

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

SEPTEMBER

15¢

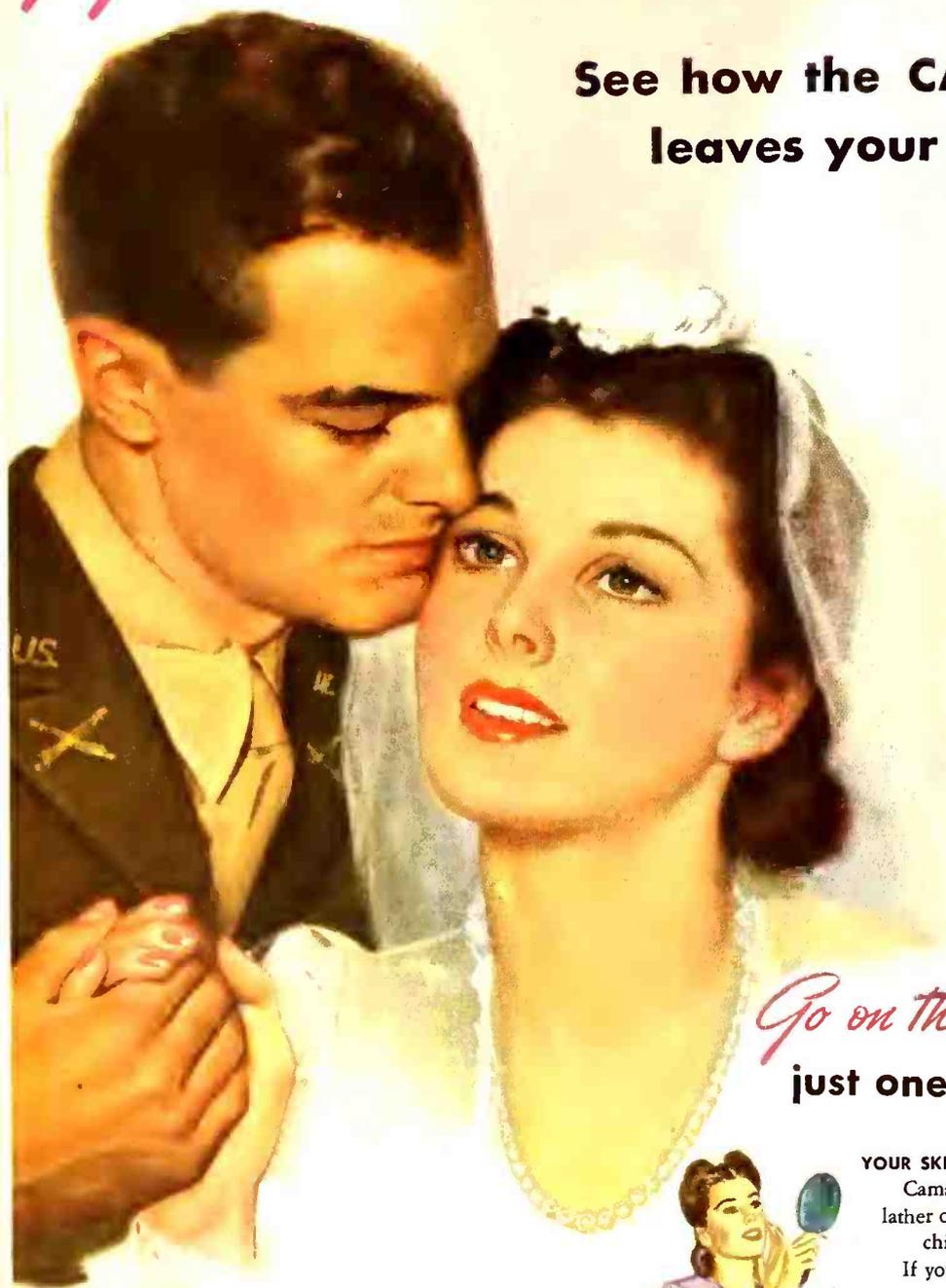


MERYL WALKER

**SOLDIER'S WIFE** — The Tender Love Story of a Woman Who Waits  
Old Color Pictures of I LOVE A MYSTERY FRONT PAGE CARBON

# Hearts surrender to a Lovely Skin—

See how the **CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET** leaves your skin softer, fresher!



• Loveliness men cherish—the charm of a fresh, smooth complexion! And *you can* win a softer, more radiant skin. Simply go on the *Camay Mild-Soap Diet!*

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, they know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier. And no wonder! For Camay is truly *mild!* Camay's MILD lather cleanses the skin . . . *without irritation* . . . leaving your complexion clearer, fresher, smoother.

Tonight . . . start the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. See how soon this change to proper MILD cleansing brings a lovelier look to your skin. Day-by-day with Camay . . . your complexion's softer, smoother, clearer! Sooner than you think—the new beauty you've longed for—will be yours!

*Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet*  
just one minute, night and morning

**YOUR SKIN'S SOFTER**, clearer, day-by-day—with Camay's *mild* care. It's easy! Simply smooth Camay lather over face! Pay special attention to nose and chin. Feel—how *mild* that lather is! Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.



*The Mildest Ever!*

America's Loveliest Brides follow the Mild-Soap Diet!

## Save Soap—it's Patriotic!

Make each cake of Camay give more MILD-SOAP cleansings!



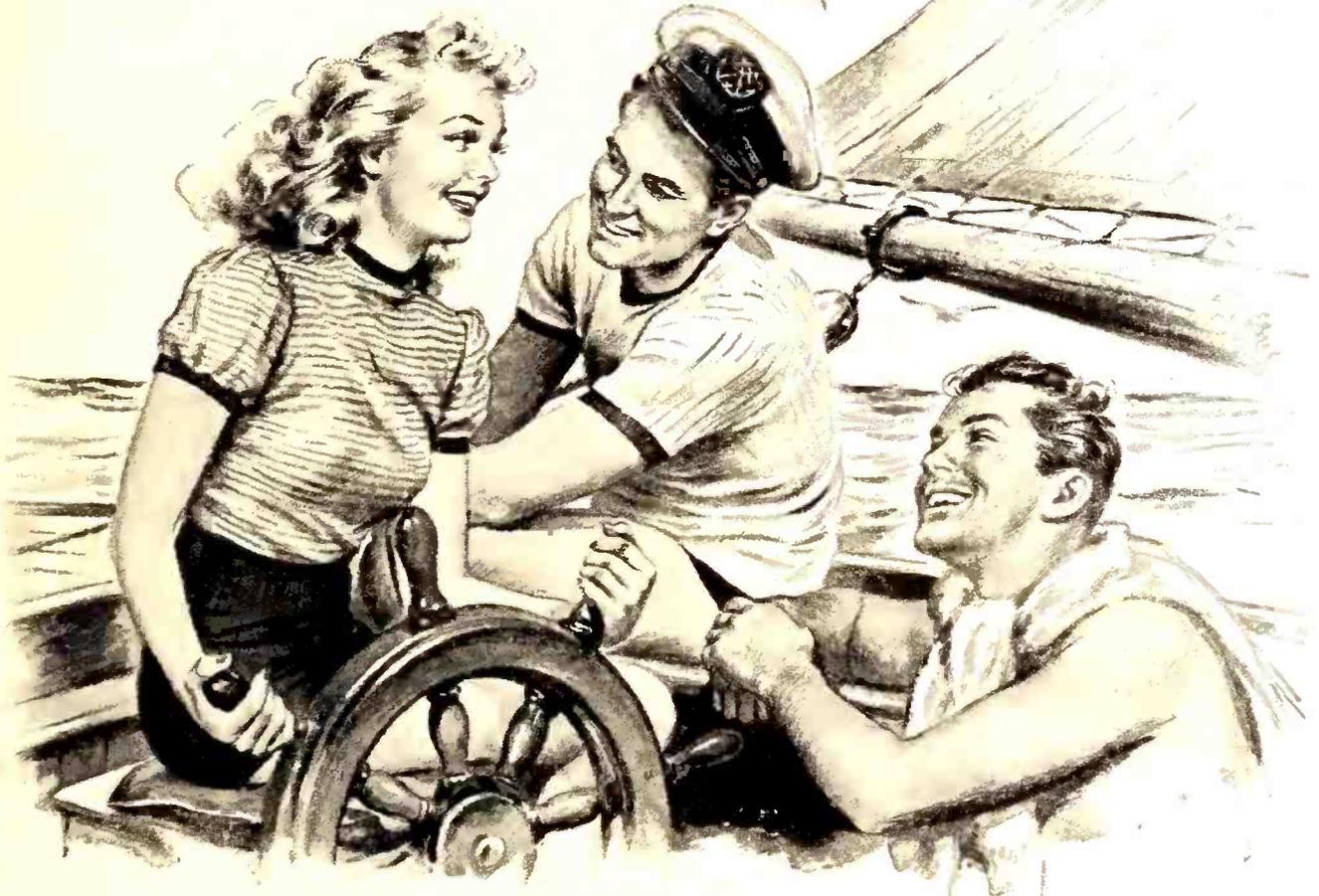
**1. KEEP CAMAY DRY.**  
After lathering, put your precious Camay in the soap dish. *Wipe the dish dry.* Wet dishes waste soap.



**2. USE EVERY SLIVER**  
Make a bathmit of an old washcloth—put your Camay slivers inside. Grand for lathering—bath or complexion!

# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile.

capture hearts  
with a radiant smile!



Make your smile your lucky charm. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

OPEN YOUR EYES, plain girl. Take a look at the girls who get the most phone calls and dates. Most often they are not the prettiest in the crowd. *But they all know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a smile that is bright and appealing—that lights your face like the sunshine!

But remember, for a smile like that you need sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

### "Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums have become tender and spongy—robbed of natural exercise by modern soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help your gums. Just massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling.*



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

## IPANA and MASSAGE



Plenty of U-mm—that's the verdict you win with a lovely smile! So keep yours at its loveliest with Ipana and massage!

# Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Cheryl Walker of radio's Stage Door Canteen on CBS and star of Sol Lesser's movie of the same name  
Color Portrait by De Brocke Studios

**IRRESISTIBLE**...  
*as always!*

We dedicate to the WAACS...

**IRRESISTIBLE Yankee Red LIPSTICK**

Irresistible answers the call to color with Yankee Red... a bewitching, vibrant accent to Khaki or any costume for wear on the home front. WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are smoother... stay on longer. A most important consideration when time is precious and beauty essential to the morale. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

10¢ AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES

*Whip-Text* TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

... off duty... a touch of  
**IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME** 10¢  
assures glamour

*Did you know?*

THE first winter of fuel oil rationing proved positively that the homes best prepared to conserve heat were the ones that got along best under the rationing program. Right now is the time to check your heat conservation measures, arrange for insulation, storm sash, weatherstripping, well in advance of the first frost.

\* \* \*

Fuel, both oil and coal, should be purchased as soon as possible, too, in an effort to equalize demands on transportation facilities. Heating plants should be checked, repaired and cleaned while they're not in use. Your fuel oil coupons for next heating season will be valid for use by the time you read this—storage tanks should be filled before the heating season begins. All the oil you get into your tanks during warm weather means that much more storage space in dealers' tanks for holding reserves for next winter.

\* \* \*

A stock pot in the refrigerator is an economy no housewife will overlook on these waste-nothing days. Into it goes meat juices and broths, water drained from cooked vegetables. Out of it comes the base for delicious soups, sauces and gravies. Even bones shouldn't be discarded these days—at least, not until you've boiled them down in a little water and added the resulting broth to your stock pot.

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## Now's the time to show how much you love him!

SOMEHOW, on Bill's last leave, you sensed it was going to be goodbye. And suddenly—in that fearful moment—you knew how much you really loved him!

Loved him? Why, your sun rises and sets on that big overgrown boy who's gone across the seas. Nobody ever loved anyone else more than you love your Bill. Nobody could.

And here's how you can prove your love—and show how deep it goes!

Watch your spending. Give up things you don't need. Save a quarter here. Deny yourself a dollar's worth there.

And put the money you save—every bit of it—into War Bonds!

War Bonds will speed our tanks from the assembly lines to the battle lines . . . planes from blueprints to blue skies.

War Bonds will help to plan the peace that will make victory stick.

War Bonds are a part payment for the privilege of being a free American—and a down payment on your future joy and happiness with Bill.

**SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY**

*Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries by:*

**MUM**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.*

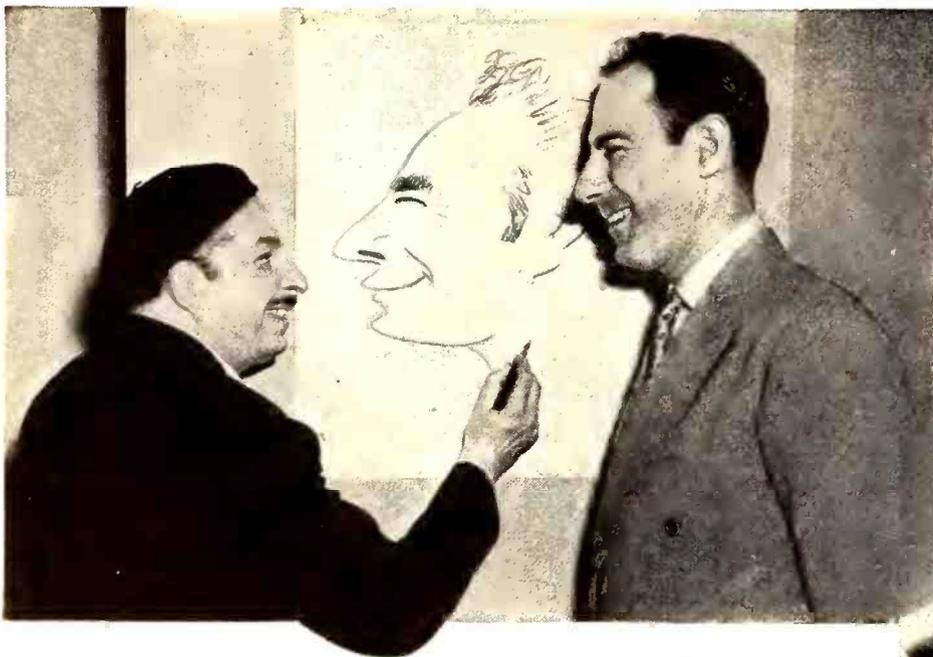
You don't have to consult a banker to know what a safe investment they are.

They're secured by fertile fields and bustling mills—by all the wealth and enterprise that spell out U. S. A.!

There's nothing better, for anybody's money. Buy more War Bonds today!

### Here's what War Bonds do for You:

- 1 They provide the safest place in all the world for your savings.
- 2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
- 3 They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . accumulate interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
- 4 The longer you hold them, the more they're worth. But, remember, if you need the money you may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days.
- 5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can't go down in value. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world; the United States of America.



Bill Stern, NBC's sports commentator, is caricatured by Xavier Cugat, who was a guest star on Stern's Sports Newsreel program.

One of radio's popular singers returns to the air—Hildegard, versatile entertainer, stars on NBC's Beat The Band on Tuesdays.



# Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

**G**RACIE FIELDS has completed her Blue network series and returned to her native England. When she returns to this country this Fall her program will switch to Mutual.

\* \* \*

The Jan Savitts have a brand new baby girl. Jan will never forget the night the youngster was born. He and his band were all set to play an engagement in upstate New York. They had a difficult time getting there, due to transportation difficulties. They reached their destination, warm and tired, only to find the ballroom had burned down. Then Jan got word that his wife had been rushed to a New York city hospital. OPA agents flagged him but after relating his double-barreled troubles, the inspectors let him continue with their very best wishes.

\* \* \*

Lee Wiley, one of radio's better known singers and pianist Jess Stacy of the Benny Goodman band were married in Beverly Hills.

\* \* \*

Dick Haymes has replaced Buddy Clark on that Blue network cosmetic show.

\* \* \*

Xavier Cugat has returned to the West Coast to make two more films, "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Tropicana."

\* \* \*

While Gladys Swarthout is vacationing from her CBS Family Hour program heard Sunday afternoons at 5:00 P.M., EWT, the young American baritone, Mack Harrell is taking her place.

\* \* \*

Skinny Ennis is now a Warrant

Officer in the Army—nice going, Skin . . . Jimmy Blair, that romantic voice on the Blue network, will be doing all his singing in khaki about the time you read this . . . Did you know that drummer Ray McKinley, who once had a band of his own, is now drumming in Glenn Miller's Army ork? . . . Sammy Kaye also loans a first sax player to the Army, name of George Brandon . . . Mel Powell, the pianist, has just been promoted to a corporal.

\* \* \*

The big hotels in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles are experiencing difficulties in booking name dance bands for next season. The orchestra leaders, able to make more money in movie and stage work, are turning down these so-called prestige offers. Dance bands play these hotels, often at financial losses, just to afford themselves radio network wires.

\* \* \*

Enric Madriguera has junked his band. He and his pretty wife and vocalist, Patricia Gilmore, are playing theaters where Enric guest-conducts the house bands.

\* \* \*

The latest vogue in New York night clubs is starring romantic singers formerly associated with big name orchestras. In recent weeks Perry Como (formerly with Ten Weems), Dick Haymes (formerly with Harry James), Frank Sinatra (formerly with Tommy Dorsey), Phil Brito (formerly with Jan Savitt) and Bob Hannon (formerly with Al Goodman) have all made night club appearances and won the customers' plaudits. Times have certainly changed. I remember the dear old days when a night club couldn't exist without a high kicking girlie show.

Tommy Dorsey checked into MGM with forty-eight soiled shirts recently. He had just been playing a road tour through the Pacific Northwest and the shirts were laundry bound. Tommy explained that he had left Hollywood with sixteen shirts, but the band kept moving from town to town so fast that Tommy didn't stay put long enough to get a shirt laundered. When the original sixteen shirts were soiled, he began buying new ones. Incidentally, the laundry bill came to quite a figure.

\* \* \*

There's a good chance you will be hearing Glenn Miller and his band again over the airlines. Plans are underway for Miller's top-flight Army Air Force band to broadcast regularly from their station at Yale University. Playing with Miller are pianist Mel Powell and drummer Ray McKinley.

\* \* \*

Marilyn Duke, Vaughn Monroe's lanky but lovely singer is joining the WAACS.

\* \* \*

Fats Waller wrote the entire musical score of the new Broadway musical, "Early to Bed."

\* \* \*

CBS is giving a buildup to California's young Jeri Sullivan, who only a month ago was singing quietly on a local Nashville station. A dead ringer for Margaret Sullivan, Jeri used to sing with Claude Thornhill and Art Jarrett.

\* \* \*

Anita O'Day is Woody Herman's new canary, replacing Carolyn Grey who has gone into war work.

\* \* \*

Newest gentleman farmer is "Hit  
Continued on page 6



**Do your best . . . and**

***BE AT YOUR BEST***



**T**HESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job or your share in the war effort, give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to *be* at your best in appearance and personality. Don't let down. Keep cheerful. Keep going. Put your best foot forward. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

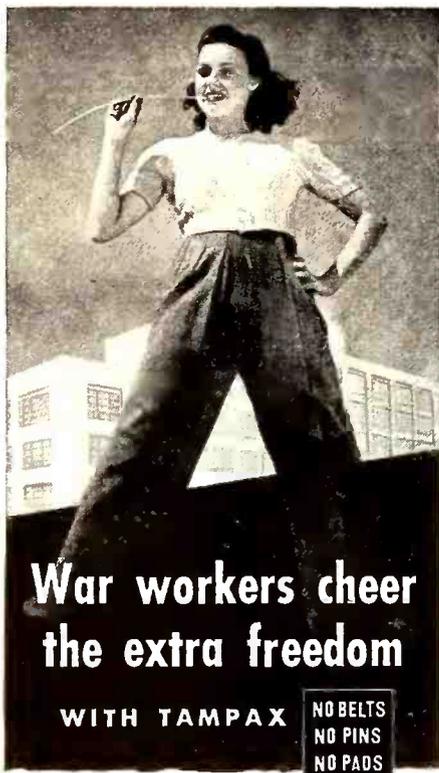
It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action

which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, Mo.

**NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC . . .** Because of wartime restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Rest assured, however, that we will make every effort to see that this trustworthy antiseptic is always available in *some* size at your drug counter.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for Oral Hygiene**



**War workers cheer  
the extra freedom**

**WITH TAMPAX**

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

Things move fast in war time. Changes that might take years now happen in weeks... Jammed buses, overtime hours, crowded rest-rooms—and great numbers of these slack-wearing girls find Tampax practically a necessity... For Tampax is sanitary protection that you wear *internally*. No bulging or bunching under the slacks, and you can change it "quick as a wink!" No belts, pins or pads. And wonder of wonders, no odor!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor for smart, modern women, for dainty sensitive women, for war workers, nurses, housewives, office girls, college girls—for active mothers and daughters... Easy disposal; no sanitary deodorant needed. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes in neat patented applicator, so your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Remember the 3 sizes, especially the Super, which has about 50% extra absorbency. At drug stores or notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Bargain economy package lasts 4 months' average. Don't wait till *next* month! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

**3 Absorbencies**  
REGULAR  
SUPER JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



"If you want a thing done, do it yourself"—that's the motto of bandleader Ray Heatherton, and that's what brought him success.



Pretty Ruth Doring is the sultry-voiced contralto of the Double Daters quartet heard on NBC's Million Dollar Band Saturdays.

Parade" conductor Mark Warnow. He has purchased a 105-acre farm in Ridgefield, Conn.

Ted Lewis will play himself in the movie version of his own life. Columbia will produce it and title it "When My Baby Smiles At Me."

The drive for records for our fighting men is again in full swing and FACING THE MUSIC urges its readers to pitch in, gather their dusty or unused records, turn them over to the American Legion, so from this scrap, new ones can be sent to our service men here and overseas.

General Henry Arnold, chief of Army Air Forces, said after a 35,000 mile tour of the fronts that the only request he heard our boys make was for some new phonograph records.

Two former bandleaders, Sonny James and George Auld, have been given honorable discharges from the Army.

To circumvent the musicians' recording ban, Columbia and Decca recently had singers Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes make new disks with choral backgrounds substituting for musical instruments.

Jimmy Lunceford is playing a saxophone again. The famous bandleader has decided to join his reed section, making up for the departure of Don Grissom.

**HALF PINT OF SCOTCH**

At first, things were almost too easy for Ray Heatherton, the slightly-built, smooth-voiced singer whose attractive dance band has become as much of an institution of New

York's Hotel Biltmore as the hostelry's famed lobby clock.

When he was seventeen, flushed with the plaudits for his vocal work in Long Island home town church socials and amateur theatricals, Ray needed little encouragement to get up and sing one night in the Pavilion Royale road house. The great Paul Whiteman heard the Scotch-Irish high school lad and hired him on the spot.

Ray's blue eyes glistened when he recalled that happy event.

"Boy, the world was my oyster. Overnight I had crashed the big time without experiencing the hard knocks."

The king of jazz used the ex-choir boy on his network radio program, planned big things for him just as he did for other proteges like Bing Crosby, Jack Fulton, and Mildred Bailey.

"Gosh, in those days I did the solo work while Bing was just one of the Rhythm Boys trio," Ray said, proudly.

But when Whiteman wanted to take the boy to the west coast, Ray's bubble burst. His father, a well to do builder, refused permission.

"You'll finish high school and then go to Princeton," Heatherton senior commanded. Since the stipend Whiteman paid Ray was not needed by the family, the boy had no strong argument.

"But Fate can play funny tricks," Ray continued, "A year later my father died and when I really needed a job I couldn't find one as a singer. No one seemed to remember or care that I once worked for Whiteman."

Instead, Ray got a job with the telephone company as a complaint agent.

"I was a big man there," Ray smiled. "I was sought after by everybody who was mad at the company."

During lunch hours Heatherton dropped his career at the telephone company and pursued a singing career. He haunted the broadcasting studios. One day he happened to be in an NBC elevator with tenor James Melton.

"It was lucky for me that the elevator was a local. In an express I never would have been able to talk to Jimmy. He agreed to help get me an audition."

Ray was but one small voice in a mass audition. But Ray remembered what Father Finn, his parochial school teacher, told him to do. He remembered the advice his mother, an accomplished pianist, gave him. He recalled the tricks the great Whiteman had recounted. NBC hired him, put him on sustaining programs. In a few months he was doing fourteen broadcasts a week. A year later he had won commercial engagements with Eddy Duchin, the Ipana Troubadours, and Andre Kostelanetz.

In 1936 Ray got the leading role in the musical hit, "Babes in Arms," singing the role made famous in the film by Mickey Rooney.

During the long Broadway run Ray was infected by two comparatively harmless afflictions.

"The band bug and the love bug hit me at precisely the same time. It was easier conquering the first."

Ray had always wanted to lead his own band. Enlarging his bankroll by two years' work as a singer in theaters, he had by 1939, enough capital to launch his project. Without the help of an agent or band booking office, Ray auditioned for the Rainbow Room in New York.

**T**HE Rainbow Room engagement was successful. However, when the contract ended, Ray ran into trouble. The bookers and agents resented Heather-ton's initiative in arranging his own booking. They went out of their way to prevent him from getting other jobs.

"So I had to get out and hustle," Ray explained.

Hustle is hardly the word for it. The day of his closing performance at the Rainbow Room, Ray contacted the Biltmore management, coaxed them to a rehearsal hall, and walked out three hours later with a brand new contract. His band has been playing at the Biltmore on and off for four years. Right now they're on the roof again for the summer season, broadcasting over the Blue network.

Ray has been married for a year and a half to a red-haired, attractive Scotch lassie, Davenie Watson. She was a dancer in "Babes In Arms."

To win the girl of his heart, Ray was as persistent as he was in conducting his business affairs.

"And I won Davenie without benefit of an agent," he says confidently, "although it took me four and a half years to have my proposal accepted."

The Heathertons now occupy a spacious penthouse in anticipation of a blessed event due in September.

Ray's fourteen-piece band leans toward sentimental music.

"We're now playing mostly for kids in uniform. They don't know when they'll get a chance to hold a girl in their arms again. I figure they would rather hold a girl to the strains of 'As Time Goes By' than to 'The Steam Is On The Beam.'"

Heather-ton's string section features two girl violinists, Jeannie Lindberg and Virginia Drane. Both are concert-trained. The vocalist is new to the band. She's Ann Warren of Washington, D. C.

Ray is in his early thirties, is five feet eight inches tall, has the build and manners of the perennial juvenile. He still practices all the styles of a musical comedy hero, and the crowd loves it.

"Maybe I'm old fashioned but I can't stand on a dime and sing. Maybe this new style is just a passing fancy," he concluded hopefully.



**BEAUTY HELP FOR "HOME FRONT" HANDS!**

# TOUSHAY

**Beforehand lotion guards hands even in hot, soapy water**

Lots of extra little soap-and-water chores nowadays! So guard soft, lovely hands with Toushay! Smooth on this creamy "beforehand" lotion *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Toushay's made to a special formula—helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep busy hands soft. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.



*Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers*

# What's New from Coast to Coast

By  
DALE BANKS



Back from Hollywood to rejoin WSM'S Grand Ole Opry, is George Dewey Hay, the solemn old judge. He just finished making a movie.



J. B. Clark, WBT's new announcer, is no stranger to radio. Though only thirty-two, he's a veteran of nine long years of experience.



Vic and Sade have a visitor in their little house, half way up the next block, these days. He's young Russell Miller, an orphan.

**W**HEN Jack Benny signed off the air for the summer, his last words stirred the nation. Many people have written to him for copies of his little speech. Here it is, at last, and we repeat it for what it is worth to you.

"Today Valley Forge and Bull Run and Gettysburg and Chateau Thierry come marching out of the past and we see them clearly again . . . because marching at their side are the men of Bataan and Pearl Harbor and Corregidor and Wake . . . and the men who fell there are still a living part of it, and their spirit has given new life to all men who have died since 1776.

"Someday time will erase the pain of the memory of Bataan and Pearl Harbor as it once erased the pain of Verdun. But tonight the gold stars are too bright and new, the wounds in our hearts too fresh and the pain too sharp to forget. And, thus, Memorial Day becomes more than a roll call of our honored dead and a roll call more of the living. And the living must step forth to answer and they must say . . . 'all these men from 1776 to 1943—they died for me. So let me work and let me buy the bonds, and let me—with the helping hand of God—make the sacrifice that tells the soul of each one of these men—you did not die in vain.'"

We want to tell you a little about Jerry Lester, one of radio's newest comedians, a lad who is likely to force such radio favorites as Bob Hope and Milton Berle to move over and make room for him. Jerry is a middle-

westerner, born and raised in Chicago. He majored in philosophy at Northwestern University and was a member of the all-middlewestern basketball team. Jerry's father was a music critic and had Jerry study voice with Alexander Nakhutin, the famous teacher. Young Lester also took ballet and tap dancing lessons. "Something," he laments, "I would like to forget." He would like to forget it, because he once formed a vaudeville act with another fellow and toured all over the country, ending up broke in San Francisco. He decided to quit dancing and became a comedian and joined a musical comedy called "Temptations." From then on, Jerry's star began to rise until, in 1940, he stepped in as a substitute for Bob Hope on the radio. Following that, he was one of the comedy features of the Bing Crosby show for almost a year. That look of surprise you see on Jerry Lester's face, (See picture) is one of the tricks he uses to get laughs. It developed during the time he tried to make a living as a prize fighter. He never won a fight, but his crazy expressions made him popular with fight fans. Jerry tells us he is a collector of children and coins. He has two daughters, age three and six, and a son just a year old. His

coin collection is valued at \$20,000. He likes bow ties, ball games and heckling other comedians. And by way of a special accomplishment, Jerry Lester wrote the lyrics to Radio Mirror's song hit of the month, "Who's The Best Dressed Man in America?" We'd suggest that you turn to page 44 and sing it right away.

All you radio listeners who have been wanting to see Marion Shockley, the cute red head who plays Nikki Porter in the Ellery Queen shows, will get that chance soon. Marion is one of the featured players in the movie "Stage Door Canteen," which will be out your way soon, if it is not already there.

**NASHVILLE, TENN.**—As this issue of Radio Mirror goes to press George Dewey Hay, the "Solemn Old Judge" of WSM's Grand Ole Opry is returning to Nashville, Tenn., and the popular folk music program from Hollywood, where he has just completed a motion picture.

On Saturday night, November 28, 1925, the veteran master of ceremonies of the Opry presented Uncle Jimmie Thompson, 82-year-old fiddler, and his niece, Eva Thompson Jones, accompanist, in what was shortly to become the WSM Grand Ole Opry.

Nearly thirty years ago, when Judge Hay was a young reporter on the Memphis Commercial Appeal, he was sent up into the hills of Arkansas on a story.

Continued on page 10

# Short Cuts to Social Success

by **BOB HOPE**



**1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success . . . looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.**



**2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.**



**3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like . . . "Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."**



**4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.**



**5. Above all, watch your manners. For example . . . when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point . . . unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.**



**Only Pepsodent contains Irium**

**How PEPSODENT  
with IRIUM  
uncovers  
brighter teeth**



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

# "Beauty IS MY BREAD and BUTTER"



says lovely

*Sally Siegmund*

"Why do photographers ask me to pose so often? Because the glamour they seek is enhanced by perfect grooming of my hair. No matter how lovely one's features, glamour vanishes with untidy hair. Naturally, I use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins to insure the loveliness of my coiffure."

## HOLD-BOB BOB PINS



HOLD-BOB Bob Pins assure lasting loveliness for your coiffure. They hold better because they're stronger . . . firmer . . . don't show because of round, invisible heads. Finish is satin-smooth. Ends are rounded, too. Because they're scarce—now, more than ever, use HOLD-BOB Bob Pins. They last longer. Genuine HOLD-BOB Bob Pins come on a cord as shown, plainly priced 10c.



THE HUMP  
HAIRPIN MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

When he arrived more tired than his mule, he found that the moonshine trial he was to cover had been postponed.

Rather than face the trip again that night the young reporter accepted the hospitality of the hill folk and spent the night.

His host was the head of a family of seven, living in a three-room log cabin.

"Along about dusk," said the Judge, "I noticed the family began to get restless."

Finally, the grandfather spoke up: "See here," he started cautiously, "I don't reckon you'd care to go over to the barn dance? It's Saturday night, you know, and everybody'll be there."

At the moment, the Judge wanted nothing more than to go to bed and forget the thirty-mile mule ride which lay ahead of him. But he didn't want to disappoint his hosts. So, being the perfect guest, he agreed to go.

Thus, in the hills of Arkansas, was born one of the great radio programs of America—the Grand Ole Opry—although Judge Hay didn't realize it at the time.

Judge Hay was born in Attica, Indiana, on November 9, 1895. He was educated in public schools there and studied law for a time.

He joined the editorial staff of the Memphis Commercial Appeal in 1920 and became radio editor of the paper in 1923.

In April, 1924, a week after WLS, Chicago, went on the air, he went there as chief announcer and was one of the organizers and first master of ceremonies of the WLS barn dance, which is still on the air.

Here are some astounding facts about Information Please, which recently celebrated its fifth year on the air. To listeners submitting questions have gone 1,142 encyclopedias and about \$50,000. After the first broadcast, 2,500 letters poured into NBC's mail room but, during its 260 week run, the mail count has gone as high as 28,000 letters in one week. To Information Please have come some 12,000,000 questions. The budget for the show when it started was \$400 a week—it is now

\$10,000. The show has collected 21 prizes for being the best quiz show on the air. Two books have been published about Information Please and 39 motion picture shorts released. Clifton Fadiman and Franklin P. Adams have been on the show since it started, Levant and Kieran joined shortly afterwards.

The war has even affected prize fighters. Bill Corum and Don Dumphy, who run the Mutual Cavalcade of Sports show, used to hate to climb through the ropes and ask the pugs to say a few words into the mike. All they would get is something as dull as, "Hello, Mom, I'm glad I won." Now, since Pearl Harbor, the prize fighters have too much to say. They want to say hello to all their friends and relatives in camp and on the fighting fronts as well as their sisters and sweethearts in the WAVES, WAACS, and SPARS.

"What have you got to say tonight?" Don asked fighter Fritzie Zivic after a tough battle with Beau Jack.

"Plenty," Zivic replied, pulling out of his glove a list of more than 50 friends serving in the Army, Navy and Marines.

Sometimes, the fighters even put in a plug for bonds.

That drive for records for the boys at the front which began a few months ago is still on. Our fighting men want more phonograph records. Captain Colcaire, now in North Africa, was a former record reviewer for the Arizona Daily Star and he reports, "There's a dearth of popular records in the camps. I remember one night I passed a hangar in which bunks had been placed. One of the men had some records of Duke Ellington and the others—all vintage of at least twelve months old. There were these boys, most of them on their way up, listening with the rapt expression of all American youths when a favorite band was playing their favorite tune. War was a long way off that night, with most of them back in their home towns with their girls in their arms. I believe that if people knew what these records do for the spirit of our fighting men, they would send over just as many records as they



James Meighan and Joan Tompkins play the leading roles in the new NBC serial, *Lora Lawton*, heard daily at 10:00 A.M.



Jerry Lester, one of radio's newest comedians, is substituting for Bob Hope this summer.

possibly could right away."

Those of you who have been to New York and taken that tour around Radio City have undoubtedly been impressed by the snappy uniforms of the page boys, as well as their snappy answers to all your questions. The latest to join the NBC page boy staff is twenty-one-year-old George Solovieff, godson of the late basso Feodor Chaliapin. George went to school in Berlin, Geneva and Paris. Until the army beckons he will be handling sightseeing tours. Among others who have worked as NBC guides are Frank Pelletier, son of the Metropolitan Opera conductor, Bill Halsey, son of Admiral Halsey and Murdock Pemberton, son of the famous producer, Brock Pemberton.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The voice of tall, slender, handsome J. B. Clark is no stranger to Carolina radio listeners. "J. B." has been identified on Carolina radio stations for many years as announcer or emcee of some of the most popular air-features produced in this section. He's WBT Charlotte's newest addition to the announcing staff, and J. B. comes to WBT with the applause of his thousands of radio friends.

J. B. started in radio fresh out of Duke University where he had graduated with English honors in 1933. That first air-job was with a station in his hometown of Durham, N. C. WDNC gave him the foundation. And less than a year later he had advanced to WPTF in Raleigh, where it was discovered that he could write as well as announce. He was assigned the job of handling station-publicity in addition to his work on the air. But radio elocution remained his first love and he concentrated on it. Among his choice memories are informal interviews with Jack Dempsey, Westbrook Pegler, Nelson Eddy and Dale Carnegie; a coast-to-coast play-by-play description of a football game over the Mutual network; another coast-to-coaster aired by CBS in connection with the activation of the Navy's Pre-Flight School at the University of North Carolina; and a production of a musical show with Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach from Duke University which attracted Columbia's attention and was sent out over the ether to all CBS stations after its world premiere on the college campus.

# I'll stay *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening...thanks to my "30 second" secret



Do you ever forget that simple, unsuspected body staleness can be the real cause of a wrecked romance? Once I forgot, and it brought me heartbreak! But then I discovered a lucky secret...and now in just 30 seconds I can always make sure I'll stay fragrantly dainty all evening! And here's how...:



"FIRST, after my bath, I dry myself *gently*...just barely patting those easily irritated "danger zones" that might chafe!



"THEN, I caress my whole body with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe, its soothing coolness cascades over my skin with a silky-smoothness. Quickly, the tiny traces of moisture I missed are absorbed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...knowing now why they call it—the fragrance men love!



"AH, AND NOW, how luxurious I feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! I'm confident and at ease, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection will last the whole evening through—and so will the fragrance men love!"

Make Cashmere Bouquet Talcum *your* secret of daintiness! Discover for yourself its long-clinging softness and alluring fragrance...all the superb qualities that have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all leading toilet goods counters.



## Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

R  
M



*Double Duty for the  
Beauty of your Hair!*

Deep, soft, long lasting waves and a rich natural looking color with gleaming highlights make a woman's hair her most fascinating point of beauty. So, at your beauty salon, ask to have your permanent wave created with Duart Infusium Solution. Infusium is an exclusive Duart oil compound that helps make stronger, longer lasting waves, yet treats the hair more gently, leaves it delightfully silky-soft.

And for Color . . . color that rinses in quickly, stays 'til it's shampooed out . . . color that adds glowing beauty to your hair, ask for a Duart Liquid Rinse. Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd., San Francisco, New York.

J. B. is a North Carolinian by birth, although his long radio and dramatic experience has removed any vestige of a typed Tar Heel accent. At Duke University, he not only became President of the campus dramatic society but was elected Editor of the college literary magazine—as a result of his consistently high classroom marks and his flair for writing. He has always enjoyed knocking out bits of prose and poetry and some of his efforts have been accepted for publication. While at Duke too, his academic and extra-curricular activities were of such calibre as to win membership for him in Omicron Delta Kappa, Duke's most coveted honor among campus leaders. He is married and has two red-headed children, and next to his wife and kids he admits the source of his greatest happiness is being on the air and trying to make someone else happy as a result of his work. Judging by the progress he has made in the state during the years of his announcing, he has spread plenty of that happiness, too.

Just before he left Mexico, Bing Crosby sold nine of his race horses to a Mexican sportsman. The horses had taken part in seven races in Mexico City for the benefit of the Mexican Red Cross and Army. Crosby's hay burners did very well in the races, but none of his friends up north would believe it. They were still kidding him about jeopardizing the good neighbor policy.

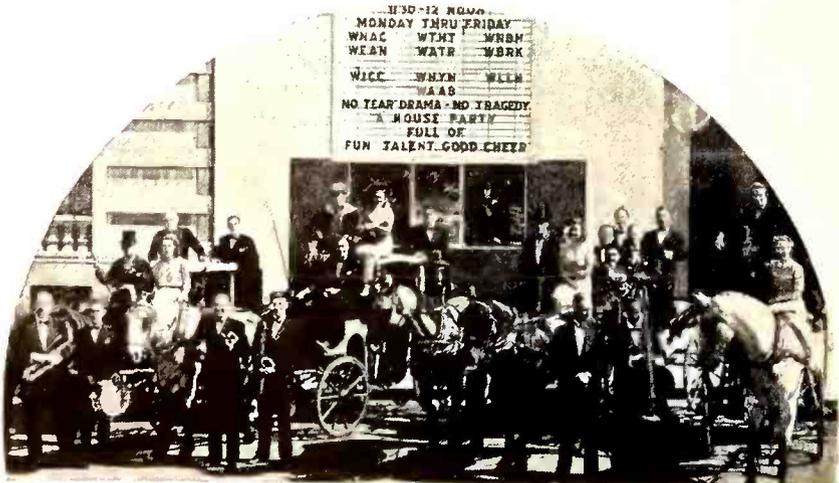
**RADIO AND THE ARMED FORCES:** Bill Morrow, Jack Benny's script writer, will not be on hand when Jack comes back in the Fall, because Uncle Sam has called him . . . NBC announcer Frank Bingham has left the Ginny Simms show to join the Signal Corps . . . Arthur Lake has now been promoted to Captain in the U. S. Coast Guard reserves, he's the Dagwood of the Blondie program . . . Harry James' manager, Pee Wee Monte is now in uniform . . . Herb Shriner, the comic, gets his uniform soon. He's been playing Army camps, so he knows what to expect . . .

**BOSTON, MASS.—**A breath of old New England, that intangible something so closely identified with the Northeastern section of our country, is found in the Yankee House Party, a tuneful, scintillating program of music, songs and

humor, originating at WNAC, Boston. A wealth of talent makes up the personnel of the party cast. It is the most pretentious program on the air during the day time with six soloists and an orchestra of fourteen. Ruth Owens, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, is the prima donna. She is a soprano of real ability and was discovered and developed by the Yankee Network. George Wheeler, former musical comedy star and concert singer, is a baritone with a flair for fine handling of the great selections from light opera. Then there is Ted Cole, a romantic tenor, who brings to the program the popular songs of the day. George and Dixie with their guitars have that down to earth touch in their songs and wit typically Yankee. An inspiring organ solo on the mammoth Yankee Network organ, with Frank Cronin at the console, is a feature of every Yankee House Party broadcast.

Leo Egan acts as master of ceremonies and his cheery "Come on in, girls," the daily introduction to the House Party, is known from coast to coast. Bobby Norris directs the orchestra which has been selected from the best in Boston's music field. Norris is no new name to national audiences as he has been associated with the best in broadcasting for many years. The Yankee House Party is on the air Mondays through Fridays, every week, from 11:30 to 12 noon. Every Saturday the House Party time is 12 noon to 12:30 and is then called the Army-Navy House Party with guest stars from the U. S. Army, Navy, Marine Corps, the WAACS, WAVES, SPARS and other branches of the armed services.

We'd like to toss a rose at Johnny Mercer for the swell musical job he's doing filling in for Bob Hope this summer. Johnny is a grand entertainer, as well as a top song writer. You've sung many of Johnny's songs, such as "Lazybones," "Dearly Beloved," "Black Magic" and "Five by Five," to name just a few. Also that summer show "Perpetual Motion" with Binnie Barnes and Otto Kruger has given us many happy listening hours. And what a sensation Duke Ellington has been this year! His new show ought to stay on for the duration of the war. We think



Gas rationing doesn't bother the cast of the Yankee Network's House Party show. Horse-drawn carriages of other days transport the players to and from the studio in Boston every day.

he has the finest band in the country.

The way Jack Carson figured it out, the insurance business was not for him. His father wanted him to follow in his footsteps, but Jack preferred vaudeville. We listeners should be glad that he did, because we have so much fun with him every Wednesday between 9:30 and 10:00 P. M. Jack chose vaudeville in spite of his father and in spite of the fact that he had spent years studying business engineering. He is a graduate of St. John's Military Academy and Carlston College in Wisconsin. As a vaudeville performer, Jack toured all over America, finally writing and producing a show of his own called the "Follies Berserk." Then he became a master of ceremonies in Kansas City and saved enough money to get to Hollywood. He was helped into radio by Ken Carpenter, Bing Crosby's announcer, for which Jack and all of us, thank Ken. Along with Jerry Lester, we pick him for the comedian of '43.

"It was a nice program." How many times have you dropped that casual remark as you flipped off the power in your radio? But have you ever paused to consider the long hours of intricate work it takes to put together a half hour program for a network? Let's take the Westinghouse Program, for example. For the show, which lasts 29½ minutes, 834 men are directly employed. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, 254 technicians sit at controls. And between these studios stretch arteries of telephone wires which demand the services of 500 men. Now for the entertainment side. Singer John Charles Thomas has been up since 5 A. M. rehearsing. There are 54 musicians in Victor Young's orchestra. Each player has a book of hand written notes which makes hours of work for the copyists. The Ken Darby chorus must have specially written scores for sixteen men, and a three hour rehearsal for a two minute number. Then comes John Nesbitt, with his stories of far off places and little known things. Every technical word of his script is checked by the Westinghouse Company's engineers in Pittsburgh fourteen days before the broadcast. Then there are days of research, writing and rewriting. Now you know why it was such a nice show.

**NEWS NOTES:** The movie version of Duffy's Tavern is now under way and promises to be very funny . . . Bill Stern, the sports announcer, goes before the cameras soon . . . Lum 'n' Abner have just started a picture in Hollywood . . . Jim Ameche Jr., age five, made his radio debut recently in Big Sister. His father announces the program and his uncle, Don, is pretty famous out West . . . Newest campaign of Joan Blaine's is for junk jewelry which she sends to overseas Yanks, who can use it to barter with South Pacific natives . . . Dick Powell is getting a radio show ready . . . Vocalist Dick Todd is organizing a band . . . The Take It Or Leave It show is to be seen in the movies, in a scene in the new Phil Baker flicker . . . Harry James is in the new Red Skelton movie now in production under the title of "Mr. Co-ed" . . . Jimmy Dorsey just got a check for \$79,302 for his work for Decca records last year . . . Edgar Bergen has given scholarships to several kids at Northwestern University, kids who have shown exceptional dramatic talent. That's all for now, see you next month.

# "You'd think there was a Love Shortage!"



1. Look at him, will you? That's my husband, Pete, but you wouldn't know it. He just sits there night after night—ignoring me. I'm so mad I could ohew nails!



2. "I'm glad, I don't have to stand Pete's indifference tonight!" I say to Doris, as we go on plane-spotter duty. She's all sympathy—and soon I've told her the whole story. "But Joan, darling," she says, "it might be your fault! There's one neglect most husbands can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. Well, that takes me down a notch or two—but I listen. "Why don't you do as so many modern wives do?" says Doris. "Simply use Lysol. My doctor recommends Lysol solution for feminine hygiene—it cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes—doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. Follow the easy directions—that's all."



4. Yes, ma'am, she was right! I've used Lysol disinfectant ever since—it's easy to use and inexpensive, as well. AND . . . I can't complain about any love shortage now!

**Check this with your Doctor**

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

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
**FOR FEMININE HYGIENE**

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M.-943 Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Janette, who sings on the Roy Shield programs over NBC, considers her hands as great an asset as her face.



span. Punch down the cuticle with an orange stick, gently. Then bleach the white crescents at the top of the nails with a powder or bleach. Or run those bleaching strings which you immerse in water under your nails.

Again wash your hands—thoroughly—using a brush and clear water this time. Whereupon you're ready for the polish. There's just one rule about applying liquid polish—give yourself time, time to get the polish on smoothly and carefully and time for the polish to dry completely before you put your hands to anything—lest you ruin your paint job.

Your skin will be lovelier if you'll treat your hands to a quick nightly massage with nourishing cream. Skin that is well fed has a well kept glow.

Cream your arms at the same time you cream your hands, with extra special attention for the elbows. Place the cream in the cup of your hand and rub your elbow in it, round and round.

After you have removed the nourishing cream with tissues apply a skin tonic. Pat it on briskly to close the pores and keep the skin on your hands and arms as lovely as it should be.

Dry pimples, common to many arms, need not be endured. A stiff brush with lots of soap on it takes care of dry pimples in no time at all. Scrub your arms daily until the dry pimples disappear; then scrub your arms daily so they won't reappear. If your skin is tender an application of olive oil will guard against irritation.

Your hands and your arms can be assets or they can be liabilities. It's up to you!

#### BE BEAUTY-WISER

**I**F your face is large keep your eyebrows wide.

If your eyes are deeply set shape your eyebrows in a higher arch.

If your eyes are small do not color the lower lashes, use mascara on the upper lashes only and curve them a bit.

If your eyes are set close together keep the line of your eyebrows away from your nose and extend it a trifle beyond the outside corners of your eyes.

If your skin inclines to be sallow use a make-up base with a faint rose tint and match your powder shade to this base. Make sure, however, that you blend the make-up base into your neck deftly—so there is no sharp differentiation of color.

Short, well-cared-for nails are more practical these busy days than long, curving talons. But that doesn't mean you can't keep those hands pretty, too. A while back there was a threatened shortage of nail polishes, but that's over. Nitrocellulose, used in nail lacquers, has become available in greater quantities since the WPB Drugs and Cosmetics Section was able to find some reclaimed materials from which the base could be made. Dyestuffs and organic pigments are not so short as to have restricted seriously the manufacture of nail polishes or lipsticks.

# Beauty on Hand

By Roberta Ormiston

**I**T'S simple to have a manicure at home. It costs next to nothing. And it takes no more time than you can spare . . .

First of all get your hands clean, *immaculately clean*. Scrub them with a stiff brush and a good lather and a cross-wise motion. This also will soften the cuticle and the nails and so make the manicure a simpler job.

If you have callous spots rub them with pumice stone. If you have fruit and vegetable stains—and who doesn't this summer when we're all on good terms with the preserving kettle—let lemon juice banish them. Remember, however, that the sooner lemon juice is applied after your skin has been exposed to vegetables or fruits the easier the stains will come off.

A long flexible file—which will cost a trifle more than the ordinary kind—will serve you better than a stubby one. Its very flexibility enables you to shape your nails more advantageously. Invest in emery boards too—to remove the shaggy remnants of nail left by the file.

If you have long fingers keep your

nails oval in shape. If you have blunt fingers slightly pointed nails will lend a more tapered appearance.

The cuticle comes next. Apply cuticle remover with an orange stick with cotton wrapped about its point. Let the liquid remain on your nails for a few minutes—and while it's there, do something about those hangnails and small bits of ragged skin around the nails. A hangnail responds to treatment with the fine side of your emery board; smooth it down gently until it practically disappears. It's usually bad policy to cut the skin around your nails, *always* bad policy to cut cuticle, for it will grow in tougher and thicker than ever.

Use a nail scraper—they cost only a few pennies—on the surface where the cuticle remover has been applied. Get your entire nail surface spick-and-

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

Girls who serve in Navy blue  
Have shining, lovely tresses too!



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



PRETTY SMOOTH... and mighty smart!  
A wonderful hair-do for the girl to  
whom short hair is becoming. It gives  
you that alert, alive look you want  
these days—in or out of uniform!  
Hair shampooed with Special Drene  
—for extra sheen and smoothness!

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

Whether you're wearing a uniform or not—  
shining hair is standard equipment for the  
loveliness every girl wants!

So don't dull the lustre of your hair by using  
soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dra-  
matic difference after your first shampoo...  
how gloriously it reveals all the lovely  
sparkling highlights, all the natural color  
brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a  
wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far  
silkier, smoother and easier to arrange...  
right after shampooing!

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

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all  
flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.  
So for more alluring hair, insist on Special  
Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask  
your beauty shop to use it!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of  
shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous  
and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



Soap film  
dulls lustre—  
robs hair of glamour!

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

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



Special Drene  
with  
Hair Conditioner

Now... Try All Three  
for  
*Lovelier Hair*



## The Famous 3-WAY Glover's Treatment

Many Hollywood stars confirm the opinion of Americans by the hundreds of thousands — three generations of men and women who have used Glover's famous Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now . . . Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-and-true Glover's treatment. Try all three—ask at your favorite Drug Store—or mail the coupon today.

★ ★ ★

**TRIAL SIZE!** This is what you will receive in the Complete Trial Application pictured below:

**GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE** — recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair since 1876. Easy to apply — you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly!

**GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO** — produces abundant lather in hard or soft water. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable.

**GLOVER'S Imperial HAIR DRESS** — Non-Alcoholic and Antiseptic! A new kind of "oil treatment" for easy "finger-tip" application at home. Use after application of Glover's Mange Medicine — or before shampooing.

Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

Use Glover's Products Together—or Separately!

## GLOVER'S

with massage, for

**DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP  
and Excessive FALLING HAIR**



## ★ GLOVER'S ★

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 559, New York 1, N. Y.  
Send "Complete Trial Application" package containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, I enclose 25c.

Name.....  
Address.....

# "The girl named Eileen"



*Cheryl Walker, the famous Stage Door Canteen girl of the radio show over CBS on Thursdays, and Sol Lesser's movie of the same name.*

**L**OOKING at the beautiful girl on your cover this month you may wonder how she remained an "unknown" in Hollywood for as many years as she did. Her name is Cheryl Walker whom you have heard on radio's Stage Door Canteen over CBS, Thursday nights at 9:30, EWT, and she is now being starred in "Stage Door Canteen," the movie about that famous rendezvous where the theatrical greats come each night to entertain the soldiers and sailors. The gorgeous, blue eyed, red haired Cheryl plays the role of "Eileen, the Canteen girl," and how she got that role is one of those fantastic Hollywood stories.

In 1939, Cheryl was chosen queen of the Tournament of Roses, that yearly Pasadena affair. Like all queens, she journeyed up to Hollywood expecting to hit it big in pictures. Like all queens, she did not and had to be content with extra work and bit parts.

Cheryl was Dorothy Lamour's footsteps in most of her pictures. She got ten-fifty a day for that. She performed a similar chore for Ginger Rogers, Madeleine Carroll and Claudette Colbert.

Very often Cheryl's arms, legs, feet and back would see the camera, but seldom her face. In order to make extra money to support herself and her mother, she would often take stunt jobs. When Veronica Lake was expecting her baby, Cheryl was called in to do all her long distance swimming shots. She wore a wig just like Veronica's hair and she was tossed in the water. Yes, the wig covered one eye!

Cheryl did not object to the ducking she took for Veronica Lake, because she got \$35 for each dunk. But, as a

stand-in and stunter for Claudette Colbert, her risks were sometimes very great and she has often dangled high above the ground, strapped to a camera boom.

Cheryl worked very hard, she made countless tests for new color film. She walked about as an extra in mob scenes and, only once, did she get a few lines to speak in a picture.

Then, one day she was out on location with Preston Sturges, when a call came from Sol Lesser that he wanted to test her for the leading role in "Stage Door Canteen." She had no car, no means of getting into town until the company went in, but Sturges, being a good guy, got her a truck. She bumped into town on the truck, took the test, then forgot about it.

"Hundreds were being tested," she now smiles, "and I thought it was just one of those things."

Cheryl was in Lesser's office the following week and, in the presence of director Frank Borzage and other studio officials, he told her the part was hers. Cheryl rushed to the phone and called her mother. Her mother began to cry, Cheryl burst into tears and then Lesser and Borzage began to cry, too.

To make everything completely nice, Cheryl got a trip to New York, where some of the picture was made, and a chance to see her grandmother, whom she saw last at the age of four. Also, they sent Cheryl's mother along so that Mrs. Walker could see her mother for the first time since 1925. A girl got a break and three generations were able to get together.

Cheryl's been happily married for two years to Lt. J. Combe, a doctor in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

*Introducing*



**V E R A B A R T O N**

**B**ROOKLYN-BORN, dark-eyed Vera Barton, radio's "Army-Navy E Girl" has poise that refreshes.

Uninhibited, gay, effervescent, Vera Barton crashed radio in the most unorthodox fashion. She just went up to the CBS receptionist, got an interview, and an audition all in one day!

Radio Row is still talking about it. Here was a brunette, with a swiny voice, who had no radio experience, and never faced a "mike," who got up in a big studio, peopled by some studio executives—got up and amazed them all with three love ballads, "Stardust," "Stormy Weather" and "Night and Day."

Her coolness shocked the studio veterans—shocked them into giving her a coast-to-coast sustaining hook-up.

Vera is the new type of woman, you've heard so much about . . . the all-round girl . . . plays tennis . . . knits for war relief . . . likes stag parties and men . . . prefers Marines, Chopin, and Cole Porter . . . she loves to shuffle-dance but can do a Lindy, too . . .

Vera can't stand the idea of a vocalist "swinging the classics." First, because it ruins the innate purity of the great masterpieces, and second, because it reflects a sad state of affairs whereby modern songstresses have no confidence in modern music.

According to Vera, "Singing lessons are no good for a singer. It destroys the natural quality and timbre of a new voice, and destroys its originality."

Any day now, Vera might be lured away from radio to cinema land. But Vera has her heart set on appearing in a Broadway musical, before she goes to Hollywood.

Contrary to the formularized conceptions, Vera doesn't live on malted milk, and cream cheese lunches. Steaks (when she can get them) and heavy vegetable dinners are her favorites.

Vera comes from a musical family. Her mother studied piano, her father is an accordion manufacturer and her sister, Virginia, is a talented pianist. Virginia is Vera's accompanist on most of her personal appearances. In the Bartons' fourteen-room home in Brooklyn there is a microphone-equipped music corner in the basement playroom and the neighbors usually congregate there for regular weekly musicals. Contrary to modern career girls, Vera lives under strict parental discipline and loves it. There's a contagious quality of camaraderie in her home, Vera explains, and she has no more devoted fan than the family housekeeper who has been with the Bartons for more than seventeen years.

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# Hello-Gorgeous!



You're lusciously lovely  
 . . . with your  
*Alix-Styled Shade of*

## New Jergens Face Powder

### FOR LOOK-ALIVE ALLURE

Newest today—that alive, alert look. It's yours—with new Jergens Face Powder! Because Jergens shades were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and colorist, to awaken and enhance your loveliest skin tones—no matter what your type!

### FOR VELVETY GLAMOUR

Watch men's eyes stop and adore your new Jergens complexion—so smooth, so lush! You see, the texture of Jergens is *velvetized* by an exclusive process—bringing your skin a finer, younger, more flawless look (helps hide tiny lines and skin faults).

### YOUR GLORIFYING SHADE

*Naturelle*—to give flower delicacy.

*Peach Bloom*—for young, blossomy loveliness.

*Rachel*—a glamorous, pearly shade.

*Brunette*—for alluring, vivid beauty.

*Dark Rachel*—for that tawny, dramatic look.

BIG BOUDOIR BOX, \$1.00 . . . TRY-IT SIZES, 25¢ AND 10¢

# Introducing



BOB HAWK

ALTHOUGH lacking any hint of a mid-western twang in his voice, quizmaster Bob Hawk, director of the coast-to-coast radio program Thanks to the Yanks, still retains warm recollections of his childhood days, spent on a farm in the mid-Western state of Iowa. Hawk was born December 15, 1907, in Creston, Iowa, a spot on the map halfway between Omaha and Des Moines, and spent the first five years of his life there. Then the family moved to Oklahoma and schooling started for young Bob. "Chubby" (his moniker in those Mark Twain-ish days) attended public school in Weatherford, Okla., and then went to Southwestern College, also located in Weatherford.

Oklahoma was the setting for his first experiences as a showman, taking major roles in school plays, operettas and minstrel shows. And it was in Oklahoma, too, that Hawk received his first taste of professional life, when, as a Master of Ceremonies, he traveled about the state on a good-will tour with an itinerant band.

Hawk's radio experience dates back to 1927 when he got his start in radio by reading poetry over a small Chicago station. He received no cash for his literary efforts so worked as a piano salesman, soda clerk, and taught dramatics. He was set to return to teaching as a life's career, having been offered a professorship at Northwestern College, but the lure of radio was too strong.

After a year of experience at the small Chicago station Hawk was offered a paying radio post. It was a full-time position, in every sense of the word, keeping him at work seven days out of seven—and he received the munificent sum of \$15 per!

But recognition came fast and other and better jobs followed.

Since 1938, Bob has been a specialist in quiz shows and has had his own programs on all the major networks, among them the Fun Quiz, and the Name Three on Mutual, Take It Or Leave It, over CBS, and How'm I Doin'? over NBC. Now Hawk is presiding over Thanks to the Yanks, heard over the CBS each Saturday night, 7:30 P. M., EWT.

This quizzier adds a new twist to the quiz business, a twist with the essence of timeliness, particularly when Americans are occupied with thoughts of servicemen. The contestants don't win prizes for themselves, but are paid off in cigarettes which are sent to some relative or friend in the armed forces.



# Unexpected kiss

*She thought it was enough that Jim was kind, that he came from a world she wanted to enter. So she closed her heart and denied the truth of love when Mickey came along*

**A**S IF in a dream, I heard Jim talking, planning. Why, this was our future he was painting—his and mine, together! It wasn't possible, it just wasn't possible that all my hopes, all my brightly-colored fantasies, were coming true.

And yet it was.

Nila Reed, from the ugly, run-down house on Farm Street, Nila Reed who amounted to nothing, whose father was a worthless drunkard and whose older sister had taken the wrong way of escaping from drudgery—Nila Reed was going to be Mrs. James Driscoll, Jr.

Mrs. Driscoll, Mrs. Driscoll, Mrs. James Driscoll, Jr. My heart sang it, and no song was ever more beautiful. Because it had so many overtones, that

song. It meant that I would leave sordidness behind. I would live in a house of my own, never hearing voices raised in anger, sleeping between cool, smooth sheets and eating at a darkly shining table by candle-light. And if we had children, I thought, they would

be born in a hospital and would grow up clean and polite. All this would be because Jim would wish it so.

It mattered not at all that when Jim kissed me it was only another pair of lips touching mine, that the sight of him—clean, sandy-haired, erect, politely smiling—had no special, unique message for my heart. These things were all very well in stories, but they didn't happen in real life. It was enough, and more than enough, that I liked Jim because he was kind, and admired him because he knew the ways of the world I wanted to enter, and that I wanted to be his wife because he could open for me the gates of that world.

Do you know what it is to be an

**From a Case Heard on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board**

Adapted from a true case history, presented on A. L. Alexander's Mediation Board, the great human interest program heard on Mutual Sundays at 8:00 P.M.

outcast, unwanted—even worse, unnoticed—by the only people you respect? I hope not, for nothing can be more terrible, more withering.

Even when I was a child I felt the agony of going to school wearing faded dresses that had belonged to Ada, my older sister—the same sister whose very name later became shameful to me. Even then I wanted to play, not with the similarly ragged kids who lived near me, but with the children whose homes were up on the bluff.

And even then, I think, I found that it was possible to love and hate my parents at the same time. I loved my father for his easy good nature, his kindness—and, I suppose, for the intangible tie that exists between parent and child—but I hated him for his shiftlessness and his fatal weakness for liquor. I loved my mother for her self-sacrifice, her gentle hands that were always wrinkled from the water of the clothes she washed to piece out my father's small and intermittent wages. But I hated her for the things she could not help: constant weariness, a high-pitched, complaining voice, a house that was dirty and full of the mingled odors of kitchen and washtub. I hated them both for having brought six children—six that lived, that is; two had died—into such a life.

**I** COULD love and hate Ada, too. Even after she ran away and entered upon that secret life of hers, I did not really blame her. She had simply chosen the wrong way to escape, that was all. I would choose more wisely. I was growing into a beauty as complete as Ada's had been the last time I saw her. I was slim and fine-boned, with a skin whose paleness seemed to have on it the faint reflection of a rose, and hair the color—almost you could have said the texture—of sunset on a clear, warm night, it was so golden and shining. Surely I could put this gift of loveliness, the only thing in the world I possessed, to better use than Ada had!

The only use I made of it, after I left high school, was to get a job as a waitress at the State Cafe.

The State wasn't the best place in town to eat, but it wasn't the worst. It was just a well-run, decent restaurant where the food was good. It was a place where I could earn a living while I dreamed my half-formed dreams of "someday."

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Well, I'd done everything except dance, because dancing was the one thing on my list I couldn't do alone. I hadn't reckoned on the devastating effect of loneliness in the midst of crowds.

Then, depressed because the week I'd planned and saved for had been such a disappointment, I met Jim. I didn't know his name at first, of course, or even that he was going the same place I was. I only knew that he was a young man with regular features, wearing an expensive-looking suit, who took the seat next to me in the crowded day coach.

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"Yes," I said, avoiding his eyes, because I was sure he wouldn't want to see me—not when he knew where I worked, not when he'd found out what

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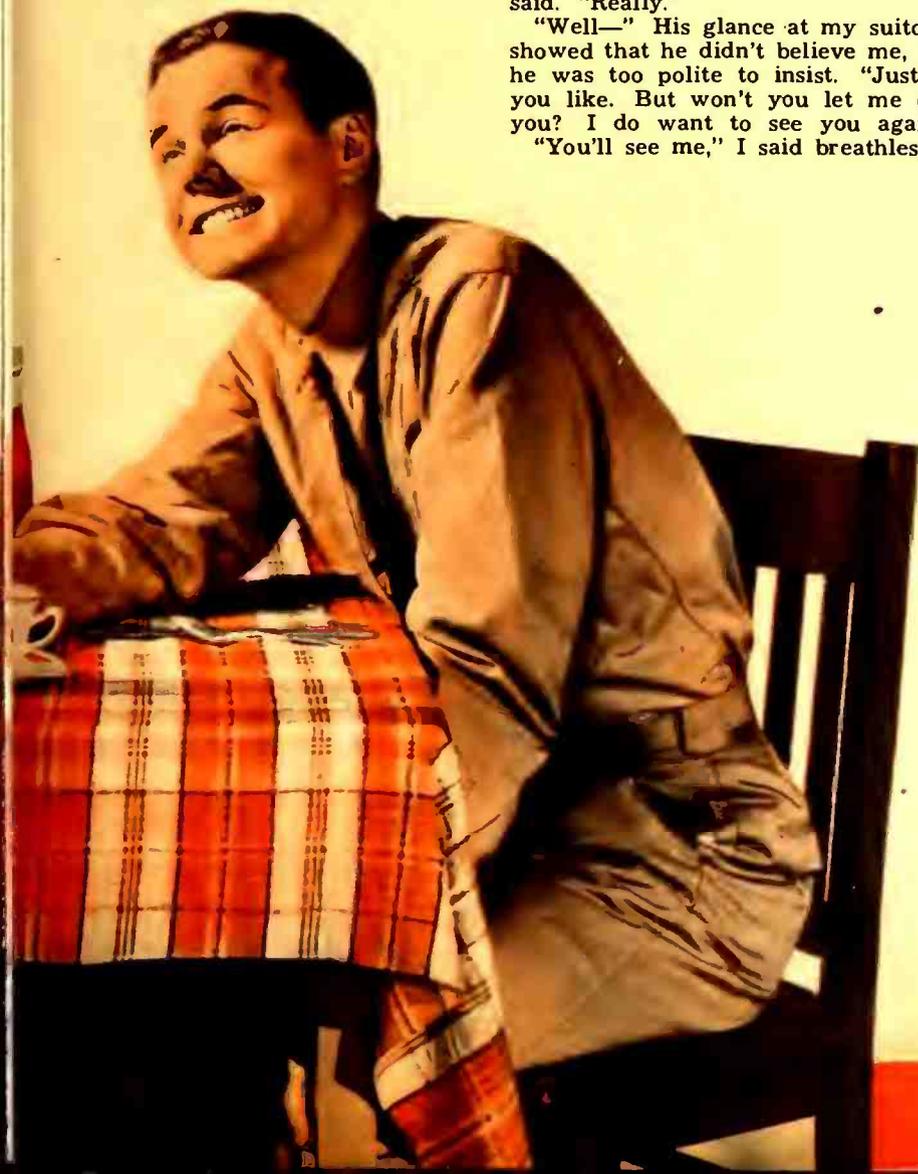
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But, dazed by the wonder of the new life he was offering me, not daring to believe that it could be true, I told him I would be his wife. Silently, I promised that I would make him happy. His would be a demanding love. I was sure I could give him all he wanted—affection, and companionship, and respect, and delight for the sense of beauty which was so much a part of him.

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*Harry stood with John and me, after the service.  
As he was introduced to Lucy she raised her eyes,  
a question stirring in their haunted depths.*

# "I Will Fear No Evil"

*Tears fell unheeded down her cheeks—tears of mingled shame and happiness. Although John had meant this Sunday sermon for others, it had found its mark in his wife's heart, too*

I AM a minister's wife.

Does that seem to set me apart from other women? It should not, and yet I know that to many people it does. Even when John and I first announced that we were going to marry, my friends and—most of all—my parents showed their surprise and displeasure. It wasn't that any of them disliked John. They had nothing against him but his work but that, to them, was everything.

To John and me, the only thing that mattered was our love. I would have been as anxious to marry him if he'd been a mechanic, a bank clerk, an engineer, anything at all. I didn't think of him as a minister of the gospel. I thought of him as the man I loved—a man who hungered for me as I hungered for him, whose voice and movements and inner being held a special significance for me, and for me alone.

Yet, perhaps, I was a little wrong, too. I didn't realize that there is one thing, after all, about being a minister's wife that set me apart from other women. It's the duty of most wives to help their husbands along the road to success, to help them acquire security, position, a measure of wealth. But those were not the things that spelled success to John, nor to any minister. If he needed security, it was security of the soul. And this was what I forgot to reckon on.

We were married almost as soon as John had graduated from theological school, and we went, a bride and groom of only a few months, to John's first parish, the little New England town of Vernon. It was a lovely place. We arrived in summer, when elms made long green tunnels of every street and flowers accented the smooth sweeps of lawn in front of every house. Many of the houses were old, and so was the church, but all were as sturdy and four-square as the people who had built them. There was a kind of self-respect about that town.

I was glad to see John plunge into the work of getting acquainted with the congregation. He needed work, to cure his disappointment at being unable to join the Army as a chaplain. It was a strange affliction that had made the doctors reject him—haemophilia, a

deficiency of the fibrin in blood which causes it to clot over a wound. An injury from which another man could have recovered would have meant John's death. He'd taken the rejection philosophically, but still I thought it was good that just now he could be especially busy, and in new surroundings.

John and I were aware, from the start, that some of the church members thought we were both too young. Not that they said so, right out, but it was one of those things you felt in the air. I couldn't really blame them. Our looks were against us, for one thing. I am little and slender, and I have a tip-tilted nose and a face that's more round than oval, so that altogether I look more like a school-girl than the minister's wife. And when John smiles or laughs—which he doesn't seem able to help doing rather often—he looks exactly like a delighted boy.

It was Dr. Cameron, the senior warden and Vernon's leading physician, who felt most strongly that the parish should have been given to an older man. Old Mr. Gray, who was also a vestryman, told John that.

"Henry Cameron said you were too young before he even saw you," he confided with a chuckle. "Henry's always wrong, in my opinion, so I voted to bring you here—and now, by golly, I'm glad I did!"

If John had a weakness—and I wouldn't admit, in those days, that he had—it was refusing to make allowances for petty failings in other people. The idea that Dr. Cameron didn't approve of him made him a little angry, put him on his guard with the older man. Instead of going out of his way

to make friends with the senior warden, he was self-consciously polite, with a politeness that was in itself almost an insult.

It worried me, because Dr. Cameron himself worried me. Looking at his impassive, heavy-featured face as he sat in church on Sunday mornings, I had the feeling that he was a dangerous man to have as an enemy—that, although he showed no open hostility, he was only waiting for John to make a mistake which would give him a chance to work against him. I had no proof, of course, unless—

Unless you could call his wife and daughter proof. Mrs. Cameron was tiny, with a faded prettiness and a nervous way of talking, as if she were afraid of being interrupted and told that what she was saying was of no interest to anyone. Lucy, the daughter, was only a few years younger than I, and I thought every time I saw her how beautiful she would be if only she could smile. She had big, lustrous brown eyes, long-lashed, and a skin that was like new milk. But her whole face was sad—sad and withdrawn, as if she had learned long ago that she must live within herself.

I was certain that both the girl and her mother were afraid of Dr. Cameron. He must rule them, I thought, in the way that a dominant personality rules weaker ones, not by force or intimidation, but simply by the greater strength of his will.

I don't mean to give the impression that I thought very much about the Camerons. There were more than enough other things to occupy me, those first two months in Vernon—our little house, next-door to the church, to keep bright and clean, meetings of the Ladies' Guild, the Red Cross, the Community Fund, visits with John, sometimes, to the old or sick . . . Oh, more than enough to keep me busy and very happy. More than enough to lend added sweetness to the few hours which belonged to John and me alone.

It was late on a Wednesday afternoon, I remember, that this first peaceful chapter of our life in Vernon came to an end. After that moment when I glanced up from my task of setting the supper-table, nothing was ever quite the same. (Continued on page 81)

## A Theater of Today Drama

Fictionized from an original story entitled, "The Black Sheep," by Ken Webb, heard on the Theater of Today, Saturday noon on CBS.

You remember his kiss when he greets you from work at night.

... you picture him, sitting opposite you, reading his paper.



## Beginning

# SOLDIER'S WIFE

I CLOSED the door behind me and leaned against it, looking around the tiny living room. Spring sunshine blazed in the west windows, picking up the bright colors in the chintz, touching the fresh flowers in a silver bowl on the desk, the mellowed pine table that had been Jim's grandmother's. It looked cheerful. It looked like pictures you see in magazines. It looked exactly as if nobody lived in it.

The loneliness hit me like a physical blow across the face.

I dropped the groceries on the table and rushed into the bedroom. I kicked off my shoes, hurried out of my office dress. Hastily I cold creamed my face, brushed my hair, applied fresh make up. Then I got into a housecoat and comfortable mules, and hurried out through the living room into the kitchen, switching on the radio as I passed. I wasn't hurrying to go anywhere; nobody was coming. I was racing against the quiet before it should rush over and engulf me.

There are different kinds of quiet, I've learned. You sit quietly reading in the evening, across the room from Jim who is reading, too. The room is silent, but you can look across at him, his long legs stretched out in front of his favorite chair, the reading lamp picking up the reddish lights in his brown hair.

There's the kind when you wake in the night. The city is still. The house is still. For a moment your heart is still, too, until you reach out and touch Jim sleeping quietly and warm beside you, and you are comforted and go to sleep again.

And there's the waiting quiet of the apartment when you get home from work a few minutes before him, when you expect his key in the door any minute, his kiss when he greets you after being apart all day.

But this kind is different. You wait, but you're not waiting for anything because Jim isn't coming home tonight. This is a bitter, lonely quiet that won't

be broken for a long, long time—because Jim is "overseas," a place that isn't real because you can't really envision it or him in it. No, this is the quiet that hurts because there's nothing to break it.

Well, I told myself as I started preparations for my dinner, I could have gone and lived with Jim's family. Mother Ruell had begged me to, when he first went to camp. I loved Mother Ruell and I loved Cissie, Jim's seventeen-year-old sister, and I could have had Jim's old room.

"But I'd really rather stay here," I'd told them. "It's our home and if I stay in it and can write Jim what I'm doing in it—like the new slipcovers I made and all—it will bring home closer to him. Thank you, Mom, for wanting me—but I'd rather stay alone."

This was true. It was also true that living with another family, even one I loved, would mean giving up some of the independence I cherished. I'd worked since I got out of school. I'd

...you switch on the light to assure yourself he's beside you.



*Sometimes waiting at home is even harder than fighting. So much can happen to a woman alone, a woman as desirable — and as lovely — as Connie*

kept on working after we were married, until the day when we'd start having babies. War had interrupted our plans and now I was doubly grateful for my job. Working all day as receptionist and bookkeeper for a group of doctors who shared offices in the Medical Arts Building helped me forget, from nine to five anyway, the awful loneliness.

Mom hadn't given up easily. "I don't like it," she said. "It doesn't look right—a young girl living alone."

I'd laughed and kissed her. I was an old married woman of twenty-three and could look after myself.

So I'd stayed on in our home and worked to fill up my spare time. Two nights a week I spent at the USO canteen run for the boys from nearby Camp Jackson. I sewed. I had girl friends in, in the evening. One night a week and Sundays I had dinner at the Ruells'. Oh, I'd worked it all out, determined to be brave and sensible. But there were times—



"No, he said, "I mean being here in the blackness, close beside me, your skin so warm under my hand."



Like now. Like dinner time. Broiling one chop, slicing one tomato, heating over all those peas left from the pound I'd cooked yesterday, buttering one roll. And then putting it all on a tray—what's the good of setting a table with only one to sit down to it?—and carrying it into the chair beside the radio.

The telephone rang, shrill in the silence. It's good when the phone rings. It brings life in.

It was Avis Brooks, and her husky voice held all the vibrant, electric quality that drew most people to her like a magnet. "Hello, Connie. Want to go on a party tonight?"

We'd met Avis and Jack when they'd moved to Banniston two years ago and I'd always thought Avis was more like a Powers model than any other girl I'd ever known—tall, slim, dark and terribly smart looking.

"I can't, Avis. This is my night at the USO."

"You can get out of that—it won't be any fun anyway," she said dismissively. "This is going to be a swell party. Some of the fellows out at the plant are going out to that new dance place—you know, the Blue Goose. We need an extra girl. Come on, Connie—come along."

I did want to go, in a way. But "I can't," I said regretfully. "They're counting on me down there and it's too late to let them know. Some other time . . ."

"You're making an awful mistake," she sighed. "You know my motto—have fun while you can . . . What do you hear from Jim?"

I told her about the last letter, nearly a week ago now. The letter that had only a number for a return address, a number in care of the Postmaster, New

York City. The letter that said only that everything was fine and Jim was fine and the country was very interesting and that he loved me—because that's all he could say.

"How's Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, winning the war as usual, down at Camp Hood. He says they're working him to death in that new tank destroyer outfit. But he seems to thrive . . . Sure you won't come? Well, see you soon, honey."

I went back to my tray. Avis' husband had left three months before. She'd given up their apartment, stored the furniture, and gotten a job in the new defense plant outside Banniston. She was making a good deal of money and she was spending every cent. On clothes. On fun. "After all," she'd said, "why should I bury myself because Jack had to go in the army?"

No reason, I thought. No reason at

all. But I wouldn't want to be tearing around having dates every night, with Jim away. Still, it was her own business—hers and Jack's.

"And it's not as if there were any harm in Avis' tearing around."

I'd said it aloud. Unconsciously, I'd spoken the words to that empty chair beside the reading lamp, trying somehow to fill it, to bring Jim home.

For a moment it worked. I could almost feel those bright blue eyes on my face, could almost smell the cigarette smoke as it curled up over the back of the chair. For a moment, he was there.

Automatically, my mind turned to the events of the day, the little things he liked to hear about. I told him about the grateful patient of Dr. Rudd's who was too poor to pay but had sent the doctor six Plymouth Rock hens, all neatly done up in a crate, to the office this morning; and how Dr. Rudd swore he was going to start raising eggs. I told him about the delicate emergency operation Dr. Holden had performed right there in the office.

"It's funny about Dr. Holden," I went on. "A lot of people say he's fast, and there was gossip when he and his wife were divorced two years ago. But he's always nice around the office and he does all that free nose and throat work at the Children's Clinic. The nurses don't like him much, but I think he's all right . . ."

I talked on and on. Until it was time to say "And what did you do today, darling?" Until it was time to hear that absent voice in answer.

And suddenly my throat was closed with tears, and all my foolish words choked off. Suddenly the game was over. I was talking to an empty chair. Knowledge and reality swept away the pretense. And I was huddled in an empty room, sobbing as if my heart would break. "Darling . . . darling."

I was dressing to go to the Canteen when the doorbell rang. Cissie, I thought, or one of the girls from the apartment upstairs . . . I stepped back in surprise when I saw Dr. Holden, and it occurred to me that never once in all the years I'd worked there had I run into him outside the office before. He came in, self-assured and debonair.

"Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Ruell. But I stupidly left my keys in the office and I want to get hold of a case history in the files. I wondered if you'd lend me yours."

"Why—why, of course. "I turned to rummage in my bag.

He looked around him appreciatively. "A nice place you've got here. You don't mind staying alone while your husband's away?"

"I like it," I said. "It's—home."

He took the keys. "I know what you mean. Don't happen to be on your way down town, do you? I'd be glad to drop you off somewhere—"

I thought of the crowded bus and the long trip to the Canteen, and accepted gratefully. In the car, I remembered what Mother Ruell had said about Alec Holden last winter when he'd treated her for a sore throat. "He may be a good doctor," she said, "but I don't like him. He's too sophisticated."

I smiled a little at her old-fashioned phrase, glancing at him now. He did look different from other men I knew. He dressed better for one thing. And his neat black mustache, the weary expression in his dark eyes, the way he smiled and talked so easily gave him a sort of urbane worldliness.

I knew there'd been a divorce under rather unsavory circumstances in the background, and that he was supposed to run around with the "wild" country club set. And when he'd first taken the office in Dr. Rudd's suite, and I'd been introduced to him, he'd given me a look that made me uncomfortable. It wasn't bold or insolent. It was as if he were appraising me—not as a person but as a woman, weighing my good points and bad. Some of the nurses said he was a "chaser." But he was being very nice now.

"Don't you get lonely?" he asked as he turned the car down town.

"Sometimes." I thought of this evening at dinner. "It's funny how it creeps up on you. You think you're doing fine and then—"

"And then it hits you like an unexpected blow from behind. I know."

**W**HY, he does know, I thought. He understands. He's been through it himself. And I felt warmed to him instantly. People were so unfair. Here was a man whose home had been broken up. If he did a few foolish things to fill in the gaps, to put together the pieces—I could understand how he might be driven to it. I'd been alone only a short time, but he had for several years, and he was a man. That made it different.

We drew up in front of the Canteen. "Tell you what, Connie. I'll come by for you about ten," he said, "when you've finished entertaining the soldier boys and drive you home. I'll be through work by then, and it will be the best way of returning your keys. All right?"

Again I accepted gratefully, and went on into the Canteen.

At first, I'd loved working there. That was when every man in uniform reminded me of Jim, when I was still seeing him on his leaves. That was when just being with soldiers and talking to them was exciting. And I'd thought I was doing something for the war effort. But now the war had seized my life and wrung it dry, and soldiers were no longer exciting. Now I worked here because they needed me and because it filled up the hours.



The Canteen served coffee, milk, soft drinks and sandwiches. It provided a sort of club for the boys where they could meet, read magazines, get buttons sewed on, or just sit. I presided at the coffee urn.

They filed past me, with their cups. I smiled at each mechanically. "Cream? Sugar? You're welcome . . ." At first, I'd tried to make each greeting personal, thinking of these lonely youngsters, some of them away from home for the first time. They were nearly all well-mannered and grateful, and I'd used to like to talk to them. But not tonight. I was too tired and depressed.

As the evening went on, handing out the countless cups of coffee, I watched the other girls and older women bustling around, talking and laughing as they served the boys. Some of them had husbands or sons in the service. How could they do it, I wondered. Didn't they ever feel like saying, "What's the use of all this, when my loved one is far away and in danger? Why go through the motions that everything is all right?" I wished, suddenly, I'd gone to the party with Avis.

A few minutes before ten, I started my rounds of clearing off the tables. As I approached one where three soldiers were sitting, I stopped dead, clutching the heavy tray with hands gone cold. The man in the middle with his back to me—his long legs stretched out in front of him, the light catching the reddish tones of his hair . . . My breath seemed to leave my body and I must, involuntarily, have given a little cry.

He turned around, and the resemblance was gone. Face to face, he didn't look even remotely like Jim. There had been just that fleeting, heart-stopping second . . .

"I'm sorry," I laughed shakily. "I didn't mean to startle you. It was just that coming up behind you, I—you reminded me of someone."

He stood up. He was a nice-looking, open faced boy with ruddy hair and eyes. He didn't laugh. He just looked down at me, taking in the wedding ring on my finger.

"Your husband?" he said.

I liked his noticing. "Yes. He's overseas. And you don't look like him really. But you're the same size and build, and your hair's the same color and—I guess I was just thinking about him." I was still breathless.

"I know." He smiled then. "You get to seeing ghosts. The first two weeks at Camp Jackson, every time I came into town I thought I saw somebody from home. But it never was. How long has he been overseas?"

We talked for a while. His name was Carl Haggard, and he came from Arizona. He'd been in the army only a few months.

"Couldn't I see you home?" he said finally. "I don't have to be back till midnight and I'd like to keep on talking to you." He had a frank, easy way of speaking that wasn't at all fresh.

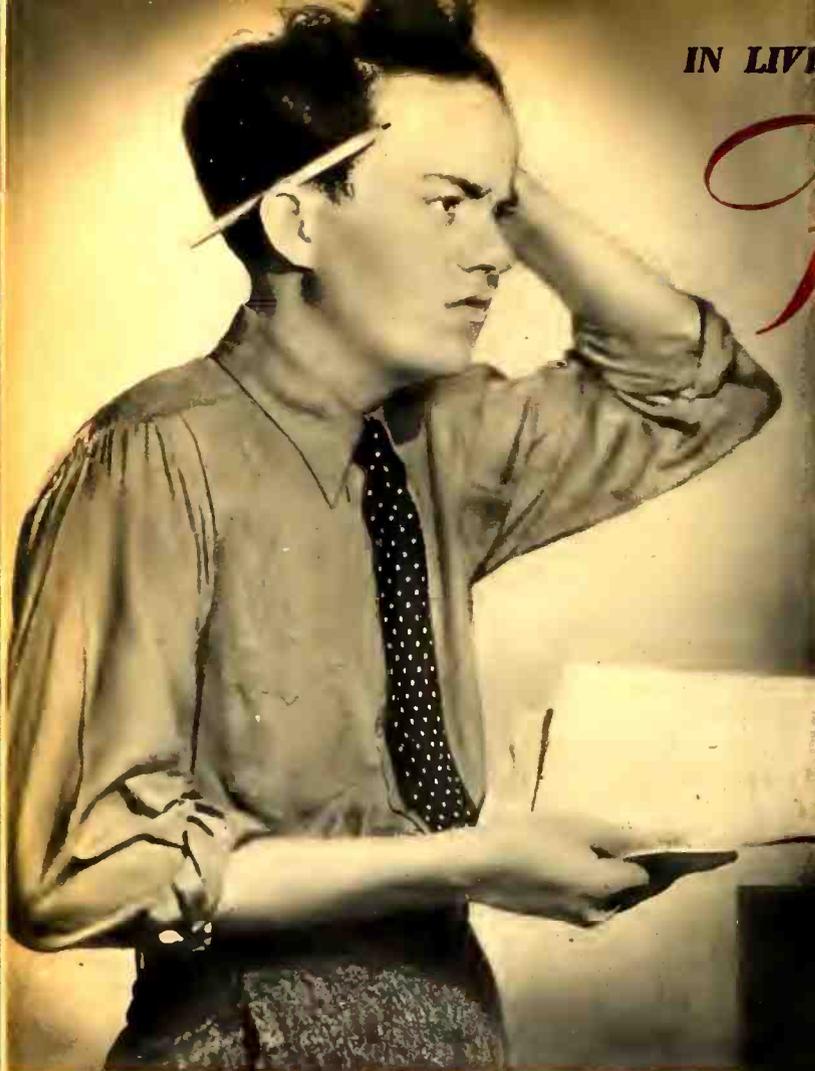
"I'm sorry. Someone's coming by for me, and besides we're not supposed to make (Continued on page 73)

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

# Front Page Farrell

Here they are—your interesting friends  
who bring you the exciting newspaper  
adventures you hear Mondays through  
Fridays at 5:45 P.M. EWT, over NBC

(Produced by Frank and Anne Hummert)



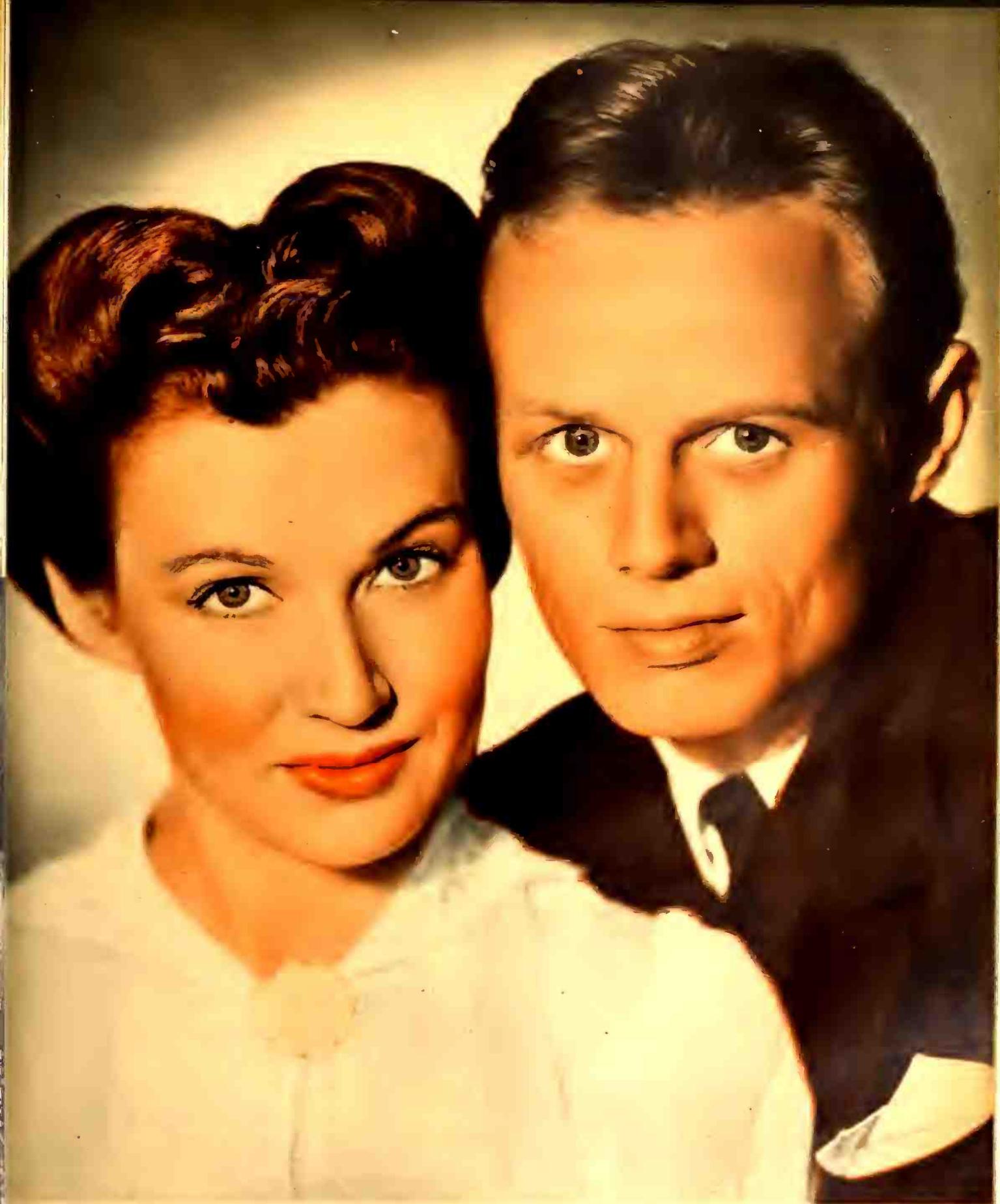
*SAMMY WARNER is the office boy at the Eagle. Whenever there is information needed, Sammy knows it. He is a bright, alive kid, full of fun and energy. Sammy lives at home with his widowed mother. And she is mighty proud of her boy. Sammy is putting as much as he can into War Bonds to have money for his mother when he goes into service. The sun rises and sets for Sammy with David Farrell. His chief ambition in life is to grow up and be just like David whom he simply worships.*

(Played by George Sturgeon)

*KAY BARNETT is David Farrell's fellow reporter on the Eagle. Kay is also a good friend of Sally's and together Sally and Kay keep David in check. She's as capable a reporter as any man on the paper, and she has a perfect sense of humor. Kay talks fast and strong, but inside she is really a timid girl. Her daring in going after stories of all kinds often surprises her after it's all over. She swears that she'll never take another chance again. But just let a good assignment come along to tempt her and off she goes.*

(Played by Betty Garde)





*DAVID AND SALLY FARRELL are the stars of Front Page Farrell, the exciting serial of a newspaper reporter's life. They live in a simple cottage in the suburbs. In his work as a reporter on the Eagle, David has been working on juvenile delinquency. He helped to straighten out a lot of boys and show them the way to a healthier and more constructive life. Pert and pretty Sally used to work on the paper with David before they were married, but now she's looking forward to the coming of her baby.*  
(Played by Florence Williams and Richard Widmark)



MRS. HOWARD, Sally's mother, is very happy about the choice of husband her daughter made. She is a member of a ladies' lecture club and she successfully turned it into a wartime work club. While not always Johnny-on-the-spot in understanding new problems as they come up, she is always ready to do her share after things have been explained to her. About saving salvage materials in the home, however, Mrs. Howard is there with suggestions of her own before being told about them in the papers. She also has a modest victory garden, like David's.  
(Played by Evelyn Varden)



LUCY BEGGS is Mrs. Howard's friend and the person she lives with. She is a perfect companion for Mrs. Howard. Not that they always agree. In fact, frequently they have very different opinions. But they are both understanding and in need of each other's company. Mrs. Beggs is a member of Mrs. Howard's club. She is as fond of David and Sally as if they were her own children, and shares with Mrs. Howard all their pleasures and anxieties. She's just as adamant about her rights with the baby that hasn't yet arrived, as if she were the grandmother.  
(Played by Katherine Emmett)



# TO MY UNBORN BABY

by Sally Farrell

*Long ago she would have dreamed of cribs and nurseries, but what concerns today's expectant mother is what kind of a world her child will have to live in*

**W**E ARE at war. I am going to have a baby. It looks strange, putting these two things down. War is a world-shaking struggle. Having a baby is a wonderfully close, terribly personal thing. Yet, I can't separate the two things in my mind. Perhaps it's because I feel so deeply that this war is not being fought only for us, today, but for tomorrow, for the future—and, to me, the future is my baby and the millions of other children who are being born now and who will be born in the days to come.

If I had lived in another age, I suppose my thoughts in these months of waiting for my baby to be born would have been different. I would probably have dreamed lazily of cribs and nurseries and speculated idly on careers and great achievements for my child. I might have spoiled myself, luxuriating in the delight of the secret stirrings of a new life.

But I am living today. The war is real. And I find I can't dream so much. I have to think clearly and feel strongly. What concerns me most is what kind of a world my child will have to live in.

Will it be a free world? Will it be a world in which my child and all children can grow in dignity and peace, sharing with one another the benefits of the civilization that has been built through centuries of struggle, adding their share to the future and to progress? Or will it be a world ruled by a few self styled "supermen," who can keep their power only through the most degrading enslavement and the most ruthless destruction of all the ideals and achievements of the past and the present?

No, there isn't any choice. We're free and we must stay free. For my child, I want a world in which the Four Freedoms—freedom of speech and of religion, freedom from fear and from want—are an accepted and vital part of living. I want my child to know the full meaning of the sacred words—"freedom of the individual under a democratic form of government." And I know that my child cannot live in a better world, a world in which there will be no more

wars, unless the peoples in the rest of the world live in peace. There is nothing I wouldn't do to bring this about. I would fight, willingly—die, if necessary.

David has been reading over my shoulder. "Strong words," he says.

Yes. And I add this. To live in a world of freedom and peace we must do everything in our power to understand our allies better, to understand all the greatness and all that is glorious in them. We must realize how much we depend upon them just as they know how much they depend on us in this war. We must try to know them as we know our neighbors in the block and work with them in the same way for a world that is free and at peace.

No! No one can tell me it can't be done. *It can be if we will it.* We, all the people. It is not "just another dream." It's the all important dream for which men are dying—your men and mine and those of our allies. We, at home, must not fail them.

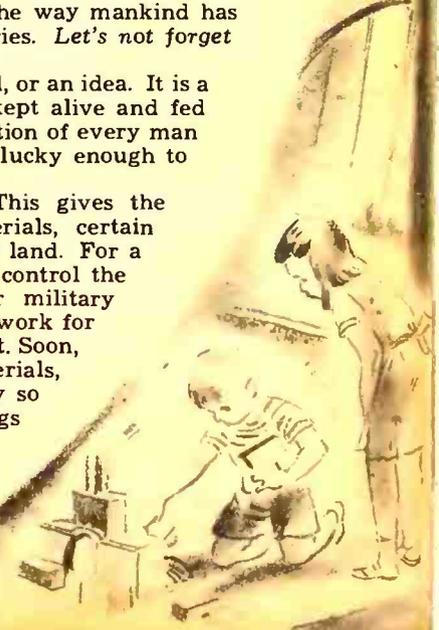
This is no time for softness but for action and, yes, for resolute dreaming, for dreams in a good, constructive sense.

Since time began, I think, men and women must have had dreams of a better world for their children. And these dreams, grown into actions, must have had a great deal to do with the way mankind has progressed through the centuries. *Let's not forget that.*

Democracy is not just a word, or an idea. It is a living thing, which must be kept alive and fed by the hard work and cooperation of every man and woman and child who is lucky enough to live under it.

A country is conquered. This gives the conquerors certain raw materials, certain reserves of manpower, certain land. For a short time, perhaps, they can control the conquered people with their military police and force the people to work for them—at the point of a bayonet. Soon, however, they need more materials, more men. And it isn't nearly so profitable to buy these things from other countries as it is to take them. So they march again and another country

(Continued on page 58)



# Harvest of Hope

*Dorothy had won her victory—but at the sacrifice of her own happiness. She watched Jan go away without a backward glance, leaving her alone and frightened*

**I**T wasn't until the train began to move slowly out of the station that I really realized what I had done. Mom and Dad and Annie were running along the platform and waving to me, and suddenly I felt all hollow inside and I was scared.

When I couldn't see their faces any longer, I slumped down in my seat, feeling miserable and wondering why I hadn't thought it all over more carefully. I was sure to be a failure. I knew nothing about the country, nothing about farm work. I was a city girl, who had suddenly taken it upon herself to be a heroine.

No, that wasn't it, either. It was that crazy, uncontrollable Irish temper of mine. I thought back to that terrible day when everything had gone wrong. It had been raining, the way it rains in March.

Everything had been awful that day. It was dreary and wet and the city seemed dirtier and colder than ever. Then, at work, Mr. Martin had kept nagging and peering over my shoulder, until I got so nervous that I stuck my finger under the needle of the stitching machine. That made me lose my temper and I had yelled at him and said some nasty things. The next thing I knew, I had quit—before he could fire me.

Walking home in the rain, my finger hurting, I had kept thinking, over and over, "Oh, if only I could get away from all this!" And mixed up with that thought was the worry about having to get another job. There wouldn't be any jobs in my work, the only work I knew, because leather for making pocketbooks was scarce now.

I walked along hating Mr. Martin, hating to go home and face the family.

Then, I saw the poster.

**"JOIN THE CROP CORPS, HELP WIN THE WAR."**

It wasn't the slogan that got me. I wasn't feeling so patriotic, at the moment. We Malones were doing our share to win the war, what with my two older brothers in the Army and Dad working in a war plant and me worrying, because money was needed at home—and I was out of a job.

No, it was the picture. There was a

sunlit field with a girl standing in it. She was in overalls and she looked healthy and happy and free.

Suddenly I felt such a longing to be that girl in the picture, to stand in the sunlight and feel a soft wind in my hair and see green, rolling hills, that if wishes were wings I'd have been there the next instant. Almost without knowing what I was doing I headed for the address on the poster and, in a very short time, I was at the office of the United States Employment Service, signing up to do farm work.

And now, here I was—on a train headed for some place called the Bogardus Farm in upstate New York. On

my way to be a farm girl! And the idea was a little frightening. I thought of all Mom's qualms, how she had wailed about my going off to "Lord knows where!" with not the slightest notion of what I was supposed to do, knowing nothing of the people, the country, the work, or anything. I'd never been on a farm in my life. Actually, I'd never been any farther from New York City than Palisades Park, in New Jersey, where we went on picnics sometimes.

I slumped further down in my seat



**A Green Valley U. S. A. Story**

From a story heard on Green Valley, U. S. A.  
Monday through Fridays at 4:15 P.M., on CBS.

and tried to read a magazine. It didn't help very much. I couldn't concentrate on the story and every mile that took me away from the city seemed to make me feel smaller and more uncertain.

It was hardly a station, the place where I got off the train. There was just a small shelter on one side of the tracks. On the other side, there was a platform with dozens of milk cans stacked along it. Stepping down to the gravel path, I remembered vaguely having learned at high school that New York was primarily a dairy state.

The next minute, I stopped thinking about vague things like that. The train rattled off and I was alone. Really alone. There was no station agent or anything—just those milk cans.

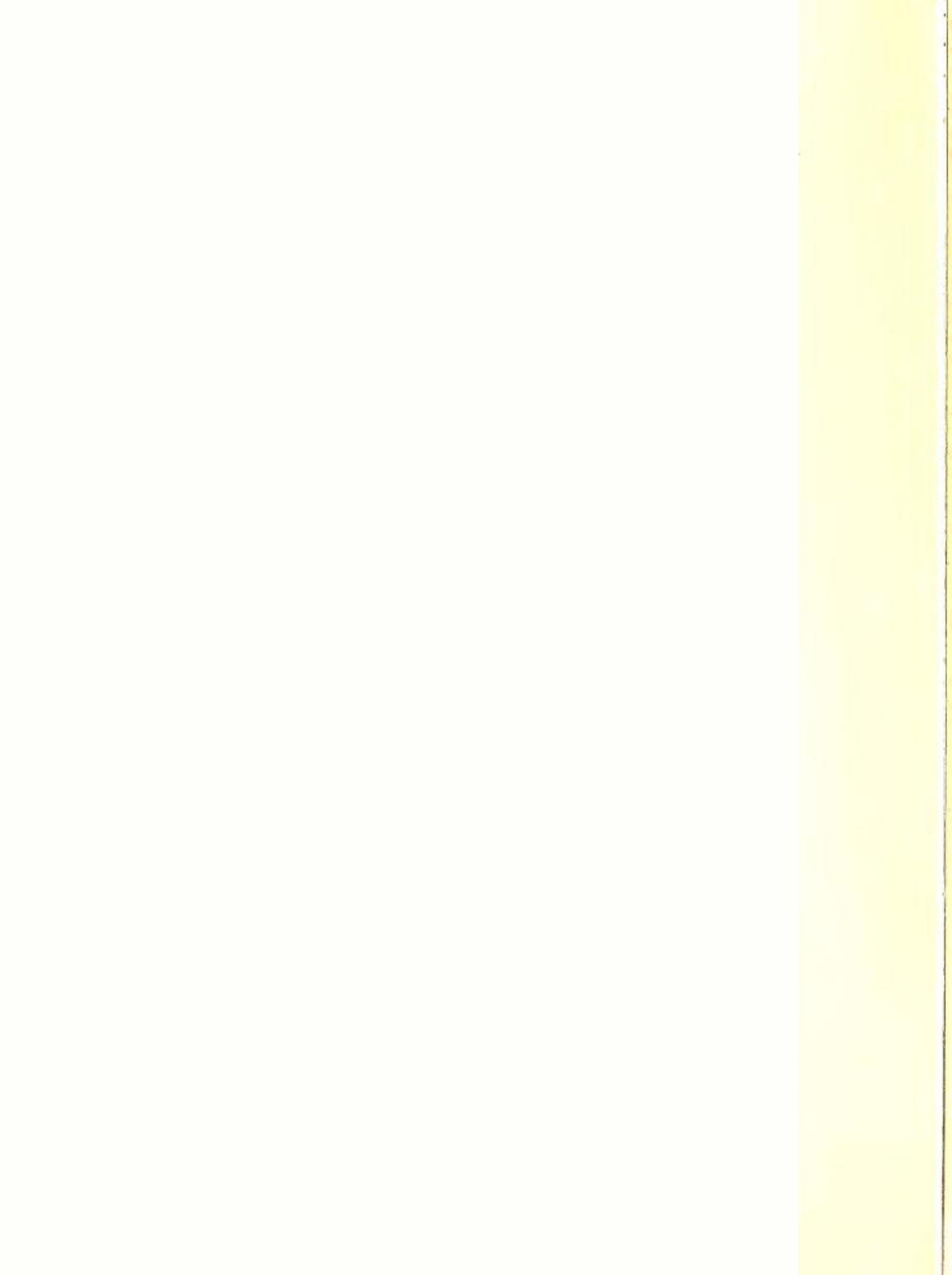
I don't know, maybe people who've been to the country a lot wouldn't feel the way I did then. I was suddenly about as big as an ant. I wasn't used to all that space. I was used to being hemmed in by brick walls, tall ones. I was used to knowing there were people around me—never more than ten or fifteen feet away.

I might have sat down and cried with the strangeness and loneliness, but there wasn't time. There was the familiar sound of an automobile and I looked across the tracks. A station wagon was roaring down a dirt road toward me.

An old man was driving. He stopped the car and just sat looking at me. He had a lined, weatherbeaten face and, in it, only his sharp, blue eyes moved. Somehow, he seemed disappointed. I could feel the Irish in me stirring and it was on the tip of my tongue to ask

*It wasn't long before I knew that he loved me when he took me in his arms and kissed me.*





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And now, here I was—on a train headed for some place called the Bogardus Farm in upstate New York. On

my way to be a farm girl! And the idea was a little frightening. I thought of all Mom's quisms, how she had wailed about my going off to "some knows where!" with not the slightest notion of what I was supposed to do, knowing nothing of the people in the country, the work, or anything. I'd never been on a farm in my life. Actually, I'd never been any farther from New York City than Palisades Park, New Jersey, where we went on picnics sometimes.

I slumped further down in my

and tried to read a magazine. It didn't help very much. I couldn't concentrate on the story and every mile that took me away from the city seemed to make me feel smaller and more uncertain. It was hardly a station, the place where I got off the train. There was just a small shelter on one side of the tracks. On the other side, there was a platform with dozens of milk cans stacked along it. Stepping down to the gravel path, I remembered vaguely having learned at high school that New York was primarily a dairy state.

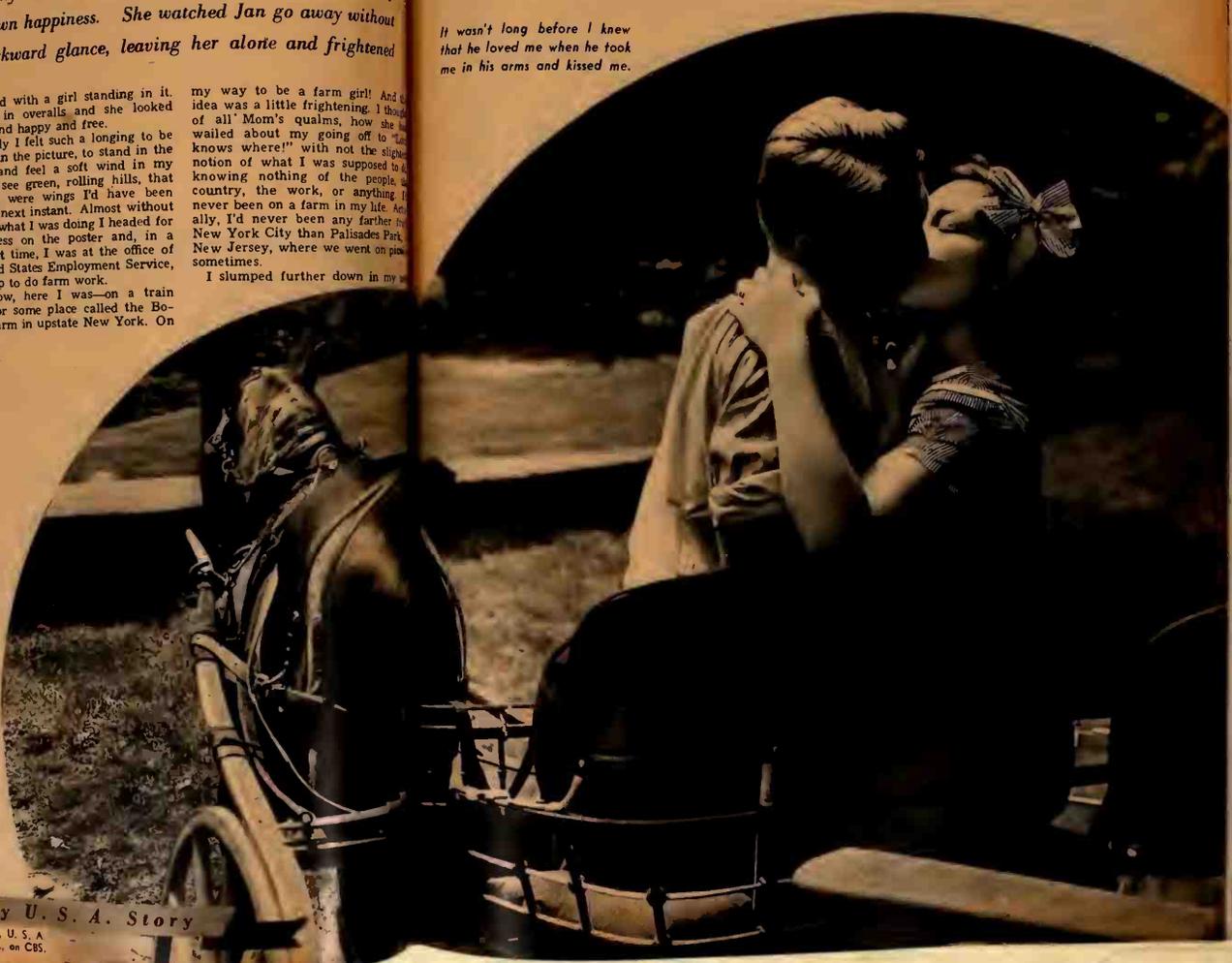
*It wasn't long before I knew that he loved me when he took me in his arms and kissed me.*

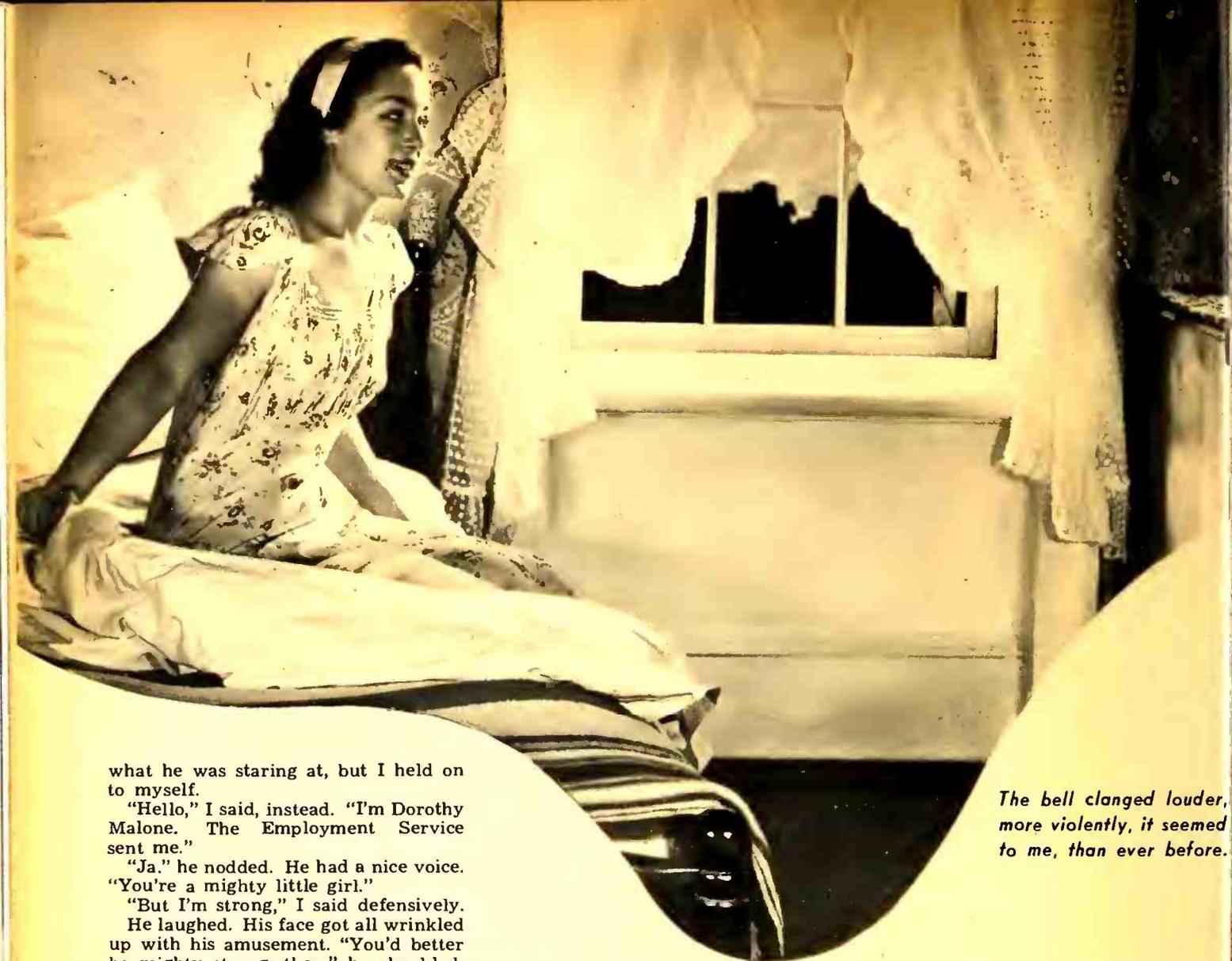
The next minute, I stopped thinking about vague things like that. The train rattled off and I was alone. Really alone. There was no station agent or anything—just those milk cans.

I don't know, maybe people who've been to the country a lot wouldn't feel the way I did then. I wasn't used to all that space. I was used to being hemmed in by brick walls, tall ones. I was used to knowing there were people around me—never more than ten or fifteen feet away.

I might have sat down and cried with the strangeness and loneliness, but there wasn't time. There was the familiar sound of an automobile and I looked across the tracks. A station wagon was roaring down a dirt road toward me.

An old man was driving. He stopped the car and just sat looking at me. He had a lined, weatherbeaten face and, in it, only his sharp, blue eyes moved. Somehow, he seemed disappointed. I could feel the Irish in me stirring and it was on the tip of my tongue to ask





what he was staring at, but I held on to myself.

"Hello," I said, instead. "I'm Dorothy Malone. The Employment Service sent me."

"Ja," he nodded. He had a nice voice. "You're a mighty little girl."

"But I'm strong," I said defensively.

He laughed. His face got all wrinkled up with his amusement. "You'd better be mighty strong, then," he chuckled. "They said they would try to send six people." He opened the door for me. "Climb in," he smiled.

This was a fine welcome, I thought, getting into the car. Here I'd come all the way from New York to do my bit and he wasn't even glad to see me. He was choosy. I wasn't big enough to suit this old man!

His old eyes were pretty keen. "Pay no mind to me," he said with a smile. "You're welcome. I guess you'll be a lot of help—though, maybe, not all we need."

It was easier then. He drove the car like someone who doesn't quite trust these new contraptions and we bumped along the dirt roads trailing a cloud of dust behind us. But he was friendly, now.

His name was Willem Bogardus. The farm belonged to him. "Got ninety cows," he said proudly. "Model dairy."

We turned into a side road. This was where the farm began. To me, it seemed to go on for miles and miles. Then, we topped a little hill and dropped downward into a sort of ravine. Off to one side, I saw a man plowing a vast field. To me it seemed vast, anyway. The man waved to us and old Willem Bogardus tooted his horn and we went on.

*The bell clanged louder, more violently, it seemed to me, than ever before.*

"My grandson," he said. He was proud of him, too, you could tell that. "Good farmer." He wagged his head. "Went to school—scientific farmer, now."

We drove under some trees and then I could see the house. It was very old—so old it seemed to have grown into the ground, like the trees around it. There was ivy creeping up one side, almost hiding the ancient, rough stone from which it had been built.

We didn't stop at the house, though. The old man drove to the back of the house and down an incline to a neat, white, frame house with green shutters. This was where the hired help lived.

I got out of the car. It felt funny to think of myself as "hired help," but when I considered it for a moment, I didn't mind. After all, that's what I'd come out here to be.

I had no idea what my duties would be, but I was all full of energy and willingness. I wanted to start right away. Old Mr. Bogardus crinkled up his face in a grin and advised me to look around a bit, first. Tomorrow would be time enough. Then, Jan would tell me what to do.

"Jan?" I asked. "The foreman?"

"Ja," the old man nodded. "My grandson—foreman, too."

He led me to my room and left me. It was a nice room—clean, with screens on the windows and fluffy, white curtains. The bed was good and there were old fashioned, rag rugs on the floor. Everything smelled of soap and fresh air.

But I wasn't particularly interested in my room. That was just a place to sleep. Quickly, I changed into my new overalls and low heeled shoes. I really wanted to be a country girl, all of a sudden.

Then I slipped downstairs and out of the house. It was wonderful to feel the soft resilient earth under my feet. I started exploring.

There were big barns, painted white with red roofs. They were empty, now, except for some men working with hose and rakes, cleaning up. There was a creamery, although I didn't know that's what it was called. It was cool inside and smelled sweet. There was another big stone building, where a man was working on some machinery. Later, I learned that he was scalding and sterilizing the milking machines.

I just sort of peeped into these places, because I still felt strange and new and timid. I assumed that these men were also "hired hands" and that

I'd get to know them soon enough. For the moment, I was satisfied to get the feel of the country, the farm.

Behind the barns was a large vegetable garden, although now it was nothing but rows of furrows with, here and there, a tiny green shoot coming up. I walked past that and up on a rise. From there I could look all around. Again, it seemed that I could see for miles—that's the exaggerated kind of idea of space you get, after living all your life in a city, I guess.

**T**HERE was a sense of awakening about the earth—and, somehow, that feeling began to flow through me, too. In the distance, masses of trees were beginning to show a new, fresh green. Grass was sending up its sharp blades everywhere, pushing through the dry, yellow stubble of last year's growth.

It was a mild, pleasant day and the quiet was like a space, filling me with contentment and well being. It was all very strange to me—and very beautiful.

I think it was the peace of it that was so beautiful. Somehow, the idea of war, of destruction and death, seemed preposterous here. Yet, it was because of the war that I was here. And my brothers, Mike and Pete, were in North Africa because of the war. And thousands of men and women and children, all over the world, had been uprooted because of the war.

Some of the delight seemed to fade from the day. I ran down the hill and walked on, as if the spring of the earth under my feet and the soft wind blowing gently over my face could wipe out the pictures of devastation and suffering that had come into my mind, suddenly. I walked in a wide circle.

Presently, from far away, I heard a bell ringing. I stopped in my tracks, wondering what it could mean. Then, I remembered some of the movies about farm life that I had seen. Always, in the movies, they rang a bell like that to call the people in to meals. I laughed, realizing how hungry I was, and turned back toward the house.

It seemed shorter crossing the fields instead of taking the paths. Then I came to a heavy, log fence. In this enclosure there was one lone cow, lying under a tree. It occurred to me that it was strange this cow should be all alone, because I'd seen dozens of others, cropping the new grass, and they'd all been in large groups. I decided that this one must be sick, or something, and started to climb over the fence.

"Hey! Stay out of there!" someone shouted. I almost fell off the top rail. "Dempsey doesn't like strangers!" The voice was right behind me, now. I turned around.

He was very tall and so close to me that his wide shoulders blocked out everything else. His hair was bright yellow and his eyes were blue and laughing. For some strange reason, my heart tripped over and I could feel myself blushing.

I was furious with myself. There wasn't anything so special about him—he was just a young man. And yet,

there was something. It was a kind of glow he had about him, a vitality that shone in his eyes, giving you the impression that he lived life more fully than other people. More than that, you felt that his strength and zest for living could encompass you, too, and lift you high and bring the swift laughter to your heart and send your blood racing with a touch, a word.

"You must be the girl from New York," he said. "Old Willem said you were little—but he didn't say how pretty you are."

I suppose I glared at him. He laughed. "Don't be angry," he grinned. "You'll have to get used to our being direct. You must know you're pretty. What's the harm in my saying so?"

"I really don't know," I said. Then, suddenly, I was laughing with him and the most ridiculous sensation of sheer delight was coursing through me. We skirted the edge of the field.

"What's the matter with—Dempsey?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "He's our prize bull and he's spoiled, I guess."

I flushed with embarrassment. And I'd thought it was a cow! I changed the subject quickly. "Have you been working here long?" I asked. I had to half run to keep up with his long, easy stride.

"I was born here," he said.

"Then—you're Jan—" I blurted.

He grinned. "I see old Willem's been talking again."

"He's very proud of you," I said.

"I know," Jan Bogardus said and there was a strange quality in his tone, as though he were wishing his grandfather weren't quite so proud of him. I wondered about that.

Supper was quite an experience. Everyone ate at a long table. There were ten of us altogether and I was appalled at the amount of food we managed to consume.

Mrs. Kraber—who did the cooking—and I were the only women at the table. In one way, that was nice. I was new and I was young, so I came in for a lot of attention and I wasn't above responding to a bit of flattery. But it was a bit embarrassing, too. Jan Bogardus kept his eyes on me all through the meal and, whenever he realized I was catching him at it, he grinned at me, almost impertinently.

After supper, while the men went to the barns to do the milking—we ate early, I found out later, so they could attend to the chief business of the farm while it was still daylight—I helped Mrs. Kraber with the washing up. That didn't take long because there was a dishwashing machine. Mrs. Kraber said everything was like that, up-to-the-minute. (Continued on page 59)



# *I Love a Mystery*

*Meet the members of radio's famous A-1 Detective Agency, Jack Packard of the analytical mind, "Doc" Long, who has a way with locks, and Gerry Booker, the shorthand sleuth*



The chief characters of *I Love A Mystery*, the thrill-packed adventure series heard Monday through Friday at 7:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS, are Jack Packard and Doc Long. The diversified talents of these two private detectives of public welfare, operate from an unidentified office building somewhere in Hollywood. On the office door is modestly inscribed, "The A-1 Detective Agency." Jack Packard and Doc Long are the sole owners and operators of this agency whose creed is, "No job is too tough—no mystery is too baffling."

The brains of the outfit and its analytical powers are concentrated in Jack Packard. Doc Long takes care of getting out of tight spots through a pair of fast-moving fists. The glamorous side is ably covered by the beautiful Gerry Booker, functioning as the secretary of the agency, and, at times, as a very competent detective on her own account.

*I Love A Mystery* has no set locale, as the adventures and each blood-curdling assignment take Jack, Doc and Gerry to all parts of the country. The escapades of these three vary in length and in type, but as a rule, even the most baffling of their cases are usually "cracked" by the trio in two or three weeks.

Carlton E. Morse writes, directs and produces *I Love A Mystery*.

*Gerry Booker*

*(Played by Gloria Blondell)*



*Jack Packard*  
*(Played by Michael Raffetto)*

*"Doc" Long*  
*(Played by Barton Yarborough)*



# When you love only once

*No pride stands between a woman and her heart when she's in love. And so, Sally resolved, tomorrow was going to be her day—no matter what she had to do to make it hers*

**E**VERYONE always thought it was wonderful, our being twins. Everyone but us, that is.

I can remember, from the time I was old enough to remember anything, Mother's friends saying, "Oh, twins! Agnes, your little girls are simply darling! Aren't you proud? How simply wonderful—they're just exactly alike!" And later, our own friends—"Don't you love being twins? What fun!"

It isn't fun. It isn't fun at all. Because being a twin is something you can't get away from. You're two separate people, two whole people—and yet, one isn't whole. At least, that's the way it was with Janie and me. One of us was always the dominating factor. One was gay and charming, with sweet, endearing little ways, laughter in her eyes, and a flirtatious lilt to the corners of her mouth; one of us was quiet and reserved, always in the background, shining only in the light reflected from her sister—not by instinct, but from learning that she might as well be quiet and reserved because she could never hope to be what her sister was, to shine as brightly as she.

I was the quiet one.

There we were, always, two of us—perfect physically as individuals. We looked alike and talked alike; even our hands made the same little fly-away gestures when we spoke, and our mouths curved upward into the same smiles. But we were two people—and no one ever seemed to treat us as if we were. It hurt, never being able to be free of my twin, all my life, but the hurt grew to dreadful proportions when we reached the first going-out-with-boys age. You see, there never seemed to be two men for two girls, then, or ever after—and of course it was the gay one, the charming one, who always got the one man.

I've always disliked my sister. Please don't condemn me for it—not until you've heard the whole story, not until I can try to make you under-

stand it. Inside me, there's always been a hot, seething little core of rebellion. It flared once into real hatred, and died away again into bleakest despair. That's how I came to find myself, one day, alone and very lonely in a big, strange city, wearing a blue-and-white uniform which hid the ache in my heart from everyone but myself.

Being in love that one perfect time, that they say comes once to every woman, is the most wonderful thing that can happen—if the one you love loves you. But if your love falls on sterile soil, if all your weeping can't water it into growing and all of your smiling can't warm the seed to life, then it's like a sickness, love is. You just want to be very still, and not see the sun because the sun is too bright, and not hear the rain because it sounds like crying. You don't want to be near people because of the happiness you may see on their faces. You don't want to talk to them because you may hear their laughter. You want to draw all the curtains, and make a dark, quiet room of your life.

That's the way I felt when I ran away—ran away from the sight of Jane and Terry together—and joined the SPARS.

But you won't understand how it came about that I learned to hate my sister unless I tell you the whole story.

By the time Jane and I were old enough to work, I'd found a kind of balance within myself. The core of rebellion was there, yes—and as strong as ever—but I'd learned to keep it under control. I'd grown up, I suppose. I'd learned not to mind very much when Jane and I went shopping and Jane did the choosing of the clothes—clothes exactly alike. I'd learned to be content to tag along behind Jane, to go out with the man she'd just discarded in favor of a new one, to have fun with the crowd even when there weren't enough boy friends to go around.

I'd learned to be content—until we

met Terry. And then it was different—terribly, fiercely different!

I saw Terry first. He walked into the office where Jane and I worked—twin secretaries to the two vice-presidents; they thought it was wonderful, too!—just about closing time one evening. Jane had hurried off a little early to keep an appointment at the beauty shop, and I was staying to finish my work and a letter or two that still remained of hers.

Pounding away busily at my typewriter, I didn't realize that there was anyone in the office with me until I heard a voice say, "You must be one of the twins."

*We had all our tomorrows together, Terry and I, but I soon realized that we were sharing them with my twin.*



As far as I was concerned, that had always been a poor opening remark from the point of view of getting me interested. I looked up sharply, as he went on, "Which Webb girl are you?"

"Sally," I answered automatically, and then I got my first really good look at Terence Cahill.

I won't try to make you believe that I fell in love with him then and there. I never have put much faith in stories about love at first sight. But oh—I liked him at once, so much! He had the kind of thin face which carries two little lines flanking the mouth—you just know they were dimples when he was a little boy. His dark

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"I'm Sally Webb," I repeated, and added, from long experience, "Did you want to see Jane?"

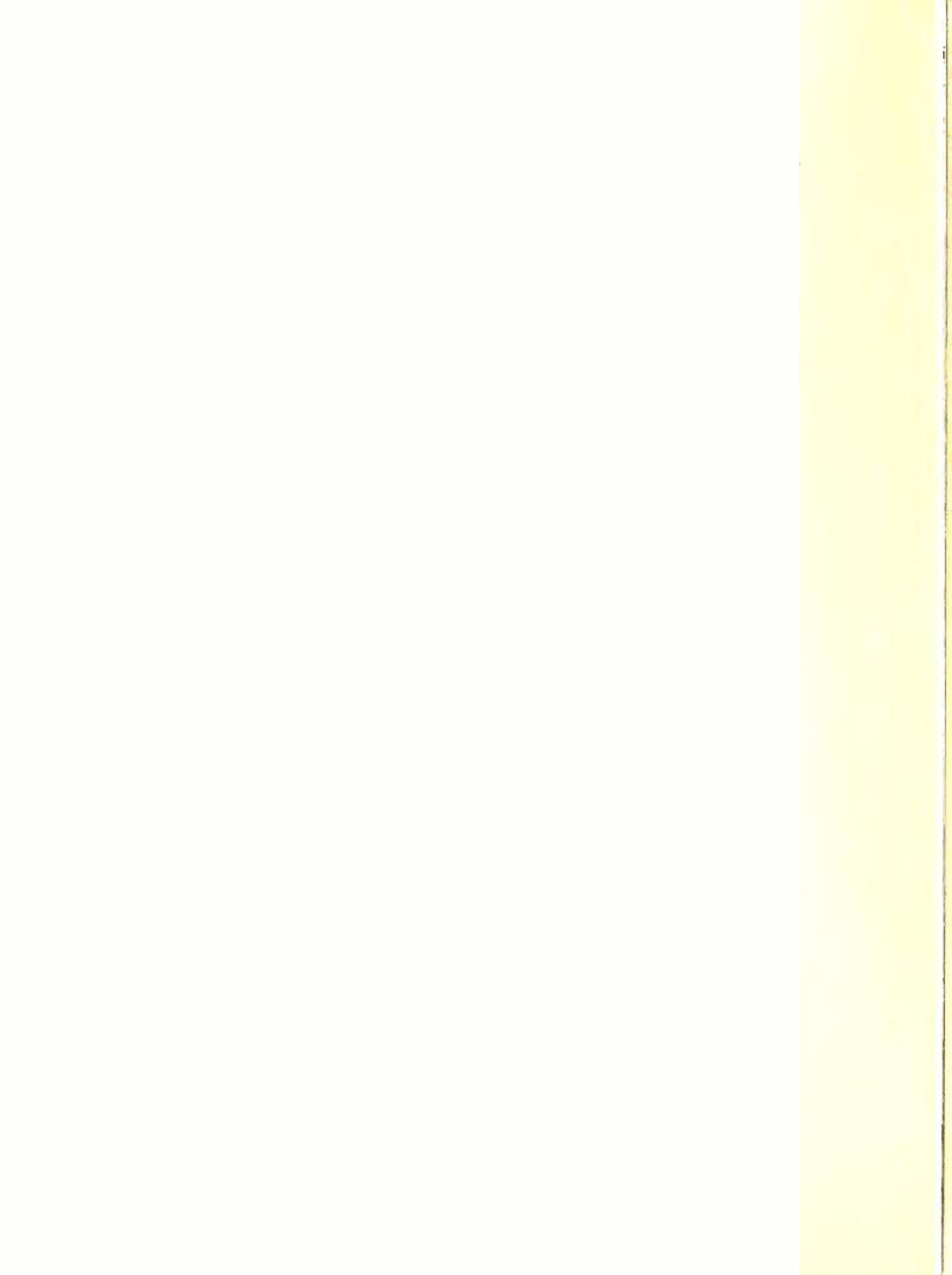
He shook his head. "I wanted to see your boss, but I guess I'm a little late. No—the way I happened to hear about you girls was from him. He's always telling people about how he and his brother have twin secretaries. And a very decorative asset to any office, I might add—that is, if Jane looks like you."

"We look exactly alike," I said, and there must have been some warning in the way I said it, for he laughed.

"What's the matter—mad at sister or something? Or is it just that you don't like being teased about being twins?"

"Being twins isn't very much fun," I told him—and I think that was the first time I'd ever admitted that to anyone. Somehow I knew he wouldn't think it was queer of me not to like being a twin.

His grin broadened. "Look," he said, "it's way past quitting time. Let's go down to the drug store and have a soda, and you can tell me all about



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why it isn't fun to be a twin. How about it?"

Sometimes you read in magazines about how the girl in the story can't remember what happened on the day she met the man—how everything was just a rosy blur, or some such nonsense. That wasn't how it was with me. I remember everything that happened that afternoon and all the time afterwards until I left Columbus. I remember every little detail—the strawberry soda, all the things Terry told me about himself, how I ran over in my mind a possible menu before inviting Terry home to dinner to meet Jane, how Jane looked a little bit bored when I brought him in, a lot less bored when I mentioned that he was a friend of our employers, and not bored one little bit when she took a second, better look at Terry. I remember all the questions he asked, sitting on the davenport between us after dinner, while we waited for Jane's date to call for her—all the silly questions about our looking alike and being mistaken for each other that people had asked us ever since I could remember, and which suddenly didn't seem silly at all, now that Terry was asking them.

"You have a date tonight?" he asked me, when Jane went in to powder her nose and change her dress.

I shook my head. "I'm the stay-at-home one," I explained. "I'm the chief cook and bottle washer and manage the money, and Jane is the family social light." And then I added, hastily, "Not that I mind, you know. It—it wouldn't be that way unless I wanted it." That was the woman in me—the instinctive thing that makes a girl hesitate to let a man think she isn't popular, that she hasn't a lot of men friends.

"All right," he said, "then we'll just sit here and talk. Maybe tomorrow night we'll go to the movies or dance some place, or something, but tonight we'll just get acquainted."

"Tomorrow?" I echoed.

"Tomorrow," he repeated firmly, "and lots of other tomorrows. Didn't I tell you? I've decided that you're my girl!"

I went to bed that night with that little phrase singing me to sleep, over and over, "I've decided you're my girl." And I woke up in the morning sure that the most wonderful thing in the world had happened to me.

And so it would have been—if Jane hadn't decided that the most wonderful thing in the world had also happened to her.

Oh, we had all those tomorrows he'd promised me, Terry and I. It was funny how I felt, those days. Almost as if I couldn't quite comprehend what had happened to me, as if I couldn't realize that I'd found someone to love, someone who, I hoped with all my heart, would love me. And I had a wonderful little feeling of pride in me, too. Always Jane had been the one who had to get me a date, and now I had a man of my own, and I could go out with Jane and her friends on equal terms, or out alone with Terry instead of sitting home as an alternative to joining Jane and the others.

**W**HAT touched me most of all, I think, what bound me finally, irrevocably to Terry, was that he knew, from the first, without ever making one mistake, which twin I was. Other people were always mixing us up, calling us by each other's names, giving one some message meant for the other. But Terry always came to me—to me, Sally—as if by instinct, immediately he came into a room where both of us were. If Jane was alone, he always asked, "Where's Sally?" without hesitation. He *knew*. And that was wonderful.

Yes, we had all the tomorrows Terry promised me—but very soon I awakened from the glow of pleasure in which I lived, to realize that we were sharing most of our tomorrows with Jane. She had told me, one day shortly after we met Terry, "He's a darling, Sally—a perfect darling," and from then on she took things into her own hands. Not that she wasn't subtle about it—subtle enough, anyway, so that Terry didn't realize what was happening. Jane knew how to go about things like that. But I knew Jane too well. I knew—with the old, sick feeling of impending defeat—what she was doing.

Mostly, Jane was always *there*. She was ready to fly to answer the phone when it rang, ready to run to the door in answer to Terry's light-hearted three-times ring. Before, I'd sometimes had to talk over personal matters with her in the office, just to catch her, for she was always away in the evening and over weekends. Now there was no trouble trying to see Jane—the trouble was trying to find a moment without her. For a once-popular girl it was almost as if she had suddenly been put in quarantine, for all the men who came around or called her nowadays.

That was the way it went. First, Terry and I, Jane and some man she knew, would go out together. But, after a little, it dwindled down to a trio, Terry and the twins. I remember the first night that happened . . .

The plan for that evening was for four of us—Jim Martin, one of the men in the office, was to call for Jane—to go out to the Old Mill, a new summer restaurant that had just opened. Jane was dressed and ready ahead of time, as she always was lately, ready to

answer the bell when Terry came, to tuck her arm through his, to draw him into the livingroom and to a place beside her on the love seat just big enough for two people. She looked up at him and then down again, pursing her lips in a little-girl pout.

"Terry—I've got a confession to make. I've been stood up—isn't that awful? Jim called a little while ago and said he couldn't make it tonight. That leaves me all alone, and I'd so counted on going out to that new place with you and Sally!"

Terry grinned down at her. "Well, what's to keep you from going along, anyway. Can't leave you here at home all alone, Janie!"

She returned his smile with interest. "Oh, but I couldn't do that—I hate being a fifth wheel, Terry!"

"Nonsense!" he told her. "Love to have you—wouldn't we, Sally?"

What could I say, but yes? There's no decent, understandable way to say no to a question like that, is there?

That night I lay awake, stiff and silent, in the twin bed next to Janie's. My thoughts ran round and round in an endless, foolish circle, desperately trying to find a solution to a problem which, to many people, would have seemed no problem at all. To people who hadn't been half of a pair of twins all their lives, to people who hadn't forever lived under Janie's domination.

Suddenly, a whisper broke the stillness from the other bed.

"Asleep, Sally?"

"No—no, I'm not asleep."

There was a little click, and the night light between the beds flashed on. Jane was sitting up in bed, her slim arms hugging her knees, her fair hair brushed into a fluffy nimbus about her head, held back from her face with a blue ribbon to match her eyes. I thought impersonally that she looked lovely, and then remembered, as too often I had forgotten, that I looked just like her.

"Sally—I want to talk to you. Are you in love with Terry?"

That was Jane—if you wanted to know something, you asked a bald question and expected as blunt an answer.

I drew my breath in sharply. Was I in love with Terry? Did I expect the sun to shine tomorrow, the birds to sing? Did I expect spring to follow winter, death to follow life? I was as sure as that.

She expected a straight answer; she'd get one. "Yes, Jane. Yes, I love Terry."

"I do, too."

Something of what was in my mind must have been on my face, too, then, for her voice hurried on. "Sally, it's true! Oh, I know I've had a good time and gone out with lots of men, and I know you've heard me say that I loved some of them. But it wasn't true, Sally. I never knew until now what it really meant to be in love."

My heart began to pound, the way it does when you're in danger, terrible danger. There were a thousand things I might have said, but the fierce beating of my heart closed my throat.

"Sally, give me a chance with Terry."



There was all the pleading in the world in Jane's voice.

"Give you—give you a chance? Haven't you—?"

She interrupted me swiftly. "A real chance, Sally—please! Step out of the way for a little bit. Take your vacation now, and go away. This is the one man, the *one* man for me, don't you understand? He started out being your friend, and he's—he's sort of fallen into that habit. He doesn't think of me except as your sister. And then—well, if I can't get him, if he doesn't want me, you won't have lost anything. He'll be there for you, when you come back."

After a second's silence she went on, and there was a subtle change in her voice. "If he really loves you, Sally, I couldn't get him anyway, you know that. And if he doesn't—why, you don't want to try to hang onto a man who doesn't love you, do you?" Her voice trailed away, leaving a huge question mark hovering over me in the stillness.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't even dare let myself think. I knew why she had said that about my not wanting Terry if he didn't love me. That had been just a part of her strategy. But it could be true—it could be true. Did I dare to try it?

After a long time, Jane spoke again. "How about it, Sally? Will you give me my chance?"

I put up a quick hand to the lamp, plunged the room into darkness. In the blackness, my voice sounded like a stranger's even to myself. "Let me think, Jane—let me think!"

And we left it at that.

I woke up next morning feeling restless and strange. For a moment I didn't know what was wrong, but I knew that something was. I remembered this feeling from childhood—lying in bed in the morning, sure that something had happened to my world, and after a while remembering the fact that I had a cold and couldn't play with the other children, or that the party which had been planned had been postponed, or—worse—that Janie had managed to get her way once more in some childish argument that meant a great deal to me.

What I wouldn't admit when I was a child, what I hated to admit to myself that morning, was that, as far as competition with Jane was concerned, I was always beaten before I started. And when you have an attitude like that and can do nothing to change it, when you know that you're going to lose, you haven't the heart to try to win.

Most dreadful of all, in the days that followed, was that Jane's tactics seemed to be working. We had said no more about Jane's "chance," but she wasn't letting time slip through her fingers while I made up my mind.

When Terry had first said those magic words to me, "I've decided that you're my girl!" I'd begun to plan, of course. I dreamed, the way every girl dreams, of a home and a husband to get meals for, and babies, and all the rest. But most of all, I dreamed a more immediate dream—of the moment when



*I saluted. Then my hand fell to my side. All the love in my heart had come awake again.*

Terry would take me in his arms and say those other magic words—"Sally, will you marry me?" That moment seemed, illogically, very close at first, but now it was fading farther and farther away. It wasn't that Terry treated me any differently than he did at first. That was just the point—he *didn't* treat me any differently, and I wanted him to. I wanted him to get around to making love to me. I wanted to be held in his arms, to know what it was like to feel his mouth against mine, to be sure in the knowledge that he was mine and I was his and that we would belong to each other forever and forever. But always, always, Jane was there! . . . And always, always, Terry's smiles, Terry's laughter, Terry's little jokes, Terry's serious talk of his work and his ambitions, Terry's arms when we went dancing, were for Jane, too!

**I**T WAS bad enough in town—but oh, the weekend of the party at Jim Martin's! I hope that as long as I live I never have to go through so miserable a time as that again.

Jim Martin was the office manager of the company Jane and I worked for. He had a lovely country place up in the woods. An ideal spot for lovers, I thought bitterly, as we got out of the station wagon that had picked us up at the train. And Terry must have thought so, too, for his arm slipped around my waist as he looked out across the water, and for a moment my bitterness melted into peace.

"It's lovely, isn't it, Sally?"

I nodded, content to be silent, and let my head rest against his shoulder.

"We're going to have a wonderful two days up here," he went on. "Just resting and getting the smell of the outdoors into us. There's a canoe down there—I haven't taken a girl canoeing for years. There'll be a full moon tonight—is it a date?"

I turned to smile up at him, met his eyes, warm and dear, looking down into mine. I parted my lips to tell him it was a date, to add my smile to his, when high and clear, sweet and yet a little commanding, Jane's voice came calling, "Terry—Ter-reee! Come and help me with my bags, will you, like a darling?"

For a moment longer Terry and I stood very still. Then his arm dropped, and he turned away. "I'll help Jim and the boys get the luggage inside," he said, and his voice was short and clipped.

That was early Friday evening. By the time the bags and boxes of food were stored away, by the time it was settled where everyone was to sleep, by the time we'd thrown together a makeshift supper of scrambled eggs and salad, the moon had come up, full and high and magic.

We went canoeing, Terry and I—and Jane. Jane, who at the last minute caught up with us, telling us that Jim, who was supposed to be with her on this party, "seems to be falling for Ann Angelus—isn't that sweet! I wouldn't stick around and be in the way for anything! Ohhh—the moon! Terry, can't we go out on the lake?"

I lay, restless and wide awake that night, in the narrow bed beside Jane. Outside, the moon still shone, but it seemed cold now, and far away. Something had to be done—it had to! And then and there I made up my mind that something would be done. Jane didn't need to be given a chance—she was taking it. I'd take my chance, too! It wasn't too late—I was sure that Terry had said nothing to Jane, was no more than friendly to her, just as he was to me. But soon I knew, from long, long experience with Jane and her way with men, it *would* be too late. And before the moment came, before he gave to Jane the moment that was by right mine, I had to do something.

I turned to look at Jane, innocently asleep, the moon laying pale fingers across her moon-colored hair. And I came nearer to hating her then than I've ever come to hating anyone, before or since. Somehow, that hate gave me courage. I didn't have to stand for this! Suppose she *was* my sister, my twin sister? Suppose she *had* always had the best of everything? Suppose she *had* always outshone me? It didn't have to be that way.

Tomorrow we were going into the woods for a picnic. And tomorrow, I resolved to the moon, was going to be



#### SEMPER PARATUS

"When You Love Only Once" was suggested by the program, United States Coast Guard Parade, heard at 11:30 A.M., Saturday, over NBC.

my day—going to be mine no matter what I had to do to make it mine!

Tomorrow—my day—dawned clear and still and hot. The cool water of the lake was a blessing, and we swam, the whole party of us, most of the morning. After lunch we girls made potato salad and sandwiches and deviled eggs for the evening's picnic, while the men played a half-hearted game of softball that soon petered out under the wilting sun. Until five o'clock, when we left for the picnic place Jim knew, I didn't have a chance to make the day mine. It was everybody's, for the whole party of us stayed together.

It was just as I was coming down from the back porch, my arms laden with picnic paraphernalia, that I heard

the low, intimate-sounding voices of Terry and Jane. At once the thought struck me: they've come around here in back to get away from the crowd. Unconsciously, I stopped in my tracks and listened without a thought that I was eavesdropping—listening to Terry, saying, ". . . well, it isn't a nice thing to say, but I find myself thinking, 'I wish she'd leave us alone for a while—just give us a few minutes alone together.' You'd think she'd catch on! Jane, I—"

I didn't wait to hear the rest. I backed into the kitchen and leaned against the cold surface of the refrigerator. After a moment I let out the long breath I hadn't realized that I'd been holding. Well, that was that. That was plain enough, wasn't it? This wasn't my day after all. This was Jane's day—Jane's day of triumph.

That evening seemed as if it were never going to end. I went through the motions of having a good time at the picnic like an automaton. I tried to busy myself with helping dish out and pass food, with cleaning up afterwards, with talking to a girl, a SPAR, who had joined the party along with her Lieutenant fiance, just before we left Jim's house that afternoon. Anything, anything to keep me busy, to keep me from thinking—most of all, to keep me out of Jane's and Terry's way.

Talking to the SPAR was interesting, anyway. She had just finished her training in the Coast Guard Auxiliary and she was full of information about her work. She had been a secretary before and had been trying desperately to get into the war effort in some capacity, especially since the man she was engaged to had joined the Army. She kept telling me how wonderful it was—that the SPARS were trained to take the place of Coast Guardsmen in lots of ways to release them for service. What did I do, she wanted to know. Was I single? Why didn't I do something like that? It was fun, besides giving you a chance to do something for your country.

How could I tell her that all I wanted to do in the world was to be near Terry—to be his wife, to keep his house, to live with him forever? That, now that I couldn't, life wasn't worth living.

A shadow fell across my lap, and I looked up. Terry.

"Come for a walk, Sally? Jane wants to explore the woods—come along."

I shook my head, and the SPAR put in, "You'd better not get too far away from the cars—it looks as if we might have a storm."

Pride is a funny thing. Pride is what keeps you from crying out at the sound of a voice, at the touch of a hand. Terry's hand dropped to my shoulder now, but pride gave my voice a normal sound, let me smile as I said, "I'm terribly comfortable. Why don't you and Jane run along? But that's right about the storm—don't get lost."

Pride, too, kept the tears out of my eyes as I watched Jane and Terry disappear into the woods, kept me finding things to say (Continued on page 56)

# Here is Happiness

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

**D**ON'T be nervous!" He bent over her. He was so tall and for some reason he didn't want anyone else to hear.

He had met her in the corridors of that Chicago radio station a dozen times and never had been aware that he had any more than glimpsed her in passing. Now, suddenly and strangely intuitive about himself and her, he knew that every detail of their relationship—no relationship at all really since they had not even spoken until now—had been recorded faithfully by his heart.

"It's going to be all right," he promised her. "I think you're a grand actress."

He had not seen her act and he had not heard her on the air. Still as he spoke he was sincere.

She smiled a warm smile. Praise from Raymond Edward Johnson she considered praise indeed. She had heard stories about him. He had prestige in the studios. He came from a large family of theater-minded folks and the Bernadottes, the ruling house of Sweden, was behind him. He had gone to the famous Goodman Theater School in Chicago. He had taught voice and acting and direction in Indiana University and Rosary College.

He planned, watching her smile, to invite her out to tea when the broadcast was over. But before he could rehearse a phrase casual enough—since this all was incredibly momentous to him—they went on the air. Afterwards, before he could get away from the director, she had gone.

He met her the next time on Michigan Boulevard. Running after her he cursed himself for a fool. During the intervening days since they had worked together he had three times borne down upon girls wearing blue hats with perky feathers and smooth brown fur coats and been ridiculously disappointed when they had turned out to be three other people.

This time, however, his heart stayed high. It really was Betty Caine of the dark red hair, the smooth skin, the big brown eyes and the wide,

sweet mouth. Putting his hands upon her slim shoulders he swung her around so she faced him.

"Raymond Johnson!" she said, "How you scared me!" But she sounded, he noted joyously, well pleased.

"Come into Schraffts!" Anything to prolong this meeting! Anything to keep her from slipping off again before he found his poise and established a basis for seeing her another day!

The puffs of whipped cream melted into their chocolate while they talked,

interrupting each other, laughing between times. Then, suddenly glancing at her watch, she gathered up her gloves and bag, called her thanks for the chocolate she hadn't drunk over her shoulder, and was gone to an appointment.

At least now he had her address. He called at her house several times in the week that followed hoping to make it appear he had been in the neighborhood and, on an impulse, had dropped by to (Continued on page 64)



"This is Raymond, your host" on Inner Sanctum, heard Sundays on the Blue, and his actress wife, Betty.

**"An actor should travel alone. You can't mix marriage and a career," Raymond Edward Johnson, Inner Sanctum Host, told Betty Caine. But he found they could**

# WHO'S THE BEST DRESSED MAN IN AMERICA?

If he's in Navy blue uniform, or the khaki of the Army, you'll be singing this song. Hear it played by Ray Sinatra on Jerry Lester's new CBS show Sunday at 7:00

Lyrics by JERRY LESTER

Music by JOHN SCOTT TROTTER

Brightly

CHORUS



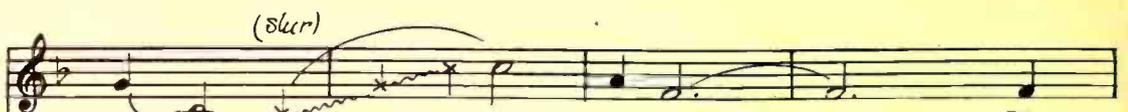
Who's the best dressed man in A - mer - i - ca? WHO? My



John - ny! WHO? My John - ny!



Who's the smartest guy in the pub - lic eye? WHO? My



John - ny! Who? My John - ny! 1. He's  
2. He's



sure sure some man He takes the girls by storm Yes  
 sure some man When he sails in-to view Yes

Sir, Yes Ma'am In his kha - ki u - ni - form  
 Sir, Yes Ma'am In his nat - ty na - vy blue

Who's the best dressed man in A - mer - i - ca Who? My

(shout)

John - ny! WHO? My John - ny!

(slur)

John - ny! WHO? John - ny!

(ask softly) (shout)



RADIO MIRROR'S  
 HIT OF THE MONTH

# Come Back, Beloved!

I HAD been trying to find the right words to tell Michael, my husband, that we were going to have a baby, wondering how he would take it, what his reaction would be. Perhaps—and the thought made me cold with fear—perhaps he would hate the idea. For I knew that Michael still loved Julie, his first wife—Julie who stood between us as surely as if she occupied the little apartment with us. Just as I had decided how I must tell Michael, the bell rang. And I opened the door to a woman who was familiar to me, although I had never seen her before. . . .

IT WAS Julie!  
I didn't have to be told that. Her face must have been burned as deeply into my mind as into Michael's, for a terribly different reason. Julie had visited my dreams at night, had watched over my shoulder by day, had stood, for all these months, a beautiful, unwelcome ghost between me and my husband. And now she was here—lovely Julie, her finely modeled head cocked a bit to one side, her delicately-lined eyebrows raised ever so little, the merest hint of a smile moving the corners of her mouth as she looked at me.

"Is Michael—Mr. Shannon—in?" Deliberately she started with the one name, finished with the second.

I didn't have to answer, because he had seen her by now, heard her voice. He had stood a moment in breath-held silence, and now he could cry out his welcome-home to her.

There was music in his voice, and laughter, and a whole world of remembering in the calling of her name.

"Julie—!"

Somehow she was past me and into the room—and into Michael's arms. It started as a passionate, hunger-satisfying caress, that kiss of theirs, and then Michael must have tardily remembered me, for he caught her up in his arms instead, to swing her around and set her on her feet again, with a kiss for her forehead and one for her nose and one for her chin, with his very deep, very real laughter to season the kisses.

I felt lost, shut out. I heard Michael's

voice, with the impersonal feeling of hearing a stranger's, saying, "Ann, this is Julie. Julie, this is my wife."

I knew that if I smiled it would break up the hard-held calm in my face, crumple it into tears of hopelessness. So I didn't smile. I only managed, through lips that were hard to force apart, a stiff, "How do you do?"

Julie turned to face me squarely, to survey me, take stock of me. I thought wildly: I wonder if I'll pass—I wonder if she'll let him keep me?

"I didn't know you were married again, Michael."

There was a kind of dullness in her voice then that brought me back to my senses, that drove away some of my fears. I looked sharply at her then, her face no longer a misty blur in front of mine. And I saw her eyes. There was defeat in them, and sadness, that sent a heady rush of relief through me. Why, she was afraid, too, this fabulous woman! She was afraid, and she had more to fear than I did. We both loved Michael, but I—I had him!

I drew a deep breath, and found that I could smile again, that I could even admire Julie for the smile she gave back to me, for the poise with which she told me, "I've just come to gather up some of my things. I'm afraid they must have been in your way—if Michael was foolish enough to leave them around, that is."

Michael stood a little behind and to one side of her, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder. "Your things are here," he said, gravely. "You didn't think I'd throw them away, did you?"

We stood there, the three of us, in one of those awkward silences which fall between people who dare not say what they want to say, and can find no simple, ordinary phrases to fill the silent void.

Finally, I managed, "I wrapped up some of your wool clothes and stored them in the basement, to keep out the moths. I'll run down and bring up the package."

Michael didn't protest that he would get them. He let me go, and as I went



out the door I saw Julie turn to him, and saw, too, the loneliness in her eyes as they met Michael's. Going down the steep, dark stairs to the basement, the fears came back to turn to panic once again inside me. How foolish of me to exult in the fact that I had Michael! I knew, as I had known all along, how precarious my hold on him was. I knew what Julie meant to him, how she had stayed in his heart and in his mind. I knew, having to face it, that she could cry, "Come!" and he would follow her blindly, without looking back.

I snatched the big bundle of clothes,

*There was that happy day Ann finished the baby clothes, the day that Michael brought home a teddy bear, and then that final day when she knew the baby was coming—too soon*

words that a woman finds to share with the man she loves, and who loves her, the most important thing she can tell him.

Now it hardly seemed important at all. The world was out of focus, off-balance. Nothing was important any more.

"Michael, I'm going to have a baby." I spoke the bald, naked sentence in a flat voice that was hardly my own, and waited.

He stood very still for a moment and then turned slowly on his heel—so slowly that I could make a little game of wondering, as impersonally as I might wonder whether he'd prefer fried or scrambled eggs for breakfast, what the look on his face would be. It could be anything, I knew. He could feel that he was trapped, especially right at this moment, with the ever-present Julie so much closer than she had been for years. Masculine pride could assert itself—he might be pleased. Anger might burn in his eyes—anger at another mouth to feed, at added bills and added burdens. I didn't care. I knew, remotely, that I would care again presently. I knew that I would care fiercely, protectively. But it didn't matter now.

Actually, it was wonder I saw on his face, amazement in his eyes. Neither pleasure nor anger in that first moment—only surprise.

"Ann—you mean that? Why—" His voice trailed away, came back explosively, "Why, honey!" A smile trembled uncertainly on his mouth for a moment, and then matured into a grin that brightened his face as I had not seen it bright for months.

That one little endearment, the warmth of the smile that went with it, melted all the ice that had kept my feelings in check. And then the nicest thing that I could remember since these very first days of our marriage happened—simply, simultaneously, our arms went out to each other. *Together*. Each reaching for the other at once, wanting the other. It wasn't until Michael had picked me up in his arms, as easily and as tenderly as if I were a child myself, had settled



*It was Julie! I didn't have to be told that. "Is Michael—Mr. Shannon—in?" she said.*

and, holding it awkwardly in my arms I ran up the stairs as if I were pursued. I couldn't leave them alone together—I couldn't.

**B**UT I had left them alone long enough. I had to stand in the door, an emotion I had never felt before pressing hot in my throat, threatening to smother me, watching them close in each other's arms, seeing their mouths pressed in the kind of kiss mine had never known. I had to hear my own voice, sharp and ugly, crying, "Michael!" to wrench them apart.

Julie's going—her taking up the big

bundle, her empty little phrases about being glad to have met me, her promises of "I'll see you again"—was a blur in my mind. But at last she was gone, and I turned to face Michael and then away again, afraid of what I might find in his eyes. After a moment I sat down, the weight of the silence seeming to force me into the chair. Dizziness swept over me in wave after sickening wave, and then I remembered the secret I had been keeping, the secret I had wanted to tell Michael just before Julie came. Then I had been trying to find words to couch the news in, little, intimate

me on his lap in the big, old, brown chair by the window, that I realized that I was crying.

"Michael—Michael, I thought maybe you'd be mad!"

His eyebrows pulled together in a frown of disbelief as he looked down at me. "Mad? A fine guy I'd be, getting mad at you for that!" And then, as openly as any little boy would ask a question—so that I remembered again that Michael had never grown up—he asked, "Suppose—suppose he'll look like me, Ann?"

**H**OW could anyone cry in the face of that? I felt warm and loved and cared for, and laughing there, with my head on Michael's shoulder was, for the moment, the most deliciously happy sensation in the world.

"I suppose he will, Michael. It'll be he, of course, won't it? You wouldn't have a daughter, would you, Michael?"

The grin widened. "Well, if it's a girl I won't trade her in on a new model, but—" He interrupted himself. "Say, honey, don't you think you ought to go to bed? And there'll be a lot of things you'll want to do and stuff to get—I'd better see Bogart first thing in the morning."

That was pure relief I felt then, but I knew better than to pursue the subject. Michael, of his own free will, volunteering to apologize to Mr. Bogart so he could go back to work at the plant! Let it go at that, then. Better only to snuggle a little closer on his shoulder, to yawn and say, "Yes, Michael—let's go to bed. I'm tired." Wonderful to be picked up and carried to bed, as if I were something fragile that would break with the slightest jolt or bounce. More wonderful still to be settled down at last, my head on Michael's shoulder, his lips pressed against my forehead, to dream of the months to come and of the longed-for peace and security they promised.

I wonder now, looking back on it, how I expected that coming baby of ours to make a change in Michael that all the years and all the experiences those years had brought had never managed to make. I'd forgotten—or perhaps I'd never realized—that a baby isn't real to a man until he can see it lying in its crib, until he can say, "It looks like me!" until he can hold it in his arms and make those foolish, crooning noises he's sworn all along he'll never be guilty of making.

Up until then, a baby is, at best, something to talk about sometimes, to look forward to as one looks forward to some kind of treat. At worst, until it has arrived, a baby is something which means doctor bills, bills for baby clothes and furniture, something which makes a man's wife ill sometimes and sometimes bad tempered.

But to a woman—especially a woman like me, who needs a center for her life, who needs something upon which to expend the love that is pent up in her—a coming baby can be the most important thing in the world, the very

peg upon which to hang your life.

That's why it wasn't easy for me to understand Michael in the days that followed. He had changed. But he hadn't changed enough. It's hard to explain what was lacking, somehow. Outwardly, he was a very model husband. He went back to work—after apologizing to the Bogarts—and he "kept his hands in his pockets" as he expressed it—that is, he stayed out of trouble. He brought his paycheck home, made sure that I had enough money for the house and for all the baby things I wanted to get and that he insisted that I get. He was kind and considerate; he walked with me to make sure I got my exercise; he took me for long rides in the car; he thought up little treats for me, surprises to bring home, things he knew I liked. And yet, he still wasn't Michael, the Michael I wanted him to be, the Michael I knew was there, hidden somewhere under this new, considerate exterior that was even harder to understand than the old, inconsiderate one. Actually, he was more like a very kind brother, a solicitous friend of long-standing, than he was like a husband.

Oh, I knew, deep and unacknowledged in my heart, what it was, of course. Michael didn't love me. He never had. It began to be very clear that he never would.

I remember those long months rather vaguely now, as a time when everything was very right, and still so terribly, unutterably wrong! Michael was seeing Julie, I knew—sometimes he would come in a little late from work, looking troubled, somehow dissatisfied, and for a little while he would be the other Michael again, the Michael with the chip on his shoulder, ready for the world to knock it off. Sometimes—although it wasn't very often—he stayed away all evening, but he always came home, so that I didn't worry about him, and he never, in all of that time, came home smelling of liquor, half-belligerent, half-ashamed, as he used to.

Of course, there are some things I remember sharply from those months. There was the morning I discovered that I couldn't, without acute discomfort, reach my shoes to fasten them. Michael was almost the right Michael that morning as he stooped to tie the laces, laughing and asking if I thought he ought to get a carpenter in to widen the door. There was the day when the baby first moved—a funny little bird-like stirring under my heart that hurried the blood pounding through me, that sent me, strangely, to the mirror to see if I looked different, now that I was harboring a miracle. There was the day I finished

the blue-quilted pink lining for the bassinet and fastened it into place, seeing, as if in a kind of revelation, a small, perfect baby—Michael lying amid its softness. There was the day Michael brought home an enormous, much too expensive pink teddy bear, festive with a blue bow around its neck, and tried to pass it off very lightly as "just something I happened to see." I loved that teddy bear, after that, with something of the love that I knew I would have for my baby, something of the love I had for Michael.

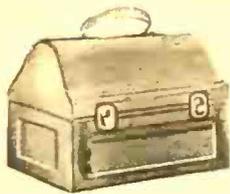
And there was that final, dreadful day when I knew that the baby was coming—too soon.

Everything went wrong that day, as things always seem to do when fate is leading you up to a climax. I woke up feeling heavy and tired and dispirited. Michael had to work, although it was Sunday—there was some big, special job that the plant was doing—and I was disappointed at being cheated of the day with him. I found enough energy to make date muffins, a special favorite of Michael's, for breakfast, and felt, foolishly, as if I had committed some dreadful, world-shaking mistake when, having put the muffins in the oven, I discovered that I had left out the dates. I knew that there was something wrong with me, right from the start that morning, but I couldn't (Continued on page 67)

**OLIVIO SANTORO and BOBBY HOOKEY** are two of radio's youngest full-fledged stars. Olivio is the boy who features yodelling on his own Sunday program at 11:45 A.M., EWT, over NBC. Before that he made his radio debut with the Sunday morning Children's Hour. Olivio was born and raised in Far Rockaway, on New York's Long Island . . . wears his full cowboy regalia to broadcasts . . . is a great admirer of Gene Autry . . . his favorite pastime is horseback riding. Olivio has four brothers and two sisters and when they all start yodelling in chorus, it's something to hear. Bobby, the five-year-old dean of the "Rocking Horse Rhythm," is the youngest performer to conduct his own 15-minute network program, heard Sunday at 10:45 P.M., via Mutual. And listeners often hear him on Olivio's program, too. When Bobby was two years old he used to ride on his rocking horse while listening to music on the radio. Bobby would begin rocking on his horse in time to the music, rapidly if the music was fast, slowly if it was soft. Then he began to sing to his own rocking accompaniment, and so developed the style he uses on the



# TIME OUT for LUNCH



**S**WING shifts, approaching school-days and the essential curtailment in transportation mean that many of us are facing, possibly for the first time, the necessity for packing one or several lunchboxes each day. Fortunately neither the lunch carriers nor the housewife needs to suffer under this plan; boxed meals can and should be as nourishing and appetizing as those served at home, and with a little forethought and practice their preparation can be as simple.

Sandwiches, although a lunchbox standby, should not be standardized; plan various types of fillings, not only for appetite appeal, but to make the most of the high protein foods such as meat, cheese, fish, fowl and eggs.

Liver sausage, high in vitamins and minerals as well as in protein, is an excellent sandwich choice because it is so rich it can be blended with other ingredients without loss of its nutritional value. For the members of your family who prefer bland flavors, add sufficient mayonnaise to liver sausage to make it spread easily. A layer of cucumber or radish slices blends well with this simple mixture. Those whose tastes run to spicier foods will like spiced liver sausage spread.

## Spiced Liver Sausage Spread

- ¾ cup mashed liver sausage
  - 1 tsp. onion juice
  - 2 tbs. minced pickle
  - 1 tsp. minced celery leaves
  - 2 tps. minced green pepper
  - 1 tsp. mustard
- Mayonnaise

Mix together all ingredients except mayonnaise and when well blended add sufficient mayonnaise to make a spread of the proper consistency.

You will find your food grinder an aid in sandwich making, for small quantities of leftover meat, fish and cheese may be ground to make the bases for hearty sandwich fillings. You probably serve cranberry sauce with fowl, apple sauce with duck or pork, mint jelly with lamb and quince



*With the lunch box getting more popular each day, it's a good idea to get acquainted with appealing and nutritious sandwich fillings, like this liver sausage spread.*

or currant jelly with roast beef, but it may surprise you to learn that these combinations are equally delicious as sandwich fillings. The one I like particularly is pork and apple butter spread.

## Pork and Apple Butter Spread

- ¾ cup cooked pork
- ¼ cup apple butter
- 1 tsp. lime juice

Remove gristle and fat (save the fat for salvage!) from pork roast or chops, run the lean meat through the grinder (there should be ¾ cup after grinding) and mix with other ingredients. If the apple butter is very thin, cut down on the amount of lime juice or the mixture will make the sandwiches too soggy. These same proportions may be used for the other combinations mentioned, and for variation try two parts of cooked fish (flounder, swordfish and canned salmon are all good) to one part tartar sauce.

Two other favorite sandwiches of

mine which will be just as delicious at lunchtime as when they were prepared are bacon and egg salad and cottage cheese with vegetables.

## Bacon and Egg Salad

- 2 hardcooked eggs
- 2 slices bacon
- Vinegar
- Cream

Mince hardcooked eggs with a fork. Cook bacon very slowly, pouring off fat as it appears, and when evenly brown drain on a paper towel (a brown paper bag will do), then crumble with a fork. Combine eggs and bacon, add ½ tsp. vinegar and mix well. Add ½ tsp. cream and mix well. Continue alternate additions of vinegar and cream, mixing thoroughly after each addition, until mixture reaches spreading consistency. If the bacon is not very salty, you may want to put in a pinch of salt.

## Cottage Cheese With Vegetables

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- ½ cup vegetables
- Cream or Sour Cream
- Salt and pepper (optional)

The vegetables to use are young radishes and scallions. They should be crisp and sliced very thin. Break up the cottage cheese with a fork, add the vegetables then add cream or sour cream slowly until mixture will spread. Add salt and pepper if desired.

While we are on the subject of combinations, equal quantities of minced sardines and minced green pepper are good; add a few drops of lemon juice for tartness (Continued on page 72)



**BY  
KATE SMITH**  
RADIO MIRROR'S  
FOOD COUNSELOR

*Kate Smith's vacationing from her Friday night variety program, but broadcasts her daily talks at noon on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.*



MY SKILLET'S best friend is Mazola . . . it fries food so deliciously, digestibly, economically. I save precious butter for table use.

MY BISCUITS seem to have wings—they're so light when I use Mazola for shortening.

FRESH SALAD DRESSINGS are so quickly and easily prepared with Mazola—I wouldn't *THINK* of serving any other kind.



**BIG BARGAIN**  
Saves Points!  
Saves Money!

Mazola now comes to you in a crystal clear bottle, enclosed in a sealed carton. This carton safeguards the quality and golden goodness of Mazola against light, which often affects salad oils.

## MAZOLA SERVES AND SAVES 3 WAYS

**P**RESSED from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels, Mazola is America's finest vegetable oil. It contains no animal fat, no air or water. Mazola is *all* food value.

**For all frying,** Mazola heats quickly without smoking or sputtering. It sears over foods, seals in their rich natural juices. After frying, strain Mazola and use it again.

**For shortening,** in cakes, pie crust, biscuits, Mazola is exceptional. As a liquid shortening, it is ready to use, needs no melting, and you can measure it accurately. In most recipes you can use  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  less Mazola than solid shortenings—which saves both ration points and money.

**For all salads,** Mazola makes delicious fresh dressings, adding both flavor and food value. Mazola is a pure vegetable oil and blends well with all other salad ingredients. That's why Mazola dressings always taste better, and, of course, they cost less.



Fish fried in Mazola browns delectably, tastes delicious and is rich in protein and other nutrients. Serve Mazola-fried fish often. It stretches your food budget—helps to save ration points.

### Other Fun-ta-Fry Hints

Eggplant cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips dipped in egg and crumb mixture, shallow-fried in Mazola . . . sliced green (or ripe) tomatoes dipped in egg and crumb mixture, sautéed in Mazola . . . summer squash cut in cubes and sautéed in Mazola . . . scallions chopped with their tops, or thinly sliced onions, sautéed in Mazola . . . sweet corn, cut from the cob, and chopped green pepper, sautéed in Mazola . . . new cabbage, cut in quarters, smothered in a skillet with Mazola.



To discover the advantages of Mazola-for-shortening, try this simple recipe for delicious muffins.

### Fluffy Mazola Muffins

$1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sifted flour  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Argo Corn Starch  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 egg, well beaten  
1 cup milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Mazola

Sift together flour, corn starch, baking powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Combine beaten egg with milk and Mazola. Add, all at once, to dry ingredients and stir just enough to dampen dry ingredients (the mixture will be lumpy). Fill muffin pans (which have been oiled with Mazola)  $\frac{2}{3}$  full. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 large or 18 small muffins.



Green salads are rich in vitamins and minerals. Freshly made Mazola dressings enhance their flavor and goodness.

### Mazola French Dressing

$\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Mazola  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard

Measure all ingredients into mixing bowl or glass jar. Beat with rotary beater or shake to mix thoroughly. Shake or beat just before serving. Makes 1 cup dressing.

### Variations

**Spicy:** Add 2 teaspoons grated onion, dash cayenne and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce to above.

**Chiffonade:** Add 1 chopped hard-boiled egg and 3 tablespoons each chopped beets and green pepper to above.

Michele Morgan

IN

"TWO TICKETS TO LONDON"

A UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION

Max Factor \* Hollywood  
Face Powder!

- 1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
- 2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
- 3...it clings perfectly...really stays on

YOU'LL SEE how much lovelier your skin will look when you make up with your color harmony shade of this famous face powder. Each shade is created by *Max Factor Hollywood* to accent the beauty of your type... whether blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead. And you'll note a wonderful, clinging smoothness about *Max Factor Hollywood* face powder which is the reason it creates that lovely satin-smooth make-up that stays on for extra hours. Try it today... make a new beauty discovery... \$1.00



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



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

## SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	
	8:00	CBS: News and Organ	
	8:00	Blue: News	
	8:00	NBC: News and Organ Recital	
	8:30	CBS: Musical Masterpieces	
	8:30	Blue: The Woodshedders	
8:00	9:00	CBS: News of the World	
8:00	9:00	Blue: Robert Bellaire—News	
8:00	9:00	NBC: News from Europe	
8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs	
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line	
8:15	9:15	NBC: Commando Mary	
8:30	9:30	NBC: Alan Holt	
8:45	9:45	CBS: English Melodies	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
9:00	10:00	Blue: Gypsy Serenade	
9:00	10:00	NBC: Highlights of the Bible	
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires	
10:00	11:00	Blue: Guest Orch.	
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: Egon Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Josef Marais
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: SALT LAKE TABERNACLE
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: Modern Music
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: TRANSATLANTIC CALL
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Stars from the Blue
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: They Might Live
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: This Is Official
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Rupert Hughes
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Bill Costello, News from Washington
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: We Believe
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Kidoodlers
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Stoopnagle's Stooparoos
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue: Martin Agronsky
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: University of Chicago Round Table
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Writer's War Board
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: John Charles Thomas
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: Sammy Kaye's Drch.
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: The Muffet Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: New York Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Motlan Sisters
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue: Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Sunday Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue: To be announced
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lands of the Free
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: Summer Symphony—Dr. Frank Black
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: John Vandercook
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue: Ella Fitzgerald
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: Irene Rich
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Here's to Romance
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Green Hornet
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Chips Davis, Commando
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Those We Love
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Roy Porter, News
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Paul Whiteman, Dinah Shore
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Calling America
8:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: Mediation Board
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Crime Doctor
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Inner Sanctum Mystery
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Ned Calmer & The News
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:30	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin St.
8:15	8:30	9:30	CBS: Texaco Star Theater Summer Show
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue: Jimmie Fidler
8:30	9:30	NBC: American Album of Familiar Music	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: William L. Shirer
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Leigh White
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Everett Hollis
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: Diga Coelho & El Charro
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Gil Trio
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Unlimited Horizons



## TROUBLE SHOOTER...

A. L. Alexander is a serious man with a kindly, tolerant face, expressive eyes and a soft voice. You would not expect him to be the sort who mixes in other people's troubles, but he does. He does so, because he likes people and believes that his Mediation Board, heard Sundays at 8:00 P.M., EWT, over Mutual, helps them to live happier lives and, what is more important, function better in our fight against the Axis.

Alexander's idea for a clearing house where people could get competent advice, came to him about ten years ago. He broke into radio at the age of nineteen, in the year 1925, as a cub announcer. He had a lively interest in people then and his human interest stories brought him up fast. Along with this, he picked up an amazing ability to ad lib. In 1929, he was the first man in the country to strap a portable transmitter on his back and conduct interviews with "the man on the street." That was the forerunner of today's Quiz shows.

By 1931, Alexander was presented with an award voted him by readers of New York newspapers as radio's most popular announcer. Some of you must still remember his brilliant radio reporting in the Fleming-ton Court House at the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in the Lindbergh kidnapping case. And shortly after that he took his first fling at the movies, winning an Academy Award for the way he wrote and narrated a short subject.

Within a few months after he started his first program airing the problems of people, a show called The Good Will Court, he had millions of enthusiastic listeners and had won a sponsor who paid him \$7,000 weekly. But in 1937, his program was forced off the air following a legal battle involving the technicality of using judges. His many listeners flooded the network with demands that Alexander be restored.

Alexander was not through, his one single drive in life has always been to bring all people closer together through their common problems. After the dramatic departure of the Good Will Court, he began the now famous Court of Human Relations over NBC and now has what he considers his most helpful and successful program, the Mediation Board.

No one other than the parties in the dispute are allowed in the studio while the program is on the air. The basic principle behind the program is that there are two sides to every question. Those disputing present their particular side of the problem to a board of three notable citizens, with the parties agreeing to abide by the decision.

It is a method that is in the spirit of our American way of life and our democracy.

## MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Chapel Singers
	8:45	9:30 CBS: This Life is Mine
		9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John, News
		10:00 CBS: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Taylor
		10:15 Blue: Roy Porter, News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: The Baby Institute
		9:30 NBC: Help Mate
2:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
		9:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: God's Country
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Jack Baker, Songs
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
1:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baskage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Paul Lavalie's Drch.
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carry Long, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Light of the World
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Joe & Ethel Turp
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Johnny Garland
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Wilfred Fleisher, News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Perry Como, Songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Archie Andrews
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Keep the Home Fires Burning
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Leigh White
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Lulu Bates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
		6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
		7:05 CBS: Coast Guard Dance Band
		Ceiling Unlimited
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Blondie
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: The Lone Ranger
	6:30	7:30 Blue: H. V. Kallenborn
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Hop Pop
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Adventures of Nero Wolfe
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor L. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Three Ring Time
		10:30 Blue: Alec Templeton

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Jim
		9:00 CBS: News
		9:00 Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:33	2:30	9:15 CBS: Melodie Moments
	8:45	9:30 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 CBS: Sing Along
9:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John, News
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	9:15	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	10:00	12:00 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
	10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	10:15	12:15 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
	10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
	11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
	11:30	1:30 2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
	11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	11:45	1:45 2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
	12:00	2:00 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
	12:15	2:15 3:15 Blue: My True Story
	12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Johnny Gart Trio
	12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.
	12:45	2:45 3:45 Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
	1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC: Club Matinee
	1:00	3:00 4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
	1:25	3:25 4:25 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
	1:30	3:30 4:30 Blue: James McDonald
	1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC: Perry Como, Songs
	1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
	1:45	3:45 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
	1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
	2:00	4:00 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
	2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	2:15	4:15 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
	2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
	2:15	4:15 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
	2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
	2:30	4:30 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC: Superman
	2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
	2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC: Keep the Home Fires Burning
	2:45	4:45 5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
	2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	2:45	4:45 5:45 Blue: Quincy Howe
	3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
	3:15	5:15 6:15 Blue: Lulu Bates
	3:30	5:30 6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
	3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: John B. Kennedy
	3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today
	3:45	5:45 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
	4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
	4:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Harry James
	4:15	6:15 7:15 Blue: Men, Machines and Victory
	4:15	6:15 7:15 NBC: European News
	4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Salute to Youth
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Lights Out
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Earl Godwin, News
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Lum and Abner
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Judy Canova Show
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Noah Webster Says
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Cecil Brown
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Battle of the Seas
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: The Colonel
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Report to the Nation
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Murder Clinic
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Passing Parade
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Harry Wismer, Sports
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: John B. Hughes
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Johnny Mercer's Music Shop
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Suspens
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Seat the Band, Hildegarde
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Congress Speaks



MORE THAN IT TAKES...

This is about a girl named Georgia Gibbs, singing star of the Everything Goes program, heard Monday through Saturday at 9 A.M., EWT, over NBC. She's a girl who has more than it takes to become a success. We say that because becoming a success is often just "the breaks," or luck and sometimes it doesn't take determination, pluck and a brave heart. Georgia has all these things. The best proof of it is that she has become a success twice!

Georgia Gibbs is not her real name. Her real name is Fredda Gibson, one that should be familiar to you, because as Fredda she was quite a star in radio a few years ago. Fredda was born in Worcester, Mass., and began singing in bands at the age of fourteen. She worked very hard to get on top. She sang for innumerable bands. One night in 1937, Richard Himber heard her singing on a record made by the Hudson De-Lange orchestra. He called her at 2 A.M. that morning and signed her, sight unseen, for his Studebaker Champions program.

Fredda began to climb rapidly from then on. By 1939, she had been starred as a singer on many of the biggest programs on the air. Then, for reasons nobody knew, she was suddenly not wanted. Her various radio contracts were not renewed, nobody showed any interest in her. She was just "washed up." Those things often happen in radio and nobody can tell you why.

Nobody planned to hear of Fredda again, nobody but Fredda. She got sick, but she went right on singing. She took any sort of job she could get. She swallowed her pride, stuck her chin out and kept battling.

Then Fredda took part in a benefit show for Russian War Relief. Artie Shaw heard her and had her record four numbers with his band. He took her to his agent Dick Dorso, who thought she was terrific.

Fredda was taken in hand, given a new hair-do, a new singing personality and a new name. The name you now know—Georgia Gibbs. Then her new managers went and talked to the sponsors of the Camel Caravan show about giving her a guest spot. They had to talk good and loud. Georgia was signed for two spots. In short, she was a sensation. She was signed to a thirteen-week contract on the Camel show and when that show was transferred to the West coast she was immediately placed on the Everything Goes show.

Besides her radio show, Georgia is now wowing 'em at one of the best night clubs in town, Cafe Society Downtown. There, the little four-foot, eleven-inch singer, with the round, lovely face and big brown eyes is packing them in with such numbers as "Sh, Sh Baby" and "Go Get The Enemy Blues" written for her by W. C. Handy. Hollywood and Broadway are once again waving contracts at her. She's on top to star this time, of that we are almost positive. But if not, she'll just pick a new name and do it all over again.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:30 Blue: Texas Time
		8:00 9:00 CBS: News
		8:00 9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
		8:00 9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: Chapel Singers
	9:30	CBS: This Life Is Mine
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Sing Along
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Gene & Glenn
	9:45	10:45 NBC: A Woman of America
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Snow Village
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC: Word and Music
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	10:00	12:00 1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
	10:15	12:15 1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	10:15	12:15 1:15 Blue: Edward MacHugh
	10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Vic and Sade
	10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC: Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
	11:15	1:15 2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
	11:30	1:30 2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
	11:30	1:30 2:30 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
	11:45	1:45 2:45 Blue: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
	12:00	2:00 3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC: Mary Martin
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Joe & Ethel Turp
	12:15	2:15 3:15 Blue: My True Story
	12:15	2:15 3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Johnny Gart Trio
	12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	12:45	2:45 3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	12:45	2:45 3:45 Blue: Green Valley, U. S. A.
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Club Matinee
	1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	1:00	3:00 4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
	1:15	3:15 4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	1:30	3:30 4:30 CBS: News
	1:30	3:30 4:30 Blue: James McDonald
	1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC: Perry Como, Songs
	1:45	3:45 4:45 CBS: Mountain Music
	1:45	3:45 4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
	1:45	3:45 4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Madeleine Carroll Reads
	2:00	4:00 5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
	2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
	2:15	4:15 5:15 CBS: Mother and Dad
	2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
	2:15	4:15 5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
	2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: Are You a Genius
	2:30	4:30 5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
	2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC: Superman
	2:30	4:30 5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
	2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC: Keep the Home Fires Burning
	2:45	4:45 5:45 Blue: Archie Andrews
	2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
	2:45	4:45 5:45 Blue: Quincy Howe, News
	3:10	5:10 6:10 CBS: Leigh White
	3:15	5:15 6:15 CBS: Today at the Duncans
	3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
	3:45	5:45 6:45 CBS: The World Today
	3:45	5:45 6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC: Meaning of the News
	4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
	4:15	6:15 7:15 CBS: Harry James
	4:15	6:15 7:15 Blue: European News
	4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: The Lone Ranger
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: H. V. Kaltenbanger
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Sammy Kaye Orch.
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Cal Tinney
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Mr. and Mrs. North
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Lum and Abner
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Dr. Christian
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Take A Card
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Manhattan at Midnight
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Tommy Dorsey
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Cecil Brown
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: The Mayor of the Town
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Gabriel Heatter
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: John Freedom
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: A Date With Judy
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Jack Carson
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Harry Wismer, Sports
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Great Moments in Music
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: John B. Hughes
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Kay Kyser
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
	4:45	6:45 7:45 Blue: Greeta Blanca, Carnival
	4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC: Alec Templeton



Continued from page 42

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:00 CBS: News of the World
	8:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 NBC: News
	8:15	8:15 CBS: Music of Today
	8:30	8:30 CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:15	8:15 NBC: Dick Leibert
	8:30	8:30 Blue: United Nations, News Review
	8:45	8:45 CBS: Women's Page of the Air
	8:45	8:45 NBC: News
8:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
8:00	9:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
8:15	9:15	9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter
8:30	9:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
9:00	10:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
9:00	10:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
9:00	10:00	10:00 NBC: NBC STRING QUARTET
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	10:30	10:30 Blue: Hank Lawson's Knights
9:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Nellie Revell
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Game Parade
	11:05	11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Music by Norman Black
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Mirth and Madness
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Columbia's Country Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: News
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Beverly Mahr, vocalist
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Melodies for Strings
	1:15	1:15 Blue: Nightclubbing at Noon
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Highways to Health
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
	1:45	1:45 Blue: Singo
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: News
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Musette Music Box
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05 CBS: Serenade from Buffalo
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Spirit of '43
	2:30	2:30 Blue: Tommy Tucker
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: People's War
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: George Hicks Reporting from England
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: F. O. B. Detroit
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Lyrics by Liza
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: The Marshalls
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Saturday Concert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Report from London
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Bobby Tucker's Voices
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Calling Pan-America
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: To be announced
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Horace Heidt
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, Alex Drier
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Korn Kobblers
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Gallicchio Orch.
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Message of Israel
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Art of Living
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Paul Lavalle Orch.
3:55	5:55	6:55 Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Adventures of the Falcon
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: For This We Fight
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
8:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Enough and on Time
8:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Elery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Crummit and Sanderson
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Esplanade Concerts
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer and the News
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Brain Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: John Vandercook
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Million Dollar Band
	10:15	10:15 Blue: Talley Time
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: The Mills Brothers
	10:45	10:45 Blue: Dixieland Capers
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

to the girl in uniform beside me, as night came down on us too swiftly, too blackly—warning of the fast-approaching storm. It wasn't long before Jim began gathering things up, urging us to hurry.

"What about Jane and Terry?" I asked him. "Hadn't we ought to send someone after them or something?"

Jim laughed. "No—they're old enough to take care of themselves. We'll leave one of the cars for them if they don't get back before we're ready to leave. Besides, if they get caught there's a little shack not far down the path they started out on. Jane's been up here before—she knows where it is. They can take shelter there until—" And a long drum-roll of thunder cut him off. He held out a hand, pulled me to my feet. "Come on, Sally—let's get out of here."

There was nothing to do but go along. It would have been silly to wait in the car for them. And besides—oh, I didn't want to see Jane's face as they came—I didn't want to see the delight on it, the triumph!

The storm broke before we got back to the cabin, and we ran shouting through the rain from cars to house, to gather in front of the big fireplace. Pride helped me again, through that terrible, interminable evening while we sang songs and roasted marshmallows and laughed and talked. But no pride can stand between a woman and her own heart. Alone in bed, with Jane and Terry still gone, I could cry as I had wanted to cry all evening—the warm, healing tears that are all a woman has sometimes, between her and the last, black despair.

If they had come back before we left the picnic grounds, I told myself over and over, there might still have been hope. But I knew where they were. I knew that Terry and Jane were safe and snug in the little shack, cut off from the world by the torrents of rain, sheltered from the world, most likely, in each other's arms . . .

There was no sleep for me, and even lying still was maddening. Crying seemed to be washing away the last

feeling I had left. There was nothing for me now, without Terry. I could lie still no longer, and I got up and began to move aimlessly about the little room. I must do something—something sharp, decisive, to cut myself away from Jane and Terry and their world.

Suddenly I remembered the SPAR and all she had said. A chance to serve. Perhaps, if I gave myself that chance to serve, I could find a purpose for my life, which had, just today, become so useless to me, so meaningless. If I were to go now, leave at once, and not have to see them again. If I could go this very minute . . .

THREE weeks later saw me ready for training in the SPARS.

It was hard work, and that was just what I needed. I can't pretend that I forgot my unhappiness. I can't pretend that the pain went miraculously away. I can't pretend that I didn't dream at night of Terry and Jane, always together. But I can honestly say that it helped more than anything else in the world could have.

Sometimes I thought: How many of us join to escape, as I did, and stay to serve? I felt useful and important, something I hadn't felt for a long time. I finished with a good rating, too, for I had thrown every corner of my mind into this work, leaving no room for other thoughts, and the hard work I did really paid. When I was told one day that I was among several girls who were being assigned to Washington, I was as pleased as punch. I felt like a soldier receiving a decoration. And that was enough, that morning when I heard the news, that morning when the reflection of myself as a SPAR smiled back at me from the mirror, to make the sharp pain in my heart settle down to a quiet, steady aching.

I went to Washington, settled down to the restrictions that are in a way a very full kind of freedom, that make up life in the service. I did my work with a real joy in accomplishment, a real thrill in serving.

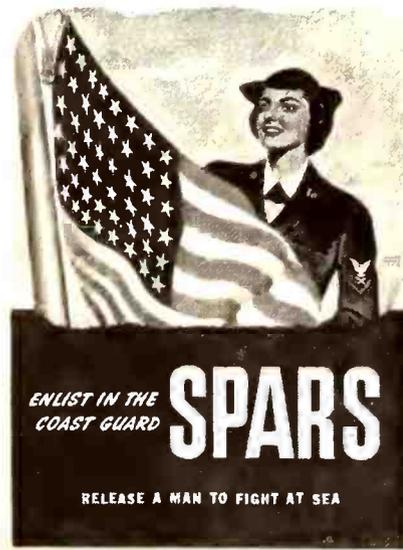
I even stopped being jealous. I could read Jane's gay letters without too great a hurt. And when she wrote that Terry had, as he had hoped to be, been commissioned an Ensign I felt a great, sweet, uprushing of warmth and pride that we were in the same service, for he was in the Coast Guard, too, Jane said. But she was still careful, Jane was. She didn't tell me where he was stationed.

One day I was given a new assignment, some months after I'd started my work in Washington. My commanding officer was very pleasantly complimentary about it. "You can be proud of yourself," she told me. "You've done so well on this job that we've decided to transfer you to administrative work. Come with me, please."

She led me out, and to another office in the Navy Annex. Outside the door she paused. "Here's where you're to work. I want you to meet the officer whose job you're to take over." Then she left.

I stepped into the little office and saw a young man, trim in his uniform, rise as I entered. He had the kind of face which carries two little lines flanking the mouth—you know they were dimples when he was a boy. His

Continued on page 58



Apply to your nearest NAVY RECRUITING STATION OR OFFICE OF NAVAL OFFICER PROCUREMENT

# War, Women and Lipstick



A recent portrait of  
Constance Luft Huhn  
by Maria de Kammerer

by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**  
Head of the House of Tangee

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother... longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing “life” to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



# TANGEE

WITH THE NEW  
SATIN-FINISH



# Absent<sup>ee</sup>-minded



But **KLEENEX** TISSUES help keep me on the job! I use them during colds and say goodbye to sore nose misery! (from a letter by P. S., Thomaston, Ga.)

**PROTECT THE OTHERS! KLEENEX HELPS CHECK SPREAD OF COLDS. USE A TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY, GERMS AND ALL!**



**Quicker on the Draw!**

With the **KLEENEX** Serv-a-Tissue Box you pull a tissue and up pops another—not a handful as with ordinary boxes. Saves tissues—saves money! (from letter by B. W., Galveston, Tex.)

**TELL ME ANOTHER SAYS Kleenex**

AND WIN A \$25 WAR BOND for each statement we publish on why you like Kleenex Tissues better than any other brand. Address: Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Illinois

**TEST FOR TISSUES!**



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

Continued from page 56

dark hair was a close-cropped cap . . . his eyes . . . his smile . . . Terry.

Automatically I saluted, and then my hand dropped to my side, and a thousand words fought in my throat to be said, keeping me silent trying to choose among them.

Terry had just one word. My name, over and over again, repeated as if he couldn't believe it. "Sally—Sally!"

Perhaps you aren't supposed to find yourself in the arms of the young officer you are going to replace. But that's where I found myself, and even if anyone had been looking, I wouldn't have known or cared. Because all the love in my heart, lulled to sleep, had come awake again.

**I** HARDLY heard what he was saying; it was wonderful to be in the circle of security offered by his arms, too wonderful to bother about much else just then. But I did hear enough of the explanation to realize that I must have really known, all of the time—that the knowledge of what had happened had been in me really, undiscovered.

"Jane wouldn't say where you were, Sally. She said you'd asked her not to tell me," he was saying. "And that last afternoon, before you ran away—the afternoon of the picnic—I'd made up my mind to ask you to marry me. I thought maybe if I did, having Jane around all the time wouldn't matter so much. I even took her aside that afternoon and told her that, although it wasn't a very nice thing to say, I kept wishing she'd leave you and me alone for a minute. Oh, Sally—why did you run away? I thought—"

I put up fingers across his lips to still the flow of words. "Don't talk about it," I said. "You don't have to. I—I can see it in your eyes. Oh, Terry!"

I'd never said anything like that to a man before, but it seemed very right, very natural. It seemed very right to be in his arms, to know, at last, the kisses I had wanted for so long. I felt as if I had come home, the end of a long, long journey.

Now I understood—understood all the things I should have realized before. I could understand how easily that little speech I'd heard Terry make to Jane about not leaving "us" alone for a minute could be interpreted two ways. And I could understand, now that fear no longer blinded me, how Jane had felt, too. How, probably, she had always disliked being a twin as much as I, how her aggressiveness had been only her way of compensating for being one of two people who didn't want to be treated as one person. I felt all of my hatred melt away—melt away in love for Terry, and reflected in that feeling, love for the whole wide world. Everything was all right, so beautifully right, at last.

It's right, too, that I'm sitting behind the desk that once was Terry's, now. I'm waiting—but I'm working, too. And that makes the waiting easier, because I'm proud to have given Terry to serve his country, proud to do his back-home job so that he can do a greater one, somewhere else.

And I'm not afraid. When you love only once, when you lose that love and regain it, nothing more can happen. Terry will come home.

## To My Unborn Baby

Continued from page 31

falls under their domination. And each time they move, their needs become greater. How then can anyone be safe?

I believe, deeply that it is to end the possibility of this kind of thing ever happening again that this war is being fought. I am a woman. I hate war. It is destructive and cruel.

The war has created new problems for us, but, looking around, I can see that we are gradually solving them. One of the important problems I'm thinking of is the frightening rise in juvenile delinquency. I know something about this because David, in his capacity as a reporter for the *Eagle* recently did a lot of research on the subject. I think of David and the other people—particularly those of our great religious groups—who worked with him on the juvenile delinquency project—getting together, probing for the roots and the causes of it, and together finding a way to give these unfortunate children a healthy outlet for their energies and a feeling that they have a share in the war effort.

The only way I keep in close touch with such things now is through David. I used to work for the *Eagle*, too, but now my work is a different kind—the work of staying home and preparing for the coming of my baby. David and I can provide a good world for him in a smaller sense—a pleasant home, good food, comfort, medical care and all the rest of the things that go to set a child on the right track in life. But that's not enough. We have to have our share in making the whole world safe for our baby, too, and for all the babies born

now, born in a world at war.

Perhaps all this sounds very serious for me. But I am serious. I have a deep conviction that in these days we owe a greater responsibility to the future, to our children, than ever before. It is not enough—if it ever has been—to provide our young with food, clothing and shelter.

**T**O you, my unborn child—and to all the other children in the world—I feel that we men and women living today must make a solemn pledge; that to the best of our ability, to the fullest limits of our strength and intelligence, we promise to make this world a place fit for you to live in; that peace and freedom shall be your heritage; that you shall walk the earth with your heads high, secure in the knowledge that no man, or group of men, can ever again impose their brutal will upon you; that you shall have equal opportunities for education and work and play; that forever and ever you shall be able to worship your God in your own way; that you shall be able to make the fields of the earth flourish for the good of all and that, never again shall they bear the bitter harvest of torn bodies that nourishes them now; that you shall be able to sleep at night, quietly and soundly, without the fear that the darkness will be made hideous with the shrieking terror of wing-borne death; that you shall be able to lift your faces to the morning sun and know that the day—and all the days to follow—are yours, to shape and form to your needs and dreams.

## Harvest of Hope

Continued from page 35

"Now, you go and fuss up a bit," Mrs. Kraber said, when we were putting away the silver. "Most likely, Jan'll want to gossip with you."

I almost flared up, almost asked her whether it was part of my job to amuse the grandson of the house. But something stopped me. Maybe it was remembering his particular kind of smile. Or, perhaps, it was curiosity and that first impression of his wonderful vitality that seemed to promise so much.

Whatever it was, I found that I was pretty excited as I put on a dress and touched up my make-up. Studying my face in the glass, I wondered whether it was that Irish combination of black hair and blue green eyes that he found pretty, or my high cheek bones and pointed chin, or the tiny freckles on my snub nose. Then I decided I didn't care what it was, just so long as he did think I was pretty. In the end, I had to laugh at myself. I was being very silly—jumping way ahead of things.

**I**N a few minutes, I was to feel really silly. I had primped and fussed, as if I had an important date, and returned to the big house and made my way to the front porch. It was getting dark now.

Suddenly, there was the clop-clop of a horse, and a girl drove up in a buggy. She hitched the horse to the gate and, looking very much at home, strode across the lawn toward the barns. She was tall and had that same, long, easy stride that I'd noticed about Jan. From what I could see of her in the dusk, she was very beautiful.

Oddly, my heart shrivelled inside me. Then, I was angry with myself. What right had I to assume that Jan might be interested in me? It was certainly presumptuous of me to think he had been waiting all his life for me to come along.

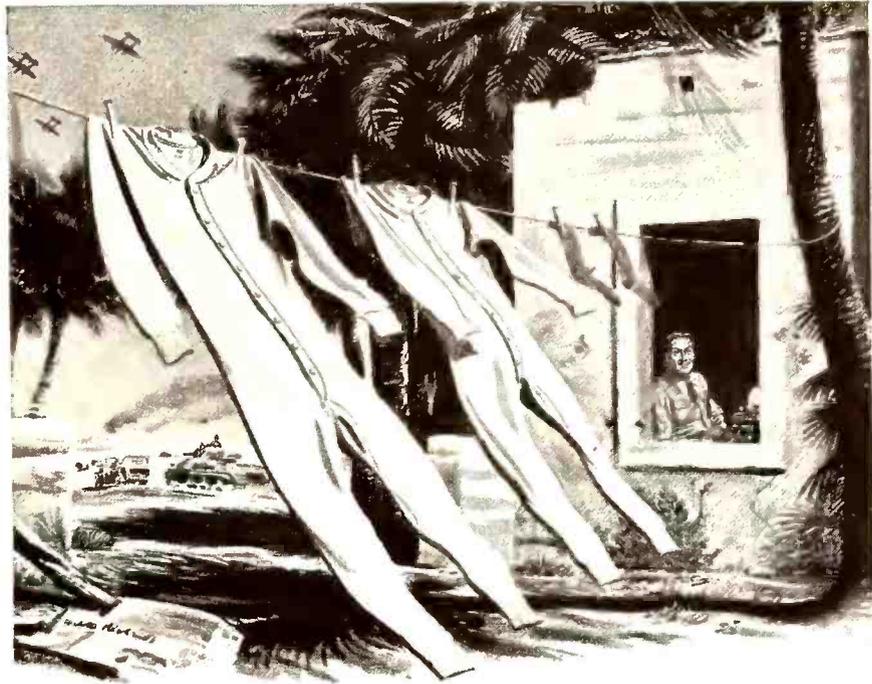
A few minutes later, Jan and the girl came through the house to the porch. They seemed very close—you could hear it in their laughter, in the quiet naturalness of the talk.

Jan introduced us. Her name was Ellen Preston and she lived on the next farm. She was even more beautiful than I had thought. She had soft, blonde hair, lots of it, and brown eyes and a face to delight the heart of any photographer. Or any man, I decided with a sinking feeling.

Then, it turned out that she had wanted to meet me because I was from New York and she had a lot of questions she wanted to ask. Would she be able to get a job? And how much money would she have to make to get along? And lots of other questions.

I was surprised. "You mean you want to go away from here?" I asked. "All my life, I've wanted to leave," Ellen said. "I hate it here—the monotony—year in, year out, the same endless parade of crops and worries, the same people, the same, unchanging land. It's dull and meaningless—and—"

I didn't agree with its being meaningless—not now with the war on and food so important. But Ellen wasn't impressed with my ideas. She didn't feel I knew enough about farm life to understand. I smiled a little at her idea of what life in New York City would be—it was funny, because the things she thought about that were so



## What the well-dressed soldier writes about

"...the folks sent me some packages for Christmas. One of them contained some Fels-Naptha and I've just finished washing two pairs of wool sox. You know what happened. Two of the men came in the room we use for laundry etc. and begged me for the rest of the cake so they could wash their g.i. long-handled underwear. I said sure, now I can see the longies hanging on the line outside of my office. These are probably the only garments in North Africa without "tattle-tale gray"!

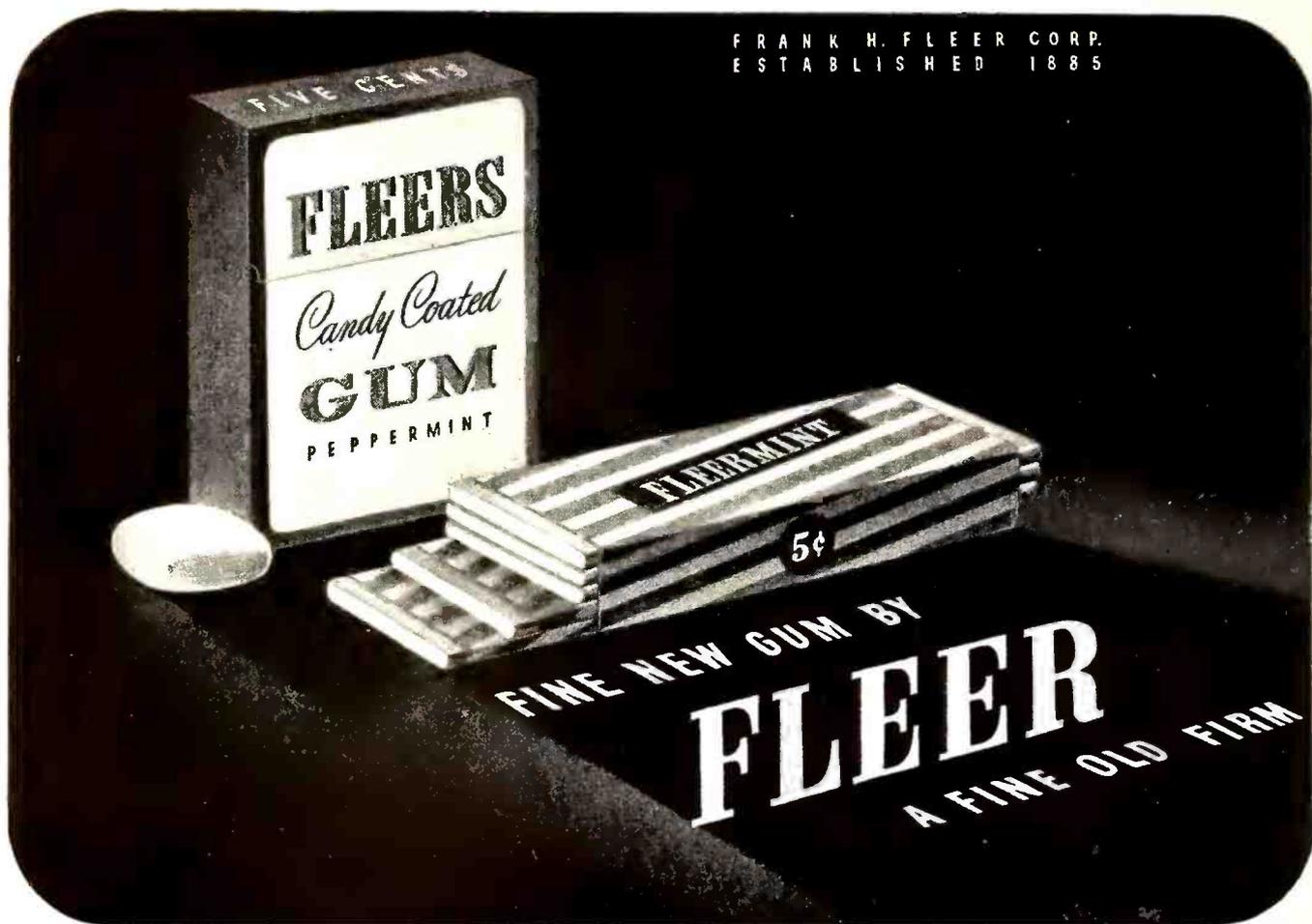
"My French maman, Mme. Lamblin uses Fels-Naptha and she also irons my stuff. When I tell her it's not necessary she says it is necessary to iron the clothes to kill the insects. So I start over and try to expatiate on the merits of Fels-Naptha in French, but she still irons the clothes!"



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

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.  
ESTABLISHED 1885



much like what I felt about living in the country. And I found myself being critical about cities—the noise, the dirt, the hysterical scrambling of people. It was a strange kind of argument and neither of us won.

Later, lying in bed, it occurred to me that Jan had been peculiarly silent through it all and that his silence had had about it the quality of agreement with Ellen. So, I thought, he was bored with his life here, too! I fell asleep marvelling at the perversity of people—always wanting what they didn't have. And—wasn't I just as bad?

I LEAPED out of bed. For a second, I was frightened and bewildered. Then I remembered. Someone was ringing the bell.

It was chilly and not quite daylight. I almost crawled back into bed, but I got the better of that quickly. That was no way to start off my first day on a new job.

Right after breakfast, I got my first assignment. I was to help Jan sow the field he'd been plowing. Jan hung a sack of seed corn over my shoulder and showed me what to do. It was simple enough—walking along the furrows, dropping the seeds into the hollows and scuffling the earth over them with your feet as you passed.

After awhile, the simplicity of it got monotonous and my mind turned back to Ellen and Jan. In the clear, warm sunlight of the day, it seemed to me that whatever they felt about the life in the country, they had left one important thing out of their calculations. The war. They were thinking, now, in the same terms they had been in the past. Perhaps, before, they might have been justified. But everything was differ-

ent, now. Surely, a fine farmer like Jan should realize that, should know that he had no right to be bored, or dissatisfied with his life, now.

I was so preoccupied with these thoughts that I wasn't paying much attention to what I was doing. Suddenly, something moved under my feet and slithered away. It was startling. Without thinking, I opened my mouth and shrieked at the top of my lungs.

The next thing I knew, Jan was there and had me in his arms, and I was trembling and crying.

Finally, Jan wiped the tears from my face. He laughed softly. "It was just a garter snake. You probably frightened it out of its skin." He leaned down and kissed my eyes, lightly, the way you kiss a child to soothe away its tears.

Suddenly, he pulled me to him and kissed my mouth hard. If it had been anyone else, I would have slapped him. But with Jan I was helpless—and I found that I wanted to be.

This wasn't just a kiss. This was like the earth bursting and the blare of a million trumpets ringing in your ears and a fantastic, unbelievable light blinding you. This was like whirling madly off into space.

Then, this too was over and my mind came alive again. "No," I said, pulling away from him. "No—"

"I see we'll have to talk this over," he said, his voice blurry and thick. "Let's stop for lunch."

"Now," he said, when we'd settled down under a tree with the lunch basket, "What did you mean by pushing me away?" I stared at him. He grinned. "Don't you like me?"

And quite sharply, like a pain, it came to me that I had fallen in love

with him. It was idiotic. It was stupid. But there it was. And I didn't know what to do with it.

"I—yes—I—" I mumbled. Then quickly, so I wouldn't feel such a fool, "But I don't know you—you don't know me. And—well—Ellen Preston—"

JAN laughed happily. "Is that all?" he asked. And he brushed that aside, telling me about it. They had grown up together, he and Ellen. They were so used to each other—but they were not in love—and never could be. I had my mental reservations about that, but I didn't say so.

"I warned you yesterday," Jan said, "that you'd have to get used to my being direct. You see, I knew right away—"

"You couldn't," I insisted, "you don't know me."

"Yes, I do," he said. "I got all the facts from the form the Agency sent me—and the rest—" he leaned close to me, "well—I just satisfied myself about the rest." He kissed me again then, but lightly, tenderly on the cheek. "Now, let's see—facts about me."

He treated it half seriously, half jokingly, until he became engrossed in talking about himself—not with any vanity, but as if he were happy to have someone to explain himself to. He liked the farm, all right, and took pride in running it efficiently.

"It isn't that," he said thoughtfully. "I used to feel that maybe it would be better in a city, more exciting, perhaps. But now, that isn't why I want to go." He stood up suddenly. "Look at me!" he said. "A guy like me—strong as I am—with my training. I ought to be in there fighting. I want to fight."

"You are," I said. "This is your way."

He shook his head and his eyes looked helpless. "That's what they said at my draft board. They wouldn't take me. But I don't see it."

Then, perhaps because I was angry with myself and the startling discovery that I had fallen in love with this virtual stranger, I lashed out at him, sparing nothing.

"You're being romantic," I said, almost angrily. "You think it's more heroic—fighting on the battlefield. There's more glamour in it, you think. Well, I think this is just as hard and just as important and, maybe, even bigger because there isn't any glory in it. It's just plain, backbreaking work that's vitally necessary to keep the men at the front and in the factories going and healthy."

JAN stared at me. Then he laughed softly. "Quite a little temper you've got there," he said quietly.

I stood up. "Well, that's another thing you've learned about me," I said. I picked up my sack of corn and went back to work.

By night, I was more tired than I had ever been before in my life. My legs felt as though someone had tied all the muscles in them into knots. And, after supper, when Ellen came over as she usually did, I hardly felt like sitting there and talking to her and Jan.

"You're lucky," she said. "You're not tied down to a piece of land."

"I wish I were," I said.

Ellen laughed quietly. "You'll see—" But I didn't. The longer I stayed, the better I liked it. I got used to the early rising and the work. I began to learn a few things—how to work the separator, how to churn butter, how to scald the machines and milk cans, how to tend

the udders of the cows. And the more I knew, the more I wanted to know. There seemed to be a point to it all. When you got through, you could see the results. Not only that—there were the results you couldn't see—the kids in the city who drank our milk, the workmen who carried our cheese and butter in their lunch pails, the soldiers who ate the things we grew and the milk we sent to the cannery.

I learned how to handle Jan better, too, in the long, lovely days that followed. It wasn't long before I knew that he loved me, too—loved me with a sweetness and gentleness when he kissed me, when he held me in his arms on the long, clover-smelling summer evenings when we walked through the fields or rode the narrow country lanes in the surrey. Somehow, though, we avoided making any issue of our love. I, for one, didn't want to bring it out into the open, probably because in the back of my mind I suspected that we didn't really understand each other yet. Always I had the feeling that his quietness was just a cloak for a hidden restlessness that was bound to break out one day.

It did. We were resting on the porch, when the news of what the Japanese had done to the American flyers they had captured came over the radio. Jan jumped to his feet and stood there with his fists clenched and his face pale and tight in the shadows. I snapped off the radio, but not in time.

"Dot," Jan said. "Will you come with me?"

"Where?"  
"To New York," he said. He sat down and took both my hands in his. "I've got to get into this thing, Dot. I

can't stand it any more."

"But — what can you do in New York?" I asked.

"I've been thinking," he said. "Suppose I went to New York and took a nonessential job. They'd have to take me in the Army, then."

"And this place?" I asked quietly.  
"Old Willem can run it," Jan said. "The crops are all doing all right. The Government Service is going to send some more people. By Fall, old Willem can have them trained." He pulled me against him. "Come with me, Dot. We'll get married. We can have a few weeks together, before they draft me. We'll be happy. And I'll have you to fight for, to come home to."

WE had never talked of marriage before. It would have been so simple to say yes to him, to go with him. It was what I wanted, really. But I couldn't do it. It was wrong.

"No," I whispered. "I can't. I can't go with you. You mustn't go, either."

"I've got to," Jan said. "You don't understand. You don't love me enough to understand."  
"I know this," I said. It was hard to put it into words. "I know you hate them—the fascists. I hate them, too. You hate them so much, you're letting it blind you. You think the only way to fight is with a gun. You're wrong, darling."

I tried to tell him how I felt, what I thought. I tried to make him feel about the farm, the way I did, that it was really a war plant, even more directly so than I had first imagined. Jan had started growing flax the year before—and that was only one of the things that was so important these days.

But Jan wasn't listening to me any

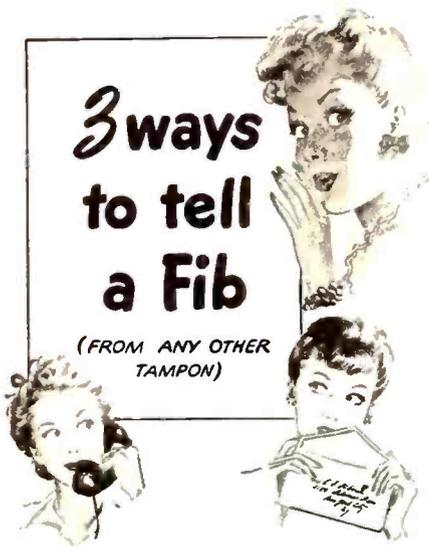
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more. A wall had grown up between us, a wall built of his visions of the enemy and how he would destroy them. I could feel my words falling dead and useless on the air and I let my voice trail off. He scarcely noticed. Then, he turned away.

"Where are you going?" I asked.  
"See Ellen—" he said over his shoulder.

He was shutting me out—that was in his voice. I had let him down. I wasn't playing my role as a woman. I wasn't understanding. I wasn't playing—whither thou goest, there go I.

Well, I wasn't. The whole thing stood out before me, sharp and clear. Compromise was no good—not today. I knew that no matter what happened to me, I had to stay and be firm about what I thought was right. If I went with Jan—one day, he would find out how wrong he had been and I would be largely to blame. If I went with him, I couldn't ever be really happy with him, knowing that our love was selfish, snatched at the expense of others.

VERY late, I heard Jan come home. I could tell from the way he walked, his footsteps firm in the stillness that he had made up his mind. I had to grit my teeth to keep from crying. I knew what he had decided.

I was right. He told me in the morning. He and Ellen were going to New York at the end of the week.

"You and Ellen?" I asked.  
Jan bit his lip. Suddenly, he took me in his arms. "Dot-Dot, change your mind—change your mind." He kissed my hair and neck and, for a moment, I almost lost my head.

"I can't," I cried. "I'd hate myself—and, in the end, you—if I did."  
He let me go and turned away. "Ellen's making a break for it," he said quietly. "She'd never have gone alone. Now, she'll be free—and I'll have company for those few weeks."

"I see," I said. I wondered whether he really expected me to believe it was just that, whether he really believed it himself. I could see the two of them together in New York—exploring it, enjoying it, marvelling at it. Together, always together.

I don't know how I lived through the

rest of that week. Jan never gave up trying to change my mind. Ellen tried, too, but I remained firm. I had to, especially after Willem was told and I saw the slump of his old shoulders and the helplessness in his eyes. I had grown very fond of the old man. He deserved help after his long life of toil. I couldn't have left him.

On Saturday, the day they were leaving, one of the heifers began to calve ahead of her time. Jan and Ellen missed the train they had planned to take, so Jan could help the vet. My hopes rose a little. Maybe Jan would change his mind. Maybe he wouldn't go when he saw how much he was needed here.

But Ellen's father drove up in time for them to catch the last train. And Jan went—Jan—kissing me frantically, hugging his old grandfather, and then, running to the car without one backward glance.

Old Willem put his arm around my shoulder and we stood there a long time, just staring down the road after the car, staring even when there wasn't anything left to see.

It felt as though a part of my life had been finished, ended. Jan had left and, in leaving, he had left me hollow inside and lonely. I had won a victory—but at what a cost!

USUALLY, on Sundays we slept a little later. That morning I clung to sleep, burying my face in my pillow when the bell began to clang. Subconsciously, I guess, I didn't want to wake and face this first day with Jan gone. I didn't want to get up and move about and see the places where Jan should be, but wasn't.

The bell clattered and clanged violently, louder, it seemed to me, than ever before. Then, I heard a lot of voices, very young voices, shouting, laughing voices. In a few minutes, the little house where I slept was alive with stamping feet and scampering on the stairs and more yelling.

Curious, but still reluctant about coming fully awake, I got out of bed and went to the window. The farmyard was full of young boys, boys about fifteen and sixteen. They were all sizes and they were all noisy.

Four Queens and an ACE—A WAAC, a WAVE, a SPAR and a MARINE were guests on Wally Butterworth's show on Mutual, heard Wednesdays at 8:30. They're Hospital Apprentice Jeanne Williams, WAVES (lower left); Corp. Patricia Kair, WAACS (lower right), Seaman Mary Jane Klein, SPARS (upper right); and Sgt. Corinne Matthews of the MARINES.



Then, the kitchen door opened and a voice called to them. "Come and get it!" My heart stood still. It was Jan. It was.

The six or so buttons on my clothes seemed like a hundred. I couldn't even wait to tie up my hair the way I usually did in the morning.

"Jan!" I called, stepping into the big dining room.

I was greeted by whistles and comments, but I didn't care about those fresh kids. I ran to Jan. He got up from the table and led me to the front porch, the wisecracks and laughter following us.

First, before he let me say anything, he kissed me. Then, he stepped back and looked at me as though he had never expected to see me again and I were some sort of a miracle.

"Next time I try to do something you know is wrong, please, beat me over the head until I see it," he said.

I WAS too excited and happy to say anything. He kissed me again. Then, he grinned happily and nodded his head toward the boys inside.

"They were at the station when we got there," he said. "The Government Bureau sent them—High School kids, who've volunteered for the summer. Something went wrong with the telegram—that's why I didn't know ahead of time. I took one look at them and thought of you and old Willem trying to handle that hooting bunch of high spirits and I got worried."

"We'd have managed," I said, "I—guess—"

Jan smiled a bit self consciously. "It wasn't just that, though," he said. "There were some other people down there—soldiers—about twenty of them, waiting for Marino to pick them up. I talked to a couple of them. They'd been sent by the Army to help Marino get in his asparagus crop before it spoiled." Jan's smile changed into his old, happy grin. "That's what did it. It came to me all of a sudden that if the Army considered Marino's crop that important—maybe I had no right to set myself up as an authority on where I would do the most good. Maybe I wouldn't make such a good soldier, at that—not much sense and likely to make snap judgments."

"And Ellen?" I asked.

"She went on," Jan said. "She only needed a start. She'll be all right in New York."

I kissed him then, clinging to me, never wanting to let him go again. From the lawn, there was a long, suggestive whistle. Jan shook his head.

"You'll have to move into the big house, now," he said. "Those hellions wouldn't give you a minute's peace." He patted my face gently, humorously. "We'll get married, first thing this week."

"You might ask me," I said.

"All right," Jan grinned mischievously, now. "Miss Malone, don't you think it would be wise for us to get married—right away?"

I did.



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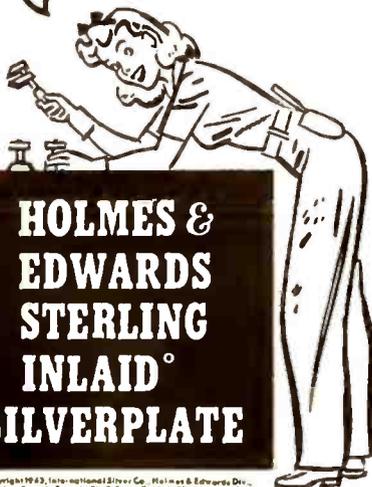
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I'm planning to buy the silver-plate with the two  blocks of sterling silver inlaid at backs of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks.



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STERLING  
INLAID  
SILVERPLATE**

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## Here is Happiness

Continued from page 43

see if she would go for a walk with him. She never knew he had been there until on his fourth visit he left a note. It read "It is all too evident you have no wish to see Raymond Johnson."

She called him on the telephone after that, "You are," she said "an egotistical idiot!"

"Let's," he suggested, "go dancing at the Drake. I'll meet you there in thirty minutes. Don't be even one minute late."

That was the beginning. They took long walks all over Chicago, Raymond and Betty. Because life was quickening between them they found everything poignant and amusing and beautiful, with their memory of every experience another link between them.

"An actor should travel alone!" This was his conviction and he told it to Betty, over and over and over. He wanted it clearly understood between them that irrespective of how much he might enjoy being with her, of how fond of her he might be, he had no intention of marrying anyone, ever.

He lay awake nights planning things they might do together so he would see her every day. He might have saved himself all this elaborate planning. To have been with him she would have been quite willing to sit on a bench on the drive.

They had a real need of each other. Betty was far from the timid girl she appeared at times. She was quick, and vital, given to knowing things by instinct and to acting impulsively. She seemed to melt Raymond's placid and impersonal shell and release the volatile nature which lay underneath.

ONE day, after exploring the zoo, they stopped at the Mexican Cabin near the Drake. They didn't want to dance that day. They wanted to sit close together and drink hot tea and talk, just as if they hadn't been talking incessantly all afternoon. "It's ridiculous," he said, "for an actor or an actress to think of marriage. A theatrical career and marriage are oil and water. You can't mix them however you try. A happy marriage requires one manner of existence. A theatrical career demands another pattern entirely!" He was embarked once more on his favorite subject.

A slight frown came between his blue eyes. Betty always had a sharp desire to kiss him when she saw that frown. It was an impulse she didn't always resist. She was like that. Which, of course, was why he loved her so much.

"Sometimes men and women give up a career..." she suggested.

"Personally," he said "I should hate to have anyone give up their career for love of me. I'd be afraid they would come to dislike me—dislike, incidentally, being frightful understatement."

He reached across the table for her hand. He loved her hands. They were very small and very white and very soft. No one would believe they could do things like cooking an excellent dinner or keeping an apartment charming and tidy.

"These days we have together," she said "are so good. I love them so much!"

"Because you love me?" A thousand times he asked that question.

"Because I love you—so much!" She smiled at him. It was difficult enough

for him to resist her at any time. But when she smiled he gave up, his will-power disappeared entirely. "Do you ever wonder," she said, "what it is that makes one human being so important to another—so important and so dear?"

His eyes smiled at her. "Let us not analyze our minor miracle," he said "It might disappear..."

He hadn't meant to say anything more. But he said much more, aided and abetted by her every step of the way. Aided by the little phrases she spoke deliberately, determined he propose to her when they loved each other as utterly as they did.

By the time he paid the bill that afternoon they were engaged. And, as she told him, they were going to be married—before he got off on the subject of it being imperative for theater people to travel alone again.

They were married at a little church close by the broadcasting studios. The woman who looked after the girls at the studios stood up with them, no member of their families being close by.

STANDING outside the church, smiling at the new ring so bright on Betty's finger the housemother was most optimistic. "You'll be all right, you two," she told them.

"Why?" They spoke together and stood, wide eyes intent upon her, like two children.

"Because," she said, "not only are you in love with each other, but you love each other also. Which means the odds are on your side!"

Betty threw impulsive arms around her and kissed her.

Solemnly Raymond shook her hand. "I'm sure we've made a frightful mistake," he said. "Actors should travel alone. The fact remains, however, I was never so happy in my life..."

That was several years ago. But he says the same thing to this day.



You'll get some laughs and hear hearty hill-billy songs on the new Judy Canova show heard over CBS Tuesday nights at 8:30. Judy plays a country lass who comes to the big city for adventure.



## IT HAPPENED IN ORAN

By Rita Hume

**T**HIS is the story of a soldier who wrote a song while on duty in North Africa.

Nothing unusual about that, you say?

Nothing—except that the soldier was deaf. It happened during the campaign down near Maknassy in April. The communique that day reported that American troops, overcoming stubborn resistance, had continued their advance in the Maknassy area. But it didn't add that this was the day 26-year-old Lt. Bill Conway, of Hollis, Long Island, lost his hearing. It didn't say, "Today a young lieutenant with a song in his heart lost it."

It was an artillery shell, one of hundreds that landed in that spot. But it landed too close to Bill. It affected his ear drums, locking the song in his heart.

It was spring in Africa. Field flowers lay patterned in a riot of color outside the hospital window. And Bill Conway lay in his cot, not hearing, not caring. Even the song within him still. The song he had composed last September when he was a raw trainee at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

This was to be "the" song. This was not, like the other, to be sold anonymously, only to haunt him from every radio, every band, every voice to catch up a hit parade melody. But now it was lost. Or was it?

The song began to stir. At first softly, then urgently, insistently. From then on the quiet, soundless days were filled, every minute, as Bill wrote the words to his song. And then Star Chandler and Warrant Officer Trumbull came to see him. Star was a girl from Gastonia, North Carolina, who worked at the Red Cross club. She had left her job as solo pianist for station WABC in New York. Wilmont Trumbull, who could not escape from the memories of his job as an assistant conductor of the Worcester Philharmonic Orchestra, spent his army days directing a soldier band. Together they hit upon a plan. It was arranged that Bill would come in the afternoons to the Red Cross club.

That first day at the piano was the worst. Tears welled in Bill's eyes as he picked out the notes he could not hear. Only the notes, no chords yet. But how can a deaf man, who can't hum, tell the sound of a chord? That was Trumbull's job, and together they worked out the chords as the song writer wanted them. Fitting the words to the music was Star's.

Two weeks after the first visit to the hospital the song was ready. During those two weeks the hopeless look on the young lieutenant's face had slipped away. In its place hope had returned. One ear drum, said the doctors, might be all right. Bill had begun to sense the difference. But it was not until that day when he put his ear down to the keyboard that he knew.

"I can hear it, I can hear it," he cried. Now there's a new song in North Africa, and the soldiers are singing it. It's a nice little melody that kind of gets you. It used to be just a song in a soldier's heart. Now it's a song, "In Dreamland's Rendezvous."



How her luscious **SUMMER** Skin-Tone  
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Linda Darnell says—

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Sun Peach shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And *Woodbury Sun Peach* brings the rich, clear, rose-gold glow that means summer allure."



Honeymoon ahead—

Girls, there's man-appeal for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger look. Exciting summer shades: *Sun Peach*, *Tropic Tan*, *Brunette*. Other shades include: *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's choice), *Natural* (Veronica Lake's choice). Boxes of Woodbury Powder \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



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**AMBASSADOR OF  
GOOD WILL**



**E T H E L S M I T H**

**E**THEL SMITH is one of the shining reasons why the CBS Saturday night Hit Parade, WABC, 9:00 PM EWT, deserves that name. As American as her name, Ethel Smith is considered the leading exponent of rhumbas, sambas and other Latin rhythms, on the electric organ.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Smith was educated at the Carnegie Tech Institute where she studied German, Spanish and French as well as the organ and piano. After graduation, she got a job in an orchestra that traveled with a touring road company of "The Student Prince."

It wasn't until she reached California on a personal appearance tour that she once again took up the study of the organ. Until this time there was no organ that could be adapted to the style she wanted to perform. It seems that one day she had been asked to accompany a singer at one of the Hollywood studios and she noticed an electric organ, one of the first of its kind. She was fascinated by it and managed to visit the studio daily to practice.

Her knowledge of classical music and her fine understanding of the instrument convinced her that the exotic music was best interpreted on an organ, because of its depth and tone. She decided to make a study of it.

Touring Cuba and the South American republics, she lived among the people of those countries for eight months, studying their customs and their music. Then followed recognition with an engagement at the famous Copacabana in Rio de Janeiro. There she earned the reputation of being South America's own artist because of her understanding of their music.

It was while appearing at the Copacabana in Rio that an executive of a tobacco company talked to her about returning to New York for a commercial radio program. Before the arrangements could be consummated, she left South America.

The tobacco company executive was disappointed, but when he returned to this country was informed that a girl who played the same type of music was now appearing at the Hotel St. Regis' Iridium Room. Upon investigation, it was discovered that both were the same person... Ethel Smith.

She is responsible for introducing the popular samba, "Brazil," to this country.

She is definitely an ambassador of good will, for music is the language that all nations understand and Ethel Smith is really making Americans love the rhythms of our Latin cousins.

# Come Back, Beloved!

Continued from page 48

decide just what it was.

Lots of other little annoyances there were, too. The paper boy had skipped us and Michael grumbled at missing the funny papers and the sports section with his breakfast. I cut my finger, and, discovering that there was no iodine, tried to phone the drug-store for some, only to find that the phone was out of order. So Michael went out, finally, to get the papers, the iodine, and to phone the telephone company and tell them to have our instrument repaired.

After he left, I puttered about the apartment, half-heartedly going through the motions of straightening the rooms, making the bed, washing the dishes. After that I sat down to hem diapers, but my fingers were all thumbs, and I gave up and just sat.

IT was dismal and cold—one of those wretched December days when the weather can't quite decide to settle down to being winter in earnest. It had started to snow, the wet, nasty sort of snow which freezes as it falls. After watching the snow fall for a while, I must have dozed off—I was getting perpetually sleepy, those days.

I awoke with a start, vaguely uncomfortable, not sure what had awakened me, but terribly alert. And then it came again—the wrenching, straining feeling, as if part of me were tearing away. It wasn't like a pain—or rather, it was like an unfelt pain, like the sensation of having a tooth pulled under novocain.

I sat very still, as if one tiny movement, one breath drawn more sharply than the rest, would make the dead pain a live one. I knew what was wrong, of course—there is an instinct which tells women that. The baby was

going to come, and it was a month too soon. My mind seemed to move apart from my body, to stand off, cool and calm, to argue with the strange pullings and lurchings within me. Well, what if it was a month early, my mind said. That didn't necessarily mean that I would lose my baby. Seven-month babies often came through perfectly normally, and my baby had an extra month of grace. The thing to do, my mind went on, is to keep calm. Keep cool. Get to the phone—moving slowly and carefully, so that you won't fall—and call the doctor. And call Michael.

As carefully as if I had been fashioned of blown glass I got to my feet, pulling myself slowly up with my hands

braced against the arms of the chair. The little chiming clock—the clock Julie hadn't taken away with her—struck one, and I took time to glance at it. That was the half hour it had struck. Half past two. I must have slept a long time, I thought impersonally.

That was a long trip, miles and miles across the little livingroom to the telephone. I lowered myself very gently into a chair beside it, reached out a hand that moved like the hands in those funny old, slow-motion movies, to lift the receiver, put it to my ear. There was a long silence, and at last I jiggled the hook impatiently. Then I remembered—the phone had been out of order and they hadn't fixed it.

After a moment I let the receiver drop slowly back into place. It was foolish to waste energy. The phone was dead.

It came again, then, the tearing sensation, and then it dissolved into pain. Not very hard pain—but that would come. And before it did, I must do something to help myself. I must get someone's attention, or get out of the apartment to a phone.

The building we lived in was one of the old-fashioned, narrow kind, with two apartments to a floor, one in front, one in back. We lived on the top floor—the fifth. The Lanes, next door, had gone to her mother's for the weekend, I knew—no help there. But perhaps I could get downstairs and use a telephone in one of the apartments below.

I got to my feet, and knew, even in the moment of getting up, that I could never make the steep, narrow stairs down to the floor below. Pain ripped through me, turning my knees to water, my blood to ice. It was more fear than anything else, I suppose—fear that multiplied the pain. I was so

afraid, so desperately, horribly afraid then—not for myself, or of anything that might happen to me, but for the baby. I hadn't known, until then, how much I counted on that baby.

Carefully I put one foot behind the other, pushed off a shoe, bent slowly to pound with the heel of it on the floor. Nothing happened, and I pounded again, but still there was no answer.

I was dizzy, then, from bending over, and getting the weight of my body, which seemed suddenly doubled, tripled, back to the chair was almost too much of an effort. It was funny—I knew, in my mind, that it was the fear that was doing this to me, but I could not make my body believe it.



## Stay Sweet... Get NEET!

NEW NEET Cream Deodorant is answering the call to arms... the arms of thousands of war-active women who need more than ever the effective protection to daintiness that only a fine deodorant such as Neet can assure.

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## WOMEN KNOW THE SECRET

... headaches, neuralgic and muscular pains usually yield promptly to the quick-acting ingredients in "BC" Headache Powder. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.



# Cover Girl tells — "How I really do Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor (and save up to 50%)"

"My job calls for glamour!" says lovely **FRANCES DONELON**

"I've appeared on twelve covers of one popular national magazine alone," says alluring Frances Donelon. "But first, I had to learn how to stay 'picture-lovely' under the wilting heat of photographer's lights.

"I had to find a deodorant that really kept my underarms dry. Both for glamour—and to protect the expensive clothes I model in. I found perfect underarm protection in Odorono Cream!

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"If you are concerned about your personal daintiness—do try my wonderful Cover-Girl deodorant—Odorono Cream."



Beautiful Frances Donelon



## OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH

To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort we are scheduling coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine to appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for October will go on sale Friday, September 10th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.

## QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING



**EXPERIENCED Mothers** know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on **Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion**—the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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Once back in the chair I sat still as death, but my thoughts raced on, trying to decide what I ought to do. I was contemplating throwing something through the window, when I heard the sound, the blessed sound, of a key in the lock. Michael.

He came in, a smell of damp and cold with him, talking as he came. "I tried to call you, and found the phone wasn't fixed, so I thought I'd better come over. Nothing much doing at the plant for the moment, and it's not right to leave you cut off here—Ann, what's the matter—?"

I couldn't find a thing to say. I just put out my arms to him, and in a moment I was swept up into the strength of his, so willing to let him do the thinking now, so grateful to hear his voice, deliberately slow, deliberately hiding the panic which I could detect behind it, saying, "Now, it'll be all right. I'll have you in the car and at the hospital in no time. Don't worry, honey. Look, just put your arms around my neck and hold on. Ann, honey—" and this very hesitantly— "does it hurt—?"

AT the door he paused for just a moment. The radio—I hadn't even noticed that it was on—interrupted its blast of music just then, and a voice, full of suppressed excitement, with something of awe, something of shock, in it, began, "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program—"

"Don't wait," I whispered into Michael's ear. "Don't wait." And I felt him turn swiftly into the hall.

That's all I remember, really. The ride, the getting to the hospital, the swift change from lobby to room to labor room to delivery room, are all a blur. They say it was a painful, laborious process, little Michael's coming into the world, but I don't know.

But I do remember lying in bed afterwards, very weak, but with a sense of a job well done, and with Michael near me. "It's a boy," he kept saying, "it's a boy, Ann. Do you—do you think we ought to name him Michael?"

Of course, we named him Michael. It wasn't until the next day that I was interested enough to find out what had happened to the world that afternoon when our son was born. But Michael, when he came to see me that next day, was full of it. That had been Black Sunday, December 7th. We were at war.

Even so, it seemed remote to me. It was a terrible thing, but a far-off one, as I lay in the hospital bed. Immediate and important was the fact that my baby was safe and strong, that he would live, I hoped, to bind Michael and me firmly, irrevocably, together.

But within a couple of days, Michael had brought the little radio from the apartment up to my hospital room, and I began to take an interest again in the things that were going on about me. And I began to notice, too, the look on Michael's face when the war news came on—which was every few minutes, those days. It was a strange, waiting sort of look, as if he were going to do something, but were biding his time until the right moment came.

I'll have to admit that I had fun in the hospital—most women do, I suppose. It's nice just to lie there and be babied, and have your meals brought to you and people come to visit you and send you flowers and candy and things. I had a lot of visitors—girls from the office, friends I'd gone to school with, and my father and sister, of

course, and even some of the boys from the print shop, looking suddenly too big of hands and feet in the small, white room. And all of them went across the hall to peer through the big glass panel into the nursery, of course, and to exclaim over little Mickey—Michael had begun to call him that at once—when the nurse brought him close to the window and held him up for the visitors to inspect.

I was lying in the dusk-darkened room one evening, just lying there thinking pleasant little thoughts that were hardly thoughts at all they were so slow and lazy, when the one visitor in the world I did not expect came in. She looked long and slim and smart in a black persian lamb cape with a hat to match, and her arms were full of flowers. Julie.

She hesitated just inside the door, and said, very softly, "Ann—are you asleep?"

"No," I answered. "No—I'm not asleep." I felt a strange, tight feeling creeping over me, reminding me to be wary, to be cautious—reminding me that this was my enemy, who stood between me and Michael, whom I had almost forgotten in the happiness of the past few days.

**S**HE came in and laid the flowers carelessly on the dresser. "You don't have to pretend you're glad to see me," she said, and I thought there was something strange, perhaps a note of wistfulness in her voice. She's lonely, I told myself, remembering how I had thought that once before, and the tight feeling began to slip away.

Julie pulled a chair close to the bed and sat down. I could hardly see her face in the growing gloom.

"I want to talk to you," she said. "I want to talk about Michael."

"He'll be here pretty soon," I told her—I didn't want to hear anything she had to say about Michael; I wanted to warn her off. But she nodded and went on.

"I know. I want to get this over with before he gets here. I had lunch with Michael today, Ann . . ." Her voice trailed away into silence for a moment, and then hurried on. "You see, I'm going away. I have a new job, in Washington. I won't be seeing Michael—you and Michael—again for a long time."

"I see." The formal note would not go out of my voice, but my heart had responded to that with a quickening in gratitude. Julie was going away—far away. That was good, that was wonderful!

"Ann, do you know what's in Michael's mind?" She shot out the question abruptly.

"In Michael's mind?" I repeated. "What—what do you mean?"

She hitched the chair a bit closer to the bed, leaned forward to look at me.

"Don't you know what he wants to do? He wants to enlist. He wants to go to war. He's afraid to tell you, because—well, because he thinks he's treated you pretty shabbily all around and that this would be the crowning blow, I suppose. But it's not that at all, Ann. You mustn't feel that way about it." She paused for a second, and when I said nothing, went on. "It's a personal thing with Michael, the way it is with a lot of men nowadays, especially men who are prone to settle their personal grudges with their fists. You've got to understand that. And he's got something to fight for—but I ought to let you hear that from him. I just want to make sure—I just

# "For a Skin to stir Male Hearts try my \*W.B.N.C."

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wanted to help—oh, Ann, don't think I'm meddling, but I wanted to be sure you didn't make a mistake with Michael—the kind of mistake I made. Let him do what he knows in his heart that it's right to do, that he must do. Then you'll never be lonely—as I am."

I thought for a moment that she was going to cry, and I was sure that I would cry with her. I put out my hand to her. She took it in fingers that were cool and dry and strong, and held tightly for a moment. Then she straightened her proud little shoulders and her head went back to its look-the-world-in-the-eye carriage.

We were silent in the dark for a while there—silent until a voice from the doorway said, "What's the idea of all the gloom, Ann—hey, is that you, Julie?" And the light snapped on, flooding the room.

Michael came across to perch on the foot of the bed. He was grinning, but it was an uncomfortable sort of grin—the kind of smile men wear when they feel that women are getting together behind their backs. "What's been going on around here?"

JULIE smiled her brilliant smile at him. "Just talk—about men and babies. And speaking of babies, can't I see the Shannon offspring?"

Michael looked at his watch. "They'll start showing them in about five minutes. Come on along."

"Wait," I said. "Michael—there's something I want to talk to you about. Will you take Julie out to the nursery and then come back?"

When he returned he came to sit at the head of the bed beside me, slipping an arm under my shoulders. "Ann—Julie didn't say anything to—upset you, did she? I won't have her making trouble when you're not feeling right up to par—"

Surely, this was a day of wonders. Michael, protecting me against Julie. Julie talking to me about making Michael happy—

"Honey," I said, "let's get something straightened out. You needn't think I haven't noticed how you look when you hear about the war on the radio. Michael—do you want to go?"

"Yes, I want to go." He said it without any hesitation.

"Then I guess you'd better enlist, hadn't you?"

I felt his arm tighten, and his head came down to rest against mine. "That isn't all there is to it, Ann. Yes—I want to fight. I want to fight because it's up to me and all the men like me to fight for a good world for Mickey and all the rest of the kids who'll have to grow up in it. That's what I've got to fight for, Ann—for you and for the baby. That's the only way we'll ever win—each man taking it as his own, personal war. I—I didn't know whether you'd understand that, honey. But I guess you do. I guess you've understood a lot I haven't given you credit for. I guess—"

I turned my face to his. "Never mind. Let's just take it for granted we both understand everything," I told him.

"But we've got to plan," he said, suddenly sitting up. "It's all very well to talk about going down and enlisting, but something's got to be done about you and Mickey. It won't do me much good to go off and fight for you if you've got to fight a worse fight at home. You've got to live—"

"I've thought of that, too," I told him. "It isn't the way either you or I would like it to be, but this isn't the kind of world we'd like it to be right

now, either. I'll go back to Dad—he'll be glad to have me take care of the house. He's working in a defense plant, you know, and my sister's working now, too. There's really no one to take care of the house. He said yesterday that he was going to have to find a housekeeper, but he'd a lot rather have me come home, I know. Don't you worry about us—we'll be all right."

There was a quick rush of footsteps in the corridor, cutting off Michael's reply. Julie was back in the room. Her eyes were suspiciously bright, her voice husky. "My purse and gloves," she said, beginning to rummage on top of the dresser. "Where are they—I've got to go. The baby—Mickey's wonderful. He looks just like Michael. He looks—just like—oh, Ann, Michael—be happy." She stooped swiftly to leave a kiss, smelling of a rich perfume, on my forehead, to cling tightly to Michael's shoulder for a moment. And then Julie was gone.

Michael enlisted the next day, came back to the hospital to brag a little about how the doctor had said he was a perfect physical specimen. "Sound as a dollar," he repeated. "Not a thing wrong. That's the way Mickey's going to be, too."

"Of course he is," I said.

**MICHAEL** was quiet, after that, for a little bit. At last he said, "Honey—I've got just two weeks, now, before I have to go. We'd better—we'd better make up for lost time, hadn't we? I know I haven't been much good, but—" "Good?" And suddenly I meant it. "Michael—you're the best husband in the world!"

His arms came around me as if it were the most natural thing on earth, as if they had always been my haven. "Let's do something special," he said, close to my ear. "Something to celebrate, Ann. What would you like?"

I didn't have to think about that. I'd been thinking about it all the time I'd been in the hospital. "I'd like a wedding, Michael."

His laughter welled up. "A wedding—good Lord, sweet—don't you feel married?"

I shook my head stubbornly. "Michael—I was brought up to go to church every Sunday and to believe all the things I learned there. Honestly, it didn't feel like being married at all, when we slipped over the state line that night and said a few words in front of a justice of the peace. It seemed—well, sneaky, sort of. I'd like to hear the real marriage service, to—"

His mouth came down to mine, to cut off the words with kisses. "Honey, if that's what you want, that's what you'll have." He chuckled, looking around the hospital room, jerking his head in a gesture toward the nursery. "It seems sort of as if we've put the cart before the horse, but—"

"I want it," I said. "I want it anyway."

And that's how it happens that there's a wedding picture of Michael and me, standing on the bookcase in Dad's house, where Mickey and I are living now—and waiting. It's a picture of a girl, a little thin, a little pale, but radiantly happy, wearing a long, soft dress and a little halo hat, her arm through the arm of the big man beside her, smiling down at her. Michael and me. That's how we looked that day when I heard Michael say—and mean it, mean it with all his heart—"until death us do part."

THE END

# Absent<sup>ee</sup>-minded

**How**, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this . . . when you feel all in?

That's strange talk . . . coming from *you!* You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Uncle Sam . . . first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'd *stay on the job.*

And now you're telling yourself that girls are different . . . and that one little layoff day won't matter. When you know that if it weren't for stay-at-homes, scores more 'ships . . . tanks . . . bombers would reach our boys!

That's how important it is to learn that loyalty never watches the clock . . . or the calendar! As Marge, your welder friend, said in the locker room—"When a girl takes over a man's work, it's up to her to see it through!"

And then didn't she say—"Trouble is, some girls *still* don't know what a big difference *real comfort* can make. The kind you get from Kotex sanitary napkins." Could be . . . she meant *you!*

## Get Up and GO!

If *millions* can keep going in comfort *every* day, so can you! You'll understand why, when you discover that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . ever so different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. (None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure!)

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## Keep going in comfort-with *Kotex*!

**WHY WONDER** about what to do and not to do on "Difficult" days? The bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another" gives you all the angles on activities, grooming, social contacts. Get your copy quick! It's FREE! Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-9, Chicago.



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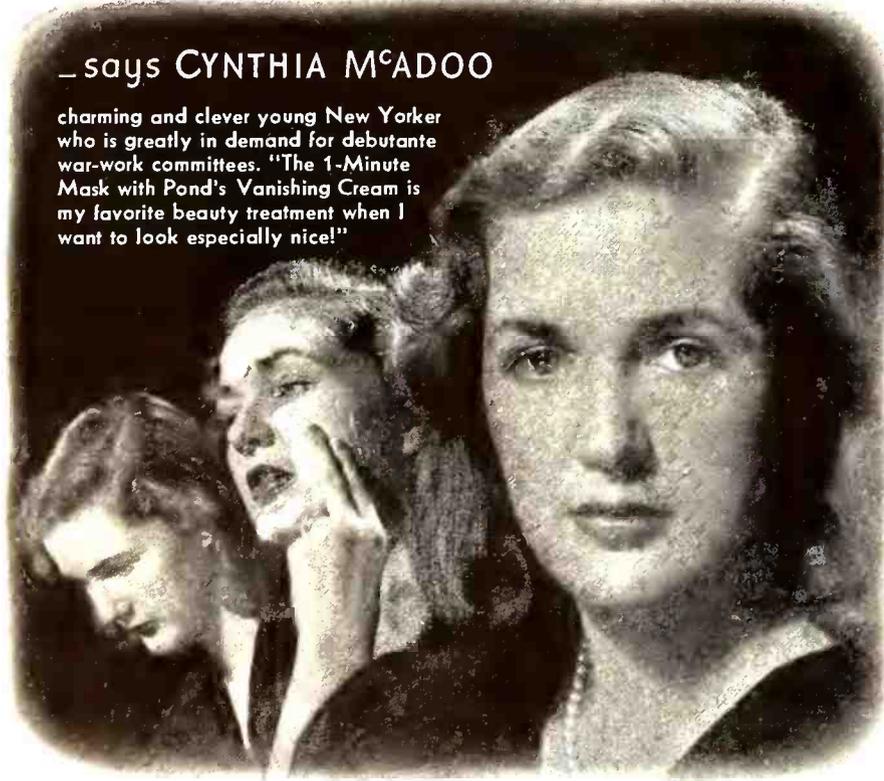
How can you make your skin smoother in 60 seconds?

What will make your face look clearer and lighter right away?

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When your face is cluttered with scaly, dead skin cells—  
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Give yourself a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Smooth a white mask of cream over your whole face—except eyes. Leave on one full minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action efficiently loosens and dissolves stubborn roughnesses and dirt particles. Tissue off.



Your complexion is "re-styled!"  
— Feels gloriously softer . . .  
— Looks clearer and lighter . . .  
— Thrills! Make-up goes on smooth-as-silk . . . clings serenely—for hours!

## "My favorite powder base, besides!"

"Besides using Pond's Vanishing Cream for a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times a week, I smooth it on lightly before every make-up," says Cynthia McAadoo. "Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been my favorite powder base because it's neither greasy nor drying!"



## Time Out For Lunch

Continued from page 50

and enough mayonnaise to bind it together. Ground American or cheddar cheese blends well with raspberry or strawberry preserves; the proportions depend upon the dryness of the cheese and the thickness of the preserves. Chopped nuts blend well with cheese or jelly.

In working for variety in sandwiches, remember that the bread you use is just as important as the filling. White and rye and whole wheat are used most often, but don't forget cracked wheat, raisin and nut breads, Boston brown bread and hamburger buns. Westchester rolls (you may know them by another name) are delicious when their thin layers are spread alternately with meat and cheese mixtures, and although cold biscuits may sound a bit strange to you, there is no better sandwich than a biscuit which has been split and buttered while hot, with a round of luncheon ham as a filler.

**D**ON'T overlook the value of salad ingredients to provide interest to the lunchbox. They are good with salt alone, but if desired French or mayonnaise dressing may be carried in a small jar. They should be crisp, of course, and the trick about that is to prepare them in advance and let them chill in the refrigerator overnight. The next morning wrap them in a cloth which has been wrung out of cold water, then wrap them in waxed paper. Radishes, scallions, celery, green pepper rings, shoestring carrots, cauliflower flowerets and tiny yellow tomatoes (whole) prepared in this way will keep fresh for several hours. Small firm fruits such as cherries and apricots, also oranges (peeled and broken into segments) profit by this same treatment.

### Lunchbox Lore

Keep all the lunchbox paraphernalia in one place—saves time during preparation.

Have plenty of waxed paper and envelopes for sandwich wrapping—also paper napkins.

A good thermos is essential equipment for the lunchbox—fill it with milk, buttermilk, chilled fruit drinks, hot soup, cocoa or coffee.

Don't include baked beans, macaroni, etc., unless you are very sure your family likes them cold.

Small metal boxes with hinged lids (the kind aspirin come in) keep salt and pepper dry and weigh less than regular shaker.

If your family objects to crusts, cut them off—there's no waste for you can use them for stuffings, puddings and buttered crumbs.

Take butter or margarine out of refrigerator 15 to 30 minutes before you start your sandwiches so it will be soft enough to cream for easy spreading.

Individual pies carry better than wedges cut from large ones.

Small waxed cardboard containers are good carriers for potato and salmon salad, apple sauce and stewed fruits.

Remember a soggy sandwich is almost worse than no sandwich at all, so add only enough liquid to sandwich mixtures to make spreading easy.

# Soldier's Wife

Continued from page 27

dates with the boys— But thank you.”

“Are you here every night?”

“Only Wednesdays and Saturdays. At the coffee counter. I hope I see you next time you come in.”

“You will,” he promised. “Next time I’ll try not to scare you.”

We said goodnight and I carried the cups back to the kitchen. It had been a shock—how big a one I was just now beginning to realize. My legs were trembling and I could feel tears back of my eyes. *Jim. For a second you were here. And now you’re not.*

**DR. HOLDEN** was waiting in his car, “Good heavens, Connie,” he said as he helped me in, “you’re white as a ghost.”

“That’s because I just saw one.” I told him about Carl Haggard.

“That’s bound to happen,” he said sympathetically. “But it’s always a shock when it does. As a physician, I prescribe a cup of coffee and a sandwich as an antidote.” He turned the car into one of the new bar-and-grill places that had sprung up all over Banniston since the Army and the defense factory had come.

“Oh, I better not, Dr. Holden. It’s getting late and—”

“I’ll get you home early. Come on, Connie—I need some food myself. We’ve both been working hard all day.”

I couldn’t protest any more. He was being awfully kind, and I did dread getting back to my lonely apartment.

We sat in one of the booths in the back and ordered. The place was crowded and noisy. There was a juke box going, and the small bar up front was crowded three deep. Mostly defense workers, I judged, with here and there a uniform.

“It’s the war,” Dr. Holden said when I mentioned it. “Some people are making more money than they ever made before. Others have gotten war jitters, and they’re trying to forget it, one way or another.”

I thought of Avis. That’s what had happened to her. A party every night.

“The war affects our minds and emotions more than we know,” he went on. “Subconsciously. Take you, for instance. Your conscious mind accepts the fact your husband is gone. But your subconscious doesn’t. It can’t make the adjustment so quickly.”

“I suppose that’s right,” I said slowly. I was speaking more to myself than to him. “That must be why I miss him in so many little, unexpected ways. The big things, like taking care of myself and all that, I can manage. It’s the little things—like the way I miss being kissed.” Then I stopped, appalled at what I’d said. I felt my cheeks flushing. “I mean,” I rushed on, embarrassed, “Jim always used to kiss me when he came home from the office. Just—you know, nicely and sweetly and—and like a greeting. I miss that—”

“Don’t be embarrassed,” he said easily. “I know exactly what you mean. It’s perfectly natural.”

“It’s just that he’s been gone a long time,” I tried to explain, “and now that he might be in danger I worry a lot—subconsciously, like you said. I’ve even waked up crying at night.”

His dark eyes regarded me thoughtfully. “I think you’re alone too much. I don’t mean going out with other girls or seeing your family. I mean with



TEACHING NEW MOTHERS IN A MODERN HOSPITAL HOW TO CARE FOR BABIES AT HOME

## Wartime QUIZ for Mothers

These vital questions about baby care were asked of 6,000 physicians, including most of America’s baby specialists, by a leading medical journal. Here are their answers:



**QUESTION: “Do you favor the use of oil on baby’s skin?”**

**ANSWER:** Over 95% of doctors said *yes*. Hospitals advise the same (and almost all hospitals use *Mennen Oil*—because it’s *antiseptic*).



**QUESTION: “Should oil be used all over baby’s body daily?”**

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 doctors said *yes*—helps prevent dryness, chafing. (Most important—*antiseptic* oil helps protect skin against germs).



**QUESTION: “Should oil be used after every diaper change?”**

**ANSWER:** 3 out of 4 doctors said *yes*. (*Antiseptic* oil helps prevent diaper rash caused by action of germs in contact with wet diapers).



**QUESTION: “Up to what age should oil be used on baby?”**

**ANSWER:** Doctors said, on average, “Continue using oil until baby is over 6 months old.” Many advised using oil up to 18 months.



**QUESTION: “Should baby oil be ANTISEPTIC?”**

**ANSWER:** 4 out of 5 doctors said baby oil should be *antiseptic*. Only one widely-sold baby oil is *antiseptic*—Mennen. It helps check harmful germs, hence guards against prickly heat, diaper rash, impetigo, other irritations. Hospitals find Mennen is also *gentlest*, keeps skin smoothest. Special ingredient soothes itching, smarting. Use the *best* for your baby—Mennen Antiseptic Oil.

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men. You need male companionship—any woman object if you had dates?"

"No," I said slowly. "We talked about that before he left. We decided each of us should have dates if we felt like it—movies, or a party, or something. I felt if he should happen to meet a girl he liked down there in camp and wanted to take her to a movie, there was no reason why he shouldn't if it would make him happier. He felt the same about me. But nothing serious."

"But you haven't."

"I haven't wanted to. Most of the men I know are husbands of my girl friends. The others are soldiers I meet at the USO and I know they'd much rather take out somebody young and unmarried—"

He threw back his head and laughed. "Connie, that's priceless. You must be all of twenty-two or three, an old, old lady. I agree, you'd probably find it pretty hard to drag around a dance floor if somebody asked you. Well, I'll tell you what. Let's us old folks get together, and have dinner some night—in our wheelchairs. How about it?"

Still laughing, we got up to go. As we passed down the long line of booths to the front, I heard my name called. Cissie, Jim's young sister, was beckoning to us gaily.

I WENT over. She was with Teddy Dwyer, a youngster about her own age, who was her current heart throb. They were drinking gingerale.

"Isn't this exciting?" Cissie cried. She was fairly bubbling with exuberance. "We're celebrating Teddy's birthday. Mom said we could celebrate, even if it is a school night, if I'd be home by eleven. I just *made* Teddy bring me here."

Teddy smiled like a man of the world. "Just showing her a little night-life," he offered.

With her blonde curls tousled, her blue eyes bright with excitement, Cissie looked about twelve years old. The two of them looked so sweet, so innocent.

"Well," I said, feeling very matronly, "It's all right once. But I don't think either of your mothers would like it if you came here often. Oh... Dr. Holden, this is Jim's little sister, Cissie. And this is Ted Dwyer."

"But, Connie," Cissie was saying, "you're here. If you can come to a place like this, it must be all right."

"That's different," Dr. Holden said. "Mrs. Ruell has just confided her real age to me. Anyone as ancient as she is could go anywhere safely."

"Oh," Connie dimpled up at him. "You're cute."

The next morning at the office Dr. Holden's "good morning, Mrs. Ruell," was as polite and impersonal as ever. That relieved me. I didn't know what I had expected, but I did realize it would be somehow wrong if the fact I had talked so freely about myself last night had changed our business relationship today.

It was a busy morning, getting bills ready to be sent out, keeping the appointment book straight. All the doctors were busier than ever these days with many of the younger ones in service and Banniston crowded.

Around noon the telephone rang. It was Cissie, and her high little voice was breathless. "Connie, I told Mom I saw you last night—I didn't mean to tell on you or anything 'cause there wasn't anything to tell. I just said I'd seen you with Dr. Holden and how pretty you looked. And—" she paused indignantly—"Mom thinks it's terrible.

She said you shouldn't go out with people like him. It doesn't look right."

"But he was just bringing me home," I protested hotly. "And even if it had been a date, it was perfectly harmless."

"That's what I told her. I told her you ought to have dates if you wanted them. But she said living alone like you did, it wasn't right. It would be different if you lived here where you could be 'chaperoned.'" Cissie sighed gustily. "Mom's so old-fashioned, Connie. Well—I thought I better warn you 'cause she's going to talk to you about it when you come to supper tomorrow."

As I hung up the receiver, I felt stung with the injustice of it. Did she want me never to speak to a man? As Dr. Holden said, any woman needs occasional male companionship.

Dr. Holden was standing by my desk, regarding me with an amused expression. "You look positively stormy," he said, almost as if he guessed. "How about dinner tonight and telling me all about it?"

Out of my sense of being wronged, out of defiance at Mom's criticism, without thinking, I said, "I'd love to."

I HAD fun that night. Alec Holden knew how to show you a good time. We went to the Blue Goose; we danced as we dined. He was a good dancer and he had a way of making you feel terribly attractive.

He asked a lot of questions, and I found myself answering them eagerly, telling him more about Jim and our marriage and my life since Jim was gone. It was good to have so sympathetic a listener, and I was hungry to talk of the things I'd kept bottled up so long. It was only after I got home that I realized I had done all the talking and I didn't know one thing about Dr. Holden that I hadn't known before. I didn't even know how old he was—he looked in his early thirties—or any of his circumstances of his life. He never mentioned his friends, or his ex-wife, or anything at all that revealed himself.

The apartment didn't seem so lonely when I came into it, and I felt buoyed up and refreshed. "He was right," I said aloud to the chair in the corner. "I have been alone too much. But—Oh, Jim, I wish it were you."

As I went to sleep that night, Jim's arms seemed to be holding me, Jim's voice seemed to be saying, "I understand, sweetheart. I'm lonely, too."

Cissie was right. Mother Ruell didn't like it at all.

"He's been divorced," she said firmly, "and you are a married woman. People are going to talk. Just because Jim is away—"

"Jim knows about it, Mom. Or he will. I wrote him. Dr. Holden is just as nice as he can be and when I'm so lonely and he doesn't mean anything but just someone to go out with—"

"You wouldn't be lonely if you came here to live."

I loved Mom. I knew she loved me. She wasn't trying to run my affairs. But she just failed to understand, and although she kissed me warmly when I left and begged me to come soon again, I knew there was a strain between us that had never been there before. And I hated it— It was that kind of strain I'd been afraid of when she asked me to live with them. But Jim would say I was right, and that was all that mattered to me.

During the next month I went out with Dr. Holden several times. I liked it. It gave me something to look forward to—getting dressed up and going out to dinner with a man. I could feel

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the difference in my letters to Jim. I wrote four or five a week, and lately I'd found it hard to keep the letters cheerful and interesting. There had been so little happening, except the same old grind of work, the USO, and going to movies with some of the girls. Now I could write about the Blue Goose, and the music—Jim loved to dance and we'd done a lot of it before he left—and how interested Dr. Holden was in hearing about him.

Avis Brooks dropped in to see me one evening. She looked stunning in a new black suit with a jeweled lapel pin and a perky little hat of moire that must have cost fifteen dollars.

"What have you been doing to yourself," she demanded. "You look blooming, compared to the way you did a few weeks ago."

I TOLD her, and she nodded wisely. "There's nothing like a new beau, to pick a girl up."

"Oh, he's not a beau," I said quickly. "It's just that he's lonely, too, and we like to dance together and talk. And I feel sort of sorry for him. People have said a lot of mean things—"

"Well—" She lit a cigarette—"Whatever it is, it's good for you. I always thought you moped too much."

Certainly nobody could say Avis moped. She told me about her new friends and the places they went and the things they did. "The only thing is, I'm getting tired of living in one room. I never can have anybody in. I'm thinking of trying to find a furnished apartment somewhere, so I can do some entertaining. If you hear of a sub-let or anything, let me know, will you, Connie?"

I promised to ask the superintendent of our building, although there wasn't much hope with all the new families that had streamed into Banniston. It used to be just an ordinary middle-sized city. Now it was teeming. It would be good to have Avis as a neighbor, I thought. I liked her. She was so vital, so warm-hearted and generous; and she was always gay.

Even working at the USO seemed more interesting now. Carl Haggard had been in twice, on Saturday nights, and each time we'd talked as long as I could spare from my duties. He had a nice way with him—simple and frank, with a dry kind of humor.

One night I found him waiting at the bus stop as I started home. "Nobody could object or call it a date if I just happened to be waiting for the same bus, could they?" he asked.

I laughed. "I don't see how they could. But how did you know—"

"I just asked one of the girls where you lived and then found out which bus went there. Out West, we believe in direct action."

"I can see you do." But I was pleased to have him with me on the long ride home. Since that first moment that had been so cruel, he had never reminded me of Jim. When he left me at the door, I invited him up for Sunday night supper the next time he had weekend leave. I asked him to bring some of the other boys, and planned to have Cissie and Teddy and maybe one or two married couples I knew. It would be fun to have a little party again . . .

But a good deal happened before I was to have that party.

It started one night when I was going out with Alec Holden. "It will have to be a late dinner, if you don't mind," he'd said. "I've got to be at the hospital till eight."

I didn't mind. Three letters had

come in a bunch from Jim that morning. The mails were irregular, and there would be periods when I didn't hear at all. Then would come three or four at once.

I spent the time waiting for Alec reading them over and over, savoring each word, finding new meaning, new inflections, with each rereading. You get to live on letters after a while.

Everything was going well, he said. I wasn't to worry. My last package had come through in fine shape and was just what he wanted. He missed me every moment of every day. "Some of the fellows haven't anybody waiting for them at home," he wrote, "and—well, sometimes I think I'd go crazy if I didn't know I had you. I look at your picture so often, the boys kid me about it. . . . We've got a job to do and we'll do it. When it's over, sweetheart, I never want to leave you again for a single day. I want you beside me, for always and forever. . . ."

The ringing of the doorbell jerked me back to reality. I didn't want to go out now. I wanted to stay here, at home, with Jim.

I let Alec in and hurried to get my hat. Just as I flicked off the bedroom light, there was a sudden, eerie wail from outside that seemed to rise and fill the city. I stopped, startled.

"Practice blackout," Alec said. "We might as well stay here till it's over. They'll stop all cars."

"Oh, dear." I hurried around turning off the lights. "Just a minute—I'll get a flashlight and put up the blackout shades. If you don't mind—"

"Don't bother," he said easily. "It won't last long. Let's just sit here in the dark."

FROM the window, we could see the lights of the city blinking out, one by one. The sirens shrilled higher and higher on a single, sustained note; and overhead a plane droned. I shivered.

"Scared?" In the darkness, Alec's voice sounded very close.

"A little," I admitted. "It always seems to bring the war so near." I walked toward the window, feeling my way. With the stilling of the sirens, the city had gone deathly quiet. No sounds of traffic, no voices, nothing—except the plane circling slowly above.

I felt Alec beside me. His hand on my arm. "Don't be scared," he said. "It's thrilling—in a way."

"You mean to see the whole city going dark at once, all these people acting together? Yes—I suppose it is."

"No. I mean being here—with you. Here, in the blackness, close beside me, your skin warm under my hand. . . ." The grip on my arm tightened, he swung me toward him. Then his arms were around me and he was straining me close. His lips sought feverishly, for mine—and found them.

For a second I stood paralyzed, suffering the practiced, horrible eagerness of that kiss. Then the paralysis broke, and I struggled to get free—of those hard arms, that searching caress. They only held me tighter. It seemed in that moment of panic that I was struggling against the darkness, too—the darkness that enveloped me from everything.

Sometimes it seems that waiting at home is even harder than fighting, in war times. So much can happen to a woman—so many things that would never happen if her husband were by her side. Can Connie fight her own battles, here at home—and win? Don't miss the second instalment of *Soldier's Wife*, in October RADIO MIRROR!

# Unexpected Kiss

Continued from page 21

save up some money to pay for the furniture." I knew that although his family was comfortably well off, he had only his second lieutenant's pay. We would not be wealthy, but somehow, with Jim, that didn't matter. He would always spend wisely whatever he had, buying full value with it or nothing at all, avoiding the shoddy, the substitute.

This was in September. We fell, Jim and I, into a comfortable, easy routine. There was serenity in our engagement. Two nights a week, and every Sunday afternoon, we were together, going to a movie or for a walk, sometimes inspecting a house that we'd seen advertised for rent. I went on working at the cafe, saving as much as I could to help Jim out in building the life we planned for ourselves. September passed, October came with its promise of winter, of December and Christmas on the way . . .

**A**ND Mickey Barnes came into my life, to shatter it completely.

He entered the restaurant rather late one evening, a few minutes before I was due to go off shift, and he sat down at one of my tables. Inwardly grumbling, I filled a glass of water and went over to him. He was sitting with his back to me, and all I could see was that he was wearing a private's uniform and had thick black hair.

I came around in front of him and he looked up—

How can I explain what that first sight of Mickey Barnes did to me, when I hardly know myself? It was a shock, and painful—but it was a revelation, too, and beautiful. It was the dazzle of the sun when you look straight into it, and the sting of sleet against your skin in March. It was something that shook into awareness, all in the space of a second, the feminine impulses which are a part of every woman—even a woman who has wanted nothing but release from surroundings she hates.

He was only a man, like any other man—One whose shoulders were perhaps a little broader than others', whose mouth was a little wider, whose eyes were a little bluer—so why, even before we had exchanged a word, did my face burn and my hand tremble so I could hardly put the glass of water down in front of him?

And he couldn't speak, either. His eyes widened and he kept them on me as if he couldn't bear to stop looking. Then, suddenly, he smiled, showing teeth that gleamed against the swarthy-thiness of his skin.

"Hello, wonderful," he said softly. "Now I know why I got hungry just as I was passing this place."

The sound of his voice did something to the spell he'd cast on me. It didn't break it, exactly. It loosened the tightness of its grip, that was all, but enough so I could force back the wild exultation that was rising in me.

"Yes?" I said. "Did you wish to order?"

"Order?" He glanced in a puzzled way at the menu card in his hand, as if wondering how it had got there. "I don't know—I guess I'll have to, won't I? Are you doing anything to-night?" He shot the last question at me like a bullet—just as directly,

# The Girl who never was 21



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just as explosively.

"We had some good roast beef this evening," I said. "I think there's some left." If I could keep on saying the words I would have said to any customer, I thought, I would be safe.

"Okay—roast beef, fried chicken, cream of wheat—anything you say," he retorted impatiently. "You haven't answered my question."

"I'll bring you some roast beef," I said, and left him.

But in the kitchen, after I'd given the order, I leaned against the hard edge of a shelf, trying to still the drumming of my pulses. Why, this was perfectly crazy—letting someone I didn't even know upset me like this! I'd bring him his dinner and then I'd go home. One of the night girls could finish attending to him. I wished that this were one of Jim's regular nights to meet me.

"Here's your order," the cook said, and mechanically I took it and pushed through the swinging door to the restaurant.

WHEN I put the plate of meat, the side-dishes of vegetables, down in front of him he didn't even glance at them. "What time are you off?" he asked. He was grinning, as if he were sure I would go with him, and this infuriated me.

"Right now," I snapped. "One of the other girls will bring your dessert."

"I don't want any. I'll skip the dinner, too, if you won't wait for me to eat it."

I turned on my heel, but with lightning quickness he reached out and took my hand. At his touch, little searing flames ran through me. I wanted him to hold me and never let me go, but I could not tell him that, or even admit it to myself. All I could do was say angrily, "Do you want me to call the manager and have you thrown out?"

"Go ahead." Taking his time about it, he released my hand, but he did not—he never would—release the hold he had taken on my heart.

Oh, I tried. I told Mamie, who had just come on, to bring him his dessert, and I went at once to the dressing room and changed into my street clothes. But in order to leave I had to go through the restaurant, and he was watching for me. He left his meal half eaten, tossed a dollar bill on the cashier's desk, and came out onto the street just behind me. In a panic, I began to run, but in a second he had overtaken me, and was matching one of his long strides to two of my quick ones.

"Why are you running away?" he asked. "I won't hurt you. You know that."

"I don't know you," I gasped. "You haven't any right to—to force yourself on me like this."

"Why not?" There was no laughter in his voice now—nothing but the most deadly earnestness. "When a man sees something he needs—something he's got to have—hasn't he the right to go after it? You're not married—I looked to see if you were wearing a ring. Neither am I. And I haven't got time to play around, asking you for a date and bringing you flowers and all that kind of thing."

"You're awfully sure I'm someone you've got to have," I said scornfully—at least, I tried to be scornful. "Half an hour ago you didn't even know I existed."

"I've always known you existed," he answered. "When I was a kid, even, I knew. I didn't know I'd find you.

Probably, if it hadn't been for the war, I wouldn't have. I'd have gone on living in the town where I was born, going to the mill every day to work, knowing you were somewhere—but never finding you."

"Yes," I said, "and getting married and having children, too—and living to a ripe old age."

"Probably," he agreed somberly. "A good many men do—and women too. They never find the real thing, so they take what they can get. But that's no reason for pretending you don't know the real thing when you see it."

"Of course not." I hardly knew what I was saying. All my instincts of self-preservation were concentrated on closing my ears to the truth I heard in every word he spoke—in turning him aside, somehow, before he said anything more. "On the other hand, it's always a good idea to think up a new line—the only trouble is, this one of yours is a little too new."

"Stop that!" he said harshly. "This is no line, and you know it. You think I'd act like this if I didn't see it was important—the most important thing that's ever happened to me outside of getting this uniform?"

I did know it. Everything told it to me—the intensity of his rushing words, the taut line of his jaw, my own tingling sensation of being alive as I had never been alive before. But still I tried to fight, to deny.

"I don't even know who you are," I said.

"If it matters, my name is Barnes, Michael Barnes, but everybody calls me Mickey. I come from a town in Pennsylvania where they make steel and I'll probably go back there to work when the war's over. I'm here studying to be an armorer and I'm twenty-two years old."

I KEPT on walking, without answering. What was there to answer? That his name was a melody in my ears? That every nerve on the side of my body next to him was shockingly aware of his presence? Those were the only things I could have said—but they were also things I would not say.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home."

"No," he said. "Don't go home. Just keep on walking with me, in this direction, and pretty soon we'll come to the edge of town. It's swell there—just the prairie, stretching away in every direction except behind you, and you don't have to turn around. And there's a moon tonight."

Just the prairie, stretching away, and a moon. . . . Oh, I wanted to go with him!

"You're wasting your time," I said desperately. "I'm not married, that's right. Not yet. But I'm going to be, in December."

He stopped walking. We were under a street lamp, and in its light I saw his face, all the fire and animation gone from it, leaving it nothing but a tragic mask.

"You're—engaged," he said flatly—and then, in passionate resentment, "You're not! You can't be!"

He was a student at the University school; I remembered that, and without stopping to think went on:

"Maybe you know the man I'm going to marry—Lieutenant Driscoll, at the school."

"Drisc—" His mouth fell open, and then he laughed. But it was more than laughter. It was a great shout of—yes, pure relief. "No! I won't believe it. You'd never marry him!"

He began to walk again, and this time it was he who led and I who followed. I should have been angry at the way he received the name of the man I was going to marry. Instead, I was . . . afraid. Suddenly and unaccountably afraid.

"Why is it so funny?" I demanded. "Why is it so funny that I'm going to marry Jim Driscoll?"

"Come with me to the edge of town," he said, "and I'll tell you."

**E**VEN if he had not given me this excuse, I wonder if I should have had the strength to leave him? It is something I'll never know.

In another ten minutes we had walked past the place where the town melted away into the prairie. I had been here before, but it seemed as if now I were seeing it for the first time—the vast purple-dark sieve of the sky, with starlight leaking through the holes, the full moon rising, swollen with golden honey, over the eastern horizon, here and there a tree with its autumn leaves pale under the moon—the memory of color in the memory of light.

We stood side by side, not speaking, for a long time. Then he said, "Driscoll never brought you out here, did he?"

"No . . ." In a way, in the way he meant, it was the truth. We had walked out this way once, and when we'd got about this far we'd turned around and walked back again. We hadn't stopped—we hadn't seen.

"Sure he didn't," Mickey said. "That's why I said you'd never marry him. He wouldn't think to bring you out here."

There was scorn in his voice, and I rose to Jim's defense. "I won't listen

if you're trying to make fun of him."

"I'm not making fun of him—but you wanted to know why I laughed when you said you were going to marry him," Mickey said. "Oh, he's a nice enough guy. There's nothing wrong with him—in a math class, anyway. He'd make a good husband for some college graduate that could tell him about ancient history while he told her about the square root of  $x$  plus  $y$ . But for you!" He swung round upon me, and before I could move he'd taken my two arms in his big, muscular hands. His fingers burned through the fabric of my dress. My knees weakened and I almost fell, but he held me upright.

"This is why you can't marry him!" he whispered, fiercely, and brought his lips down on mine.

In that clamorous moment the earth and sky whirled about me. I could no more control the way my lips answered his than I could the movements of someone on the other side of the world. But when he released me, breathless and shaken, I found myself once more. I buried my face in my two hands and cried.

"No—please—please—go away and leave me alone—"

He said unsteadily, "I've—I've kissed other girls—but I never kissed anyone until just now. And you felt it too—I know you did."

"It doesn't matter—I'm going to be married—"

Once more he was holding me, forcing me to look at him. "Don't tell me you love him," he said, very low. "If you do, I'll know you're lying. Nobody that kissed me the way you just did can be in love with another man."

I flung back my head. "All right," I defied him, "I won't tell you I love him! But I'm going to marry him, all the same. Because he can give me the things I've always wanted—things you couldn't give me. A decent place to live—nice friends—comfort—"

The fingers around my arms bit deeper. "And all you'd get from me—even after the war—would be a shack in the worst part of some steel-mill town, kids dirty and sometimes hungry. No bridge-playing, no nice car, no chance of feeling that you're safe because you've got money in the bank." His eyes burned. "You're right. That's what being Mrs. Barnes *might* be like. It's only a gamble that it would ever be any better than that. A good gamble, I'd say, but just the same—a gamble."

"I don't want to gamble! I want to be sure—and I am sure, if I marry Jim."

**A**ND that's why you want me to leave you alone?"

"Yes!"

"All right," he said, and the scorn in his voice rubbed the raw edges of my nerves. "Go ahead and marry him. Be sure of your comforts. But you'll always be sure of something else, too—that once you and I had a chance that doesn't come to many people, and you were too much of a coward to take it. You'll remember that, the first time you're bored with your nice house. You'll remember what you did to yourself, and me, and—yes, even to the poor guy you're marrying. He probably deserves something better. But that's not anything you have to worry about—you'll have what you wanted!"

He pushed me violently from him—but only for a second. Like an en-

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raged animal he sprung upon me once more. "And you'll remember one other thing!" he said thickly.

Kisses bruising my mouth—hands tearing the cloth that was stretched so tightly over my shoulders— And in myself, a storm rising to meet his, a storm that blotted out every other thought in the world—

"Ah, no!" He tore his mouth away, leaped to his feet and stood above me.

He hated me. I could feel his hatred like a hot prairie wind. He hated me for the fury in himself, for the happiness we might have had, for the shabby substitute he had just rejected.

He turned and went quickly away.

I GOT to my feet. Tears of shame and humiliation were running down my cheeks, and I rubbed them away, careless of the grit on my palms that was smudging my face. Warily, I crept back into town.

Throughout the endless night I lay awake, knowing what I would have to do. What Mickey had called "the real thing"—that wouldn't come again, ever. But the glimpse of it had made it impossible for me to take anything else in its place.

Jim made it easy for me to tell him, that next evening when he came to meet me at the restaurant. He must have known, even before I said anything, that for me the whole face of the world had changed.

"You've found out you don't love me—is that it?" he interrupted my fumbling efforts to find the right words. I hadn't waited long to tell him; we had left the restaurant only half an hour before, and now we were in a booth at the quiet little cocktail bar where we sometimes went for a glass of beer.

"That's it, I guess, Jim," I said.

He looked down at the froth on his scarcely touched glass. "I guess I always knew," he said, "that you didn't. I hoped—"

"I'm sorry, Jim."

"Don't be," he said quickly. "Think how much worse it would have been if you'd found it out later." Very nearly, I thought, what Mickey had said! "And don't worry about me," he added. "I'm glad it happened this way."

If he had protested, if he'd made me feel that I was hurting him terribly, it's possible that my decision would

have wavered, weakened. But there again, you see, he couldn't have done that. It wouldn't have been according to his creed.

I wished—oh, I hoped so much—as we said goodnight for the last time, that if it was true, as Mickey seemed to think, that somewhere in the world there was one right woman for every man, Jim might someday meet his!

And then the days passed, one precisely like the other. I knew Mickey Barnes would never come back to the State Cafe—I knew it as well as I knew the moment when we had stood on the edge of the prairie he would never come again. But I could not stop an involuntary glance at the front door every time it opened, a pang of hope whenever I caught sight of broad shoulders under a khaki uniform.

Once I sat down and tried to write to him. The memory of his cry, "Ah, no!"—filled with hatred and contempt, came between me and the paper, and there were no words I could put down. Perhaps, if I went back to the spot where he had kissed me, I would find the words I needed.

THERE was no moon this night—only clouds and a cold wind. The trees were stripped bare of leaves and stood out starkly against the sky. Was this the place? It was so different, so forbidding...

I took a few steps to the right—and a shadow rose before me. A substantial shadow, with arms outstretched and a voice that spoke my name.

With a sob, I stumbled into those arms, let them hold me close for a long, long time, heard him whisper, "I knew you'd come here finally—when you were ready. I knew you'd have to. I've been here every night, waiting."

And now I'm the one who is waiting. Strange—my life is very much as it has always been. I live in the house where I was born. I work at the State Cafe. Only my name is changed, but that has changed everything. All the vexing ambitions I used to have are gone. I don't dream of the "someday" when I'll have a house of my own with a darkly shining table where Mickey and I will eat by candlelight. I have no idea what kind of life we'll have when Mickey comes back. I only know that it will be beautiful.



Bob Trout, ace CBS war correspondent, made his final visit to the Red Cross club for Yanks in London, before returning to New York to star in Calling America, new Sunday evening show over CBS. Featured with Trout are Walter Cassel, Victor Bay's orchestra and a mixed chorus.

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## "I Will Fear No Evil"

Continued from page 23

At first I thought it was John coming up the walk toward the house—only for an instant, before I remembered that John was in his study, working on Sunday's sermon, and that he certainly didn't own a suit of that rather startling red-brown shade. The resemblance was enough to quicken my interest as I went to answer his ring.

"Hello," he said, when I pushed open the screen door. "You'd be Anne, wouldn't you? Is John home?"

"Why . . ." Momentarily, I was too busy looking at him and trying to adjust myself to his informal greeting, to answer. He was so very like John.

"I'm Harry—John's brother. You've—" his lips curled a little, wryly—"you've heard of me, I expect."

"Oh, yes—of course," I stammered, and holding the door wider, "Won't you come in? I'll call John."

"Thanks," he said, giving the single word an ironic inflection.

Too flustered to remember my manners and show him into the living room, I left him standing just inside the door and hurried down the hall to John's study in the back of the house.

**J**OHNS brother, the brother I'd never expected to see—never wanted to see, either! John had told me about him.

"He was always getting himself into scrapes, even when we were kids," John had said. "Sometimes he got me into them, too, but he never let me take the blame. It seemed as if he couldn't stand having to live by rules or laws. But he wasn't bad—he was never bad. If they'd only understood that, when he got into trouble . . ."

Privately, I'd thought that Harry got only what he deserved. He and some other boys had stolen and wrecked a car when Harry was about seventeen, and when they were caught they were sent to reform school. Harry, as the admitted ringleader, got the longest sentence—two years. After his release he refused to come home or have anything to do with his parents and brother, although in the years that followed he did send John an occasional note or postcard.

And now, without warning, he was here in Vernon, here in our house. Even then, hurrying to call John, I felt in his presence a threat, felt that his coming meant change; and, obscurely, I resented him.

John looked up when I entered the study, the smile on his face instantly giving way to concern as he saw my agitation. "Anne, what's the trouble?"

"It's—your brother is here," I gasped. John's eyes widened incredulously; then he leaped to his feet. "Harry?" he cried eagerly. "Harry's—here?" With a bound he had passed me, was in the hall. I heard his voice, deep with happiness, saying:

"Harry! I am glad to see you!" They were still pumping each other's hand when I turned and walked toward them.

John said, "Anne, isn't there a fatted calf for the prodigal somewhere?"

I felt Harry watching me, waiting while I tried to form an answer that would meet John's pleasure. But words were clumsy on my lips, and when I did not speak at once Harry laughed and said:

"Fatted calves are hard to get these days. You needn't worry, Anne—I've

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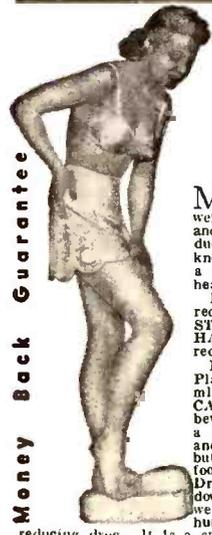
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got a ration book."

It was all, somehow, symbolic of the relationship that had already formed between Harry and me. In that first moment, John had extended his welcome and I had, in my heart, denied it... and Harry had sensed the denial and countered with a remark that was at once ironic and defiant.

For we could not like each other, Harry and I. That was apparent from the very first. We could not declare our enmity, but it was there. It was there throughout the meal, and when John insisted that Harry bring his bags from the station and move into our guest room, and again when Harry—noting, I was sure, the stiffness with which I seconded John's invitation—agreed. It was there after supper, implicit in my excuse of feeling tired when I went early to our room and left John and Harry alone.

Not so very much later, they came upstairs and John entered the bedroom quietly. "Not asleep?" he said when I sat up and turned on the lamp.

"I dozed a little." I smiled up at him and admitted, "I wasn't really tired. I just knew you and Harry'd have lots of things to talk about."

JOHN sat down on the edge of the bed and took one of my hands, cradling it between his palms. "There will be plenty of time for us to talk... I hope," he said tentatively.

"Why?" Alarm caught at my heart. Surely John didn't mean—

It seemed, though, that he did. "I've asked Harry to stay with us."

He must have felt the uncontrollable way the muscles of my hand flexed in refusal. I wanted to cry out, "No, I won't let you, John! I won't let you bring someone else into our home—above all, someone like your brother, hard and bitter and impossible to trust." Instead, forcing myself to speak quietly, I said:

"But John—do you think that's wise?"

"I think," he said soberly, "it's the wisest thing I've ever done. I feel I owe Harry something—"

"Oh!..." This was far beyond me. "He had his chance, the same one you did. You came from the same home, had the same opportunities. But he threw his chance away."

"He wasn't ready for it then," John said. "I think he might be, now."

"A man doesn't change that much, John. I'm sure Harry hasn't. He's—he's still hard and—and tough." It was difficult to find the right, tactful words, when what I wanted to say was that Harry seemed to me dishonest and unscrupulous.

"Outside, maybe," John assented. "But not inside. He never was, and he isn't now. That hardness, as you call it, is just a protective shell he's formed because the world seemed to be against him. There's been reason enough for him to think that. He's knocked around from one job to another, mining, lumbering, pick-and-shovel work. It's our job to melt that shell down and find the real Harry, don't you see?"

He was really pleading now, pleading for my compassion, my understanding, but I was too heartsick to give them. I lashed out:

"And how do you think your congregation will feel if they find out your brother was in jail once?"

"I refuse to believe that anyone in my congregation could be so lacking in Christian charity as to hold it against Harry that he made a mistake years

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ago, when he was only a boy."

I am sure he didn't mean it as a slap at me. I knew then, in my heart, that he didn't; but that was how I chose to interpret what he had said.

It hadn't been a quarrel—somehow, we'd managed to keep it from being that open—but it was a shadow of unhappiness that lay between us, and I knew it would remain for as long as Harry stayed in the house.

And he stayed. Somewhere in his checkered life during the last ten years (no one ever told me so, but I suspected it was in reform school) he had learned to be a draftsman, and he got a job in the planning department of our local war plant. It was a propeller factory, and old Mr. Gray was one of its owners; his friendship for John was responsible for Harry's being hired, although the plant was glad to get a man who would never be drafted. Harry, like John, had been refused by the Army, and for the same reason. It was the first time I'd known that haemophilia was hereditary, and it worried me until John explained that it could be transmitted only through mothers and that therefore no children of ours would ever suffer from it.

**H**ARRY was sensitive enough to know that I resented his presence in our home. I could see that knowledge in every sidelong glance, hear it in every remark he addressed to me.

That first Sunday after his arrival, he went with us to church, and I had to admit, grudgingly, that he behaved himself very well. He stood outside with John and me after the service, being introduced to members of the congregation, smiling and agreeable.

The scene is vivid in my memory—the churchyard, the headstones in the little cemetery seeming to stand guard, people in their sober Sunday best coming slowly down the steps, the first few yellowed leaves drifting to the earth from the arching trees. And something else is crystal-clear, too: the Camerons stopping for a moment, and an instant when Lucy Cameron raised her eyes to look into Harry's, a question stirring in their haunted depths.

At dinner, Harry asked carelessly, "This Dr. Cameron—is he one of the local big shots?"

John laughed. "He certainly is! Also he's senior warden, and he thinks I'm too young for my job."

"Oh?" Harry buttered a piece of bread, and then he gave his verdict. "A beautiful example of early-American stuffed shirt."

"Dr. Cameron's very influential, not only in the church but in the whole town," I said. "We must all try not to offend him."

There was a strained silence. Through the lids of my downcast eyes, I could feel Harry's mocking regard. I'd succeeded in making myself appear scheming and petty. Yet why, I thought in exasperation, was it wrong for me to want John to be successful, popular, on friendly terms with someone like Dr. Cameron whose opinion was important?

I was glad of one thing—that Harry would start work the next morning. Perhaps, after he'd earned a little money, he'd want a place of his own.

But when another week had passed, and Harry had his first pay envelope, I found that he had other uses for his money.

At breakfast, this particular day, John reminded me that he wouldn't be home for dinner because the regular monthly dinner-meeting of the church

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Men's Club was being held at the Vernon House. "Incidentally, how'd you like to come with me, Harry?" he added. "Then Anne wouldn't have to cook for anyone."

"Oh—I'll grab a bite downtown," Harry said shortly. He'd been out rather late the night before, and this was almost the first thing he'd said since coming to the table.

"YOU'D be very welcome," John persisted, "and the Vernon House serves us a good meal—"

"No thanks," Harry interrupted. "I can get along without palling around with a bunch of small-town business men, having them look down their noses at me because I'm not like you. Count me out, please."

I held my breath. It was the first time Harry had been rude to John, and I waited, hoping in my heart that John would be angry. But he only said, mildly, "All right, Harry, just as you like."

Well, I thought, at least if John won't be home for dinner, neither will Harry. That evening, after John had left for the hotel, I fixed myself a feminine pick-up meal and ate it off a tray in the living room. All in all, I didn't mind a bit having an evening to myself. And then the doorbell rang.

It was Mr. Gray, peering at me near-sightedly with his kind old eyes. "Evenin', Anne," he said. "John in?"

"No, he's at the Men's Club dinner, Mr. Gray."

"Oh, that's right—Henry Cameron's pet project," he snorted.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Um—well, I don't know. Certain sure I can't, so— Fact is, Anne, that brother o' John's is down in Parini's Bar raisin' particular Ned and I figured John ought to get him out o' there before he really gets in trouble."

"Harry?" Mingled dismay and exultation (perhaps now John would see how right I had been!) made my voice sharp. "How do you know?"

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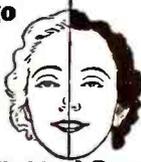
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"How d'you think I know?" the old man retorted testily. "I dropped into Parini's after supper, same as I always do—no harm in that, is there?—and I see him, drunker'n anyboy's got a right to be on a week night."

"But couldn't you speak to him—couldn't you bring him home?"

The corners of Mr. Gray's mouth drew down. "Tried," he admitted, "but he told me t'go wash my face, and I didn't want him to make a fuss, there in front o'half a dozen people. Be all over town in an hour."

"That's true," I said abstractedly. Already I was ashamed of my pleasure at the news that Harry was doing exactly what I had predicted. The important thing was that he mustn't be allowed to hurt John's reputation. Of course, I could telephone John at the hotel and tell him to go over and get Harry. But then John would have to make excuses to the club members—Dr. Cameron and the others—and that might be difficult, even impossible.

I made my decision. "I'll go down to Parini's myself and try to bring him home. I won't go in. I'll wait outside, and you go in and tell Harry—no," I corrected that, "better just ask the bartender to tell him, that there's a lady outside who wants to see him."

**OUTLINING** my plan to Mr. Gray, I had felt bravely decisive, but a few minutes later, as I stood on the sidewalk outside Parini's, my courage ebbed swiftly.

I might have changed my mind and run home if the door of the bar hadn't opened just then. Harry stood on the threshold, swaying a little, peering about him. I stepped forward and he saw me. His expression changed to that mockery I'd come to know too well, heightened this time by the sly humor of a befuddled brain.

"So you're the lady that wants to see me," he said thickly. "My sour-faced little sister-in-law!"

"Harry," I begged, "come home with me. Please!"

"Oh, no!" He raised a forefinger in the air and wagged both it and his head. "You come in and have a drink instead. Do you good—just lots of good."

"You know I can't go in there." I kept my voice low and reasonable. At least he was in a good humor, and I wanted him to stay that way. "And you shouldn't stay in there so long—for John's sake."

"John—" Surprisingly, a spasm of maudlin sorrow crossed his face. "Poor John. Hell of a brother he's got, hasn't he? I oughtn't ever to have come here in the first place."

Wanting to agree, I said instead, "Of course you should. John and I are both glad to have you. But won't you come home with me now?"

He pressed his hand against his forehead. "Maybe I better," he mumbled. "Should've had some supper—"

He staggered and almost fell. I had to take his arm and support him with my own body.

Vaguely, I remember hearing a car pass just then.

Parini's door opened again and Mr. Gray looked out. I signaled for his help, and between us we got Harry home. John was already there, to my relief, and he took charge of his brother, putting him to bed and bringing him the black coffee I made. When he came silently back downstairs Mr. Gray had gone and I was alone in the living room.

He was white and tired-looking, with

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dark circles under his eyes, but his jaw was set firmly. As for me, all the life seemed to have been drained out of my body. I felt as if it would be too much effort to raise my hand.

A chill ran over me when John spoke. "I'm sorry all this happened, Anne. Sorrier than anything that you had to go after him. But I'm sure it won't happen again."

"You mean," I said dully, "that you still want him to stay here—in Vernon, with us? Even after this?"

"Yes. He needs our help now more than ever."

Slowly, I turned my head away. "Then," I said, "there's nothing more for me to say." With an effort, I stood up.

"Anne!" He stretched out his hand. Everything about him, his voice, his gesture, his eyes, pleaded with me. But, silent and aloof, I went past him, up to the room our bodies might share but our souls would not.

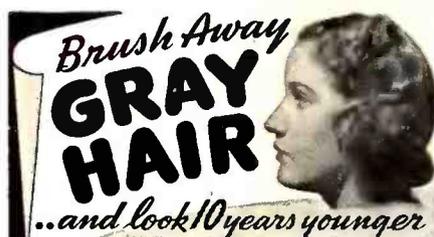
IT had been Dr. Cameron, on his way home from the Men's Club meeting, who drove past Parini's at the moment Harry staggered against me. We learned that the next day, when the story began to spread. And as it spread, of course, it changed and grew. Harry and I had been in Parini's together—John had had to come and get us. Only old Mr. Gray, in blunt anger, was able to combat the tales that whispered and scurried around town.

They had a nightmare quality, those days. I could not know, of course, just what was being said—I could only guess, from the hush that sometimes came over a group at a Ladies Club meeting when I joined it, or from the too-casual way in which Harry's name was mentioned in my presence, or the cold reserve with which Dr. Cameron bowed to me after Sunday services. John must have known more exactly—he was shut up in his study several times with Mr. Gray. But John and I could no longer talk to each other, except on the most ordinary everyday matters.

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when I realized that it was a barrier entirely of my own building. But—"He's wrong!" I would think. "He's wrong and foolish to wreck his position here by keeping Harry with him." Couldn't he see that gradually a wave of feeling against him was forming all through the parish, and that he would not be asked to stay another year?

And all this for his brother—a man who had been a waster all his life, whose every action proved that he cared nothing for anyone but himself!

Perhaps, if I had not been so engrossed in the troubles that Harry had brought us, I might have noticed some change in Harry himself. Still, I did not see a great deal of him, except at meal times and not always then. Nearly every evening he dressed after supper and went out, I had no idea where. Perhaps John knew, I thought.

Gradually, one week passed, then another, and another—all outwardly serene.

But I couldn't escape the feeling that we were all treading over banked-up fires that at any moment would burst into violent flame.

And yet I was pitifully unprepared for the explosion when it came.

IT was a Saturday morning in October—a Saturday morning like any other, still and cool but filled with the promise of Indian-summer warmth later on. Harry came down to breakfast as usual, but today he did not sit down. Standing rigidly in the doorway, he said:

"John—Anne—I wasn't going to tell you until it was all over."

"Yes, Harry?" John's voice was calm, friendly; only his hand, closed tightly on his napkin, showed that he felt the same dread as I.

"Lucy Cameron and I love each other," Harry said. "I'm taking this morning off and we're going to Bristow to be married."

John's clenched hand did not relax. "Does her father know?" he asked, still in that desperately controlled voice.

"No—we don't dare tell him. Lucy's over eighteen, but she's afraid of him—afraid he'd lock her up or send her away somewhere. He'd never let her marry me, you know that. We haven't even dared let him know we were seeing each other. We've been meeting secretly, at the edge of town, whenever Lucy could get away. We can't go on like that. The only thing to do is get married—then it will be too late for Cameron to do anything about it."

John said, "You're sure you love her?—sure she loves you?"

"More sure than I've ever been of anything in all my life," Harry said.

John took a deep breath and leaned back in his chair. And he smiled.

"I'm glad," he said, "that you told me, Harry. It was—fine of you. And you know I wish you and Lucy every happiness."

I could hardly believe my ears. "John!" I burst out. "You don't mean you're going to permit this!"

"Why not?" he asked. "Lucy and Harry are both old enough to know their own minds. Harry is doing well at his job. There is no reason they shouldn't marry except her father's opposition. And—" he hesitated—

"I'm quite sure Lucy would not go against her father unless she was certain that in doing so she would find real happiness."

"But your own position!" I argued.

"Dr. Cameron will blame you for it all—he'll make it impossible for you to stay here. The least you can do is

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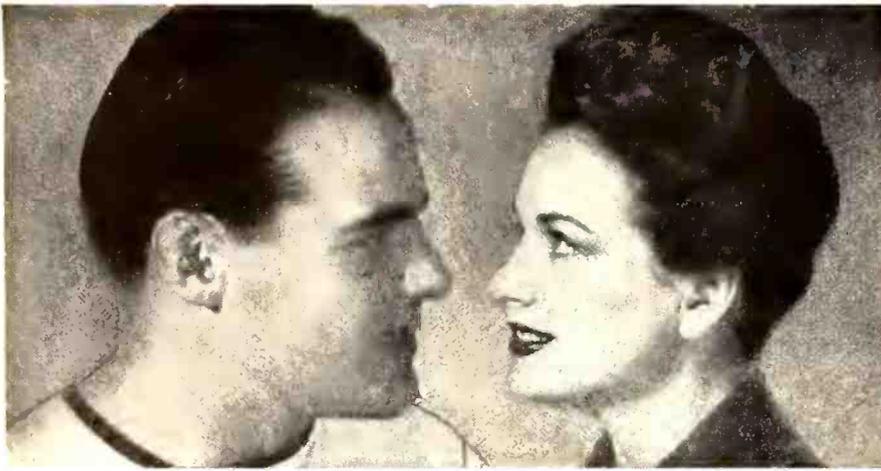
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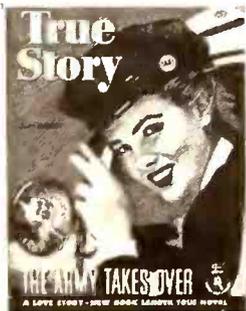


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warn him—tell him what Harry and Lucy are planning."

"Just a minute," Harry said before John had time to answer. "I didn't quite finish what I wanted to say. I know well enough that Cameron will try to take it out on you if Lucy and I get married. That's why I told you, John—to give you a chance to warn him if you want to."

"I wouldn't buy security for myself," John said quietly, "with your happiness, Harry . . . No, I won't warn Dr. Cameron."

"Thanks, John," Harry said huskily. Then he was gone, and the silence throbbed between us.

**M**ECHANICALLY, I put a dish on the tray, reached for another one—and then something snapped and I was crying, sobbing aloud with my head down on the table. I was conscious of John standing beside me. His hand touched my shoulder.

"Anne—can't you understand? Can't you see that being safe, secure, isn't important?"

I felt as if I were being dissolved in a red bath of fury. I flung myself upright, dashed his hand away. Hateful words were fighting to be released. I had just enough strength left to run from the room before I spoke them—but John's white, stricken face showed that somehow he had heard them.

I went up to our room and closed the door.

It was nearly noon when a car stopped in front of the house with a snarl of brakes, and heavy feet tramped hurriedly up the walk. I did not have to look out of the window to know it was Dr. Cameron, did not need the rumble of an angry voice that presently reached me from the floor below. It went on and on, for what seemed hours.

Finally it stopped for good, and a moment later the doorknob turned and John came into the room. He looked completely spent. His face was colorless, and he moved like a man who has been beaten until every muscle in his body aches.

Without looking at me, he said, "Lucy telephoned her father from Bristow to tell him they were married. He's going after them. I've persuaded him to let me go along."

I did not answer, and after a silence he added flatly, "The Men's Club funds, which Dr. Cameron kept in his house, are missing. He thinks Harry took them, or persuaded Lucy to take them. He says Harry is a thief. Dr. Cameron knows Harry once served a term in reform school," he murmured. "It seems the story's been around town for several days. A former guard at the school saw Harry on the street . . ."

As quietly, dazedly, as he had entered, he stepped out and closed the door behind him.

*Harry a thief—Harry a thief—Harry a thief.* The words drummed in my head, over and over, until they had lost all meaning. Strange—they vindicated my distrust of my brother-in-law, yet I felt no sense of elation.

It was after six when John and Harry returned—alone. Lucy's father had insisted that she come home with him.

As they came into the house, Harry's eyes, dark and smoldering, met mine. He stopped.

"Well, you see, Anne, you were right," he said. "I've brought you and John nothing but trouble, haven't I? And now you've a thief on your hands."

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John pulled him gently away. "Harry has told me neither he nor Lucy took the money," he said to me. "I believe him."

"You do!" Harry jeered. "But nobody else does. You heard what Cameron said—once a criminal always a criminal!"

"I—I believe you," I said. It was not for Harry's sake that I said this, but for John's. I felt that I must find some way of lightening the burden of sorrow he carried. I could no longer blame him for all that had happened.

It seemed ridiculous, next morning, to be cooking breakfast as usual, preparing for church just as if nothing had happened—just as if mingled fatigue and dread were not weighing down every movement I made. But this might be the last service John would ever conduct in Vernon. I think we all three felt that, and were determined to show the town we were not afraid, not beaten.

Only once, just as we were about to set out for church, Harry's composure broke. "John," he cried, "what are we going to do? Let Cameron annul our marriage, as he says he will? Let him have me arrested for stealing the money? But I didn't steal it—I did, what's become of it? Neither Lucy nor I had it on us when you found us yesterday—you know that—"

"Wait," John said. "Wait, Harry, until after the service."

Suspicion, distrust—yes, hatred—filled the church as we entered it. I felt the atmosphere pressing against me when Harry and I walked down the aisle to the minister's pew; felt it again when John came through the little door near the pulpit. Across the aisle, the Camerons sat in their usual place—the doctor staring straight ahead, Lucy and her mother with bowed heads.

EVERY seat was filled long before the last peal of the bell died out. With all those curious eyes upon him, John went with perfect composure through the usual ritual—the opening hymn, the reading from the Scriptures, the responsive prayer. But when he closed his Bible and entered the pulpit and faced toward the congregation, everyone in the place seemed to stop breathing. This, then, was the moment they had waited for.

Yet he began quietly, almost conversationally, by saying that he would not deliver the sermon he had prepared for this Sunday. Most of them had heard, he went on, that two members of the congregation had gone to the county seat the day before and had been married. "You have also heard," he said, "that one of these two people, my brother, once was sentenced to reform school. That is true."

He waited for the shocked gasp to die down. "This church is today divided against itself. And it is my fault. My fault," he said sadly.

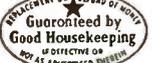
"Let me tell you about my brother. After he was released from the reform school for which he was sent for taking and wrecking a car that was not his—this, my friends, was when he was seventeen—he refused, in his shame, to return home. For eight years he drifted from city to city, from job to job, a stranger and afraid, in a world he never made. Then he came here, to Vernon, wishing only to see me. I persuaded him to remain. He found work, useful work that he could do. He began to strike down roots, to hope that after all he might have a place in the world.



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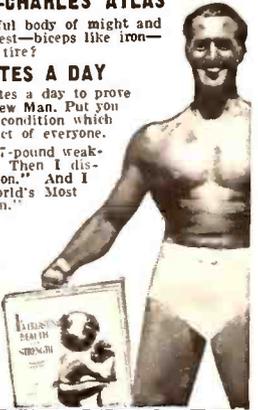
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"Then he met a sweet and lovely girl, and he and she fell in love. But she was the daughter of a man both stern and powerful—a man my brother knew would never accept him as a son. Heartsick, he made up his mind to leave Vernon, and unwisely he tried to deaden the pain of that decision with liquor. Again, I am sure you have heard of the evening when he was seen—and by the father of the girl he wished to marry!—under the influence of liquor.

"The next morning my brother told me he wished to leave, though he did not tell me why. And I persuaded him once more to remain. "That," John said humbly, and his glance swept the church until it caught mine, "was where I was at fault. Not in asking him to remain, but in failing to help him. He knew better than to confide in me—for he knew that in my own way I had been stiff-necked and proud. It had been my duty to gain the friendship and trust of the girl's father, since he was and is a member of my congregation. I had let my own intolerance keep me from performing that duty, and as a result I could not help my own brother.

"I ask his pardon now. I ask the pardon of you all."

IN utter silence, he paused. Then he raised his head. "But I am not the only one to blame," he went on. "There has been a kind of tyranny at work here. Your sons, your brothers, your loved ones are overseas offering up their lives to wipe out a tyranny which we call by many names—Nazism, Fascism, dictatorship. It is all the same. By any name, it is an attempt to enslave men's minds.

"But here we have ourselves set up a similar tyranny, no less dreadful. We have permitted our minds to be enslaved by our own prejudices, our own love of sensation, our own eagerness to judge others.

"Here in this church are men and women who believe that my brother is guilty of the crime that has been

so lightly, so hastily, charged. They need no judge, no jury! Their minds are already made up—without proof, without thought, they are willing to set themselves up in judgment on their fellow-men.

"I do not ask you to absolve my brother of crime. I can do so, because he is my brother and when he tells me he is innocent, that, to me, is enough. But you can only keep your minds open and free of prejudice until due process of law has, as I am sure it will, clear him of all suspicion. Do not, I beg you, wreck his life and that of the young woman who only yesterday became his wife, by judging him on the basis of prejudice and passion."

John's knuckles were white where he gripped the sides of the lectern. For a moment he seemed to be speaking to a higher Being than those of us in the church. "It was asked once," he said, "'Am I my brother's keeper?' And the answer then, as it is now, was 'Yes.' I am my brother's keeper and guardian, as all men are the guardians of all men, their brothers. We cannot be unjust to anyone without at the same time being unjust to ourselves." He raised his right hand. "May the blessing of the Lord be upon you."

THE tears were falling unheeded down my cheeks. In my heart was a bitter-sweet mingling of shame and happiness—happiness that now my feet were set upon the right path. For although I knew John had meant his sermon primarily for Henry Cameron, it had found its mark in me too—and in many others who sat frozen in their seats, avoiding their neighbors' eyes.

Across the aisle there was a stir—and Dr. Cameron was on his feet, turning sidewise to face not only John but most of the congregation.

"I wish to be heard."

There was a new humility in his voice; a new humility, too, in the square, proud face. Unflinching, he went on:

"I have a confession to make. As our pastor has said, I strongly opposed my daughter's love for Harry Baynes—or would have, if she had been foolish enough to confide in me. When I learned they were married I was furious. I hardly knew what I did. All I wanted was to separate them. I took the first weapon that came to my hand. I hid the money that had been entrusted to me, intending later to produce it and claim that it had been mislaid. I would have cleared Mr. Baynes—" he stiffened, and corrected himself, significantly—"Harry, but not until after I had had the marriage annulled."

In the silence that followed, I saw Lucy Cameron's face raised to her father. In her trembling lips, her shining eyes, there was such beauty!

"I can only ask you all," Dr. Cameron added, "to forgive an arrogant old man—and to thank our pastor, as I do, for preventing a tragic mistake."

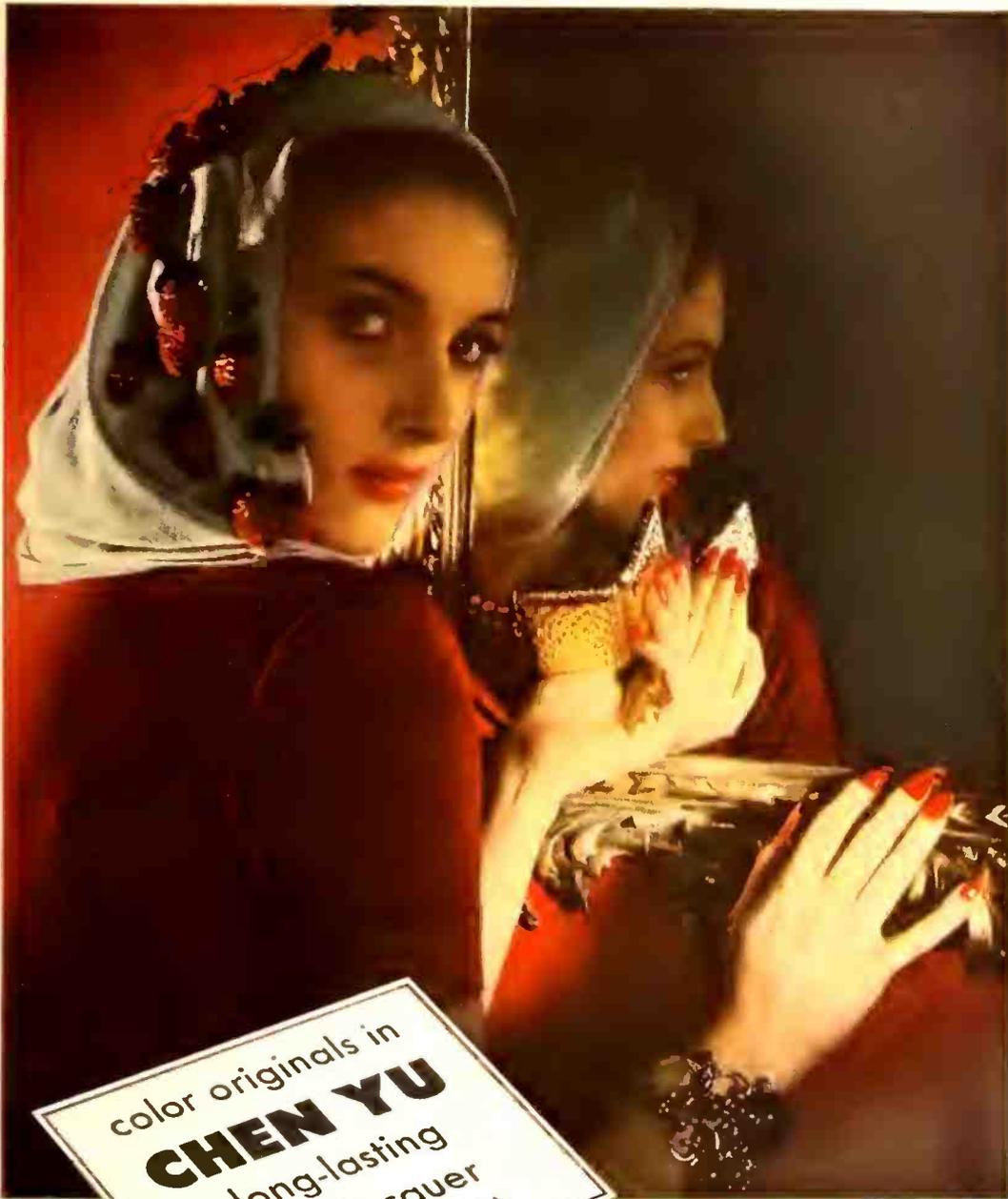
Suddenly the organ burst into song—the joyous, heaven-storming music of the *Hal-lelujah*. And as the glorious melody mounted higher and higher, I felt tension ebbing away, saw smiles again in glistening eyes. I saw more. In my mind I saw Harry and Lucy going forward together, hand in hand, and John and me, united again so much more surely than we had ever been.

## OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR ON SALE

Friday, September 10th



To help lighten the burden that has been placed upon transportation and handling facilities by the war effort, coming issues of RADIO MIRROR Magazine will appear upon the newsstands at slightly later dates than heretofore. RADIO MIRROR for October will go on sale Friday, September 10th. On that date your newsdealer will be glad to supply you with your copy. The same circumstances apply also to subscriptions. While all subscription copies are mailed on time, they may reach you a little later than usual. Please be patient. They will be delivered just as soon as prevailing conditions permit.



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