John. (Diane, Elspeth Eric; Dr. Carvell, Santos Ortega)

FRANK WAYNE is John’s bachelor brother, publisher of Glen Falls Register. All of Frank’s activities have always been somewhat shifty and questionable, and though he recently returned from a mental institution his violent temper and odd behaviour make it appear doubtful that he has been cured. (played by Eric Dressler)
Between the sisters ADDIE and GINNY PRICE there is a peculiarly close relationship, born of the fact that they have been alone together since their parents were killed in an automobile accident. Addie has worked for years to educate Ginny for the music-teaching job that has been Ginny's goal, but complicating factors have entered—among them the discovery that Addie has a serious chronic illness—to make her accomplishments precarious. Both Addie and Ginny treasure the confidence and friendship of Ruth Wayne.

(Addie is Charlotte Holland; Ginny is Patsy Campbell)
NEDDIE EVANS, Ruth Wayne's young brother, returned from Navy service to a job at Peterson's Filling Station, bringing back with him a vivid red-headed wife whose past and present actions are the subject of much town gossip. (played by Michael O'Day)

HOPE MELTON EVANS is Neddie's flamboyant young wife, about whom nobody knows very much except that she is hard, unscrupulous, untruthful, and in some way tangled up with John Wayne's brother Frank, publisher of the paper. (played by Ann Shepherd)

WALDO BRIGGS edits the Glen Falls Register. Though working with Frank Wayne, its publisher, is difficult, Briggs is determined to remain, in order to rebuild his wife's confidence in him. (played by Ed Begley)
REED BANNISTER, unmarried, attractive, is very close to both Ruth and John Wayne. While John, overseas, was undergoing his harrowing war experience, Reed's friendship greatly comforted the worried but undaunted Ruth. It was during that time that Ruth realized that Bannister's feeling for her was more than simple friendship—something that might have grown into love if he had not understood that she would never love anyone but John. Bannister has tried, with no success, to persuade John to join the staff of the large medical center which he heads. (Reed Bannister is played by Berry Kroeger)

The daytime serial Big Sister is heard Monday through Friday at 12:15 P.M. EST, on CBS.
THE STORY:

WHEN Ricardo—the man I was going to marry—came home, discharged, from the war, I thought it would mean the end of one sort of life, the beginning of another, for me. Ricardo and I would go away somewhere, I planned—somewhere far from Los Angeles, where we Mexican-Americans had had so much trouble during the "zoot suit" riots at the beginning of the war. Someplace, I thought, where we would be treated like ordinary people, and not frowned upon as strange, peculiar, and foreign. Someplace where we could be happy, where we could really feel as if we belonged.

The very first day Ricardo was home, we met Dixon, the policeman with whom Ricardo had had trouble before he went into the Army, and Dixon as much as warned Ricardo to watch his step. Things were not as bad as they had been before, and both Ricardo and I had outgrown, to a certain extent, the gangs with which we used to go around—the gangs of young Mexican-Americans who banded together, not to make trouble, but in defense against a city of people who could not find a place for us in their way of life, and who didn't seem to want us to make that place for ourselves. My sister Tani and her friends, however, still had the same problem facing them—trying to find recreation, and a place to have fun that was not barred to them.

Ricardo and I had a wonderful time when he invited two of his friends—a Swede from Minnesota, and a fellow from upstate New York—to my house for dinner. I thought it would be awful, but his friends were nice. They didn't seem to think that we were peculiar at all, and they loved Mama's and Papa's furniture, brought from Mexico, Mama's very Mexican dinner—in fact, they liked us. And, more important—it made me think—they told us about their own parents, who had immigrated to this country. I'd begun to feel as if we were the only outcasts in the United States, and talking to those boys gave me a better perspective.

It was later that evening, when the boys had gone, and Ricardo and I were sitting on our front porch, that Tani, obviously frightened, came running up. An old man who ran a malt shop, Pop Miller, had been letting Tani and her friends use his living room as a sort of headquarters—they had their soft drinks there, danced, and we had all been happy that they had found so good a friend who would provide a place which would keep them off the streets. Bobby, Dixon's son, was one of the boys. As Tani ran up to us that evening, I had a sick, sinking premonition of trouble—a feeling of "it's all beginning all over again!" And I was right. There had been a fight at Pop Miller's, Tani told us. One of the boys had been hurt. Someone had called the police. Would we come and see if we could do something?

WE REACHED Pop Miller's place almost on the dead run. It was quiet behind the big lighted window of the malt shop—too quiet—and the door was locked. We pounded and pounded before someone cautiously opened the door.

It was Pop himself, a grey little wisp of a man with faded, puckered blue

Maria dreamed of escaping from trouble. And Ricardo loved her so that he was willing to give up his own dream

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

This story was inspired by a problem originally presented on John J. Anthony's daytime radio program, heard Monday through Friday at 1:45 P.M. EST. over the Mutual network.
eyes that looked on the verge of tears. He was honestly fond of the kids who came there—but he had his own license and reputation to consider. "I had to call Dixon," he kept muttering, "you have to call the cops when there's an accident. It's not my fault," and he looked to us in apology.

"Sure. You did the right thing," Ricardo answered, pushing by him to go into the big inside room. "Is the doctor here yet?"

"No—but any minute now." As Pop led me into the living-room I glanced at the clock. I couldn't believe it had been only ten minutes or so since the accident and since the fight. It seemed hours since Tani had come home and told her story.

The room seemed to me a sea of faces, and my heart turned sick inside me. Something about those faces—the unconscious way the youngsters had lined themselves up stiffly against the walls—gang against gang, and themselves against the world—tore at my throat. I had to remind myself that the form lying in the middle of the floor, covered by an overcoat against shock, was a boy just like these others—and he might be dying. I couldn't follow my impulse and send these kids home to their mothers.

Hastily I looked around the room for young Bobby Dixon—but he wasn't there. Lucky for him!

Ricardo was kneeling by the boy on the floor and everyone watched him. I held my breath.

"He's alive," Ricardo announced in the tense silence. "But I wish that doctor would hurry. I know better than to try to do anything myself. What was it—a knife?" he asked sternly.

There was an outpouring of quick, voluble explanations from all sides but most of it was too incoherent to understand.

"Wait a minute!" I commanded them. "You—Jose—tell us exactly what happened. Did someone use a knife?" But Ricardo was pulling the coat down and I could see no sign of bleeding, although the boy's shirt was torn.

"No—no!" Jose's scared face went whiter still. "There was just some scuffling and somebody pulled his shoulder and pushed him and then he swung his fist—and missed—and then he was hit and went down and struck his head on the table, there." Heads nodded up and down in confirmation and there was a low murmur of "Si, si!" on both sides of the room.

For a second that awful squeeze of fear on my heart lifted. It had been an accident! Perhaps Dixon would take that into account! Oh—why didn't that doctor come?

His knock followed right on the heels of that prayer—and with him came Dixon.

I must say this for the boys—they paid scant attention to Dixon then. All their hopes and fears and eyes were riveted on the doctor. What happened to this boy lying there on the floor, his life or his death, was all that mattered, then. He might be a stranger to Jose and the others, but he was a boy like themselves. And, for once, the presence of Dixon didn't have its usual effect.

The doctor's examination was quick.

"Ambulance." He spoke briefly into the telephone. His quick scrutiny, his terse words, his serious face that seemed to (Continued on page 65)
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Something was taking Jim away from Serena, making him forget the plans, the memories, the love they had shared.

Perhaps war had done it... or was it Jane?

This was one of those February days. I knew it when I looked out the window first thing in the morning. Spring had come—not to stay—but to float down our valley bringing truant warmth in her gossamer, pale-green garments, blowing taunting kisses at Old Man Winter... reminders that he must soon pack up and leave and her reign would begin. It was not a day for dark or gloomy thoughts.

I raised the window to let the thin warmth steal in and to wave good-morning to old Jud Anson stomping up our snow-covered back steps to deliver the milk.

Like so many things in Hyatsville—like the village green across the way and the steepled-church—Jud hadn't changed his ways in thirty years. He might have a modern dairy out on his farm but he still brought the milk to sell in rattling cans and drove to town in horse and sled. Hyatsville liked it that way.

"Morning, Jud!" I called.

"Morning, Sereny!" he replied. He hefted the milk can into the kitchen and I heard the sounds of milk gurgling into the big stone crock we kept for that purpose. Then he clomped out again and stood, hesitatingly, on the steps.

"Catch your death of cold, mooning up there, Sereny," he told me cheerfully. Then he added, after a second's pause. "Better get some clothes on you. I expect you'll be getting a call purty soon. The Bellows got back last night and it's dollars to doughnuts Jim Bergi will be calling you first thing."

Jim back. My fingers tightened around the window sill, unmindful of the snow. Jim back from Florida!

Jud stood waiting. Our milkman was also our unofficial newspaper, but for every tidbit he brought he liked to pick up another to carry away with him. He was waiting for that now.

"Thanks, Jud." I swallowed the

**A LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS STORY**

From the mailbag of Leave It To The Girls, MBS's Roundtable of Romance, produced by Martha Rountree, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M. EST
panic in my throat. “I knew he was coming. I heard from him the other day.” That would hold the gossipy tongues from wagging. It wasn’t necessary to tell Jud that my only news from Jim Bergi all the while he was in Florida with the Bellows had been a few lines on a postcard. Or that the only reason I knew he was coming back was because the Bellows home and the Bellows factory were here and they would have to come back sometime.

No, I couldn’t tell Jud anything. I couldn’t bear that the village would have added fuel to the talk that was going round that Jim Bergi and Serena Hendon—the inseparables—the childhood sweethearts—were drifting apart.

My eyes fell on the square porcelain box on the highboy. I knew what was in it. Valentines. Years and years of Valentines from Jim. Were they only souvenirs now?

I wouldn’t even think that myself. This was one of those days, I reminded myself, when fear was impossible and doubts were blasphemy. This was a day that heralded Spring. This was a day that promised a new beginning—soon.

Everything was possible today. Jim’s vacation was over and perhaps, as I had hoped, his restlessness, his nervous impatience would be gone, too. Perhaps it would be I, and the known, the sure, the familiar ways I represented to him, that he wanted now. Not the unknown and the reckless, high adventures that Jane Bellows promised.

As if to confirm the hope that was so surely burgeoning in my heart, the telephone rang. I knew it was Jim. And it was. “Hello—Serena?” That familiar—that dearly-beloved voice! “I just got in last night. We drove by your place but the lights were out so I didn’t stop.”

Oh—why had I gone to bed so early and cried myself to sleep in the darkness? If I had only known he was so close.

“Why didn’t you come and throw pebbles at my window as you used to, Jim?” I managed a little laugh. “I would have loved to come down and make some hot chocolate for you.”

His voice sounded a little uneasy when he spoke again. “Well, I did think of it. But Jane said it would be a shame to wake you up and Mr. Bellows said he had phoned ahead and their housekeeper would have a late supper for us. So we went on.”

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for us. So we went on."

That little prickle of fear iced my
veins again. But only for a moment.

"Where are you now, Jim? Can you come over for breakfast?"

"Oh, no, I drove to the plant today with Mr. Bellows. There's a job opening there on the fifteenth and he wants me to talk to the supervisor. See if I would fit in and if the job would appeal to me. But I'll be over around eleven-thirty. We can make it for lunch together, if that's okay with you, Serena."

"Of course, Jim." I hung up the receiver.

Of course, Jim. Why not—of course, darling? Why couldn't I say that as naturally as I would have once? But in those days Jim wouldn't have asked personal questions—I'd have been staying with the Bellows—he wouldn't have been going to work in the Bellows' wallpaper factory—he wouldn't have been riding there in a car driven by Jane Bellows.

In those days Jim would have been just an ex-girlfriend, with whom I had played and grown up; who had given me my first kiss at fifteen; who had been my sweetheart up until the time he had gone into the Army; the boy who had asked me to wait and marry him when it was all over.

When Jim had gone into the Air Corps, trained to fly one of those huge fortresses, I had been scared but my fears had been for his personal safety and his life. I had never dreamed there could be other wounds than physical ones. But it was our dreams that became a war-casualty.

I had been sent from the Army a different boy from the one who had gone away. Physically the war-hardening had only made him more handsome. But the change was deep inside him.

I had listened when he tried to explain and I understood and suffered with him. But I didn't know what to do about it. Because Hyatsville was the same and I was the same and life had gone on here in pretty much the same way. There were still the same problems to be solved and there was no way of pushing them aside, as Jim wanted to do.

In the Air Corps he had become used to having things done fast. Judgments had to be split-second. There was never a second chance. There was no waiting around for things to work out slowly or for starting with a little and building up. The Jim who had gone away had been a dreamy boy with visions in his eyes of the life he'd always wanted for us—the quiet, rootsin-the-soil life on the twenty acres his aunt had left him. It would take time to reclaim those acres from their present, run-down condition. It would take time for him to be secure enough to think of marriage.

But the Jim who had come back couldn't wait for time. He was impatient and restless . . . unsure of what he wanted.

He was also a hero and the Bellows made much of him. Jane Bellows' tailored Red Cross uniform looked good next to his be-medalled khaki standing on platforms at Bond Rallies. I was invited, too, but somehow I usually ended up a butt in the background.

That sounds as if the Bellows were stuck-up and hero-grabbers. They weren't. Hyatsville was a stiff-necked town and it remembered too well that old Burk Bellows used to be a clerk in our village store before he began making wallpaper and money. Jane had gone to our village school, too—although it was a finishing school that had laid that patina of gloss over her looks and her clothes.

No, they weren't snobs. If anything, they were proud of their humble roots in the town. What really frightened me was my feeling that Burk Bellows would be proud if his daughter married a local boy.

And Jim was a local boy and a boy who had made good in the toughest job of all. He had fought and been wounded and fought again. It was only right that they should be eager to help him and offer him the hospitality of their home, since his aunt's little one in town had been sold at her death. And when they had left for Florida a month ago, it had been easy for them to persuade Jim that he deserved a vacation in the sun before making up his mind what he wanted to do.

They hadn't actually stolen him away from me. The war had done that. I wouldn't have been scared of all the Bellows' fine homes and cars and promises of jobs—yes, even of their fine daughter—if Jim hadn't changed inside himself. But he had become used to having things happen fast; he couldn't slow down his tempo now. He go back and pick up our dreams. He couldn't think of the years it would take to put the old farm back on its feet.

The Jim who had left had his heart and his feet firmly planted in the soil. The Army had put him in the air. Now that he was back he was like a man suspended, unable to find his way back, unable to pick up the old ways—yet unhappy with the new.

And I was tied down with an invalid father. I couldn't step out and race madly ahead with Jim into any venture he chose.

But the hope was still inside me that this was a temporary adjustment for Jim. He was a Hyatsville boy, born and bred. We had had nineteen years to build our love and make our plans; surely those few war-years had not left a The Jim who had gone away. He would want me and our kind of life again and the impatience engendered by the war would burn itself out.

Anyway, he was here and he was coming to see me. I did a little dance in the middle of the floor, my robes flapping around my ankles.

"Serena!" It was Father, and I rushed guiltily down the stairs. Halfpast seven and breakfast not even started.

Coals were still burning in the old kitchen fireplace and I piled kindling and wood on them. It was a matter of minutes to get water boiling on the stove and blueberry muffin batter popped into tins and into the oven. I flew upstairs again for the shaving mug and brush and into Father's room.

He was already in his wheelchair. Father liked to "do for himself" as much as possible and he was cranky only when you treated him like an invalid.

I adjusted the mirror on the little table that slid over his knees. "Jim's back, Father," I said as casually as I could.

He held the brush poised in his hand for a moment and then went on with his shaving. "'bout time," he muttered.

"I don't hold with all this chasing around to Florida and places. Comes January the good Lord gives us winter and snow and if He had meant for us to be running away to tropic climes he would have put wings on us, like the birds."

"Hello, wolf," I managed to say, and to my surprise my voice sounded light and gay.
I edged away to the door, but he caught me out of the corner of his eyes. "And now that he's back—what then? Going to hand him over to Jane Bel¬lows? Yes ... I see you are. Just thinking about him now and you've got those lights in your eyes and your mouth's got that waiting shape—but just let him come in the door and your eyes will get as still as the Tantilly brook come winter. You've got too much Yankee pride, Serena. That boy's all mixed up—but nothing that a little honest love and open arms won't settle—"

I left him, still talking. Maybe it was rude, but he had put his finger too sharply on that sore spot of mine. And when Jim came it was almost as Father said it would be. His footsteps across the porch set my heart racing and the blood to my cheeks—but when he came in I felt my backbone stiffening up and I could feel myself, figuratively, taking my heart off my sleeve and tucking it away, where Jim couldn't see it.

He kissed me. On my cheek. Never mind, I told myself, hastily, it's just that he's not demonstrative. No New Engländer is.

"You look wonderful, Serena. Seems like the first time I ever saw you when you were just a kid trying to climb over our back fence you wore pigtails. And now the fashion's gone in a complete circle and here you are in pig¬tails again," indicating the two thick braids I wore with the big blue bows tied to the end. "Remember how I used to tease you that some old sea-going ancestor of yours must have brought home a foreign wife? You!—with that ivory skin and those up-tilted eyes!"

We settled ourselves in front of the fire and our lunch on the low coffee table. "You look different, Jim," I told him. "I'm not used to seeing men with such heavy tans in the winter time. How was Florida?" Oh, why do we sit like this, making conversation!

His face told me nothing. "Oh, it was all right. I rested—if you can call dancing every night and swimming every day, resting. I got tired of it. Then I thought I was anxious to get back and get started (Continued on page 88)
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I was still waiting for the old man when he came in the room. Mr. Bellows was holding a pair of slippers and a shaving mug.

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"Hello, Bessie," I managed to say, and to my surprise my voice sounded light and gay.
WHENEVER a stranger first meets my husband Jay Jostyn and myself, he always has two instant reactions. The first is immediate interest at meeting "Mr. District Attorney" in real life—after having listened to the program for several years over NBC.

The second reaction always follows the discovery that Jay and I have been married for eighteen years now. The stranger demands, "What is the magic secret of a marriage that has lasted so long and brought so much happiness?"

Well, to me there isn't any magic secret. To me, the only answer is to tell the story of our marriage, from its beginning. Now we live in a comfortable house on Long Island, with two sons, a dog and a cat, two automobiles, and dozens of warm friends coming to visit. But our marriage didn't always have this happy setting, by any means. Our present household was arrived at by a series of adventures and of very bad times mixed in with very good.

But you will see all that as the story unfolds.

Jay Jostyn and I met almost twenty years ago, when I was a young actress named Ruth Hill and he was an almost equally young actor. Neither of us has changed an awful lot since then—I was a blue-eyed blonde, and he had the

Suddenly, thoroughly, forever—that's how the Jostyns fell in love
same direct gray eyes and curly brown hair he has now, and the same straight way of holding himself. Both of us had been acting for a couple of years by the time we met, which was while we were appearing in a play called "Six Cylinder Love," in Spokane, Washington—a long way from both of our homes. My home town was Hollywood, California, and Jay came originally from Milwaukee.

And from our mutual two years' acting experience, we seemed to have very little in common. Very little indeed, except that we were both young, both ambitious, both passionately absorbed in the theater.

When we walked on stage for that first rehearsal and the director said, "Miss Hill, this is Mr. Jostyn," neither of us had the slightest rise in blood pressure. We bowed, and began acting. After all, I was engaged to a broker in Hollywood, and I had already made a comfortable little world for myself in Spokane—I knew the town very well, and I went to establish a Spokane's leading hotel with a pet cocker spaniel named Dodee.

For the next six months we acted together in numerous plays in the Spokane stock company, collected our pay checks at the end of the week, and went our different ways.

Then one thing happened to me. Don't ask me to explain what it was, or how it came about—but suddenly one day, while Jay and I were rehearsing a play called "Bird of Paradise," I fell in love with him. It was that simple.

And from that day on—I well, I didn't say after him; I just got hold of him and hung on! It was another year before we were married. But it was a wonderful year—and also a thoroughly upsetting one, in all the ways that young people's lives get complicated.

Naturally, I broke my engagement to my fiancé by letter. Then Jay and I seemed to be together constantly—acting, discussing the theater, meeting for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. We never seemed to have enough time to talk over everything that interested us . . . and meanwhile, I had written my family in Hollywood that Jay and I were in love. If you think they were happy about the news, you are very much mistaken. They were horrified. My father, you see, was a retired merchant; and he and mother both thought that anyone connected with the theater was completely unstable. I kept getting letters from them objecting strenuously to my being interested in an unknown young actor with no financial foundation for a marriage—and finally a firm suggestion that I bring him down to Hollywood for a family introduction.

I will never forget that trip from Washington to California. Jay and I made it by bus; and with us we took my cooker spaniel, Dodee—who was nick-named after Dorothy Deane the actress, my closest friend. When we reached my house, my family was just as disgruntled at sight of Jay as they had been before.

"He's a very nice young man, dear," my father said in private, "but naturally your mother and I don't want to see you settled in life with a man whose financial future is so indefinite."

"An actor," my mother said, "is hardly what your father and I had planned for you."

The upshot of all the family disapproval was that I stayed in Los Angeles in a play production, while Jay went back to Spokane to do a play with my parents sure that once away from him, I'd forget him, as usual. (I had forgotten other men before, given a little time and space.)

But I couldn't forget Jay, as it turned out. Our letters flew back and forth, and five months after he had departed for Spokane he returned to California, and we were married. It was October 17th, 1928; and we were married in a Pasadena church, with all the trimmings. I wore my mother's bridal gown, and for my matron of honor I had my friend Dorothy Deane, who at that time was Mrs. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. Our little flower girl—who was too frightened to scatter her huge basket of rose-petals—later grew up to be beautiful Sheila Ryan of the movies. Everyone in the bridal party was connected with the theater except, of course, for my worried parents who were still convinced that I was making the mistake of a lifetime, in spite of the fact that we were forced to do it. We made the horrible discovery that I didn't have a bottle of ink in the house. And spending ten cents on a new bottle was truly unthinkable; we had to save every penny for food. We were still wondering how to surmount this obstacle, when one day, a salesman for stationery supplies, and he rang the bell, happily invited himself to dinner—and offered us a case of old sample supplies that he had in the back of his car—the very things we wanted most, right then! A few moments later, he was dragging it inside—and it was a case full of paper, glue, pencils and, of course, ink!

That was (Continued on page 85)
In ancient Greece, a man named Milo claimed that he could lift his full-grown cow because he had done so each day since its birth. Young Allen LaFever and his patient Phoebe are trying to duplicate that feat. Allen lifts Phoebe every day at his New Jersey farm home, and once a week on County Fair, (CBS, Saturdays, 1:30 EST). So far, it works — but what if Phoebe continues to gain a pound a day?

County Fair
Polkatrot

Lyric by
JOHN HINES

Music by
BILL GALE

Chorus
Why don't-cha come see the bau-tam roost-er pie baked like moth-er use-ter,
sets the scene for CBS's spirited version of a colorful old American folkway

dance the Virginia reel and romance your partner as the night grows darker.

Follow the big parade of pop-corn and lemonade, you'll find that the gang's all there.

Hitch up the mare to the shay, let's have a grand holiday as we go gid-dy-ap, gid-dy-ap, off to the COUNTY FAIR.

Why don'tcha FAIR.
A Fine Beginning

"Soup" of the evening, beautiful soup," was written as a nonsense verse, but it becomes satisfying reality when the tantalizing fragrance of rich well-made soup announces lunch or dinner. Whether you prefer a small portion as the traditional first course for a meal or a generous serving of a hearty soup which needs only salad and dessert to form a complete meal, give soups an important place in your menus for the coming frigid weeks. You will be repaid by the extra zest with which your family approaches mealtide and extra vitality with which to withstand the rigor of winter.

Corn Chowder
2 tablespoons diced bacon
2 tablespoons chopped onion

By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, 8:30 EST.

Cream Potato Leek Soup
3 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 quart diced potatoes
2 cups chopped leeks
2 cups milk
1½ cups chicken stock or consomme
Paprika
Finely chopped parsley
Cook potatoes and leeks in salted water until tender. Strain and mash all pulp through a sieve. Add milk, stock, and paprika. Heat. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with soda crackers.

Vegetable Soup
3 tablespoons meat drippings
½ cup finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
2½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 bouillon cubes
2 cups canned tomatoes
5 cups vegetable, meat stock or water
4 cups chopped, cooked vegetables
¼ teaspoon mixed herbs

Lentil Soup
2 cups dried lentils
2½ quarts cold water
1 bay leaf
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 onion minced
2 tablespoons minced celery leaves
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons grated carrot
2 tablespoons bacon grated carrots
Soak lentils overnight in water. The following morning put them on to cook in same water in which they were soaked, to which salt, pepper and bay leaf have been added. After lentils have simmered (Continued on page 84)
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**BUSY BARITONE**

The sponsors and cast of the Family Hour show (Sunday afternoon hours of CBS) are wondering how long Earl Wrightson will remain with them. He joined the cast only a few months ago, but he was bidng his time until Paramount Pictures would send him a wire instructing him to hop on the first train west because they have found the right vehicle to launch him.

With a family of seven brothers and sisters, all of them very talented musicians, and a mother who was a music teacher before her marriage, it isn't the least bit strange that Earl should have decided to become a singer.

All this happened in Baltimore, where Earl Wrightson was born and educated. By the time he was seventeen, Earl had made up his mind about singing and began to study voice seriously with Earl Evans. In five years, Earl felt ready to knock on a few doors and find out about "opportunities." At this point, Earl packed his bags and set off for New York. He arrived with $23 in his pocket and a letter of introduction to Robert Weede, the noted baritone of the Metropolitan Opera.

Right from the start, Earl was lucky. The very next day, he began his studies with Weede and a few days later—long before the $23 had been used—he landed a job as a page boy in a radio studio.

For two years, Earl operated on this double-assignment routine. Then, his page job led to a break. Being on the spot at the studio and knowing about free air time coming up, Earl auditioned and won himself a supporting program. From then on, his road to the top was easy. He wrote, produced and directed, as well as sang in his own television shows for two years. He toured the country with a group of Metropolitan Opera stars in "The Barber of Seville" and also toured with Salvatore Baccaloni doing operas "Vignettes."

During the past three years, Wrightson has appeared extensively in concert and as a Camp Show entertainer. He spent seven months overseas in 1945, on a USO tour of Australia, New Guinea, and the Islands of the South Pacific.

Since his return, he has filled a phenominal number of concert and broadcast appearances, as well as playing in almost every Army and Navy camp and hospital in the New York area.

This past season on Broadway, he played the starring role of Cellini in the musical "Firebrand of Florence." It was this which led to Paramount's interest in him—and, considering the way he looks, the wonder is that the movies haven't snapped him up long before this.
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**TUESDAY, September 10, 1940**

- **Eastern Standard Time**

**FRIDAY TO SUNDAY**

- **Eastern Standard Time**

**WEDNESDAY, September 11, 1940**

- **Eastern Standard Time**
THURSDAY

MAKETHOSEPIESJUMP...

Take your choice. Listen to Real Stories From Real Life and the Nick Carter program over Mutual, or Up To Youth on WOR, or the Jack Berch Show over the American Broadcasting Company's network and hear some tall and fancy doings on the air tonight. Jack plays the theme music on all these shows and an incredible number of others. He's the world's fastest manipulator of the banks of complex key-board combinations.

George was born in Orland, California. George's family had an organ in the parlor and, at odd and boring times, George would sneak in there and experiment with the pedals, and he has only curiosity and he just fooled around. But by the time he'd finished high school, George decided to major in music at the College of the Pacific.

When he was sixteen, however, George got a job because he needed some extra money. He got a job, as it happened, in a burlesque house, the main attraction of the job being that special organist boasted an organ quite naturally—a bevy of strip-teasers. The weekly salary check soon made him give up the idea of going on with his college education. He was intent on getting all the playing experience he could.

So far, he's played in every sort of place that boasted an organ and even in many places where special organs were brought in for a limited engagement.

"But playing an organ in a burlesque house," he says, "that topped everything. It's almost sacrilege. It's almost like bringing Gypsy Rose Lee to deliver a sermon—with action—into a church."

Most of George's early experience was confined to San Francisco where he was with the Mutual Broadcasting System as staff organist. In 1940, he started free-lancing commercially for all the major radio networks. Besides this, for three years he was starved at the Fox Theater in San Francisco and appeared as guest artist on shows like Truth and Consequences, The Connie Boswell Show and on the California Hayride.

To Wright the credit for taking the slow, solemn pace out of organ music and bringing it up to the tempo of the times. He keeps his wrists and fingers flexible by playing tennis, when he has a few free hours and goes dancing to keep up the speed and the agile footwork required in his rapidly paced playing.

Even during his leisure time, Wright seldom wastes the minutes. If he isn't composing new melodies for the organ, he spends his time designing unusual and exotic silver jewelry.

"Just in case I get tired pushing those foot pedals down sometimes," he explains, "and feel like retiring and earning my living in another sedentary occupation."

We hope he doesn't get too tired.
We hear from the cinema capital that Perry Como looked and sounded so good in his Twentieth Century-Fox picture "Doll Face", that several additional scenes were written into the scenario to give him more frequent appearances on the screen. That's a slight reverse of the "face on the cutting room floor".

This may be the age of the atom and lightening speed, but as far as CBS correspondent Don Fryor is concerned, we're still in the horse and buggy era in some respects. It took him six hours to get from Shanghai to San Francisco. First he pumped a plane ride to Kunming—and missed a through plane to Frisco by three hours. With so many soldiers, American prisoners of war and others holding top priorities for plane seats, he had to wait a week at every stop he touched, including the big departure terminals at Manila and Saipan. When he finally caught a ride at the latter point, he rode all the way across the Pacific, curled up in the nose of a B-29 bomber.

But your kids, or the neighbors' kids at any rate, are all blowing bubbles like mad these days—wonderful, perfect, beautifully colored bubbles. Guess who's responsible? None other than Chet Lauck, the "Lum" of Lum 'n Abner. He loves gadgets and he's the one who thought up that special fluid the kids blow through those loops of wire.

Everybody knows that Albert Einstein, the famous "relativity" mathematician, likes to relax with a violin. Recently, he invited Arthur Schnabel, the equally famous pianist, to his home for a weekend. Naturally, they got around to playing together.

They were running through a rather involved Mozart sonata and Einstein was having some trouble playing. Finally, after a few explanations which didn't lead to better results, Schnabel let his temper like a piano teacher. He banged his remarkable hands on the keyboard and groaned, "No, no, Albert. For heaven's sake, can't you count? One, two, three, four, four.

To blonde Barbara Fuller goes the honor of being first the new member of the cast of One Man's Family in thirteen years. She's playing the part of Claudia, which was played by Kathleen Wilson up until about two years ago. When Kathleen left the cast, the part was written out of the show. But Carlton E. Morse, writer-producer, has had so many requests to bring Claudia back into the script that he waited only until he could find exactly the right person to fit the part. That's Barbara.

GOSSIP AND STUFF — Richard Kollmar, who plays Boston Blackie on the air, is now co-producer of a Broadway musical, "Are You With It?" . . . Dinah Shore is supplying the vocal in the forthcoming Disney film, "Make Mine Music". She'll sing "Two Silhouettes", but will not be seen on the screen. . . . Evelyn Varden, veteran of stage, screen and radio and a swell actress every time she opens her mouth, is being featured in Elmer Rice's new play, "Dream Girl," on Broadway. . . . Hildegarde has been chosen Queen of the Roses by the Society of American Florists on account of her doing so much to promote roses by giving them out on her program. . . . Dick Davis, whose work has been pretty much confined to radio so far, is working with Jean Arthur on Broadway in the play "Born Yesterday". . . . The Smilin' Ed McNeill and His Buster Brown Gang show is coming to you from Hollywood, now. The switch from Chicago was made last December. . . . "Show Boat" is being revived, and radio actress, Ethel Owen is slated for the Edna May Oliver role. . . . Networks are still having trouble figuring out what to do with all the foreign correspondents who are coming back to the States. It's a tough job trying to fit them all into jobs on the home-news front. . . . We hear that seven year old Bobby Hookey is "that way" about movie's Margaret O'Brien—and who can blame him? . . . Louella Parsons will be seen playing herself in the new Claudette Colbert picture. . . . Alice Reinheart (Life Can Be Beautiful) and Les Tremayne (Thin Man) had the nuptial knots tied in an all radio ceremony recently. Good luck to them. . . . George Shelton (It Pays To Be Ignorant) has been elected president of the Professional Entertainers of New York. . . . Good listening.

(Continued from page 8)
ROSE-MERI'S RING—a square-cut diamond. Her fiancé sent it from Honolulu in a native box with her name, a heart and a rose on the cover.

IN THE ARMY reconditioning program, Rose-Meri helps at Lawson General Hospital. Recently she visited the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled in New York to see how they teach the handicapped to re-educate muscles, train for self-support. Many handicapped people need a helping hand today. Can you give one?

Shes Lovely!
She uses Pond's!
Queen For a Day

(Continued from page 21)

Johnnie said, still looking at me with wonder in his eyes. "I must have been on vacation when you were hired. Your name is . . ."

Tessie cut in: "This is Maggi MAR-Lowe. She's from New York."

I hadn't said a word all the time, and to tell the truth I didn't know what to say; Tessie and Johnnie had covered the ground pretty well.

We started talking. Johnnie had been walking up the corridor, but I didn't smile when he did. I pretended I was very busy with that long list of figures.

Johnnie began coming in every day at lunch time. I could tell he was just making an excuse some days; there really was no specific reason for his visits. He stayed around for ten or fifteen minutes, said hello to me, and maybe talked to me for a little while. It kept up for a month or so, and one day he brought me a movie magazine to look at.

"I guess you like to read about the stars," was all he said, and he left the magazine on my desk. I thanked him, for he had certainly hit a responsive chord. It was a magazine I had not seen and we talked about the movie and radio people for a little while. I guess I gave Johnnie more encouragement that day for he seemed to gain confidence and the next day he asked me if I'd go to a movie with him.

My dates with Johnnie became fairly regular from that night on. About once every week or so he'd take me out, and I knew he always tried to make the evening interesting. He'd sit opposite me in some little cafe with a sort of worship in his eyes, forgetting to eat his supper and not making much conversation. He let me do most of the talking, and he encouraged me to talk. Johnnie seemed to sense that most of the affection, in our case, was one-sided. I liked him well enough. He was not handsome in a sleek way, but he had a strong chin and bright eyes. And I had to admire the way he handled himself, even though he wasn't as smooth as the ideals I had set up in my mind.

One night we stood in the hallway of the apartment where I lived with my folks and Johnnie came closest to telling me he loved me.

"Maggi, you can see what's inside me by just looking into my eyes."

I looked and I saw it; but something, probably my own ego, made me ward off any further such conversation.

"I like you, Johnnie. But I'm only twenty and all girl of twenty isn't sure what she wants."

I felt his eyes caressing me and I had to look away. At that moment I didn't know what I wanted, but I couldn't tell Johnnie. In a little while he said good-night to me and as he was leaving he asked if I could take me to lunch the next day.

"Well, Johnnie . . ." I began, undecidedly.

"Maggi, I know you like glamorous places. Let me take you to the Brown Derby. We can catch a cab and get up there and back without being late."

I was overjoyed. I didn't expect that from Johnnie and yet he must have read my thoughts one of those nights he took me out. The Brown Derby was a smart place to eat lunch and, who could tell, maybe we'd see a celebrity or two. I told Johnnie I would love to have lunch with him at the Brown Derby. I also felt like hugging him for inviting me, but I didn't.

If you asked me why I didn't, I couldn't give you a sensible answer. True, I was attracted to Johnnie more than to any other boy I had ever known. I felt that attraction growing all the time, growing into something that was deeper than I imagined could be possible. And yet I fought against myself, fought against admitting that I loved him.

At last I let him kiss me, and then it was a real conflict of emotions that possessed me. He said good-night to me and I ran upstairs to bed.

The next day was a red-letter day for me. I met Johnnie outside the National Banking building and we sped uptown to the famous restaurant. It was an extraordinary luncheon, I realized, but I was so overjoyed at the thought of getting to a place like the Brown Derby that nothing else mattered to me.

The restaurant was crowded but by a lucky break Johnnie got us a small table. The waiter was at our service almost immediately and I didn't even bother to look at the menu; I was cran-

(Continued on page 89)

MAKE A DATE EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON
THE DRAMATIC PAGES OF TRUE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE COME TO LIFE BEFORE THE MICROPHONE
TRUE DETECTIVE IS ON THE AIR!

Yes, the same kind of entertaining stories of outstanding feats in crime detection that have made True Detective one of the most exciting American magazines are now brought to your radio. Every program BASED ON FACT—every program packed full of ACTION and DRAMA. Be sure to hear it every Sunday afternoon!

TUNE IN "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"
Over your local

MUTUAL NETWORK STATION
"Smooth soft skin wins Romance"

Lana Turner
Lovely star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Postman Always Rings Twice"

"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

"My Beauty Facials bring quick new loveliness"

Feels like smoothing beauty in when you cover your face with Lux Toilet Soap's creamy Active lather the way Lana Turner does. Work it well in, rinse with warm water, then cold. Pat with a towel to dry. Now skin is softer, smoother, takes on radiant new loveliness.

Don't let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle beauty care screen stars recommend will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions improved in a short time!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—You try it!
This active, busy shopper
is modern as can be,
Relying on Meds' comfort,
Meds' real security!

So convenient, too! Meds internal
protection means quick changing,
easy disposal and complete freedom
from all odor and chafing. A
large supply of Meds can be slipped
into your handbag—no one the
wiser! “Next time,” do try Meds!

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

Meds only 25¢
for 10 in applicators

SAFETY-WELL “absorbs
so much MORE
so much FASTER!
Expansion is gentle and
comfortable.

(Continued from page 56)

ing in every direction, trying to get a
look at the celebrities. There was
Lana Turner! Frank Sinatra!
In a happy haze I heard Johnnie say
something to me but I didn’t bother to
answer. How trivial it is to have a hard time sleep-
Joan Crawford come in the door! I
wondered if she remembered me, and
I tried to tell myself that she might.
And in I heard Johnnie say something as
but it was as though he were far away;
it was as though I were in a different
world. And I was. I was in my own
world of make-believe.
I was looking right over Johnnie’s
shoulder—Jack Haley was in the next
booth—when Johnnie’s voice brought
me back to earth.
“Josh, Magel,” he said. “Aren’t you
going to eat the sandwich I ordered for
you?”
I didn’t want to be interrupted for
anything as trivial as a sandwich. But
I nibbled at it automatically and kept
on looking around me. Johnnie was get-
ting mad—I could sense that. I knew
he thought that this lunch was a waste of
his hard-earned money—rich and eager,
wasn’t furthering his cause with me.

Finally I was satisfied that I had
seen the full parade, and my attention
was no longer drawn back to Johnnie
while I was paying the waiter, and he looked as
though he wanted to get out of the
Brown Derby as quickly as possible.

As we went out, I felt a hand on
my arm, and looked down to see a pleas-
ant-faced woman who had stopped me.

SHE smiled, and said, “You’re a vis-
itor, aren’t you? I noticed how you
were looking around at everything and
everyone.”
I nodded. “I’m from New York.”
“I’m from Nebraska, myself,”
the woman said with satisfaction. “Any-
way, the reason I stopped you—I’ve
Got a ticket for the Mutual A Day
broadcast tomorrow, and I can’t use it.
And I thought, seeing the way you were
looking at everyone, that you might be
a stranger to the town.”
“Oh, I’d love to!” I interrupted her.
She gave me the ticket and I thanked her
and hurried after Johnnie, who was
waiting impatiently at the door.

On the way back to the office I told
Johnnie about it. “It’s on Mutual, you
know—every day. I don’t hear it, be-cause
I’m at work, but Mom always
listens, and it’s simply wonderful. One
thing’s just any girl, I mean she’s not
anyone famous or important or any-
thing—gets chosen right out of the
audience to be Queen, and she gets to
do anything she wants for a whole day,
and . . .

“You can’t go to any program—you
have to work.”

That,” I told him firmly, “can be ar-
ranged. You can arrange it, you work
in Personnel. And—oh, Johnnie—I can
work any old day, but this—”

He grinned at me, half-exasperated.
“I suppose you think you’re going to
to get to be Queen?”

“I’ve got as much chance as anyone,”
I defended hotly. “Johnnie—you will
fix it?”

And in the end, of course, he did.

I rushed home to tell my folks that
evening, and Dad was terribly excited.
Of course, he decided right away that
I was going to be Queen, and that was
that. Nothing Mom and I could say
would convince him that I was just one
in probably ten thousand who had a chance.

“Send a telegram to Uncle Bob,” he
shouted at me happily. “He’ll tell all your
cousins. Everyone in Washington
Heights will be listening in.”

His enthusiasm was infectious, and
prettily soon he had Mom and me almost
beaming with the joy of knowing that
that night, and next morning, al-
though I tried to be nonchalant, my
breakfast stuck in my throat. Mother
supposedly got up and fed me carefully as
if I’d been going to be married. Dad
seemed to have the idea that the show
was some sort of an amateur contest,
because he’d had a hard time keeping him-
self from bringing out his old accordian
to show me how well he played.

But finally Dad was off to work—late
and I managed to kill the time
until I could start for the Mutual studios.
But at last I was on my way, my heart
singing.

I hardly know how to tell about that
day. It’s still enveloped in a sort of
rosy haze for me. But anyway, I’ll try.
I got into the studio with the ticket
the woman had given me yesterday,
and took a seat in the audience along
with the other housewives—there were
women—young and old, fat and thin,
pretty and homely, business girls and
housewives. After a while Jack Bailey
and the announcer came out on the
stage, and began to talk to the audi-
ence, and crack jokes, and get every-
one in a good humor.

Finally they began to go through the
audience, asking, “What would you ask
for, if you could be Queen For A Day?”

Of course there was a lot of yelling,
and women standing up trying to at-
tract their attention. They weren’t
interested in it that I forgot that I, too, would like
to be Queen—until suddenly one of the
men was right beside me. I’d been so interested
watching Jack Bailey that I didn’t
even know he was there.

“What one wish would you like to
have granted if you were chosen Queen
For A Day?”

“Oh—I’d like to be a real,
honest-to-goodness glamor girl,” I
stammered.

He grinned at me—the nicest smile.
And he said—“All right, you go
down to the stage, and we’ll see.”

I hardly know what happened dur-
ing the next hour. My mind was so engrossed with what was
happening to remember too many
details, but I know that I found myself
up on the stage with five other girls
who were candidates for Queen, and
six women who had been chosen for
the jury to pick the Queen. Finally
the program started, and one by one
Jack Bailey called the candidates up
to the microphone and asked us ques-
tions, like where we’d been born, and
how long we’d lived in California, and
things like that. And, of course, what
we wished for.

When it came my turn, I told about
how I’d collected autographs, and hung
around the theaters and restaurants
in New York, and how all my life I’d
wanted to be a glamor girl—how I’d
dreamed about it, and wished for it,
and almost prayed for it. And then
I was, somehow, sitting down again,
and Jack Bailey was interviewing the
next candidate. Then there was the
polling of the jury. Then there was a
commercial. And then—they an-
nounced the Queen.

“Margaret Marlowe,” Jack Bailey
said.
Me! Well!
I remember standing up and some-
one putting the red velvet, ermine-
trimmed robe around my shoulders, someone else fixing the sparkling crown on my head, someone else thrusting a sheaf of roses into my arms. I remember standing there, feeling numb, and half-frightened and half-exalted while girls paraded by, some of them modeling the gifts that were given me, some of them bringing in their arms other gifts. A pair of magnificent silver foxes. A diamond and platinum pin. A green suit of some wonderful material that felt as if it had been made from the inside of a kitten's ear. A brief, daringly wonderful bathing suit. A certificate for pictures, another for a hairdo and make-up at Westmore's, several for dinner or luncheon at Hollywood's famous restaurants. A hat—a dream of a hat. A pair of real alligator shoes, like those I'd looked at every day in a window on the way to work, and never thought I'd own in a million years. A purse, the price of which it frightened me even to guess. And many, many more.

It was—well, it was so wonderful that there just aren't any words to describe it, and all I could do was stand there and murmur countless thank-yous, and try not to burst into tears and make a big baby of myself.

And finally that part of it was over, and I was on my way to be a glamorous girl—a real, honest-to-goodness, Queen For A Day glamor girl! I left the studio at last with the two young men who were to escort me through twenty-four hours of a wonderful make-believe world. Make-believe? It was real!

As soon as we were outside the building I asked them—Ted and Bill—if I could telephone my mother. They led me to a phone booth, one of them put a nickel in the slot, and a moment later I heard my mother's amazed voice: "You were wonderful, Margaret. It looks like rain. Do you want me to bring down your umbrella?"

I told Mother she needn't worry about me, that I was in good hands and that I could get an umbrella easily because I was a queen. I told her I would call her later that night and hung up.

Then began the most wonderful excursion any girl ever had. Ted and Bill looked me over carefully and decided that I was dressed properly for the glamorous role at the present time, but that later in the evening I would have to wear more queenly raiment.

We went to several wonderful shops where the Queen For A Day Program was held in high repute and there we selected an evening gown, shoes—all the accessories a glamorous girl would need for a night at the cafes. All the beautiful things were sent over to the Beverly Hills Hotel where I was to have my headquarters.

Then we went to lunch at The Players, that fabulous eating place on Sunset Boulevard where all the stars congregate for lunch and where the famous columnists go to get the gossip about them. It is the Stork Club of Hollywood. I had a cocktail and a wonderful lunch and Ted brought Danny Kaye over to our table for a few moments.

"Meet Miss Marlowe," Ted said casually, as though I were somebody of importance, and Danny asked me where I came from. When I told him I was from New York he talked to me as though I were a celebrity like himself. My knowledge of the New York clubs, although all of it was hearsay, got me by beautifully.

All of a sudden—I don't know if it
Clogged pore openings say so plainly
...Your beauty care is wrong!

Don't let blackheads, stubborn dirt or dry, aging "top skin" hide the natural radiance of your complexion. Exquisite cleansing is this simple: once a week, Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack. And, every day, Homogenized Facial Cream.

Only a clean skin is lovely and young-looking...
so start this marvelous Twin Treatment care today!

Once a week... this "blushing beauty" Mask!
Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while it "lifts up" tired, lax tissues. Helps to loosen blackheads and cleanse pore openings. Wash off when dry (about 8 minutes).
Now see how your complexion glows with a fresher, livelier bloom—awakened by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin seems firmer, finer in texture—free from unlovely "top skin". And your fresher, smoother complexion takes make-up with utter flattery. Clearly you look younger, prettier. And here's what you'll do, every day, to help protect that charm...

Daily... protection for fresh underskin clarity
To get the most glorifying results from your weekly White Clay Pack, follow this daily beauty care with Homogenized Facial Cream. This rich, blush-pink cream cleanses and lubricates superbly—helps to soften rough, dry skin.
Pat on with upward, outward strokes—light-as-feather pats around your eyes where tiny lines show. (See diagram.) For extra lubrication, apply a thin film at night. Watch your skin reveal a brighter, smoother freshness that's so ready for make-up—and for compliments!

Edna Wallace Hopper
Twin Treatment
for a lovelier, younger look

was the cocktail—I began to gain a lot of confidence in myself. Bill managed to get Linda Darnell's eye and I was introduced to her. By that time I could have had a conversation with any of them and held my own.
At about three in the afternoon the boys took me to the Beverly Hills Hotel, had me assigned to a room, told me to be ready for cocktails at six, and left me.
"You can rest for an hour or two," they advised. "We'll have a big night!"
I guess it was the most beautiful room I was ever in. A pretty balcony that looked out on some orange trees, was at one side of my bedroom and a little sitting room was on the other side. I luxuriated in the atmosphere and had a wonderful time with the beauty kit I found on the dressing table. I called my mother again on the phone and she said Dad had called her to say he had managed to listen in to the program. Dad said I was already famous, according to Mother.
I looked at my watch after a while and decided to call my office.
When the switchboard operator answered I asked for Mr. Butler as it suddenly occurred to me that I should tell him I wouldn't be back that afternoon.
"Hello, Johnnie," I said as soon as the connection was through. "This is me, Maggi Marlowe, Queen For A Day."
"So I heard," he said dolefully. "Somebody told me you were elected Queen. Congratulations."
"You don't sound very happy, Johnnie."
"Don't I?"
"Well, you might at least ask me about all the wonderful experiences I've had, and about the ones I'm going to have tonight."
He was silent on the end of the wire.
"I'm going to have cocktails at the Beverly Wilshire, then dinner at Chasens, then we're going dancing at Mocambo and... oh, I don't know where we'll go from there."
"Oh."

WELL, Johnnie, I've got to get my hair ready. I wanted you to know I can't get back to work today, and I'll probably get into the office real late tomorrow. Will you tell Miss Miller for me?"
"Okay."
I hung up, a little annoyed at his lack of enthusiasm, especially when I thought of how delighted Tessie Brown and my other friends would be at my good luck. Then I stretched out on the bed and took a nap, for the excitement of the day had wearied me.
At six o'clock sharp my two escorts called for me and I saw wonder and admiration in their eyes as they looked at me all dressed up. The gown was a beauty and the fur wrap dazzled me every time I looked into the mirror. "Our Maggi looks good enough to eat," said Bill.
"I'll bet you tell that to all Queens For A Day," I countered, and began to feel as if I'd participated in this sort of galas all my life.
They had a convertible coupe with those little seats behind the driver, but we all squeezed in the front and sped to the Beverly Wilshire. I guess the evening was pretty well planned by the boys for the cocktail party at the hotel was arranged especially for me. Two movie stars and a half dozen radio people were there and they fussed over me gallantly. I loved it. Some of the people came along to Chasens' with us
for dinner and my entrance there was in true glamor-girl style. The waiter swept us toward a center table and I could feel all eyes upon me.

Bill and Ted were lively conversationalists and, although they said a lot of things that went right over my head, I didn't let on that I was not quite as sophisticated as they.

"Golly," I kept saying to myself, "I wish Tessie and my father and Johnnie and my mother could see me now. This is really the life I've dreamed about. Maggi, you've arrived. This is it."

We ate the finest filet mignon in the restaurant, tasted a special salad they said the chef prepared for me, and the conversation was so exhilarating I felt as though I were blooming like a flower that has finally felt sunshine after being in a shaded place. It seemed as though all my dreams were coming true on that one night. I had lived for the day when I could be a part of this wonderful life, and now that I had attained my goal I just couldn't believe it.

We left Chasen's around nine o'clock and dropped into Ciro's for a little while. There, again, we met a crowd of wonderful people. Ted and Bill knew just about everybody you'd want to know and they saw to it that I met them all. Even the manager of the night club came over and wished me good luck.

But the real thrill of the night came when we arrived at Mocambo, the swankiest place in Hollywood. I love to dance and it was there that I had my chance to rhumba the way I like to. Ted and Bill were excellent dancers and they kept me going. I could feel the whole world, and all its people, warming up to me. I felt then like a real queen and Ted was the first to comment on the fun we were having.

"Maggi, you certainly love to dance. Do you know you're one of the most enjoyable 'queens' we've ever taken out?"

I was coming off the dance floor with Bill a few minutes later when something happened, however, that made my heart stand still. There was Johnnie Butler standing by the bar, alone, and he turned his face away suddenly as though he knew I might see him.

"See a ghost?" asked Bill.

"Well, not a ghost ... but ... let's get back to the table, Bill."

We sat down and for a few minutes I was lost in a puzzling wonderment. What was Johnnie doing at Mocambo? That was certainly no place for a fellow who earned his salary. Oh! Then it dawned upon me that I had told him I was going to Mocambo that night. Reality was crowding my dreams.

"Where do we go from here, boys?" I asked.

"Anywhere you wish, Queen Maggi. Say it and it's yours."

"No. Not this time. You take me where you think we can have more fun. The livelier the better. Can we go now?"

Ted and Bill exchanged a puzzled look and we left Mocambo. Ted said he knew a honky-tonk place down The Strip that might be interesting because a lot of the stars went there late at night. The place was called Tony's and it was just a small room with a wonderful colored pianist who played request numbers. Bing Crosby, Lloyd Nolan and Sonny Tufts were at tables around us. The music was sensational and I should have forgotten the incident with Johnnie Butler, I

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**Now...Home and You, dear**

**Time for love** and the deeply-desired softness of your hands. How do other women keep their hands welcomingly soft? "Young Marrieds" use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1; Jergens is, 7 to 1, the hand care of the Hollywood Stars.

**Even more effective, now**—thanks to wartime discoveries in skin-care. Jergens skin scientists can now make your Jergens Lotion even finer. Women made tests and said, "Makes my hands even softer"; and "Protects longer."

---

**Dear familiar things**—shared again. "Sweet, your hands feel so soft!"

Two skin-softening ingredients many doctors use are still part of this even finer Jergens Lotion. In the stores now—same bottle—still 10c to $1.00 (plus tax). None of that oiliness; no sticky feeling.

**For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use**

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research.
I did a very smart thing today!

I chose Holmes & Edwards because it's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks.

NEW pure, white odorless* LOTION
Safely REMOVES HAIR

Whisks off leg hair, leaves skin smooth, alluring.

*1. A fragrant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Painless ... not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate shiny, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, clean, fragrant.

Cosmetic lotion to remove hair 49¢ plus tax
On sale at good Drug and Department Stores


NAIL

I suppose; but I couldn't, somehow.

Bill was the one who noticed the sudden ebb in my spirits and he asked me if I was getting tired.

"No, it's not that, Bill."

"See that ghost again, Maggi?"

"No, but I've been thinking about him."

"Well, whataya know," exclaimed Ted. "The little lady's got somebody on her mind."

"You fellows are grand to me," I started to say, but Bill was already calling for the check.

"We're going back to Mocombo," said Bill with determination. "A queen's got to have her king."

"I'm not sure I want to go back," I protested. All of a sudden I felt an emptiness, as though the night weren't quite complete.

"Will it be all right if we just go back for a few minutes, boys?"

In answer they took me by the arm, one on each side, and I was hurried out to the car. Ted really stepped on the gas and we were back at Mocombo's in about five minutes. We met Johnnie coming out the door true stere.

"Oh, Johnnie," I cried, running up to him. He was surprised and looked like a small boy who didn't expect you to find him where he was. He gave me a little hug, and pressed his cheek to mine, and then, as if remembering where he was, he drew back quickly.

"Introduce us," Ted and Bill demanded and there were handshakes all around.

"Join us for a nightcap, Johnnie," they insisted, and when he held back I pulled him into the night club by the arm. Then he grinned.

"Hey, this place is outside my budget, fellows," he said.

"Queen For A Day takes the check," Bill explained, the head-waiter owes us a drink. Come on."

We found another table and the music began to play and I led Johnnie to the dance floor. And I was taken with the embarrassed because I knew that his happiness was beyond any embarrassment. And that music was the sweetest in the world and Johnnie was the grandest fellow, even if he wasn't such a good dancer. I was in his arms and I was realizing that I was fully happy, as happy as any girl could be.

"Maggi, darling," he whispered, "do you think I'll ever be as smooth as these fellows you see in places like this. I'll try, Maggi..."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't you try to change," I said, turning my head so I could see his eyes. "It would spoil everything.

I'm sure he didn't know what I meant, and I wasn't sure where the words had come from, myself. But I knew, all of a sudden, that they were true. It didn't matter, then. I just danced with Johnnie and enjoyed my happiness; his arms felt so strong.

It was in the early morning hours that Johnnie and I said good-night to Ted and Bill. We were very tired, yet Johnnie and I were so happy that we hated to end the night. But all good things must come to an end... I still wore my evening clothes and Ted said I was supposed to spend the night in my room at the hotel, if I wanted to—and somehow I didn't want to. I didn't even want a taxi they offered. Johnnie and I caught a Glen- dale bus and we waved to my wonderful escort out the window.

The sun was shining through my window when I dozed off to sleep and I knew I had only a few hours to rest before I'd have to get up again.

But in the moment before I gave myself over to slumber my mind flashed the scenes of the evening like a vivid news-leaf; the glamorous episodes paraded like a wonderful picture and it began to dawn upon me that the night had been divided into two sections like two stories.

And the second story was the real one. It was the story of the lie—of a lie I could still feel Johnnie's lips against mine when he said good night. It was so wonderful I was wishing it had never ended. But I knew there would be a sequel, for Johnnie had said so! I had to go back to the studio the next morning to tell the radio audi- ence—"I've had experiences as Queen for A Day. Jack Bailey had a knowing smile on his face.

"Tell us all about it, Miss Maggi Marlowe. Did you have fun?

I felt like I'd gotten a new lease of life standing before the microphone two days in a row. I wasn't excited, just terribly sincere.

"I'm Jack Bailey," I began in a calm enough voice. "I learned something last night that I can thank your program for teaching me. I've always been in the movies, but I learned that a good story and the glamorous things in life. Last night I enjoyed every bit of the evening."

Then I told briefly what had occurred, how I met all the famous people of radio and the movies.

"But what was the big lesson you learned, Miss Marlowe?" the master of ceremonies asked.

"Well, it's just this: the main thing in life is being with people you like. Last night somebody was missing for a while, but he finally caught up with us. That made all the difference.

"You mean," Jack Bailey added, "that it's not where you are, but whom you're with. Are you going to tell us who the lucky man is, Miss Marlowe?"

I was thinking of Johnnie, of course, but I refused to say his name and I think Jack Bailey understood. Besides, Johnnie embarrasses so easily, and millions of people were listening.
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Introducing

**ETHEL EVERETT**

*ETHEL EVERETT* is a young lady who makes up her mind and then sticks to her decision. Ethel is small and neat and smart looking, a little bit like those seldom found school teachers who turn the heads and hearts of all their young boy students. She's a very busy radio actress and the majority of the roles she plays have about them some slight resemblance, like the part of Merle Chatwin in *Stella Dallas* (NBC, Mondays through Fridays, 4:15 P.M., EST), which is a bit strange, if you know her at all. Ethel is not the least bit menacing. She's a calm, collected—but nevertheless determined—young lady.

Ethel is one of those rare creatures, a real New Yorker. As far back as she can remember, she wanted to be an actress. Her family, on the other hand, was equally insistent that she become a teacher. Families being what they are—and holding the pursestrings on young people as they do—Ethel went to Hunter College and later earned her master's degree at the Teacher's College at Columbia.

Not that Ethel had given up her original plans. Keeping a tight hold on her teacher's degree and using it get herself odd jobs as a substitute, whenever the state of her pocketbook required it, Ethel began making the rounds of the radio studios. At some studios she didn't get past the receptionist, at others her name was put on a list of applicants for auditions, at others she even got as far as the audition studio. But she didn't get as far as even an extra's bit on any show. Radio proving that difficult, Ethel tried the theater, with almost the same results. Finally, she got a part in a play called "Gallery Gods," in which Joseph Schildkraut was the star. This proved to be no more of a break than her previous attempts at radio. The play ran through several out of town openings, but never reached Broadway.

After this one professional job, Ethel decided that it was impossible for her not to get work in radio. She just made up her mind, that's all. Determination won. Ethel auditioned for the major networks, attracted the attention of several directors and has been busy in radio ever since.

In addition, for the past ten years, Ethel has made talking books for the American Foundation for the Blind. She has recorded all the works of Helen Keller, works which are full of inspiration and guidance to the blind and crippled everywhere in the world. Ethel has also recorded the Bronte opus "Jane Eyre" and, most recently, "The Life and Death of Enrico Caruso," the best seller biography by Dorothy Caruso.

Ethel likes to travel, but doesn't get too much chance for it now that her services are so much in demand on radio shows. She likes traveling, because she's an eager, inquisitive person who likes to see the way all kinds of people live and hear what they say. She is absolutely unlike a school teacher except, perhaps, one of those ideal teachers who appear only in the movies and at extremely rare instances in real life. Oddly enough, in spite of her teacher's degree, she has never been cast in the role of a teacher.

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Fear
(Continued from page 41)
harden into deeper lines as he spoke—none of these was good. I looked at Ricardo. And it was to him, and not to Dixon, that the doctor made his report.
"Looks like concussion. Pretty bad. I'll know more when I get him to the hospital."
"Who did it?" Dixon's voice broke in harshly and impatiently.
But the doctor interrupted. "Oh—have your cross-examination after I get this boy into the ambulance." Far down the streets we could hear the shrill, wailing siren coming closer. "I don't want any arguments and people moving around until then." His voice held a note of finality that stopped Dixon.

Those next few seconds of waiting were intolerable. The doctor knelt again by the side of the boy—and his skillful hands explored his head gently. Pop Miller sat with his chin cradled in his two hands, scared as a rabbit. Tani stayed close to me.

Only Ricardo looked calm. Only when I saw the steadiness of his eyes and felt the slim bulk of him standing there like a shield against the force of Dixon, did I have any hope.

When the siren screamed to a stop outside and men came in with a stretcher, the whole picture became a fast-moving blur, completely unreal. The men moved quickly and efficiently and like machines. And when it was all over the ambulance had gone, there was silence—empty, deathlike, menacing—left in that room.

Dixon moved first, planting his solid body in the center of the room, notebook in hand.
"All right," he stated. "Now I want the facts. Who did it?"

There was a rustle of frightened movement along both walls as boys and girls shifted uneasily. But no one spoke.

Ricardo found a chair and sat down easily, leaning forward. "This is secondhand. Dixon, from Marie's sister, Tani—but I think it's pretty straight." He started to speak, but the policeman halted him.

"I've heard your name before," Dixon was looking at Tani, his eyes boring into hers. "Tani, Tani Garcia. But I can't remember—" "Don't try, I was praying silently. It must have been from Bobby, from your son, that you heard my sister's name. It would only make things worse for her if he knew his son was running around with a "pachuca."

He didn't remember for he turned abruptly to Ricardo. "'Co on."

Ricardo gave him the facts. He told them baldly, sparing no one, but—somehow—when he had finished the accident had become really an accident, the fight was a teen-ageuffle.

I proved that Dixon would see it that way. He flipped his notebook shut.
"Where's the telephone?" he asked Pop Miller. And when it was pointed out to him he strode heavily across the room.
"Wait a minute!" Ricardo was on his feet. "What are you going to do?"
"I'm calling the squad car. They're all going in for questioning."
"They're all going to juvenile court—the older ones to jail—you mean," Ricardo put in savagely. "You can't do that, Dixon. There's only one boy involved. There was only one fight. You
But fingers like a lily, Willie, don’t come from peeling spuds!

It’s a hep housewife who knows how to keep her hands on the lovely side of life in spite of daily hard housework. Pacquins Hand Cream, of course! This fragrant cream helps guard against redness, dryness, and roughness. Use it faithfully… see for yourself how much smoother, softer your hands look!

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Can’t arrest all these kids and brand them with having been in court.”

“I have their names and addresses,” I put in eagerly, “and they’ll be ready at any time as witnesses.”

Dixon snorted. “Try and make them talk! They just clam up and say nothing. A night or two in detention will loosen them up.”

Ricardo answered him slowly. “Maybe if they believed that you and the judge would play fair the boy who did it would give himself up. It’s because they’re so scared of what might happen that they stick together and won’t say anything.” He turned to the kids, “I promise whoever did it, that I’ll fight for you and get you a lawyer. You’ll have fair treatment—but it isn’t right for you to let the others suffer, too.”

For a long second we three searched the faces before us—the boys’ stubborn and frightened, the girls’ tear-streaked and white. But not one stepped forward. Even the other “gang” was silent.

“What can you do with kids like that!” Dixon suddenly exploded. It was the first break I had ever seen in the man’s composure, and the exasperation, the bewildement in his voice surprised me.

Ricardo seized the opening swiftly. “You ought to have treated them like any other kids, Dixon. Their fear and their unwillingness to trust you—I don’t know what you can do about that now. Anything you do now is wrong—because it’s just piling up one wrong upon another. The causes go deep and this is just the result.” I knew he was talking swiftly—and only because I knew him so well did I sense the frantic appeal underneath. He was holding Dixon’s attention by sheer force of will.

You have to start at the beginning if you don’t want things like this to happen. You start out by getting them some proper outlets for all that energy you find in any youngster. You help them get good playgrounds that are supervised after school. Help them set up workshops and gymnasiums and clubs. As long as they drift along the way they are doing now, you’re going to have trouble.”

Dixon looked at him with angry, baffled eyes. “I’m no social worker! I’m a cop. Why doesn’t someone else—”

But Ricardo interrupted him. “You have more influence in this district than almost anyone else. You know everybody. This city pours money into juvenile courts and all the rest—and it doesn’t accomplish a thing except make the kids more bitter. As a policeman it’s your job to help prevent delinquency and you could do a good job.”

That Dixon was interested I knew. But, suddenly, he pulled himself away from Ricardo and the pressure of Ricardo’s words. “Yeah—but that’s got nothing to do with this mess tonight. A kid is hurt, maybe worse, and these pachucos are going to have to learn law and order the hard way. What other way is there? Look at them! They don’t care, there isn’t a decent feeling in the lot of them. So they go to jail—so what? It doesn’t mean anything to them—if you treat them like angels, they still wouldn’t care! It’s in their blood, Ricardo. And it’s in yours, too. Lawlessness. Violence, fights—”

It was all suddenly too much for me. Nerves, heart and brain had been subjected to too much. That dizzying, glorious happiness of a few hours ago—that vista of a new life for Ricardo and...
me that had so suddenly opened and that seemed so sure—and then this terrible plunge into stark horror. It was too much.

I felt myself slipping away into a swirling void. My knees buckled under me. I looked for Ricardo—and the last thing I remembered was his face, the expression of concern on it as he caught my eye.

There was a delicious damp coolness coming from somewhere that seemed to touch my forehead—my lips—the pulse in my wrists. I knew I was lying down but even in my semi-conscious state I knew I wasn’t in my bed at home. There were voices, too. But I didn’t want to listen. I didn’t want to waken. Lying there, I could drift into a sort of half-dream where great wheels turned slowly overhead with their precious weight of perfumed candles dipping into pots of silver and gold and reds and blues; where scents rose in clouds of orange blossoms and attar; where pictures flowed one into another of skilful hands molding pottery of all shapes and colors; more pictures of rare blue glass and woven serapes; now it was coming clearer and there were stalls and shops and underfoot I could feel the bricks of Olvera Street and there was someone with me—someone who put a tiny jewel of a ship in my hand—Ricardo—Ricardo—Ricardo!

I struggled awake, fear and terror slashing themselves across my mind, wiping out the fantasy of dreams. I knew where I was. This must be Pop Miller’s couch in his little bedroom. I opened my eyes.

Ricardo was bending over me and the sight of him wiped out the last trace of fogginess from my mind. I came swiftly to my feet.

"Take it easy, honey," Ricardo held tight against the dizziness that made me stagger, "don’t try to walk. Are you feeling better?"

I nodded. "What’s happened, Ricardo?"

"Nothing. That was the most convenient faint that ever happened. Dixon was really conscience-stricken—he hadn’t realized that all this and his talking so brutally would hurt anyone. He’s really puzzled and he’s a kind guy, underneath. If you could have seen him—hovering over you like a mother hen!"

"How long—how much time has passed?"

"Only a moment or so, really." He tilted back my chin with his hand and from somewhere he managed to drag up a half-smile. "You look so little and fragile lying there. I had to remind myself that you used to sneak out of your house and play baseball in the streets with the boys and what a tomboy you always were. But—" now his voice was muffled against my hair—"I don’t think I could stand it if anything happened to you."

For just a second, that warm, delicious flood of happiness touched me—washed over me—and then was gone.

"Tani! Those kids in there—what are we going to do?" I whispered.

His eyes went bleak. "I don’t know. I have a feeling that this is a dangerous thing—more so than just all of them getting arrested. Because if they’re all punished for something only one did, they’ll come back and take revenge. We’ll have riots again. I tried to tell that to Dixon while he was so worried about you and I might have made some impression—it’s hard to
tell. He isn't used to showing softness."

A feeling of despair and hopelessness swept over me. Where was that clear road and that new wonderful life for us now? We were already involved in the troubles of our people and if I let Ricardo get into this any deeper, if his sympathies were engaged any farther in his efforts to make Dixon see and understand— we would be stuck here forever.

"Ricardo," I urged him, "please— let's go away. After tonight is over, take me away from here. All those plans you wrote me about—we can't ever realize them here. We've got to go someplace where we'll have respect and an equal place with other people— perhaps even to Mexico." This seemed so simple a solution I wondered why I had never thought of it before. "I can't stand any more worry and fear and bitterness. There's nothing more we can do for Tani here and maybe someday we could send for her—"

I knew how sorely inside Ricardo was this need for peace and love. He had been a soldier. I was pleading with him, counting on his feeling for me and for us both—against this thing that was pulling him to try and help Dixon, to sacrifice himself. One man against prejudice and injustice.

F
He bent his head slowly, his eyes thoughtful—but the fire was still in them for pain and human sympathy. Gently he kissed the smoothness of my shoulder, where the wide oval of my blouse's neckline had slipped down.

"Maria darling—" "Sure. Take her away. Run away— both of you!" It was Dixon, blunt and angry. I hadn't heard him open the door and come in behind Ricardo. "You people can always yell at a cop and call him a gavacho and blame him for not trying to help the kids in there, but what have you ever done to help? Your folks are too lazy to do anything—to learn the English language or American ways and then you all wonder why someone else doesn't come in and straighten out the kids. You're a smart girl, Maria, but all you care about is yourself. What makes you think I should do anything when I can't get any cooperation from you? Sure— take Ricardo away. How many Mexicans are there like him who have the guts to stand up and talk and work and take responsibility?"

I stared at him and the temper of Ricardo had warned me about flared into white heat. But I controlled my tongue, remembering Tani and the others in there—not wanting to antagonize him further. What could Ricardo or I do? We have no official position. Besides, we've suffered enough. We have the right to our own happiness."

The mask dropped down again over Dixon's face. "Sure. Anyway, it's got nothing to do with this business tonight." And he strode back into the living-room.

We followed, slowly. I had an awful feeling, overlaid on top of the misery I was bracing myself to meet when we walked into that room, that Ricardo had withdrawn from me. Was he being torn between his love and need for me—and the duty of which Dixon had so scornfully reminded him?

He gave no hint in his next words. "If only," he said, despairingly, "the one that did it would admit. Confess. If I could only convince them it would make it much easier for them all."

When we walked in, Dixon was turning away from the telephone. "I've
called the squad car. I'm sorry, Ricardo, but there's nothing else I can do. I've tried to make these kids talk and I'm not getting anywhere. It's my job." His tone was grim but it was also unhappy.

"All of them," I said dully. "Tani—" but my throat choked and no more words would come. Now all these youngsters would have a "record." They would boast a little—or a lot—about it when they got out, to cover up the sick shame they would feel for having been arrested. They would strut. They hadn't "squealed." They had stuck together ... because they had never learned to trust a policeman or any outsider. They had shielded the one offender, whoever he was.

Under the orders given, boys and girls were gathering up coats and hats. With the natural instinct, I suppose, to protect Jose and his friends had each paired off with one of the girls and was helping her. All except Tani. Without Bobby Dixon there, she stood alone and I watched her shaking hands trying to use a powder-puff—trying to show she didn't care. I also noticed the policeman's keen eyes observing her.

There was a banging and a loud rattling of the door-knob. Dixon strode through the malt shop, taking the door key from Pop Miller's outstretched hands—to let the men from the squad car into the shop. There was no way to stop them.

He wrenched the door open. He started to speak.

But something was wrong. He didn't finish his sentence.

And there weren't any black uniformed figures filling that doorway—there was no one there I could see. But there must be. Otherwise, why was Dixon staring in that way? I could only see his back, but there was something very, very wrong in the way he just stood there—stood there—

Now he was saying something. Only it was the wrong thing to say—

"What are you doing here? My God—what are you doing here?"

He still didn't move and when, finally, the someone in the doorway pushed him aside, he still seemed frozen. I caught a glimpse of his face and hardly recognized it.

And then I saw why. The thin, gangling figure with the tousled shock of hair who had walked into the shop was Bobby Dixon. And like his father, my own mind echoed the words: What was he doing here?

It was after the nine o'clock curfew . . . even if he had hoped to come late to the party he wouldn't have expected to find them still here at this hour.

He looked at the others, one searching look. And I caught the slight shake of her head that Tani gave him. It was a message of some kind.

His father had moved after him and caught him by the arm. Even Dixon's walk had changed. Instead of his usual solid, efficient, no-motion-lost stride, he was almost lumbering in his haste. It was almost as though he feared what might be coming and hoped to forestall it.

"Get out of here, Bobby!" he shouted . . . or was he pleading? "This is no place for you."

"I'm sorry, Dad." The boy looked white under his freckles, but he faced the other squarely. "I should have told you—" then something seemed to strike him like a flash of memory—"what happened to that kid, Jose? The one I hit."
"The one you hit!"

"Yes. I remember there was a fight and before that someone had given me a glass of beer and I remember getting hit on the head and knocking someone down and then I had to go out in the fresh air. I was sick, and then I wandered around for a while 'cause I was still so groggy," he added, in the shamed voice of a little boy.

I felt that Dixon had grown older, grayer, tired before my eyes. I saw the shame creep into his eyes—the eyes of a policeman who was used to dealing out justice to others and must now deal with his own flesh-and-blood—the eyes of a man who had been smugly, superiorly conscious of his own rightness and who had never seen people as other than black or white.

"That boy is in the hospital." What an effort it must have cost him to say those words to his son! "If he dies—! You're my son—how did you happen to be here? How could you have done it?" For a moment he wasn't a policeman; he was a father.

"I didn't know I'd hit him that hard!" Bobby's voice was aghast and it had a tendency to rise into the upper registers. With an effort he brought it down and steadied it. "Didn't Jose or Tani tell you? No, of course, they wouldn't. Look, Dad, I'll take whatever's coming to me, but these are my friends and they didn't have anything to do with it—"

"Nothing except get you involved with their pachucas and their beer-drinking and their fights—so now they've got you into serious trouble!"

"the big man flung at him—and at all of us."

But Bobby faced his father. "Oh, all the guys fight. Even when you sent me to military school and before that when I went to high school, when I lived with grandma, there were always fights. All kids fight—you used to say yourself that if I didn't come home with a bloody nose once a week I was turning into a sissy. And I've had beer before—not that I like it. None of us do. But you can't take a dare. And as for pachucas—well, Tani—that is, all these kids are my friends, the best friends I've ever had. They're—"

"Be quiet," his father's hands were gripping the back of a chair until the knuckles showed white. "We can talk about that some other time. Right now—" the words came through in a tired way—"I'm going to have to take you with me down to Juvenile. You'll be held there until—we see how that boy comes out—until we know what the charge is going to be. The rest of you can go home."

They stared at him and I stared at him in utter disbelief. Only Bobby and Ricardo seemed unsurprised.

But that Dixon—a policeman—that figure that to us symbolized injustice and discrimination, a cavacho—should really mean that he would hold his own son responsible and let the others go was beyond our comprehension. And somehow we knew he meant it. He would not just let us go to buy our silence and then take Bobby home instead of to jail, or "forget" to enter the case. No, he meant it. That was what was so astounding.

It was Tani who spoke up. There were tears running down her cheeks.

"He—Bobby—didn't mean it, Mr. Dixon. He didn't mean to hurt that boy. They were just scuffling around."

There was almost gratitude in his face as he looked at her.

"Just the same, he'll have to take his punishment. But it's nice of you to want to help him, Tani—" he put his hand for just a second on her shoulder and then turned away. "Come on, Bobby. The rest of you beat it."

They didn't hurry, though, except for the strange boys who had been the intruding gang. The others went slowly and all of them stopped to touch Bobby—the girls, I think—by the funny, off-hand manner of all boys—for reassurance. Ricardo and I came last, on Dixon's heels.

There was an awkward moment there, under the street lamp outside the shop. Facing each other, it seemed to me as if Ricardo in his brown khaki had grown in stature during the evening and, somehow, as if the other's uniform fitted him now too loosely, as if he had shrunk. But in my heart I wondered if Dixon wasn't a bigger man than he had ever been. The change was in him, too.

"About what you were saying tonight," the policeman said, awkwardly, reluctantly, "I'd like to talk a little more to you some time, Ricardo. You were making a lot of sense. Maybe I've been, going about things the wrong way."

"I'd appreciate the chance to talk to you. I'm out of the Army now, you know, and I have nothing but time on my hands right now—" Ricardo had started excitedly, but now he stopped. He looked at me and then went on, more slowly—"That is, I may not be around much longer, but if there is anything I can do until then—and—look, Dixon—I'm sorry for what hap—"
pened tonight, for your sake and the boy's."

"Yeah. Well—not your fault." The big man shifted a little in embarrassment, shrugged his shoulders.

And then the squad car came. Ricardo and I left abruptly, knowing we were not wanted as witnesses to Dixon's humiliation. I felt pity for him, as Ricardo and I walked away—and respect, too. He would execute his job, do his duty, no matter how much it hurt him.

We walked home in silence, each of us withdrawn into our own thoughts. So much had happened since that short hour or two since we had come flying down those streets with fear in our hearts and despair in our minds. Now the picture had been reversed. Yet I could feel just as much sadness in the thought of Bobby in jail as I would if it had been Jose or Ramon or Tani. He was one of us.

At the porch we sat on the step and I put my head on Ricardo's shoulder.

"Darling, please—let's go away soon. Let's get married and then we'll find someplace where we can live like decent human beings," I pleaded. This had been one of Ricardo's plans in his letters to me and now I wondered why I had ever been reluctant to consider it. "There won't always be a Bobby Dixon and you'll fight for the Mexican boys and girls but it won't do any good because the police and the schools and the courts and everyone else just think of them as 'those crazy pachucos'. No one will listen to you." That wasn't quite true. Dixon might listen—but he was only one man, "There's so little we can do for Tani or the others—here. But maybe after a while we could send for her. Oh, Ricardo—I can't stay here—I want us to be happy and give our love a chance to grow. But here everyone looks down on us and we'll get hurt and twisted."

"Don't worry, Maria. I'll take you away." His black, sleek head touched mine and his lips brushed my forehead and then lingered. His arm held me tight. "I guess we've both earned a little peace and a chance to be happy. After two years in the Army I guess I have the right to be selfish and think of us for a while. It will take years—" he smiled down at me—"just to tell you all the dreams I've had of you and the pictures I made up of you." He was trying to make his voice light. He was trying to convince himself. "Yes, I guess we have the right to live our own lives. Besides, there's nothing I can do here."

I wouldn't let him doubt. He had no weapons to stay here and fight this blind prejudice and discrimination except his passion for tolerance and understanding. I couldn't let him stay and be broken in that fight.

"How about a farm, Ricardo?" I made my voice eager. "I can just see you as a farmer. I'll fix up a little house for us with pretty curtains and I'll paint and keep it clean and make you take off your boots before you come in. We'll have friends and parties and—" He wasn't listening.

"Ric!" He started. "I'm sorry. I was thinking of Bobby. And of what Dixon said about us. Maybe this would be a good time for me to talk to Jose and Tani and the others. They must have seen tonight that there is honesty and fairness among gavachos. You know, we're to blame too for not trusting those people who have shown themselves to be good. Jose and Tani and Ramon will have to learn to meet the others more than half-way."

"But—what if he had struck me. Or—was it Ricardo? Hadn't the blow come when Dixon had spat out those scornful words at me in Pop Miller's little bedroom? Hadn't I been trying to escape them—ward them off? I sat there for a moment and in that time the lovely dream bubble, that shimmering fantasy of our carefree future life, danced before my heart—holding in its gossamer shell all the desires, the longings, the deep-down selfish needs of my being... and then burst.

"It's no good, is it, darling?" I held his hand for comfort. "It's no good for me, either. I've just been talking a lot of words. I can't leave here and neither can you. We'd be running away. Our roots are here. Our people are here. Mexico is a foreign land to us. We're Americans and we love this country and we have a job to do here."

His hand closed on mine and he bent my head back to kiss me. And his lips on mine were tender at first, with an almost-spoken message of gratitude and admiration—and then fierce with the strong tide of love that swept through us both. My words had destroyed forever the soft, comfortable cotton-wool that I had hoped would be our life and keep our love warm and safe. But if there was to be no peace at least we would have this glory of being partners in a struggle. Maybe, even, our love would grow stronger because of it.

The telephone pealed inside the house. Ricardo had opened the door in a flash and was groping for the instrument in the darkness of our little hall.

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“Hello...” I could hear that and then only a mumble of words. It must be his mother, I decided. Perhaps she had heard rumors of what had happened and had become worried. It would be the only case anyone caring so late. They talked for a long time.

The door re-opened slowly. He walked, almost hesitantly, across the porch but he didn’t resume his seat by my side. Instead he leaned against the worn, chipped pillar above me—stayed there, looking down at me.

"Was your mother worried?” I asked to break the silence.

"It wasn’t Mother. It was Dixon calling to say that the doctor had reported the boy in the hospital was okay. The concussion was only a slight one and it only looked much worse than it was. The boy talked and he gave the same version as the other kids—said it was his fault and he had started the fight. Dixon hasn’t talked to him, just to the doctor, but it means a lot. Bobby’s punishment will be a slight one...they will probably let him out in the custody of his father, after a warning.”

How simple! For a moment I felt resentful—wondering why it was that such things so seldom worked out as easily when it was a pachucos. Then I realized that was unfair. Dixon was honest and he wouldn’t let his own boy off nor ask any favors from a judge.

Suddenly Ricardo crouched down beside me, Indian fashion. “There’s more, Maria. I want you to listen. Don’t say anything until I finish. Dixon wants me to take a job—the police force. I’ll be a cop right here in our own district. Dixon feels that I can start from there to work out some of my ideas. And he’ll help. He’ll let me go first to the club and to the schools and I know—or will know—most of the leaders among the boys. I think I can do something, Maria.”

He was trying hard to keep his voice level and the exultation out of it. “But I want to be fair to you. This won’t be just helping in my spare time like an amateur. This will mean being right in the middle, all the time. Our people—some of them—have an ingrained hatred for the police and they’ll be hostile towards me, too. There’ll be nights when you’ll hear of trouble to kids and you’ll have to sit there and worry—it’s up to you, Maria.”

My heart was like a stone. This was the end, then, of us. “It’s up to you, cara mia,” he repeated. “I can’t ask you to share that kind of a life if you don’t want to. I’ll even take you away, if you still want that.”

For just a second there was that sore temptation again. But it passed.

“We stay.” I whispered, and buried my head in his coat to stop myself from crying.

It was evening and the warm Santa Ana wind that had been blowing steadily made the hour unseasonably warm. I walked slowly down Olivera Street, my full skirt swirling. The guards of the stalls I passed and making them rattle through the hum, the rise and fall of voices in the crowded street, through the hissing of the tortillas frying in the little open cafe, the sound of the hawkers exuding the virtues of their wares.

At the ancient wishing well I stopped. Here I had first shut my eyes tightly and dropped my hard-won penny and wished—when I was nine—that Ricardo would let me play marbles with him and his gang. Then at seventeen, I had wished for him for my first dance.

Now, automatically, I reached in my purse for a penny and dropped it into the shining depths. The noise around me died away—

“Well!—a pachuca! Don’t you know it’s a crime to look as pretty as you do, standing there with your eyes closed? Especially when I’m on duty and I can’t kiss you!”

It was Ricardo.

“Could you run me in,” I teased. “That is, when you’re off duty later, you could take me home and kiss me.”

Our eyes met in the way a husband’s and wife’s will, with an exchange of tenderness in our glances.

“That’s no fair. You’re taking my mind off my job,” he said softly.

He was full of news. “We got that old storehouse near Belvedere yesterday, Maria!” He could hardly contain his excitement. “That makes four clubhouses and the boys are already meeting to make plans for taking down the partitions. It took me a long time to exultation to talk to the other boys and to the hawks and the neighborhood kids, and to that they had no—just a little that it wasn’t the property of just one gang, but they understand now. I think it will break up at least three gangs in that neighborhood. And there are lots of Anglo-Americans living there who want to join, too.” Such a little success—and he had worked so hard—but Ricardo didn’t seem to think it important.

And I knew he was right. Slowly, surely, progress was being made.

There was still so much to be done. Business men to be convinced it was good business to invest a little in the good citizenship of these kids, if it means no more windows broken or petty thieving. Civic groups to be interested. And there was still the prejuduce and discrimination that was city-wide and that had its results in our “Mexican” district. But there was progress...

“What were you wishing for, Maria, when I came up?”

I looked at him, smiling. “I was wishing that we would always be happy, my darling—as happy as we are right now.”

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Far From My Arms

in his arms. I was lost in him, enveloped in pale tan coat, in his hard strength and the compulsion that sealed our lips together. Then he was holding me apart from him, saying softly, over and over again, “Nina, oh, Nina... beautiful. My beautiful—”

I shook my head. “It’s impossible,” I said over my pounding heart, my clogged throat. “Chris, it can’t be—” And the very words were a love song, crooned to him.

“Oh, yes, Nina. We love each other. That’s why it can’t be any other way. To love is to live, Nina. You can’t deny it.”

What use was there in denying it? I was alive now, shatteringly alive, as never before. Chris’s kisses were the very beat that sent the blood through my veins; Chris’s arms were all the world, and all I wanted of heaven.

I can’t tell you what it was like—being in love with Chris. It was as if I’d gone half-blind since I’d been born, had been living in half light—and then had had my eyes opened to the full glory of the sun. “To love is to live,” he’d said, and never had I been so thrillingly alive as in those first weeks of our love. Everything was a miracle—Chris’s eyes picking me up each time he came into the office, loving me, the little kisses he shaped with his mouth and sent my way when no one else was looking, our talk—the endless talk of us, our love, and all the things we meant to do some day

I COULDN’T see him every night, of course. Mother and Dad would have wondered. As it was, we were together several times a week, always for dinner and for a drive or dancing afterward... and I told my parents that I’d been stopping for dinner with the girls from the office. And to the office force our love affair was still a joke, as much a game as it had been in the first days when he’d so openly shown me attention.

You see, I wasn’t yet ready to tell Lanny about Chris. Telling Lanny would mean hurt and unpleasantness, and I didn’t want anything to spoil my idyll. Lanny’s letters, full of endearments, full of plans, were hard to read, harder still to answer. The only reason that I could answer them, could continue to write as I always had, was that Lanny had ceased to be very real to me. He was still dear—but he was a far-off figure, as far removed from me as the dolls I’d played with in my childhood. In the moments when the thought of him was real to me, and I knew that some day I must tell him about Chris, I shrank from the very thought of telling him. It was at those times that I missed Lanny himself—because, always, ever since I could remember, he had done the hard jobs for me, had given me advice when I needed it.

I did talk to Chris about it, perhaps as much for the sweetness of having him carry with me as because he could help me. After one of his kisses, his deep, sweet, hard kisses, he’d hold me off and murmur, “Happy, Nina.”

And I would nod, letting my shining eyes tell him how happy I was. “I’m happy—now. It’s only, when I think of Lanny—telling him—”

His arms would close around me, quickly, comfortingly—which was exactly what I wanted. “Don’t think of it, darling. Just be happy. Things like
that often take care of themselves. I don’t want my dearest to be troubled. There’s no hurry, sweet. We’ve got all our lives—"

Sometimes I’d feel a twinge of disappointment when he talked like that. Sometimes I wanted him to be more impatient, to insist that I break with Lanny immediately, so that I’d be completely free for him. But then—oh, I could forget anything when Chris’s kisses brushed my eyelids, my temples, when his arms held me.

It was just about a month after the dance that Chris went out of town to do some research on the Markham case. The separation was torture for me—for worse than I’d imagined it could be. I’d been a little restless after Lanny had left town, but that, I knew now, was only because a great deal of my time went unfilled. This was different. This time I wasn’t one person any more. I was two people—one who had to go to work, and try to keep her mind on her job, talk intelligibly and act naturally, and the other who was every minute in imagination with Chris, longing for him, trying to think what he was doing, every minute frustrated.

He left on a Friday, and I lived through four long agonizing days until, on the following Wednesday night, he called me long-distance. At the first ring I knew it was he; at the first ring, life came rushing back with unbelievable intensity. And then his voice— "Missed me, sweetheart?"

Missed him! I couldn’t talk. Finally I said breathlessly, "Oh! He laughed softly, as if he knew exactly how I felt. "I’ll be back Sunday, I think," he said. "I’ll call the minute I get in town. You see, darling, I miss you, too."

I turned from the telephone when the time was up, not caring now that my parents saw my radiant face, knowing that I could no longer keep my secret. Dad grinned at me. "Lanny?" he said. It wasn’t really a question.


There was a moment’s stunned silence. Then Mother looked at Dad, at me, and said in a voice heavy with doubt and dismay. "Oh, Nina—"

It was painful enough to try to tell my parents about Chris, to explain how wonderful he was, and how much I loved him, and why I hadn’t told them about him before. Mother kept saying, "You mean you’ve been seeing him for a month—" and Dad kept repeating grimly, "And in all that time, he’s never come to the house . . . !" They just didn’t understand.

It was more painful still to write to Lanny, and in the end I sent him a note, cruelly brief, saying that I’d been mistaken, and that I was sending his ring back to him. And the girls at the office—I knew that they’d be shocked, but they knew Chris, and I expected them to understand how utterly right it was. But they didn’t. They didn’t say much after the first moments of incredulity, but they looked as dismayed and disapproving as Mother and Dad.

But it was worth it, all of it. I was free now, for Chris. When I saw him again I could tell him, could offer him the rest of my life, as surely as if it lay in my two hands, a gift held out to him.

When he called on Sunday, everything miraculously fell into place so that we could be alone together when I told him. My parents had gone to visit one of my aunts, and I was alone.

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in the house. Over the telephone I simply told Chris to come to the house, that I had news for him. "Good news?" he asked. And then—"But, darling, anything you told me would be good."

I counted the minutes until the car stopped outside, and he came up the walk, across the porch. Then I opened the door, and spun into his arms like a top released from a string.

We clung together wordlessly; it was minutes before we broke apart, and then we were both talking at once, saying how long the days had been, how interminably drab and dull, laughing at our incoherence because we couldn't finish a sentence for kisses. Finally Chris sat down on the couch, pulled me forcibly down beside him. "Now," he said, "Calm down, and tell me this big news of yours."

All of a sudden, I couldn't. Wordlessly, I held out my ringless hand. Chris looked at my fingers, at me. "I don't get it—" And then, incredulously, "Oh—your ring! You didn't—Did you send it back?"

My heart began to thud painfully, and my smile stiffened on my lips. I was waiting to see the light in his eyes and it didn't come. "Aren't you glad?" I asked tightly.

He took out his cigarette case, found and lighted a cigarette. "Why, sure," he said blankly. "It's only—I mean, honey, that's an important step to take. It's something you'd want to think over, to be very sure about—"

He wasn't glad. Even I could see that, much as I wanted to, had to believe that he was. "I have thought it over. I am sure. I was sure from that first night, at the dance, as you were sure that you loved me. Weren't you?"

My voice slid up on the last words. I got to my feet, walked a few steps to control my shaking, came back to stand before him.

He stared up at me. His hand moved to his pocket to return the cigarette case, missed, as his eyes never left mine. He leaned sideways and laid the case on the radio at the end of the couch—as much, I felt, to avoid my eyes as to dispose of the case. "You were sure, weren't you?" I prodded.

"Oh—don't you love me?"

"Of course I love you." He sounded impatient. "But that doesn't mean—"

I interrupted. I couldn't bear to hear what it didn't mean. "Didn't you want me to break my engagement?"

"Nina, that was up to you. It was between you and Lanny—"

"And you had nothing to do with it." My voice was hard now. I felt hard. I wanted to strike him. To hurt him as I was hurt. "They were lies, all of them—all the dear things, all your talk of loving me. You don't really love me. You don't want to marry me—"

"Because I wasn't free. I thought it was because I wasn't free. I am free, now."

I waited. He said nothing.

There was a knife in my throat, in my heart. My voice broke. "You love me—and you don't want to marry me. That isn't love. It's just lies—lies—"

He jumped up. "Nina, stop it! You're being hysterical. You're going to ruin everything if you go on this way. After all, marriage is a lifetime proposition—and we haven't known each other very long. We could have gone on as

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we were; we were having a good
time—

His voice softened; he moved as if
to put his arm around me. I twisted
away from him, fell back on the couch.
"We’ll talk it over some other time," he
said coaxingly. "Tomorrow, when
you feel better. It’s better that I go
now, Nina, and give you time to pull
yourself together. We don’t want to
spoil things by shouting at each
other—"

He was moving toward the door. He
paused on the threshold, and then
he walked out. I didn’t hear the car start,
gon down the street. I was oblivious to
everything around me. I twisted
away from him and flew across the
room. My mind churned tortuously, unceasingly, going back
to the first time I’d seen Chris at the
office, over every meeting; his every
word, every phrase turned up in its
chaos, like chips coming to the top in a
whirlpool. "My darling Nina . . .
Be happy . . . don’t want my dearest
to be troubled . . . to love is to live . . ."
And now—"We have gone on as we were; we were having a
good time." A good time. That was what it
had been to Chris. I knew that now.
He was the sort of person who en-
joys playing out emotional dramas as
other people enjoy the movies. He
knew all the words, the little tender
gestures; he was expert at them, prac-
tised . . . Not that that mattered.
He was still life to me; he was everything.
I wasn’t aware of time passing. I
remember now that I knew vaguely that
the telephone was ringing, long and
insistently, but I wasn’t really
conscious of hearing it then. I heard
it as one hears outside noises when in
darkness. It became part of a
dream, a nightmare in which Chris
was calling me long distance. Never-
theless, it must have been the tele-
phone that brought me to myself;
cause I was conscious of myself,
presently, of the room around me. I
shook my head dully. My eyes ached;
their lids felt heavy before them, upon
the familiar wall, the picture
with the girl and the sheaf of
wheat, my father’s desk below it, with
its shiny brass-knobbed drawers. In
the bottom drawer there was a gun—

One sharp thought cut into the tur-
moyl in my mind: "I wouldn’t do
that—" and in the next instant I knew
that I would. Like a sleepwalker I
rose, walked over to the desk. I opened
the drawer and took out the gun,
feeling the steel heavy, cool, soothing in
my hand. I could do it. I didn’t have to
suffer, I didn’t have to face life without
Chris, didn’t have to face everyone . . .
I stood turning the gun in my
hands, knowing that there was no
hurry, knowing that I wouldn’t lose
my nerve. I found a kind of triumph,
and exaltation in knowing that I had
the courage to kill myself.
The doorbell rang. I listened—and I
was so apart from myself now that I
could see myself, Nina Staples, stand-
ing there listening. Then I put the gun
down on the radio and went to the
doors.

Chris. I looked up at him wordlessly,
unbelievingly. It couldn’t be true. He
hadn’t come back to say that he was
sorry. The joy I dared not believe died
unborn. "I forgot my cigarette case," he
said.

"Oh. It’s on the radio." He walked
past me, picked up the case. A faint
cold wonder crossed my mind. He
could come back, after that dreadful
scene we’d had, for his expensive little
gadget . . .

I heard his sharp exclamation. "Nina
—there’s a gun here!" And something
in his voice made it suddenly easy for
me to talk.

"I know. I feel safer with it around."

"But I didn’t see it before, this
evening."

I walked over, coldly deadly calm
now, picked up the gun, almost care-
lessly. My voice, too, was careless. "Of
course it was. Dad was cleaning it this
afternoon." I even smiled a little.

"Oh," said Chris. And he looked re-
lieved. "Well—goodnight, Nina." He
moved toward the door.

I put down the gun. I was between
it and him now. "Can’t you stay a little
while?"

He paused uneasily. "Nina, you know
it’s best that I don’t—"

I felt stronger than he now, and for
that reason I could beg, as I wouldn’t
have begged before. "At least you
could kiss me goodbye."

He hesitated, held out his arms, and
I walked into them. His kiss was like
so much leather against my lips.
"That’s not the way you used to kiss
me, Chris."

He felt more confident with his arms
around me. I saw it in his eyes, read
there his decision to tell the truth. "I’m
sorry, Nina. I can’t pretend what I
don’t feel."

"And you don’t love me."

He tried to keep the impatience out
of his voice. "Nina, we’ve been all over

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ing cream at a fraction of the cost—from
10c trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.
that. What's the use of re-hashing..."
He dropped his arms, backed off, reached for the door-knob. "I'll see you
tomorrow," he concluded placatingly.

I moved swiftly back, picked up the
gun. "You're not going, Chris."

"Nina—put down that gun." He tried
to sound commanding, but his voice
shook.

"I lied," I said. "Dad wasn't cleaning
the gun. I took it out to kill myself.
But now I think I'll kill you first."

"Nina, that's murder—"

"—because 'to love is to live'. You
said that, remember? If you don't
love me, more than we've both lost
love, and there's no point in living,
is there, Chris?"

"Nina—" His hands jerked convul-
sively. "We don't know what we're
saying. Of course I love you. I always
have— Put that thing down and let
me hold you—"

I REACHED behind me, put the gun
on the radio, took one measured step
toward him. His arms came around me
in frantic haste; I could feel their ten-
sion, read his thoughts as clearly as if
they'd been printed words. He was ter-
rified for his life; he was afraid to risk
a struggle. He compromised with kiss-
ing me. And that kiss—it was hot and
hard and fervent. A fine piece of acting
like all of his kisses.

It was the kiss that woke me. I wasn't
cold and deadly calm any more; I was
hot with shame and just plain sick.
Revolted. I flinched as from a loath-
some thing; through waves of nausea
I heard my voice saying flatterly and
over: "Get out, Oh, get out out out...

Another voice echoed mine. "Get
out!" A man's voice, Lanny's. Lanny
stood in the doorway.

Chris went. I sank down on the
couch, buried my face in my hands.
They were cold and wet with perspir-
ation, and they shook as I pressed
them against my face, trying to keep the
sickness back. And I was cold all over
again—with horror at myself. It is a
terrible thing to know that you have
been mad, even for a little while.

I heard Lanny cross the room. He
picked up the gun, took it over to the
desk, and the desk drawer shut on it
with a disgusted little slam. Then he
said conversationally as if nothing un-
usual had happened, "I got your note
yesterday, and the ring, and took the
next train out of Maxwell. I just got
in this evening, and I tried to call you,
but you didn't answer. Thought you'd
take a chance on coming over—"

I looked up at him. His face was
completely without expression, but I
knew that he must have seen most of
what had gone between me and Chris.

"I was out of my mind," I whispered.

"I guess you were. Was that the
many?"

"Yes. I—I don't know how it hap-
pended, Lanny. You were gone, and—"

He laughed shortly. "You don't have
to tell me, Nina. I had a hunch, weeks
ago, that it would even start. Once
I got up to Maxwell, away from you,
I started thinking about you. Maybe
the first real thinking about you I'd ever
done. All day before I thought any
about us. And I began to realize how
much of your living I'd done for you.
I mean, I was the one who did the
thinking and the planning; all you
did was to agree, and put yourself
upon me that I didn't even know what
sort of person you were without me.
I wasn't surprised when your letters
changed..."

He caught my look, and he nodded
grimly. "Oh, yes, they changed. They

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NEW YORK TIMES, FRI., MAR. 30, 1934
87
ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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Mae Gerber

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ON SALE

Wednesday, March 13th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for April will go on sale Wednesday, March 13th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It’s unavoidable—please be patient!
With My Blessing  
(Continued from page 27)

shoulder. "Excuse me, Mrs. Kern," he remarked. "Your daughter is rather hard to convince." He pulled Grace down into his arms.

It was a long kiss and I occupied myself with some cracks on the ceiling until it was over. After that, Grace said nothing more about not being in love. They were talking about marriage when I finally left them alone and I could hear Grace saying anxiously, "But what about Mother? You know I can't just go off like that—"

"Grace Kern," I shouted back from the stairs, "I've been wanting to get rid of you for eight years, so don't try to make me your excuse now. You're not the only child I've got."

But I was pretty depressed when I sat down in my room to think things over by myself. It wasn't as easy as all that. Maybe I did have other children, but not one of them was like Grace. What was that old saying? "Two parents can support a dozen children, but a dozen children can't support two parents." It was going to be something like that. I couldn't picture either Sue or Amy expressing envy to help support mother, Help support mother. My mouth twisted with distaste at the phrase.

For the next day when Gay came home from work at dinner time, she found the whole family assembled there, waiting for her.

"Well, Mother," Jon said impatiently, "Grace is here now, so you can tell us what it's all about."

I smiled at him and at my daughters.

"It's very simple," I replied calmly. "Grace is going to be married."

The afternoon dropped into my living room couldn't have created more of a disturbance than this simple announcement. When it was finally quiet enough to speak again, I went on, "And now I'm the problem."

"Problem, Mother?" they puzzled.

But I could see understanding in their eyes even before I explained that Grace would have to quit her job to go with Larry. Even before I reminded them that the money Grace and Larry were able to send me every week would not be enough to live on. I could see them exchanging uneasy looks.

Then they all began to speak at once. It wasn't that they weren't willing to help, they all chimed in, but, after all, they did have their own families. I had always been Grace's responsibility and it didn't seem very fair for her to just run off and shift the burden onto them. And, besides, Grace had been fooled once before. How did she know that this affair wouldn't turn out just like the other?

I glanced at Grace when they started to probe her about Larry. She sat there silently, her face white and set. I tried to conceal the bitterness in my heart as I asked dryly, "Has it occurred to you..."
you that your sister is entitled to just as much happiness as the rest of you?"
They looked shocked, as though I had said something indecent, and assured me that they were all as anxious as I for Grace to be happy. "But, after all, Mother," Amy added, "you come first. It's you we're most anxious about."
"If you're so anxious about me," I retorted, "then make things less difficult for Grace. There's nothing in the world I want more than this marriage."
"Well, Mother," Jon said in the kindly patronizing tone I hated, "that's not very practical."
"Really," Sue declared abruptly, "I don't see what all this fuss is about. The thing to do is for Mother to go live with Grace."
And because I had been secretly wishing for the same solution, I answered all the more acridly, "I didn't go to live with you, Sue, when you were married—or with Amy and Jon when they were. A young married couple should start in on its own."
You hypocrite! I accused myself inwardly. In spite of those high-sounding phrases you know you'd run if they asked you. And Grace can't, I suppose, because Larry hasn't said he was willing... Not that I blame him. No man wants to take on a mother-in-law along with a wife.

The embarrassing silence that followed my last statement was finally broken by Amy, "We really should talk it over more," she put in nervously, and they all took up the cry. "Yes, we really should talk it over more."

Grace spoke for the first time. "Yes, do talk it over," she said coldly and ran out of the room.
The rest of the children left a few minutes later, promising to get in touch with me as soon as they could decide how to manage the whole situation. I nodded, glad to see them go, but knowing how little the promise was worth.

LARRY arrived soon afterward. He held a little jeweler's box in his hand, and, realizing what it was, I quickly left them alone. Half an hour later I looked up from my book, suddenly aware that their voices had been getting steadily louder. As soon as I opened the door of my room, I realized they were quarreling. Shamelessly, I eavesdropped.

"I can't," Grace was almost shouting at him. "I've told you again and again why I can't. You ought to be able to understand that it's impossible to leave here under those conditions. They'd make her miserable."
"Isn't it time that you started to lead your own life?" Larry demanded fiercely. "Once you left, they'd have no other choice but to help, and your mother would be the first to tell you so. Can't you see that your trying to make a martyr of yourself doesn't make her happy? She wants you to go with me."

"Oh, what's the use! You won't even try to understand. If only you'd be reasonable, I'd talk to them and try to make them see my point. Then later on I could join you."
"I know you, Grace. If you don't come now, you won't ever. And it's got to be now or never."
"Alright then, it's over!" she cried angrily.

There was a long pause and the next sound I heard was the slamming of a door. When I marched into the living-room, Grace stood there alone, looking

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down at the ring in the palm of her hand with tear-dimmed eyes.

"He's gone," she said.

"Why?"

"He was offered a job on the West Coast," she answered flatly. "He bought a car—and the ring—and he wanted me to go with him and be married there as soon as we could. He wouldn't listen when I told him I couldn't."

She turned to me with the look of a little girl asking sympathy for a bruised knee, but I steeled myself against the pleading in her eyes and managed to hold my anger at bay. My patience was thin. Scolding her soundly, I declared that it was plain foolishness to postpone a wedding at the age of thirty and maintain, as Larry said, that the other children would help in spite of the way they talked. "You've had your turn being a saint for the past eight years and it's time you went anywhere," I wound up. "This might be the last chance you'll have to lead a normal, happy life and you'd better take it while the taking's good."

BUT Grace went stubbornly to bed, without giving me any hope that she has changed her mind. The next day Sunday, they didn't have to go to work, but moped about the house all morning long, listless and unhappy, brightening up every time there was a footprint in the hall and dashing eagerly to the phone whenever it rang. "If you had a grain of sense," I finally snapped at her, "you'd get in touch with yourself." But she insisted that it was none of my business and the same arguments were gone into all over again.

"If he wanted me," Grace sobbed at last, "why didn't he make me go? He should have known I couldn't leave after what the family said. It was up to him to do something."

"I agree with you," said a cool voice behind us. Then we saw Larry standing in the doorway.

But that was all he said to her—after that one brief remark he began to talk to me, explaining rapidly that he had to get started at once for his new job and that he had every intention of taking Grace with him. "We can't get married as soon as we get to California," he told me. "She doesn't have to take too much with her in the way of clothes—just enough to get along on until we can send the rest of ours out to her," he grinned at both of us. "It's now or never, girls—how about it?"

"It's now," I assured him firmly, before Grace could get a word in edge-wise. "I'll go upstairs this minute and pack for Grace." And I hurried out of the room before I had to listen to a lot of chatter all over again. Grace called after me, "Mother! Mother! Come back here! Are you both crazy?"

What Larry said to her after I left the room I never know—I don't want to. But I hoped and prayed, while I hastily packed a bag, that it was the right thing.

And it was. He has made her understand that he meant his "now or never"—and she must have faced, at last, what the real meaning of "never" could be. Anyway, when I came downstairs twenty minutes later, wrinkled as he leaned over to kiss me, and then went straight out to the car, leaving a starry-eyed Grace to say goodbye.

For the next two weeks a trail of postcards showed me their route across country—postcards, and one telegram that announced the wedding. And then,
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FOR NEWER

feminine hygiene

84

Fine Beginning

(Continued from page 50)

for about 1 hour saute onion, celery, parsley and carrot lightly in fat and add. Continue cooking until tints are tender. Run half of them through a sieve, leaving the rest whole. Liquid in which ham or beef has been cooked may be used in place of water and will result in a richer and more flavorful soup.

This same basic recipe may be used for soups made of dried peas, navy beans, black or lima beans, and any of them may be garnished with minced parsley or celery leaves, grated hard-cooked egg, lemon slices, diced or sliced sausages or frankfurters.

Onion Soup

4 cups thinly sliced onions
3 tablespoons butter or substitute
⅓ teaspoon pepper
4 cups bouillon or soup stock
Salt to taste
Grated cheese

Saute onions sprinkled with pepper in butter until they are a rich brown. Add the liquid and salt, cover and simmer one hour. Pour into individual soup heat proof dishes. Sprinkle each with cheese, brown lightly under broiler flame and serve with soda crackers.

Peanut Butter Snacks
(to serve with soup)

6 large shredded wheat biscuits
¾ cup peanut butter
½ cup diced bacon
Cut biscuits into thirds. Remove top round. Spread with peanut butter and sprinkle with diced bacon. Bake in slow oven (325° F.) 15 minutes.

Lots of other spreads can be used on cups like the shredded wheat biscuits or plain salted biscuits to be served with soup. Let your choice depend on the richness or thinness of the soup you're serving, and try apple butter, any kind of sliceable cheese, cut thin and broiled for a few seconds until lightly brown, or one of the dozens of things you can do with chopped egg combinations, using olives or anchovies with the egg, for instance, and moistening with a touch of mayonnaise or salad dressing.

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Paper restrictions make it impossible for us to print enough copies of RADIO MIRROR to go round these days. The best way to make sure that you get every issue is to buy your copy from the same newsdealer each month and tell him to save RADIO MIRROR for you regularly. Place a standing order with your dealer—don't risk disappointment.
A Very Nice Young Man

how we got the ink to write out our penny postcards.

When we left San Bernardino a few months later to try our luck nearer Hollywood, we left behind us a welter of debts. (Which are now all paid, but one.) I hope that a certain grocery man will read this story and write to us—Sam Kalinsky was (I think) his name. For months he had let us charge groceries, saying that because of the two children in our family he couldn't let us starve; and then, a couple of years later when we could pay him at last, he had disappeared completely from the neighborhood. We have sent friends to ask his whereabouts, but no one seems to know. And now we Jostyns are more than able to finally repay him for his kindness, wherever he may be.

We re-settled in San Fernando Valley, a suburb of Hollywood; and here we began another miserable stretch of rent-owing and bill-owing. Jay was working, it's true; but only in a cooperative theatrical troupe that paid him a weekly salary of twelve dollars on good weeks, and most weeks only six. But again came a miracle.

ONE morning after Jay had kissed me goodbye and gone to the highway to wait for a bus on his way to rehearsal, a friend of ours drove up in a wild hurry.

It was True Boardman, now the famous radio writer who has written many Silver Theater shows. But at that time he was just a frantic young radio writer in search of an actor to play in a radio recording called "The Origin of Superstition."

"Where's Jay? I want him to try out for the lead in my radio show," he shouted from his car.

"He's at Cahuenga Boulevard, waiting for the bus," I shouted back—never dreaming that this bit of dialogue was going to change Jay's and my life forever.

True drove off, beat the bus to Jay, and carried him off to Hollywood for his first radio audition. And from then on, with Jay's feet walking a new theatrical path, the Jostyns were once again on the right road. Traveling in the right direction.

IT WAS radio, of course. From then on, Jay acted only in radio; and his tremendous success led him into nearly every radio show produced in Hollywood, and then led him to Chicago, and finally—ten years ago—led him to New York City.

Now he has only one regular commitment, the program Mr. District Attorney, in which he plays the lead. And he has time for the kind of life which means happiness to him, to me, and to our two sons Jon and Josh—who are now fourteen and fifteen, and begging for a jeep for their next Christmas present!

We have our own home in Manhasset on Long Island, which is full of the noise and movement of life. There are two sons, and our long-time couple John the butler and Josephine the cook, our dog named Cookie, our cat named Bingo—they are just dog and cat.

We Jostyns are very family-minded, and none of us cares for the bright lights very much. The result is that all our friends have formed the habit of coming over for dinner and conversa-
A lesson in luxury...

It's easy to enjoy the sheer, caressing luxury of pure linen sheets...merely launder your cotton sheets with Linit, the superior starch that makes cotton look and feel like linen.

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Sunny says: It's so easy to use Linit...simple directions on every package...for starching all household fabrics, curtains, cotton dresses, children's clothes...even daintiest underthings are restored to "newness" by light Linit starching.

...adds the "finishing touch"

...which is our idea of the good life.

Around the house, Jay is not even remotely "Mr. District Attorney." Both he and I wear slacks when we're spending a day home together; and he usually puts in a large part of his time being a fix-it man around the house—garden-ing, painting, building needed shelves, or mending broken lamps.

We start the day with an early and simple breakfast—usually fruit juice, toast, and coffee; and on the days when neither of us has anything pressing to do, Jay usually takes me to lunch at some little inn around Long Island—one of those delightful picturesque places.

HOME again, we're quite likely to rehearse a play that we're planning on putting on for some of our friends some night soon, using our tiny theater in our playroom for the purpose. And on quiet evenings, after a big dinner with our sons, we both go to bed early and read voraciously—Jay reading stacks of the most exciting murder mysteries he can find, and I reading current biographies about the men who are running the world.

When we do go to New York City of an evening, it is always to see a play. We see every play that is produced—because we still have the same love for the theater that we always had. But all of our friends are non-professional people...even though they seem to like our Jostyn-produced-and-acted plays in our playroom theater. Whenever we are going to do a play...sometimes with no one but Jostyns in the cast, sometimes with friends as well...we ask thirty or forty people over to see the play...and sometimes we run a play for four nights in a row, with four different audiences.

I must admit, though, that Jay and I also do a lot of civic work. We are both on the Youth Council of Greater New York, which gives opportunities in countless careers to adolescents who have more ambition than money. I am on the Dramatic Committee, and Jay on the Radio Committee—and Jay is also President of the Youth Council of Manhasset.

And I cannot yet break away entirely from the stage: I direct semi-amateur shows in New Jersey, Connecticut, and also in Manhasset—and both Jay and I love every single minute of it!

BUT around home, you'd never know that either of us ever moved outside of it. When I'm going out for the day, I leave notes stuck in the corners of the bathroom mirror saying, "Jay, please fix leaking faucet in laundry tub"—it's easier to write notes than to talk—and we both spend a lot of time skating, riding, and swimming with our two boys.

And about food, as often as possible we have lamb chops for dinner, because they are Jay's favorite dish; and usually I buy brown or blue clothes because those are Jay's favorite colors....

And that about brings me full circle. After reading over what I've written, do you know what I think? I think that our marriage is no different from any other successful one that I've ever heard of—we have gone down the years together with patience, love, and understanding. And those qualities, after all, will keep any two people happy together for eighteen years, or forever.
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 29)
March 12, 1945.

Dear Chichi:
Sometimes I think you have to live a long time to understand that life evens up its own scores. Where there is good, there is often evil, and where there is evil, there is almost always good. It is too bad that most of us learn this lesson so late in life—so long after it could have been a help to us and to our families and to our friends.

Do you remember sometime after Stephen and you were married despite Stephen's handicap, when he realized his worst fears—his legs were getting worse? Remember how depressed and bitter Stephen was, and how he felt that there was no use hoping any more for the miraculous cure that never came?

I certainly was no help to either of you in those days, for it was then, in the midst of all your trouble, that my old heart tired of the life that I was not yet ready to leave. I was sick for a long time, and I know I caused you and Stephen a great deal of pain and worry, but I think that during those troublesome days you and Stephen were brought closer together than ever before. There is a great deal to be learned from trouble. You will recall my favorite story about the student who complained to his teacher that he kept forgetting what he learned. "Do you forget to put the spoon with food into your mouth?" the teacher asked.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

April 23, 1945.

Dear Chichi:
Things often work out for the best, especially if we help them along a little. Remember when Hank O'Hoolihan, because of his love for you, gave Stephen a job in the tool works, and how Hank's brother, William, used this knowledge to cause trouble for everyone? William had been trying to take full control of the shop, but when William discharged Stephen, he refused to be fired and handed in his resignation to Hank. Hank refused it, and it was then that Stephen got his chance when Hank asked him to stay and be legal counsellor for him against his brother.

There's a lot of truth to the old saying, "One who cannot survive bad times cannot see good times."

Affectionately,
Papa David.

May 5, 1945.

Dear Chichi:
There are three ways in which a man can go about performing a good deed. If he says, "I shall do it soon," the way is poor. If he says, "I am ready to do it now," the way is of average quality. If he says, "I am doing it," the way is praiseworthy.

Affectionately,
Papa David.

These letters, written out of Papa David's warm heart and boundless human experience, show truly that, for those who know how to live it, life can be beautiful. I know that, buried deep in the memories of many of you, there are stories of things that have happened to you that have helped you to learn what Papa David preaches. Won't you look into your minds and hearts for these stories, and write to me about them? We want to hear from all of you.
Have You Forgotten?
(Continued from page 45)

on some kind of a job—but now I'm not so sure.
He told me something about the job
at Bellows' factory, but most of it es-
aped me. It had something to do
with sitting at a desk and ordering
supplies and making trips all over the
state... and that was the part
that seemed to appeal to Jim. Only that.
"But the work itself, Jim," I probed,
does it mean anything to you or satisfy your imagina-
tion?"

He avoided looking at me. He sat
there digging one fist into another
and when he finally raised his head,
there was something almost haggard
about his face. "I don't know what I
want, Serena. I don't want it. It's a
relief to have it planned for me. There's
a routine to this job and if I take it
I just have to slip into it, like a tailored
suit. I need something different.
Start something on my own, with all
the planning and the worries and the
details and the red tape. Whenever I
see the farm I get a pull toward
that is almost a physical agony, but
then I think of going to the bank and
having to read and sign papers and
then get machinery and try to plan
ahead for crops. I need something
to repair the house and the barns—and it's simply more than I
can do right now. In the Army de-
cisions are made for you. I'm used
to that. Maybe I sound like a coward
to you, but it drives me crazy to
even walk into a store and have to
make a selection between two ties.
I don't understand, Jim, but I don't
think you're a coward. I think almost
every man coming back from service
is facing this problem. But most of
them think they can't make it on their
own, so they look for something
easier for them. They get it all over
in a lump and in a hurry. But you
have no ties—" I felt my throat thicken
as I said this—and so you can put
it to your heart—thinking of take-
a job with Bellows as just temporary,
but I'm afraid, Jim. You'll never really
like it because it isn't what you want—
I don't think it is—but it's an ugly,
slow job and easier as time goes by and harder
and harder for you to make decisions
for your own life.
"My life is still my own!" he said
angrily. And I knew he had
ever heard of some of the whispers going
around about his becoming a "perma-

nent guest" of the Bellows and those
who had worked there. "I'm under
go obligations to anyone. Jenny
Simpson called up this morn-
ing to tell me she had an extra room
that was extra heavy at her board-
ing and I really wanted was to stay.
Well, I'm staying at the Bellows for a while yet—" this, definitely, "I'm no trouble
to them and I can come and go as I
please without fear on any sudden
visit.
I knew that was important to Jim.
He couldn't stand restraint any more.
And the village did love to keep a
watchful eye on everyone's comings
and goings.
But now fear was icy fingers closing
around my heart. I had counted heavily
on Jim's coming back from that faraway
vacation with a new per-
spective. I had counted heavily on his
going to Jenny Simpson's to live. All
these months I had been marking time,
waiting for Jim to become a town
again—inwardly—as well as out-

wardly. But how could he get a new
perspective—or, rather, regain his old
one—when he had no chance to get
away by himself to look at his prob-
lems? At the Bellows it was too easy
to see things through their eyes.
And what about me? What about
Jim and Serena and their love and
their dreams for the future? I took
all the courage I could muster but the
words spilled out on my lips, determined to be said, when—
"Serena! Jim! Hi, there... anybody
at home? The front door slammed,
the wind boiling. I'm letting in a gust of wind with
it a tall, rangy girl fur-booted and
hatless, a camel-hair coat slung care-
lessly across her shoulders. It was
Jane Bellows. "Give me a cup of tea,
my poor thing. It's been all around
the room. "I hope I didn't in-
terrupt you two but I was passing and
I thought Jim would rather have a
ride home it than walk—it's turning
colder again."

Jim's face was a study in mixed
emotions, but he didn't refuse her
invitation. And he picked up his woolen
socks, impatiently, in one of those
quick changes of mood that so charac-
terized her. "I'll run out and start
the motor, Jim. You're just about
ready to go, aren't you?"

And then she was gone and Jim
and I were alone. He watched her
swift flight with an indulgent look on
his face and he was laughing when he
spoke. "Would you ever believe,
Serena? Practical, down-to-earth
Serena, tied to responsibilities.
Oh, Jim—don't choose yet—not yet!"
He was all ready to go now, his
thick jacket buttoned up, and his
heavy gloves in his hand. We walked
down into the hall.
He turned at the door. "Serena—"
and then I was in his arms. He was
just back from his vacation, for a
short time. He wasn't the same,
sweet
(Continued on page 90)
If you look pale and listless—if you seem to be slowing down—a deficiency of the blood may be to blame.

So many people look older than their years—colorless, worn, weary. They're only faded photographs of their former selves. Yes, and these people may find the cause is a Borderline Anemia. Women and children especially are subject to Borderline Anemia—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—but many men, too, are its victims!

Your blood—and your blood alone—carries oxygen and releases energy to every organ, every muscle, every fibre. Your blood is your "supply line" of vitality and drive. So if there is a deficiency in your blood—if the red blood cells aren't big enough and strong enough and healthy enough, you just can't hope to feel vigorous, "alive"! Borderline Anemia means that the quality of your blood is below par, that the red blood cells can't do their important job right.

Take Ironized Yeast to Build Up Blood, Energy

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be caused by other conditions. Always be sure to consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you find yourself envying others their youthful vitality and their glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast Tablets. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast Tablets will help you build up your blood and your energy. At all drugstores.

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(Continued from page 88)
coming together of two people who loved each other and knew each other and knew what they wanted.

"Serena, darling—" the words came from him in a rush—"let's be married now. Right away. I don't want to wait any longer. I don't want to look ahead six months—a year from now—when I might have the farm running and be able to take care of you. There's a job waiting for me at Bellows and enough money so we don't have to wait. Enough for us and your father, too. Darling— darling—" and he was kissing my lips insistently.

"Jim—no, wait. Listen to me." I begged. "I'll marry you today or any time, if I thought it would work out for the best. But it wouldn't, Jim. You'd have to take that job and then I couldn't ever give it up, because I'd be there hanging around your neck like a millstone. You'd be afraid to cut loose and take a chance."

"YOU'RE my strength now, Serena. We could work things out together," he said, slowly. "I'm strong now. But you'd sweep me along, too, Jim. Once 've once married—you'd hate me then if I nagged at you. We'd have no really firm foundation for our marriage because we'd be starting out restless and impossible and unhappy. If you're not sure that inside yourself, you can't find a ready-made peace in someone else."

Abruptly he changed. His face passed from desperation to the almost to sheer gaiety I had seen there so many times in the past few months. "Maybe you're right, Serena. Who wants to tie to a weather-vane like me? At least, say you'll go out with me tonight. There's a new night-club opened up on the highway. Say you'll go with me! We'll have fun and sweep the cobwebs out of our brains."

I knew the place he mentioned. Already it had gained a no-good reputation. But that wasn't why I refused... I wouldn't have been afraid of Hell itself, if Jim were with me.

"I can't, I'm sorry, Jim. But Father hasn't been well lately and the doctor's worried about him. He wants something different with him, nights, and it's too late to call in anyone else."

He was disappointed but he only shrugged, a little impatiently. "I'm sorry, too, Serena. Give my best to your father. I won't give him my sympathy because I know how much he'd hate that." He kissed me then, lightly, and was gone.

I watched them drive off. The two figures in the car were dimly seen through the dusk that enveloped the car. I felt, suddenly, as though I had lost a contact with them that was more than a physical separation. It was as if the storm that was now darkening the sky were a symbol of the clouds that had come between Jim and me. Those two in the car, they were in another world from me.

Was this the same February day that had dawned so miraculously bright?

I turned back to the fire. My hands were still shaking; the pulse in my throat was still hammering madly—passion in the flicker of the light was a moment before and from the harsh necessity that had compelled me to refuse Jim. Refuse—I had refused to marry Jim! When I wanted more than anything else in the world to be his bride, I had sent him away.

What would happen now? Would..."
my decision made Jim face up to 
sober reality, to the fact that 
his was drifting along without 
thought or plan, 
without a mooring or a guide? 
Or 
would it plunge him even deeper into 
the rash indifference he had been 
pursuing?

It was a search for courage that 
led me 
to that old porcelain box in my 

room. 
Father was still napping 
so I 
took it down with me to the 
fire.

With trembling fingers I turned the 
box over and emptied its contents on 
my lap. 
I started with the ones on 
the bottom—
the crude, 

thumb-marked, 

home-made 
Valentines that 
Jim had 
sent 
me when we were children. 
I
had a quick mental picture of him 
then... 
a sturdy, slim, cowlicked little 
boy pasting and cutting at the 
Bergi's 
old diningroom table, under the 
kindly 
eyes of his aunt. 
Then... here was 
one when we were eleven, my 
first 
bought 
time. 
The pictures seemed 
old-fashioned 
and the verse seemed 
stilted, 
the lace was torn on one edge—
but the sentiment 
was the same as 
the 
more fancy ones that 
had come with the marches years. 
"Roses are red, violets are blue"—"will you be 
my Valentine?"—"to the girl next door, 
I love you most; all life's in store, 
for just us two—"

The tears ran down my cheeks, 
but the 
tight grip of fear on my heart had 
lessened. 
I was seeing Jim again 
as he had been, as he was really. 
And I 

knew I had been right to refuse to 
marry him.

Jim had to find his way back alone. 
The man who had stood in our 

hall-
way an hour ago and urged me to 
marry him, in that desperate 
impulse, 
was a stranger—both to 
himself 
and to me. 
If he hadn't 
always been 
one to face things squarely; if he 
hadn't 
had his 

heart in his 

broad 

and 
sentimental 

so 

that 

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out.

Someday—soon—

But it looked as if I were wrong, 
Jud 

brought 

me 

the 

news 

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next 

morning, 
when 

he 

brought 

the 

mil- 

k. 

Jim 
Bergi 

and 

Jane 
Bellows 

had 

been 
in an accident. The night 
before, 
out 

on 

the 

highway—on 
their 
way 
to that 

night club, 
probably—
their 


car 

had skidded 

on the 

icy 
road, 

had 

turned 

over 
in a 

ditch. 
Both of 

them 

had 

come 
through 

unharmed—but 

it 

was 

a miracle. The 
car 

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reckless 
driving. 
Of course, 
Jud 
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the 

Bellows 
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squash 

that.

That 
same 

afternoon 
Jim 

filled 

in 
the 

details 

for 
me.

"I was going too fast, Serena. 
I've 

been 
good 

too 

fast 

ever 

since I 

got 

out of 

the 
Army, 
but I can't seem to 
stop. 
But 
you 
should have seen Jane! Cool 
as a cucumber and 


brave—! I can't 
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Jim 

doesn't 
give 
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darn 

about 

anything. 
Sat there 
laughing 
as if it 
were 
al 

huge 

joke 
on 
the 
two of 
us. And when I 

think
The kind of strength, for instance, that kept my Father cheerful and patient when his every day was racked with pain.

Had Jim forgotten?

When he left I sat for a long time, trying to fight my way clear of the red haze of pain and jealousy and fear that possessed me. Yes, I was jealous of Jane. And I knew—because I knew Jim so well—that she had unwittingly placed a deep obligation on him. He owed her something because he had almost killed her—because she had laughed with him—because they had shared this experience together. And obligations had always been serious things to Jim.

Still, I would not have been afraid of that feeling becoming confused in his mind with love—if it hadn’t been that she had also captured his admiration. Her kind of headless daring—the “take no thought for tomorrow” kind of bravado—was now a shining thing in his eyes. I could applaud it, too. There are times when that sort of bravery is sublime.

But I knew Jane well and I knew that she had no patience for small, everyday struggles; for the underneath strength that showed itself sometimes in tenderness, sometimes in thoughtfulness for others, sometimes in turning one’s back on a cherished dream and taking a substitute—if it meant the happiness of others. Jane could never be a farmer’s wife—and Jim, the real Jim, was a farmer.

I was more frightened now at the way things were drifting along than I had been when Jud told me of the accident. Even that, with all its horror and danger, had not brought things any nearer to solution. Something would have to crystallize. Somehow Jim’s eyes would have to be opened.

He might decide that this new life was the best for him but at least it would be a decision definitely, finally, openly arrived at. And it must be before he took the job with Bellows on the fifteenth.

That was what was on my mind the next day when I saw the Valentine. It was in Wytte’s shop window,改革委on, tilted up, like a jewel on a cushion—fully twelve inches high and twelve inches wide. The paper lace around its edge was a deep frill of frothy white; the enormous red heart in the center was adorned by cupids with arrows and bow; but it was the verse on it that made me stop and linger—that brought me to Wytte’s day after day. It was a declaration

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of love so open, so frankly, sweetly obvious, that only a man or a woman sure of himself and his beloved would dare to send it.

Did I dare? All next day I fought with myself and my stubborn Yankee pride until that the very said was true about the way I felt for Jim—but it could not be passed over as could the more stereotyped messages usually printed on Valentines. No, this would mean a showdown. Jim could not ignore that appeal—no, if he did, I would know I had lost him.

Father helped me. There never was a woman yet, Serena, who was worth her salt," he told me the day before Valentine's Day, "who was too proud to go after her man. I can't abide the mealy-mouthed kind. Your mother taught me the first day that she loved me and if she hadn't she might have gone off to sea, instead of having twenty of the happiest years any man ever had.

That was all the encouragement I needed. Lately, everywhere Jim had been—there was Jane Bellows. And there was a new protectiveness in his manner toward her that was strange to see.

I hurried downtown that afternoon.

The snow was crusty underfoot and there was a wind, but I scarcely noticed. I had only one purpose in mind, to buy that Valentine.

I reached the store—but something was wrong. I could hardly believe my eyes. The window looked the same—but the Valentine was gone! Somehow—I had been so sure it was for me that I had never considered the possibility of someone else buying it.

Inside, Mr. Wyttel greeted me. I started to answer—to ask him what had happened—when I saw them.

Jane and Jim—standing by the counter piled high now with jumbled, shop-handled Valentine cards. Only these were the comic ones. They were laughing when they turned around and saw me.

"Serena!" Jane seemed startled.

HELO little Red-Riding Hood." This from Jim, referring to my bright wool hood. He came to stand beside me, and then I saw the package he carried. Slim in bulk—about twelve inches wide and twelve inches high. It must be THE Valentine. There had been no other that size and shape. My heart seemed to stand still for a moment and then grow heavy, like a stone. Jim had bought it for Jane. What else could it be?

"Hello, wolf," I managed to say and to my surprise my voice sounded light and gay. "Hello, Jane—doing last minute shopping?"

"Yes. Listen to this one—'You try to diet, you try to grow thin—Please stop it—it's hard on your kith and your kin.' I'm going to send that to Dad. He's always going on a diet and it makes life most impossible for Mother and Jim and me.

It had been deliberate, I knew—INCLUDING Jim's name as part of the family with her mother's and her own. Jane was telling me in many words that she wanted Jim. That she no longer considered me—as she had done at first, fairly scrupulously—as Jim's real girl.

I had never felt so desolately helpless, so fearfully inadequate. In our locked glances—Jane's and mine—I could almost audibly hear her message: You may know what's best for

Add to the Picture?

When he reaches to your hands they'll be thrillingly smooth and soft to the touch if you use SOFSKIN CREME. You can rely on soothing SOFSKIN to keep your hands lovely-to-hold straight through winter's chapping cold. For hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, use non-sticky SOFSKIN, the creme that many beauticians prefer. A wonderful powder foundation, too.

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and so easy to use!

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tely tapering ends that tell you at a glance the insertion must be both easy and comfortable. Besides, making a very real contribution to your comfort—keeps FIBS from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which could otherwise cause pressure, irrita-
tion, difficult removal. No other tampon is equal!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS!

FIBS? they're so easy to tell!

When he left I sat for a long time, trying to fight my way clear of the red heat of pain and jealousy and fear that possessed me. Yet, I was jealous of Jane. And I knew—because Valentine knew Jim so well—that she had unwittingly planted a death sentence on him. I could hardly believe her thing.

He was the kind of strength, for instance, that kept my Father cheerful and patient when his every day was racked with pain.

I knew for certain.

But when I left I sat for a long time, trying to fight my way clear of the red heat of pain and jealousy and fear that possessed me. Yet, I was jealous of Jane. And I knew—because Valentine knew Jim so well—that she had unwittingly planted a death sentence on him. I could hardly believe her thing.
I had been asked to the Valentine party, as had most of the young people in the village. But I wasn't going.

"I don't know. I'll try, but Father hasn't been too well lately," I told them. It was true, but it wasn't my real reason. I knew I could never stand to walk and stare at Valentine on Jane's dressing table, addressed to Jane—in Jim's handwriting—with Jim's name on it—with love to Jane.

After I'd got this Mr. Wytte told me, yes, the Valentine in the window had just been sold. But I didn't really need that confirmation—and I didn't need to see it, either.

By the time I had reached home my desolation was deeper than anything I had ever imagined could be. The Valentine had been a symbol and if this was the end, it showed me only too clearly that Jim's love for me was gone. It was a new era when he started buying Valentines for Jane Bellows—of his own accord.

The pain and the misery I felt were made worse by my helplessness. Now I had nothing with which to fight.

I had brought my mending into the livingroom. The lamp on the small round table made a circle of warm, yellow light around me and Father in his wheelchair. I had almost forgotten Father's presence, so wrapped up was I in my own dark thoughts, until the tears welled up and over and splashed down onto my hands.

"Wrong girl, Jimmy. If you know what you're going to be able to hold them back," Father commented, his shrewd eyes resting on my face. "The way you've been mooning around—seems to me you've about hit rock-bottom, Serena."

I told him then, while he puffed away on the pipe the doctor had sternly forbidden him.

"You did wrong, girl," he said finally. "You did wrong not to marry Jim when he asked you to. Planning for a man because you know he's the best for him isn't right most of the time—but once in a while you've got to throw your cap over the moon and take a chance. He needed you badly. The rest would have worked itself out.

"I always liked Jim," he went on. "Jim's solid, underneath—but not like so many of the folks hereabouts. He isn't the kind who's got brains and brains. By that I mean he's sensitive, that boy is. Take a boy like that, put him in the Army—he has to do a lot of things he doesn't like to do. Kill people. Shoot them. Fly an airplane and bomb cities. No, Jim would hate it. But he'd have to do it so he'd develop a kind of shell to protect him. That shell, that outer man, was just to a robot, dummy things other people told him to do. He

Jim, Serena—but I know what he wants and likes. And I can give it to him.

Even the Valentine, on which I had pinned such bright hopes, now seemed to me to have been a pitiful thing, a silly gesture against the confident appeal of this girl. My heart was drowning, slowly, as I stood there, in a swarm of misery.

"Coke!" said Jimmy. Jim was pulling me towards the marble-topped counter.

But Jane spoke up hurriedly, "I don't think I'll have time, Jim. Mother said dinner promptly at six today because she wants to start things going for the party decorations tomorrow night. You're coming, aren't you, Serena?"

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wouldn't be doing any planning—he'd just carry out orders.

Jimmie grew like that for a couple years. That shell begins to fit him pretty snugly. He gets so used to it he thinks it's really him. Then, suddenly, he's a civilian again. Might take a pretty straight-line-to-the-heart blow to knock off that shell, Serena. Or just a lot of patience and knowing you love him. Make him break out and start to think for himself once more.

Abruptly Father wheeled his chair around. "Bedtime, Jimmie, Serena." And he was out of the room with a swish of rubber tires across the floor. I was left to Father's abrupt ways. He said what he thought and that was that.

But I couldn't go to bed. I sat there, bowed over. I knew Father was right, but it didn't help me any just now.

It seemed such a strange eve-before-Valentine's. Always before there had been the glow of anticipation as I wondered what that day would bring from Jim. Even when he was in England he hadn't forgotten. And, before that, when he was home, I would be listening to the latest "un-kink" that meant he had stollen up on the front porch and had dropped his offering into our box. As a child on an evening like this—I would imagine his head bent over the paste pots and scissors, even as mine would be—

It was then that the idea really formed. I think it had been in the back of my mind ever since Father started talking.

I couldn't buy a Valentine for Jim—but I could make one!

I bounded around getting the materials. In the bottom of an old trunk I found stiff red paper; from some paper doilies I could cut lace for the edge. Picture books—magazines—manicure scissors—all ready.

There was no plan for that Valentine—it just grew. Somehow, all the things I had been remembering and dreaming about in all the hopes I had had for us, went into that card. There was so much to tell I made a double fold so that the story would carry over and I could put into it the nostalgia of the years we had shared together.

FAT cupsids posed their arrows from the corners; my fingers trembled as I cut out the big heart for the center. It must be perfect! And across the face of it, like shadowy silhouettes, I placed the heads of a boy and a girl looking at each other, their profiles speaking of love and promise.

I found two children skating—would Jim remember those clear, cold, stillly nights on Tantilly pond?—and another of a boy carrying schoolbooks for the girl at his side. Would Jim smile tenderly when he thought of us trudging to school, the scorn of his friends? "He's got a girl!" And there was another—two figures dancing. Would Jim remember their first waltz, dew-fresh gardenia he had brought me to pin on my pink organdie dress?

And then, at last, the one of a soldier kissing his loved one goodbye. The Valentine ended there. The story was over, unless Jim wanted to write new chapters for us.

I found an envelope and my fingers shook as I placed it inside, crumpling the lace a little. Now that it was done—did I dare give it to him? Could I strip my pride to the bone like that, offer him my heart to take or break? Hurriedly I slipped into galoshes and

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parks hood and coat and ran—all the way to the dark Bellows house. With- out giving myself time to think I dropped the Valentine into their mail- box for Jim to find.

Then I turned and ran home. It was hardly more than dawn before I crept downstairs to look in our own mailbox on the porch. Nothing! I hadn't really expected it—but a tiny hope had lingered that perhaps Jim had come in the middle of the night because he really loved me—me alone.

It was that hope that had finally let me sleep after the torments of doubt and recrimination and humiliation I suffered when those torments returned.

My pride was being slowly tortured under the weight of imagination. I couldn't escape the picture of Jim opening that envelope—perhaps at the breakfast table with all the Bellows looking on—the surprise on Jim's face slowly turning to pity for me—it the way he would try to protect me before the amused eyes of the others—the offhand way he would try to dismiss it.

AND then—Jane. She had a ready and cutting wit and this would be her opportunity. She wasn't unkink or mean, Jane, but would she be above taking advantage of me, turning my offering into a joke—at my expense?

When I went about my usual work all day, I writhed inside at these pictures of my fancy. And every time the phone rang I died a little—wondering if it were Jim.

But it was never Jim. And the hours went on and as each one passed I knew, more certainly, that I had failed. It wasn't my kind of love Jim wanted. It wasn't my heart he wanted. And because a heart, useless and unloved, cannot really live I felt that mine was dead.

Evening came and away up at the head of the valley I could see the Bellows' house ablaze with lights for the party. If my heart could still have cried, there would have been tears. But there were none. I could imagine the gaiety and the laughter and the lovely Valentine decorations. I could see Jim and Jane dancing together.

My own house seemed bleak and lonely. Even the fire in the grate—the sound of the logs cracking—were empty sounds in an empty house. Father had gone to bed early and I sat there by myself.

Perhaps my thoughts made too unpleasant and too crowded a company because I didn't hear the door open behind me. Nor did I hear his footsteps or know he was there until he spoke.

"Serena—"
I turned. It was Jim.

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I couldn't move; I could only stand and stare. He wasn't supposed to be here. He was at the Bellows house, at a party, dancing with Martha. Then he opened his arms and drew me into them. A voice—his voice—was saying softly in my hair—

"Do you remember the nights and the days? Do you remember the work and the play? The hours we dreamed and the moments we kissed? The letters that spoke of the love we had missed?"

he quoted, and my cheeks flushed red. That was part of the little, awkward poem I had made up and printed so carefully on the Valentine.

"It doesn't make very good poetry, does it, Jim?" I murmured in my confusion.

"It makes beautiful poetry, darling," he whispered and bent to kiss me. "No Byron or Shelley ever wrote anything as beautiful as that. Maybe it doesn't rhyme as well, but you wrote it and you wrote it for me and that's what counts."

He kissed me again—and suddenly, in my body, there was a quick, fearful stir of happiness. Jim was here. Jim was saying things—

"But—I thought you were at the party! I didn't expect you to come here tonight." Just words, because all the time I was speaking my hands were stealing of their own accord to his shoulders.

His own closed over mine.

"I couldn't stay there, Serena. It was fun for a while, but something was missing. I kept looking for you and you didn't come and then, suddenly, it all went flat and stale."

Then he was kissing me, and happiness was a tormented, excruciating pain—a flood of ecstasy that filled my whole body. This was different. In his kiss was none of the desperation of that last time. Rather, it held us with a promise of continuity and a sureness that a meaning had returned that made our closeness a happy, joyous, forever thing.

But Yankee pride is a stubborn growth. Or maybe it's that sturdy honesty implanted by our forebears that refuses to let us be consoled by less than whole truths. Anyway, there was something I had to know.

"Tell me, Jim. When you bought that Valentine—you bought it for Jane, didn't you? You gave it to her?"

He didn't speak for a second, and then I felt his shoulders square.

"Yes, I bought it for her. I gave it to her this morning—before yours came. It was mixed-up and confused, Serena. I had persuaded myself that it was Jane I wanted, because she had a philosophy of life I thought I had, too. I gave her the Valentine and I told her father I was going to work for him to-morrow."

"BUT I'm not. When I was with Jane well, it was easy to imagine going through life with her, laughing so that nothing could ever matter too much—not exploring life too deeply. Being with Jane and taking that job—it didn't require any decisions on my part. It seemed nice to just drift. But, underneath, I think my resistance was growing slowly. I was beginning to long for a couple of good, knotty problems I could get my teeth into and figure out for myself. I think the patient was beginning to recover." He said
t this last flippantly, but there was no laughter in the back of his eyes.

"Then I got your card this morning. And it was all there for me to read. I couldn’t evade the decision any more. And, more than anything else I knew that I needed you and your love and our kind of life as we had planned it, together."

Right then I hated the caution that was so much a part of my make-up. Because an insidious voice was whispering inside me: Are you sure, Jim? Are you sure this is what you want? That it isn’t just the sentiment of Valentines and a hungering for something you thought you had lost? Are you sure you want it—for keeps?

He still held me close but we were silent. That was why we were able to hear those quick, light footsteps on the porch and the tiny but unmistakable sound of something dropping into the mail box.

When we went out there was no one there. But there was an envelope—slim—about twelve inches wide—twelve inches high—in the mail box. Jim’s eyes were as puzzled as mine as we took it inside and opened the envelope.

It was THE Valentine. On the outside it read “Jane” in that bold, masculine script—It was. But when I opened it a white piece of paper fluttered out. It was a note from Jane.

“I don’t have to have a house fall on me, kids. Just who were you thinking of, Jim, when you signed this Valentine? And who were you thinking of when I opened my eyes that night of the accident, when I was still dazed from the shock, and you were bending over me, shaking me and crying—Serena! Serena! You didn’t remember that, did you, Jim? You didn’t even know you had said it. Well, nobody can say I’m not a good loser, Serena.”

I turned over the Valentine and looked at the signature. On the outside it had said “Jane” but on the inside—

“To Serena—with all my love, Jim.”

My eyes were misty when I looked at him again. Big, generous, reckless Jane. Tears stung the backs of my eyes. Jim kissed them. "It’s hard to break a good habit, Serena. Looks as if you’re the only girl I can ever send a Valentine to—ever.”

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"To the Girl I Love"

(Continued from page 23)

The fellow who took me to that game was one of my classmates, Harry Stephens. Harry was an inconsiderate sort of fellow, a good student with a nice, quiet sense of humor but showing very little evidence of having anything to offer either athletically or socially. In fact, he was in a couple of other teams, a sort of way, that he was fond of mine—
I could read it in the sidelong glance he gave me, but it didn't really matter. It was nice to have admirers, of course, and I had read in a book somewhere that no man wants a girl whom no one else wants, so I felt that Harry might help the cause with my hero. But as far as caring about Harry was concerned—well, my heart belonged to Jack Morton forever and always, and that was that.

After the game, we all went to the dance in the school gymnasium. And I told myself that it didn't really matter that I had only one dance with Jack and many with Harry. After all, Jack Morton was the hero of the hour—he had to distribute his favors.

The fourteenth of February came a few days after that basketball game and dance. I spent the intervening days alternating between a hope that burned high in my bosom, and telling myself that after all, I was grown up, now, and so was Jack. Morton—Valentine's Day was for children, and probably Jack wouldn't even think of such a kiddy thing as sending a Valentine.

But on the morning of the fourteenth, besides the Valentines I knew had come from my family, and from my girl friends, there were two unidentified ones. One was a gigantic affair—the kind that a girl of that age today would label "definitely super!" It was, indeed, enough to gladden the heart of the most critical of Valentine-getters, and it made me as excited as I could remember ever having been about anything. Heart-shaped, made of...

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THIS IS A UNIFORM!

It doesn't look like the uniforms you've been seeing on our fighting men, because this small bronze insignie is the uniform of the honorably discharged veteran.

The man who wears it in the lapel of his civilian suit may bear a visible wound, or a wound you cannot see, but in every case it speaks of suffering and sacrifice endured on your behalf. Learn to recognize the Honorable Service Emblem as instantly as you do a uniform, so that to every veteran you meet you can give the respect and consideration he deserves.

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Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women—18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, enforced by physicals. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurses Ordinance of Iowa, runs her own maternity home. Others earn $2.60 to $3.00 a day in private practice.

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Dept. 16, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

Private send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_ Age_ City_ State_
at the counter. I wasn't very diplomatic about it—maybe the lawyer in me hadn't begun to come out yet—but I simply blurted out, "Jack, that was a beautiful Valentine you sent me, the best I ever saw!"

He waved a casual, lordly hand. "Think nothing of it, kid. You deserved it!" He returned his attention to the list of flavors.

My heart turned as cold as the chipped ice in the little scoop in my hand. "D—deserved it?" I put down the scoop very slowly. "What do you mean?"

"Say, any girl who can whip up a soda the way you can, deserves a little token of appreciation like that." He smiled in smug self-satisfaction. "Any of the other boys think to send you one, to show you how much they appreciate the stuff you put out from behind the fountain?"

THAT was all it meant to him—a little token of appreciation. For a moment I felt literally sick, and I turned away so that he wouldn't see I knew must be written all over my face. I had been dealt a bitter, bitter blow—Jack loved me with his stomach, not his heart!

I cried myself to sleep that night, and for days I went around with the feeling that all was over for me. I was only fifteen, and my life was finished. It made a very sad picture, and I realize now that I got a good deal of enjoyment out of the thought of my pining away into an early grave, and Jack discovering, too late, that he loved me after all. That would be revenge, sweet and soothing!

It was a week later that I learned the truth about Harry's Valentine. Sara was right—it hadn't been purchased in her store, or any store. Harry admitted that he'd made it himself and had inscribed with his own careful hand that simple, sincere message, "To the girl I love."

I will never forget the look of timidity in his eyes when he finally dared to tell me the truth about his feeling for me—it is one of the sweetest memories of my girlhood.

And I'll never forget, either, the thrill of unknown, untried feeling that went through me when he took my hand in his that day, nor how I felt when, later, he tenderly and bashfully gave me my very first kiss.

It was the first and only kiss I ever gave. I was "Harry's girl" for over a year, and then he moved to another town. But whenever Valentine's Day rolls around, I think with gratitude of his dear sincerity—the feeling in him which taught me a great truth about love. It's the same truth that we all know in our hearts: The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, loved for ourselves... The greatest happiness... I have known it, I know it now. The happiness that transcends all extraneous things, that makes two people prove against all the adversity and hardship, the fears and misunderstandings, that the world can bring.

If you have that conviction, this Valentine's Day, don't fail to be grateful. Cherish it, and remember that you are one of the world's truly lucky ones.

And remember, too, that love like this is not something that has been unrestrainedly handed out to you, and that will go on flourishing if it's neglected. It is both your most precious possession—and your biggest, most important responsibility.

DR. DAFOE ON BABY CARE

Here is your opportunity to get expert, dependable advice from a doctor that really knows about babies! In his book, How To Raise Your Baby, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, physician to the famous quintuplets, tells you all you need to know about your child—from infancy right through the difficult growing stages. All about baby ailments, childhood infections, breast and bottle feeding, first solid foods. Why nervous children refuse to eat. Important facts about sunshine and vitamins. How fast your child should grow. Yes, your mother, here's the book you've been looking for!

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Arms ache?

Back feel stiff?

Sore all over?

Get Sayman Liniment and massage gently. Starts to work FAST. Helps to lessen "light" muscles. To relieve stiffness, soreness.

To ease pain while breaking up congestion due to over-exertion, exposure, or fatigue. You'll say it's WONDERFUL! Only 50c. All druggists.

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Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

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Slide in your pocket or carry it in your hand. Completely READY TO PLAY at a moment's notice. 5 in. X 3 4 in. X 1 2 in. Size. 3007. $4.00. Send 50c for full particulars. 30-day money-back guarantee. Available in 30 different finishes.

Pa-Kette Electric Co., Dept. MFW-3, Kearney, Nebraska.

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Gives a Tiny Tint and... Removes this dull film

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.

2. Used after shampooing — your hair is not dry, unruly.

3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings...plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

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6. Golden Brown
7. Dark Auburn
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Protect NAIL POLISH with SEAL-COTE

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DON'T SUFFER FROM SORE, CHAPPED HANDS!

Let nurses' discovery help YOU

Hundreds of nurses write and tell us how effective Noxzema is for red, chapped hands. These letters are typical: "Have you ever washed your hands a hundred times a day? Do nurses in the nation go—and Noxzema is my only relief from rough, red hands."

Another writes: "My hands and arms were so irritated from scrubbing for operations that I couldn't be comfortable anywhere 'til I tried Noxzema. I got immediate relief!"

Actual tests show chapped hands heal faster—this medicated way!

- Yes, scores of nurses were among the first to discover Noxzema—how quickly it soothes and helps heal hands sore and chapped from frequent washings.

Actual tests with Noxzema on both mildly and badly chapped hands show that this soothing, greaseless medicated cream helps heal faster—improvement in many cases being seen overnight! That's because Noxzema is a medicated formula that not only relieves the soreness, but helps heal the tiny "cuts" and "cracks." Try Noxzema! See how quickly it brings relief! At all drug counters:

- 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ (plus tax)

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 15)

I don't usually pass up dessert." Todd evidently pleased his cigarette sponsor because he has just been renewed for twenty-six more weeks.

Dick was born twenty-nine years ago in Montreal, the son of an Irish-born professional soldier who served in three wars, the Boer, World Wars I and II.

The boy did most of his early singing in school plays, starting when he was five with a tune called "Here Comes the Sandman."

"My father thought this a littleissy—fied. After the performance he brought me a set of soldiers."

Dick learned to play trumpet, too, not very competently, and formed a teenage band. His friends urged him to quit school, but he took his father's advice and enrolled at McGill University for an engineering course.

Dick made the varsity football, hockey, water polo, wrestling, and boxing teams but was not an outstanding student. He quit before his senior year to sing on CFCF, Montreal.

"I should have known going to college was a mistake. Back in high school I was experimenting with some chemicals and the whole darned classroom went on fire."

The Canadian crooner clicked on the air, won himself a flock of local sponsors. Some of his recordings reached New York and Chicago and he was promptly imported. In this country, Dick sang with Larry Clinton, Glenn Miller and on such radio shows as Basin Street, Duffy's Tavern, Uncle Walter's Dog House. His RCA-Bluebird recordings were best-sellers. Then came the war and the temporary postponement of his progress.

"They liked me in Curen to but forgot about me on Broadway," Dick said philosophically.

Dick is a bachelor, lives alone and likes it in a New York theatrical hotel, the Forrest. Between radio appearances, benefit performances and rigorous rubdowns and workouts in Turkish baths and gymnasiums, the blue-eyed singer maintains an active date book. I asked Dick how many girl friends he has. He stuck out five fingers.

"But," he added, "the one and only is the pinky."

Singer Andy Russell practices up with conductor Paul Weston for one of those Capitol discs that have shot into high favor.
This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth, colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer. Each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won’t hurt permanents. Leaves lovely sheen.

That’s why your hair looks so natural, glamorous. Can’t be detected—doesn’t shout “dyed”. Try Tintz today.

Why put up with old looking, gray, drab or faded hair. Just brush on Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring then shampoo. One application cleanses, reconditions and recolors to any of 8 beautiful natural appearing youthful shades. Get glorious new color now. Only $1.00 plus tax at drug and dept. stores or use convenient coupon. Caution: Use only as directed on label and perfect results are guaranteed.

Color Lasts...

Only occasional retouching of new grown hair needed. Send Coupon Now.

Company, Dept. 1-C, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Canada, Dept. 1-C 22 Colling St., Toronto, Ont.

7 Tintz Color Shampoo Cakes in shades checked at right. 1 cake 60c (including tax), 2 cakes $1.20 (including tax).

Tintz Creme Shampoo Cake in shade checked at right. 1 cake 60c (including tax), 2 cakes $1.20 (including tax).

If I will deposit amount of order, plus postage, with postman an I’m not entirely satisfied I may return empty carton in for a refund. (If money with order all postage prepaid.)

Check Shads
Blonde
Henna
Brown (Dark)
Brown (Light)
Black

No Extra Color Rinse Needed... No soap film

New 15 Minute Home Trial
Tints Hair Luxuriously
as it Shampoo

Instantly Makes Old Hair Look Young Again

Presenting
THE NEW Tintz
7-shade Beauty Parade

For new exciting glamorous color make-up select the Tintz shade most suitable for you. Instant lather, no after rinse needed, no soap film—try Tintz now—for more sparkle, lustre and colorful sheen. Seven shades—Blonde, Auburn, Henna, Light, Medium, Dark Brown and Black. Only 50c plus tax. Enough for 15 shampoos.
Always Better Tasting
Cooler Smoking
All the Benefits of Smoking Pleasure

The Right Combination of the World's Best Tobaccos - Properly Aged

Always Buy Chesterfield
Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!

A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very first cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions.

And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS

MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by **Butler**

Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.

Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very first cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."

Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.
CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. Laugh then.

CUPID: Me? Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it should remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: And what if I have?

CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise.

And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth, and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!

For the Smile of Beauty  IPANA AND MASSAGE
Quiet Weekend—A New Adventure of The Falcon .................................................. 19
An April Fool Date With Judy ............................................................................... 22
Everyone Was Listening—An Art Linkletter Story ............................................ 26
“Everything Is Shared”—Mel Blanc's Love Story ................................................. 29
Today's Children—In Living Portraits .................................................................. 31
The Time Is Past—A John J. Anthony Problem ................................................... 36
To Save A Life—Road Of Life's “Dr. Yates” Discusses Cancer ............................. 40
Sky Full Of Stars—A Stars Over Hollywood Story .............................................. 42
Life Can Be Beautiful ......................................................................................... 46
Allen's Alley—Song Of The Month .................................................................... 48
Sweet and Simple—Kate Smith's Cooking Page .................................................. 50

**Added Attractions**

Radi-I-Q .............................................................................................................. 3
Facing The Music .................................................................................................. 4
Hairdress Rehearsal ............................................................................................ 7
What's New From Coast To Coast .......................................................................... 8
Introducing Owen Jordan ..................................................................................... 17
Inside Radio ......................................................................................................... 51
Cover Girl ............................................................................................................ 54

**Contents**

by Jack Lloyd
by Ken Alden
by Dale Banks
by Eleanor Harris

ON THE COVER—Martha Tilton, of ARC's Hall Of Fame, Color Portrait by John Engstead

*The Lips he chooses are Irresistible*

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. **WHIP-TEXT** to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume
its wicked — its wonderful

**Now FINER THAN EVER**

**In NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE**
One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 69. A score between 6 and 8 is good, 5-3, fair, and below 3—well, listen in more often, won’t you?

1. Elmer Blunt is his famous creation and when you hear this ABComedian whispering “I hope—I hope—I hope” you know we’re talkin’ about . . . . . . . . .

2. On Columbia’s Joan Davis Show there’s that constant struggle between Joanie and her rival, Barbara Weatherby, to win the affection of crooner-boy (a) Dave Street (b) Andy Russell (c) Danny O’Neil (d) Phil Brito

3. Cecil B. DeMille was recently replaced on the Lux Radio Theatre. Can you name the new producer on the show?

4. Senator Claghorn, Claghorn that is—on the Fred Allen Show is a new addition to Allen’s Alley. Behind that character hides (a) Alan Reed (b) Kenny Delmar (c) Fred Allen

5. Unscramble the following names of radio shows: (a) Jack Harrigan (b) Captain Burton (c) Hop Armstrong (d) The Second Mrs. Midnight

6. Jack Benny’s contest has brought terrific response from his fans. We don’t know if you sent your letter, but we’d like to name the slogan of that contest.

7. Match the following names with their occupations: (a) Jim Brent (b) Jeanette Davis (c) Martha Deane (d) Henry Morgan (e) Commentator (f) Singer (g) Comedian (h) Lead on Road of Life

8. On the new Bob Hawk Show a contestant lost out the other day because he couldn’t name the capital of Nebraska. Can you?

Don’t be that kind of a Cover Girl!

You can’t cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum

You simply can’t resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you’re only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won’t cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away past perspiration, but you still need protection against risk of future underarm odor. And Mum’s the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won’t irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even after dressing. Won’t dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

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

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Produced by Bristol-Myers
Joan Edwards’ daughter can tell she’s safe with Bing, who has four sons of his own.

GINNY SIMMS and her socialite husband, Hyatt Dehn, were in New York recently on a belated honeymoon, and the attractive CBS singer told me about two impressive wedding gifts given to her by her tall, handsome mate. Dehn made Ginny a vice president in a new real estate corporation he has formed, and he is leveling off the top of a whole mountain to build for his bride a new Beverly Hills Home.

Incidentally, Ginny and her husband are taking a keen interest in helping the housing shortage, particularly as it affects ex-servicemen. Dehn plans to produce quality pre-fabricated houses on an assembly line basis.

The Dinah Shore show is having writer trouble. There’s a good chance Dinah’s sponsors may turn the whole NBC half hour into a full musical pattern, dropping out the alleged comedy.

Leonard Susse, Eddie Cantor’s 24-year-old trumpeter-conductor, is seeing plenty of New York and Hollywood with film actress Virginia Weidler.

Take a note: Mrs. Glenn Miller has given Ray McKinley permission to use her late husband’s music library for his new band ... Jean Sablon, the French Crosby, is auditioning for a network show ... By the time you read this Maurice Chevalier should be in the U.S. after a long absence. At one time Chevalier was suspected of being too friendly with the Nazis but was subsequently cleared ... Red Norvo has joined Woody Herman’s band ... Harry James was caught with wife Betty Grable in a gambling house stickup. The holdup men tapped the establishment’s cash register but left Betty with her jewels.

Eddy Duchin, now giving out with his piano magic on the Music Hall, told friends he doesn’t want his motherless son to become a professional musician. He hopes that the boy will study medicine, an original ambition of his famed father.

Johnny Desmond duplicates his GI singing successes (NBC, Saturdays).

Joy Hodges (above) song-salutes newlyweds on NBC’s Honeymoon in New York, heard each morning at 9:00 A.M. EST.

was tardy in bringing him his brand new full dress suit.

Jo Stafford is feuding with Eddie Cantor because the latter entered her radio studio, uninvited, to ask the studio audience if they would like to attend the Alan Young show after they had witnessed Jo’s. Such temperament!

THE CREAMER

It took Johnny Desmond, the ex GI swooner and now one of the potential singing stars of 1946, and me thirty-two minutes to fight our way from the eighth floor radio studio in Radio City to the main floor coffee shop. Avid excited teen-agers blocked our progress. We pushed our way through a maze of autograph books.

Although the young singer was slightly embarrassed and apologetic, he didn’t mind the delay.

“If they didn’t do it then I’d be worried,” he admitted.

I certainly didn’t mind it because this is the same way it had been with Sinatra, Como, Haymes and Russell. This was the sure sign on the Broadway barometer that Johnny was hot.

The slightly built, brown-eyed baritone had been out of uniform exactly six weeks when I interviewed him. In that short space of time he had clicked on his sponsored NBC Saturday morning show, wowed them at the Strand (Continued on page 102)
Ignorance, Indifference and Neglect May Lead to a Troublesome Case of Infectious Dandruff

Don’t be dumb about so important a thing as your scalp and hair. Common symptoms like excess flakes and scaling, itching and irritation may, and often do, indicate the presence of infectious dandruff . . . the stubborn kind that may hang on a long time and embarrass and trouble you.

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff, start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily. This is the easy, delightful treatment that, in a clinical test, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the dandruff sufferers within 30 days. It has helped so many . . . may help you.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"
Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the “bottle bacillus” germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that can grow in vast numbers on the scalp, threatening its health and the appearance of the hair. Many a noted dermatologist calls the “bottle bacillus” a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Begin to Disappear
While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs, it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh! Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

the tested treatment

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC and MASSAGE
Announcing the new Improved
POSTWAR* ARRID

No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely!  

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for!
The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives
you the maximum protection possible against perspiration
and odor with safety to your skin and clothes!
No other deodorant of any sort...liquid or cream...
meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar
Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

Springtime Evening Drama
The new, long Sarong skirt...slim and sleek.
The casual black top, with the season's smartest sleeve!
Wear it with short daytime skirts, too....but always protect it (and you) from
perspiration and odor. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely...only Arrid!

* In the same familiar package...
marked with a star above the price

Only safe, gentle Arrid
gives you this thorough protection
1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so
effectively, yet so safely.  
2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as
any other leading deodorant cream.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy...easy to apply. Just rub in
well, no waiting to dry!

ARRID...nearly twice as effective
in stopping perspiration
as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid
Grace Moore • Georgia Gibbs • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman
Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes
A masculine viewpoint on women's hair styles can be a great help to a gal if to please or allure the male eye is what she has in mind. From the cradle to the grave, most men make at least a casual "man on the street" study of pretty women. When you find a man willing to discuss your hair style, listen to him. He might be right. At any rate, he might be enlightening. You can't afford to ignore a masculine opinion, if you can manage to get hold of one.

According to two very articulate radio executives who prefer to remain anonymous, men want women to wear hair styles that please men.

To arrive at your most appealing hairdo may require several bad rehearsals, but it's found usually after you've carefully reviewed the facts of your face and figure, made mental notes of your good and bad points. Your aim is to emphasize the good and skillfully try to play down such features as too high and wide or too narrow foreheads, unattractive ears, a heavy jawline, etc.

But the hair styles we like, say the men, are even more than flattering frames for the face. They look gorgeous and shiny close-up and they suit your figure from afar.

Suit your figure? Yes, for hairstyles like your clothes, your hat and accessories must take your individual proportions into account. The short, small girl can't wear big hats any more than she can wear heavy looking long bobs or carry oversize handbags. Like herself, her hair-style is best kept short and small. The large or very broad-shouldered girl needs a fuller, softer hairstyle for one that's too sleek and head-hugging may make her head look too small for her body. You keep hair short or upswept for short necks while the swan-like throats can wear chignons low.

The best time to experiment is before your shampoo when you don't care what happens to your last setting. With lotion to revive the old waves and with strong arm use of your brush and plenty of pins, rehearsals for a wonderful new hair-do are easy.

Don't try for chic, severe effects if you've the piquant face of a ragamuffin child. Hair styles are a trade-mark or keynote of your personality and type.

As important as your hair style—more so in fact, because on it depends the way your hair "drapes"—is its condition. Brushing, if you haven't been doing it regularly and hard, isn't going to do much good at the last minute, just before you re-set. Your hair will be stiff and uncooperative, and the effect of your new arrangement will be negligible. And, again as important, learn the professional techniques of making soft waves and pin-curls. Naturally you'll probably not be able to achieve the results a master hairdresser does, but you can learn to wind each curl in such a way that it will settle into the shape you intended for it, when all your hair is brushed out. Ask your hairdresser to show you.

Also, please, say the men, when you find hair styles that do you proud, be true to those styles. Don't change them for the sake of changing them. Change is only good if it's for the better. By all means give the new hair style an honest try-out, but if they blur the pretty picture of you when previewed from all angles, lady, forget them. Be happy the way you are.

Hairdress Rehearsal

Even the busiest girl—take a hard-working radio actress like pretty Pat Ryan, of CBS's Let's Pretend—must somehow save a few minutes each day for brushing, shaping, neatening her all-important hairdo.
It’s Sunday afternoons at 5:30 P.M. EST for Gene Autry’s western songs, with the Kass County Kids.

**FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!**

Give yourself a really good pedicure at least once every two weeks. First—use emery board to shape nails to modified oval—and keep them short! Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.

Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure—using firm, gentle touch.

Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleanings—as well as "sniffles" and sneezes.

**WHAT’S NEW from Coast to Coast**

By DALE BANKS

Once you start something in radio, there’s no telling how far you may get. Take Dan Seymour’s You Make The News broadcasts. Realistic and always hitting close to home, the show now has the honor of having one of its scripts read into the Congressional Record. Right here, we have a strong temptation to add the quip that lots of Senators could do worse—and do—than read a few decent scripts into the record of our nation’s top lawmaking body. The day after Seymour’s broadcast of a show featuring the atom bomb and atomic energy, he got a call from the Senate committee investigating atomic energy, asking for a copy of the script.

WJZ’s Bride and Groom show is well on its way, now. It’s got a sponsor and everything. In case you haven’t come across it on your dial—it’s on the air Monday through Friday at 2:30 in the afternoon—here’s how it goes. Every day the program features a couple celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary, a newly married couple in Hollywood on their honeymoon and a couple who marry between appearances on the day’s program in a ceremony performed at the expense of the American Broadcasting Company.

John Nelson, show’s M.C., is becoming known as “Marrying Sam.” Of course, the couples married with the show’s blessing receive a practical send-off with a wide range of valuable wedding presents. Now, the sponsors announce that the first child born of a couple married on the show will be given a thousand dollars to be used for its education.

Magazine writers who have trouble figuring out new and interesting ways for their heroes and heroines to meet would do well to listen to Bride and Groom. One couple, for instance, met at the Clark Academy Theater in Hollywood. He was working the stage lights and she was raising and lowering the curtain. The show was plenty fouled up that night as a result of their meeting and the ensuing “love at first sight.” Another couple met because she accidentally spilled a cocktail on her dress at a party and the escort with whom she had arrived got angry with her. Her future husband came to her rescue and took her home. Another pair met in a traffic tie-up in downtown Los Angeles on Dec. 6, 1941. They got to talking, made a date for the next day—a date which he kept with Uncle Sam. They cor—

(Continued on page 10)
"Sensational!"

says Mrs. Robert Montgomery,

"And that's why TANGEE GAY-RED is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips"

Yes, Tangee's exciting new lipstick shade—Gay-Red—is the hit-color of Hollywood. In that exotic city (where a girl's face is her fortune) this Tangee sensation is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies of the film colony. Try Tangee Gay-Red... it gives you a lift... makes your lips look young and gay. Remember—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's outstanding creation—the Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use Tangee and see how beautiful you can be

AT LAST...A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

Some cake make-ups you've used are fine in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not make you look as though you were wearing a mask.
ARE

Your Hands

Haunting as Music?

Rough, raspy hands are as outdated as a 1912 gramophone. Use SOFSKIN CREME to soften your skin and smooth away roughness. SOFSKIN is so good for your hands many beauticians prefer it. Make it part of your daily grooming schedule for hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, too. See how thrillingly soft and white your skin can be.

(Continued from page 8) responded all through the war and lo, it grew into love. A blind couple met at a training school for Seeing-Eye dogs. And so it goes with no two alike and very few conventional introductions. Not that it isn't possible.

Harry Sosnick's brother, Capt. Joe Sosnick, has the most unenviable job in the Army today. He's the defense counsel for the Japanese war criminals at the trials in Tokyo. His letters to his brother prove very interesting reading indeed, not only to the conductor of the Raleigh Room program orchestra, but to Hildegrade and the rest of the cast, as well.

Some things go on forever—and why not? When Sammy Kaye was a student at Ohio University, he opened a place near the campus, which he called the Varsity Inn and at which, naturally, he put the dance band he was then leading to work. Since then, the campus dance and dine spot has become a university institution and is now being managed by Sammy's nephew.

Here's a nice idea for a real memorial. Remember Gunther Hollander, the fifteen year old Quiz Kid, killed by a bus in Chicago? His friends are busy at the moment raising funds to establish a Gunther Hollander scholarship in the physical sciences, the subject in which he excelled.

For some strange reason, Jane Lauren, now prominent in the cast of the Light of the World show, started her career as a specialist in Chinese, Burmese or Korean characters, all because she knew a few words of Chinese. For the first few months after that, Jane was really afraid that directors would never remember that she could speak English, too. But all that's been changed, now.

It seems there's a perfectly logical reason for Al Pearce's characterization of Elmer Blurt being so casually wonderful. Pearce bases the character on his own youthful experiences as a milkman and door-to-door salesman in San Jose, California.

Half-pint June Foray is known as the best dialectician in Hollywood. Apparently, she can do anything and everything with her vocal chords. She's been the parrot in Spike Jones' "Chloe," has dubbed in sound tracks as the hiccups of Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake, does all imaginable kinds of baby cries and can make animal sounds of all varieties.

Peg Lynch, who writes the Private Lives of Ethel and Albert and plays the part of Ethel, came out of the studio huming the other day. Like most radio people, she's all for as much realism as possible in radio. But she also thinks this can be carried too far. "I don't mind it when Alan (he plays Albert) Bunce starts heaving the studio furniture around," she complained. "He does that when he's supposed to be exerting himself—hanging the draperies for me, or some such thing. But when he's supposed to be reading a newspaper and insists on picking up a newspaper while he's reading his lines, I'm always sure he's going to spot an interesting headline and forget we're on the air. Realism isn't worth that kind of suspense to me."

The Ah! Sweet Confusion Department: Olyn Landick, the female impersonator who plays the comical "Cousin Cassie" on The Sheriff series, reports that practically every day's mail brings him invitations to join some woman's club or other.

No one knows quite how it happens, least of all the people to whom it happens, but rare indeed is the actor who doesn't get set as a type—and stay that way. Recently Wally Maher, who's really a very nice guy, was complaining about the fact that directors can see him only as an evil character. His major stint for the past three years has been playing "bad guys" on the Suspense show. In those three years, he's killed 31 persons and embezzled five million dollars, been killed 18 times himself and served just about 1000 years in prison. Some record.

Ralph Bellamy is a handy man to have around, especially for a wife who plays the electric organ. His wife is swing organist Ethel Smith, not that

(Continued on page 12)

Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna demonstrate a new approach to golf. As they play it, you need, besides the standard equipment, a jeep, and a couple of really lazy players.
Yes, Dole Pineapple Products are returning to civilian life. Each one—Juice, Sliced, Crushed, and Chunks—has that famous Dole goodness, flavor, and quality. Look for them at your grocer’s. Depend upon them to bring enjoyment whenever you serve them.
we think you wouldn’t have known that, anyhow. Several times, now, Bellamy has been able to come to last minute rescues, practically seconds before his wife goes on the air, by fixing defective plugs and connections in the studio organs.

Louise Fitch, star of Valiant Lady, is having a little trouble these days convincing people that she isn’t a professional dressmaker. She’s all the time having to turn down orders for clothes. Seems Louise got tired during the war of the prices that were being charged for halfway decent clothes and took up her mind to learn how to sew for herself. She says her first attempt looked like nothing in the world. But she slugged away at it and, now, she’s so expert that people either don’t want to believe she makes her own clothes, or, if they do, keep insisting that she make them some, too.

Perry Como looks a lot more relaxed these days, since the Tuesday and Thursday broadcasts have been dropped from his schedule. Until they were, he had one of the toughest schedules in radio, doing ten shows a week, not to mention the ‘aftershows’ for the studio audience which always keep him there at least forty-five extra minutes.

Now, Perry even has time to chat awhile when you run into him. He told us a cute story about one of his fans, the other day. For a couple of months, a young girl attended every Supper Club broadcast and never failed to ask Perry for his script after the show. Finally, Perry’s curiosity couldn’t stand it any longer and he asked her why she wanted so many of his scripts and received a starry-eyed answer that in another week or so his dreamy fan would have enough Perry Como scripts to paper her bedroom.

Like lots of Hollywood luminaries, Shirley Ross is a firm believer in numerology and, at this point, it would be hard to tell one way or the other whether she’s right. Her real name was Bernice Gaunt and she claims to be a direct descendent of John of Gaunt. That was the name she was going to use on her first contract, until a numerologist told her that a name with S’s and R’s would be more lucky. She’s been lucky, all right, but we still say was it the name or the voice?

When maestro David Broekman rehearses the choir on the Star Theatre program, he gives the singers the pitch with a violin borrowed from a nearby musician. There’s a reason why Broekman doesn’t own a violin of his own and that reason goes back about 20 years to a pact he made with himself. At that time he was playing the violin with the N. Y. Philharmonic and had been playing with that orchestra for several years. He decided one day that it was time for him to get up and get ahead and he’d never do it if he hung on to his job. So, he pawned his violin for $40, never went back to pick it up and vowed that he would never own another one. And he never has.

As a show of permanence in a changing world, the constancy of Woody Herman’s two champion fans is reassuring thing. From the army of Herman’s admirers it might be thought difficult to pick two champions, but, on the record, any reasonable person will admit that Ruth Grossbart, eighteen and Cappy Sheridan, sixteen, of Brooklyn and Manhattan, rate every consideration.

They’re on hand at every Woody Herman network broadcast, attend all New York rehearsals and recording sessions and whatever out-of-town performances their pocketbooks and families will permit. This has been going on for more than five years and the two girls have become very good friends. One of them still goes to school and the other works in a hotel, but they both play hookey when there’s the slightest chance to hear the band. They have become so well known to the band that they’re practically mas-

(Continued from page 10)
Are you in the know?

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

☐ She's a curfew keeper
☐ She should be prom-trotting
☐ She's still wearing makeup

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleansliness and daintiness go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times...that's why Kotex contains a deodorant. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep you sweet-and-lovely!

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

☐ Miss Dinah Mite
☐ Miss Mite

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making any business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin really protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive safety center. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!

Do you choose the colors of your clothes—

☐ To copy your gal pal
☐ To suit your color-type
☐ Because they're hi-fashion

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has flat tapered ends that don't show...don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

☐ Yes
☐ No
☐ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't always precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confidential. And to stay confidential on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing...doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
cots and rate mascot’s privileges in such matters as tickets and entrance.

Now that Kenny Gardner and Billy Leech are back from the wars and have returned to their old spots as vocalists with Guy Lombardo, the Guy has a really formidable array of singing talent. He’s keeping Don Rodney, who has been handling the vocals during the war, with the band. Pretty soon, Guy had better start thinking of some kind of chorus or group work for the boys, or maybe start thinking of abandoning a few instruments and using voices in their stead.

Stopped in at a Danny Kaye rehearsal the other day and came on a slight tiff. Danny, who was tired, was complaining that the pages of his script had been mis-numbered. Goodman Ace, who scripts the Kaye shows, shuffled the scripts around good naturedly, handed them back to Danny and said, “There, you see. One, two, three, four, five . . . as simple as NBC.”

It’s a good thing there was no telephone strike on when Ward Byron, producer of the Tuesday night Johnny Present show, was home sick in bed. Because, if there had been a strike, there probably wouldn’t have been a show that night.

Byron lives in Douglaston, L. I., and, when it became obvious to him that he wouldn’t be able to make the trip into the city for rehearsals and the performance, he tuned in to the studio, via the telephone. He got a clear connection and prepared the whole show, right from his bed, directing the cast, pacing and timing the show and making it as smooth and neat as though he had been right in the studio.

These days, being a camera bug is merely a sideline and hobby for Danny O’Neil. But it was not always thus. In fact, the first job Danny ever held down—and at a very early age, too—was as a newspaper photographer on an Alabama paper. He was thirteen years old, when he landed that job through sheer accident. Danny had been given a camera by his father and he was showing it off to his friends on the street, when an automobile crashed right in front of him. Calmly, Danny got the only pictures of the accident, took them to the local paper and got a job on the camera staff.

The things people do sometimes amaze us. Take the young GI who appeared recently on the Honeymoon in New York show and revealed the sort of things that had occupied his mind before he went into the Army. Somewhere along in the days when he was courting his girl, he had tried to figure out the exact number of steps he had to walk to get from his house to her house—583 steps, precisely. Oh, for the days when we could spend time on such thoughts!

In a way, William Gargan’s right back where he started from in his new show, I Deal In Crime. The fellow who’s now playing a detective actually started out in his adult career as a private detective. Bill’s father was a detective, but that somehow failed to thrill the younger Gargan as much as it should have done. From the very beginning, Bill’s real interest was the theater and he worked at it diligently all through school, acting in school plays and seeing every show he could manage when he wasn’t in school. He gave in to his parents’ wishes just enough to get a job as a private detective, but he didn’t hold that long, because it was discovered that he spent most of his boss’s time tracking down producers who might give him a job.

Paul Lavalle has started another young hopeful on a career. He’s baritone Leonard Stokes, whom Lavalle discovered in his orchestral choir and spotlighted as a soloist on his Friday night show. As a result, Stokes has now signed a contract for a nation-wide concert tour.

What everyone has been expecting finally happened. Music Hall has filed suit against Bing Crosby. Bing doesn’t want to sing on that show any more.

(Continued on page 10)
"I tried to be good - always!"

Benedict Bogeaus presents

PAULETTE GODDARD

in

Diary of a Chambermaid

also starring

BURGESS MEREDITH
HURD HATFIELD
FRANCIS LEDERER

with

JUDITH ANDERSON - FLORENCE BATES - IRENE RYAN

and

REGINALD OWEN

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS and BURGESS MEREDITH
 Directed by JEAN RENOIR
 Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
 And the play by Andre Heine
 Andre De Lorde and Thelny Norec
 Screenplay by Burgess Meredith
 RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
How beautifully free you feel

Whenever you hear a woman speak enthusiastically about Tampax, you are listening to a typical user—and it's natural for her to talk that way. This modern sanitary protection has no hampering belts and external pads. So you feel just as free on Tampax days as on any other day of the month!

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed in applicators for easy and dainty insertion. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you are unaware of its presence when it is in place. No odor can form with Tampax. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines will show in skirts. Moreover, changing is quick and disposal is easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax and feeling “beautifully free” every month. Why shouldn't you be one of them? You can buy Tampax at any drug store or notion counter. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

3 absorbencies

REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

(Continued from page 14)

What he wants is a deal under which he can transcribe his show. That way he can make a baker's dozen of show transcriptions all at one fell swoop and then relax until another thirteen weeks have gone by.

After an unsuccessful experiment, Kate Smith's broadcasts are once again open to studio audiences, and requests for tickets that have poured in can again be filled. Kate isn't so sure that cutting her show to half an hour wasn't a mistake, but she's loving with the idea of resuming a full hour variety show, with guest stars.

Irene Beasley, who sprinkles human interest stories between popular tunes on her shows, was once a schoolteacher. Irene was born in Whitehaven, Tennessee, and moved with her family to Amarillo, Texas, when she was six years old.

As a little girl, she spent her summers with her grandmother Holmes in Plum Point, Mississippi. Grandma gave Irene her first piano lessons. And when grandma said practice, Irene practiced—in the beginning pieces like "Dixie" and "Red Wing."

Bease, as her friends call her, attended Sweet Briar in Virginia and, after she was graduated, taught school in Mississippi and Tennessee. She taught in county schools for awhile, then went to Memphis to teach mathematics, music and business management in a junior high school.

But the musical interests started by her grandmother began to crop up. After school sessions and during vacations, Irene sold records in a phonograph shop and sang the latest songs in a five and ten cent store.

Then, one day she decided to write a song of her own. She called it "If I Could Only Stop Dreaming" and persuaded her father to publish it. Next, she found a piano player who agreed to plug the song on his radio program—provided Irene would sing the lyrics. That try proved that "Bease" could put over a number with a bang. Irene was in radio, starting at a local Memphis station in 1928. Then she spent a year in theaters and studios and night clubs in Chicago. In 1929 she came to New York and shortly after her arrival she was signed by CBS.

Not content with only her radio work, Irene also sang at many night clubs, including the Versailles, Paradise Club, Ben Marden's Riviera and Riley's Inn up at Saratoga. Between her radio stints, she traveled in vaudeville and was slated in the Broadway musical comedy hit "Thumbs Up."

Now, the influence of grandma Holmes persists in Irene's radio program. Irene has been conducting a search for a woman among her listeners who has played the piano for the greatest number of years. Some have been found who have been playing steadily for sixty-seven years, but so far, no one has touched the record of Mrs. Holmes, who kept playing from early childhood until she died at the age of eighty-five—and this in spite of the fact that she was deaf during her latter years.

Irene Beasley is tall and slender, with sparkling blue eyes and dark brown hair. She's avidly interested in everything from the simple activities of her radio "neighbors," as she calls her fans, to the complexities of politics. She owns a cotton and corn plantation in Mississippi and, like so many Southerners, has many, many relatives—close and distant. There's a constant stream of her relatives coming to see her all the time from all over the country, but she loves having them. They in turn find her just as warm and simple as she used to be when she was school teacher back in Tennessee.

A big thing to have accomplished.

KINDA CRAZY—BUT GOOD

Cal Tinney, regarded by admirers as a "professor of philosophy for the common man" and by himself as "just an ole country boy that ain't mad with notions," describes his new radio program Relax With Cal Tinney (WJZ, Monday through Friday at 6:45 p.m. EST), as "One of those rare phenomena—a dinnertime radio show that doesn't interfere with the digestion."

The Oklahoma-born humorist-philosopher's cowboy drawl has been missed.

(Continued on page 90)
EVELYN BYRD LAPRADE—This lovely young member of the distinguished Byrd family of Virginia is delighted with Pond's new "sheer-gauge" powder. "It brings exquisitely clear, subtle color to my skin!" Miss LaPrade says.

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!

The more "sheer-gauge" your stockings are, the more glamorous their color looks "on"! Today—Pond's "sheer-gauge" face powder brings that same kind of glamour to your complexion.

Because Pond's powder is blended sheer—to suffuse your skin with that same unmistakable "luxury" look! The same flawless, ultra-smooth color flattery. Choose from a wide range of Pond's lovely Dreamflower shades. They're all "sheer-gauge"!

Special! Pond's Make-up Trio
A lovely box of Pond's powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and "Cheeks". A $1 value for only 79c, plus tax. Wonderful for prices, gifts—for you!

"Sheer-gauge" means lovelier color for your face, too!
Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For "He loves me knots," remember this: He'll adore your topknots, curls or swirls when your hair is Drene-lovely! Drene your hair and it shines with all its natural beauty.

Today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair silkier, smoother, easier to manage.

"After your Drene shampoo, try a new hairdo for Spring," says Jerry Courtney, famous Cover Girl and Drene Girl.

"There's nothing like a becoming new hairfix to boost your spirits any time!"

You'll love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved.

Jerry shows you these easy-to-fix Drene styles you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. First insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

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You don't need daisies to tell you he loves you... with your hair swept up in this tilted topknot. "See how Drene brings out all the natural sheen of my dark hair," says Jerry. As much as 13 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any drab film on hair as all soaps do. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Bouquets to you when you turn a center-part page-boy into this full chignon with just a jeweled barrette. "This hairdo is so easy to fix," Jerry explains, "right after your Drene shampoo." Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair beautifully behaved. You'll find, too, a good permanent helps keep page-boy rolls neatly in place.

Drene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action—
Where the Falcon goes, adventure follows. He might have known that even his quiet weekend would explode!

He was going to spend a fine, lazy, quiet Easter, Michael Waring announced. For a whole week, he intended to forget that he was the Falcon, and devote himself to wearing slacks and slippers, smoking his pipe, listening to the radio, and eating home-cooked meals. He wasn't even going to think about the work that made his days full of tension, excitement, frequently danger—the robbers, murderers, spies, black-market operators, or similar malefactors whom he outwitted and brought to justice. He was going to relax.

He should, of course, have known better.

Mike sketched this idyllic pro-
gram for himself on Good Friday evening, upon hearing Nancy Collins' news that she was leaving New York for a week, to stay at her Cousin Carol's house in Connecticut. "Richard—Carol's husband, you know—is going away on a business trip," she explained, "and Carol asked me to come up and stay with her and Dickie. She's the nervous type, and being all alone in that big house scares her. So I said I would."

"And leave me here in town all alone?" Mike asked, looking hurt. "You can't do that, Nancy."

"I can and I will," Nancy asserted.

Mike snapped his fingers. "I've got it. You call up Cousin Carol and tell her I'm coming along. A week in the country is just what I need for my health."

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with your health," Nancy objected.

"And Carol mightn't want another guest."

"She'll love me, once she gets to know me. As a matter of fact, if she's inclined to be nervous, a man around the house would be a positive advantage."

As he usually did, Mike had his way. He and Nancy drove on Saturday to the Drews' big white house just outside Darien. It had once been a farmhouse, but the Drews had modernized and redecorated it, throwing two rooms together here, adding a sunporch there. Set back a hundred feet or so from the road, it was beautiful and a bit isolated.

Richard Drew wasn't leaving until Easter Sunday afternoon, and for twenty-four hours Mike enjoyed exactly the sort of domestic peace he'd envisioned. He went to church Easter morning, ate a tremendous Easter dinner, and filled the ears of young Dickie, aged seven, with highly colored accounts of his exploits. He was present when Dickie gave his mother an Easter gift, but no premonition told him that the incident meant his plans were about to be interrupted.

Dickie's gift was an Easter egg. It was about the size of a turkey egg, but no self-respecting turkey would have produced anything so gaudily red, green, and purple, combined in a nightmare design. "It thought it would make a good paperweight for your desk," Dickie told Carol.

"Oh—why yes, Dickie," Carol said, rallying from the first shock of seeing the monster. Carol, a little brown-haired woman with bright blue eyes, prided herself on her home. Everything in it, from dining room table to the smallest ash tray, had been chosen with painstaking care, to fit into the overall pattern, and the most casual glance was enough to reveal that this Easter egg would fit into no pattern whatever—unless possibly that of a junk shop. She held the egg gingerly in one hand and looked at it guardedly. "It is very heavy," she said. "I should think it would make a lovely paperweight."

Dickie beamed. "I bought it Friday," he said, "from a man that came to the door selling things. He was a funny little man, with a white mustache, and he looked so poor I thought I ought to buy something from him, so I took the money out of my glass bank. It was only fifty cents."

"And well worth it, too," Carol said loyally. She put the egg on an end table. "Maybe," she told Nancy later, "she could think of a way to get rid of it without hurting Dickie's feelings."

The opportunity presented itself late Sunday afternoon, when Nancy and Carol were alone in the house, Mike and Dickie having gone with Richard to the station. And, rather oddly, Carol found she didn't want to get rid of the egg...

The doorbell rang, and Carol went to answer it. Nancy, sitting at the far end of the livingroom, heard the rumble of a man's voice, and Carol saying clearly, "Yes, he did. But—" More rumbling interrupted her, with the sound coming nearer all the time, until Nancy could distinguish words.

"It was a mistake, you see, lady, but I'm we'llin' to do the fair thing. The boy give me fifty cents for it, and I'll buy it back from you for a dollar, just so's there won't be no hard feelings—"

Nancy, her startled gaze on the archway between the livingroom and the hall, saw Carol appear, backing slowly and fascinated away from a little man in shabby clothes and with a startlingly white mustache. The man was smiling, and while his smile was servile there was something vaguely threatening about it, too. His eyes, scurrying past Carol's retreating figure, lit on the Easter egg.

"There it is, lady!" he exclaimed. "Come on—sell it back to me for a dollar, whaddaya say?"

"I—no, I don't want to. Won't you please go away?" Carol said in a frightened voice, and abruptly he scowled at her.

"Now, lady, I don't want to cause no trouble, but you better give me that—" From the window seat, where she had been watching unobserved, Nancy stood up. She wasn't frightened; on the contrary, she was suddenly quite angry.

"You heard what my cousin said,"
she told the little man. "She doesn't want to sell it back to you. Now get out of here and stop bothering us!"

The man's mouth, under its white mustache, dropped open, and he fell back a step. "Wait a minute," he said. "No need to get huffy, is there?"

"None at all," Nancy said. She walked quickly to the fireplace and picked up a poker. "Get out!"

The little man obeyed, rather hurriedly. Peering through the front window, Carol and Nancy watched him go down the street until he turned the corner. Carol was shaking.

"He frightened me terribly!" she confessed. "If it hadn't been for you, I think in another minute I'd have let him have that dreadful egg—and I didn't want to give it up at all, though I can't think why I should want to keep it!"

Nancy picked the egg up and hefted it thoughtfully. "I can't think why he should be so determined to get it back, either," she said, frowning.

Neither could Mike Waring when—having waited until Dickie was out of the room—they told him about the incident. "It's only a painted hunk of some kind of metal," he said. He twisted it between his hands. "Doesn't unscrew or come apart." He glanced up at Nancy, narrowing his eyes. "A little fellow, you said, with a white mustache?"

"Yes," Nancy nodded. "Very white."

"Could it have been a false one?"

She looked doubtful. "Mmm—yes, I suppose it could, come to think of it."

"Oh, well." Mike put the egg back on the table. "Probably just some crank. I wouldn't worry—I don't imagine you'll ever see him again."

They did see him again, though. The weather, which had been fine earlier in the day, turned wet and drizzly as the sun went down. Dickie was put to bed, and Carol went soon after, complaining of a headache. Mike touched a match to the logs in the fireplace, and he and Nancy settled down to a game of cribbage together. In the middle of the game, he reached over and laid his hand on hers.

"I like this," he said softly. "The firelight—and the rain on the windows—and you."

"Why—Michael Waring!" Nancy blushed, and she tried to smile, but she couldn't hide her pleasure. Mike was usually as sentimental as a treasurer's report. She began to think that bringing him up to visit Cousin Carol had been an excellent idea.

"We ought (Continued on page 56)
Nancy picked the egg up and felt it thoughtfully. "I can't think why he should be so determined to get it back," she said, frowning.

Neither could Mike Waring when—having waited until Dickie was out of the room—they told him about the incident. "It's only a painted hank of some kind of metal," he said. "Twisted a little among his hands. Doesn't unscare or come apart." He glanced up at Nancy, narrowing his eyes. "A little fellow, you said, with a white mustache?"

"Yes, Nancy nodded. "Very white."

"Could it have been a false one?"

She looked doubtful. "Mmm—yes, I suppose it could, come to think of it."

"Oh, well," Mike put the egg back on the table. "Probably just a crack. I wouldn't worry—I don't imagine you'd ever see him again."

They did see him again, though. The weather, which had been fine earlier in the day, turned wet and drizzly as the sun went down. Dickie was put to bed, and Carol went soon after, complaining of a headache. Mike touched a match to the logs in the fireplace, and he and Nancy settled down to a game of cribbage together. In the middle of the game, he reached over and laid his hand on her...

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"We ought—" (Continued on page 56)
Of all the days in Judy's memory, this was absolutely the queerest. It ended just the way it started—and the things that went on in between!

JUDY had been up and about only fifteen minutes that day, but already the strangest things kept happening. Her favorite sweater she had found tied in knots. The doorbell had rung twice—and no one was there. She had answered the telephone—and her ear still ached from the bedlam of shrill whistles and crazy groans over the wire!

"Jeepers!—you might almost think this house is haunted!" she exclaimed to Randolph at the breakfast table. Her younger brother didn't answer but just handed her her orange juice—which was odd in itself, since Randolph had never before concerned himself with the finer points of gentlemanly courtesy to his sister.

"Everything seems so strange to-day—" Judy absent-mindedly took the glass and drank—"everyth—oh! OH!! Brumfaw-fff!" Foam sputtered from Judy's mouth as she hurled herself out of her chair and out of the room.

When she got back Randolph was self-righteously helping himself to scrambled eggs and blandly returned her accusing gaze.

"There was soap in that orange juice! Mother, will you tell your son to be just a little less obvious about the way he tries to poison his only sister?"

Mother repeated, absent-mindedly, "Son, will you be just a little less obvious about the way you try to poison your only sister?"

"Natch. Next time—"

"It really is so very peculiar—" Judy interrupted her brother, returning to her earlier remarks about the strange happenings of the morning. She laid her hand dramatically over her heart, in what she fondly believed was a gesture straight from Ingrid Bergman, and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Do you suppose, Mother—do you suppose some enemy has laid a curse on this house?"

"That they did," Randolph put in. "Only it happened a long time ago—sixteen years ago, to be precise."

"But that's when Judy was born," Mother lifted her head from the morning's mail. "Oh—oh, I see what you mean! Son, you are being unkind."

"You're being impossible!"

And Judy flounced out of the room—straight into Oogie Pringle's arms as he came through the front hallway.
“Jeepers!” Judy exclaimed. “You might almost think this house is haunted. Do you suppose someone has laid a curse on us?” “That they did,” Randolph put in. “But it happened sixteen years ago.”

“Hiya—Judy! Gee, you look more beautiful in the morning before you've put on your face than most girls do at a party. You look sn--aa--zzy!”

“Oh, Oogie—I'm a fright! I'm even worse than that, with my face all washed. I look—I look wholesome!” But she was pleased and even the terrible prospect of looking wholesome didn't dampen her spirits much.

“What's that in your hand?”

“O-H—IT'S a present for you, Judy. It's a picture of something you like very much—of v . . . a . . . n.” He spelled it out as if it were a secret.

“Of Van! Van Johnson?” Little squeals of anticipation came from Judy as she dived into the box. “Why, Oogie Pringle! How could you!—it's nothing but a picture of an old moving van!”

“APRIL FOOL!” he yelled. In the breakfast room Mother clapped her hands to her ears.

“April Fool? Oh, so that's why—that's how this morning—oh, for goodness sakes!”

“That's what he said—that's what the man said—I heard him say it—” Randolph chanted, coming up behind them.

“Well, of all the infantile, childish goings-on, playing practical jokes, when you're a practically grown-up man! Oogie Pringle, I'm ashamed of you!”

“Why—last year, Judy, you practically ruined the whole Oogie Pringle Hot Licks Band when you smeared molasses all over the mouthpieces of the saxophone and the trombone. You weren't too old for April Fool then!”

“Well, I am now.” Judy struck a world-weary pose. “But definitely, I have broken with my childhood, Oogie. It isn't easy for me to tell you like this—so crudely—without any warning—but it's better that you know it now. Tonight I step out onto the threshold of being a woman.”

“Said threshold,” Randolph confided to Oogie, “being the well-known diningroom at the Taryton Hotel. Very glamorous. They serve a mean parsnip-and-pork chop Blue Plate special there.”

“Randolph Foster! You've never been there in the evening—you're not old enough. They have soft lights and music—Jan Judson and his Jumpin'
AN APRIL FOOL

Date with Judy

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"But that's when Judy was born."

Mother lifted her head from the cornflake ing's mail. "Oh—oh. I see what you mean. Son, you are being unkind. "You're being impossible!"

And Judy bounded out of the room straight into Oogie Pringle's arms at 10 come through the front hallway.

"Hiya Judy! Gee, you look more beautiful in the morning before you're put on your face than most girls do at a party. You look suz-suzy!"

"Oh, Oogie. I'm a fright! I'm even more than that, with my face all wrinkled. I look—I look wholesome! But she was pleased and even the terrible prospect of looking wholesome didn't dampen her spirits much.

"What's that in your hand?"

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"April Fool? Oh, so that's why—" Randolph chanted, coming up behind them.

"That's what he said—that's what the man said—I heard him say it—" Randolph exclaimed, coming up behind them.

Well, of all the infantile, childish goings-on, playing practical jokes, when you're a practically grown-up man! Oogie Pringle, I'm ashamed of you.

"Why—last year, Judy, you practically ruined the whole Oogie Pringle Hot Licks Band when you smeared molasses all over the mouthpieces of the saxophone and the trombone. You weren't too old for April Fool them?

"Well, I am now. Judy struck a world-away pose. But definitely, I have broken with my childhood, Oogie. It isn't easy for me to tell you like this—so cruelly—without any warning—but it's better that you know it now. Tonight! I step out onto the threshold of being a woman."

"Said threshold," Randolph confided to Oogie, "being the well-known dining-room at the Taryton Hotel. Very glamorous. They serve a mean pample- and pork chop Blue Plate special there."

"Randolph Foster! You've never been there in the evening—you're not old enough. They have soft lights and music—Jan Judson and his Jumpin'
Jives—and little tables with waiters hovering about and champagne in ice buckets and beautiful women in furs and diamonds and handsome men, disillusioned with the world and grateful for having someone in the room who is young and fresh, and Lobster Newburg—"

"Which do they prefer, the young and the fresh or the Lobster Newburg?" Randolph wanted to know.

But Judy took Oogie’s arm and swept him into the livingroom where they could be alone. There were solemn things she had to talk over with him.

"Then you’re sure you don’t mind too much, Oogie? You don’t mind my going there tonight with Bud Rogers?" It had come to her that Oogie, while he looked unhappy, was not the sad and broken man one might expect from the fact that he had just learned that a handsome, older—Bud Rogers was nearly eighteen!—man was to escort Judy across that threshold that meant her entrance into the sophisticated world outside. This was her first real grown-up date. Dining and dancing at a hotel, just she and Bud Rogers alone! Why, if Mother and Father hadn’t been going to a Club banquet at the same hotel the same evening she would never have been permitted to go without a chaperone!

Oogie was impressed. But Oogie was used to the idea that Judy was a wonderful creature and was someday meant to burst upon the world a gorgeous butterfly, while he trailed along in her shadow. Besides, there was base-ball practice that afternoon and he was pitching.

He tried valiantly to slip into the role that was expected of him. "Gee—Judy—you’ll knock their eyes out, even with that ole drip of a Bud Rogers! Guess you’ll be in all the society pages from now on. Maybe, sometime, when you have a free evening or something we can go to a movie—maybe, sometime.

This was better. Judy bade him a sad but distant farewell and went as far as the door with him. The telephone was ringing from the other room and it might be for her.

"Who was it, Ran?" she asked when Oogie had finally gone. "Who was that calling on the telephone?"

"That was just Miss Stevenson, Father’s secretary. Something about reservations for the Club banquet table tonight."

"Reservations?" Fear poked an icy needle into her bubble of excitement. "Do you mean people have reserved tables for dinner at the Tarleton—like Mother does when she calls the hairdresser for an appointment? Oh, I’m sure Bud Rogers didn’t think of doing that! Oh—I’ll just die. It would be just too devastatingly awful, to go there and be turned away because we have no table!"

THERE’S always Hamburger Haven across the street," Randolph put in, helpfully.

"It will be sheer social ruin!" Judy’s eyes were starkly aghast. "What will I do?"

"Well, if your man-of-the-world is too busy driving his father’s car around and getting flunked out of school to think of a little thing like reservations, why don’t you do it yourself? Just call them up and say you want a table."

"Why—thanks, Randolph! That’s a good idea. But it will be so embarrassing if the hotel people think it’s the girl making arrangements for the man—him to do it. How can I manage without being humiliated?"

"Why ask me? I’m just a child. I can’t stand this mad, mad pace of the pleasure-loving world—"

Judy ignored him. "I know. I could reserve the table in Father’s name. That’s what his secretary did for the banquet table. There’s nothing unusual in that. Bud doesn’t have any secretary, since he’s still going to school, and I don’t know about his father—no, it will have to be in Melvin Foster’s name."

Judy felt much better when her phone call was completed and she knew the table was safe for the evening. She had been right to suspect that Bud had overlooked this little detail. The only thing left to worry her had been the hotel clerk’s rather odd attitude when she had insisted that the table be right next to the bandstand. Heavens, couldn’t he realize that people wanted to sit together especially when was Jan Judson’s Jumpin’ Jives? Anyway, Father’s name had impressed the clerk and the table would be held in Melvin Foster’s name, so there was nothing now to spoil the evening.

Judy went back to the breakfast table in a state of blissful dreaminess. Impossible that she could be the same child who had yelled herself hoarse last Saturday at the baseball game when Oogie had hit the winning home run! She hardly heard her Father’s voice as he described the forthcoming Club banquet to her Mother.

"I’ll do, George. Dora—if it weren’t that that old back-slapping bore of a Henry Rogers was going to be the principal speaker of the evening, this would be the best, bang-up banquet the Club has ever put on. As Chairman of the Ways and Means, I—"

But Judy had pricked up her ears.

"Henry Rogers? Bud Rogers’ father?"

"Yes. And if that hypocrite starts sputtering about what a self-made man he is—" Father sputtered a little, himself, getting up from the breakfast table. He started from the room—and then turned back, as if he had just remembered something.

"By the way, Dora, I forgot to give you a message—you’re to call State 00001 and ask for Fox. Something about a fur coat, I think."

"Really, Father!"

"Really, Father!"

The withering looks from Judy and Randolph ought to have given the joke away, but Dora went obediently to the phone, all unsuspecting. They heard her voice—sweetly gracious at first—then puzzled—then indignant. Then she came back to the breakfast room.

"Of all the stupid men! I told him over and over again that I wanted to speak to Mr. Fox and all he would keep saying was that it was the zoo. I distinctly told him—well, what are you all laughing at?"

Father had to sit down again, he was chortling so hard.

"Fox—don’t you see, Dora? Fox—zoo!"

"No, I do not. The man said there was no Mr. Fox—"

"No, nor Mrs. Fox, either. Dora, Don’t you see—it’s a joke—April Fool! my dear!"

I SIMPLY cannot understand it, Melvin. I know all about April Fool!—you pick up purses on the sidewalk, only someone has a strong attached and pulls it away. But that man was so rude. He said they did not sell fur coats in the zoo. And if you mean a fox—an animal—why, Melvin—you’re too old to pretend that animals can talk over a telephone! Even from the front hall where she was helping her husband into his overcoat, Mother’s voice trailed back to Judy and Randolph. And they could catch the by-now-exasperated explanation from their Father.

The phone rang sharply.

"Never mind, Judy," Mother called, forestalling her quickly. "It’s for your father.

"Who—Tarleton Hotel? Yes. Hello, Mr. Parkins. Yes, Yes, certainly. The best table. My secretary called you a second time? She called this morning? That’s strange. Well, she’s a conscientious woman all right. Yes, that’s right. What’s odd about it? I want the very best dinner. The table. Certainly, and we’ll get it up. Probably don’t like my idea too well of having individual tables for four in the banquet room, instead of their usual long one—"

The door banged. Now, due to the providence of an epidemic of mumps at school and (Continued on page 87)
“Hiya—Judy!” Oogie said. “Gee, you look more beautiful in the morning before you've put on your face than most girls do at a party.” His voice sounded reverent.
Toll most people who listen, radio is a well organized series of programs that go on and off the air with such regularity that watches and clocks can be set by them. A twist of the dial, and you can listen to opera, news, drama, sports, music—anything you happen to want to hear. It's almost automatic. Nothing ever seems to go wrong. A program goes on the air, runs through its appointed fifteen minutes or half-hour, and goes off again, right "on the nose" for timing, as the radio engineers say. It's a beautiful example of human efficiency and attention to detail.

Sometimes, though, we people who work in this business get a chance to see how radio can affect the lives of other people; and when that happens we either feel pretty proud of ourselves or extremely humble. Often it's both at once. Major Bowes could probably tell you a great deal about that feeling, and so could Commissioner Valentine on the Gang Busters program, or the people who handle the Pot O' Gold show. I've often felt that the G. E. Houseparty has made life just a little different for the people who hear it or appear on it. One time I knew it made a difference, and that's what I want to tell you about today.

If Nancy Hunter hadn't had a husband overseas in the Army of Occupation, if she hadn't been having trouble with her mother-in-law, if she hadn't come to Hollywood to visit her friend Alice Thomas, and if Alice hadn't been a friend of mine, there probably wouldn't be a story to tell—or at least I wouldn't know about it. That's the way those things happen. A series of unrelated facts, linked together, suddenly become a completed whole. This time I was one of those unrelated facts. But maybe I'd better begin at the beginning.

Nancy Hunter lived in Stortford, a medium sized town in Oregon. She was young and pretty, and her husband, Johnny Hunter, was overseas in Germany. Nancy didn't have a family of her own; her mother and father had both passed away many years before. She had been working in one of the town's legal offices when Johnny first met her. And after they were married, she kept her job. Johnny had an essential war job for a long time, but was still eligible for the draft and knew that sooner or later he would be called up. It didn't happen until the war was over, but one day Nancy found herself at the station, trying not to cry as she said goodbye to Johnny—a new Johnny in an unfamiliar Army uniform.

Nancy found another girl to share the apartment in which she and Johnny had begun their married life together, and went on with her job, trying not to think of the long empty months before Johnny would come home again. And then one day, Johnny's mother, who lived in a big house up on the hill, suggested that Nancy move in with her. The elder Mrs. Hunter was a widow. Johnny's father had left her a comfortable insurance policy and, by Stortford standards, she was very well off. There was plenty of room in the big house, and there was really no reason why Johnny's mother and his young wife shouldn't live there together until Johnny came home again.

So Nancy sub-let the apartment to the other girl and moved into the house on the hill. And that was the beginning of Nancy's troubles.

One morning, about a month after Johnny had gone away, Mrs. Hunter called to Nancy as she was on her way out the door.

"Yes, mother?" Nancy came back to the livingroom.

"I'm going to drive over to Middleton this afternoon to visit the Charleses. They're old friends of our family, and I'd like to have them meet Nancy was torn between loyalty to her husband and trouble with mother-in-law until ... but let Art Linkletter tell you
EVERYONE WAS LISTENING!

By

ART LINKLETTER
TO MOST people who listen, radio is a well-organized series of programs that go on and off the air with such regularity that watches and clocks can be set by them. A twist of the dial, and you can listen to opera, news, drama, sports, music. But do you happen to want to hear—It's almost automatic. Nothing ever seems go wrong. A program goes on the air, runs through its appointed fifteen minutes or half-hour, and goes off again, right "on the nose" for timing, as the radio engineers say. It's a beautiful example of human efficiency and attention to detail.

Sometimes, though, we people who work in this business get a chance to see how radio can affect the lives of other people; and when that happens we either feel proud of ourselves or extremely humble. Often it's both at once. Major Bowes could probably tell you a great deal about that feeling, and so could Commissioner Valentine on the Gang Busters program, or the people who handle the Pot O'Gold show. I've often felt that the G. E. Houseparty has made life just a little different for the people who hear it or appear on it. One time I knew it made a difference, and that's what I want to tell you about today.

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Nancy was torn between loyalty to her husband and trouble with mother-in-law until... but let Art Linkletter tell you!
you. Can you come with me to visit?

"Oh, I'd like to, very much," Nancy replied, "but I don't think I could get away from the office."

Mrs. Hunter's eyebrows raised, ever so slightly. "Not for just one afternoon?" she asked. "You can't be that important to Bronger & Son."

"Oh, it's not that," Nancy said hurriedly, flushing a little. "It's just that we're getting out a lot of tax reports that must be ready by tomorrow. We've even hired two extra girls to help with the typing this week."

"Well, if you can't come, I suppose you can't," Mrs. Hunter said irritated. "But it does seem a pity that you have to spend so much time at that office. The women of our family have never worked for a living. I can't understand why you feel you must."

"It isn't just working for a living," Nancy tried to explain, "although I do like to feel that I'm doing my share. It's more that I'd feel lost without something to do—especially with Johnny away. It makes the time pass so quickly."

"It seems to me there are plenty of things to do right here," said Mrs. Hunter. "The Red Cross is looking for volunteers, and the Ladies Aid Society would be happy to have you at their meetings. There's the Bond Drive, too—they're going to need people to help with that. And it wouldn't hurt you to learn a little more about cooking—I could teach you how to make some of John's favorite dishes. Why, there are dozens of things for a woman to do without going out to work."

Nancy began to feel uncomfortable. "I know, mother, and I want to spend, as much time working with the Red Cross and those other things as I can. But I can do that in the evenings. And I'd love to have you show me how to cook. I know I'm not very good at it. But couldn't we do that on weekends? I'd hate to leave Mr. Bronger now that it's so hard for him to get trained help. I feel that I ought to be working at whatever I do best, and office work is about all I know."

Mrs. Hunter shrugged, and said, "Just as you think best, my dear."

On her way to the office, Nancy tried to forget the conversation, but it kept worming its way back into her mind. She desperately wanted Mrs. Hunter to think well of her. After all, she was Johnny's mother and he adored her. But she couldn't give up her job, she told herself rebelliously. Maybe when Johnny came back it would be different. Then she'd have another kind of job—the job of taking care of him and making a home for him and the children they hoped for. But that other job would have to wait a while. In the meantime, she had to keep busy. And it helped to know that the checks she deposited in the savings bank every week would be there when Johnny got home. After all, the least she could do was pitch in and help as much as she could. It would be wonderful when he came back, Nancy thought dreamily. They'd move back into the apartment, and Johnny would find a job he liked, and she'd get breakfast for him every morning and dinner for him every night. I'll certainly have to learn to cook first, she giggled to herself.

And that brought back thoughts of her talk with Johnny's mother. I guess maybe she's at least partly right, she told herself ruefully. She's a marvelous cook, and it would be awful if Johnny had to sneak off to his mother's house in order to get a good meal. Well, I'll do the best I can. I can probably learn a lot on weekends. And I'll go over to the Red Cross tonight and sign up for a couple of evenings a week—rolling bandages or something. Then she won't think I'm being stubborn or too independent.

As she arrived at this decision, Nancy's eyes brightened and her shoulders straightened. She even hummed a little as she walked the last few blocks to the office. Everything was going to be all right, and she'd been silly to feel so depressed. Everyone knew it was difficult for a man's wife and his mother to get along. Good Lord, look at all the jokes about mothers-in-law! But this was going to be one case where everyone would be wrong. She'd see to that! Besides, it wasn't as though Mrs. Hunter were an ogre or something. She was a thoroughly nice woman, fond of her son, and an excellent housekeeper. Maybe she was just finding it difficult in her ways, but most older women aren't as alone as she must be lonely, too, Nancy thought with a quick little rush of sympathy. As she entered the office and took off her coat and settled down at her desk, she was full of good resolutions about what life would be like from now on in the big house up on the hill.

Two hours later, Mr. Bronger called her into his private office. She picked up her notebook and pencil and went in, ready for dictation. But he simply motioned her to a chair. "I've just had a phone call from Mrs. Hunter," he said.

Nancy felt a sudden lurch in her stomach. Oh, she couldn't have, she said to herself—she wouldn't do that! But apparently she had.

"She tells me she must make a visit to Middletown this afternoon and that it's most important for you to go with her. She asked me if I could spare you for a few hours. Naturally, I agreed."

"Oh, Mr. Bronger, you shouldn't have—" Nancy burst out angrily. Then she recovered herself. I'm sorry. But I know how busy you are this week, and I'm sure Mrs. Hunter could have postponed her trip until this week-end. I don't like to take any time off when there is so much to do."

Mr. Bronger looked his surprise; then putting his finger tips together and leaning back in his chair, said genially, "Well, Mrs. Hunter has been a good client of ours for a number of years. I don't think we'd be sacrificing too much if we let you go with her this afternoon. You can work on those tax returns until lunch-time, and then run along." He chuckled. "Just be sure to be there good and early tomorrow morning!"

Nancy swallowed hard, but managed to say a faint, "Thank you, Mr. Bronger," as she rose and went out of his office. Outside the door she paused for a moment to collect herself, and then went over to her desk and sat down. She looked at her hands, which were trembling, and quilted them in her lap, so no one would notice. All her instincts about the way a business should be run had been violated. It was incredible to her that Mrs. Hunter could have interfered with her office life in such a high-handed way, and it was even more incredible that Mr. Bronger could have accepted her interference so calmly. It just wasn't done, she told herself fiercely! You can't do things like that! Why, she'd be the laughing stock of the office if this ever got out.

Nancy's fingernails bit into her palms as she tried to force herself to be calm. She picked up a report from her desk and made herself look at it. Automatically, she reached into her desk drawer for paper and carbon, rolled it into the type— (Continued on page 78)
FIFTEEN years ago, I wrote in my diary, “I met the cutest fellow. I wonder if he’ll call me?”

That first note about Mel wasn’t much different from the other entries in my diary in those five years from the time I was fifteen, when I started keeping it, until I was twenty—and met Mel. All the notations, in those days, were about dates I’d had, or adolescent speculations about what would happen to me in the years to come, plus anxious (and unanswered) queries to the _deux ex machina_ of the little book about when and whom I would marry.

Then, late one night in the spring of 1931, I came home and wrote about the “cute” fellow who I hoped would call—and that was the beginning of the real diary—the first entry in a day-by-day account of pure happiness.

I had gone to a dance that night with a friend of mine named Vera, her brother, and my brother. While I was waltzing with my brother—and who, at twenty, wants to waltz with her brother, no matter how much she loves him—I saw Vera talking to a man I’d never seen before. Now, normally I was very shy indeed—which probably accounted for my dancing with my brother, while Vera found herself this delightful stranger. But even shyness couldn’t keep me away then. I walked over toward them, and sort of hung around on the outskirts, hoping with all my heart that Vera would be generous enough to introduce him.

She was. “Estelle,” she called, and I closed in the gap between us with most ungirlish haste.

Vera’s eyes were teasing. “How would you like to meet someone who’s in radio?” she asked.

Mel tells me that I turned a nice, rich rose color. “This is Mel Blanc,” Vera went on. “He’s in California from Portland, Oregon, and he’s really and truly in radio—he’s on the Al Pearce program.”

Mel and I just looked at each other. In retelling the story, he likes to point out that here I blushed again. But he did ask for my telephone number. Even so, blushes and all, I wasn’t sure that he was really interested. Didn’t I anxiously question my diary that night, “I wonder if he’ll call me?”

I spent the next two days in awful anticipation of the calamity that would blight my young life in case he didn’t call. But finally the phone rang, and I could breathe again, for it was Mel. We didn’t see each other that day, but my diary plainly states (with obvious relief) “I am so happy! Mel Blánc called today!”

I wish I could have seen into the future. I wish I could have seen Mel
Blanc as my husband, and also as one of the most famous comedians on the air. It would have saved me a lot of worrisome days.

But now the future is here. I’ve been Mel’s wife for a long time, and he’s been that famous comedian for a long time. He’s on five shows a week at present. He’s Mr. Worte on Judy Canova’s show, he’s also Pedro and the man with the hiccups. He works for Jack Benny and meets himself coming and going on that program as the parrot, the train caller, the French violin teacher and Detective Flanagan.

My incomparable husband is also Bo Hope’s incomparable Private Snafu. I forget how he and that my-Allen he is the happy postman and the cigar store clerk. For Abbott and Costello he plays Scotty McBroom and Cartooony Techniclorvitch. He gets a big kick out of the fact that he’s been billed as “miscellaneous voices” on so many shows he can’t keep count of them.

And so, in the exciting present, I’m married to a motley collection of wonderful funnymen, all of whom boil down, at home, to the greatest husband in the world.

That, as I say, is the exciting present. Not that the past wasn’t exciting, too. It was that in those long months, for instance, when I had been a barber, and I knew my own name that I was head over heels in love with Mel—but when I had no idea whether or not he loved me.

I decided, at last, that it was up to me to make some move. I finally asked him if he would consider acting as master of ceremonies at the cabaret dance our club was giving. I didn’t see exactly how this was going to further my romance, but at least I’d be with Mel, and that was something. I didn’t really think that he’d accept, but he said yes without hesitation, and my stock rose by leaps and bounds with the other club members. I was pretty proud of myself.

I was still sure, when we went to that dance, that I liked Mel a great deal more than he liked me. But by the time the evening was over I was walking on air, because suddenly, right in the midst of a dance, I knew that the feeling was mutual. Mel hadn’t said a word, but just knew, in that mutual way that females have of knowing when a man’s in love with them.

Mel was the cautious type—he still is. For a long while we saw a great deal of each other, but he never mentioned that little word “love.” Mother was suspicious—perhaps she thought I was wasting my time. And Mel hadn’t said anything, so I couldn’t reassure her. Instead I’d just say, in my best off-hand manner, “Why, I only feel sorry for him, Mother. He wants a home-cooked dinner—he doesn’t know anyone in California.” And I’d quickly add, while she was in a softened mood, “Can’t we have him over again tonight?”

I don’t for one moment think that Mother was fooled by all this, but just the same, she used to let me invite Mel to dinner regularly.

In July, he had to go back to Portland—to attend the wedding of a friend, and to see his family. I was pretty excited when he asked me, the night before he left, if he could leave his car with me. Surely, I told myself—and my diary—that meant something. At least, he trusted me with his most cherished possession. (I think if he had run over some police dog with possession, I would have found some way to turn it into an indication of affection for me!)

When an embossed leather writing case arrived from Portland for me, I smiled a knowing smile. Why of course—that was Mel’s own way of saying, “Well, I couldn’t very well send you a baby, so I couldn’t possibly be squeezed into that budget. So asked for a raise, and got it—five dollars a week.

When he came home that night he said, “Estelle—I think we’d better get out of this town. Cobwebs and Nuts has been swell as experience for me—in fact, I chalk it up as a college education. I’m doing more than half the best comedy shows. Besides, in Los Angeles we had my family to fall back on.

And we did fall back on them to the extent of living with them for a year and a half. At that point, Mel was bringing home $25.00 every week—and twenty-five being just twenty-five whether it’s in Portland or Los Angeles—he was pretty discouraged. But I wasn’t. I had all the faith in the world in Mel. Everything in radio was “breaks,” I told him, over and over—and someday very soon now, his break would come.

And one day it did seem, finally, as if our dam of hard luck was beginning to give way. Mel came home walking on air.

“Honey—listen to this,” he cried. “I’ve got a spot on the Joe Penner show!”

“This is your break,” I told him.

“At any rate, it’s our first network show,” he answered, cautious to the last ditch. (And right in that conversation you can note one of the reasons why our marriage is so happy “Our first network show” he said, “my.” Although it was his break, it was ours because nothing in all of our lives belongs to one or the other of us—everything is shared.)

The show was a success, if you count success in satisfaction and acclaim, and not in monetary gain. The financial end of that sixteen-hours-six-days—a-week show was a check for precisely fifteen dollars a week. After a couple of months we suddenly realized that we simply couldn’t manage on that. So Mel scouted around and got a job writing for the Portland Breakfast Club, also on KEX. This he managed to turn out on the seventh day—and got an extra ten dollars for it.

So, if we weren’t wealthy on that, we were at least solvent for the time being. We kept our chins up, and managed. But after two years of it, we felt we were making more than half of the money one would possibly be squeezed into that budget. So asked for a raise, and got it—five dollars a week.

Wh...
A peculiar, painful happiness has come to Mama Schultz. For she knows, with the absolute instinct of a mother's heart, that the man who has come to her saying "I am your long-missing son" is an impostor; yet compassionately, lovingly, she accepts him and his lie.
PAPA SCHULTZ' stern, autocratic harshness drove the real Joseph away from home seventeen years ago, and ever since then his one goal has been to find his son again. Now, because he is old and ill, the rest of the family conspires to keep from him that the man whose coming has brought them all such joy is not truly Joseph, but a lonely stranger.

BERTHA SCHULTZ' affection and respect for Richard Stone have grown as they shared family life. But now, knowing that Richard is not really her brother, Bertha realizes that the feeling between her and Richard is a love that should culminate in marriage, and that this happiness is impossible because Papa must never learn the truth.
RICHARD STONE has come by strange and twisted paths into the lives of the Schultz family of Chicago—paths which he himself cannot fully understand. From a past life so full of loneliness and insecurity that he never thinks about it, and refused to talk about it with Army doctors, Richard went to war, where he saw his friend Joseph Schultz killed on the bloody beach of Anzio. Later, when plastic surgery had completely remolded his own shattered face, he came upon the pathetic "Personal" in which Papa Schultz, ignorant of Joseph's death, pleaded that his son return home. Somehow this plea, and his remade face, seemed to offer Richard a chance at a remade life. Telling the Schultzes that he was Joseph, Richard has brought much happiness to Papa Schultz, and to Mama too, although she knows the truth. But to Bertha and to himself the deception has brought unhappiness, because their love must remain unrecognized.
Even though some of the Schultzes know that the returned veteran who says he is Joseph is really Richard Stone, they have accepted him, and feel that the family circle is now complete. Mama Schultz is played by Virginia Payne; Marilyn by Ruth Rau; John Murray by Kleve Kirby; Bertha by Patricia Dunlap; Richard by Art Hern; Papa by Murray Forbes; Otto by Ernie Andrews; Jen by Laurette Fillbrandt. (At the left) Marilyn Larrimore was born Maggie Schultz, the youngest of the Schultz children. She changed her name for her work as a model; it was changed again by her marriage to lawyer John Murray.
OTTO SCHULTZ, suspicious of the man who introduced himself as his older brother Joseph, discovered through investigation the truth about Richard Stone's imposture. Happily married to JEN BURTON, happy in his radio-writing work, Otto remembers the black days when he returned from the war temporarily blinded and is reluctant to expose his father and Richard to the misery that must result from a revelation. But he has shared his knowledge about Richard with Mama Schultz and with Bertha.

Listen to Today's Children, written by Ina Phillips, every Monday through Friday at 2:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.
A WOMAN in love does something when she is hurt. Sometimes, she cries. But at other times, when the hurt is too big for the comfort of tears, she strikes out in a new direction to win back the man she loves. Usually, she acts in too much of a hurry—she does something silly. But once in a while she does the right thing—something infinitely wise. It's odd that you can't be sure into which category you'll fall—how you, yourself, will react to heart-crushing hurt—until the test comes. I didn't know—not until I actually was faced with it—not until I went with Bruce to Cedar Lodge and watched him become attracted to another woman.

When we first returned to the hunting lodge where we had spent our honeymoon, I was afraid that this trip was a terrible mistake. I told myself that six years of living together day after day, of seeing each other at close range, had robbed us of the great joy we had first found in each other. I thought that the old excitement we had known was gone forever. I told myself that the loss of our baby boy had changed the pattern of our living, had changed us.

Bruce's and my marriage was a gay and lovely thing in the beginning. We were young and happy and excited about everything that happened to either of us. And we had plans, beautiful dreams, for children and a happy family life. The years stretched ahead, exciting and full of promise. But Fate changed our plans when our first child died when he was born and we knew that we could never have another one.

I suppose that is when some of the gaiety disappeared from our lives—when we began to drift. Perhaps that wasn't the whole reason. Maybe we just didn't try hard enough. Anyway, our marriage suffered a change and it wasn't for the better. We gave up our little surprises for each other, our gifts and funny little evenings in out-of-the-way places. We got up in the morning and lived through the day and the evening, and then began all over again. I played bridge and belonged to a few clubs. Bruce concentrated on his business, which kept him out of town a great deal. And before we realized what was happening to us, our marriage had changed from a brilliant, exciting state to an existence all dull grey.

I guess I wasn't as conscious of the change in our lives as Bruce was. I suppose I thought all marriages change, and that ours was following a universal pattern. If Bruce hadn't talked to me about it, I would have gone on drifting until we were miles and miles apart in every way.

It was one night in early January that Bruce picked me up at Connie Anderson's where I had been playing bridge, after a sales meeting of his own.
When you're in love there is a warm enchantment over everything.

Bruce and Mary had felt that, once; they knew that the feeling they had now was different.
A woman in love does something when she is hurt. Sometimes, she cries. But at other times, when the hurt is too big for the comfort of tears, she strikes out in a new direction to win back the man she loves. Usually, she acts in too much of a hurry—she does something silly. But once in a while she does the right thing—something infinitely wise. It's odd that you can't be sure into which category you'll fall—how you, yourself, will react to heart-crushing hurt—until the test comes. I didn't know—not until I actually was faced with it—not until I went with Bruce to Cedar Lodge and watched him become attracted to another woman.

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It was one night in early January that Bruce picked me up at Connie Anderson's where I had been playing bridge, after a sales meeting of his own. We didn't say much driving home. We never did, any more. Once there had been a time when we had delighted in telling each other everything that happened during the evening spent apart. But all of that spontaneous joy in each other was gone.

This night we parked the car in the garage and went into the kitchen. Bruce preceded me stepping on lights to make my coming easier. He courteously helped me with my coat. Bruce was a gentleman and politeness was as much a part of him as the one tiny wave in his dark hair.

When you're in love there is a warm enchantment over everything.

Bruce and Mary had felt that, once; they knew that the feeling they had now was different.
As he hung my coat in the closet, I had the feeling that we were behaving like strangers.

I said goodnight quickly, and started up the stairs, but Bruce called me back.

"Mary," he said, "I want to talk with you."

Something in his serious manner frightened me a little, and I paused uncertainly before I turned.

I could tell from his manner that this discussion was painful to him.

"We've got to face the fact that our marriage isn't what it should be," he said quickly, decisively.

"We don't fight—we never argue," I said lamely, defensively.

"If we did, there might be some hope. We just drift along like strangers.

I knew that he was speaking the truth, but I didn't want to talk about it. Not now. Not yet.

"We can work it out, Bruce," I said softly. "Some way."

"I'd like to think that," Bruce said, "but I can't see it. We've gone too far. There isn't anything left to pin to."

Bruce sounded final—through. And I thought of our early marriage, our dreams and our hopes, and I couldn't believe in the reality of this scene. I felt strangely detached.

"You can have the home," Bruce began, and then I wasn't detached any more. Bruce was contemplating separation—divorce—and the thought of going on without him jarred me out of my lethargy.

"Oh, Bruce," I said with something like horror. "You don't mean that you want us to get a divorce?"

The word hung in the air between us.

"I want to do something," he said.

"I don't want to go on like this."

"But we have so much—our friends, our home—"

"We don't have love, though, Mary," Bruce said. "We've fallen out of love." I was quite certain that I wasn't "out of love" with this handsome, dark-eyed husband of mine. But I was terribly afraid that I was losing him.

"Bruce," I pleaded, "don't talk as if it's all over."

"Then what do you think we should do about our lives, Mary?"

"Let's don't end it," I begged. "Let's look for happiness again—the kind we knew at the lodge."

He turned his face toward me, and his eyes were strangely sad.

"We've changed too much to go back," he said. "We aren't even the same two people, any more."

"Our love isn't lost—we've mislaid it," I said. "But we can find it again."

His face was very kind.

"Do you want to try, Mary?" he asked.

I nodded and my eyes filled with tears.

"Bruce, let's go to Cedar Lake next week for our anniversary," I suggested. "Let's start all over again."

He stood up then and came to me and kissed me very gently. "All right, Mary," he said. "We'll try." But, afterwards, when I remembered how he had said that, I was afraid. I knew that Bruce expected my plan to be a failure.

We left the following week to drive to the winter cabin where Bruce had hunted year after year—the lodge where we had spent the wonderful days of our honeymoon. The morning was crystal-clear and just the way it had been on our wedding day when we had driven gaily along these same snow-covered, winding highways.

And I felt quite content, believing inside of myself that by leaving the scene of our unhappiness behind us we could erase the misunderstanding in our hearts. What I did not understand is that you can run away from a place, but that you can't run away from yourself. Bruce and I still had ourselves along.

Late that afternoon we turned into the winding country road which led through the woods to the cabin.

"Oh, Bruce, we should have come before," I whispered, "long ago before all of this happened."

But Bruce said something strange. He said, "I am wondering whether we should have come at all."

In that moment I knew surely that Bruce had no confidence in our mission—that he had come only to please me. He believed, I knew, that you cannot turn back—that our marriage should end. I prayed silently, pleading with whatever force guides us to prove that he was wrong—that this return would rekindle love in our hearts.

The Jenkinses ran out to greet us when our wheels scrunched to a stop at the rear of the big log dwelling.

Ann fumbled and fell, and Bruce swooped down to pick her up. She laughed up at hi...
And suddenly the memory of that other morning was all around us—that morning when we had stopped here so full of hope and delight in the future. I remembered how we had gone into the warm kitchen that other day, laughing and gay, clinging to each other—loving the world and everyone in it. Today, we followed the Jenkinses quietly, both of us a little melancholy at this change in our approach.

"We've got a couple honeymooning here right now," Mrs. Jenkins explained. "A fine couple as happy and as much in love as you were."

"They sure do hate to lose sight of each other a minute," Hi Jenkins said, chuckling tolerantly. "It'll be nice to have them here," I said, but my voice came out falsely bright.

Mrs. Jenkins closed the door behind us, and the familiar kitchen with its great range swam mistily before my eyes. And my heart hurt inside of me until the ache spread all through my body. And, then, I saw the recently-married Tom and Betty, and I realized that Bruce was right. We shouldn't have come back. No matter how hard we tried, we never could recapture the shining love that glowed in the smiles of these youngsters. We had drifted too far apart to go back.

Tom and Betty joined us at the big table with the Jenkinses for dinner, but they really didn't see us. They had eyes only for each other. Their every glance, their every word expressed their deep love for each other. But instead of being joyful for them, I was sad for our own loss. And so was Bruce, I knew. He looked at me once and his eyes said, "You see, Mary, it's no use. We're not the same—and we never can be again."

Tom and Betty disappeared immediately after dinner, and the Jenkinses busied themselves with their chores. Bruce and I went in and sat in front of the immense fireplace. We sat quietly, not talking, staring into the flames. I realized that we had not had a time together like this in years—a night when we had nothing to do but to devote the time to each other. And, because we had neglected our love for each other, we had let it go away. And now we couldn't talk to each other anymore. Bruce and I were strangers.

"Bruce," I said, looking to him for a solution, "what is the matter with us?"

He looked at me tenderly.

"Dear Mary," he said softly. "I knew it would be this way. I shouldn't have brought you back."

But, still, I couldn't agree that there was nothing left for us. Old dreams rose in the flames in front of me. I was ashamed and strangely sad at letting something as precious as love slip out of my life.

"Shall we go home tonight?" Bruce asked me.

I shook my head, "That's silly. That's running away again," I said.

He understood. (Continued on page 54)
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Ann huddled and fell, and Bruce swooped down to pick her up. She laughed up at him...
There is no excuse for the ignorance or fear that
may rob a cancer victim of his chances for cure

My introduction to that Great Darkness known as "Cancer" took place during my early boyhood. At that time an old family friend had been told that he was suffering from this dread scourge. How vividly do I now recall the fear with which our friend approached the problem! A man of good social standing in the community, he promptly proceeded to live the life of a hermit; to shut himself away from his friends and lose all contact with the outside world. Told that he had cancer, he made arrangements to pass from this life with an air of resignation that death was the inevitable.

It was only in later years that I learned how foolish and wrong is such an attitude on the part of persons afflicted with cancer. As the result of my early schooling, I learned of the existence of the American Cancer Society. Rather than sit by idly while thousands of lives were lost each year to this killer, I was determined to do something about it. It was, therefore, in January of 1945 that I joined the American Cancer Society in its gallant fight against this source of human suffering.

Cancer has challenged the mind and spirit of man for centuries. Through all those years unnecessary fable and superstition have surrounded the disease. Much of this was due to so little being known about its cause, recognition or cure. But with the coming of modern techniques in surgery and treatment, and with new tools of scientific research the assault on cancer has made great strides. This progress is continuing and, with the proper coordination and support, the time should not be far off when the cause of cancer will be known and its control will be a reality.

As a member of the Field Army of the American Cancer Society, I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Frank E. Adair address our group. Dr. Adair, besides being a prominent cancer specialist, is also president of the American Cancer Society. From his seemingly endless reservoir of facts I learned the following things about cancer.

From December 7th, 1941, to July 23rd, 1945, Axis enemies killed 295,433 Americans on all battlefronts. During that same period cancer killed 595,000 Americans at home, or more than twice as many as were lost in World War II!

"Nor is that all," said Dr. Adair. "It is expected that more than 170,000 per-
I began to dig a bit deeper into the facts. I wished everyone—what cancer is, how it is caused, how it can be prevented and how it is treated.

It was at one of the Field Army regional meetings that the answers to these questions were supplied for me.

To better understand the nature of the work done by the Field Army, it might be well at this point to explain the function of that body of volunteer workers. It is a body of more than 300,000 enlisted volunteer workers spread throughout the nation. By means of medical lectures, informative literature, exhibits, radio talks, newspaper and magazine publicity, cancer facts are made available to the public.

At one of these meetings, the guest speaker was Dr. Clarence C. Little, Chairman of the Society's Committee on Education and a world renowned geneticist. The subject of his talk that afternoon was "The Nature of Cancer." Speaking in simple, non-medical terms Dr. Little unfolded the mysteries of that scourge known as cancer.

"Man's growth," Dr. Little revealed, "is regulated by a natural process which begins when the female cell is split by the male cell. When the splitting of the female cell occurs it multiplies into two cells. These two cells then multiply into four and so on, until human life in the form of a child takes place. This process of growth and multiplication of cells continues until adult life is reached. At that point—adulthood—all further cell growth is stopped by a natural process. From then on new cells are permitted to grow only when body tissue repairs are needed.

"Just so long as the body tissues remain under this 'natural control,' there is normal cellular function. In some persons, however, one or more body cells rebel against this control. For some reason as yet unexplained, they seem to go crazy and begin to multiply when all other cells in the body are responding to normal control.

"By running wild these cells produce a lump or growth which has no useful function in the body," added the doctor. "If this growth does not invade nearby organs so as to interfere with their normal functions, it does not become dangerous. It is what medical men (Continued on page 99)
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"Nor is that all," said Dr. Adair. "It is expected that more than 170,000 per-
Love isn't based on age or looks or security; Jeri discovered. It is—well, love is love; there is no yardstick to judge it by.
I STOOD dead still in the dark, unable to speak for the wild choking happiness that surged through me. Wordless, wondering how it could have happened, still unable to believe it, I felt Peter's arms fold gently around me, and draw me close. He dropped his face down against my hair and stood like that for a long time, as if this were relief from unbearable loneliness and pain.

Finally he said, in an urgent voice, "I don't want to rush you into this, Jeri, but . . . if you don't mind, we could be married before I have to leave . . ."

The urgency in his voice seemed to be a part of my body. I leaned into his arms, and my mouth, turned up to his, answered swiftly the question in his kiss.

After a long while I opened my eyes and over his shoulder saw a million stars.

I've found him, I breathed, shaken by the wonder of it. Out of a world full of hurrying strangers, I had found Peter. It seemed as miraculous to me as finding one certain star in the sky full of them which blazed above our heads . . .

I was working as a filing clerk and errand girl in the big Army Separation Center when, weeks before, I had first met Peter Varney. He was in charge of routine physicals for men being processed for discharge. To the girls in the office he was Major Varney, to the GI's going through the mill he was just "Doc." He had been in a Jap prison for a long while, after serving in the Pacific.

"Where are you heading, Doc?" I heard one of the boys ask him one day as he hooked a stethoscope out of his ears. "I mean, after you get through looking down our throats and thumping chests?"

"Home to the ranch," he answered instantly, "I've got a couple or three nags and a canyon full of brush I've been wanting to see—and a boy." The last word seemed to pull up out of his throat.

I was in and out of the office all day, carrying records to and from the files; and I overheard many such bits of conversation. Always it was the same—the ranch, the horses, the young son he hadn't seen for nearly three years.

I found myself waiting tensely for some mention of his wife; and when I learned, through inter-office gossip, that she was dead, I was almost ashamed of the sudden relief that I felt.

From that first day when he had taken a paper from my hand with a quiet, "Thank you, Miss Walker," something strange had gripped my heart. I kept remembering the way he sank into the chair behind his desk, the way he seemed to be reading a report with only the top of his mind while far back behind his gray eyes other thoughts were churning, like a river beating against some jagged submerged ledge of rock. While I ate my lonely dinner at the cafeteria, or stood watching the methodical flash of the traffic light, I would remember his eyes, or the set of his tired shoulders—even at night, when I lay staring at the ceiling of the little room I shared with a different strange girl each night.

"You understand," the matron at the Girls' Hostel had told me briskly when I registered, "Miss . . . what was the name?" "Walker," I told her for the fifth time, "Jeri Walker."

"Jeri! What a funny name for a girl . . . as I was saying, you may stay for three days only. The Hostel is intended for a temporary shelter. At the end of three days, if you have not found a room elsewhere, I will see what I can do . . ."

That's the way I had been living ever since my family had been evicted from the tiny apartment into which we had crowded ourselves when we came West to work in war plants. Mom and Dad had sold our farm in Kansas, before they realized that there was no place available out here where we could all live together. Bob, my brother, went to live in a men's housing project at a shipyard, Dad had a chance for higher wages in San Francisco, and Mother finally went to Denver to take care of Grandma. I had a job by that time, so I stayed. For the first time in my life I was all alone, and I had never known how lonely anyone can be in a strange city. It pushed in upon me like a blanket, wrapping me so tight sometimes that it was hard to breathe. I was sick for a home again, for people to care . . . just to
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belong again to someone of my own. Perhaps that is the thing which first drew me to Peter Varney—I never knew from one day to the next where I would be sleeping that night, or when I would be out on the street again, tramping in that old hopeless search for a room, feeling rootless and unwanted and alone; but every morning when I went to work, he was there, behind his desk, as solid and certain as the sun.

"YOU'RE too thin," he told me abruptly one afternoon when I came in to file the last of the day's reports. "How long has it been since you last ate a real steak or a nice brown chicken drumstick?"

I laughed and said, "Well, I can't remember ..."

"That's what I thought." He flipped some papers together on the desk and pushed back his chair. "Believe it or not, I've found a place where they serve such things. If you don't mind we might drive out. I'll be ready to leave here by the time you get into your coat and lipstick, Jeri."

Jeri! He knew, and remembered, my name!

He was changing from his white jacket to the one which matched his uniform. He reached a long hand to turn down the corner of my coat collar which had curled up. We were walking out across the square of gravel to the olive drab car.

This was the first of those magic evenings, unreal as a dream to me. It was heaven to sit here with Peter across the table, smoking a last cigarette over a last unhurried cup of coffee, while he talked about his ranch in the foothills.

"We call it Varney Acres," he said. "But actually there are only two of them, one in a sort of orange grove, the other a dry wash full of brush and wild pigeons. Up higher there are good riding trails ambling off into the hills, and still higher a stream where Lance and I used to fish. He's a great kid, that boy!" The pride in those words!

That's the way it always ended. Lance, the son he had left in the Academy when he went away ...

"It all sounds like heaven," I breathed.

"You'll have to see it sometime." His voice broke off suddenly and he jerked his eyes around to me as if he were really seeing me for the first time. All the rest of that evening, while we finished our coffee, while we drove slowly back along the coast road to the city, and up the crowded street to the Hostel where I still clung, uncertainly, three days at a time, I felt his eyes coming back to me, again and again, as if he thought I might have vanished while he looked away.

One night he had to work late and I stayed with him to help finish last things before he left on furlough. Every time I thought of being here without him, that funny cold hand gripped my heart, and now, this last night, it seemed as if I couldn't bear to have him go.

It was dark when we left the Center and crunched across the gravel to the parking space. He took off his cap and tossed it into the back seat of the car as he always did, and turned to help me in.

"Jeri," he said suddenly, his hand tightening on my arm, "I love you very much. Now that I'm leaving, I realize that I ... need you, Jeri."

It was then that I stood dead still in the dark. It was then that I discovered my one, of the whole sky full of stars ...

We were married in the office of the Post Chaplain, the day Peter's furlough began; and that night, his voice shaken by a sort of amazement, he said, "You're such a trusting little person, Jeri. You've taken me so completely at face value. How do you know what sort of man I really am?"

"I know you're tall, dark, and handsome," I laughed.

"Except for an ugly mug, and a lot of gray hair," he grimaced, unmoving.

"Where?" I laughed, pulling his head down to look. "Funny, I never noticed it before!"

Sudden tenderness washed over me. I would be everything to Peter, compensation for all the horror he had endured, all those things he never talked about, but which always lay far back behind his quiet eyes. I would make our home a heaven for him. Our home ... home!

On the train en route to the ranch, I snuggled against his shoulder and said, "Peter—I hope Lance will like me."

"He will," Peter assured me. "He couldn't help it if he tried ..."

"Sometimes kids resent a stepmother," I said.

Suddenly he said, "Well, here goes nothing," and Peter and I put our hands to him...
Peter looked at me oddly, and the crinkles of a smile slowly fanned around his eyes. “He won’t,” he promised me.

“I hope he gets home while you’re there,” I said. “After all, it isn’t fun to be shut up in a boarding school all the time…”

“I don’t think Lance liked… his school so well.” Peter’s eyes were still crinkly with a smile. “Fact is, he wrote me that he was thinking of leaving, some time ago. He called it a dump, said, ‘Dad, the old dump is beginning to stink.’ Those were his words, I believe.”

The train was slowing to a stop and Peter leaned to the window, searching the platform with his eyes as we made our way down the aisle to the vestibule. He was as impatient as a kid for the porter to let down the steps.

I heard him shout, “Lance!” and an answering yell, “Hey, Dad!”

I stepped down from the train, my hand in Peter’s, and stopped dead still.

“Well, I’ll be!” Peter was saying; and another voice just like his answered, “I did it, Dad. I’ll at least get in on the occupation. That’s better than telling my grandchildren I was too young to do anything but read about the big war…”

“You young idiot!” Peter was saying as their hands clamped down upon each other. “Running true to form, jumping off the high ledge before you test the water’s depth.”

Not the freckled kid I had pictured! Stepmother to this… this tall lank Army private? But he was a grown man!

They were both laughing and then, as if they had just remembered me, they both turned.

“Hello, Jeri!” Lance said, his wide smile cleaving a younger replica of Peter’s face. “Good gosh! Dad! You old fox! Congratulations!”

He was clapping Peter on the back, grinning delightedly at me. Peter’s eyes were crinkled at the corners in the same sly smile I had noticed on the train. He had done this to surprise us both, letting me expect a freckled kid, no doubt writing Lance about bringing home a stepmother… letting him believe I was old… He was laughing at us both, now; and we laughed with him.

“Take the (Continued on page 70)
Peter looked at me oddly, and the crinkles of a smile slowly fanned around his eyes. "He won't," he promised me.

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"Take the" (Continued on page 70)
PAPA DAVID has always maintained that if you have faith in God, in yourself, and in your fellow men, you can live harmoniously, both as an individual and as part of a community. His own life has borne out his teachings, and has been a living example to all his many friends of the basic truth of his words. In the same way, your lives and the experiences you have undergone indicate that you too have found life to be a mixture of sadness and joy, good and evil, but a mixture based on a rich pattern, to be understood, appreciated, and above all loved. When you really love life, and face it with generosity, tolerance and faith, you realize its meaning. Contentment and peace of mind serve you as a bulwark against trouble; for you, indeed, life can be beautiful.

Since we introduced the idea to you last month of writing us about your experiences in learning that life can be beautiful, letters have poured in from all parts of the country. Your response has been heart-warming and encouraging. It has proved once again that those few little words, life can be beautiful, are more than a phrase. They constitute a philosophy, a real and true one, which can bring happiness and fulfillment to everyone, everywhere.

The prize-winning letter from the group that arrived in answer to our first announcement will be printed in the May RADIO MIRROR. Meanwhile, here are some letters written to us even before the contest started.

Dear Chichi:
I am almost ashamed to admit that there was ever a time when I objected to my husband's mother coming to live with us. But I did object a great deal to sharing my home and the raising of my children with another woman whose ways were different from mine.

When Mother Whiteside first came to live with us, I'm afraid I didn't do as much as I should have to make her feel at home. Every time she suggested a different way of cooking, or told me what type of furniture polish she thought was the best, I felt that she was trying to run the house. The children used to ask her permission to do things that they knew I didn't approve of, and this of course simply added to my resentment. It wasn't long before Mother Whiteside and I were not speaking to each other, except when we had to, and poor John, loving us both, was torn by our antagonism. All that has been changed now.

One day last winter, while John was away on business, I left the house right after the children had gone to school. I planned to visit an old friend in another part of town, and stay with her for lunch. I didn't know that in the middle of the morning my little girl, Doris, was sent home from school with what later developed to be an emergency appendicitis. My mother-in-law was the only person at home at the time, and had to call the doctor, make arrangements with the hospital, and get Doris ready to go. As soon as the doctor arrived, Mother Whiteside left Doris in his care. She went through our personal address book, calling all my friends whose numbers she could find, but to no avail. So in the bitterest of weather, book in hand, she went from house to house, trying to locate me. She found me at last, in time for me to take Doris to the hospital, where I stayed until she was out of danger. My mother-in-law took care of the house and the other children all dur-

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**RADIO MIRROR OFFERS**

**ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS**

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly, wise word of advice, changed your whole outlook, when some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Chichi and Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month, which in their opinion best expresses the thought, “Life Can Be Beautiful,” RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. Address your letters to Chichi, care of RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Listen to Life Can Be Beautiful daily on your CBS station; check the program guide on page 51 for local time. The prize-winning letter will be featured each month in this new RADIO MIRROR department.
ing this terrible waiting period.

Is it any wonder that we are all living happily together now, and that I know Life Can Be Beautiful?

Mrs. Joseph Whiteside, Duluth, Minn.

So, through bitterness, these people who were strangers have now become that warm and wonderful thing—a family. Sometimes, Papa David says, such bitterness is the only road by which a miracle can be accomplished.

Dear Chichi:

I have listened to your program for years, and not the least of my enjoyment comes from the odd coincidence that your husband’s and my husband’s name is the same. I think you will be particularly interested, for this reason, in the way I learned to have a greater faith in life and in Papa David’s wonderful philosophy that Life Can Be Beautiful.

I ‘guess every woman sometime in her marriage, has, or imagines she has, reason to suspect her husband of having an interest in another woman. Certainly I did.

Sometime ago while lunching with a friend in a midtown restaurant, I saw my Stephen passing on the street, laughing gaily with a very attractive young woman. I didn’t think anything about it until that night at dinner, when I asked him how he had spent the day and was about to mention that I’d seen him. Stephen said quickly that he had been called to a neighboring town on business all day, and immediately, I was suspicious. This, coupled with a number of “late nights at the office” and an attitude of secretiveness, brought me to the conclusion that our marriage was facing a dreadful crisis.

I became nervous and irritable, and suffered horribly from jealousy and self-pity. Finally I could bear it no longer, and demanded to know what was going on. At first Stephen didn’t seem to understand what I was talking about, but when I referred to the incident of seeing him with this girl when he was supposed to be out of town, he turned to me with a look of absolute amazement. Then he crossed the room and rummaged (Continued on page 62)
Fred Allen's comedy is composed of sardonic voice, perfect timing, and, especially, words—the Allen Mixture of sly insult and tart vituperation that springs forth whenever he is beset by the numerous hazards of his Sunday night shows: insistent hecklers, sniping rival comedians, the denizens of Allen's Alley, and the occasional pitfalls of his own scripts.

**ALLEN'S ALLEY**

Musical fanfare for Fred Allen's Sunday night show, 8:30 EST, on the NBC network

Words and Music by ALFRED GOODMAN A. S. C. A. P.
na tion  When ev er it is' sad and blue  With
jokes all new and sto o ges too, Who helps to drive a way the

gloom  It's not a guy who croons a love song Or
kills the lad ies pitch ing woo We'll tell the world and then, we'll

tell you too. Mis ter Fred All en it's you.
EASY does it is the slogan for this month's recipes—tempting deli-
cacies that will please every mem-
ber of the family and that are as simple
as can be to prepare. This sounds al-
most like magic and it is the magic of
packaged puddings—the same ready
mixed puddings that you have used and
relied on for so long. Now they are
extending their usefulness and we have
them as an essential ingredient in pie,
tarts, parfait, eclairs and cream puffs—
an almost endless variety of desserts
that will add interest and wholesomen-
ness to your menus whenever they
appear And watch store shelves for
new flavors and combinations of these
handy packaged items, which ought to
be available any day now.

Marble Pie
1 package prepared chocolate pudding
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
3 1/4 cups milk (1 1/4 cups per package)
1 baked 9 inch pie shell
Prepare puddings as directed on
packages, reducing milk in each recipe
to 1 3/4 cups. Cool to lukewarm. Put
by tablespoons into cool pie shell, alter-
nating light and dark puddings. Then
with knife or spatula, cut through fill-
ing in wide zigzag course; repeat in
opposite direction. Chill.

Vanilla Tarts with Fruit
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
6 tart shells
Fresh or quick-frozen cherries and
peaches
Prepare vanilla pudding as directed
on package. Cool. Fill tart shells and
garnish with fruit.

Vanilla Cranberry Parfait
1 package prepared vanilla pudding
1 cup cranberry sauce or jelly
Prepare pudding as directed on pack-
age. Cool, stirring occasionally. Fill
parfait glasses with alternate layers of
pudding and sauce (if cranberry jelly
is used, break up with fork to spreading
consistency before layering). Chill.
Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Chocolate Eclairs
1 cup sifted cake flour
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup boiling water
3 eggs, unbeaten
Sift flour once; measure. Melt short-
ening in water. Stir flour into rapidly
boiling water. Cook and stir constantly
until mixture leaves sides of pan in
smooth, compact mass. Remove at once
from fire. Add eggs, one at a time,
beating only until smooth (20 to 40
seconds) after each. Shape on un-
greased baking sheet, using pastry bag
or two teaspoons to make strips 5 x 1
inches. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20
minutes; then reduce heat to moderate
(350° F.) and bake 25 minutes longer.
With sharp knife make slit in one side;
insert chocolate filling or whipped
cream. If desired, cover with chocolate
frosting. Makes 12 eclairs.

Chocolate Filling
1 package prepared chocolate pudding
1 1/2 cups milk
(Continued on page 98)
START 'EM YOUNG...

These days, the cast of Valiant Lady (CBS, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST) relaxes happily at rehearsals. When little Joan Lazer first turned up to play the role of Pixie Jeffrey, the rest of the cast wasn’t so easy about it all. They looked forward to lots of wake and long rehearsals and maybe even plenty of fluff from the little girl on the air. Joan is eight years old, but she manages to handle her scripts like a veteran, with help from any of the adults—except on some of the four syllable words.

Joan learned to read so fluently at a very early age. Not so long ago—not quite three years ago, in fact. Joan was pestering her mother to read her favorite tale, "The Three Bears," just once more and then once more again. Joan was as fascinated by the story the five hundredth time as she had been the first time she heard it—but as she grew familiar with the story and followed the turning of the pages, what she was doing was learning to identify the written words with the spoken ones. After awhile, Joan was able to pick out the same words in newspapers and books. And remarkably soon, she was reading on her own.

Joan is much more thoughtful than most children her age. You’d think that trying to get an education at the same time she had heard radio jobs might be a little difficult. For Joan it doesn’t happen to be hard, at all. She’s a student at the Professional Children’s School and, although rehearsals and show-time often conflict with school hours, Joan may accept parts, providing she notifies the school in advance of her coming absence. Every week, she receives correspondence sheets from the school which outline one week’s lessons, and that makes it possible for her to keep up with her work, no matter how many classes she misses. The school also provides for hours after school when teachers can be consulted to help working pupils through difficult questions.

And, in case there’s any idea in anyone’s mind that all this must be pretty strenuous to a child Joan’s age and might hamper her, here are the facts. Joan is in the sixth grade, which is two and half years of most children of her age. And the subjects taught at the Professional School are different from those at public school, only in two ways: French is taught from the first grade on and physical training is left out altogether—which makes rather good sense most of the students studying in one form or another. Joan gets her other exercise on a skating rink and in a swimming pool. In the two years she’s been attending school, Joan has become so proficient in her second language that she can translate everything she reads into French.
YOUNG AND LOVELY

Jean Gillespie, who plays the ingénue lead on the Alan Young Show (Tuesday evenings at 8:30 EST over WJZ), has come a long way in a very short time. Back in October, 1943, Jean was just another lovely young girl with her heart set on the stage. Then, she was living at one of New York's studio residences for career girls and spending her time looking for jobs on Broadway. The star was born in Boston, twenty-one years ago. Although Jean's parents did not belong to the entertainment world and knew very little about its operations, they did everything possible to help and encourage their daughter. She was very persistent and especially insistent that she get good training and a background for theatrical work.

Thus, when Jean was only three years old, she began taking ballroom lessons. She says she still has her first dancing shoes to prove it. By the time she was six, she was ready to join the "Miniature Revue" and went on tour with that show, singing and dancing. Then came carpet revues and directing the theatrical work tappered off for awhile.

The theater bug was revived, however, when Jean started going to high school. Dancing enabled her to work in a summer stock company. During the school month, much of her limited free time was devoted to teaching (notice the shift from studying to teaching, please) dancing, then came carpet revues and directing dramatic shows in and around Boston. In addition to this she found time to appear as vocalist with the high school dance orchestra. She played for many of the college proms in and around Boston.

At nineteen, after she'd finished high school, Jean put in a season of hard work at the Cambridge Summer Theater, where she appeared with such celebrities as Elissa Landi, Glenda Farrell, Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase and Rex Ingram. It was after this experience that she decided to pull up stakes and head for New York without waiting any longer.

Success on the legitimate stage was her big aim and, with that in mind, she made the daily rounds of Broadway and radio producers, like every other beginner. After beating the sidewalks of New York for five hard months, with the only reward an occasional radio job, her big moment arrived when she was asked to play the ingénue lead in "Chicken Every Sunday." The play ran for nine months and then went on the road. Jean was asked to tour with the show, but she didn't want to leave New York.

That was when Jean turned to radio seriously. Her stage experience proved invaluable to radio producers and she found herself being called for parts more and more often. Then back in March 1945 she appeared for the first time on the Alan Young Show as Alan's girl friend, Bett. Now, her other radio jobs have to be sand-winched into free time. Dark-haired Jean Gillespie should go a long way.
HE LEARNED ABOUT SWING . . .

He sounds like a heep-cat and he can get violent about it, if it should be necessary, but Kenneth Delmar wasn’t always that way about jazz. Not so long ago, the man who now defends swing against the idle remarks of Deems Taylor on the RCA Victor Show (NBC, Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EST), was on Taylor's side of the musical fence—but raptly.

The RCA Show is a relatively recent assignment for Delmar. At present, he’s also announcing Your Hit Parade and the Jack Benny program. At the same time he’s doing comedy bits, the best known of which is Senator Claghorn, on the Fred Allen show, announcing and playing straight man on the Eddie Cantor show, and doing a comedy stint each week on the Kaye Kaban program, while it comes from New York. Busy—huh?

Kenneth is a product of the Professional Children’s School in New York. He more or less worked his way through school, playing children's parts in the theater and frequently acting as a child master of ceremonies in vaudeville.

Delmar started in radio in 1926, playing young boy and juvenile parts and, after giving several brilliant performances in the Columbia Workshop series, he became a permanent member of the March of Time cast. Since that time, he has appeared on almost all of the major nighttime shows, as well as on most of the daytime serials.

Kenneth says that the toughest part he ever had in radio was one without any lines. He played the part of a man undergoing an operation and all he had to do was breathe heavily for twenty minutes of the hour, and then break the silence ten seconds later with a single line—"It hurts a little bit, doesn’t it?"

He also played the part of a man who reeled with dizziness by that time—and right after the station announcement at the end of the broadcast, he fainted.

Until a year ago, Kenneth was something of a bore about swing. His friends hated to mention popular music in his presence, because that always led to violent attacks from Kenneth. One day, however, it occurred to Kenneth in the middle of another argument about music, "Well, anything that gets such a hold on American imagination must have something to it. So he decided to find out. He was a little ashamed, at first, so he went very secretly to the "hot" spots on 52nd Street. Now, no swing session is complete without his head bobbing somewhere in the vicinity. In fact, he’s so completely absorbed in his new love that he’s almost missed several broadcasts.

Delmar has a tremendous collection of records, which is a strange and popular music and folk songs. The only hitch to a quiet musical evening at the Delmars, though, is the fact that Kenneth insists on accompanying everyone from Toancini to Sammy Kaye on a battered guitar.
### SATURDAY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>P.S.T.</th>
<th>Eastern Standard Time</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>CBS: Phil Cook</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:15</td>
<td>NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>ABC: Missus Go A-Shopping</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:35</td>
<td>ABC: United Nation News, Review</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:45</td>
<td>CBS: Margaret Arlen</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:00</td>
<td>ABC: Wake Up and Smile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:15</td>
<td>NBC: Home Is What You Make It</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>CBS: The Garden Gate</td>
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<tr>
<td>9:45</td>
<td>ABC: Country Journal</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00</td>
<td>NBC: Fashions in Melody</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>ABC: A Miss and a Male</td>
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<td>10:05</td>
<td>ABC: Calen Drake</td>
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<td>10:30</td>
<td>NBC: Albert Warner</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>NBC: Elliot Barton Show</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>NBC: A Miss and a Male</td>
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<tr>
<td>11:05</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>MBS: The Adams Family</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>MBS: Land of the Lost</td>
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<td>11:30</td>
<td>MBS: Bible Message</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>ABC: Not from a Diary</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>ABC: Theater of Today</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>ABC: Pansy Playhouse</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:05</td>
<td>MBS: House of Mystery</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>MBS: Consumer Time</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>ABC: Stars Over Hollywood</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>ABC: Fern Bureau</td>
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<td>ABC: Atlantic Spotlight</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>MBS: Red Cross Reporter</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>MBS: National Farm &amp; Home Hour</td>
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<td>MBS: Grand Centurion Station</td>
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<td>1:05</td>
<td>MBS: Symphony of Youth</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:05</td>
<td>MBS: Ory House Matinee</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:10</td>
<td>ABC: County Fair</td>
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<td>MBS: Ory House Matinee</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>MBS: The Veteran's Aid</td>
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<td>MBS: Metropolitan Opera</td>
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<td>MBS: Music for Half an Hour</td>
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**MONTH OF SATURDAY**

Martha Tilton is tiny, blue-eyed, blonde, and beautiful. She is also "The First Lady of Swing." She has further done everything you can imagine in singing—with Hal Grayson's and Benny Goodman's bands, with Three Hits and a Miss, and also with her own radio program for a year, named Lilt'n Martha Tilton Time. She has made a dozen musical movie shorts, and her famous records "Loch Lomond," "The Angels Sing," and "I'll Walk Alone" have passed the million-copy mark. She has toured the South Pacific and Europe during the war. And right now she is on the Hall of Fame program with Paul Whiteman every Sunday night.

In short, Miss Tilton and the word "excitement" mean one and the same thing. What's more, they always have.

Take what happened to Benny Goodman's manager when he first laid eyes on the diminutive blonde singer some years ago. His name was Leonard Varnerson—and his weight was 200 pounds. He saw Martha, and lost his heart at once ... but not so Martha. She saw only his oversized frame, and she kidded him about his weight until, with considerable anguish, he went on a stringent diet which lost him fifty pounds. And gained him a wife! Martha was so struck by his combined desire to win her and his new streamlined physique that they were married the minute his diet was finished. And he's never gained an ounce of weight back again, either, though now they've been married for five years.

Even their wedding was full of excitement—to the average layman, if not to the participants. It looked like the cast for a musical show, with the setting the charming Wee Kirk of the Heather in Los Angeles. Little Martha was dressed in a blue net wedding gown and a blue hat trimmed with pink camellias. Her sister Elizabeth, then the singer for Bob Crosby's band, was her only attendant—and the best man was none other than Benny Goodman. And since that wedding, there has been an addition to the Martha and Leonard Vannerson home—small Jany, aged three, who's already humming around the house.

But it would be difficult not to hum around any house with a Tilton in it. You see, Martha's big family has a monopoly on about two blocks of Hollywood, California—and they all sing like mad, There's Mother and Father Tilton; sister Elizabeth (now singing with Jan Garber's band) and her husband, one grandmother, two aunts, and two uncles. They all live within two blocks of each other, and evenings they all gather at some Tilton home and break into unanimous song.

It is this community life that Martha most misses during the time she's living in New York City. While East, her life is entirely different. Instead of living in a big, rangy house full of swarms of Tiltons, she and Leonard live in one room in a Fifth Avenue hotel. To make it homelike, she scatters potted plants, suitcases and sheet music around; she cooks breakfast in its doll-sized kitchenette ... and sometimes, home from the theater or an evening out, she throws together a hamburger doused in a can of chili and chopped onions. But this completes her menu as a cook.

She loves New York City, which has only recently become a part-time home. In it she sees her dozens of friends: the Andrews sisters, Frank (Continued on page 104)
HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum

She's Engaged!

Cornelia V. Clapp
charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp
"Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y.,
is to be the bride of Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U.S.M.S.

She's lovely! SHE USES Pond's!

"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

Cornelia has a lovely air of exquisite grooming. And, like so many engaged girls, her complexion is "Pond's-cared-for."

"I'm awfully choosy about using a very good cream," she says. "Pond's is absolutely perfect for me—so cleansing and soft."

She smooths Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat and pats well to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream twice—for extra softness and extra clean-ness," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Cornelia's way every morning, every night—for in-between freshening-ups, too. It's no accident more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a big luxury size jar today!

BOOKS FOR SAILORS—At the Seamen's Institute, Cornelia helps collect books to send out to the Merchant Marine. A friendly service as important in peacetime as in wartime. Cornelia is also a delightful hostess at a well-known and popular officers' club in New York. It was there she met her lieutenant fiancé.

You'll love a big, luxury jar!
to do it more often," Mike said, and at that moment—to Nancy's intense disgust—the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Mike said. He was up and halfway across the room when Nancy leaped after him.

"It might be the man with the white mustache!" she whispered excitedly. "Be careful, Mike!"

Mike didn't answer. He turned on the porch light, glanced briefly through the curtain on the door, and swung it open. "Good evening," he said pleasantly.

It wasn't White-mustache who stood outside. In fact, it wasn't a man at all. Their visitor was unmistakably, even blantly, feminine, from the eyelashes on which clothes-hangers could have been hung to the feet shod in lizard-skin shoes with heels like slightly oversize toothpicks. Good looking, Nancy conceded, if you liked the type; herself, she didn't.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the vision said in a throaty, dramatic voice, "but could you possibly help me? My car—" She gestured behind her, into the darkness of the street, and batted her lashes appealingly at Mike. "It has a flat tire."

Mike seemed to grow two inches. "Of course!" he said with unnecessary gallantry. "Be right with you."

"It's a shame," the woman murmured while Mike rummaged in the closet for his coat, "to drag your husband out on a night like this."

"He's not my husband," Nancy said, and at once wished she hadn't, because the woman's darkly penciled eyebrows went up a quarter of an inch.

"Here we are!" Mike announced jovially, as if charging a tire on a rainy night were an experience he'd been looking forward to all his life. Nancy stayed at the door for a minute after they'd gone, trying to see them; but the darkness and the rain swallowed them up. "Huh!" she said finally, in deep scorn and to nobody in particular. "All very fine, but I'd like to see her before she does her make-up job in the mornings!"

It was nearly an hour before Mike returned to the house, and when he did return he had the woman, whose name seemed to be Mrs. Lattimore, with him. They were laughing like old friends, and Nancy noticed that while Mike's clothes were very damp, Mrs. Lattimore's were still beautifully dry. Obviously, she had sat inside the car while Mike worked.

"I brought Mrs. Lattimore in for a drink. Nancy," Mike said cheerily. "Make mine strong." He stood on the hearth, dripping, and after a minute he began to steam a little.

"Scotch and plain water for me, please," Mrs. Lattimore said. "And no ice."

She leaned back in her chair and gazed around the room. "What a perfectly charming place you have here!"

"That's Collins," Nancy said. "But it isn't my place. It belongs to my cousin." Her dislike for Mrs. Lattimore, strong enough at the start, was growing by the minute. She looked at Mike and saw that he was becoming fatuously, "You ought to get those wet clothes off," she said acidly. "You'll catch your death of cold."

Mrs. Lattimore sipped her drink, and suddenly she gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure. "Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed, and put down her glass, cupped up the Easter egg, all in one series of quick motions. "Where did you get this?"

She looked up at Nancy excitedly.

Nancy felt her heart give an alarmed, warning jump. "The little boy that lives here—my cousin's son—bought it to give his mother," she said, and added directly, "Why?"

"It's nineteenth-century Bavarian—a lovely piece. You see," Mrs. Lattimore said with disarming candor, "I'm a dealer in antiques. Oh, not a dealer, really—I dabble, and occasionally I import a few things. But I know good stuff when I see it, and this is really good. I wonder—" She paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Do you suppose the little boy's mother could be persuaded to sell it to me?"

"I doubt it," Nancy said. "And anyway, she's gone to bed."

"I'll call her."

"Oh, no, please."

"I'll offer her a good price. Say—fifty dollars?"

"Holding the egg in her long, slender hand, Mrs. Lattimore looked from Nancy to Mike and back again, questioningly.

"I'm sorry," Nancy said. "It's not for sale." (Continued on page 58)
Why don’t you try Judy Garland’s Active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap? It’s wonderful how they leave skin softer, smoother! Smooth the creamy lather well in, rinse with warm water, splash on cold. As you pat gently to dry with a soft towel, skin takes on fresh new beauty.

Don’t let neglect cheat you of Romance. This gentle care famous screen stars recommend will make you lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 9 out of 10 complexions improved in a short time!
"Problem days" are over,
She's busy, happy, free—
Meds' extra-safe protection
Gives her new liberty!

Meds, you know, were perfected by a woman doctor to give greater, quicker absorbernecy—and to give you the satisfying confidence of extra-security. Just try Meds internal protection "next time." You'll agree that it's the easy, commonsense way!

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

MIKE accompanied her to the door; Nancy stayed where she was. By the time Mike returned she had already put out all the lights and was on her way upstairs. 

"Going to bed already?" Mike asked. "Yes." If the temperature of Nancy's voice could have been measured, it wld have been noted to be sub-zero. "What's the matter?" She didn't answer, and Mike, climbing the stairs after her, chuckled delightedly. "I believe the wench is Jezebel!" he said.

Nancy sniffed. "Jealous? Me? Of that road-company Heddy Lamarr? Hah! She went into her room and closed the door behind her. Grinning, Mike entered his own room. Some time later, Mike woke up at once, and lay there, listening. Quietly, the rain on the arm and looked at the illuminated dial on his wrist. It was a few minutes before two o'clock. The rain had stopped, and there was silence except for a slow, muted dripping from the eaves. That, and—whatever it was that had wakened him. Now he heard it again: a movement, a bumping noise, in the room below him. That would be the living room. He slipped out of bed, found his robe in the dark and put it on. Barefoot, he moved across the room and out into the hall. He could hear the sound more plainly now; without any doubt, someone was prowling around the living room. He stopped short, to a point from which he could see into the room. A tiny beam of light darted around in there, flicking from one spot to another and never lingering anywhere. Mike made the last part of his journey in one gigantic leap, landing squarely on the shadow which held the light. The "lynx" gave way to a blackness filled with scuffling sounds, then Mike's voice calling loudly, "Nancy! Carol! Come down here and turn on some lights!"

The figure under him squirmed desperately in the darkness. It wasn't very big, but it was wiry and active and had a disconcerting quality of slipperiness. Finally Mike located a head. Grasping it firmly in both hands, he lifted it and brought it down smartly on the floor, which luckily was not carpeted. He had a gun on him.

"Nancy run in and turned on the lights. She ran. Carol clutching a negligee around her and with her mouth rounded ready for a scream. The man with the white mustache blinked up at them dizzily from the floor. "Call the police, somebody," Mike commanded, "and tell them to send someone here anyway. Breaking and entering," he reproved the man on the floor. "When will you boys learn that's bad?"

"All right, all right," the intruder said. "I had a gun got me. You can skip the smart cracks."

"Just as you like," Mike agreed. From his position astride the man, he glared around the room. "Hey!" he said. "The egg's gone." He patted the man's body with his hands. "And you haven't got it on you, either. What did you do with it?"

"Never found it," the man said sulkily.

Nancy, returning from the telephone, said to Mike, "It's all right about the egg. I put it away last night before I went upstairs. The cops'll be here in a minute."

"Good. Where'd you put the egg?"

"Never mind," Nancy said darkly. She took a lid off the car. Carol in the doorway, her lips drawn into a thin line. It was plain that the mere capture of a would-be burglar was not enough to make her forgive Mike.

The squad car arrived a few minutes later, and White-mustache was returned to the man. "You'll never finger-print him, of course?" Mike said to the policeman.

"Good. I'll come down to the station in the morning. I'd like to know who he is—I'd better anything you like he's got a record."

AS the front door closed, Carol emitted a tremendous gasp and sank limply on to the stairs. "I wish I'd given him his knuckles tingling this afternoon!" she said. "I don't know when I've been so terrified. And—Mike—he might have killed you!"

"He didn't. Bloodshed isn't in our little friend's line. But you've got a much better customer for the egg—a man willing to pay a hundred dollars for it."

"A hundred— Who?"

Briefly, while Nancy stood by in disapproving silence, Mike told her about Mrs. Lattimore and her "coming again tomorrow!" Carol asked.

"She said she would. And I've a bunch," Mike grinned, "that she'll keep her promise. She wants that egg—says it's a nineteenth-century Bavarian object of art."

Nancy's lip curled. "If there's anything nineteen-century Bavarian object of art mixed up in this business, it's Mrs. Lattimore herself. Don't you let her have that egg, Carol?"

"If Carol looked bewildered. "I don't even know where it is. You've hidden it."

"It's your egg. Dickie gave it to you. If you decide to sell it I can't stop you, and I'll tell you why. But Carol wasn't listening. "Dickie!"
she said. "Goodness, I forgot all about him. Do you suppose he's slept through all this?"

Dickie, it developed when they went upstairs, had done exactly that. "I'm glad," Carol said relievedly. "So much excitement would be bad for him. It's bad for me too, as far as that goes," she added. "Nancy, I just don't want to see that woman tomorrow—this whole business scares me!"

Nancy patted her shoulder. "You'll feel different in the morning. Let's all try to get some more sleep."

"I'll spend the rest of the night on the couch downstairs," Mike remarked. "The window our friend jimmed open just might be a temptation to someone else."

**Morning** came, however, without any further disturbances, and the familiar routine of preparing breakfast and getting Dickie off to school made everyone feel more normal. As soon as breakfast was over, Mike announced that he was going to drop in at the police station to check up on their night's visitor. "If Mrs. Lattimore should come while I'm gone," he told Nancy, "stall her until I get back, will you?"

"Sorry," Nancy said. "I know it will be a tragedy for you to miss her, but you'll simply have to take your chances. I can't promise to do any stalling."

"Okay," he regarded her pensively. "You know, you're cute when you turn up your nose like that."

Mike took Dickie along, to drop him at school, and once they were alone in the house, Carol and Nancy attacked the dishes and the unmade beds. Carol was still somewhat on edge, inclined to drop saucers and sweep the same area of floor twice, and once when the telephone rang she uttered a small scream. But it was only someone calling to remind her that she had promised to bake a cake to be auctioned off at the Parent-Teacher Association bazaar.

"I feel guilty," Nancy told her, "for having brought Mike up here. I might have known something upsetting would happen if I did. Trouble follows him around like a faithful dog."

"Oh, I'm glad he's here!" Carol assured her. "What I'd have done last night without him in the house I'm sure I don't know."

"You probably wouldn't have known anyone had broken into the house," Nancy said, "and you'd have had a good night's sleep."

Carol glanced around the kitchen apprehensively, to guard against possible eavesdroppers. "Where did you put that egg, Nancy?" she asked, and then quickly recoiled from her own daring. "No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. If that woman comes, you talk to her. You don't think I ought to let her have it, do you?"

"No, I do not!"

"Then I'd better not even know where it is," Carol decided. "I might weaken." 

Mike came back, about ten o'clock, to find them both in the living room. Carol was mending some of Dickie's clothes, and Nancy was darnig one of Richard's socks. "A peaceful domestic scene," Mike commented. "No one would guess, looking at you, that you had ever been objects of interest to Roggy O'Dowd, alias The Finch, alias Horace Hewlett, alias goodness knows how many other things. Yet you were, not eight hours ago."

"Mike!" Nancy exclaimed, forgetting for the moment that she was angry at...
Now—We’re Together forever

Long parting is over. "Let’s get married," you said, "so I’ll be sure these sweet hands are mine." Oh, I did keep my hands nice for you, darling. I used Jergens Lotion... By far the favorite hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Now even more effective. Using knowledge gained in wartime, Jergens skin scientists make your Jergens Lotion even finer, now. "Hands feel even softer, smoother; "Protects longer;" women declared after testing.

"Some day—a house like this." And her hands—still deliciously smooth. The 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-smoothing are part of this more effective Jergens Lotion. In the stores now—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never sticky; no oiliness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research

him. "He had all those names, the little man with the mustache!"

"Without a doubt," Mike assured her.

"Also a police record as long as my arm."

"What about the egg?"

"Our friends the police know nothing of any egg, Nancy. If you’ll remember, we didn’t mention it to them last night, and Roggy has chosen to be reticent on the subject too. At least, I couldn’t find any evidence that he discussed it at the station."

"But then—" Nancy looked blank.

"We aren’t any farther along in knowing what this is all about than we were last night."

"Not much farther," Mike agreed.

"But we do know that Roggy isn’t the only person who knows why the egg is valuable. There is always Mrs. Lattimore coming to see us now."

"Oh, I can’t—" Carol said, and half rose from her chair, and subsided into it again. Mike was at the front door before the bell rang. "Come in, come in, Mrs. Lattimore," they heard him say cordially.

Mrs. Lattimore wore an outfit of brilliant color and cut. Her makeup job, Nancy noted, was as expert as ever, and her hair was as black as Nancy’s opinion of her. She swept into the room, smiled insincerely at Nancy, and acknowledged her introduction to Carol with a spate of words:

"Mrs. Drew! It’s so kind of you to see me, and I do hope you won’t think I’m intruding, but the fact is I’ve set my heart on having that perfectly intriguing Easter egg I saw here last night..."

She broke off, staring at the spot on the end table where the egg had rested.

"Where is it?" she demanded, in quite a different tone. "What have you done with it?"

"To tell the truth, Mrs. Lattimore," Mike said, "I don’t know. We had a little excitement here after you’d gone. Someone broke in, the house, and—"

"He stole it!" Mrs. Lattimore cried; in fact, she very nearly screeched. "Roggy O’Dowd stole it back again! Oh, you fools, you idiots!" Her eyes generated lightning. "Do you know what you’ve done?—you’ve let a cheap little crook get his hands on one of the—" She stopped, biting her lips.

"YES, Mrs. Lattimore?" Mike prompted. "Get his hands on what? Is it a diamond, or an emerald, or what? We’d love to know!"

"I’ll bet you would," Mrs. Lattimore said sullenly. "But I’m not going to tell you." Her bitterness spilled over once more. "If I hadn’t tried to play it fancy last night, and put you hand over that egg right then and there, and Roggy would’ve found it gone when he came looking for it! Instead, he grabbed it and there’s no telling where he is by this time!"

"On the contrary," Mike said mildly. "Mr. O’Dowd is comfortably established in the Darien jail. I saw him there barely an hour ago."

Mrs. Lattimore whirled on him.

"And the egg? Where is it?"

"I told you I didn’t know." Mike pointed with his pipestem at Nancy, who was putting the last few stitches on Richard’s sock. "Miss Collins here took the egg last night and—ah—put it away somewhere. In plain words, she hid it."

"Oh, she did, did she?" Mrs. Lattimore said in a low, dangerous voice. "Well, I’m tired of playing around with you characters. I want, she said directly to Nancy, “that egg.”"
Nancy raised the sock to her lips and delicately bit off a thread. "Do you?" she said.

"Because it's mine, that's why! Roggy O'Dowd stole it from me. He pretended to be a peddler and sold it, thinking he could come back and pick it up again when the coast was clear. But it belonged to me all the time."

"Very interesting."

Mike commented. "You mentioned last night that you sometimes imported objects of art, Mrs. Lattimore. Do I understand that you imported this egg—possibly without paying any duty on it?"

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?"

Mrs. Lattimore snapped. Her hand darted into the bag she carried, and emerged holding a neat and shiny revolver, which she pointed at Mike.

"Collins," she said, "or whatever your name is, get that egg and give it to me before I shoot your boy friend."

Carol screamed. "For goodness sake, Nancy," she said, "give her the egg."

WITH a sigh, Nancy stood up. "I suppose I'll have to," she said. She walked across the room, carrying the sock she had just darned, until she was within a foot or so of Mrs. Lattimore. Here she suddenly relaxed her hold on the sock so it dangled to its full length, weighted down by a large round object in its toe. "There's your egg!" she said, and brought the sock down on Mrs. Lattimore's hand, the one holding the revolver. The revolver promptly went off, Mike jumped in the direction of Mrs. Lattimore, and Carol screamed.

Half an hour later, it was all over. Mrs. Lattimore was on her way to join Mr. O'Dowd in jail, and the egg was in the custody of the police. Carol was stretched out on the couch, sniffing smelling-salts, and Nancy was sitting near Mike.

"It was pretty obviously a smuggling job of some sort," Mike was saying. "Something was concealed in the egg, and there wouldn't have been any point in hiding whatever it was, except to get it past customs inspectors. We could have turned the egg over to the police, of course, but if we had we wouldn't have caught Mrs. Lattimore, or whatever her real name is. So I decided the best thing was to string along with her until she made a move we could have her arrested for."

"But how about the other one—Roggy O'Dowd?" Nancy asked. "Was he her confederate?"

"No, I don't think so. We can't be sure, but my hunch is Lattimore was telling the truth. Crooks are awful gossips, you know, and the chances are that Roggy found out Mrs. Lattimore was bringing something pretty valuable into the country."

The telephone rang, and Mike got up to answer it. "That was the station," he said when he came back. "They chiseled the egg open. What do you think was inside it?—an emerald about as big as the egg yolk would have been—if it had had a yolk, of course." He threw himself down in the chair nearest Nancy, and reached over to seize her hand. "Too bad," he said pensively, "that such a beautiful woman is going to end up in the Federal penitentiary."

Nancy snatch her hand away. "You thought she was beautiful," she demanded. "Well, I must say I didn't."

Then she caught Mike's eye and saw the twinkle in it.

"I knew all along," Mike said, "that the surest way to keep you from handling over the egg to Mrs. Lattimore was to make you jealous."

**How you take this quick, new 1-Cream Beauty Treatment:**

1. **for Cleansing—always when removing make-up**
2. **for Softening your skin**
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A skin scientists' cream—Jergens Face Cream—made by the makers of Jergens Lotion. Thrilling many a clever girl already. 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax). Help your complexion look smoother, younger. Give this 1-Cream Beauty Treatment a faithful 10-day trial—starting now.
through his brief case, pulled out a legal-looking paper and handed it to me. "I wasn't going to tell you about this just yet," he said, "but here is the deed to that little house in the country you've been wanting so long. I had planned to give it to you for an anniversary present. The girl you saw with is a real estate agent, and we were just on our way out to look at the property." I knew that my suspicions hurt Stephen a great deal, and I determined never to doubt him again. Jumping to conclusions is dangerous and harmful, and I think that all women will realize, with me, that if they have faith, they too will find that Life Can Be Beautiful.

Mrs. Stephen Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.

Truly, there can be no joy where there is suspicion and mistrust. But often time, and patience, will rout the darkness, bringing back the trust that makes life truly beautiful.

Dear Chichi,

You may be surprised to hear from a man, but I think you might like to know that during the past few months, there's one you've helped a lot.

I joined your radio audience when I returned from overseas to a military hospital with a serious leg wound. My state of mind was even more serious, because I hated to face the future, even with a lovely wife and four-year-old son. They visited me regularly, and my wife did her best to assure me that she knew my leg would improve in time, and that I'd be able to get my old job back. The point that she stressed most though was that her faith in me and in our marriage was, if anything, stronger than ever, but I just couldn't see it. I thought I was finished, and that no one would want to employ a sales manager with a bad limp, maybe worse, or that a young attractive woman would be happy with a husband who couldn't take her dancing. I was miserable and I know my wife was too.

One day though, the nurse brought a little portable radio over to me. I started fooling with it, moving the dial from station to station, until suddenly I heard something that sounded familiar. It turned out to be your program, Chichi, and what I heard was Barry Markham, saying exactly the same things about his future that I was thinking about mine. I was curious to know how his problem would work out, so for several days after that I asked the nurse to let me have the radio at the right time. To make a long story short, when Stephen gave Barry a dressing down for being a coward, and "needed" him into having faith in himself, Stephen could have been talking to me too.

I decided right then to have faith in myself and that I wouldn't be licked either. And I also realized that my wife's love was strong enough to bear an even greater test than the one I'd given it. For the first time I felt things would work out, and I knew that with a little courage, Life Can Be Beautiful.


This is the letter that gave us perhaps the greatest joy of any we've received. For we know so well that the flight this young soldier fought is one of the most grueling—how he must have been tempted to let courage drop from him like an outworn cloak. But for him courage was not a garment, but an intrinsic part of his being; and he fought through until he had won his battle. Life, for him, will be indeed a precious and a beautiful thing.

Radio is always looking for a good excuse to have a party, and a star like Kate Smith is excuse enough in herself. This particular one was at New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria. Above, with Kate are, left to right, Emerson Foote, of advertising agency Cone and Belding; Ted Collins, Kate's manager and partner; and William C. Gittinger, CBS Vice President.
Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in fortified food.

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results. This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B₆ and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

Read what you get in 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

- more VITAMIN C than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
- more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas
- more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter
- more FOOD-ENERGY than 2 servings of Ice Cream
- more VITAMIN G than 3/4 pound of Sirloin Steak
- more NIACIN than 6 slices of Enriched Bread
- more CALCIUM than 2 1/2 servings of American Cheese
- more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
- more IRON than 3 servings of Spinach
- more VITAMIN B₁ than 3 servings of Oatmeal
The Time Is Past
(Continued from page 39)

"The end of anything is painful, Mary. But once it has ended—once you have faced that—it isn’t so bad."

I began to cry softly, but Bruce didn’t come to me. He seemed to know that he couldn’t kiss away these tears—not until the cause was gone. And, perhaps, he thought the cause was too deeply rooted to find.

He got up and walked to the window. He stood solemnly staring into the moonlit night.

"There’s the Wishing Hill out there," he said to me.

I wiped my tears away and tried to shake off my mood of melancholy, as I stood up and walked over beside him. The snow-capped mound in the night mocked us.

"There it is," I said thoughtfully, "Wishing Hill."

"Remember the night we went out to wish?" he asked.

As we watched, they paused at the top of the hill, looking out over the wooded country side.

"I hope they get what they wish for," I said.

"I hope their prayers come true," Bruce said.

The figures on the hill merged togetheter just as ours had done six years before. And the memory of that kiss and our wishes on the hill encircled us. I turned away and went back to my place by the fire.

And it was right then that we heard the voice in the kitchen, the pleasant voice of a gay, enchanting girl who was to enter our lives and leave her presence with us forever.

Bruce was sucking moodily at his pipe, and I was sitting looking into the fire, when the back door flung open and the voice called out, "Is anyone here?"

The ache came back in my breast and pushed all other feeling from me.

"I remember," I said.

"Do you know what I wished?" he said.

"When we went out there?"

The tears welled up in my eyes again and spilled down my cheeks.

"I guess I did more than wish. I prayed. Prayed that our marriage would be a success, Mary—that I would be a good enough husband for a girl like you."

"Bruce, what have we done?" I said.

"What happened?"

As we stood looking into the night, we saw them, the boy and his young bride, as they climbed to the summit of the moonlit hill. Their lithe graceful bodies, silhouetted in the night, made them a natural target for our eyes.

"How young they seem," I said.

"How marvelous," Bruce whispered.

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent’s Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent’s Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs... Actually cleans up to 50% more tooth surface per stroke.

Straight Line Design cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1

Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend
Bruce walked to the kitchen door and looked toward the back door. I could sense his interest in the girl even before I saw her. He straightened and looked across the room and smiled.

"Hello," he said.

"I did a dumb thing," the voice explained. "I rammed my car into a snowdrift and I'm stuck. And I've got to be in a radio program in Center City in an hour. Do you suppose somebody can help me?"

"I'll help if I can," Bruce said. And then she came into the room. She wasn't terribly pretty or impressive in herself. She wasn't even especially young. But she had a shine—a blazing spirit which revealed itself in her eyes and in the movements of her body.

"I'm Ann Carlson," she explained to both of us. Bruce introduced me to her.

"I'll dig up Hi, and go out and take a look at your car," Bruce told her.

"Thank you," Ann said simply, but she put real gratitude into those two words. And I saw Bruce return her glance and knew with a wife's instinct that he liked her immediately.

When Bruce went out, Ann joined me in front of the fire. But we weren't melancholy or moody now. Ann's presence brightened the whole room. I sensed it immediately and was glad for her.

"What a marvelous place," she said enthusiastically. "I wish I were staying here."

"I wish you were, too," I said sincerely. With a girl like Ann with us, Bruce and I couldn't be sad. She was too real—too warm—too alive.

She looked around the room and stared at the books.

"What nice people live here," she said. "You can tell about people from the books they like, don't you think?"

It was when we started to talk about books that Ann and I discovered our preferences which were so much alike. And from books we went on to plays, to magazines, to music.

"It's amazing," I said. "Never before in my life have I met a person who agreed with me about everything."

And every minute, as we discovered more and more points of contact, my liking for her went up.

"What do you do in a radio station?"

I asked her.

"I don't work there all the time," she explained. "I'm a stenographer in an insurance company, and our office has worked up a chorus, and I play the piano a little so I accompany them.

And at ten-thirty tonight we're going to broadcast a program from KWMT."

"You do a lot of things, I know," I told her admiringly.

"Not so many—and nothing very well," she answered. "But I do have lots of friends and we have fun."

"I know it," I repeated, smiling at her.

"I like people," Ann admitted.

"And they like you," I told her. When Bruce came in, he was frowning and displeased.

"You rammed into a real bank out here," he said. "Hi and I've been trying to get you out, but we can't. We'll have to call a garage."

"I wonder how long it will take somebody to get here?" Ann asked, worriedly.

"I'll call and find out," Bruce excused himself.

"I like your husband," Ann said. "I think he's grand."

"He is grand," I told her, and once again the melancholy sadness filled my body.

"I can't get anyone out here until morning," Bruce told us when he came back.

Ann frowned. "That's a mess," she said. "I've got to make that broadcast."

"I'll take you into town," Bruce told her. "And then, I'll wait until after the broadcast and bring you back out."

It was like Ann not to refuse. Instead she said, "Why, you nice person."

Just before they left, Ann turned to me and said, "You're going with us, of course."

I looked at Bruce but he said nothing. And I knew in that minute that he didn't want me to go—that he wanted to enjoy this warm, friendly girl without me and our mutual sadness. along.

"No," I said, "I won't go. But I'll

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Albolene needs no harsh rubbing or double creaming. It's all-cleansing—free of the water used in most "beauty" creams. And Albolene lubricates as it cleanses—a big "must" for dry skins.

Do try a Floating Facial today! So inexpensive. Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction the cost. 10¢ trial jar to big 16 oz. size at $1.00.

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He'll soon be as tall as pop—that's Alexander, offspring of Blondie and Dagwood. (And it looks as if Blondie were cheating a shade, there.) The Saga of the Dagwood Burnsteins can be heard every Sunday night at 7:30 P. M., EST., over CBS.
QUICK went to her. She was too straightforward, too right. She was everything I admired in a woman. Mrs. Jenkins came in on her way upstairs.

"My, that’s a nice girl," she said.

"Isn’t she marvelous?" I answered.

"It’s no wonder you like her," Mrs. Jenkins told me. "You’re almost exactly alike."

"Alike?"

"Hi and I both noticed it," she affirmed. "You even look alike."

"We do like the same books and people—we have the same ideas about things," I said thoughtfully. "But Ann’s so vital—so alive—and I’m not that way at all."

"You were when you first came here," Mrs. Jenkins told me. "Something happened to you—maybe the baby you lost. Hi and I were talking about it tonight. Are you ill or—"

I interrupted myself. "Oh, it’s none of my business," she said, as she walked out of the room.

Her words impressed me strangely. I thought about them for a long time in front of the fire. Ann and I were alike, and I knew that Bruce found her interesting, even exciting. That fact gave me hope for our marriage. If he could be so interested in a girl just like me, perhaps he would see me again. We might be able to rediscover our love.

I went to bed that night, not crying because Bruce was with Ann, but happy and warm because he was with Ann, Ann who was so much like me. Surely, he would see that—would know that’s why he liked to be with her.

I went to sleep, happier than I had been for days.

I didn’t hear Bruce come in, and when I awakened the next morning he had dressed and gone downstairs. When I went down for breakfast, Mrs. Jenkins told me that Bruce and Ann had gone out.

"We dug out some skis for them, and they’ve gone over to the hill."

I walked to the window and looked out.

Bruce and Ann were on top of Wishing Hill, and Ann was just ready to begin the decline. She wasn’t poised like a graceful bird. She was just a normal girl on top of a hill, a little afraid and a trifle awkward, but determined to ski, anyway.

They’re still wandering around out there for hours," Mrs. Jenkins said. "Neither one of them can ski at all."

I watched Ann start down the hill, watched her tumble and fall in the snow. And I saw Bruce swoop down to pick her up. He untangled her, brushing away the snow, and she looked up at him, laughing at her own awkwardness. I couldn’t see their faces, but I could imagine the way Bruce’s eyes were shining as he looked at her. I had seen him look with pleasure at the woman who was important to him. I remembered how he used to look at me. And I knew in my heart that Ann excited him.

They came in laughing and wet just as I was finishing breakfast.

"Oh, Murv," Ann said enthusiastically, "we’ve had the grandest morning."

"I knew you were having fun," I said.

"I’m awfully sorry that you don’t like outdoor sports." She smiled at me honestly.

"Why—I—", I began, and then I stopped. I knew that Bruce had discovered a new interest from asking me. And, now, I wasn’t glad for Ann any more. I was afraid.

At noon the garage man came out for Ann’s car, but it was a little too late. Bruce’s eyes were shining as he looked at her. Not only because she was fun, but because I didn’t want to be alone with Bruce. I meant to postpone our next conversation as long as I could.

"Maybe I will stay," Ann said. "I love doing things on the spur of the moment—crazy things like this."

"After supper tonight we’ll have a party," Mrs. Jenkins promised. "We’ll coax Tom and Betty into the living-room and roll up the rugs and dance."

So Ann stayed over and we had our party at night.

Tom switched on the radio and pulsing, South American music filled the room. And he took his wife in his arms and swayed gently to the peculiar melody. It was a lovely melody. They were not theatrical—but

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graceful in their rhythmic joy in each other.

"I wish I could dance like that," Bruce said.

"Bruce is a good dancer," I told Ann.

"I know he is. I can tell from the way he walks," Ann agreed. "And I can teach him to do that dance."

"Not in front of all these people you can't," Bruce corrected.

"Let's go into the diningroom," she said, leading him into the next room.

I sat still, watching Tom and Betty, but I wasn't seeing them really, I was thinking of my husband with Ann in the next room. Their low voices, their quiet chuckles, and the soft shuffling of their feet reached me over the music. And I was hurt inside. My second honeymoon, our search for love, was going all wrong. Right now Bruce was encircling another woman in his arms—another woman who was gay and exciting and vital.

And, then, they came back into the room, and I couldn't resent Ann—not when she stood before me as pleased as a small child offering me a Christmas gift.

"Your husband will be the rage of all the winter parties," she said. "Just watch him."

She moved into Bruce's arms and they swayed together in the warm lamplit room. And Bruce looked young again—young and alive. His body matched hers in rhythmic grace, and their joy in each other was as apparent as Tom's and Betty's. It was a beautiful dance, but it hurt me terribly to watch them. Because I knew as I looked at them that Bruce wouldn't be taking me to the winter parties this year—he would be taking Ann. And suddenly, I couldn't stand to sit there and watch them, any more.

"Please excuse me," I said. "I think I'll go upstairs."

Ann objected, but Bruce just looked at me thoughtfully. He kindly didn't question me. And as I left he said, "I'm sorry you don't feel well, Mary."

Inside of our room, that same large airy room Bruce and I had shared on our first trip to the lodge when we had known such delirious happiness, I gave in to hurt. And I faced the fact squarely that I was losing Bruce. Never before had he been so attracted to another woman. Never before had we gone our separate ways so completely. Never before had I looked at the future alone. Even when Bruce and I had discussed the matter of a separation, I hadn't really faced a divorce. I had known that we were in dangerous waters, but I had believed that we could find our way out again.

Now the fear that Bruce was lost to me forever was all around me. Memories pushed into my mind—memories of another girl, young and exciting and fun—another Bruce, not critical, and terribly in love. And I tried to think where along the way we could have lost our love—where and when we ceased to love each other. And I couldn't remember. I could only suffer with a hurt that began in my heart and filled my entire body.

If I leave Bruce, I'll never be free, anyway, I told myself. This pain is worse than grief—worse than any other feeling in the world. I remembered childbirth and I knew that even that excruciating pain could not compare with this. Because in childbirth there was the promise, the expectancy. In this, this held no promise at all.

It was very late when Bruce came...
YOU FEEL SAFER when your napkin has this triple-proved deodorant!

THE VERY IDEA OF OFFENDING AT SUCH TIMES GIVES ME THE FIDGETS.

WAKE UP, DARLING! THAT NEW MODESS HAS A TRIple-PROVED DEODORANT RIGHT IN IT!

WHY let the dread of offending haunt you—when Modess now has a triple-proved deodorant?

YES, TRIPLE-PROVED! proved effective by Modess chemists; proved tops in 26 tests by impartial laboratories; proved a hit with thousands who've tried the new Modess!

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GREATER SOFTNESS! 3 out of 4 women found Modess softer to the touch in a nationwide poll.

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COSTS NO MORE, so next time get luxurious new Modess with the triple-proved deodorant. Box of 12 is only 22¢.

UP stairs. I lay still, scarcely breathing, pretending to be asleep. He didn't turn on the light but crept into the room slowly and stood at the window gazing out at Wishing Hill which loomed white in the moonlight night. And I knew his thoughts weren't with me and our marriage but with Ann. When he turned and came toward our bed, he was thinking of that warm, friendly girl he had danced with downstairs—

and I could sense the direction of his thoughts.

Sometimes, severe pain reveals truth. I realized from my heartache that I loved Bruce more than I ever could love anyone in my life. And I knew that I never could be happy away from him. But I also knew that I would not try to hold him against his will. Happiness could not lie in that direction, either.

BRUCE was dressing when I awakened in the morning. I lay on my side looking at him.

"It was swell," he said.

"I'm glad," I said softly. But I didn't mean that. Women say so many things they don't mean. What I meant was, "Oh, Bruce, darling, I want to have fun, too—with you."

"Ann's a lot of fun," Bruce said. "She gets a kick out of everything in the world."

I remembered Mrs. Jenkins' words, "You and Ann are just alike." And I knew, too, that fundamentally Ann and I were cut from the same pattern. We were just normal American girls—not sirens, not flirts, but girls who liked pleasure. But Ann and I were different in one important way. She searched for pleasure. But somewhere along the way, I had lost my ability to laugh.

And, this morning, I believed that that ability was lost to me forever. But as I lay there, I thought of a plan. That's the way things happen sometimes. A plan grows out of hurt. I made up my mind that I couldn't rid myself of that ache inside of me—that it would be there always. But I made up my mind to enjoy other things in spite of that nagging ache. I could live with it, but it did not have to rule my every action. And I decided to take a tip from Ann's personality—to borrow her formula for gaiety—to be interested in everyone and everything.

"Two days ago Ann didn't know Bruce existed—yet she was happy," I told myself. "She was happy because she poured herself out to everyone she met—on every thing."

I dressed carefully and then I hurried downstairs. On the way down, I met Mrs. Jenkins and for the first time I looked at her and saw her as a real person. "What smells so good?" I asked.

"Pancakes, I'll bet," she said.

"I hope they'll be good. You haven't been eating much this week," she answered looking at me with a worried puckor between her brows.

"They'll be good if you made them," I told her and was rewarded with a smile that lit her whole face.

Tom and Betty were in the dining-room.

"Hi," I said. "Do you know that you're the handsomest couple in the northwoods?"

"It's blarney but we love it," Tom said, laughing.

And I laughed at them and joined Bruce at one side of the table.

"Hello," I said.

"Good morning, Mary," Bruce said vaguely. And I knew that he wasn't seeing me at all.

"Has Ann come down yet?" I asked.
"Ann's upstairs getting her things," Bruce answered. "Ann's going to be married next week," he said. I wanted to reach out to him—to comfort him—but I couldn't. I knew that Bruce had built some dreams around Ann.

Just then Ann came into the room, smiling as she always did.

"Good morning, Mary," she said gaily. And then she came over to me and shook my hand and looked deep down into my eyes.

"I'm awfully glad that I know you, Mary," she said.

"I'm glad, too," I said sincerely.

"Goodbye, Bruce," she said. "I've had a wonderful time with you." "Goodbye, Ann," he said softly. That's all. But his eyes said more, words which any woman might cherish.

And then in a few minutes Ann was gone, and Bruce and I were alone together.

"I liked her better than any woman I've ever known," I said.

"Did you?" he asked in surprise.

"We had so much in common," I told him. "We liked the same books, the same music, the same people." I looked into his eyes, and then I added softly, "We both liked you." He looked at me and smiled.

"You and I like the same things, too, Bruce," I reminded him. "The same books—the same people, Ann." "Ann," he said softly, and I know that he wasn't seeing me now but was remembering that vivid girl. "We both liked Ann." Then, he erased her image and looked at me—looked into me for the first time in a long, long time.

"Mary," he said softly, "you're sweet. Sometimes, I've forgotten—how sweet." And my heart pounded with gladness because I realized that through the misty memory of Ann he was seeing me again.

"No wonder you seemed to close the door on love," he apologized. "I've been an uninteresting person to have around."

"I think you're more interesting than any other man in the world," I said quickly, And I meant it.

"Darling," he whispered. And then he kissed me very gently. It wasn't a dutiful kiss—but it was sweet and filled with promise and meaning.

And once again tears welled up in my eyes. But this time they weren't regretful tears. Bruce kissed my tears away.

"We aren't going to cry any more, are we?" he said.

"No, Bruce," I whispered, "we aren't going to cry any more." And my heart beat a glad little flutter of gratefulness to the delightful "other woman" in Bruce's life who had pointed our way to happiness.

ANSWERS TO RADI-I-Q:

1. Al Pearce
2. Andy Russell
3. William Keighley
4. Kenny Delmar
5. Jack Armstrong
6. "I can't stand Jack Benny because . . . ."
7. Jim Brent—Lead on Road of Life
   Jeannette Davis—Singer
   Martha Deano—Commentator
   Henry Morgan—Comedian
8. Carson City

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“When you put Pepsi-Cola in the picture, Sam, you got the happiest ending ever filmed in Hollywood.”

Sky Full of Stars

(Continued from page 45)

wheel, Dad,” Lance said as he tossed our bags into the car at the curb. “I’ll ride in the rumble with the luggage, where I can look at you . . . and Jeri.”

This was obviously Lance’s car. A goony-bird swung mournfully from the rear view mirror, the spot light was slanted crazily upward, the horn blasted the silence of the little depot as Peter inadvertently touched the button as he climbed in. When he let in the clutch there was a blast from the exhaust and the car leaped away down the road like a terrified yellow cat.

“Hey major . . . suh.” Lance was calling over the back of the seat, “how about swapping a couple of these war-torn bags for mine? Brand new luggage is so darned obvious.”

Peter laughed, words clicked between them. They had the same clipped way of speaking, the same gray eyes, except that Lance’s were not tired, the same dark hair except that Peter’s was sprinkled thick with gray.

We were swooping up a long hill, between rows of ragged eucalyptus trees, through a wide gate in a careless fence of piled fieldstone. The house had once been white; a bougainvillea vine half covered it now, and it seemed a part of the sprawling comfortable hills, with great wide window eyes looking down into the valley we had left.

A grinning Mexican and his wife—as fat and happy as himself—came waddling to meet us.

“This is Magda and Ham.” Lance was the one to introduce them.

Ham, hat in hand, brown face beam-
moon was high; Sugar Loaf Mountain was tipped with snow, but here the earth was warm and vibrant under my feet. A soft wind breathed through the branches of the old, twisted oak tree at the back of the house, stirring the swing that had been Lance's when he was a child, only a few rushing years ago.

If I had been here then, we would have swung there together...Peter pushing us high...

There it was then. Out in the open. The vague, half-formed thing that had touched the periphery of my mind's awareness, that had brushed foggy fingers across my heart. If I had been here then, I would have been a little girl, as Lance was a little boy. And Peter, even then, would have been a man—a man old enough to be my father. My mind clipped the thought, half-finished, rejected it savagely. What did it matter?

But it did. With Lance here, it did.

With my awareness of him growing with every passing minute, it did matter.

A great fear grew in me, there in the moonlight. A fear too dreadful to put a name to. It couldn't be! It just couldn't happen! It was only that Lance and I were both young. It was only that Lance and I had grown up in the same generation, spoke the same language. That was all it was. It couldn't be, it couldn't be...that I was falling in love with Lance.

I don't know how long I stood like that, as if I were suddenly caught in some crazy witch's spell. It was hard to breathe, and a growing sense of panic was spreading through me. Suddenly I turned and stumbled up the path and into the house. I fled up the stairs, as if terror itself, personified, were at my heels. I didn't stop running until I bumped into the closed door of the room I shared with Peter, and stood there flattened against it in the dark, shaking as if I were having a chill. And then, at last, the shaking quieted, and I crept into the room and into bed, to lie stiffly on my side of it, as if so much as to touch Peter—dear, wonderful Peter!—were to defile him.

The next morning, Peter and I were alone together in the livingroom. He had been cleaning a gun and I was trying to look at the paper which Lance had brought in from town the night before.

Suddenly, Peter laid the gun down and came across the room to take my hands in both of his.

"Thank you, Jeri," he said, gently. "Thank you so very much." "For what?" My heart felt squeezed tight as if his hands were holding it, instead of my cold fingers. "For everything," he said simply, burying his face in my lifted palms. "For being you." "For everything? For betrayal? That was what my thoughts, last night, had been. A strange urgency made me throw my arms about him, cling to him tightly, as if at any moment he might go away, for good.

This was the same urgency, my heart told me suddenly, that had pushed me into his arms that night in the little gravel courtyard at the Separation Center. The sweetness, the great kindliness of him! And I, so lonely, yearning for a home, for love—I had married a man old enough to be my father. And now—now, my tortured mind reported dully. I was, perhaps, falling in love with his son.

I hated myself then. Not because I loved Lance and did not love his father. I did love Peter. And the feeling I had for Lance was too new, too untried a thing to be labeled love. Yes, I loved Peter—but was it the right way? Was it the way a woman ought to love the man she has chosen to marry? How could I tell, never having known before the love that a woman feels for a man?

Well, I would have to find out. I would have to decide. One thing stood out above the unhappy confusion of my thoughts—I must go on, make things as pleasant as possible for Peter and Lance, until they were gone. Then I must decide. By then, I must know. And, if it were Lance I loved, I must go, too. I could find a job in some strange place, where I would never see them again. I would make myself forget that I had ever heard a tired man saying, "Jeri, I love you. I need you...Thank you for being you." I would forget the laughter, and the sweetness of it, that I had shared with a boy.

We went riding that afternoon, and I had dropped behind as the others raced around a bend in the road. Suddenly thick weariness dragged at my body and I slid off Ginger and let her graze while I dropped to a flat rock in the shade.

But my solitude didn't last long. I heard the beat of hoofs and saw Lance cutting toward me across a field which lay in the bend of the road. Tally took the fence in a long, beautiful arc and kicked up a cloud of dust as he pulled up short beside me.

"Anything wrong?" Lance asked anxiously, as he slid to the ground. "I shook my head. "Just tired."
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He stood there looking down at me, long legs braced apart, Tally's reins hooked over his forearm, hands pushing into the pockets of his levis, lank shoulders leaning back against the sky.

"Look, Jeri," he said, while his hands found and lighted the cigarette he'd been searching for, "I may not have anyone else to see you off, but I didn't know if you'd be coming back here for a while."

"That's right," he blew a cloud of smoke toward the sky. "But it's O.K. now. I know things are right with Dad. That's what I came home for, really. I had to be sure.""And you are sure?" I heard my own voice saying faintly.

LANCE snapped the cigarette to the dusty road and ground it under his boot heel. "That's one of the two things I am dead sure about in this cock-eyed world."

"And what is the other one?" I asked him, the moment the words were out of my mouth. Wasn't I the only one who asked that question...

Lance didn't answer. He didn't need to answer. The sudden anguish in his eyes rushed out to meet mine. I pulled a quick breath into my lungs and couldn't let it out. It stayed there, aching in my chest.

Lance was in love with me! This was the thing my mind had been refusing all these long terrible days, pushing up to it a thousand times, and stopping, as Tally refused a jump. Because I couldn't bear to have it happen. Not to Lance, when there was nothing we could do about it.

He was saying, "Forget it, Jeri. It has happened to a lot of better guys." He meant: ... he thought it was only himself. He didn't know that I ... "The way I see it," he was saying in a taut voice, "the important thing is to make the whole deal come out right for Dad."

"Yes," I heard my own voice saying dully, "that's the important thing.

He turned abruptly and walked to the place where Ginger was grazing. I watched numbly while he picked up her dragging reins and brought her back to me ... a tall lank kid in dusty levis and an old plaid shirt, moving swift and sure against the wide blue sky.

Lance loved me! Sudden tears stung my eyes, blurring the blue sky behind him, as I pulled myself wearily up on Ginger, and turned her head to the trail.

Peter sat his horse in the shade of an old gnarled tree, waiting for us. As we rode up he lifted a hand and smiled.

"See what I mean?" Lance was saying quietly beside me, "You've given him a new lease on life, something he can tie to and believe in. Just forget everything else that's happened, and take it from here, will you, Jeri? I'm not very good at putting stuff like this into words, but ... well, just don't let him lose it again. He's a very great guy, and he's had a rough time."

We took Lance to the depot in the dusty yellow car with the goony-bird swinging disconsolately from the rear view mirror. Peter drove. Lance sat with a long arm thrown across my
shoulders and the back of the seat, his brown hand just touching Peter's shoulder.

The train had been called as we arrived. Lance had managed that when he phoned the depot at the last minute and said, "We've got plenty of time. Let's don't be in such a sweat. No use fooling around a depot waiting for a train."

He managed, too, to keep the conversation going until the last moment before he boarded the train. He was saying something about Peter's worn bags already having pegged him as a veteran in the eyes of the red-cap. Then suddenly he said, "Well, here goes nothing," the way he always grinned and said it before he dived from the high board into the old pool at Varney Acres.

Peter and I both put out our hands at the same time. Lance gripped Peter's with his right, and with his left pulled mine up flat against his chest, and held it there.

"Have fun, you two," he said, "And be happy, will you?"

With that he wheeled abruptly and swung up the train steps, disappearing within the dark vestibule without turning to look back. The moving train rolled past and left me standing there staring at a blur of freight sheds across the empty track.

"He's gone," I heard myself crying. "He's gone! And I didn't even tell him . . ."

Peter loomed between me and a moving baggage truck that lumbered past. His eyes were suddenly searching my face, and his jaws had that gaunt sharpened look.

"He'll be back," he said evenly. "You can tell him then . . ."

I turned and walked blindly back to the car, stumbling down the platform steps, feeling Peter's quick arm catching me. I slid into the seat where Lance had sat with his long arm flung across my shoulders, his hand just touching Peter's.

The grind of the starter was a gay hideous jarring inside my body and the wheels that carried us back to Varney Acres seemed to be running heavily over my heart.

Into the sick confusion of it Peter's voice was saying, "I'm flying to Washington this afternoon, Jeri."

It was like a sudden slap, bringing me back from hysteria to sudden reality.

"But . . . I thought you weren't leaving until the first!"

"Change in plans," he told me, still with that tight look around his jaws. "I want to get this medal business over with as soon as possible. I always did hate polished brass and speeches. I think I may ask for re - . . ."

He broke off. We were turning in the drive, winding up between the rows of ragged eucalyptus, through the open gate in the careless fence of gray fieldstone. Lance had told me how he and his Dad had piled the stones . . .

"A fence to last a thousand years," he had laughed. "A stone for every Varney, past, present, and future."

And now, in the car seat beside me, Peter was echoing his words. It had become a sort of crazy ritual with them to repeat it as they entered the gate, "A stone for every Varney . . . past, present, and future."

But now Peter didn't laugh. His face was grim, as it had been at the depot.

"We went into the house. Peter went at once to our room to pack. I helped Magda with the lunch. When I told

Valerie's Boss led her quite a mad chase

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Both creams contain genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MAY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE

Friday, April 12th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for May will go on sale Friday, April 12th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late; too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!
I told myself that he was busy, that
I would find a letter in the mailbox
tomorrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow.
A postcard from Lance saying, "Well,
here I am in Oahu. Nothing but grass
skirts and hibiscus blossoms, and a
forty-eight hour pass, fresh off the boat.
Nice going, Varney. That's organization!"

Not one word from Peter. Nothing.
Perhaps he had become ill immediately
after the ceremony at the White
House. Perhaps he was in a hospital
somewhere. Perhaps there had been an
accident. But logic brushed aside these
foolish conjectures, If anything had
happened to Peter I would have been
notified. There was nothing wrong with
the mail service, his letters could not
have gone astray. He just... hadn't
written to me, that was all.

But why? Why? After a while I
couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I began
to remember things Peter had said just
before he left in such a hurry, nearly a
week before his furlough ended. That
day after Lance left on the train and
I cried, "He's gone, and I didn't even
tell him..." Peter had said, with that
grim look, "Lance will be coming back.
You can tell him then." It was right
after that wasn't it? that he decided to
suddenly fly to Washington instead
of waiting...

I stopped in the middle of a sentence
in the magazine I was trying to read,
and heard Peter's deep voice saying,
... when Lance comes back, things are
going to be right for him. ... I'm going
to see that they are.

Did he mean...

I tramped the hills, remembering the
sudden tension in his arm at the air-
port, his hands gripping my shoulders,
the way he looked— as if he were never
going to see me again. Did it mean
that he had guessed... about Lance
and me? Could it be that he was just
walking out of our lives, thinking that
this was the only way to make things
right for Lance? For me?

Suddenly I was down in the canyon,
walking, twisting my hands together,
bumping into the old target stump,
blinded by a hot flood of tears.

"Oh, Pete, darling! Peter! It's you
I want!" I stood there by the old stump,
listening to my own voice, astonished
at what I was saying aloud, over and
over in a crazy heartbroken cry.

It was true! All the long lonely days
it had been Peter I longed for. I had
laughed at the postcard from Lance
and put it aside to search the dark farthest
corners of the old mailbox again, think-
ing there might be a letter from Peter.
The house had been a tomb without
him, lonely rooms I walked through,
longing for the sound of his voice, the

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deprives a girl of glamour ... and dates!

Medical Science says: Thousands who have pale faces—whose strength is at low ebb—may have a blood deficiency.

So many girls are "too tired" to keep up with the crowd—watch romance pass them by because they haven't the energy to make them attractive!

Yes, girls who are often fatigued and colorless may find that a blood deficiency is cheating them of beauty and sparkle. And medical studies of large population groups reveal that up to 68% of women—countless men—have a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency.

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You can't have full health and energy if you have Borderline Anemia. Borderline Anemia means that your red blood cells are below-par.

Build up your Energy by Building up your Blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly.

But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you enure others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast helps build up blood and energy.

I PULLED up with a jerk outside the station, and stumbled into the telegraph office. My hands were shaking so I could hardly write on the impersonal blank on the desk: “Peter, I love you. I need you. Peter, please come home. . . .”

“Miz Varney?” a voice spoke at my elbow. I looked up through the haze of my thoughts and saw the old station master standing there squatting at me through his glasses.

“I just been tryin' to get your place. Couldn't raise no one on the phone. Had a telegram for you, but I guess you've heard it all by now. But don't you go losin' hope this early. They'll find him yet.

"Find him?" I said vaguely, my mind still upon the telegram I had been trying to compose for Peter.

"Yeah, they may," the old man was saying. "I knowed of a plane once went down in them same hills, easy as a pigeon, and no one was killed but the pilot."

I was on my feet now, staring at him: "A plane? What are you trying to tell me?"

"You ain't heard?" he exclaimed. "It's been comin' in on the radio all afternoon, right here's the telegram from the Airways. I was just gonna find a boy to send it out to ye. Couldn't raise nobody on the phone. That plane the Doc was on, it's in for help now. It won't be long before they find him. But don't you worry now. They got search planes and ground patrols out scurin' the hills already."

I was reading the impersonal black letters of the message from the Airways. I was crushing it into my clenched hand along with the message I had been trying to write to Peter, "I love you . . . I need you. Peter, please come home . . . " Oh, God! Bring him back safe. He's the only one I love. Tell him, God! Make him know . . . somehow.

All that night, and the two nights following, I tramped the livingroom floor, waiting by the radio until my toes curled under in my slippers. I answered the phone a thousand times,

Improved, Concentrated Formula

Ironized Yeast

TABLETS

76
I think, but it was always someone in the town, some friend, or patient of Peter's, voices edged with anxiety and pain.

When I thought I could bear the waiting no longer, the news came through, over the radio first, then the telegram from the Airways. A rescue crew had broken through the drifts of the sudden storm, had found the missing plane, first spotted by a searcher in the air. Peter had somehow managed to build a shelter for the three survivors, using pieces of wreckage to shield them from the snow, his skill to keep them alive.

I was there waiting at the foot of Strawberry Peak when they brought them out. Perhaps Peter rode part way on a stretcher, but when I first saw him he was walking, stumbling toward me down the mountain path, his haggard eyes seeing no one else, his face as thin and white as a bleached bone in the firelight.

The men threw more logs on the fire, surrounded Peter, then quietly faded into the shadows, leaving us alone.

"Oh, darling!" I was sobbing. "It's been so long. You didn't even write..."

"My letters never get farther than the nearest wastebasket," he said. "The Varneyes seem to have an awful time putting things into words. Any news from Lance?"

"One postcard," I could laugh now, "Hawaii... grass skirts... forty-eight hour pass, fresh off the boat..."

"Running true to form," Peter shrugged, laughed and caught me close, pushing his face down into my hair. He was saying, "I got my release from the Army. I was a little uncertain about it when I left here. It took a little fancy talking, as I knew it would. They wanted me to stay in, but I told them I had to get back to work, that people in my old home town were clamoring for me to re-open my office... I hope!" he grinned wryly.

"You mean... that's the reason you barged off before your furlough ended?"

"That's right. I needed a little extra time in Washington..."

It was too good to be true. I said faintly, "Peter, you mean you didn't think... you never doubted... I mean, you didn't..."

He was tilting my chin up in a hand that hadn't been washed for three terrible days, a big, dirty, half-frozen, wonderful hand. He was crushing his mouth down over mine... And I had been foolish enough to think that maybe years could make a difference between two people who were so right for each other!

After a while Peter said, "What were you saying?"

"Nothing," I told him dreamily, "I... I've forgotten..."

I opened my eyes and saw the sky above the big wooly hump of his shoulder. The storm was over and a million million stars were blazing above the mountain peak, above the valley where Varney Acres would be waiting in the night for our return, where we would be going now, to live there forever, keeping it secure for Lance and his children on that far-off day when he would really fall in love and bring her home... keeping it for our children, too. Peter's and mine. "A fence to last a thousand years... a stone for every Varney, past, present, and future..."

Strange miracle—that in a world of hurrying people, vast and crowded as a sky full of stars, I had found Peter, the only special right one for me!

Something new has happened to deodorants... a super-fast cream deodorant that stops perspiration troubles faster than you can powder your nose.

Try new ODORONO Cream Deodorant today—works better because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

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ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

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writer, and began to copy the report. As her fingers went about their accustomed work and the typed words began to appear in their proper places, her mind gradually relaxed. She worked hard until noon, then closed up her desk and started up the hill.

During the time she reached the house, she had decided not to let the incident upset her. Mrs. Hunter met her at the door with a grinning smile, saying, "I do hope you won't think I'm interfering, old lady, dear. But I'm so sorry you want to come this afternoon, and I surely Mr. Bronzer wouldn't mind, if I explained it to him."

Nancy smiled at her and went upstairs to change her clothes. They spent a pleasant afternoon in Middle-town, and when they got home that evening, Mrs. Hunter cooked an excellent dinner for the two of them. She was in good spirits—rather triumphantly good spirits, Nancy thought, but she followed the older woman's lead and refrained from any mention of that morning's telephone call. The next day she arrived at the office an hour ahead of time.

During the weeks that followed, Nancy worked hard. She put in a full day at her office and filled her evenings with outside work—the Red Cross, book drives, first aid classes—anything she had to keep her busy. On weekends she went with Mrs. Hunter to the big kitchen and learned how to cook the delicious foods that were Mrs. Hunter's specialty. There was just a difficult afternoon during these weeks. That was when Mrs. Hunter casually mentioned that she thought of having the wing of the house redecorated so that it would be fresh and new for Johnny and Nancy after Johnny came home.

"But, mother," Nancy protested, "we had planned to get a little place in the same village probably same size as the one we had before—until Johnny gets started at something he really wants to do. Then maybe we can move into a larger one. But we wouldn't dream of coming in here with you."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hunter. "This is a big house and there's plenty of room for all of us. And John needn't feel that he must start working immediately. I have enough money so that my only son won't have to take the first position that offers him a living wage."

Nancy sighed. "It isn't that, mother. But I know he'd feel better if he were on his own. He's not a little boy any more, you know, and he's anxious to make his own way in life. All his letters say that."

"I think I've known my son a few years longer than you have, my dear," Mrs. Hunter said a little testily. "And I'm sure he would have spoken about it to me if he had any intentions of living anywhere but here when he comes home."

"Well," Nancy kept on bravely, "we've often talked about it, and we both feel that young people should live by themselves—especially when they're just starting out. But I don't think we don't want to live with you, mother. It's just that we want to be fair to ourselves and our marriage."

Mrs. Hunter sniffed. "I think you've been reading too many books, young lady. Well, we'll see about this when John comes home."

"Yes," agreed Nancy, almost too quickly, "'we'll wait and see what Johnny says."

I didn't write to Johnny about his mother's ideas for their future. She knew well enough what his ideas were, and she didn't want him to worry about anything between his wife and his mother. Her duty to him, she felt, was to keep his mind free and comfortable about the two women he had left behind him. She knew, too, that certain particular made, her sure that she had best keep silent on the matter for the time being.

...I can't describe some of the things I've been wanting to do, dear, and I won't be able to do it probably until I'm talking right to you again, until you're really there beside me. But in the meantime it makes me the neatest I can get to feeling happy, right now, just knowing that you, at least, are safe and well, and with someone who cares about you so that you don't have to think of me.

It was this letter that Nancy went over, and kept in her purse, and thought about at odd moments with an ache in her throat. If there were only something—some way of saying something—to ease his this "awful alone feeling," but she could do nothing except to give him the assurance that everything at home was all right. Nancy was trying to cut a hard enough time over there without having to hear tales of discord and unpleasantness at home.

...But there was beginning to be discord, I don't know what of it. Perhaps Nancy was working too hard. Perhaps Mrs. Hunter wasn't working hard enough. At any rate, no matter how the servants, and the boy, and the girl, and the children, and the kids, and the kids, and the kids avoied those topics of conversation with her mother-in-law which inevitably led to differences of opinion or, at best, to guarded silence. They were different people, born of different generations, and brought up in different environments. Perhaps it wasn't so strange that life for the two of them wasn't all a pleasant idyll.

Now of course I've never met Mrs. Hunter. I don't even think I could tell you what she looked like. But I've heard plenty of history from both Nancy and Alice, and I have a pretty good idea of what kind of woman she was. Maybe I'm being too imaginative or psychological, but this is how I've sized her up.

Mrs. Hunter was a lone woman, whose sole reason for existence—that of looking after and caring for her family—was gone. Having Nancy come to live with her, she had thought, would help bring the silent house to life, would give her someone to talk to, to listen to. But it wasn't working out that way. Nancy was away at the office all day, and most of her evenings were taken up with work. Mrs. Hunter found herself wandering round the big house, day after day, all alone. Nancy's living there wasn't the companionship she had hoped it would be. And when Nancy got there nothing always seemed to get into a conversational deadlock.

Mrs. Hunter was not an introspective woman. I doubt if she searched her mind for reasons why she just knew that things weren't right somehow. Probably she could have found a great many things to do outside her home,
but she couldn’t quite make the effort. The big house had been all of her life to her for too many years.

I am sure it never occurred to Mrs. Hunter that perhaps this was not the worthiest attitude in the world. Most of us are not by nature daring or courageous. Mrs. Hunter had never had to be. To her, it was natural that she felt more at ease in her own home than anywhere else in the world. But it had become a pretty lonely place.

The time soon came when it seemed to her that Nancy was purposely staying away from the house. She spoke to her about it.

“But, mother,” Nancy answered, “it’s all work that has to be done.”

“You don’t have to be out every night, do you?” asked Mrs. Hunter.

“It’s not good for you to work so hard. And besides, I don’t think it looks quite right.”

Nancy frowned a little. “Doesn’t look right to whom?”

“Why, to the neighbors—the people in this town who count. They know you’re married to John, and they see you coming in at all hours of the night and gadding around all over with a lot of people. It doesn’t look right.”

“I can’t imagine people thinking anything of the sort,” said Nancy, trying to keep the hurt out of her voice. “They must know it’s for the Red Cross and the Bond Drive. Everybody’s helping these days.”

“Not necessarily. And as for the people you work with, I don’t even know who they are. That’s how reputations are ruined.”

Nancy’s voice sounded choked to her own ears, but she spoke stubbornly. “If people are that mean, I don’t think I care what they say. But maybe you’re right about not knowing the group I work with. I’d like to have you meet them. They’re all young people, and you probably know a lot of their families.” Then, with sudden eagerness, she went on. “Look, mother, how would it be if I were to ask some of them over for tea or something some time? You could meet them then, and I know you’d like them.”

“How many are there?” asked Mrs. Hunter cautiously.

“Oh, about ten,” replied Nancy. “I was thinking of the Bond Drive Committee. There are six girls and four boys on the Committee. Maybe they could come over next Sunday afternoon—late, after the four o’clock meeting. Would it be too much trouble, Mother? Maybe we could even have a kind of buffet supper. Some of that Chicken Tetrazzini of yours would be wonderful, if you would . . . .”

She was breathless now, and her eyes were shining. A party wasn’t what Mrs. Hunter had in mind at all, but she couldn’t resist the appeal in Nancy’s face.

“All right,” she said, “I guess we can manage it.”

“Oh, that’s marvelous, Mother,” Nancy beamed. “I just know we’ll have a wonderful time.”

And in the days that followed, it began to look as though Nancy had been right. It had been so long since there had been any festivity in the big house that the two women bustled around all week, getting things ready. They had long conferences about furniture arrangements and menus, and Mrs. Hunter put up fresh curtains in the livingroom. It was a busy week for both of them.

But when Sunday came, it rained. That was the first thing. They had planned to open the big French windows that led to the side garden, and let the party drift in and out to the rose arbor. That was out of the question, now, and Nancy tried not to let that minor disappointment cloud her mind. The guests began to arrive about five o’clock, and Mrs. Hunter met them graciously at the door and showed them where to put their wraps.

Two of the girls were from families on the other side of town—the poorer section—and they gazed around them with awe. Nancy hastened to put them at ease.

“It’s a nice old house, isn’t it? Johnny says he used to slide down those front stairs in a dish-pan when his mother wasn’t looking.” She turned to smile at Mrs. Hunter, and there was a general laugh. They all went into the livingroom and settled into the comfortable chairs there. Mrs. Hunter served them an icy fruit punch in delicate cut-glass goblets, and the conversation drifted pleasantly about the room.

Gradually, Nancy began to have an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong. It wasn’t anything special—she just sensed something in the air. She sat back quietly and concentrated on the people in the room. And then she realized what it was. Nobody was talking to Mrs. Hunter. In the careless way that young people sometimes have, they had greeted her politely and then forgotten all about her. They were talking animatedly among themselves, discussing their own affairs, and Mrs. Hunter had been sitting there for almost half an hour, completely
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The movies usually wind up with a happy ending. But Bill and Joan couldn't seem to patch up their troubles. She didn't realize that their fights were her fault! She thought she knew about feminine hygiene. She didn't know, though, that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! Later, at her doctor's, she learned the truth when he warned, "Never be a careless wife." He recommended that she always use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching.

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one to go home, and Nancy saw them to the door with relief.

She went upstairs slowly. Mrs. Hunter's bedroom door was firmly closed. It had an air of finality about it, Nancy thought wearily. She turned off the lights and went to her own room. Undressing and getting into bed, she lay awake for a long time, with all the details of that awful party running crazily through her mind. Finally, she got out of bed, she turned on the light, slipped into a dressing gown and sat down at her writing desk. Getting out pen and paper, she went to work. It took her almost an hour to write the letter. She completed it two or three times, tore up the result, and started again. The last time, she read it over when she had finished.

"Dear Mother," it read, "First, I want to apologize for this evening. It was awful, and I know how you must have felt. I am truly sorry. And now I feel that we will both be happier if I don't stay here any longer. I plan to go back to the apartment downtown. Please don't write to Johnby about it, though. I don't want to worry him. Everything will be all right when he gets back, but until then, I think I must be by myself for a while. Thank you for everything—and I'm sorry. Love, Nancy."

She folded the letter up, addressed an envelope to Mrs. Hunter and carefully put the letter inside. Stealing softly downstairs, she left it on the mantelpiece. Coming back upstairs again, she packed all her clothes swiftly, set the alarm for half past six and climbed into bed. She went to sleep almost immediately.

When the alarm rang the next morning, Nancy dressed quickly and left the house, long before Mrs. Hunter was awake. She carried her suitcase down the hill and went to the building where her old apartment was. Mary Carter, the girl to whom she had sub-let it, was in the kitchen getting breakfast, and over a cup of coffee Nancy explained the situation to her and asked if she could come back and share the apartment again. Mary was only too happy to have her come back. The rent was a little high for her all alone, and she welcomed a room-mate. She helped Nancy unpack her things and a little later they both left the apartment to go to work.

For the next few weeks, Nancy's life was a busy one. She threw all her energies into her job and her outside volunteer work, in an effort not to think about Mrs. Hunter. She hadn't heard a word from her mother-in-law, and had seen her only once—at the Post Office. They had looked at each other, nodded, and by common consent walked away hurriedly in different directions.

Nancy told me later that she had never before or since been in such a painful and at the same time ridiculous situation. But she didn't know what to do about it. She just went back to the office each day and worked harder than ever, wishing that something would happen.

Then one day, like an answer to a prayer, came a letter from her best and oldest friend, Alice Thomas. Alice had gone to some years ago and now had a job with one of the big radio networks. She wrote that she had just had a raise and felt like celebrating, and how would Nancy like to come with her for a few days?

Nancy put the letter down and thought hard. She hadn't had a vaca-

Antonia Drexel Earle

High-spirited, and strikingly attractive with heavy-fringed gray eyes and jet black hair, Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle is very popular in Philadelphia's young social crowd. To help keep her fair, fine-textured skin looking its loveliest, Mrs. Earle has a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week. "It's my favorite beauty pick-me-up," she says. "I can see the results right away!"

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4. Judges are Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Brashaw Conover, noted illustrator; V. Huntington Howard, Editor of Cover Girl Magazine; and Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor of Favette Publications. Decision of judges final. Entries will be judged and prizes awarded for photographic qualities in the contest—subject to the contest jury. In the event of tie, Sponsors shall offer best possibilities for success as a model. No photograph will be returned.
5. All persons in United States by territories and possessions, may enter. Only Sponsors Models' Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency, and their respective families, are subject to all Federal and State regulations.
6. Contest closes May 31, 1946. Entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

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I broke in then, and asked them what it was all about. I even told them I’d take them to lunch if they’d tell me. But at first Alice insisted on having Nancy meet some of the radio people around the studio. I went along with them while Nancy shyly but with mounting enthusiasm and pinker cheeks shook hands with a lot of people and acknowledged their congratulations for her performance on the show. She turned the tables on our announcer, though, by telling him that she thought he had one of the nicest voices on the air. He’s been bragging about it to me ever since!

FINALLY I got them out of the studio and over to the Brown Derby where I heard the whole story. Nancy was feeling so happy and optimistic by that time that she didn’t mind my hearing about her troubles. They seemed like strictly ex-troubles now. And the whole thing made me feel pretty good, too. I felt as though the G.E. House-party and I were Santa Claus in disguise. It’s nice to know that you’ve done somebody some good, even if you didn’t know you were doing it at the time.

And then suddenly Nancy’s eyes got serious and she said, “But what if it doesn’t work out that way? What if Mrs. Hunter gets mad because I talked about her so much? Maybe she’ll think I was being sarcastic or something.”

Alice laughed. “Don’t you worry darling. Everything’s going to be all right. And all you have to do is be your own sweet self. You’ll get along O.K.”

Nancy went home at the end of the week, and I heard the rest of the story from Alice. She knew I felt a kind of proprietary interest in Nancy’s affairs from then on, so every time she got a letter from her, she’d call me up and tell me what was happening.

The day after Nancy got home, Mrs. Hunter phoned her and asked her to come to dinner that night. Nancy climbed the hill with a wildly beating heart, but she needn’t have worried about her reception. Mrs. Hunter opened her front door and her arms, too. Both of them had a good cry right then and there. Mrs. Hunter had heard the show, all right, and so had one of the reporters for the Stortford Press. A write-up about Nancy’s appearance on the program had appeared in the paper the day after the broadcast, complete with both Nancy’s and Mrs. Hunter’s pictures. Everybody in town knew about it.

All of Mrs. Hunter’s old friends, and some people she’d never known, telephoned her to congratulate her on her daughter-in-law’s broadcast. She had been bathed all week in reflected glory. But the strangest thing, she told Nancy as they ate their dinner, was that the sales manager at Jarrold’s, the town’s biggest department store, had called her up and asked her if she’d be willing to accept a position with them as home economics expert. She laughed a little self-consciously as she told Nancy about it. The offer was flattering, she said, but of course she couldn’t accept it.

“But why not, mother?” cried Nancy.

“I should think it might be fun. And there certainly wouldn’t be anything wrong about being associated with a company like Jarrold’s. Why don’t you try it for a while? If you don’t like it, you can always leave.”

“Do you really think it would be all right?” asked Mrs. Hunter, a little wistfully.

“Of course, I do,” Nancy answered firmly. “I think you owe it to yourself to try something new and interesting. Besides, think of all the people you could help. I bet there isn’t anyone in this town who knows as much about food and style, and people, and being happy, and all the rest of it as she does.”

So Mrs. Hunter went down to see the sales manager at Jarrold’s the next day, and soon she was hard at work, and enjoying every minute of it. Her employers treated her with great respect, and so many people came to ask her advice about various problems that it was no trouble for her to adjust to her new surroundings. It wasn’t long before she was so involved in her new life that she began to neglect her old life—the house on the hill and all the beautiful things in it.

One day she had lunch with Nancy to ask her advice. “Do you think it would be too awful of me,” she began, “if I were to sell the big house and take a small apartment downtown here?”

NANCY gasped and her eyes opened wide. “Say that again, Mother?”

Mrs. Hunter chuckled. “I know it must sound pretty unusual. But I’m so busy these days that I just don’t have time to keep the house up. And I find that I like my work too well to spend less time on it. So I thought it would be sensible just to move right downtown and get a little apartment by myself. But I was worried about Johnny. You know, I always planned to make a home for you two in my house on the hill. Do you think he would be very disappointed about it?”

---

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Particularly brilliant doings on the CBS Thursday night show that stars Andre Kostelanetz, when his glamorous coloratura wife, Lily Pons, makes a guest-star appearance.

Nancy drew a deep breath. "I think he'd understand," she said carefully. "We could tell him just how things worked out, and I'm sure he'd be glad to see you so happy."

So that's what finally happened. They had a little trouble finding the proper apartment for Mrs. Hunter but finally, on the strength of her willingness to sell her big house, she was able to reach an agreement with the owner of one of the apartment houses downtown. She saved out only enough furniture to furnish the new apartment, and she and Nancy had a fine time fixing the place up.

Both women were a little sorry to see the big house go—Mrs. Hunter, because she had put so much of her heart and soul into it, and Nancy, because it seemed to be so closely tied up with Johnny, the little-boy Johnny and the grown-up one who had taken her there to dinner to meet his mother for the first time.

But at the same time, Nancy was very happy about giving up the big house. It was like a part of the past that didn't fit into the fresh, new plans that everyone was making.

Mrs. Hunter's brick new plans were going to take her right out of the "Mother-in-law" class, and make of her, instead of Johnny's mother, a wonderful, stimulating new friend for Johnny and Nancy.

The last I heard about Nancy was when Alice called me the other day. She had just had another letter, she said. Nancy had written that Johnny was finally coming home—for good, this time. And she had been spending all evening making out an extra-special menu for his home-coming dinner.

In the letter she had said, "And guess who's going to be guest of honor? Not him,当然是, but guest of honor—Mrs. Hunter, of course. She won't be able to stay with us all evening, though, because they're taking the inventory down at Jarrold's this week, and she wants to be there when they go over the kitchen equipment. Isn't life just wonderful, Alice?"
April Fool Date
With Judy
(Continued from page 25)

a resulting two-day holiday, there stretched out before Judy only a few little chores before she could spend the day getting ready for her date.

And even with her hands in soppy dish water she could still dream of the glories to come. Under her vivid imagination the soap bubbles were transformed into the colored lights that danced from the chandeliers of the Taryton dance room. And then, again, they could be the visions of dazzling sequins and jewels that swam before Judy's eyes when she imagined the diningroom thronged with a smart, worldly crowd—a dining room and dance floor, incidentally, that bore little resemblance to the actual reality that Judy saw when her mother took her to the Taryton for lunch on shopping trips.

It took a lot of imagination, too, to transform the whine of the vacuum cleaner into the music of the Jumpin' Jives, but she was equal to it and she waltzed all over the livingroom until Mother put a stop to it with a reminder that furniture was hard to replace these days.

"O.K. O.K. " Judy signed. Parents were a trial sometimes.

Upstairs, as she made her bed, she was alone to dream all she wished. Over and over again she could draw pictures in her mind of the glories of the evening ahead of her. And once in a while she could even take a peek at the simply super blue lace that hung so regally swirling in her closet.

Oh. wouldn't people turn around and stare when she sailed into the lobby of the Taryton in that dress! Which do you suppose would be best—the demure expression, eyes cast down, little hand frantically clinging to Bud's strong arm, so that people would murmur "It's the little Foster girl! Isn't she a picture!" and men would become gallant in her presence and remember their own youth and maybe some Broadway producer, looking for freshness and naiveite, would see her and sign her to a contract—

Or should she be dramatically sophisticated?—like the beautiful, mysterious spy she had seen in the movie at the Strand last week? An immobile mask hiding the suffering and the disillusion inside her—Grand Dukes and sinister foreign agents whispering to her and following her with their eyes—no, that wouldn't do, darn it! Jeepers—you couldn't be dramatically sophisticated without a long cigarette holder and that would be kinda silly when people knew she didn't smoke.

Should she be vivacious? Should she be blase and take all the attention for granted, as though she dined at the Taryton every night of her life.

It was hard to tell just when the first doubt began to creep into Judy's consciousness. Not a doubt, exactly, but a little tinge of wonder.

Bud Rogers—goodness gracious!—what was she going to talk to him about? Bud wasn't Oogie. He wasn't like any of the other boys she knew so well, who slipped cokes with her or chatted her about Van Johnson; who treated her like one of the gang when she wore her bobby socks and blue jeans and a man's shirt-tail sticking out—and who were rather timidly respectful of her when she and the other girls put on

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their long skirts for special dances.

No, Bud was a funny kind of boy. He was new in town but that wasn't the only reason she had had so little to do with him.

He had shown a marked preference for older girls and he usually addressed Judy as "bf" when they ran late each other at school. He scorned baseball.

After school you were much more apt to catch a glimpse of him riding by in his father's car, and there were even rumors he had been seen at one of the roadhouses on the highway—and those places were strictly taboo for Judy and her friends.

Of course, he was very good-looking in a sort of arrogant way. And most of her wonderings about him she could dismiss in her mind because he was new in town and probably hadn't settled down to one group of friends as yet. His asking Judy out for a formal evening might be his way of saying he wanted to become one with the real high school gang who were his age.

NO, THERE was another and worse anxiety lurking in the background of Judy's thoughts. It was the memory of several weeks ago in mid-semester exams when she had found herself sitting next to him in Latin class.

It was hard to believe but Bud Rogers had actually whispered to her to let him see her examination answers! Judy remembered well how she had looked at him, shocked, shaking her head, and the petulant anger in his face as he understood her refusal.

Oh, Jeepers! He had been so mad after class!

"You wait, Judy Foster!" he had said, following her down the hall. "You think you're so much—you wait and see!"

But nothing had happened and time had gone by and then—suddenly—out of the blue he had asked her for this date. It must be that Bud had been trying for trying to cheat and was taking this way of asking her pardon.

That logic made her feel a little better and her spirits rose again, especially after lunch when it became time to put the pale pink polish on her finger nails and to begin the long afternoon's pleasurable tasks of getting ready.

It's always a mystery to younger brothers how their sisters can consume so much time just brushing their hair and putting that black goop on their eyes and doing all the other thousand and one little primpings—and Randolph was no exception.

"Hey! Do you have an option on that bathroom?" He hammered on the locked door.

No answer but the gentle swish of bubble bath foam.

"There was a telephone call for you," he wheeled.

"Oh—you and your April Fool jokes. Pooh," his sister answered, muffled through the door.

"It was that brilliant conversation- alist, Tootsie Whiteman. She wanted to know what you were doing tonight."

It almost seemed as if Judy were holding her breath on the other side of the door. "What did you tell her, Randolph?"

Wearily, "I told her you were dining out with a playwright and not to call you before twelve tomorrow because there was no telling what time you would be coming home. I told her this new admirer of yours would probably hire a droskey and a band of gypsies and serenade you under your window at dawn. By the way, what is a droskey?"

Squeals of delight—and a big splash
of water. "You're the best brother! I'll be right out. You can have the bath-
room any time you want—oh, I can just see Tootsie's face!"

"Okay. Oogie just came in from base-
ball practice. He's waiting downstairs
for you."

For some reason this last news didn't
make Judy happy. True, she wanted
Oogie to see her in the new evening
gown and she brushed her hair till it
shone, lying around her shoulders like
a cloud. But even the knowledge that
she had never looked prettier couldn't
dispel this nagging disquietude around
her heart.

"Why—" she thought, holding the
spreading folds of the gown in one hand
as she went downstairs—"why, I feel
almost—almost unfaithful to Oogie!"

Where had the satisfaction gone from
the scene that morning when she had
renounced him for an older, more
handsome man? Why did she feel so
—so funny—about parading before
Oogie in her lovely dress, preparing to
go out with Bud Rogers? After all, she
had had other dates before. So had
Oogie. It wasn't as if they were en-
gaged or anything.

But an evening like this did mark a
new departure for Judy and she knew
it, even if Oogie didn't. It was an ad-
venture into an older world, into the
unknown and the alluring and the
frightening.

"Gee—oh, gee—" Oogie stood at the
bottom of the staircase and his eyes
were big and round—"I just want to
stand here and look at you—hee yuuu,
do you look snazzy!!"

Such are the contradictory ways of
woman, that all Judy wanted to do was
to burst into tears at that moment.

Faithful, devoted, uncritical Oogie! But
that wasn't to say that his praise wasn't
music to her ears, too.

"You do look nice, Judy," her mother
said from the livingroom. "Come in
here, where we can all see you."

"Sora!" Father sat bolt upright from
the easy chair where he had just settled
with the evening paper. "Are you going
to let that child go out in public nearly
naked?"
AFTER they had left Judy settled herself to wait, grateful for Oogie's running, absorbing account of the baseball practice. For some reason her excitement over the evening ahead was becoming pure nervous tension. The phone would ring any minute now—or the doorbell—and Bud Rogers. The palms of her hands were wet and she had a funny, crazy desire to run upstairs and pull off the beautiful dress. In an old sweater and skirt, she could go with Oogie to the corner drug store and dance to the juke box—

Anxiously she watched the clock as its hands crept slowly towards six o'clock.

"... and then I snagged one out at first base and that ended the ole ball game." Oogie had run down at last and there was an awkward silence in the room while they both studied the rug under their feet as though they were trying to read it. "Gee, Judy—do you like that Bud Rogers? He's just a pain in the neck to me, with his high-and-mightiness. I'm sorry. I shouldn't say anything if he's your ideal, but—"

"It's not that he's my ideal, exactly, Oogie. But there comes a time in a life when she must go out and meet life—and—meet life. She must emerge from the chrysalis of her home life. But Judy couldn't go on.

It was silly, but right then she wanted nothing so much as to stay right in the shelter of that home, that chrysalis. Her picture of Bud Rogers had shifted slightly. If anything, her own father couldn't stand the older Mr. Rogers.

She stole a look at the clock again. Jeepers—it was getting late. It was after six and Mother was already coming down the stairs dressed for the Club banquet. They would be leaving any moment now—leaving her there still waiting—and where was Bud?

"Well, I guess I'd better be running along." Oogie edged reluctantly as far as the hall—"Oh—Oogie!" It was almost a wail from Judy. "Wouldn't you like a coke or a peanut-butter sandwich or something before you go?" It wasn't so lonely—waiting—with him there.

"Sure thing!" Oogie made like a shot for the kitchen.

Six—ten. Six—fifteen. This time Mother caught her looking at the clock, and Judy felt, with a kind of shock, that her parent was alarmingly worried, too. There wasn't anything to worry about—was there? What was the matter with that clock—before it had been crawling now the hands were positively racing! Surely six—fifteen wasn't too early for a dinner—dancing date. Or maybe Bud

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believed in being fashionably late. Where was Bud? Judy felt as though the smile on her face were frozen stiff. She was as self-consciously aware of the silent sympathy from Mother, the detached curiosity of Randolph, and the embarrassment of Oogie—prowling around the room, leaving a trail of sandwich crumbs behind him—as she was conscious of the tiniest movement of those clock hands. Where was Bud? It was six-thirty!

Time rushed on. It looked to Judy as though the hands on the clock had gone mad, and were whirling around and around, past the next day, past the middle of next week—where she began to wish she were!

And then the phone rang.

"Hello?" she was breathless from her dash. "Oh!" sigh of relief, "it's you, Bud Rogers. No, of course, I haven't been waiting long—yes, I'm all ready— I'm all dressed to go—what? WHAT?"

He was laughing. What in the world was so funny? And, suddenly the memory of his face when she had refused to let him cheat in the Latin exam flung itself across her vision—

"April Fool! April Fool!"

He was yelling it, and he was laughing—and Judy just stood there, stunned. It couldn't be true. It was a bad dream and it wasn't happening . . . couldn't have happened.

But it had. Her hands shook as she replaced the receiver.

Bud Rogers had never meant to take her out dining and dancing. It was all an April Fool joke to pay her back for that Latin exam—

"Oh!" she wailed, crumpling onto the sofa, her head on her mother's shoulder. "I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole town! That mean, mean Bud Rogers! I wish I were dead! I wish the earth would swallow me up this minute! I wish I could be a hermit like Crazy Pete in the old quarry. I never want to see a man again—I'm going to join the Foreign Legion!"

"That's a good place—especially if you never want to see a man again," Randolph advised. But Oogie gave him a quick look and her brother sided with her.

"Never you mind, Judy," Oogie patted her shoulder awkwardly, handicapped slightly by the sandwich he still held. "I'll get hold of ole smarty Bud Rogers and he won't be saying a word to any—

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one, when I get through with him.

Even from the depths of my misery, through the tears that sparkled in her eyes, it seemed to Judy that Oogie had grown at least a foot in stature in the last few minutes. How could she have ever thought him a child? Why, he was twice the man Bud Rogers was. He was so nice, and understanding, and sweet and—

Oh, wasn't it sad, she, Judy Foster, had been stood up!

Behind her the phone rang again.

"If it's for me—I've gone to China!" she declared, passionately. "I'll never answer a phone again as long as I live—"

But it was for Father.

And there was a very peculiar expression on his face when he came striding into the livingroom afterwards.

"Of all the crazy mix-ups! Dora, do you realize I have another table reserved at the Tarryton Hotel in the Blue Room—of all places—practically under-neath the bandstand? That crazy man-ager tells me my secretary insisted I would want to be able to hear Jan Judson and his Jumpin' Jives!"

"BUT, Melvin, we have our places reserved in the banquet room!"

"I know that's driving me crazy. How could I—how could Miss Stevenson have reserved another table? The only reason I'm being informed about it at this late hour is because the manager didn't want to make me wait. The table so close to the band and so far away from the others. He wants to know if I mind being just on the edge of the dance floor. I'll say yes!"

"Why, Melvin! It's ridiculous. Why did you get a table on the dance floor when we were going to the Club—"

Father roared. "I didn't get a table, woman! That is the worst thing about it, the manager insists it was that table he called me about earlier this morning and I definitely told him to stick it. I did. I kept my word."

"I thought he meant the banquet—I can't understand it, Miss Stevenson must be out of her mind. I'm stuck with this reservation now. Am I to lose money on the table? Are you mixed up in this somehow?"

"She was only trying to smooth the path for herself and Bud as she stepped onto the threshold—" Randolph ex- plained.

"Quiet, young man!" Father quelled him. "Judy, do you mean you reserved this table for yourself and that boy in my name?"

"I was just—"

"You were just being as scattering-brained as usual, you mean. Well, young lady, you're not so old and sophisticated that I can't turn you over my knee and—what?—what?—Dora, quit pulling at my sleeve!—I'm going to settle this once and for all—what?—"

Father was terribly caricatured man as he turned, from Mother's warning motions to Judy's white, woebegone face. "What's going on around here?"

"If I have to do anything, Father. I'm such a dope and Bud Rogers never did mean to take me on a date tonight. I was trying to help him and reserve the table for us—and it's all just an April Fool's joke!"

"You mean that young whipper-snapper was only playing an April Fool joke on you? If that doesn't sound just like Henry Rogers' son! His father probably put him up to it—when I see that old hypocrite tonight I'll tell him what I think of his family, trying to make fool out of me and my daugh- ter—!" All of Father's wrath had been

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92
diverted now to the unlucky Rogers, father and son.

"No one's going to play a trick like that on a Foster!"

The sight of Judy's face had shaken him. Hurt his Judy, the apple of his eye? Not if Father knew it! And just suppose the elder Rogers knew all about the April Fool trick and passed the word around to the Club members this evening! Were he and Dora to sit there and writhe under the Rogers' fatuous smirk?

"No, by George." Father was pacing up and down the room by this time. The whole family watched him, fascinated. Even Judy knew a wisp of buoyant hope. When Father got that determined look on his face—well, anything could happen!

"We'll show them!" He stopped and faced his family. "We'll show them. We'll go to the Blue Room in the Taryton Hotel ourselves—all of us—no, not you, Randolph. Oogie can escort Judy. We'll sail right by that banquet room with our noses in the air and old Henry Rogers can run home and tell his precious son that Judy did go dining and dancing tonight and no April Fool joke about it, either!"

"Oh, Father!"

"Oh, Melvin!"

"Gee, Mr. Foster!"

"Yes, that's just what we'll do. And don't think I'm not glad of the chance to show that Club what a bore I think old Rogers is as a speaker. I won't have to listen to his stale jokes and his slapping himself on the back—and, say, Dora—think we could learn to do this jitterbugging tonight?"

Oh, Jeepers! Didn't a girl have the nicest family there ever was? Judy's happiness was a sudden reprieve—a glorious, bounding, uncontrolled ecstasy. Wasn't life wonderful? She was really going dining and dancing, and in the Blue Room of the Taryton.

"You don't mind being seen with a couple of old fogies like your Mother and myself?" her father teased.

"Mind? Oh—I'd rather be chaperoned by you than go alone with a dope like Bud Rogers any time! You two are strictly my favorite people!"

****

Watch for This!

It doesn't look like the uniforms you've been seeing on our fighting men, because this small bronze insignia is another kind of uniform—the badge of the honorably discharged veteran.

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Everything Is Shared
(Continued from page 30)

first break. And success meant another fulfillment for me—we decided that now it was time for us to have our baby. We hoped and hoped for a son, and our luck held good. We named him Noel after Mel's grandfather, and he has been one of the greatest delights of our life together.

By 1943, my hard-working husband was doing a grand total of fourteen radio shows a week, and that meant hardly breath-catching time in between. Mel used to say that he met himself coming in and out of rehearsals.

As we always do when there's a problem, we talked it over; Mel was working too hard. We had too little time together. So we decided that Mel had better pare it down to five shows a week, and we'd have a little more time for living.

The talking things over covers everything in our life together—our personal lives and business. Too. We have no agent or business manager, and when a new proposition comes up, or when a change of some sort is suggested to Mel, it's the talk-it-over method that makes the decision. Mel never signs a contract unless I read it first, and he delights in telling our friends that I have an excellent head. I don't know about that, but so far everything has worked out all right. I'll just keep my fingers crossed and go on helping as much as I can, because I love our share—and sharing alike way of life.

We've seen a lot of changes in our fourteen years together, Mel and I. There's the matter of money, for instance. People often ask, "Is there any money in work like Mel's—not being the star of your own show, I mean, but doing comedy parts on a lot of shows?" My answer is that this is, at least for Mel. It's a long, long way from that fifteen-dollars-a-week period in Portland. And so is our very pleasant, eight-room house in Playa del Rey, a suburb of Los Angeles, different from that first room in which we lived in Portland.

Our house is about one hundred feet above the ocean, so we get in lots of fishing and swimming. I started to fish because Mel loves it, although I privately had my doubts. He was so pleased with my cooperative spirit in the matter that he got about teaching me how to cast, and all of a sudden I found that I was a fishing enthusiast, too. Now we enjoy it more, and do more of it, than any other type of fun. Last fall we spent a month at Big Bear Lake in southern California, and most of our meals there consisted of the fish we'd caught ourselves. We liked it up there so much, in fact, that we bought ourselves a lake-front lot where we intend to build a mountain home this summer.

Mel and my tastes are pretty similar. We like to swim; we like to fish; and most of all we like our quiet, simple home life. There's nothing in the sitting-and-drinking life of the night club that appeals to us. We simply don't go to them. But we do love both the theater and the movies—and we're still young enough and in love enough so that it's a thrill to go dancing. We love to watch the tittering experts—all though we feel it's out of our line and made a solemn pact never to try that particular form of exercise.

Our son, Nonie, wants to be "just like Daddy" when he grows up, but I have...
a private hunch that he'll be a doctor. When Nonie was three, Mel used to read to her—fairly tales—he read, for some strange reason known only to himself, first aid books. Nonie is seven now, and very adept at amateur doctoring. When I have a headache he solemnly brings me a cold towel for it, then slips in with aspirin and a glass of water. When the recovery is complete, he is as satisfied as if he'd performed his own little private miracle.

We have a Scotch housekeeper, too—Mrs. Elizabeth Ross—who is like a third grandmother to Nonie. She's an excellent cook, but Mel and I both like to have our finger in that pie, too. Mel adores Mrs. Ross' roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but hastily adds a "simply terrific" description of my fried chicken. He's embarrassingly dreamy too, about my macaroni and cheese, a dish I sometimes make of rice and mushrooms, and about my corn pudding.

But leave it to Mel—he always winds up with, "I'm not a bad cook, myself." And that's true. One of his specialties is baked ham. He uses lots of brown sugar, bastes it with ginger ale, and calls it, for some strange reason, "ham spiced and spiced."

Mel says, "I'm a one-woman man," but I say, in answer, "I'm a twelve-man woman." And I really do feel, sometimes, as if I had a round dozen of husbands because of all those air characters. Mothers of Mel's. We have a male harpist, and never a dull moment, and I love every second of my own brand of polyandry.

That's about all there is about us, except to say again and again that we're happy, and we're still in love. Those things could never be repeated too often. Our project for the future? To keep on living this life we love so much just as it is. Oh, yes—and we do have every intention of going to Niagara Falls some day for a bang-up second honeymoon!
-Watch His Eyes Light up at the Gold in Your Hair!

You can be in a room full of pretty girls, but if you are the one whose hair glistens with lovely blondeness, you will attract his instant attention!

Smart girls know that using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is the easy, modern way to keep their hair beautifully blonde! You see, the new Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is not an expensive "treatment." Carefully perfected by experts in hair care, it's complete in itself for use at home. What's more, it lets you achieve the exact degree of lightness you desire!

Whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead—if you want to lighten your hair a trifle or make it several shades blonder—Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is just right for you. Incidentally, you'll like it for lightening arm and leg hair, too! Try it today.

MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash

WE WILL PAY YOU $25

Greatest demand for our Birthday and All Occasions Cards. Sold for $1—your profit $50. Easest money you ever made. No investment. No advertising. Just send "S" to a neighbor or friend. Merry Christmas to friends and loved ones. Send your order now. MARCHAND'S CO., Dept. B, 1 Clinton St., Newark 2, N. J.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 16)

ing from the air waves for a couple of years. He's been in the Army, serving in the Office of Strategic Services. He says his two years in the services taught him how it feels to be a spy as well as an enlisted man and the fact that before his discharge he was promoted to PFC proves that "You can advance in the Army."

Ex-private Tinney is blunt when it comes to describing his career, which covers such diverse fields as radio and movie actor, newspaper columnist and lecturer. He says he spent five years in high school in Tulsa—"but they wouldn't give me a diploma for endurance, so I quit," and one year at the University of Oklahoma.

He first came to New York in 1927 to take a fling at the big time—in whatever turned up. He wound up by addressing envelopes for two nights to earn $10 for his room and board. He gave up and got himself a job editing a newspaper in Oologa, Oklahoma, a paper devoted mostly to the interests of hog raisers. He left that job in 1932 to try New York again, this time with better luck because he had sold several articles to Life Magazine—the old one, remember it?—which paid $900.

Having proved that he could do it, Cal returned to Oklahoma again and got his start in radio in the same haphazard manner which characterizes everything he does. As he explains it, the cowboy band didn't get to the studio in time for the program sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce so Cal went on just talking—and decided that was an easy living.

His real radio career was launched in 1934, however, when Cal tackled New York again and landed a job as an extra on the Tim and Irene show. At about this same time, he started writing a column for the McNaught Syndicate and he began giving lectures, the first one at West Point. A Tinney

THREE EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO

Without Music!

PLAY SONGS FIRST DAY

You May Play Any Song in 10 days without being Able to Read Notes...

If you want to quickly learn how to play the piano...if you want to play songs, waltzes, lullabies, classical numbers and western songs, like "Cheyenne's March," and songs in his native

Covers pages. Now at last Mr. Dave Minor has done the impossible...taught play-by-ear piano course that must have had you playing your first songs in only two quick days or no cost. No scales, no long exercises. You start playing songs from the first lesson, and so soon it's amazing you're playing the piano surprisingly well. Mr. Minor's course is complete. It contains all the pictures, all the instructions, everything you need. The complete course costs for your own specimen, trial and approval.

SEND NO MONEY

Make this Conclusive 10 day Test

Just send your name and address today. On arrival deposit $1.49 plus postage through postman. There is nothing more to pay. Inspect course carefully. See how simple yet thorough it is. Follow for 10 days. Then if you aren't entirely satisfied and delighted with your discovery, return course and get your money back. Piano playing is more wonderful than ever. DON'T WASTE MONEY TODAY! In ten days you will see how great this is. For a start, send $1.49 to DAVE MINOR, Dept. S-D, 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, III.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS USE ERYTHROMELIA

Make the One Spot Test

Erythromelitis is not a disease. It's a condition of the skin. The sufferers are not diseased...although the symptoms often mislead the patient and physician. And they are not incurable, as was once supposed. Recent evidence proves that Erythromelitis and Psoriasis are the same condition. The latest research shows that the first is due to a circulatory disturbance while the second is a result of infection. The same treatment is prescribed for both.

Here's how you can test whether you suffer from Erythromelitis: Place a handkerchief on your forehead and handkerchief on the toes. In 10 minutes if you suffer from Erythromelitis both hands and feet will be hot and red. Compare this with a healthy person. The sufferer from Erythromelitis and Psoriasis will be easily recognized, and nature's own cure is well on the way to healing him. A simple, painless test that will do more for you than any other test you can do. Write for your report.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the ordinary kind of skin discomfort. Thousands do. For every case of eczema, there are hundreds of persons suffering from another skin condition which is not eczema. The sufferer has simply another type of skin disease. The treatment is made to suit the type of skin disease. There is no substitute for an experienced dermatologist. He will know how to treat your case. In a test period, you can get at least half a pound of this powerful medicine free. Write for your report.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be too sluggish. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nausea, hiccupping, headache, palpitations, loss of pep and endurance, getting up night, aching joints, stiffness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes signals there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help in the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Donn's Pilla, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Donn's gives happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Donn's Pilla.
lecture covers "anything I think will interest the customers..."

Once he was started, Cal sailed along easily. He was established as a comedian and m.c. in a program called Cal 'n Ada, and went on from there to Vanity Fair, If I Had the Chance and Stop Me If You've Heard This One, this last a program idea he thought up all by himself. By 1941 he was firmly entrenched in one of the most popular news programs, one strictly limited to his own ideas and interpretations, called Sizing Up the News—and then came the Army.

Cal was sent overseas and last April became ill in India. He was flown back, out to the United States, promoted, as we, said before, to a PFC and demobilized. It's good to have him back on the air again and we, personally, are not inclined to agree with his own estimate of his show—that his talk will not do anybody a "lick of good." He claims to be the only talker on the air who admits that it's a waste of time to listen to him.

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Talking about Paul Lavalle, we hear that Walt Disney is interested in Lavalle's composition, "Bullfrog and the Robin"... Dirah Shore's got her husband, George Montgomery back from the wars... Now that all the figures are in, it turns out that Ralph Edwards was responsible for the sale of more E Bonds than any other single man in the entertainment industry—over $50 million worth... David Harum, NBC serial, has begun its 11th year on the air... Stuart Churchill—remember his Ave Maria?—is back with Fred Waring after a long stint in the Army... Jack Owens, Breakfast Club crusiero, is working on several shorts for Universal... Sammy Kaye and his outfit are due to go to London sometime this coming fall... Robert Montgomery has been offered a big executive post at CBS. No news as to yes or no, to date... Raymond Gram Swing has a new book coming out this spring. Title: "The Notorious Lady"... Alan Young is now in Hollywood, working before the cameras at Twentieth Century-Fox... That's all, now. Happy listening.

Blue-Jay with Nupercaine* for MORE RELIEF from CORNS!

BLUE JAY Corn Plasters

America's
Largest-Selling Corn Plaster—

Special! A tiny, streamlined size for corns on LITTLE TOE

Sleek, flesh-colored, inconspicuous with open-toed shoes! Also special Blue-Jay for Soft Corns. All relieve Nupercaine, muscle pain quieter. No other corn plaster has it at all and billed higher prices.

A product of
(BAUER & BLACK)
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

OVERWEIGHT
REDUCE WITHOUT DRUGS, DANGEROUS DIET OR TIREDNESS
Safely

EASY TO REDUCE WHERE YOU WANT TO

Just 10 minutes a day. To the privacy of your own room, and this Scientific Healthbuilder Home Reducer will help you (as it has helped thousands of others for years) to Streamline Your Figure. Take off that bulge, make those ankles look better, make your waistline smaller, get that fat, inexpensive, double chin.

Slenderize!
It's easy! It's fun! It's quick!

FREE GIFT OFFER
With your order you get ABSOLUTELY FREE James C. Nolley's three famous covers: "Proper Diet", "Constructive Breathing", and "Personality Development" as personally and most successfully taught by him to men and women everywhere.

Fanny Brice adds finishing touches to her costume—and her audience—on CBS's Sunday night Baby Snooks Show.
Sweet and Simple

(Continued from page 50)

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened.

Chocolate Cream Puffs

Use same ingredients and method as for celeria mixture. Shape on ungreased baking sheet, using pastry bag or two teaspoons to make rounds for puffs. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 25 minutes longer. With sharp knife make slit in one side; insert chocolate filling. Makes 12 puffs.

Butterscotch Pudding Cookies

1 ½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
Dash of salt
1 ½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Sift flour once.Measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cream shortening. Add pudding powder gradually, mixing thoroughly. Add egg and beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Add flour and mix well. Place dough on waxed paper and shape in roll about 1 inch in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill overnight or until firm enough to slice. Cut in ⅛ inch slices. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (400° F.) 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Chocolate Charlotte

1 package prepared chocolate pudding
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
6 lady fingers or 24 strips of plain or sponge cake

Prepare pudding as directed on package. Chill, stirring frequently. Add egg white, Fold in beaten whites. Split lady fingers and cut in half. For each serving place 4 pieces of lady finger or cake in sherbet glass and fill with pudding. Makes 6 servings.

Banana Pudding

1 package butterscotch or vanilla pudding
1 egg white
1 large or 2 small ripe bananas, diced

Prepare pudding as directed on package. Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold up in moist peaks. Fold hot pudding mixture gradually into egg white. Fold in bananas. Cool, stirring occasionally. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Garnish with banana slices and maraschino cherries if desired. Serve plain or with cream. Makes 6 or 7 servings. Use to spread for cake filling, reduce the quantity of milk to 1½ cups.

Layered Vanilla Pudding

1 package prepared vanilla pudding

Strawberry or Raspberry preserves

Prepare vanilla pudding as directed on package. Chill. Turn into parfait glasses, filling them about ½ full. Hold glass at angle, cover with about 1 tablespoon preserves, then fill glass with remaining pudding. Garnish with preserves, if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

They say I’m a vamp

...None of this one-man dog stuff for me...I’m everybody’s darling!

My secret is personality PLUS sparkling eyes and shining coat, and plenty of energy. The folks make sure that I keep in the pink by giving me Sergeant’s Vitamin Capsules (Vitapets) every day...they’re made especially for dogs with vitamins A, B, D, G and Niacin. They help guard a dog against diet deficiency diseases.

You’ll find Vitapets with other Sergeant’s products, at your nearest drug or pet store.

Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant’s Dog Book? It’s full of good ideas on dog training and care—and it’s FREE. Get it at any drug or pet store, or write Sergeant’s, Richmond 20, Va.
To Save a Life
(Continued from page 41)
call a 'benign' tumor. It is only when the wild cell growth interferes with or obstructs the function of other organs that it becomes dangerous. This growth is known as a 'malignant' tumor or what everyone calls—cancer.

Dr. Little continued to sketch the nature of cancer for us. Cancer is dangerous because it never stops growing. As it grows, it robs nearby healthy cells of their food and blood supply, eventually destroying them.

With the aid of a large drawing hung from a blackboard, the doctor proceeded to clarify another danger of cancerous growth. "In some cases," he said, "a local growth may have some of its cells break off and be carried by the lymph and blood streams to other parts of the body. At the spot where these cells will attach themselves, another cancer will begin to grow."

Then are we to understand that cancer is not a local disease?" asked a member of the audience.

HERE is an important point to remember," the doctor concluded. "Cancer, like a wild weed, begins to grow in one spot. Detected at an early stage it is easy to uproot or destroy and the chance of cure is excellent. But—permitted to grow to a moderately advanced stage, the cancer becomes so deeply rooted that removal is difficult and the chance of cure decreases. When it has progressed to the stage where its cells are scattered throughout the body, there is almost no chance for cure."

Then, as though to emphasize the seriousness of his thought, Dr. Little added in slow deliberation, "The first thing for persons to remember is that cancer is a local disease at the start."

Altogether too many people are under the false impression that pain is one of the first signs of cancer. The fact is that, in its early stages of growth, cancer is rarely painful.

And there are other danger signals which the body will give. Most of these seem harmless on the surface. Because cancer is always an emergency, one must constantly be on the alert for these first warning signals. It has been said—and correctly—that fear is the greatest ally of cancer. While it is not the intent of cancer scientists to promote cancer-phobia, it is their aim to make people cancer-conscious. In that way, a person receiving a warning signal would know that the only thing to fear would be delay in visiting a physician or an approved cancer clinic.

Chances are that, upon examination, the physician may prove not to mean cancer. But if it should be determined to be cancer, then that person could be secure in the knowledge that promptness of discovery and early treatment mean good chances for cure.

Before giving a list of the most important danger signals, I would like to point out that it is of utmost importance for everyone to become familiar with them. If you should note the appearance of any symptoms, be alert; go at once to your physician for a check-up! Here are those so-called "danger signals":

1. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bloody discharge from the nipple or...
It doesn’t pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives! A medicine that’s too strong can often leave you feeling worse than before!

A laxative that’s too mild to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work thoroughly, yet be kind and gentle!

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time and Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It’s America’s most widely used laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups.

As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE
WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—
Don’t dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax—the choreolaxated laxative! It’s thoroughly effective, but kind and gentle.

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is gentle, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time and Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It’s America’s most widely used laxative, as good for children as it is for grown-ups.

As a precaution use only as directed

other body opening—check at once.
3. A sore which does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.
4. Any progressive change in the size or color of a mole, wart, wen or birthmark.
5. Unexplained persistent indigestion or any change in normal bowel habits.
6. Observation of blood or mucus in the stool or urine.
7. Persistent hoarseness, an unexplained cough or difficulty in swallowing.

While the symptoms given above are not the only ones which may indicate a possible early cancerous condition, they are the most frequent types and should be kept in mind and not be forgotten. In this way, many needless deaths could be avoided.

Plainly put, then, the second rule of action should be: Learn the possible early cancerous symptoms.

As time progressed, I became more deeply interested in the fine, humane work being done by the American Cancer Society. It became quite clear why the eminent physicians comprising the Professional Board of the Society were insistent that persons be made to realize the necessity of regular medical examinations.

In such periodic examinations—with special emphasis on cancer detection—the physician will watch for the symptoms I have previously mentioned. His training and experience give him a diagnostic sensitivity which is invaluable. For that reason, it is imperative that all persons visit their physicians at least once a year (and twice, if at all possible) for a complete examination, even in the absence of suspicious symptoms. Should any of the danger signals appear between visits, then by all means see him without delay!

Hence, the third rule of action should be: See your physician without delay if suspicious symptoms appear.

IT WAS during one meeting of the American Cancer Society that I learned with no small amount of horror of the problem of quacks and quack “cures.”

Prodded by unquenchable curiosity, I probed deeper into the matter of quack cures. What can one do about it? Prodded by unquenchable curiosity, I probed deeper into the matter of quack cures. What can one do about it? I hardly seem possible that there are people who, because of needless fear, shame or sheer neglect, indulge in unscientific and injurious practice of home-made remedies, salves, ointments and a host of other so-called “cures.”

It is a medically proven fact that the means of treating cancer are only three surgery, X-rays or radium. There are no other medically accepted means known today—no salves, no special diets, no special cuts. Gamble with these “sure cures” is to repose your life in the hands of a dangerous fraud which may cause a cancer to grow more rapidly than it would otherwise.

By all means, this your fourth rule of action: Avoid quack cures and home remedies. Consult your physician or an eminent cancer clinic for the proper form of treatment. They alone are competent to administer the only three forms of medically approved treatment—surgery; X-rays or radium—either singly or in combination.

Medical science does not yet know what causes cancer cells to be produced in one person and not in another. But scientific means are beginning to establish certain factors which influence the develop-
ment of cancer. One of these factors is age.

While cancer develops in children and young adults, causing a death rate which is two and one-half times as great as that of infantile paralysis, it is essentially a disease of middle or old age.

Dr. W. D. Stovall, professor of Hygiene at the University of Wisconsin, put the matter simply. He said, "As the body gets old the tissues begin to break up and wear out. In such weakened condition they are too tired to protect the body with the same vigor as they could during youth. The result is that the tissues are favorably disposed to the development of cancer.

When asked if old age was the prime factor in causing cancer, Dr. Stovall replied, "Emphatically NOT! There are many other causes which will induce a 'precancerous condition.'"

O NE of the members of the audience asked if a list of these common causes would be too long to remember. "Quite the contrary," came the reply. "They can be very conveniently memo-

ized, since there are seven common types in all." Thereupon, Dr. Stovall outlined the following:

1. Tongue and inner-cheek surfaces which are continually being irritated by jagged teeth or dental appliances which do not fit properly.

2. A mole or wart on the body which is constantly being rubbed by some wearing apparel or garment.

3. Prolonged irritation of the digestive tract due to faulty eating habits.

4. Irritations which are the result of neglected childbirth injuries. These should always be repaired.

5. Dry, scaly patches about the neck or face which are constantly being scraped raw by shaving.

6. Failure to protect the skin from prolonged exposure to irritants such as coal tar, lubricating oils, paraffin or arsenic.

7. A sore on the mouth, tongue or throat, or anywhere on the skin which fails to heal within two weeks.

If you should find any of the above conditions existent, have them corrected at once. Your dentist will correct jagged teeth or ill-fitting dental plates. Wear clothes which will not irritate. Protect your skin from exposure to irritants, and, above all, have your physician attend to all irritations while they are minor.

Summed up, the fifth rule of action should be: Guard against, remove or correct all irritations which may cause a precancerous condition.

Medical science has, in the past, con-

quered many seemingly hopeless dis-

eases. It is now hard at work trying to conquer cancer. In the process, it has learned much about what can be done to prevent it and give physicians their very best chance to cure it. By doing those things NOW, you can help scientists cut down the staggering loss of life and prevent unnecessary deaths.

To aid in this fight, the American Cancer Society has enlisted the efforts and resources of the National Research Council's Committee on Growth. Upon that body's advice, the Society granted almost $300,000 to the dawn of 1948 for furtherance of research in various fields of science such as physics, chemistry and biology.

With the help of every citizen the lives of thousands of children and adults can be made more secure from the ravages of this scourge. In the names of children yet unborn, we cannot, we must not, we dare not fail them.
Facing the Music
(Continued from page 4)

Theater, just signed a recording contract with Victor, was discussing a movie deal with Brothers Warner, and was just about set on the new Folies of '46, heard NBC Tuesday nights.

With his crew cut, cropped hair, loud plaid sports jacket and trim build, you half expected Johnny to whip out an autograph book and join his boxy admirers. But twenty-five-year-old Johnny has a three-year Army hitch behind him, and is a happily married husband.

Johnny was born in Detroit, son of a modest Italian grocer named De Simone. Neither his parents, his older brother nor two younger sisters paid much attention to Johnny's high pitched singing and his love for the piano. One day a customer purchasing some soup greens from Papa De Simone heard the boy singing in the family kitchen.

"The kid's good," said the customer. "He should be singing on Uncle Nick's kiddie program like my son does."

The man hustled Johnny to the radio station. Uncle Nick was equally enthusiastic.

"Singing on the radio continued right through high school with me," Johnny recalled. "Of course my parents loved it, but it didn't do my school work any good."

There was a brief period when Johnny's voice changed from boy soprano to baritone.

"I thought it was the end of the world. It broke right when I was on the air doing my best with a Shirley Temple number called I'm Laughing. Believe me, it was no laughing matter.

"When Johnny became accustomed to his new-found baritone he organized a vocal group, The Downbeaters.

"We tried to sound like the Merry Macs," he explained.

Bob Crosby came to town on a barnstorming tour, heard the group, signed them, and changed their name to the Bob-O-Link Four."

"In Ohio Gilda got homesick and quit. We didn't pick up another girl singer till we got to Salt Lake City."

The new Bob-O-Link turned out to be Ruth Kedington, an attractive blue-eyed brunette. She's now Mrs. Desmond. They were married a year later in New York when Johnny was singing with Gene Krupa at the Paramount. One day a customer purchasing some soup greens from Papa De Simone heard the boy singing in the family kitchen.

"The kid's good," said the customer. "He should be singing on Uncle Nick's kiddie program like my son does."

Johnny volunteered for the Army Air Corps in 1942, got his basic training at Enid Flying School. When Glenn Miller organized a band for the Corps, Johnny wrote to the late musician asking to become a member of the group.

In 1944, the Miller Air Corps band went overseas. It broadcast from England over BBC and Armed Forces network. Johnny became increasingly popular with the troops. They liked his serviceman sooner, told the folks back home about him. Miller and his men performed other important chores. They were beamed to German troops with Glenn reading the announcements in German and Johnny singing to them in their native tongue.

Buzz bombs rained down heavily and the band was forced to quit London for Bedford, England, seventy-five miles away.

"Glenn had a hunch about the bombs.
The day after we left, the street we were quartered in was completely leveled—right to the ground.

On December 17, 1944, Johnny and the rest of the band reached Paris only to learn that their beloved leader was missing. He had taken an earlier plane which never reached its destination.

"It was the saddest day of my life. Johnny was a great musician, a real American, and a great guy."

The work carried on with Ray McKinley waving the baton. The French people were captivated by the band and the singing sergeant. Now Johnny was singing the lyrics in French. The Parisians labeled him, "The Cremer." They guess they thought my voice had a creamy flavor. Not the closest they could get to swooner.

All this adulation re-echoed in the states. National magazines carried stories about Johnny. When he came back his career was cut out for him. Johnny is still a little dazed by all this but he's a rather retiring and modest chap.

Johnny and his wife live in a small apartment on swing alley, West 52nd Street, hard by Leon and Eddie's and other nighteries.

"It will be kind of tough on the baby we hope to have. The kid will be lulled by jam sessions."

ANDREWS SISTERS - GUY LOMBARDO: An inspired merger organized for the amusing new calypso "Money Is the Root of All Evil" and a new Walt Disney tune, "Johnny Fedora" (Decca). BING CROSBY: The Groener records two numbers from his latest Paramount trek, "Road to Utopia.", They're called "It's Anybody's Spring" and "Welcome to My Dreams" (Decca). Dinah Shore also spins the latter tune (Victor), and adds another from the same film, "Personality." For good measure Johnny Mercer has waxed his 100th love record. FRANKIE CARLE: Piano magic with the new Cahn-Styne hit "I'm Glad I Waited For You" (Columbia). George Paxton's piano band handles the same melody for Majestic. Take your choice. AL GOODMAN: Radio's able master of the album of flowing melodies from the operetta "Polonaise" (Victor) adapted from the works of Chopin. Earl Wrightson and Rose Ingram are among the vocalists. FRANK SINATRA: F.S.'s discs (Columbia) this month are two average ballads, "Oh! What It Seemed to Be" and "Day by Day." THELMA CARPENTER: Eddie Cantor's sensational singing discovery makes her recording debut (Mercury) with two fine renditions, "Hurry Home" and "Just a-Sittin' And a-Rockin'"

VAUGHN MONROE: From the musical, "Nellely Bly," They're called "Just a-Love and You May Not Love Me." (Victor).

PERRY COMO: A splendid rendition of the ever-welcome "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" that went from Chopin to World War One to "The Dolly Sisters" without any trouble (Victor). Harry James uses it, too, but with a bit more pace (Columbia).
Sinatra, Jo Stafford, the Pied Pipers, Benny Goodman, Les Brown. In it, she takes a daily singing lesson—which she never does in California. In it, she goes to all the plays. And some day, in it, she hopes to accomplish her two ambitions: going backstage at the Metropolitan, and meeting Arthur Koestler, whose books she reads while the printer's ink is still wet.

But her last visit to New York almost cured her of ever wanting to live there... even though she is now doing just that for several months of each year. On that hasty trip there was too much excitement even for Martha. It went like this:

She and Constance Dowling came East last Summer, on their way to Europe and a USO tour with Jack Benny. The two girls wore their USO uniforms as they boarded the plane in Los Angeles, and Martha had carefully wired ahead to the manager of the Astor Hotel for reservations for them. "Just for four days while we pass through New York," she specified.

But Fate intervened, as it so often does. Instead of the plane arriving in twenty-four hours, it arrived (due to bad weather) in forty-eight. This landed the two girl singers in New York City at two—in the morning. Unperturbed, they hastened, complete with seven suitcases, to the Astor—where they were turned down cold for a room. They stared at each other in horror. Both of them knew the hotel shortage too well to expect any luck elsewhere. Then Martha remembered that her old friend Harry James and his band were playing on the Astor Roof. Both girls rushed into the elevator and upstairs.

Once there, Martha hastily worked the crowd (most of whom were her friends) for a room—with no success. Meanwhile, Constance was in a telephone booth, wailing all her friends to see if they had an extra bed. One staid and elderly bachelor admitted very, very reluctantly that he did have; in fact, he had two daybeds, one in his bedroom, and one in his living-room. "But you girls can only stay overnight," he said emphatically.

"Natch," cooed Constance—and the girls were off. They landed with their seven suitcases at her nest, bachelor-perfect apartment—and they took it over. Instead of leaving in the morning, they left in two weeks. Meanwhile, they had ironing boards in the living-room, laundry strung in the bathroom, make-up in the bedroom, and friends everywhere. There was finally no room for the unhappy host—so he left town for ten days!

But that Marx Brothers routine was just Martha Tilton routine. She took it in stride, just as she has taken the events in her life in stride. She was born, like many another beauty, in Texas—in Corpus Christi. Like many another beauty, she made tracks for Hollywood; only she came at the age of seven, without a thing on her mind but the trip. Her father, who is in the wholesale rug business, set up shop in Hollywood and raised his family there. And Martha went calmly through high school, singing only around the family piano along with all the other...song-loving Tiltons. One evening, however, she sang at a friend's house in front of a musician—who insisted she have a radio audition. The rest is musical history... beginning with Sid Lippman's band and continuing with Hal Grayson's.

As for things personal with Martha, they are as follows: she likes sports clothes (and lots of them) in bright colors, with accent on red and blue. She owns only a handful of hats, and seldom wears those. She exercises every morning for about ten minutes, and spends ten other minutes every day lying with her head near the floor—which is excellent blood-treatment for both face and hair.

She reads the usual comic strips, Terry and Dick Tracy... and every Book of the Month. She has just finished "The Manatee" and pronounces it good. She sees every movie made, and eats any kind of highly seasoned food she sees—especially Spanish and Italian. And some day she'd like to be a radio producer, and to live with Leonard and their offspring on a ranch in San Fernando Valley with a huge number of horses and dogs: both of which she dearly loves.

All of which we predict will come true—but with a lot of Martha Tilton excitement in the meantime!
Do you see the difference?

Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Brown, Blue-gray Green, Violet and Gray

Compare these two natural color photographs of the same girl. Everything alike, except the eyes. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means — plain faces become pretty, and pretty faces beautiful.

A few simple brush-strokes of Maybelline Mascara gives lashes that long, curling, velvety-dark appearance. The depth and color of eyes are subtly accented by Maybelline Eye Shadow — and lovely, expressive eyebrows are easily formed with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

Try these exquisite beauty aids and see the wonderful transformation in your charm and expression. For the finest in eye make-up — the favorite of millions of smart women everywhere — trust no MAYBELLINE.
For Gracious Living

Wherever the better things of life are enjoyed and appreciated ... Schlitz is a natural and expected part of the setting.

JUST
THE kiss
OF THE HOPS
No harsh bitterness

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
It's captivating—the clearer, fresher, softer complexion that comes with your first cake of Camay! So tonight, change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just one cake of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin.

MRS. CALDEMEYER'S STORY

Maryland Hayride: Off on a fun-filled hayride, under bright Baltimore skies, Muriel and Dan pair up. It's his hand, and heart, to "the loveliest girl of all"—to Muriel of the softly luminous complexion! "I thank Camay, and its mild care, for my skin's fresher glow," says Muriel. "My very first cake brought a new, clearer look!"

Coming—a home for two! A Colonial—in Evansville—with wide terraces planned for buffets and barbecues. "I'll go to Evansville as Dan's bride—and to look the part, to keep my skin's sparkle, I'll stay with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Really mild—Camay cleanses without irritation. Make your skin lovelier, too—full directions on every Camay wrapper!
CUPID: Loafer, huh? And who was it just now helped you catch the bride's bouquet? And who—

BRIDESMAID: Bouquet, hah! Listen, Cupid, I've caught enough brides' bouquets to start a florist shop! I want to catch a man!

CUPID: You'd never know it the way you go around glooming at people! Don't you know what a sparkling smile can do for a girl... and to a man?

BRIDESMAID: Sure... but who's got the sparkling smile? Me? Nuh-uh! I brush my teeth, but... well, dull, dingy...

CUPID: Oh? And "pink" on your tooth brush, too?

BRIDESMAID: Only since last week.

CUPID: Well, didn't the dentist—

BRIDESMAID: What dentist?

CUPID: What dentist? Listen, you sweet little idiot, don't you know that "pink" is a warning to see your dentist right away? He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

BRIDESMAID: ...so then the cute little rabbit went lipperty-lip down the road, and—look, Little One, what's all that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: In a word: Plenty! A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you'll help yourself to healthier gums and sounder teeth. And a smile full of sparkle! Start today, Sugar!

For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE
Contents

Afraid—Roger Elliot Discusses Fear ........................................... 19
The Second Mrs. Burton ...................................................... 20
Easter In Tennessee—A Tom Breneman Story .......................... 24
Love Is A Stranger—A My True Story .................................. 26
Spring Story—A Ladies Be Seated Story ................................ 28
Young Widder Brown—In Living Portraits ............................... 32
Life Can Be Beautiful ....................................................... 38
Never To Part—A Powder Box Theatre Story ......................... 40
Until We Meet Again—Dinah Shore Tells A Love Story ............ 42
Rosemary—Song of the Month ............................................. 46
"It Didn't Seem True!”—Ginny Simms' Love Story .................... 48
Mainstay—Kate Smith's Cooking Page ................................ 50

Added Attractions

Ted Malone—Introducing Radio Mirror's New Poetry Page ........ 3
What's New From Coast to Coast .......................................... 4
by Dale Banks
Miracle Man ........................................................................ 8
by Carl Ward
Facing The Music .................................................................. 10
by Ken Alden
Cover Girl ............................................................................ 15
by Eleanor Harris
Here Comes The Sun! ........................................................... 16
Inside Radio ......................................................................... 51

ON THE COVER—Jane Pickens, CBS Singing Star; Color Portrait
by Salvatore Consentino, Valcour Studios

"You don't have to love your neighbor"
says ALAN LADD

starring in "THE BLUE DAHLIA," a Paramount picture

"If he's a right guy, you like him; if not, you
don't. The important thing is to judge people as
individuals . . . by their words and deeds, not by
their religion or race or color. Give him a chance
to show his stuff...the same chance you'd want!"

One of a series of messages presented by Fleer's in the interest of
better understanding among families, friends and nations.

FLEER'S is the delicious candy-coated
gum, with the extra peppermint flavor.
It's attractive, delightful! Five cents for
twelve flavorful fleerlets that pop out one
at a time from the handy package. You'll
like Fleer's...Try it today!

Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885
INTRODUCING
TED
MALONE

TED MALONE'S "Between the Bookends" has become a household phrase to millions of homes all over America. It offers the relaxation and pleasure that comes of reading, or hearing on the radio, old favorites, the joy of discovering new ones. Because Between the Bookends is a familiar and beloved institution, Radio Mirror is very proud to announce that this poetry page will become a regular monthly feature of the magazine, beginning with the June issue.

Of this new feature, Ted Malone says, "I want to make it a meeting place for the writers of poetry who read Radio Mirror, and for all of those who truly enjoy reading it. I want to bring to the page some of the excellent poetry which ordinary men and women, all over the country, are writing today, and also some of the 'old friends' that have been favorites for many years."

Radio Mirror, in cooperation with Mr. Malone, is offering substantial purchase prices each month for the original poem, sent in by a reader, which Ted Malone considers best of those received during that month. See the announcement below.

Here, as a sample of what is to come, is an "old friend," selected by Ted Malone:

Memory
My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild rose tree.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Ted Malone's Pocketbook of Popular Verse

RADIO MIRROR

will pay FIFTY DOLLARS each month

For the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers, by Ted Malone. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem submitted, which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poem to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends page.

LISTEN TO TED MALONE, MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY OVER ABC, AT 11:45 A.M., EST.

MACPHERSON PUBLICATIONS, INC., New York, N. Y.

TED MALONE

More than your feathers say "Ostrich," Angel

You're playing "Ostrich," too—when you fail to guard against underarm odor.

You CERTAINLY know your negligees, Honey—as that smooth little ostrich number reveals.

The trouble is you're imitating that bird in more ways than one. Why act like an ostrich and close your eyes to underarm odor? Others will notice—even if you don't.

Your bath washes away past perspiration—leaves you fresh as a primrose. But for protection against future underarm odor, smart girls go for Mum.

Snowy-white Mum smooths on in 30 seconds. Keeps you safe all day or evening. Keeps you nice to be near. And who doesn't admire that charm in a girl?

Gentle Mum is safe and quick to use, even after dressing. Harmless to skin and fabrics. Won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Get Mum today.

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

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

WHAT'S NEW
from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

George, confronting Gracie's new hat, speaks his mind on NBC's Coffee Time.

AT LAST, radio is getting really sensible. It's letting the young folks tend to themselves. We're thinking of ABC's fairly new show, Teen Town, a program for young people entirely produced by teen-agers. And there's no soap about that, either. Mary Hartline who leads the twenty-piece orchestra is eighteen. The two regular vocalists, Joanell and Tom Frankini, are seventeen and eighteen respectively. Fashion and etiquette counsellor, Rosemarie Garbell, is fifteen. And the writer of the program is fifteen year old Bob Summerfield.

The kids do fine, too, and their freshness of approach has a thing or two to teach their more adult and perhaps slightly cynical confreres.

Here's a note for the National Safety League. Billy Leach, vocalist with the Guy Lombardo outfit, has been sporting a cast on his arm the past couple of weeks. Billy returned to his singing chores after a long stretch in the Navy. He went through four invasions in Europe and the South Pacific without a scratch. Then on his way, a rehearsal one morning, he got in a bit too much of a hurry, slid halfway to the door on a rug—and—wham! he broke his arm.

It's a question who got the most education out of a tour taken recently by a group of Egyptian students through Radio City in New York—the students or their pretty guidette. The students were sufficiently impressed with what they saw, especially the Television studios, in which they were given a chance to perform for one another. But their comments were equally educational for the guidette, who got from their scattered remarks a more intimate and correct picture of Egypt than she had from many other sources. She learned, for instance, that a pair of nylons sells for $40 in Cairo and cosmetics reach prices around $60 for an item and that, therefore, the Egyptian students' first impressions of America were that this is indeed a land of the greatest possible wealth, for who but the very wealthy could afford to go about as well dressed and prettily made-up as the average American girl?

We hear that Frank Sinatra has a secret ambition, which he's doing his best to realize. He's trying to sell somebody the idea of making a movie based on the life of Tom Paine—and letting our boy play the part of the famous Revolutionary writer and spokesman for the rights of the common man. You know, we're kind of for that. Considering the way Frank Sinatra has pitched in on so many of the injustices and issues of the day, we think maybe he has a right to ask for a part like this. At least, he's not conforming to the old ham ambition of the traditional clown who wants to play "Hamlet."

People do get ideas from radio and put them to good use. The kids at a school in Owingsville, Kentucky, needed an idea for a money making concession at a charity fair they were running. One bright youngster, a fan of the Lum 'n' Abner show, talked them into setting up a booth called "The Jot 'Em Down Store and Library," in the school. The store sells books, clothes, canned goods, jewelry, soap and antique dishes. The sales kids all wear costumes based on their ideas of what the characters in the show look like. And the take for the first day the store was open was $45—not bad for kids in a school.

The theater bug has hit Johnnie Gibson, who plays that wonderful character of the bartender in Crime Photographer. But Johnnie isn't waiting for Broadway producers to come pounding on his door. He's going to have a theater all his own and have his own fun in it. He's building it himself, from his own plans, in the basement of his home out at Great Neck, Long Island. Hope he'll invite us to the opening. And—maybe—we might be asked to make a "personal" appearance?

Kate Smith had a sad little domestic situation in the animal department a while back. Some of her listener fans sent her a lovely Persian kitten as a gift. The little big-shot and main attention-getter in the Smith menage for some time, now, has been Freckles, Kate's cocker spaniel. Kate tried to reconcile her two pets, but Freckles' normally sad-eyed look grew sadder.
"Did I dare to tell her?"

As Spencer said "Good night" I could tell from the troubled look in Marian’s eyes that he was walking out of her life as so many other attractive men had done. And I knew it was for the same reason! As one of her older friends, dared I tell her what this intimate reason was? Or should I stand mutely by seeing her make the same mistake that so many women make over and over again?

For a long time I hesitated then I broke it to her as tactfully as I could. She flushed scarlet.

"Why, Ann, it's unthinkable! I'm so fastidious! It can’t be true. It can’t!"

"But, Marian," I protested, "surely I would not put myself in this humiliate-
and sad—but his appetite grew smaller and smaller. Kates was forced to give the kitten to a neighbor, to ease her own as well as the spaniel's heart. Guess seniority works in lots of places.

"Jack Armstrong" and "Billie Fairfield," these days have a certain air of reality and truth about them when they travel to strange parts of the world on the Jack Armstrong show.

Charles Flynn recently resumed his role as Jack after spending 18 months in the Navy. Among a number of places, he was stationed at Tacloban, Leyte, and John Gannon, the original "Billie" of the series, was in the Army since March 1943. As a staff sergeant, he was stationed in Egypt, Persia, Greece, Italy and Sicily, all the same countries he had already visited on the air-waves, before he enlisted.

We like the way James Melton keeps in trim at rehearsals. He never uses a microphone in any portion of the pre-broadcast period. Even during the studio warm-up, Melton addresses the studio audience, waiting for the "on the air" signal, without benefit of mike. "After all," Jimmy says, "there are no microphones at the Metropolitan." He has a point there...

You've heard of "Oscars." Well, in radio paralel an "Oscar" is a very different thing from the bronze figure awarded to outstanding movie actors every year. We only found out recently what a radio "Oscar" is, incidentally.

We attended a broadcast of one of Ann Sothern's shows while she was in New York and were surprised to hear her asking for her "Oscar" and even more surprised to find out that one had to be specially constructed for her. In radio talk, an "Oscar" is a 4 foot high circular railing to which actors and actresses can cling while they're talking into the microphone. Performers like Ann, who simply must have their "Oscar," insist that it steadies them and reduces nervousness and mike-fright.

Pity the poor sound effects man every time you hear things like bodies falling and faces being slapped. Chances usually are that the falling body is exactly that—the falling body of the sound effects man landing with a thud. Harry Essman, one of the sound effects staff at CBS, was beeping the other day after a This Is My Best broadcast. The script that day called for several sound slaps in the face to be heard. Essman slapped his own face, naturally, and as the custom in radio goes. He slapped his right cheek so many times during rehearsal that he had to go to work on the left one during the broadcast—which made both sides of his face pretty sore.

Odd Facts Department... Did you know that until about fifty years ago the traditional way to present opera was with the house lights full on? When Toscanini conducted the world premiere of "La Boheme" in Italy half a century ago, he insisted that the house lights be turned off—thus starting the present and universal custom.

Fluffing—business of sputtering over words, or misunderstanding them, or breaking up the show—is a constant fear for most radio performers. Sometimes, it's just funny. Sometimes, it can ruin a swell program. Parks Johnson and Warren Hull have thought up a fine way to cut fluffs down to a minimum on the Vox Pop program. It costs them money every time they fluff. The fluff fund goes to the Red Cross.

New writers are always complaining about the lack of opportunity for their work in radio—and to some extent with justice. It's rather difficult to place your work, if you're not known and if you don't happen to be near some major network, or one of its bigger outlets. Another gripe young writers have is that frequently, although their work is accepted and performed, the pay is very small compared with the money dished out to the better-established writers.

Well, a couple of places are opening up. There's the Columbia Workshop, which is always on the lookout for new talent—and gives scripts by unknowns superb productions. The pay isn't so high for acceptances—but it does serve as a swell showcase. Then, there's Mutual's Carrington Playhouse, a real opportunity. Mutual, because the set-up can't stand a deluge of scripts at the moment, has a system. New writers wishing to submit material for consideration for the program should write for entry blanks to Carrington Playhouse, Post Office Box 140, N.Y. 18, N.Y. Two hundred dollars will be paid for each script accepted with a special award of $500 going to the writer of the best script produced in each 18-week period that the show is on the air. The show is personally handled by Elaine Carrington.

Our grapevine tells us that Paul Lavalle's latest discovery will soon make her New York debut under the guidance of the maestro. She's eighteen year old Delores Claman, a Canadian pianist-composer living in New York on a scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music. Lavalle heard a performance of Miss Claman's two-piano concerto and promptly took the girl under his wing. This is something we've always found interesting about good musicians. Like Lavalle, most of the best people in music always seem to feel that new talent has to be handFed long.

GOSSIP FROM HITHER AND YON...

Arthur Godfrey, has let it be know out as M. C. in the Broadway revue "Three To Make Ready"... Now James Melton's turned author. Everybody wants to get in on the writing racket! Jimmy's working on a history of the automobile, from its earliest stages to the modern streamlined models... "The Satisfiers," Helen Carroll, Ted Hansen, Art Lambert and Bob Lang, quartetons on the Supper Club Show, have been signed by RCA Victor to make records... The Lone Ranger is entering real adolescence. It's now in its fourteenth year on the air... The McClure Newspaper Syndicate is now distributing a cartoon strip based on the radio show Archie Andrews. Drawings done by artist Bob Montana. The story of Bill Stern's life may be made into a movie. Cute angle is that when Bill, approached by a major film company with the idea, said, "Okay—and how's about I play myself?", he was nixed for the role, because he wasn't the type!... Kenny Delmar had to turn down two picture offers because of his radio commitments. A contract's a contract, it would seem... Universal Pictures is working out plans to make a series of shorts based on Ed Wynn's hilarious parodies on opera... Which seems a happy note to say so-long and pleasant listening on...
For lovely You... new Improved
POSTWAR* ARRID

No other Deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! 1

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

The New Look for Summer
The superb wide skirt... for graceful dancing! The wide midriff waistband... to make your waist divinely slim! The camisole blouse of white eyelet embroidery, to make you look so beguiling! And Arrid, to keep you looking that way. Use Arrid daily... No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

Only safe, gentle Arrid gives you this thorough protection
1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! 1
2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!
39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid:
Grace Moore • Beatrice Lillie • Carol Bruce
Jane Froman • Diana Barrymore • Jessica Dragonette

Three Important Fashion Notes! The bare-shoulder look of the new drawstring neckline. The perky look of the new puffed sleeves. The immaculate look of clothes protected by daily use of the new, improved Arrid. Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

ARRID... nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants
FROM out of the Northwest, home of legendary characters, comes the story of a modern-day Paul Bunyan, whose accomplishments are performed by wit and the power of words.

When the Army wanted two pianos to send to its men stationed at remote Alaskan bases, this Miracle Man of Radio told the story just once—and the Army had to send in extra C-54's to haul away a total of nineteen good pianos.

When he decided fireworks were a menace to life and limb, this magician of the microphone conducted a personal lobby that overcame resistance of fireworks manufacturers, and as a result the Minnesota legislature banned firecrackers from the state.

Such happenings are minor events in the crowded life of Cedric Adams, genial, smiling, self-labeled "Rotund Reporter" of Columbia Broadcasting System's WCCO in Minneapolis-St. Paul.

Cedric, and no one calls him anything else, is a character a fiction writer might have created. Lovable, admittedly lazy, he gets more accomplished with less apparent effort than half-a-dozen high-pressure types could do on the same job.

At forty-two Cedric has the grin of a small boy, the enthusiasm of a teen-age youngster, and the insatiable curiosity that is supposed to be, but often isn't, the characteristic of a top-flight reporter. And in everything he does, whether it's his radio newscasting, his work as master-of-ceremonies on several programs, or his newspaper column in the Minneapolis Star-Journal, there is something typically unique that can only be described as "Adamsesque."

Probably none of his classmates during the nine years he attended Minnesota University (without obtaining a degree) would have voted him a likely $60,000-a-year-man, which is an understatement of his earnings. They would have said, "Cedric is a heck of a swell guy," or "Cedric might be a joke-writer for Captain Billy's Whiz Bang," which he was. But anyway, Cedric achieved easy-going popularity and has maintained such a friendly, homey outlook that even residents of his native Adrian, Minnesota—thousandish and apt to be critical of "putting on airs"—are proud to claim him as their own.

This friendly, down-to-earth quality, plus a deep-seated, sincere interest in humanity, is probably as much responsible as anything else for the fact that Cedric's 12:30 newscast has the highest Hooper Rating of any newscast in the Twin Cities; for that matter, the highest Hooper of any daytime show, network or locally produced. And in a recent statewide poll, he topped all other radio personalities, including network stars.

The Adams influence seems to be absolutely irresistible, whether exerted personally, via radio, or on the printed page. Once he presented a story about an elderly couple who had been en-route to pay their taxes, and had lost the sum they saved—$37. He suggested that friendly folk of the Northwest help out with a "Parade of Pennies." No sooner had Cedric made the suggestion than 57,000 pennies arrived by mail.

This year, Cedric will use his Parade of Pennies to finance his annual Orphans and Underprivileged Children's Picnic. Seven thousand underprivileged children will be taken by train to Excelsior Park, eighteen miles from Minneapolis, where they will get free rides, free drinks, a steamboat ride, and a general good time. For many, it will be the first train and boat ride.

The Adams style of living is just as unique as his radio presentations. Cedric sleeps four hours a night, but admits he "naps" repeatedly during the day, and goes around half-asleep all the time, so he gets plenty of rest.

Listeners want to know his personal habits. They write numberless fan letters, wanting to know about his charming wife; his three boys, David, twelve; Cedric, Jr., nine; and Stephen, eight; about the costume parties when members of the radio crowd invade his house to cut each other with outlandish garb; and about the thirty-foot speedboat on Lake Minnetonka where he spends three weeks each summer. At the Lake, Cedric's three boys run an ice cube business each season, showing their dad's enterprise by delivering ice cubes by rowboat and outboard motor. Cedric says they make almost as much money with their business as "the old man" does.
"Entrancing!"

says Mrs. George Murphy

"No wonder the smartest lips in Hollywood are cheering for TANGEE RED-RED!"

Tangee Red-Red is not only a favorite in hard-to-please Hollywood—it's the world's most popular lipstick shade. This rich, rare red is both exciting and inviting—both alluring and enduring... because Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish means lips not too dry, not too moist... lipstick that stays on for many extra hours.

**AT LAST...**

**A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!**

The perfect cake make-up is here! Some cake make-ups pleased you in one way...some in another... but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in every way! It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect your skin—and does not make you look as if you were wearing a mask.

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be
No matter whether your hair's soft and baby-fine or heavy and sleek ... DeLong Bob Pins will be your tried and true friend. Trust them to keep every shining strand neat and note-worthy.

These wonderful Bob Pins with the Stronger Grip cope with the most stubborn hair because they’re made of better quality steel that keeps its gripping ways longer.

**Stronger Grip**

*Won’t Slip Out*

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

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

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**FACING the MUSIC**

**By KEN ALDEN**

GINNY SIMMS, her radio show and the stork, are in a three way race. Ginny expects her heir or heiress in July. This would work out splendidly because the singer's CBS program will be off for a summer vacation by that time, and Ginny would not have program worries. But the stork isn’t obligated to any sponsor. Incidentally, Ginny’s sponsor has another expected blessed event. Elsie the Cow is due to have another calf. That’s good moos too.

The Ozzie Nelson-Harriet Hilliard comedy show has clicked so handsomely that all plans of Ozzie and his attractive wife to resume their bandstand work have been permanently shelved.

The exciting arrangements heard on the new Johnny Desmond show are those of orchestra leader Jerry Gray, ex-GI. Before he was in the Army, Jerry did most of Artie Shaw’s arranging. Jerry is a retiring chap, frightened of newspaper interviewers.

Take a note: They’ll deny it but all is not sweetness and light between Perry Como and Jo Stafford.... Most courageous musician in the business is ex-GI Herbie Fields who joined up with Lionel Hampton’s orchestra. He is the only white musician playing in a Negro band.... Marion Hutton is expecting her second child.... Singer Bob Eberle will be a father by the time you read this.... Georgie Auld has disbanded his orchestra because of illness.... Despite its discouragingly low rating, Woody Herman’s radio sponsor is keeping the show on the air.... For the first time in years Kate Smith didn’t rank among the leaders in the annual popularity polls.

George Hall is trying to make a comeback as a bandleader after several years of sitting on the sidelines managing singer Dolly Dawn.

Don’t give the horse laugh to this story because it’s true. Jean Tennyson, singing star of Great Moments in Music, likes relaxing in those ancient horse-buggies that lounge outside the venerable Hotel Plaza. On her last cruise through Central Park she noticed that the nag pulling the vehicle looked as if he needed someone to pull him. Jean investigated and acted. Today the horse is grazing on Jean’s Connecticut farm, and a younger horse is on the hack line.

Dinah Shore called off her eastern trip because husband George Montgomery couldn’t accompany her. The latter is busy making a movie at 20th Century Fox.
Eddie Cantor and his pianist accompanist, Bea Walker, have turned songwriters. Their two hit tunes are "Gotta Learn How to Love You" and "Who Told You That Lie?" Cantor's recent investment in a Broadway musical comedy, "Nellie Bly" cost him $275,000.

Sammy Kaye's excellent theater feature "So You Want To Lead a Band" is now an ABC radio program, but it needs television to get across. Be patient.

HORN OF PLENTY

When Ginger Rogers won first prize in a Charleston contest down in Texas, the spirited kid trumpeter down in the orchestra pit, giving out with those extra special hot licks, was Leonard Sues.

When Judy Garland was the better half of a new nightclub act called The Gumm Sisters, breaking in at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, the young man with the horn, setting the fast-paced accompaniment, was Leonard Sues.

When Deanna Durbin chirped her teen-age larynx in one of her early talkies, the kid symphony conductor that backed her up on the sound track was Leonard Sues.

And when a gaunt young Broadway actor, disconsolate from one flop after another, finally achieved recognition after a movie scout saw him in "Sons and Soldiers" the first to wish Gregory Peck good luck was his eager dressing-roommate, Leonard Sues.

With all this star dust falling so closely around him, it was only a question of time until the boyish Texan-born trumpeter would reap his own personal rainbow.

"Not that I wasn't doing all right up to this time," Leonard told me between forkfuls of spaghetti in an Italian restaurant, "but it was usually as a member of the supporting cast."

The break came when Leonard least expected it, while vacationing in the Catskills, at Grossinger's. The Catskills are affectionately known as Broadway's

---

Look for this new, excitingly different idea in deodorants.
Ask for new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration troubles faster than you can slip on your slip. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Affords other greatly needed blessings too: Will not irritate your skin...or harm fine fabrics...or turn gritty in the jar. And really protects up to 3 days.

Change to new ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-fast...super-modern...excitingly different.

ODO-RO-NO

CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars...39¢

Leonard Sues, latest in the long line of Eddie Cantor discoveries, now leads the comic's orchestra.
GLOVER'S

Bestform Foundations, Inc. • 64 West 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

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 Overnight...

LOVELIER HAIR FOR YOU!

You, too, can look lovelier, more glamorous, with one overnight application of Glover's for natural color-tones, sparkling highlights, the soft beauty of hair well-groomed. Try all three of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mango Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in the complete 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today!

FREE TRIAL SIZE
—Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with useful booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 555, New York 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application In three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, In plain wrapper by return mail. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

borought belt and Grossinger's is the outstanding resort for "best celebrities."

"They have informal entertainment, and with little urging I got up and played," recalled Sues.

A pop-eyed, familiar-looking little man way down front led the cheering squad after Leonard finished his performance. It was Eddie Cantor. Cantor, an impulsive, but nonetheless shrewd showman, cornered the trumpeter.

"You're great," enthused Cantor.

"Ever lead a band?"

"Why, yes," spluttered Sues.

"Want to work for me?"

"Why, yes," again replied Sues, who at that moment was not worrying about bright dialogue.

"Meet me at the Waldorf next Wednesday," concluded Cantor, and as an afterthought, added, "and bring your lawyer, your manager or your mother, whichever one handles your contracts."

Before Sues could say thanks, Cantor was up on the stage singing "Margie" and selling $300,000 worth of War Bonds.

Sues' next meeting didn't last much longer.

"It was no weekend at the Waldorf, but when I left, I was signed as Mr. Cantor's orchestra leader."

When I saw Leonard, he was back in New York with the Cantor radio troupe and had seen spirited service with the great man for almost two years. In his bulging breast pocket was a new five-year contract. The brown-eyed, black-haired, medium-built bandleader had his rosy future cut out for him. And just last month, he celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday.

Leonard was born in El Paso, Texas. His father, a Texas advertising man, never got a chance to help decide his son's career. When most other kids were reading the alphabet, Leonard was shaking his curly head to the tempos of the family phonograph. In a Houston pageant, Leonard made his professional debut.

"As Neptune's son. My diaper was made of sea weed. But I didn't care. I won first prize."

A musician friend watched the
FOR BEAUTY THAT BLOOMS

in your skin...

Spring-clean with Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment ... help rid your skin of dry outer flakes ... dirt that clogs pore openings.

Does your skin look dull and tired—just when you want a brighter "new face" to go with your pretty Spring clothes? Then get busy. Today give yourself an Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack.

Once a week ... this thrilling beauty mask!
Spread White Clay Pack over clean face and neck. Relax while mask dries (8 to 10 minutes). Marvelous, the stimulating effect on tense, drab skin as this beauty mask helps to rid pore openings of wastes. As it helps to flake away dry, faded "top skin".

Instantly, you'll see a fresher new glow to your skin. A brighter tone, coaxed by White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. And you'll feel a satiny-smoothness that means more glamour for your make-up. A glamour you'll help to guard this easy, effective way ...

Daily ... to safeguard your clearer skin
To cleanse, lubricate and soften your skin—to accent the beauty of your weekly White Clay Pack—use Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream. Like this:
Pat on with upward, outward strokes, right from the base of your neck (see diagram). Remove. Then feel the exquisite new softness of your cheek—the smoother texture. For extra dry skin, smooth on a thin film of Homogenized Facial Cream after your weekly White Clay Pack and as a beautifying night cream. Give your skin a "dewy" young look that's lovelier—and loved!

Edna Wallace Hopper
Twin Treatment
for a lovelier, younger look

youngster do his phonograph contortions," talked to Leonard's proud mother.

"The kid has natural rhythm and timing. He should play an instrument. I'll teach him."

After some arduous training, Leonard was good enough to play at Houston's Metropolitan Theater. He was seven.

I was no Jackie Cooper, but they liked me."

Sues, accompanied by his mother, then played the whole Southern Paramount-Publix circuit. By the time he was twelve, he was an accomplished trumpeter and performer.

"I enjoyed it immensely. People used to be begging other trumpeters for their autographs. As for me, they just liked to pat my head."

A born trooper and showman, Leonard put on the precocious act, affecting an innocent, child-like stare and boyish, shy grin. He hasn't lost it and it now serves as a fine butt for Cantor's gag writers.

Sues' barnstorming brought him finally to Hollywood, where the late Ben Bernie predicted he would click. Here he worked with Vincent Lopez, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin and met other ambitious youngsters at Larrow's Professional Children's School.

"I'm still good friends with Judy," stated Leonard, "even though I introduced her to Dave Rose." The latter was once married to Judy.

Leonard appeared in quite a few films, among them "Baby in Arms," "That Certain Age" and "What A Life."

Then he came east and appeared in three Broadway shows, "Johnny 2 by 4," "Beat the Band" and "Sons and Soldiers."

Leonard is a bachelor; lives in a modest Hollywood apartment with his proud youthful-looking mother. His brother, Jack, who used to play drums in the Sues kid act, is now Joan Davis' press agent.

The trumpeter has two major hobbies; playing old, rare records made by the late, great trumpeter, Bix Beiderbecke, Leonard's idol, and going to see revivals of famous movies. He and Judy Garland have both seen "Count
“Answer fairly... are you giving in to Periodic Pain?”

If your answer is “NO”, chances are you know about and use Midol.

If your answer is “YES”, and you haven’t tried Midol, you may be passing up comfort which millions of women now enjoy!

You see, Midol tablets are offered specifically to relieve functional periodic pain. Their action is prompt and sure. They contain no opiates, yet get to work quickly in three ways to bring welcome relief from menstrual pain and discomfort: Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you’re “Blue”.

Let Midol prove that you can enjoy life at the time when menstruation’s functional cramps, headache and “blues” might make you miserable. Get Midol today at any drugstore.

**NEW RECORDS**

(Each month Ken Alden picks the most popular platters)

**DICK HAYMES**: Theme song from “Fallen Angel” just as it spins its juke box way into the hearts of Dana Andrews and Linda Darnell. A Haymes honey. (Decca)

**BING CROSBY**: The Master manfully wrestles with two mediocre tunes, “Day by Day” and “Prove It By The Things You Do” and, as expected, comes out on top. (Decca)

**JOAN ROBERTS**: The new Broadway star makes her disc debut with two melodies from her musical comedy hit “Are You With It?” The songs are “This Is My Beloved” and “Here I Go Again.” (Majestic)

**MAREK WEBER**: Pleasant album of Franz Schubert melodies played for all to enjoy. (Columbia). In the same mood is Capitol’s package of Strauss waltzes played by Sam Freed’s orchestra.

**JOHNNY DESMOND**: The little baritone with the big future comes up with another top-notch disc pairing “In the Moon Mist” and the title song from the new film “Do You Love Me?” (Victor) Another equally fine baritone, Jack Leonard, scores with “Full Moon and Empty Arms” and “Welcome to My Dreams” (Majestic).两首歌曲

**BENNY GOODMAN**: Most satisfying dance tempos of the month are to be found in this coupling of “Give Me the Simple Life” and “I Wish I Could Tell You.” (Columbia)

**DUKE ELLINGTON**: The best dance band in America turns out two originals by the Duke, “The Wonder of You” and “I’m Just a Lucky So-and-So” with the latter having the best chances of steady spinning on the turntables. (Victor)

**EMIL COLEMAN**: Slick rumba hypnotics with “Jealousy” and “Take It Away” played by the film celebrity favorite. (DeLuxe).

Enric Madriguera (Cosmo) has two likeable Latin American liltts in “Maria from Bahia” and “Noche.”

**ARTIE SHAW**: The incomparable Gramercy Five shows the others how it should be done in “Hop, Skip, and Jump” and “Mysterioso.” (Victor)

of Monte Cristo” fifteen times. Now, when he goes to the movies, his cinema partner is movie actress Virginia Weidler.

“Anything serious in that, or are you just movie dates?” I asked.

Leonard rolled his eyes, brought forth a youthful grin and said, “If one of Mr. Cantor’s writers were here, I’d have a nifty answer.”

**NO DULL DRAB HAIR**

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give your hair glamour and beauty:

2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or blend. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At drugstores which sell toiletry goods.

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

**EXTRA MONEY GIFT CARD**

Exclusive Greeting Card Arrangements

FREE SAMPLE PREPARED STATIONERY

**SHOW FRIENDS EXCLUSIVE GREETING CARD ARRANGEMENTS**

**DRESS for YOU FOR ORDERING 3!**

Thrilling New Plan! Your choice of gorgeous new dresses or suits, in your favorite style, size and color, given to you for sending orders for only three dresses for your friends, neighbors, or members of your family. That’s all. But you can pay everything supplied without cost.

Experience Unnecessary

Spare Time Will Do!

Famous Harford Frocks will send you their big, new Style Line showing scores of latest fashions, with actual fashions, addressed always to children’s styles, just as the catalog is made up to save costs. Also included are the latest fashions for men and boys, fine suits and ties and ready-made suits, where you can get your complete wardrobe easily, quickly and without cost, and also save good money for spare time work if you wish.

**Be First in Your Town!**

Write Today for big Style Presentation. Due to today’s conditions we must not be able to send it at once... but rush your name and address to be placed on our list and be among the first to receive the new Style Line when available. Write now.

**HARFORD FROCKS**

Dept. D-901, Cincinnati 25, Ohio
COVER GIRL

In a quiet, picture-less, immaculate apartment that looks like the nest of a peaceful girl, Jane Pickens conceals a beehive of hard-working people. There is Hannah, her colored housemaid and cook; Miss Murphy, her secretary; and Laura, her personal maid. Although the apartment seems small when you first walk in, actually it contains Jane's bedroom and dressing room; a living-room, a music and dining-room; an office full of files where Miss Murphy works on Jane's fan-mail, business contracts, stocks and bonds, and incoming and outgoing money; and a storeroom, stacked solid with music. What's more, this Pickens Factory has been in the same place for thirteen years now.

Jane wakes up whenever (often it's noon), and rings for her breakfast, which Hannah brings on a tray. Once she's eaten it, she gets up to a day of back-breaking work.

First come her exercises, which she does on the livingroom floor in her pajamas—advised by the French doctor who attended General de Gaulle all during the war, whom she met (naturally) at a dinner party. After the exercises, she puts on one of her dozens of pastel-tinted negligees—her work costume—and goes to the piano in the music room. She remains there from four to six hours every day. For Jane plans all her own programs, makes the arrangements for her own songs, and accompanies herself on the piano. This means hours of dogged piano practice; further hours of piano lessons to perfect her tone; then more hours of rehearsing her singing with her playing—and finally, she concentrates on "selling" her lyrics, with the accompanying gestures, facial expressions, and voice inflections. Sometimes one song she sings to an audience in this and a half minutes has had one hundred hours of hard work behind it.

Jane herself designs about half of her own formal clothes, saves all of them—and some of her most startlingly lovely costumes are new ones pieced out of old ones.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

BORDERLINE ANEMIA

A ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—can cause:

- Tiredness
- Listlessness
- Pallor

Energy-Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Ironized Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, irregular. Blood like this can't generate the energy you need to feel and look your best.

Medical science warns that pale people—people who lack energy—may be victims of a blood deficiency

The picture seems to appear out of focus—out of the dumps—who look pale and unattractive. Yes, and very often their listless, letdown condition results from a ferro-nutritional blood deficiency. Medical studies have indicated that thousands of men—as many as 68% of women—have this deficiency... have a Borderline Anemia!

It's your blood that releases energy to every organ, muscle, fibre. A deficiency in your blood—in which the red cells are too small or not rich and red enough—can sap your stamina and pep. Borderline Anemia means a lower efficiency of the red cells so essential to looking and feeling fit. Borderline Anemia can cause lack of color and reduced energy.

Build up your vigor by building up your blood

Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may, of course, be brought about by other conditions, so you should consult your physician regularly. But when you have a Borderline Anemia, when you envy others their vitality and glowing good looks, take Ironized Yeast. When all you need is stronger, healthier red blood cells—Ironized Yeast will help you build up your blood and your energy. Ask your druggist for genuine Ironized Yeast Tablets.

Improved, Concentrated Formula
Ironized Yeast TABLETS

By ELEANOR HARRIS
HERE COMES THE SUN!

Sun-time is becoming to Mary Ann Stewart, of
True Detective Mysteries, heard each Sunday afternoon on MBS.

This summer for you can top all others. It can be your summer—the loveliest one you've ever had if you start planning now. For the success of your summer depends a lot on you, how well you look and feel and how much you have to offer toward the fun that summer promises.

Remembering that competition really returned to our feminine lives when Johnny came marching home, you'll have to be a little more attractive, a little more charming, more fun than the next girl if you don't want to get lost in the shuffle.

A good starting point is your figure. Even though it may be one of the best, do some of the exercises every girl knows to limber and liven you. Eat, with beauty constantly in mind, all the fruits and salads that act like spring tonics. Get more sleep. For complete re-do, sign up for a beauty course by mail. One costs no more than two inexpensive dresses but does more for your morale, your appeal and good looks than all the clothes in the world.

You learn how to lose weight all over or in spots, how to work and walk and move with grace, how to restyle your hair for greater glamor, what clothes you should wear, and how to be an artist with make-up. You emerge from the course lovelier than you ever dreamed.

Feet and legs certainly come into the summer beauty picture, though keeping them groomed should be a year round affair. Quickest way to get feet in trim for their beach debut is a professional pedicure followed by regular grooming at home. Apply cuticle remover and while you read or write a letter, dunk your feet up and down in a warm sudsy foot bath. After ten or fifteen minutes, work on the cuticle, callouses and dead skin with remover, orange stick and a ten-cent piece of pumice stone. With polish carefully applied, a good massage with cold cream or hand lotion should make your feet look fit for stockingedless days and streamlined summer shoes.

And here's a tip for easy application of nail polish. Twist two double sheets of cleansing tissue into a thin roll. By weaving it over and under, your toes will be conveniently separated and polish won't smudge off on neighboring digits. Also when you have nice sunny days now, start sun-tanning your legs and feet. The sun won't seem strong, but by the time you really want to go without stockings or leg lotion, legs will be past the anemic stage so disconcerting on city streets.

Between now and summer, you have a lot to do, beauty-wise. You'll probably need a new permanent, but get a good one. Make sure it's one that will leave your hair soft and lustrous. And first get your hair into tip-top condition by lots of brushing and massage. Summer isn't kind to your hair.

You'll need evening make-up, foundation, lipstick and powder that do right by you and your summer tan under artificial lights. Except for possibly waterproof mascara and a bright red lipstick, skip make-up when you go in for active outdoor sports.
"It's a Boy!"
—and his life expectancy is brighter, and longer by 15 years—thanks to medicine’s “men in white”

Cold figures... with a warm, wonderful significance. This table based on figures from several leading insurance companies tells in seven lines as much as a five-foot shelf of volumes on the amazing strides modern medical science has made in protecting and prolonging life.

**Average Life Expectancy in U.S.—1900-1943**

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<th>Year</th>
<th>Men</th>
<th>Women</th>
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According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**More Doctors Smoke Camels Than Any Other Cigarette!**

That’s the significant showing made when three leading, independent research organizations put this question to 113,597 physicians in the United States: “What cigarette do you smoke?”

Figures were checked and re-checked!

And more doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Doctors, like all of us, smoke for pleasure. Camel’s rich, full flavor appeals to their taste... Camel’s cool mildness registers with their throats... just as with smokers the world over!

**Camels Costlier Tobaccos**

The “T-Zone”—
T for Taste and
T for Throat

The best proving ground for a cigarette is your own taste and throat. Your taste is the place to “test” the flavor of Camel’s costlier tobaccos. Your throat will tell you most conclusively how Camel’s cool mildness agrees with it.
It's dark...it's exciting...it's the new Cutex color for intrigue. Put it on your long, temptress nails...wear it—then let men beware! • And when in lighter mood try the new Cutex Proud Pink.
AFTER one of my broadcasts not long ago, someone asked me, 
"Do you really like children?"

The answer was, "Yes."

"Then why do you tell them stories like that?" my questioner went on. "Why tell mystery stories? I thought the modern idea was to get away from horror stories for kids."

The man was right. Modern educators do feel that some of the stories on which most of us were brought up can have a harmful effect on young imaginations. But what my critic was wrong about was this—we don't tell stories about witches and ghosts and mysterious, supernatural beings on the House of Mystery. We tell stories in which people imagine horrible, unnatural, superstitious things and then we show with facts and knowledge and understanding how such things never existed, at all, except by virtue of ignorance. We prove, over and over again, that there are really no mysterious, supernatural beings or occurrences. There are only unknown factors, which, once they are known and understood, destroy all the foundations of fear.

That's what we're trying to do in our small way—destroy fear. Children are very precious. They are our future. They are the ones we must prepare to carry on the work we have barely begun, the work of making a decent and good world in which all men can live together in peace. And fear, of which there is so much in the world, is not a good preparation for the future.

There are all kinds of fears. We have to understand that. There are good fears and bad ones. Good fears, let us say, are the fears that protect people from actual dangers. They are so common and so necessary that they're not even known as fears. They're known as common sense, caution, thrift, forethought. Bad fears—which are bad because they usually interfere with a person's normal operation in the daily business of living—are fears based on superstition and ignorance and, all too often, on improper handling when they first appear in children.

I'm sure that all the parents in the world want their children to grow up healthy and brave and fearless. Parents love their children and want for them a full, rich, happy life. Freedom from fear is one of the chief requirements for (Continued on page 61)
They were strangers, Stanley and Terry. Or at least it seemed so; they had just met. But some people are never really strangers.
CAPTAIN Stanley Burton closed the door of his ex-wife's apartment behind him—closed it quietly, and firmly, with a sort of finality, so that watching him, you could easily have believed that he was closing a door on a chapter in his life as well.

"And that's that," he told himself calmly, as he walked, straight and swift, down the corridor. "That's that."

Somehow, he felt less surprised that the only hope of happiness he had clung to for the past three years had gone up in smoke in a few moment's time than at his own complete indirection to the fact.

A minute later, sitting tensely against the back seat of a taxi bound for his hotel, he wondered what on earth was the matter with him. All over Europe—in foxholes, lying awake on a hospital cot, during the long trip home from England—he had planned and hoped for this reconciliation with Marion. Now all those plans were wiped out, all hope was gone—hope of a home of his own, where he could see his son every day, as a father wants to, gone. And he didn't care.

Perhaps, he thought, as he got out of the cab and walked through the doors of the hotel, perhaps I'll feel it after a while. Perhaps, in a little bit, I'll begin to care. Perhaps it's just such a shock that I can't feel anything, now. But he knew that wasn't true. He knew that in his heart he was pleased that the old life was done with, once and for all.

He knew in his heart that he hadn't really wanted Marion back, even for Brad's sake.

A girl was speaking to the clerk when he went to the desk to get his key. He wished impatiently that she would get her business finished with so he could go up to the peace and privacy of his room. Unconsciously he listened to the conversation.

"But are you sure you can't give me a room?" she was pleading. "I don't care how small it is; but I do need a place for tonight—just till I can find something else."

The voice was familiar and Stanley turned quickly to look at her. Why, of course. It was the girl who had given up her room to him this morning. There had been some foolish mix-up and they had been assigned to the same one. Stanley had been tired and dreading the impending interview with Marion, so he had made only the most conventional protest when the girl, after learning that his was the prior claim, had insisted on leaving. But she had assured him that she had plenty of friends with whom she could stay!

Stanley touched the girl's arm to attract her attention. Her worried look changed to a wan half-smile of recognition as she turned round. "Hello," she said quietly.

"What about all those friends you had to stay with?" he reproached her gently.

"I—I—Really I'll be all right, Captain."

She picked up her suitcase and tried to leave, but he blocked her way and took the bag from her.

"I'm certainly not going to let you tramp the streets of New York looking for a place. You can have the room back and I'll go to my camp."

"You're very kind, Captain, but I can't allow—"

"Oh, but you can—and you will." He grinned at her confidently, and waited.

"There are lots of places I haven't been to yet," she told him, but there was a ring of weariness in her voice.

Stan shook his head. "Now you listen to me," he said, pleasantly but firmly. "The Army has got me used to giving orders, not taking them, and I can't get out of the habit, I want you to have that room, and you're going to have it."

Her chin went up. "I won't—" she started to say, but full of new inspiration, Stan had already turned to the hovering clerk. "Just put a cot in Captain Mason's room," he told him, "and the whole thing will be settled."

The girl capitulated with a smile that lighted her whole face. "You're very kind," she said again.

"And you're very welcome." With a friendly little nod, Stan turned and made for the elevators.

Nice, he thought absently, and then remembered a little ruefully how nice Marion had once been, too—back in the days before her love for him had given way to her all-consuming passion for the Burton bank account.

Or did she really ever love me? he wondered. Did her feelings ever go beyond that school-kid crush of ours?

The trouble with them—with himself and Marion—was that they had married too young. Or, he added in a flash of discerning honesty, that they had ever married at all, that he hadn't had perception enough to see what might—and did—come of marrying a girl like Marion.

It hadn't been entirely their fault, either his or Marion's, though. They'd grown up side by side in the small city of Dickinsontown, the son of the department store president and the daughter of the bank president. Nothing in the world could have been more suitable, more proper. While they were still riding scooters, heads had nodded wisely and gossiping tongues prophesied, "That'll be a match, some day!"

When Marion was fourteen and he fifteen, Stan had taken her to their

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON

This daytime serial, the story of Stan and Terry Burton, and the influence on their lives of the first Mrs. Burton, is written by John Young, broadcast Monday through Friday at 2 P.M., EST, on Columbia Radio. Terry played by Claire Niesen; Marion, Joan Alexander; Stanley, Gary Merrill.
CAPTAIN Stanley Burton closed the door of his ex-wife's apartment in a behind him—deed it quietly, and firmly, with a sort of finality, so that watching him, you could easily have believed that he was closing a door on a chapter in his life as well.

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Stanley touched the girl's arm to attract her attention. Her worried look changed to a wan half-smile of recognition as she turned round. "Hello," she said quietly.

"What about all those friends you had to stay with?" he reproached her gently.

"I—I—Really I'll be all right, Captain."

She picked up her suitcase and tried to leave, but he blocked her way and took the bag from her.

"I'm certainly not going to let you tramp the streets of New York looking for a place. You can have the room back and I'll go to my camp."

"You're very kind, Captain, but I can't allow—"

"Oh, but you can—and you will." He grinned at her confidently, and waited.

"There are lots of places I haven't been to yet," she told him, but there was a ring of weariness in her voice.

Stan shook his head. "Now you listen to me," he said, pleasantly but firmly, "The Army has got me used to giving orders, not taking them, and I can't get out of the habit. I want you to have that room, and you're going to have it."

Her chin went up. "I won't—" she started to say, but full of new inspiration, Stan had already turned to the hovering clerk. "Just put a cot in Captain Mason's room," he told him, "and the whole thing will be settled."

The girl capitulated with a smile that lighted her whole face. "You're very kind," she said again.

"And you're very welcome." With a friendly little nod, Stan turned and made for the elevators.

Nice, he thought absently, and then remembered a little ruefully how nice Marion had once been, too—back in the days before her love for him had given way to her all-consuming passion for the Burton bank account.

Or did she really ever love me? he wondered. Did her feelings ever go beyond that school-kid crush of ours? The trouble with them—with himself and Marion—was that they had married too young. Oh, he added in a flash of discerning honesty, that they had ever married at all, that he hadn't had perception enough to see what might—and did—come of marrying a girl like Marion.

It hadn't been entirely their fault, either his or Marion's, though. They'd grown up side by side in the small city of Dickinsontown, the son of the department store president and the daughter of the bank president. Nothing in the world could have been more suitable, more proper. While they were still riding scooters, heads had nodded wisely and gossiping tongues prophesied, "That'll be a match, some day!"

When Marion was fourteen and he fifteen, Stan had taken her to their
first dance—a simple high school affair. And there the tongues had been at it again. Even their mothers had murmured in sentimental unison, “What a lovely couple they make!” and smiled at each other knowingly. Already they could see the day and hour when Marion would walk down the aisle on the bank president’s arm, to be given in marriage to the store president’s son— for Stan.

Mostly for worse, Stan thought wryly. But they couldn’t have known that, in the days when Stan carried Marion’s books home from the library, paid for her ice cream sodas, and fought every boy who dared make fun of his devotion to her. And got, as a reward, a quick, blinding smile, an adoring flash of black eyes, or a “thank you” that was almost a caress.

This girl next door, now, Stanley mused, as he let himself into Jack Mason’s room. I’ll bet she’s the kind who carried her own books. Maybe even paid for her own sodas. And I’ll bet the boys she’s courting are her friends, not just so many prospective dates.

Then he laughed at himself for imagining that he could know anything at all about a girl he’d just met, a girl he’d barely talked to. Nevertheless, the same impression of simplicity, of good fellowship, came to him again later that evening, when he met her again, going up in the elevator.

“I hope that cot you’re going to sleep on won’t make you regret your chivalry,” she told him, smiling.

SOMEHOW terribly pleased that she had spoken to him, he shook his head. A cot will be sheer, unadulterated luxury compared to some of the beds I’ve slept on these last few years. Soldiers should be broken in to civilization again by easy stages. Too much sudden comfort could be a terrible shock,” he assured her gravely.

He liked the way she smiled up at him, straightforwardly, without any coy —behe and wanted to smile, not because she was a woman and he was a man. And he liked the way her smile turned to laughter—a bubbly, entrancing little chuckle—when she answered, “I know you’re only trying to make me feel better about it—but you’re a complete success.

“Right now,” he said, “I’m about to go in the elevator now, walking down the corridor. And suddenly Stan hated the thought of going into his room, alone—of closing the door and cutting himself off from this girl. He felt about in his mind for something more to say, to keep her there, and found, “Why did you say yourself loads of friends you could stay with?”

She shrugged her small, neat shoulders. “I did think I could find someone who’d put me up,” she evaded. She turned toward the door of her room, but Stan’s voice reached out desperately to stop her again. ‘Why must you always be trying off to nowhere?” he teased. “And don’t tell me you’re meeting friends—I know better, now!”

Her chin came up again, in the independent way he’d noticed it before, down in the lobby. And he thought, before she turned her eyes away, that he saw hurt in them.

There was a moment’s pause that seemed to go on forever. “I’m sorry,” Stanley told her sincerely. “I had no right to say that. I really didn’t mean to be rude. Forgive me?”

Her smile—her very nice smile—was back again. “Of course.”

“You see,” he went on, “I’m alone here— and New York can be a pretty dreary place for a lonely person.”

“I think it’s a wonderful place,” she told him—and it sounded to Stanley as if those were words she’d said over to herself, many times, to make them convincing.

He knew, then, what he wanted to do—what he had wanted, subconsciously, ever since he had met her. “It could be,” he assured her, “for two people having fun together. Two people with something in common. Us, for instance.”

“Us?”

He hurried on. “Yes, us. We have a lot in common. The same hotel, even, for a little while, the same room. The same dismal lack of friends here. Suppose—suppose we have dinner, and talk it over.”

She hesitated, and he could almost see the thoughts flashing through her mind, see her thinking up excuses and discarding them because she was an honest person—and she did want to go with him, he could tell.

REALLY, it’s all right,” he urged. “If you don’t come, we’ll go our separate ways and indulge in separate evenings of self-pity. That is a dreadful prospect, now isn’t it? Come on—please!”

The nice little bubbly laugh answered him. “Orders again, Captain?”

“Orders,” he agreed firmly. “I’ll call for you in half an hour.”

This is beginning to be fun, he told himself, with a kind of amazement, as he closed Jack Mason’s door behind him. It was a long time since he had been out with a girl—any girl. And this wasn’t just any girl—she was the kind you’d be proud to go out with anywhere, anytime. The kind you’d just as soon take home for your parents to see, and introduce around to all your friends. Not that you’d even do that with this girl, of course. He’d check out of the hotel in a few days, and so would she, probably, and that would be the end of it. But it was fun to know that he could feel a little thrill of anticipation again at the thought of an evening’s dinner and dancing with a pretty girl. It had always meant that he was free, really free, of Marion and that being free was a good thing, all in all. It meant that perhaps some day there’d be another girl—a long time from now, of course—to take Marion’s place.

Stan turned to the telephone and called the hotel florist. It was twelve years since he had sent flowers to any girl but Marion. Twelve years—high time he broke the spell. High time he had a little fun—and this was going to be fun. A whole evening of it, without a single thought about plans, about going home, about tomorrow and all the tomorrows that would follow.

Twelve years—since he and Marion had become engaged while they were going to college right here in New York.

Stan knew now, and had known for a long time, that their sudden engagement, following a year of broken dates, seeming indifference and resentment of what Marion called his ‘pokieess’, was Marion’s frightened reaction to his own newly-awakened interest in other girls at the time. Girls who were kinder, more thoughtful, more sympathetic than Marion; girls who seemed to have fun going out with him.
And how Marion had changed when she finally realized what was happening! She'd been having a great deal of her own brand of fun, in those days. Fun, to her, was synonymous with a large and varied male following dancing attendance, and that she had certainly managed to attain to an alarming degree. But when Stan began to go out with other girls, that was a different story. Marion must have remembered the Burton fortune, the Burton social prestige, just in time, for wistfulness and simplicity took the place of her usual smug arrogance. And in no time at all, Stan Burton found himself engaged.

He had sent Marion flowers, he remembered, every day for a few weeks—bud-tight little yellow roses, sweet white lilies, nosegays of violets and pansies. But when he finally realized that she was considerably less than enthusiastic about all flowers except expensive corsages of camellias or orchids, he began to limit his offerings to those.

Of course, it wasn't exactly fair, he mused, to judge all girls by Marion. Just the same, to be on the safe side he ordered orchids for the girl in the next room. Might as well do it up proud, as long as he, like many another returning GI, had yielded to the sudden impulse to have a fling with the first pretty girl he met.

Yes, he badly needed some fun—and it might help to take away the unpleasant taste of his brief fifteen-minute interview with Marion this afternoon. Marion, presenting him a cool cheek to kiss.

He sat down on the edge of the bed abruptly, sick with remembering. He thought of the speech he had made ready for her—the speech she had never given him a chance to make. And how he had thought, the devil with speeches! I'll ask her to marry me again; I'll give her all the reasons which make it seem a sensible idea. The worst she can do is refuse!

And then he had laughed bitterly at himself for (Continued on page 76)
first dance—a simple high school affair. And there the tongues had been at it again. Even their mothers had mustered in sentiment in unison, "What a lovely couple they are," and smiled at each other joyously. Already they could see the day and hour when Marion would walk down the aisle, arm in arm with Burton, at the front of the church. Already they began to be in marriage to the store president's son — for the sailor's sake.

Mostly for worse, Stan thought wryly. But they didn't need the trouble of the days when Stan Marion's books from the library, paid for by her father, to her. A sailor, a boy who dared make fun of his devotion to her. A girl, as a reward, a quick, helpless smile, an adornning flash of black eyes, or a "thank you" that was almost a caress.

This girl next door, now, Stanley mused, as he let himself into Jack Marion's room. I'll bed she's the kind who carried her own books. Maybe even paid for her own soda. And I'll bet the boys she knows are her friends, not just so many prospective dates.

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He liked the way she smiled at him, straightforwardly, without any coyness—because she wanted to smile, not because she was a woman and he was a man. And he liked the way her smile turned to a lovely, entrancing little chuckle—when she answered, "I know you're only trying to make me feel better about it—but we're a complete success.

They were out of the elevator now, walking down the corridor. And suddenly Stan hated the thought of going into his room, alone side door and cutting himself off from this girl. He felt about in his mind for something more to say, to keep him here, and found, "Why did you say you had loads of friends you could stay with?"

"She shrugged her small, neat shoulders, "I did think I could find someone who'd put me up," she evaded. She turned toward the door of her room, but Stan's voice reached out desperately to stop her again. "Why must you always be rushing off to nowhere?"" he teased. "And don't tell me you're meeting friends—I know better, now!"

Her chin came up again, in the Independent way he'd noticed it before, down in the lobby. And he thought, before she turned her eyes away, that she saw hurt in them. There was a moment's pause that seemed to go on a very long time unjustly. "I had no right to say that. I really didn't mean to speak it. Her smile—her very nice smile—was gone.

"Of course."

And he turned away and went on, "I'm alone here, too—and New York can be a pretty dreary place for a lonely fellow."

"I think it's a wonderful place," she told him, cooly and composed. "And I'll bet those days she said to herself, many times, to make them go comforting.

He knew, then, what he wanted to do—what he had wanted, subconsciously, ever since he had met her. "It could be," he assured her. "For two people having fun together. Two people with nothing in common. Us, for instance.

"It's,

"He hurried on. "Yes, we. We have a lot in common. The same hotel, even, for a little while, the same room. The same dismal lack of friends here. Suppose—suppose we have dinner, and talk it over."

She hesitated, and he could almost see the thoughts flashing through her mind, see her thinking up excuses and discarding them because she was a honest person—and she did want to go with him, he could tell.

REALLY, it's all right," he urged. "If you don't come, we'll go our separate ways and indulge in separate evenings of self-pity. That is a dreadful prospect, now isn't it?"

"The nice little bubbly laugh answered him. "Orders again, Captain. "Orders," he agreed firmly. "I'll call for you in half an hour."

This is beginning to be fun, he told himself, with a kind of amazement, as he closed Jack Marion's door behind him. It was a long time since he had been out with a girl—any girl. And this wasn't just any girl—she was the kind you'd be proud to go out with anywhere, anytime. The kind you'd just as well take home for your parents to see, and introduce around to all your friends. Not that he'd ever been out with that girl, of course, of her kind. He'd chew on the side of the hotel in a few days, and so would she, probably, and that would be the end of it. But it was fun to know that he could feel a little thrill of anticipation again at the thought of an evening's dinner and dancing with a pretty girl. It meant—well, it probably meant that he was free, really free, of Marion, and that being free was a good thing, all in all. It meant that perhaps some day there'll be another girl—a long time from now, of course—to take Marion's place.

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WHEN Easter comes this year, I'll be thinking of Judy Millford ... because in Judy's story, in the very modern tragedy which she has lived through and which she is beginning now to leave behind her, there are all the elements of other, older Easter stories.

Like Judy's, all those stories, no matter in what time or by what civilization originated, affirm and reaffirm one joyful theme: the springtime rebirth of the world, the vigorous upsurge of fresh new life in nature, and of irresistible hope in human hearts. The ancient Romans recognized it in the celebration of the Vernal Equinox, their gay salute to Spring. Among the Hebrews, the Pass-over holiday, coming at this same season, has also the significance of new life, based on the deliverance of the Israelites from the yoke of Egypt.

And to more than five hundred million people all over the world today, Easter is the commemoration of the crucifixion of Jesus, of his resurrection, of the guarantee of life past death for all men.

Yes, Judy Millford makes me think of those things now, whenever Easter comes. It wasn't what I thought of the very first time I saw her, though. Judy's face, as she sat there last year at her Breakfast in Hollywood table, staring dully before her, was a face to make you forget that there had ever been hope in the world. You couldn't remember, looking at her, that children had ever rolled their mad little painted eggs on spring-green lawns, or that fragile new buds had ever pushed their hopeful, timid way up into the light ... and would again. You might remember intolerance and cruelty among men, selfishness and greed that bred tragedy. For there was nothing but tragedy written in her young face as she sat there. It was impossible not to see that for Judy Millford nothing was alive but the horrible, bitter past.

And it was so wrong! She was so
young... surely it was all wrong and wasteful! No, I can't say I remembered the Easter stories, not then, but there was something in the air—Spring, perhaps—that made me determine to try to help this girl. I wanted to make her talk to me about her trouble, whatever it was.

So I asked her to stay for a while. Before long, she'd begun to tell me about her home in Tennessee. How she'd been away from there for over four years—and the home-longing that all of us have known welled up in her eyes and shook her voice when she spoke of it. How she had heard only occasionally from her sisters and brothers who were left there, back home.

She spoke hesitantly at first, as if she had not had anyone to talk to in a long while. That's bad for anyone; doubly bad for a young girl who ought to be finding the world a wonderful and fascinating place. But after a while she became more easy in her talk; she began to reminisce, to recall moments out of her childhood that had made her happy, and to which she was instinctively drawn as an escape from her present torments. It was then that she told me about the annual Easter celebration at the Hendricks', who were friends of her people, and how it had always been the high spot of the year for her.

"They—the Hendricks—lived on a high hill, a few miles from the center of town," Judy told me, her voice warm with the remembering. "All of us Millfords—my four sisters, three brothers, and Mom—as well as a lot of our friends used to go, right after church on Easter Sunday, to Sara and Joshua Hendricks' house.

"They had no children, you see. Aunt Sara's first baby had died when it was just a little thing, and she couldn't have any more. But Aunt Sara and Uncle Josh were parents at (Continued on page 59)"
Easter will be very special this year for a girl named Judy, down in Tennessee. And because Tom Breneman had a part in Judy's story, it will be special for him too, wherever he happens to celebrate it.

When Easter comes this year, I'll be thinking of Judy Millford because in Judy's story, in the very modern tragedy with which she has lived through and which she is beginning now to leave behind her, there are all the elements of other, older Easter stories.

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You might remember intolerance and cruelty among men, selfishness and greed that bred tragedy. For there was nothing but tragedy written in her young face as she sat there. It was impossible not to see that for Judy Millford nothing was alive but the horrible, bitter past.

And it was so wrong! She was so young... surely it was all wrong and wasted! No, I can't say I remembered the Easter story, not then, but there was something in the air—Spring, perhaps—that made me determined to try to help this girl. I wanted to make her talk to me about her trouble, whatever it was.

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Perhaps the Hendricks'—my four sisters, three brothers, and Mom—as well as a lot of our friends used to go, right after church on Easter Sunday, to Sara and Joshua Hendricks' house.

"They had no children, you see. Aunt Sara's first baby had died when it was just a little thing, and she couldn't have any more. But Aunt Sara and Uncle Josh were parents at (Continued on page 59)"

By TOM BREHMAN

Hollywood 11 A.M. EST, Monday through Friday, ABC
THE long, smoky room, blanketed by fog against the window-panes, was lighted only by candles and one dim lamp in an alcove niche. It seemed to me to be filled with faceless figures and nameless, chattering voices. It was a blur.

Or maybe I couldn't see people because I didn't want to. Because none of them was Tom. Maybe names didn't matter to me any longer—I wouldn't be hearing Tom's.

"... and this handsome young man, Maida, is Page Sanders."

Funny. That name came through clearly. And I could see every line of this man's lean, brown face. Even the color of his sport jacket—a kind of soft grey—and the highly imaginative maroon pattern of his tie. I could even tell he was smiling and holding out his hand.

"Hello, Page Sanders," I said, and shook hands with him.

Then the strangest thing happened. We were just being introduced. I had never seen him before. Our hands had met, politely—and then, somehow, I found myself clinging to his hand with the desperation of a drowning person. And he showed no inclination to let go. Somehow I knew we had both felt that same little shock; that arrested, sudden awareness of each other; that same desire to stay like that and just look, soberly and deeply, into each other's eyes—

"Never mind any more introducing, Jean," he called over his shoulder to our hostess. "I'll take care of Miss Franklin for a while."

We stumbled over to an empty couch and sat down. "Why in the name of San Francisco's patron saints doesn't Jean have more light in here?" he demanded with the familiar crossness he might use to an old friend. "Doesn't she know they've been experimenting around with a thing called electricity?"

I laughed—and for the first time in a week my laughter wasn't that tight, surface pretense it had become. "This year Jean has decided to do her apartment over in old Spanish. Bright lights are much too harsh and modern, so she says. She finds candlelight soothing to her vibrations."

"Well, I was warned." He grinned down at me. "I was told you were all artists and crazy, when I took the apartment across the hall. I was told anything could happen on Russian Hill, but I can't say I was prepared to meet a girl like you who looks like a medieval pageboy in the utter darkness of a Spanish apartment. Are you an artist, too?"

"Me? No. I'm a typist in an insurance office. But my dad was a newspaperman here for years and that seems to qualify me. A couple of these people live around here and I know them; others are Jean's friends she picks up in art school."
He raised an eyebrow and whistled. “Looks like I’m one of the inner circle then—I’m a newspaperman myself. But you ought to know that newspapermen don’t all live the way the movies say they do. I’m a quiet harmless fellow, myself. Transferred to a news service here in San Francisco from Kansas City.”

There was no more time for personal exchanges. People moved in around us, and now that my eyes were more accustomed to the room, I saw friends I knew and they came over to join us.

“Hello, Maida—is that Tom sitting with you?” Someone hushed him, but it was too late. That awful, embarrassed silence fell over the room and poor Elijah Burney, who had made the break, looked around him in bewilderment. I came to his rescue and somehow I managed to keep my voice steady and high and uncaring.

“You’ve been out of town, Elijah, so you haven’t heard. Tom’s gone—” the words stuck in my mouth and I forced them out in hard, wordy, brittle sounds—“he’s jilted me for his childhood sweetheart.” I laughed, as though it were a joke on all of us, on Tom, on me, on that unknown sweetheart, and it was a laugh that insisted the others laugh with me. I would not let them pity me.

They did laugh and someone even quoted that old saw about “men are like streetcars; if you miss one, there’s always another.” (Continued on page 90)
and deeply, into each other's eyes—
THE long, smoky room, blanketed by fog against the window-pane, was lighted only by candles and one dim lamp in an alcove niche. It seemed to me to be filled with faceless figures and nameless, chattering voices. It was a bar.

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"Crazy?" I said, and shook hands with him.

"No, I'm a typist in an insurance office. But my dad was a newspaperman here for years and my mom's a newspaperman here for years and you qualify town, I could was fflV found I knew wouldn't Tom's."

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"They did, and someone even quoted that old saw about "men are like streetcars, if you miss one, there's always another." (Continued on page 90)
I will never forget that terrible morning. I'll never forget anything about it. Oddly enough, I had a premonition when I woke up that day that it was to be a dreadful one—even though it started out just like every other morning since I'd come to the great city of New York, two months earlier.

As usual, I got out of my narrow bed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women and took a shower in the tiny bathroom I shared with old Mrs. Murphy in the next room—that way, my room only cost twelve dollars a week as against eighteen if I'd had my own bath. Then I scrambled hastily but carefully into my gray suit, ready for a day of hunting for a singing job. Then, suddenly breathless with nervous anticipation, I waited for the elevator to take me down to the lobby... down where my mail would be waiting for me, and perhaps an envelope addressed in Russell's scratchy writing, postmarked Toledo. I could count on a letter from Mother every morning, telling me all the news of Toledo. But the occasional ones from Russell were the ones I waited for.

This particular morning I was almost praying to myself while I waited for the elevator, standing there with several of the glamorous girl models who lived in the hotel—not so glamorous in the morning, with kerchiefs tied over their pinned-up curls for breakfast in a strictly woman's hotel. But I hardly noticed them. I was saying silently, "Please let there be a letter from him—please. It's been eight days now since I heard from him. Oh, please."

When I reached the desk in the lobby, my prayer had been answered. There was a letter from him—a very thin one, I noticed, fingering it on my way to the hotel coffee shop. For some reason—maybe because I was so terribly unsure of myself where Russell was concerned—I always waited to open his letters until I was sitting at the counter. This time I waited even longer—until I'd ordered orange juice, toast, eggs, and coffee. Then, my fingers trembling, I tore open the letter.

It was even worse than I could possibly have divined. It was the end of my world, the smashing of everything I had lived for.

And yet it was so brief. It said, "Jane dear, I know that if I am happy, you will be happy for me. And I am happier than I've ever been in my life."
It took only an instant for Jane's world to turn upside down. But when attending a broadcast made it right itself —
And yet it was so brief. It said, "Jane dear, I know that if I am happy, you will be happy for me. And I am happier than I've ever been in my life."
I WILL never forget that terrible morning. I'll never forget anything about it. Oddly enough, I had a premonition when I woke up that day that it was to be a dreadful one—even though it started out just like every other morning since I'd come to the great city of New York, two months earlier.

As usual, I got out of my narrow bed at the Barbizon Hotel for Women and took a shower in the tiny bathroom I shared with old Mrs. Murphy in the next room—that way, my room only cost twelve dollars a week as against eighteen if I'd had my own bath. Then I scrambled hastily but carefully into my grey suit, ready for a day of hunting for a singing job. Then, suddenly breathless with nervous anticipation, I waited for the elevator to take me down to the lobby...down where my mail would be waiting for me, and perhaps an envelope addressed in Russell's scratchy writing, postmarked Toledo. I could count on a letter from Mother every morning, telling me all the news of Toledo. But the occasional ones from Russell were the ones I waited for.

This particular morning I was almost praying to myself while I waited for the elevator, standing there with several of the glamorous girl models who lived in the hotel—not so glamorous in the morning, with kerchiefs tied over their pinned-up curls for breakfast in a strictly woman's hotel. But I hardly noticed them. I was saying silently, "Please let there be a letter from him—please. It's been eight days now since I heard from him. Oh, please."

When I reached the desk in the lobby, my prayer had been answered. There was a letter from him—a very thin one, I noticed, fingering it on my way to the hotel coffee shop. For some reason—maybe because I was so terribly unsure of myself where Russell was concerned—I always waited to open his letters until I was sitting at the counter. This time I waited even longer—until I ordered orange juice, toast, eggs, and coffee. Then, my fingers trembling, I tore open the letter.

It was even worse than I could possibly have divined. It was the end of my world, the smashing of everything I had lived for.

And yet it was so brief. It said, "Jane dear, I know that if I am happy, you will be happy for me. And I am happier than I've ever been in my life."
"I haven't written you in several days because, just a week ago, lightning struck me—after all these years. I met a girl—the girl. Jane, what I am trying to tell you is that I just got married, yesterday, and I wanted you to know first of all. I know Josephine is right for me, even though it happened so fast and even though she is brand new to Toledo. Best of luck always, and thank you for everything, Russell."

Thank you for everything—thank you for six years of waiting, of hoping, of earning. Russell and I would some day be married and grow old together. That was my first bitter reaction. Mother had always warned me that Russell's hesitancy about getting married meant that he really didn't want to marry me; but I'd never believed her. I couldn't believe her; I loved him too much.

"But Jane, my darling," she'd say in her tired, honest way, "if a man is truly in love, nothing stops him—not money, or anything at all."

Then, of course, I'd nervously insist that I knew he loved me, that he was always talking of marriage, that it was just a matter of waiting for his raise in salary.

"He got his first raise four years ago; by this time he's had three more," she'd remind me. And then, just before I'd stamp into my bedroom, slamming the door on the reality of what she was saying, she'd add, "Darling, all I want is to have you happily settled in life—not as a famous singer, but as a wife and mother. And you never will be with Russell. For some reason, you're not what he wants in a wife...you're just a habit of his, a comfortable routine he's fallen into, while he's waiting for the right girl to come along."

Slam! would go my door. And in the privacy of my bedroom I'd glare into the mirror at myself—at my blue eyes, my thick dark hair, my thin figure. At a girl who was locally successful as a singer at weddings, at parties, at small radio shows in Toledo—probably because I sang all the love songs with such feeling, thinking of Russell.

And I'd ask myself, "Why, why doesn't he marry me? I want him so much; I sing only to impress him, to make him proud of me—and I was the most popular girl in town until I began going steady with Russell." Then I'd think a little hysterically, "But that was six years ago. I've put six years of my life into waiting for Russell. I'm twenty-seven now." Twenty-seven.

It was Mother who had talked me into coming to New York two months ago—right after I'd been a bridesmaid at the wedding of my very last close girl friend. I'd been a bridesmaid more times than I cared to remember by that time. Late that night, as I sat on the edge of Mother's bed in my fluffy blue bridesmaid's dress, Mother had said abruptly:

"Darling, why don't you go to New York and try for a singing job there? Just for six months. I think it would do you good to get away from Toledo for a while."

I, of course, said the first and only thing that occupied my mind. "But... what about Russell?"

Mother said quietly, "It is all about Russell, Jane. It would be the crucial test. If he's ever to be definite about marrying you, you must shock him into discovering how much he misses you once you're no longer a part of his life. If he really cares, he'll send for you to come back and marry him." She paused. Then she said even more quietly, "It's a big gamble, Jane. Are you strong enough to try it?"

"I certainly am strong enough," I had said with sudden determination—and thus, in a second, I had made the only really adult decision I'd ever made in my life. I was going to go to the greatest metropolis in America and try for—a career? No; for the man I loved, back home. I suppose many thousands of other women have done this, down through history; but I felt terribly alone.

And so I had gone to New York City, to a tiny room at the Barbizon Hotel for Women. I had spent two months of unspeakable homesickness; two months of plodding from one agent's office to another, from one theatrical casting office to another, from one radio station to another—trying, desperately trying, to put Jane Allen of Toledo over in New York on the stage, in a night club, on the air. Anything. Anything to prove to Russell that I was a glamorous, successful person. Anything to make Russell realize what he was missing—in me the public performer and in me the girl who loved..."

Finally I stopped crying, outside. But I was sure that inside I would go on crying forever.
him. So far, I'd had no luck at all.

And now look what had happened. I was reading, over cold eggs and chilled coffee, a letter that turned my world upside down. A letter, in fact, that left me with no place to go for the rest of my life—another girl had gone there in my stead. A strange girl named Josephine, who had just walked up to the life I wanted and the man I wanted, and snatched them out of my fingers forever.

Tears suddenly swelled in my eyes, and I got up blindly, somehow put down the right change for my untasted breakfast, and stumbled out of the coffee shop. And yet, once I was in my little room with the door shut, I couldn't cry. I felt as numb from shock as if I had been in an earthquake. I kept doing disjointed things—reaching for the telephone to put in a long-distance call to Mother, and then pulling my hand back. What good would that do? What could she say, except that she was sorrier than I could know? Then, suddenly insanely anxious to keep busy, I got my soiled laundry out from a bag in the closet and began frantically sudsing stockings, slips, my pink nightgown, in the little wash-basin in my room.

And then, just as I was elbow-deep in soap-suds, the avalanche came. All at once I was lying full length on my unmade bed, my face buried in soapy hands, crying as if my heart would break... as if, indeed, it were broken. Sobbing miserably, and aloud. Crying for all my lost dreams, for Russell's arms and lips, for the dance programs I had saved ever since our first dance together, crying for my unknown, terrifying future.

I don't know how long the faint knocking had gone on at my door before I heard it through my sobs. When I finally did hear it, I didn't know at first what it was. It must have gone on for another full two minutes before I got up automatically and opened the door, with tears still streaming down my face.

Outside in the hall stood old Mrs. Murphy, who lived in the next room and shared my bathroom. Her little figure stood poker-straight in its gray gingham dress. She said, just as calmly as if I were a smiling hostess instead of a sobbing, (Continued on page 65)
week—got was, what kept marry wanted about remember my got its numb indeed, knew h—I through didn’t. ii he I was i little singing. If met cared impress had I sing. What got wife the letter as famous a you would me, ting just by door and is not with tine the—probably think going at girl on just do radio. And haven’t for even of "Darling, I, course, Russell’s than lucky, too dreams of waiting, I’d put him—of course, it’s a big gamble, Jane. Are quietly, ‘it’s a big gamble, Jane. Are."

"I haven’t written you in several days because, just writing, they've struck me all these years. I met a girl—the girl, Jane, what I am trying to tell you that I just got married yesterday, and I wanted you to know first of all. I know Josephine is right for me, and I happened so fast and even though she is brand new to Toledo. Best of luck always and thank you for everything, Russell."

Thank you for everything—thank you so much. It’s truly fantastic, of endless dreams that Russell and I would some day be married and grow old together was my first bitter reaction. Mother had always warned me that curiosity about getting married meant that he really didn’t want to marry me; but I’d never believed her. I couldn’t believe her, I loved him too much.

"But Jane, my darling," she'd say in her tired, honest way, "if a man is truly in love, nothing stops him—not money, or anything at all."

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"He got his raise four years ago; by this time he’s had three more," she’d remind me. And then, just before I’d stamp into my bedroom, slamming the door on the reality of what she was saying, she’d add, ‘Darling, all I want is to have you happily settled in life— not as a famous singer, but as a wife and mother. And you never will be with Russell. For some reason, you’re not what he wants in a wife...you’re just a habit of his, a comfortable routine—he’s fallen in love, he’s waiting for the right girl to come along.”

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And I’d ask myself, “Why, why doesn’t he marry me? I want him so much; I want to go to another him, to make him proud of me—and I wear the most popular girl in town until I begin going steady with Russell.” Then I’d think a little hysterically, “But that was six years ago, I’m a little girl, in the six years of my life into waiting for Russell. I’m twenty-seven now.” Twenty-seven.

It was Mother who had talked me into coming to New York two months ago—and also I’d been a bridesmaid at the wedding of my very last close girl friend. I’d been a bridesmaid more times than I cared to remember by that time. Late that night, as I sat on the edge of Mother’s bed in my frilly blue bridesmaid’s dress, Mother had said abruptly: “Darling, why don’t you go to New York and try for a singing job there? Just for six months. I think it would do you good to get away from Toledo for a while.”

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Finally I stopped crying, outside. But I was sure that inside I would go on crying forever.
A love that waits and deepens as it looks toward the promise of the future

ANTHONY LORING, Superintendent of the Simpsonville Health Center Hospital, is a serious, idealistic man whose concern with the future particularly endears him to widow Ellen Brown and her children, whose lives he hopes one day to be able to share. (Played by Ned Wever)

ELLEN BROWN, many years a widow, has led an active, happy life, been influential in her town, responsive in friendship, despite her inner insistence that nothing be permitted to distract her time or energy from her children Mark and Janey, now in their teens. (Played by Florence Freeman)
NORINE TEMPLE, Ellen’s good friend, has tested to the full Ellen’s capacity for the brand of friendship that performs in any kind of emotional weather—through trouble, such as Norine experienced when she first married Herbert Temple, and in her present happiness. And Ellen, in the same way, can count on Norine.

(Played by Joan Tompkins)

OLIVIA McEVoy gruffly supervises the nurses at Anthony Lor-ing’s hospital. She knows precisely how to make an errant nurse snap to attention, and even how to make an interne quake. But she knows equally how to respond when Anthony or Ellen, or any of her friends, is in need of kindliness and affectionate understanding.

(Played by Bess McCammon)
MARIA HAWKINS wouldn't be the power she is in Simpsonville if she didn't exercise her talent for being right in the middle of everyone else's business. Sharp-tongued, sometimes close to malicious, her genius for gossip has often meant trouble. But she is as quick to help as to chatter, when any of her neighbors is in trouble. (Played by Lorene Scott)

VICTORIA LORING resents on many counts her brother Anthony's desire to marry Ellen Brown, but chiefly she resents it because she has no illusion that Ellen will ever submit to being dominated by her. Victoria is fighting the alliance with every weapon at the disposal of a snobbish, domineering woman who is determined to win out. (Played by Kay Strozzi)
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(Played by Joan Tompkins)

OLIVIA McEVOY gruffly supervises the nurses at Anthony Loring's hospital. She knows precisely how to make an errant nurse snap to attention, and even how to make an intern quake. But she knows equally how to respond when Anthony or Ellen, or any of her friends, is in need of kindness and affectionate understanding.

(Played by Bess McCanmon)

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(Played by Lorene Scott)
MARK, lucky to be thirteen in a bright new world that offers vast chances for responsibility and fun, is learning to run his life so that neither work nor play can crowd the other out. (Dickie Van Patten)

JANEY is the problem, to herself and her family, that any fifteen-year-old becomes — rushing eagerly upon each birthday, but uncertain how to handle her new privileges. (Marilyn Erskine)

UNCLE JOSH, weathered and rich in experience as farmer and friend, is a sympathetic guide when Ellen wants to talk over a problem. (Uncle Josh played by Tom Hoier)
Deeply in love with Anthony Loring, Ellen Brown finds that the peaceful routine of life is beginning to take on new complications. As she watches the eagerness with which her two adolescent children step out into the post-war world that spreads its opportunities and its challenges before them, she feels somehow uneasy, as though the future to which she and Anthony have looked forward during their long engagement holds unknown factors.

Young Wilder Brown, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard every weekday at 4:45 P.M. EST., on NBC.
Life can be beautiful

"Life Can Be Beautiful" is an expression of faith that has as much power as any four words in the language. If you live by those words, and have faith, you are able to overcome even the most troubled times, and emerge with hope for the future.

Papa David has told us over and over again that life is composed of many facets—happy and sad, easy and difficult—but that they are all a part of the single picture, each one adding to the meaning of the whole. They are as closely related as the two sides of a tapestry. It is only when one looks on life in its entirety, with faith and understanding, that its meaning becomes clear; every experience takes on its proper value and is seen as complementing some other experience. In the same way that the bright, true colors of the tapestry are more beautiful when compared to the reverse side, happiness is more welcome when sorrow has gone before.

One of Papa David's favorite quotations expresses this idea: "When a man suffers tribulation, he should not say, 'this is evil' for the Lord sends no evil. He should rather say, 'I am undergoing a bitter experience.' It is like a bitter medicine which a physician prescribes in order to cure a patient."

Papa David and I have been very pleased and very deeply touched by all the Life Can Be Beautiful letters you have sent us. Indeed, choosing the prize letter was a very hard task—so many of them seemed to us to be worthy of a prize. And so, besides the prize-winning letter, for which we offer one hundred dollars each month, we have decided to print as many of the other letters which come in that we have room for—those letters which almost, but not quite, won the prize. And for each of those letters which we print, we will send the writer a check for fifteen dollars, as a sort of "thank you" for writing to us. And now, here is this month's prize-winning letter:

Dear Chichi:
 Eight years ago I thought Life Can Be Beautiful, for after many years of praying our wish finally came true. God sent us a beautiful baby daughter. But our happiness was short lived, as God took her back home in only a few short months. Chichi, words can't describe our unhappiness. I couldn't believe that life would ever be beautiful again, as the doctor had said it would be impossible for me to ever have more children. I couldn't believe in God or anything. One night, Chichi, I dreamed my baby was buried alive. I was frantically trying to get to her when I heard a voice say, "Why don't you let her sleep in peace?" I awoke trembling my dream was so real. And Chichi, I was so ashamed. I prayed God to forgive me and gradually my heartache eased. And you know, Chichi, even doctors can be wrong, for when I just peeked in at my two little boys and one tiny baby girl, sleeping so snug and warm, I knew "Life Can Be Beautiful." God bless you and Papa David for your wonderful program. You'll never know how much it helps.

Sincerely,
Mrs. James Nagle
412 Summit Ave.
Westville, N. J.

And here are some of the other letters which we felt you would also like to read, although they did not win the hundred-dollar prize. All of them have something important to say to you.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

One Hundred Dollars Each Month

For Your LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly, wise word of advice, changed your whole outlook, when some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Chichi and Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month, which in their opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. Address your letters to Chichi, care of RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Listen to Life Can Be Beautiful daily on your CBS station; check the program guide on page 51 for local time. The prize-winning letter will be featured each month in this new RADIO MIRROR department.
Dear Chichi:

Life can be beautiful, if we will allow it to be, especially in the twilight of life. Seven years ago I underwent an operation, and the doctors said I could not live more than six months or a year, as I had a cancer that could not be removed.

Instead of worrying and helping their diagnosis to come true, I resolved to be as happy as possible myself, and help make this old world happy for those with whom I came in contact every day. I lived with the thought that what God willed was right, and would be.

Now, after living seven extra years, and doing defense work in a pottery for nearly three years—working nine, sometimes ten, hours a day and keeping house for myself and my daughter—my tired old heart needs a rest. So I am forced to take it easy for a while.

If I live until May 19th, I will be sixty-four years old. I still believe with you and Papa David that Life Can Be Beautiful—but that heaven will be far more beautiful.

Best wishes to you and Papa David.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Maude E. Jennings
28 Cavell Avenue,
Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Chichi:

This is an incident I can well remem-ber, for it is not an old one. A little over a year ago, my husband was medi-cally discharged from the Navy and came home to our three small children and me. We lived with my parents while he was away, so the first prob-lem which presented itself was getting us a place to live, including furnishings. All went fairly well until several months ago, when I got sick, and was told I needed an operation right away.

Having no hospital insurance, things looked pretty depressing, as the money my husband made just kept us going as it was. However, I went to the hos-pital as scheduled, worrying about the added expense and also about who my husband could get to take care of our children, so that he could go on work-ing. Our very good neighbors managed the children until my husband suc-ceeded in getting his sister to come—which was quite a relief to me. Then, four days before I was to leave the hos-pital, my husband’s brother, after be-ing gone three years overseas, was dis-charged. As a complete surprise—he loaned us the five hundred dollars necessary to cover the biggest share of the hospital bill. Both he and the money were well received—we were tickled to see him and certainly thank-ful for his help, which only proves that life has (Continued on page 57)
I'm one of the fellows who got a "dear John" letter. You know what they are—"Dear John: This is difficult, but here goes. I'm breaking our engagement..."

My name really is John, John Mason, and I got my letter a couple of years ago, out on Guam. It sounded exactly like Helen—direct, and with no mincing of words. She was going to be married to a Frank Stevens, and I would realize in time that it was all for the best. I won't say that I didn't have a bad time of it for a while, but after it was over I was just relieved that the war had come along and prevented me from marrying her when I'd wanted to. I was relieved I wasn't tied up for life to a girl who either hadn't known her own mind or who hadn't the strength of character to do what other women were doing—wait for her man to come home.

My homecoming, this last April, was everything I'd dreamed it would be. I called Mother and Dad from the separation center near Pierpont, and they were at the station to meet me when the train pulled in. The station looked bigger than I'd remembered it—Pierpont is a pretty sizable city—and it was more crowded than I'd ever seen it, but then I saw Mother and Dad, Mother with the marten furs she wore only on very special occasions and Dad with his hat pushed excitingly back, and I was home again.

It didn't even cross my mind that I'd once wanted Helen to be with them when I came home. I didn't think about her until we were sitting around the diningroom table at home, and Mother had got cold beer out of the icebox, and sandwiches that we were too excited to eat. Then she said suddenly, "Oh, Johnny, Helen has called several times. She wants you to call her back."

Dad had just asked if I'd thought what I wanted to do, now that I was home again. It took a minute to swing my mind around to Helen. "I don't want to talk to her," I said. I didn't mean to be rude, or to sound as if Helen were still a touchy subject with me; I was just anxious to answer Dad's question.

"But, John—"

"—or about her," I added. Then I turned to Dad and dropped my bombshell. "I want to go back to school," I said. "To Mechanical Arts, over in Gemwater. I've got an idea for a business of my own—making pulp out of leather scraps from shoe repair shops and factories. But I know I'm going to have to design some of my own machinery, and I don't know enough about it."

Dad's jaw dropped. "You mean," he said, "you're not coming into the shop with me?"

Dad has a small machine shop, and we'd always planned that I'd go to work with him when I was through school. There was just one flaw in the idea so far as Dad was concerned—it would have meant that he'd have to break off his lifetime partnership with Eli Haines. Dad liked Eli, but he was slow and stubborn and a fuss-budget, and I just didn't get along with him. The summers I'd worked for Dad had been enough to prove that the minute I came into the shop full time, Eli would walk out.

I shook my head, saw Dad's astonishment turn to a mixture of disappointment and relief. He'd wanted me to work with him, but he'd wanted Eli, too. "No," I said. "I'd like to use the shop sometimes, and I'll need your help getting the bugs out of my machinery—"

Dad was brightening by the second, but he said cautiously, "Well, son, if it's on Eli's account—"

"It's not. It's something I really want to do. Besides... well..." I didn't finish, but it didn't matter. Dad was too pleased and excited to need an explanation, and I didn't care to try to tell him why I'd changed my mind not only about the work I wanted to do but about a lot of other things as well. I could have told Helen, if we'd still been together. She was a volatile, intuitive person, with quick emotions and a quicker understanding, and she'd always known what I meant before I'd half begun to talk. I was afraid that if I tried to put it into words for Mother and Dad, I'd sound—well, preachy maybe, or stuffy, and that wasn't what I meant at all.

You see, before America entered the war, I had my life very neatly mapped out. I'd had a year at Mechanical Arts, a trade school (Continued on page 81)
The music swept us into the alcove—the music, and a force I couldn't fight. And then I was holding her hard against me.
OF ALL the strange quirks of human personality, I think the thing that fascinates me most is the way people will tell their most private problems to complete strangers. I do it myself—and I'm sure everybody does. I have told cab-drivers and Pullman porters and casual acquaintances on trains and ships more about my personal likes and dislikes, my opinions and early history, than I would dream of telling my closest friends. There is a kind of anonymity about such confidences. You get things off your chest and yet know you'll never see those people again and you'll never be embarrassed by those confidences that you pour out so joyously and recklessly.

It was through this kind of human quirk that I learned the story of Kenny Ruth and his two loves. Kenny worked for NBC, and spent most of his time haunting the studios. When I was there in January, I noticed him during a rehearsal. He was wearing his discharge button, and I asked him what outfit he had been with. He mentioned an 8th Air Force Bomb Group in England—one at which my show had appeared last year, and we started to reminisce, the way people do who have been through tremendous experiences at the same time in the same place, even though they might not have been aware of the other's existence at the time.

We talked for a while and Kenny spoke of the old days so longingly that I said to him, "You sound almost as though you'd like to be back there."

He looked at me sidewise and I could see he was turning something over in his mind. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "I was scared to death over there, especially when I was flying, and I didn't like Army life. But I'm in such an incredible mess right now that I do..."
almost wish I were back over there.”
I sensed a story immediately, of course, but by that time Harry Von Zell was calling to me in that voice of his, and I knew it was time for my next number. When it was over, Kenny was sitting in a corner of the studio and I went back and sat down with him.
“What’s the story?” I asked.
He grinned lopsidedly and said, “You know, I think I will tell you about it—
even if it bores you a little. I’m sure, after you go back to the Coast, that I’ll
ever see you again. But it’ll make me feel a lot better to tell somebody my
troubles, and besides, every time I listen to your programs, I’ll know that
you know. That’ll help. Besides, to me, you’re—well, it’s hard to say—but
you’re kind of a—an intimate stranger. I saw you when you were at the base
in England that night, you know, but of course I didn’t dare try to talk to
you. It’s different now—you’re right here and you’re real—and—well, d’you
think you can stand to hear about it?”
With that kind of build-up, how could I resist? At any rate, all during
my stay in New York, I managed to steal a few minutes during rehearsals
to talk to Kenny. Listen would be the
terrible word. He’d bring me a coke from
the machine in the lobby and I’d sit
with him while, bit by bit, he told me
his story.
It was simple enough—at least at first.
Kenny was from Richmond, California.
When the war came, he enlisted in the
Air Force and was sent to England.
The girl he left behind him was Mary
Ellis. He had wanted to marry her be-
fore going away, but after a long talk
they had decided against it. It was typi-
ical of both of them, I think, that their
reasons were based on their ideas of
love and security for the other. Kenny
didn’t want Mary to be tied down while
he was away, and he was frightened of
coming home to her wounded or scarred.
Mary, on the other hand, felt that
Kenny would feel freer and less
weighed down by responsibility if they
waited until he came back. She would
wait forever, she told him, and he knew
she meant it.
So Kenny went away to England and
did Army calisthenics and drank coffee
at the Red Cross Aeroclub and bombed
Berlin and learned to say “tram” in
stead of “street-car,” and “fruit flaunt”
instead of “apple pie.” And Mary wrote
to him twice a week and worked in a
war plant and saved her money and
sent him home-made cookies and socks
that she knitted herself. The cookies
were usually jarred to crumbs by the
time they got to him, and the socks al-
ways got lost somewhere in the bar-
racks, but he loved her for sending
them and never told her.
At long last, the war was over, and
Kenny came home.
And that’s where the trouble started.
I think probably Mary had been read-
ting too many of those articles about
how to treat the returning war veterans
—about how they would be restless and
difficult and must be humored and
mustn’t be rushed about getting back
to civilian life. At any rate, when Kenny
suggested that they get married im-
mediately, she held off. He didn’t have
a job, she pointed out. He hadn’t really
gotten back into the swing of peace time
yet. It would be awful if he realized
after six months that he’d made a
dreadful mistake. What if they should
start having a family before he’d gotten
on his financial feet? It wouldn’t be

“This is Dinah Shore,”
I began. There was a
gasp from the other end.
O
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personal likes and dislikes, my opinions
and early history, than I would dream
of telling my closest friends. There is
a kind of anonymity about such confi-
dences. You get things off your chest
and yet know you'll never see those
people again and you'll never be em-
arrassed by those confidences that you
pour out so joyously and recklessly.
It was through this kind of human
quirk that I learned the story of Kenny
Ruth and his two loves. Kenny worked
for NBC and spent most of his time
haunting the studios. When I was there
in January, I noticed him during a
rehearsal. He was wearing his disc
charge button, and I asked him what
outfit he had been with. He mentioned
an 8th Air Force Bomb Group in Eng-
lend—one at which my show had ap-
ppeared last year, and we started to
reminisce, the way people do who have
been through tremendous experiences
at the same time in the same place,
even though they might not have been
aware of the other's existence at the
time.
We talked for a while and Kenny
spoke of the old days so longingly that
I said to him, "You sound almost as
though you'd like to be back there!"
He looked at me sidewise and I could
see he was turning something over
in his mind. "You know," he said thought-
fully, "I was scared to death over those
even when I was flying, and I didn't like Army life. But I'm in an
incredible mess right now that I'd
almost wish I was back over there."
I sensed a story immediately, of
course, but by that time Harry Von
Zell was calling to me in that voice of
his, and I knew it was time for my next
number. When it was over, Kenny was
sitting in a corner of the studio and I
went back and sat down with him.
"What's the story?" I asked.
He grinned lopsidedly and said, "You
know, I think I will tell you about it—
even if it bores you a little. I'm sure,
after you go back to the Coast, that I'll
never see you again. But it'll make me
feel a lot better to tell somebody my
troubles, and besides, every time I
listen to your programs, I'll know that
you know. That'll help. Besides, to me,
you're—well, it's hard to say—but
you're kind of a—an intimate stranger.
I saw you when you were at the base
in England that night, you know, and
I guess I didn't dare try to talk to
you. It's different now—you're right
here and you're real—and, well, you
think you can stand to hear about it?"
With that kind of build-up, how
could I resist? At any rate, all during
my stay in New York, I managed to
steal a few minutes during rehearsals
to talk to Kenny. Listen would be the
better word. He'd bring me a coke from
the machine in the lobby and I'd sit with
him while, bit by bit, he told me
this story.
It was simple enough—at least at first.
Kenny was from Richmond, California.
When the war came, he enlisted in the
Air Force and was sent to England.
The girl he left behind him was Mary
Wills. He wanted to marry her be-
fore going away, but after a long talk
they had decided against it. It was typi-
cal of both of them. I think, that their
reasons were based on their ideas of
love and security for the other. Kenny
didn't want Mary to be tied down while
she was away, and he was frightened of
come home to her wounded or scarred.
Mary, on the other hand, felt that
Kenny would feel freer and less
weighed down by responsibility if they
waited until he came back. She would
wait forever, she told him, and he knew
she meant it.
So Kenny went away to England and
did Army calisthenics and drank coffee
at the Red Cross Aeroclub and bombed
Berlin and learned to say "tram" instead
of "street-car," and "fruit fan" instead of
"apple pie." And Mary wrote to him
twice a week and worked in a
war plant and saved her money and
sent him home-made cookies and socks
that she knitted herself. The cookies
were usually jumbled to crumbs by the
time they got to him, and the socks al-
ways got lost somewhere in the bar-
 racks, but he loved her for sending
them and never told her.
At long last, the war was over, and
Kenny came home.
And that's where the trouble started.
I think probably Mary had been read-
ing too many of those articles about
how to treat the returning war veterans
—about how they would be restless and
difficult and must be pampered and
mustn't be rushed about getting back
to civilian life. At any rate, when Kenny
suggested that they get married im-
mediately, she held off. He didn't have
a job, she pointed out. He hadn't really
gotten back into the swing of peace time
yet. It would be awful if he realized
after six months that he'd made a
dreadful mistake. What if they should
start having a family before he'd gotten
on his financial feet? It wouldn't be

"This is Dinah Shore."
I began. There was a
gasp from the other end.
fair, would it? Why couldn't they wait a few months until things were more settled?

Kenny couldn't understand it. "Look," he told her, "my pilot overseas is a big shot in an advertising agency in New York. He told me he could get me a job in New York any time I wanted it. Why don't we get married now and go there?"

But Mary still held back. She wanted Kenny to be settled a little more before marriage. She wanted him to be sure. That made Kenny mad.

"I am sure!" he raged. "I've never been surer in my life. What do you suppose I've been thinking about all the time I was over there in England? What do you suppose I used to dream about? Why do you suppose I headed for your house the minute I hit California? Don't be so stupid!"

Mary began to cry, then, and Kenny stopped being mad and comforted her. But the upshot of it was that six weeks later, when a friend of Kenny's asked him if he'd like to drive to New York, Kenny went along. He was to get a job there, find a place to live and, when things looked really stable, Mary was to join him. In the meantime, she would keep her job in California, and go on living with her family as she had before.

I KNOW now, of course, that Mary had no intention of being as cruel as she sounded. She was just frightened for Kenny. And she really thought she was being fair to him. Kenny didn't quite see it, but he thought there was nothing else for him to do but string along the way she wanted him to for a while and see what finally happened. He was glum all the way across the continent, and even when they reached the outskirts of New York, his thoughts were still a confused jumble of Mary and jobs and the war and anger and hope and frustration.

When they finally got into the city, though, and Kenny had phoned his ex-pilot, things began to look brighter. Don McFay hadn't just been talking when he had asked Kenny to look him up. He was genuinely fond of Kenny, with that complete absence of sham or self-consciousness that is sometimes achieved among the members of a bomber crew that have seen plenty of enemy action.

After all, more than once, Don's life had depended on Kenny's keen eyes and steady hands on those waist guns, and there had been other times when Kenny had sent up a prayer of gratitude that it was Don guiding the big ship over flak-infested enemy territory rather than someone whose ability or good sense he couldn't know. There was one time when they came home from a mission with two engines gone and the right wing just barely holding together. That was the time that Don had to crash-land at one of the emergency landing bases on the coast of England, and the whole crew had come up to him afterward and solemnly wrung his hand for getting them back to the ground safely.

Those things you don't forget in a hurry. And when Don realized that it was really Kenny on the other end of the telephone wire, he let out a whoop that could have been heard three blocks away.

"You old son of a gun," he roared over the phone. "You get right on up here. And don't bother to look for a hotel room. You're staying with us. We'll drink to the ETO and that last trip to Regensburg when you get here."

Kenny found his way to Don's apartment with a glow in his heart and a curious constriction in his throat. They fell into each other's arms when Don met him at the door, and pounced each other on the back in choked silence. Don introduced him to his wife, and Kenny went over to her in a rosy sort of daze and kissed her soundly on the lips. Sally McFay put her arms around him quietly and, if Don had been looking at her just then, he would have noticed a soft understanding glow in her eyes.

Sally was a wise wife. She stayed with them for a little while, fixed them some coffee and sandwiches and then kissed Don and went to bed. The two men sat up until four in the morning, and when Kenny finally curled up on the sofa in the livingroom, he was at peace with the world. He could stay there until he found a room of his own, and Don would make certain that he met the right people in his job hunt. They would see a lot of each other, and pretty soon Mary would come to New York. And—Gosh! it was good to be with an old buddy again!

New York is a pretty wonderful place. The people who have lived there all their lives deprecate it to each other and only sing its praises when they are away from it. But to the people who come there for the first time, it is a wonderland of excitement and possibilities and dreams-come-true. I'll never forget the heady feeling of unlimited scope and hidden richnesses I had when I first came to New York. I felt that anything could happen in that queen of all cities. And I suppose it hit Kenny just about the same way.

He loved the fantastic tempo of New York. He became infected with the fever to get places quickly, the hurry-hurry of the restaurants at lunchtime and the subways in rush hours. He appreciated the easy friendliness of the newsboys and cab drivers and traffic cops when he asked directions. He let New York take him into its arms and whirl him away in the mad steps of the dance that only Manhattan can accomplish.

He got his job all right. Don took him around to a number of places, and in the end Kenny found a spot for himself at NBC. It wasn't much, but he liked the idea of being around the radio studios, and he knew that everything he learned there would stand him in good stead later. It wasn't long before he became a familiar figure at rehearsals. He'd pop in whenever he could steal five minutes from his work. Com-
It became the most hectic trip Kenny had ever taken when Sybil opened the puppy's box for air.

and sustaining shows, daytime serials or evening musicals—he didn't care what they were, so long as they spelled Radio.

And everyone liked him. Kenny's greatest charm was—and still is—his acceptance of things and people as they are. Nobody is proof against that kind of attitude for long. All the engineers and control men knew him, the actors and actresses gave him friendly grins when they saw him slip into the studios, and even the directors and writers found time to toss him a nod or a wink when the pressure wasn't too nerve-wracking.

That was where he met Sybil Baker, of course. She had a bit part in a mystery drama one night and, during rehearsals, he noticed that she was very nervous and didn't talk to any of the rest of the actors. After the show was over, Kenny wandered down to the NBC drugstore for toast and coffee before going home to the little furnished room he had found on Forty-Ninth Street, and there was Sybil, off at a corner table by herself, crying quietly into a soggy bit of lace and linen while she pretended to be eating a sandwich and reading a book.

Kenny sat at the counter and chewed slowly at his toast while he wondered what he should do. He had the usual innate male reluctance to face a woman's tears. But on the other hand he knew who she was and he felt that after all she was in radio and therefore to a certain extent a concern of his. He was at the point where anyone with even a remote connection with his favorite (Continued on page 69)
fast, would it? Why couldn't they wait a few months until things were more settled?

Kenny couldn't understand it.

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After all, more than once, Don's life had depended on Kenny's keen eyes and steady hands on those waist guns, and there had been other times when there had been other pilots who had taken up a prayer of gratitude. Kenny had sent up a prayer of gratitude when the big 49th's flying officer left for an enemy territory ship over flik-infested enemy territory region. Was it any wonder he couldn't know. There was that misdirection from the pilot in the air who had taken off and the mission two engines gone and the accident of a right wing just barely holding together. That was the time that Don had to crash-land on one of the emergency landing bases on the coast of England, and had to rig a hang glider for getting back to the ground safely.

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Dinah Shore double-dummy as songsheet and Miss Muriel of the Open House, Robert Evans, Dukie's, 84 Forty-Ninth Street, New York. Thursday at 8:30 P.M., EST.

bles and dreams—come—true. I'll never forget the heady feeling of unlimited opportunity and riches. I had when I first came to New York. I felt that anything would happen in that queen of all cities. And it was true. Kenny knew that.

He hit the fantastic tempo of New York. He became infected with the fever to get places quickly, the hurry-scurry, the sense of time and space. He lived the usual New York life—frequent parties and the subways in rush hours. He stopped seeing his old friends, the newsboys and cab drivers and tram drivers and when he asked directions, he let New York take him in its arms and whirl him away in the mad steps of the dance that only Manhattan can accomplish.

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It became the most hectic trip they had ever taken while Sybil opened the puppy's box for air.
A song as pretty as the girl who is the heroine of the story introduces this CBS serial

ROSEMARY

Lyrics By
PETER THOMAS

Words By
LEW WHITE

ROSE-MAR-Y, with your turned up nose and saucy air! My

ROSE-MAR-Y, where'd you get that crop of curly hair? Your

eyes do things each time they see me, Are they wise,

or just a little bit dreamy? ROSE-MAR-Y,

with your head up in the clouds above you, You are made

Copyright 1945, by Lew White
Rosemary is the story of a girl whose family ties are deep and strong, whose devotion to her mother and young sister makes it easy for her to shoulder the responsibilities that fall to her because the family is fatherless. She is a vital, intelligent, and very attractive young person—much like Betty Winkler, who is heard in the serial each day playing the story's title role.
"It didn't seem

The very first time Ginny and Hyatt talked, he proposed marriage.

By

GINNY

SIMMS

The Ginny Simms show is heard Friday at 7:30 P.M., EST, CBS
true!

Of course it didn’t seem true—

it only happens to a rare

and fortunate few. But

Ginny and Hyatt Dehn are both

The very first time Hyatt Dehn and I talked—the first time we ever had a chance to sit down and carry on a real conversation—he proposed to me! Hyatt and I had been casually introduced several times before at various Hollywood social functions. But, like all such parties, with dozens and dozens of people milling around, no one really had an opportunity to get to know anyone well. There are so many people to say “Hello” to, you simply don’t have time to relax and talk to one person for more than a few seconds.

Of course, I remembered Hyatt from our usual meetings at parties, but I didn’t become really interested in him until I received an invitation to another big party—this one at the home of Hyatt Robert Dehn himself!

The invitation was for dinner and was a housewarming. Hyatt had just completed a beautiful new hilltop bachelor house in Beverly Hills. During the evening we had an opportunity to become slightly better acquainted, but it was the same story—too many people around to talk! Of course, I knew that Hyatt was the young founder of the Defense Housing Corporation. I didn’t even know what his favorite books were, what sports he liked best or what was his favorite dish. Hyatt asked me for a date on the following night, and I quickly accepted. We had the date, and before the evening was over Hyatt proposed to me. We had found out, during the evening, that though his career as an architect and builder and mine as a singer and actress were widely separated, we had everything in common—interests, ambitions, hopes and plans.

I wore a dark blue taffeta dinner dress for that date. Hyatt liked that dress so well that, scarcely six weeks later—on July 28, 1945—when we were married, he asked me to wear the same dress.

I may have been a bit foggy on my lines on the set the next day—but did that matter? A girl accepting a marriage proposal can’t be expected to be down-to-earth the next day.

During our long discussion on our first date, I discovered I knew a lot about Hyatt’s pet projects—housing for returning veterans, housing for factory workers, housing in various settlement projects—all projects in which Hyatt was then immersed. And despite the fact that I’d known him for just one evening, I knew a lot about Hyatt—including that I loved him.

The next week was an exciting one for both of us. I went with Hyatt to look at his housing projects—the attractive small houses, no two alike, each with a wood-burning fireplace (a pet notion of my husband’s—no house is a home without an open fire). And Hyatt went with me to the recording studio and watched while I recorded “Till the End of Time,” a song which will always seem like our theme song.

We were already talking about getting married.

At that time, September seemed the earliest possible date. I was to be busy at the Universal Studios in “Shady Lady” all through July and August, but in September I thought I would be able to have a little time off. Then, just as we began to make plans, I was signed to appear in “Night and Day,” the picture presenting the life of the famed song writer, Cole Porter, which the Warner Brothers Studio was making. And the opening of my new CBS radio show was set to start late in September.

Hyatt, realizing I guess that this sort of thing could go on forever, thought we should be married right away, pictures or no pictures, radio or no radio. Considering the fact that I had had only three weeks off during the last seven years, I had to concede that he was right. So we set the wedding for July 28.

I worked until six on the day of the wedding—Hyatt had my things moved into the house (no longer to be a “bachelor house”) in the afternoon. I scarcely had (Continued on page 89)
EASTER TIME, when gaily colored eggs are number one on your children’s hit parade, is a good time to think about the importance of eggs in everyday good eating and good health. A complete protein, as meat is, the egg is also rich in Vitamins A, B and D and is an excellent source of calcium and phosphorus, those essentials for sturdy bones and teeth. You probably think of them automatically when planning breakfast or a fluffy dessert, but to make sure that your family is getting its daily quota of eggs, try some of this month’s recipes for other varieties of egg dishes. Learn to use eggs not as filler-inners, but as the basis for real, main-course dishes.

Creamed Egg and Mushroom Casserole

4 cups mushroom caps
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered

Prepare mushroom caps. Saute in butter until tender. Add flour, stir until smooth. Add milk gradually, cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and eggs. Turn into greased casserole. Top with biscuits. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 or 25 minutes, or until biscuits are done. Serves 8 to 10.

Baking Powder Biscuits

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons shortening
3/4 cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 20 seconds. Roll 1/4 inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch cutter. Bake as above.

Grilled Plate with Scrambled Eggs

3 tomatoes, peeled
4 eggs, scrambled
6 slices toast, buttered and cut in triangles
5 rounds toast, buttered
6 slices bacon, broiled

Cut tomatoes in half crosswise. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in pan under hot broiler until partially cooked. Place on rounds of toast. Pile scrambled eggs on tomatoes and place slice of bacon on top. Serve on platter; garnish with toast triangles. Serve at once. Serves 6. Tomatoes and bacon may be pan-broiled instead of oven-broiled, if desired.

For best results in egg recipes, here are some tips to remember:

Eggs should always be kept in the refrigerator.
Separate yolk and white immediately after taking from refrigerator.
Remove from refrigerator and allow to reach room temperature before beating.

To prevent broken yolks in frying and cracked shells in eggs cooked in the shell, remove from refrigerator and allow to reach room temperature before cooking.

Cook at low to moderate temperature.
Do not boil eggs; cook them in water just below the boiling point.

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
<th>Network</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>The Jubalaires</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:00</td>
<td>Burns, Calvert</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>The White Rabbit Line</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:15</td>
<td>Power Biggs</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>To Order</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC String Trio</td>
<td>NBC</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Voice of Prophecy</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:30</td>
<td>Voices in Song</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>The Church of the Air</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>The Bible of Israel</td>
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<td>Highlights of the Bible</td>
<td>CBS</td>
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<td>Brother John</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Wings Over Jordan</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Chaplin Jim</td>
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<td>12:45</td>
<td>Family Light</td>
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<td>1:00</td>
<td>The Blue Jacket Choir</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:15</td>
<td>The Heir of Faith</td>
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<td>1:15</td>
<td>NBC The Learning Stand</td>
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MONDAY

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<td>Breakfast Club</td>
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<td>10:15</td>
<td>Honeymoon in New York</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Agony</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:45</td>
<td>Shady Valley Folks</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:00</td>
<td>My True Story</td>
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<td>11:15</td>
<td>Once Over Lightly</td>
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<td>CBS Light of the World</td>
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<td>11:45</td>
<td>The Big Parade</td>
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<td>11:55</td>
<td>Evelyn Winter</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:10</td>
<td>Hymns of All Churches</td>
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<td>12:20</td>
<td>NBC Married For Life</td>
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<td>12:26</td>
<td>Bachelor's Children</td>
<td>MBS</td>
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<td>12:30</td>
<td>NBC Joyce Jordan</td>
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<tr>
<td>12:45</td>
<td>NBC Fred Waring's Breakfast</td>
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<tr>
<td>1:00</td>
<td>NBC Fred Waring Show</td>
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ATHCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE

Johnny Mercer didn't come to New York recently on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, but whatever he rode must have been going pretty fast because Johnny picked up some early speed that has sent him shooting to the ceiling of the entertainment world, his most immediate big splurge being on Your Hit Parade with Joan Edwards (Saturdays, CBS, 9:00 p.m. EST).

It was always in Johnny's mind to be in the theater, but he was a wise young man and kept that to himself until it would do him some good. As a result, he submitted quietly to a formal education at the Woodbury Forest School in Virginia.

His first acting was with an amateur group, the Savannah Players. In 1929, he landed a small part with the New York Theatre Guild in its production of "The Hero."

His first song to capture the public's fancy was "Out of Breath, Scared to Death of You," which he wrote for the "Garrick Gaiters." In collaboration with Everett Miller, who wrote the music, Johnny has very fond memories, indeed, of the "Garrick Gaiters."

First song hit appeared in that show. More important, in its cast was a pretty young lady named Elizabeth Mecham, who later became Mrs. Mercer. They have a six-year-old daughter, Amanda, who, of course, the inspirer of the hit song, "Mandy Two," which came out four years ago.

Johnny is an accomplished cook and a rather fair golfer. He admits Bing Crosby is a better player, still, Johnny is his favorite opponent on the links.

The list of Mercur lyrics up to "Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe," is a long one. Some of the better known are "Lazzy Bones," and "Goodie, Goodie" and "I'm An Old Cowhand From the Rio Grande."

Johnny's career has been varied. He did a number of singing stints with various bands, among them Paul Whiteman's orchestra. While on that job, he wrote "Parson My Southern Accent" and "Here Come The British." He wrote the lyrics for the movie musical "Old Man Rhythm" and some of his other movie songs are "Ready, Willing and Able" and "Hollywood Hotel."

While in New York, this last time, he combined his chores on the Hit Parade show with work on writing a new musical "St. Louis Woman," which is set for a Broadway opening sometime this coming summer.

Being very practical about his career—knowing how it will never really let him settle down in any one place—and being only too well aware of the housing problem, Johnny and his wife, Elizabeth, maintain two homes, a house in Hollywood and an apartment in New York, off Central Park.

51
MINNIE IS SMALL, BUT OH, MY!

You have to watch her broadcasting to believe that the heavy accent and the perfectly wonderful characterization known as a "Barrymore" on the Fred Allen Show (Sundays, NBC, 8:30 EST) comes from her. Minerva Pious is small—only five feet tall and weighing less than 100 pounds.

Minerva Pious comes by her grand store of accents, in a way, naturally. She was born in Russia, near Odessa. Her family emigrated to this country when Minerva was two, but in the course of her life she has had many opportunities to hear real foreign accents and to absorb them. Most of her childhood was spent in Bridgeport, Conn., where her family worked out a wholesale candy business.

Nobody, lest of all Minerva, thought of the theater, or radio—which was unheard of then—as a future career for her. There had never been any actors in the family. But Minerva's infallible ear for the way people really speak, especially people who don't follow all the rules laid down by the demands of good pronunciation, showed itself at a very early age. Even as a little girl, she liked to mimic people, and the people who heard her went into stitches. It was all for fun, though. Minerva never even thought of making anything of this.

A few years of secretarial experience in Bridgeport and she decided to try her wings a bit. She came to New York, first making sure she had a job—as a secretary at King Features. After awhile there, she shifted over to the promotion department, the main promotion being her own, because she became a writer.

Having discovered this talent for stringing words together so they made good sense—and paid off—Minerva changed jobs again, this time getting a position as a writer on a trailer copy for Loew's 'Theaters' pictures.

Then, somehow, she found herself talked into reviving an old talent. Minerva had taken piano lessons as a child. Suddenly, those lessons were put to good use. They served to introduce Minerva to her first radio audience, playing as an accompanist to Harry Tugend.

Of course all these years, wherever she went, Minerva couldn't resist mimicking people. Harry Tugend heard her and nothing would do but that he get her his good friend Fred Allen onto her. They've been together ever since, of one of the most famous stooges that program has ever discovered.

But Minerva is more than a stooge. Norman Corwin thinks she's one of the finest actresses he ever knew—as well as one of the finest people. Corwin even wrote one of his best scripts expressly for her to perform the lead in, a part, incidentally, which didn't call on her to use any accent, at all, but a strictly fine American one.
ARTA FOLWELL
TO WED STEPHEN T. EARLY, JR.
EX-INFANTRY OFFICER

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Philip Folwell of
Jackson, Mississippi, have announced the
engagement of their daughter, Arta Parvin
Folwell, to Mr. Stephen Tyree Early, Jr.,
of Washington, D. C., formerly a Lieu-
tenant in the Infantry.

She's like "a dainty rogue in porcelain," with an adorable jeune fille look!

SHE'S Engaged! SHE'S Lovely! SHE USES Ponds!

IT WAS AT A PARTY in Atlanta that
Arta and Stephen met, and it's easy
to see why she danced into his heart.

Her hair is silk-spun, her eyes warm,
friendly brown, her complexion pink-
and-white and baby soft. "I use lots of
Pond's Cold Cream on my face right
along," she says. "It makes my skin feel
really super."

Yes—she's another engaged girl with
a charming soft-smooth Pond's complex-
on! And this is how she cares for it:
Arta smooths snowy Pond's generously
all over her face and throat—and pats
well to soften and release dirt and make-
up. Then tissues off.

She rinses with a second creaming of
silky-soft Pond's, working it round her
face with little circles of her cream-
covered fingers. Tissues off again. "I
like to cream double each time—for extra
cleansing, extra softening," she says.

Pond's youf face twice a day—as Arta
does—every morning when you get up,
every night at bedtime. In-between clean-
ups, too! It's no accident so many more
women use Pond's than any other face
cream at any price. Get a big luxury jar
of Pond's Cold Cream today!

HER RING—a stunning
diamond in a
square setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S
SOCIETY BEAUTIES
Thania, Lady Furness
Miss Geraldine Spreckels
The Lady Moya de Forester
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Duchess de Richelieu

MERCY STEEL—Arta helps sort and clean sur-
gical instruments to be shipped to Europe. Since
1940 the Medical and Surgical Relief Committee
has been sending supplies throughout the free
world. Volunteer workers, like Arta, help collect,
sort, and clean them before they are sent.
"I'm too busy to bother with men"

Ridic! You pine to be popular. So give your charm a swift-lift.
Here's how:

**KEEP FRESH:** After your bath dust Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. It sweats your skin, leaves you excitingly fresh.

**FEEL SMOOTH:** Pat some extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places to give sensitive skin a pearly smooth sheath of protection.

**STAY DAINTY:** Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc often—for coolness, comfort and because it imparts to your skin the fragrance men love.

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**CASHMERE BOUQUET TALK**

In 160, 26c and 35c sizes

For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65c

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**THURSDAY**

Eastern Standard Time

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**BUSY, BUSY, BUSY**

Practically any time you tune in on NBC, you're likely to hear the very special voice and diction that belongs to Ben Grauer. He announces for Mr. District Attorney. Information Please, Music of the New World, General Motors Symphony of the Air and Mr. and Mrs. North. Just to vary his routine a bit, he does the announcing stunt on the Walter Winchell show over ABC.

Ben Grauer was born in 1908 in a remotely situated cottage on Staten Island. Six years later, the Grauer family took the ferry to Manhattan and settled down for good in the Morningside Heights section. Ben attended Public School No. 10, went to high school at Townsend Harris Hall and on to the College of the City of New York.

His professional career started when he was eight, at one of those Saturday afternoon dancing schools where a movie scout picked several of the kids to appear in a film production. Ben was among those chosen and performed so well that he suddenly found himself being an actor—but regularly. He was combining a theater and movie career with his studies.

He created the original movie role of Georgie Bassett in "Penrod" and worked at the old Fox Studios at Fort Lee with such famous luminaries of the silent screen as Carlisle Blackwell, Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick and Madge Evans—who was making a big hit those days as a long-curlend blonde imp. On the stage, Grauer was kept pretty busy playing children's parts in dozens of productions.

All this time, Ben was going to school, too. At City College, he was the dramatic critic of the school newspaper, editor-in-chief of the literary magazine and, in 1930, he won the Sandham Prize for esteemed speaking over a field of 200.

It was in October of that same year that Ben walked into the NBC studios for a dramatic audition. Two hours after he walked in, very much to his surprise, he walked out with a contract in his hand—a contract that designated his future status as a full fledged announcer.

During the war years, Grauer tackled a large number of working hours on this already tough schedule, contributing his services to radio and radio and radio and television. In addition to his radio chores, for the last three years, he's done the narrating job on a series of short features screened under the auspices of the Coordinator of Inter-American Activities, to date having made about twelve quickies, designed to educate Americans on the life and times of our neighbors in the land of the Rhumains.

One of the busiest announcers on radio today, Grauer is also one of the most versatile. He's a fine m. c. and can bring authority to any kind of broadcast, probably because he always likes to know what he's talking about and, as a result, takes an active interest in all kinds of subjects, from politics to swing.
Ah, Spring! When birds are a-twitter... when the sap begins to run again (no offense, Junior)... and a fellow pops out of his cold weather covering like a butterfly from a cocoon!

Now's the time when harried mothers are more than ever grateful for Fels-Naptha Soap. With clean shirts in constant demand, it's a real relief to use this faster, gentler soap... There's relief from endless hours in the laundry. Relief from ordinary washing wear on collars and cuffs. Not to mention relief from wear and tear on Mother's disposition.

Ah, Spring! Ah, Youth! (and from the ladies, in chorus)
A-h-h-h, Fels-Naptha!
“Let's keep Our Love Exciting”

“No woman was ever loved as I love you,” you said. “Keep your hands soft, dearest.” I'm so glad I used Jergens Lotion... Preferred hand care with the loveliest women. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

Now more effective than ever. Thanks to new wartime knowledge of skin-care, Jergens scientists now make Jergens Lotion even finer. “My hands feel even smoother, softer; “Protects longer,” women said after testing.

“Fun—making a home together.” Her hands still so friendly-soft. Those 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-softening are included in this postwar Jergens Lotion. In the stores today—same bottle—still 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). Never sticky; no oiliness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research
Dear Chichi:

I am now 64 years old and there are so many things I would like to do to make other people happy as I don't have to go out to work anymore. But I still think life would be beautiful if I could cook for someone.

Thanks,
Mrs. George Masters
West Bridgewater
Beaver Co., Pa.

P.S. I have had wonderful family; my girls never cause me a minute's worry and all have nice homes. My husband works on one of the big railroad lines and we get out passes in to N.Y. So after waiting 64 years life can be beautiful but it takes a lot of faith and prayers.

Dear Chichi:

I'm not very good at putting down on paper what I feel. I don't think I can win the contest but what I'm writing to you is a true story.

You see I have been married three years and two weeks after my little girl was born my house burned down. We lost everything we had to our name.

Well, one year and a half passed and then one night in October while I had gone to the store my little girl got out of the house and got run over by a car.

When I went home and found out she was gone you can guess how I felt. And then we found out that she had gotten hit. We did not know for two days if she would live or die. Well she is not all well yet but some day maybe she will be. But I'm glad to know she is alive. We don't have very much but we have our children and we thank God for them and our health. This is my experience. I don't know if it is what you want but here it is.

Thank you, Chichi,
Fern Reedy.

P.S. Say hello to all Life Can Be Beautiful cast.
Fern.

February 15, 1946
Independence, La.

Dear Chichi:

It is with pleasure I write you the story of my life. I feel that you, of all
If you could count the users of Tampax

If you could count the millions of users of Tampax, you would find them living in country houses, city apartments, even tents. You would find them on trains, boats, planes and islands—in both hemispheres, six continents, seventy-five countries, and speaking dozens of languages. The sun never sets on them.

Those who have followed the history of Tampax are astounded by the number of women already using this monthly sanitary method, because the change from external protection to internal protection seems so decisively revolutionary.... Just imagine discarding the harness of belts, pins and external pads by the one swift decision to use Tampax!... No odor, no chafing, easy disposal. In place you cannot feel it and you need not remove it for shower or tub.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, compacted in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold in 3 "absorbencies" at drug stores, notion counters. Month's supply slips into your purse. The economy box contains enough for 4 months' average needs. Tampax incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

people will understand and appreciate it most.

I am a widow of the late W. A. Houghton, Attorney and Notary and "Honest Lawyer." He died in April 1939 after an extended illness, leaving me five children, two married, and three to be cared for and educated. I, too, was in poor health, and my story will center around these facts.

After my debts were paid I found I had no money, no income, no vocation and no health as the doctor said. I had a little girl six and a son twelve years respectively. I had a son twenty years old in college. He quit school and went to work for a small salary, in that I was able to have food and clothes, and that the younger ones might go to public schools.

When war was declared I felt that my son wanted to enlist; he knew I wasn't well and didn't know just what this would do to me, so he didn't enlist for almost one year. Finally in April 1942, he enlisted in the Air Forces. He had a year's training in the States and in May 1943 was sent to Europe, about the first of American Air Forces to arrive there. He made five missions and was shot down over occupied France on June 26th, 1943. I received cablegram about ten days later that he was "Missing in Action."

It is needless to tell you what this did to me as I was suffering with "Hypertension." Five doctors told me I could not live, some said five years, others two, and one told me I would not be alive "One year from now." But I had a will to live and no fear. I went to a younger doctor, about forty years old, who had recently been discharged from the Army on medical grounds and found a condition similar to mine. He examined me, looked at me, long and hard, and said, I quote, "Do you know how to pray? I can help you..."

I knew a place I could go and ask for prayer and pray with them at a certain time each day. After about ten days I heard through a friend that my son was not dead but was coming out through the Underground. This relieved my mind and in about ten days I had a cablegram from my son. I quote, "Art, I am fifty and I lived to keep the home fires burning."

I began getting better right away. My son came home, stayed in the States one year and as soon as his leave was over he returned to the States in May 1945, was honorably discharged and is at home going to school on the GI bill of rights. My second son, 16 years old, will be home from France in March. He too, will go to school when discharged. My young daughter is in seventh grade now and all is well.

I had three small children, and the youngest, a boy of three months, suddenly contracted a cold.

Having no money for medical care I did the best I could to make him well. One afternoon he slept (as I thought) for six hours. After that length of time I thought I should wake him as he surely must be hungry. But he wasn't sleeping, he was unconscious. I called the doctor, not caring whether I had the money or where I would get it to pay him. He diagnosed it as lobar pneumonia. For nine days our baby hovered between life and death.

Having no funds to send him to a hospital we blocked off our livingroom with sheets and little blankets, and he said he must be isolated from the rest of the family.

During the first few days of his illness our baby had his eyes open and measles and had to be isolated in an upstairs bedroom with my sister taking care of him. Life really seemed black.

On the ninth day of our baby's illness he suddenly took a turn for the worse. He looked like death itself and I couldn't detect his pulse or see him breathe.

I called my sister for the doctor and I got down on my knees beside the baby's crib and prayed as I had never prayed before. "Dear God please don't take our son from us, I have had him such a short time."

The doctor didn't arrive for an hour as he was out on a call, but in that hour it seemed a miracle had happened, because when the doctor arrived he had his eyes open and looked better than he had looked in days. I looked at the doctor feeling a little embarrassed, and apologized for calling him out after dark. He said, "please don't apologize for that was the crisis, and with babies, one minute they seem beyond all help and the next minute they are fine." In that hour, while my son was being cared for, I was firmly convinced that "Life can be beautiful."

Our son was spared.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Dorothy White
820 E. Mercer St.
Phila. 25, Pa.

Dear Chichi:

I want to tell you about a birthday I once had. I was always very close to my mother—perhaps because I wasn't strong and she was a wonderful person. This particular birthday I was recovering from a nervous breakdown, I was in a haze and nothing consoled me. My birthday was in December and a few days before I found a girl who had been my best friend before she went to the hospital. Can you imagine how much I loved it, Chichi? It was the best birthday I could have had—except for having her with me—my pal, my buddy, my mom.

Life can be beautiful.

Sincerely,
June C. Wilson
Mrs. W. Frank Wilson
P. O. Box 123
Dauphin, Pa.

Those are all the letters we have room for this month—but keep sending me your letters, won't you? So many of you have been kind enough to say that the Latin Can Be Beautiful book is an inspiration to you—it makes me very happy to be able to say now, in return, that your letters are an inspiration to Papa David and me.

And may I show you one favor of you—we have so many letters that we would like to be able to tell at a glance which ones are for the Life Can Be Beautiful page. Will you clip the bottom left corner of the hundred dollar award, on page 38, and send it in with your letters? Thank you so much—it will be a great help to us.
Easter in Tennessee

(Continued from page 25)

heart, I can tell you!” Her eyes shone. “What did you do that made the day so pleasant?” I asked her. And it wasn’t just that I wanted to keep her talking on a subject that obviously gave her so much pleasure. I was interested—I wanted to know about it. Already, the look on her face was making Sara and Josh Hendricks come alive for me.

It was all fun, from beginning to end, as it remained in Judy’s memory. First there was the big drink of sweet cider. Then the scurry down the hill to the brook where, in the moss and the bushes and the trees, and even between the rocks in the eddying water, Uncle Josh had hidden the eggs which Aunt Sara had boiled and painted the day before.

“We kids scrambled around like mad,” Judy told me, “shouting and whistling and calling to each other, each of us feeling as if we’d found a real treasure each time we discovered another egg.” For the first time, I saw her eyes light up with real laughter.

Sometimes, too, there’d be a scrap about who had found a particular egg, but there was something about those Easter parties that kept us from really coming to blows.”

She could still remember, Judy said, the little straw basket in which she carried her treasures back up to the house. There was a special prize for the child who found the most eggs. “It was usually one of the boys,” she explained, “but it didn’t really matter, because the prize was a big bag of Aunt Sara’s homemade candy—I’ve never tasted anything like it, anywhere else—and we all shared it.”

After the egg hunt, Uncle Josh would supervise while the children went wading in the creek—the first “swim” of the year. There was still a chill in the Tennessee air, but Spring’s promise was everywhere in the peeping new grass and the bright sunshine. And of course the kids shouted and screeched and made much of the coldness of the water, and loved every minute of it.

And then came Aunt Sara’s magnificent Easter dinner—Judy’s very telling of it made my mouth water. “Roast chicken, and candied yams, and creamed carrots and peas,” she enumerated, ticking them off on her fingers, and spinach—even that tasted good the way Aunt Sara fixed it. And to top it all off, her wonderful banana coconut cake. I loved that better than anything—I can taste it now!”

When dinner was over, there’d be a log to burn in the fireplace, and all the children would sit around and listen to Uncle Josh tell his famous stories. And always he’d tell the one about the hens and the rabbits—how the hens, worrying about not being able to hide their eggs for the children to find on Easter morning, asked the rabbits, who knew the woods so well, to hide them. That was how the Easter bunnies came into being—benevolent and kindly fellows who did what the hens asked so that the children could have an Easter egg hunt each year. The Easter egg, Uncle Josh would go on to explain, was the symbol of the return of Spring, the promise of life.

“I knew the story by heart, of course,” Judy said. “But every year I listened as hard as if I were hearing it for the first time. I loved it so!”

By the time Judy was through with
Why not bring out the natural glossy highlights of your hair like Powers Models?

Positively never leaves any excess dull, soapy film. Men can’t help admire shimmering highlights in a girl’s hair. They like the soft, silky feel of it under their fingers.

So, girls—why not take a tip from gorgeous Powers Models who are famous for their naturally soft lustrous hair? Powers Girls use Kreml Shampoo to wash their hair! Kreml Shampoo is an arch conspirator for ensnaring your man. And here’s why—

Silken-sheen beauty lasts for days. Kreml Shampoo not only thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff but it actually brings out the natural sparkling highlights that lie concealed in the hair. Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much softer, silker, easier to set.

Wonderful to soften dry, brittle ends. Kreml Shampoo is so mild and gentle on your hair, it positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Rather, it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry. It never leaves any excess soap film that makes your hair so dull and lifeless looking. So be glamour-wise and always wash your hair with Kreml Shampoo—a trump card in any woman’s bag of beauty tricks.

KREML SHAMPOO
A product of R. B. Snower, Inc.
FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIEST TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Show ing proper position of braid. Kreml Shampoo is marvelous for thick, long hair, because it thoroughly cleanses each tiny strand.

First wash hair with Kreml Shampoo so that your hair will sparkle with its natural lustre. Set pin curls in direction of arrows.

Follow directions of arrows for setting pin curls in front. Notice how Kreml Shampoo leaves hair so much easier to set.

Miss Jane Gilbert, stunning Powers Girl, is thrilled by the way beautifully: Kreml Shampoo keeps her hair shining bright and lustrous for days!

How to fix the entrancing hair do above.

her story about her childhood, there was no doubt in my mind that those Easter times in Tennessee were the high points of Judy Millford’s happiness.

And then I learned the low point.

Pat Hackett, it seemed, had been Judy’s sweetheart since ‘way back when. When the war came, Pat joined the Navy. They had hoped to be married, but they put it off, thinking perhaps that the war would be over soon. Then Pat sent Judy a telegram, begging her to come out to Los Angeles at once. He was going to be stationed there for several months, he told her—they could be together, and several months looked like a lifetime to them by then, they were so lonely for each other.

Pat sent Judy some money, and she scraped up the rest somehow. Judy’s mother had died the year before, and there was nothing to keep her from Pat now. By bus and by train she traveled to Los Angeles, and Pat and Judy were married.

Eagerly, they set out on the span of happiness allotted to them— but it was pitifully brief. It lasted just five months, and then Pat went to sea, and the long, desperate time of waiting and hoping began for Judy.

"The next year was awful," she told me, and the remembering of it wiped away the brief happiness that telling me of her childhood had brought into her eyes. "I stayed on the coast—I was homesick, but there was always the hope that Pat would get a furlough, and so I stayed on, because I wanted to be with him whatever time I could. All the waiting was—would have—worth it, for just another hour with him would have been enough.”

Of course, there was the baby coming along, too. In some ways that made the waiting easier, in some ways it made the loneliness more unbearable. But in December, Patrick Junior was born and in January came the news that the Patrick Senior’s destroyer had been sunk, and that Pat was listed as missing.

To understand the suffering that Judy went through in the year and a little more which followed, you would only have to have seen her face, as I did, that morning. There was bitterness in her eyes. Pain and hopelessness had etched her face. Judy was one of those girls—and there must be so many of them, everywhere in the world today—who cannot take off her sorrow.

Now she worked from day to day at her airplane factory job, and didn’t know—and worse, didn’t much care—what was to become of her, and of little Pat.

I didn’t know what to say to her, that sunny Spring morning. What can you say, in the face of a story like that? It was too late to tell her, "Don’t give up hope." But I could say, "Don’t give up hope for yourself, Judy, and for your child. Especially for little Pat—he has a right to happiness.

Gently, I touched her shoulder. I brought her back from the past. "Look, Judy," I said, "I can’t do or say anything that will give you back your life exactly as you want it. But I think I can do something to help you find happiness of a kind—of another kind from that you knew with Pat. At least, let me try, will you? I’m not quite sure what I’m going to do—but keep in touch with me, will you?"

And then, when she had gone, I sat down and wrote a letter. And, a week later, I had a reply to it.

That’s how it all came about that last year, at Easter, I attended an old-time Easter egg hunt. And how I came to

...
such a life. Yet, without meaning to do so, certainly without realizing that they are doing it, many parents and children deliberately plant and nurture the perfectly natural fears that crop up in the children as jokes, as nonsense, as things to encourage for the purpose of developing the discipline of the child — as weapons against the children, and thereby laying the foundations for subconscious fears which their children may never quite be able to overcome.

Have you ever thought about the origin of fear? Psychologists are finding in their experimentation that anything which is not understood, not even known, is the source of fear.

Thousands of years ago, when men were very simple creatures, there was no understanding of the movements of the earth which made day and night, or brought sunlight and moonlight. In those days, because the causes of darkness were unknown, it was perfectly natural for men to fear the dark. For hundreds of years now, we have known what causes darkness. But people are still afraid of the dark.

Let's consider the fact that children seem to be afraid of darkness. It is so true, but it is obvious to most of all people who have worked a great deal with children that it isn't the darkness that frightens them. It is the things that go with the darkness. Very young children are not afraid of the dark. They don't understand it, but their minds aren't equipped to think of it in anything but a troubling manner. Their imaginations are not filled with the mysterious occurrence. As long as they're warm and comfortable and feel that they are loved, they don't worry very much about darkness or light, or cause and effect.

As they grow older, however, they begin to experience to some degree the same kind of wondering and awe about darkness. And, at the same time begin to understand and wonder is going on in their young heads, their imaginations are beginning to come alive. They're beginning to observe, to wonder, to ask their elders, to explore the world and meet new and strange people, animals, objects. They don't understand all these new experiences, but they store them in their memories. At night, in the dark when their eyes have nothing to fasten on and their minds have nothing else to keep them busy, they are apt to recall these things, to relive pleasant and unpleasant experiences and, especially, to go through again the fears that have come to them during the day. And the result is what looks like fear of the dark.

There is a school of thinking which says that children have to overcome their fear of the dark by being left in it and discovering that no harm comes to them. This school points with pride to the fact that when left alone in the darkness for an hour or longer, these boys and girls will not have come near to it the next night, less the second and third, and so on, until they are no longer afraid.

Those of us, however, who have known a number of older children who were treated this way in their very early childhood, feel strongly that this school is quite wrong. The children didn't stop being afraid. They just got hopeless. They got no response from the parents to whom they looked for reassurance, and so they gave up trying to get it. They eventually learned that the darkness would not harm them, but the original fear they experienced was not lost. It became buried in their memories simply through the process of time. There is only one way that we might be in the dark, but they were afraid of many other equally harmless things, which they never revealed.

Well, you will say, how do you handle it? Very simply. If a child is only told to turn about until it becomes the foundation for many later fears which had nothing to do with the darkness, at all. They stop understanding of the world might be in the dark, but they were afraid of many other equally harmless things, which they never revealed.

Well, you will say, how do you handle it? Very simply. If a child is only told to turn about until it becomes the foundation for many later fears which had nothing to do with the darkness, at all. Then, you stop understanding of the world might be in the dark, but they were afraid of many other equally harmless things, which they never revealed.

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by the things he imagines to be there. Nor will he have to sleep with the lights on for the rest of his life. He will outgrow his fear of the dark as soon as he can understand it.

One wise father I know explained this to his small daughter of four, using a grapefruit for the world, a round mirror for the moon and a large lamp for the sun. He marked a spot on the grapefruit saying, "Let's suppose this is where we live on the Earth." Then, he turned the grapefruit slowly in the light of the lamp, showing the child how the spot on which they were suspending they lived moved gradually out of the light into the darkness and back into the light. The little girl understood what makes night and day. This father carried it even further by explaining the way the movement of the Earth around the Sun brought on changes in the seasons and how it happened that sometimes there was a moon and sometimes there wasn't, because moonlight was a reflection of sunlight on a round ball that followed the Earth through the skies and sometimes the Earth got in the way and cut off the light of the Sun from the Moon.

Of course, a simple understanding of the causes of day and night might not be enough to dispel a fear of the dark. There is still the imagination of children, which is very vivid and active, to deal with. It is not enough to tell children that there being silly that there isn't anything there. As far as they're concerned, their imaginations have put something there and, to them, it is very real and can be very terrifying.

Wise parents don't laugh at their children's fears, because they know that ridicule does not destroy the fear. Ridicule just forces the child to hide the fact that he's afraid. Children hate ridicule. They want their parents to love them and be proud of them, not laugh at them, not make them feel small and silly. If they work out for being afraid, they're liable to make heroic efforts to pretend they aren't afraid. They may succeed in fooling their parents, but they never fool themselves. Once they fear something, the dark or anything else, and don't lick that fear, they're likely to go through their whole lives having unconscious religious rituals.

The smart parents are the ones to whom children can say frankly, "I'm scared of this. This bothers me," no matter how silly or pointless it is. Such a child will bring the things he fears out into the open. He will talk about his fears seriously and get help from his parents in discovering the realities of what is mysterious to him and, gradually, by exposing his fear, talking about it frankly, becoming familiar with its causes, he will lose fear entirely. He will be able to trust his parents and come to them for guidance and reassurance.

This reassurance for children is terribly important. It can be a habit in child's place. There are so many things he doesn't know, doesn't understand. He has a right to be timid, suspicious and frightened, until he does understand. And he needs someone to teach him the things he doesn't know, to make him understand strange objects and animals and to assure him that these new things aren't so bad after all.

Threatening children to make them behave is always a mistake. Threatening them with something they fearing is doubly a mistake. It's putting through their a violent emotional experience which is very bad for them. In addition, children very quickly learn that threats of this kind are nothing but a sign of weakness in their parents, that their parents aren't smart enough, or quick enough, or sure enough of themselves to be able to get obedience in any other way.

A father who needs a policeman, or a boy-7y-man, or a dog to help him get a child to behave is not a very strong father. A father who is undermining the trust and confidence his child might have in him.

Fear is a natural emotion. We're not born with it. We develop as we grow and come in contact with more and more unfamiliar things. Very tiny babies apparently are afraid of only two things—sudden loud noises and flames. They outgrow the fear of noise very quickly. But the fear of falling remains for a long time, sometimes the rest of their lives. The fear of falling is a reasonable fear, but a fear of enough, however. In the small baby, it springs from a sense of insecurity. After all, a baby may not know very much at that stage of his life, but he does know that he's completely helpless. When he feels himself picked up by some inexperienced person who doesn't hold him firmly and securely enough, it's only natural that he should have a fear of falling—and what makes it more terrible, he isn't even able to stretch out his hands and grab something for himself. In infanthood, by the way, he's completely helpless. When you pick him up hold him strongly, let him feel your hands being firm. He won't break. He isn't that delicate. When you move him, avoid sudden movements. Even though it may be great fun for you, it isn't really very good for baby's emotions to toss him in the air and catch him until such a time as he's old enough to know it's a game and that you'll catch him as he comes down and, most important, until he is able to grasp hold of you for support if he wants to do so.

Aside from these fears, very young children are not usually afraid. They crawl around and examine noisy things and animals, just as with a great deal of curiosity, but no fear—if they are left alone to do that. As they grow older, fears begin to develop out of new and more active experiences.

It's very hard to predict what will frighten a child. Parents can do their best to keep children out of actual danger but can do nothing to prevent them from being careless with harmful things like fire, knives, broken glass, hot water. Educators have this to say about caution, however: "It is far too easy to reason too far in the idea that the world is much too dangerous a place in which to live. They're apt to get shy and timid and cowardly about everything. They're apt to get along with new and school, or indulge in sports, or try to do new things. They can easily wind up as adults who avoid normal living because it involves too much getting hurt. They're liable to reach the point where they are even incapable of looking..."
for a job because of fear of hurt, disappointment, failure—and, if they can force themselves to get a job, they will probably be failures in the end.

The best way to teach caution is gradually. Children should be given freedom for exploration and activity, but in places where there are not too many, if there are any, dangerous objects. A child can be taught at the early age of a year, or a year and a half what hot means, by the simple device of sticking his hand into some water that is warmer—but not scalding, of course—than water he's usually accustomed to feeling. The difference in temperature will be unpleasant enough to the child to keep him from wanting to repeat the experience. After that, he can be told that this is hot and that is hot and he will not be tempted to experiment. He will have learned a healthy respect for heat and fire. And he won't have to be told a million times "don't touch."

Because we, on our program, deal with words, we have learned something about their significance that many parents do not: that, often, things they say before children are not understood in the sense in which they are intended. In the natural course of events everyone in our world, children included, becomes familiar with the word Death. It may be mentioned casually, or in relation to some dearly loved person. It may surprise many parents to know that lots of children, thinking of death in their hazy, unknowing way, can build up terrible fantasies about it that frighten them unbearably. It is to them mysterious and not understood and therefore to be feared. One doctor has told me that he has come across many children suffering from a deep death fear which is brought on by the line, "If I should die before I wake," in the first prayer which most children are taught. Very deep-rooted fears can be produced as simply as that. Think of the many snap phrases you use in a day in which the word death appears. "I was bored to death." "I nearly froze to death." "I'm starved to death." "I was scared to death." Of course, you don't exactly mean that, but children's minds are very literal. They think you mean precisely what you're saying. Think of the dreams and fantasies that can be built around such ideas!

There will be parents who ask what's to be done to make children obedient and well behaved, if they aren't afraid of authority. Summing up the experience of those who work with children constantly, we find that children have to learn that good behavior will work out to their own advantage in the long run. This isn't accomplished by threats. Threats only lead to resentment and distrust—and only sometimes to immediate obedience.

Children must learn discipline. They must learn that bad behavior will cost them something, but they should not be terrorized by the thought of punishment. Punishment should always take a form which will make the child consider seriously whether his bad conduct is worth what he will have to pay for it—not in terms of physical violence, beatings, or exposure to something which he fears (darkness, policemen, doctors) but in terms of interfering with other things which he wants to have and do. This kind of discipline, which is necessary so the child may grow up with the ability to discipline himself and get along in the world with other people, leads to caution and fore-
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disheveled shadow of a human being, "Miss Allen, I heard you in my room. I want you to come and visit me."

Never a question, never a sympathetic word—which would only have made me twice as hysterical as I was already. As it was I hardly saw her, crinkled old face. I just went on crying aloud, and let her guide me gently into her small room—flooded, as always, with radio music. Once there, she sat down at a card table and began working on the scent-bags she made for a famous New York department store—talking casually as she dipped sweet-smelling sachet into little pastel silk bags and sewed them up.

And finally, her peace gave me a temporary calm. Actually, I was in a kind of trance—with my emotions still waiting tensely under the surface to spring to life again.

I stayed several hours. Mrs. Murphy sent down for soup and tea at lunchtime. And then, around two o'clock, her quiet mood disappeared and she became all brisk activity.

She shoved a ticket in my hand and said in a business-like voice, "Now, my dear, take this ticket. It's for the radio show, Ladies Be Seated. It's this afternoon at Radio City; I wrote in for the ticket myself, but now I see I have too much work to do. Hurry up now, and get dressed—you have to get there half an hour before the show goes on!"

The last thing I wanted to do on earth was go to a radio program on the day when my world had fallen apart. But what could I do? Mrs. Murphy, whose whole life revolved with her radio dial—to whom radio programs, for that matter, took the place of life—had given me a ticket she'd have loved to use herself. I had to go. If I had any thought of secretly not going, she destroyed it. "It's an audience-participation show, you know," she said. "Maybe you'll be on it. And then I can listen to you while I work!"

And so it was that, still numb with pent-up emotions, with my nerves quivering ready to let go again, I was finally dressed for the street. I was even finally walking down the corridors of Radio City, and turning in at a gray swinging door. And then, suddenly, I was in the magic world of radio—in the radio theater for the soon-to-be-on-the-air broadcast of Ladies Be Seated.

At first, in my trance-like state, I had only a jumbled impression of the neat, modern little gray theater, with its rows of comfortable armchairs sloping gently up toward the ceiling in the rear. I only vaguely saw the engaging, laughing, joking young master-of-ceremonies Johnny Olsen, who was even then roaming up and down the aisles with a hand-microphone, exchanging jokes with the audience. He wore a ridiculous, cheerful costume—a gay red satin high hat, insane red trousers, and a pale blue satin tailcoat. And I only vaguely noted the lighted stage, with its mikes, its neatly-arranged chairs, its bigger-than-life cardboard figure of Aunt Jemima, and the huge billboard facing the audience with the words to "Smiles" written on it.

While I was getting these impressions through the shell of my own misery, an usher was showing me to one of the few empty seats. I sank into it almost without knowing I was doing
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I WAS absolutely burning with anger.
I forgot my sorrow over Russell, the
show that was going on the air shortly,
everything. I drew breath enough to
make some properly outraged reply—and
my voice refused to do anything but
give a ridiculous squeak. Then
suddenly all I wanted was to escape
this malignant, cruel stranger. I started
to get up—but he pulled me back.
"Oh, no, my girl," he said. "Johnny
Olsen just announced that the doors
are closed now. Nobody can get in or
out until the show's over."
I bounced back into my seat, furious,
and began again delving for a handker-
chief. Russell's picture somehow came
out of my bag and fluttered to the floor.
Before I could stop him, the rude red-
head had stooped to pick it up. Then
he coolly studied it before returning
it to me.
"If this is the cause of all those tears,
it just goes to show what poor judge-
ment some people have," he said
calmly. "He's only a pretty-boy, my
girl, a weak sister. You're lucky if
some one else beat you to the draw."
That did it. That opened my mouth
and my vocal chords.
"I will thank you to keep your opin-
ions to yourself," I said rudely.
"Aha!" said the man, unruffled.
Then he grinned from ear to ear. "Glad
to hear that little Miss Sad-Face has a
voice, after all."
I heard my own voice again—and
again I heard it in astonishment. "In-
deed I have a voice," I snapped. "I'm
a singer by profession." Then I stopped,
horrified. Why had I told him that?
We both sat back, and somehow now
I was able to focus on what was going
on around me. Johnny Olsen, ranging
up and down the aisles, was picking
out men and women from the audience
whom he wanted on the show, and
sending the chosen ones up to the stage.
Nobody was hanging shyly back, either—
not on the contrary. Right now he was
demanding through his mike, "Now I
want a talkative woman—some one
really gabby—to open the program.
Any corner?"
Instantly a sea of hands went up.
He moved around, holding his mike
in front of various women's mouths, while
they all tried to out-talk each
other—talking aimlessly about shop-
ing, New York, the weather, anything.
Then he said, "Now we want to pick
three singers—the best of whom will
be used on the program this afternoon.
Who sings?"
Another sea of hands went up from
the smiling, murmuring audience. But
not mine. I kept quiet as a mouse—even though I could feel, without tum-
ning my head, that the red-headed man next to me was eying me.

Johnny Olsen tried out several
women, making them sing the one line,
“Daisy, Daisy, tell me your answer, do,”
while a pianist accompanied them
on the stage—and chose a fat, middle-
aged housewife from Brooklyn, and a
thin, nervous-looking girl who was
chewing gum. Then he said, “I still
need a third singer. Who’ve I got?”
I sat—though I was nearly
bursting with eagerness to prove
that I had been exactly the singer
he was looking for.

“Daisy, Daisy,” my voice
seemed to say, “Tell me your
answer, do!” To my surprise, this
brought a faint pattering of applause
from the audience. Johnny Olsen said,
“They agree with me, Miss. Up on the
stage with you for the singing contest.”

Apparently I was the last person
needed for Olsen’s pre-show entertain-
ment. He now stepped to the mike and
announced that there were still ten
minutes left before the show went on
the air, and that in that time they
would have the singing contest to eliminate
two of the three singers. The one left
would be on the radio program itself.

It all happened before I could even
get terrified. Mr. Olsen had the fat
housewife step up to the mike, asked her
a few questions about herself, and
had her sing “Smiles” from a sheet of
paper he handed her. Applause fol-
lowed; then the gum-chewing girl
stepped up and sang “Smiles,” to more
applause, then it was my turn.

I managed to get out my name, in
answer to Johnny Olsen’s questions;
and that I came from Toledo, Ohio; and
that I wanted to be a singer in New
York. Then he said, “Okay, piano for
Miss Allen,” and handed me the sheet
of paper with the words to “Smiles.”

AND suddenly I thought I couldn’t
do it... I couldn’t. For “Smiles”
had been Russell’s and my theme song
all these years. “Smiles” meant Rus-
sell—and now Russell meant anything
but smiles to me. I began feeling tears
flooding over me again, while the pianist
struck the opening chords, and I was
about to say that I couldn’t sing and
run from the stage—when the red-
head’s face seemed to come right out of
the lighted audience to me. And to
my surprise, it wore an expression not
of sarcasm, but of confident eagerness.
It seemed to tell me, “Go on, Jane
Allen—I know you can do it.”

And abruptly I knew I could do it!
I turned to the pianist and said
calmly, “Please give me the opening
chords again.” His smile was
as bright as my own, and the smile
ran clear to the bottom of mine.
He nodded, and began playing once more. And then I stood,
looking directly into the red-headed
man’s face, and sang “Smiles” as I
hadn’t known I could sing it—I sang for
Russell and the happiness we’d had;
for facing the finish of something like
an adult; I sang for the red-head’s
belief in me—and I sang for the sheer
delight of letting music pour out of
my throat, after these months of silence.
When I finished, there was a moment
of silence... and then a burst of
applause. Johnny Olsen said
with kind sincerity, “That was exactly
what I wanted, Miss Allen. You’re the singer
on today’s program.”
The program itself went by in a happy haze. I felt comfortably, completely at home up there in the blazing lights. I laughed at the silly jokes Johnny Olsen exchanged with the talkative old lady; I listened, fascinated, to the question-and-answer part of the program, during which he asked questions of six men and women he'd picked from the audience; and I stared, completely awed, at the presents he gave lavishly to everyone on the stage—gold wrist-watches, luncheon cloth sets, gold pen-and-pencil sets, and anything else you can think of.

When my turn came to sing, I walked easily up to the stage and sang "Smiles" again—just exactly the way I'd sung it for the pre-show contest. And then, while I gamped in pleasure, Johnny Olsen went onstage to me presents "with the compliments of Ladies, Be Seated"—a ten dollar bill, a year's supply of Aunt Jemima pancake flour, and a complete outfit of clothes, from head to foot, from a famous New York department store.

I held on to the slip of paper which represented shoes, stockings, dress, hat, gloves and bag as if it were all mine, until it had mirrored which indeed it did seem! And also to the ten dollar bill, and the gigantic box of pancake flour. And when the program was over, I thanked Olsen and went back to my seat in the audience. On with complete happiness. I felt like an entirely different person from the miserably saddened Jane Allen who'd come to the show to be happy, an hour before. I felt like somebody newly, and tremendously happily, reborn.

Most of the audience was already pushing out the door by the time I reached my seat, but the red-headed man was waiting.

"Congratulations, Miss Allen, on a truly lovely voice," he said warmly. Then he added, "I'm in the advertising business, and I know enough about radio to know that there's no reason why you can't come through as a radio singer. All you need is to be discovered."

And then I heard myself saying something big again that I had no intention of saying—this man seemed to have a peculiar ability to force unplanned words from me. I said, "You did it for me. You were right when you said I walked in here a complete mass of self-doubt. I really think you've changed my whole outlook on life, and I want to thank you for it at the bottom of my heart."

He said, "Well, I feel like a jerk, but you were pretty far gone in hysteria. You needed a lot of some kind." Then his thin face, that went so well on that enormously tall angular body, lit up with a smile—and I found myself wondering how I had ever thought the man homely. On the contrary, he was arrestingly attractive in a clean-cut, masculine sort of way. No pretty-boy, not by a long shot. But I wonder if he knew it. I was about to tell him when he said, "I'm Joe Brownwell—"

I could see the whole thing I'd thought of as I walked away. I could see the little red-headed boy with the large brown eyes, the man who'd been so kind to me and had been friendly. And I could see the woman who'd been my best friend and had been kind to me. And I could see the man who'd been my husband and had been kind to me.

I knew it was too, as surely as if I could see into the future. I knew that somehow, if it could move to that radio audience, it would move New York into giving me the chance I needed. And I knew that Joseph Brownwell was a part of whatever was in store for me. And I found the boy who'd been kind to me, who had been kind to me. And I was sure of it. And I was sure of it too. And perhaps that was the greatest gift of all.
Until We Meet Again

(Continued from page 45)

industry was automatically an ally if not a friend. Besides, she was very pretty and red-headed and appealing-looking. So he sat and watched her and wondered.

It was Sybil herself who precipitated his actions. She reached blindly across the table for the salt and knocked her purse to the floor. It opened up as it fell and spilled the contents in a widening arc around her feet. She just sat there in despair, her stricken face indicating that this was really too much to bear. Kenny whirled quickly from his stool and went over to her. Kneeling down, he gathered up the comb and lipstick and compact and cigarette case and letters and keys and all the other things that usually inhabit a New York handbag—or a handbag anywhere else for that matter—and stuffed them back into the bag where they belonged. He finally got it closed and handed it to her. She tried to thank him but her voice was just a broken mumble. On impulse, he sat down at the table and said directly, "What's the matter?"

She looked at him speechlessly, and then her eyes overflowed. He waited. "You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," he told her. "Drink your coffee, why don't you? And would you like a cigarette?"

He held out his pack to her. She took a cigarette and he held a match for her while she tremulously put the cigarette to her mouth and inhaled at the light. Then, to give her a little time to recover, he asked if he might bring her coffee over to her table. She nodded, and he went back to the counter for the coffee. She tried to smile at him when he sat down again, but he wisely kept quiet until she had finished both the cigarette and her coffee.

"More?" he asked. But she shook her head.

"Look," he leaned toward her earnestly, "it's none of my business, but I think you need a little looking-after tonight. Can I take you home or something? You don't have to worry about me. I work upstairs and I know who you are—I was at the show tonight. And part of the rehearsal, too, for that matter."

She smiled again wanly. "Yes, I know—I saw you."

"Well, how about it?" he insisted. "You can't just sit there mourning. Tell me where you live, and I'll take you there."

"I live with my brother and his wife on East Fifty-second Street," she said with a visible effort, "and I can get home all right. But if you want to walk over with me, I'll appreciate it."

"Don't have to walk. We can take the Fifthieth street bus—or a cab if you like."

But she shook her head. "I'd really rather walk, if you don't mind."

So they walked. And as they walked, they began to talk. They stopped off at Colbee's at Fifty-second and Madison Avenue in the CBS Building and had another cup of coffee and kept on talking. By the time they reached Sybil's house, Kenny knew quite a bit about her.

She had been an actress for some time, she told him. As a matter of fact, she had once had a starring part on Broadway for a while. That was the trouble. The part had come too soon, and after the (Continued on page 72)
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(Continued from page 69)
show closed she had had to go back to building up a career again, and it was harder after having had a taste of success. She said she sometimes thought people were just watching and sneering at her with an attitude of "Okay, that was just a lucky break. Let's see what you can do now that you're strictly on your own."

And she hadn't done too well. She knew she could act, but she had to prove it through the ordinary daily round of jobs here and jobs there. There were already so many actors and actresses in radio who had proved themselves that it was hard to edge into that court of royalty.

There was a particular man in her life, too, Kenny found out. He hadn't asked, but she told him anyway. Arthur was a lieutenant in the Marines and she had expected him home next week. She had had a letter that day saying that his home-coming was indefinitely postponed. That was what had started her tears at NBC—that, and a general feeling of hopelessness about everything.

"Yeah," Kenny said, "I know how you must have felt. We had an expression overseas—"Some mornings it doesn't even pay to get up"!

"That's just the way I feel now," she told him sadly. And then, laughing a little in reaction against such profound despair, she went on, "But I guess we can't always have everything. It's high time I snapped out of this. What's the sad story of your life?"

Kenny laughed with her and gave her a quick version of his own background. By this time they had reached her door and she asked him if he'd like to come in for a few minutes. He looked at his watch and realized that it was getting late, and told her he thought he should be going home. They made a date for lunch the next day, though, and as he walked down the street he found himself whistling a gay tune that the studio orchestra had been playing that day.

And that, as they say in the story books, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Kenny met Sybil's brother and his wife, and they liked him immediately. It got so that whenever Sybil was invited to a party, and there are lots of parties among radio people, Kenny was expected to be her escort. He found that Sybil, far from being the tearful, discouraged girl she had seemed that first night, was essentially cheerful, one of the most amusing and unpredictable girls he had ever known. She had a talent for mimicry that was devastating, and a sly little trick of stating outrageous opinions in an ordinary tone of voice and then waiting to see how long it would take people she was with to realize she was only fooling. Sometimes they never did realize it, and when that happened Kenny, gasping with repressed mirth, would catch her eye and they would shake their heads solemnly.

At the very beginning, they had explained themselves to each other. Sybil had told him all about Arthur, and Kenny had told her about Mary. They didn't try to fool one another on that score. But there they were, two anchorless young people in the biggest city in the world, with interests in common and a definite attraction between them. As Sybil said, "What we need is a Lonely Hearts Club."

And Kenny replied, "It looks as though we've got one right here."
joyously up and down the aisle, making friends, and everyone in the car was conspiring with them to hide it under a coat whenever the conductor came through. Kenny had never had such a hectic train trip in his life, and he'd never had so much fun, either.

The whole weekend went by in a warm rosy glow for Kenny. Everyone liked him and he liked everyone, and he was so grateful to Sybil for bringing him to Saratoga that he almost shivered when he thought about it. They went skating with the two boys, and watched a basketball game on Sunday night with Mr. Baker, and had hot-dogs and scalding coffee at Casey's afterward. They took Mrs. Baker to the cozy New Worden bar for a Christmas Eve toddy, and after dinner that night Kenny helped her with the dishes. They wrapped last-minute packages in gay Christmas paper in secret corners of the big house, and on Christmas morning when they were all assembled in front of the glowing tree, Kenny thought for a minute he was going to cry. Sybil saw the agitation in his face and quietly put her hand in his. He held on tight, and was soon himself again.

And then, all too soon, it was over and they were on the train going back to New York. They were both tired and too full of everything to talk. Kenny put his arm around Sybil and her head dropped to his shoulder, and pretty soon she was fast asleep. He watched the tip of her nose and the curve of her cheek as she slept and he thought that he had never known a nicer girl in his life. The train jerked as it came to a stop in Albany, and Sybil woke with a start. Kenny was looking straight into her eyes when she opened them and, almost without volition on his part, he heard himself saying huskily, "Sybil, I think I'm in love with you."

She stared at him for a moment, then closed her eyes and snuggled more deeply into his shoulder. "Kenny," she sighed, "I was hoping you'd say that."

He kissed the top of her head and held her closely. "I'll have to write to Mary tomorrow and tell her," he said slowly.

Sybil stirred. "Yes, but let's not talk about that now. Let's just be in love."

Her arm went around his waist, and he smiled as he rested his cheek on her head and they settled down for the long ride back to town.

But the next day when he sat down to write to Mary, he was assailed by doubts. "Mary darling," he began, and
then the incongruity of calling her darling when the rest of the letter was to tell her that he loved someone else and struck him and he laid his pen down. How could he tell her? He could he explain that she had seemed so far away and so unreal that he had turned to another girl? How could he say that his inner soul still railed a little at her sending him away and that maybe this whole thing had started as a kind of school-boy revenge? His head sank into his hands and thoughts of Mary began to whirl through his mind.

Then he thought of Sybil. He sat down again and took up his pen. Without stopping once, he finished the letter, sealed the envelope, put a stamp on it and went out to the mailbox and mailed it.

And as he went to bed that night it suddenly seemed that this was probably the biggest mistake of his life, but he had made it with his eyes open, and he intended to stick to it.

Mary's answer came by airmail. She was hurt, he could read that between the lines, but she accepted his decision and wished him the best of luck. She was not sure that Sybil was such a wonderful girl and that sometime—not right away—but sometime later, maybe, when they had all grown a little older, she would like to see both of them. It was a brave letter and didn't even hint at her own sorrow. But Kenny knew—Mary was heartbroken.

As for himself, he left like a cross between a murderer and a sacrificial offering in the altar of friendship. Because that's what his feeling for Sybil really was, he realized—friendship. Not love—just friendship. But he couldn't leave her stranded on a desert island of unrequited emotion.

And then the final blow came—unexpectedly, as all final blows do. One night Sybil and Kenny went to Colbee's and sat up on the balcony away from the rest of the crowd. Sybil's cheeks were burning, but there was a sudden air of diffidence about her, and she seemed unable to say anything.

"What is it?" Kenny asked. "What's all the excitement?"

Sybil turned to him. Her color had faded now, leaving her face pale and a little drawn. She looked at him for a long minute and her lips trembled.

"Kenny," she said, "I guess it's better just to tell you right out. Arthur's back home and I've seen him, and Kenny, I still love him. I don't really love you. I thought I did, but I don't—really. What I feel for you is a warm, beautiful, friendly thing. But it's not love. Love is how I feel about Arthur. Kenny, do you think you can understand?"

She looked at him pleadingly, and Kenny sat there stunned, groping for the right words, the right emotions. After all his inner struggle, his willingness to sacrifice his own happiness, his bitterness and renunciation: this was how it was going to end. It seemed too simple. He shook his head and gulped down a glass of water before he could speak.

"Why, Sybil," he said finally, speaking slowly and trying desperately to maintain a judicious impersonal attitude, "you know I can understand. I think you ought to do exactly what seems best for you. And if you love Arthur, you love him, and that's all there is to it."

"Oh, Kenny," she wiped her eyes surreptitiously with a napkin and went on again slowly, "I'm sorry, though.

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I feel bad about you. It doesn't seem fair at all.

No, thought Kenny, it doesn't seem fair. Life has suddenly become as unfair as a fixed horse race. But you can't pin the blame anywhere—it's really nobody's fault. Except maybe it's my own fault, he thought. I was only trying to be a good guy and be fair. Fair! Oh, God, how silly that seems now. Mary—oh, Mary, where are you?—I've lost you!

And the song went on: "Don't worry about it, Sybil. Everything's going to be all right. And I want you to be happy. That's the important thing. I hope this Arthur is good enough for you—is he?"

"Oh, Kenny, I wish—"

Neither of them felt like eating, then, so they ordered sherry and toasted each other with a hectic kind of gaiety.

Finally they went to a restaurant. Sybil went off to find Arthur, and Kenny plodded home to pound his fists against imaginary stone walls.

WELL, that was the state Kenny was in when I met him. I think it did him a lot of good to tell me about it, although he didn't make any pleas for sympathy. He took a long drink from his bottle of coke and said, "Well, that's about it. First I had two girls and now I have none. Happens every day. I guess. And now—" he grinned and his eyebrow went up in a gay arc—"all that's left for me is to become an important radio executive and make lots of dough and get married and have forlorn kittens and homes for abandoned kittens."

But I thought about Kenny and Mary and Sybil all the way across the country. And one evening, a week or so after I got back to Hollywood, I picked up the telephone and asked the operator if she could locate a family named Ellis in Richmond. There were a number of them, it seemed, and I tried the first one I found with a daughter named Mary.

She had a nice voice, Mary had, and suddenly I didn't quite know what to say. Then it came out all in a rush.

"This is Dinah Shore," I said, "and I saw Kenny Ruth in New York last week, and I think you'd better go to him. He needs you."

There was a gasp from the other end of the line and her voice came faintly, "Who did you say this was?"

"Dinah Shore," I repeated. "But it doesn't really matter who it is. The important thing is that you're still in love with Kenny, you'd better catch the next train. I don't think you'll be sorry."

"But,..." she wavered, "Kenny wrote that he... how can I go when he... how do I know..."

"Look—don't think about it—just go!"

Her voice suddenly grew firm. "All right. I will. And thanks for calling me," she said. "I'll write dinner... in this really Dinah Shore?"

I laughed. "Yes, it really is. And good luck, Mary."

"Thanks," she said, and we both hung up.

And that's just about the end of this story, except that I got a wire from Kenny (and he wrote the other one). They're still hunting for an apartment, but they're married and very happy and Kenny doesn't think now that he'll have to burn millions to see.

So now I feel a bit like a deus ex machina and I'm more than ever in favor of that little quirk of human nature that impels people to confide in strangers. I'm all for it!
The Second Mrs. Burton
(Continued from page 23)

even trying to pretend indifference, when he was convinced that the only hope of happiness for him—the only hope he had clung to, through the years of war—was a reconciliation with Marion. A home of their own again, where he could see Brad every night, not at stated intervals set by the divorce court. And so, he had been on his way to ask Marion for that happiness, to beg her, if necessary, to return to Dickston and to him. What would she say? The last time they had been together was the day he had escorted her and a bewildered, seven-year-old Bradley to a Reno-bound plane. She had never been more beautiful or more remorseful than at that moment, mocking his last minute plea that she change her mind . . . That had been three years.

What would she say to him? Why, she had said, simply, coolly, “Hello, Stanley. I sent word to Bradley’s boarding school that you’d be here. He ought to be along any minute now.”

That was when his planned speech eluded him. “You’re looking very well, Marion,” was all he could say. How could a man start talking of dreams and hopes and plans with a woman whose attitude indicated she could spare him about five minutes of her precious time?

Yes, Marion was more beautiful than ever. And just as coldly indifferent as ever to the feelings of others.

“I’m going to be married,” she had said abruptly. “Did you know?”

For one wild moment he had thought she was telling him that she was coming back to him. But, “His name is Greg Martin,” Marion was saying triumphantly, “and he’s a war correspondent. He’s just what I’ve always wanted—and he can give me the sort of life I’ve always wanted. Well—aren’t you going to congratulate me, Stan?”

Brad came at that moment—merely release for Stan. He threw himself on his father with joyous shouts.

The little time spent with Brad, before he had to go back to school, was in a way well-deserved after the laboring. They had so little to talk about—none of the small, everyday things. It was like trying to make conversation with a stranger, in the house of a stranger. In Farmer’s house, the door of which he had closed behind him a little later with finality and decision.

Yes, he badly needed fun, Stan told himself again, coming suddenly to the realization that the half hour had slipped by. And a girl who wasn’t depressed about being alone in New York was the first to like it with him. He straightened his tie and picked up his cap. This business of sitting around thinking wasn’t doing him or his problem any good. He’d go and get his girl, and they’d cut out—and have fun.

The corsage he had ordered was pinned against her dress when she opened the door in answer to his knock. She is beautiful and I’ve never had anyone like them before but you shouldn’t have been so extravagant,” she told him warmly, all in one breath.

“If I shouldn’t?” he asked, half-amused, half-touched. “Why not?”

“Well,” she faltered, “after all, you . . .”

She was so plainly embarrassed that he helped her out with a hurried, “Never mind, we won’t worry about
that now—" He stopped, grinning, as he realized for the first time that he didn't know her name.

She understood the smile, and returned it. "Oh, dear! Look—you'd better call me Terry right away, unless you want me to feel picked-up. I know your name already, Captain Stanley Burton. I asked the bellboy!"

They laughed together, and when he tucked her arm in his, it seemed to fit there somehow—very sweetly, very naturally. It was pleasant and heart-warming for both of them—this easy, friendly relationship they had found so swiftly.

Sometimes talking and sometimes silent, sometimes laughing and sometimes serious, they went through the evening together. They had dinner at an expensive restaurant where Stan hadn't been for years—and which Terry had obviously only read about in the papers and never really hoped to see. Then they went dancing at one of the very new, very glittering night-clubs.

Terry chattered gaily about her family in Wisconsin—her college professor father, her sisters, and the twins; the brother with a ranch in the southwest, and the brother who was still overseas. And she told him about her ambition to be a fashion designer with one the big New York stores—and was blithely confident about the ambition coming to be a reality, very soon.

"Lord, what a little optimist you are, Terry!" Stan teased.

"THAT'S all very well—but I'll do it. You see if I don't," Terry told him with a determined shake of her head, "What are you going to do?" she challenged.

"Oh, go back to Dickston when I'm discharged."

"Dickston?"

"Dickston, short for Dickinsontown," he said. "Let me tell you about it in my best guide-book style. It's a thriv-ing metropolis of fifty thousand, situated two hundred miles from the great metropolis, on the banks of the beautiful—"

Her laughter interrupted. "I can see it perfectly." And then she was serious again. "And will you job-hunt, too?"

He was suddenly anxious to be away from the subject of Dickston and what he was going to do next. Remembering Dickston was painful—and wasn't this the painless, fun-filled evening he had promised himself?

"Oh, I'll knock around," he answered vaguely, aware without knowing why that he greatly enjoyed having Terry think of him as a jobless nobody rather than as a department store president—and less aware that Terry's sincerity was hammering hard at the cynical distrust of people's motives that imbedded a part of him since long before the break-up of his marriage to Marion.

Abruptly, he changed the subject. "Let's not worry about the future now." And he smiled at himself, because he realized that he was worrying about the future—the very near future. "Look, Terry—what are you doing tomorrow?"

And he laughed, because this was the girl with whom he was going to have one evening's fling, and forget all about. "Looking for a job," she answered. He shook his head. "No, you're not," he contradicted. "You're going to look for fun, with me. I've decided that just this one evening doesn't constitute my full share of that scarce commodity, young lady. Will you? Surely one day's difference won't matter!"

"No, I don't think it will," she said.

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slowly, “and I’d love to spend the day with you, but—”

“But what?”

“But—well, you’ll be spending so much money! Oh, please don’t misunderstand,” she begged. “This had been a wonderful evening—the kind of New York evening I’ve dreamed about. But, if you have no job to go back to in Dickston, you shouldn’t take me out like this. You—well, you may need the money later. Then you’ll regret the fun we’ve had, and—and I wouldn’t want that. You aren’t offended, are you?” she asked hesitantly, for Stan was silent, literally too stunned to find an answer.

“Offended? I’ve never had a lecture I enjoyed more.” And this time he wasn’t smiling, “Spend the day with me tomorrow, Terry—please do. We’ll do it your way, budget and all. Just being with you is all I want.”

Just being with you is all I want. But, he told himself, he had simply meant he wanted to be with her tomorrow, of course. It hadn’t meant anything more than that. This was his girl for a fling, and he wanted the fling, which was taking his mind from his own problems, to last a little longer . . . just a little longer.

To Stan, the most astonishing thing about the whole thing was that, at least for now, all he did want was to be with Terry. In the whole fantastic affair, that was the one, solid truth. He was having fun—enjoying companionship—laughing spontaneously for the first time since he had awakened from the state of a dazzled bridegroom to the realization that his marriage was far, far from what he had always imagined marriages should be.

MARION . . . Abruptly, Stan’s laughter died, and he turned his eyes away from Terry to watch, blindly, the floor show. But the hypnotic rhythm of the dancers was not enough to lull his thoughts back to quiescence. What had happened to Marion, anyway? How, and when, and where, and why, had she changed? Or, perhaps, become what she had always been meant to be?

Stanley had had high hopes of Marion’s changing, of her becoming more a wife, when she had told him, abruptly and not too joyously, that they were going to have a child. And it had changed her, . . .

In the beginning, their marriage—his and Marion’s—had been exactly like a dream come true—perhaps because he had had no concrete dream, and was able to find reality malleable enough to fit any conception. Stanley was, at first, Marion’s idea of the perfect husband—worshipping her, and allowing her to wrap him around her little finger at will. He had been so entirely in love that he was convinced that Marion could do no wrong.

“When a man’s mother sings her daughter-in-law’s praises to the skies, she must be good,” he would tease his wife, scooping her off the floor into his arms, and laughing away her squeals of pretended protest. But, in spite of his mother’s approval, Stan couldn’t help being aware that his two sisters, Marcia and Louise, were not as impressed by his wife as he thought they should have been.

Louise had been, Stan remembered now, frankly contemptuous from the first of Marion’s way of living her life, of her preoccupation with clothes, her absorption in externals. Even a dazzled bridegroom couldn’t helpfully aware that admiration was the breath of Marion’s being. But he had laughingly ignored the time she had lavished
on herself to get the proper effects, relishing her triumphs himself. And
sure, always sure, that she would settle
down after a bit, sure that she would
change. Doubly sure after she told him
that they were going to have a baby.

Settle down? If anything, Marion's
restlessness increased after the baby
was born. She installed little Bradley
in an elaborate nursery, hired an ex-
cellent nurse to care for him, and
seemed to consider that her responsi-
ability ended there. She told Stan queru-
ously that he needn't expect her to
go through anything like that again
and went off to take up her round of
pleasure where she had left off.

The social life that Dickston had to
offer no longer seemed to satisfy Marion
—she craved wider, greener fields. New
York, only two hundred miles away,
was the greatest possible temptation—
one to which she succumbed when the
without. They had made no protest the first few times that she
had made sudden trips, staying several
days at a time, and returning home
progressively more discontented with
life in Dickston. But after her third
visit, he had felt that he must protest.
They had argued long and furiously
that night, and even now Stan could
feel the distasteful bitterness of it.
He had known, then, that there was
nothing he could do.

And he had been right. As the years
went by, their marriage had developed
into a more-or-less armed neutrality;
the price of peace was to let Marion
do as she pleased. For Bradley's sake, Stan
had paid it.

The years had brought other changes,
too. Mr. Burton was dead, and Stanley
had succeeded him.

BUT the most important change of all
had been the coming of the war, and
Stanley's decision to get into it as
quickly as he could. He had wondered
uneasily, that night when he had finally
decided that he must go, what Marion
would say. And he made the grim re-
solve that for once what she had to say
would make no difference.

What she had to say was simple. "I
want a divorce." She had finally
reached the decision that marriage in
New York was infinitely preferable to
a husband in Dickston. They had parted
at that plane—Marion to Reno, Stanley
off to war.

Off to war with the firm conviction
that he would never again want the
companionship of a woman — any
woman.

And here he was tonight, three years
later, having just said to a virtually un-
known girl across the table, Just being
with you is all I want.

Being with her tomorrow, he cor-
rected himself, was all he wanted now.
It didn't mean anything. It meant only
simply, that he was lonely—that he was
a normal returning soldier, who wanted
a girl to go the rounds of the city with
him, a girl to show the sights, to keep
him from the boredom of a companion-
less day, a solitary dinner.

And he won his point. Terry met him
for breakfast in the hotel's little coffee
shop the next morning—Terry, sweet
and morning-bright, and terribly
serious about the schedule of events
which she had carefully listed for them.
They followed the list religiously
and loved it. The view from the top
of Radio City . . . the Central Park zoo
. . . lunch in an automat (to her laugh-
ing complaint, he could say quite
truthfully that he had never been in
one before) . . . the Staten Island ferry
ride (New York's biggest nickel's

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worth, they call it," Terry assured him) ... and evening of exploring Green-wich Village.

And, not quite sure what had happened to them, only knowing that being close together was being close to happiness, Stan and Terry quite simply, quite automatically, laid plans for the next evening, too.

Just for the evening, though—because, this second day, Terry insisted that he must begin her job hunting in earnest, and, after meeting him for a quick breakfast, was on her way.

Stan wandered down Madison Avenue a little way, and then back up Fifth and to the hotel again, to sit on the edge of the bed and count away the hours until he could knock on Terry's door that evening, and take her to dinner once again.

What's the matter with me? he asked himself over and over again during that long, dull morning. I must have been a great deal lonelier than I thought possible. I must have somehow, somewhere, lost the faculty for amusing myself, Lord, what a dull guy I must be if I even bore myself!

He began thinking, then, about Dickston. He'd have to go back in a few days. He'd been looking forward to it, all the way across from England. But then, he told himself being looking forward to taking Marion and Bradley home with him. What a fool he had been—to think that a war, a whole of thirty years, and he couldn't tell just pleadingly spoken, could miraculously transform Marion into a good wife, a good mother. No, it was much better to be going home to Dickston without her.

The knock on the door was light and decisive, both—and even as he started, pulling himself and his thoughts back to the present he knew instinctively that that knock was Terry's.

Why, it was only noon, and she was back! He felt absurdly, childishly happy, like a small boy who has just been presented with some fantastically colorful new toy ... and he felt not the slightest sense of shame, as two strides carried him swiftly to the door. He felt no desire to, no necessity for, hiding his pleasure, either. Terry was the kind of girl from whom you didn’t have to hide your feelings. Terry was the kind of girl—

"Stan—Stan, I couldn't wait to see you!" She had begun to talk almost before he had the door open, standing fresh and eager and as pretenseless as he on the threshold. "The most wonderful thing has happened, Stan! I have a job!"

"A job?" He felt foolishly as if someone had landed a neat, well-placed blow in his solar plexus. "A perfectly marvelous job in a perfectly marvelous place! And Stan, it's...

He managed to grin at her, getting his breath back. "Hey, there—take it easy!"

"Easy?" Her eyes were shining, her whole being alight. "How can you say it easy, Stan Burton?"

"Terry" He moved closer to her, took her hands. "Listen, Terry, I hate to pour cold water on all his bubbling enthusiasm of yours, but—"

And then he stopped ... But what? What could he say, what on earth could he give as a reason for not wanting her to take the job? What on earth made him think he had the right—?

"But what, Stan?"

He was very quiet for a moment, looking down at her. Because at last he knew what he was going to say. At last he knew that the words he was going to say to her had been forming in his mind since the very first moment he had laid eyes on her. This was why he had found the sunny morning so grey without her. This was why the thought of going back to Dickston had been almost intolerable.

This was Terry, the girl with whom the returning soldier was going to have to settle. Why you, you would never have a fling with a girl like Terry. That's why he had liked her from the first—Terry was a girl for keeps, and Stan was the kind of man who needed for keeps, too, when he was allowed to.

"But what, Stan—but what?"

"But you're not going to take that job."

Her eyes rounded in astonishment.

"Not take it? Why—who, Stan, I start on Monday!

He nodded gravely. "You start on Monday, not on that job. On another one." All the chaos and confusion in his mind was gone now. It was very simple. This was Terry, and he loved her. And that was all there was to it. All there was to life itself, for him.

"On Monday, my darlin—my dearest darling. I'm going to start for Dickston—with me."

He saw her hand go up, seeking the door frame for something solid to cling to. Her eyes were very dark, her face very pale, and when she asked what it was she was feeling. Doubt? Fear? Disturb? Perhaps, even, anger? Whatever it was, it had to be wiped away wholly and completely. She had to smile again, at once, for him.

"I'm asking you to marry me, Terry." He was very close to her now, so that he could hear her quick, soft breathing. I'll wait it with all my heart. There's never been anyone like you in my life, and I want to keep you there. I love you, Terry—I'm just as—as bewildered and, that's just—overwhelmed and—everything—about it as you are. But I do know that I mean it, as I've never meant anything before in my life. Just believe that—I love you, and we'll go on from there."

"But—but, Stan! Two days!"

His eyes met hers squarely. "Two days, or two hours, or two minutes—or two years or centuries, I would have known it, no matter how long a time we'd been together, the moment I saw that I was going to lose you. Your job—answer me, Terry. Will you give it up and come home to Dickston with me?"

She moved slowly forward, covering the little distance between them, into his waiting arms. "This is completely crazy," she whispered, before he closed her lips with his. But she was smiling. The feeling of her in his arms, where she so obviously, so rightly, belonged, filled his heart with a deep thankful ness. There was so much to say, so much to tell her. But it all would worry him, now. Tomorrow would be time enough. Tomorrow to tell her of the Burton position and the Burton money, because she was not a knowledges and cared for neither. Time enough tomorrow to tell her about Marion and about Bradley. She would understand.

Tomorrow—but now was now, and there was no need to plan or think or dream. All that really mattered now was their love, and he had never been as sure of anything in his life as he was sure of that.
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I don’t think they would have had much to say about her, anyway—Mom had written, after the engagement was broken, that she had “given Helen a piece of her mind,” for which you can’t very much blame her. After all, no matter what Helen’s reasons had been, I was the apple of Mom’s eye, and no explanation could have convinced her that Helen hadn’t played me a pretty low trick. So I imagine they hadn’t seen anything of Helen after that—Pierpont’s a big enough city so that you aren’t very apt to run into people accidentally, and they certainly hadn’t sought her out. So they didn’t talk about her, thinking, I suppose, that I was still sore on the subject. I kept intending to tell them how I really felt, but it didn’t seem important, and it slipped my mind. In my new life there was nothing to remind me of her.

I was putting in long hours at school, and on most nights that I wasn’t studying or fooling around Dad’s shop, I was too tired to do anything but to go to bed. Of my old friends two had been killed and one was still in a hospital in England, and the others had scattered in the years I’d been away. Most of my contact with them was limited to telephone conversations in which we said that we must get together—as soon as we had a week when we weren’t so busy. None of them mentioned Helen. Maybe they were being tactful, or maybe they’d forgotten that I’d once been engaged to her.

And I had a new girl. Her name was Delores Ryan, and she was in a design class of mine at school. She was small and dark and very pretty, with big dark eyes and a sweet, firm chin. I began to talk to her around school, and then I took her dancing at the Casino, the nicest and newest night club in Gemwater. I had a good time that night, better even than I’d expected. Delores danced like a dream, and she looked like a dream in her tight-waist-ed, wide-skirted dress. And she liked me. As time went by and we had more dates, I was sure of it. Her eyes said so, a quick note that came into her voice when she spoke my name told me so. I was glad. It was good, knowing that someone as nice as Delores cared about you. Just thinking about her gave me a good, warm, contented feeling.

And then I saw Helen.

It was a Saturday afternoon in the middle of May, when the sun was like liquid gold poured into the streets, was downtown that day, shopping for Dad. I’d just come out of the coolness of a hardware store, blinking at the brilliance of the day—and all of a sudden Helen was before me, almost as if she’d stepped out of the sunlight itself. That’s the way things happen—if I’d been looking for her, I wouldn’t have accidentally run into her in a million years!

We both stopped. I can’t put a name to the expression that crossed her face, but I had a feeling that she was startled as I was. Then she smiled and held out her hand. “Johnny,” she said. “How are you?”

“Fine.” I sort of croaked the word. Her hand was slim and strong and warm—and mine, mine was like ice. “How’re you?”

It was like her to ignore the question, to go directly to what she wanted. “Johnny, I’ve tried to call you—”
Then, mercifully, something snapped me together. I dropped her hand. "I know," I said hurriedly. "I'll give you a ring one of these days. I'm in a hurry right now—errand for Dad—"

I don't know what she said to that, because I was past her, on my way down the street. I thought I heard her calling after me, thought there was an urgency in her voice, but I couldn't be sure. All I was sure of was that I was dazed and choked and shaking—and alive. Alive as I hadn't been since I'd kissed her goodbye, more than three years ago. I walked a block past where I'd parked the car before I even realized where I was going.

I went back to the car and sat down in it, and lighted a cigarette. Oh, no, I thought. She didn't call after you, John Mason. You didn't even imagine it. You don't want to imagine it. Your ears were playing tricks on you. Silly, pointless tricks. It was the unexpectedness of seeing her that upset you, that was all. She's nothing to you—remember who you are. You're John Mason grown-up, and you've got a sweeter girl, a wonderful girl...Delores...

None of it helped much. Oh, my blood became blood again instead of ice water, and my hands stopped shaking, and some of the choked feeling left me. But Helen's face and Helen's voice went home with me that afternoon, followed me to the shop while I worked with Dad. At five o'clock I did the only thing I knew to do about it—I called Delores, and asked if she'd have dinner with me.

Delores knew that something was wrong. We had dinner at the Casino, because there was a floor show at dinner, and I didn't have to talk very much. We danced after the show, and I thought I was keeping up my end of the conversation fairly well until out of a silence I heard Delores saying, "Tell me, John, where were you just now?"

I felt my face get red. I'd been back in a little cafe at the edge of town, dancing to an old tune, That Old Black Magic. It had been Helen's favorite the year I went away.

"No place," I said. But I didn't sound convincing, even to myself.

She went on to talk about something else, and for the rest of the evening she was casual and gay. I kept telling myself what a swell girl she was, and how lucky I was to have her. Still, the good warm feeling I used to have at the very thought of her was gone; I couldn't call it back.

She tried to reach me once more that evening, when I took her home. A silence fell when I stopped the car before her house, and after a moment Delores said, "Johnny, please tell me—what's on your mind?"

"Nothing.

"Are you sure?" I didn't look directly at her, but I felt her eyes searching my face.

The truth was that I'd been remembering the last night I'd been with Helen, before I went away. It had been a night like this, with a sky full of stars and all soft with spring. Helen hadn't shed a tear, hadn't said a word to spoil our last evening together—until the last minute, when she clung to me, trembling, unable to stop trembling. "I'm so afraid, Johnny. So terribly afraid—something might happen to us..."

I'd held her tight, laughed a little at her. "Honey, nothing will change."

"It isn't just that. It's—oh, everything's different; the whole world's changing. I'm afraid we might change, too."

Well, I thought now, Helen had changed, and in not quite a year. To Delores I said, "Sure there's nothing on my mind. Nothing at all." I'd never told her about Helen. There'd been no reason to.

Another silence, and then Delores leaned over and kissed me. "I don't want to pry, John. I just want to help, if I can..."

"I know you do," I repeated, "There's nothing at all on my mind—except you." And I kissed her back, harder than I'd ever kissed her before.

She looked at me gravely, and then she smiled, as if she believed me. "I'm glad, John." She touched my cheek lightly, and then she opened the door and ran up to the house.

Delores had believed me because she wanted to believe me. I'd wanted to believe myself. But there wasn't any use pretending any longer that Helen was just a part of the kid-dreams I used to have. I'd been really in love with her—all that was meant by the words. I didn't feel that way about Delores, but I would, I promised myself, some day. Certainly I still wasn't in love with Helen. I drove by her parents' house a couple of times in the next week, but that was because I happened to have errands out that way.

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emotions. It isn't good to know that all the rightness and contentment can be knocked out of your life because you're crazy in love with a slim blonde girl, with another man's wife. I'd been all right for two years. Lately, I'd even been happy. I'd had work I loved, and I'd had Delores. Then I'd seen Helen twice, and everything good was gone.

The next morning was better. Mornings always are, I suppose, after such a night as I'd had—and then, I was angry, not just sick and beaten and wretched. I awoke late, in a black mood, and I raced for school, hating the whole world and myself most of all. I didn't get much out of school that day. Most of the time I carried on long, savage conversations with myself, in which I tried to show John Mason what an utter fool he was. What if I still was in love with her—it couldn't last. I couldn't go all my life with this fire in my veins, when there was nothing to feed it. And didn't I remember that she wasn't worth loving? She was unstable, unpredictable. She'd proved it once, and now she was proving it again, married to another man, calling me up, smiling at me, letting me kiss her—and yes, kissing me back. Kissing me as if she meant it. Flirty ... faithless ...

THERE was one sure way of getting her out of my mind, at least for a little while. When my last class was out I went straight down the street to the little tavern where I sometimes stopped on my way home. The bartender, automatically reached for a beer shell when he saw me come in, but I stopped him. "Rye," I said. "Water wash."

His eyebrows rose in mild surprise. He knew that when I drank highballs, I had them mixed with soda. "You going to drink it straight?" he inquired.

I didn't have time to answer. The door opened and there were footsteps, light, quick, unmistakable, although I'd never expected to hear them in a place like this. She wouldn't dare, I thought. She wouldn't—But she didn't swing up onto the stool beside me.

Phil set down the water, poured my rye. "Yes, Miss?" Helen said, "Sherry, please."

I lifted my glass. My hand didn't shake. I felt calm inside, too—a kind of blank, waiting calm. Phil turned away. He saw sherry and Helen said softly, quickly, "Johnny—may I talk to you, please?"

I met her eyes briefly in the mirror behind the bar. "What's there to talk about?"

"A lot," she said steadily. "Last night—Johnny, we can't talk here. Let's take a table."

Phil brought her sherry, caught her last words. "Uh-uh," he said. "Hold on there. This ain't that kind of place. You came in alone, and the gentleman came in alone. No sittin' down at no table together."

She looked at him blankly; she didn't understand at first what he meant. Then she flushed, and I felt my own face getting hot—not with embarrassment, but with anger. Couldn't he see that she was a lady, not a cheap girl out to make a pick-up? I hadn't intended to sit down with her, but now I felt that I had to. It was the right thing to do, I told him. "We're old friends. We had an appointment."

Phil blinked. "Oh, well," he said. "In that case—"

I moved our drink to a table in the corner. We sat down, and for a long...
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the war seemed due to last forever, and he wanted to enjoy life while he could. And Maxine Cross' fiancé broke their engagement—didn't give her any reason, just told her they were through. "And you thought I might do the same thing?"

"I wasn't sure," she admitted in a low voice. "I wasn't sure how you'd feel after you'd been away for a long time. After you'd seen other places, other people. And then I met Frank—and he was such a fine person, such a good, a really wonderful person. He cared about me deeply, and he was here—and oh, Johnny, don't you see?"

She waited. I could feel her waiting, but I didn't look up. I sat turning my glass of ice water around and around, clinking the ice against the sides. The silence between us stretched itself out, out—and soon it hit me there was a climax, felt, not spoken. Helen stirred; she was getting up. She stood over me, speaking softly to the top of my lowered head. "You don't understand," she said, "because you don't try. I was afraid you wouldn't. You never did do much thinking about anyone except John Mason. Even me—you never thought of me as a person, but as something that belonged to you. I'm leaving now, Johnny, but everything I've said still goes. I just wish you'd grow up—soon. I've waited two years for you to come back, I can't wait longer."

She wished I'd grow up! And then suddenly I saw that I wasn't being grown up. I wasn't being half the person I'd been when I'd left. I'd been on Guinea. I'd begun to take some account of other people then, to see their side of things, to understand how they felt. And now I was looking at trying to understand her—the person who was dearest in all the world to me. And all that was stopping me was my pride—and jealousy. And as for that, as for her feeling for Frank—why, that was the way I'd felt about Delores! I'd liked Delores, a lot. There weren't enough nice words to describe her—but I hadn't loved her. I'd almost thought I had. I'd tried to love her, but the spark, the living core of love had not been there.

Helen was half-way to the door. "Wait," I called. "Helen—"

She turned, came back slowly. I knew that I ought to rise, but the thought of what it would be like to be with her again, to know she was mine again, turned my knees to water. She stood waiting, while I tried to phrase my question. There was something I wanted to know... no, something I knew already but I wanted her own words to confirm it. "You—how long ago was it that you broke with Frank?"

"Two years, nearly. A few weeks after I wrote to you—"

That was what I'd wanted to hear, and I was ashamed now that I'd asked. Flighty... faithless? Not when she'd waited so long, taking a chance on my coming back, on my wanting her when I did come back—and she'd been more honest with herself than I had. She'd sent Frank away as soon as she'd known she didn't love him, tried to hang on to Delores after I'd known it was no good.

"I couldn't write again," she was saying, "not after that first letter. I couldn't ask you to come back to me. All I could do was hope that you'd want to."

I put my hand over hers, pulled her down beside me. For a long time I couldn't say anything. When the words did come, they were husky with gratitude. "I want to," I said.

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It Didn’t Seem True
(Continued from page 49)
time to scrub my screen make-up off and dress before the car was waiting to take us to the church (we both wanted a church wedding).

I wore the blue dress Hyatt asked me to, and the organist, after playing Mendelssohn’s “Wedding March” and the appropriate “I Love You Truly,” played our theme song “Till the End of Time” — the song Hyatt heard me record.

Hyatt designed my wedding ring—his coat of arms linking two slim bands of gold with baguette diamonds. He slipped it on my finger—when the minister instructed him to do so. It was over so quickly, like the other magic seconds in the brief moments since we met—it didn’t seem true!

Hyatt and I went home to our house on the hill for our wedding supper. A great fire was burning in the fireplace, and the lights of all Los Angeles twinkled below.

I’ve finally found some one on whom I can lean. I’ve always found it im-
possible to say “No” when a radio spon-
or or a motion picture producer asked me to do another radio program or just one more picture. That’s why I had only three weeks of work during seven years! Show business may seem glam-
orous and fun to people on the outside, but it is hard work—as Hyatt found out when he followed me around for a few weeks after we met.

“You’re killing yourself,” he told me. “You’ve got to have rest and sunshine.” He really put his foot down, too.

Now, when my agent gets persistent, I just turn him over to my husband. And now, since we’re to have a baby next July, Hyatt has become even more protective of me.

Except for Fridays—the day of my radio show—he insists on my staying home most of the time and going to bed early.

I know now what it means to feel re-
freshed and alive. I know what it means to feel completely happy. No wonder I believe in love at first sight!

No wonder I think marriage is wonderful. And if every girl could find herself a Hyatt, I’d recommend marriage as the perfect answer to the housing shortage, the atomic bomb or any old problem which continues to plague the worn and weary human race.

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**THE CAMERA MAN, 14 W. Lake St., Dept. 154, Chicago 1, Ill.**
Love Is A Stranger
(Continued from page 27)

Someone else said, admiringly: "That's the girl, Maida. Good riddance."

Only Page Sanders wasn't laughing. The look on her understanding—too understanding—as though he saw right through the bright veneer of my eyes and my smile, and there was an undercurrent of thought from him that came from her that was more intolerable than all the careless, heedless barbs of my friends. How did he dare see like that below the surface to where my heart thudded in pain at every mention of Tom Bruff's name?

But when it came time that I could take my leave I found Page Sanders waiting for me. She insisted on walking with me up the steep flight of steps cut into the hillside, to my own little apartment.

I received this coming but I was grateful that he didn't seem to want to talk. The tears and the misery were so close behind my eyes I was sure one word would make them spill over.

A part of it reminded me too sharply of Tom, who loved parties more than anyone I had ever known.

It had been a week since that letter had come from Tom, but it might just as well be yesterday, so unreal did it seem to me. The hurt was just as piercing and the sense of loss just as stabbilizing. The stumbling words of that letter were as vivid to me as if I were holding the short note in my hand at that moment.

"...don't kill me, Maida—I will always love you—think of you as the sweetest person I have ever known—Annalee and I grew up together in Verdena—I hope you will forgive me and like her—my wife—"

"Remember me?" a voice broke in on my thoughts. A hand slipped through my arm. "I'm Page Sanders—the man you met tonight. I'm walking you home, or I thought I was, but you're so far away it's like walking with a ghost. Are you thinking of that Tom Somebody, the one you were engaged to?"

"The one who jilted me, you mean," I said, bluntly. And then hurried to cover my words with a smile, with fiveness. "That's what girls get for going into things with their eyes closed. From now on, I keep mine open and wide—awake. No more soft lights and romance for me, than you, and I don't want any more stardust getting in my way."

We had reached my apartment and my hand was on the doorknob now. He still had his hand and through my arm, and suddenly he drew me close to him. His other hand tilted up my chin. The eyes that looked into mine were tender ones and sympathy and almost-admiration that I found hard to meet.

"Keep it up, Maida," he said, gently. "Keep it up. Don't kid yourself that you're hard-boiled and tough. Maybe you think you can keep away from stardust, but that stuff comes in handfuls from your heart and there's nothing you can do about it. And I don't think you have your eyes open even yet. I don't think you've given this Tom up."

Then he added:

"I stumbled into the house but the tears I had held in so long were coming now in a flood.

"I drooped on my knees by the sofa and then I let myself go. All the heartache and the pain I had kept shoaled..."
up in me now burst in a flood tide. I cried, my body shaking with the sobs, until I could cry no more.

Oh, Tom, how could you do it? How could that girl have blinded you so that you could forget how terribly we loved each other, how desperately we needed each other?

I hated Page Sanders who had unlocked the dam for my tears and who had torn down the wall I had built around my heart.

I woke the next morning feeling weak but calmer than I had for some time. It was a Sunday and I had been dressing it all week—a whole day without a job to occupy my mind. Breakfast was almost over when the phone rang.

It was Page Sanders.

"What are your plans for the day?" he asked abruptly. "I'm a newcomer in San Francisco, you know, and here's the whole beautiful, cockeyed town spread out at my feet and no one to show it to me." He had a lazy, good-humored charm that was ingratiating. But I wasn't having any. "No, thank you, Mr. Sanders. I have some things to do today. I must wash my hair."

"Ridiculous!" He snorted in a very masculine way.

The idea of washing my hair seemed like a good one, though it had only been an excuse to Page. I went about it quickly, and was rubbing my thick black hair vigorously when the doorbell rang. I wrapped a towel around my head and went to answer it.

"Oh! Look—Mr. Sanders!—I said I was busy today!"

Being conscious of what an unattractive figure I made with my face shining from soap and water and my hair wadded up in a towel and an old terry-cloth bathrobe wrapped around me, didn't help my temper any. I was furious.

But he just stood there, smiling at me. "You couldn't have the heart to let me go off and ride those dangerous cable cars all by myself. And what fun is it to prove the Fisherman's Wharf or Chinatown or—or?" he hastily consulted a map of San Francisco from his pocket—or the Golden Gate Bridge when you're alone? Besides, you San Franciscans have a reputation for hospitality that is failing to pieces right before your eyes. You're letting me down."

In spite of myself, I couldn't help laughing. And once I laughed, of course, Page's battle was won: I dried my hair, and changed into a suit.

We never got as far as the Golden Gate. We dallied so long at Fisherman's Wharf, stuffing ourselves on lobster and clams, reading the names on the tiny white and blue and red-trimmed fishing boats, chatting with the fat Italian owner of one who promised to take us out the next time we came down, and just strolling around with the good sea air in our faces, the hills at our backs and the blue waters gleaming in the Bay, that there was no time for anything but the cable car ride back to town.

It was fun, showing Page the city.

But later, when we went to that lovely lounge and cocktail room high on the top floor of one of San Francisco's hotels, it was different. This had been Tom's favorite place. It had marked our first date—our first quarrel—our first making-up.

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“take the cure.” And the cure to Page meant going out a lot and seeing people. He refused to let me crawl away into a corner to nurse my broken heart.

And gradually I began to take a little interest in life and in my job and my friends again. It was easier now that, in the short space of ten days, my friends began saying “Page and Maida” when they made up their invitation list—not worrying what to do with me now that Tom wasn’t there.

The cure was not a real one. I still found myself listening for Tom’s step outside my apartment and caught myself searching for his head, unconsciously, at parties. There was still that stubborn desire, deep in me, that Tom could really be lost to me.

I was not even in the convalescent stage, as I found out one night.

Page had come round to pick me up. We were just going out the door, headed for Chinatown and a Chinese dinner, when the phone rang.

I picked up the receiver, said a quick “hello”—and my heart suddenly stopped beating. I would have known that voice any time, anywhere.

“Maida? This is Tom.” That hesitant, that hoarsely-penitent tone I knew so well.

“Tom?” It was scarcely a sound, more like a breath, from me.

“Yes, Maida—” he plunged into a flurry of words—“I had to call you. I’ve missed hearing your voice. And there was something I wanted to tell you. Are you listening?”

“Yes. I found I had no choice but to hear the receiver so hard my hand ached. But I couldn’t relax. I couldn’t do anything but stand there in a suspended daze—afraid and eager to say anything. Afraid Tom would stop talking, yet dreading what he would say if he went on.

“I knew I had acted badly, Maida. You have a right to hate me—and I don’t want to hurt you any more than I have. That’s why I wanted to tell you that I have to come back to San Francisco right away. There’s a job opening up with West Coast Importers that just suits me. But I won’t come if you would rather I wouldn’t—(we’d be running into each other all the time, knowing the same people, and if you’d rather not see me)—”

RATHER not see him! Oh, Tom—if I could just see you again—just once—“Don’t be foolish, Tom. Of course, you must come back,” I managed to say. “What do you think I would do? But he didn’t answer me. For a moment I thought the line had gone dead—and then I heard his whisper.

Low and thrilling and husky, the words I had almost thought I would never hear again—“Are you with me, Maida?”

I let the receiver fall back on its hook with nerveless fingers and then I was stumbling into Page’s arms, the shock and the reaction making me tremble all over.

“Hold on, Maida.” Page’s voice was indescribably gentle. “Take ten deep breaths. Here—come over to this couch. That was Tom, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” The necessity for speaking steadied the timbre of my voice. For a moment I remembered hearing the sound of her name ringing around me. But only a little. I was not a hysterical person but now I had a strange desire to cry and scream—because Tom had been so close for a moment and yet I hadn’t been able to touch him or see that laughing handsome face or that lock of brown hair that used to fall over his eye and that made me want to caress it back—and I wanted to laugh and sing, too. Because he was coming back.
back and because he had said to me:

"Are you with me, Maida?"

"He's coming back here, Page. Back to San Francisco, soon."

"They are back here," he reminded me, slowly.

I had forgotten. Actually, I had forgotten that when Tom came back he would be bringing Annabelle, his wife.

"Tom's coming back to me. He's coming back to me," Page said so.

"He said 'Are you with me, Maida?' You don't understand. That was our little secret password and it meant everything—it meant 'Isn't life wonderful?' and 'Is everything all right, darling?' and 'Do you love me?'" he wouldn't have said that if he hadn't meant—oh, you don't understand, Page!"

Now I was crying and Page was holding me tight. No, I don't and I'm afraid you don't, my darling. You're trying to shut your eyes and pretend that Tom isn't married, or if he is, that it's just a little mistake." He was silent for some time and he spoke again. "I think you need a vacation. I think you need to get away. Didn't you say that friend of yours, Bella Macklin, has invited you down for a weekend at Carmel-by-the-Sea? I think you should go."

"SHE invited us both, Page," I answered listlessly. How could I make him see that I was all right—that I knew Tom needed me, and only me? We were made for each other. "But I refused several days ago. I used to go there to her parties but this time..."

"Well, I think you should go, anyway. Send her a letter and to-morrow morning I'll drive you down. If I have a story to do there in Carmel, anyway. It's an interview I've been putting off and tomorrow's as good a time as any other..."

Page took care of all the details. He wired the Macklins and even stood over me while I packed a bag, before he left to catch a few hours of sleep.

Early next morning we set out. I had slept but it had been a drugged, nightmarish sleep, so I dozed nearly all the way down to Carmel. I only came awake when we halted by the side of Bella Macklin's rambling, comfortable seaside cottage.

"I'll leave you here, Page," I told him, "and go get my fare over with. But I'll be back probably later this afternoon or evening..."

His kiss was light and comforting on my cheek. Doctor Sanders! I almost smiled going up the flagstone steps, carrying my light suitcase.

But the smile died away when I confronted Bella at the door. Confronted is the word, because if I didn't know her better I would have thought I was unwelcome and unwanted.

"Don't look at me as if I were the man from Mars, Bella," I told her, a little annoyed, when she didn't move and ask me in. "I know I should have let you know sooner that I was coming, but I've dropped in on you before like this without any invitation at all. Isn't a night letter sufficient warning?"

Bella made a strangled noise in her throat. She was a generous hostess, but now she had to have lost possession of her senses.

"—night letter? I didn't get—I didn't know—you said you couldn't come yesterday because you arrived last night. No, oh, Maida!" this last on a wail. But she stepped aside and let me come in.

And the first person I saw was Tom. The usual well dressed girl who stood at his side, her hand in his arm, her face turned up to his adoringly. I
didn't need to be told who she was. This was Annalee.

Now all that flippant, that hardness of manner I had been cultivating stood me in good stead: I closed the suitcase and ran—run until I could get the sight of them out of my eyes—run until I could find Page and his strong, comforting presence.

But I didn't. I found myself smiling, saying hello, allowing myself to be introduced to the three other people in the hospital. Battling my way suffering myself to be led up to where Tom stood, frozen, beside his wife.

And suddenly I felt a strange surge of crazy power, and hope went through me.

This—this was Annalee?

This quiet, mousy, plain little creature who looked like a sober wren beside the gay, colorful charm that radiated from Tom? This girl who looked so out of place in this room full of chattering, self-possessed people? Had he been crazy? No, you couldn't hate Tom's wife. But you could ignore her.

I said a polite hello and turned to Tom.

He looked just the same. The same, square, youthful body. The same winning smile. And the eyes that were fastened on me were full of admiration and there was something in his smile a definite bid for my forgiveness and for my liking. And I smiled back at him. There leaped between us that electric herd of excitement that had always come—that mutual feeling that seemed to shout at each other—"Let's go!"

But it wasn't quite the same because Annalee was there, because I knew her. I could walk away with Tom and our talk was as it had always been, easier and quicker; our laughter rang out together—but it wasn't the same. Before I knew it I could see that Annalee was following her husband with adoring eyes, and me with puzzled ones.

So no one had told me. And I had been once engaged to Tom.

I TURNED back to him. I hadn't forgotten how handsome he was—but I had forgotten how his eyes blazed, his way of bursting out the world so that we could be alone in a crowd.

"Maida, I've been wanting to talk to you. I need to tell you about this job. You always know the right approach for me. Oh—Maida! You're lovelier than when I saw you last. No one has the right to have that shade of blue eyes with coal-black hair. It's too dangerous a combination."

And he stopped smiling to look down at me with some interest in his eyes that was both a question and a command.

For just a second everything seemed to stand still.

"He likes me! That was the message that suddenly sounded through my veins. He still cared for me—and, looking at Annalee—I went back to see and natural again how she must have hoodwinked him into marriage. With this, clear, compelling attraction between us—between Tom and me—I had no doubt that it was as I had been loved and not his wife.

Carefully we avoided any mention of his marriage. We picked up our interest in the last little secret language as if nothing had happened. For a while it was as if Annalee had never existed. And the happiness in my heart was a foolish, shimmering bubble, but I closed my eyes to reality and prayed it wouldn't burst too soon.

Of course it didn't last. Actually we only had a short half-hour or so before we were interrupted and drawn into the general circle. But even then
I hugged myself to the knowledge that Tom was still in love with me. Some- 
how things would work out and this mistake of a marriage he had made 
would have to be called off. I couldn’t misunderstand that message in Tom’s 
eyes.

Dinner was an informal affair served on plates around the fire, and somehow I found myself sitting next to Annalee.

She said very little at first, but gradually, as the talk drifted around to 
friends we knew, she put in a word now and then, and when I realized that she didn’t have a warm instinct for 
people. I was barely listening, until I realized they were talking about Jean 
and taste in men’s weapons.

"I don’t know her, but I know the type," Annalee put in quietly. "There’s a girl in Verdena who acts that way and I feel sorry for her. I wonder if — you know she usually redecorates her house just after some disappointment 
or some kind of trouble. It’s as if she couldn’t face it squarely and she thinks her surroundings are different. Then that particular trouble can’t ever happen to her again."

I LOOKED at Annalee, startled. It was 
so penetrating an analysis of Jean and her changing "auras" and "vibrations."

Annalee went on, "I feel sorry for people like that. They are usually so 
alone. If they had an anchor—some-

one who understood them, it might be different."

And unwilling admiration, even liking, 
for this wife of Tom’s stirred in me. In the midst of this careless-

thinking group of people whose talk 
scarcely ever went below the surface of things, Annalee and her ideas 
commanded respect. She could laugh, 
too, as I found out—and she could hold 
up her own end under teasing. The 
way she allowed me to think I was admit-

ted, as dinner went on, was that Annalee 
and I laughed at the same things, 
thought so much the same way, and 
evén said the same things. If it hadn’t 
been that she was Tom’s wife, I would 
have said we were much the same kind 
of people.

And if it hadn’t been for Tom sitting 
across the room, his eyes caressing me 
with every look.

Somehow though, that wonderful, 
unthinking happiness that had pos-
sessed me at first now had a tinge of 
doubt in it. Annalee was no thief. She 
was honest and straightforward. 
She had not set out to deliberately take 
Tom from the girl he was engaged to.

Then—what was I planning to do? 
But I shut my heart to that doubt. If 
Annalee was honest and plain-speak-
ing, she would want the truth from Tom and me. She would want to know 
that we still loved each other. She 
would rather be hurt now—quickly—
than drag through a marriage that was 
no marriage at all. Surely she must 
knowledge something was missing—
the something that Tom and I had to offer each other.

I voluntered to wash the dishes be-
cauuse I thought that would give me a 
little time to sort out my thoughts. 
To my dismay, Annalee volunteered 
too. And we didn’t shirrly scrape the 
plates and stacked them when Page 
appeared.

"No, thanks," to our offer of food. "I ate in town. I’ll be generous and 
help you with the K.P."

"All right," Annalee accepted—and 
when she smiled she was almost pretty. 
"I’ll wash and you two can dry. A 
woman isn’t supposed to have wet 
hands, but I love the feel of sudsy
water. And, anyway, Tom didn't marry me for my looks."

"Tom—" Page stood stock-still, holding the towel.

"Yes." Annalee replied, shily, but proudly, "I'm Mrs. Tom Swift. I know who you are. Page Sanders—because Maida here mentioned you."

But I felt numb inside. That shining pride in Annalee's face was like a splinter driven into my consciousness. No matter how much I told myself that she would have to be told the truth, that she wouldn't have to be hurt a little to save her from being hurt a lot—I couldn't escape the feeling of treachery, of wanton cruelty on my part.

I couldn't let myself know her! If only Page and I were alone! I wanted to talk to him even more than to Tom. Yet, for all that he stood so near, for the first time since I had known him, I had no sense of being at one with Page. Something in him had withdrawn from me. It was as if he were saying: "This is up to you, Maida. This is your problem."

He talked to her and I sensed the linking between them. They were the same kind of people, too.

We'd always thought newspaper work would be exciting." Annalee was saying, "but doesn't it require strength to see all you see and report it honestly and fairly, without taking sides?"

I felt as if I were miles away from them. It wasn't used to deceit or concealing my thoughts. I could only go on slowly wiping one dish after another, concentrating on keeping my hands steady.

Page was answering her. "Yes, it's hard sometimes. Your own opinions get involved. But personal integrity, to me, is the most important thing in the world. After what I see day after day, it's more important, even, than love or passion!"

Those words were meant for me but I was too confused to sort them out. Personal integrity? Was it integrity, then, for me to give Tom up simply because Annalee was a nice girl and I didn't want to hurt her? Or was it integrity for me to tell her the truth?

We were running out of dry towels now and Bella called in from the living-room.

"There are dry ones out on the back porch. Hanging on the line!"

I WAS right behind Page when he opened the door. Otherwise I might not have seen what I did—because he slammed it shut quickly and stood with his back to it as if he would keep us from going out there—keep us from seeing what he had seen!

But it was too late. I had seen and so had Annalee.

Those two figures out there—Tom! Tom and a girl, close in each other's arms, unseeing and uncaring, out there, in the dark of the porch. He had been kissing her.

The man I loved—the man who was Annalee's husband—shaking in his arms a red-headed girl he had only met that same evening, and caring so little for another's pain that he would seek his little rendezvous hardly ten feet from where his wife had stood.

I was still staring at Page in horror, and now that horror was all mixed up with other things—shame and disgust and myself and a great overwhelming pity for Annalee.

Page picked up another dish, not seeing it, and then laid it down to put his hand awkwardly on her shoulder.

"Sorry, Annalee," I guess he realized it was foolish to pretend we hadn't

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seen. It would have made things painful.

She had been standing with her back to us, hunched over the sink, and she flinched when he touched her. But the face she turned to us slowly was a serene one in spite of the emptiness in the back of her eyes.

"That's all right, Page." She even tried to smile. "Don't be sorry for me. You see, I know Tom very well and I knew when I married him what it would be. We grew up together and he used to break my heart regularly when we were first going together. But he would always come back to me.

"And when he came back to me this last time, from San Francisco, I had to make up my mind that Tom would never change. There's a part of him that can't help kindling to some woman when they smile at him and he can't help flirting with them. It's part of his charm and his weakness. His new bride brought the light of hope up into them, they were supposed to act that way with women and then they would be willing to spoil him and let him have his way and make a fuss over him. Tom's never grown up.

"But he always comes back to me. That was the one sure, strong thing in my life and I'll keep and have me to come home to and I love Tom very much. That makes up for everything and anything."

She seemed to have recovered herself completely now and her hands were again busy in the soapy water. There was a light kindling behind that emptiness in her eyes. None of those stolen kisses can matter to me if I don't let it. It can't touch the inner core of real love that only Tom and I share between us.

"You see," she went on, quietly, "it's like a person getting sick. He can't help himself, and when he gets tired of the girl or is ashamed of himself, then I know the signs that he is careless.

"And I didn't have to wait for the light to play up in her eyes. "We have a little secret signal we made up for just the two of us. When Tom says 'Are you with me, Annalise?' I know he is telling me he loves me—and only me."

I don't know how, in that sudden shock, I kept from blunting out the cheap smile that flashed over me. I was enraged at Tom that my first instinct was to strip even this last bit of deceit from before her eyes. He had said that to her—and to me—and to how many other women and we had all believed it was just for us!

For hours I paced the room. The house below me wound up in a burst of loud goodnights and finally it was quiet, with everyone in bed. And still I paced my room, my thoughts keeping horrible parade with my steps.

It was shame and humiliation that had been over my shoulders, laughing their jeering mockery into my ears. I had believed in Tom—so much so that I had betrayed him—then his marriage—and the evidence before my eyes. Now I knew that he looked at other women the same way—and it meant nothing.

But Tom was Annalise's problem, and it wasn't that the clinging weakness of my love for him had been wiped out in that second. He had done the unforgivable.

Then—my Annalise's standards—had I ever really loved Tom? Enough to stand by him and take him back and overlook that inner weakness that he couldn't help, that was so much a part of Tom himself? I hadn't seen that in Tom. To me he had been an irresponsible boy who had needed my comp-
No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Maytime can be a gay time when you're a Drene Girl! For, when you Drene your hair, you reveal all its natural beauty... all its enchanting highlights!

"I use Drene," says glamorous Cover Girl Margaret Finlay, "because the camera demands my hair be radiantly clean." Drene brings out all the natural brilliance... as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair, as all soaps do. And Drene completely removes unsightly dandruff the very first time you use it.

Under studio lights, Margaret is the picture of Spring with her glistening hair swept up into large curls. Try this hair style at home or ask your beauty shop to do it. You will marvel at the way Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

Drene Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action

FOR DATES AT HOME, Margaret combs her silken, shining hair into demure little-girl curls. It's fun to fix your hair in any style after a Drene shampoo," she says. Today's improved Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair far easier, smoother and easier to manage. Margaret ties her top curls back with a narrow ribbon bow.
Learn your ABC's

I did, and
I like 'em

Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

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Better Tasting
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All the Benefits of
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The RIGHT COMBINATION of the WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS—Properly Aged
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THE
FLUORESCENT
LIPSTICK

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Charge lips with glistening color drama. Ignite every costume with this new fluorescent lipstick miracle, containing shimmery Florium.* See hi-lights by day... at night, a glow like burning embers. Unrivalled smoothness and indelibility plus a non-chap emollient give you for the first time radiated color... imperishable lip allure all in one! It's germ-free, too.
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*Florium adds soft glow

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Florium is at your druggist or get it at Crown Drug, Cunningham, Gallahers, Dow, Gray's, Hank's, Jacobs Pharmacy, Kinsel, Marshall, Sun Drug Co., Sun Ray-Novus, Thrifty Drug, Walgreen's. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

So new your toiletry counter may not have it. Ask your druggist or get it at Crown Drug, Cunningham, Gallahers, Dow, Gray's, Hank's, Jacobs Pharmacy, Kinsel, Marshall, Sun Drug Co., Sun Ray-Novus, Thrifty Drug, Walgreen's. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Even Venus couldn't get away with that!

How can a goddess stay on her pedestal unless she stays nice to be near?

SURE YOUR BEAUTY will get a lift from that fragrant bubble bath! But what's to keep your freshness from fading after the bath is over?

It's as simple as this: Mum's the word for lasting charm. Your bath, you see, washes away past perspiration, but Mum guards against risk of future underarm odor.

With Mum you play safe. You play fair with your friends.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth Mum on each underarm. Half a minute and you're protected, all day or evening. Your fresh-from-the-bath appeal marks you as a girl who is nice to be near.

Creamy, snowy-white Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fine fabrics. And it won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Safe and gentle Mum smooths on easily even after you're dressed. Get a jar of Mum today.

Mum —takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers
COMING NEXT MONTH

To Homeville, Just Plain Bill’s town, went our Living Portraits photographer to take the vivid pictures of Bill and all his friends for the July Radio Mirror.

Prudence Barker, A Woman Of America, discovers in the pages of an old diary a description of a long-ago Independence Day, and tells the story of the new, strong faith those pages helped her build.

Also in July—motherly Aunt Jenny goes on with the story of Phil and Sally (Once We’re Married)—The irrepressible Mr. and Mrs. North clash with crime in another of their rapid-fire adventures—And on the cover, lovely Marilyn Erskine, of CBS’s Let’s Pretend, wears the dreamiest bridesmaid’s gown you ever saw.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE

Facing the Music .......................................................... by Dale Banks 4
What’s New from Coast to Coast ................................ by Ken Alden 8
Beauty for the Bride ................................................. by Jeanne Griffin 16
The Only Hope ......................................................... by Robert St. John 19
So Very Young!—Rosemary’s sister jumps into love .... 20
Father’s Day in the Life of Riley ................................. 24
Between The Bookends ............................................... by Ted Malone 28
A Home’s a Growing Thing—A Mayor of the Town Story 30
Helen Trent—In Living Portraits .................................. 33
Tangle With Cupid ..................................................... by Joan Davis 38
Once We’re Married—An Aunt Jenny Real Life Story ... 40
“The Little Things of Home” ........................................ by Karl Swenson 44
Dear Butch—A My True Story ...................................... 46
Life Can Be Beautiful ................................................... by Papa David 48
For Dad, With Love .................................................... by Kate Smith 50


Helen Trent’s furs from Harry Trencher, Madison Avenue, New York; gown by Miss America.

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Editorial Director
EVELYN L. FIORE
Editor
DORIS McFERRAN
Assistant Editor
FRANCES MALL
Associate Art Director
JACK ZASORIN
Art Director
One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 69. A score between 8 and 6 is good, 6-4, fair, and below 4—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. Dashiel Hammett, the creator of "The Thin Man" and "The Maltese Falcon" has a brand new detective represented on ABC. The obese gent is known as—

2. Let's see if you know who's responsible for these phrases:
   a. Wake up, America, time to stump the experts.
   b. Is that you, Myrt?
   c. Watta revoltin' development.

3. On Phil Spitalny's Hour of Charm you often hear beautiful violin solos by a gal whose first name is—

4. Match the following actors with the parts they portray on the airways:
   a. Jay Jostyn 1. Dr. Christian
   b. Dick Powell 2. Steve Wilson
c. Ezra Stone 3. Tom Mix
d. Jean Hersholt 4. Mr. D. A.
e. Edward Pawley 5. Richard Rogue
f. Curly Bradley 6. Henry Aldrich

5. When you hear this CBSinger giving out with a song called "The Same Time, The Same Place, Tomorrow Night", you know your dial's tuned to—

6. Unscramble the names of these network commentators:
   a. Quincy Harkness
   b. Frank Searchinger
c. Raymond Van
d. Caesar Howe
e. Richard Singiser
f. Lyle Swing

7. Not busy enough writing Pepper Young's Family, Rosemary and When a Girl Marries, one of radio's finest scripters now has a new Mutual "playhouse" helping unknown writers to get a break. Her name is—

8. Name the quiz-masters of the following shows:
   a. Detect and Collect
   b. Give and Take
c. Take It Or Leave It
d. Break the Bank

---

"I like to curl up with a good book"

"You're kidding! You'd like a full date book and here's how!"

KEEP FRESH!: Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.

FEEL SMOOTH!: Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.

STAY DAINTY!: Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day, for coolness, for comfort and for the heavenly scent it gives your skin. It's the fragrance men love.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

In 10c, 20c
and 35c sizes
For the luxury size with velour puff ask for Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder 65c
HER MANAGERS won't admit it but modest Jo Stafford would be willing to cut her income in half if she could reside permanently in California. Her popularity demands that Jo divide her time between both coasts and her NBC cigarette sponsor prefers to have his series emanate from New York.

Jo's success has naturally made her prey for all sorts of interviews and because of her retiring nature she is difficult to secure news from. Jo likes nothing better than to discuss music with real musicians and has little interest in or patience with anything else.

Johnny Desmond, the cropped haircut crooner, has signed a lengthy contract with Warner Brothers, so you'll be seeing and hearing him shortly on the screen.

Both singer Bob Graham and orchestra leader Carmen Dragon have been re-pacted for the Fanny Brice Baby Snooks show.

When Ginny Simms retires from the air this summer to have her baby, the plan is to have other famous girl singers and mothers like Alice Faye, Judy Garland, and Betty Grable pinch hit.

Georgia Carroll, Kay Kyser's beautiful wife and former cover girl is another expectant mother.

Frankie Carle gets more money playing as a guest piano soloist on network programs than he does when he brings his whole band along.

There's quite a rivalry blooming between Kay McKenney's band and Tex Beneke's outfit, both claiming they are carrying on the traditions of Glenn Miller, for whom they both worked.

Although Bing Crosby's future radio plans may have already been revealed, it is still worth mentioning that an oil company is reported to have made The Grooner a fantastic offer that included the donation of several active oil wells.

The Voice himself leads a group of young Voices—Frank Sinatra rehearses the Bob Mitchell Boys' Choir for an appearance on his show, Wednesday night, CBS.

A blind date with "a swell young fellow in the radio business" led to romance for Joy Hodges, but it was her own very fine voice that brought success in that business.

By KEN ALDEN

However the fact that publicity on this got about seems to have nullified the offer.

Bing's return to the Music Hall ended Frank Morgan's tenure but Morgan is not without radio work. He's the summer replacement for Jack Benny and in the fall gets his own show for a cigarette sponsor.

Quite a furor arose when WQAM, Miami, banned Count Basie's recording of "Queer Street" on the grounds that "even without lyrics the unrestrained use of barbaric rhythms and suggestive melody makes it unfit for listeners."

Curiously enough, Basie's records were among the first to be banned by the Nazis as unfit for the Aryan ear.

Although Jean Tennyson's Great Moments in Music CBS shows broadcast from a 2,000-seat broadcasting theater there is never any audience. The soprano star is one of the few performers who sincerely believes that radio is for the listener-in and not the studio observer. She maintains that having an audience influences the singer to "play to" a small handful rather than concentrating on the unseen millions tuning in.

Dolly Dawn, one of radio's better actresses, is recovering from an appendectomy.

There's still a very good chance that Phil Harris will finally get a permanent radio show of his own.

Trials of a glamor girl... Hollace Shaw, singing lovely on the Saturday Night Serenade, complained with a glimmer of humor in her orbs about a sitting date in the network's photo studio last week. She spent an hour grooming her eyelashes, making them dark and curling so they'd shadow her eyes just right. And the photographer spent hours taking shots of her wearing new style smoked sun glasses!

A JOY FOREVER

Joy Hodges, the curvy caroler, was consoled herself in a bubble bath when the telephone jangled noisily.

"I wasn't too annoyed by the interruption," Joy told me as she recounted the incident. "People in show business are used to getting phone calls at the worst possible times. When you're trying to get a break you usually depend on the phone as a good news carrier."
For the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair be continually on guard against infectious dandruff.

It is widespread, easy-to-catch and hard-to-get-rid-of. Its distressing flakes, scales and itching can really raise hob with your appearance.

Do as thousands of fastidious women do... make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of your home shampoo. Insist on it at your beauty shop.

Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution because it kills the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum Ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of this obnoxious infection. So, at the first sign of flakes, scales or itching, start at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily...the treatment that has helped so many...it may help you.

Listerine Antiseptic and Massage for Infectious Dandruff

The "Bottle Bacillus" (Pityrosporum Ovale)
This is the stubborn germ that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Listerine Antiseptic kills it readily. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
At the International Flower Show in New York recently, Kate Smith saw for the first time the beautiful Sweet Pea named after her.

Bob himself is the leading spirit of the fun-and-music Bob Crosby Show, CBS Wednesday night.

(Continued from page 4) wire was that of a friend, announcer Jackson Wheeler.

"Joy, honey," he asked, "how about going out tonight on a blind date?"

"Who is he?"

"A swell young fellow, Paul Dudley. He's a radio producer, directs Spotlight Bands and a lot of other shows. He may do you some good."

"Okay, Jack," Joy answered, convinced of her escort's capabilities, "pick me up here."

That blind date happened in 1942, a low water mark in the career of Iowa-born Joy Hodges.

"I was sort of depressed," Joy told me as we chatted in her attractive East Fiftyish apartment, "when he came over. I had made some good impressions in show business, but mostly as a pinch hitter filling in for ailing stars. I made about fifteen flop pictures at Universal. I knew I needed some one to help me and stop this second fiddle type casting."

The blind date was arranged by a radio announcer, but Cupid evidently was the silent partner. It was love at first sight for Joy and Paul. But it didn't turn out exactly as Joy had expected.

The war interrupted their marriage. Paul joined the Army where he helped supervise Glenn Miller's GI band. Joy went overseas for the USO. Just recently they have been re-united, and his connections and show business experience, has had little to do with his attractive wife's recent microphone success.

"He has never given me two words of advice," Joy complained mildly.

I asked Paul about that.

"Joy didn't need my advice or connections," he explained philosophically, "she just needed a darned good friend and husband and a little encouragement."

Dudley was evidently right. Joy's career has suddenly begun to thrive. You can hear her any weekday morning on NBC's Honeymoon In New York, currently a sustainer but touted as a commercial sure-thing.

Curiously enough Joy is still considered a reliable pinch hitter by theatrical producers. She still answers their three-alarm fires but the radio success has sparked her confidence.

It all started when she replaced Rosemary Lane in "Best Foot Forward." Then June Knight took sick a few hours before curtain time for

First a choir singer, then a secretary, now Abbott and Costello's NBC Show vocalist—pretty Amy Arnell.

DUKE ELLINGTON: His Carnegie Hall inspired Black, Brown and Beige tone parallel to the American Negro handsomely discod on two 12-inch Victor records that should be a must.

ANN BUSHGOOD: Spins on oldie, "It's the Talk of the Town," paired with the new "Swing Angel" for Columbia.

WOODY HERMAN: A tribute to "Atlanta, G.A." and his sponsor, "Wild Root" is the current bobby sockers' baton hero's latest Columbia pressing.

PHIL MOORE FOUR: A rhythmic quartet give "Ole Man River" and "I Got Sixpence" an unusual instrumental treatment on this Musicraft special.

PEGGY LEE: A new voice to be reckoned with. Hear her sing "I Can See It Your Way" and "I Don't Know Enough About You" for Capitol.

BENNY CARTER: Unadulterated swing by a new recording band for a new recording company, De Luxe, concentrating on "Who's Sorry Now" and an old Gershwin, "Looking for a Boy."

JEAN SABLON: The French Bing Crosby sings two now-familiar hits, "Symphony" and "It Might As Well Be Spring" as you've never heard them sung before. Don't miss it. Decca.


ARK WARNOW-VERA BARTON: A popular radio pair do pretty things with "Slowly" and "Take All" on this Sonora platter.

DINAH SHORE: There's none finer than "Shoo-Fly Pie" and "Here I Go Again" (Columbia).

"Dream With Music" and harried producer Dick Kollmar found his joyous substitute dining at "21." He talked fast and pulled her out of the restaurant with as much gusto as he reveals playing radio's "Boston Blackie."

Joy then did the road version of "Something For the Boys," filling Joan Blondell's shoes, and when Marilyn Maxwell tipped with Eddie Cantor before the Broadway opening of "Nellie Bly," the pop-eyed producer whispered Joy to Boston as a last minute replacement.

"Even when I went overseas for the USO I was playing someone else's original part, that of Ethel Merman's in 'Anything Goes'."

Joy was born in Des Moines, the daughter of a postal clerk. When she was in 11-year-old pigtails she made her professional debut, singing at a big revival meeting attended by 50,000 frenetic joiners.

After singing through high school, she won a singing contest and then joined Jimmy Grier's orchestra. She was still known as Frances Eloise but when a music critic said she made singing a joy, she quickly reconstructed her handle.

Joy was married once before, to a prominent Omaha newspaperman. She refused to discuss the details of this union.

Joy stands 5 feet, 4½ inches, weighs 118 pounds, has gray green eyes and calls herself a "brownette."

She has a temper but gets over it quickly. It last flared up when a friend called to invite her to play bridge, filling in for a fourth who suddenly cancelled out.

"Even at the bridge table they want to make me a substitute," she wailed. But she wasn't having any. She doesn't have to any more. Chances are good that from here on she doesn't have to understudy anyone.
You'll adore it... this new Improved

POSTWAR ARRID

No other Deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely!

... As shown by our tests...

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you maximum protection against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! We believe no other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

For Summer Evenings

Glamorous clothes, more utterly feminine than you've worn for years! Fragile fabrics, to make you look like a delicate flower. More than ever you'll need Arrid's thorough protection. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely! Smart women use Arrid daily.

Wide, Tight Midriffs are top fashion news! To accentuate their slimness, skirts are very full. But bodices are snug, with close-fitting armholes. Rely on Arrid to guard against perspiration stains. Arrid is shown by our tests to be more effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream!

Only safe gentle Arrid gives you this thorough 5 way protection:

1. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.
2. More effective in stopping perspiration than any other leading deodorant cream, according to our laboratory tests.
4. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Greaseless and stainless, too.
5. Awarded the Seal of Approval of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

ARRID... gives maximum protection against perspiration with safety to skin and clothes!

Some of the many stars who use Arrid: Carol Bruce • Gertrude Niesen • Beatrice Lillie • Grace Moore • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman
By DALE BANKS

MAYBE you had an idea that modern inventions don't affect our lives? Betty Mandeville, who directs the F.B.I. in Peace and War program gets plenty of fan mail after every broadcast. A recent letter from a youngster kind of floored her. It was a complaint against the action in a broadcast dealing with juvenile delinquency. "Keep your crooks older," the letter begged. "It's tough enough to get out nights now!"

As this is being written, Orson Welles is in New York, preparing a Mercury Theatre production for Broadway. Naturally, wherever Orson is, stories are born. One of his co-workers comes up with this one.

Welles is a speech purist—a stickler for the exactly right word for every thought. It really bothers him to hear sloppy speech around him and he's always compelled to take a crack at it.

But now, one slangy young actor has achieved the distinction of leaving the usually smart-on-the-comeback Orson speechless. While Welles was directing a local radio show, he found himself getting very annoyed by this young actor's repeated use of two words throughout the rehearsal. Making his remarks as tactful as possible, but nevertheless managing to sound like a stuffy professor about it, Welles said to the actor, "I wish you'd promise never to use two words. One is 'swell' and the other is 'lousy.' Will you promise me that?"

"Sure, Mr. Welles," the young actor answered. Then he said brightly, "What are the two words?"

It doesn't happen often, but when Fielden Farrington, CBS announcer, does get one of his literary efforts published, he really makes good with it. He told us the other day that he'd written about 200 short stories—and sold only one. But the one he sold was listed in the 1944 Anthology of Best Short Stories. Now, Farrington has written a novel titled, "The Big Noise," which will be published by Crown Publishers.

Now that the war's over, we're coming across more and more stories about improved telephone service. We had one of our own, when the telephone company sent six men in as many days to tinker with a long extension wire, with the result that the long wire we really need so we wouldn't have to jump up from the desk every time the phone rang grew smaller and smaller.

Another story that's come our way has to do with a similar bit of improved service. David Greggory, scriptor on the RCA Victor program, got himself a strep throat a couple of weeks ago. Talking was no pleasure to Greggory for ten days. So he ordered his telephone temporarily disconnected. Word got around and all
Are you in the know?

Which is a "must" in leg make-up?
- Delousing
- Debumping
- Artifical application

S-m-o-o-t-h is the word for glamour-gams. So whisk off the "whiskers" with a good depilatory. Discourage bumps with soap-and-water scouring; soften your legs with lotion. Then apply make-up artfully, following directions with care. (See? Each answer above is right!) It's all part of a gal's grooming ritual. And so is keeping dainty...especially on "difficult" days. You know, Kotex contains a deodorant...locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. Don't overlook this new Kotex safeguard for your daintiness!

What's the cure for this coiffure?
- An upsweep
- A snood
- A good thinning out

That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! What's the cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect or too many curls just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If your locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Self-confidence goes with good grooming...and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive safety center of Kotex gives you plus protection. You're confident because your secret's safe—thanks to Kotex sanitary napkins.

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?
- A suit
- A conversation print
- A fancy formal

Does your budget boot at your wardrobe plans? Well, then, pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion and mood. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can keep living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep comfortable with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness...made to stay soft while wearing. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on the dance floor, should you—
- Join the wallflowers
- Retreat to the dressing-room
- Yoo-hoo to the stag line

A solid gal would know better, but if ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying days often do...but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special flat, tapered ends that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins
REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURLER AVOIDS BROKEN HAIR ENDS

No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!

SAFER
Distinctive open end can't catch or cut hair

EASIER
Patented "Easy-Lock" snaps closed easily with one hand from any position

DON'T RISK A FRIZZY HAIR-DO BY BREAKING, MASHING, CUTTING

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.

With a wit as nimble as his flying feet, dancer-comedian Ray Bolger takes over the Durante-Moore CBS spot for summer.

(Continued from page 8) of Gregory's friends, ourselves included, took to writing him letters when we had something to convey to the invalid. It was the phone company that nearly drove him crazy. In three days, he got more than twenty calls from the company to make sure he wasn't being disturbed, to check with him on the temporary nature of the disconnection and to assure him that the company would give him its fullest cooperation.

It's wonderful how a well known radio voice, sometimes, comes in handy. Katherine Raht, who plays Henry Aldrich's mother on the air, tells this one on herself.

She'd called a window cleaner to wash her windows at a certain time, since housekeeping with her has to be fitted into her radio schedule. But no cleaner appeared and she got a little annoyed. So she called the office of the company and began a mild tirade, until the young man at the other end interrupted to ask whether she hadn't heard her voice somewhere before. So Kay unloosed her famous call for "Hen-ree! HEEnry Aldrich!" "Yes ma'am, that's it," said the young man, respectfully, adding, "Coming, Mo-ther!" And he was there in a few minutes.

Back in February "Ole" Olsen of the Olsen and Johnson team, campaigned for "postcard showers" to brighten the lives of handicapped children. It's our hope that these showers will continue. Why not take a few minutes a day, look up the names and addresses of local hospitals and institutions in your vicinity and send a few cards to the kids? It's a good idea and fine for the morale of children whose lives are none too bright as a rule.

Landlady with an ear! Here's a cute musical note. When the three Berv Brothers, Arthur, Jack and Harry, who all play French horn with the NBC Symphony, first came to New York, they had to play an audition for their prospective landlady before she would take them in.
Our whispering scouts tell us they've come across a bit of superstition that delights their little hearts. They've spotted Red Skelton and Bill Thompson—the Old Timer on the Fibber McGee and Molly show—meeting in the corridor at the studio in Hollywood, every Tuesday night and kicking each other in the pants before going on the air. "For luck..."

If you've been listening to Piano Playhouse on Sunday afternoons, you're familiar with Milton Cross's whacky solos, which he plays along with the experts, using whatever he finds handy on which to play, be it a pitch pipe or whatever. The thing you don't know is that more than 1,000 people around the country have chimed in with Cross. Most of them are frustrated piano players, who write in that they follow the program, playing the melodies on their own pianos, while the expert improvisations of Cy Walter, Les Crosley, Bill Clifton and Eral Wild come over the air. A new type audience participation.

Jimmy Edmondson, new comedy star, has a peculiar talent. He can read, write and pronounce words backwards. In fact, he started his show business career in vaudeville as "Professor Backwards." He's not quite sure how he developed this talent, but he says it sure came in handy in the days when he was a sports reporter for a Jacksonvillle, Fla., newspaper. He was always able to check over his stories while they were still set in type—which is, of course, backwards. He says, those stories set in type were YREV YSAE OT DAER.

In case you didn't know, a lot of Perry Como's movie "Doll Face" is based on fact. In the picture the star is called upon to sell his barber shop to finance himself in show business. The facts are that Como once ran his own barber shop in Cannonsburg, Pa., and he sold it to take a whack at singing professionally.

Frank and Doris Hursley are a couple of swell people. They script the Those Websters for Mutual and they

The colors of Evening in Paris face powder are so wonderful...and the smooth velvet texture clings for hours. Evening in Paris rouge and lipstick are designed to harmonize, of course, so your make-up always has that exquisite perfection you strive for.

You really should try this marvelous Evening in Paris make-up...you'll see why the men say "if a lovely woman would be even lovelier...her make-up should be Evening in Paris."

Nothing but trouble for House Jameson, at least on the air, for he's both Henry Aldrich's father, and The Crime Doctor.
1. Start here—to look your prettiest with a radiant new complexion. Over clean face and neck, spread Hopper White Clay Pack. Relax while it coaxes your tense, weary skin back to fresher loveliness. A marvelous deflaker of "top skin." And no slouch at cleansing clogged pore openings.

2. About 8 minutes later. Off with your beauty mask, using plenty of clear, cool water. Now feel your softer, smoother skin. See its brighter bloom. That's the new glow from White Clay Pack's gentle blushing action. Your skin looks more radiant. Texture appears finer. And your make-up—um-m-m . . . glamorous!

3. Dolly . . . mere minutes for beauty-cleansing—the kind that helps you hold onto the new radiance you awakened with your weekly White Clay Pack. Start at the base of your throat, pat on Hopper Homogenized Facial Cream with upward, outward strokes. (Follow diagram arrows). This rich, bluish pink cream is homogenized for exquisite cleansing, expert lubrication.

4. What lovely things your mirror says. And why not? You look prettier, younger because your skin is beauty-cleansed. And only a clean skin can be lovely . . . Ps-s-t! Extra beauty note: Try Facial Cream as a lubricant. Smooth on a thin film at bedtime. Or before starting your household chores.

Edna Wallace Hopper Twin Treatment
works beauty magic on
dry, flaky skin . . . clogged pore openings

How to Spring Clean your skin
get the material for the hilarious adventure of their air characters right out of their own home. The Hursley children range in age from seven to eighteen years and all of them constantly act their age—loudly. Frank and Doris weren't always radio writers. Frank is an associate professor of English on leave from the University of Wisconsin and holds a doctor's degree in American Literature. Doris is a practicing lawyer who resigned from the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin to concentrate on her radio writing.

Sammy Kaye is keeping a record of the answers he gets on his So You Want To Lead a Band show, when he asks people why they want to lead a band. Here are some of the answers he's collected so far.

"My girl friend is bandleader—crazy." "I like to wear nice clothes." "My brother-in-law is a saxophonist and hasn't worked for two years. If I got a band of my own, I would put him to work for a change." "It would give me a good excuse to stay out late." "It's the easiest way I know to make a million bucks." (From a girl). "I think I'd look cute leading a band." "I'd like to see my name in print." (From a 350 pound male). "It's good exercise." And the topper of all, so far, from a young lady, "Well, I've done about everything else.

To radio's "The Voice" and movie-land's "The Body", add some new tags created on the Celebrity Club show. Jackie Kelk is now known as "The Squeak", conductor Ray Bloch is "The Scalp" and Margaret Whiting is "The Spring". Margaret's monicker comes from her swell rendition of "It Might As Well Be Spring!"

This time the alibi worked! William Bendix, who's always in and out of

Chuck Worcester, right, editor of CBS's Country Journal, inspects a new potato variety with Department of Agriculture's Dr. E. S. Schultz.
A BARRIER STOOD BETWEEN US

Misunderstanding and coldness loomed like a wall between us. I should have realized why, because I knew about feminine hygiene and the difference it can make. But I'd been trusting to now-and-then care.

My doctor set me straight. He said never to risk marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene, even once. And he advised me to use "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.

BUT I BROKE IT DOWN

Nothing between us now, but love and happiness. I've learned my lesson. No more carelessness about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching and it depends! Far more so than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "Lysol" is a proved germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly, yet gently. So easy and economical to use, too!
To snag for your very own the nicest, strongest guy around!

It's smart head-work, too, when you choose DeLong Bob Pins to keep your page-boy or chignon under control because they've got the Stronger Grip that's called for... They simply refuse to slip and slide around in a weak-kneed fashion, letting your carefully concocted hair-do down to there...

Once you use DeLong Bob Pins you'll wonder how you ever lived and breathed without them. Their Stronger Grip solves your head-work problems now and forever more. Remember...

Stronger Grip
Won't Slip Out

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS  HAIR PINS  SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS  STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES  HOOK & EYE TAPE  SANITARY BELTS

Ann Sothern, all made up for Maisie (Friday nights at 10:30, CBS), is alluring enough to explain all the trouble Maisie gets into.

ANN SOTHERN, formerly Harriette Lake of the Broadway musical comedy stage, disagrees with Shakespeare when he implies that names are unimportant. A new name, plus a splendid performance in “Let’s Fall in Love,” rocketed the lovely blonde actress toward stardom... and won her a long-term contract with Columbia Studios, and eventually led to “Maisie,” with whom she has become virtually identified through her movies and CBS radio show built around the pert Brooklyn blonde.

Ann was born in Valley City, North Dakota, on January 2, 1909, the daughter of Annette Yde, a concert singer and voice teacher and Walter J. Lake, a produce broker. She has never seen her birthplace—her mother had merely stopped over during a concert tour while Ann made her public debut with the weather at 40 degrees below zero.

Ann was brought up all over the Middle West, going to schools here and there, but receiving daily musical training from her mother, who thought her gray-eyed daughter would become a musician. She learned to play several instruments and developed her lyric soprano voice, tried her hand at composing, won first prize three years in succession for the best original piano composition at Central High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she lived with her grandmother for several years.

She attended the University of Washington for three years, and came to Hollywood in 1929 to visit her mother who was teaching actors and actresses to speak before the microphone. Here she found herself a job as a dancing girl, and was spotted one day by Ivan Kahn, discoverer of stars, who believed she was fitted for more important things and proved it by getting her a long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where the late Paul Bern became interested in her career. But there were so many promising young players there. Ann was lost in the shuffle.

Meeting the late Florenz Ziegfeld at a party one day, she was flattered when...
Smiles,
off between her New amazing Miller.
moment sing the Broadway Spring," and the wood originally sistible. from day up membered pressed a it drawers, schedule. Ann It One wedding didn't in with it didn't do, it from claimed the was she because knew the was by her production, hit. It was for these pictures that her name was changed to Ann Sothern: Ann from her mother's name, Sothern from the famous E. H. Sothern—an amalgamation suggested by Harriette herself because her real name seemed too cold and formal for movie-making.

And then one day came the first Maisie picture, (which had been bought originally for Jean Harlow, shelved when she died because there didn't seem to be another actress in Hollywood with the necessary looks and personality). But they tried Ann Sothern, and now to a vast movie and radio public she is Maisie, the irresistible.

In 1943 she married Robert Sterling, the movie actor, and, as busy actresses will do, went back to work the next day. War claimed the next two years of Bob's life. They weren't reunited until October, 1945.

Ann maintains that, though she and Maisie are as different as two blondes can be, if ever Maisie has a wedding day it ought to go just about the way hers did—a whirling dervish of a day from beginning to end. She didn't have time until the last second to figure out a wedding outfit. The ring she got for Bob didn't fit, and got lost on the way to Vegas.

Bob, just over an appendectomy, remembered on the way that he had forgotten the license, and it didn't catch up with them until, after the ceremony, a motor-cycle cop whom they had pressed into service came rushing down the aisle in time to make everything legal. But it wound up wonderfully, as weddings will, with a friendly reception at the home of Ray and Mal Mil-land, Ann's very good friends.

Ann has a passion for household orderliness, and rushes about closing drawers, neatening books, rearranging furniture. She loves to eat, but works it off her five-feet-one-and-one-half inches with tennis, horseback riding, and swimming, whenever she can fit them into her full-to-overflowing work schedule.

Stops
Perspiration Troubles Faster
THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT

Get in the swim! Get next to this new post-war, super-fast deodorant. Ask for new ODORONO Cream Deodorant... stops perspiration faster than you slip into your swim suit. Because it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper.

Works wonders when you work or play hardest. Really protects up to 3 days. Will not irritate your skin . . . or harm fine fabrics . . . or turn gritty in the jar.

Change to new super-fast ODORONO Cream Deodorant—super-modern, super-efficient, super-safe.

ODORONO CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢ Plus Federal Tax

ODORONO ICE is back from the wars... 39¢
**Who said Give in to Periodic Pain!**

Not you? Certainly not! Because you, modern miss, know that functional pain of menstruation is quickly relieved by taking Midol!

Yes, these tiny white tablets are offered specifically to relieve periodic pain. Millions of girls and women accept them because they have learned that they help give complete comfort in three ways: Ease Cramps—Seets Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue".

So you see it's easy to be comfortable and carefree! And, it's easy to have Midol handy, because drugstores everywhere carry it.

---

**MIDOL**

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.
Write Dept. N-66, Room 1416,
1 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

**CRAMPS—HEADACHE—"BLUES"**

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**BEAUTY for the BRIDE**

**Susan Douglas**, who plays in CBS's Aunt Jenny's Stories, gives tips for wedding-day loveliness.

By JEANNE GRIFREN

There's no great trick to looking enchanting and enchanted on your wedding day. Happiness and dream come true take care of the glow that shines from within and careful planning of time, make-up, and beauty essentials can do the rest.

Living the good beauty life gives you the perfect basis for loveliness. You know there's nothing more important than 8 hours' sleep, proper food, fresh air and exercise. With a day in June circled in red on your calendar, you've surely not neglected your figure. For wedding gowns and bumpy figures just don't mix.

So you're ready to concentrate on beauty additions. Three weeks before your heart pounds madly and "I Love You Truly" sings through the church, the question of a new permanent must be faced. Get the best one you can afford and insist, even if you have to seem a little fussy, on a soft natural permanent. A good cold wave puts curl close to the scalp, is wonderfully comfortable and should leave your hair lustrous and Silky. But before you have it, consider the shorter hair styles that look so young and new.

Hands that have been neglected need intensive pampering now for a brand new wedding ring deserves a lovely setting.

If some wonderful person hasn't already gifted you with the beauty, make-up, and manicure kits every girl needs so sorely, now's the time to line up your cosmetic trousseau.

The day before THE DAY, the bride has these items on her beauty list: Hair must be done, eyebrows plucked (don't wait till tomorrow!), and nails should be done with utmost care. A pedicure is in order too. Shade of polish depends on you. Tradition thinks of brides as delicate, pastel-y creatures but if you've always worn the brighter polishes and your clothing calls for them, it seems inconsistent to affect a soft shade now.

Today you'll also de-fuzz underarms and legs for they must be absolutely hair-free. You'll cream hands, arms, face and throat and wear gloves and a good hair net to bed. By hook or crook, you'll get a long long night's sleep if you're wise.

On the day that you'll be married, allow at least two hours in which to get ready. In that time you can, perhaps, use a mask whose performance you already know, and you'll take a real beauty bath followed by lotion all over, application of a reliable deodorant and anti-perspirant and a light dusting of bath powder. You'll brush and arrange your hair to look soft, NOT set. For bright eyes, an eye bath and then mouth wash by all means!

Today—your wedding day—if seldom before, you'll wear a foundation, pancake type of lotion, for make-up must come smiling through the gamut of congratulatory embraces.

And take great pains in applying lipstick. Start with one careful layer dusted lightly with powder and blotted. Then re-apply and blot again. You'll wear mascara in discreet amount and very little rouge.

And please don't be afraid to radiate your happiness as you glide down the aisle. No toothy grins, mind you, but remember that everyone loves a bride and wants to see her happy.

One last beauty tip. Even though you race to elude your friends and the barrage of rice and old shoes, try to manage a complete new make-up before you change into your going-away outfit. Now that you're Mrs., you have to start out right!
Introducing

JOHNNY OLSEN

The secret of Johnny Olsen's success as a radio emcee is that, unlike a lot of his contemporaries, he laughs with people and not at them. If you ever need proof of the effectiveness of this technique, listen to the good-natured laughs on the Monday through Friday broadcasts of Ladies Be Seated over WJZ-American at 3:30 P.M. (EWT). Johnny is the fellow who asks the "ladies" to be seated, then has them rolling in the aisles as he unfolds his bagful of stunts for the audience participants.

Instead of capitalizing on human idiosyncrasies for humor, Olsen counts on good—and kind—fun to make his show go over. And he ought to know what it takes in radio. He's filled almost every chore spot in the broadcasting business during the seventeen years he's spent in it.

Only thirty-four now, Olsen started in the radio field when he was seventeen. Before that, he'd worked for four years as a typist, jeweler's helper and drug clerk. He was one of eleven children and he had to pitch in and help support the family at a very early age.

Once he'd found his vocation, Johnny lost no time in learning all its angles. After a year before the microphone as The Buttermilk Kid at a station in Madison, Wisconsin, he went to KGDA in Mitchell, South Dakota, where he did all the managing, selling, announcing, singing, entertaining, continuity—and janitorial chores. On the side, he preached a morning religious service.

Never one to loaf, Olsen also directed an orchestra. He needed a bus to transport his band to Chicago to make records. So he built a bus. He next moved to WTMJ, Milwaukee, where he served mainly as an announcer and singer. Later, he produced and presented his own variety show, which eventually took him to Hollywood for a year.

In January 1944, Olsen came to New York as a staff announcer for the American Broadcasting Company—which was then the Blue Network. It wasn't long before the network officials recognized Olsen's abilities as a master of ceremonies and assigned him to the emcee job on Ladies Be Seated. Their judgment has been proved right by the large and enthusiastic following that the show has gained.

Johnny's birthplace was a tiny town, Windom, in Minnesota. Five-feet-nine, weighing 170, he has dark hair and blue eyes and is married. Although he doesn't smoke, he's a pushover for coffee nerves—a hangover from his Norwegian descent probably. His hobby is recording and he works it to death. He owns a complete recording outfit that can operate from an automobile if necessary. With this equipment, he has toured 42 states, Mexico and Canada, making recordings of the entire trip.

KATHRYN GRAYSON

...saucy, sun-kissed beauty! Take her lush, intoxicating skin tone for yours...dip your puff in Woodbury Film-Finish SUN PEACH. A luscious, ripe, sun-drenched peach it is—exclusive Film-Finish blending makes it color-fall. A dazzler on your skin—perfect as the color in the box! Compare the glow and life it brings your skin—more flattering, more Summer-right than the powder you're wearing now. And cling! That misty-sheer Woodbury texture veils tiny flaws for hours—stays color-fresh! Eight Star-excitement shades.

Flatterer! Put on Woodbury CREAMPUFF POWDER BASE. Blends with any powder shade.

YOUR MATCHED MAKEUP... all 3 for $1

1. Big $1 box of Film-Finish Powder
2. Star lipstick—your just-right shade
3. Matching rouge—right for you

Boxes of Film-Finish Powder, 25¢ and 10¢—plus tax.
Cupid finds it difficult to resist the girl who washes her hair with Drene-lovely hair! When you Drene your hair, it gleams with all its natural lustre... all its enchanting highlights revealing “The best way to catch a camera or a man’s eye,” says glamorous Cover Girl Penny Edwards, “is to let your loveliest with shining-smooth hair shine! Here, Penny, golden-haired Drene Girl shows you these easy-to-fix styles you can try at home or ask your beauty shop to do. Your hair is far silkier, smoother and easier to manage when you use today’s improved Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

**YOU CUT LOTS OF ICING** when you wear these romantic shining curls. “Drene-washed hair,” says Penny, “matches the radiance of your most momentous moments.” Drene reveals as much as 33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any dulling film on hair as all soaps do. Complete removal of unsightly dandruff too, the very first time you use Drene! See how Penny’s softly-waved hair adds height to her face.

**LOVE-NEST SHOPPING** finds you smooth groomed... your shining-clean hair swept to one side in this sophisticated style. “It’s easy to fix any hair-do,” Penny reveals, “you’re a Drene Girl.” Note how Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves Penny’s hair beautifully-behaved right after shampooing.

**Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action**
The only hope

The time has come when we must resolve, as a nation, to learn to see ourselves as others see us

By ROBERT ST. JOHN

A SCOTCH farmer stood in church, a sharp contrast to the exquisite lady in the pew in front. He watched her; saw a louse on her bonnet. Later, he wrote a poem to that louse which ended with a word of advice to the lady: "O wad some power the gittie gie us," he wrote, "To see oursel's as ither see us!"

Those great words of Bobby Burns have come down to us through the decades and while we have loved their wisdom we have consistently disregarded their truth. We are doing so today, even though the only hope for peace lies in them.

On my week-day morning broadcasts and in my many lectures I have been preaching this gospel: The nations of the world—and that includes us—must "see themselves as others see them."

Are you one of the women in the recent magazine poll who replied "Yes" to the question, "Is another war inevitable within the next ten years?" Were you one of those who replied to the question, "With whom?" with the answer that seems to have jumped from the lips of the dying Goebbels to the mouths of too many Americans?

If it is true that we're going to fight a war with Russia in the next ten years, then it will be the most nonsensical war in all history. What have we to gain from Russia or Russia from us? Basically, nations fight for what they need. Why should two virtually self-sufficient nations fight each other? Because one has a form of government the other doesn't like?

You don't spread or stop ideas with the sword. Every sensible American knows we don't want communism here and won't have it. But if you could destroy Russia tomorrow you wouldn't eliminate communism from the world. Communism is a revolt against bad times which will exist in countries whose peoples are in desperate straits which require a desperate solution. Remember that our own New Deal was a form of revolt—much milder, but a revolt. The next degree is the present revolt in Great Britain—the labor party victory. Next is communism which takes hold only where there are desperate down-trodden masses. And the final degree of revolt is anarchism. War doesn't wipe out such ideas—it spreads them, since they are based primarily on dissatisfaction, which is increased by war.

How can you eliminate the disagreeable forms of government? Only by making our people prosperous, by making our government so effective, so benevolent, so concerned with the welfare of every last creature in this country, that the world will see a system that works!

Let us "see ourselves as others see us." If other nations see hunger, unemployment, prejudice, hatred, suspicion and fear, they will say, "What kind of a weak, impractical, cowardly form of government is democracy?" If they see us strong, healthy, happy, Christianly in our actions towards all races and creeds, and free of fear about all other nations, they will say, "This democracy must be worth having, because it works."

In short, let's face ourselves, our own deficiencies, before we worry about what's wrong with Britain and Russia and the rest. If we don't, the first hesitant motions the nations of the world are making toward true peace will be in vain. The UNO can hope to survive only if we are big enough to admit that we may be as irritating to other nations as they are to us.

You don't think we're irritating? Consider these mistakes the United States has made in the past (Continued on page 66)
Rosemary tells a new story in the life of the Dawson family—in which fifteen-year-old Patti falls in love with almost-disastrous results!

He jumped quickly to his feet and began mopping up the mess.
was one afternoon early this spring when Patti brought him home from school with her. It was about an hour before dinner, and we were all in the living room—Mother, and my friend Joyce Miller, and Bill and I—and if Judd was a little dismayed at meeting so many new people at once, he didn't show it. Almost the very first thing he said was, "You know, I've always wondered who lived in this house. Every time I passed it, I thought how clean and shining it looked—one of the nicest houses in town."

Mother beamed. Our house is small, a Cape Cod cottage, but it means a great deal to us, and there used to be times when Mother was alone that she and I had all we could do to keep going. But now we're very comfortable here.

"Do you live out this way, Judd?" Mother asked.

He grinned and shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "I live on River Street, between the family with the chickens and the family with the goat."

Everyone laughed, and as Bill's eyes met mine, I knew that he was thinking exactly what I was thinking—that Judd Marsh was a very nice person indeed. He didn't sound defensive about living on River Street; he made it sound funny and delightful. Bill shook his head in mock commiseration. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you haven't any animals at all?"

Judd's grin widened. "We used to. We kept rabbits during the depression, when Dad was out of work. But then when he went back to his job and I went into the Navy, they were too much for Mother to take care of."

Patti had been gazing at him in open admiration. And he was something to look at—very tall, with dark, close-cropped curly hair, and a way of carrying himself that reminded you of a uniform in spite of the casual school togs he was wearing now. "Judd," she begged, "tell them about the time the goat got loose—"

"You'll have to tell it, Patti," he laughed. "I've got to be getting on home."

He left a few minutes afterward. Mother asked him to stay for dinner, but he refused, saying that his own mother was waiting dinner for him. "What a nice boy," Mother observed after he'd gone. "Now, if all men would only be as considerate when a woman has dinner on the table—"

Patti came back from showing Judd to the door, her eyes shining, shaking back her long bright bob. Patti is fifteen, as full of life and movement as sunlight dancing upon water, and as irrepressible. "He's wonderful!" she
So very Young!

Rosemary tells a new story in the life of the Dawson family—in which fifteen-year-old Patti falls in love with almost-disastrous results!

He jumped quickly to his feet and began mopping up the mess.

It's always easy to see where you made your mistakes—when you look back on things, after it's too late to do anything about them. This spring, for instance, if I hadn't been wrapped up in my brand-new, winsome wonderful husband, Bill Roberts, I'd have realized sooner that my fifteen-year-old sister Patti's interest in Judd Marsh amounted to something more than a schoolgirl crush.

Judd was different from the other boys at Springdale High School—at least his return to school last fall was the occasion for his picture in the town paper and a full column of print. You see, Judd was a veteran who had won his purple heart and who had been discharged and returned to Springdale in time to register for his last year of high school. He was sixteen, then—so young, but so much older than the others. The first we saw him was one afternoon early this spring when Patti brought him home from school with her. It was about an hour before dinner, and we were all in the living room—Mother, and my friend Joyce Miller, and Bill and I—and if Judd was a little dismayed at meeting so many new people at once, he didn't show it. Almost the very first thing he said was, "You know, I've always wondered who lived in this house. Every time I passed it, I thought how clean and shining it looked—one of the nicest houses in town."

Mother beamed. "Our house is small, a Cape Cod cottage, but it means a great deal to us, and there used to be times when Mother was alone that she and I had all we could do to keep going. But now we're very comfortable here."

"Do you live out this way, Judd?" Mother asked.

He grinned and shook his head. "Oh, no," he said. "I live on River Street, between the family with the chickens and the family with the goat."

Everyone laughed, and as Bill's eyes met mine, I knew that he was thinking exactly what I was thinking—that Judd Marsh was a very nice person indeed.

He didn't sound defensive about living on River Street; he made it sound funny and delightful. Bill shook his head in mock commiseration. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you haven't any animals at all?"

Judd's grin widened. "We used to. We kept rabbits during the depression, when Dad was out of work. But then when he went back to his job and I went into the Navy, they were too much for Mother to take care of."

Patti had been gazing at him in open admiration. And he was something to look at—very tall, with dark, close-cropped curly hair, and a way of carrying himself that reminded you of a uniform in spite of the casual school togs he was wearing now. "Judd," she begged, "tell them about the time the goat got loose—"

"You'll have to tell it, Patti," he laughed. "I've got to get to dinner now."

He left a few minutes afterward. Mother asked him to stay for dinner, but he refused, saying that his own mother was waiting dinner for him. "What a nice boy," Mother observed after he'd gone. "Now, if all men would only be as considerate when a woman has dinner on the table—"

Patti came back from allowing Judd to the door, her eyes shining, shaking back her long bright locks. Patti is fifteen, as full of life and movement as sunlight dancing upon water, and as irresistible. "He's wonderful!" she
Rosemary, the story of the life of Rosemary Dawson Roberts and her husband, her mother and her sister, is heard each Monday through Friday at 2:30 P.M., EST, over CBS. In the picture on pages 20 and 21, clockwise around the table are Rosemary (Betty Winkler), Bill Roberts (George Keane), Mother Dawson (Marion Barney), Dr. Cotter (Arthur Kohl), Patti (June Allison). The Rosemary program, as heard on the air, is written by Elaine Carrington.

cried. "Just think, he was almost two years on a destroyer, and he was wounded twice, and next fall he’s going to go to college and take aeronautical engineering. I mean—didn’t you think he was wonderful, Joycey?"

Joyce laughed and got up to follow Mother out to the kitchen. "I think," she said, "that your enthusiasms are wonderful, Patti. I wonder sometimes that you don’t fly apart in all directions."

That was the trouble—we all put Judd Marsh down as just another of Patti’s enthusiasms. She had her own circle of friends of her own age, including Tommy Taylor, who lives near us and whom she saw nearly every day, in school and out, and her closest girl friend at school, who was lovingly and unflatteringly called Birdbrain. Then there was a whole galaxy of acquaintances, boys we heard of in great detail for the brief while that they held Patti’s interest, and whom we rarely, if ever, got to see. If the football captain bought her a cake at the sweet shop, we heard all about him for the next day or so, about his tastes and habits and the tones of his voice—until he treacherously took another girl to a school dance, or until someone else, equally glamorous, treated Patti.

From the first we put Judd in the same class with the football captain and other boys who had captured Patti’s imagination for all of a week. She was dazzled by his career in the service, by his being older than the other boys at school; it was a clear case of hero-worship, it seemed to us, and we took comfort in the thought that hero-worship rarely works both ways.

None of us ever dreamed that Patti was sorry for Judd. If we had, we might have been concerned from the start because Patti with a cause to sponsor is a Patti blind to everything else. And yet, I should have realized that she was sorry for him in a way; Patti herself as much as told me so that first time she brought him to the house.

It was much later in the evening: I was in my room, getting ready for bed and waiting for Bill to finish his last look at the sports page and to come upstairs. While I brushed my hair I found myself listening for his step on the stairs, and I thought how queer it was, and how sweet, and—and, it was a little frightening, too—to be married to a man, to have lived day in and day out with him for weeks, and still to be a little uneasy if he were not right in the same room with me. Then there was a tap on the door, and Patti’s voice said, "Rosemary? May I come in?"

She didn’t wait to be invited. She came in and curled up on the foot of my bed, rested her elbow on the footboard and her cheek on her elbow. "Rosemary," she said after a moment, "what did you think of Judd?"

I couldn’t help smiling at her in the mirror. The question was exactly what I’d expected; I’d been asked it before, about a good number of other boys. "Why," I said, "I thought he was very nice."

"Yes, he is," Patti sighed. She watched me a moment, dreamily. "You have the loveliest hair, Rosemary, so beautiful and shining... Rosemary, didn’t you think that Judd was—well,
a little sad?"

I very nearly dropped the brush.

"Sad!" I exclaimed. "Why, no—I mean, why should he be sad?"

"He's lonely," said Patti firmly. "He never goes down to the sweet shop, and he never talks to anyone around school—not even to the boys, hardly. He'd probably never have talked to me today if we both hadn't stayed late to work in the library. I think it's because of the war, and because he's been through so many things that the rest of the kids couldn't possibly understand."

I began to see the picture in Patti's mind, the picture of Judd as a lonely, heroic figure, whose very eminence cut him off from other people. I didn't think it fitted the Judd who had had us all laughing in the living room that afternoon. "Perhaps," I suggested, "he's just interested in getting his work done so that he can graduate this spring. Perhaps he has quite a lot to catch up on—"

"Oh, I know!" Patti cried. "He told me so himself, on the way home. But still—everyone has to have someone to talk to, don't they?"

I agreed with her from the bottom of my heart, thinking, with the deep, sweet contentment that always came with the thought of him, that I had Bill to talk to for the rest of my life. "Maybe he has someone, Patti. After all, you see him only in school—"

She shook her head violently. "No, he hasn't. I asked him, and he said he didn't know what had happened to his old friends. He said that some of them were married, and some had gone away to work in other towns, and some just don't have the same interests that he has now."

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"Oh, the older girls!" she cried scornfully. "You should see the play they make for him! Always trying to flirt with him, and to get him to walk down the halls with them, and to get him to take them to dances—and Judd doesn't care about anything like that. He likes things like fishing and swimming and being out-of-doors, and talking the way we talked when he walked me home today. About the things he's going to do in college, and the things he's going to do afterward. And, Rosemary, don't you think a girl of fifteen is just right for a boy of nineteen, almost twenty—even if he is a lot older? I mean, don't you think they have lots in common and lots to talk about—"

There! I'd heard Bill trying the front door to make sure it was locked, heard him start up the stairs. I got up to hug Patti. "I'm sure of it, darling," I said. "I'm sure you'll find lots to talk about with anyone."

SHE hugged me tight, and then she started for her own room. "I knew it," she said over her shoulder. "I knew you'd feel the same way I do about it. And oh, Rosemary, isn't it exciting? I'll be seeing him in English class tomorrow—"

A moment later Bill came in, grinning. "What was all the chatter about up here?" he demanded. "I heard you clear from downstairs."

I smiled up at him, thinking how wonderful he was—how wonderful it was that we were together. "Can't you guess?"

He pulled me close to him, rumpled my hair. "I wouldn't dare," he laughed. "But I'll bet his initials are J.M."

As it happened, Bill and I went out with Patti and Judd on their first date. It wasn't a real date, in the sense that it was prearranged. Judd simply stopped by the house after dinner one evening to show us his new car—that is, a second-hand car, but one that was newly his. Bill was watering the lawn, with Patti and me standing by supervising, but after Judd drove up, I found myself wielding the hose, while Bill and Judd discussed the used car market. Then Bill was waving to me from the curb, calling, "Honey, come on! Judd's going to take us for a ride."

"Bill, no—" I glanced at Patti, encouned with almost possessive pride in the front seat. I was sure that she would rather be alone with Judd. But Judd himself insisted, "Please come, Rosemary, just for a trip around the block—"

The trip around the block turned into a couple of very enjoyable hours. We drove out to the nearby airport and watched the planes come in on the slanting rays of the sunset. It was an incredibly beautiful sight—the little black specks that appeared out of the crimson heart of the sky and turned before our very eyes into great silver birds settling to the ground. Bill and I were in the back seat, and we couldn't see Judd's face, but there was longing in his voice as he said to Patti, "That's what I'm going to do some day. I'm going to design those ships."

Patti sounded (Continued on page 54)
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I was much later in the evening. I was in my room, getting ready to bed and waiting for Bill to finish his last look at the sports page and to come upstairs. While I brushed my hair I found myself listening for his step on the stairs, and I thought how queer it was, and how sweet, and—yes, it was a little frightening, too—to be married to a man to have lived day in and day out with him for weeks, and still to be a little uneasy if he were not right in the same room with me. Then three was a tap on the door, and Patti's voice said, "Rosemary? May I come in?"

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Bill, no—. I glanced at Patti, en- sconced with almost possessive pride in the front seat, I was sure that she would rather be alone with Judd. But she would rather be alone with Judd. But Patti herself insisted, "Please come, Rosemary, just for a trip around the block."

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Patti sounded (Continued on page 54)
Father's Day in the LIFE of RILEY

A fellow ought to have one day in the year strictly to himself, Riley reasoned. Strike while they're in a soft mood, said he, and staged a rebellion

Cool, late-afternoon shadows stretched their length over sidewalks and trim little lawns. But the smile on Chester Riley's big, homely face was nothing if not sunny.

"A man's home," he was telling his friend, Julius Pitlack, as the two walked home from work, their lunch boxes swinging against their overalled legs, "is his castle. Take me, for instance, with Mom and the kids—why, I wouldn't trade places with any king. A fambly man, that's me."

"King? I believe ya," Julius was heavily sarcastic, "the way you fambly men get crowned every time you open your mouths at home. Ya poor dope—that ball-and-chain's draggin' on your legs and you're too dumb to know it hurts." Julius was a bachelor and his views on matrimony were not even charitable.

Riley was irritated.

"Ball of chain, me foot! You insinutatin' I'm hen-plucked?"

"I'm your pal, Riley. If you want to go on foolin' yerself—and there's nobody do a better job!—well, who am I to pull the wool off from your eyes? Ignorance is blissful, as the poets say."

"I'll have you know, Julius, there's a special day they set aside just for fathers. Father's
For just a moment it looks to Riley (played by William Bendix), as if his whole house is full of grinning people. Surging forward to greet him are three members of the Brooklyn Patriots of Los Angeles (played by Ashmead Scott, Reuben Ship and Allan Lipscott); Digger O'Dell (John Brown); a neighbor (Dink Trent); Junior (Scotty Beckett); Mrs. Riley (Paula Winslowe); and Babs (Sharon Douglas).
A fellow ought to have one day in the year strictly to himself, Riley reasoned. Strike while they're in a soft mood, said he, and staged a rebellion.

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"I'll have you know, Julius, there's a special day they set aside just for fathers. Father's Day in the life of Riley."

For just a moment it looks to Riley (played by William Bendix), as if his whole home is full of life. Surging forward to greet him are three members of the Brooklyn Patriot (played by Alan)(plaid by Reda, Steve and Allen Liptzin, Dairio (Dale), Tama (Dale), Chester Riley (Paula Winlow) and Babe (Shane Howard)."

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Day, it's called, and that's tomorrow. Where will you be tomorrow, when I'm baskin' in the tender lovin' care of my kids and Mom? Who'd be respectin' you and lookin' up to you and showering you with presents? Riley demanded.

"Who'll pay for them presents? You will. And while you're baskin' I'll be out fishin'. Can you do that? Can you go fishin' when you want to? And take a friendly game of cut-throat poker with the B.P.L.A.—with our fellow Lodge members of the Brooklyn Patriots of Los Angeles—can you take a hand any ole time and stay out as late as you want?" Riley gulped. He was remembering a little passage at arms he had had with Moms on that subject only last Saturday.

"And how about the times your Missus is on a diet," Julius was inexorable, "and you get lettuce and tom-ah-to sangwiches? And I'm stoppin' up to a rest'runt and ordering steak and french fries and apple pie every night?"

Riley's big mouth was watering. "Don't you worry none. Father's Day tomorrow, I'll be having all the steak and fries and pie I can eat. Tomorrow I'm the boss in my house!" But his boast was a growing doubt, a weak defiance. "Hah! Tomorrow you'll be eatin' ladyfingers and sooflay and then you'll be washin' the dishes and then you'll be takin' the kids to the park, while I—"

"I will not!"

"Prove it! If it's your Day—then we go fishin' tomorrow!"

"Just you get the boat hired and come in the afternoon and I'll be ready—I'll show my family fathers have a right to—I'll show you—"

"It's a deal." It was also Julius' corner to turn off and Riley had no chance to reconsider his hasty decision. Already Julius' back was disappearing down the street.

Next morning: "Pup!"

The mound of bedclothes heaved slightly and then was still... except for the slight fluttering of the pillow where snores came and went in regular succession.

"Chest-ster!!"

"Hmmp? Foo? Yah—Dumplin'—I'm coming!!" Riley turned over, rubbed his eyes and stretched luxuriously. Another day and a Sunday at that and delicious odors of breakfast wafting in through the door. Oh, man!

And then he remembered.

"Things are comin' to a pretty pass when a man can't even sleep in fl' minutes later on a Sunday," he grumbled to Junior who was watching him shave. "And on Father's Day, at that."

Junior was fascinated by the progress of the razor on his Pop's big, craggly face. Pop was no Clark Gable at any time, but the distortions of shaving gave him a distinct resemblance to the map of the Rocky Mountains in Junior's geography book.

"All the more reason, Pop. You gotta make a day like this stretch out... you and me gotta have time to fix my bicycle, you know."

Nothing Riley liked better than tinkering with machinery, but hadn't Julius prophesied something like this? "Nothin' doin'. Today I ain't goin' to be bothered with no kids—I'm emancipated."

Junior gaped at this heresy. But there was no chance to discuss the point because Mom could be heard complaining bitterly that the flapjacks would be as tough as leather if certain people she knew didn't hurry for breakfast.

The little mound of packages at Riley's plate restored his good humor.

"Aw, you shouldn't of—Dumplin', that's real touchin'. A new lunch bucket with my name engraved on it! And Babs, honey, that's just about the best-looking tie I ever threw my neck into. Red, green, and poiple stripes! I don't know as I ever used any of this bubble gum before, Junior, but your old man's willing to try. Anyway, it's the thought that counts." Riley rummaged happily.

"Gee, Pop, you didn't read the card I made up to go with the gum."

"And mine for the necktie," Babs echoed.

"'A happy chew for no one but you'—think of that! 'You can tie to this: I think you're a wonderful Father.'"
Junior was a very satisfactory funny-paper reader. Sometimes he got so excited that he even acted out all the best parts.
Radio Mirror will pay, each month, fifty dollars for the poem selected by Ted Malone as the best of those submitted. This month's choice is "Window Shopping" by Edith Grames Schay.

**WINDOW SHOPPING**

A window-full of baby clothes
Holds such a simple guile
That every woman passing by
Must stop to stare awhile.

Each woman sees beyond the clothes
Some baby she has known;
The child of sister, brother, friend—
Or, best of all, her own.

Some women gaze into the post,
Where small, warm mem'ries lie;
And some look forward, shy yet proud;
While others smile, or sigh.

A window-full of baby clothes
Transmits so strong a beam
That every woman window-shops,
If only for a dream... . .
—Mrs. Edith Grames Schay

Here are other original verses by readers, selected for publication this month, as well as some of Ted Malone's favorites among the poetry which has stood the test of the years.

**THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES**

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
—Francis William Bourdillon

**TO THE VIRGINS**

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still o'flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.
—Robert Herrick

**THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB**

I am the only little black lamb—
The only one, that's what I am;
All of the rest have little white faces
I guess I'm a whole family tree of disgrace.

There was no moon the night I was born in—
All the old ewes stood and looked in the morning;
Mother was worried and low hung her head,
I folded my black knees and sat on my bed
And right then and there I made up my mind
To leave wild oats alone, and maybe I'd find
That people would like me, and always look back,
Saying, "Look at that dear one, the one that is black."
—Helena K. Beacham

**RETIREMENT**

I praise the Frenchmen, his remark was shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.
—William Cowper

**RADIO MIRROR** will pay

**FIfty Dollars each month**

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends feature.
BY TED MALONE

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's poetry and human philosophy each morning, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M., EST, over ABC.

OLD MAID

I never married; no one knew
That when Luke Johnson passed my door;
My heart was a river, frozen, dry
Where a desolate cold wind blew.

The neighbors always wondered why
I never married. No one knew
Of the river's undertow.

Luke Johnson and my cousin Sue
Were married many years ago;
I never married, no one knew
Of the river's undertow.

And if my days are never fleet
And squandered laughter, bitter brew,
Let darkness reign on unthreshed wheat,
I never married, no one knew.

—Hannah Kahn

RHYME WITHOUT REASON

Chloe turned a perfect rhyme.
While Katy did not boast
That she'd been known the country round
To turn a perfect roast.

When John took Chloe for his wife,
She rhymed but should have reasoned
That he would long for Katy's roast
Who found her own unseasoned.

—Elizabeth Charles Welborn

HOMES

The snail sleeps in his silver house;
The tree-toad makes a tent of rain;
In webs of satin spiders drowse.
Safe in his nest the neat-eared mouse
Dreams of the farmer's shining grain;
And all alone in a secret space
The mole has found his dwelling-place.

—Erle Vestch

BEAUTY

Beauty isn't compassed
By a stern, stone wall,
Beauty isn't measured
By longitude at all.

Beauty wears a ragged shore
Upon a ruffled lake:
It's a bluebell married to
A crocus by mistake.

It's a small wind blowing
Wrinkles in the sand;
Beauty's in your heart before
It can touch your hand.

—Margo Wharton Bird

JENNY KISSED ME

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

—Leigh Hunt

ON TAKING A WIFE

"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake."
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife."
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

—Thomas Moore
Radio Mirror will pay, fifty dollars each month, for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of those submitted. This month’s choice is “Window Shopping” by Edith Grennes Schay.

**WINDOW SHOPPING**

A window full of baby clothes
Hold such simple guile
That every woman passing by must stop to stare awhile.

Each woman sees beyond the clothes
Some baby she has known;
The child of sister, brother, friend—
Or, best of all, her own.

Some women gaze into the past,
Where small, warm, memory lies;
And some look forward, shyly proud;
While others smile, or sigh.

A window full of baby clothes
Transmits a strong appeal
That every woman window-shops
If only for a dream.

—Mrs. Edith Grennes Schay

Here are other original verses by readers, selected for publication this month, as well as some of Ted Malone’s favorites among the poetry which has stood the test of the years.

**THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES**

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—Francis William Beurdillon

**TO THE VIGEINS**

 Gather ye reseeders while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying.
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be slying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The brighter he’s a-getting.
The ocean will his race be run,
And newer he’s a-setting.

That age is best which is the first
When youth and blood are warmest;
But being spent, the warmer, and worst
Times still succeed the farmer.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

—Robert Herrick

**BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS**

BY TED MALONE

**OLD MAID**

I never married: no one knew
That when Lake Ithaca poured my door
It was as if a flower grew
Where nothing ever grew before.

The neighbors always wondered why
I never married.
No one knew
My heart was a river, frozen, dry.
Whose a deadly cold wind blew.

Lake Johnson and my cousin Sue
Were married many years ago:
I never married, too. I knew
Of the river’s undertow.

And if my days are never sweet
And squandered laughter, bitter brew,
Let darkness reign on unrefreshed wheat,
I never married, no one knew.

—Hannah Kahn

**HOMES**

The small couple in his silver house
The toe-cold makes a start of rain:
In webs of satin spiders dance.
Softly in his nest the nest-warmed mouse
Dreams of the farmer’s shining goats;
And all alone in a secret space
The snail has found his dwelling-place.

—Elsa Vonk

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Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

I’m sadder, say I’m glad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me
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There’s no longer excuse for that playing
It is time you should think, boy, of taking
A wife."

"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall I take?"

—Thomas Moore

**BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS**

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone’s poetry and human philosophy each morning, Monday through Friday, at 11:45 A.M., EST, over ABC.

**RHYME WITHOUT REASON**

Chloe turned a perfect dove.
White Katy did not boast
That she’d been known the country round
To turn a perfect dove.

When John took Chloe for his wife,
She dyed her red hair, and should have reasoned
That he would hug for Katy’s meat
Who found her own unaccomplished.

—Elizabeth Charles Wallburn

**BEAUTY**

Beauty isn’t compassed
By a stern, stone wall;
Beauty isn’t measured
By laugheride at all.

Beauty wears a ragged shirt
Upon a rolled link;
It’s a bluebell married
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It’s a small wind blowing
Whistles in the sand;
Beauty in your heart before
It can reach your hand.

—Marcy Wharton Bird

**RADIO MIRROR**

Radio Mirror will pay, fifty dollars each month, for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month’s poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other poem so submitted which is printed on the Between the Bookends page in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. Poems submitted should be limited to thirty lines. None will be returned. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror. Between the Bookends feature.

**THE LITTLE BLACK LAMB**

I am the only little black lamb—
The only one, that’s what I am—
All of its kind have little white faces.

I guess I’m a whole family tree of disgrace.

There was no moon the night I was born in—
All the ewes stood and looked in the morning—
Mother was worried and howling hot and loud.

I folded my black knees and sat on my bed.
And night then and there I made my mind
To borrow wild oats, and maybe I’d find
That people would like me, and always look back.

Saying: "Look at that dear one, the one that is black."

—Helena K. Beecham

**RETIEMENT**

I praise the freshman, his remnant is shrivelled,
How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat;
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.

—William Cowper

**FROM "ENDYMION"**

A thing of beauty is a joy forever
In lullabies thereof, it will renew
Passes into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for you, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

—John Keats

**A NOTE FROM H.A.**

A page of pleasant discoveries and happy memories—new poems written by readers and old favorites as dear as old friends. You’ll find them each month in this new Radio Mirror feature.
A home's a growing

It wasn't, the MAYOR OF THE TOWN decided, that Elsie was a bad

D ID YOU ever notice how almost every good instinct in the world, if handled wrongly, can turn into a bad one? You've seen school teachers who wanted so much to cram knowledge into their pupils' heads that they turned into grim tyrants without a spark of humanity or humor? And stenographers who try so hard to please the boss that they end up being useless timid little shadows? And politicians who try to do what everyone wants them to do, so that finally they never do anything? Call it over-zealousness, over-conscientiousness, whatever you like, but when people get wrapped up in any one thing to the exclusion of everything else, it's likely to turn out unhappy. No matter how good it was to start with.

I got to thinking about mother love the other day. I saw Elsie Phillips on the street one afternoon, and it started me off on that line of thought. She was a perfect example of trying to do something good so hard that it turned bad. If she hadn't had a smart husband who loved her so much he was willing to take a chance on making her hate him, she wouldn't be the woman she is today. And all because she was trying too hard to do what she thought was right.

I've known Bill and Elsie Phillips all their lives, just about. I can remember Bill when he was a tow-headed barefoot kid with a fishing pole over his shoulder, trudging down the pike all by himself, on the way to the Creek to catch a couple of fish for supper. And I can remember Elsie—little Elsie Brown she was then—swinging on the Browns' front gate, her turned-up nose sunburned and her pig-tails bouncing on her shoulders as she watched Bill going down the pike. They pretended not to like each other in those days. That was fitting and proper. It wasn't until they got to high school that they could come right out and prefer each other to anybody else in town.

I used to see them together during their high school days and it always warmed my heart to watch them. Elsie so dainty and vivacious and Bill so sturdy and sort of extra responsible for his age. And both of them so crazy about each other. Everybody in town felt a little bit the way I did about them. When things get complicated and the going gets a little rough, it's nice to be able to think about one thing that seems absolutely perfect. It kind of braces up your backbone and makes you think it's a pretty good old world after all.

So when Bill and Elsie finally got married and settled down, the people in our town went around for a few days with smug looks on their faces. It was almost as though they'd accomplished something good and satisfying themselves. Bill and Elsie were a symbol of the best things in life, and it made people feel better just to think about them.

I lost track of Bill and Elsie then, for a while—for quite a while. You know how it is—you get wrapped up in your own everyday affairs, and you nod to people on the street or pass the time of day and don't think anything more about them. Then all of a sudden one day you realize that you really haven't talked to folks you've known well all your life for a month of Sundays or even longer.

That's the way I was about Bill and Elsie. They'd been married about five or six years, I guess, and I'd known they had a baby and had even chuckled it under the chin a couple of times when Elsie brought it downtown in the carriage. I thought at the time that Elsie was looking a little peaked, but it didn't make much impression on me. I probably figured it was the heat or something. It wasn't until the day I saw Bill in the drugstore that the whole thing came out.

I was sitting there at the counter, having my favorite double-scoop chocolate and vanilla walnut sundaes with chocolate shots and whipped cream on top, when Bill came in, sort of slow and quiet like. He went to the other end of the counter and sat down, not seeing anybody, and ordered a cup of black coffee. While Harry was fixing it for him, he just sat there with his head propped up in his two fists, staring into space. He looked downright whipped.

Like I was saying a minute ago, it struck me all of a sudden that I hadn't really talked to Bill for years. So I picked up what was left of my sundae and moved down the counter next to him. He looked up and saw me and gave me a ghost of a smile.

"Hello, Mr. Mayor. How are you?"

"Why, I'm fine, Bill," I told him.

"How are you?"

"Pretty good, I guess. Kind of tired."

"Job got you down?" Bill had bought the new gas station in town and from all reports he was doing very well with it. And if he was doing well with that station, it meant that he was putting in a lot of time and effort at it.

Bill brightened up a little. "Oh, the job's fine. Had more business last month than I knew what to do with,
mother. She was too unbearably good!
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THE MAYOR OF THE TOWN

that kindly man who is the friend and helper and advisor of the Town's entire population, has been played by Lionel Barrymore since the program's inception. His lovable housekeeper, Marily, is played by Agnes Moorhead. The program is heard Saturdays on CBS, 9:30 EST.
HELEN TRENT is chief gown designer of Para-film Studios of Hollywood. In her thirties, charming and talented, her friends include many motion-picture stars, and other prominent, interesting people. (Played by Julie Stevens.)
SYLVIA HALL is an attractive but unscrupulous young woman of about twenty-four, whom Jeff Brady recently appointed as Helen's assistant in the gown designing department at Para-film Studios. Sylvia is utterly selfish and schemes constantly for her own advancement at the expense of others. She has Jeff Brady pretty much under her thumb and is secretly conniving to have Helen discharged as head designer, so that she, Sylvia, can fall heir to the much-coveted position.

(Played by Alice Goodkin.)

AGATHA ANTHONY is a kindly, elderly, understanding woman who shares Helen Trent's Hollywood apartment, as her good friend and confidante. Agatha has no income, and her only living relative is a second or third cousin in Chicago whom she rarely sees or hears from, so she considers Helen to be her "family". Helen, of course, supports Agatha, but is very happy to do so, because of her great fondness for her, and because Agatha's friendship is very important to her.

(Played by Bess McCammon.)

GIL WHITNEY, handsome attorney, is well known in the legal profession on the West Coast. For a great many years he has been in love with Helen Trent, but unexpected circumstances have always intervened in time to prevent their marriage. It was only very recently that Gil was able to come back to Hollywood and his law practice—and Helen—after a long absence in the East. There he underwent a series of treatments for a partial paralysis which followed his injury in a train wreck some time ago. Gil owns a comfortable, attractive white house in the valley outside Hollywood, and he hopes, now that he is able to be back at work again, that this house will some day be the home to which he brings Helen as his bride.

(Played by David Gothard.)
BUGGY O'TOOLE is Gil's general handyman. It was during the war, in the course of Gil's confidential government work, that the two became friendly. Buggsy is a rough but likeable person, and is very devoted to Gil. (Played by Ed Latimer.)

CYNTHIA CARTER, in the short time that Helen has known her, has changed from a sensitive, attractive, considerate person to one who lives only for herself. This change began to appear in Cynthia's character when she fell in love with Gil, and tried unsuccessfully to take him away from Helen. When Gil became cool toward her, Cynthia, on the spur of the moment, married the multimillionaire, Dwight Swanson, Helen's ex-fiancé. But Dwight died two days later, and now Cynthia is one of the richest women in California. And, what is more important to Helen, Cynthia is half-owner of Parafilm Studios. Thus, it is within Cynthia Carter's power to discharge Helen, should she wish to—and who can tell? She may very well wish to one day, for she and Helen are definitely no longer good friends. (Played by Mary Jane Higby.)
JEFF BRADY (above, with Helen) is one of the top producers at Parafilm Studios, and is Helen's immediate boss. Jeff has a great admiration for Helen, and very frequently seeks her advice, not only on studio matters, but concerning his wife, with whom he doesn't get along too well. Jeff Brady is much too easily influenced by other people. (Played by Ken Daigneau.)

HARRIET EAGLE is a girl of nineteen whom Helen some time ago befriended. She has a cruel father, and ran away from home to come to Hollywood, because she is interested in a career in the movies. Harriet has very little money, and is living with Helen, who is doing everything she can to help the girl get started on her picture career. (Played by Amzie Strickland.)
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LISTEN, TERRY,” I began, sitting down. “For your own good, I’m going to have a little talk with you.”

TERRY BROWN is an engineer down at the Power and Light Company and I can always be thankful to him for teaching me that logarithms have nothing to do with boogie woogie. Terry is intelligent and maybe some day he’ll grow up to be intellectual. That’s what happens unless a fellow makes so much money he forgets what he started out to do.

And Connie Miller, his girl, looks more like a movie starlet than most starlets do. Honest, she’s a darling. Connie, as well as being completely in love with Terry, is in love with life. She is the happiest little lark ever to sing everything’s going to be all right. Connie is the kind of girl who was born with good looks and who makes the most of them. But above all, Connie loves the people in this world, generally speaking, as though they belonged to her. I mentioned these traits of Terry and Connie just to explain how different they are—especially from each other.

It all began one Saturday afternoon when the streets were drenched with sunshine, one of those early autumn days when it seems as though the summer can’t quite make up its mind to leave us and, like the man who came to dinner, decides to hang around for a little longer in the hopes that your hospitality can stand his presence. I didn’t mind a bit; I felt wonderful and if the tea room was crowded with folks who stopped in for a snack after shopping, well, that was certainly fine with me. I remember it well because that was the day I sent Serenus out to sweep the sidewalk, and he disappeared. Serenus has a habit of disappearing whenever there is work to be done so it is nothing unusual for him to be gone for an hour or two. Andy Russell offered to do the sweeping, but I needed Andy in the kitchen.

“Gee! What a crowd in the tea room today, Miss Davis,” Andy said. “I guess everybody was down to the stadium to watch the first game of the season. Maybe that’s where Serenus went to.”

Just like that genius-in-reverse, I thought. Serenus probably heard the crowd talking about the game and
Radio's favorite comedienne, Joan Davis, gets her hands—and both feet—into a serious problem of love

Tangle with Cupid

By JOAN DAVIS

The Joan Davis show, with Andy Russell and Harry Von Zell, is heard Mondays at 8:30 P.M., EST, on CBS.

didn't bother to find out whether it was over or not. He was probably sitting down at the empty stadium. The idea of sitting down would always appeal to him anyway.

"I'm glad you're here, Andy," I said and he nodded. I'm sure he meant he was glad to be working so he could earn more money for his college courses.

I went out front again to see how the service was. A new waitress was having trouble taking all the orders so I helped her out. The first table I came to had Terry Brown and Connie Miller seated at it.

"Hello, Joan," Connie said, her eyes as bright as anything. "You know Terry Brown. You should have been down to the stadium, Joan. The team was super today. Gosh, I hope they win all their games. Terry had to work—at least he said he did—and he met me after the game..."

"I didn't really have to work," Terry chimed in, his voice serious and subdued. Terry was so conscientious it seemed as though he always wanted the record kept straight, even in ordinary conversation. "I just thought I'd help out on the new conduit blueprints," he explained. "That big viaduct job requires more concentration than other work. Mr. Smith said I didn't have to come in to the powerhouse today but I thought I might just as well be there in case I was needed."

"What will you folks have?" I asked, changing the subject rapidly. "Tea and crumpets? Mrs. Hipperton gave us a real old English recipe for crumpets. I think you'll like them."

Connie said that would be fine for her but Terry seemed lost in heavier thinking.

"I believe I'll have a roast beef sandwich on whole wheat bread," he finally decided. "I didn't have quite enough calories in my luncheon for a proper diet. A fellow has to watch his health, you know."

On the way back to the kitchen I wondered why it was that two people who were so basically different could be attracted to each other. There was vivacious Connie, all eyes for the people around her. (Continued on page 75)
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I T MUST have been soon after Christmas that I noticed how often Phil Ruskin was coming to visit me. It hadn't occurred to me sooner, because the young folks of Littleton are always dropping into their Aunt Jenny's house, to help themselves to doughnuts from the stoneware jar in the kitchen and sit and talk for awhile. They know I like them, every blessed one of them, and I'm proud to say they like me.

But this particular evening I hadn't been at home. Old Mrs. Henderson had fallen and broken her leg, and I had taken her a jar of my grape marmalade. I got back about eight o'clock, and walked into my sitting room to find Phil and Sally Burnett there. Sally was in the corner of the Chesterfield couch, and Phil was in a chair drawn up close, and their heads were nearly touching while Sally read Phil's palm. They both jumped when they saw me, and Phil snatched his hand away. That was when it came to me how much of Phil I'd been seeing for the last couple of weeks—and always on the nights Sally happened to drop in too.

"Oh, hello, Aunt Jenny," Sally said. "We—we wondered where you were."

"Did you now?" I took off my hat and coat, and stowed them in the closet. "Well, before curiosity burns you up, I'll tell you I've been down to see Mrs. Henderson, and she's getting along fine."

Phil was standing up, looking as if he didn't quite know what to do with his hands, now that Sally was no longer holding one of them. He was a handsome boy, just about the best looking one in town, I guess—almost too handsome for his own good. I don't mean that he was conceited about his looks, because he wasn't; but maybe they'd always made things a mite too easy for him—they and the fact that he was
Phil and Sally were worlds apart. That’s what everyone in Littleton said—except Aunt Jenny. Even Phil realized Sally came from “the other side of town” and what that could mean in heartbreak for them both.

the only son of Berg Ruskin, who owns the Littleton Bank. He had darkish hair growing down into a peak on his forehead, and a shy, wide grin that could melt your heart even when you were my age, and big dark-blue eyes. And even after two years of fighting in the Pacific, he still had an air of being very young and very innocent.

“Mother wanted me to ask you, Aunt Jenny,” he said, “if you’d bake a cake for the church tea next week. One of the maple cakes, she said.”

He hadn’t come around just to ask me that, because Helen Ruskin could have called me on the phone as easy as not. Besides, I’d already promised to bake the cake at the last Guild meeting. Still, I didn’t say anything. If Helen had given him that message, it meant she knew he was coming to my place. It may seem funny that I should make a point of that. Phil was twenty-two, and a veteran, and might have been considered capable of deciding where he’d spend his time without consulting his mother. But his mother happened to be Helen Ruskin, who somehow or other had got herself into the notion that Phil hadn’t ever gone past the age of twelve. A fine, good woman, Helen is, but it sometimes seemed to me that where Phil was concerned she was never able to see farther than the end of her nose.
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Sally jumped up. "Come on, Aunt Jenny," she said. "I brought in some of that sandwich spread you like. Let's have a party."

A party. Sally didn't need sandwiches for a party; life itself was a party to her. Oh, I knew it was easy to sniff at people like Sally—it was easy to sniff at the whole Burnett family, for that matter, and a good many leading Littleton citizens did just that. Just the same, it takes all kinds to make a world, and there was nothing really bad about Sally, or her family either. Poor, yes; poor as so many sparrows. Jim Burnett never earned more than fifteen dollars the best week in his life, and the chances are that Grace, his wife, spent most of that on a fancy dress for one of the kids. But the Burnetts had something a lot of families miss. They meant something to each other. They didn't interfere in each other's affairs, but somehow they were a team. And they knew how to live—little as they had to live with.

SALLY had left school as early as the law allowed, and gone to work in Simpson's drug store. At first she must have tried out every brand and color of lip rouge Cal had in stock, and spent her wages on the flashiest clothes she could find. But she was observant, and quick to learn, and by the time she was eighteen she was making the best of her dark, dramatic beauty. People said she was wild, which meant that in summer you could find her dancing every night at Cotter's Pavilion, and in winter sometimes at the Log Cabin on the Metropole road—and having a good time both places. It meant too, I guess, that she always had a joke on her full, red lips, and that she knew all the latest slang, and walked with her head up and her hair swinging loose and free on both sides of her oval face, as if to say she wasn't ashamed of being a Burnett.

I'd known her and Oliver, her twin brother, since the days when they came asking for a handful of the cherries off the tree in my backyard—their brown eyes big in their grimy little faces, their little six-year-old bodies as active as gnats—and I liked them both. If you took the trouble to treat them like respectable human beings, you couldn't ask for nicer youngsters. I remember once, Sally caught three boys from down the street trying to pick those cherries. She sailed in and chased them off all by herself—and got a bloody nose doing it, too.

If Phil Ruskin had been my boy, I couldn't have wanted anything better for him than friendship with Sally Burnett. But he wasn't mine, and once I'd seen what was happening I couldn't help worrying. I noticed, that evening when I walked in and found them together, that Phil left about five minutes before Sally did, and it didn't take much imagination to picture them meeting again outside.

I waited a week or so, thinking maybe I'd been mistaken, but on the evenings Sally came to see me it always turned out that Phil showed up too. There wasn't any doubt about it—no doubt, either, that his eyes were constantly following her slim figure about the room, or that when someone turned the phonograph on it was Phil's arms into which Sally slipped first. So when Phil happened to come one night, ahead of Sally, I made up mind to talk to him.

"Sit down, Phil," I said dryly. "I expect Sally'll be in any minute. You arranged to meet her here, didn't you?"

He blushed, and glanced through the open door into my kitchen, where two or three other youngsters were congregated. "Well—yes, Aunt Jenny," he admitted. "We did, in a way."

"More than a couple of Littleton romances started in this house," I said, "and I'm proud to say they've all turned out mighty well. So I can't object on that score. But I'm wondering what your mother and dad think of you seeing so much of Sally Burnett."

He glanced down at the floor. "They—they don't know," he said. "I didn't say anything to that—what could I have said except, "I'm not surprised"?—and after a couple of

In front of his father's bank Phil stopped and drew her into the doorway. "I've got to talk to you, Sally!"
seconds Phil burst out irritably. "They seem to think—especially Mother—that I'm not smart enough to decide anything for myself. It's 'Do this, son—do that,' from morning to night. Oh, they mean well, but they just don't understand. Good Lord, I was a sergeant when we invaded Okinawa! I had to make up my mind about things that meant the difference between living and dying—and now I can't even pick out a suit of clothes for myself. Mother went along when I bought this one!"

"It's a very nice suit," I said. "But I don't see what it has to do with Sally."

"Oh, yes you do," Phil said gloomily. "If they'd give me credit for being grown up now, I wouldn't have to pretend I'm going to see you when I want to meet Sally—I don't mean that I don't want to see you, Aunt Jenny, but—"

"That's all right, Phil."

He handed his hand. "My feelings are hard to hurt. But speaking of being grown up, don't you think the best way to prove that you are, is to tell your folks about Sally—maybe take her to visit them?"

He gave me a stricken look. "Mother have hysterics," he said.

"They're not fatal. Anyhow, you're going to have to tell them someday—that is, if Sally means anything to you. And I gather she does."

He was sitting on the edge of the chair he'd taken, leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees. When he answered, he was talking to the floor. "You gather—just about right," he said.

"Then—" But I had to stop, because Sally came in from outside, came in with snow powdering her coat, and her eyes shining softly. "Hello, Phil," she said, and I might as well not have been there at all.

Watching them together, that night, I thought again about the town's favorite adjective for Sally—"wild." It just went to show, I thought, how mistaken people could be. Out at Cotter's Parlor was a girl with one of the pool-room crowds—and she had been above going with them, either—Sally might have looked too wise for her eighteen years. But in my parlor, sitting next to Phil Ruskin, she was only a girl timidly in love, easy to hurt, so trusting and bemused with enchantment, that my heart ached for her.

On an impulse, I said to her, "Come to church with me Sunday, Sally—and then come back here to dinner," and she agreed delightedly.

I hoped Phil would invite himself to come along, and prove that he wasn't afraid of appearing in public with Sally.

He didn't though.

Sunday was one of the mild days we get sometimes in January, with slush underfoot and a deceptive feeling of spring in the air. Sally and I picked our way carefully over the curbs. She was wearing a new blue suit, very plain and well cut, and when I complimented her on it she confessed, "Phil told me to get it. He saw it in Parkers' window, and wanted me to buy it as a present from him. Of course I wouldn't have that, though."

With one hand she stroked the soft material of the sleeve—lovingly, as if she were touching Phil. "Isn't it beautiful?" she murmured.

"I asked you to come with me today because I wanted to talk to you about Phil," I said. "Are you in love with him, Sally?"

She turned her child's face to mine. There was a dreamy little smile on her lips when she said simply, "Yes, I am."

"Does he love you? Has he said so, I mean?"

Dancing beside me, she said, "Oh—not in words. But he doesn't have to. I can tell. And don't look disapproving, Aunt Jenny. Phil's not like—well, like some boys I could name. His intentions are perfectly honorable."

Phil's intentions were so vague they almost didn't exist, I thought, but I didn't say so.

I'm afraid I didn't pay as much attention to the Reverend Marvin's sermon as I should have. I didn't know what to do. All I wanted was to make sure that Sally and Phil didn't get hurt. Principally Sally—because after all, Phil was a man, and his family had money. I didn't doubt that he loved Sally, but loving her wasn't enough, in his case. He had to be ready to do something about it, and I didn't believe he was.

After the service, Sally came back to the house and helped me fry the chicken and bake hot biscuits. "Just think," she said wonderfully, "some day Phil and I'll have a house like this—and on Sundays I'll cook exactly this kind of dinner for him! I've never paid much attention to cooking until now. You and Mama will have a lot to teach me."

"But Sally—" I turned away from the stove. "Sally, how can you be so sure? If Phil hasn't even said he loves you—And besides, his family's the oldest and richest in Littleton, and—"

"I know," Sally said quietly. "And I'm only one of Jim Burnett's children. But that isn't important to Phil. He's the most democratic person in the world. Why, he doesn't even want to go back to that Eastern college, because it's so snobbish. If he goes back to school at all, he says, it'll be to the State University."

"Has he told his folks that?"

"Yes, and they don't like it at all."

I could believe that, but I wondered how firmly Phil had stood up to his father and mother on that point, too.

"Sally," I said, "just promise me one thing. Don't do anything foolish. Don't run away with Phil, or marry him secretly."

"Oh, I wouldn't!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed. "I wouldn't think of it, Aunt Jenny. Because when Phil and I get married, we're going to have a real church wedding—a big one, with the organ playing and me in a white dress and veil. The kind of wedding I've always dreamed of," she said, her face luminous. Just a baby, that's all she was—a baby, building her castles in the air, refusing to see what was there in front of her as plainly as my kitchen stove— when Helen and Berg R uskin would never consent to a marriage between her and Phil, and that Phil wasn't strong enough to defy them.

It went on like that through the rest of January: Phil and Sally meeting at my place, later stealing away to have a few furtive moments together on the dark streets before Phil took her home to the tumbledown Burnett house on Harrison Street. The other young folks who came to visit me knew what was going on, of course, and some older people must have known too, from seeing them together outside, no matter how hard they tried to escape being noticed. It was only a matter of time before someone would tell the Ruskins, and then there would be an explosion.

I could have told them I didn't want them meeting in my house. I thought of it, and I was tempted when I imagined some of the things Helen might say to me. "You're responsible, Jenny Wheeler—you're responsible for the whole thing. They met at your place to begin with, and you permitted them to go on seeing each other there. You encouraged them!" And more. (Continued on page 67)
The little

More happiness than they'd ever had before-

BY KARL SWENSON
of Our Gal Sunday

SOMETIMES I feel that I could give
sharp competition to poet John Mil-
ton—at least in the one he wrote be-
inning "When I consider how my years
are spent—" Only my poem would go
on differently from there. It would run
as follows, "When I consider how my
life is spent—my seven-room apart-
ment, my four children, my three radio
serials—."

Life for me is full every moment—
and wonderful. But frankly I don't
have time to work on a piece of poetry.
Practically every minute of my day is
accounted for. My wife is a wonderful
person—and my four sons are wearing
but fascinating. Fifteen rehearsals a
week—five recordings—and ten broad-
casts might leave me gasping, but the
busier I am the more I seem to ac-
complish.

I mentioned Virginia and our four
sons. No one could have foreseen the
possibility of marriage for us when
we met.

It was her brother Ed Hascom who
introduced us. Ed and I were working
together in a stock company in New
London, Connecticut. I was playing the
lead in "The Pursuit of Happiness" and
Ed was in charge of the props for the
play.

One night a little dark-haired girl
with hazel eyes came backstage. She
was Ed's sister. He and I were rooming
together then and of course he wanted
Virginia and me to be friendly.

But it didn't work out that way. We
just didn't like one another. She made
remarks to the effect that I was a con-
ceited actor. And I thought she was
frightfully aloof. People say that sparks
flew when we were around each other.

After the season was over Ed asked
me to stay for a while with his family.
I thought this over for a couple of days.
Much as I liked Ed there was the prob-
lem of having to see that awful girl
who was his sister. I finally said yes
because I thought Ed and I could avoid
her pretty well if we had to.

But a subtle change in my relation-
ship with Virginia began to take place
during that visit. We couldn't avoid
seeing each other so we started to fence
a little. Both of us got a big kick out of
the joking and wisecracking.

And then we began literally to be
thrown together. Virginia's mother
used to love to take automobile trips
through the autumn countryside. She
felt better when Ed was driving. Ed
used to insist that I go along and Vir-
ginia wasn't the type to stay home
alone and miss any fun.

The car was a roadster and since
mother obviously couldn't sit in the
rumble seat Virginia and I were con-
signed to it. When you ride in a rumble
seat six or seven times with someone
you dislike you either get over your
dislike or someone goes overboard.

The night I left Connecticut to come
back to New York saw the actual
change in our relationship. I had an
appointment the next day with a pro-
ducer. There was a chance for a good
part for me in New York. Therefore,
although there was a cloudburst I in-
sisted on going through with my plans.

I had a lot of bags and stuff—enough
to fill the rumble completely. Since I
still didn't know how to drive, Ed was
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squeezed inside with Ed.

Somehow I climbed up on top of all
my luggage. In fact I was sitting so
high that I had to hold on to the frame-
work of the hood. Suddenly I felt a
comforting hand over mine. It was
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Well, I made my train 'and all the
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A month later Ed, Virginia and their
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We seemed to be getting along bet-
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I made up my mind that I was going to
marry her. (Continued on page 72)
what more could any two people ask of marriage?
"The little things of home"

More happiness than they'd ever had before—what more could any two people ask of marriage?

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of Our Gal Sunday

SOMETIMES I feel that I could give sharp competition to poet John Milton—at least in the one he wrote beginning "When I consider how my years are spent—" Only my poem would go on differently from there. It would run as follows, "When I consider how my life is spent—my seven-room apartment, my four children, my three radio serials—"

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But a subtle change in my relationship with Virginia began to take place during that visit. We couldn't avoid seeing each other so we started to fence a little. Both of us got a big kick out of the joking and wisecracking.

And then we began literally to be thrown together. Virginia's mother used to love to take automobile trips through the autumn countryside. She felt better when Ed was driving. Ed used to insist that I go along and Virginia wasn't the type to stay home alone and miss any fun.

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We seemed to be getting along better than we had in Connecticut and I made up my mind that I was going to marry her. (Continued on page 77)
IN A WAY, I think that dress was symbolic. I saw it in Coleman's window as I was going to work that morning. I called Mrs. Traynor as soon as I got to the office, and asked her if she could meet me, and look at the dress, on my lunch hour. You see, that particular dress was to be bought for a very particular purpose—Mrs. Traynor's son, Tom, was coming home. And to me, that was just the same as saying that the world was going to start to come alive again.

Ordinarily, I don't get very excited about clothes. At home I'm strictly a blue-jeans-and-old-sport-shirt girl. But this dress! "It's perfect," Mrs. Traynor said, the moment she saw it. "Simply perfect!" And it was.

An off-the-shoulder pink formal, it was, with a fitted bodice and a sweeping skirt star-studded with rhinestones. I could picture myself wearing that dress when Tom came home, dancing in his arms.

My eyes met Mrs. Traynor's, over the froth of the dress. "Shall I try it on?"

"She nodded emphatically. "Try it on? Of course you'll try it on, darling. You've got to have it—it's perfect," she repeated. "It's just the sort of thing—well, just the sort of thing that will do the trick." And she smiled that conspirator's smile at me—the smile we had exchanged so often, and she and I, since Tom had been away.

The saleslady slipped the dress over my head, and I knew for sure, then, that it was meant for me. Somehow it seemed to be the token of all I felt for Tom, of all the things I had never been able to put into words, or write him.

Tom had enlisted in the Navy on his eighteenth birthday. That was two years ago. Since the end of the war he had been stationed at a base in Korea, but now he was due home any day.

The saleslady's voice brought me back from my wandering. She was saying a very odd thing, "You make me ache to be very young again, my dear!"

"I'm nineteen," I told her. That is not very young, I thought, defensively. It's old enough, at least, to know where your heart lies.

Her smile widened as I took a couple of dance steps. The skirt seemed to flow around me and it sparkled in the light. "You look as if you came straight out of a Strauss waltz," she said. "With that lovely dark hair of yours and those green eyes, it's beautiful! . . . I'm so glad the other girl didn't buy it this morning."

"Another girl wanted it?"

"Well, she said she would be later to decide. A blonde girl by the name of Garth. Do you know her?"

I nodded. In a town our size you know almost everybody. Estelle Garth had been in our high school crowd. "Queenie" the boys called her. She was a pink and gold girl, and she had a special heartbeat for Tom, too. He had been writing to her and to several of the other girls as well as to me. Oh, he was far from being mine exclusively! You can't go on forever being just a pal to a boy. And for years that is what I had been to Tom. The girl who baited his hook, and played shortstop on his team, and was his sounding-board when he got into trouble. But he never thought of me in connection with moonlight—and-roses. Never in any romantic fashion. We were too young for that when he went away. But things would be different when he came home again. They had to be.

I had just paid a deposit on the dress (it was costing more than I could afford really), and had said goodbye to Mrs. Traynor, who had some other shopping to do when Estelle came in. She was all excited. "Gerry," she cried, "have you heard the news? Tom Traynor will be home this week! I got a letter from him today. He'll probably be here in time for our big class reunion dance. Isn't that wonderful? I'm going to buy a divine dress for it."

I said uncomfortably, "Look, Estelle, I'm terribly sorry but I'm afraid I bought the dress you were looking at. I didn't know you were even considering it until after I had tried it on. If you really want it, though . . ."

For a moment she stared at me. Then she laughed. The kind of laugh that would make you shiver inside if you were the shriveling type—which I'm not. "Oh, you mean you bought the
His hand slid under my chin and he tilted my face to his.

little pink dress?” she said. “But, darling, that’s for an infant! *This is the one I am getting*,” and she waved a hand toward a daring black gown draped on a model in a show-window.

“Then you aren’t disappointed. That’s fine,” I said. As I turned away, the clerk gave me a cute wink and I grinned back at her. It was like a little salute between us to the pink dress. Because, young or not, that dress was still a dream!

I telephoned home as soon as I got back to the office. Just from the chuckle in mother’s voice when she answered I knew she had good news for me. Sure enough, Tom had written me, too. A postal-card. She read it to me: “Dear Butch,” (he always called me that) “I’ll be seeing that monkey-face of yours sometime this week. Dust off the welcome mat and get out those Benny Goodman records. S’long now, Tom.”

Not exactly what you’d call a love letter, but it started lovely chimes ringing inside me, and a pink cloud came and sat on my desk.

The Traynors lived only a short distance from us and on my way home I dropped in to see Tom’s mother, to see if she’d had a letter, too. She was out on the service porch giving Bunkie, the half-cocker, half what-is-it, a bath. He was the laziest, cutest dog in the neighborhood and he worshiped Tom. Susie, the cat, was curled up near the door watching the process with sleek satisfaction. (Continued on page 58)
Papa David and Chichi choose this month's hundred-dollar letter—the letter sent in by a reader telling her own Life Can Be Beautiful story.

EVERY DAY, Chichi and I become more aware of the fact that Life Can Be Beautiful, and our realization of this truth is daily strengthened by you—our readers and listeners. We have received hundreds of letters, from all parts of the country, each of them telling a true story of how someone, somewhere, learned that courage and faith can bring happiness and contentment.

Chichi is pretty busy these days, and, although we'll continue to read your letters together, I am going to take over the burden of the work entailed in bringing this department to you each month through Radio Mirror. So—will you address your letters to me, hereafter?

Before we get to this month's letters, I'd like to remind you of a little incident that happened to us not so long ago—an incident which proves that life, as well as the people who live it, is a blending of good and bad, but no life is bad in its entirety, just as no individual is beyond redemption. Chichi and I relearned this lesson when Oscar Finch was killed in his attempt to save Chichi. He had seemed to us, before that, to be the perfect example of a man whose years had been wasted, whose thoughts were for no one but himself. Suddenly we realized that no matter what sins he had, his going was useful, even sacrificial. It was the instinctive act of a brave man.

I said, then, to Chichi, that the way things work, the pattern of destiny, the manipulation of the fates, the will of God—whatever you want to call it—is strange; we cannot always understand it, but we can believe in it. It makes me happy to find extra proof, through your letters, that you, too, have found that belief, along with Chichi and myself—the belief that Life Can Be Beautiful.

And now, here is the letter which Chichi and I have selected as the best which has come to us for this month—the writer will receive this month's hundred dollar check for her letter.

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RADIO MIRROR OFFERS
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Each Month For Your
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly word of advice, changed your whole outlook? When some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month which in his opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received that month which space permits us to print, RADIO MIRROR will pay fifteen dollars. Letters received before the first of each month will be considered for the following month's payments. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

LISTEN TO LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL DAILY ON YOUR LOCAL CBS STATION—Check program guide, page 51, for local time.
Dear Chichi:

I am going to try to tell you how I have found out that Life Can Be Beautiful. When I was sixteen years of age I first began to go with a boy by the name of Dairs. I fell in love with him and I know he loved me, too. We went together for about six months and then one night we decided to get married. My father must have overheard us for the next morning he got after me about marrying. I could not tell my father a lie, so I told him all about it—but he must not have understood, for he bade me to not even think of marriage and he told me to tell Dairs not to come to our home any more. I did as he asked; I broke off with Dairs.

Then I began to go with an Army boy whose name was Raden. We thought a lot of each other and we decided to slip off and get married. When we did my father did not bother us. I went to live with Raden's people and liked them very much. Raden only came in for the weekends but that was almost too much for me because it was all I could do to keep up my pretending game. I did not love him—but he never caught me day dreaming at all. I made believe to him that he was the sweetest man on earth.

What made it terrible was that Dairs lived close to Raden's family home and he would come over a lot. I never would have anything to say to him for I was ashamed that I had married without telling him. After awhile I went back to my father's house for I thought if I could get away from Dairs I could make a go of my marriage—but I was more lonely than ever so I finally went to live close to Fort Bragg where Raden was. We got along fine after we got a place by ourselves. Three months after I went to live near Fort Bragg, my husband was shipped overseas. I was glad in one way and sad in another. It meant being lonely and so I decided to get a job, but I got sick a week after he left. The doctor told me I was pregnant. The last thing in the world I wanted was a baby. I did not write Raden about it.

I thought more of Dairs during those months than of Raden. I was wishing it could be Dairs' baby instead of Raden's. I wrote sweet letters to Raden but it was hard to do. I told a friend of mine that I was going to quit pretending. She begged me to be faithful to my husband. I decided I'd better, for the baby's sake.

Four months after Raden went overseas he was reported missing. Well, I thought in my heart that it was best, because I thought I would never want to live with him any more. But the more I thought of him—that he might be dead—the worse I felt. So I started praying that he would be found and that I would forget Dairs and love Raden with all my heart. Then the baby was born. He was just like Raden. Then I knew that I loved Raden, but I thought it was too late. They finally informed me that he was dead. They sent me his insurance. I bought a farm close to my father's and stayed there. My sister and her husband tended the farm with me. Dairs came and tried to get me to marry him, but I did not for when I looked at Dairs I hated him. So I told him one night to leave my home and never set foot in it again.

(Continued on page 89)
Papa David and Chichi choose this month’s hundred-dollar letter—the letter sent in by a reader telling her own Life Can Be Beautiful story.

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Each Month For Your
LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Letters

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly word of advice, changed your whole outlook? When some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month which in his opinion best expresses the thought, “Life Can Be Beautiful,” RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. For each of the other letters received that month which space permits us to print, RADIO MIRROR will pay fifteen dollars. Letters received before the first of each month will be considered for the following month’s payments. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Address your letters to Papa David, care of RADIO MIRROR Magazine, 252 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

LISTEN TO LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL DAILY ON YOUR LOCAL CBS STATION—Check program guide, page 51, for local time.

E VERY DAY, Chichi and I become more aware of the fact that Life Can Be Beautiful, and our realization of this truth is daily strengthened by you—our readers and listeners. We have received hundreds of letters, from all parts of the country, each of them telling a true story of how someone, somewhere, learned that courage and faith can bring happiness and contentment.

Chichi is pretty busy these days, and, although we'll continue to read your letters together, I am going to take over the burden of the work entailed in bringing this department to you each month through Radio Mirror. So—will you address your letters to me, hereafter?

Before we got to this month’s letters, I'd like to remind you of a little incident that happened to us not so long ago—an incident which proves that life, as well as the people who live it, is a blending of good and bad, but no life is bad in its entirety, just as no individual is beyond redemption. Chichi and I reviewed this lesson when Oscar Finch was killed in his attempt to save Chichi. He had seemed to us, before that, to be the perfect example of a man whose years had been wasted, whose thoughts were for no one but himself. Suddenly we realized that no matter what sins he had, his going was useful, even sacrificial. It was the instinctive act of a brave man.

I said, then, to Chichi, that the ways things work, the patterns of destiny, the manipulation of the fates, the will of God—whatever you want to call it—is strange; we cannot always understand it, but we can believe in it. It makes me happy to find extra proof, through your letters, that you, too, have found that belief, along with Chichi, and myself—the belief that Life Can Be Beautiful.

And now, here is the letter which Chichi and I have selected for the best which has come to us for this month—the writer will receive this month’s hundred dollar check for her letter.

DEAR CHICHI,

I am going to try to tell you how I have found out that Life Can Be Beautiful. When I was sixteen years of age I first began to go with a boy by the name of Dairs. I fell in love with him and I knew he loved me, too. We went together for about six months and then one night we decided to get married. My father must have overheard us for the next morning he got after me about marrying. I could not tell my father a lie, so I told him all about it—but he must not have understood, for he made me to not even think of marriage and he told me to tell Dairs not to come to our home any more. I did as he asked; I broke off with Dairs.

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(Continued on page 89)
With Father's Day almost here I know all of you are planning to make it the best-ever feast day for him with the foods he likes best served up to the king's taste. If the man in your family is like most of the men I know, he will vote for steak as his first choice with roast beef a close second, so here are menus based on those favorites and recipes for the accompanying dishes.

Sirloin Steak
Mushroom Gravy
Broiler French Fried Potatoes
Green Asparagus French Bread
Raw Carrot Strips, Radishes and Scallions
Strawberry Shortcake
Coffee

Roast Beef
Oven-Browned Potatoes Gravy
June Peas and Scallions
Mixed Green Salad
Hot Biscuits
Banana Splits
Coffee

Sirloin Steak
Allow ½ pound of steak per serving. Preheat broiler 5 minutes. Wipe steak with a cloth, grease broiler rack lightly with lard and place steak in rack with surface of meat 3 inches from heat. Brown steak on both sides, turning once. For rare steak cut 1½ inches thick, allow 12 to 15 minutes; for a rare steak cut 2 inches thick allow 15 to 18 minutes. Increase time for medium or well-done steak. Sprinkle both sides of cooked steak with salt and pepper, and if desired dot with butter or margarine.

Broiler French Fried Potatoes
Cook potatoes in their jackets in boiling salted water until done. Pare and cut in strips as for French fried potatoes, brush with a little melted lard and brown on broiler rack with the steak, turning several times.

By KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

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

Mushroom Gravy
1½ tbls. steak dripping
1½ tbls. flour
¼ cup canned mushrooms, sliced
1 cup mushroom liquid and water
In broiler pan, blend drippings and flour, add mushroom liquid and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add mushrooms. Serve piping hot with steak.

Roast Beef
Wipe meat with a cloth, season well with salt and pepper and place in shallow baking pan with the fat side up and cook roast in a low oven (325°F.) until done. For a rare roast allow about 18 to 20 minutes per pound or until thermometer registers 140°F.; for a medium roast allow 25 minutes per pound or to 160°F.; for a well-done roast allow 30 minutes per pound or to 170°F. For the last hour of cooking place peeled raw potatoes around the roast in baking pan, turning frequently.

Banana Splits
For dessert combine strips of ripe banana with scoops of your favorite ice cream, top with crushed pineapple, marshmallow sauce, chocolate sauce, strawberry or raspberry jam, sprinkle with chopped nuts, garnish with maraschino cherries.
### Sunday Eastern Standard Time

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<th>P.S.T.</th>
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| 8:00  | 5:00  | CBS: The Jubalaires  
| 8:15  | 5:15  | ABC: Earle Hagen's \*Music Man\*  
| 8:45  | 6:00  | NBC: Bennett Sisters  
| 9:00  | 6:00  | MBS: Young People's Church  
| 9:15  | 6:15  | E. Power Biggs  
| 11:30 | 8:30  | NBC: NBC String Trio  
| 12:00 | 9:00  | Voice of Prophecy  
| 12:15 | 9:15  | New Voices in Song  
| 1:00  | 9:00  | Church of the Air  
| 1:15  | 9:15  | Highlights of the Bible  
| 2:00  | 12:00 | Wings Over Jordan  
| 2:15  | 12:15 | The Johnnie Ray Show  
| 2:30  | 12:30 | NBC: Closup Arrow  
| 2:45  | 12:45 | NBC: Radio Spirits  
| 3:00  | 1:00  | NBC: Eternal Light  
| 3:15  | 1:15  | ABC: Blue Jacket Choir  
| 3:30  | 1:30  | NBC: The Priddis Boys  
| 3:45  | 1:45  | NBC: Invitation to Learning  
| 4:00  | 2:00  | NBC: Solitaire Time, Warda Donovan  
| 4:15  | 2:15  |  

### Monday Eastern Standard Time

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<th>P.S.T.</th>
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| 7:00  | 4:00  | CBS: Breakfast Club  
| 7:15  | 4:15  | NBC: Beginning of the Day  
| 8:00  | 5:00  | ABC: Arthur Godfrey  
| 8:45  | 5:30  | MBS: Shady Valley Follies  
| 9:00  | 6:00  | ABC: My True Story  
| 9:15  | 6:15  | NBC: Once Over Lightly  
| 9:30  | 6:30  | NBC: Light of the World  
| 10:15 | 7:15  | NBC: The Story of Our Time  
| 11:00 | 8:00  | NBC: Elynn Winters  
| 12:00 | 9:00  | NBC: Janell Church  
| 12:15 | 9:15  | NBC: Life  
| 12:30 | 9:30  | NBC: Boy, I've Got the News  
| 12:45 | 10:15 | NBC: Children's Breakfast  
| 13:00 | 10:30 | ABC: Fred Waring Show  
| 13:15 | 10:45 | ABC: Gilbert Martyn  
| 13:30 | 11:15 | ABC: drifting  
| 13:45 | 11:30 | ABC: Aunt Jenny's Stories  
| 14:00 | 12:00 | MBS: Victor H. Lindlahr  
| 14:15 | 12:15 | MBS: David Harum  
| 14:30 | 12:30 | ABC: Glamor Manor  
| 14:45 | 12:45 | NBC: Hetty's Day Breaks  
| 15:00 | 1:00  | MBS: Ma Perkins  
| 15:15 | 1:15  | ABC: Captain Merton  
| 15:30 | 1:30  | ABC: Guiding Light  
| 15:45 | 1:45  | NBC: The Guiding Light  
| 16:00 | 2:00  | ABC: The Pete Brown Show  
| 16:15 | 2:15  | ABC: Ethel & Albert  
| 16:30 | 2:30  | ABC: Alson & Tim  
| 16:45 | 2:45  | ABC: Patsy Montana  
| 17:00 | 3:00  | ABC: Smiling Time  
| 17:15 | 3:15  | ABC: Woman in White  
| 17:30 | 3:30  | ABC: Captain Video  
| 17:45 | 3:45  | ABC: Home Sweet Home  
| 18:00 | 4:00  | ABC: Life Can Be Beautiful  
| 18:15 | 4:15  | ABC: The Christmas Victory  
| 18:30 | 4:30  | ABC: Joan Davis  
| 18:45 | 4:45  | ABC: Miss America  
| 19:00 | 5:00  | ABC: The Big Show  
| 19:15 | 5:15  | ABC: The Great Gildersleeve  
| 19:30 | 5:30  | ABC: Artie Shaw  

### ABE BURROWS FROM WITHIN

Abbe Burrows writes, produces and supervises Holiday & Co., the situation comedy heard Friday nights at 9 P.M., EST, CBS. For years, Burrows toiled in obscurity, known in a limited fashion within the profession. The professional comedians who did know his work, esteemed him as "a wit's wit; the humorist's humorist." Sit him down at a piano and humorists like J. S. Perelman and Gerald Ogden Stewart break out into uncontrollable laughter, hour after hour, far into the night. Songs like "Put Your Lips Around Me Honey," "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes," "I Looked Under a Rock and Found a Rose," are typical of the storms that swirl inside the Burrows dome and want out. In 1935, Burrows was signed on as a writer for the Texaco Star Theatre, after having submitted gags to radio shows now and then. This was followed by the writing job for This Is New York, the show which waltzed the famous Gardner show. It was for this script that Burrows thought up the "Archie" character, which grew so famous that it inspired the Duffy's Tavern program. Burrows supervised the scripting staff of the Duffy show for five years, until he was signed as a writer by Paramount. Aside from his wonderful humor, there are some pretty swell things about this Burrows man. For instance, while in New York, he is not only doing his radio show, he's also signed up to write a Broadway musical with Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the screen play for "See Here Private Harvey." Before he had to come to New York on his assignment, he taught a class in radio comedy at the People's Educational Center in Hollywood. By long distance, he still carries on the supervision of his work as treasurer of the Hollywood Writers' Mobilization.

Burrows' method of piano playing is unorthodox. Self-taught, he says his fingering is all wrong, "but somehow it gets on top of a tune." He likes being satirical, but has very definite ideas about some things which just can't be and shouldn't be satirized. He delights in kidding the pans off Tin Pan Alley lyrics, but he never takes cracks at "good things, real things, like the best of Cole Porter, or the best Irving Berlin." He has advice to give to budding satirists, "the difficulty increases in direct proportion to the excellence of the original product." Meaning it's a lot easier to kick around something inferior than to make nonsense out of something that's good. He's also very firm about anything that serves as a lampoon of racial groups. He thinks many a sin of racial bigotry is perpetrated under the guise of humor and, in any of his work, such stuff is strictly out.
**Tuesday**

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<td>ABC</td>
<td>60 Minutes</td>
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<td>10:00</td>
<td>CBS</td>
<td>Our Place</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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<td>The Big Friday</td>
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<td>1:30</td>
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<td>The Hunt</td>
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**Wednesday**

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<td>10:00</td>
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<td>11:00</td>
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<td>The Joke</td>
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<td>Shady Valley Follies</td>
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<td>Daytime Classics</td>
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<td>2:30</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>Superman — But Good</td>
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<td>3:00</td>
<td>MBS</td>
<td>The Listening Post</td>
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<td>4:00</td>
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<td>Daytime Children</td>
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<td>Fred Waring Show</td>
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<td>9:00</td>
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<td>The First Family</td>
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No Superman — But Good

For a long time, the American broadcasting company's Thursday and the Pirates—Monday through Friday from 5 p.m. to 5:15 EST—showed a few programs for the kids, has been among the most popular in the ratings. Thursday—the leading character—has been carrying on a relentless fight against fascism, a flight started months before the actual war began and, now, with some success. Every story that has not been completely routed everywhere, not completely conquered.

Terry is played by Owen Jordan, a member of the New York School of the Dramatic Arts. His lectures were based on more than the dramatic aspects of radio, too. He's been a teacher and made use of his experience.

Owen was born in Chicago. His mother was a teacher—so he comes by some of his ability naturally. Most of his early boyhood was spent in Denver, where his mother worked in a stock company. He did return to Chicago, however, to complete his elementary schooling and to go through high school.

Later, when he entered the University of Chicago, he was still undecided. He was a member of the University track and football teams, but he also took part in all the school shows. After the grease paint won Owen transferred to De Paul University to study drama. After he graduated, he stayed on at De Paul for a year and a half as a dramatic instructor.

That didn't prove entirely satisfactory, however, so in 1938 he came to New York. He hadn't been in the Big Town long before he landed a part in the radio serial David Harum. Nor was it much longer, before he was a regular on the Arch Oboier's Plays, Cavalcade of America, Front Page Farrell and the Aldrich Family programs.

No actor can be satisfied with just working in radio. Owen wasn't satisfied, either. He hustled around and worked in several Broadway successes—in "Eve of St. Mark," "A Room with a View" and Anna-bella in that film couple's version of "Lillom" and in Saroyan's "Time of Your Life."}

Now, Owen is kept pretty busy with a heavy radio schedule. Besides playing Thursday he's got fairly regular assignments on the Kate Smith Hour, Real Stories and many other programs.

Owen and his principal summer pastime is sailing. He owns a 28 foot racing sloop, jointly with Johnny Call, a Broadway actor currently appearing in "Blommer Girl." Sometimes, Owen says, his adventures on the slop match the hair raising thrills he goes through on the Terry show.
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<td>6:30</td>
<td>NBC</td>
<td>Arthur Godfrey</td>
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<td>Valentine Lady</td>
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<td>Road of Life</td>
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**Thursday**

**Eastern Standard Time**

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**Friday**

**Eastern Standard Time**

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<th>Time</th>
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<tr>
<td>6:00</td>
<td>ABC</td>
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**MARY, MARY QUITE CONTRARY**

Sometimes it's a break to be a member of a theatrical family. Sometimes, it isn't. For Mary Marlow it was not only not a break, it was a hindrance. Mary's the new vocalist with Sammy Kaye—you hear her on his Sunday Serenade Show (ABC, Sundays at 1:30 P.M. EST) and on his So You Want To Lead a Band? weekly stint (ABC, Wednesdays at 9:30 P.M. EST).

Ever since she can remember, Mary's been discouraged by her family and, on occasion others, whenever she talked about a career in the theater or radio. And it all started very early in her life. Because Mary was almost literally born in the theater, making her squalling entry into this world in Philadelphia in 1925, while her folks were playing a split-week engagement in vaudeville there. Her father is the well known Uncle Hawkins, familiar to radio listeners as Fred Allen's right hand man. He was well known even then as a vaudeville performer.

Like most theatrical people, Jim Hawkins wanted his kids to stay out of the theater and have careers that would ensure their eating regularly. So, although most of her childhood was spent traveling about the country while her father played the circuits, Mary was constantly having it drummed into her ears that she must learn some useful profession like stenography. Jim Hawkins was definitely opposed to her earliest expression of a desire to become a singer. Meanwhile, Jim Hawkins went about his business and in the course of it kept discovering, left and right, stars like Red Skelton, the Merry Maes and Bob Eberly. He wouldn't even listen to Mary.

When Jim Hawkins settled down in New York to be Fred Allen's right hand man, the family set up permanent quarters in Jackson Heights.

After graduation from Newtown High School Mary followed her father's advice—to the letter of the law, at least. She went to a stenography school. But in her spare time, she did all she could to develop her voice. She made home recordings and, eventually, got her first break with a 25-week show on WMCA, in a 15 minute daily spot sponsored by a fur company.

When this job was over, Mary was out in the cold again. Wanting to stay as close to radio as possible, but needing a job, too, Mary finally applied for a job as an NBC page—and got it. She continued to make more recordings and almost made a pest of herself, pushing them at everyone who would listen.

One day, she made a record with Bill Clifton at the piano. Bill Warren, who does a swing column in a magazine, heard the recording. Jill knew Sammy Kaye was looking for a girl who could sing and she arranged for Sammy to hear Mary's recording. Mary was in from the first note, and she's been with the swing and swing aggregation ever since the band started on its southern tour in January, 1946.
awed. "They're beautiful," she said. When we came home, Bill and I thanked the house. Patti's farewells were more prolonged. "I had a beautiful time, Judd," we heard her saying at the door. "Do you suppose I hadn't, don't do anything," he said. "We just knocked around the way I usually do." "But I had a wonderful time!" Patti insisted. "It was like a single minute!"

"Well, I'm glad of it. I'll put you in my pocket and take you along some time." And that's exactly what he did, so casually, and it was that none of us realized how often Patti was seeing him. On Saturday mornings he'd stop by the house to take Patti fishing; in the afternoon he'd bring her a two-hour swim, and later, when her grown warmer, they went swimming; one or two evenings a week he would turn up at the house after dinner, and then they would be off to the airport or for a drive down along the lake. He said that she'd brought her home early, and in spite of the fact that Patti was always bursting with news as to where they had been and what they had done, we didn't stop to think that they were really alone together a great deal, that Judd's haunts were not those where the boys and girls from school gathered.

It was on a Saturday afternoon that Patti dropped her bombshell. She'd been fishing with Judd that morning; she came home in time to have and sat down at the table just as she was, in her slacks and shirt. "I guess I'm just not hungry," she sighed. "I think I'll up and out of here, Judd." Later that afternoon I tapped on her bedroom door, and I entered to find her curled up on the window seat. She was still wearing the slacks and shirt, and the look on her face was indescribable—dreaminess and radiance and sheer elation. "Rosemary," she breathed, "you just got to tell you this morning, Judd, I'm no longer of being. I'm sitting up, simply because I was suddenly too weak to stand. "What—what did you say to that?" Patti shouted. "Oh, I didn't say anything," she confessed. "I was too dumbfounded. You see, Judd has never—I mean—he's never tried to kiss me, or—or anything like that. I couldn't think what to say, and the next moment he got a bass on his line, and after that he didn't talk about marriage any more." "It's all so wonderful," Patti went on, "and yet so sort of—sort of scary too. Oh, Rosemary, I think I know now exactly how you felt when Bill first told you he loved you—" "But, darling," I began, "Bill and I—"

"Oh, I know I'm not old enough to be married, but I've been in love for years and years yet. But I could be engaged to him." "But Patti, darling, when you're engaged—out with the other boys. Are you sure you care enough about Judd to tie yourself down—"

"I wouldn't be tied down; I'd have Judd. I didn't know how I felt about him, but even if I'm. I'm sure of it. All I want is to make him happy. And, Rosemary, don't tell Mama about it just yet, will you? I'm going to see Judd tonight—I expect we're going out to the airport—and I want him to be the first to know."

I promised not to tell. Mother had problems enough without being troubled with this—many a night I've put Patti off. But I promised not to tell Bill, and the minute he came home that afternoon, I took him aside and told him the whole story. I listened nobly enough until I reached the part about the bass in interrupting Judd's proposal, and then his lips began to twitch and his eyes to twinkle. "It's funny, Bill," I find myself saying, "but I'm not sure he was—oh, say, Tommy's age. But he isn't. He's older, not only in years but in experience. And if he's taken it into his head that way I'll be quite late.

By the time we returned home Patti had come in from her date with Judd and was in bed, asleep. Mother told us she had waited up to talk with us. "I suppose you know what it's about," she said when we sat down with her. "Patti told me she told you. She says—and as she spoke, Mother looked as if she had just discovered from the blow, "that she's engaged to this Marh boy."

Bill patted her arm. "Don't worry, Mrs. Demerson," he said comforting. "I think that both you and Rosemary are making a lot out of a little. I don't think for a minute that Judd is serious about Patti. I'm sure it will be some time before Patti has got her own right serious about anyone. Next week it will be someone else—"

"But that's just it," I objected. "She hasn't, she's always been with Tommy and Birdbrain—and you know how thick she used to be with them. She's dropped away from all of her friends. Judd never takes her to places where the school youngsters go—"

Bill refused to be moved. "Well, then," he suggested, "get her back into the crowd—or bring the crowd back to her. Give a party. If I know Patti and parties, she'll be the first to cooperate.

The more we thought about it the more the idea of a party appealed. And when we mentioned it to Patti, Bill proved to be completely right about her reaction to the idea. "That's swell," she demanded. "You mean I can invite everybody? Oh, Rosemary, could we have it soon."

"I want that she was as glad as we were to have Judd removed, at least temporarily, from the center of interest. No one had openly opposed her “engagement,” but she couldn't help knowing that we didn't bring it up. And Judd was always in a family as closely knit as ours had always been, even this little, silent opposition was disturbing."

(Continued on page 56)
MRS. CHARLES BOYER—glamorous wife of the screen’s leading romantic actor.

"Enticing!"

says Mrs. Charles Boyer,

“No wonder TANTEE SATIN-FINISH Lipstick is a Hollywood sensation."

Glamorous colors? Of course! But that alone doesn’t explain the popularity of Tangee Lipstick in Hollywood. There’s another reason—SATIN-FINISH! This amazing development gives a lipstick wonderful “staying power”...so that you aren’t constantly taking time out for “repairs”. And even on a hot day, Satin-Finish doesn’t get soft—does NOT run or smear. Remember, only Tangee has Satin-Finish.

HIT COLORS OF HOLLYWOOD

TANTEE GAY-RED—“to make your lips look young and gay”—a favorite of Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

TANTEE RED-RED—a clear vivid shade—first choice of Mrs. Charles Boyer, Mrs. George Murphy and many others. Other popular Tangee shades are:

THEATRICAL RED—MEDIUM RED—TANTEE NATURAL

Use Tangee...

and see how beautiful you can be
were endless discussions with Mother and me about what to serve and how to serve it, discussion with Tommy and Birdbrain, over the telephone, about what to invite and to whom the telephoning of the invitations alone occupied two full evenings. It was too casual, Patti felt, simply to tell her friends about the party when they saw them at school. Judd was the first to be invited, but when he dropped by on Wednesday night, Tommy was at the house, sorting records. He asked Patti if she can't go out, Judd, she said. "We've got to go to Kenny's house and get his boogie records." Patti pulled away from her. "He didn't! He was wretched! He nearly died when he s-spilled the coffee. Oh, I'm sorry! Patti "Look up there, somewhere, a happy family, and I love you so much and I don't want to do anything to hurt you—but I can't let Judd down now. He'd think it was because I was a snob. I've got to be engaged to him. I've got to make it up to him in some way. I—I'll marry him the minute he wants me to—and then she went.

Mother and I just looked at each other. I sat down. I was trembling. She said, "I think you should talk to Judd." I nodded. I couldn't talk; there was too much going through my mind. Judd seemed to be such a level-headed boy; it didn't seem possible that he could be in love with a fifteen-year-old girl. I tried to think of the family, the mind, of servicemen and their teen-age brides, adolescent girls married to boys who were hardly more than adolescents themselves. If Judd were mad enough to want to marry her, then Patti was romantic enough, and defiant enough right now, to go with him...

And then the doorbell rang. "Please, I don't want to see anyone. I—I think I need some action, to help me think." And she turned and began attacking the dishes as if they were enemies. I went to meet Patti at the front door of the house, opened the front door—to Judd Marsh. "Good morning, Rosemary," he said. "Can I talk to you for a minute? I need your advice."

"Of course," I led the way into the living room. "Sit down, Judd. What is it—about Patti?"

He sat down, folded his hands, unfolded them, thrust them into his pockets, drew them out again. "She thinks I want to marry her," he blurted. "And I don't. It's the craziest thing—I thought she was just kidding when she first started talking about it, last Saturday night, out at the airport. We were sitting in the lobby, and all of a sudden she turned to me and said, I've decided, Judd. I can't marry you for years and years, but I'll be engaged to you. I'll wait for you. I'm not going to marry anyone else. I just seem at all like her kind of fooling. And then I saw she was serious. She actually thought—she actually thought I was a handsome fellow, an unspeakable something. I knew what was coming. Dear Bill, I thought, you were so right... Aloud I said, "She thought that you..."

"I know. I know. It dawned on me after I'd thought it over. That morning, when we were fishing, I'd told her that she was the sort of girl every fellow dreams of marrying. I mean—nothing personal. We'd been talking about the war, and what the fellows thought about when they were away, and I didn't know how to set her right—"

"You didn't want to hurt her."

He gave me a quick, grateful look.
"You can just bet I didn't want to hurt her! You see, the funny part of it is, I do care about her, a lot, in a way I'd never thought of caring about a girl. I think the world of her for what she is—a real person, who's sweet and genuine and straightforward and honest. I know it sounds crazy, and it's hard to explain—but I'd never thought about girls as people. I always figured a fellow flirted with them, if he felt like it, or took them to dances, if he felt like it—and if he didn't feel like it, he let them alone and went about his own business. Patti showed me that a girl could be a companion to a fellow. I hope—I just hope that someday, when I do fall in love, it will be with someone as wonderful as she is. And I know she isn't really in love with me. She just thinks she is—Oh, good" God—"

He was staring at something over my shoulder. I turned, sat paralyzed by a glimpse of Patti's skirt disappearing around the landing of the stairs. "She must have heard everything," he whispered. "Oh, Lord—"

I rose, weak with relief, weak with nausea. Oh, poor Patti, my poor baby sister... "You'd better go," I said. "I'll talk to her. Thank you for coming, from the bottom of my heart. I'll get in touch with you."

I hurried up the stairs. The door of Patti's room was closed, but not locked. I let myself in, sat down beside the huddled little figure on the bed. A very small voice said, "Go on, Rosemary, tell me what a fool I've been. All that stuff about knowing how you felt when Bill fell in love with you—"

And then, miraculously, I did find the right words. "I don't see why," I said reasonably. "I'd feel pretty wonderful if I were you."

Patti didn't move, but she thought it over. "Why?"

"Because you've just been paid a wonderful compliment. Didn't you hear Judd tell me how he felt about you, about the whole new outlook you've given him? You've made his life richer and better—"

The shining head lifted a little, dropped back to the pillow, despairingly. "But he doesn't love me."

I sat silent. Then I asked, "Do you love him? Enough to spend all the rest of your life with him, with never a thought of anyone else? Did you really want to be engaged to him—never to have a date with another boy? Honestly, now, Patti? Remember, one of the things Judd likes about you is your honesty..."

Patti spoke to the pillow. "I guess I didn't want to be engaged, not really. Oh, I do want to—but I want to have fun with the other kids. But I do—did—care about him, more than about any other boy I've ever known. She set up suddenly, faced me squarely, her eyes widening. "Maybe that's it!" she whispered. "Maybe Judd was right—and I just thought I loved him because I'd seen him so much, because I'd got to know him. Maybe if I got to know other boys that way, like Stretch McGiness or Lyman Harper—if I got to know them as people, not just as part of the crowd, maybe I'd find out that they were wonderful people, too. Oh, Rosemary!" she burst out. "Isn't it all just confusing?"

"Oh, darling—" I kissed her, and then I just had to laugh—a laugh of happiness, of gratitude. Perhaps everything was very confusing, but I was sure that Patti was on the right track. And best of all, most important of all, she sounded exactly like Patti again.

---

**We could be wrong!**

A great many women agree that Fels-Naptha is an extra fine laundry soap. They tell us it makes washing easier. That it turns out whiter, sweeter-smelling clothes. That it's the best laundry soap they ever used.

Naturally, we think Fels-Naptha Soap should be used in every home—but we could be wrong.

You might find that the Fels combination of good mild soap and gentle, dirt-loosening naptha doesn't give you the extra washing help other women have discovered. You might want to tell us why. But before you make up your mind—won't you give Fels-Naptha Soap a trial?

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**Fels-Naptha Soap**

**BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**
Take-it-easy clothes. Skylarking comfort—that's for you! Easy-shouldered suits, good-to-walk-in shoes. And comfort-insurance for "difficult" days. So, the smart gals choose the sanitary napkin that's first for softness—Modess! 3 out of 4 voted it softer to the touch, in a nation poll.

Social Security. Poise? You've plenty! Growing up with boys, dancing lessons, have taught you how to forget yourself, have fun! Poise-polisher—the napkin that's first for safety! Hospital-tested Modess, which 209 nurses found less likely to strike through than leading layer-type napkins.

That scrubbed look. Scads of soap-and-water—every day! You're always spring-breeze dainty in every detail! So again it's Modess for you. First napkin to bring you this priceless daintiness aid—a unique, triple-proved deodorant sealed right in.

Those artful extras. You're a smoothie with the powder puff, lipstick brush—all the "pluses" of super-grooming. And when it comes to comfort-extras, at no extra cost—Modess gives them to you. And does it first! No wonder more and more girls are saying, "I'll take Modess!" Box of 12, full-size or Junior size, only 22c.

First for softness MODESS

Dear Butch
(Continued from page 47)

She and Bunkie had a kind of armed truce and kept their distance from each other as a rule. I put a big apron over my office dress and picked up the scrub brush, "I'll finish washing that poof." I said, "on condition that I get a piece of that apple pie I see in the kitchen!"

Mrs. Traynor reached over and kissed my nose. She looked flushed and happy as a girl. "You'll stay for supper, that's what you'll do," she said.

She had been a widow for years, and two other sons had married and were living in California. Tom was all she had left really. Her house had been like a second home to me ever since I was a child. And I knew if I stood out in Tom's mind above the other girls it was because of her gentle partisanship. Since he had been in the Navy, she had waged a campaign in my behalf to fill her letters to him. I realized now how much I had come to expect of that campaign, how much I hoped it would influence Tom!

Memories crowded my mind. The night before Tom left... I still could not think of that night without a lump coming in my throat. We had walked down the river path to a point above the bridge where we used to fish, and I had wanted so desperately to have him kiss me. There were thin clouds across the face of the moon and everything was very still as if the whole world were waiting. And after a while he said, "You know, Butch, I've never even seen the ocean. Do you suppose I'll get seasick?"

I looked helplessly up at the moon that had just appeared between two clouds. I wanted to put my arms around him and say, "Look, you lug, won't you please think of me for just a minute? Don't you know I love you?" But all I could actually say was, "You don't get seasick on the roller coaster. And you love boats?"

Tom said, "Yeah. And by the way, here's the key to my rowboat locker. You can use the old tub while I'm gone." He said it very offhandedly but my heart gave a great leap because that rowboat was his dearest possession, next to Bunkie. I've worn that key on a chain around my neck ever since. I fingered it now, sitting there in the little dinette with Mrs. Traynor. Surely Tom would not have given it to me if he had not cared a little bit. At least, that is what I kept telling myself. And there was a surprise waiting for him when he saw that rowboat! It was a secret that I had shared with no one except his mother, Mrs. Traynor and I had had no secrets from each other these past three years.

After supper, Bunkie decided to walk home with me and he chased imaginary shadows all along the block. It was a soft Spring evening, almost warm, so I stopped at the corner drugstore to take some ice cream home to the folks. Estelle was there with a couple of boys, obviously giving them what she calls "the works." She hailed me in a languid sort of way, "Darling," she said, "did you really buy that "jeune fille" dress?"

"Why yes," I said. "I like it."

"Atta girl! Don't let her bait you!" someone whispered at my elbow. It was Chris Holmes, the football coach and math instructor at high school. Every girl in town was crazy about him. He was young, unmarried, and
terribly attractive—a smooth type.

"I'm going down your way. Mind if I walk home with you and Bunkie?" he asked. Estelle's eyes popped when she saw us leaving the store together. I think that's what he did it for. He had always been kind to me, since those early days when Tom and I took him fishing with us. When we reached home Chris stood at our gate talking for a few moments. "Sorry I can't come in tonight. But let me some other time, eh?" he said in that nice, warm voice of his. Then he went off and I hurried into the house with the ice cream, Bunkie still at my heels.

Mother and Dad were reading in the livingroom with Bettina—my sister, aged eleven—prone on the floor between them. There was a merry uproar when I mentioned ice cream. I escaped to my room and climbed into my trusty dungarees and old checked shirt. When I came down again Bettina said, "Ah, Glamor Call." insinuatingly, and the folks smiled, and we all settled down for a pleasant evening. Bunkie gave me a reproachful look so I went out to the kitchen to hunt him up a bone. I was bending over the icebox when something went zing against my legs. I whirled.

And there was Tom Traynor, complete in Navy suit and white cap, framed in the back door. "Trying to steal my dog behind my back. What a pal!" he shouted and swung me up with a big warwhoop. Bunkie made a flying leap of pure joy and we all went down together on the kitchen floor. It was not exactly the welcome I had planned—with soft lights, music, a dreamy dress—but it was a rousing good one. Tom looked wonderful, and changed in some way I could not quite put my finger on. It was something more than just a new assurance, a new adult quality. Late that night as I lay in bed it came to me what the change was—it was in his eyes. They had an old, defensive look as if they had seen too much too quickly. A rush of tenderness for him swept over me. I had a fierce desire to protect him from any further hurt.

At noon the next day he picked me up at the office in his old rattletrap of a car and we drove down to the river to where he'd always kept his boat. My knees were watery with excitement as he opened the shed. He stood back for a minute and gave a low whistle. Silently I gave him the key from the chain around my neck. He took it without lifting his eyes from the boat. "Who did this, Butch? You?" he said.

I nodded dumbly. "But how?" he wanted to know. "You didn't give it that swell paint job yourself?"

"Yes, I did. On my Saturday afternoons it didn't take long really."

"And that outboard motor I always wanted. Where did you get the money for that, Butch?"

"None of your business!" I laughed. It was a shaky little laugh, I guess, because that is the way I felt inside. Tom gave me a long, slow look, then an appreciative grin broke over his face. For a moment—for one blindly ecstatic moment—I thought he was going to kiss me. But all he did was put a hand on my shoulder awkwardly. "You're about the best pal a guy ever had, Butch. That is a keen job! Come on, let's try it out."

I was wearing a yellow jumper with a crisp organdy blouse. Not exactly the thing for a boat ride but I didn't hesitate. We got the boat into the

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**Want Kiss Appeal?**

You have it—when your skin is silky and smooth.

But you're a "dry-skin girl"?

This new I-Cream Beauty Treatment (with Jergens Face Cream) is wish-fulfilling help for dry-skin troubles.

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**It's simple, easy, to have this I-Cream Beauty Treatment**

Just snatch "little" minutes every day . . . for smooth-skin treatments with this new Jergens Face Cream. So capable, you use Jergens Face Cream like 4 creams:

1. for skillful Make-up Removal and Cleansing
2. for Softening
3. for an oh-so-fine Foundation
4. as a Night Cream—super help for dry skin; effective against dry-skin lines

Added intelligence: Jergens Face Cream is a skin scientist's cream. By the makers of Jergens Lotion. Give this I-Cream Treatment an honest 10-day trial. Like so many beauty-wise girls, have smooth enchantment . . . with Jergens Face Cream! 10¢ to $1.25 (plus tax).

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**JERGENS'**

**FACE CREAM**

Does the work of 4 creams for Smooth, Kissable Skin
TOM was licking back in the bow, regarding the river with vast contentment. "Ever use that new barbless hook, Butch? It's swell. You have to hold the line taut every minute or the fish gets away. Say—tomorrow's Saturday and you have the afternoon off, haven't you? Let's go fishing."

Tomorrow was also the day of the dance. The big high school reunion dance for all the boys come back from service. Had Tom forgotten? The pink dress was hanging in my closet that very minute and I had a swift picture of myself in it, coming down the stairs to meet him... He would realize then how much I had changed.

"Well, how about it?" Tom was persisting. "We could fish 'way up by Milford's where the run's so good..."

"But what about the dance?"

"Oh that," Tom gave a casual shrug. "By the way, Butch," he added as a complete afterthought, "do you want to go with us? I'm taking Estelle Garth."

Just a few words—and my whole little world was breaking up, my heart along with it. The river seemed to blacken and grow sluggish, ugly. I had somehow, taken it so granted that I would be Tom's date. Everything had been so wonderful between us since his return. But he had said those words as a good-natured older brother might have said them. I was still the kid sister.

I said dully, "I have to get back to the office now," and we headed for the landing. Our picnic, and my private dream, was over.

That evening, almost as soon as I got inside the door of our house, Mrs. Traynor called on the telephone. "Gerry, dear," she began, in that breathless way of hers, "I'm so glad I was able to catch you. I wanted to talk to you before Tom gets home. Did you know? I mean, has he told you..."

"That he's taking Estelle to the dance?" I helped her. "Yes, I know."

I could hear her small sigh. "I just wanted to tell you not to worry about it, dear. It's just that—well, he hasn't had time to realize that you're grown up. But he will, when he sees you tomorrow night. There's nothing like a pink dress to make a man see a girl in a different light, Gerry! You just be there, and all he'll have to do is take one look at you..."

I heard myself agreeing, automatically, trying to match her enthusiasm. But I couldn't. Always, before, when she'd had some idea for attracting Tom's attention to me, I'd fallen in with her plans with (Continued on page 62)
BORDERLINE ANEMIA
steals your energy and spoils your fun!

How thousands who are pale and tired because of this blood deficiency may find renewed energy with Ironized Yeast Tablets

There are people in every "crowd" who seem always weary—who seldom get into the spirit of any gathering. Yes, and so many of these pale, drab people may be able to trace their lack of personality and fun to a blood condition—to a Borderline Anemia, resulting from a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood.

Medical studies conducted show that up to 68% of large groups of women—many men—have this common Borderline Anemia. And if you have noticed a loss of color and energy in yourself, you too may be a victim.

Perhaps you need to build up your blood—your supply line of energy.

Build blood and energy
with Ironized Yeast Tablets

If your face is unusually pale and you tire far too easily it may well be the result of a Borderline Anemia and you should take Ironized Yeast Tablets. They are especially formulated to help you combat Borderline Anemia by restoring puny red blood cells to normal size and color. And remember—vigor and healthy good looks depend on the energy released by healthy red blood cells! Continuing tiredness, listlessness and pallor may be caused by other conditions, so consult your physician regularly. But when you have the signs of this depressing Borderline Anemia take Ironized Yeast. It can help you build up your blood—and your natural vitality and appeal.

* BORDERLINE ANEMIA—a ferro-nutritional deficiency of the blood—con cause
TIREDNESS • LISTLESSNESS • PALLOR

Energy Building Blood. This is a microscopic view of blood rich in energy elements. Here are big, plentiful red cells that release energy to every muscle, limb, tissue.

Borderline Anemia. Thousands have blood like this; never know it. Cells are puny, faded. Blood like this can't release the energy you need to feel and look your best.

IMPROVED CONCENTRATED FORMULA

Ironized Yeast TABLETS
(Continued from page 60)

all the enthusiasm in the world. She knows, I'd tell myself. She knows what to do—she knows what Tom likes and dislikes.

But this time, as I trailed wearily upstairs, I couldn't make myself believe it. All I wanted to do was to throw myself on the bed and let the tears come until I was exhausted. Perhaps I'd have some peace, then, when I was too tired to think or feel any more. But instead I found myself standing at the open window, with the cool night air on my hot cheeks, thinking some pretty startling thoughts.

What was it Mrs. Traynor had said? He hasn't had time to realize that you're grown up, but he will when he sees you tomorrow night in that pink dress....

"Pink dress!" I said it aloud, and my voice was scornful. "Grown up!" You see, I suddenly knew what an awful idiot I'd been to think that a pink dress could accomplish what I wanted. Or all the cookies and cakes in the world, sent overseas. Or all the outboard motors or—well, it was ridiculous! If you wanted somebody to know that you were grown up, that you were a woman, then you had to be grown up, you had to be a woman!

I HAD depended on Tom's mother to make Tom notice me, and love me. How terribly silly that seemed all of a sudden! Why, if Tom were going to notice me—if he were going to love me—it would be for myself. Because I had made myself noticeable, because I was, myself, lovable. If I ever wanted to mean anything to Tom, or to any man, I had to learn to stand on my own feet. Love—grown-up love—doesn't need an agent.

I don't know how long I lingered there, thinking things out. But gradually an idea shaped itself in my mind. I combed my hair, put on some fresh lipstick, and went downstairs, and out.

Chris Holmes was usually in the high school gym on Friday nights. I met him just as he was locking up. He looked pleased when he saw me standing there. It had always been easy to talk to Chris with his quick understanding and friendliness. He tucked his hand under my elbow: "Let's go for a walk," he suggested. "My car is in the repair shop as usual."

"I'd like to walk," I said. We crossed the big athletic field, drenched now in moonlight, and I explained everything to him. He listened attentively, saying little. All through high school he had been Tom's ideal, and he was the one person who could make my plan work. "And so," I finished lamely, "I was wondering if you'd—if perhaps you could...."

"Take you to the dance tomorrow night?" Why, Gerry, I'd love it! It's Tom Traynor's anniversary with his ex-wife tendrá.

"No," I said, "It's time I woke up.

On Saturday afternoon I had arranged to have my hair and nails done, and to take long hours' dressing. But it was not to be that way. When I came home at noon I found Bettina looking like a pathetic calico doll with her small face all broken out in red blotches. She had gone hiking with some other youngsters and had managed to get into a patch of poison ivy. It developed that during the course of the morning she had also managed to eat six hamburgers, eight chocolate bars, two dill pickles, and a nice green apple. I have never seen a sicker little girl. And to make matters worse, Mother was away. She had gone out to the farm for the day to visit Aunt Lil. I called Dr. Harvey and it was
hours before we got Bettina quieted. Mother came back about six, and there were dozens of things yet to do. When I looked at the clock again I had just twenty minutes to get ready for the dance. "I'd better telephone Chris and call the whole thing off," I said.

"Of course you're going," Mother said. "Come along, I'll help you. Bettina is perfectly all right now." The doorbell rang and it was a messenger with a corsage box. Inside were pink camellias and little Cecile Brunner roses—and a note that said, "Clear the decks and man the guns! For gallantry in action to a very charming girl... Chris."

A strange excitement began stealing over me. I was flustered and ran up the stairs. There was so little time... First, my bath with my most geranium bath salts. Then mother brushed my wild curls into something like a smooth wave. And finally I was slipping that lovely, foamy gown over my head just as the doorbell rang again.

"Ice cream! How can you think of such a thing after what you've been through today!" Mother groaned. As I went into the livingroom Chris turned and smiled at me. "The kind of admiring smile designed to give any girl confidence. And I needed it a moment later—I needed all the assurance I could get—when Tom arrived with Estelle Garth. Tom gave me a startled look and then whistled the way he had done when he saw his boat all fixed up. 'Neat,' he grinned. 'Very neat, Gerry.' It was the first time I ever recalled having him call me Gerry. He shook hands with Chris and there was a funny, puzzled expression on his face as if he were trying to readjust some ideas. Estelle was watching the little scene through half closed lids. She was wearing the black dress, and she looked—well, I guess 'devastating' is the word. Suddenly I felt very young and inexperienced but I was not going to let it get me down!

Chris seemed to have forgotten that we were playing a part. Or perhaps he had entered more into the spirit of my little plot than I had dared to hope for. I found excitement mounting in me as we swung around the dance floor. "It looks," he whispered, "as if the stage line has discovered you. Here they come...

...And sure enough, boys I had barely known during high school began cutting in. I had a confused impression of one uniform after another... of words that began to fall into one pattern. "How you've grown up, Beautiful!"

...And then I was in the arms of the Navy, and Tom was smiling down at me...

I was just as I had imagined. I relaxed against him in sheer happiness, and the rhythm of our steps was echoing in my pulse. I loved him so much that dancing with him was heaven. We didn't say much. Tom steered me away from a sergeant who wanted to cut in. "'Unny, how different you are tonight," he said after a while. "Let's go outside and talk."

There was a small park in front of the auditorium where the dance was being held, and we sat on one of the stone benches beside a pool filled with waterlilies. I slipped my hand into Tom's, and it seemed the most natural gesture in the world. He put the other hand up tentatively and touched my hair, my cheek—almost, I thought, as if he were trying to see if I were real.

"You think you know a girl as well as you know your own self," he said huskily, after a moment, "and then you..."
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find that you don’t know her at all. You find that she’s—that she’s way up and beyond you.”

That frightened me a little—and then I knew what he meant. He meant that he had all of a sudden, tonight, realized that I was grown-up. And that was what I had wanted, what I’d been dreaming about, wasn’t it?

“But I’m not way up and beyond, Tom—I’m not. I’m—I’m just me. Just the way I’ve always been, only a little older, a little more grown-up, after three years. That’s all.”

For answer, his hand slid under my chin and he tilted my face up to his. Very gently, almost hesitantly, he kissed me. Every part of my being came alive with that kiss, like Sleeping Beauties awakening. And I could feel the surge of new joy in him, too. Both my arms slipped around his neck, and then he was crushing me to him. His kiss, then...well, I don’t know.

When your heart goes into something like that, you stop thinking. His lips were demanding, tender and loving all at once. And I was proud to respond to all of that in him. That’s the way it has to be, when two people love each other.

We must have been there a long time, in each other’s arms, when a cool voice behind us brought us back. “Well, well— isn’t little Gerry doing well, this evening?” Estelle, of course, standing there, detached and mocking, in the shadow of the trees. “I was looking for you, Tom. That’s our dance.”

He stood up, still clinging to my hand. “I’ll be back,” he told me. And there was something direct and sweet in his glance that was like an unspoken promise between us.

I hurried around to the other entrance, and there was Chris. “So you’ve come back—don’t tell me. I can guess from your face what’s happened. You look as if somebody had presented you with the moon and a couple of stars thrown in! He looked so happy himself that I was not surprised when he added, “I know just how you feel. I’m in love, too, Gerry—I feel as if I can let you in on the secret, now. She’s a nurse. I met her in the East last summer, and we’re going to be married in a few months.”

I waited for Tom to claim the next dance, but he had disappeared. So had Estelle. Later I saw her dancing with an Army captain, but still there was no sign of Tom.

At last, I walked out into the park, and went swiftly to the Lily pool. And Tom was there, pacing up and down. He turned to me and demanded swiftly, before I could speak, “Why didn’t you tell me?” I had never heard him use that tone of voice before.

“Tell you what, Tom?”

“That you were going steady with Chris Holmes. That you were his girl!”

Anger rose swiftly, sharply in me, and I found that I was suddenly trembling all over with the fury of it. “You must have an excellent opinion of me,” I told him, voice steady with a great effort. “Do you think I would have acted like—that—with you, if I were his girl? Didn’t you know any better than that? And where did you get this information, anyway, Tom? Did you—”

He interrupted roughly. “I could see it for myself when you were dancing with him a little while ago.”

I shook my head, and somehow I found myself able to laugh a little. “Oh, Tom—I’ve been dancing with different boys at different evenings. Are you sure you didn’t see what you wanted?”
see because you’d been prompted? Didn’t Estelle, perhaps, tell you? Did you think to ask me? To ask Chris?”
And when he would have interrupted me again, I went swiftly on. “Let me tell you something, Tom. I asked Chris Holmes to bring me here tonight. Because I didn’t have an escort. Because I’m not going steady with Chris or anyone. Because I’m not anyone’s girl!”
And I turned on my heel and ran from him, before he could see the tears in my eyes.
The next morning—Sunday—Mother came into the kitchen to find me dressed in my old dungarees and shirt, finishing a cup of coffee.
“Bettina seems to be all right this morning,” I told her, “so I think I’ll go out to Aunt Lil’s for the day.”
Mother asked no questions. She just said lightly “Better take your green suit so you can go with Aunt Lil to church.”
I caught the 8:10 bus, and an hour later I was getting off at the junction which is only half a mile from the farm. Aunt Lil is mother’s younger sister, and for years she has kept the old family farm going. She is a big, brisk woman with lots of humor.
I got into my green suit just long enough to get to the little community church with her. It was pleasant and still, and a kind of peace came over me as I listened to the minister. But as soon as we were back at the house I went off to see the new lambs. I love the smell of Spring, the new green things coming up, and the damp, spicy earth. I picked up a little ewe, who promptly cried Baa-aaa for her mother.
“Aren’t you ashamed—taking a baby lamb like that away from its lunch?”
For the second time in a week, Tom Traynor had caught me like this—blue jeans, undignified position and all. He followed it up hastily with, “I’ve come to take you fishing.”
“How did you know where I was?”
“That’s what it was. Estelle lied to me, and if I hadn’t been as blind as jealousy was supposed to make a guy, I would have known. I—I talked to Chris after you left. I told him that I was ashamed of myself—I, well, I want to tell you that, too. You see, I was never jealous of any woman before, and it’s kind of hard to get used to.” He grinned at me.
And how could I help returning the grin? Hadn’t he said he was never jealous of any woman—any woman—before? And wasn’t it perfectly logical that you’re jealous, you have to be in love to prompt the jealousy?
“When I saw you with Chris Holmes,” he was saying, “I thought you were trying to save work—all, I just couldn’t take it. Why—butch—you’re a part of me. We belong together.”
That was a moonlight-and-roses sort of speech. The kind I was waiting for. But it was high noon. And besides, I knew, somehow, that I would never have to plan and scheme again. I could be myself!
So I was myself. “Let’s go fishing,” I said. And I turned my mouth up for a kiss—an everything’s all right with us, now and forever, sort of kiss, before we went looking for tackle.


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The Only Hope
(Continued from page 19)

momentous months:
1. We high-pressure the assembled
nations at San Francisco to accept
the admittedly Fascist Argentine. A few
months later we blandly bring out a
40,000 word Blue Book to prove what
fools we were to accept such des-
peradoes.
2. Everybody knows the atomic
bomb can only be used in aggressive,
offensive warfare. Yet we continue to
manufacture atomic bombs and won-
der why other nations view us with
suspicion.
3. We are grim about Great Britain's
clinging to its Empire and Russia's try-
ing to set up sympathetic governments
on its borders—yet we think nothing of
demanding Pacific bases thousands of
miles from our borders.
4. Our press is free to attack Russia,
Great Britain, smaller nations; our in-
dustries are free to play ball with
German industrialists, and both may
make open gestures to rebuild a strong
Germany as a bulwark.

WHICH brings us back to the UNO.
That is the world court where irri-
tations between nations are to be solved.
It isn't easy—your morning radio
broadcast attests to that—but it is the
only road toward a better solution.

What is that solution? One that is
based on the essential truth that I've
learned living among the peoples of
twenty-nine countries. People never
want war. Only sovereign states want
war. So, in the end, we must get rid of
sovereign states. UNO is a con-
 federacy, a loose organization of states.
But if we could have an organization
composed of the peoples of the world,
that would be a world government
which could outlaw war. Such a gov-
ernment would pass laws to forbid
destructive weapons; a police force of
all the peoples would enforce that law.
It sounds idealistic—but it's not!
And if you believe, as I do, that it is
the only hope, you will let your con-
gressman and the President know your
wishes. Let them know that you want
us to stop thinking in terms of war.

I repeat—people never want war. A
government of all the people of all the
world is the only sure way to guaran-
tee the people what they do want—
Peace!

ARE YOU PROUD OF
American Freedom?

Then you will fight intolerance—
you will want to make this pledge:
I pledge allegiance to this basic ideal of
my country—fair play for all.
I pledge myself to keep America free
from the disease of hate that has de-
stroyed Europe.
In good heart I pledge unto my
fellow Americans all of the rights
and dignities I desire for myself.
And to win support for these prin-
ciples across the land, I

JOIN THE
AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD!
Once We're Married
(Continued from page 43)

along the same lines. But if I did refuse to let them use my home as a meeting-place, I knew what would happen. They'd simply meet somewhere else. And it was safer to have them with me.

The decision was taken out of my hands finally, because Phil asked Sally to elope with him.

They'd left my house together, going out into a cold, icy rain. Usually they went a roundabout way to Sally's house on the other side of town, to avoid the business section—and to postpone the moment of saying good-night. But tonight the weather had kept most people at home, and they went along Main Street, heads down against the wind. Sally didn't mind the rain. She laughed at it, although before they'd gone two blocks her thin cloth coat was soaked through. But Phil was glum and abstracted.

In front of his father's bank he stopped, and drew her into the shelter of the entrance. "Let's stand in here a minute," he said. "I've got to talk to you, Sally. I've got to!"

She waited, her face raised to his, her lips a little parted. The faint red light from the neon sign over the Littleton Cafe, across the street,showed her Phil's troubled mouth, her restless eyes.

"We can't go on like this," he said. "Seeing each other only at Aunt Jenny's, and for a few minutes when I take you home. We can't . . ."

"No, Phil," Sally said. He put his hands on her waist and pulled her toward him. She came without protest, closing her eyes to his kiss, and for a long time they stood there. No one passed on the sidewalk, but if someone had, they wouldn't have cared.

Still holding her, hardly raising his lips from hers, he said, "We've got to be married, Sally."

"Yes."

"I love you so much—I can't live without you. I don't want to live without you. There's no sense to anything when you aren't with me. I just find ways of getting through the time until night, when I can go to Aunt Jenny's and find you there, waiting for me. But it isn't enough."

Again Sally echoed him. "No, Phil. It isn't enough for me, either."

"Listen," he said hurriedly. "Tomorrow I'll get hold of the car. I'll pick you up—not downtown, but at that little ice-cream store near your house. We'll get to Metropole just before the courthouse closes, and get our license. Then we can get married. Nobody can keep us apart, once we're married."

Sally didn't step back, away from him. Only her hands fell down from where they had been laid on his shoulders—slipped down slowly, limply.

"But your family?" she said in an uncomprehending voice. "You mean—you wouldn't want to tell them before-hand? And you wouldn't want me to tell mine?"

"Lord, no!" Phil said. "Not until it's all over, and there's nothing they can do about it."

"I couldn't do that, Phil. I—just couldn't. Running away, as if being married was something to be ashamed of—Why, Mom and Pop wouldn't ever forgive me, and your father and mother—they'd be mad too."

"They'd get over it," Phil insisted. "They'd have to. But if we told them

---

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"Sheer-gauge" means smoother color for your face, too!

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Sally leaned back in his arms; she turned her body, and slipped out of them entirely. "Phil," she said, "you're afraid of your father and mother, aren't you?" He didn't answer, and she went on: "I suppose that's true, but it's hard for me to believe. Being afraid of your parents—why, that's like being afraid of yourself."

"They think I always ought to do exactly what they tell me," Phil said explosively. "They always have, ever since I was a kid. At first I didn't know any better—I let them order me around any way they wanted to. But now I've helped to fight a war, and I'll do as I please."

Sally—a new Sally, one who was beginning to grow up—saw past his bluster. "It isn't doing as you please to run away and get married, Phil," she whispered, "behind their backs. Not really. That's not standing up for your right to live your own life. Oh," her voice tightened, "can't you see, Phil dearest, the only way to make them realize you're your own boss is to walk right up and tell them what you're going to do—and then do it!"

Aunt Jenny was right, Sally was thinking. She told me not to do anything foolish, and I didn't understand her. But this was what she meant.

"It sounds easy," Phil said sulkily. "But you don't know my family."

"I'd like to," she answered. "Will you take me to see them tomorrow night? And while we're there, you can tell them we're going to marry."

Phil hesitated. He hated unpleasantness, and ever since he could remember he had been afraid of his father's quiet unbending habit of command. He hadn't told Sally the truth about the argument over his return to college; it wasn't settled by any means, and his parents still expected him to return to his old college in the fall. Berg Ruskin had said, "I want you to go back there," and that pretty much settled it, as far as Berg was concerned. It would be the same with Sally, Berg and Helen would be icily polite to Sally, they would let her see that she wasn't wanted, and then, when they had him alone, Helen would cry and Berg would say, "This is nonsense. You're too young to think of marrying—you're not even out of college yet. I didn't think a son of mine would be foolish enough to get himself mixed up with a Burnett."

He wouldn't see, because he wouldn't want to see, that Sally wasn't just a Burnett—she was Sally, and unique. But if he could bring Sally to them and say, "Here is my wife,"—then, he felt vaguely, he could stand up to them without flinching. He could take all the tears, all the anger, and it wouldn't matter.

"Phil," Sally said when he still didn't answer her, "I'm sorry. But it's the only way I'll marry you—only if you tell them first."

"All right," he said, defeated. "We'll—we'll do it."

"When?" Sally asked eagerly. "Tomorrow night?"

"Might as well."

"I'll meet you at Aunt Jenny's," she promised, "and we can go over from there. I'll—I'll tell my father and mother after we've told yours."

Standing on tip toes, she threw her arms around him and kissed him, and he took a little courage from her vibrant warmth. He laughed, shyly:

"You'll make a man of me yet, Sally," first—my parents, I mean—there'd be an awful fuss. Dad's sort of, you know, because I wouldn't go back to college.

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Du Pont Combs

Better Things for Better Living... Through Chemistry
he said, before they went out again into the rain.

It's odd to think that they should have been standing just there, across the street from the Littleton Cafe. If they'd stayed a few minutes longer, they would have seen everything that happened. Sally might even, through the driving rain, have seen who was driving the car.

Myrtle Allard came rushing in to tell the news the next morning before I'd finished my breakfast. "Did you hear about the hold-up?" she demanded, her bangs quivering with excitement, and didn't wait for me to answer. "Two men walked into the Littleton Cafe last night, bold as you please, just as Art was getting ready to close up. They both had guns, and one of them says to Art, 'Come on—this is a stick-up,' and the fellow points his gun at Horace and Gracine Mealey. They were the only other people in the place, and you can bet they didn't move! Then the first one went over and opened the cash register."

"Well, what happened then?"

"Well, you'd hardly believe it, but Art jumped him—just as if he didn't have any gun at all. He grabbed up a pot off the stove and went after that armed bandit," Myrtle said happily. "And the gun went off and Art was hit. He's in the hospital this very minute, but Doc Evans says he'll be all right—the bullet went clean through the fleshy part of his shoulder. Well, after that the first man grabbed all the paper money out of the till and they ran outside and jumped into their car, and Gracine started to scream, and Constable Ernie Todd came pellin' down the street from wherever he'd been all this time—down in the corner beer parlor, most likely," Myrtle never has liked Ernie Todd. "He never would've caught the robbers if it hadn't been for just—one—thing. Who do you suppose was driving the car for those two men?"

"How would I know, Myrtle Allard?"

"Oliver Burnett. Sally Burnett's brother. And he was so rattled he didn't start the car right away, so Ernie Todd was able to jump on the running board and capture all three!"

"Oh, no!" I gasped. "Not Oliver!"

"It certainly was, and if you don't believe me you can go down to the jail and ask. The other two men are strangers here, but I did hear they've been seen hanging around the last few days."

I sat back in my chair, feeling sick—and remembering things. I hadn't seen Oliver for weeks, and once when I had

### ANSWERS TO RADI-1-Q:

1. The Fat Man
2. a) Clifton Fadiman  
   b) FDR  
   c) Jimmy Durante
3. Evelyn
4. a) 1  
   b) 2  
   c) 3  
   d) 4  
   e) 5
5. Jack Smith
6. Quincy Howe  
   a) Frank Singser  
   b) Raymond Swing  
   c) Caesar Searchinger  
   d) Richard Harkness  
   e) Lyle Van
7. Elaine Carrington
8. a) Fred Utal  
   b) John Reed King  
   c) Phil Baker  
   d) Bert Parks
asked Sally about him she had looked troubled and said, "He's not working, Aunt Jenny. He had a good job, you know, but he quit it, and now he sleeps all day and stays out most of the night. He won't tell us what he does—not even me. He'll be drafted pretty soon, I guess, and maybe it'll be a good thing."

It was so pitifully easy for an eighteen-year-old boy to get mixed up with the wrong people. Wanting money, wanting a good time, excitement—I could see how it had happened. Not that that was any excuse for Oliver, or any comfort for Sally and the rest of the Burnetts.

All day I hoped Sally would come to see me, but she didn't appear. Toward the middle of the afternoon I went downtown and stopped in at Simpson's drugstore, not really expecting to find her there. But she was behind the counter, her face paler than usual and a tight, defiant expression around her mouth. She smiled when she saw me, and I bought some hand-lotion I didn't need, just so I'd have a chance to say, "Come over and see me tonight, Sally, if you have time. And if there's anything I can do—"

"I know, Aunt Jenny. But I'm afraid there's nothing anyone can do. Not right away, anyway." She lowered her voice. "Mom and I went down to the jail this morning, as soon as we heard, and they let us see Oliver. He's in an awful state, Aunt Jenny. He thinks he's disgraced us all. But he says he didn't know those two men were going to hold Art up."

"Does he now?" That sounded like good news to me. "Well, then, I can't see where he has an awful lot to worry about."

"I don't know." Sally's eyes filled up with tears, and she wiped them away impatiently. "Maybe they won't believe him. After all, it's just his word. I believe him, but he's my brother."

Mr. Simpson peered at us through the door into the back room where he puts up prescriptions, and I said, "Well, don't you worry. And I'll see you tonight."

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'll be over. I'm—" She stood very straight. "I told Phil last night I'd meet him there."

I had that to think over, on my way home. I didn't know then, of course, why their date for tonight was so important, but something in Sally's voice told me that it was—that a great deal depended on it. If Phil didn't keep it—

But he did. He was there before Sally, before anyone else, while I was still washing the dishes. He stood beside me at the sink, wiping them dry, and told me about the night before.

"Sally said she wouldn't marry me," he said, "unless I told Dad and Mother about it first. She made me promise to take her there tonight, to meet them."

"She was perfectly right," I approved. "I don't believe in young folks running away to get married."

"But you know my people," Phil groaned. "They'd have thrown a fit anyway—and now, with this business of Oliver—" He reached up to put my platter away. "Of course, Sally won't expect to go see them now, after what's happened."

"Don't you be too sure of that," I told him. "If I know Sally, that's exactly what she will expect."

"She can't! Not tonight! Why—"

"Of course I want to go see your father and mother tonight. Why shouldn't I want to meet them?"

Phil gasped, and we both turned. Sally had come into the house quietly, and she was standing in the kitchen doorway looking at us. She was wearing the new blue suit and a little blue hat. Her hair had been brushed until it glistened, and it hung down to her shoulders on both sides of a face that suddenly looked pinched by cold.

"Why shouldn't I?" she repeated, coming farther into the room. "What Oliver did doesn't change me at all. I'm the same person I was last night."

"But, Sally," Phil protested, "it's just bad timing. Right now, with Oliver in jail and Art in the hospital—can't you see what Dad and Mother would think?"

"Yes, I can see. But does it matter? You told me last night you'd be against our marrying," Sally said desperately. "Can they be any more against it now? They can't, you know they can't. Just because Oliver got mixed up in a hold-up he didn't even know was going to happen—how can that make any difference to you and me?" She clasped her hands together at her waist—an unfamiliar gesture for Sally, and it told me that she was holding back hysteria, fighting it with all her strength. She was proud, and she had gone through the whole day with her head up, meeting the stares of everyone who came into the drug-store. That had been hard enough to do, but to come in needing Phil's sympathy and love and find him drawing away from her—that was a thousand times harder.

"It doesn't make any difference to us," he said miserably. "None at all. Only this is a tough spot we're in, Sally. We can work things out, if we have time—"
"Time!" she said. "Last night it was you that said we couldn't go on like this any longer. But now you want more time!"

"I don't want to have a row with my family—not until we're married and there's nothing they can do about it." Phil was becoming stubborn too now—badgered, confused, torn between his love for Sally and the old, deep-seated fear of his father. Marriage to Sally was a kind of goal he'd set for himself—something he had to accomplish before he would be his own man. It was a false goal, of course; he was wrong and Sally was right. But it was the only goal he could see.

"There's nothing they can do about it right now—tonight—if you'll stand up to them!" Sally cried. "But you won't. I can see you won't. Nothing I can say will make you. And I know why—it's because you're really ashamed of me. You always have been, even before Oliver—"

"That isn't true, Sally!"

"Then prove it! Take me up there, right now, to meet your father and mother. Tell them we're going to be married!"

They had both forgotten me. Sally's challenge hung between them, and for them both it was the only thing that existed in the world. I saw Phil try to speak, but he couldn't—the words wouldn't come. And Sally saw it too.

"All right, Phil," she said sadly, gently. "That's my answer, isn't it?"

She lifted one hand in a tiny gesture of farewell, and then she turned. We heard the quick tap-tap of her feet going down the hall, until their sound was cut off by the closing of the front door.

In the July Radio Mirror, Aunt Jenny tells more about the love story of Phil and Sally. Be sure to get your copy, on sale at your newsstand on Wednesday, June 12th.

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As Virginia says, I was determined to get married whether she liked it or not.

She twits me about the fact that I bought the wedding ring before I proposed and that it was much too big for her. What infuriated her most was that I was so sure that I had even had the ring engraved inside with K.S. to V.H.

I didn’t exactly propose at that. We just decided to get married. It all started because I used to talk to Virginia about political philosophy. Virginia thought that I was an interesting talker. I must say that I don’t hold the floor alone any more. Virginia does her share of talking these days—and then there are always the four boys.

Those were the days of NRA and the New Deal. I used to discuss these things with Virginia which is why I say I talked to her about political philosophy. And it isn’t hard to work from political philosophy into personal philosophy. It’s not difficult at all to go from personal philosophy into the question of marriage.

Virginia insists that the night before our wedding I said only, “We can be married tomorrow, you know—I have the ring.” She also loves to tell everyone, “He gave me a bunch of violets before the wedding and a double martini afterwards.”

Well, however I went about it we did get married in August 1934. Virginia had a job then and I was unemployed. She took a long lunch hour on our wedding day—and after the martinis dashed back to the advertising agency. And I dashed right over to Broadway to make the rounds of producers’ offices.

Today we are financially pretty well fixed. But believe me, when we got married we weren’t. Everyone was skeptical about our marriage and our future together.

The night we were married we went to call on Virginia’s two brothers who lived in New York. Her mother and father had come down from Connecticut to visit them. Everyone wanted to help us but we had been so insistent about not wanting to borrow from either of our families that help had to be given deviously.

Virginia’s father was too embarrassed to make an outright gift. He did it in reverse by saying, “I’ll tell you what, Karl—I bet you $50.00 that you two don’t stay married for forty years. I’ll let Virginia hold the stakes.”

Virginia and I both were determined not only that we would not borrow but also that we would not get ourselves into debt. She says we spent our honeymoon in the balcony of Loew’s Lexington. That is true to all intents and purposes.

We found a walk-up apartment on Lexington Avenue in a few days. It was fine for us because it wasn’t very expensive. We had a lot of fun deciding what colors we should use in the rooms. In those days landlords painted. We did the livingroom in a sapphire blue with white trim. None of our friends or relatives approved but we liked it. It was Virginia’s idea to do the bathroom in a dusty rose. People got used to that too after a while.

The problem of furniture was a bothersome one. Remember we had said that we were not going to get in debt. We built a lot of furniture and what we couldn’t build we bought from the Salvation Army. As a matter of fact I still have one of the chests that we bought from them.

I got in the habit of cooking the meals because Virginia was tied to a schedule and I wasn’t. I had learned to cook before I got married. In my salad days I used to pal around with Jimmy Stewart, Myron McCormick and Henry Fonda. The other three boys had an apartment together and I was living in a rooming house. We all had dinner together every night and took turns getting it. My specialty in those days was spaghetti.

I got that recipe from my mother. It starts out with sautéed onions to which two or three cans of whole tomatoes are added. Adequate seasoning too of course. The spaghetti is cooked separately, then the sauce is added and grated cheese put on top. Set the dish in the oven until the cheese browns. Four hungry young actors used to fill up on this.

Virginia liked it too—and all my meals. Our life was not what is called calm but it was exceedingly happy. Virginia was writing advertising copy and I was looking for jobs in the theater. Sometimes I got a part; but the play would flop—or never even get to the point of an opening.
A few months after Virginia and I were married we discovered that we were going to have a baby. I thought I had better try to crack radio and get some steady money coming in. I was very fortunate. The March of Time was the big thing in radio then—it was on five nights a week. I began to get steady assignments. My first role was that of a Hindu; my next assignment was to play the role of President Benes of Czechoslovakia.

That first year I think I grossed about $2,000. The next year it went up to $5,000. And right now we are comfortably fixed—and think radio is a fine invention.

Some people might think that radio acting is far removed from theater. It is in a way. But I believe that if you are a good actor radio helps you keep your hand in.

When I was a youngerster I had no idea of an acting career—either in the theater or radio. My father was born in Sweden—came to this country and married a Swedish girl who had been born here. I was their only child and was sent to Randolph Macon Military Academy. The poser came when I graduated from there.

I wanted five careers. I wanted to be a professional Army man; I wanted to take an aeronautical engineering course at Virginia Military Institute. But I was also interested in taking a pre-law course at the University of Virginia and a course in government at Columbia. And then there was my interest in medicine. I did take the pre-med course at Marietta College in Ohio and then fate took a hand in the proceedings.

I joined the dramatic society there and at the first meeting I knew I had found my career. I was so interested in the little theater that I began to neglect my studies. It didn't take the college long to toss me right out. My parents were heartbroken—and completely crushed when I said that I was going on the stage.

Mother in particular was violently opposed but I had a neat counter move. I asked her to give me permission to go to a school in Texas where I would be a flying cadet. This upset mother so much that the theater looked good by comparison.

I began my career in the American Laboratory Theater studying with Richard Boleslavsky and Maria Ouspenskaya. These brilliant gifted actors opened my eyes—made me see how fine a good theater is. When the Laboratory Theater closed Madame Ouspenskaya let me work with her privately; later on she chose me as her assistant when she taught others.

Then I spread my wings and started playing summer and winter stock. I played winter stock in Baltimore; summer stock in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I'm glad I did for that was how I met Virginia.

Of course I had parts in quite a few Broadway plays. The best known were "One Sunday Afternoon," "The House of Remsen," "Carrie Nation," "The Highland Fling," "The Miracle at Verdun" and "New Faces."

As you may remember, a couple of the plays lasted but most of them didn't. That's why I saw radio as a steady thing that would help me take care of Virginia and our son Peter. I didn't know then that there were to be three more sons. Peter is ten now; David is seven and a half; Steven is five and John is three. All our boys are blondes; three have hazel eyes like Virginia. That's one argument she won.
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John, the baby, has blue eyes like mine. I kept getting fairly steady work in radio and two and a half years after we were married—that's nine years ago—I landed leading roles in three radio serials. I am Lorenzo Jones in Lorenzo Jones; Lord Henry in Our Gal Sunday; and Dr. Danny Grogan in Linda's First Love—a transcribed series.

When people ask me what I do with all my money the answer is simple. I always tell them, "I bought a twelve-room house and four children with it." Our twelve-room house is a farm-house set in the midst of eighty-one acres in Rock Tavern, New York. Rock Tavern is somewhere between Goshen and Newburgh. That purchase was made after the number two boy was born.

Virginia and I refer to our sons that way when we are discussing them with others. We have to. It saves a lot of explanation.

We have a cook and a maid now but even so I still get my hand in. And Virginia still complains about it. She says that when I cook I am constantly telling someone—either her or one of the four boys—to "hand me that—get me this."

But she is mad about the sensational curried shrimp I worked out. I cut down the curry to one-half of what is usually called for. This keeps it from being too hot but still gives it that curry flavor. Saute diced onions in peanut or olive oil. Butter makes the sauce too dark. Then add your curry, mustard, pepper, salt and three bouillon cubes. Chicken the sauce with rice flour which doesn't muddy it up. Cook the shrimp separately of course. When the sauce thickens add the shrimp. Pour off lime in two and turn the heat off under the curry. Then squeeze in the lime juice.

It's a good idea to make more than you need because I have a wonderful plan for what's left over. I put the rest of the curry in a bowl and into the refrigerator. The next day we heat the outside of the bowl and turn it upside down. Presto, we have jellied curried shrimp.

In addition to what Virginia calls "messing around in the kitchen," I am interested in painting. Incidentally, all four of our boys are too. There are quite frenzied goings-on in the apartment when the four youngsters get to work with their show card paints. One of the boys who saw one of my paintings the other day said to me with some condescension, "You should do more, Daddy."

Virginia and I have begun a collection of good paintings. We haunt art galleries and auctions and find it a lot of fun.

Someone asked us the other day if we had ever quarreled. I asked in return, "What married couple doesn't?" But our quarrels are usually boiled down to a pattern. They start invariably after the eleven o'clock news broadcast. Because, you see Virginia and I are still carrying on our discussions.

People also think it's queer because I never call my wife Virginia when we are together. It's always Gertrude or Ermintrude or Edna St. Vincent. She says that I only call her Virginia when I'm angry or feeling normal.

Would I do this all over again? I certainly would! Ermintrude and I have never had so much fun in our lives. It's a daily round of surprises, jokes and laughter. And plenty of people envy our happiness—four children and all.

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Brought answered, worried. Barbara. Swiftly and some

They're all, have come to circumstances, flashing be happy of I of a joined people, still and involved. To Von she, orders, asked. Therally his could. Ends,"

"Oh, I just love him when he dances," Connie exulted. Then she turned to me. "Did you see Gene Kelly in his latest picture, Joan? Isn't he wonderful?"

I agreed with Connie that Gene Kelly was somebody out of the ordinary but Terry was too absorbed in his roast beef on whole wheat to become elated over a song-and-dance-man. With his left hand he ate the sandwich and with the other he held a pencil.

"LOOK here, Miss Davis," he said pointing with his pencil, "the via-duct will run through Chestnut Lane and out past the old dam. You can see where it ends."

"That's very easy to see where it ends," I remarked as casually as I could. "It ends right at the other end of my nice clean tablecloth."

"I'm sorry," Terry apologized, and his eyes had a worried look for a moment. Then he heard me laugh and he smiled, too.

"Oh, Joan, isn't that Barbara Weatherly over by the cashier?" Connie asked. "Gee, she surely is pretty. Isn't she, Joan?"

"Pretty? Humph," I replied, turning to look at Barbara. Then Harry Von Zell came to report on next week's orders, and things got generally involved. When, some time later, I glanced over at Connie and Terry, I saw that she was talking to some people, and Terry, looking faintly bored and annoyed, was fiddling with his pen-cil and watching her. Finally she rejoined him, and they went out together, turning to wave to me. But Terry was still frowning slightly.

And he was, too, when I met him a couple of weeks later, on the corner of Main and Maple. In fact he almost got by me, so absorbed was he in unhappy thought. "Now wait, Terry," I hailed him. "So it's bad. So it can't be that bad!"

"Oh, hello, Joan," he responded, flashing a weak sort of smile. "I'm kind of—oh, drat. Why do things always have to happen when other things have to happen, anyway?"

Looking as sympathetically intelligent as was possible under the circum-stances, I nodded, and he caught himself up. "Oh, you don't know what I'm talking about, do you?"

"Well, no," I answered, reasonably. "Dance, tonight. I'm taking Connie, or at least I was, and I want to, Joan. I want to like anything, but now there comes up this thing at the plant. They're working something over, tonight, with a specialist lecturing and all, and if I stayed I could learn a lot about—"

"Yes, yes," I swiftly interrupted. "But if you promised Connie, after
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I'd be with him if I were Connie, and all in all I knew those two nice young—something at a dangerous stage in their life. I don't know what the point of it was, but it all seemed to be expecting to go.

He nodded. "Yeah, I'd have. I guess I can get Tommy Haig to take notes for me, and then give it to me second hand tomorrow. Can't disappoint Connie, I guess. Well, I suppose, Joan, thanks. You're right." And he bumbled down the street, looking as sad from the back as he did from the front.

I was glad I had talked him into coming, though, when I saw Connie at the dance that night. She wore a fluffy blue dress. She was radiant and lovely. Reluctant, too. She kept looking over my shoulder between excited sentences. Finally she explained, "It's Terry. He couldn't get out on time, but he's coming later. Joanny said he'd like this dress? I feel kind of special about it—because it's blue, I guess. He once said he liked a blue dress in a window, and I made up my mind I'd get it as soon as I could." She whirled to show me the spread of blue-froth skirt. "Oh, there—" she rose on tip-toe, then came down again and her shoulders came down an inch or so, before she straightened. "Not yet, I guess. Oh, well, he'll be along."

"Sure he will," I beamed at her, and off she went to dance with Harry Von Zell.

It was really a great dance, that firemen's ball. Everybody came, from the county down to Serenus, my dim-witted brother-in-law, and the music was wonderful. So were the refreshments which the Women's Club had prepared. The cake-and-sandwiches corner was the most popular place in the room, in fact.

But that wasn't why Connie Miller spent most of the evening in it. I saw her there a couple of times, eating and laughing—she was never without a partner. But pretty late in the course of events, I realized that she was again, eating what must have been her sixth piece of lemon layer cake, and the boy with her wasn't Terry. I edged over to them and asked where Terry was.

Connie stared at me, and the cake in her hand trembled. She took it all down in one last bite, licked her small pink mouth, and finally said, as if it didn't matter much, "Oh, Terry. He's not here. Never showed up."

Her eyes were stricken, though she tried to smile. I got the sense of unhappily dumb, and then managed, "Oh, well, maybe he was held up..."
someone experienced and older like me. Yes, like me. I'd take over and I'd shirk both of them till they got some sense...

Neither of them showed up at the tea room for lunch, so it wasn't till seven o'clock that night that I got a chance to get my hands on them. It was Connie who came wandering in, looking pinched and pale and completely forlorn.

"I guess there was a reason for Terry's not coming to the dance, Joan. If only he hadn't promised me he'd be there! I was hurt, Joan,—he didn't even bother to call."

"I'm certain something happened to keep him away," I said eagerly. "I didn't tell you last night, but I met him on the street, and he had every intention of coming. Wait till he comes tonight, Connie, as I'm sure he will, and let him tell you. It will be all right."

She sighed and pushed her salad around a while. "You know Joan, I wonder... I'm sort of scatterbrained, and Terry's so different. I—maybe I'm fooling myself: maybe he doesn't like me as much as I—oh, Joan, I'm just crazy about him!" And her face crumpled.

"Oh, Connie," I began, "you know there are all kinds of people in the world. You're somebody and Terry is somebody else, but you're attracted to each other. Now let's take Terry. He's the studious type. He loves his job and some day he'll be a big success."

"Oh, I know," Connie cut in, "down at the lighting company..."

I let her run on for a few minutes, then I continued where I left off.

"You see Terry's all wrapped up in his work. Do you ask him all about his work when you see him? Do you just enjoy yourself and take it for granted that Terry has a good time?"

Her eyes opened wider.

"Golly, I've never thought about that. Maybe I'm just too selfish. I always thought it would be better for Terry to have more fun. But maybe that's not the kind of man he'd ever really like."

I nodded vigorously. "That's right. He has fun his own way, and if you could try to understand it—you know, talk to him about his work and everything—you'd both be happier."

Connie looked thoughtfully down at the table. Suddenly her eyes lighted on her watch, and with an abrupt motion she jumped up. "Look, Joan, it's after eight. He isn't coming. He didn't come last night and he isn't coming now. He doesn't want me around, and that's all there is to it. I'm just fooling myself, but no more!

By the time I reached the door, she was around the corner, out of sight.

And sure enough, not ten minutes later, Terry barged in, casting frantic glances into all the corners of the tea room. I hadn't any smile for him; now I was really angry, thinking of Connie's small tear-stained, pathetic face. Right after her good resolutions, too. "Well!" I said to Terry. "Whatever you have to say, say fast because it won't do you any good anyway."

"Oh, gosh, Joan, where is she? Where's Connie? I must see her."

I shrugged. "I don't know; she tore out of here a little while ago, and if I'm any judge she's gone for a long walk to work off steam. You're in trouble, my boy."

"If she just knew, I've been trying all day to get her on the phone, but that place of hers is so awful about personal phone calls. I tried last night too, but they couldn't find her at the hall... and I knew she'd be here to-night. I tried my darndest to get here earlier, but the boss—"

Last night," I cut in. "Tell me about that. You might as well practise on me, because it'll have to be good."

But I was beginning to feel sorry for him all over again.

Terry sighed. "It was just a nightmare. You remember, I told you about that visiting lecturer—about the wiring—I thought that the lecture was optional. I mean, I thought we could go to it if we wanted to, or stay away if we wanted to, and that nobody cared one way or the other. But when I got back to the plant I found out that we all had to go; it was orders from the head office. So I couldn't get away, Joan, there wasn't any way; and by the time I got to a phone to call Connie she had left for the dance. And then I tried a couple of times to have her called to a phone, but I guess it was just too crowded... you believe me, Joan, don't you?" His eyes pleaded with me.

Slowly, I nodded. "I believed him. It was just the kind of thing that would happen to a conscientious boy like Terry, all his responsibilities gangling up on him until he didn't know which one he was most responsible to. I led him to a table. Now was my chance, or rather the second installment of my chance, to straighten things out. I'd talked to Connie; now I'd talk to Terry..."

"Listen, Terry," I began, sitting opposite him. "For your own good I'm going to talk to you. You know things aren't right between you and Connie, don't you?"

He started to get up, a frantic look on his face. "I've got to go after her—explain—"

"You don't know where she's gone."

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She might even have taken herself to a movie, she was that unhappy. Better listen to me and then when you go after her maybe you'll say the right things.

He dropped back, and I continued.

"You know you put the damper on that sweet kid with all your chatter about your work. When you date Connie don't you tell her how pretty she is and flatter her a little bit? Don't you dance with her when she wants to dance and do all the things she likes to do?"

His jaw dropped a full inch.

"No, you don't do any of those things, I went on, feeling like Mr. Anthony and A. L. Alexander and Dorothy Dix all at the same time. "You just run on with your diagrams and stuff."

Terry was the kind of fellow who wouldn't hold still if there was any debating to do, but he knew when his arguments would sound foolish.

"You know, Joan," he conceded,

"I've been thinking along the lines you are now. Maybe I should show a little more life when I'm out with Connie. I do love her, you know. I'll make a real effort to do the things she likes to do. I think you're entirely right, and I'm going right over to her house and wait for her, and tell her so."

"Oh, no you're not," I contended.

"That would spoil everything if you tell her your plans. You just date her tomorrow night and show her how you can take an interest in her favorite pastimes. Actions speak louder than words."

The next night brought on the strangest episode of all. Connie and Terry came into the tea room together. I judged, from the way they were holding hands, that Terry's explanation had gone over.

Terry broke the ice by asking me to turn on the little radio I keep on a high shelf near the window.

"Give us something lively," he boomed. "I feel in an expansive mood."

Joanie, we saw the smoothest picture of the year. Gosh those gals could dance. I wanted to sit through it again, but Connie had enough.

Connie rose up and was on delicately and looked at the menu in an abstracted way.

"I wanted to hear more about your work, Terry," she said quietly. "You didn't fully explain that new assignment you started to tell me about.

"Oh, to heck with all that, honey," he replied. "I'd rather tell you how beautiful you look tonight. Isn't she delicious, Joanie?"

I went to get their order and on the way back I heard Terry laughing loudly in a rather false way. He smiled at the people around him, at Connie and at himself. He really put it on.

And Connie responded with a strange silence. She hardly looked around her, barely noticed her friends at the other tables and once she even took out a pencil and a little pad she carried in her pocketbook, began drawing something on the pad and handed it over to Terry.

"Is that the way the new viaduct will look, dear?" she asked plaintively. For a minute I thought Terry might forget himself. He almost had that old look in his eye. But he only glanced at the pad and handed it to Connie.

"My little pigeon," he fairly cooed. "Let us leave the mundane things to the workaday world. Right now I feel like dancing. Do you suppose that round cage is still open out in Motown? We could hop in the car and

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get out there in a half hour.”

Connie’s expression almost gave her away when he suggested dancing but she, too, caught herself quickly and made a nice recovery.

“I don’t you think it’s rather late, Terry? You have to be to work early in the morning.”

Terry looked confused, then he paid the check and took Connie by the hand in a very youthful way. It was Connie’s turn to look confused, and when they climbed into Terry’s car and sped off toward Tannersville I turned away from the window where I was watching them and sighed deeply.

I didn’t see Terry and Connie for a full week after that night, and for that week I had waves of misgivings, happiness, confusion and a definite feeling that, somehow, I had interfered with the destinies of two young people I liked very much.

But the main stream of my thoughts concerned the conviction that I had, through my advice to each of them, changed the personalities of Terry and Connie. Connie was no longer the happy-go-lucky little lady who was always the life of the party, according to the gossip I heard in the tea room.

And Terry, according to other informants, was acting like a juvenile. He was spending all his time and Connie’s down at Tannersville or at a roller rink in Swanville.

I kept looking for my two protégés every night but there was no sign of them until one night in the second week of their absence. And even then I didn’t see them immediately. It was Connie who called me on the phone. Her voice sounded like the echo of a broken heart.

“It just didn’t work, Joan,” she confided. “Terry’s so changed. I hardly know him. All he talks about is night life, movies, hot recordings and dance halls. I try to get him to talk about his work, and I give him all my attention like you said I should, but he’s off in a cloud.”

It was at a loss for words at first, when I put on my boldest front and told Connie to come right over to see me.

“It’s working out just the way I wanted it to,” I fibbed. “Come on over tonight.” Connie sounded a trifle more courageous when she hung up.

But when she came in the door of the tea room my heart went right out to her. She had lost all her spark.

“Now look, Connie,” I began, searching for words as I went along, “Terry is bound to notice the attention you give him and his work. Keep drumming it home. He can’t help but notice all that attention you’re giving his career.”

She looked at me sadly and I saw those little tears springing up like raindrops on a window pane.

“But... but, Joan, I don’t like Terry the way he is now. I used to love him when he was quiet and reserved. You don’t know how he’s changed.”

I didn’t know just what to say to that for I had to keep my confidence with Terry, too. But I began to wonder if there wasn’t some truth to what Connie said. Maybe Terry had really changed from the quiet type to something else. That thought was not too pleasant. I decided I had better wait and see for myself.

Just then Terry came in the door and I almost jumped out of my seat at the sight of him. His hat was at a jaunty angle, and I didn’t like the sound of the tie he wore. He flashed me a tooth paste smile and strutted over to the table where Connie was sitting.
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Hi, chick," he exclaimed. "Called your house and your mother said you came over here. Let's get started or we'll miss some of the early numbers at the dance."

Connie gave me a hopeless look and got up to leave with Terry. I wasn't positive I saw a sacrificial expression in Terry's eye as he went out the door, but I hoped it was what I thought it was.

Not until late that night did I get the real story from Terry. He came in the tea room just as I was locking up.

"Got a glass of milk for an exhausted man?" he inquired. Then he gave me the same kind of expression Connie had presented earlier that night. "The gag didn't work, Joan," he said between sips of the milk. "I did my darndest to put it over, but something went wrong. I guess Connie really doesn't like me."

What can one say in a situation like that? I felt pretty badly over the whole affair, and I might have expressed my guilt if I had not suddenly acquired a bright new thought.

"You used to play football, Terry," I said. "You know what it means to reverse your field. When trouble comes up in front of you, then you hit off in another direction—maybe the opposite direction."

H's eyes brightened and he slapped the table vigorously.

"I get it, Joanie. I'll take up right where I left off." He sighed with relief and wanted to hug me right then and there but I was worried about what passersby might think if they looked in the tea room window. Ours is that kind of a town.

So now I've brought you right down to the final scene in our little drama when Terry and Connie came together to the tea room and I could see that the patches on their problems had been well-sewn. Connie was bubbling again and Terry relaxed with a problem that had to do with thousands of feet of wire and hundreds of conduits.

And sure enough, as I watched, proof came that I hadn't done such a bad job as I had begun to be afraid I'd done.

Their eyes met, across the table, and in the next instant that whole corner of the room was lit up by the smile they exchanged. There was more than just love and happiness in that look. There was a... there was understanding.

There! I thought. That's what they needed all the time, understanding of how the other one worked. And then... I knew they had learned something about what went on inside the other one's head... I was getting tangled in my mind, but I knew what it was... Terry and Connie were two people who had really found out about each other. Because each of them had honestly tried to put himself in the other's place. Now Terry knew why Connie liked to laugh and dance and joke, because he'd spent some time that way himself, and gotten a little real out of it even if it wasn't really his style. And Connie had a better understanding of why Terry's work absorbed him so. She couldn't understand his diagrams, of course, any more than Sanskrit, but she could see that his mind had to have that kind of exercise, that he was as stimulated by equations as she was by swing.

And I had done it! I, Joan Davis, single-handed!

From the corner of my eye I saw Barbara Weatherly bearing down on me, and I turned to meet her onslaught without hesitation. I wasn't afraid of anything, right then— I could handle Barbara, and more!
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He elbowed his way inside, and the children followed right after him. He put the baby down on the living-room sofa and went back for the basket and the suitcase, with Elsie staring at him speechlessly.

He finally got everything inside and got down on his knees and began taking the children's hats and coats off. Then Elsie found her voice.

"Bill Phillips, just what is the big idea?"

"Listen, Elsie," he said, "these are the Meredith children. Their mother had to go to the hospital today for an operation. They didn't have any place to stay nor anyone to look after them. So I told Doc Ballard we'd take care of them for a couple of weeks until their mother gets well."

"But, Bill," Elsie stammered, "they can't stay here."

"Why not?" Bill inquired in a reasonable voice.

"Well, there isn't room. We've only got the guest room. That's not enough for four children. And besides—what about Jackie?"

BILL'S voice got a little hard. "All right, what about Jackie?"

Elsie always was the one turned toward the kitchen and then back to the living-room again. "He might catch something from them, Bill. What if he gets sick? You upset him to have all these strange children around."

"If he gets sick, we'll call Doc Ballard. And it'll be good for him to have some other children around."

But Elsie was beginning to get her feet under her again. "It's impossible, Bill. They can go to the Children's Home while their mother's in the hospital. We can't keep them here." The children sensed the tension in the air, although they couldn't have understood exactly what was going on, and the oldest of them began to cry. Benjie, the oldest boy, stuck his lower lip out and glowered at Elsie. The baby slipped from her sitting position on the sofa and tried to get down on the floor. Bill hurried to pick her up.

"I'm sorry, Elsie," he said firmly, "but I promised we'd take care of these children. I've got to have a bath first and then they've got to be fed and then they've got to be put to bed. And if you won't do it, I will."

Elsie just stared at him. Bill shifted little Pilla to his left arm and beckoned to the rest of the children. "C'mon kids—upstairs to the bathroom. And they followed him solemnly up the stairs. Elsie stood dumbly and watched them go. Then, as though in a dream, she went out to the kitchen where Jackie was banging on his high-chair tray with his spoon, demanding more food. She fed him hurriedly and then she took him and went upstairs to the bathroom, where she heard shouts of laughter and Bill's deep tones through the door. But when she opened the door and went in, she could hardly believe what she saw.

Bill had taken off his jacket and his shirt and was on his knees in front of the tub in his undershirt, up to his elbows in suds. He had one knee up on the little Meridith, all lined up chronologically. The baby first, then Mary, then Tommy, then Benjie. Each had a washcloth and a piece of soap, and each was industriously scrubbing the back of the child in front of him. Except the baby, Phyllis. She was beating the water with her soap and..."
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didn't even wait for his morning cup of coffee, but just clapped his hat on his head, struggled into his coat and ran out the door. When he got to the corner, he looked back, smiled ruefully, blew a quick kiss to the white stone house, crossed his fingers on both hands, and went on to work.

Back at the house, Elsie was struggling with angry tears. All the little Merediths had trooped down to the kitchen in their nightgowns and Jackie, hearing them, wouldn’t wait to be dressed. Wriggling out of Elsie’s detaining arms, he ran down the stairs with all buttons flying. She followed him as quickly as she could and when she got to the kitchen found the Merediths lined up at the table, with Benjie lifting Phyllis into the high-chair. Jackie began to protest that it was his chair, but Benjie just pushed him aside.

“You’re too old for high chairs,” he said shortly. Without a word, Jackie sat down in one of the chairs at the table with the other children. They were all quiet, then, watching her. It was too much. She began to laugh, and the laughter turned to sobs. How was she ever going to manage all those children? She leaned against the sink, trying to regain her composure under those five pairs of eyes. Suddenly, Jackie grabbed a spoon and began to pound the table.

“Breakfast — breakfast — breakfast,” he chanted. And he handed spoons to each of the other children. They followed his lead and all began to pound on the table. “Breakfast — breakfast — 

It galvanized her into action and she hurried to the stove to start their breakfast. Breakfast over, the problem of getting them cleaned up and dressed presented itself. She picked Phyllis up and told the other children to follow her upstairs. Once up in the guest room, she seated them all in a row on the bed, following Bill’s example of mass production; went into the bathroom for a damp washcloth and a towel and came back and washed each face and pair of hands in the row. The children were getting into their coats, with Benjie helping the littler ones. Elsie got Phyllis into her coat, too, and took her out the back door and put her into the sandbox. Then she went back into the kitchen and watched them from the window for a while. They had spread out all over the big yard and seemed to be safe for the moment. Then, thinking of the shambles of the bathroom and the guestroom upstairs and the breakfast dishes in the yard, she grabbed the noon meal to prepare, she rolled up her sleeves and went to work.

Ordinarily, Jackie would have been in the kitchen around ten, screaming for something to eat. Today, though, she glanced at the clock and found it was ten-thirty and Jackie hadn’t even put his head inside the door. Hurriedly she set five breakfast dishes in the tray, filled them with milk, and took them out to the back yard. Sitting down on the edge of the sandbox, where Phyllis was happily filling a pail with sand, she called the other children to come get their milk, and helped Phyllis with hers. When they had finished and gone back to their play, she sat for a moment and watched.

Mary was tugging at Jackie’s cart and Jackie went over to take it away from her. Benjie looked up when she started to cry, saw what was happening, and ran to them. Pushing Jackie away roughly, he picked up the cart handle and gave it back to Mary. Jackie glared at him and his face screwed up, ready to cry.

“Cry, baby,” Benjie jeered, and Jackie’s face uncrossed itself. Mary went off with the cart. Jackie and Benjie glared at each other a while longer, and then they, too, went off. Jackie climbed into the swing and began to hum to himself.

That afternoon, after lunch, when it was time for all of them to have a nap, Jackie insisted that he wanted to sleep in the same room with the others. Elsie said “no,” and Jackie began to cry. Benjie, who had been listening, said scornfully, “We don’t want no cry-babies in our room.”

Jackie dug his fists in his eyes and stopped crying immediately. Elsie looked at him for a long moment and then made up her mind. “All right,” she said, “I’ll move your crib into the room with the others.” Jackie beamed, and they all went upstairs.

While they were all tucked in, Elsie hurried downstairs again to wash the dishes. She felt the compulsion to hurry pushing at her constantly, but when she had tidied up the kitchen, swept the hall, dusted the livingroom and washed the vegetables for supper, she found that the whole list of chores had taken only a little over an hour.

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That's odd, she thought. Ordinarily, straightening up the house and getting ready for supper would have taken her about an hour, but now, even with all this extra work, she had gotten through it in less than half the time.

Well, Elsie shrugged, it was amazing what you could do if you had to. Even so, Bill shouldn't have dumped all those children on her without so much as a by-your-leave. They were nice little youngsters, though. If only there weren't so many of them.

The telephone rang just then. It was Bill, saying that a lot of work had piled up at the station and he'd have to stay late and take care of it. "Of course, Elsie, "he just doesn't want to come home and face his wife and five children. And as she hung up the phone she snickered in a very un lady-like manner.

The phone had wakened the children and they all came tumbling downstairs. This time Elsie put on her own coat and went outside to play with them. It was a strenuous afternoon for her, pushing the swing and being pushed in the swing, dragging the cart around full of children, building castles in the sand pile, playing tag and kindergarten baseball. There were occasional squabbles among the children, and minor calamities when one or the other would fall or be knocked down, but Elsie was surprised that the squabbles and the calamities always ended so quickly. This isn't so bad, she thought. They certainly keep one another entertained. Jackie hadn't cried or had a temper tantrum all afternoon. Maybe that was Benjie's doing. Jackie seemed to adore him, and followed him around dozily wherever Benjie went.

Things got hectic again, though, when supper time came. The children all had to be washed and then, while she was preparing the food, they played up and down the stairs and all through the house. They were getting hungry, and drifted into the kitchen well before supper was ready. Elsie showed them out once or twice, but they kept coming back, getting underfoot, poking at things, asking questions, pushing each other, bursting into loud senseless cackles of laughter. Elsie could feel the muscles of her face tightening up as she tried to keep her temper.

Then she inconspicuously left the oven door open as she went to the towel rack to get a pot holder. Little Tommy ran to the oven to see what was in there. Attracted by the dull gleam of the casserole inside, he put out his hand and grabbed at it. Instantly, his agonized shrieks rang through the kitchen as he sank to the floor and looked at his burned hand.

Elsie ran to him and picked him up, trying to comfort him. Tommy kept right on screaming and didn't want to let her touch him. Mary began to cry in sympathy, and Phyllis picked up the child, and tried to comfort it.

"Since supper is all ready, I'll have the children sent upstairs," Elsie said to her husband. "Supper is all ready, I'll have the children sent upstairs," Elsie said, as she turned to go back to the kitchen where her husband was sitting, trying to work.

With shaking hands, she was still trying to see the extent of Tommy's...
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NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

STAMMER?


grown-up—had been at her wit's end, little five year old Jackie had the sense to go up to the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and bring down the proper thing for Tommy's burned hand. Not only that, he had made a quick unselfish decision and had acted on it. He had offered up his dearest possession to help soothe a hurt child. Never before in all his short life had he made an unselfish gesture, Elsie suddenly realized. But then, he'd never been given an opportunity to make one. It had taken other children and an unexpected crisis to bring out his good qualities.

And now he was sitting at the table with the others, patiently waiting for her to take command of the situation again. A sudden rush of grateful tears stung her eyelids, but she blinked them back and went on working over Tommy's hand. Tying a clean handkerchief around it, she lifted him onto a chair at the table and went back to getting supper.

LATER, with the children fed, bathed and put to bed, and the dishes washed, Elsie went upstairs. On a sudden impulse, she slipped out of her white nurse's smock and put on a colorful little dirndl, jumper and flowered blouse that she hadn't worn for months. Sitting in front of her dressing table mirror, she combed her hair out and fluffed it into ringlets around her ears. She looked intently at her reflection and then reached for her lipstick, and applied it carefully.

In the living room, she looked around and frowned slightly at the dust-covers on the furniture. With a brusque movement, she reached for the cover on one of the chairs, unfastened it and ripped it off. Then she ripped the covers from the rest of the chairs and from the sofa. Hurrying with them to the kitchen, she dumped them in a corner and came back and lit the fire in the fireplace. Then she sat down and began to cry. It had been a confusing day.

She must have fallen asleep for a few minutes, because the next thing she knew, Bill was kneeling by the sofa in front of her, holding her hands and looking into her tear stained face.

"Was it really that bad, darling?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, Bill, I'm so glad to see you," she wailed, and threw her arms around his neck and started to cry all over again.

He rocked her back and forth in his arms. "Don't cry, baby," he soothed her, "we'll send them away tomorrow. It was a crazy idea to begin with."

She tightened her arms around him and just let him hold her for a while.

You can see FIBS are easy to use! Look at the tapered ends of FIBS—and your own eyes will tell you this tampon is easy to use! You can see, by those gently rounded ends, that insertion can be really comfortable with FIBS. And your eyes tell you there's safety in Fibs. For this is the "quilted" tampon. "Quilting" helps prevent tiny cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. What's more, this exclusive Fibs feature makes a real contribution to comfort, too. Because quilting is designed to keep Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

So, next time—look for FIBS!
Then she straightened up and took the handkerchief out of her breast pocket and wiped her eyes. "Oh no, we won't," she said firmly and blew her nose. "Those children are going to stay right here. Only, after this, you're coming home for supper!"

Bill stared at her. "You're kidding, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," she said. And then she told him all the things that had happened during the day, and all the things she had thought.

"You know, Bill," she said slowly, "it made me realize that I haven't been fair to Jackie. What he needs is a little brother or sister." She paused and grinned up at him impishly.

Bill reached for her and hugged her to him tightly. "You're wonderful, Elsie. And you know what else? He beat his head back and looked at her.

"No, what else?" she smiled.

"You're beautiful, too." And he kissed her soundly.

"Bill," Elsie murmured.

"Yes, darling?"

"Bill, I really must get some new clothes. Have we got enough money for me to buy some new dresses and a hat and maybe some fancy shoes?"

"We'll mortgage the homestead, if necessary."

"I love you, Bill."

"I love you, too.

I saw Bill and Elsie standing on the line outside the movies the other night. Elsie was mighty pretty in a soft blue suit that matched her eyes and a red hat that matched her lipstick. Bill looked proud as punch and couldn't keep his eyes off her. "I asked about Jackie, and Elsie said he was spending the night at the Merediths. She and Mrs. Meredith had worked out a fine arrangement, she said. They rotated the children between their two homes. It gave Elsie and Mrs. Meredith a lot more free time.

Just before I left them Elsie whispered in my ear, "Mr. Mayor," she asked, "would you like to be Godfather to Jackie's new brother when he comes? Or sister, in case he's a sister?"

I felt like a million dollars right then. "You bet your boots I would!"

---

**Watch for This!**

It doesn't look like the uniforms you've been seeing on our fighting men, because this small bronze insignia is another kind of uniform—the badge of the honorably discharged veteran.

The man who wears it in the lapel of his civilian suit may bear a visible wound, or a wound you cannot see, but in every case it speaks of suffering and sacrifice endured on your behalf. Learn to recognize the Honorable Service Emblem as instantly as you do a uniform, so that to every veteran you meet you can give the respect and consideration he deserves.

---

**Sergeant's**

**SKIP-FLEA POWDER**

Photo-Ring

$1

- Get the improved SKIP-FLEA Powder, Boss! It has DDT combined with other important ingredients. It kills fleas without stirring them up ... without irritating us. It's been laboratory tested on dogs, too ... you know every Sergeant product has to be just right. It's sure and it's safe. Stop in at the drug store right now, Boss, and get some Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder and Soap so we can get rid of these pesky fleas.

---

**Imagine! ONLY 7¢ A DAY TO LEARN MUSIC**

Easy as A-B-C

| Here's grand news! You can now learn your favorite instrument for ONLY 7¢ a day! And it takes an amazingly short time this modern "Print and Picture" way. It's real fun! From the start you play real tubes by note. The printed lessons tell you what to do ... the pictures show you how to do it. Free Print and Picture Sample See how easy it is to learn music at home this short-cut way. Send for Free Booklet and "Print and Picture" Sample. Mention favorite instrument. U.S. School of Music, 3066 Brunswick Blvd., New York 10, N.Y. | Have you instrument? Yes Instrument (Name) Have you instrument? No | |

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**Keep Adorable!**

Yodora checks perspiration odor the SOOTHINGEST WAY

- Made on a face cream base. Yodora is actually soothing to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
- Yes, Yodora is a gentle deodorant. Try it today—feel the wonderful difference!
Life Can Be Beautiful
(Continued from page 49)

A year passed. Then the war was over and one month later I got a telegram saying Raden had been found in a Jap prison camp. I was a proud, lucky woman. Then I began praying more than anyone could know. In a few months he was home. Now he has been home two months and I can say I am very happy.

Daira is married to a nice girl. I do really thank God for bringing my husband home to me. He still looks mighty thin but I am hoping that some of my cooking will bring him up. He loves our son very much.

Mrs. I. L. S.

We find it increasingly difficult to choose the "best" letter each month—so much so that we have decided to print as many others of the letters we've received as space permits, and to send, as a token of our appreciation, a check for fifteen dollars to the writers of each of the other letters which space permits us to print each month in Radio Mirror. Here are this month's selections:

Dear Chichi:

Our world is full of contrasts. Were it not so, our life would be a humdrum, dreary, monotonous affair.

When I was a boy of nine I, in company with the town's other boys, spent many wintry hours skating on the ice above the river dam. One day a warning went forth that the ice was melting and that there was danger of a general cracking. But I, foolhardy lad, to demonstrate my superior courage, ventured alone over the forbidden spots and you've guessed it. The ice broke under me and in I went. The kids didn't know what to do to save me. They were afraid to venture out for fear they meet the same fate. Fortunately at the critical moment, a large sized boy arrived on the scene, sized up the situation, and knew instantly what to do. He grasped a long board lying on the shore, shoved it out in my direction, threw himself down on the board and worked himself toward me. He grasped my hand, also my hair, and forcibly pulled me out of the water on the board; and shouted to the boys to pull the board with its double load to shore. They soon had the water out of me and my breathing apparatus in working order. They then lifted me to my feet, and I felt around in a daze upon a host of smiling faces. I found the sun still shining and all seemed well with the world. I then realized to the full that life was beautiful—very beautiful.

Yes, friends, I'll repeat: if you want to enjoy a little of Heaven you must first experience a little of Hell.

Mr. G. W. W.

Dear Chichi:

When I write about a program like this, I feel that I am writing from experience, because like Stephen in your story, I have never been able to walk, but I still find ways to keep my faith. What makes me out is that I Can Be Beautiful is the kindness towards me that our neighbors show. That, really means a lot to me.

Billy G.

Guard Your Youthful Charm—Keep the Gold in Your Hair!

• Lucky you—born to be lovely—blessed with the allure of blonde hair. But don't take your charm for granted! For the most vivid blondevness can be a passing thing, if it's allowed to become dulled or darkened by time. Use Golden Hair Wash too, if you're blonde by choice, to keep your hair at its lustrous, golden best.

Cared for perfectly by experts in hair care, the new Marchand's lets you achieve the exact degree of lightness desired! Whether you're a blonde, brunette or redhead...whether you want to preserve your natural hair shade, lighten it several shades or merely add golden highlights...trust Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to produce the perfect effect.

Not a dye—not an expensive "treatment"—the new Marchand's is complete in itself, easier than ever to use at home. P.S. It's ideal, too, for lightening arm and leg hair!

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Golden
Hair Wash

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Removed
by
Mosco

Your money refunded if not satisfied. The Moss Company, Rochester, N.Y.

CORNs
REMOVED
BY
MOSCO

Like the saying goes, if the shoe fits, wear it. That's an old saying, but good advice. It will pay you to keep "em shining with Shinola. In addition to improving the appearance of your shoes, the oily waxes in Shinola help preserve the leather.

SHINOLA White is what a well-dressed person should be without. That is, if she wears white shoes. SHINOLA White works beautifully on all types of white shoes.

SHINOLA PASTE OR LIQUID
ALL COLORS 10c

Also Calluses, Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on Jars, 30c, and 50c. Buy Mosco at your druggist.

IN CANADA ITS 2 IN 1

Blonde

ELEGANT EARRINGS—EXQUISITELY DIVINE—LOWLY TO OWN.

EXQUISITELY DIVINE—LOWLY TO OWN. The latest in GENUINE CRYSTAL EARRINGS, Metal Screw back. A gift that will add to her loveliness, only $1.00 a pair paid, You may now order direct. Just send name and address with remittance to their head office. Send Prepaid 25c, S. H. BURT RAY JEWELERS, Dept. I.A.C. 235 S. WABASH ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Faitth Horton's PERSONALIZED BUDGET WALLET

You must budget your income to fit the needs of your family. This budget has been produced after years of research and actual experience in homes throughout the country. All successful businesses operate on a strict budget. Your family and family is the biggest business in the world. Be more successful by badgng. Faith Hortons PERSONALIZED BUDGET WALLET will scientifically guide and help you maintain a better balanced home.

It contains 72 imprinted envelopes, 24 clear, 28 red, 7 green and 1 white. A clear card and a decoder wallet. All for 49c. Send money order or cash for postpaid order.

THORTON CO., Dept. 444, 111 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, 111.

Stretch Your Dollars

Faith Horton's PERSONALIZED BUDGET WALLET

You must budget your income to fit the needs of your family. This budget has been produced after years of research and actual experience in homes throughout the country. All successful businesses operate on a strict budget. Your family and family is the biggest business in the world. Be more successful by badgng. Faith Hortons PERSONALIZED BUDGET WALLET will scientifically guide and help you maintain a better balanced home.

It contains 72 imprinted envelopes, 24 clear, 28 red, 7 green and 1 white. A clear card and a decoder wallet. All for 49c. Send money order or cash for postpaid order.

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FOR MISSES FOR WOMEN

Wear it with or without a blouse—get double wearing pleasure from this fine, quality rayon jumper. So slim, so trim with set-in belt, new drop shoulders, hankie pocket. Six rows of stitching and self-covered buttons add extra richness. Better order now—it's a terrific buy at $6.94! Sizes 12 to 20 and 40 to 46.

SPECIAL! FOR SIZES 40 to 46!

At last—and at no extra cost—this attractive jumper can be yours in hard-to-find sizes! Imagine, getting this generously cut jumper with smooth, slenderizing lines for only $6.94!

BLOUSE—perfect teammate in fine quality, white washable rayon. Sizes 32 to 38 and 40 to 46. Outstanding at $3.94! MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

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Save 30c C.O.D. charge by mailing order for amount plus 15c postage. In Illinois, add 2% sales tax.
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was born I was very unhappy, strange to say, because to my great surprise my husband became so very selfish and self centered (everyone said I had "spoiled" him with affection). He resented the nuisance and responsibility of a baby. He made the best of it, but showed neither of us any affection to speak of, in fact became more indifferent to me than I could stand. When our son was two he developed a mastoid infection. One Sunday afternoon we realized he was dying. Some great form of panic hit my husband. He got on his knees in front of me and prayed, crying like a baby, to have his son spared to him. He pledged the rest of his life to make it up to the boy for not wanting him and said he would love him dearly if he lived. Well he did, and they are the most outstanding father and son combination you ever saw. It was a miracle but made my life, along with theirs, a beautiful one. Today my husband is a new man, a perfect father and a devoted husband.

Mrs. L. C. S.

Dear Chichi and Papa David:

This incident that happened in my life several years ago has helped me to realize that you always gain by helping others.

I am a farmer's wife. I used to have an old log spring house where I kept my milk and butter. I had just finished churning one day when a neighbor girl called and said her mother wanted a pound of butter but did not have the money to pay for it. I studied a minute and called back, "Come and get it!" knowing full well that I had a pair of hose to wear on a trip that I had been planning for weeks. When I was building a fire to prepare supper, I picked up some papers to start it with. I was just idly looking through them when my eyes caught sight of something that looked like a check and sure enough that was what it was. I had written a letter to a farm magazine some weeks before on what improvements had been made in the last year on our farm. There was a ten dollar prize for the best letter. And there it was—I had been the lucky person. You can't imagine the reaction I had when I saw that check. I am just as sure now as I was then that, if I had not refused that widow woman and her children that butter, I would have burned the check when I built the fire.

Mrs. R. L. G.

Dear Chichi and Papa David:

I am writing to tell you of my experience which has taught me that "Life Can Be Beautiful" even though at times you may think it very dull and dreary.

Everything was going along at a joyful pace when—Crash! the news that we were at war struck like a thunderbolt. This certainly changed my routine of living a lot because the fellas had and the Navy went off to war. I went to work in a defense plant and spent my spare time writing to him. Finally the joyful news that he had five days leave only with the bad news that, after those five days, he was being shipped out. Well believe me we crammed all the enjoyment we could into those days and then—Goodbye till we knew not when.

A year or so passed, with his being away making life very lonesome and dull. Then two things which made me wonder if I wanted to go on living happened.

First I was taken home from work,
and, after summoning a doctor, learned that I had blood clots in my muscles of both legs and might never walk again. Orders were to stay in bed with my legs packed in ice. Well I took this fairly well because I had hopes of walking again and praying that I would soon. In the meantime, however, Jerry's (that's my boyfriend) letters were far and in between when finally they ceased. A month of worrying passed and then his folks received the news that he was missing in action. This knocked me for a loop because the thought that I might never see the fellow I loved more than anything in the world again just made life seem worthless. One just can't die when he or she wishes however so the next few months of my life were spent in praying to God to make me well and bring the one I loved home to me safe. If I ever doubted in my life that praying does not help, I certainly can think of no better remedy when life seems hopeless.

The doctor came every day and seemed pleased with the progress of my legs. Finally the happy news that I could try a walk a bit was mine. Oh how much brighter the world looked now although I still had no word from my loved one.

The first day I went outside for a walk was the happiest walk I'll ever take. The red flag was up on our mailbox meaning that we had mail. I opened the box not caring much about what it was because I didn't expect any mail. There were two letters—one for my mother and the other—yes, it was in that familiar handwriting. It was a letter from Jerry himself. I must confess being saying he had a little mishap over there but was now headed home. If I never had the feeling that this was the most beautiful world I had it then. The sun seemed brighter and now—now I had everything to live for. We are happily married and ready to face anything that may come along.

Yes, "Life Can Be Beautiful" if you hope and pray when things go wrong and the road is rough.

Mrs. J. K.

Dear Chicli:

When my husband and I were married, our greatest wish was for a baby of our own. After waiting four years and visiting many doctors we were still without a baby of our own. Then I went to the hospital for an operation. Can you begin to know our happiness when three months later we found that we were to have a baby. In due time our little boy arrived but with a broken neck. However he lived, and we loved him so! He was brighter than the average child and otherwise healthy. But it made our hearts bleed when we looked at this little crooked head and the cast and braces that he had to wear. Then someone told us of a doctor in Dayton. We took him there and, when the doctor told us that he thought he could help him, our joy knew no bounds. Now after two years of operations, braces, exercise—and prayer—he runs and plays as well as any child. His head, once so crooked, is now almost perfectly straight.

A year ago our second child was born dead. If it hadn't been for the love of the finest husband a girl could have, and the needs of a little boy at home, I don't think I could ever have survived it. But somehow you do go on and time passes. Your grief grows a little less.

Today the mail man brought me a letter that I have been waiting for—a letter telling me that the two little girls that we had applied for, for adoption,

1. Does not harm, permanently tint or bleach the hair.
2. Used after shampooing—your hair is not dry, unruly.
3. Instantly gives the soft, lovely effect obtained from tedious, vigorous brushings...plus a tiny tint—in these 12 shades.

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7748 R SANTA MONICA BLVD., LOS ANGELES 36, CALIF.
are to be ours—two little girls whose father went down in the explosion of the U.S.S. Oklahoma.

We are not rich—just happy and contented. We have our own home and a little business, our precious little boy, and now two little girls for our very own.

Mrs. H. F. W.

Dear Chichi:

I learned that Life Can Be Beautiful simply by receiving a slip of paper in the mail. I was born in Europe and upon arriving in the United States I entered school immediately and devoted myself to learning the Constitution of America so that I would apply for citizenship papers.

All through my studies I was restless and impatient to learn all I could so that I would obtain my papers without any difficulty.

I succeeded, and on that wonderful summer morning when the mailman delivered the long envelope with my papers enclosed, my efforts were truly repaid. Only then could I say, “I am an American.”

Mrs. F. B.

Chichi Hamilton:

I hesitate to write this but I do hope I may say something that will strengthen someone’s faith.

When I was sixteen I thought the world was built around drinking, dance halls and bad girls. At this time my mother took a girl named Maggie into our home for a companion for my younger sister.

This girl, with her lovable disposition, her faith in her church, and friendship for others, completely changed my life. In time we married, and she made us the happiest home any two people ever had. We never had any children, but I knew what it means to care for anyone at this age but she did it always with that tender loving smile—never able to do enough for others.

In 1938 she had a very severe stroke that left her almost helpless. She could only move from place to place with my help. So I quit my job to care for her. And what a pleasure it was to do for one so cheerful and bright, who never complained of her condition, met everyone with a smile, and told them it could have been so much worse. All who knew her loved her. Two years ago, she was taken to her home of rest, and looking at the smile on her face in her last moments, how truly did I believe but think that Life Can Be Beautiful.

T. M. F.

That’s all we have room for this month. It’s not by any means all that we have wanted to print. Many of your letters for which we did not have space proved more strongly than we ourselves had hoped that Life has a thousand ways of going from ugliness to beauty. But keep on sending your letters to me, Papa David—and in order to help me to keep my records straight, will you clip the box telling about the hundred-dollar offer from the first page of this article, and attach it to your letter? That way, we can tell which letters of all of those we receive, are intended for this Radio Mirror department.
other two looked dubious and Riley hastened to reassure them. "Don't you worry none—I'll be there. This is Father's Day and I'm assertin' my rights. Mom can make me play chap-\r\newronge to the kids now—but I'm a free man after this."

When they had parted and gone their separate ways, Muley and Gillis looked back.

"Huh—the big, dumb ox! Actin' like he was drug here against his will—if anyone's a drug here, it's Cheister Riley and not his kids."

Indeed, it seemed that way. The spiel Riley was giving Junior and Babs could never have been found between the covers of any of their school books, and the two young ones looked wise—but tolerant. On the other hand, Riley was in his glory.

"See that big animal there? That's an orangeytongue." Behind Riley's back, as he talked, Babs could read the sign over the cage that said, "Orang-eu-tang, Borneo." But she kept her knowledge to herself.

"And look at them giraffes! You wanta know how they got their long necks? The way I see it, it was like this—once upon a time they was just as small as other animals. But they was wise-guys. They started beefin' about how tough their leaves were at the bottom and how there were more calories and vitamin alphabets up above and finally, one day, there they were—up in the air and no way to get down!"

The appearance of Julius Pitlack at that moment, loaded down with fishing tackle, stopped the lecture.

"Come on, Riley! We're goin' to have to spread ourselves if we want any fish! It's pretty late in the day, as it is."

"Don't rush me, goodbye, kids! Here's a dime for the soda fountain—Junior, you go home when Babs tells you—goodbye—" Riley's spirits were soaring.

Now he was living! The afternoon stretched out in front of him, free of worry, free of trouble. The harassment of the morning faded away, leaving Riley with the comfortable conviction that a family man who looked after himself and his own interests, who stood up for his rights now and then, was a wise man.

The breeze was warm in his face, the car rattled along past the few remaining city streets and into country and trees. Julius made no protests against his smelly old pipe; there were no women around to watch his grammar or jock him up on his appearance. No "Riley, do this" or "Riley, don't do that" every minute of the day.

Oh, sure, his conscience reminded him, uncomfortably, there had been good moments in the morning with Mom and Junior and Babs. But that was only marking time. This was the real stuff.

"Yee-yow! Makes a man glad to be alive!" Riley exclaimed as they drove up to the little dock at the lakeside. "Just look at that water, gleamin' like the ocean useta at Coney Island—ex-cept here you can see it and there all you can see is what passes for human bein's in bathing suits. This is for me, Julius."

"Didn't I tell you?" his friend asked, smugly. "When I saw you with those two kids hangin' on your arms at the store, I thought to myself, 'Julius, it's about time you rescued poor Riley from them shackles.'"

Riley didn't particularly think the description appropriate to his kids, but he was too happy to protest.

It had been some time since he had rowed a boat but he quickly got the hang of it and he and Julius pulled away from the shore to a spot which the boatkeeper promised was teeming with fish.

"And the guy's right!" Riley had just pulled in his second in twenty minutes and was holding it up for admiration. "Look at that beauty! Wait till Mom gets that in the frying pan! What're you goin' to do with yours, Julius?"

Julius' face fell. "Crimeny, I forgot! Mrs. Pooley, my landlady, said not to bring them seamy, smelly things around again. Maybe I can get Mr. Kakapolu-los at the Busy Bee Diner to fry 'em up for me."

"Oh, well..." Riley consoled him—"you've had the fun of catching 'em and that's enough. But," smacking his lips, "I can tell you, when Mom gets through rolling them in cracker crumbs and maybe a bit of bacon she's got saved and dabbles a little lemon on 'em—"

"Stop!" his companion groaned. He shot Riley a look of near dislike.

But Julius got his revenge a little later. The sun was broiling hot by now.

"Ain't you gettin' a little purple around the ears, Riley? Your nose
Chi-Ches-Ters
It's a gift
Genuine for
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Large, dependable. Accurate time keeping. Fine finish, precision Guaranteed Swiss 1 jewel movement, gift box.
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HISTORICAL BRACELET AND EARRINGS Set with YOUR OWN gorgeous simulated birthstone. Gift link. N. K-27. Both for only $2.75

Price $11.95

INTERNATIONAL DIAMOND CO. 1515 Indiana, Dept. 1184, Chicago 10, Ill.

Bargain Sale
Looks like a piece of raw hamburger.
Riley rubbed his hand over his face and yelped.
"Forgot the sunscreen lotion! And me with a face that peels like an onion! I forgot all about it—it's always Mom who remembers and brings the stuff and makes me put it on and she's not here. Gee—" he lamented, as his face grew hotter. "I wish she were here! She'd think of something!" He looked around him desperately. "She makes me a hat out of them big leaves over there on the bank. She did that once when I forgot.
"For Pete's sake. Mom isn't here and she can't make you nothin! Can't you get along without your missus for a few hours?" Riley withered him with a look, but subsided. He would have a painful case of sunburn in the morning, he knew, but there seemed to be nothing he could do about it at the moment. If only Mom were there!
But she wasn't. And the fish were still biting good and in a little while a breeze sprang up that cooled his face. The quiet was abruptly shattered—by a sound not usually heard in polite society.
Julius burped.
"A little indigestion," he apologized to the rudely-awakened Riley. "And the sheoestring potatoes were a bit on the greasy side this noon, and the steak—" he burped again. Riley watched him, pityingly.
"Kinds heavy for a hot day, huh?" unconscious that he was merely quoting Mom's warning to him that noon.
"Heavy! The steak must have been homemade! Julius waxed bitter, as his insides protested uncomfortably. "The Diner ain't what it used to be. You used to depend on it—now it's gettin' so Digger O'Dell, the undertaker, stops by twice a day, checking up on business."
His discomfort never left him, but seemed to grow worse. Riley, smugly remembering the perfection of Mom's cooking—even if she did lean a little towards peach custards—tried to distract him with a profound lecture on the history of the flora and fauna crowning the shores of the lake. But it

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left Julius cold. In fact, he even dis-
puted Riley's claim to knowing any-
thing at all about medicine.

Riley was affronted. If his kids were here, they would be looking up to him and listenin' to him and taking it all in. Just like at the zoo today, they realized their old man knew a thing or two—nott like this pig-headed Julius Pitlick!

Conversation died away to curt ex-
change of near-insults.

And then it happened. There was a tug on Riley's line. There was a tug on Julius'. Both men leaned over their separate sides of the boat—both men pulled with all their might.

"Hey! We're tangled up—let go!" Riley shouted.

"Let go yourself!" The boat was go-
ing around in circles with the motion of the warship's engines and fish.

"The oar!—the oar on your side! Grab it, you big gaboon!" "Grab it, yourself!—" "Ya clumsy ox!—get out of the way!" "Sir, if Mom were here, he could tell her to sit and she would sit—not like this crazy Julius, thrashing around, getting in the way!"

Splash! And the oar slipped, eel-like, into the water beyond their grasp.

Both men were now lunging together on one side of the boat, their faces red with exertion, panting, grabbing frantically for the oar that, second by sec-
ond, got beyond reach. Under them the boat tilted—careened dangerously. "Watch out!... but it was too late.

THE solid boards slipped out from beneath them. For a brief second of time Riley saw the danger as the boat seemed to stand on end—and then they were overboard, the little craft smacking the water almost on top of them! "Of all the—Riley sputtered, com-
ing to the surface and their gripping hold of the upturned craft—of all the shinin' performances of unmanned, stood-
pendent lunk-headedness, you take a prize!—Tippin' up at you!—" "Who tipped us over?" Julius' wet head bobbed in his vehemence from the other side. "I suppose you thought you were a bailey dancer, the way you were rushing your two hundred pounds beef around in that boat. People like you shouldn't let loose in a battleship, let alone a rowboat."

Recriminations and insults flew back and forth and only the advent of the boatkeeper pulling up beside them—wearily, disgustedly—to the rescue, saved them from behemming each other into a watery grave.

Drippin' wet, they pulled themselves up on the wharf. Their fish had been lost. Riley's sunburn was worse. Julius' indigestion had been helped by the shock of the cold water or the excitement of the ducking. Mr. Jenkins thought them both fools who shouldn't be out in daylight without a keeper.

And there was still the rental of the boat to be figured.

"Let's see—you owe me for two hours' fishin'—that's four dollars. And the other dollar for my time coming out there to save you and for having to right the boat. And another dollar for any damage there might be to my prop.

Six dollars, in all."

Mr. Jenkins announced firmly.

Riley knew the folly of arguing. His wallet, left in the locker, was dry and he felt a fishin'—perhaps—later on. And held his dark thoughts to himself.

"That's half. Now, where's your share?" Even as he asked, Riley knew something was the matter. Julius was fidgeting in his wallet. It didn't take a house to fall on Chester Riley—he could tell the worst was still to come.

"Look, old man—" Julius gulped—
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"old pal, it could happen to anybody. It's just one of those things. I got into a little game last night—and you know how it is—three queens look pretty good—" He edged away from Riley whose face was turning purple—"look, old pal, I'm only askin' you for a little loan. I'm not askin' for your life's blood. I'll pay you back—"

Wearily, Riley turned away. What was the use? He pulled the money out of his wallet and slapped it into Mr. Jenkins hand and made for the car. Julius' car—and every fiber of Riley's being shrunken from riding back to town in it, sharing that much more of his day with that—-that Julius!

That was why the sudden sight of a little car pulling up to the wharf struck Riley with such explosive joy.

"Digger! Digger O'Dell" Riley shouted, panting up to the car. "What are you doing here? My pal, Digger—"

"Your missus and the thought you might be wanting a ride home about this time," explained the little undertaker, his usual melancholy tinged with pleasure at the sight of his friend. He opened the door and Riley, without a backward glance at the soggy Julius, climbed in.

"Good, this is sure swell of you, Digger. How come Mom asked you to look after me?"

"Oh—everyone comes to me. In the end."

"Digger! You don't need to remind me like that—I nearly had a watery grave, meself, today!"

"I see you're a trifle wet, Riley. How did it happen?"

"Because I'm a fool. Because I don't know when I'm well off."

"Ah, yes. Something like that happened to me once. I was the tenor in our U.E.P.G.C.—the Undertakers, Embalmers, and Pallbearers Glee Club. People used to flock to our concerts. We laid them out in the aisles."

Riley sneezed. "Got an aspirin, Digger?"

"We had an extensive repertoire—mostly old favorites like I Ain't Got Nothing to Wear Lining, and I'll Be Glad When You're Dead,"

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Youascal, You. But I didn't know when I was well off—I made a mistake. A sang solo at one of our concerts. The undertaker was used to it and inappropriate. It was I Love Life—and I Want To Live."

The way I feel right now, I don't want to live. I have to go home and face my lovin' family—after them giving me all them presents this morning and lettin' me fix their bicycles and take them to the zoo and all—and me thinkin' all the time of ball-and-chains. How can I face them?"

"Don't worry, Riley. A man is never down till he's in."

"You mean till he's out."

The little undertaker coughed delicately. "In our profession, Riley—it's it."

Riley sneezed again. Wet clothes—well, he was going home to be fussied over and Mom would see to it he had dry clothes to put on and maybe even a mustard plaster and make him soak his feet in hot water. Was going to fuss over Julius? The poor stiff would have nobody but a landlady and she yelling at him not to drip all over her clean carpet.

The realization had come home to Riley slowly, but bit by bit, that a Father's Day should be spent—well, being a father. All of the hours he had really enjoyed had been spent with his family. They had taken it for granted that all their pleasure would be in being with them, helping them, working with them, playing with them. And they were right.

A guy can sure get into trouble tryin' to be somethin' he ain't, Riley glibly philosophized to himself. Here he was, the luckiest man in town, and Julius had sold him a bill about being hen-plucked—gosh, he was dumb! Just wait till he got home—he'd show Mom and the kids how swell he thought they were—he'd help Babs with her homework—he'd wash the dishes for Mom.

There was no more forlorn figure than Chester Riley as he squished his wet boots up Mom's clean back steps onto the porch.

"Look at you! What in the world—" Riley brazed himself. "Aw, now, Dumplin' . . . I fell in the lake—that Julius—"

"Never mind how you did it—you come straight into the kitchen and pull off those wet boots and that sweater and then go upstairs and take a hot bath—"

"Now, Dumplin'. I can go up the way I am and change up there," Riley told her and started to move.

"No, you don't, Riley. I don't want you going into the living room in your soaking feet, not right now, the way things are. There you are, Junior—hurry, Riley put them on!"

Wonderfully, Riley did so. There was a strange air of suppressed excitement about all the folks from Home and Junior and Babs, that had finally penetrated to him. And the kitchen itself looked different.

Little cough behind him. He whirled. "Digger! What're you doin' here?"

Mom opened the dining room door. "SURPRISE!"

For just an instant it looked to Riley as if the whole house were filled with people, all of them surging down on him.

But it was stuck dumb. "Well, you got here at last . . . we were just about ready to send out a posse for you . . . you're holding up the
party. Riley . . . you didn't know your missus had invited us all over for dinner tonight, did you? . . . hi, ya, Riley—

"Happy Father's Day!"

Riley got his breath. "You mean you knew it all the time? When I was talkin' to you in the park today, Muley?"

"Sure—we was laughin' up our sleeves. Come on, Didlebock—Witherspoon—Digger—let's give Riley the old Lodge welcome—For he's a Jolly Good Fellow—"

Under cover of the singing, joined in by wives and kids, Riley escaped upstairs. He was too happy to talk.

How it had all come about he wasn't really sure, but once again, Mom had saved him from the consequences of his unfortunate bragging. Muley and Gillis were here. Digger was here. The whole house had a festive, party air and the people he liked best were in it. There would be no game in a smoke-filled room, no empty pockets to show in the morning, no headache to explain away to Mom.

What a bee-yoo-ful world! Upstairs, Riley did a clumsy buck-and-wing in front of the glass, looking at his empurpled nose with beaming good pleasure as he yanked on the new tie Babs had given him.

Waiting for him to come down in his dry clothes were friends—married friends—who would talk his language and enjoy the same kind of an evening he did . . . the women yapity-yapting in one corner over clothes and babies and food, the other men and himself postmorteming the baseball game and arguing over the Dodger's new line-up. Mom in her old blue dress that was his favorite, Bab's proud eyes when she saw him in his tie, Junior telling old Muley how his Pop fixed his bicycle—

And—for dinner—he had peeked in the kitchen—steak and French fries and apple pie!

The back of Riley's hand to all bachelors. Fathers were king!

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