

JANUARY

1944

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

15¢



A Holiday Love Story
**COME HOME
FOR CHRISTMAS**

Exciting Color Pictures
**SECOND HUSBAND
HYMNS
OF ALL CHURCHES**

JANE WEBB

Do It Yourself . . . with

Charm-Kurl PERMANENT WAVE KIT

*New Easy Home Way
Curls and Waves Hair
to Lovely Beauty and Allure*

... ONLY 59¢
NOTHING MORE TO BUY
MAIL COUPON NOW!

Easy as
Putting
YOUR HAIR
Up in
Curlers



Lovely Curls

IN THREE QUICK STAGES

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...

Yes, it's true! You can give your hair a wonderful new cool, machineless permanent wave at home, thanks to CHARM-KURL. It is easy as putting your hair up in curlers. All you need do is mail the coupon. Then CHARM-KURL your hair. See for yourself how amazingly lovely your hair looks, curled and waved in the latest adorable fashions. And, most important, CHARM-KURL, complete, is yours for only 59c.

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL Make This Easy Test . . .

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as \$5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is safe. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C. O. D., pay 59c plus

CHARM-KURL CO., DEPT. 123, 2459 UNIVERSITY AVE., ST. PAUL, MINN.

postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Test CHARM-KURL yourself. See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home the CHARM-KURL way. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. With a guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, today, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours.

CHARM-KURL is the largest selling Home Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59c.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 123, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.
I want to take advantage of your liberal offer. Rush me one complete CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit. When it arrives, I will pay 59c plus postage to my postman. If, for any reason, I am not thoroughly satisfied, you agree to refund purchase price on my request. This does not obligate me in any way.
If you want more than one kit check below:

2 CHARM-KURL KITS, \$1.18, plus postage. 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, \$1.77, plus postage. (C. O. D. charges the same as for only one KIT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.
(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)



HEATLESS—MACHINELESS

There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59c offer. But the next step is up to you.

Each Charm-Kurl

Home Permanent Wave Kit Contains—everything you need—shampoo, 40 curlers, and wave set—nothing else to buy. Be smart—be thrifty—treat yourself to a CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave without delay.



WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN'S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers cheer CHARM-KURL Permanent Wave Kit because it is easy to use, so economical and long-lasting. Positively cannot harm children's fine, soft hair. If you're a thrifty mother, you'll order an extra Kit for your daughter. She'll be overjoyed.

After Hours—

turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!



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

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty to win hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth. And re-

member, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. He may tell you that soft foods have denied your gums the exercise they need for health. And, like many dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help make

gums firmer. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier, more attractive smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

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

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

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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ON THE COVER—Jane Webb of CBS' *That Brewster Boy*.
Color Portrait by Ben DeBrocke

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Are You in the Know?



Would you wear this number for

- School
- Dating
- Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for *when!* But *how* you wear your clothes is *vital*. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look . . . especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wall-flower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the *dating* number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

WON'T YOU TELL ME WHEN
WE WILL MEET AGAIN



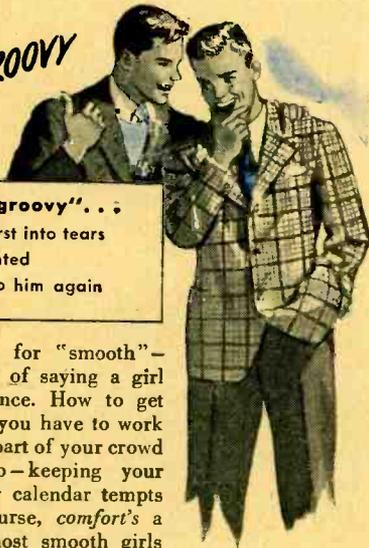
The name of this song is . . .

- You'll Never Know
- Day in—Day Out
- Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're *sure* of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that *really* protects you . . . sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

Copyright
Mayfair Music Corp.

SUE'S GROOVY



If he calls you "groovy" . . .

- Would you burst into tears
- Feel complimented
- Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work at, full time. It's being part of your crowd—speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, *comfort's* a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex is more comfortable.



Did this girl score . . .

- A hit
- An ace
- A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No. 1 sport. And if *you're* a good sport, you'll bowl *regularly*, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a *strike!*)

STOP GUESSING!

Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly edited booklet "As One Girl To Another". You'll learn do's and don'ts for difficult days . . . the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

If you're the mother or friend of a teenage girl and want the booklet "As One Girl To Another", please check here

Check here if you're a war worker and want free the new booklet "That Day Is Here Again". It tells how to stay on the job, even on problem days. Facts on diet, cramps, exercise, lifting.

Address: Post Office Box 3434
Dept. MW-1, Chicago 54, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

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

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



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



Captain Glenn Miller, of I Sustain the Wings, CBS radio show of U. S. Army Air Forces Training Command, rehearses Cpl. Ray McKinley while Cpl. Broderick Crawford looks on.

Bartlett Robinson plays the title role in the CBS Perry Mason series with Gertrude Warner cast as Della Street.

What's New from Coast to Coast



As we go to press, the "Kate Smith," a Consolidated B-24 bomber named after the CBS singer, is still missing in action. The bomber was christened by Kate at San Diego, California, last April, and since that time she has kept in constant touch with its crew. Kate tells us that she still has faith that the boys who have been flying in the bomber named for her will come back safe and sound. We hope with all our heart that she's right—it's a terrible phrase, "missing in action," but it's not a hopeless one. Other ships bearing the names of radio stars are still flying, still making the enemy pay dearly for every American life lost. And just this week, a new American pursuit ship, the "Donna Dae 2nd," takes to the air, piloted by a Lt. Northrop of an American Fighter Squadron in England. The flyer named the ship after the Fred Waring singer, one of radio's youngest stars, who is from his own home state of Nebraska.

Orson Welles recently met seven-year-old Joel Kupperman, radio's midget math wizard. When a friend asked Welles to give his impression of Joel, Orson quipped, "Just an average American boy, as plain and simple as Albert Einstein."

Put Joan Davis down as the busiest gal in Hollywood. Right now she's completing work in RKO's "Show Business" with Eddie Cantor and starring in Universal's "Beautiful But Broke." Besides this, she's doing her Tuesday preview and broadcasting every Thursday night. "All this doesn't bother me," Joan said, "but I get a little sore when someone calls me on the phone and says, 'Hi, Joan—what are you doing?' What I'm generally trying to do when they call is catch up on some sleep."

By DALE BANKS

Carl Frank and Barbara Weeks celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary soon. Rex and Ellen Harris, the leading characters of the new CBS serial, Now and Forever—A Love Story, are portrayed as having just celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. The connection is that Frank and Barbara are the Rex and Ellen Harris of the air. And, in playing their radio roles, they feel they are getting a preview of what their own married life will be five years hence. In the radio drama they are the parents of two children; in real life, they have a daughter, Roberta, three years old.

Now and Forever is the first program on which they have appeared as husband and wife. Before they were brother and sister, or father and daughter, and once they were even heard as mother and son.

When Barbara first met Carl she could never remember whether his first name was Carl or Frank. She compromised by calling him George. Now all his friends call him George, and lately, Frank has taken to calling Barbara "George." It's kind of confusing, isn't it?

Pretty Jean Darrell, NBC singer and member of the Music Maids, signed up for a USO camp tour overseas in hopes that it would land her in the South Pacific area, where her husband Les Brown (not the band leader) is stationed with the Marine Corps. Last week we got the news that Joan had arrived safely with a unit headed by Fredric March—in the Middle East!

Hep cats (yes, they are still around) still are loyal to Captain Glenn Miller and make up a large part of his studio audience at his Army Air Force radio

program. What they love most of all is the jazz quartet, a small unit featured on the show. The quartet is composed of Cpl. Mel Powell, formerly with Benny Goodman, Cpl. Trigger Alpert, bass man with the captain's civvy band, Cpl. Ray McKinley, drummer and orchestra leader in his own right and Pvt. Carmen Mastren, guitarist with many of the nation's leading bands. As civilians, these men would cost Miller a small fortune, but the total wages paid out by the Army Air Corps for the quartet is about \$250 per month—and they love it.

Dinah Shore is a jig saw puzzle now. It came about this way. Victor Records was anxious to send some of its life-size cut-outs of Dinah, which shows her appealing for scrap records, to Honolulu. Postal restrictions, however, limit air mail packages to two ounces. So Dinah was cut up into two-ounce pieces. Jig saw fans in Honolulu are now putting Dinah together again.

The eldest son of NBC commentator Upton Close left for duty overseas while Upton's youngest son was celebrating his first birthday. The eldest, Louis, is a sergeant in the U. S. Medical Corps. The youngest, a 34-pounder, is named Julius Caesar Quintus Ultimus Spencer Hall. There are six reasons for these names. Julius, because his mother's name is Julia; Caesar, because he was a Caesarean baby; Quintus, because he was the fifth; Ultimus, because he is the last; Spencer, because that's the grandfather's name, and Hall, because Upton Close's real name is Josef Hall.

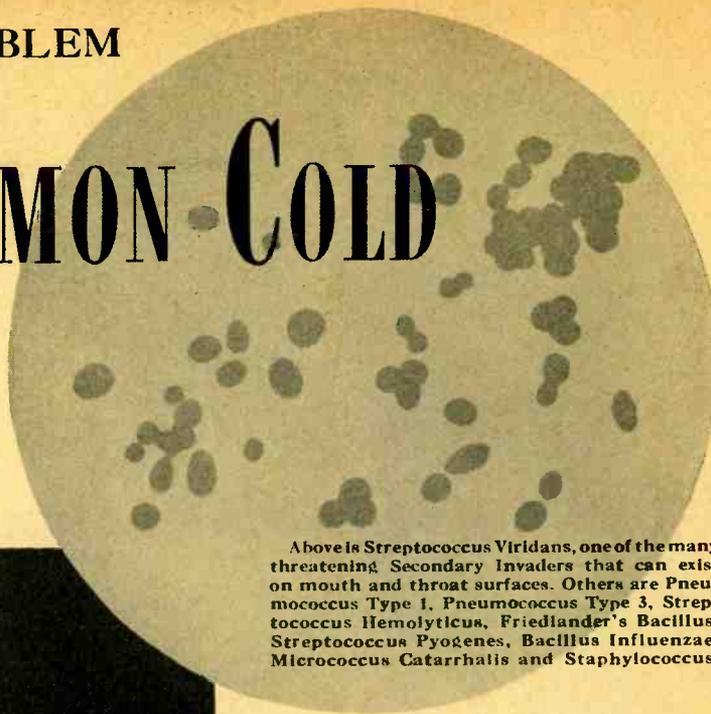
The other day Red Skelton got a letter from a fan that really had him

Continued on page 6

OUR No. 1 HEALTH PROBLEM

THE COMMON COLD

More than one great physician calls the Common Cold our biggest health problem. It affects 95% of our population, with children under 10 the most frequent victims; occurs about 250 million times a year, costs the country roughly 300 million dollars annually; and causes more absenteeism in war industry than all other things combined.



Above is *Streptococcus Viridans*, one of the many threatening Secondary Invaders that can exist on mouth and throat surfaces. Others are *Pneumococcus Type 1*, *Pneumococcus Type 3*, *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, *Friedlander's Bacillus*, *Streptococcus Pyogenes*, *Bacillus Influenzae*, *Micrococcus Catarrhalis* and *Staphylococcus*.



WHAT do we know of this recurrent infection that dogs us from childhood through old age, exacting staggering tolls in money, health and time? Not a great deal . . . but more than we used to.

Late research has led many of the foremost medical men to concede the following theories about it:

1. That some kind of virus, unseen, probably starts many colds.
2. That anything that lowers body resistance such as drafts, wet or cold feet, sudden temperature change, fatigue, encourages the condition to develop.
3. That a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, known as the Secondary Invaders, can take advantage of a below-par condition and stage a "mass invasion" of the mucous membrane to produce many of a cold's complications and much of its misery.

Our own research results seem to indicate that the repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic, by killing huge numbers of these secondary invaders, helps nature to halt many a "mass invasion" and the resultant misery of the infection.

Significant Test Results

Over and over again test data has confirmed the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to accomplish bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle; up to 80% one hour after.

Even more impressive is the data resulting from clinical tests conducted over a period of twelve years. In these tests those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. We believe this was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to kill millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

We would be the last to suggest that Listerine Antiseptic is a "specific" against cold infections. In view of its performance over such a long period, however, we do feel that it is a worthy first-aid.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

TRUSTWORTHY, RELIABLE, SAFE FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS

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

(Continued from page 4) worried. The fan complained that although the character of Clem was advertised as wearing no shoes, he made an awful lot of racket when he walked. Red thought about that for several days, finally wrote to the fan saying, "That noise you hear—their's Clem's calluses."

The third Henry Aldrich is now at the microphone, but there has been only one Homer Brown in the more than four years of radio's First Family. Jackie "Homer" Kelk spent part



Doris Dalton, the Voice of Romance on CBS Romance series, is one of radio's few women narrators. At right, Abbott and Costello have returned to the air.

of his vacation visiting show business friends in Hollywood. At March Field, California, he had a re-union with the original Henry—S/Sgt. Ezra Stone. For an appreciative soldier audience they put on an original sketch written by Sgt. Stone—an old-fashioned Homer and Henry dialogue.

Give Gracie Fields the nod for the best remark of the month. When a music bug asked her which she liked better, Tschaikowsky's Fifth or Beethoven's Ninth, Gracie replied, "Montgomery's Eighth."

More than 200 service men and women have appeared on Ginny Simms' program and they now form an organization known as the "Mugg's"—Mobilized Union of Ginny's Guest Stars. Members of the Muggs, in addition to American soldiers and sailors, include the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the RAF, the RCAF, the Chinese Air Forces, Chennault's Flying Tigers, the French Foreign Legion, Army and Navy Nurses, Wacs, Waves, Spars, Wasps and Girl Marines. Muggs write to Ginny from all over the world and she manages to find time to answer all

of the letters she gets. Along with the letters, Ginny often gets souvenirs and the two she values the most are a piece of a German plane and a bracelet made from parts of a Jap Zero. After the war, Ginny intends to keep the Muggs alive and hopes to get them all together for a gala Victory party.

While Frances Langford was touring Africa with Bob Hope, she ran out of clean dresses. A former Los Angeles lad, now an army captain, loaned her a pair of his trousers. Frances flew back home in 'em and has now turned the pants over to the soldier's parents. Guess you'd call that something new in war souvenirs.

A U. S. fighting man took time out in a South Pacific foxhole to write a song named "The Moon Shed A Tear" and he sent it to Bing Crosby. Bing liked the song so much that he is going to make a special record of it and have it shortwaved back to the author, Jimmy Haring, seaman second class, U. S. Navy. Haring enclosed a photo a buddy took of him writing the tune in the foxhole, but didn't give the name of his hometown in the letter. Bing will notify him through the Navy Post Office when to listen to the broadcast.

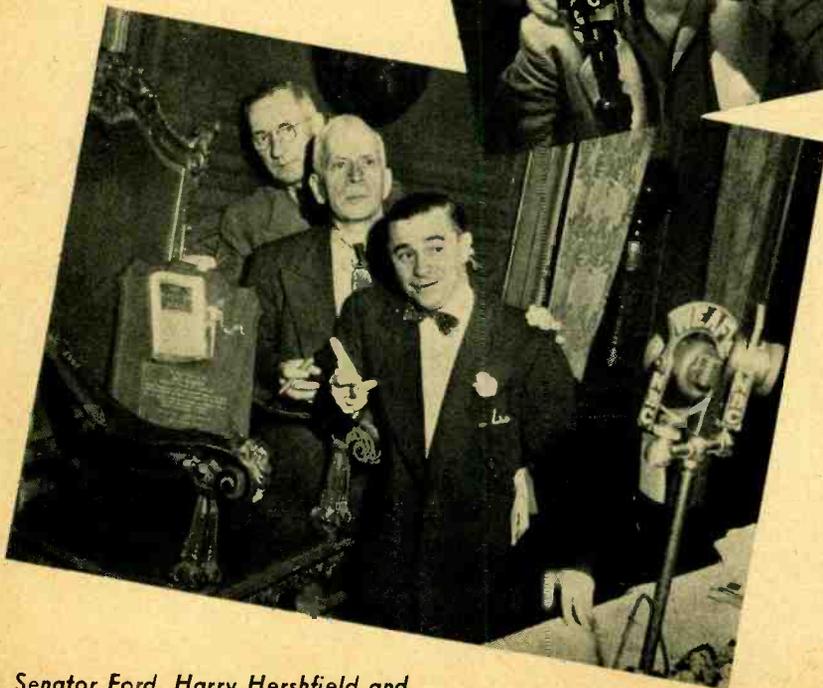
Anything can happen when Russ Hodges, the Mutual sportscaster, gets behind a mike. If you want the latest and the most sensational news breaks, stay tuned to his voice. On June 20, 1941, Russ interrupted a description of a baseball game to tell his listeners that Hitler had invaded Russia. On December 7, 1941, he quit talking about what was happening on a football field below him long enough to tell those listening in that the Japs had attacked Pearl Harbor. And on July 25, 1943, Russ got the flash that Mussolini had "resigned" while describing a game between Washington and Cleveland. Hodges hopes that word of Hitler's collapse will come while he's broadcasting a football game this season.

When Ransom Sherman joined the Fibber McGee and Molly show to portray the 40-year-old adolescent, Wallace Wimple, Fibber introduced him to Don Quinn, the scripter who created Wimple. Ransom asked Quinn to give him a description of the character. Quinn said he would write him a description and send it to him. This is what Serman got in the mail the next day.

"Dear Ransom—Wimple has been under the thumb of his sadistic wife, Sweetieface, so long that he is looking at the world through rose colored nail polish. He is meek and timid, with an occasional flash of rebellious courage at which time he is capable of great daring—such as sticking out his tongue at somebody or giving the salt cellar an extra shake. He is bruised but bright-eyed, battered but brave. He thinks the Burma Road is the one with all the advertising jingles beside it. He is a bachelor button that came loose."

It sounds wacky but Actor James Monks carries a notebook so as to know, hour by hour, just who he is. Master of thirty-three dialects and playing more character parts than you can shake a casting director at, Monks

Continued on page 8



Senator Ford, Harry Hershfield and Joe Laurie Jr., of NBC's Can You Top This? dedicated a plaque to Joe Miller, father of modern humor.



**Busier hands can still be
picture-pretty!**



You're working hard on the home front. But it's easy to guard your lovely, busy hands the *beforehand* way—with Toushay! Smooth it on *before* all your daily soap-and-water tasks. It helps *prevent* dryness and roughness—helps keep hands beautiful while they work!



Housework's just one of your wartime jobs. Recreation centers, businesses, hospitals need you—and you're helping out. But never neglect your hands! Just smooth on Toushay *before* you put your hands into hot, soapy water. Always take this precaution *beforehand*, instead of waiting till damage is done!



And for a quick change-over to glamour, Toushay's a magic help! Besides guarding the loveliness of your hands, this rich "*beforehand*" lotion's grand for rough elbows and knees—for all-over body rubs—or as a clinging, fragrant powder base. Inexpensive, because a few creamy drops go a long way. Ask your druggist for Toushay!



PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

TOUSHAY

THE "BEFOREHAND" LOTION that guards hands even in hot, soapy water



New playmates for Edgar Bergen's Charlie McCarthy on NBC this season are Victor Moore and William Gaxton.

(Continued from page 6) admits he's often confused as to what make-believe metamorphosis the next hour holds for him. On CBS he's a villain in *Our Gal Sunday*, an aged valet in *We Love and Learn*, hero on another five-a-week show, and a little of everything on *Radio Reader's Digest*. In addition, he makes Treasury Department recordings and nine times weekly plays Cassio in the Theater Guild's "Othello" on Broadway. Small wonder he fears thespian amnesia.

When CBS correspondent Charles Collingwood recently arrived in New York from London to visit his Columbia home office for the first time, his age immediately shrank by four years. The explanation goes back to 1941 when Collingwood was hired in London by Edward R. Murrow. Collingwood was then but 23 and Murrow feared a squawk for employing one so young for a job so important. So Murrow officially reported his age as 27. In Washington, where Collingwood was born and where his parents still reside, Capital newspapers one day in 1941 carried two items: one a Collingwood sketch listing his age as 27, another a story about his parents observing their 25th wedding anniversary. Actually C. C. won't be 27 until June 4, 1944.

The *Coronet Story Teller*, based on the fictional and factual stories appearing in current issues of *Coronet Magazine* is new Sunday listening fare on Mutual.

In these *Story Teller* broadcasts the material is divided equally between war stories, human interest tales, and informative and educational dramatizations of the non-fiction portions of the magazine. Tales of life in war-time—both at the front and at home—discussions of current problems, profile portraits of outstanding men of our time, biographical sketches of past heroes—these are but a few of the subjects that are presented.

The WGN concert orchestra plays original music especially arranged to complement the dramatic action.

Soldier readers of this column will appreciate this Bob Hawk anecdote. A woman on one of Bob's *Thanks to the Yanks* shows won 3,000 cigarettes. She asked Bob to send them to a cousin at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, who proved to be a real guy by auctioning them off to raise enough money to let a fellow soldier go home on furlough.

What's the difference between a "fade" and a "board fade?" Or between a "montage" and a "segue?" How about a "mixer?"

It's radio's "slanguage," the shop-talk that makes producers, announcers, and technicians intelligible to one another with a minimum of wordage. Radio has its own trade terms just like any other industry from movies to muleteering.

For instance, there are the terms that apply to the show itself. A "clambake" is a show that has a lot of ad libbing, so called because its producers sometimes worry about whether or not it will get off the air in time. A "turkey" is a very bad show still on the air; sometimes it's referred to as a "dead pigeon," especially after the critics have taken a shot at it and killed it for good.

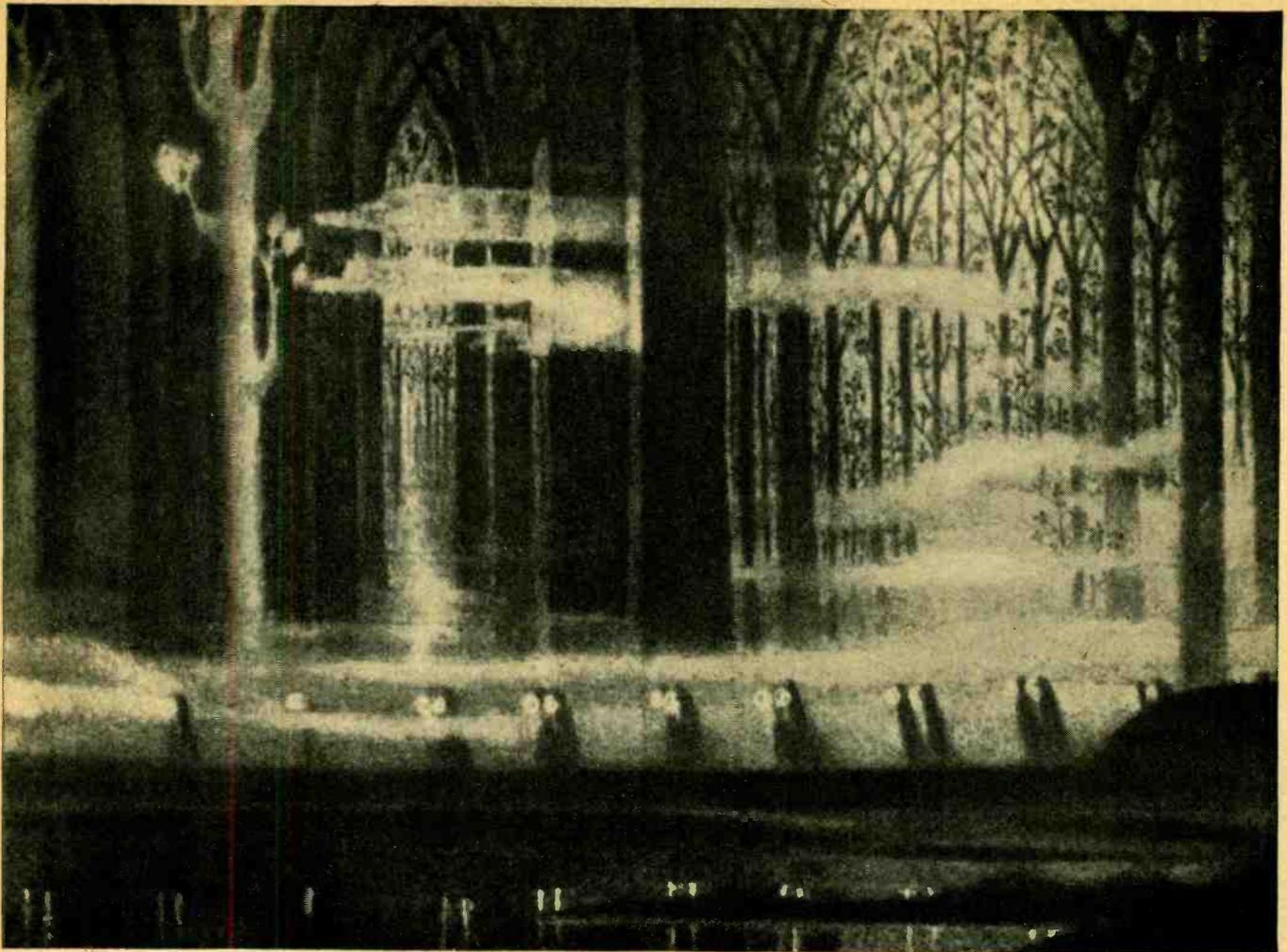
Then there are the terms used to describe the staff members who work on the show. "Who's prodding it?" means "Who is the producer." The "mixer" or "monitor" is the engineer, so called because he monitors all the various sounds—music, voices, and sound effects—so that they blend properly.

The sound effects department has a vocabulary all its own. A "montage" is made up of many sound effects superimposed on one another—auto horns, newsboys yelling "Extra!" traffic sounds all blended together simultaneously make up a montage. A "segue," on the other hand, blends one sound into the next, so that each sound is heard separately and distinctly.

"Fading is a familiar term to most radio listeners who know that it means making a voice fade out by having its owner walk away from the mike. But sometimes the "fade" is controlled by the engineer, not by motion on the part of the person doing the "fading." In this case, it's called a "board fade."

"Watch your levels," used by control men, means that the amount of sound must be carefully controlled and mixed since only so much sound can be put on the mike without overloading and thereby spoiling the quality.

NEWS NOTES FROM HITHER AND YON: Milo Boulton, master of ceremonies on *We the People*, is collecting anecdotes about the program which will soon be published in book form. . . . And CBS newscaster Cecil Brown is also putting finishing touches on a book about America at war which promises to be hot copy. . . . Artie Shaw, now a Chief Petty Officer, played at a serviceman's dance in New Zealand recently, which was attended by Mrs. Roosevelt. . . . Eddie Cantor's eldest daughter, Marilyn, has left Hollywood for New York, where she has been cast for a part in a Broadway show. . . . Duke Ellington is now playing concerts all over America; he recently played at the staid Academy of Music in Philadelphia and is slated to ring the rafters with jazz again at Carnegie Hall. . . . Betty Garde, who is frequently a bride on *Crime Doctor*, recently became the bride of Frank Lennon, electrician at the St. James Theater, where she portrays Aunt Eller in "Oklahoma." . . . Patricia Dougherty, director of the *Aunt Jenny* program, recently married Neil E. Bowman. . . . Tickets for *Truth and Consequences* show now being black marketed at ten dollars each. . . . *Duffy's*, starring Ed Gardner, is the program best liked by radio folk, according to the somewhat limited survey this column made. . . . Service Unlimited, a new Red Cross series, featuring such outstanding Hollywood and radio personalities as Greer Garson, Mickey Rooney, Ralph Bellamy and Parks Johnson, is now a regular feature on WNAC and the Yankee Network Sundays at 1:15 P.M., EWT.



©Walt Disney Productions

What's the word you think most of at Christmas?

THERE'S one word men of good will everywhere associate with Christmas.

That word is "*Peace. Peace on earth*". . .

There can be no peace this Christmas. Not one of us would want the only kind of peace there could be, an inconclusive peace.

But we do want the right kind of peace as soon as possible. And this Christmas we can help hasten the coming of that

wonderful day, by making War Bonds our chief gift.

Every Bond you buy brightens the chances of a better world than man has ever known.

How, then, could you possibly give a better present than Bonds, Bonds, Bonds? Give them to each member of the family. Give them to your friends. Give them to *everybody—the greatest gift of all!*

Give War Bonds for Christmas

RADIO MIRROR

This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the U. S. Treasury Department and the War Advertising Council.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



CBS singer Dick Haymes courted his wife between stage shows when they were on the same bill at a New York theater. Left, Ginger Rogers and Frank Sinatra on CBS Command Performance recently.



Martha Tilton and Dick Powell, left, singing stars of CBS new Saturday afternoon serenade. Successor to Sgt. Skinnay Ennis on the Bob Hope NBC show is Stan Kenton.



Martha Raye and Charlie Spivak team in the picture "Pin-Up Girl."

initialied shirt brought in \$10,000. His key chain brought in \$50,000, his underwear another \$5,000. A picture of his baby garnered \$7,500, his shoe laces, \$50, his socks, \$250, his comb, \$100, and his famous bow tie, \$500. All told the sale counted for \$324,950 worth of bonds.

Blue Barron has been inducted into the Army. Erskine Hawkins was classified 4-F.

The newest groaner is Skip Nelson, another Tommy Dorsey alumnus. He gets a Blue Network buildup.

Irene Day, who used to sing with Gene Krupa's band, has come out of retirement to join Charlie Spivak's orchestra.

Sammy Kaye has added another girl vocalist to his band to work with Nancy Norman. She is lovely Sally Stewart, a Cleveland girl.

Shep Fields goes into New York's Park Central Hotel in December and will broadcast over Mutual and CBS.

Decca Records were the first to break the recording feud but RCA Victor and Columbia are still tiffing with music czar Petrillo.

Dean Hudson lined up so many men for Tommy Dorsey's band that he has formed his own orchestra with the leftovers.

While Vaughn Monroe was visiting his home town, Jeanette, Pa., recently, he returned to the church where, in the choir, he started his vocal career. He joined the choir and sang the solo part of an anthem.

Continued on page 11

ONE of the first big league civilian dance bands to go overseas to entertain our fighting forces will be piloted by Benny Goodman. Inspired by the swell jobs Bob Hope, Al Jolson, Gracie Fields and Jack Benny did along the fighting fronts, Benny is trying to get out of commercial commitments here to make the trip. Reports indicate that our men in uniform are starved for real live swing rhythms.

Gracie Fields, who did a seven-week tour of Sicily, Malta, and Africa, told me that the burning question put to her over there by our servicemen was, "What has this guy Frank Sinatra got?" Gracie also reports the boys are singing a new comedy war song, "Don't Be Angry With Me, Sergeant, You May Have Some Parents Of Your Own!"

Gene Krupa, drumming with his old boss Benny Goodman while waiting the decision on his appeal, has won a lot of friends. Gene is turning over all his earnings to charity.

Frank Sinatra's Waldorf-Astoria debut turned out to be a smash success, proving that Frank's appeal is not confined to adolescents. Incidentally, Frank has done a fine job selling War Bonds and has literally given the shirt off his back. At a recent War Bond auction, Frank's solid gold stop-watch went for a \$25,000 War Bond, his





Singer Danny O'Neil's appearance on Meet Your Navy led to a contract with CBS Forty Chicagoans

The doctors are warning Kay Kyser not to overwork, but the Old Professor is continuing his strenuous schedule entertaining servicemen in camps all over the country.

Horace Heidt's success in operating the Trianon Ballroom in California has prompted the bandleader to buy into an eastern ballroom.

Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey ran away with the 1943 readers' poll conducted by the music magazine, *Metronome*.

Howard Barlow is now directing the NBC Firestone program, succeeding Alfred Wallenstein who has taken over the podium of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Barlow resigned his CBS musical post to take the new job.

HAYMES HAS IT

Although Frank Sinatra is still the nation's number one swooner, there is one handsome and able young baritone who is getting plenty of backing by the so-called wise money bettors in the swoon sweepstakes. His name is Dick Haymes. His admirers point to his splendid build—5 feet, 11 inches—his romantic blue eyes and healthy crop of wavy brown hair—and a sure, solid pair of tonsils. And if his Decca recording contract and CBS *Here's to Romance* commercial aren't enough insurance, then there's that seven-year 20th Century-Fox film pact.

"The kid's got it, positively," a veteran song plugger insists.

"Put your chips on Haymes," predicts a movie scout, who failed to top 20th-Century Fox's bid on the baritone.

With all these sure-fire, four-star statements you would think the object of these laurels would rapidly develop into a freak for hat salesmen. No size chapeau would be big enough for him. That is why it's surprising to hear Dick Haymes talk about himself, a chore he studiously avoids.

"Look, put it this way," Dick says, "I'm a very lucky guy. The only thing I want to do is sing. I like to sing and

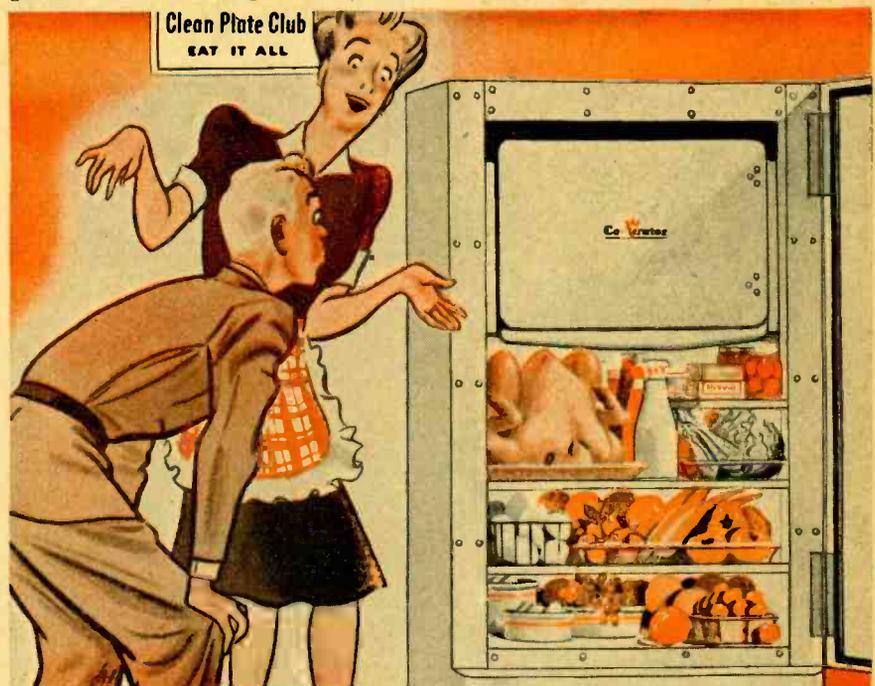
(Continued on page 12)

Here's how you can **KEEP FRESH FOODS Really FRESH**



1. WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home for one of mom's swell holiday dinners he'll find plenty of fresh food that's *plenty fresh* in this new kind of refrigerator! For Coolerator preserves the natural goodness and flavor of perishable foods.

2. AND HERE'S WHY: Coolerator's 4-way circulation keeps washed, pure, constantly cold, humidified air circulating through the food chamber. Because Coolerator uses ice in a new way, foods stay fresh longer, food odors are carried away.



3. NOW SEE how roomy this beautiful new Coolerator is! It's full family size—and you always have plenty of pure, crystal-clear, taste-free ice for beverages and salads. Coolerator's lustrous white cabinet is easy to keep clean—a wipe with a damp cloth does the trick. And, because Coolerator has no moving parts there is nothing to get out of order, and you never have repair bills!

4. BEST SURPRISE of all is the price—only \$72.75 f. o. b. Duluth. Although busy with war work, Coolerator has additional capacity for making this new refrigerator which fully meets WPB requirements. See your Coolerator dealer, or your ice company, or write The Coolerator Company, Department 51, Duluth, Minnesota. **\$72.75** P. O. B. DULUTH

SAVE WITH COOLERATOR AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LOOK TO... **Coolerator** FOR BETTER REFRIGERATION



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

Stronger Grip



SHORT, but not for LONG. If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today—try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly by Stores handling DeLong ... but, remember, the quantities are restricted as practically all metals are required for war purposes.

DeLong
BOB PINS



Nancy Norman, one reason fans love to see as well as hear Sammy Kaye's Swing and Sway band.

that's the reason I'm singing." Dick also knows his limitations. He recently turned down an offer to sing with the Milwaukee Symphony even though other swooners have braved the long-hair sanctums.

"I'm not a legitimate singer. I just don't belong in that field."

Dick believes the reason for his meteoric spurt from a band vocalist to a leading role in the new film, "Four Jills and a Jeep" in which he'll co-star with Martha Raye, Carole Landis, and Kay Francis, is experience and good handling.

"The greatest teacher in the world is experience," Dick says. "There's no secret key to success. You take it as it comes and you try and get a good manager."

Dick got his experience in school bands, small local outfits, and then in the band big time with Benny Goodman, Harry James, and Tommy Dorsey. For a manager he has shrewd Billy Burton, who also pilots Jimmy Dorsey and Helen O'Connell. Last May Dick began his solo career at the swank New York night club, La Martinique. He got about \$500 a week. He clicked solidly and stayed there four months. Right now with his CBS show, his Decca recordings and movie work, he's averaging \$2,000 a week. A little more than a year ago as a member of Dorsey's band Dick was earning about \$150 a week.

Dick is not a citizen although he has his first papers. He was born twenty-seven years ago in Buenos Aires, the son of an English cattle rancher and an Irish-American concert singer named Marguerite Hemon.

When Dick was a baby he was taken by his mother to Santa Barbara to live with his mother's parents. Dick's folks had separated but reconciled shortly after when Dick's father followed his family to this country.

"But I didn't see too much of the U. S. A. because Mother was always on some international concert tour."

Dick and his younger brother, Bob, now under contract to Columbia Pictures, picked up their schooling in France, England, the U. S. A., and Switzerland. Then his mother switched from singing to dressmaking, opening

a swank Paris shop and getting such top customers as Saks-Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor, and Altman's, three Fifth Avenue department stores.

Dick's mother was also a good business woman. Anticipating the 1929 stock market crash and what it would do to expensive dressmakers, she liquidated her business and took her roving family back home to California.

"By the time I was fifteen I was singing professionally," Dick continues. "Mother didn't venture an opinion on what I should do except to point out that singing is a very tough business."

Dick's decision to quit singing with name bands and go solo was probably motivated by the current trend of romantic baritones. Dick had replaced Frank Sinatra in Dorsey's band and when he saw how Frank was doing on his own, he took the plunge. A Decca recording of "You'll Never Know" which has sold over 1,000,000 disks, helped put Dick over the top.

If Dick is hesitant about talking of his own career, he isn't exactly tight-lipped when discussing his three favorite people: his wife, Joanne, his son, Skippy, and his mother, now a successful voice teacher.

Dick met his wife, a ravishing blonde ex-dancer, when both were on the same bill at the New York Paramount. It was a quick romance, mostly between those five-a-day stage shows. Their son is fourteen months old and Dick insists the baby is positively brilliant, doting over him like any proud daddy. The Haymes lived in a large Park Avenue apartment in New York and now live in a rented Beverly Hills bungalow.

Any attempt to get Dick into a professional discourse on the merits and demerits of the assorted swooners must be marked down as a failure.

"Frank Sinatra is a very dear friend of mine."

In the foyer of Bea Wain's New York apartment there is a steel bear trap. Visitors are apt to be a little startled as they step off the elevator and see the thing lying before them. Bea, however, just passes over it.

"That," she says in a calm, matter-of-fact tone, "is for my husband, Andre Baruch. I want to make sure, when he returns from North Africa, that he doesn't get away again very quickly."

Miss Wain, singer on Columbia's Your Hit Parade, has been married to Baruch, formerly the Parade's announcer, for five years but she hasn't seen him for a year and a half. He is a captain in the Signal Corps, and his present task in North Africa is supervising a radio network for Army broadcasts. Once in a while Bea sees a snapshot of him posing with Jack Benny or Bob Hope or Al Jolson, and once in a while she gets one of his drawings showing him with tears running down his face. With one drawing was a note: "Darling, I love you so very much, words can't express. Maybe the 'pic' will. Yours only forever, Andre."

One of the Christmas gifts Bea sent Baruch was a silver dog tag shaped like a tiny envelope. The envelope was addressed to "Capt. Andre Baruch, U. S. Army" and bore an air mail stamp. And on the back was the legend: "Please return to Bea Wain Baruch, New York."

That's why the bear trap lurks in the foyer. Bea is sure that what she inscribed on that dog tag will come to pass soon.

Gambler's Wife

Like a fever, consuming him, Jed's gambling was destroying their happiness, taking with it her love and faith. And all Peggy's hopes and prayers seemed powerless against it

HAVE you ever seen fever in a man's eyes? Fever that possessed him, that lay bright and deep beyond the reach of reason or of medicine—or of love?

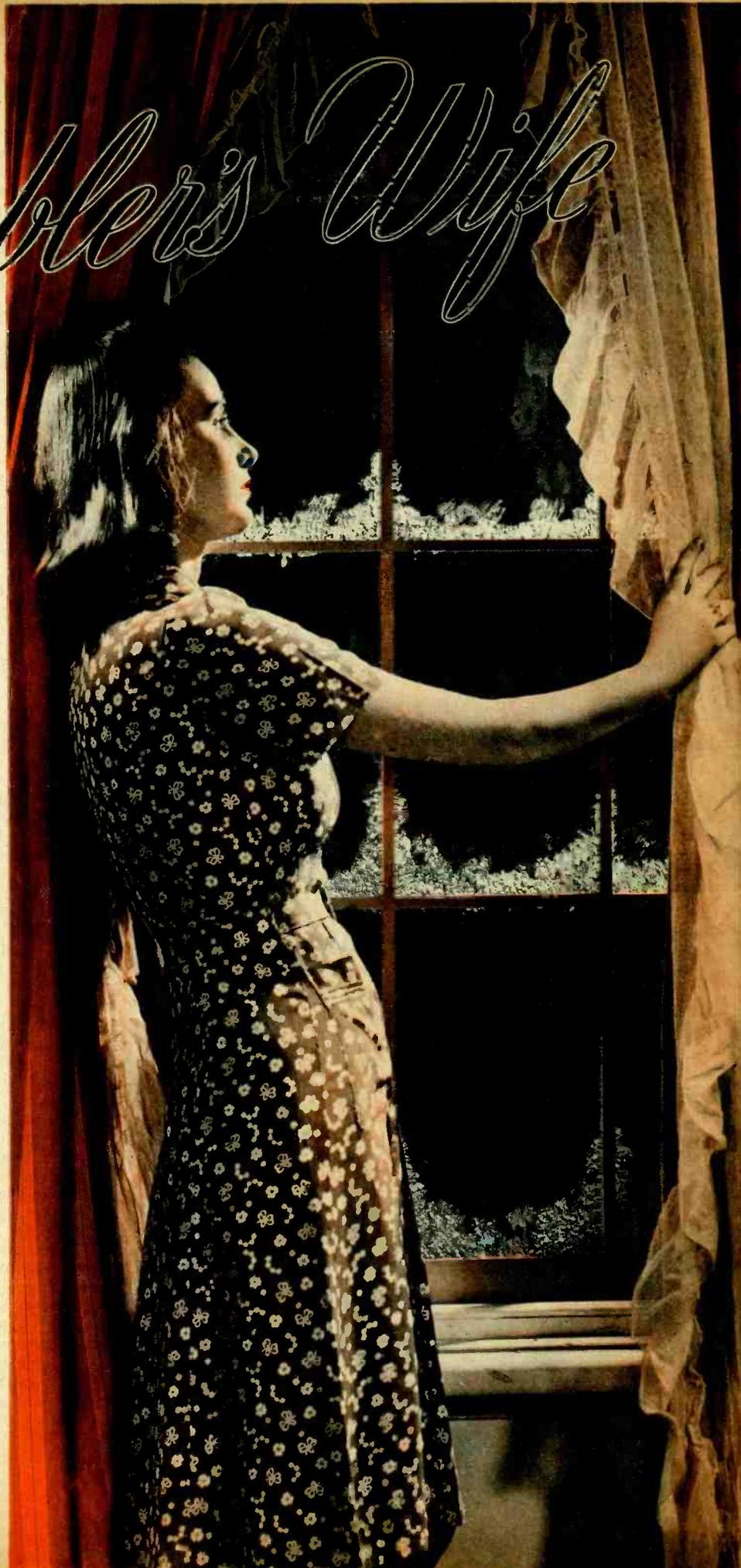
When it is there, you are helpless before it. It's like a disease that has no cure. You are afraid as you have never been afraid of anything, because there is nothing you can do. You only stand and see it burn away everything that's precious, until at last it sears right into your heart.

I know all about it. That's what gambling fever is like, and I know about it because of Jed—Jed whom I married in love and trust, never knowing.

I'd always thought of a gambler as the movies show them. Sleek, well-dressed, unscrupulous, they spent all their time at cards or roulette and never had a steady job. They lived a life of ups and downs, one day with a fortune in their pockets, the next without price of a meal. It wasn't like that with Jed, at all.

Sometimes I almost wish it had been. Then I'd have been prepared. But I had to fight without warning as it crept, unsuspected and insidious, into our lives.

I first met Jed Justin when I went to work as bookkeeper for the Majestic Garage, the biggest in town. Jed was one of the mechanics. It sounds like the most unromantic place in the world and maybe it is—but not to me. Ours was the sturdy kind of love that comes into being swiftly and surely and needs no trimmings like soft music and the moonlight. Oh, we had the soft music and the moonlight, too, when we had our dates together. But by that time we didn't need them. We knew already. The first time I ever saw Jed,



A Stars Over Hollywood Story

tall and muscular in his grease-stained overalls, his thick blonde hair half-hidden under his cocky cap, I said, quite simply, to myself: "That's a man I could love all my life." And later Jed told me that at the same instant, when our eyes first met, he found himself thinking: "There's the girl I'm going to marry." Love makes its own magic—and a noisy garage can hold as much as a moonlit balcony.

We were married just two months later.

I gave up my job. Jed didn't want me to work, and I was eager to make a home for us—the home neither of us had had. My folks were dead and I'd lived in a rooming house. Jed's parents were dead, too.

THEY never had much," he told me, "but they got along all right—until the depression. Then my dad lost his job, and there weren't any others. I dropped out of school and tried to find work, too. There wasn't any." His face creased in bitter lines. "Please God you'll never know what it's like—going on relief, living off charity, having to be grateful to somebody else for every crumb you eat! It broke my Dad. It got so bad my sister ran away from home—and Lord knows where she is now. That killed my mother. When she died, I took a vow it would never happen to me and the girl I loved." He pulled me to him with an intensity that was almost frightening. "And it won't! We'll never be poor and insecure as long as we live!"

The depth of his bitterness was startling. But I knew Jed was as honest as the day is long, that he worked hard and saved his money, and I admired him all the more for feeling as he did. I felt safe in the protection of that passionate vow. Never to be beholden to anybody, never to know the awful stalking fear that comes when insecurity threatens your loved one and yourself. That's what I thought. How little I knew!

It was such a little thing that happened first, such a faint shadow that I hardly noticed it. And yet, looking



Inspired by "Second Honeymoon," by Anne V. Ray and presented on Stars Over Hollywood, heard over CBS, Saturday at 12:30 P.M., EWT

back, I can say, "That was when it started. That was the beginning. And all because we wanted an electric toaster!"

We lived in a small apartment which we'd managed to furnish from money we'd each saved. But there were a lot of things we still needed, and a toaster was one of them. Jed used to laugh at the way I'd burn the toast in the oven and swear he'd give up smoking to save the money to have a decent breakfast. But an unexpected dentist's bill seemed to keep that extra money from ever accumulating.

And then one night Jed came home from work, jubilant. His eyes danced with an excitement which I had never seen in them before. He held both hands behind his back and said teasingly, "Which hand do you choose, Peggy? Right or left?" And then, not waiting for me to answer, he swung me around, set me down in the big armchair, and began pulling bills out of his pocket . . . fives, tens, even a twenty. He threw them in my lap.

"Jed!" I cried. "How—what—"

"You know the five dollars I've saved by carrying my lunch to work instead of buying it? Well, the horses were running today and a fellow at the garage gave me a tip on a long shot. Honey, I bet the five on him and he came in at twenty to one. Here's the toaster, here's the rest of the dentist bill and here—" he stooped and kissed me—"is a new dress for the prettiest girl in the world."

"A horse race!" I was still a little bewildered. "But what if you'd lost—"

He laughed. "Not me. I'd never bet except on a sure thing. And it's silly not to risk losing a little when you can run it up to a lot, without any real danger. Now what do you think of your husband?"

"Well, considering it very carefully," I said judiciously, "I'd say he was the dearest, the finest, the smartest—" I broke off as his arms went around me and our lips met in a long kiss. Then the faintest pinprick of doubt assailed me. "Jed—it's honest, isn't it? Winning the money this way—"

"Sure it is. Look, sweetheart," he added soberly, "don't go getting any foolish ideas. I'm not the kind of dope to play the horses as a steady thing because I know I can't win all the time. Just relax—and get that toaster."

That hundred dollars was like a gift from heaven, and I was able to get many things we needed. Oh, we were so happy then, just loving each other and being together! Some day, I thought, we'd have a real house and some babies and our love would deepen and strengthen as our roots went down into the realities of life.

I knew just the little house I wanted, too. It was in a new development and had never been lived in. White frame, with a tiny yard, it was the home I'd dreamed of. Every morning when I passed it on my way to market, I'd plan how I'd plant rambler roses by the side porch and the kind of curtains I'd make for the bedroom window. And every morning I prayed that no one else would buy it before



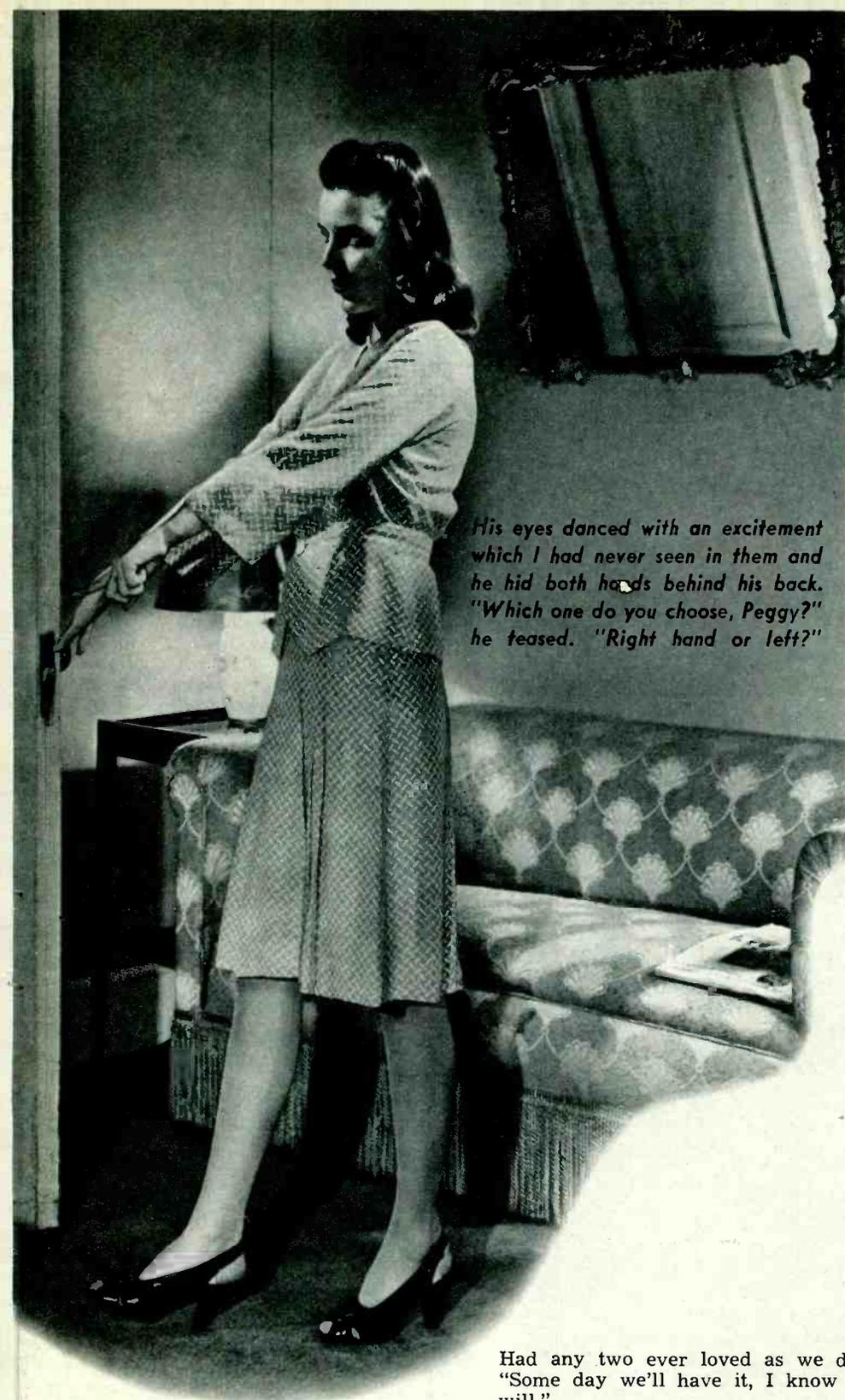
we could. But I never mentioned it to Jed because the day when we could make a down payment on a house like that was far off, and I didn't want to get his hopes up, too.

On Christmas Eve we trimmed our tree together. It was a little tree, and we used old-fashioned candles I'd had on my tree when I was a little girl instead of electric bulbs, and trimmings from the ten-cent store, because we couldn't afford anything better. But it was the prettiest tree in the world.

Then we opened our presents. Jed, who was very handy with tools, had made me a beautiful "jewel" case out of polished old wood to hold my knick-knacks and a few pieces of costume jewelry. I had knitted him some socks and a tie. They were simple little gifts. But so much love, so much thought went into each one that we were the richest people on earth. Jed caught me under the mistletoe and kissed me, and then we stood there in each other's arms, dreaming our dreams.

"Next Christmas, maybe we'll have our own house," Jed said.

"Yes. A little white frame house—" "—with red shutters and a red roof—"



His eyes danced with an excitement which I had never seen in them and he hid both hands behind his back. "Which one do you choose, Peggy?" he teased. "Right hand or left?"

of hectic excitement in his manner—almost as if he were running a fever. Without saying a word he took a legal looking document out of his pocket and handed it to me. It was the deed to the house on Mapleview!

I stared at it speechlessly. "Honey," he said at last, "it's ours! I just saw Mr. Carter at the bank and made the down payment."

I looked helplessly from him to the deed and back again. "But—but how—?"

Jed threw himself down on the couch, and pulled me down beside him. "Well, honey, I've been studying the racing charts, and I figured out what looked like a sure thing. I knew I couldn't lose, so I bet my week's salary, and the horse won the race! I'd have called you earlier, but I wanted to bring you the house for a surprise, and—well, here it is!"

I couldn't make myself believe it at first—the little house we'd dreamed about, the house we'd hoped for, longed for, planned for—and now it was ours. We could move in, and I could put up curtains and decide where the furniture would look best and—oh, it was wonderful! I didn't even think, not for a moment, what I should have thought—I didn't even ask myself, "Suppose he had lost?" How could I, then? For there was Jed, assuring me that he wouldn't have bet if he hadn't been sure, telling me that he wasn't making a practice of gambling, that it was "just this once," and this once meant so much to me!

And so we moved into the little house, and we were happier than we'd been before, although I couldn't have believed that possible.

His two big winnings had made an impression on the other men at the garage, and Jed was known to have the "lucky touch." They began asking his advice, and Jed, in turn, began to spend some of his evenings with charts and the Racing Form, figuring out sure bets. I teased him about it sometimes, half-seriously.

"Jed, you know what they say about gambling—that it's like a disease, that you get it in your blood and you can't get over it?"

But he'd always laugh at me, and tell me he was perfectly safe, that the disease hadn't got him. "It's fun, working these things out," he'd tell me, waving his pencil at the charts. "It's sort of like a game."

Jed didn't stop gambling. When the horse race season was over I found out that he was betting on anything and everything. He got into card and dice games with the men. Into football pools in the autumn, betting on batting averages in the spring, even on whether the next car that came into the garage would be a Buick or a Pontiac. If he won, he was in a lucky streak and had to keep on, if he lost, he had to recoup. Sometimes I protested, but he never lost very much, and I didn't realize what was happening to him—didn't realize that the very thing I had teased him about was actually happening to him—had already happened

Then came (Continued on page 75)

Had any two ever loved as we did? "Some day we'll have it, I know we will."

"And we'll turn the extra bedroom into a nursery."

"It'll be a little boy," I said dreamily.

"No. It'll be a little girl who looks just like you. Gosh, I can hardly wait for the day we can have some kids and give them the things every kid ought to have—a real home and a good education."

One evening a short time after that, Jed was so late getting home from work that I was beginning to worry. When he came finally my worry increased, for he looked as if he were sick. His face was flushed, his eyes were over-bright, and there was a sort

"—and a yard with a tree in it—"
"—right there on Mapleview Avenue—"

I looked up at him suddenly. "Jed! You know that house? The one I've wanted every time I've passed it and just hated the people who might get it first?"

"I've had my eye on it for weeks. But I didn't know *you* had. I didn't mention it because I was afraid, too."

"And I never knew you—oh, darling—" My eyes filled. Had any man and any woman ever shared more than we did, unconsciously, unspokenly?



Tomorrow

I DIDN'T know what Chan looked like when I heard his voice. But I knew I was going out with him that night. It was a Blind Date program on the radio, you see, and I was one of the girls selected for the broadcast on that February evening.

I had been terribly nervous till I heard Chan speak. Thrilled, too, of course, to be picked for the part after a year in which the most exciting role I'd had was modeling clothes in a Seventh Avenue wholesale house. This was what you might call a breath-taking leap into the world of my dreams. Imagine me, Janey Wells, being on a broadcast—talking to boys whose faces I couldn't see and deciding from what they said to me which one I'd accept as an escort for the evening.

But I got my breath back when I heard Chan's voice—low, quiet, but with a deep thoughtfulness to it that stirred answering notes in me that were deeper than I'd known were there. All that, behind the trivial—really absurd—words we said.

"I think you'd better take the sailor you just talked to up on that," Chan said quietly, the first thing, when he came on the air. "Doesn't sound as if anybody could manage to measure up to what he promises."

The studio audience didn't catch the faint edge of irony to his words, nobody laughed at the sailor's cockiness. But I had to laugh before I could answer. "Yes, sir," I said.

I heard him chuckle. That was one of the things about him—about us together. Neither of us ever missed anything the other said. We never had to explain what we meant. Not in those first days, I mean. Not till later. Not till the big, terrible meanings came into our words; too terrible, too tragic for explanation. But that was later.

"But I don't suppose I can do less than try," Chan said then.

"Fine," I said brightly, only half aware of the nonsense I was talking, already so moved by his lazy, deep voice. "What's your idea, then, of giving a girl a big evening?"

"Well, I'd have to see," he said

may never come

How could Janey ever hope to make him understand that the future was theirs just for the sharing, when Chan believed that for him there was to be no future at all?

judiciously. "I'd have to look over what this town has to offer before I started painting any fancy pictures."

"You must be from Missouri," I told him.

"Arkansas," he corrected calmly.

"Well, what do you do in Arkansas," I asked, "for a good time?"

"Depends on the weather," he said reflectively. "This time of year it's none too nice underfoot, for walking. I guess if nobody's managed to get together for a sing, and no picture show's handy, I guess we'd have to sit in the parlor and play checkers."

The audience roared. They loved his serious-sounding banter. Maybe half of them took him at face value and enjoyed feeling superior. I don't know. By that time I wasn't thinking of the audience. I was terribly eager to know all about this man, to know what he was really like, what character he was hiding beneath the half-mocking comic mask. Maybe I understood in those first few moments even better than later that his humor was a shield protecting thoughts and feelings too intense for the world to see.

I babbled, "You wouldn't even buy me a soda, soldier?"

"No, ma'am. But come May, I could sit you down to a mighty tasty dish of strawberries and cream."

"Not heavy cream?"

"Yes'm. You have to dish it with a spoon. I guess you're not acquainted with Jersey cows."

"Well, we raise Guernseys on our place." The words popped out before I knew it. It was the first time, in the whole year I had been in the city, that I hadn't tried to conceal my country background. That's the effect Chan had on me from the first. I had to be myself, and I wasn't ashamed.

He was saying earnestly, still in that make-believe countrified drawl, "I wouldn't speak against a Guernsey. But I sure would like to show you around our farm—"

"I'm afraid the closest Miss Wells will get to cows and chickens tonight," the announcer broke in with his studied joviality, "is the Coq Rouge,

which is the first supper club on the itinerary the studio has arranged for the big night of festivity she will share with the escort of her choice." He paused, dramatically. "And now, Miss Janey Wells, the moment has come. You must choose. Which of these two young service men has sold you on his qualifications as a partner for your Blind Date?"

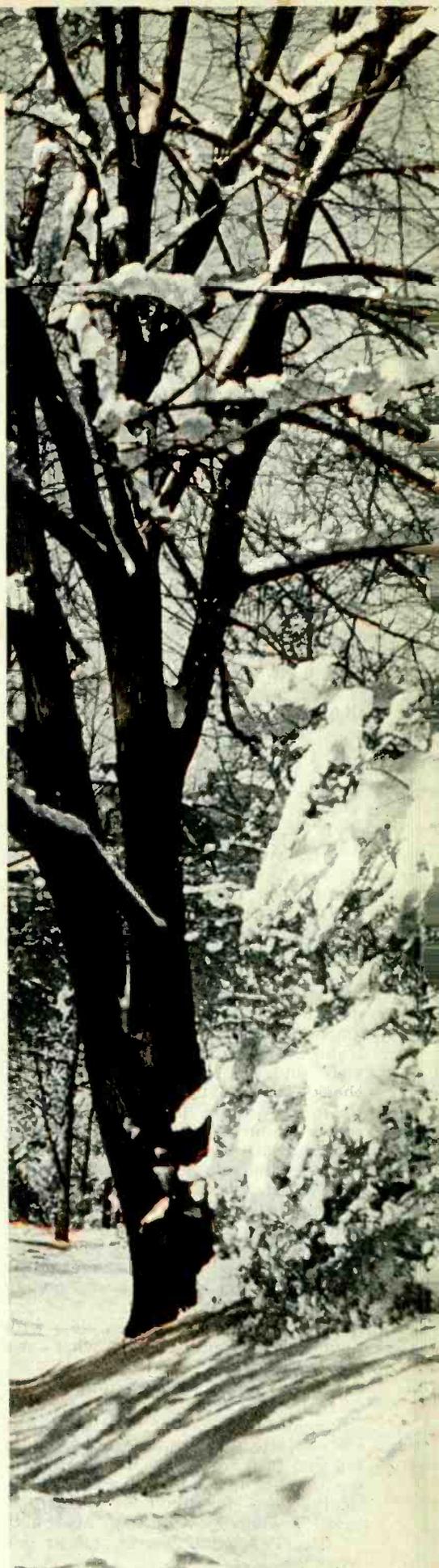
I didn't hesitate. It seems strange, looking back, that I didn't. Why, after struggling so hard to get away from my country beginnings, should I choose as my partner for my first big evening of real city night life a man who had offered me nothing more sophisticated than a bowl of strawberries and cream? But I said, without even stopping to think, "The soldier."

It was when I was walking out of the studio, away from the clapping, laughing audience, that I suddenly wondered. What had I done? Chosen a man who wouldn't know how to behave in the place where we were going, when I wasn't any too sure myself?

But then he was coming toward me, walking with one of the assistant program directors but paying no attention to the flow of bland smiling talk, his eyes intent on me.

Those were dark eyes of Chan's, and brighter than any I'd ever seen, sharing the smile of the warmly curving mobile lips. From that first meeting of our eyes my doubts were gone. It wasn't that he was handsome, though he was; his face had the hawk-like narrowness, the lean planes and vivid modeling that have always caught my imagination; but it was the sensitivity, the intensity of his expression—yes, and the sympathy and imagination that made me know he was really studying me as a person and found me interesting—all this in contrast to the drawling words that had gone out over the air waves tonight! Suddenly I was excited, my whole body seemed to dance in anticipation. Why, this tall soldier and I were going out together! He was exactly right to play his part in making all my dreams of glamorous festivity come true!

Well, they did come true. Hours



later, I was lying awake trying to sort out the thrills that were all mixed up in my memory—my first taste of champagne sharp and stinging on my tongue, the breathless moment when in a glare of dazzling light from the other tables we were isolated at the Coq Rouge, with the hoarsely merry voice of the master of ceremonies coming raucously through the microphone introducing us—and all my thoughts beating time to the bold sensuous clamor of the music I had heard. I lived again the minutes I had spent in Chandler Booth's arms, dancing. Those were the only moments, surrounded as we were by crowding couples on the tiny dance floor, when we seemed really alone together, and I remembered them as oddly quiet, peaceful moments, with that deafening noise in our ears.

I had not been surprised that Chan was a good dancer. He was not the flashy sort, it wasn't that he bothered to learn the latest steps, it was just that a human body as sensitive as his could not help responding completely to rhythm, so that dancing with him I felt as if, through him, the music itself had reached out and caught me up into its own heady spell.

Nothing surprised me about Chan then; there wasn't room in me for surprise or thought. But afterward, looking back, I thought of the conversation we had in our private minutes on the dance floor.

HE was smiling down at me with that sweet curve to his lips that was kind and somehow sad as well. "Is it all you hoped," he asked, "this evening?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, it's wonderful!" I don't know how many times that evening I'd said those words. To my wide eyes all the floor show acts had been marvelous, from the golden-blonde debutante who sang, to the old-fashioned vaudeville team with their trained dog which real New Yorkers were supposed to take with tongue in cheek—but I didn't! I looked around the room we were in, at the wild jungle scenes painted on the walls in fiery colors that looked mysterious and weird in the smoky light, and I sighed with satisfaction. Then I looked up at him suddenly. "But how did you know it meant so much to me?"

"I know," he said, and his arm tightened just a little about me, quite gently. "Maybe because I was hoping for such a lot myself."

"And you?" I asked, breathless with doubt. "Are you getting what you wanted too?"

He nodded, his face quite grave. "Exactly."

I could tell, somehow, that the words weren't idle gallantry. I was watching his thin face and I saw the deep, serious urgency in his eyes. I waited, suddenly tense, for his next words. He said, "I wanted everything. My quota of life. The whole works, all in one week."

"I hope," I told him, almost whispering, "I hope you get it."

"It calls for more than hope," he said slowly, "from you."

Was it so strange, though, that little

conversation, after all? Didn't every soldier on leave want the same thing, really, to pack everything into a few days to last till next time? But it gives a girl a big responsibility. All the rest of the evening I wondered if he had meant the promise in his words. Did he plan to make our evening only the beginning of the time we'd spend together?

I got a hint of the answer, when we were standing on the worn brownstone steps of the Five-Arts Club which was the fancy name for the rooming house crowded with girls, four in a room. He put his hands on my arms, lightly, and smiled down into my face.

"When can you be ready for breakfast?" he asked.

I almost gasped. I'd never had a date with a man for breakfast!

"Would eleven be all right?" he asked quite calmly.

"My goodness, that's late for a farmer," I said, laughing breathlessly.

I waved a hand toward the eastern sky where the dark blue was changing almost imperceptibly to grey. "The roosters have been crowing for hours and it's time those cows were milked."

He said, gravely, "I want you to get some sleep. You're going to need it, if I have my way."

How could I sleep, after that? The bed seemed to vibrate with the throbbing of my heart, and the longer I lay tossing, the hotter my cheeks burned. I could hardly breathe. After so many dull and dreary months, living on dreams that showed no signs of coming true, suddenly things had started to happen. Everything!

At last I got up and sat by the open window wrapped in a blanket, breathing the chill raw air of the early February morning, listening to the even breathing of the other girls, and watching the flaming rose and vermillion flare up in the east and spread over the sky behind the chimneys and



As soon as I heard his quiet voice say, "Better take him up on that," I knew who would be my blind date for the evening.

water tanks and gaunt oblongs of apartment buildings. It seemed to me that such a riot of color was a symbol of the life opening up for me.

I didn't remember the old adage:

Red sky at night,
Sailors' delight.
Red sky at morning,
Sailors take warning.

As soon as the girls woke up, I flew to prepare for my date. They stared at me. "What's going on?" Kay asked blinking through her sleep-smudged eyes.

"Breakfast with a soldier," I almost sang though I tried to make it sound casual.

It didn't fool her. "Hey, Franny, listen to this!" She leaned over and shook the shoulder of the girl in the next bed. "Looks as if that blind date of Jane's turned out different from any I ever went on."

I escaped to the bathroom and rushed to the mirror. Did it show? Was I changed?

Folks in Bellowstown had always thought me pretty, but when I came to New York and saw the other girls waiting with me for jobs as models I realized my looks were nothing to set

Manhattan on fire. I had a young firm figure and even features: straight nose, wide-set brown eyes, brown hair that waved naturally away from a widow's peak so that my round face had a valentine look—those were my assets. But my lips were not as thin as they should be as a basis for lipstick that would outline whatever shape was fashionable in mouths, and there was a sprinkling of freckles across my nose that never would fade, winter or summer. But mostly I lacked that intangible quality that makes a girl stand out in a crowd—assurance, poise, confidence.

But now there was something special about me.

I LOOKED into the cloudy bathroom mirror and I didn't hear the impatient clacking of slipper heels in the corridor outside the door. I just stared, fascinated. Something *had* happened to me, I *was* different. Was it just the color flaming beneath the skin of my cheeks that gave my eyes this new shine? But no, my skin itself seemed to glow, to light up that shabby bleak bathroom.

Rude knocks and calls aroused me and I rushed through my bath and

came out in an unbelieving daze. As the clock ticked toward eleven I studied my wardrobe. At last I settled on a simple wool dress the russet brown of my hair with no trimming but a heavy gold chain of my grandmother's on which was suspended an old-fashioned topaz brooch.

I knew it was right when I saw Chan's eyes move slowly over me, intent and almost as objective as if I had been a work of art, and then he nodded in satisfaction as if I had met his critical standards of perfection. But all he said was "Thank you."

We were sitting in the Jacobean Room at a table by the wide window overlooking the Park. I looked around me at the rich tapestries on the wall, their quaint medieval figures seeming to move and come alive in the flickering light from the enormous Gothic stone fireplace, and with the silky murmur of violin and cello in my ears I said, "Thank you. It's lovely here."

"It's the only place I was sure I could get you strawberries and cream," he said grinning.

I laughed. "I bet those listeners would be surprised to see us here," I said happily. "Are you really from Arkansas?" He said, "Well, I've been there."

"And where else?"

"Lots of places." His smile was teasing, but not too gay.

"Truly, though, you are so different from the way you acted. Not that I believed it for a minute, but—well, for instance, you've been here before, haven't you?"

He shrugged and his eyes clouded. "I have been through New York a few times," he admitted.

"Through?" I couldn't help echoing in surprise. New York is a destination, it isn't a place people go through—except to sail for Europe. "Oh, then you've been abroad."

He looked out toward the park with that shadow darkening his eyes, and watched an old cabman in a high hat removing the blanket from his scrawny horse. He said, "It must be turning warm. How about a walk in the park when we're through here? Sunday's a day for getting out in the open."

"I think so too," I told him eagerly. "Ever since I've been here I've been trying to drag people with me on walks. But they all spend the day shampooing each other and sewing on shoulder straps."

He chuckled. "I promise to neglect my lingerie shamefully all the time I'm here," he said.

I had to laugh. But my heart had leaped with the implication of his teasing words. He was planning to keep on seeing me. I drew a deep breath and leaned back against the soft old leather of the chair luxuriously. How could things be so exactly as I had dreamed them?

It was one of those unseasonable days of premature spring that are dropped sometimes into the middle of February. The air was just fresh enough to cool our cheeks as we walked swiftly through the park. He had linked his (Continued on page 59)



This is my secret

Marianne knew that she must make a happy, normal life for little Davy, that it was up to her to live for him.

So she faced the world alone—until Joel came along

THE STORY

I HAD known Dave Knowles all my life, and most of my life I had loved him. Dave was a flier, a happy, care-free sort of man, afraid of nothing in the world, always daring to do the things that to other people seemed impossible. That's the way Dave wanted me to be, too—never afraid to dare. And that's why, when Dave came home for a two-day leave, and asked me to marry him, I made the greatest mistake of my life—because I was afraid to let Dave know that I was afraid. You see, we drove to the nearby town of Stanford to be married on a Monday, but we forgot that that particular Monday was Labor Day, and that the county clerk's office would be closed so that we couldn't get a marriage license. I knew what Dave wanted me to do, and I argued myself into it. What harm could there be in going back to the hotel with Dave? We'd be married the next day, and no one need ever know. Indeed, Dave found a minister to whom he explained our predicament, and who married us without a license, so that when I lay in Dave's arms that night I was his wife—in the sight of God, if not in the sight of the law. But next morning Dave was called back to the service of the Air Transport Command before we could be married, and we parted with promises to make the marriage real on his next leave. I went home, and tried to live a normal life, telling everyone that Dave and I had been married. Soon I found that I was going to have a baby, and I felt that my cup of happiness was overflowing. And then Lenny Hill came to see me—Lenny, Dave's lifelong friend—to tell me that Dave had been lost. I stood very still, trying to make myself believe it. Dave was dead.

IT wasn't real. Standing on the porch in the icy wind, facing Lenny Hill, I tried to understand why he had come—to tell me that Dave's ship had been torpedoed, that all hope of finding Dave was gone, that Dave was lost. My mind heard the words, but my heart

would not believe them. "Did—did he know about the baby?" I asked.

Lenny's face broke. "Yes. He was glad."

Dave had been glad about his child, as I'd known he would be. That was a living fact about him, one I could accept, and it somehow made the other real. The porch floor seemed to buckle under me, and for a moment I couldn't see anything or feel anything—only the wind, and a falling-away, whirling sensation, as if the icy cold was sucking me into a vacuum, swallowing me.

"Marianne—" Lenny's cry reached me faintly. Numbly I felt his hand on my arm. I closed my eyes tightly and opened them again, and I could see him, but dimly, as at a distance.

"I'm all right," I gasped, fighting my way back from that frozen emptiness. And I was, for the moment. I hadn't fainted, and I wasn't going to.

I wanted Lenny to go. It was my one conscious thought; I wanted to be left alone to understand what had happened. "I'm all right, Lenny," I repeated sharply, and he must have understood, for his grip on my arm relaxed and he backed away a step.

I turned abruptly from him, reaching into my purse for my keys. Habit found them for me; I couldn't have looked for them. I knew that by the time I had the door open, Lenny was gone, but the blackness was closing in again, and the cold. I felt my way to the couch and dropped down on it, pawing at my coat like a crazy woman, trying to pull it tight around me to stop my shaking. Dave was dead. Dave wasn't coming back—ever. Yet I felt no pain, no grief—nothing at all but the cold, the terrible cold that was shaking me, tearing me away to some place from which there would be no returning.

I was aware of someone bending over me—my mother. I saw her face, twisted, stricken, mirroring mine as it must have been; I reached out to her and tried to feel the warmth of her arms with my icy fingers. I heard her frantic voice asking questions, and I couldn't answer.

I was sick a long time. The days and the nights slipped into weeks while I

was held suspended over a waiting, final horror, shut away from everything in a place only I knew, walled in by a hard, tangible pain, by the long, lingering chill. I was aware of people around me, of sounds—the telephone, the doorbell, the click of plates on trays. I saw faces—my mother's, and the doctor's, and the round, pinkish face of the nurse. Their lips moved, and they spoke to me, and I heard my own voice answering them.

But I saw Dave's face, too, and I heard him speak. I talked with him and laughed with him, but when I reached out to touch him he backed away. Then I knew that the place I was in wasn't real, because Dave would never, never back away from me.

It was mid-January before a day made a complete turn with my knowledge of its passing, from Mother's goodbye kiss when she went to work in the morning, to the nurse's bringing the papers up to me in the late afternoon. I pretended to look at them, and then I put them aside. War news covered the pages, and the comic strips were filled with unconquerable heroes who flew planes.

The next day I was allowed to go downstairs to lie on the couch in the living room, and a day or two later the nurse packed her bag and left. That evening Mother brought a package home with her, a long, flat box from Middleton's biggest women's shop. She handed the box to me after dinner, smiling a little uncertainly, saying, "Present for you." She sat down in the chair across from me and picked up her sewing.

I fingered the strings, tried to look interested as I lifted the cover. Inside was a dress with a soft, ruffled collar and gay little sprigs of flowers running riot over a blue background. Mother didn't believe in mourning. Her own life had been too hard to allow time for the luxury of sorrow. The dress had an adjustable placket hidden under the sash—a maternity dress. It was more. It was Mother's way of saying that I ought to be getting a grip on myself, to be up and about the business of living.



"I suppose when it rains it's too wet to shop and when it's dry you don't need rubbers," he said.

She said very casually, "Marianne, have you any idea of what you're going to do?"

"Do?" I repeated indifferently.

"Yes. After all, you'll have a child to take care of—"

I couldn't look at her. Something in the way she spoke told me that she knew all about Dave's and my trip to Stanford, that I must have babbled out the truth in those days of delirium. She went on without waiting for my answer, just as she hadn't waited for me to make plans for myself. She made me ashamed—while I'd lain ill, prostrated by a loss which other women everywhere were facing, Mother, knowing that there would be no government in-

urance, no pension, none of the protection that would have been mine if I'd been legally Dave's wife, had been planning for me. I would go back to work, she suggested, when I had recovered from the birth of the baby; she had talked to my boss, and he was holding my job open for me. She would go on working, and we'd get a girl to take care of the child. . . .

I forced myself to meet her eyes, and in looking at her I saw myself suddenly as I would be in twenty years—if I were strong enough, if I had courage enough. I saw a spare, erect woman, work worn, with little lines of weariness and worry in her face—the only visible signs of the things she'd always hidden under a smile and a bright word. I saw a woman, who, left a widow, had gone bravely forward, asking help of no one, and who was now offering to begin all over again to bring up another child. . . .

Except that my mother's widowhood had been honorable. I understood, then, how she must feel under all of her cheerful talk of the future, and my throat swelled until I couldn't speak. My mother had put the years of her youth, and her hopes and her dreams into me—and I had repaid her badly. I had brought disgrace home to her, and work and worry at a time when she should have been able to rest and to enjoy life.

She must have been following my thoughts. Her face pinked, and she kept her eyes on her needle as she said hurriedly, as if she hated to say what she had to say, "I— No one else knows about your—wedding, Marianne. I mean about the true circumstances. Even the nurse doesn't know. No one else need know, ever. You've suffered enough without having to face down public opinion—"

They came, then, all of the tears stored inside me, the tears I hadn't been able to shed for Dave. Mother crossed over and put her arms around me, smoothing my hair, soothing me as if I were a little girl again—and furtively wiping her own eyes.

Strange, terrible weeks followed,

worse than the days when illness had been a protecting wall around me. I tried to do the things that were expected of me. I acknowledged the flowers and the gifts and the notes friends had sent, the painfully written, sometimes stiff—as if the writer felt more than would fit into words—notes of condolence. I put on the flowered dress and received the friends who came to call; I bit back the hurt their presence brought. They were Dave's friends, too. Ruby Sayres had often double-dated with us; Julie Thompson had given a party for us on Dave's leave-before-last; thin, sickly Auggie Hern had worshipped Dave since high school. Auggie came less to console me, I think, than to gaze at the widow of a hero.

THERE was something of Auggie's attitude in everyone. Mixed with their pity for me was something like awe. My husband had died heroically, in his country's service, and some of his glory was passed on to me. It was hard to face, that hidden veneration. What would they say, I wondered, how would they look at me if they knew that I'd never really been Mrs. David Knowles? Probably those who had known us best would understand, but even to them our love would look tarnished, and they would be sorry for our child, who had no father.

Even my secret sense of guilt was as nothing compared to going out in Middleton, knowing that Dave would never again be there. I had to enter the store where we'd window-shopped, picking things out for the home we'd have some day; I had to pass the sweet shop where we used to meet the crowd, the bank where I'd put the money he'd sent me, the money that would be spent, now, on the baby's birth.

Sometimes a queer feeling came over me, the feeling that Dave still lived, and not only in my memory. I would pass the corner where we used to meet after work, and the thought would come that some day we'd meet there again. I caught myself watching tall, lithe figures on the streets; I knew a sharp disappointment when I saw their faces—strangers' faces. *I was watching for Dave. I was expecting him!*

That terrified me—that feeling that Dave still lived. My mind knew that it was false, that it was born of my cowardice and my unwillingness to face the truth of his death. I was afraid for my sanity, and I prayed at night, over and over again, for a clear mind, for the strength and the will to make a new life for myself.

My prayers were answered one night in May, when a taxi, racing against time, took me to the hospital. My back felt broken; rivers of pain boiled deep within me, twisting at my body. But it was somehow a richly satisfying pain, and I welcomed it; I wasn't afraid. It was in a way like the night I'd lain in Dave's arms, a mysterious fulfillment of everything that was meant to be.

In the morning when they brought Dave's son to me, the exhaustion of the night, the terrors and the bewildering

unrealities of the past months were washed away. The baby's head turned instinctively to my breast; I slid my forefinger into the curl of his fist, incredibly tiny, incredibly, miraculously formed. "You're alive," I whispered, marveling. "Dave, my baby, you're real—and you're mine. And I—I'm alive again, too!"

I was really alive for the first time since I had come home to find Lenny waiting to tell me that Dave was gone. I could face the fact, now, that Dave was dead. He was dead, but something of him lived in this miracle of his son, who was mine to care for, to live for.

I was eager to be well, to be home with my baby, to be back at work. Everyone marveled at the speed of my recovery; Mother was both pleased and alarmed when, after I'd been home three weeks, and was getting tired of sitting about doing nothing, I called the office to say that I'd be at work on Monday.

"You ought to wait," she protested. "Nonsense!" I laughed, and it was a real laugh. "I'm perfectly well. I feel fine." To prove it I insisted upon helping her with the Saturday housework.

I was hanging clothes on the line in the backyard—I remember the blueness of the sky, the sunlight warm on my arms, and the feeling within myself which, if it wasn't happiness, was at least a reflection of the brightness around me. I remember the plane, too, that at first was just a pretty silver speck in the sky. Then it came closer, swooping downward, flying low over the house, so that the whole world was shaken by the roar of its motors.

It hung over me for a second, but for its effect, it might as well have crashed upon me. I heard my own voice in a lost-sounding, inhuman cry of terror. I clutched at the clothes line for support, missed, and sank to the ground, seeing as the blackness descended the flapping clothes white against the sky and in the distance the tiny silver speck which had destroyed everything.

There was no more talk of my going back to work on Monday. I was in bed for several days, and Mother's face wore the tight, suppressed look she had when she was turning a problem over in her mind and was determined to keep it to herself until it was solved. When I was well enough to be downstairs again, she came out with it. "Marianne," she asked, "do you want to leave town?"

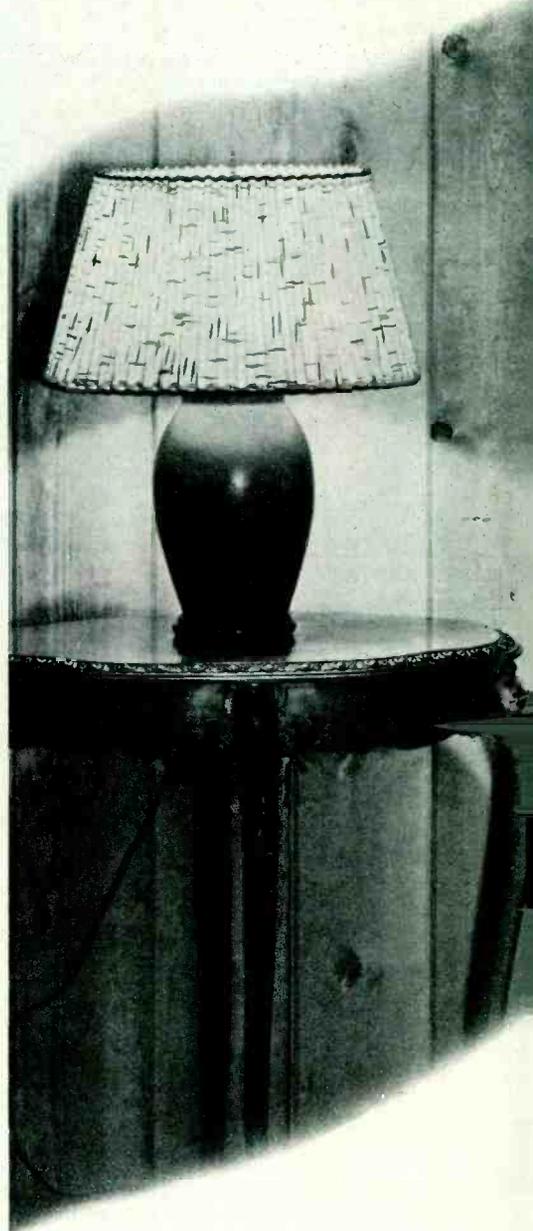
I had thought about it vaguely. I wanted to escape the people and the places Dave had known—but most of all I wanted to escape myself. "What for?" I asked. "Planes fly everywhere."

"The plane wasn't anything in itself," she answered. "It was a—a symbol of everything that's hurt you and held you back. I know how hard things have been for you—how hard they will be when you go back to work, to seeing your old crowd every day. If you were in a different place, met new people. . . . I'd thought of Chicago. It's a big city, very different from Middleton,

and only four hours by train. I could visit you once in a while—"

The concreteness of her plans spurred me into making my one valid objection. "I don't want to leave Davy—"

She didn't answer, and the sentence lingered loud in the silence, ringing with the enormous selfishness it represented. I didn't want to leave Davy. Davy wouldn't miss me. He'd be all right with Mother and Mrs. Palm, who had come in to care for him. I was no good to him as I was. I *had* to leave



him if I was going to regain my strength and my sanity, if I was going to be the kind of mother he deserved.

Three weeks later I was in Chicago. I had a small room on the near North Side; I had a job in the large and bustling office of a war chemicals company; I had a few tailored, business-like dresses, all new—Mother's going-away present to me. Even the suitcase in which I'd carried them was new. There was nothing to remind me of the past except a framed photograph of



Joel called it our honeymoon house. With him that little bungalow was pure heaven. I loved every minute.

Mother and Davy. They were together in the picture, Davy on Mother's lap, and with a pang I realized that it looked as if he were *her* child.

One thing I knew, as I settled down to this new life of mine in Chicago. I would do nothing more to tempt Fate—no more attempts to bargain with uncertainty, for me. I remembered something from the church service, a part of the service I used to recite along with other members of the congregation, saying only the words, not realizing the meaning. *We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us.* I knew the meaning now, of that. For me there must be no more of it, for I must make a new life, a solid, happy, *healthy* life, for little Davy. And for myself—for his life could be none of those things if mine were not. Never again, never again, I told myself, would I try to

bargain with Fate. I would leave things as they were; I would not try to tamper with life. That way only could I find peace and happiness.

It was bare and plain, this new life of mine, as barren as the cell-like room I called home, but I took a grim satisfaction in it. I had an objective now; I'd taken the first step, and I didn't intend to be distracted. I, who'd always done my job well but unambitiously, meant to work hard, to win every promotion I could get. I had a little boy's future to build. I enrolled in a school—three nights a week of advanced business methods, two nights of commercial law.

I had no close friends, and I wanted none. I didn't want to answer questions, to exchange personalities, to give anything of myself. Indeed, there was nothing of myself to give. All I was was the thin, hard shell I had grown around me; the rest of me was buried with the past, untouchable.

I couldn't help liking some of the girls at the office, couldn't avoid meeting them at lunch hour, but even that one taste of sociability carried its sting. Most of the girls had husbands or sweethearts at camp, or overseas, and they talked of letters they received, of expected furloughs. As often as I could, I made excuses to eat alone. The girls noticed, but made no comment until one day when I'd been in the office long enough, apparently, for them to feel that I was one of them.

I came back from a solitary lunch to find them in the rest room, deep in a conversation that stopped abruptly as I entered. There was an awkward little silence, then Maxine, the telephone operator, said, uneasily, "Well—there you are, now! We were just talking about you."

"Were you?" I tried to make the words sound friendly instead of cold.

Maxine's eyes twinkled, taking the sting of malice from her words. "Yes—we've figured it all out, you'll be glad to know, and we've come to the conclusion that you're setting your cap for the boss!"

It was funny, but I couldn't laugh. "The boss—Mr. Shelton?"

Maxine nodded. "That's right. Well, anyway, Marianne, *he* has his eye on *you*. Hadn't you noticed?"

Even the mention of another man was an intrusion upon the secret shrine that was my memory of Dave. "No," I said sharply, "I hadn't noticed. It's—it's absurd! Mr. Shelton!"

The girls were suddenly still and unsmiling. Everyone liked Joel Shelton, and I told myself in that moment that I would probably like him, too, if I took the time to think about him. Certainly he was nice enough to look at, and his manner in the office was pleasant and easy. He stood a good head taller than I—but that, to me, wasn't tall, for I thought of every man in comparison to Dave's six-foot-three. Joel Shelton's eyes were full of warmth, I remembered now—as if he had just heard some wonderful bit of news, and were about to repeat it. He had an easy-going look about him, but there was nothing easy-going about his work, or the results he achieved.

"I don't know anything about it," I said flatly, finally. And I didn't—I would never have noticed Joel Shelton at all except for the fact that I worked for him part of the time, and, when I had first come, I'd never been sure whether or not he was serious about an order.

After that I was careful to pay even less attention to him, and I forgot the remarks the girls had made until a rainy night in early fall, when they came back to me with disturbing emphasis. I was waiting for the bus to take me home, shivering in the cutting wind from the lake, my thin suede pumps soaked through. I heard a step beside me, and a voice said with mock disapproval, "Where are your rubbers, Miss Harvey?"

I jumped, and looked up into the smiling crescents of Joel Shelton's eyes. "I keep forgetting to buy them." I admitted. (Continued on page 49)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Second Husband

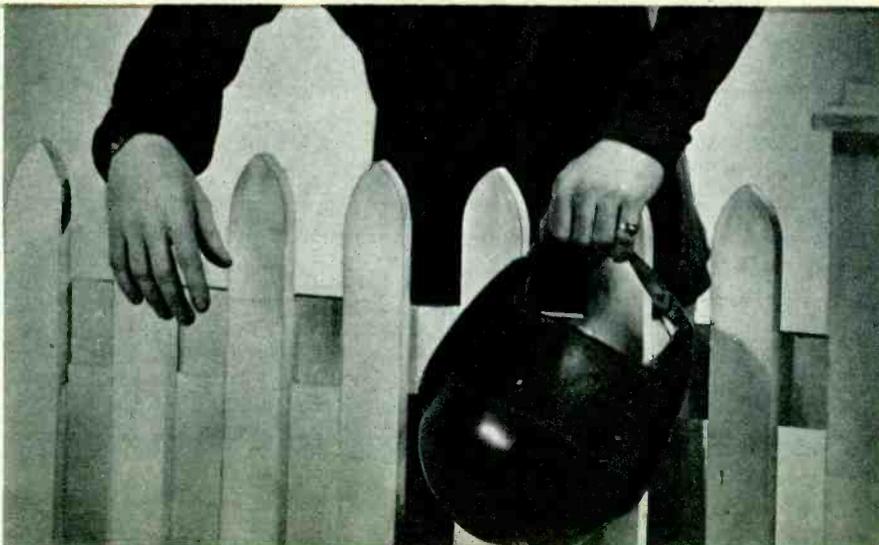
Here are the people you have grown to know and love as you listen to this exciting and tender radio drama of a woman who loved again



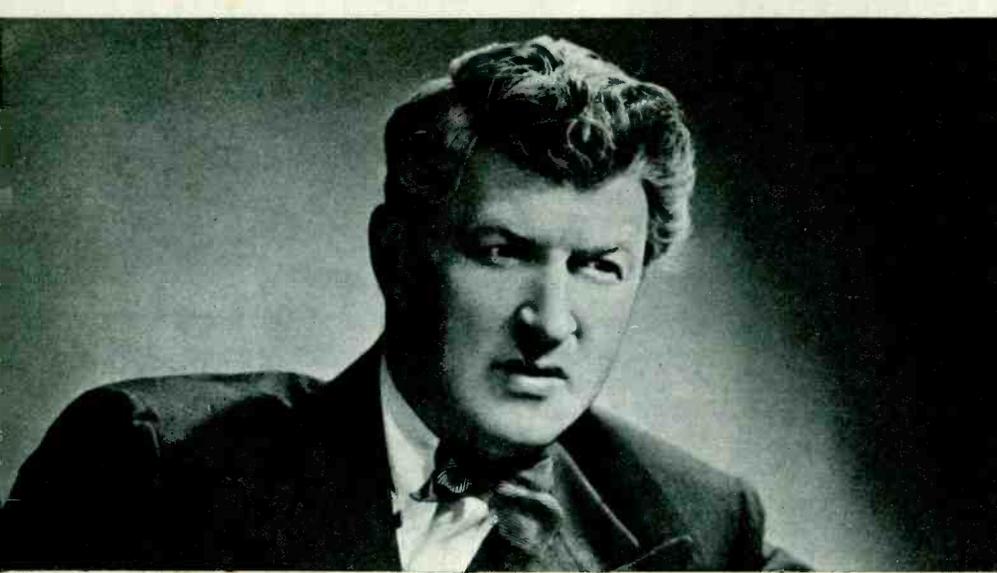
BRENDA CUMMINGS is a famous actress, mother of two children by her first marriage and of a third child, Grant Cummings Jr. Moving from humble surroundings in Montana to Grant Cummings' Fifth Avenue mansion and adjusting herself to her new role as his wife brought Brenda and her children both joy and heartache. Now that everything is settled, however, and the children are reconciled to Grant, Brenda is happy in her successful career.
(Played by Helen Menken)

GRANT CUMMINGS was a wealthy bond salesman when he and Brenda were married. He is now a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and completely engrossed in his duties. Grant was wounded in action some time ago but is now recovered and is in the submarine service overseas. He is a loyal and faithful husband to Brenda, and a devoted father to his own son, Grant Jr., and to his step-children, Fran and Dick. He counts the days until he can rejoin his family.
(Played by Joe Curtin)

Second Husband, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard over CBS Monday through Friday at 11:15 A.M., EWT.



second child by her previous marriage, is an average, wholesome boy with the normal twelve-year-old's interest in athletic games and hobbies. He plays football. At one time he raised food for the Army and bred rabbits for use in the making of serum. Occasionally he gets into something that is much more exciting, such as the time he helped Grant do a little detective work that aided in solving an important mystery.
(Played by Jackie Grimes)



A kiss for remembrance



IT WAS quiet that night and I was glad. A new contingent of men had been shipped into the London area that day and I'd been kept insanely busy at Headquarters, checking them in.

I adjusted the ventilator and then relaxed in the only easy chair. The shelter was silent, yet softly alive with the breathing of the children. I leaned back and closed my eyes and prayed inwardly that the Nazi raiders wouldn't come over and the children could get a full night's rest—the rest their shocked, bruised nerves and injured little bodies needed.

Suddenly, there was a shriek of terror and I jumped to my feet. It was little Jimmy Llëwelyn. I ran to his bed and took his trembling, thin, little body into my arms.

"It's all right, Jimmy," I whispered, hugging him close.

He was only five, a wispy, towheaded kid whose life should have been made up of laughter and games and love. But his parents had been killed in an air raid and he had seen it happen. He still saw it happen, almost every night—in his dreams.

Slowly, he stopped sobbing and the tightness and fear left him. I put him back to bed. Some of the other children were stirring restlessly and I moved quietly along the rows of cots, trying to soothe them back to sleep. When they had all settled down again, I returned to Jimmy.

He was almost asleep. "Soldier—" he murmured dreamily. I thought he meant me and I leaned down to kiss the edge of the small sad smile on his baby mouth. But his smile was for someone else, someone he could see over my shoulder. I turned around.

He had come in so softly that I hadn't heard him. He was standing near the desk, the dim light picking sparks in his green-gray eyes and the shadows about his head making his reddish blonde hair look darker than it was. He looked taller and thinner and the softness had gone out of his face. Then, he smiled and all the old warmth that I remembered was there again, the warmth and humanness.

"Remember?" he asked softly.

I crossed quickly to him and, without thinking, I was in his arms, clinging to him almost as frantically as Jimmy had clung to me a few minutes before. Remember!

Yes, I remembered. I remembered everything, not only that first time Don Stearn had kissed me and the things he had said, but all the things that had gone before and all that had had to



*"After this I'll be free of you—you and all other men—safe from you all!"
That was in Ginny's mind, but her woman's heart cried out a different story*

happen afterward, so that this moment could come to be. It had taken a long time, but now it was real and we both knew it, without words, quietly, surely.

Almost always, when you've made a mistake and find the need to remedy it, you have to start looking backward, into the past to find the key to why you went wrong. Actually, in my case, I suppose it went back even a lot further than I can really remember.

For instance, I don't remember my father. But I do remember the terrible humiliation and shame of being yelled after on the streets, when I was about ten years old—"Ginny's pop ran away! Ginny's pop ran away!" And I remember very keenly my bewilderment, when the older kids leered at me as they shouted and how it made me feel sick with shame, although I had no idea why. It was only years later that I realized they had known my father ran away with another woman.

After that, there are many blanks in my memory, long stretches of time about which I remember nothing, because poverty and my mother's endless struggle against it must have been too painful to look back upon. There are things that stand out—my pretending to be sick on graduation day in elemen-

tary school, because I didn't have a decent dress to wear . . . bickering with my younger brother . . . my mother's death when I was sixteen and my having to quit high school and go to work . . . my first job and the slinky office manager who had me fired because I wouldn't go out with him . . .

By the time I was twenty-three, I had trained myself as an expert stenographer and secretary. I had studied and read and worked hard. I was going to be a lady, by any standards. I was going to be a success. I was going to be Miss Virginia Collins, respected, admired—and envied—and the snuffling little girl, who had run with fear and shame from the other ragged children, would be forgotten forever.

It wasn't easy—and it was lonely. I had very little time to make friends. Once in awhile, I was asked out by some fellow in the office, but, as a rule, they bored me—or so I thought, then. I felt they were not for me, these young men with the empty tomorrows and the prospects of life in an FHA cottage, with babies and unpaid bills and wash-lines and worry.

Gil Blake came along at just the right moment. I was lonely. I was a healthy girl and I knew I was attrac-

tive—I had worked hard enough to find the most effective way to comb my blonde hair and accent the deep blue of my eyes and bring out the line of my high cheek bones. Besides, while I had always felt a little afraid of getting tied down to some man whose future wasn't very bright, now the war had come upon us and, without realizing it, I found myself caught up in the general hysteria.

Gil Blake doesn't matter now and I find I can think quite calmly of him and his effect on my life.

I remember thinking, the first time I saw him, that he was very handsome and that there was something magnetic about his energy and high spirits. Perhaps the thing that attracted me most was his ambition. He seemed to be sure of himself and what he wanted from life—and he seemed so positive that he would get it.

The very things I found so attractive in him should have warned me against him, but they didn't. For the next three months, I lived with my head in the clouds, completely absorbed in the thrilling experience of being found desirable, of losing myself in Gil's arms and responding to his caresses. I had never really known any men before.

I had no way of judging Gil's sincerity. All the love in my heart, all my dreams and longings—everything I was and had and could become, I threw into his hands to do with as he pleased. I should have known there were things going on in his mind, in his life, which had nothing to do with me. But I never did get my head down out of the clouds until that morning, when it was forcefully dragged down.

The morning I got Gil's note—

I DON'T know how else to do this," it said, without even a My Dear. "By the time you get this I will be married to Stacey Howard. I don't know how to explain—or what excuses to give you. I guess there aren't any. Gil."

I still have no idea of what I did or thought or felt for the next few hours. All I know is that late in the afternoon, I came to myself, lying on the grassy bank of the river, miles outside of town. I must have wandered there, aimlessly, but I don't remember.

It was cool and a chill crept into my bones and thought came back. And with thought came bitterness and anger. He couldn't explain! He had no excuses! I laughed crazily. Stacey Howard was the richest girl in town. Her father was one of the most influential men in the state. And Gil was ambitious. What else was there to say?

Lying there, letting the sharp, mean thoughts run through my mind, feeling the bitterness in me turn into a hard knot of hatred for Gil, I found myself looking with horror at the days ahead of me.

There was one terrible moment, when my eyes lingered on the dark, murmuring river below me. That would be such a simple way. But, I suppose, that answer is never the right one for people who have struggled to live as hard as I had. Still a little frightened by that fleeting thought, I pulled myself wearily to my feet and turned back toward town. I knew I would have to go away—but where—where?

It was late when I got back to town. My way led past the high school—the school I had had to leave to go to work. Usually, I scarcely noticed it as I went by. This time, however, something was different about it.

Then, I made out what it was. A poster had been set up on the lawn—a WAAC recruiting poster, with the picture of a WAAC marching proudly at the head of a company of women in uniform, her head high and her step swinging free and sure. For a moment, I smiled bitterly to myself. It seemed so stupid, so silly—women fighting. For what?

Suddenly, it wasn't so silly. Why not? In a world run by men, usually for their own selfish gains, why shouldn't women fight to make themselves a place of their own?

All night I lay awake thinking about it. It was an answer. It was better than just running away from the laughter and shame I feared so much. It was more than just a defiant answer to Gil. It was a way of training myself never to be a fool again. It was a way of freeing myself from a man dominated world and getting into a world of women, living with women, working with them—a way of being safe.

The recruiting office was in the high school and I was the first one there. In swift succession the next few days I went through the routine—filling out the application, mental tests, and then physical examination and induction at a nearby induction center.

As I stood before the captain, with my hand raised, repeating the oath after him, a shiver ran through me, a thrill of anticipation and, curiously enough, a thrill of hatred for this unknown man. I felt proud, saying those solemn words after him and, yet, I couldn't help thinking, at the very same instant, "You are a man—and after this I'll be free of you—you and all other men—and I'll be safe from you all."

What can I say about those first few months in training? It was a new life. It was far away from home—the camp was a huge one situated on the Atlantic Coast—and I was far away from anyone who knew anything about me. It was all strange and new and—tough is the only word—but good.

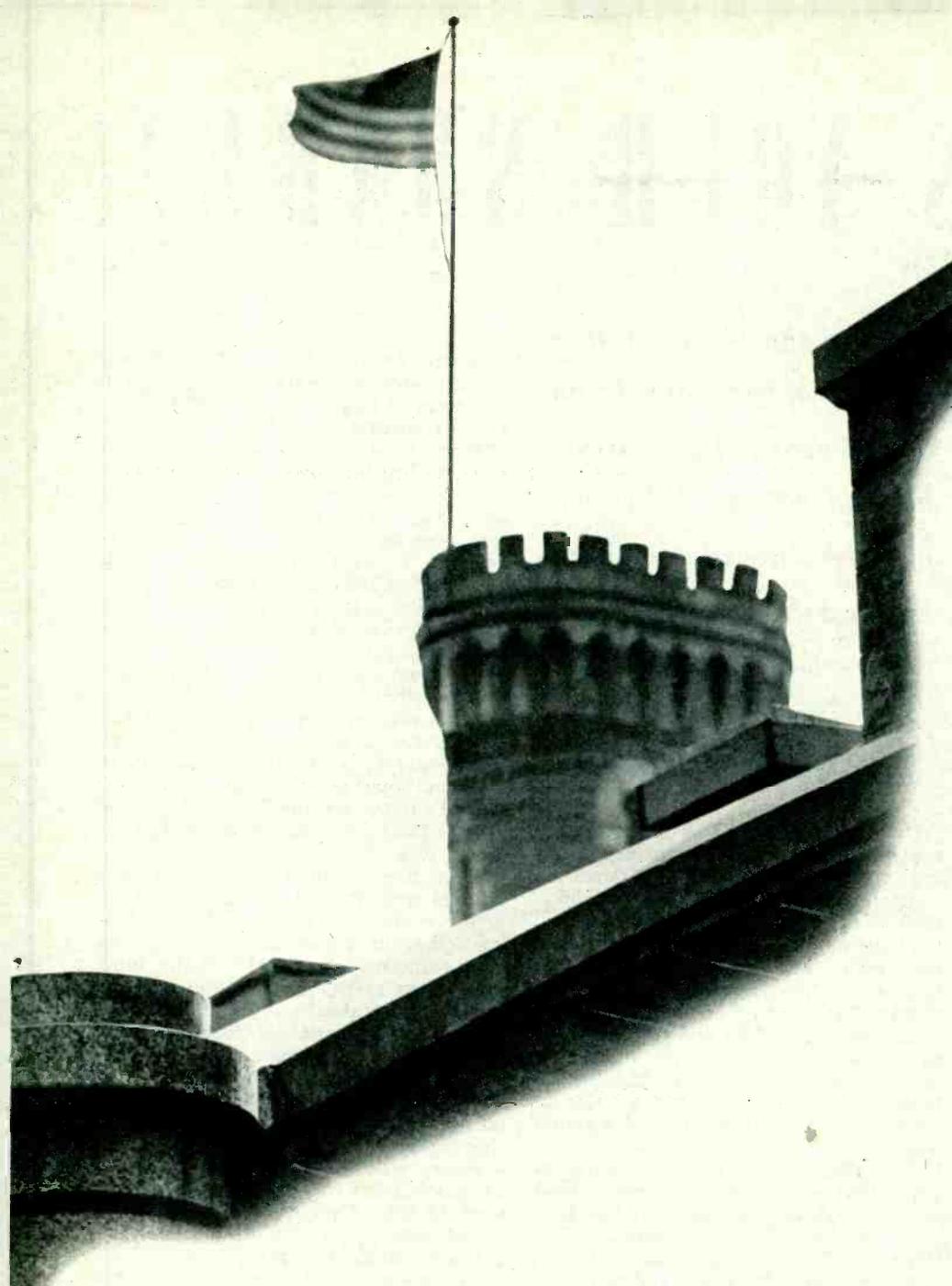
It was good for me, precisely

because it was tough. There was no time for thinking about myself. After a day of drilling and classes and kitchen police and extra duty, I was too tired out to do anything but fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep. After awhile, I got accustomed to it and my muscles stopped aching. It became possible for me to pay some attention to the girls around me, to the rest of the camp.

Our barracks life was as much like that of the regular Army as possible. We had the same doubledecker bunks, set up in close rows down each side of a long room. It was only natural that I should make friends with the girl



Suddenly I was in his arms and his lips were hard against mine. "That's to remember me by," he said.



and maturely of her good sense and gaiety.

"Kathy's been writing a lot about you," he said. "I'm glad to discover she wasn't exaggerating a bit."

"Isn't it marvelous?" Kathy cried gaily. "Don's outfit is here for special training. It's the luckiest break we've had, yet."

Watching them together, seeing how happy they were, how much they loved and respected each other, I couldn't help thinking of my own brother and, for a moment, feeling a deep sense of regret and loss. My life had been empty of this kind of thing and I wondered vaguely whether it might not all have been very different.

I didn't get much time, though, for regrets or digging into the past. Don and Kathy chattered along gaily and insisted on making me a part of their happiness. We sat on the porch of the Service Club and drank cokes and talked and laughed and got so absorbed in one another that we were almost late for bed check.

"Isn't he swell?" Kathy asked me as we were getting ready for bed.

"Hmm—" I agreed.

Kathy frowned at me. "Ginny, what's wrong with you—why are you so—well, funny about men?"

"Am I?" I said. "Maybe I just don't believe in them much."

"Don will make you get over that," Kathy laughed.

But that was one thing I wanted to avoid, if possible. I'd had my share of heartache and misery and I didn't want any more. I'd made up my mind what I wanted to do and I was going to do it and there was no room in my schemes for romance.

I couldn't avoid Don altogether, however, because Kathy made me see him, especially when she started getting interested in Tom Michaels and didn't have as much time to spend with her brother as before. Don and I had fun, dancing and talking, but I was very careful to keep everything very impersonal between us.

Just about this time, part of the Post hospital was turned into a receiving ward for men wounded overseas. As the hospital ships returned from the war zones, Kathy was kept so busy, she even had to leave the barracks and live in quarters over near the hospital area. That meant that Don and I were thrown together more and more often.

It was inevitable, of course, that the time should come when this was not enough, either (Continued on page 56)

who bunked above me and whose locker was next to mine.

There were other things that drew me to Kathy Stearn, however. Somehow, Kathy seemed to be all the things I had struggled so hard to become. She was lovely, slender and tall, with softly curling reddish hair and bright, laughing gray eyes. She was always sure of herself and whenever she smiled, you felt a warm, deep friendliness reaching out toward you. She came from a well-to-do family and yet she had spent her years at college learning to be a laboratory technician, specializing in x-ray.

Probably, Kathy had a great deal to do with my getting over any last vestiges of pain concerning Gil. We went about camp together all the time and Kathy, who was never without a date, always insisted that I go along with her.

When we'd finished our basic training, we were assigned to regular duties, depending on our special abilities. Kathy, of course, went to work in the

hospital laboratory. I was sent to Headquarters as a stenographer.

One afternoon, Kathy came running into the barracks, her eyes shining with excitement.

"Make yourself pretty," she laughed over at me. "We're going on a very important date. And hurry, I don't want to miss a minute of it."

One look at Don Stearn was enough to establish the relationship between them. Don was her brother and no one could have mistaken him for anything else. Tall, powerfully put together, he was the male version of Kathy's good looks and a little more quietly



Inspired by Tom Slater's program, This is Fort Dix, Sundays at 3 P.M. EWT, on Mutual.

WHAT IS YOUR SHARE?

I WAS mighty proud when I heard about Ellen Foster. She was born in a town just like Rushville Center, so farming was something she knew like going to church. At least, she knew how to rake and weed and keep a garden clean. But she'd been at school in the State University when she met her husband who taught something or other there with ology on the end of it; then they'd moved to California and settled down in the middle of a lovely orchard of fruit trees with no more idea of doing anything about the soil than my daughter Fay or my son John.

One day after the Japanese farmers had been moved east from that part of the country, Ellen Foster went to the market to get dinner for the children and her husband—and found that there wasn't a thing in the world she could get in the vegetable line except some Swiss chard. She tried three other markets, convinced it was just her bad luck and that things like this didn't happen in America. But it had happened—the other markets couldn't do any better. That decided Ellen. The next day she started. She bought a couple of books on gardening. She started asking old Mr. Hawkins, a local gardener, a lot of questions. She bought a few tools. Yes sir, she was going to have a garden—right there between their rows of fruit trees!

And from what I heard the other day she sure had herself a garden! She grew twenty-seven kinds of vegetables—and from the little experience she'd had as a girl around her grandfather's farm, the occasional help of old Mr. Hawkins and of her own family, and with a lot of study and a lot of sweating, Ellen Foster turned out a garden that's put her little kingdom on a self-feeding basis. Besides that she actually won prizes. In the community contest she won first prize for the best vegetables (\$10 in War Stamps) and she won the county sweepstakes (a \$25 War Bond) and in addition four blue ribbons, a purple ribbon and fifty pounds of fertilizer!

And the vegetable she grew which was considered by experts as the finest grown in the state was Swiss chard!

I don't suppose Ellen Foster knew she was doing anything patriotic when she started her garden, although of course she must have heard the talk about Victory gardens. All she wanted to do was make sure her brood would eat.

But Ellen Foster and all the girls like her all over the country are just as much soldiers as your brother or sister, son or daughter, or sweetheart in the armed forces!

*Helping shorten the war—
by a week, by a day, by an
hour—need not be a dream
but can be reality for any-
one who will listen with all
her heart to these words of
radio's beloved homemaker*

By Ma Perkins

Or you might say Ellen and her like are munitions workers who are turning out one of the most powerful weapons we have in this terrible war—food.

I have an old friend, Henry Williamson, who's an expert in things like figures and he's got together some authentic facts about food that he told me about the other night and frankly, they surprised me. Facts never did make much impression on me—I like people better—but there are a few I'd like to pass on because they kind of startled me.

I was surprised, for one thing, to learn that we're producing more food in this country than ever in our history—matter of fact (according to Henry), 5% more this year than last and 32% more than the average produced between 1935 and 1939.

On the 360 million acres being used for crop planting—one billion including pastures—we're planning to produce 60 billion eggs, 55 billion quarts of milk, 4 billion pounds of chicken, and 53 million cattle and calves, sheep and lambs!

And as for folks like Ellen Foster, believe me they have nothing to be ashamed of. In 1942 there were about 15 million Victory gardens that produced around 7½ billion pounds of food.

And in 1943 there are 21 million Victory gardens producing 10½ billion pounds of food!

It looks as if 1944 will be even better.

Henry's figures show that neither the professional farmer nor the amateur like Ellen Foster is letting us down. They're beating all records.

But there still won't be enough food for all needs.

I'm not trying to scare you. I'm not saying we're going to starve. What I am saying is that every last American

is on the production line of one of the most powerful weapons in this war and each of us in his own way has got to do something about it!

First, I guess we've got to understand where the food goes. Henry says that it's divided up something like this: about 13% of our food production goes to the armed forces. (Incidentally, he says that while a civilian eats around 3¼ pounds a day, a soldier or a sailor eats about 5¼ pounds per day. I'm sure you agree no one has a better right?)

Then, we are using food as a weapon to strengthen the folks who are fighting this war with us. That includes the British and the Russians, as well as the people in North Africa, and other liberated places like Sicily, Italy and lots of others, we hope.

The total of that is estimated at about 10%.

Then there's about 2% for our territories and friendly neighbors. That includes places like Puerto Rico, Alaska, and South American countries. This means there's about 75% of the total left for us civilians. And that 75% of this year's total is still about the same as the total amount of food we produced five or six years ago.

Where does it go? Although we're producing so much more food why is there still this great danger of a shortage?

Henry tells me it's because we have so much more to spend than there's stuff to buy. Yes, we have 40 billion dollars more to spend than there are goods available to buy!

For many years one third of our people were undernourished—mainly because they didn't have enough cash to buy what they needed. To give you some idea of what they needed and didn't get for a good diet, Henry says that between 1936 and 1940 we would have 76% more milk, 119% more vegetables, and 26% more citrus fruits and tomatoes.

It's only natural that when those folks got the money as a result of bigger war industries they began buying the food they needed to be healthy. (They didn't need experts to tell 'em to do that.)

So, although the supply of food is greater, the demand for food is greater, too. That's why we have to have rationing—to be sure that our limited supplies are fairly divided.

And that's also why we have to avoid waste. The English say that they could live on what we throw away. If we could avoid one third of the food waste in this country it would take care of three quarters of all the food we send to (Continued on page 53)



Ma Perkins is a leading citizen of the little town of Rushville Center. Her life, her relationships with her son John, her daughters Fay and Evey, and her friends in the village, her problems and the wise solutions she finds for them, are an inspiration to women everywhere, who see their own lives and problems reflected in hers. Heard Monday through Friday, 1:15 P.M. EWT, CBS; 3:15 P.M. EWT, NBC. (Ma Perkins played by Virginia Payne)

My Wedded

Women all over the country were reading their men's induction notices with tear-dimmed eyes. Could that slip of paper really mean release, new hope, to Kay?

A SLIP of paper in the mail—and at sight of it my heart stopped dead, then began beating again so heavily it seemed to shake my whole body.

Only a slip of paper, but it meant that Mike, my husband, was going to war.

Other women, thousands of them, have gone to their mailboxes while their husbands were away at work, have drawn out slips of paper like this, and have stood there knowing the first pangs of loneliness—thinking, "It had to happen. I've always known that. And he'll be sorry, but he'll be glad too. So I must be brave."

Other women—but not I. It wasn't fear that I felt. It was relief.

I wanted Mike to be taken by the Army. Only that could set me free. Only that could bring to an end what had begun, four years before, in stubbornness and haste. He would go, and I would be alone, and we would write sometimes, but the months would pass and when the war was over we simply would not come together again. There could be a divorce then, without bitterness or quarrels.

Yes, I was glad. The gladness was something unclean in me. But it was there. I could not cut it out.

When do you know your marriage is a failure? What tears away the veil of pretense with which you have blinded yourself?

Little things, I suppose. The realization that you are irritated by your husband's mannerisms, bored by the things he likes, scornful of his opinions. Little things, telling you that you and he do not belong together, never did belong together.



Yet I was fond of Mike. I didn't want to hurt him by being the first to ask for a divorce. As long as he wanted me, as long as our marriage seemed good to him, it was my duty to stay by his side. For if either of us was to blame, it was I . . .

I turned back into the apartment and propped the notice from the draft board against the base of the Chinese lamp on the end table, beside the sofa. Mike's mail always went there, for him to see when he came home from work, but today there was a kind of grim appropriateness about it. The lamp and the summons to war—the beginning of my marriage and its end.

It had been a wedding present, that lamp, from Roy and Hazel Bates. Strange now, that I could think of those two names together quite calmly, without regret. When the lamp came, a week or so after Mike and I were married, I had wanted to lift it into the air and send it crashing to the floor, to break into a thousand pieces—like my heart.

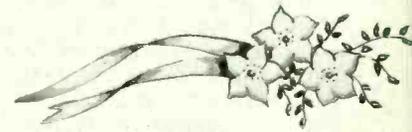
Mike had picked up the card and whistled. "The old beau comes through—and very handsomely. I'll bet Hazel picked it out."

I hadn't answered. But ever since, the Chinese lamp had stood in our home, a reminder of everything that was wrong with my life.

San Francisco before the war—oh, it was a very different place then from what it is now. It was a city to be young in—and I was young. I was seventeen, and I'd just left high school and I lived in an old house far up in the Mission with my parents and kid brother. That is, officially I lived there, but I considered myself unlucky if I had to spend more than ten hours a day on the premises, and most of them asleep.

I had a job, as a typist for the telephone company, and every cent I earned at it I spent on myself—because clothes were important, very important indeed. If you had clothes everything else took care of itself—riding to Half Moon Bay or Stinson Beach, going to the midnight show on Saturday night at one of the big movie theaters on Market Street, even, sometimes, dancing at the St. Francis or the Mark. There was always a boy to take me. If there was no one else, there was always Mike Nielson, who

Husband



"Regular matrimonial assembly line," he said as we filed into the county clerk's office. "Yes, but it gets us married," I smiled, "and that's the important thing."

happened to work for the telephone company, too.

But I didn't have much time for Mike, and after I met Roy Bates I had even less.

Standing beside the Chinese lamp, looking down at the draft notice propped against it, I knew that Roy had been a kind of fever in my blood, and like all fevers that do not destroy utterly, this one had died away. If Dad and Mother's hadn't made such an unexpected uproar when I announced that Roy and I were going to be married.

"I'm not saying he isn't all right," Dad had frowned. "He may be, although I don't think much of that movie-hero type. But you're only seventeen, Kay, and that's too young to get married. You go back and tell him your mother and I said if he tries to marry you before you're eighteen I'll have him arrested."

"Dad! You wouldn't do that!" I

was almost choking with rage and frustration.

He gave me a long look. "Try it and see!" And I knew that he meant what he said. He was easy-going as a rule, but once in a while he made up his mind to something, and when he did there was no hope of changing it.

Mother tried to comfort me. "A year isn't very long, dear," she said, "and if you and Roy are still in love when you're eighteen, neither Dad nor I will object to your marrying him. If you're really in love, you won't mind waiting."

Well—it seemed that we weren't really in love, or at least Roy wasn't, because a week before my eighteenth birthday he and Hazel Rowan were married.

I wept bitter, tempestuous tears—hating Hazel, hating Roy; but hating my parents most of all. If it hadn't been for them, Roy would have married me, we'd have been happy to-

gether, I wouldn't have been there in my room sobbing into my pillow, beating it impotently with clenched fists.

I sat up, after a long time, dry-eyed at last, and looked at myself in the mirror. Even to myself, I seemed to have changed in that wild hour of despair. My features were the same—the wide, heavily lashed eyes of deep violet, the slightly tilted nose, the mouth that needed so little lipstick to accent its redness—but they were different, too. Something—hardness, defiance—had stolen part of their freshness away.

In a week I would be eighteen, and then I would be my own mistress. I would do as I pleased, then and forever.

During that week, I went out with Mike Nielson whenever he asked me. Mike was a few years older than I, and a few inches taller. I'd always thought there was nothing very remarkable about him, except that he was nice, and fun to be with. He had sandy-yellow hair and a lopsided grin and probably not an enemy in the world. He liked his job in the maintenance department of the telephone company, and was good at it; and he had a little roadster which he drove up and down the city's hills at a speed which threatened disaster at every intersection.

He was the only person I told what I intended to do as soon as I was eighteen.

"I'm going to leave San Francisco, Mike," I said. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we'd driven out to the beach, parking the car on the long esplanade overlooking the sea. I sat beside Mike, my chin cupped in my hands, gazing out to where the Farallones were dim on the horizon.

Mike straightened behind the wheel in shocked amazement. "Leave San Francisco? Kay, you're kidding!"

GRAVELY, I shook my head. "No, I'm not, Mike. I mean it. I'm going to apply for a transfer to the Los Angeles office—and I know the company'll give it to me, because they gave Alice Whitely one."

"But—but you can't!" he burst out excitedly. "You just can't, Kay! Gosh, what would I—" He broke off, hesitating. "Is it—is it because you're upset over Roy and Hazel getting married?" he asked a little nervously.

I lifted my chin. "Of course not!" I said scornfully. "Roy can marry anyone he pleases, without worrying me in the least."

"Well, I'm glad to hear that," he said with a relieved sigh. "I was afraid for a while you'd gone overboard for him. But if it isn't that, why do you want to leave?"

"Because I'm tired of staying at home," I declared. "Dad and Mother treat me like a child, and I'm not—or I won't be, after next Wednesday. That's my birthday, you know, and I'll be eighteen, and if I want to go to Los Angeles to live they can't say a thing about it!"

Four years later, I looked back at that defiant girl, and I saw that she was terribly young and rather pitiful—smarting under a humiliation that after all wasn't so very important, striking out, in her unhappiness, against the only people who could have helped her. But at the time I saw myself quite differently. I was brave, and independent, and determined not to be ruled.

"But you can't go!" Mike said again. "Why, you might get down there in Los Angeles, and I'd never see you again!"

He turned, gripping the wheel in front of him, and stared at me—and I



"My Wedded Husband" was fictionized from a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, heard Sunday, 10:15 P.M. EWT, Mutual.

stared back, while both of us realized the implication of what he'd said. Finally he smiled ruefully.

"I wasn't going to tell you so soon," he said. "If you and Roy hadn't split up, I guess I'd never have told you. But I'm crazy about you, Kay. That's why I can't let you go away. Marry me, Kay, instead!"

The sun came down through the windshield of the little car, turning the fine hairs on the backs of his hands to gold, striking back in reflection to show me the honest adoration in his eyes. He loved me. I'd never known it, but it was true. He loved me, and wanted to marry me. If I said no, and went away to Los Angeles, I knew how he'd feel—I knew every regret, every loneliness, every pain of loving someone who didn't love you in return. How well I knew them! And I didn't want Mike to suffer that way. He was too sweet, too good.

I suppose there was another thought, too. *If I marry Mike, it will be just as good as going away. It will show Dad and Mother I intend to do as I please.* Yes, I suppose that thought was there, somewhere underneath, but I hid it, even from myself.

"Yes, Mike," I said softly. "I'll marry you, if you want me to."

He went perfectly white. "You will?" Then, with a shout that made the people in the cars on each side of us turn and smile, he took me into his arms and kissed me. "Mike—people are watching!" I said breathlessly, laughing, but he answered, "Let 'em. Do 'em good"—and kissed me again.

Later, he said, "How soon can we be married?"

"Oh, any time," I told him, and suddenly I had an idea, an exciting and romantic idea. "Let's be married next Saturday!" I exclaimed. "Not here in San Francisco, Mike, with all our families fussing over us. Let's not say anything to anybody, but as soon as we're through work Friday get into the car and drive to Reno and be married there on Saturday. We can stay overnight in Sacramento or someplace, and be in Reno before noon the next day. Mike, let's!"

He looked troubled, as if he didn't like the idea very much but hated to oppose it when I was so enthusiastic. "But that's eloping, isn't it?" he asked. "And we don't have to elope. I don't know about your folks, but I don't think they'll mind—I've always gotten along fine with them—and I know mine will be tickled to death. So why not tell them and be married here, where they can all kiss the bride?"

I made a face. "That's just the sort of thing I don't want. Please, Mike—let's do it my way. It'll be so much more fun!"

"Okay," he agreed, laughing. "But I can't figure you out. Most girls want big weddings."

No, he couldn't figure me out. But perhaps he could have, if he'd known the bitterness against my parents that was still in my heart.

It was a July Saturday when we were married. A July Saturday in Reno—couples lined up in a queue



outside the county clerk's office, young couples, old couples, middle-aged couples, handsome couples and homely couples, couples of every description with only two things in common: they wanted to be married, and they were all refugees from California's three-day law. In Nevada you didn't have to wait after you had your license. You could go upstairs, or to the City Hall, or to a church, and almost before you knew it—you were married.

We stood in line, and Mike looked around him and shrugged. "Regular matrimonial assembly line!" he said, a little disgustedly, but I smiled.

"It gets us married, and that's the important thing, isn't it?" I said.

He put his arm around me, and the distaste went out of his eyes. "It certainly is, sweetheart!" he said. "As long as you think this sort of thing is fun, it's all right with me."

It wasn't the fun I'd thought it would be, though. The hotel in Sacramento where we'd stayed the night before had been hot and noisy, and my feet were beginning to hurt, and being married in Reno was more like some kind of impersonal business transaction than an elopement. The town was crowded, too, and I overheard some people ahead of us in the line say there wasn't a hotel room to be had.

I gritted my teeth and kept on smiling. All this had been my own idea,

I didn't share his pleasure in the game and at first I couldn't understand the gleeful, excited way in which he slammed down winning cards and added up the score.



and I mustn't show Mike I wasn't enjoying it.

We were married at the City Hall, by a little man in a black suit who had three other couples waiting outside. He was very brisk and cheery, rattled through the ceremony as fast as he could, gave us a broad smile when he'd finished—and wouldn't have recognized us if he'd met us on the street five minutes later.

AFTERWARDS, everything went wrong. The restaurant where we had lunch must have been the worst in town, two hours of going from hotel to hotel brought us only the knowledge that the couple ahead of us at the county clerk's office had been right, and when we got back to Mike's car one of the tires was flat.

"This is a fine honeymoon!" Mike exploded then, glaring at me. "It's all right with me if I never see Reno again!"

I fought back the tears. This hot, red-faced, bad-tempered man who looked as if he hated me—he was my husband. My husband! The word took on a new meaning, a dreadful meaning. I wanted to run, somewhere, anywhere he couldn't follow me. I was tired and disappointed and—frightened. If Mother had come around the corner at that moment I would have run to her sobbing, just as I had when I was

a little girl. But Mother was in San Francisco, and she thought I was spending the weekend with friends in Berkeley.

"It—it's not my fault," I quavered. Mike didn't say anything, but he didn't have to—his expression said it for him: "Then I don't know whose fault it is."

Aloud, he sighed, "Well, I'll fix it," and in grim silence proceeded to do so, while I stood by feeling useless and unwanted. In silence too, he put on the spare, and drove to a garage to have the old one mended. When it was finished he got in beside me and drove out onto the street, stepping on the throttle so that the engine snarled viciously.

"Where are we going now?" I asked timidly.

He didn't even glance at me as he answered, "Back to San Francisco, I guess. Doesn't seem to be any place else to go!"

Recklessly, he guided the car out of town the way we'd come. After a few miles, the air was cooler, and pines instead of sagebrush bordered the road. From the bottom of a canyon a little river sparkled up at us. Still Mike urged the car along, as fast as it would go, pulling it around curves with quick tugs on the wheel, roaring down one slope to attack the next. "All right," I thought, "if you want to kill us, go

ahead. I wish I were dead anyway."

Suddenly he took his foot off the gas and coasted to a stop in a cleared space beside the road. He let his hands drop from the wheel and turned to me—shamefaced, wistful, apologetic.

"I'm a crazy idiot," he confessed. "I'm not always like this, honest. You know I'm not. Forgive me?"

I did cry then. It was as if one word of gentleness had been enough to unloose the floods of tears that had been building up all day; and when, through my tears, I saw that he was trying not to cry too I sobbed all the more.

Now, on the day his draft notice had come, I remembered that moment—and I knew that it had been one of the few in which we were really close to each other.

Today, I thought—today as I moved listlessly about our little living room, carrying a dustcloth, picking things up aimlessly and putting them down again undusted—today, when wherever my eyes roved they seemed to be drawn irresistibly back to that draft notice, was no day to be remembering our honeymoon. For it had been a honeymoon, after all, because a few miles farther on a road sign gave us the idea of trying Lake Tahoe and the summer hotels there, which proved to be a very good idea, indeed. I hadn't been quite sane, after so many hours of torn emotion, and the moonlight on the water, the clean fragrance of the air, Mike's own ardor, had all conspired to make me believe that I was happy, would always be happy.

An illusion. That was all it had been. Remembering it that morning was like remembering something you've heard about, or read of—something that happened to other people, long ago—something that had no more reality for me than a story read, or a dream dreamed long past.

I tried to shake off the remembering, tried to put my mind firmly to the business of my housework. My hand reached out to pick up the phone, to dust it, and as if in response, it rang.

For a moment I couldn't touch it. The sound was hard, discordant, abrupt, jolting me back to the present and to reality. That was what I had wanted—to shake off my remembering—but now that the telephone had done it for me, I felt somehow resentful. And I felt something else, too—as if the ringing must mean something, as if the message waiting for me at the lifting of the receiver might be as definite, as imperative as the ringing itself. Well, the way to find out was to answer it . . . and after all, it was only my mother, wanting to know if Mike and I would be over for Sunday dinner.

"I don't know," I said. "Mike got a notice from the draft board this morning."

I heard her gasp before she said, "Maybe he won't pass his physical examination."

"Of course he will," I said a little sharply. "Mike's never been sick in his life. There's not a thing wrong with him."

"You can't ever tell . . ." Mother said hopefully, but she knew that what I

said was true. Mike had had physical examinations before—for insurance, for Civilian Defense—and had always passed them with flying colors. And suddenly I knew that Mother, at her end of the line, was crying.

"Oh, Mother," I said impatiently, "don't be like that. Mike doesn't mind going. He feels that he should."

"I know," she answered, "and I ought to feel the same way, but it just hit me. I'm so fond of Mike. Well, let me know what happens," and she hung up abruptly.

YES, she was fond of Mike, and so was Dad. After our honeymoon when we had marched into the house, defiant, prepared for tears and reproaches—there hadn't been any. "By golly," Dad had said, beaming, "I didn't think Kay had this much sense!" He'd thrown his arm around Mike's shoulders and hugged him, as if he were his own son. And Mother, after she'd recovered from her disappointment that there had been no big wedding, was the same. Of course, I told myself, I was glad they were pleased, glad there would be no fuss. But it wasn't true. Deep down, I was sorry—sorry that they were accepting my gesture of defiance so calmly, without drama. They made it all so . . . ordinary.

And ordinary it had been, my marriage. Ordinary beyond the point of dullness.

We didn't have much money, at first. We found a three-room flat on California Street, at a rental we could afford, but it was unfurnished and we had to buy nearly everything on time. I went on working, although Mike wanted me to quit, but still we had very little left over every month when all the payments had been made.

"Got to economize," Mike said cheerfully. "Tell you what. You use your salary for half the rent and all your own expenses—carfare, lunches, clothes and stuff. I'll take care of everything else. It ought to be easy," he added with a grin, "now that I don't have to spend half I earn taking you to football games and movies."

Just what made him think, I wondered, that a girl stopped enjoying football games and movies when she got married?

He brought home a deck of cards one day, and taught me how to play pinochle. "You'll like it, once you get the idea," he assured me. "It's a swell game." But, although I learned how to play fast enough, I was never very interested. I couldn't understand Mike's own pleasure in it, the gleeful and excited way in which he slammed down winning cards and added up the score. It was rather foolish, I thought, to be so enthusiastic about a mere card game, particularly when we weren't playing for money. Finally I realized, with amused tenderness that he was pretending more interest than he really felt, trying in his clumsy, masculine way to entertain me, and I said:

"Mike, darling, I'll never make a pinochle player. Maybe we'd better call this tournament off."

He'd been shuffling the cards, and

when he looked up they fell to the table from his relaxed hands. "You don't like it?" he asked.

"Not very much, Mike."

"All right," he said, and very quietly got up and put the cards away in a desk drawer. They were still there, I supposed, somewhere in the clutter of writing paper, left-over Christmas cards, and broken lead pencils.

After that, we spent most of our evenings reading or listening to the radio, although we did manage to go out occasionally. Mike gave up smoking. I told him it was silly, he certainly could afford sixteen cents a day for cigarettes, but rather stubbornly he went ahead and broke himself of the habit.

Mike was no angel. Mother and Dad might think he was, but he wasn't. He had a temper, as I'd discovered in Reno, and it always expressed itself in the same way—in silence, broken by short, clipped sentences; in lips closed tight and spots of white above each nostril.



That's how the blue-green Chinese porcelain ashtray had been broken—one night when Mike was angry. Not that he had thrown it, or broken it on purpose. Anger had stiffened his fingers, as it stiffened his back and his speech, and the ashtray had slipped through them and fallen to the floor.

That ashtray had been another wedding gift, and I loved it, not because the giver had meant so much to me, but for the object itself—it's wonderful, rich color, making a bright spot against the dull wood of the table, the beautiful glaze of it which time had not marred. I remembered, as I picked it up now to dust it, how resentfully I had glared at Mike's unrelenting back as I had gathered up the pieces, how carefully I had cemented it together again, how I had put it back in its place on the table, hoping that the brownish, jagged line across the lovely color would be a more pointed rebuke to him than any words could be.

Well . . . I put the ashtray down now, remembering something else—that I hadn't seen that temper of Mike's for

quite a few months. In fact, I'd seen it most often in the early days of our marriage, and less and less as time went on. Mike had grown steadily quieter, I realized as I thought back on it, settling into a routine—his work, his Civilian Defense activities, meals at regular hours, the news on the radio, a little love making.

It satisfied him, I told myself, because he loved me. It would have satisfied me, if I'd loved him. That was what it came down to.

I looked at my watch—the watch Mike had given me on our first Christmas together. It seemed, somehow, as if hours must have passed since I'd taken that official-looking envelope out of the mail box. And time had gone swiftly—the slim gold hands pointed to five. Mike would be home at six; I'd better start getting dinner. If I hurried, I would make an applesauce cake—Mike's favorite—instead of just serving the sauce for dessert. I'd make mushroom sauce for the shrimps, too. I told myself that there was so little time left that I might as well make what there was as pleasant as possible.

I thought, as I turned toward the kitchenette, that I was glad of one thing. I was glad that I had stuck by my bargain. I had made a mistake, when I promised to marry Mike, but it had been my own mistake, and I'd paid for it. I'd have gone on paying for it, as long as Mike wanted me, if the war hadn't intervened to set me free. I had done everything I could to be a good wife to him.

I was in the kitchenette when he came in—quietly, with a click of his doorkey in the latch, a step or two on the polished floor. There was silence while he picked up the notice—and although I didn't want to, I found myself moving to the doorway to be with him as he read it.

He knew I was there, but he didn't look up. He held the notice in one hand, very steadily, and looked at it for much longer than the time it must have taken to read it. What was he thinking? I wanted terribly to know, and it occurred to me that Mike, who had once seemed so clear and simple, had in the last two or three years become an enigma to me. His face had learned to have secrets. . . .

I shook my head. What was the matter with me? An enigma! Nothing of the sort—I always knew what Mike was thinking, if I took the trouble to find out.

Then he raised his eyes. They were very blue and clear. He'd look well in a uniform: he had the healthy complexion, the regular features that the military neatness of it would set off.

He smiled. "This is it, I guess," he said. "I'm not surprised. It's been longer than I expected."

The same impulse that had sent me to buy the shrimps made me say now, "You haven't had your physical, Mike. They may not take you."

"Take me?" he said, as if surprised that I could be so innocent. "Oh, I think they'll take me all right." He dropped the notice back on the table. "Any other (Continued on page 66)

“ Intention to marry—”

The first time Kathy saw Jerry Wayne she called a policeman but two minutes later she gave him her name and phone number

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

THE year was 1939. The place was the square before the Italian building at the New York World's Fair. The facade of the building with its crystal steps and cascading water sparkled under the June sun. Before it stood a young man. His suit was old and his shoes were well worn. You know him today as Jerry Wayne, singing star of the All Time Hit Parade, but he wasn't nearly so famous then. He wasn't, to be truthful, famous at all. He was just a young man who, flat broke, had managed to get from California to New York to try his luck on the air. He stood there until two girls passed by. . . .

One of these girls was small and curving, with auburn hair and green eyes. . . .

"Jerry," his friend pulled his shiny, threadbare sleeve, "You've got trouble enough. Leave her alone . . . I knew a girl with red hair and green eyes once and . . ."

"I never did," Jerry said.

The girl turned. Jerry grinned.

"If you don't stop following us I'll call a policeman," she told him.

Jerry continued to grin and to follow.

She was a woman of her word. She called a policeman.

The policeman blocked Jerry's path. "If you keep annoying these young ladies I'll have to turn you in," he warned. "So suppose you turn around and make time in the opposite direction. . . ."

Jerry turned and took it on the run.

"Sure lost your nerve fast, didn't you?" his friend panted, several strides behind him.

"I know a short cut," Jerry shouted back.

"Where to?"

"To Green Eyes, of course," Jerry said. Whereupon two minutes and

two sharp turns brought him face to face with Green Eyes and Green Eyes' friend.

A policeman stood conveniently nearby. Jerry didn't see him, however. He saw no one but her.

"Officer," she said, "this young man is annoying us."

This policeman was young. "Sure," he said, "it's just that he admires you.

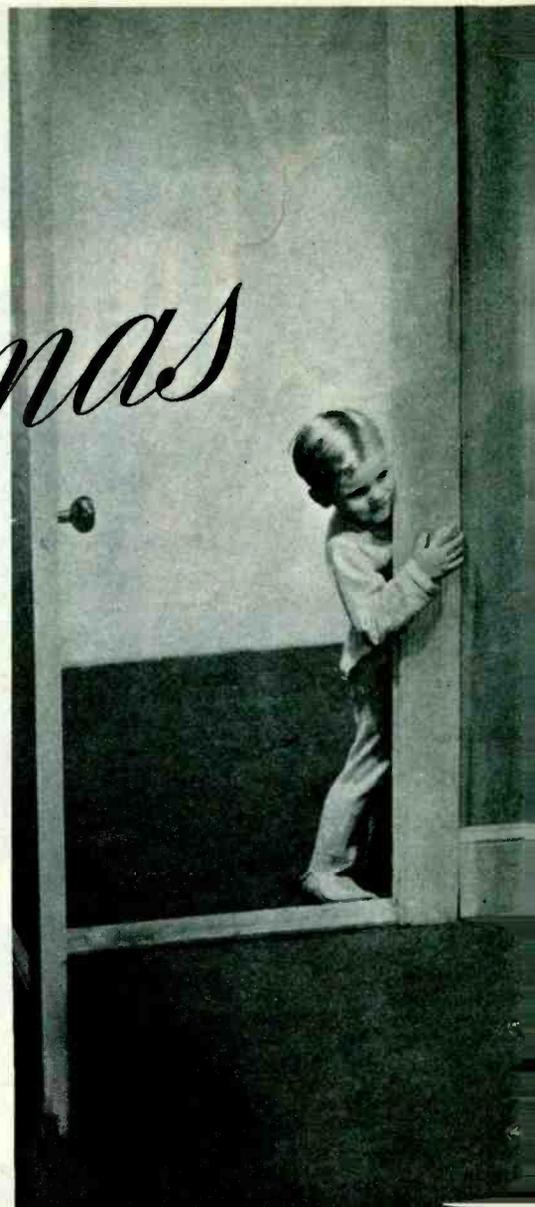
And I wouldn't have the heart to pull him in for that now. . . ." He turned, cajolingly, to Jerry. "If this young lady is determined she doesn't want your attention why don't you leave her alone?"

"Tell you what, Green Eyes . . ." Jerry talked right past the policeman, "I'll go away if you'll give me your name and your telephone number. . . ."

"My name is Kathy Scheninger," she said swiftly, softly. She added a Brooklyn phone number. Jerry lost no time in noting both on the back of an envelope. (Continued on page 54)



Come Home for Christmas



At his knock she cried, "Come never come home again. She

BEHIND the house, last night's fall of snow stretches unmarred to the orchard. On the bare branches of the trees there are clumps of brilliant white, reminding me that in another few months those same trees will be covered with a different, warmer white—the white of blossoms. Under its blanket, the earth is resting, waiting . . . as I wait.

Soon it will be Christmas. Christmas, 1943. There is no snow on the islands of the South Pacific. The wind there is soft and damp, not tart with cold. The gay paper wrappings of the presents they open there will look strange against the rank green of the jungle, and someone will hum, "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," and the others will laugh, but even in their laughter they will remember. One of them, I know, will remember last Christmas, and the snow.

At dusk on the day before Christmas last year, I looked out of the window and could not see the barn, only a hundred feet away. It had vanished in a devil's dance of gray, whirling flakes. Then, as the wind shifted, it loomed up for an instant, strangely tall and wide—only to be hidden again. There was a shriek like a thousand train whistles under the eaves of the old farmhouse.

I turned away, letting the curtain drop from my hand. He couldn't get through this storm, not possibly. The Christmas tree, straight and slender like a soldier in green, stood in the corner of the room. Beside the big cast-iron stove there was a huge pile of cord-wood, stacked by Tim before he and Martha left at noon. In the kitchen were a turkey, cranberries, sweet potatoes, apples for a pie, pans

of milk on which the cream had risen thick and yellow.

Everything was ready—and he would not be here. All my eager hopes, all my preparations, all my dreams of a different future—wasted, quite wasted.

I felt a tug at my skirt, and looked down. Joey was there, his fair hair tumbled, his blue eyes wide with wonder. "Daddy come?" he said. Daddy was only a word to him, or very little more than a word. It had been more than a year since he'd seen Randy—one third of his whole life.

"Daddy isn't here yet, Joey," I said. "Maybe he won't be able to come at all, the storm is so bad."

The trouble on his baby face deepened. "Santa Claus?" he said with a new intonation of distress, and even in my disappointment I had to smile.

"Santa Claus will get through all right," I assured him. "No storm ever bothers old Santa."

"That's good," Joey said, immensely relieved, and returned to his task of building a castle out of blocks.

To be so easily satisfied, I thought, to live in the small, uncomplicated world of a child! I sat down beside him, and picked up some sewing, but the thread snarled and the needle pricked my unsteady fingers. The house creaked under the storm, and boughs tapped against the windows, and when the howl of the wind rose I found myself listening, straining every nerve, thinking I heard the labored motor of a car.

Because perhaps he would come, after all. He would take the train as for as Milford, of course, and that left only ten minutes to travel by car. The snowplows might be busy on the high-

way, so that whatever car he hired in Milford could follow along behind one of them. And if he *did* come, through all this blizzardy weather, it would prove how much he wanted to see me—prove that he was sorry, and ready to pick up again the life he'd tossed away. His letter had hinted at it, but this would be proof. And anyway—he'd surely get as far as Milford, and could come out tomorrow, Christmas Day. The storm couldn't last longer than overnight!

If the telephone didn't go dead—

I stood up, the sewing spilling from my lap, and went swiftly to the old-fashioned wall telephone in the far corner of the room, lifting the receiver. The familiar, live hum was there—scratchy, but still a hum. I pressed down the hook and turned the crank, and in a minute I heard the operator's voice.

"Oh, hello, Mona. I just wanted to see if the line was working," I explained.

"Who's this? Mrs. Bailey? Yes, it's

A Just Five Lines Drama

Suggested by an original radio drama, First Act Curtain, by Elinor Abbey and Robert Arthur, and heard on Just Five Lines



in, Randy!" But it wasn't her husband at the door and Ellen knew then that Randy would stifle the bitterness in her heart and forced a smile of welcome for the stranger

still working, all right, but— My, isn't this a storm? Never saw anything like it!"

She sounded pleased, excited—but then Mona was always cheerful, no matter what was happening, and when I hung up I felt a little better, not quite so cut off from the world. At least, if the line stayed open, Randy could call when he got to Milford.

"Come along," I said to Joey. "It's time for supper and then bed. And when you wake up Santa will have been here and brought lots of presents."

I dealt briskly with his supper, his bath—in the bathroom with its oil stove—his pajamas, ignoring his pleas to be allowed to stay up and wait for Santa. And yet—when he was safely tucked away I wished that just this once I had broken careful routine and let him stay awake. We could have played together, I could have told him stories. Anything to keep at bay the sound of the storm which now seemed to rise with new fury.

It was seven o'clock. The train got in at six-thirty—but it might very easily be late tonight. Or Randy could still be in Milford, trying to find a car that would bring him out.

Suddenly I realized that I had been sitting with my hands clenched so hard the nails were digging into my palms. I took a deep breath and relaxed, consciously. I mustn't be so nervous. If Randy came and saw that I was nervous—why, then it would have been better if he had stayed away.

Christmas! It didn't feel like Christmas—for Christmas meant people, laughter, love pulling at your heart. Randy, small boy that he was, had always loved Christmas-time, its surprises and color and warmth. That was why I had asked him to come home. I had wanted to make Christmas my ally.

There was a knock at the door.

I'd heard no car, nothing but the wail of the wind and the ghostly patter of snow against the windows, and the knock was like a blow on my ears. It

brought me to my feet, sent me running into the hall, forgetting to turn on the light there so that my fingers fumbled blindly with the latch. He'd come! The storm hadn't been able to stop him! He must have found someone to drive him as far as the lane, and then walked up it to the house—that was why I hadn't heard anything. The wind flung the door wide and invaded the house. All I could see was a hazy, bulky figure.

"Randy!" I cried. "Come in, quick. You did get here—and I was so afraid—"

He came through the door, and he was not Randy.

He was a soldier, in a snow-matted soldier's greatcoat. Under his cap, snow rimed his eyebrows. But he could smile.

"Afraid I'm not the fellow you were expecting, lady, but I'll come in anyway. Jeeps can take almost anything, but not a storm like this."

Crushing disappointment made me stand dumbly (Continued on page 68)

Fill your Christmas candy boxes with raisin peanut clusters, molasses coconut chews and peanut crunch.

Into the cookie boxes put fruit cake bars, molasses pecan cookies, oatmeal cookies and graham brownies.



Christmas Traditions—Old and New

A merging of our past with our present means happy holidays ahead for all of us



I KNOW that you have been helping to win the war in your own home, happy and thankful that by preserving and conserving, salvaging, saving and never wasting a single thing you are bringing closer the peace on earth we all long for. Since I know this, it may seem unfair for me to warn you now against extravagance, but that is just what I am going to do.

You see, Christmas is such a temptation—to all of us. The stores are so filled with delightful gifts that we are tempted to buy them and to justify our extravagance by saying that after all we really should be generous. Well, we certainly want to be generous and we are going to be. But since we cannot justify extravagance of any sort this year it is up to everyone of us to give simple presents, not expensive ones, to our family and friends. Candies and cookies, made at home and packed in gay colorful boxes, are always welcome—so let's keep alive our new tradition of wartime economy by reviving our old tradition of homemade sweets for gifts. They are really easy to make—and fun too—and if you should tuck a war stamp or bond into a box of homemade goodies you would be giving the finest present that anyone could wish.

Molasses Pecan Cookies

- ½ cup shortening
- ¾ cup sugar ¾ cup molasses
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ¼ tsp. soda ¼ tsp. salt

- ¼ tsp. mace
- 1 cup pecan meats, chopped fine
- Pecan halves for decoration

Cream shortening, add sugar and molasses and mix well. Add beaten eggs. Sift together all dry ingredients and combine with first mixture. Add chopped nut meats. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet, leaving room between for cookies to spread. Place a pecan half on each cookie. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown, about 12 minutes. This recipe will make 4 dozen cookies.

Oatmeal Walnut Cookies

- ¾ cup shortening
- ¼ cup sugar
- ¾ cup molasses
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- ½ tsp. soda ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 1 cup walnut meats, chopped

Cream shortening, add sugar and molasses and mix well. Add beaten eggs. Mix together flour, salt, soda and cinnamon and stir in oatmeal. Combine

liquid and dry mixtures and stir in nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown, about 12 minutes. 5 dozen.

Graham Brownies

- 1½ cups condensed milk (1 can)
- ¾ cup molasses
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 cup nut meats, chopped

Combine condensed milk and molasses in heavy saucepan and place over low heat. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat, cool, then stir in beaten egg. Combine remaining ingredients and blend the two mixtures thoroughly. Line a 6 x 10 pan with wax paper and spread mixture over paper. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until brown, about 15 minutes. Remove from pan at once, tear off wax paper and cut into squares. Makes 2 dozen.

Fruit Cake Bars

- 1 cup shortening
- ½ cup sugar ½ cup molasses
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- ½ tsp. soda ¼ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. cloves ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ cup pineapple juice
- 2 cups chopped raisins
- ½ cup mixed citron, and candied lemon and orange peel
- ½ cup chopped walnut meats
- ½ cup chopped candied cherries

(Continued on page 55)



BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**

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

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: Edward Tomlinson, 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: Marcia Niel
8:45	9:45	CBS: God's Country—Milton Bacon
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air
9:00	10:00	Blue: News from Europe
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: Tiny Hill's 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: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: Marion Laveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: NBC Orchestra
9:15	11:15	12:15 Blue: This Is Official
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Lands of Europe
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Wake Up America
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC: Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Starring Curt Massey
		1:45 Blue: Francis Drake, Aviation News
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: America—Ceiling Unlimited
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
		2:30 Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
		3:00 Blue: Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Those Good Old Days
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Reports on Rationing
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: Hanson Baldwin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Hot Copy
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Al Pierce Show
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Lands of the Free
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Metropolitan Opera Audition
		5:00 NBC: NBC Symphony—Arturo Toscanini
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
		5:00 Blue: Where Do We Stand
2:15	4:15	5:15 MBS: Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Musical Steelmakers
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Irene Rich
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Silver Theater
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 MBS: First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: Catholic Hour
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Great Gildersleeve
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Green Hornet
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: William L. Shirer
4:00	6:00	7:00 MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15 Blue: Dorothy Thompson
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Frank Sinatra
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
4:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter, News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Jerry Lester Show
		8:00 MBS: Meditation Board
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: That's a Good One
6:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Keepsakes
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00 Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
8:15	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
		8:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Revlon Revue
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:15	9:15	10:15 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: The Chin Man
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Bill Costello
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
		11:00 Blue: Everett Hollis
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Olga Coelho & El Charro
		11:15 Blue: Gil Trio
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Sacerhinger
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Unlimited Horizons



VIKING WITH A VOICE...

Blond and Viking-built Bob Hannon has recently moved into the running for the coveted favorite swooner title, and there are those who say that Bob's looks and voice both have Sinatra beat all hollow.

Bob was born in Chicago, but doesn't remember it very well because the family moved to Kansas City when he was eight years old. The crooning bug bit him when he entered high school and not long after that he talked a local publishing firm into hiring him as a song plugger. School interfered with song plugging and vice versa, so Bob made a serious decision. He gave up school and got a job singing in a Kansas City night spot.

At this club, he met a Signor Friscoe, xylophonist, and talked that worthy gentleman into hiring him as a stooge for his act and taking him on the rest of his tour. Unfortunately, stooges don't get enough chances to sing, so Bob quit the act when it reached New York and headed back home. He got sidetracked in Chicago, however, and decided to try vaudeville again.

Being a realistic young man, Bob decided that the only job as a vocalist then was with some band and that the only way to get into a band in the first place was to play an instrument. For three weeks, he devoted himself wholeheartedly to learning how to play a guitar. Having mastered that, he joined the musicians' union and, presto, found himself an orchestra job—with a band that needed a singer, too. In that band-singer phase of his career, he played and sang with such orchestra leaders as Harry Sosnick, Henry Busse, Wayne King and Buddy Rogers. By 1930, he had his own orchestra playing at Chicago's Stevens Hotel. It was over one of that hotel's radio outlets that Paul Whiteman heard Bob singing and felt a great need for his services. Bob gave up his band and, from that day, has taken jobs only as a soloist.

NBC signed him to an eight-month contract as a staff singer and when he'd completed that engagement, he moved over to CBS. While working on the Frank Fay program, Bob was given a two-week contract to appear on the Roxy Theater stage. He was there for 48 consecutive weeks.

His list of radio jobs reads like a list of Who's Who in radio. He subbed for Lanny Ross on his program, was a regular with Jane Froman, did guest shots on We, the People, the Kostelanetz program and the Summer Symphony Hour.

Busy as he is, Bob is an ardent tennis player and horseback rider. He keeps bachelor quarters in a seven-room house in Forest Hills. He likes to cook and he's keeping himself in trim while he waits for his call to go overseas on a USO tour.

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: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Robert St. John, News
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	10:15	Blue: Roy Porter, News
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
2:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Pappy Howard's Band
	9:45	10:45 NBC: To be announced
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
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: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lowe Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Edward MacHugh
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Paul Lavalle's Orch.
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez, Sutherland, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Martin
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis, News
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: New and Fever
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 Blue: Hue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Life
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: To be announced
	3:45	4:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
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: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superm
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: To Your Good Health
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: 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
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Johnny Morgan Show
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
	7:05	Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Ed Sullivan
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Blondie
	7:30	Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Counter Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	9:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Klapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
9:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Three Ring Time
10:30	10:30	10:30 Blue: Yankee Doodle Quiz
10:30	10:30	10:30 NBC: Information Please

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
8:00	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	NBC: Robert St. John, News
	10:00	NBC: Lara 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
	9:20	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:20	10:30 Blue: Baby Institute
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Pappy Howard's Band
	9:45	10:45 NBC: To be announced
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:15	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 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
10:55	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Jack Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies, Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 NBC: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbro Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
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: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Big Town
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Awake at the Switch
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
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
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Horace Heidt
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Derry's Tavern
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Burns and Allen
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Report to the Nation
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Suspense
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks



LONG WAY FROM MILWAUKEE . . .

The Hildegarde of today is a far cry from the Milwaukee girl who once wondered if she would ever be as famous as the people whose initials were carved on the hitching post in front of her home—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Today, thanks to radio (currently she is the star of the Beat the Band series heard Wednesday nights, 8:30 P.M., EWT, NBC), Hildegarde has a far greater audience than Lunt and Fontanne. She gets letters from lonely soldiers in outland posts, the corner cop, and King Gustave of Sweden. They all remember songs they've heard her sing which they like particularly and they all ask for favorite songs and tell her how much they enjoy her quick repartee.

Hildegarde's career has included nearly every branch of the entertainment business. She played piano accompaniments in the days of silent movies. Then she moved up a step to become an accompanist for the famous De Marcos and other outstanding artists. After that she was a member of an act called "Jerry and Her Three Baby Grands" for awhile. Her next job was as the only girl in a twelve-piece orchestra.

Then she tried song plugging, but it turned out that she was so good at singing the songs she was trying to plug that Gus Edwards gave her a job. Finishing a tour with Edwards, she decided to take a fling at the greener fields on the other side of the ocean and landed a job singing at Martin Poulsen's Cafe de Paris in London. The Londoners liked her—but very much. She made a tour of British music halls and played and sang before English nobility with great success.

Across the Channel, in Paris, Hildegarde met with a little hard luck, after finishing an engagement at the Club Casanova. It was an off season and clubs weren't doing so well, or hiring performers too steadily. Hildegarde was one of the ones they didn't run after—temporarily. Things looked dark for Hildegarde then.

It was King Gustave, oddly enough, who was instrumental in sending the lovely chanteuse from rock bottom to the heights she has now attained. He had heard her sing at her last night at the Club Casanova and requested a return engagement for her. When the manager of the club finally located her, Hildegarde was down to her last twenty-five cents. But that experience had taught her a lesson. She wouldn't return to the Club Casanova until she was offered three times what she had received for her first engagement there.

Hildegarde has never again been reduced to such straits. From that lone quarter, she rose steadily and smartly to earning an income of \$100,000 a year. She has certain tricks she uses—like her newest trick of playing the piano while wearing gloves—but it's honest effort and real talent that have won her fame, not tricks.

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	NBC: Robert St. John
	10:00	NBC: Lara 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
	9:20	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: Pappy Howard's Band
	9:45	10:45 NBC: To be announced
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:30	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: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Green Valley, U. S. A.
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ted Malone
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 NBC: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbro Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
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: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Big Town
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Adventures of the Falcon
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
4:45	6:45	7:45 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Mr. V. Kaitenborn
4:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Sammy Kaye, Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30 MBS: Take a Card
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Battle of the Sexes
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Beat the Band—Hildegarde
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: The Mayor of the Town
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Fitch Bandwagon
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Cresta Blanca Carnival
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Red Forum

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
9:00	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: Pappy Howard's Band
	9:45	10:45 NBC: To be announced
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:00	11:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lowe Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Edward MacHugh
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 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: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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.
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 NBC: Sea Hound
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: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00 Blue: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: House on "0" Street
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Astor, Rugles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum in' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wimer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Wings to Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Ned Calmer, News



BUT NOT MELANCHOLY...

Unlike Hamlet, Carl Brisson, although a Dane, is anything but gloomy and introspective. His long and checkered career has not been easy, but it has never got him down.

Born in the 1890's, Carl Brisson started out as a professional fighter. Sports writers in those days called him the prettiest man in the ring, but he overcame that handicap by winning the middleweight championship of Europe under the name of Carl Petersen. Having been complimented on his footwork, he took advantage of it by becoming a dancer. He and his sister toured every European capital as a team. This led to a theater engagement in Copenhagen and two years later Carl was not only producing "Brisson's Blue Blondes," but was billed as Denmark's new singing sensation. Incidentally, one of the "blue blondes" was Greta Garbo, whom Carl discovered lathering faces in her uncle's barber shop.

On a trip to England in search of talent, Carl agreed to play a week-end engagement at a variety theater. The result was that he stayed there to star in the London version of "The Merry Widow." He followed his success in this with "The Three Musketeers," "Dollar Princess" and "Wonder Bar." Although he was making motion pictures in London, he found Hollywood offers pretty tempting and succumbed. Over here, he worked in "Murder in the Vanities," "All the King's Horses" and "Ship's Cafe." When England went to war, he rushed back to London and was among the first stars to entertain the British soldiers. To do this he made seventeen trips to France and was at Dunkirk only two days before the evacuation.

On the 11th of April, 1940, when Copenhagen was taken by the Nazis, he returned to America, broke, having lost most of his holdings. This time, he found Hollywood not very anxious for his services. Disappointed in his former friends, Brisson flew east to appear in a Broadway musical. Unfortunately, after weeks of strenuous rehearsal, he had to give up the role.

Carl hit his all time low in spirits. Then a friend suggested he try night-club work. Brisson had never sung in a night club before, but his opening night at the Versailles was a smash hit. The people there, especially the ladies, purred as he sang the well-known songs he had introduced in his long career. The New York press jumped on the fact that the ladies liked him although he is a grandfather—his son, Captain Freddy Brisson is married to Rosalind Russell. They have a son.

All this would seem to make Carl a very old man, but he isn't. He isn't much older than some Hollywood leading men—and he looks younger than many of them.

Hollywood, by the way, wants him back again, but Carl hasn't forgotten the snub. Perhaps, it's Danish not to forget—which bodes ill for the Nazis.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
		9:45 NBC: Robert St. John
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: News
	9:15	10:15 NBC: The Open Door
9:00	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: Pappy Howard's Band
	9:45	10:45 NBC: To be announced
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:00	11:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Allie Lowe Miles
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Edward MacHugh
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez and Sutherland, News
12:30	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 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: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 Blue: My True Story
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Pepper Young's Family
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.
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 NBC: Sea Hound
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: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
	5:00	6:00 Blue: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: The Three Sisters
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
	6:45	7:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: I Love a Mystery
4:05	6:05	7:05 Blue: House on "0" Street
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Earl Godwin, News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Astor, Rugles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum in' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
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6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Harry Wimer, Sports
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Wings to Victory
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

Jane Webb, who is Joey's girl friend Minerva in CBS That Brewster Boy, wants to write as well as to act.



The cover girl

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	CBS: News of the World
	8:00	Blue: News
	8:00	NBC: News
	8:15	CBS: Music of Today
	8:15	NBC: Ralph Dumke
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	Blue: United Nations, News Review
	8:45	CBS: Women's Page of the Air
	8:45	NBC: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15 CBS: Red Cross Reporter
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Garden Gate
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Of Men and Books
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00 NBC: Nellie Revell
	9:30	10:30 CBS: U. S. Navy Band
	9:30	10:30 Blue: John Freedom—Drama
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Babe Ruth in Person
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Bob Becker's Pet Parade
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Xavier Cugat's Orch.
	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Fashion in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard Band
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00 Blue: Blue Playhouse
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Mirth and Madness
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Campana Serenade
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: That They Might Live
		1:30 Blue: Dance Music
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Chips Davis, Commando
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Baxters
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Highways to Health
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
		1:45 Blue: Singo
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: News
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: Roy Shield and Co.
11:05	1:05	2:05 CBS: I Sustain the Wings
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: People's War
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Football Game
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: George Hicks (from England)
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: News
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: The Marshalls
		4:00 Blue: Saturday Concert
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Matinee in Rhythm
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Minstrel Melodies
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: It's Maritime
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Doctors at War
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Three Suns Trio
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Mother and Dad
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Tommy Tucker Topics
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: News, W. W. Chaplin
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Message of Israel
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC: I Sustain the Wings
		6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Ella Fitzgerald
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Art of Living
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Leon Henderson
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Rupert Hughes
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Man Behind the Gun
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: What's New—Don Ameche
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: For This We Fight
8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Roy Porter
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Able's Irish Rose
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blue Ribbon Town
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Boston Symphony Orch.
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
6:15	8:15	9:15 Blue: Edward Tomlinson
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: John Gunther
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Million Dollar Band
		10:15 Blue: Army Service Forces Present
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Eileen Farrell
		10:45 Blue: Betty Rann
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News

THE honey with the light-brown hair and deep-brown eyes on our cover this month is Jane Webb, from Chicago. You hear Janie on the air as Dorothy Keeler in Bachelor's Children, daily on CBS and as Minerva in That Brewster Boy heard Friday nights at 9:30 P.M. EWT, CBS.

Jane is just 18 years old, has a soft, round face, a figure of pin-up proportions, and a boundless energy. She is a descendant of James Webb, who used to accompany George Washington on his surveying trips.

Jane got her start as a professional entertainer ten years ago, when she sang a Swedish song and was mistress of ceremonies in a Chicago Century of Progress show. Three years later she landed her first radio role and has been picking them up regularly since.

At Central YMCA High School in Chicago, from which she was graduated recently, Jane piled up just about every scholastic honor in sight. She was president of the student council and headed other student organizations.

Publicity men are always referring to Jane as the "typical American girl." But then, publicity men are very tired and harassed and that's about the most original thing they can think up to say about a girl who likes to swim, dance, bowl and behave in a thoroughly normal way. If Jane is typical of American girls in looks, American young men are very lucky, indeed.

Jane thinks all sports are wonderful and, if she had more time, would indulge in lots more of them. She also likes to read and her tastes run through

everything from comics to philosophy. She has writing ambitions, too, and has already turned out some creditable poetry, music and short stories. Her hopes are pinned, however, on a novel she is working on right now. Jane was also bitten by the flying bug—and until the war put a ban on civilian flying, she was studying for a license.

Naturally, Jane has her hobbies, too. She collects spools, of all things, and miniature horses. Her live pet is a canary with a vicious temper.

Jane came to New York to have this month's cover picture taken. While she was here, she just had to see all the famous spots in town. She went to the Stork Club, Sardi's—where she turned the tables by asking a waiter for his autograph—and all the other places of which she had heard.

After seeing the sights, Janie, bless her, did not say, "New York is a wonderful place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live here." She loved New York. She also loves Chicago. In fact, Jane is the kind of vital, healthy girl who is so interested in everything and everyone that she is bound to have fun wherever she happens to be. Which is probably just as well, because Jane will be going lots of places.

She likes her radio work, but she has her lovely brown eyes cast in the direction of stage and movie roles. She has a quick sense of humor, likes tall men—blonde or brunette—who can dance, preferably the rumba, and have lots of pep and intelligence. She wants to come to New York again and we'll be glad to see her back.

This Is My Secret

Continued from page 23

The twinkle in his eyes still belied the seriousness of his voice. "I suppose when it rains it's too wet to go shopping and when the sun shines you don't need rubbers anyway."

"I—" Then I saw that his banter was only camouflage for hailing a taxi. I would have objected, but the hand he placed upon my elbow exerted an authoritative pressure, and his voice was a strict, branch-manager's voice again. "We can't have the office force down with pneumonia, Miss Harvey. Will you give me your address for the driver?"

I repeated it mechanically, a little dazed at the deftness with which he'd managed things. He settled back and looked at me, raising a quizzical eyebrow. "Now tell me," he said reflectively, "would you have consented to ride at all if I hadn't appealed to your sense of duty?"

"Well—" I debated, and his laughter cut me short, a warm, rich laugh in which I had to join. I saw that I'd been foolishly leaning over backward in a self-conscious attempt to keep my distance. Joel Shelton had found me wet and bedraggled in the rain; he was seeing me home in a cab. There was no more to it than that.

PERHAPS there wouldn't have been any more to it, in the long run, if he hadn't stopped the taxi at the shopping center near my apartment. He'd be just a minute he said, and got out. When he came back, there was a large brown paper sack in his arms. He didn't explain his errand, but asked instead, "Miss Harvey, at that school you go to, do they teach you that it's wrong to have dinner with a fellow-worker?"

I flushed. "How did you know I go to school?"

"You're beginning to look it," he said bluntly. "Which is one reason I want to take you some night to a favorite restaurant of mine. I think it would do you good. The other reason is that I've known for a long time that I'd very much like your company. Will you go?"

"Oh—no!" Surprise at the invitation made me sound explosive. I added more kindly. "I'm sorry, but—I just couldn't." I was glad that the cab was stopping at my door.

He escorted me to the steps in silence, and I had the inexplicable feeling that I'd hurt him. It was ridiculous—I knew that he was extremely popular with everyone; in spite of the way he'd worded it, the invitation couldn't have been more than casual.

But when he took my key to open the door, I saw that he was smiling faintly. "You know," he said, "about that dinner—I had a hunch you'd refuse. I'm sorry if I seemed to—well, to gang up on you. This—" and he thrust the paper bag at me, "is just in case you forget to get yourself some hot soup."

He touched his hat and was gone before I could protest or thank him.

Spread out on the plain drop-leaf table in my room, the contents of that paper bag made quite the richest sight the cell-like place had seen in the time of my occupancy. There was more than



You were coming home, dear

Your first leave! And I wondered, dear, if you'd still find me charming.

You used to love my hands. And—now—well everyone says that war work like mine takes the beautifying moisture from hand-skin.

I'd have hated, dear, to meet you with rough hands. I'm glad I didn't have to. One of the girls I work with told me about Jergens Lotion and I used Jergens faithfully, thinking of you. I saw my hands get softer and smoother.

I'm so happy—and grateful to Jergens. You still do love my hands.



Charming young wives of men in the Service use Jergens Lotion, nearly 3 to 1. Like professional hand care! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help coarsened skin become nice and soft again. So easy to use; no sticky feeling. Always use Jergens Lotion.

Send Hitler this Christmas message; "I'm buying more War Bonds."

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

soup—half-a-chicken still hot from the steam table, French fried potatoes, crisp, cold salad, and a fat chocolate pastry. I didn't eat the food immediately. I sat looking at it, sniffing the savory fragrance that was as rich and as warm as—as the laughter of the man who'd brought it, and I slowly turned a new thought over in my mind.

I knew that I'd accomplished my first purpose in leaving Middleton—I'd put the thought of Dave where it had to be—behind me. The sharp, physical ache that had been in my heart had softened; there were whole days when I didn't think of him at all, when it was as if a part of me had been quietly, painlessly buried with him.

I'd won the hardest part of my battle, but at the cost of a black, sackcloth-and-ashes existence. I'd built for myself a queer, one-sided character that everyone noticed. And I must be really beginning to look stuffy and bookish—the remark had hit home, although Joel couldn't know why. Dave had never had time for bookish girls.

IT HADN'T been in my plans to encourage friendships, and certainly not among men. And yet—why not? Joel Shelton was certainly no menace to the place in my heart that was reserved always for the man who'd been my husband. Joel was in his thirties, a staid age, it seemed, after the bright, careless youth of Dave. He was a solid, responsible person, settled in his own pleasant way of life, heavily burdened with a job so important that the Army had refused to accept him for active service. He was no raw youngster who would spoil a good time by trying to make love to me, no whip-slender youth who might remind me, in the way he talked and in his attitude toward me and toward everything, of Dave. I made up my mind that if he asked me out again, I would accept.

A few evenings later, when Joel and I entered the restaurant he'd mentioned, I was very glad he'd asked me a second time. Every detail—the white napery, the flowers, and the soft lights and the music—was a revelation to me after the monkish existence I'd been

leading. The food was exquisite and beautifully served, cold things bedded on crushed ice, hot things under silver covers. Joel's delighted laugh told me that my face had taken on some of the glow of my surroundings.

"I thought you were more than a note-taking automaton," he chuckled. "For a while you had me thinking that you were a dyed-in-the-wool career girl."

"Never!" I protested involuntarily, and he sobered suddenly with genuine interest.

"What then, Marianne? Why all the extra work at the office, and the business courses and the heavy books you lug around? I'll tell you as much as you can stand to hear about myself, and I want to know all about you."

The baked lobster was suddenly sawdust in my mouth. "There's nothing to tell," I said stiffly. "I lived twenty years in Middleton, and I got tired of it and came here. That's all there is about me, except for my family, of course."

I stopped, and he encouraged, "Well, tell me about your family—"

I couldn't—not just then, and to a comparative stranger—tell the story of Davy, of course, so I said, finally, "There's just my mother and Davy, a little boy she's raising. He—lost his parents—"

JOEL dismissed Davy with a sympathetic but brief nod. "You know that isn't what I meant. Certainly there must be a man—"

I kept my eyes on my plate. "No man at all," I said very low. I must have had a coy sound, like a girl blushing admitting that she'd never been kissed—but I wasn't ready to talk about Dave, nor about any part of the past year. I had been contented, even stimulated, there with Joel's company and the music and the beautiful surroundings. The thought of Dave was truly a ghost at a banquet.

Joel looked at me long and intently, and then he seemed satisfied. "I'm glad of that," he said, and dropped the subject.

I didn't go to my eight o'clock class

that night. We danced after dinner, and we talked, and I discovered how companionable a man could be. When I thought it over afterward, I realized that Dave and I had never talked at any length, for all the years we'd known each other. There had always been something to do—a dance to go to, cars to drive, planes. . . . But Joel—Joel had read and liked the books I knew; the music I loved and the things I thought about were a part of his life, too.

It was after midnight when he took me home. "Tomorrow," he said as we went up the steps, "we'll go to the south side to a chicken place—" He turned and laid his finger on my lips, forestalling any protest. "You see, Marianne," he explained quickly, "some time soon I have to leave town on business. I don't know how long I'll be gone—maybe a few days, maybe a month. Until then I want to see as much of you as I can. It isn't too much to ask, is it, after I waited so long for the first time?"

He stumbled a bit over the last words, and then turned and hurried back to the waiting cab. I stared after him, realizing what I should have known from the first—that Joel Shelton wasn't at all the staid, settled person I'd thought him.

Nevertheless, I would see him the next night. I knew that. The evening I'd just spent with him had been—well, it had been like wine poured into an empty glass.

It doesn't sound like enough to change one's life—the dinners we shared in the next weeks, the drives along the lake shore on Sunday, the movies we saw together. My life had changed outwardly, of course—I had missed a great deal of school; I bought myself a new dress and a hat without feeling extravagant; instead of waiting for a bus after work, I stepped into Joel's car.

UNTIL Joel left town I didn't realize that I was changed completely inwardly, too. I didn't realize that there was no longer any ache at all for Dave, that Joel and his companionship had begun to fill my life. And until he left, I wouldn't have believed that I could miss anyone so much. Dave had been away from me for months at a time, and I had been reasonably content in waiting for his return, in dreaming about him. I didn't weave long, romantic fancies about Joel, but I wanted him back in town, with me, with an impatient, imperative kind of wanting. I tried, scoffingly, to tell myself that it was the things he'd brought that I missed—the comforts, the theater tickets, the dinners I couldn't have afforded for myself. It wasn't true. I wanted him back for the sound of his laughter, for the contentment his presence brought. Those were tangibles; they were the things the heart responded to.

My loneliness was sharpened by the fact that I had no word at all from him. I was disappointed at first, then anxious, and then shaken, thinking that I had misunderstood his feeling for me. I tried to think that perhaps he was the sort of man who simply didn't like to write letters, but it wasn't convincing. It wasn't like him, who was the most thoughtful person I'd ever known, not to get in touch with me in some way.

The second Sunday he was gone I was sure I'd never see him again outside the office, and I was wretched. The suffering I'd known from the loss of



Eddie Cantor, whose show is heard over NBC Wednesdays at 9 PM., EWT, cheerfully signs his autograph for eager fans.

Dave seemed a hysteria, dangerous hysteria, in comparison to the flat, empty misery that was left with Joel gone. I couldn't read; I couldn't catch up on my neglected schoolwork. I took a long, tiring walk in the afternoon, and in the evening I sat listlessly turning stations on my tiny radio.

When the doorbell rang, I punched the buzzer viciously, annoyed at the intrusion. No one in town knew me well enough to come calling; sure that the ring had been a mistake, I stepped into the hall to redirect the visitor to the person he sought. And I saw, instead, Joel's broad shoulders, the warm pleasure in his eyes.

He stepped into the dingy hall, hesitantly, but eagerly, too. His voice grated with weariness. "Marianne, honey—"

My heart rocketed at the term of endearment on the lips that had always been impersonal in addressing me.

"Forgive me for breaking in," he said humbly, "but I drove back to town, and I just had to stop by."

Forgive him! I opened my arms, and he came into them. There was no place any more, no time—only Joel, who had come home to me, and I, who had found that he was all I wanted.

"You didn't write—" I accused at last. when I could talk.

"I wanted to," he whispered huskily, "but I wanted you to have time to think—if you thought about me at all—before I asked you to marry me. I didn't want to feel that I'd rushed you—"

"And now you know—" He would have kissed me again, but I stopped him, laughing shakily. "We don't have to stand out here. Come inside." I led him to my room, trying to calm myself to the point where I could begin to taste the real happiness underneath my excitement.

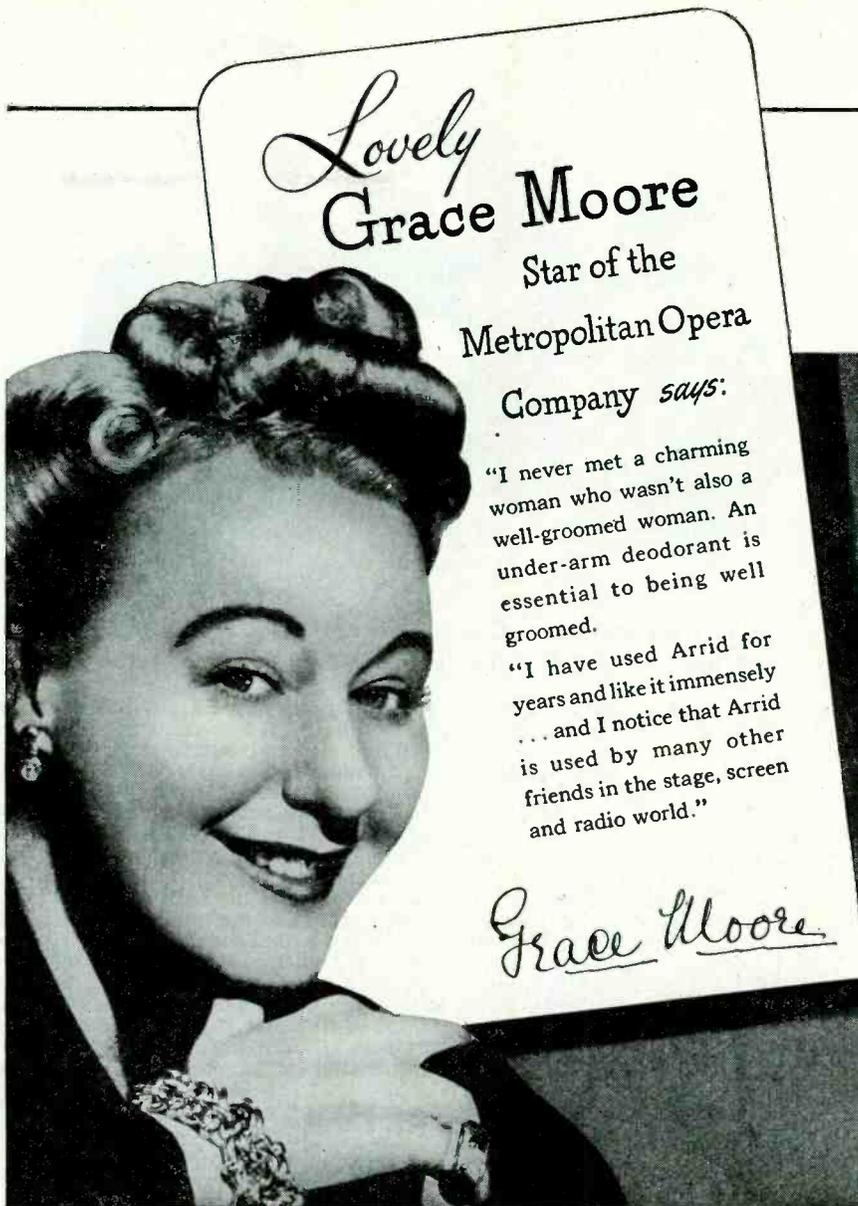
JOEL, too, made an attempt at self-possession. "Get your hat," he suggested. "I came intending to ask you out for a sandwich—" he stopped, seeing the picture beside the radio. "That's your mother and the boy?"

A cold hand reached out, chilling me, ready to snatch away the wonderful thing that had happened. I remembered the lies I'd told Joel at a time when it hadn't seemed important whether I lied to him or not. "Yes," I said. "That's—Davy."

"Fine looking baby," said Joel. "Who did you say he was?"

I sealed my own fate in the split-second before I answered him. I could tell Joel the truth about Davy now—and risk losing him because I wasn't what he thought, and because I'd lied when I'd had the first chance to tell the truth. Oh, of course I must tell Joel—tell him all about Dave and little Davy, the whole story. But something told me that it would be best to wait. After all, Joel didn't know me too well now, in spite of all the time we had spent together. After this—now that he had spoken, now that we were going to be married—we would really get to know each other, to build up a firm foundation of love and trust. And then—then, when he knew that he could trust me, when he knew me well enough to know that the story I would tell him would be the truth, that the very brief bit of life that Dave and I had shared together had been something beautiful,

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Grace Moore

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Alice Frost and Joseph Curtin, NBC's Mr. and Mrs. North, get acquainted with feline and canine Pams and Jerrys.

little bungalow was pure heaven; after the year I'd been through it was a miracle. I loved every minute, every second of those precious four days we had together before Joel went away.

But when Joel went away, I knew that one thing was needed for perfection—I wanted my baby. I had time to miss him, now that I wasn't working, now that the house was lonely without Joel. The empty, sunny back bedroom fairly begged to be converted into a nursery. As soon as Joel came back, I promised myself, I would tell him about Davy—tell him, and relieve my mind forever of the nagging deceit, assure myself of having my baby beside me, where he belonged, forever. Joel would understand—I knew that, now. He would understand, as long as I told him. I must tell him myself, and as soon as possible, before there was any possibility of his finding out some other way.

Thinking of that, looking forward to telling Joel, made the days fly by. And then, shortly before Thanksgiving, he came home.

It was like opening the door to heaven, seeing him standing there.

"Did you miss me?" he asked, and he opened his arms to me.

"Of course not," I tried to say gaily, and then I was in his arms, crying, "Oh, darling—did I miss you! I missed you so much more than I can ever tell you!"

He came in then, putting down his bags, shedding his overcoat and hat and gloves on the hall chair. He held me at arm's length for a moment and then he caught me to him once more.

HONEY, I think I put it over this trip. And if I did, it'll mean a hefty raise. We can add a sunporch to the plans for the house."

"Oh, Joel!" I dreamed about a sunporch for Davy. It would be wonderful for him on days that were too raw for him to be outside. Now I could tell my dreams to Joel—now, today, as soon as we were settled down in the living-room, before the fire.

"Joel, there's something I want to tell you—"

The ring of the phone cut me short. I went to answer, and heard Mother's voice coming thinly over the wire from Middleton. I could hardly hear her—first because she sounded queer and excited, and then, when I caught Davy's name, for the flutter of panic that rose inside me. "Louder, Mother!" I begged.

"I said," she repeated, clearly now, "that you'd better come down here for a few days if you can. The baby fell—"

I must have cried out, for Joel came hurrying into the hall. I'm not sure just what I did—guilt for having left Davy at all, guilt over having kept him from me for the sake of my own happiness overwhelmed me. My brain burned with one torturing thought: my own child was suffering for what I'd done.

"Marianne!" cried Joel. "What's happened—"

I wasn't responsible for what I did just then. "My baby, Joel!" I was crying—I felt the tears fall on hands that still held the phone. "It's Davy, my baby—he's hurt—"

And now Joel knows Marianne's secret—knows it through accident, instead of her telling him, as she planned. Will he believe that she intended to tell him, or will he feel that she meant to keep her secret from him forever? Will Marianne once again lose her chance for happiness? Read the exciting third installment of "This Is My Secret" in February Radio Mirror.

and not something cheap—then I could tell Joel, and know that he would understand.

I remembered how I had promised myself not to tamper with Fate, not to cheat myself again. If I told Joel the truth now I might cheat myself of a lifetime of happiness with him, because he wasn't yet ready to hear the story. No—no, I'd wait a little while. Oh, I'd tell Joel about Dave before we were married, of course . . . but not now. I had taken a desperate chance once with my future; I had tampered with Fate by daring to stay with Dave that night in Stanford. As a result, I was a widow without ever having been a wife, and my baby had no father.

"My cousin's little boy," I managed to say it naturally. "His parents were killed—"

JOEL shook his head. "Don't talk about it now, honey. We'll talk about things like that later. Perhaps he can come to live with us, and your mother, too—"

My mother quenched a little of the high fire of my joy. I called her the next day by long distance, and she was bitterly disapproving—not of my marrying Joel, but of my not telling him about Dave and my baby at once. "You're asking me to be a party to a grave deceit," she said. "It's wrong, Marianne, and foolish. All Middleton thinks—you were David's wife. Joel will have to know sometime—"

"Of course, Mother!" I cried. "And I intend to tell him, soon. Mother, don't you understand that it's now I'm thinking of? Joel and I are happy together, and I want us to stay that way."

"That's why you should tell him—"

But in the end she gave in, in a measure. She agreed to back up my story. It was hard, but it was for the best, I told myself. And in spite of that shadow, I was terribly happy during the next few weeks. Just as I had prophesied to myself, Joel and I came to know each other better, to share a world of happiness that seemed made just for us. We planned to be married in a few months—and a few months, then, seemed a long time away.

And then it came—as if fate, in revenge, were tampering with my life. Early one Saturday morning Joel called me, sounding harassed, hurried.

"Honey—honey, I know this is awfully sudden, but listen to me—hear me out before you answer, will you? I've just found out that I've got to leave on one of those long drawn out plant tours again a week from today. And—Marianne, I don't want to go away for a long time again without making you my wife, first. I want to carry with me the memory of my wife, the Marianne who belongs to me, not a girl I'm going to marry sometime in the future. Would you mind terribly? I can get everything arranged so we can be married Monday morning, and have nearly a week together before we leave. Will you do it? I've got to know now, so I can make arrangements—I'll have to spend the rest of today and all tomorrow out at the Cicero plant, and—oh, Marianne—how about it?"

How about it? What could I say but yes? How could I want to say anything else?

But there was still my secret, and now it would have to be a secret yet awhile. You can't tell a man, on the day of his marriage, that you have a child, nor can you tell a man on his wedding night that you have lain in another man's arms. My secret would have to be a secret still—a secret until Joel returned from his trip, until marriage supplied that shield of faith I had expected time to give me.

WE were married on Monday in a little church near the Drive. It was a quiet ceremony, with a few friends of Joel's, and two of the girls I knew best from the office, as witnesses. As the once-heard words were repeated, I thought of that other wedding, a little more than a year ago—but in passing, as of something that had happened long ago in a far-off place. There was a difference I couldn't explain—but strangely, with Dave, in Stanford, the ceremony had seemed all-important; it had sanctified our union. Now with Joel, in this open, public ceremony, the rite was secondary. It was Joel who mattered, and having our friends around us.

We moved into a rented house which was to be our home until spring. Joel called it the honeymoon house, a little apologetically. He had wanted so badly to take a trip, to give me a real honeymoon. But I didn't care. With Joel that

What Is Your Share?

Continued from page 33

our allies and the liberated people! If we could stop the food waste that takes place in eating places alone it would save 52 million meals a year!

I never thought I could spout so many figures. And I'm sorry. It's all Henry's fault.

Sometimes, though, figures are arrows pointing at roads of truth we might miss without 'em. The truth is that Americans just have to be cautious and smart and sensible about food. Some of us were beginning to get into the habit of taking food for granted.

BUT it's really nothing new to Americans to be smart about food. Why anyone who's lived on a farm remembers when the "cave" (some folks called it an outside cellar) was full of apples, potatoes, cabbage, and all the canned things—you went out and dug yourself a big hole and put in straw or burlap or grass and then piled in potatoes, turnips, carrots, and apples, covered 'em with straw and dirt and left 'em there for the winter. And then, when you began to need the food which you'd returned to the earth, you went out with the whole family, in a kind of gay ceremony, to "open up a hill."

Yes, preserving is in the American tradition. We've just got to do more of it.

Another way of being smart about food is to balance our diets so we use the plentiful food and won't miss the scarce ones. For instance, Sally Parsons wrote me from the East that when canned tomatoes were scarce and

points were high she used oranges and fruit juices instead. The important thing is, her family got Vitamin C.

Finally, to do our part about this weapon of food, we have to do our part in our community. We can get together with our friends, for instance, the way Sally wrote she did. She dug up her mother's old fireless cooker from the cellar and now about seven families in her neighborhood use it for canning.

You've probably heard of the nutrition committees, the "clean your plate" clubs, the community canning groups, like Sally's. Well, do something about them, friends, and you'll be prouder of yourself when you look back at this war years later.

You've read, in the newspapers, about the home-front pledge: "I pay no more than top legal prices . . . I accept no rationed goods without giving up ration stamps." Let's make that pledge—and keep it.

These are really simple ways to wield our weapon, the weapon of food. You can produce (like Ellen Foster) and conserve (starve that garbage pail!) and preserve (like Sally Parsons). You must be happy to share food with our friends and allies (if you don't we can't win the war because a hungry man can't fight especially when he knows his folks are hungry too). You must eat the right foods (the newspapers have good articles on balanced diets) and you must use plentiful foods in place of the scarce ones (Sally knows about that).

Then, you help keep food costs down by making and keeping the pledge (and the farmer and worker mustn't ask for unfairly high prices or wages). And you can take part in the community programs to accomplish all these things.

But most important, all of us must be prepared to put up with the everyday changes and inconveniences. Ships can be sunk, weather and insects can affect our crops so that there may be sudden shortages of our favorite foods. Well, if things like that happen you and I must be ready to adjust ourselves and to help when our neighbors need us. We've just got to think first of all about winning the war. That's the only way we can make food fight!

I'VE thought a lot about this lately and that's why I let myself get so serious about it all in the words I've just written. I guess you know how I love Rushville Center and the county it's in, the state it's in—and the country it's in. And I know that all of them depend for a happy life on the weapons like food which you and I are forging now.

Yes, food is going to win—or lose—the war. That's a terrifying thought. Because if you and I do the wrong thing about food *we'll never really have food again*. Because if they win this war our enemies will never let us have enough food.

Their plans for eating don't include sharing with us.

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VICTORIOUS CHRISTMAS
NEXT YEAR!

Call for
PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.

"Intention to Marry—"

Continued from page 39

Maybe she didn't think fast enough to make up a number. Or maybe she was more interested in Jerry with his flashing eyes and dark curly hair and reckless grin than she realized.

The next evening he was sitting on the front porch of the Scheninger house in Flatbush. "How's about going to the movies?" he asked. In his pocket lay two one-dollar bills, two dimes and one nickel. He hoped to make a few more dollars in the morning singing on an early bird program.

"Let's go for a walk instead," she suggested. "And, Jerry, why don't you admit you're broke? It's no disgrace. . . ."

"It's only temporary," he explained quickly. "I just came on from Hollywood to try my luck on the radio. And, Kathy, don't you worry about my getting ahead. . . . I'm going to be rich and famous. You'll see. . . ."

She didn't answer. "Hey," he said, "that was almost a proposal!"

THEY walked to Ocean Parkway and found a bench under a tree shadowed from the golden glow of a street lamp. There he told her the story of his life. . . . how he had been born in Buffalo, been ambitious for the stage, attracted the attention of a movie scout and been signed up by the Twentieth Century-Fox studios where he rapidly had gotten nowhere.

"I prefer 'radio anyway," he added, "and I'm not going to continue playing in serials. I'm going to sing. . . ."

"Sing for me now," she said. "Sing me a love song. . . ."

Her hand moved strangely close to his as he sang "Moon Love." And she relaxed against his protective arm.

She was in his arms. "Do you know I'm going to marry you?" he asked. He stroked her upturned face. "Say you love me," he beseeched her. She said it, but so very low that he could scarcely hear her.

Abruptly she jumped up. "Take me home, Jerry. . . . We're strangers and we make reckless promises. . . ."

For three weeks he didn't see her. During those weeks his telephone tolls were an item in his lean budget. Sometimes when he didn't have another nickel and the operator said his time was up he would give her his number and she would call back. It always seemed an eternity to him, waiting in the booth, before the bell rang and he heard her soft voice again.

Then she asked him to come to see her. Their separation, she admitted in his arms, had served its purpose. It had proved they were fools not to be together every minute possible.

Every evening after that they sat on her porch. When the family went to bed she raided the ice-box for him. She made him double-decker sandwiches of the family roast. She scrambled eggs and fried bacon for him. And, discouraging his preference for coffee with a kiss, poured him tall glasses of milk which were better for him.

Her parents were disapproving. "He obviously hasn't a cent," they protested. "He takes you nowhere and

eats us out of house and home. . . ."

Jerry didn't blame Kathy's parents. "They don't know I'm going to be somebody and take wonderful care of you. . . ." he said.

When he no longer had to depend upon the Scheningers for his dinners, when he could take Kathy to the movies and buy her a coffee ice cream soda afterward, invite her for chicken chow mein occasionally and was on the radio fairly regularly, he wanted to announce their engagement.

"You'll have to speak to my father," Kathy told him.

He protested that was too old-fashioned but Kathy sent him into the living-room to beard her father while she ran for the kitchen and nervously paced the floor. One minute she tried to hear what was being said and the next minute she held her small hands against her ears so she wouldn't hear as much as a syllable. There was, actually, very little to hear.

"What do you do for a living?" Mr. Scheninger asked.

"I sing," Jerry explained. For the first time in his life he wondered if singing was as wonderful as he believed it to be.

"I'm afraid I didn't understand you," Mr. Scheninger said, unbelieving.

Jerry cleared his throat with difficulty. "I sing. . . ." he repeated.

"That's all. Good-day!" It was evident by the finality with which Mr. Scheninger raised his paper before him that there was nothing more to be said on either side.

Another year passed. Once again pastel spring deepened into summer. Once again the splendor of autumn paled to the frigid white of winter. Jerry, with only two thoughts in the world—singing and Kathy—found moderate success.

"Let's get married," he implored her. "Ask my father!" She laughed softly.

He shook his head. "What for?" It would be useless, and Kathy had to admit it. So they made their plans. . . . and in the excitement of making plans for their elopement they became confused. Consequently Kathy waited in a Times Square drugstore while Jerry waited in the drugstore in his hotel.

He was convinced, when she didn't appear, that she had decided she wanted more security and peace than a half-successful and utterly impractical singer ever would provide. He had always been afraid of that. She was convinced, when he didn't appear, that he wanted more excitement and gaiety than a quiet girl like herself ever would offer. She had always been afraid of that.

He didn't call her and she didn't call him. And they were miserable. Then, in the spring, a beacon of hope in Jerry's heart which would not die drove him to a telephone.

They began exactly where they had left off—in the drugstore where unhappy months before Kathy had waited. Only this time Jerry was there when she arrived. And Jackson Wheeler, a CBS announcer, was outside in his parked car waiting to drive them to New Jersey.

They discovered they must file an intention to marry one week in advance and have a citizen of the town witness this preliminary. Jerry dashed up and down the main street searching for someone to oblige them. The first person was a spare woman of about fifty-five. "Would you like to help me get married?" he asked. It may be he thought her years of frustration would make her eager for vicarious romance. But his phrasing was unfortunate. She promptly called a policeman. This didn't daunt, Jerry who had met policemen before.

"Do you know anyone who would witness my intention to marry?" he asked. The officer grinned. The spare woman clucked and walked on.

"Elsie Schultz who works across the street in the V and X would be glad to oblige you, I'm sure," the officer said. "Come on—she's at the soda fountain."

The V and X manager let Elsie off for half an hour and Jerry and Kathy's intention became a matter of record. . . .

A WEEK later to the day they met again in that Times Square drugstore. Again Jackson Wheeler waited outside at the wheel of a car. They had no way of knowing the town in which they had elected to marry rounded up petty thieves for trial about twice a year and this was one of the days for it. The courtroom was crowded and the prisoners furnished an obligato of loud and expressive ejaculations the entire time Kathy and Jerry stood before the judge.

"This is no way to be married," Kathy wept.

"Maybe not," Jerry agreed, "but we're married so I can't worry too much about anything. . . ."

They went to the V and X where Elsie served them coffee sodas. "We'll have champagne later on," Jerry promised. "When I'm a top flight radio star and we live in that pretty suburb that overlooks the World's Fair—"

For two months they kept their secret. Then, when Jerry signed a contract which meant security, they told her family they wanted to get married. "We'll go off quietly. . . ." they said.

Her parents wouldn't hear of that. "We'll give you a big wedding," they insisted.

At last Kathy and Jerry, frightened they would be forced into another ceremony and arrested for mockery of the law; took her brother, Ed, into their confidence.

"It's their wedding, after all. . . ." he prevailed upon his disappointed parents. And during the time they were supposedly being married Kathy and Jerry hid, like culprits, in the dark vastness of the Paramount Theater.

They found the apartment overlooking the old World's Fair which Jerry had promised Kathy on their wedding day. They live there now. But they're not alone. Jeffrey is with them. He has Jerry's black curly hair and Kathy's green eyes. And if you don't think that's a perfectly beautiful combination we refer you to Kathy or Jerry.

For a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, and a Swift Victory—
Buy War Bonds!

Christmas Traditions Old and New

Continued from page 44

Cream shortening, add molasses and sugar and mix well. Add beaten eggs. Sift together flour and seasonings, and add to creamed mixture, alternately with pineapple juice, a little at a time. Combine fruits and nuts and stir into mixture. Spread mixture thin in greased pan (6 x 10) and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 35 minutes. Cool somewhat and cut into oblong bars.

Raisin Peanut Clusters

- ½ cup molasses ½ cup corn syrup
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 3 tbs. butter or margarine
- 2 cups shelled peanuts
- 1 cup raisins

Combine molasses, syrup and vinegar and cook together to 260 degrees on a candy thermometer, or until a drop of the mixture will form a hard ball when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat and stir in butter. Stir in raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased pan. Candy may harden before you have finished working with it. If it does, put it back onto stove and stir over very low heat until it softens.

Molasses Coconut Chews

- ½ cup molasses ½ cup corn syrup
- 1 tbs. vinegar
- 2 tbs. butter or margarine
- 2 cups shredded coconut

Combine molasses, corn syrup, butter and vinegar. Place on low flame and stir until mixture boils. Continue boiling until thermometer registers 240 degrees F., or until mixture becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Remove from fire, stir in coconut. Drop onto greased pan and allow to harden

Peanut Crunch

- 1 cup sugar 1 cup molasses
- 2 tbs. butter or margarine
- ½ tsp. soda
- 3 cups chopped peanuts

Cook molasses, sugar and butter until it reaches 260 degrees on candy thermometer, or will form a hard ball in cold water. Remove from heat, add soda and stir mixture until it stops bubbling. Add peanuts and pour into shallow pan. Allow to cool slightly, then cut into squares.



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Name

Street

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State

A Kiss for Remembrance

Continued from page 31

for Don or for me. I used to find my mind wandering from my work and realize that I'd been daydreaming about Don, about his low, vibrant voice, about the way his eyes crinkled up when he laughed, about silly, small things. I wasn't a complete idiot. I had a pretty good idea of what this meant.

I fought against it. I tried to deny it. I tried to run away from it—and from Don. I buried myself in my work and asked for some extra classes, so I could get a higher rating. And I was happy to be able to find excuses for not seeing Don.

ON a warm, sunny afternoon, however, as I was walking along the road to the Post Exchange, someone caught my arm and fell into step beside me. It was Don, of course.

"You've been dodging me," he said quietly. "I want to know why."

"I've been busy," I said gayly. "It's good to see you. What have you been doing?"

"I've been busy, too," he said. "I—I think we're going overseas soon. But that's got nothing to do with us—"

I stopped walking, suddenly, without thinking. I knew he was going to say it—and I was terrified.

"Virginia," Don said, "why are you afraid?"

I pulled myself together quickly. "I'm not afraid of anything. I just haven't had time for a social life."

"Please," Don begged quietly. "You know that's not what I mean. We had something—we two—the beginnings of something very fine, something real. I—I felt it very deeply and I was sure you did, too—and now—you're running away. Virginia—why?"

He was right. But he didn't know about Gil and my old fear. He didn't know about my background, my childhood, my lack of education, my poverty. He couldn't know that even his

loving me frightened me—and how much. He couldn't realize that the prospect of his going overseas only added to my fears.

"You're wrong, Don," I said as quietly as I could. "I'm not running away from anything. You—you made a mistake, that's all." I tried to walk away.

He caught my arm and pulled me around so that he could look deep into my eyes. He was frowning a little and he studied my face a long time before he spoke.

"Kathy said something was bothering you," he said. "You've been hurt—someone—some man has hurt you deeply—"

I couldn't bear it. I almost hated him at that moment. "No," I said sharply. "I didn't want him dragging at this and I was afraid of the understanding in his eyes. I didn't want him to know. "No," I said angrily. "I told you—you were wrong about the way I felt."

"I don't think so," Don said. He let go of my arm. "But I can see you're not ready to talk about it. That's all right. One day you'll grow up and see that what's past is past and has nothing to do with you and me. You'll have to grow up—or—but you're not the kind of person who can be destroyed by life so easily. It's all right, Virginia. I can wait. There's only this—we're being shipped out tomorrow morning—"

SUDDENLY, I was in his arms and his lips were hard against mine. For a second, too surprised to be afraid, I found myself responding to him. My arms almost moved up to hold him close. My head was reeling and there was a drumming in my ears as though a million birds were beating at me with their wings. In spite of the warm sunlight, the world went black and dark around me for a moment.

"Hey!" someone whistled. "You'll get gipped, soldier, kissing like that!"

I felt Don's arms relax. I took a deep breath.

"You—you shouldn't," I mumbled. "That wasn't fair." I opened my eyes.

He stepped away from me. "That's to remember me by—" he said. "Good-by—we'll be meeting again—somewhere—" He turned away without another word and walked off.

My first impulse was to run after him, to stop him. But then I grew conscious of that soldier watching me, a wide grin on his tanned face, and I had to escape from there as quickly as I could.

At first I hoped that Don might write to me, that I might have another chance to straighten things out between us. This was only a vague sort of idea, because I really didn't know what I could say to him, what I could do. But Don didn't write to me and for more than a month I knew nothing about him.

In that month, Congress passed a Bill making the WAC a regular part of the Army of the United States and all of us were given the choice of signing up as members of the new Women's Army Corps, or resigning.

The day before my turn came to be interviewed about my choice, I was strongly tempted to leave. My mind was a muddle of misery and confusion and indecision. I had wanted to make myself safe. I had tried to build myself a woman's life in a woman's world, but all I had succeeded in doing was getting myself in a worse mess than ever. And I couldn't seem to find a solution for any of it.

It was the officer who interviewed me who changed my mind, really. Perhaps it was because I had been feeling so depressed and such a stupid fool for so long that the things he said sounded far more laudatory and made me feel better than they should have made me feel, if I had thought about them honestly. At any rate, after Don's telling me I had to grow up, it was good to hear Major Brewster talk of my fine record and the excellent work I had done and how the Army needed more women like me.

AS I listened to the major talk, I thought that here, at least, was something I hadn't made a mess of, something at which I had not failed. And I began to wonder, whether, after all, I had not made the wisest choice of all my life in the very beginning when I enlisted.

As I left the office, having made up my mind to remain in the Army, I ran into Kathy. I had not seen her for a long time and for a minute, her strong resemblance to Don sent a shudder through my heart.

"Hi, there," Kathy said. "You in or out?"

"Oh, I'm in," I said, trying to match her mood of gayety. "Major Brewster thinks I'm much too fine a soldier to leave." We smiled at each other a little awkwardly. "How's your brother?" I asked. "Have you heard from him?"

"He's fine," Kathy said. "It's no military secret any more. He's over in England. He sent you his—regards—"

"I'm glad he's all right," I said. "Say hello for me when you write him, will you?" I moved on past her.

Those few minutes were bad. We were both so terribly aware of not saying the things we wanted to say.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS, OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF RADIO MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Doris McFerran, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Meco Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Meco Corporation owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Joseph Miles Dooher, 1659 Russ Building, San Francisco, California; Meyer Dworkin, 95-18 Remington Street, Jamaica, Long Island, New York; Orr J. Eider, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Fulton Cursler, P. O. Box 46, West Falmouth, Massachusetts; Carroll Rheingrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 328 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Sam O. Shapiro, 9 Pondfield Parkway, Mt. Vernon, New York; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIKIN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1943.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,

Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 209
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 1340
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 4-M-807,
Commission expires March 30, 1944.

A week later, we met again. This time it was on the parade grounds, waiting for our officers to arrive. We were being sworn in with full ceremony. Kathy looked beautiful and proud in her uniform and, as she went by me, she whispered, "Some of us are celebrating afterwards. Please come along, Ginny."

The ceremonies were more impressive than I had expected. For the first time in months, I felt lifted out of myself and really had the feeling of being part of something bigger than myself. I couldn't keep the tears out of my eyes as we all raised our right hand and repeated the oath.

After we'd marched off the field and been dismissed, Kathy came hurrying toward me. She hugged me and her eyes were bright with excitement and tears.

"Wasn't it wonderful," she cried. "I was never so thrilled in my life! Come along, darling. Tom's got some friends who are going to take us to town and give us a party."

IT WAS like coming home again. All tension and strain melted away under Kathy's warm, friendly smile. I couldn't resist her invitation and, I suppose, secretly I was hoping to hear more about Don.

Of course, we didn't get even a moment alone. Tom Michaels had really arranged a nice party. There were three of us, three brand new members of the Army and we were heroines. We were toasted and dined and danced until we were breathless with gaiety and flattery. It was fun and I had a better time than I would have thought myself capable of having ever again.

When we got back to camp, Kathy got out of the car and ran to the barracks with me. She hugged me again. "It's been nice, Ginny," she said softly. "I've missed you."

We were back on the old footing again. Kathy hardly ever went out without asking me to go along and making sure that I had an amusing date. The only difference was that now all her dates were with Tom Michaels and it didn't take any very great mind to see that Kathy was in love with him.

I had never been sure whether I liked Tom or not. I had never seen him often enough to make up my mind. But now I had plenty of opportunities to observe him. Something about him troubled me vaguely, but at first I couldn't put my finger on it.

Then, one evening, while Kathy was dancing with another fellow, Tom and I sat at our table and talked. I think I said something about Kathy, about her being a lovely girl, or something like that and Tom agreed with me.

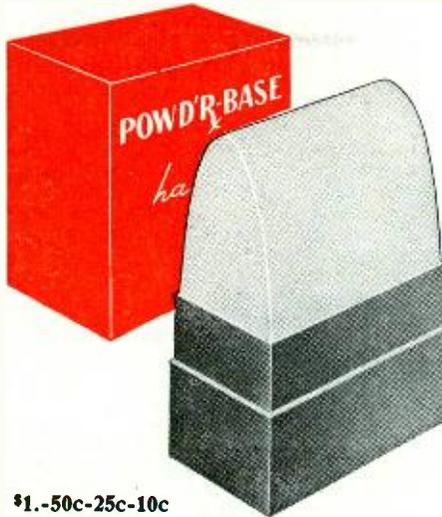
"She's grand," he said. "She's the kind of girl any man would want for his wife—the kind who would be a big help to him in his career."

His putting it like that was a little bit of a shock to me. It struck a familiar chord and I sat back and let him talk on. And, as he talked, the reason for my strange feeling of having heard a lot of this before came home sharply. He was just like Gil Blake. He didn't look like Gil, but he talked like him, seemed to think like him.

After that, I watched him with Kathy. I watched him and I grew frightened. I loved Kathy and I didn't

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want her to go through what I had gone through with Gil.

But it was one thing to feel this way and quite another to make Kathy wake up, to find some way to make her see Tom as he really was, without hurting her too much. Once or twice, I tried to say something to her, even tried to be a little critical of Tom, but she was too happy and wrapped up in her love for him to pay any attention to me.

For awhile, things got pretty hectic at the hospital. Following the invasion of Italy, there was a new influx of wounded men and Kathy sometimes had to work far into the night. It was on one of those nights when Kathy was working and had phoned me to please tell Tom she couldn't meet him as she had planned, that I got my idea, my fantastic, cruel idea.

Tom was at the Service Club waiting for Kathy. As I walked toward him, I was sharply aware of how much he was like Gil. He was leaning on the soda fountain smiling at one of the girls who worked there. She was a pretty girl, very pretty, and that seemed in keeping, too. I thought of Kathy slaving away at the hospital—and here was Tom enjoying himself—forgetting all about her.

OH, it was terrible of me to sit in judgment of Tom. I knew nothing about him really. I was basing my impressions on completely false premises and on my old bitterness. And, even if I had been right, it was not my business to interfere. These things, I know, now. It was different then. I even got a great sense of nobility out of what I was doing. I knew Kathy would hate me, but I felt it was worth it to save her.

What I did, was set my cap for Tom. I took advantage of every minute when Kathy wasn't around and I could be near Tom. I made myself as attractive to him as I could. I flattered him as subtly as I could. I began to make him feel that I was depending on him, carefully, slowly, asking for a little more of his time, a little more of his attention. When we went out on double dates, and I got a chance to dance with Tom, I leaned just a little bit closer to him, I gave him the feeling I was clinging just a little bit tighter to him.

It was all having its effect, too. Kathy began to look at me in a strange way. I didn't care. I wanted her to notice. I wanted her to suspect. I even hoped that she might get angry and in her anger forget about ever having loved Tom.

Only it didn't work out quite as I had planned. Because nowhere in my plans did I take into consideration the war and the demands it was making on all of us—but especially on Kathy. I went about my duties all day long, carrying them out well, even feeling very pleased and satisfied with myself.

Then, one evening, as I was hurrying to a date with Tom—yes, it had got to the point where he was making dates alone with me—I felt myself grabbed roughly by the arm and whirled around. It was Kathy. She was trembling and I could see that she had been crying.

"Virginia," she said, barely able to control her voice, "I—I've got to get this straight. Are—are you in love with Tom?" She covered her face for a moment and, I must confess I didn't know quite what to answer.

Then she began to weep softly. "I've got to know. Don wrote me to take care of you, to try to help you to be happy—but—but I don't think he

meant for me to give you Tom. And we—we've been so worried, Tom and I—we've seen this thing growing and we haven't known what to do—because—because Don wrote that someone had hurt you, hurt you bad—and that you mustn't be hurt again. Ginny, I can't bear to let Don down. I want to do everything he wants—but this is getting beyond just the three of us. I've been so upset, so nervous—I haven't been able to think. Ginny," she went on, "tonight I almost caused the death of two men. I mixed up their x-rays and they might have been operated on for the wrong things, if one of the assistants hadn't noticed something was wrong." She stopped and looked at me and then bit the words out. "Ginny—are you in love with Tom?"

"No—" I said stupidly. Kathy pulled me into the light of one of the road lamps and stared up into my face. "No—Kathy," I shook my head. "I've never been in love with him."

"Then what kind of game have you been playing?" she demanded. "What have you been trying to do?"

"I—I only wanted to help you—save you—"

FEBRUARY RADIO MIRROR ON SALE Wednesday, January 12th



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

Kathy's face twisted with pain. "Save me? From what?"

I was frightened. I was bewildered. I tried to tell her—all of it—about Gil and what had happened to me and how I thought Tom was just like Gil and how I loved her so much, so much that I couldn't let her suffer the way I had suffered. Even as I was talking, it didn't make terribly much sense and Kathy's eyes scared me, flashing with a steadily growing anger.

"You—you fool!" she said, finally. "Is this the kind of thing that has been going on in your head all this time? Now? In these days?" She caught me roughly by the hand and dragged me toward the hospital, talking as she hurried. "It's time you stopped. You think of yourself as a soldier," she laughed bitterly. "You're a fine heroic soldier, indeed. You're proud of yourself, aren't you? You get ratings and promotions for your good work. But you don't understand anything, do you?"

She stopped for a moment on the steps of the hospital. "Do you?" she demanded furiously. "Don said you needed to grow up and maybe if he were here, he'd do it differently. But I'm not Don. I haven't his patience and

I don't think this is the time for patience. There isn't room for this kind of thing, now. There isn't any time for silly, stupid emotions, for dragging around dead, stupid fears. I'll show you what there is to fear—the real thing—"

She pulled me through the door and keeping a tight hold on my hand, led me down long, dim corridors, pushed open a heavy padded door and pulled me to one of the beds.

"Look at it!" she whispered fiercely. "This is something to really fear—this destruction—this pain. Look at it!"

I had to hold my breath. We were in the receiving ward among the men who had just been admitted and who had not yet been operated on or assigned to permanent places in the hospital. There was a smell of disinfectants. The air was heavy with groans and cries of pain. It was like a nightmare—only it was real. It was that kind of reality that ate into your mind, ground into your heart.

"This is it, Ginny," Kathy whispered tensely. "This is the war. The war that Don is in, that he's fighting to end so that he can come back to you. Grow up, Ginny—grow up fast! We can't afford people like you now, because you're dangerous. You don't only hurt yourself—you hurt others. You hurt Don and Tom and me—and tonight almost killed two of these men."

She didn't really need to say anymore and she knew it. The only pity of it was that all this had not happened to me before—a long time ago—before I had been driven to seek my own, personal salvation in joining the Army, before that even, when I had let my insecurity and the dread of being forever identified with that little Ginny of the slums drive me into all kinds of false defenses, warping my ideas and my life, distorting all my values.

That's all over now. That night, it was wiped out of my life as cleanly as if it had never been.

THE next day, I applied for overseas service and while I waited for my assignment and shipping orders to come through, I worked with Kathy at the hospital every spare moment I had from my regular duties. I don't say that from any feeling of pride and virtue at all. But, once I did understand, I realized how much more there was for me to do than I had ever done before and that no matter how much I did, it still wasn't enough, would never be enough until we had won the war and made sure of the peace.

When I learned that my application had been passed and that I was to report for duty in headquarters in London, I hoped that I might see Don sometime. Once I got over here, however, I had little time to think of things like that. If we needed more people at home, the need there is nothing compared to the need here.

That was how Don came to find me in that air raid shelter. It wasn't part of my work, but as soon as I had heard about those children, too weak and sick to be moved out of the danger zones and about the shortage of nurses to care for them in that underground hospital, I knew that this was something I had to do. I thought of my own childhood and saw that if my life had almost been warped by the things that had happened to me, what must be happening to these young minds faced with all this inexplicable terror. I had to help them as much as I could.

"Remember?" Don had asked softly. Yes, I remembered. I'll always remember.

Tomorrow May Never Come

Continued from page 19

arm in mine. "Tell you a secret," he said. "Keeping step doubles the mileage."

I had never taken a walk like that, swinging along in stride with a man, borne on the rhythm of our feet stepping out together. I couldn't resist the sense that we synchronized in more important ways than that. With my hand lying along his strong forearm I wondered if we weren't tuned, somehow, to the same key, for always?

Maybe that's why I remember every detail of the walk, the way I stopped, startled by the panther crouching on a rock above the road. "Oh, it's only a statue!" I laughed at myself a little tremulously. "But it's scary. Like the things I used to imagine on the stairs going up to bed at night. Did you work yourself up that way when you were a kid?"

He shook his head. "I didn't have to," he said. That dark look was in his eyes again. Then quickly, "If we cross right here we'll land at the carousel."

He knew his way as surely there as in the world of restaurants, and as thrillingly. He handed me up to my little painted wooden horse as if it had been a white charger in a fairy tale, and though his own long legs were bent almost double, riding his absurd hobby horse, he still had dignity, a sort of elegance and splendor. Was it just the illusion of a girl falling in love? I don't think so, even now.

WHEN I had caught enough gold rings for a free ride, he said, "Let's go watch the sea lions and get an appetite for tea."

"Oh, I love them," I cried, but it was the promise of hours stretching long ahead with him that sent the excitement to my voice.

He laughed, half amused, half tender. "You love a lot of things, don't you?"

I felt my silly childish blushes heat my cheeks. "Well, I do," I defended myself. "I guess I really believe that old stuff about 'The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'"

"What kings?" He laughed aloud, but somehow again I had the sense that what he felt was not all mirth. "I mean it just the same," I told him stoutly.

He squeezed my arm. "You keep right on meaning it," he said. "It's very important to me."

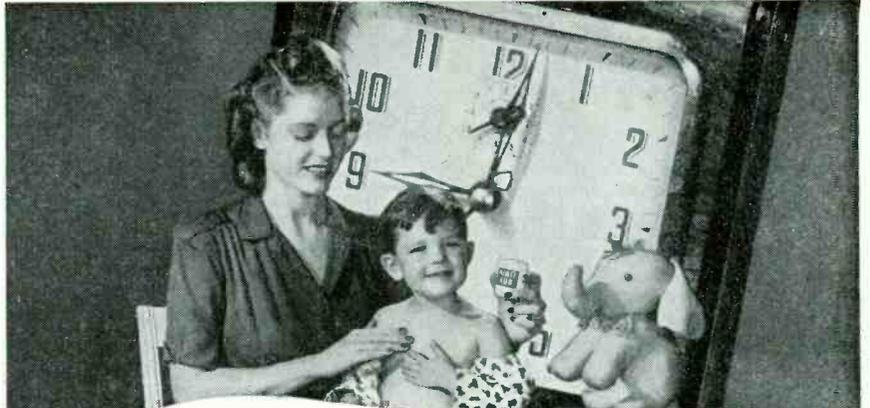
I hardly saw the sea lions. I could tell Chan was not watching their frolics, though they were in fine form. He was smiling but his eyes were on me. "Look at the way they treat their baby," I said indignantly. "They fool him. The father—or is it the mother—keeps diving and coming up under him and upsetting him. Isn't that mean?"

"Not mean; just wise," Chan said. "She's getting him ready for what's ahead. She's saying, 'Thus may we see how the world wags.'"

"Why, that's from Shakespeare, I remember it from high school." I looked up at him in wonder.

"He's the boy that knew his stuff," Chan said, and went on, his voice curiously light and mocking:

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"And so from hour to hour we ripe
and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot
and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale—"
"Stop that!" I cried out at him.
"Those are terrible words. I hate
them!"

"Why, child!" He turned me to face
him, his finger under my chin, his
eyes concerned. "I wouldn't have
spouted that stuff if I'd known you'd
really listen. Most girls would let
Shakespeare come in one ear and out
the other."

I smiled apologetically. I couldn't
imagine why I had lashed out at him
like that. "I just happened to know it.
We gave 'As You Like It' as our Sen-
ior Play," I explained.

"Oh." His finger was still touching
my chin, his eyes still intent on my
face. "And you were a beautiful Rosa-
lind."

I stared up at him. "How did you
know I had that part?"

THERE couldn't be two as lovely as
you in one high school," he said.

It didn't sound like cheap, easy flat-
tery. He spoke directly, almost im-
personally, as if stating a simple fact.
That made it hit me all the harder.
I couldn't answer, I was so breathless.

I looked up at him, wrinkling my
nose in disgust. "People aren't like
that," I protested.

He laughed at me delightedly. "All
right," he said with exaggerated re-
assurance. "We'll go see the man-eat-
ing tigers."

He took my arm and held me close,
and we strolled among the crowds of
noisy children and parents. Once a
tiny child in a bright blue snowsuit
with a red peaked cap, too absorbed
in the lions to see where he was going,
came caroming straight for us. Chan
bent and caught the child in a big
gentle hand. "Easy, fella," he said
in a tone of such sweetness that I
looked quickly at his face. The curve
of his lips, the softened light in his
dark eyes, made my throat tighten and
I felt quick unreasonable tears burn
my eyelids. I winked them back. Why
should I care so terribly that he loved
children?

I waved a shaky hand toward the
leopard. "His fur reminds me of the
coat I got sold last winter," I said with
a tremulous laugh. "Only his is real."

Chan gave me almost the same look
he had given the child. "Poor lamb.
Too bad you had to learn not to believe
everything you were told. Let's go
drown your bitter memories in a pot
of hot tea."

We were the only people brave
enough to sit in the pale sunshine of
the terrace, and that, like everything
else today, made us seem like very
special people. "I'd have bought you
chocolate," he said, "only that would
spoil your appetite for the dinner I'm
planning."

Again I felt the warmth spread
through me from his words. And at
my door he said, "Now promise me
something."

I wanted to say, "Anything. I'll
promise you anything, Chan, and
everything." Already I felt like that.

"Go get into a nice warm bath and
then lie down for an hour like this—"
He placed a firm finger on my eye-
lids, holding them closed—"till I call
you up and ring the dressing bell
for dinner. Promise?"

"I promise." I turned abruptly to
hide the joy in my eyes.

Even then I wondered if I should
let myself be so happy, so soon, just
falling in with his plans and never
making even a show of protest. Every-
body said it was fatal to let a man take
you for granted. All the books ad-
vised a girl to keep a man guessing.
Maybe I should have told him I had
a date. Well, I had one for tomor-
row night, and I'd tell him so if he
asked me to go out tomorrow.

But I didn't. How could I? That
next day we'd had lunch together in
a glassed-in rooftop restaurant, sitting
on a cushioned window seat among
the clouds and dancing between sips
of white wine and nibbles of sole
cooked with almonds and tender deli-
cate grapes.

All afternoon I had moved softly,
still up among the clouds, in an un-
earthly haze of memory, hearing
waltzes, his arms still about me, his
voice low and gentle above my hair.
And when I came down in the eleva-
tor at last and saw him standing there
waiting, so tall and splendid in his
uniform, his dark eyes lighting up with
their amazing brilliance when he saw
me, and felt his arm coming under
mine and swinging me into rhythm
with him again as if we had never
stopped dancing, how could I say, "I'm
sorry, sir, but you're assuming too
much. I have a date for dinner with
another man."

No, magic is magic, after all. If the
spell is on you, you don't try to break
it even if you want to. And I didn't
want to.

I GOT Kay to call up my date. I
couldn't even bear to talk to another
man. Kay laughed at me. She said,
"I knew when it did happen it would
hit you hard. If you don't look out
he'll have you all wrapped up in a
wedding ring for the duration."

I think it was those words of Kay's
that started the miserable doubtful
questions nagging at my thoughts,
spoiling the wonder of the hours be-
tween my dates with Chan, and rudely
jerking the clouds from under my
feet. Why had he never spoken of
our future? For that matter, why
had he never spoken of his past? I
suddenly realized that he knew all
about me but had given me no facts
at all about himself. All I knew was
that he was in a tank unit and only
from an accidental hint did I guess
that he had declined to go to Officers'
Candidate School.

Oh, being with him was always new,
always fun, and too thrilling to give
me time to worry about the past or
future. The present was enough.
Except for those moments when the
conversation turned up a subject that
seemed to be forbidden. Like the
time he took me to the pretty high-
ceilinged apartment in Greenwich Vil-
lage that had been lent him by a
friend who kept it while he was in
service. We listened to symphony
records played on the marvelous
phonograph, and afterward we took
the subway to Harlem and he listened
to Fats Waller with the same knowing
concentration. "Where did you learn
so much about music?" I asked him
innocently. "In college?"

His face was withdrawn, cold, when
he answered shortly, "No. Not in col-
lege."

I thought nothing of it till the time

The Christmas Present With a Future—A War Bond!

we stopped in a little Fifty-seventh Street art gallery to look at paintings. Examining one, he murmured, musing, "That was painted by an architect. See?" He pointed to the arch of the bridge, the doorways of the houses. "He's got all the stresses figured. You could calculate the safety margin, looking at that bridge."

"I couldn't," I told him, laughing. "Have you studied architecture, too?"

A BIT," he said and turned abruptly. "Let's get out of here." His tone was brusque and I saw that the shadowed look had come to his eyes again. His mouth had tightened and the warm sweet curves had gone. My heart seemed to shrink inside me into a hard, heavy weight. Every time I asked him a question that touched his life, he cut me off as if I'd been impertinent or rude. I hadn't understood before, but now I did. He was shutting me out, he wanted to exclude me from his life! I was all right for a week of easy company on leave, my naive enthusiasm was mildly refreshing, but a week was enough. I must not get up any hopes for more. He would make sure of that.

Now even our time together was spoiled. I couldn't say a word, all afternoon. I wished I had not taken time off from my job. Maybe I could have gone on being happy—and stupid. I could have believed for another day or two that Chan's sweetness, his serious instructions about my rest, his planning of the food I ate, his checking up on whether his hands were warm and my feet were dry—I could have hoped these precious things added up to more than a week's company. I could have gone on dreaming, plan-

ning. I could have thought he loved me.

We were walking in the Park again, and it was raining. We both loved walking in the rain. Or I had, till then. Suddenly the pools and puddles stopped shining and the trees loomed bare and bleak around us. My whole body chilled. I realized that he was asking me a question and I couldn't answer. "Is seven all right to pick you up for dinner?"

When I was silent except for the chattering of my teeth, he turned to me. "Darling. You're cold." He pressed my hand that lay in his pocket, nestled in his. His skin was warm, soft and firm. Suddenly I couldn't bear it. I snatched my hand away.

He caught me close against him. "Why, sweet, you're trembling!" And he was kissing me, hard and violently as he had not kissed me before. I thrust myself away from him, for I knew his lips would find the tears on my cheeks.

It didn't help. The tears came faster and I could not control the wild, tearing sobs. He held me now so strongly that it was useless to try to push away. I just lay against his hard firm body, weeping and weeping, unable to stop.

"Forgive me, dear," he said, after a while. "I was crazy, thinking we could go on like this."

"There's nothing to forgive," I told him, gasping out the words. "It's just that—that I can't go out to dinner. Not at seven or any other time."

"I know," he said, and his voice was gentle with his incredible understanding. "It was my fault, for thinking we could let things ride along. Thinking we didn't need any words between us."

I leaned back in his arms and stared up into the shadows of his face. A wonderful hope had come up in me. "Oh, Chan, I'm stupid, maybe, but I do need words!"

"Then I'll tell you, dear. Remember what I said the first night? That I wanted this week to be everything? The whole show? My life, all in one week?"

"Yes—" The word was a whisper. My whole body—my whole being was tense, waiting, anticipating the wonderful words.

"Well, it has been," he said softly. "You've made it perfect. I've come as close to happiness as one can, knowing it must be over in a week."

OVER!" I almost wailed the word. "But even if you go away, things don't need to be over! Even if we aren't together, we can know—"

He put his finger on my lips in a quick gesture, infinitely gentle but terribly sure and final. "No, dear. I didn't talk about it before because I hated to spoil what was complete and perfect. But this is all we have. It will end this week. When we say goodbye on Sunday night it will be forever."

"Oh, no! It can't be!" I protested involuntarily, but when I looked up and saw the sombre denial on his face, I was terrified. I was aware for the first time that this was not the normal talk of parting between lovers—tragic as that must always be in wartime. I was confronting something new in the dark mystery of Chan's face. But still, trying to wish away the terrible awareness, I cried out, "Oh, why? Why?"

He said slowly, "Because I'm not

"I BOUGHT HIS LOVE"



"Not for love or money!" I heard him say. No—Joe would never take a girl with dandruff to the party, and I had the worst case of dandruff in town. Yet, the very next day, he actually begged me to go with him! My white-flecked hair was transformed into a silken glory overnight. Joe saw me as a new and radiantly lovely person, all because I purchased a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at my favorite toilet goods counter.

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	2. All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.		4. Microphoto after Fitch shampoo and hair rinsed twice. Note Fitch Shampoo removes all dandruff and undissolved deposit, and brings out the natural luster of the hair.

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coming back, Janey. And this isn't a guess. I'm not being dramatic. I just happen to know. I'm going into battle soon, and I am going to die."

For a moment the world reeled around me and I had to hold with clutching fingers to the cloth of his khaki raincoat to keep contact with reality. I shook my head to shake away the blindness that was darkening the park around me. I made a wild, frantic attempt to deafen myself to the certainty in his tone. I said, "That's nonsense. You can't know any such a thing."

"I wish it was nonsense," he said quietly. "I wish I could think it was. But sometimes you know a thing, and I know this. I'm not coming back, Janey."

"Stop saying that!" I almost shouted at him, suddenly furious, hot with unreasoning anger. "You can't know it! It isn't true."

"But it is." His voice was quite calm. And that was the most frightening thing. That and the look on his face were worse than what his words said. For it was as if his face had frozen like a statue set in a mold of utter implacable certainty. He really believed this! It wasn't a momentary thought or fear, but a deep-set conviction such as I had never seen written on any human face before.

He went on, "You see, Janey, lives have patterns. We don't always see the pattern, but it's there. Once in a while there comes a sort of flash and the whole thing becomes quite clear. Mine is inescapable."

He spoke in a dull, flat voice, lacking the vibrant depth that had thrilled me, and his eyes, too, were queerly lifeless, not seeing me but focused on something far away. "You see, it's all led up to this, with me, from the very first, like a series of waves coming in to shore, each one reaching farther than the last until the final tide line is reached."

IT was as if he was reciting something learned by constant repetition until the sense was all forgotten. "When I was seven, my mother, whom I loved, left my father for another man. I couldn't understand. All I knew was that my life was lost to me. But there was Dad and I clung to him. He was my world. Then he married again, when I was twelve, and the ground was cut from under my feet once more. I hated and fought my stepmother. But I had to give in. She was a great woman and she gave me everything—dreams, ideals, tastes. She read to me, she taught me the beginnings of musicianship. But this was a buildup, you see, for an even bigger crash. She died when I was fifteen. But Dad was still there and he needed me. I put everything I had into being what he wanted. We traveled together, we planned my future. I'd carry on from where he stopped. He was a builder, I would be an architect. Just after I had started college he had a heart attack while standing on a high scaffolding. My life was smashed again. Each time a little worse, you see. I had nothing left now. Even the money for my education was gone, I discovered when the estate was settled. Still, like a fool, I found new illusions, new goals. I would do what I imagined Dad wanted." Chan's voice was tired, his words sounded like a phonograph record played too often.

"But Chan, you see, you did come back—" I began.

He shook his head, his eyes so cold

on mine that my voice froze in my throat.

"That's not all," he said. "I got through college. And I got a job—a wonderful job. I was sent abroad and I'd always, all my life, wanted to do that."

I was beginning to understand, then, the shadowed look that had come to his eyes when I asked questions about his life.

"I got to Paris just in time for the war," he went on. "I went to London and tried to work, tried to forget the threat that hung over civilization. I told myself I had nothing to do with the war. I wanted to build, not to destroy. I wanted to make good houses for people to live in better, I didn't want to help make people homeless and hungry and in pain."

"I was in London when the raids came. I volunteered in an ambulance unit. My London education was very realistic. When I was transferred back here to join our Army, I knew at last what the world was really like. Any odd detail I had missed was filled in by my training."

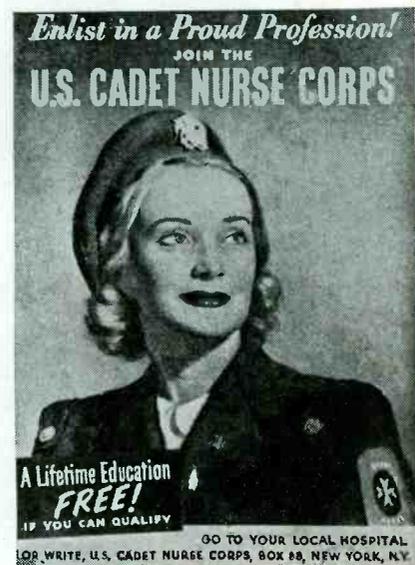
I REMEMBERED the strange fright I had felt at his tone when he had quoted:

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale—

Now I understood why I had been scared. I had been right to be.

"But don't you see," I begged wildly, "you came out of all these things. You're here, safe, with me—"

"That's just the point," he said calmly. "The pattern calls for that. Fate is subtle. It plays with you, the way a cat plays with a mouse. But the mouse is doomed from the beginning. Each time there's the big build-up, the hope. That's part of the plan, to make



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the crash really count. You see, I wasn't ready for my final finish till I'd met the girl I wanted to marry. I wasn't sent into combat until I had found a reason for longing to live."

I wanted to shout, "You can! You can live for me! You can marry me!"

But I stifled the words in time. For I was looking at his face, and I saw that his belief was like a stone wall, against which any words were futile. He had said I was his reason for wanting to live, but he had said it in that same flat, lifeless tone. While he spoke in that tone, argument was useless.

Maybe it was the knowledge that he loved me, maybe it was my love for him, but suddenly I caught a glimmer of the truth. I realized that this pattern he had worked out in such detail for his life was a symptom of an illness that had come on him. I knew such cases were not uncommon among soldiers. The kind of brutal training it is necessary to give for modern warfare had added a terrible strain to a spirit already bruised and raw from the shocks and disillusionments of his early life. I recognized that he was going through a dangerous crisis. What happened to him right now might decide whether he came through to health or crashed forever. And my influence was crucial. I was the one he loved. His whole life might depend on what I did right now.

THE thought threw me into utter panic. I was just an inexperienced girl, even more naive and unsophisticated than the average. I couldn't cope with this! It was too big for me. I'd fail him!

But then I knew I couldn't fail him. I loved him. I'd have to save him, somehow. I searched my mind desperately for anything I'd read or heard about this kind of illness but only echoes of such stupid, uncomprehending attitudes came to me that I shuddered.

I looked at his face, and suddenly I realized that the frozen look came from tension; it was the numbness of muscles and nerves at the breaking point. I thought, "He must rest! He's been fighting my arguments, my resistance. He must not fight any more!"

I drew a long breath and made my voice very soft and quiet. I said, "I see, Chan. I can see the pattern, too. If it's got to be that way, then I guess it's got to be."

His head jerked to look down at me, his eyes suspicious. But they were alive now, those dark eyes, and looking at me. With all my willpower I faced his look, my lips calm, my eyes steady. After a long moment in which I hardly breathed, his mouth relaxed. He said, "I was afraid you'd think it was crazy. But I should have known. You're different. You understand." He drew a long shuddering breath as if in relief from a narrow escape, and he held me close to him—this time not to comfort me but as if to draw strength from my nearness. That made me know another thing that I must do, and I made up my mind then, standing there just holding him quiet against my breast until the quivering of his muscles had calmed and he stood back and smiled down at me. His eyes were a little too bright—I saw now that they had been, all along—and perhaps his grin was too merry, like his voice when he had

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quoted those awful words from Shakespeare. But he was the Chan I had known all week—the Chan I loved.

He said, "Well, we've got three more days. Let's not waste them." He took my hand in his pocket again and started walking swiftly toward the exit of the park.

"We'll make tonight the best of all," I told him, hoping my voice didn't tremble. And I meant it too. But not the way he thought. Somehow, somewhere I'd get the courage for what I planned.

I tried not to think of my plan. I must not let my dread grow so enormous that I could not go through with this evening. I must live it, minute by minute. I must think myself back to that first gay, glamorous night. The thought made me laugh a little bitterly. I had imagined I was stepping straight into romance that night, the happy-ever-after.

BUT maybe what you think of as romance always has depths and dangers in it, and you don't see them till you grow up. Well, I had grown up fast enough. I guess there's no time for a slow, peaceful growing up in war time.

I say I was grown up, because that night I showed it. I hid my terror, I laughed as I ate my dinner, laughed as gaily at his jokes as I had the first night. He made more jokes now, but sometimes I thought they were different—not so natural nor easy, but strained and forced like the jokes of a professional comedian. If I don't remember the play I saw that night it isn't from failing to stare at the stage and clap my hands at the right places. At the night club later I wondered how I could have seen such places as glamorous. I felt choked and stifled in the smoky air but I stayed on until I saw that even Chan's gayety was beginning to wear thin. It was then I said, "Let's go. My mother always said, 'Leave when things are best, and then you have only the best to remember.'"

"Your mother and Shakespeare," he said. "They know their stuff."

And only then did I realize how he could take my words. I wanted to cry, but I gave no sign I understood, just smiled at him with all my love in my eyes.

When he started to give the driver my address, I said, "Let's go to your apartment. Music would be just right to end this evening." He gave the address and turned back to me with a sigh like a man reprieved. I knew then I was right. But he didn't say anything, just held me against him in the swaying cab.

We listened to two symphonies and the hour hand of the clock

slid round from two to three. But I made no move to go. I sat beside him on the couch, and after a while I let my fingers move softly through his thick, crisp-curling hair. Then they wandered over his thin cheek, outlined his lips, fingered the lobe of his ear. He bore it so quietly, for so many minutes, that I wondered if he disliked my doing it just then, if I had violated his ideas of the way people should listen to good music.

And then he turned to me, his arms fierce in their hold, his hands hungry, his lips violent on my face. Our breath together made a sighing.

He whispered, at last, "Darling, don't you understand? Stop me! Stop me, I can't stop myself, any more."

I whispered, "I don't want to stop you."

But he stopped, then. He pushed me away from him roughly. "What are you saying, Janey? You don't know what you're doing."

I said, fighting for sureness, my lips trembling, "Oh, yes, I do, Chan. You wanted life. Well—this is it, Chan."

He stood up, staring down at me, shaking his head a little, but whether in disapproval or wonder I couldn't decide. Then he said, "Janey, you're innocent. You don't get the whole picture. There are some limits to the slice of life I can cut off for myself on this leave."

ARE there?" I struggled to make it a simple, wondering question, not a plea.

He explained as if to a child. "Yes, dear. You see, if we did this I could not go away knowing that things had ended, were finished. Even if there were no physical consequences, there would be emotional ones, for you."

"I know," I said. That was all, and I looked steadily into his eyes.

His gaze was piercing in its intensity. "Do you mean what you are saying, Janey?" he demanded unbelievably. "Do you understand what you would be doing?"

I said "Yes." Very simply, very quietly.

"But why?" he asked as if in curiosity. "Why, with nothing ahead?"

I said in a voice of utter calm, "Nothing? To me it would not seem nothing. Our love would always be there. And maybe there would be a child." I tried to state it as simply as if I had said, "It may rain tomorrow."

I didn't dare look at his face. But I heard the catch of his breath. I went on, "That way, you would live on, Chan. Even if you were killed in battle, your life would go on—your wonderful life—" I broke off, afraid I had said too

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much, terrified of his silence, of what it might portend for him and for me.

I couldn't even see his face now, for he had risen—unsteadily, as if he had been drunk—and staggered to the window. He stood there, his back to me, his tall broad-shouldered figure erect, his hands tense on the two sides of the window frame. At last he spoke, without turning back to me. "You—Janey, you'd do this all alone? You care enough for me—"

"Yes," I said simply. "Yes, I care enough. And I believe enough. In your life."

I heard only the sounds of his heavy breathing for long minutes and I was deathly frightened. Suppose I had brought about just what I was trying to save him from—pushed him over the precipice forever.

I thought I had, when he turned around. He plunged across the room to me and went down on his knees. He buried his face in my lap and I saw the great sobs jerking his shoulders. He was crying.

He uttered hoarse sounds I could not recognize for words, and I have never known such despair. But I held him close against my body with all my strength and did not try to speak. After what seemed an endless time I began to distinguish words in his broken cries: my name, and "faith" and "life."

Still I did not speak, just held him. Then I heard his question that made my heart leap and seem to expand until I could hardly breathe. "Do you think—oh Janey, could I be wrong? Do you think I have a chance to come back to you?"

HOW I longed to cry out, "Yes! You have something to live for! You shall come through!"

But I didn't. With a wisdom I wonder at now I held back the words. I did not trust those perverse ill thoughts of his. They might be waiting for just such a response from me, something to seize on and fight, thus to strengthen their own sick conviction. So I said mildly, "Well, Chan, I can't know that. You know best what you feel. I only know what I believe. And I believe in your life."

He didn't answer for a while, but rose again and walked the floor, back and forth, endlessly, and I knew he was fighting the final battle.

I was powerless to help him now. I could only sit there with my hands clasped, keeping my lips firm, my eyes sure, ready when he should turn to me.

He did at last, he stopped his pacing, and he looked down with a funny little smile I'd never seen before. He said, "Maybe I'm a fool, Janey. What do you think?"

Breathless, I answered, "If you're a fool, Chan, then I love fools." That was all.

He sat down and took my hand. "Look. How do you see that pattern? Didn't I always come up again? Didn't I take a lot of punishment and always come back for more? Couldn't that be the pattern, Janey?"

I tipped my head a little, as if considering a brand-new idea. "Well," I said very carefully, very tentatively, "maybe you're right, Chan. It could be, I suppose."

"It is!" He pulled me up to face him and stared into my face. There was a new shine to his eyes, not so bril-

liant as before but full of reality, real hope, real happiness. "It's got to be, Janey!" His voice was different, too, warm, natural, alive.

"However it is," I said. "I'm a part of it."

"I know you are," he said. He kissed me very gently and in that quiet, unpassionate, sweet kiss there was more thrill than I had ever felt before. Joy seemed to flow through all my body warmly and richly—and serenely, too.

"We've got a lot of getting acquainted to do," he said with a rueful, half-apologetic smile. "If you don't mind I'm going to get that over. So you'll be quite sure you know whom you're marrying when morning comes."

I knew then that everything would be all right. He felt as I did—as every normal person in love does—he wanted me to know all about him with no pretenses, no poses, nothing held back, no secrets or questions between us.

Bright day streaked across us sitting there together, and we got up, our knees stiff, laughing at the prickling lameness of our feet and legs. Then we went out and walked in the park—the park, full of clean, sparkling snow—until the world was running full tilt again. Once during that silent walk in which we were so close together, he and I, Chan slowed his steps and turned to face me.

DEAREST—what would you have done if I'd behaved differently, last night? What would you have done if I had simply agreed to your staying there in the apartment with me, agreed to our sharing our love last night without a thought of tomorrow?"

I shook my head. "I'd have left, then, Chan—left because it would have proved to me that you weren't the fine, dear person I knew you to be, and I would have known that you weren't worth my trying to save. But you wouldn't have done that—I knew you wouldn't."

He kissed me then, his lips warm on mine in the clear, cold air, and he took my hand again and we walked on, without need for any more explanations, any words at all, between us.

We found a place where there were sausages and waffles to satisfy our ravenous appetites, and then we drove to a nearby state and were married at a little country justice's. We had three days, then, together—three days which I deeply believe restored Chan's faith in life, gave a solid, firm foundation to his desire to live.

This I have never doubted since he went back to his army unit.

But if I could have had any doubts, reading Chan's letters written back at camp and on shipboard and then from overseas, they would have been swept away by his last one:

"Darling, your news has given me all I need to carry me through whatever's coming to me. I told you I wanted life—remember that first night?—but I didn't know that you could really give it to me. You did! And now we have the highest joy two people can have—the joy of creation. Whatever I must do in this war I can know that I have also given life. Bless you, Janey, and the baby. Tell him I'll see him soon!"

And now I know he will. He will come home.



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My Wedded Husband

Continued from page 38

letters for me?" he asked carelessly. He was pretending. He *must* be pretending. He was acting as if this were no more important than a reminder to visit his dentist. He didn't seem to be either glad or sorry—and you had to be one or the other about a thing like this, there was nothing in between.

I watched him go into the bathroom to wash up before dinner, and I was afraid. There was disaster ahead, it seemed to me, a disaster I couldn't see, could only feel coming closer and closer. But what kind of disaster? Nothing could happen to me now, except what I wanted to happen, because in a few weeks I would be free.

Then I had the illusion that it wasn't Mike I heard running the water at the basin in the bathroom. Or rather, it was Mike with a difference. Just by reading that draft notice, he'd moved a little away from me, into that other world of the Army. He belonged a little less to this comfortable apartment, to the meal I had on the stove, to civilian clothes. He was moving away, and leaving me behind.

He came back in, and said, "Don't tell me those are shrimps?" in a pleased tone, and a few minutes later we were sitting at the table, eating, while the fright I'd known before deepened and hardened into a dreadful sense of insecurity.

It was so now to me. In four years of marriage, I had never felt insecure. I had always known that Mike loved me, and that knowledge had kept me strong. I remembered a time when I'd been sick with the flu, and had awakened one morning to find him asleep in the chair beside my bed. That had been his love, protecting me through the night.

But now, in this calmness of his, there was no love. Nothing but matter-of-factness, as he buttered his bread and talked of plans for the future.

"You'll have to go back to work, I suppose, Kay. Maybe not, though, if you don't want to. My allotment will help out, and you can live with your family. We're luckier than some

couples—we won't have to make any big adjustment. It's—well, we aren't looking forward to anything, so we won't feel cheated of what we don't expect, anyway."

No big adjustment! To leave his home, his work, his wife—that was no big adjustment! I could picture some men saying that, but not Mike. Not Mike, who had so little adventure in his spirit, who disliked even the small disturbance of moving from one apartment to another!

I wondered if there might be a deeper patriotism in him than I had guessed. But no—that couldn't be the explanation, because he'd never lacked patriotism, only it was the quiet kind. His work for the telephone company was important to the war, and he had always felt quite sincerely that until he was called away from it he was making his best contribution.

"Mike," my confusion and wonder burst out of me, into words. "Mike—you don't seem to mind going, at all!"

"Mind?" Across the table, he looked at me directly, steadily. "Of course I don't mind," he said. "It's a job I've got to do, and I'm glad it will be easier for me than for some fellows. After all, it isn't as if we were really married."

Incredulously, I stared back at him. What was it he had just said? "It isn't as if we were . . ." But that was nonsense—of course we were married! He looked sane enough—his sandy hair neatly combed, a normal color in his cheeks—but there he sat making stupid jokes.

I tried to laugh. "Not married? What are we, then, if we aren't married?"

Mike laid down his fork on his half-emptied plate. "I don't know," he said. "I only know we aren't—never have been. And I'm not blaming you, Kay. You've done your best, as far as you could. I wasn't even going to say anything about it, but with that draft notice lying there on the table there doesn't seem to be much point in going on pretending."



Irene Rich celebrated her tenth anniversary as the heroine of CBS's *Dear John* with, left to right, Gordon Hughes, producer of the show, and Fox Cox and Harry Witt of CBS staff

My throat was dry. I could hardly force the words through it. "I—I don't understand, Mike."

"I don't either," he said wearily. "I don't understand anything except that this—this arrangement of ours hasn't ever been a marriage. It started with that trip to Reno. Standing in line to have some fellow you've never seen before mumble some words at you—it didn't seem real to me. Oh, it was legal enough! Maybe too darned legal—and I kept telling myself that after a while I'd get over the notion that it didn't mean a thing. But I never did. And I guess you know why I didn't." "Mike! No, I—" But it would have been a lie. I knew. "I'm sorry."

I TOLD you I didn't blame you. It wasn't your fault," he said without a trace of bitterness in his voice. "Not any more than it was mine. I knew you were marrying me on the rebound from Roy Bates. I didn't care, because I thought I loved you enough for both of us. I should have known better, but I didn't. So now it's over, and maybe it's a good thing. I guess it wasn't very easy for you, either."

There was no answer I could make to such finality. It was over, and a good thing too. That was what he said; it was what I myself had been thinking only a few hours before—at about the same time, ironically, that I was congratulating myself for having stood by my bargain, for having been a good wife to him!

Vaguely, as if he were on a stage and I in the audience, I saw him stand up and go into the living room. Usually he waited until I had cleared the table, and then he helped me with the dishes. Tonight, of course, he wouldn't, because all that had been a part of our life together, and it was already ended.

The apartment was very quiet—but the kitchen where I worked was filled with whispers. "He gave you his love, and you took it and took it until finally he had no more to give. That's why it's over—and a good thing . . . Over . . . All over . . . And you thought, in your blindness, he was happy . . . You cheated him, and you cheated yourself. Fool!"

When the last dish was put away I took a deep breath, and the whisperings died into silence. Very well. I had been a fool, to think I could make Mike happy without love, but there was nothing to be done about it now.

I went into the living room where Mike was at the desk, writing, and picked up a magazine. For a long time there was silence except for the scratch of his pen. Once he asked me if I had paid a certain bill, and I answered that I had, and in some way this little interchange of words told me that all—we'd said at the table was a closed episode, and would not be referred to again.

Around ten o'clock, as we usually did, we went to bed, talking a little but not very much as we undressed. There had been a time, at this most intimate hour of the day, when Mike would come over to the dressing table where I was brushing my hair, and bend to kiss me, or lift a strand of hair and let it run through his fingers—

offering me a tenderness which I didn't want. He didn't do anything of the sort tonight—but, I realized, he hadn't done it for a long time, anyway.

Then the light between our beds was out, leaving utter blackness, for since the dim-out began the street lamp no longer sent a pale square against the ceiling. I listened to Mike's light breathing, and gradually I felt myself sink deeper and deeper into a well of darkness. There were things I should think about, but I was too tired.

I awoke with terror pressing down upon me. The bed beside me—Mike's bed—was empty. Not only empty but neatly made up, undisturbed. I couldn't see, but I knew it. He was gone, many miles away, and he'd left before I had a chance to tell him—to tell him something dreadfully important. I'd remember what it was if only I could shake off this terror, this knowledge that I was all alone in a vast darkness. Or if only I could touch Mike's hand—

Then he sighed in his sleep, and I came fully awake, and knew he was near. But still my heart was pounding so hard I thought it would surely wake him. My dream was still with me, when I'd been alone, in a desert of loneliness, crying out for him, pleading with him to come back, so that I could say what I had to say.

Only now . . . I couldn't remember what it was. I felt cold and lonely, there in the room with Mike beside me—as lonely as I had in the dream. Mike was not really there—already he was gone. His mind and his heart were gone from me, and his body was waiting to follow.

What had he said tonight? Something about our parting not being hard because—because we weren't looking forward to anything. Nothing to look forward to—no reunion to warm the cold of separation, no dreams to make realities, nothing ahead . . .

THEN suddenly, overwhelmingly, I knew what it was that I had wanted to tell Mike in my dream. I had wanted to tell him that I'd taken all his love, and that now I wanted to give it back to him. Because he'd been right when he thought he'd had enough for both of us. It would have been enough, if I hadn't selfishly kept all he gave me. Love can't be given and it can't be taken—it can only be shared. Only the sharing of it makes a marriage.

I knew what I must say to him. I must waken him now, and say it quickly, because there was so little time left to us. I must say, "Mike—we have something to look forward to. We have our marriage—our real marriage. It's not ended. It's only just beginning because I'm only just beginning to understand!"

"Mike!" I called softly, into the darkness. Oh, wake up, Mike—we have so little time together now. I don't know how long it will be, but I do know that no time can be long enough. "Mike—Mike, darling!"

I heard him move, and in the darkness before he answered I fancied I could see him waking, smiling and happy and eager as he'd been that day at the beach when I gave him the promise I was only now ready to keep.

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SAYMAN SALVE

Come Home for Christmas

Continued from page 43

by while he pushed the door shut behind him, unbuttoned his coat and shook it to free the snow, stamped his feet on my clean floor. "Sorry to make a mess," he apologized cheerfully.

"It's all right," I shivered. "Come into the other room, where it's warm."

"Thanks." He hung coat and cap on the hall tree and strode into the living room, rubbing his hands to warm them. "Gee, this feels good, after three hours of driving that jeep! Maybe I'll even get warm again." He was tall—not as tall as Randy, but still tall—and he had a flat-cheeked, square-jawed face and brown hair and eyes. But the remarkable thing about him was the way he possessed the room, the whole house. It was hard to believe, somehow, that this was the first time he had ever entered it, he was so completely at home. And at home with me, too—as if we knew each other.

"MAY I use your phone?" he asked, and I gestured toward it. He started to lift the receiver, then peered around at me. "How d'you work the thing?"

"Hang up and crank, then listen for the operator. She'll take your number."

"Oh—I see. All right." He asked for Long Distance, gave a number, and after several separate waits finally talked to someone named Billerman. "Can't get through," he said. "This storm's getting no better fast... About ten miles east of Milford—that right, lady?" he glanced at me for confirmation, and I nodded. "I'm calling from a farmhouse. Haven't asked, but I guess it'll be all right for me to stay here all night." A long pause, while he listened, then—"Okay, Bill. So long. And Merry Christmas!"

He hung up and came toward me, smiling. "I hate to invite myself to stay like this, Miss—Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Bailey," I said automatically.

His self assurance, his friendly way of taking command of the situation, were like some kind of drug, deadening my mind. Or perhaps I was still stunned by my dismay at seeing him instead of Randy. For the moment, at any rate, I could only stand aside, a spectator, while he arranged things to suit himself.

"Mrs. Bailey," he repeated. "I'm Private First Class Jerry Marvin. I'm sorry, as I said, but I won't be any trouble, and I can bunk down here on the sofa if you like. There's no sense in trying to make Camp Boyne in this blizzard."

"No... Camp Boyne!" I said suddenly, remembering that it was east of here. "Then you came through Milford! Is the road open? Were there any other cars on it?"

"Mrs. Bailey," he said solemnly, "I got this far in a jeep. If I'd been driving anything else I'd never even have left Milford."

My last glimmer of hope faded and went out. So Randy must be stranded in town, only ten miles away, but it might as well be thousands. And I would spend this Christmas Eve alone.

No, not alone. It came to me then, for the first time, that there was no one in this house but this stranger and myself—and Joey, asleep in his bed. I had heard him arranging to stay, had given him my silent permission, and until this minute I hadn't realized—

I FORCED back the sudden, unreasoning panic that had risen in my throat. What was I thinking of? It wasn't the most conventional situation in the world, not even the most pleasant, but there was nothing to be afraid of. He was harmless enough, with his boyish, bright smile and long-legged grace; and he wore the uniform of his country, my country. No, there cer-

Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake, Blondie and Dagwood of CBS Blondie show, perform for a group of SPARS at Long Beach, California.



tainly was no reason for me to be afraid.

He'd been watching me, and his brown eyes were observant. "Were you expecting someone to drive out from Milford?" he asked.

"Yes. My—my husband," I said. Because I couldn't go into the involved business of explaining that Randy wasn't quite my husband any more—that I had been given my interlocutory decree of divorce from him a little less than a year ago, but that it had not yet been made final. I said hurriedly, "He was coming on the six-thirty from Chicago, but—but I guess he'll have to stay in town."

OH" He hesitated, then said guardedly, "You're all alone here?"

For a moment I was tempted to lie—but again I fought back my doubts. "Yes, except for my little boy. He's in bed now. A middle-aged couple usually lives here and helps me run the farm, but they left this morning to spend the holidays with their daughter in Indian Grove."

Ironic to remember that I had urged Martha and Tim to go—that I hadn't wanted them in the house while Randy was here!

The soldier only nodded, without answering. He was standing near the stove, unshamedly grateful for its heat, looking around the room—at the low white-washed ceiling and pale cream walls, the what-not in one corner, the Victorian love seat with its scrolled and curved back, the round table in the center, the untrimmed Christmas tree. He was looking at all these things—and yet I knew that he was scarcely seeing them, because he was really looking at me.

I wondered what he saw. I wondered

if there was any beauty left there—or if he saw only bitter lips and disillusioned eyes and hands that the last few years had left more than a little roughened and red. I was only twenty-six—not old. And this afternoon, preparing for Randy's coming, I had washed and brushed my hair until it shone like satin, had manicured my nails and searched until I found a lipstick in a bureau drawer. I had done all that, and in the mirror I had seen again the Ellen who had married Randy Bailey five years ago, an Ellen of youth and eagerness and soft laughter. But now, long hours later, I had lost that Ellen again. This boy must be thinking—as perhaps Randy would think if he came—"How plain and old she is!"

I couldn't sit there any longer under his covert scrutiny, so I seized at the first thing I could think of to say: "Did you have any supper? Would you like something to eat?"

"Why—yes, I would," he confessed, and, glad of an excuse to escape, I hurried into the kitchen to prepare sandwiches and coffee and cold brown betty with a pitcher of cream. When I returned he was beside the radio, listening while the high, sweet voice of a child filled the room.

"Oh, come all ye faithful . . . Come, let us adore Him . . ."

The poignance of the lovely voice, of the words and melody, stopped me in the doorway. Half in a pool of yellow light, the soldier was standing with his back to me, his shoulders drooping a little, his head bent. He didn't move—neither of us moved—until the song was ended. Then he turned and saw me, with a little start, and his voice was husky when he said:

"Just reminding myself that it's Christmas Eve . . . I used to sing that song myself, in church, when I was a kid. In Latin. I didn't understand the words, but—"

His voice trailed away, and I said, "Your supper's ready, in the kitchen." He put out his hand to turn off the radio, and impulsively I added, "No—leave it on. And turn it up a little. We can hear it in the kitchen."

Until that moment I hadn't thought of sitting with him while he ate. But now it seemed the only natural thing to do.

A single bare electric bulb dangled down over the kitchen table, and the rest of the big room was in darkness. Outside, the storm was still raging. The big elm beside the house creaked now and then, and gusts of cold air crept in under the pantry door, to scurry around our feet. Yet there was the feeling of safety, of being closed in from the elements.

He ate everything I had prepared, and looked around for more, and made no secret of his appreciation. All the time, he talked, seeming not to mind the shortness of my answers and comments.

GOSH, you have storms in this part of the country! I like it, but—until I got into the Army I'd never been west of Jersey City."

"You're from the East?" I asked, and he nodded.

"From Brooklyn. In school they used to tell us about how big the United States is—but you know, I never really believed it until I came out here. When the war's over, I'd like to live here, on a farm—grow wheat, and have an orchard and some chickens and



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“Cows.” His eyes grew entranced, and suddenly I seemed to see him, standing at the edge of a field, in dusty trousers and a work-shirt open at the throat, looking around him at the growing things.

“It’s funny you should say that,” I said. “It’s the way I’ve always felt. I was born in Minneapolis, but I always wanted to live on a farm.”

“And now you do,” he remarked, smiling.

“Yes . . .” Yes, I thought. I lived on the farm, and Randy—but Randy must see, by this time, that I’d been right! He must be sick of struggling and starving in the city!

The soldier sighed contentedly, reached into a pocket and produced a package of cigarettes. “Smoke?” he asked.

Something about the familiarity of his voice, the casual way in which he offered me the package, offended me. “No, thank you,” I said sharply.

HE raised his eyebrows—rather heavy ones, and level—and I felt uncomfortably that he was amused. “It’s not that I don’t approve,” I added. “I don’t happen to enjoy it myself, that’s all.”

“Sure.” I stood up. There was no doubt about it—this young man made me uncomfortable, with his self-possession, his off-hand friendliness, his air of being able to guess what I was thinking. He was perfectly polite, but I almost wished he weren’t, because then I could snub him. Or try to. He probably didn’t snub easily.

“If you’re finished we’ll go into the living room. It’s warmer there. No, don’t bother about the dishes. I’ll stack them and wash them in the morning.”

It was then that the telephone rang. I ran to it, snatched the receiver from the hook, crying, “Hello!”

“Hello, Ellen.” The voice was far away, it was distorted by the crackle and hum of the wire—but it was Randy’s.

“Randy! Isn’t this storm awful? But maybe it will clear by morning, and you can come out then.”

“Why—” I heard him clear his throat. “I’m not in Milford, Ellen. I’m still in Chicago. I’ve been trying to get a call through to you all day, but the lines were so busy I couldn’t.”

I felt cold numbness touch my hands, my feet, creep along my arms and legs. Soon it would reach my heart. “Chicago?” I breathed. “But—”

“I’m not coming, Ellen. I know I said I would, but—it isn’t any use, is it? We’d just start the same old business over

again. Me wanting to get away, you wanting to stay. Pretty soon we’d be fighting.” He hesitated, waiting for me to speak, but couldn’t. And now that he was silent, I heard other sounds—a murmur of voices, the beat of dance music. He wasn’t alone. He was where he’d always wanted to be—in a bar, or at some party, surrounded by people, noise, activity. Suddenly I hated him. I wanted to hurt him—and I couldn’t, because I couldn’t touch him. He was too far away, physically and spiritually too.

“Ellen?” he was saying. “Are you still there?”

“Yes.” “Well—I’m sorry, but I think it’s better this way. I wish I could have called you earlier, though. How’s—how’s Joey?”

“He’s fine,” I said. “Give him a kiss for me. I wish I could see him.”

I opened my mouth to let the hot words out—to say scornfully that he must wish to see Joey, very much, if he wouldn’t even come home for a few days. But they never passed my lips. He knew, he’d admit, that he didn’t love Joey enough to come back to me.

“All right,” I said. “Good bye.”

I HUNG up, and the black mouthpiece of the telephone stared at me like a blind eye—stared, and then wavered into a blur while tears rolled down my cheeks. I raised clenched fists and struck the telephone with them, twice.

“What’s the matter?” I whirled. I’d forgotten the soldier, forgotten him completely, and now my breath fled gaspingly as I found him standing a few feet away. But I was glad he was there; I had to tell someone, had to find an outlet for the fury inside me.

“It was my husband!” I sobbed. “He was coming home for Christmas—he said he would, he promised—and he never left Chicago! Oh, I wish he were here—I’d tell him what I think of him!”

Quietly, he said, “Is that the reason you wish he was here—so you could tell him what you think of him?”

I flinched, as if he’d struck me, and I felt small and mean and ashamed—but because I felt all these things I blustered angrily:

“How dare you say such a thing to me? How—how dare you?”

His eyes didn’t waver, not even though he apologized in words. “I’m sorry. I know it’s none of my business. But it isn’t good for people to get as mad as you were just now—particularly with their husbands. I’ve been trying to figure out,

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ever since I got here, why you aren't as pretty as you ought to be. Now I've found out. It's because you're mad at something, inside, all the time."

"Why, you—you impudent—" I gasped, and he shrugged.

"All right, forget I said anything. I wouldn't have, except that I kind of like you." He turned his back and walked away, leaving me standing there.

And he had stolen my righteous rage away from me as completely as a thief takes a purse—leaving me exactly as confused and helpless as the purse's owner.

"But you're wrong!" I cried. "You don't know anything about me, or about Randy. If I'm angry, it's because I have a perfect right to be! I've been through enough to make any woman furious. You don't know!"

"Of course I don't," he pointed out. "I only know what I've seen and heard since I walked into this house. But I'd like to know more, if you'd tell me."

I—"My voice broke, as I realized the strangeness of all this—the wind moaning outside, the snow banking up against the windows, the two of us here in the warm living room, myself with this man I'd never even seen until an hour or so ago. "You aren't interested in my troubles," I said. "We're strangers. If it hadn't been for the storm we'd never even have met."

"That's just why you can talk to me," he said. "Don't you see? Tomorrow I'll be gone, and you'll never see me again. It doesn't matter what you tell me, any more than if you were talking to the air."

"No—I can't." But I could, I knew as I said it. More than that, I wanted to.

"Look," he said, struck by a sudden thought. "Why don't you let me decorate the tree? It ought to be done—you said you had a little boy, and he'll be sick if he comes in tomorrow morning and it isn't all fixed. Besides—my folks didn't have trees when I was a kid. I've always wanted to decorate one." He said it lightly, without self-pity, but all at once I saw him—a thin, shabby little boy on a city street, looking big-eyed at trees offered for sale, knowing that he wouldn't have one.

So, while the radio played softly—"Noel," and "Little Town of Bethlehem," and dance music, and then another carol—he hung tinsel and colored ornaments on the tree and I told him about Randy.

"I met him at home—in Minneapolis," I said. "It was at a party, and I noticed him because he was having such a good time. He always liked parties. . . . I don't remember how he happened to take me home, but he did, and after that he was always calling me up, asking me to go out with him. I liked him, because he was handsome and lots of fun, but I didn't want to fall in love with him. He was so—so impractical. In the year we went together he had four different jobs and quit them all, one after another. He just laughed when I told him he ought to settle down—he said there was plenty of time for that, later on."

"Then his father died—his mother had died long before—and left him this farm we're on now. Randy asked me to marry him, now that he had some money. Because he was going to

sell the farm, you see. But I knew that if he did, he'd spend the money foolishly, and I wouldn't be able to stop him. So I said I'd only marry him if he came back here, with me, to live."

Jerry glanced at me, a red paper bell in his hand. "Did you love him?" he asked.

"I—I don't know." Desperately, I tried to be honest—but it was a question I had asked, often and often, of myself, without ever finding an answer. "It's so hard to tell, after five years. He thrilled me. . . . he was so full of life and enthusiasm. And after he agreed to live on the farm, where we could have a home—after that, I wanted to love him."

"He did agree, then?"
"Oh, yes. You see, he'd been born and raised here, so he knew quite a bit about farming, so there was no reason we couldn't make a success of it. And for a while we were happy. We were!—until Randy began to talk again about selling the farm and moving to a city. He said the work bored him, and he was lonely."

"And you wouldn't let him sell?"

"How could I?" I asked fiercely. "Joey was coming by that time, and—and it wouldn't have been fair to him to give up. Randy didn't know anything except farming, he wasn't trained to make a living at anything else, and—oh, he was hopeless. I told him how foolish he was, and we quarreled—I can't tell you about the quarrels, the things we said to each other—"

A smile touched his lips. "No, you needn't. Most quarrels are about the same, I guess. Two people in a tug of war, pulling against each other, saying things they don't really mean—I know."

"We didn't quarrel all the time—but our whole life together got to be a kind of quarrel. Days when I was afraid to ask him to do things around the farm that needed doing—or when we'd be dreadfully polite, as if we were afraid to be anything else. I could almost feel him straining to get away, and the worst of it was that sometimes I wasn't sure whether it was the farm he wanted to get away from, or me—"

LOOK," he interrupted, as if unaware that I had been talking faster and faster, my muscles tensed, living again those last days of my life with Randy. "Look—this thing ought to go on the top of the tree, oughtn't it?"

Slowly, I came back to the present, saw him with a tinsel star in his hand; and I knew he had spoken deliberately, to stop the rising tide of my memories. "Yes," I said mechanically, and then, "The tree's going to look nice."

"Yeah. It's a good straight tree." He put the star in place. "So he finally left, did he? Then what happened?"

More calmly, I went on, "Yes, he left. He deeded the farm to me, and went away, and I sued him for divorce. I thought I never wanted to see him again. But that was a year ago, and—and I wanted to give him one more chance before the decree became final. He was always fond of Joey, and I began to see that it wasn't fair to Joey himself to let him grow up without a father. Another thing—I thought when Randy began writing to me, once a month or so, it showed that he was tired and discouraged and wanted to come back. He didn't seem to be do-

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ing so very well in Chicago—of course I'd known he wouldn't!—and then he was called up for the draft and rejected because of a leg injury he got playing high school football; and I could tell that worried him. I thought—

I spread my hands in a hopeless gesture. "I thought lots of things, but maybe it was because I wanted to think them. Anyway, I guess he doesn't want to come back at all."

Jerry Marvin stood back, surveying the tree. "No, I guess he doesn't," he remarked, without looking at me. "To tell the truth, I don't blame him."

I sat bolt upright in my chair. "Just what do you mean by that?" I demanded.

"I mean that it doesn't sound to me as if you ever loved him, and finally he found it out," he told me. "You don't love him now. The only reason you want him back is to prove to him that you were right and he was wrong!"

THAT'S not true!" I flashed at him. "It's not—"

But I couldn't go on. My denial was dead before it was ever spoken. He couldn't be right. He couldn't be—but he was. I didn't want Randy because I missed him. I didn't long to hear his voice, to feel his kiss on my lips, to see him sitting across from me in front of the stove. I wanted to hear him say that he was sorry, to come back to me meek, whipped, defeated. It was shameful—but it was what I had wished for.

And this knowledge was something I had hidden from myself. I had thrust it into the darkness of my soul, saying instead that I knew what was best for Randy, and that he owed a duty to me and to Joey, that if he would return I would be a good wife to him and forgive him—saying all kinds of smug lies to cover up the brutal fact that I had never loved Randy as he was, but only as I wished to make him. I might have gone on believing those lies forever, if this young man hadn't come in out of the storm and made me see the truth.

I knew something else, too, in that revealing moment. I knew that Randy didn't love me, either. That he didn't love me now, that perhaps he never had. For real love would not have let this happen to us. Real love is sacrificing, selfless. He would be happier without me, so much happier—free to live his own life, to do the things he chose to do, perhaps some day to find a woman of his own kind, who could make him happy.

I looked across at Jerry, who had made these things so startlingly clear to me. "How do you know all this?" I whispered. "Who are you?"

"Me? I'm just a fellow who can see better than you can, right at the moment. You know how it is—you must have had the same experience yourself, being able to see the solution to other people's perplexities when your own were too close to you for solution."

There was a silence, while our eyes met—while a message greater than any that could be put into words seemed to hang between us. In it were tenderness and sympathy, and something else which was stronger than either—an unexpressed question and answer, a mingling of subtle currents,

a force as mighty as that of the wind outside. I felt blood running stingingly through my veins, and I longed to look away from him, but I could not.

Then he moved. "The tree's about done," he said in a strained voice. "How does it look?"

It was a relief, after that, to inspect the tree, and offer suggestions for the placing of the few remaining ornaments. We managed to become so absorbed in what we were doing that we didn't hear a soft step on the threshold, didn't know Joey was standing there until he spoke.

"Mummy—is that Daddy?"

I whirled, and rushed to him—laughing, and hoping that neither he nor the soldier would hear the strangeness in my laughter.

"Joey! Why aren't you in bed?"

"I woke up," he explained gravely, and asked again, "Is that Daddy?"

"No, darling. Daddy can't come. This is Private Marvin, and he's a soldier."

"Did Santa Claus bring him?" Joey asked doubtfully.

"No—that is—yes, maybe he did!"

I cried recklessly, "Now back to bed with you. You can come in early tomorrow morning and open all your presents."

"I like to open them now," Joey said rather wistfully, but he let himself be led back to bed. When I'd kissed him and seen him drop off to sleep again, I returned quietly to the living room. Jerry Marvin was sitting by the stove, leaning forward, his elbows on his knees.

Briskly, I said, "I'm putting you in the spare room. It's cold in there, but there are plenty of blankets on the bed. I think you'll be comfortable."

"Thanks," he said, but he didn't get up.

IF you'll come, I'll show you where it is," I said after a pause.

"Oh—oh, sure," he said, and followed me as docilely as Joey. But his thoughts, while he thanked me and said good night, seemed to be far away.

Back in the living room, I turned out the light and stood a minute, perfectly still. A cherry-red glow came through the little mica windows in the stove door, but the windows of the room were pale blue, and I realized that the storm was almost over. In its corner, the Christmas tree shone dimly with tinsel, mysterious, pagan, beautiful.

All at once, I was tired, so tired that my eyelids were weighted and I could scarcely move my legs the few steps to my own room. It was a good tiredness, though—one of contentment, almost of fulfillment, a tiredness that sent me straight to sleep.

I awoke to diamond-flashing sunlight and the sound of laughter. For a moment I lay in my bed, trying to remember why I should feel so eager, so like a girl. Then I thought—why, of course! It's Christmas Day, and the sun is shining, and last night I talked to a man who was different from anyone I've ever known. And at another burst of laughter I knew that Jerry and Joey must be together now, in the living room.

I got up and dressed quickly, shivering in the chilly air. By the time I was done I needed no rouge on my cheeks or lips; they were pink with excitement. I rushed to join the two

This Christmas Remember Him With War Bonds.

in the other room, and was greeted with shouts from Joey and a broad, eager smile from Jerry.

Most of the presents under the tree were for Joey, of course, but that didn't matter. Jerry and I stood by, laughing and admiring, while he opened them and strewed the floor with tissue. It was Christmas—a snow-covered Christmas, with a man and woman watching a child's happiness. Christmas!

And afterwards there was breakfast—and more laughter because all bitterness and pride had somehow been washed away by the night. The minutes slipped by until, through the window, we saw a white plume of snow being thrown up by the plow on the highway.

Jerry gazed at it, and then his big hand rested on Joey's shoulder. "Look, old man," he said quietly, "how'd you like to go back and play with your new toys for a little while? Your mother and I are going to sit here and talk, and that wouldn't be much fun for you."

"All right," Joey said, and trotted away. Jerry lifted his eyes to mine.

YOU'VE been happy this morning," he said. "Not angry inside."

"No—not any more. You were right—only my pride made me want Randy to come back," I said. "I know that now, and it makes everything simple and clear. I feel—oh, as if I'd been carrying around a tremendous load on my back, and now it's gone. As if—"

"Don't talk," he interrupted, and put his hand over mine. "Just listen. There's a war on, and I've got to go down and get that jeep out of its drift and follow the plow to Camp Boyne. But I'll be back here, just as soon as I can, maybe not tomorrow, or next week, but soon. *I'll be back.*"

"Yes," I whispered. "I know. I want you to."

I got to my feet, as irresistibly urged as if some giant hand were pulling me from my chair. And Jerry got up, too, and moved slowly toward me, across the little space that separated us. I watched him move impersonally, as if he were a character in a play, and it seemed to take forever for him to come those few steps. Hesitantly, he put out his arms to me.

"Ellen—" he began. And then he said no more, and his lips, firm and warm and live, and real, cut off my answering, protesting, "Jerry!"

THERE was nothing impersonal about us now. That kiss was the *real* thing I have ever known—it was regret for the lost past, happiness for the bright present, promise of a glorious future, all in one wonderful moment.

And that was all there was for us, then. But it was enough.

We watched him go down the lane, Joey and I, and when he turned and waved once we waved back. The sun on the snow hurt our eyes, but we watched until he turned the corner onto the highway.

So that is the Christmas I am remembering this year—the Christmas I know he is remembering too, wherever he may be. We have other memories, but none so sweet as the first—not even the moment when we put love into words, not even our first kiss, not even our whispered plans for the future.

It isn't in sight yet, that future—but I know it is somewhere, and not too far away. This war will end, and he will return to be with me always. He may want to stay on the farm, or he may not—either way, it won't matter to me. Because I know what love is now, you see. It is giving, not taking. It is wanting to change yourself, if you must—not wanting to change the one you love.



Eighteen-year-old Renee Terry, who is Barbara in the CBS Bright Horizon serial, spends 17 hours a week as a Nurse's Aide at Beth Israel Hospital in New York in addition to her radio activities.

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GIVE

Beauty FOR CHRISTMAS

By Roberta Ormiston

WE suggest you give beauty this Christmas.

Beauty not only is a welcome gift, it is a gift which thoroughly backs up Uncle Sam's request that we do not tax civilian materials by our Christmas giving. For soaps and powders, rouges and lipsticks, manicuring products, creams and colognes are things which are important to the well-groomed woman and, in turn, to home-front morale. They are also, and we may as well face this and gladly, things women will buy for themselves if they don't find them on their Christmas tree or in their Christmas stocking.

Cosmetics by all means this war-time Christmas rather than useless no-dads. But, giving cosmetics, be sure you spend less than you ever spent before and put your extra money in the best gift of all, whether it be for yourself, members of your family, or your friends—*War Bonds and Stamps!*

If she's sixteen or sixty or any age in between she will continue to thank you long after the holidays are past if your gift is a lavender set. Three bars of lavender soap, a large bottle of shellpink hand cream, and a three-ounce container of lavender talcum powder in a container that has a novel side sprinkler to prevent spilling. All this comes in a sturdy, charming box decorated with pictures of Pegasus, the winged horse, in the clouds. \$2.35.

Men love luxury of this sort, too. He'll remember you if you remember him with invisible talc put up in a wooden container with a handy metal top. It's soothing after a brisk shave and flesh-tinted to harmonize with skin tones. Also a wooden bowl of shaving soap. In an attractive box. \$2.00.

Ways and means to beauty are the perfect gifts this war-time Christmas. For beauty gives morale, too. And morale is what is needed on the home front.

For instance, there is very likely someone in your family—a niece or an



Betty Randall, of *Music from Manhattan* (Monday through Saturday, 9 A.M. EWT, NBC), loves fresh flowers for Christmas—especially when they are fashioned into a bracelet and matching hair ornament.

aunt, maybe—who longs for one of the new permanent waves. Give her an order for one and make her Christmas merrier.

There may be someone on your Christmas list, for whom you can't think of a thing, who feels that a course with a figure and posture specialist would be an extravagance—but who wouldn't think it an extravagance if it was a gift.

Another idea! Those wonderful stiff-bristled hair brushes which put the hair through a daily dozen and bring it new life and lustre are still available. They are an ideal remembrance for the friend who is justifiably proud of her hair because it's one of her best features.

Beauty also comes in bottles, boxes and chests—some dainty, some gay, some put up in special Christmas finery.

There's an amusing little crate filled with nail enamel, polish adherent and

polish remover—which costs one dollar.

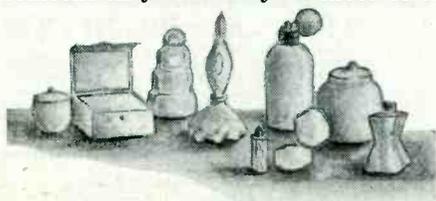
A Beautymaker Kit, with foundation cream, cleansing cream, face powder, hand lotion and skin lotion, also costs one dollar.

A Bath Kit, containing mountain heather bath powder, cologne and soap is \$2.50.

A Travel Kit of golden cleansing cream, night cream, foundation cream, skin lotion, hand lotion, face powder, lipstick and rouge is \$7.85.

A compact and lipstick set in plastic, the compact for loose powder, in a silk lined pink box overlaid with a delicate gold lace pattern is \$2.50.

For a luxury set, there is a large box covered in paper of red, white and gold and it's lined with powder-blue satin. It holds dusting powder with a large fluffy puff, complexion powder, plastic container of talc for after-bath enjoyment, a three-ounce bottle of cologne and a half-ounce bottle of perfume. \$10.00.



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

Gambler's Wife

Continued from page 15

Pearl Harbor, and for a while everything else was driven from our minds. With our beloved country at war, that was the only important thing in the lives of any of us. Jed wanted to enlist immediately. But he had been offered the job of foreman at a factory that was converted into making war machinery—the kind of equipment that our armed forces must have, and right away. He had a long struggle with his conscience. He knew that, highly skilled as he was, he would be of more use in the factory than as a private in the Army. It cost him a lot, that struggle. But at last he decided to go to the factory. I know it sometimes takes the truer patriot to stay than to go and I know what the decision cost him.

At the factory Jed made more money than ever. We planned to put every cent we could into War Bonds. In them, in that tangible proof that our future was secure, I felt my own inner security growing, felt that I could have the baby that I wanted so much as the final fulfillment of our marriage and our love. I could hardly wait for the time when I would know that a new life stirred within me.

ONE evening I was preparing supper when Jed called from the plant. "Something's come up, honey," he said. "Don't wait supper. I may be late." Then he quickly rang off.

I hung up the phone with a sudden fear. *Something's come up.* There was a rule against personal calls at the plant and I couldn't call him back. Had there been a reckless note in his voice, a curious, over-strained tone that hardly sounded like Jed at all? I must have imagined it, I told myself. We'd been so happy since he'd had the new job. Nothing could happen.

But premonition troubled me as I ate my lonely dinner and then sat down to read and wait. I waited till after midnight, and the feeling grew as the hours passed. At last he came; one look at him and I knew that something was wrong—terribly wrong.

"Sorry to be so late," he said with an effort to be jaunty. "But I got into a little game with the boys at Alison's Hotel."

I stared at him stupidly, not understanding.

"For Lord's sake, don't look so tragic!" He was suddenly, defensively angry. "All right, I lost. I lost a lot. If you want the truth, I got cleaned out of about every cent we've got in the bank."

I jumped up. A sudden picture flashed through my mind—of myself sitting in Mr. Carter's office the last time I'd gone to make another payment on the house. And Mr. Carter saying, "I'm glad you're so prompt, Mrs. Justin. I must warn you that with houses and apartments at the premium they are, the bank can't afford to be lenient with extensions on any of its mortgages. In normal times perhaps, but now—" The picture faded off, leaving Mr. Carter's dry voice like the knell of doom in my ears.

"But Jed, that money was for the payment on the house! You had no right to touch it—"

"All right, all right," he said impatiently. "I'll make it up. We've got three months yet till January first, and I've got my Christmas bonus coming. I'll make it up, don't worry. The house means as much to me as it does to you."

"No," I said quietly, and I knew suddenly, in a great flash of revelation, that I spoke the truth. "Nothing does—but gambling. At first, maybe, you did it because you honestly wanted the security money could bring. But not any longer. Oh, Jed, can't you see the excitement of it is what holds you now, the love of it for its own sake? It's taking everything from us—all our dreams and plans—everything! Can't you see what lies ahead of us if you don't stop?"

"I can see you're getting hysterical just because I got into an innocent little poker game and happened to lose some money!" he said harshly. "I've heard all I'm going to from you about it. Now leave me alone!"

He had never spoken like that to me before. He had never been so far beyond my reach. We stood there, facing each other across the room, and it was no longer Jed and me. It was two strangers separated by an endless abyss of despair.

"There's one more thing you'll have to hear," I said evenly. "And that is that you're depriving me of the thing I want most in the world next to you—children. I'll bring no babies in the world with a confirmed gambler for a father. They wouldn't have a chance."

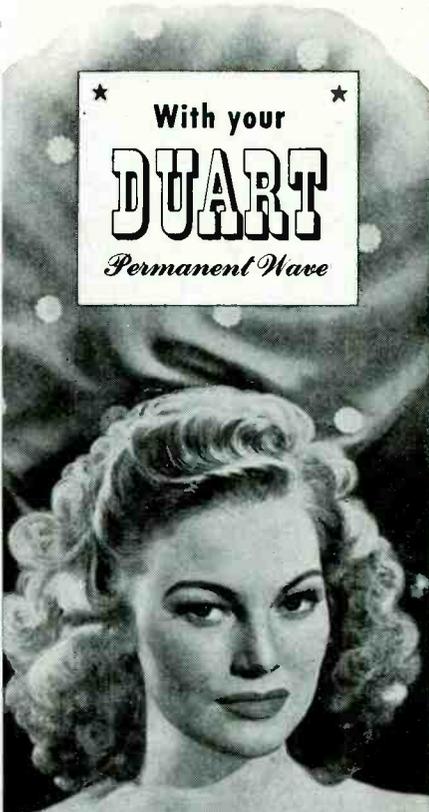
And I walked out and closed the door between us.

That was a quarrel that had no real reconciliation. The bitterness, the hurt had gone too deep. Jed and I were scrupulously polite to each other. But the strangers who had looked into each other's eyes that night in the living room were the people who lived in our house now. The wonderful, happy intimacy was gone.

I TRIED desperately never to lose hope or courage completely. I tried to fight this thing that spelled inevitable misery for us both, but I could not fight alone and Jed wouldn't help me. He was caught in the grip of something stronger than himself, and he was powerless. He tried. I know he did. But its hold was too great.

In my unhappiness, I turned more and more to our house itself. I scrubbed and polished and cleaned with loving care. In some curious way it seemed to take the place of the child I didn't have. I did war work, I entertained our friends, but the house was the center of my life. It became a sort of symbol because it, at least, was ours—or would be, for Jed had promised on his word of honor that he would not touch the bonus money he would receive at Christmas. With that, and the dollars I scrimped from housekeeping expenses and from things I went without, we could just barely manage to make the January payment.

Many nights when I was left alone, I wept the bitter, silent tears of disillusionment. For I had thought that



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love as strong as Jed's and mine could conquer anything. I had learned better. It could not conquer the feverish thing that burned in his blood.

Another Christmas came. This time I trimmed our small tree myself—with the ten-cent-store baubles and old-fashioned candles. Jed and I would have our simple celebration that night as the men at the factory had pledged themselves to work as usual on Christmas Day—their gesture to Hitler and the Japs. As I trimmed, I remembered our first Christmas, back in the little apartment. How happy we'd been then! Under the mistletoe, we'd dreamed of our house, our children. I remembered the knitted socks and the jewel box. They were like something out of another life. . . . Perhaps somehow this little tree would bring us back together to those happy, innocent times. Perhaps now, somehow, Jed would sense again the strength of my love and in it find his own strength to cure the evil that was blighting it.

IT was getting late, already dark outside. Jed had been due for some time. I put the last candle in place and lit them all. With the lights out, the tree looked lovely and each tiny flame was like a beacon of hope.

I heard the front door open and close. "Jed," I called gaily, "come look!" "Yeah."

At his odd tone, I turned around. He was standing in the doorway, looking not at the tree but at me. And his eyes held an unreadable expression. They looked hot, as if from a heat that had left him dry and lifeless. Hot with defiance and with some twisted shame, and with something else I couldn't fathom.

My hand went to my throat. "What is it?" I whispered through stiff lips. "You might as well know now," he blurted. "The bonus money—it's gone. Every cent of it. I bet it and I lost it. . . . Don't stand there staring at me like that! It's gone, isn't it?"

The world stopped whirling. The breath came back to my body. Everything had a sudden, vivid brightness. "Yes, it's gone!" I cried. "And this house is gone! *Everything*." Hysteria mounted in me. All the months of strain and despair and false hope broke with a rush in that one moment. "And you're gone, too—to some horrible place

of your own where I can never reach you. Your word of honor you gave me. You swore you wouldn't touch that money. When honor is meaningless, then everything is meaningless—our marriage, our love, our dreams. The gambling's taken it all."

The tree, with its little burning candles, was like a mockery now. I turned to get away from it. To get away from him—and from the emptiness that lay ahead of us now.

As I turned, my foot caught under the rug and I stumbled. My weight jerked it forward. There was a warning cry from Jed, and as I looked the tree toppled and fell—right toward the flimsy curtains at the window behind it. Before either of us could move, flames were licking at them.

"Water! Get water!" Jed shouted.

As I ran for the kitchen I could hear him pulling down the curtains, stamping out the tongues of fire that seemed to come from everywhere at once. I filled everything I could lay hands on and ran back. Already the room was full of smoke. I dashed the water at the biggest blaze. But the dry fiber of the rug had caught. The candles had been thrown free as the tree fell, and already the sofa was beginning to smoulder.

"Too much for us," Jed choked. "Got to get out—call the fire department."

HE grabbed my arm and hurried me out, shutting the door behind us to control the draught. Once on the lawn, he sprinted toward the next door neighbor's to the telephone. I stood where he had left me, as if turned to stone.

A flickering glow came from inside the house. The flames were spreading. And suddenly, alone there in the cold dark, I couldn't stand it. That house was a symbol to me of all that had gone. The love that no longer seemed alive, the babies we hadn't had, the air castles that had never come true. And of something else. Of my own failure, my own defeat. For I knew now, in that flash of understanding, that no matter what Jed did, he was mine and I was his and I loved him more than life itself. I hadn't worked hard enough to make him know that. I'd been fighting *him*—not the evil thing that made him what he was.

I uttered a wordless little cry and

then I began to run toward the house. I was aware of footsteps pounding back across the lawn, and of Jed's voice yelling, "Peggy! Come away from there! *Peggy!*"

Heedlessly, I shoved open the door and rushed through it. Somehow I had to save the house and the things in it that I'd loved and cherished. But save it for *us*—not for me alone. The heavy door slammed shut behind me. The smoke was suffocating. If I could get back to the kitchen, get water to keep the fire from spreading. . . . if it was confined to the living room, I could save the rest. . . . I tripped over something, and went down heavily.

When I got up, I could no longer tell where I was. The kitchen—was it this way or that way. . . . Dimly I heard Jed's frantic efforts to get the door open, and I realized the latch had caught when it slammed behind me. But the sound seemed to come from all directions at once. . . .

"Jed!" I called. "Jed, where are you?" I tried to stagger toward him and brought up against the wall. Dizzily I backed away. . . . "Jed!"

And then a sheet of flame seemed to jump in front of me. Something heavy hit me across the chest and I went down again. . . .

It seemed a long time later. I opened my eyes in an unfamiliar room. I was lying on an unfamiliar bed, and everything about me hurt. Then I saw Jed. He was sitting beside me. I wondered why his hands were bandaged and where he got that ugly burn on his cheek. Then I remembered.

Jed leaned close. "You're fine, darling," he whispered huskily. "Everything's fine. They won't let me stay long—but there's something I have got to tell you. When I saw you run back in the house—at first, well, I thought you were—were trying to kill yourself. And then I knew. I knew you were trying to save it—for us. And all of a sudden I saw that I'd been destroying more than the fire was or ever could. When I finally got that door open and found you—it was as if the fire had burned away something in me, the bad part. It was like fighting fire *with* fire. And so, my darling, you don't have to worry—ever any more. Just get well."

AND then the nurse came and that was all we said or ever would say. There wasn't any need to say any more.

I had smoke poisoning and second degree burns, but I got well in a hurry because there was so much to get well for. I still have a bad scar on my arm and always will have, but I don't mind. It represents something we lived through together and conquered. It's sort of like a medal.

Our house bears scars, too—where the living room and the hall were repaired after the fire. But it's still our house and maybe it's good to be reminded why it bears those scars. Jed went to Mr. Carter and told him the truth. It was a humiliating, shameful experience for him, but he did it. And the bank granted an extension. So now we're scrimping along, doing without, gradually paying it back. But I don't mind that either because we're doing it together and in the right way.

Jed has kept his word. He never bets on anything now—except whether the baby we're going to have next fall will be a boy or a girl. The stakes are a couple of War Bonds, and Jed swears it's going to be a girl. . . .

One Minute Prayer

Our Father, we recognize our dependence upon Thee.

We confess our waywardness which has brought destruction

upon the world. The fault is ours for we know Thou

art seeking our good. Thou art the God of all peoples,

and when we all recognize Thee as such the world will be

at peace. We pray that righteousness may prevail and

that we may be guided in that which is right. Amen.

Submitted by

The Rev. Dr. A. W. Fortune, Minister of the Central Christian Church of Lexington, Kentucky

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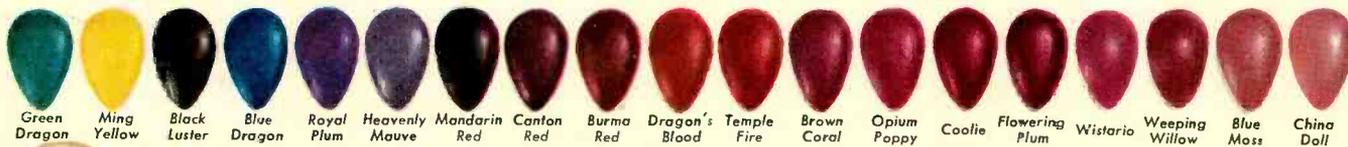
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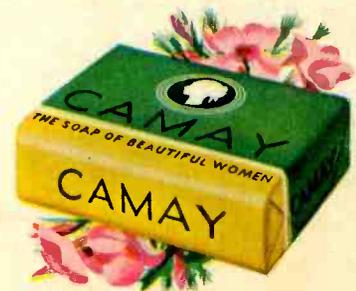
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