

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

JUNE

15¢



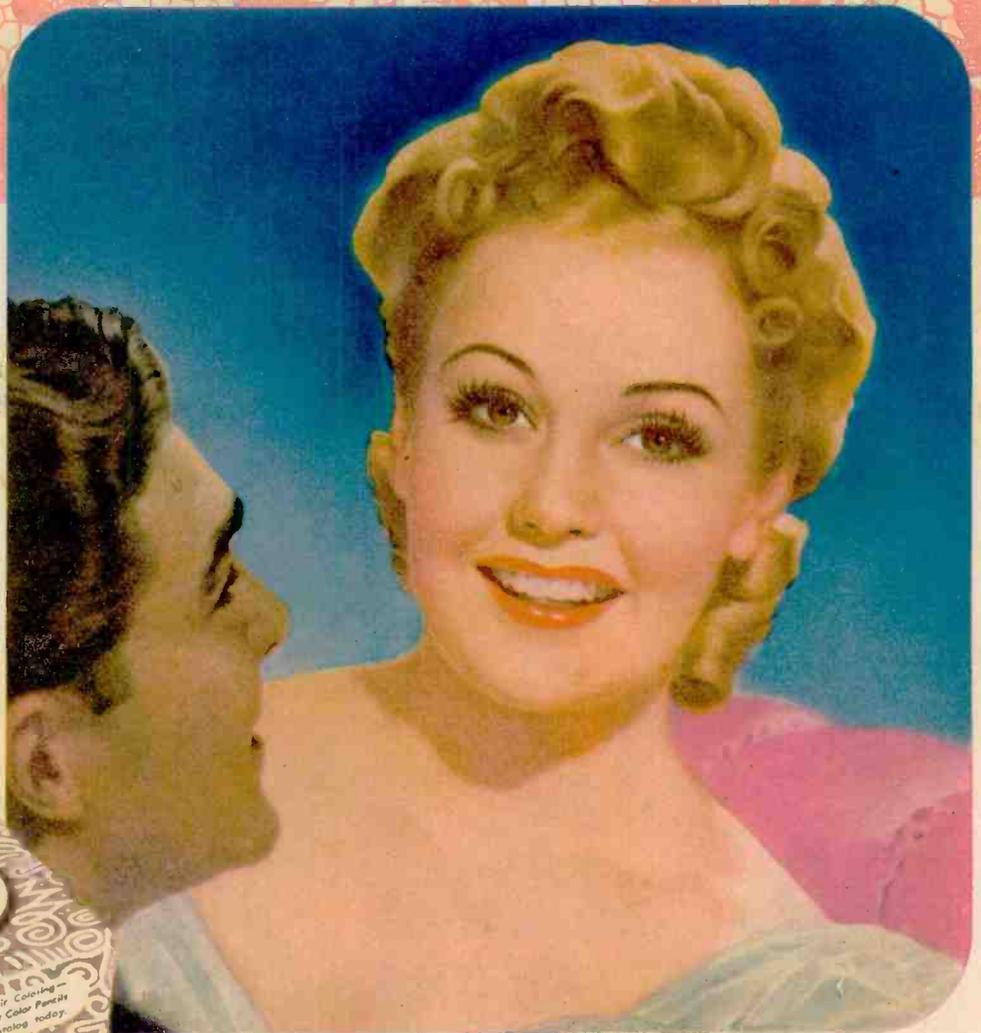
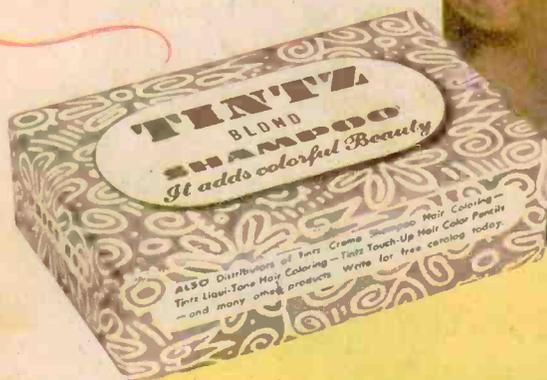
ONE MAN'S FAMILY
In Exciting Color Pictures

FIRST LOVE

Story of a Girl's Heart

SHARON
DOUGLAS

Easy Way
TINTS HAIR



AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES, LIGGETT'S, WALGREEN'S, WHELAN'S, MOST DRUG STORES AND 5 & 10c STORES

New **TINTZ** *Color Shampoo*
Black • Brown • Auburn or Blonde TINTS AS IT SHAMPOOS

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades: Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for \$1.00).

SEND NO MONEY . . .

Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you or no cost . . .

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c (\$1 for two) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren't 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don't delay. Order today!

IF NOT
AT
YOUR
DEALER'S

Mail this Coupon Today—Sure!

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 1-B, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.
Canadian Office: Dept. 1-B, 22 College St., Toronto, Can.

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

1 CAKE 50c 2 CAKES \$1
(If C. O. D., postage charges extra)

(Tintz pays postage if money with order)

- Check shade:
- Blonde
 - Black
 - Light Brown
 - Medium Brown
 - Auburn (Titian)
 - Dark Brown

NAME
(Print Plainly)

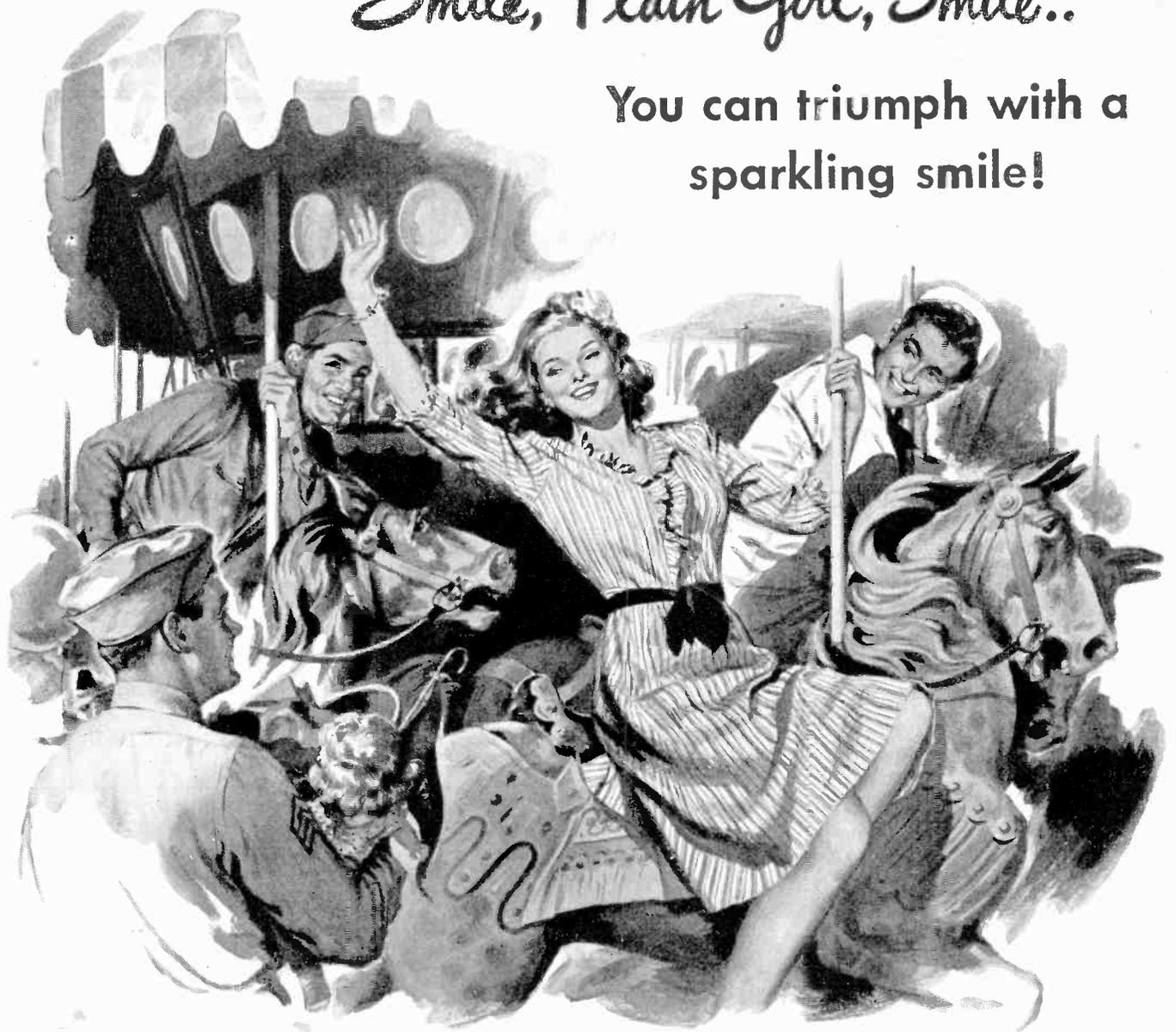
ADDRESS

CITY STATE

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

You can triumph with a sparkling smile!



Make a lovely smile your conquering charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage!

FACE THE WORLD, Plain Girl—and Smile! The spotlight doesn't shine only on the prettiest girls. You can win your share of compliments and admiration. You can take a leading part in romance if your smile is right.

So smile, Plain Girl, Smile! Not just a shy, uncertain smile—but a smile that flashes with magic charm—gay, bright, enchanting! But remember for that kind of smile you need sound, sparkling teeth.

And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist! He may say your gums have become sensitive—denied exercise by today's soft foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little

Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

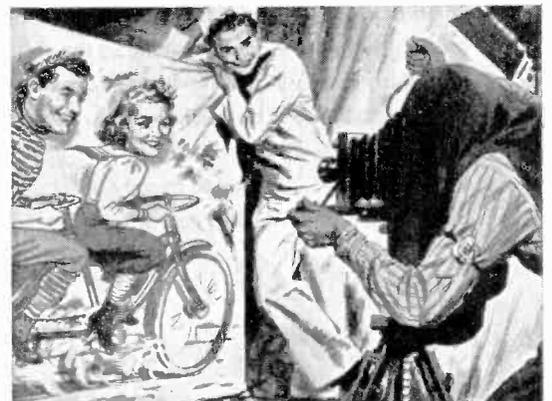
Today, start with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



The Picture's Gey and bright for the girl with a sparkling, attractive smile. Help keep your smile radiant and winning with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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CONTENTS

First Love.....	19
I'll Bring You Sorrow.....	22
I'll Love You Forever.....	27
One Man's Family—In Living Portraits.....	30
Picture of Happiness.....	35
Listen To Your Heart.....	36
Blue Flame—Woody Herman's Theme Song.....	41
"The Land We Belong to Is Grand!".....	42
Let No Man Put Asunder.....	44
All The World to Me.....	46
Vegetable Variations.....	50

ADDED ATTRACTIONS

What's New From Coast to Coast... Dale Banks	4	Lovely As a Bride..... Roberta Ormiston	16
This Is Fort Dix.....	12	The Cover Girl.....	18
Facing The Music..... Ken Alden	14	Inside Radio.....	51

ON THE COVER—Sharon Douglas of the Joan Davis-Jack Haley show on NBC—Color portrait by Tom Kelley

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IRRESISTIBLE *as always!*

We dedicate to the
W A C

IRRESISTIBLE *air whipt* **FACE POWDER**

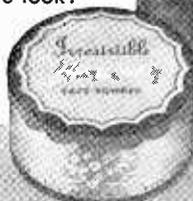
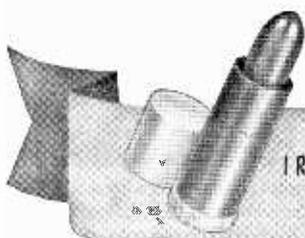
For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible Face Powder is non-drying, color-true, longer-lasting... a boon to beauty and today's busy woman. Try Skintone, for that new AIR-WHIPT, look-alive look!

10c-25c SIZES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

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

That 'Irresistible something'
is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME





Be the Thrill in his Furlough!



It's a super-special date! He's your hero come home! So make a smooth start with a refreshing bath. Your spirits soar! Then—one step more—one quick, easy step to make sure of charm—to *prevent risk* of underarm odor in the hours ahead.



You want to stay appealing—thrillingly nice to be near—so use Mum after every bath. Takes only 30 seconds, yet keeps you flower-fresh all evening long. Without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes, Mum guards charm—faithfully!

**Make sure of your Charm.
Every day, after every bath, use
quick, dependable Mum!**

YOUR loveliness can make that furlough a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. But loveliness isn't looks alone—it's also the magic a girl uses to keep herself sweet and appealing—to guard charm. Be sure your charm is safe—don't give underarm odor a chance. Every day, after every bath, use Mum!

You see, a bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum is so easy to use . . . so quick! Smooth it on each underarm and your daintiness is sure all day or evening. Get Mum today!

* * *
For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration



He wanted to appear on Ginny Simms' program and then named Dinah Shore his favorite. But Ginny swallowed her pride and gave sailor Robert Swadiner the thrill of his life by inviting Dinah, too. Below, Fibber McGee and Molly study the seed catalogue before starting on their victory garden.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

REMEMBER dark, pert little Helen Mack in the movies? She was good, too. Then, remember her as Marge in *Myrt and Marge*? Well, she's got a new job, now. She's Hollywood Radio City's first woman producer of a transcontinental radio program.

Two years ago, Helen retired from radio to have a baby. She's been basking in motherhood until recently, when her husband, Tom McAvity, had to give up his assignment as producer of *A Date With Judy* because he had just too much work for one man to handle. Alen Leslie, who writes the show, suggested that Helen take over his job, but Helen refused at first, thinking that some of the seasoned actors on the show might resent being told what to do by a comparative newcomer. However, Mrs. Leslie and her husband were insistent enough to break down her objections.

Helen's taking over the producer's job makes *Date With Judy* practically an all feminine production, all the key positions being held down by women, even the sound technician.

Another sign of the times?

Something to look forward to—Fritz Kreisler, who has been turning down all radio offers ever since there was any radio to make them, has finally broken down. The world renowned violinist has agreed to play a series of five concerts for the Great Artists Series over NBC. He'll play his first radio recital this summer and the remaining four during the following nine months.

What's in a name, indeed? Santos Ortega says he'd probably never have had a break in radio, if it hadn't been for the fact that his name sounds Spanish.



Alan Bunce, radio's *Young Doctor Malone*, helps on the paper salvage campaign, assisted by his two sons.

One day, out of a blue sky, he got a call from a radio director, saying that someone with a Spanish accent was needed to step into a part immediately and Santos had been recommended because of his name. Santos rushed to the studio, played the part, and didn't admit until much later that he knew nothing about Spanish—or Spain.

And since then, he's been so busy he hasn't even had a chance to try to learn Spanish.

So—you have on occasion complained about the commercials on radio? Listen to Major Andre Baruch—your ex-Hit Parade announcer—just back from North Africa. He says the boys over



there like the broadcasts shortwaved to them—but—they object violently to not hearing commercials. Doesn't sound really like home!

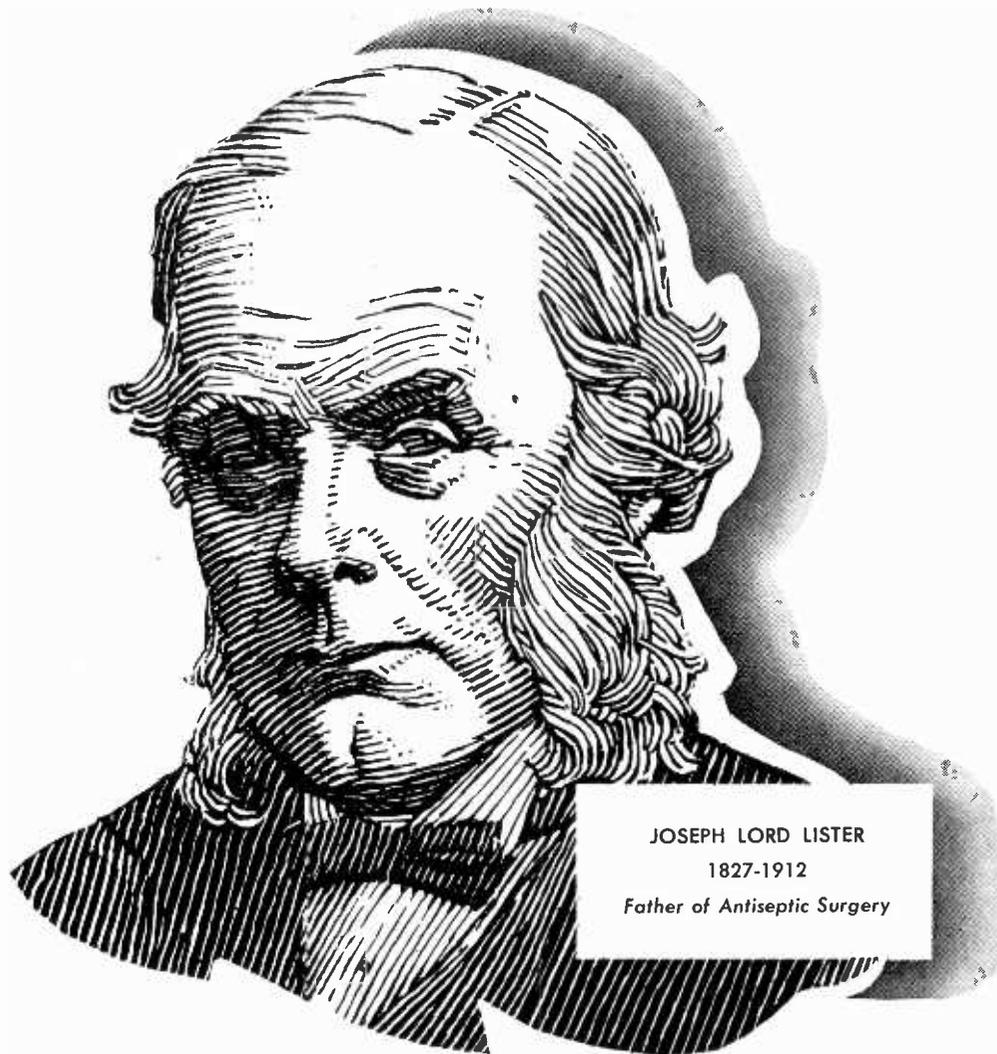
And, talking about the boys overseas liking reminders of home, there's the story told by Veronica Fredricks, who supervises a recording booth at New York's War Bond Square. That's the place where you buy War Stamps or Bonds and in return can make a record message to be mailed to your kin in the Services.

Veronica says most of the messages are fairly routine personal messages about the family and how the dog is and how jobs are working out. Recently, however, one mother gave the routine a jolt.

She gripped the microphone and yelled, "Sammy! Get up! Sammy, it's seven o'clock! Sammy, your coffee's getting cold! Your toast is burned. Sammy, you'll miss your bus!" Then she turned to Veronica and smiled, "That will make Sammy feel right at home."

You'd never expect the rough and ready boys in the Army to find anything to interest them in a program like radio's "Mystery Chef." Wrong again. They do. Seems that lots of the boys who have to cook for small groups of men, like anti-aircraft crews, submarine rescue boat units and such, are finding it difficult to prepare meals according to directions in the Army and Navy cookbooks. All the recipes in those books are intended to feed 100 or more men. Now, they're getting printed recipes, especially planned to meet the needs of such service groups, directly from the Mystery Chef.

Apparently, there's still no better
(Continued on page 6)



JOSEPH LORD LISTER
1827-1912
Father of Antiseptic Surgery

AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD...

"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and for the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, a doctor of international fame.

ALMOST alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of today, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by the

definite tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—before, during and after an operation—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before hostile critics accepted his practical life-giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful first-aid, providing rapid germ-killing action with complete safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



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

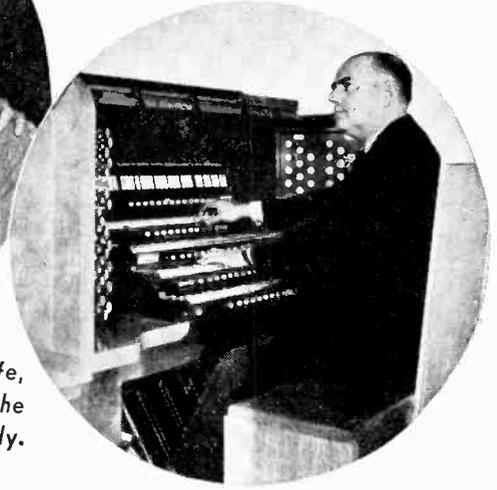
FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** IN SERVICE 60 YEARS

Cornelia Otis Skinner and Roland Young who were heard on the William and Mary sketches on CBS, Sunday nights.

New Englanders get up before the birds to start the day right by hearing their favorite organist, Francis J. Cronin.



Tom McAvity turns over to his wife, Helen Mack, former screen star, the producing duties of *Date With Judy*.



way to get a break than to be in the right place at the right time. Witness Betty Mendenhall, a music librarian at NBC, who has just been promoted to a job as a staff organist.

One day last fall, Betty was walking down the corridor at the studio with her hands full of scores she was returning to the library, when she bumped into Ray Diaz, at that moment a slightly harassed supervisor of announcers. A flash bulletin on the surrender of Italy had interrupted a program and Ray was searching frantically for an organist or pianist to fill in the time.

Catching sight of the scores in Betty's hand, he asked her whether she could play. She could and did. And she's climbed another few rungs toward her ambition, which is to get a post on a network orchestra.

Met Elizabeth Bemis and her cocker spaniel the other day. It's a cute pooch and goes by the name of Skillet. Seems the usually serious CBS news analyst has her lighter moments, too. She went out one day to buy a skillet to cook some chops in—and returned with a puppy. Hence the name.

Usually, ideas for radio shows are thought up the hard way, with all sorts of people from writers to sponsors sitting through endless conferences and arguments. Not so Horace Heidt's new radio program, *Heidt Time for Hires*. That just came to him—well, almost. Some of the credit has to go to Bob Matthews, Heidt's new singer.

Back in June 1943, Matthews was in the Army. When Heidt's orchestra was making a personal appearance in Chicago, Bob Matthews—in uniform then, climbed up on the stage and asked to be allowed to sing with the orchestra. Since servicemen can have practically

**3 Main
Deodorant
Troubles—
WHICH IS YOURS?**

**"ARMPIT
PIMPLES?"**
(Due to irritating chemicals)

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

**CREAM
GOES GRAINY?**

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

**TOO STIFF
TO SPREAD?**

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

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

McKesson & Robbins
Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA *deodorant cream*

ATTACHMENT OF A BUNDLE OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
PRODUCTS OF
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

anything they ask for these days—and quite right, too—Bob's request was granted. Bob sang and the audience went wild with enthusiasm. Heidt was so impressed that he asked Bob to keep in touch with him, because when he was discharged from the Army he'd like Bob to join the band.

It happened sooner than anyone had thought. Four months later, Bob was discharged, looked up Heidt in New York and found himself with a job. And Heidt found himself with an idea, springing out of the many letters he got complimenting him for having given an ex-soldier such a swell break. Why not an entire program devoted to helping men honorably discharged from the Services to get the kind of work they want and can do?

It's working out nicely, too, and Heidt is leaving a trail of gratitude behind him wherever the show appears.

* * *

If you've ever attended a broadcast, you've been through what's known as the studio audience warm-up. If you haven't, it's a short period before the show goes on the air, during which the show's stars put on a little impromptu performance to get the audience relaxed and in the proper mood of gaiety, or horror, or what-have-you. Sometimes, pretty cute things happen.

Like the time Cornelia Otis Skinner—Mary on those William and Mary sketches on the Dinah Shore program—did one of those monologues for which she's famous. This was called "Times Square" and one of her characters was a gal from the Deep South, landing on Broadway for the first time.

"Jes' look at these lights!" Miss Skinner cooed in her best Southern accent. "Ain't they cayute? Oh, mah, ahm jes' skayered to dayeth at all these cahs!"

And, from the balcony of the radio theater, dripping with Georgia, came this response, "Law he'p yo' ma'am—so wuz Ah."

They just about got the audience out of hysterics in time for the broadcast.

* * *

Radio has a language all its own. Makes an outsider feel lost on occasion, too. Just so we'll know our way around, we've been compiling a glossary. Here are some of the choice items:

"Leave us face it," in spite of its new popularity as a bit of New Yorkese, is really old mike talk. In a director's jargon it means simply to speak directly into the mike.

"In the mud," means insufficient tone volume.

"Weaving" is moving from the microphone, for instance, to indicate ducking a punch in a fight scene.

"Fluff," is what actors do when they misread words.

"What a woodshed," means a hard rehearsal—reminiscent of the days when Dad took junior to the woodshed for a licking.

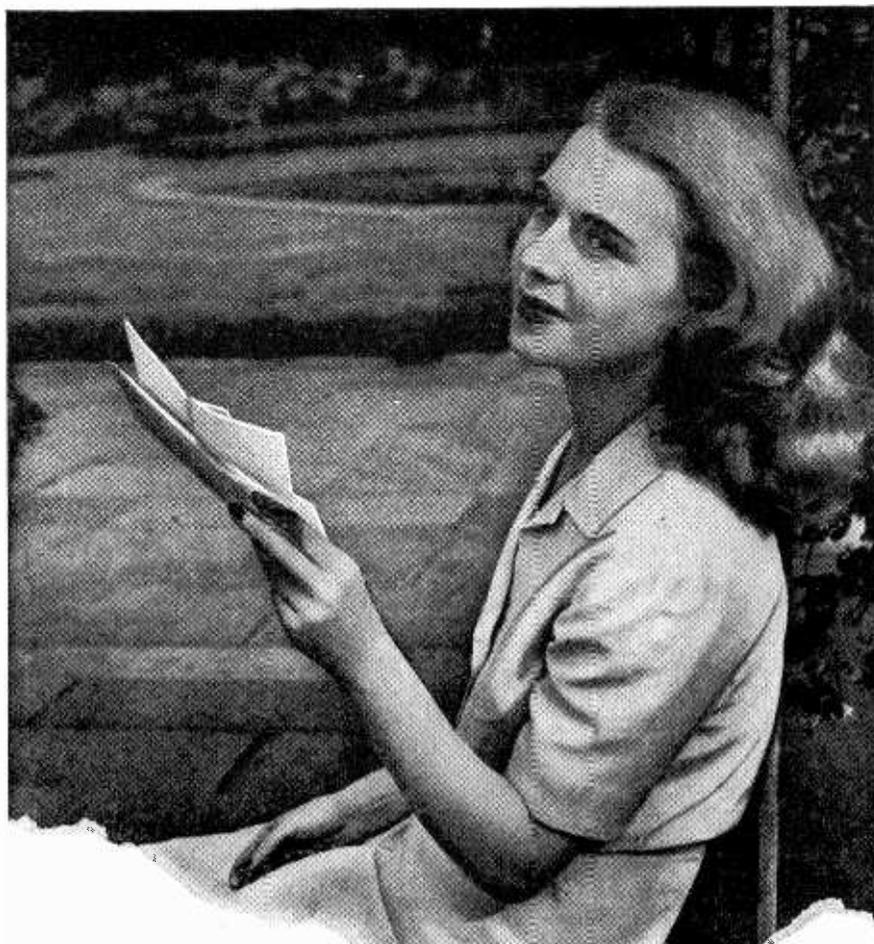
"Mike hog," of course, is applied to the performer who edges himself into a better position at the mike at the expense of a fellow actor.

"Lockjaw," is a severe criticism, meaning the actor ought to show more life.

"Give it the old elbow," is thrown at the sound effects men, calling for more volume on door slams and crashes.

* * *

Music lovers from all walks of life in New England get up before the birds



"He Loves me!—Thank you,

Evening in Paris Face Powder—

You Helped me Win his Heart..."

AH, TRULY, Evening in Paris is a face powder to inspire Romance! Its sheer-velvet texture touches the skin with dream-lovely color... its haunting perfume belongs only to Evening in Paris. Choose the exquisite face powder which breathes Romance... silken-soft, colorful Evening in Paris. And when he murmurs, "I love you"... then you'll know why it is said, "to make a lovely lady even lovelier... Evening in Paris face powder!"

Tune in "Here's to Romance," a sparkling musical revue, with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra—Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.



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

Evening in Paris

face powder

BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

"The 1-Minute Mask makes smooth make-up so Easy!"



Mrs. Lawrence W. Earle

the former Antonia Drexel, of the prominent Philadelphia family

"A scratchy, drab, 6 o'clock complexion simply can't take make-up properly," explains charming, young Mrs. Earle.

"Little chappings snag your powder, and tiny specks of imbedded dirt dull your color . . .



"A 1-Minute Mask solves my make-up problems beautifully!" Mrs. Earle spreads Pond's Vanishing Cream over all but her eyes. After one minute, tissues off. Roughnesses and dirt particles have been loosened and dissolved by the "keratolytic" action of the Cream!

"I can see the results of a 1-Minute Mask right away!" Mrs. Earle says. "My skin looks clearer and more alive—and it has the soft, mat finish that takes powder perfectly. Do you wonder that the Mask is my favorite beauty pick-me-up?"

"A quick, light powder base, too . . ."

"I use Pond's Vanishing Cream *two* ways," says Mrs. Earle. "3 or 4 times a week as a 1-Minute Mask—and the rest of the time smoothed on lightly and left on—for powder base."



Help ease the glass shortage by buying one BIG jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream instead of several smaller ones.

Take a job! The more women at work—the sooner we win!



Baritone Allan Jones, of movie fame, stars in a new radio show Wednesday at 8:00 P.M., on CBS.

to start their day right by hearing their favorite organist, Francis J. Cronin. His program, Sunrise Special, is made up of classical, semi-classical, and some symphonically arranged popular tunes, is heard Monday through Saturday mornings at 6:30 A. M., EWT, over WNAC and the Yankee Network and the Frequency Modulation stations, WGTR, Boston, and WMTW, Mt. Washington, N. H.

By no means a long-hair artist, Frank Cronin is a real man's man of the solid citizen variety with a keen sense of humor and a penchant for smoking big, black cigars.

Before joining WNAC as staff organist thirteen years ago, Cronin played for years in theaters all over New England, including the Metropolitan in Boston, the Capitol in Allston, and the Olympia Chain, where he also had charge of organ installation and design. In the studio of WNAC in Boston, Yankee's key station, is the largest radio organ in the world. Frank designed it and supervised its construction. It is three stories high and has more than 2,500 pipes and a hundred miles of wiring.

Cronin hates to talk about himself. Try mentioning his wonderful family, though—! With his wife, Catherine, lovely and talented organist and pianist who studied under DeVoto, the musical Cronins live in Newton, Mass. The three younger daughters, Catherine, Patricia, and Rosemary, are all studying piano, while Edith, the oldest, is an accomplished pianist, and young George, eleven, is a drum virtuoso.

He learned the speed and rhythm of the best of the nation's percussionists all by himself on tin cans and dishpans. Frank had to buy him a complete set of drums, so the Cronins would have some kitchen utensils left. Francis, Jr., is a great ballplayer (what his father longed to be, incidentally) and a brilliant student.

Francis Cronin is also featured every day at 11:30 a.m. in "Spotlight Revue" with lyric soprano, Ruth Owens, and George Wheeler, operatic tenor, over WNAC and the Yankee Network.

* * *

Harry Sosnik, maestro of Beat the Band is now settling down to an easier routine. While Hildegard was broadcasting from Chicago, conductor Sosnik spent most of his time shuttling between New York and Chicago and



Criminology was to be Charlotte Manson's career, but she's Marcelle Bertrand in Backstage Wife.

nearly all the time he spent on the trains was devoted to praying that the trains wouldn't be late.

* * *

People in radio are always getting gifts from listeners. The other day, Morton Downey got a flower pot filled with soil from Ireland. With it came a note from the sender, saying it was sent to her by a cousin in County Cork and "I thought this would make you as homesick for the old sod as your nostalgic songs in the afternoon do me."

The catch is that Downey was born in Wallingford, Conn., and raised in Brooklyn and never saw the old sod, until long after he had become popular as a singer of Irish songs.

* * *

More about our English cousins. You think we have trouble with rents and the OPA and housing shortages. Charles Shaw of the News of the World show reports that in London recently he heard of a case where a landlord rented a stable to a man, his wife and three children. The landlord got \$3.10 a week for these quarters. The stable was without water, lights or sanitary facilities. The case was reported and the landlord hauled before a judge—not for health violations, but for charging exorbitant rent!

* * *

After an experience on a bus, Bill Lipton, of Let's Pretend and Now and Forever, is going to confine his exercises to the privacy of his boudoir. Bill's very anxious to get into the Army and he's been doing eye exercises to get his orbs up to par to pass the Army tests. He's been doing them diligently and everywhere, including the street and on buses and trains. He's decided to be more careful from now on though. The other day, he was arrested in the middle of an eye roll by hearing a woman say, "If he doesn't stop making those eyes at me, I'm going to tell the driver to throw him off the bus. The idea! In the middle of the day, too!"

* * *

One man in radio who doesn't get depressed when he is called on to die over and over is Francis Nielsen, one of the most versatile actors on the Young Dr. Malone show. He's already been killed three times as a Jap.

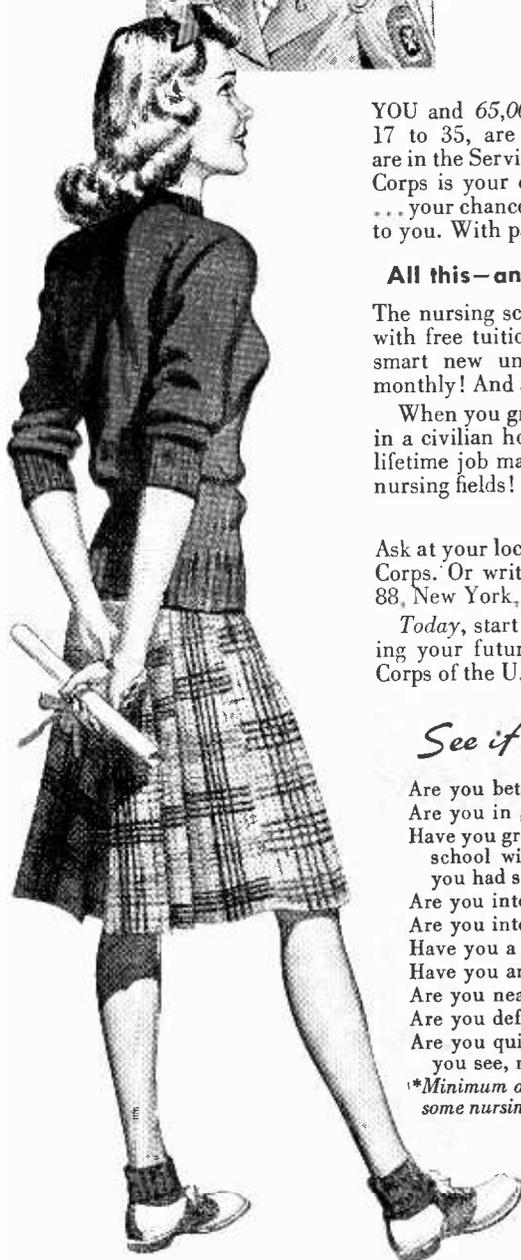
Nielsen, who does a wide variety of

Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!



SERVE YOUR COUNTRY NOW IN THE

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS



YOU and 65,000 high school graduates, from 17 to 35, are needed to replace nurses who are in the Service! Joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is your chance to prove your patriotism ... your chance for a career education at no cost to you. With pay, besides!

All this—and a fascinating future, too!

The nursing school you select will provide you with free tuition, room, board, books, laundry, smart new uniforms. Plus a cash allowance monthly! And ample time out for social life.

When you graduate, you may choose a career in a civilian hospital, or in public health. Your lifetime job may be in one of many specialized nursing fields!

What to do

Ask at your local hospital about the Cadet Nurse Corps. Or write U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y.

Today, start serving your country—establishing your future—with the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps of the U. S. Public Health Service!

See if you pass this test!

- Are you between 17* and 35 years of age?
- Are you in good health?
- Have you graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or have you had some college education?
- Are you interested in people?
- Are you interested in science?
- Have you a sense of humor?
- Have you an orderly mind?
- Are you neat?
- Are you deft with your hands?
- Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

*Minimum age requirement in some nursing schools is 18.



Published in the interest of the war effort by the distributors of Kotex* sanitary napkins

We take pride in being able to bring this message to high school graduates. And we take pride, too, that Kotex is helping women in war plants, in the Services, in professional life, to keep going—in comfort.

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

characterizations and dialects, comes by his skill as a portrayer of Japanese quite naturally. His parents were missionaries in the Far East for many years.

Nielsen enjoys these roles intrinsically as well as financially. He says he feels very much the same as the man who said he would rather do business with the Japs than with Americans—the man was an undertaker.

* * *

In commemorating Flag Day, it would be well to remember the words of Mrs. Alfred J. Mathebat, National President of the American Legion Auxiliary, who spoke these words on that day last year, over the Columbia Broadcasting System:

"One of the greatest things we on the home front can do to help win the war is to remember that the Axis never rests in its efforts to disunite the United Nations. Next time you hear a funny story ridiculing the members of one of the other United Nations—before you repeat it—ask yourself if it did not originate in the crooked brain of an Axis propagandist. You are doing his work when you spread such a story or any other derogatory story, for each such story leaves a residue of bad feeling and serves to keep apart those nations who for their own self-interest, should stick together. If they stick together, help each other, after this war is won, no power on earth can prevent the United Nations from winning the peace as well."

* * *

What would you expect to happen when radio's Voice and heartbeat and



Paul Winchell who made his debut on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour six years ago, comes back for a visit.

filmland's menacing new pulsator got together? Well it happened the other night—and Frank Sinatra and Alan Ladd spent hours bragging about their children!

* * *

Howard Harris and Syd Zelinka are a bright, young talented team of dialogue writers who work for a living by being the funny men behind some of America's top-notch comedians. They are today doing the lines and

creating the side-splitting situations for Jimmy Durante as well as for his young foil Garry Moore.

But aside from their current assignment on the Durante-Moore show, the two young native New Yorkers have on various other programs served as feed men for many of our other most renowned and most beloved comedians. Together and separately before they became a collaborating team, they have supplied lines and written material for such comics as Phil Baker, Bob Benchley, Jerry Lester, Al Jolson, Mary Boland, Bob Burns, Abbott and Costello, skits on the Rudy Vallee show.

Today these two young men, share with a small group of other talented writers the distinction of being the first contingent of college trained men to serve in the capacity of writing humorous dialogue for the comics who in the early days insisted that anyone who could work with and for them would have to be characters in the tradition of burlesque, vaudeville and the theater.

Out of their personal backgrounds they offer a series of contrasts of likes and dislikes that it would seem apropos to make up the perfect balance for establishing a successful team of collaborators. They are both married to young and attractive women who had careers of their own before marriage. Howard Harris's wife was a stylist, while Syd Zelinka's was a teacher of under-privileged children. They both boast one child each, Harris's little boy is two, Zelinka's little girl is one year. They both earned their B.A.'s but at different colleges. Zelinka graduated from Cornell, and Harris from the University of Wisconsin.

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

*"Here's how to save in wartime style
And wear a better, brighter smile!"*

1. Note this! Pebecco Tooth Powder gives you 60% more than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!

2. Contains no gritty abrasives. Doesn't scratch tooth enamel.

3. Keeps teeth glistening clean. No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better!

4. Has clean, peppery taste. Makes mouth feel wholesome—fresh. Get Pebecco Powder today!

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebecco Tooth Paste... clean, refreshing flavor... 10¢ and 50¢

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★



Copr., 1944
by Lehn &
Fink Prod-
ucts Corp.

Both have just turned thirty, and have written for the screen as well as for radio. Howard Harris did the dialogue for the Frank Sinatra picture, "Higher and Higher," and has sold many other original scenarios to the screen companies.

* * *

We Who Dream—that's the name of a new CBS show you'll be wanting to hear each Friday night at 7:15 p.m., EWT. The pattern of the program relates dreams to reality, and shows how, somehow, each dream has its birth in waking thought or experience. The stories begin in reality, then unfold the dream of one of the characters, and return to reality for the climax. Lovely Claire Neisen plays the leading feminine roles on We Who Dream, which is a pleasant combination of drama and music, something different in Friday evening's radio entertainment schedule.

* * *

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER . . . Comic Garry Moore on the Jimmy Durante show has just signed up to do pictures for Selznick . . . Overheard in Radio City—"Technically I'm unemployed, but professionally I'm a free lance actor." . . . Everybody's coming out with books these days. Add Quentin Reynolds with "The Curtain Rises," Major George Fielding Eliot with "Hour of Triumph," Cornelia Otis Skinner with a biography of her famous father. . . . And William Shirer, author of "Berlin Diary," is busy on his first novel. . . . Singer-comedienne, Beatrice Kay is working on a scenario based on the life of Anna Held. Got interested while she was going through old song manuscripts and playbills in search of turn-of-the-century songs. . . . Roland Young collects antique canes. One two-hundred-year-old one opens up into a violin! . . . You'll be seeing People Are Funny in the movies soon. Columbia Screen Snapshots filmed a broadcast. . . . Officials of the major networks are warning that political parties won't be likely to get as much free air time as in the past. Commercial shows have time pretty solidly filled. . . . Peace, wouldn't it be wonderful? Did you get in on the Bond drive? Good listening until next month.



Lovely Claire Neisen plays the leading feminine roles in CBS' new show, We Who Dream, Fridays.



I Know 3 Secrets...



How to keep cool, fresh and fragrantly dainty with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum

- 1 HOW TO KEEP COOL**—After your shower or bath treat your whole body to the soothing caress of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Feel how quickly it banishes moisture . . . leaves you gloriously cooled and refreshed!
- 2 HOW TO LOOK FRESH**—Next, before you dress, smooth a little extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum across your shoulders and 'round your waist. Now, slip into your clothes—no chafing or binding and Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection really lasts!
- 3 HOW TO STAY FRAGRANTLY DAINTY**—Delightful secret! For now you *are* dainty—delicately perfumed from top-to-toe with Cashmere Bouquet's alluring "fragrance men love"! Yes, Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts a subtle clinging scent.

These secrets have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! Let them be *your* secrets of daintiness! You'll find Cashmere Bouquet Talcum in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

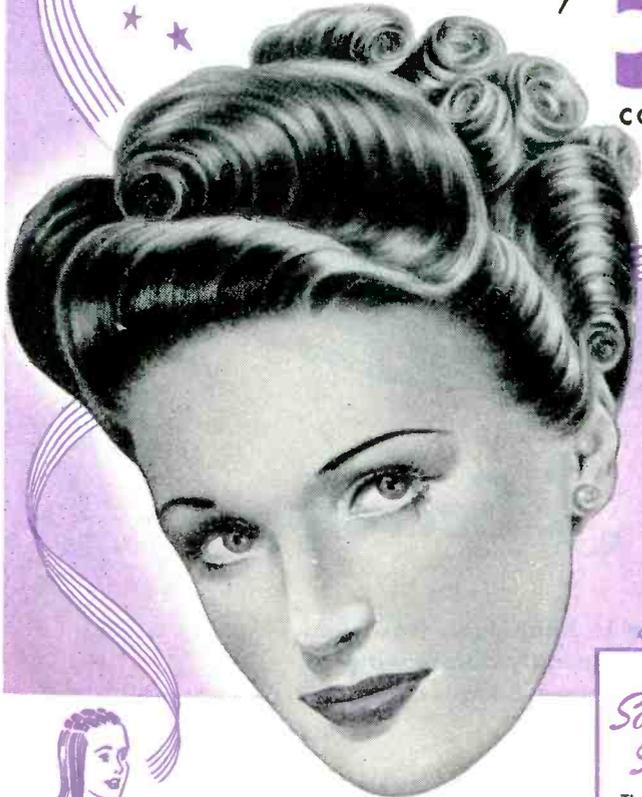


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"chic" *Perfectly beautiful*
EASY-TO-DO COLD
PERMANENT
WAVE *Only* **59¢**
COMPLETE



SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED



*So Wonderful
So Thrifty!*

The "CHIC" Home Kit, for only 59c, includes: 50 curlers, as well as finest quality shampoo and wave set . . . complete, easy-to-follow illustrated direction booklet. Nothing else to buy. . . "CHIC" is on sale at Hair Goods and Toiletry Counters, everywhere.



Simple as A-B-C You, too, can easily give yourself a beautiful, long-lasting cold permanent wave, in the comforts of your own home . . . as thousands of women and girls are doing with the sensational "CHIC" PERMANENT WAVE HOME KIT. It's so simple, even a child can do it. "CHIC" requires no heat or electricity, no machines or dryers, no harmful chemicals or ammonia.

On all types of hair . . . coarse, medium, or fine, a "CHIC" permanent "takes" beautifully. "CHIC" is backed by ten years of home permanent waving experience. Use "CHIC" for complete satisfaction.

Enjoy the thrill and admiration of natural-looking curls and waves . . . easy to style for the "hair-do" best suited to your own personality.

GET "chic" AT . . . DRUG STORES · DEPARTMENT STORES · VARIETY STORES · 5 AND 10¢ STORES

Tom Slater with PFC Walter Muzzy of the 44th Division, who blew the bugle opening the series of *This Is Fort Dix*, over Mutual.



This is

MESS cook, bugler, tank driver, wounded buck private, veteran sergeant—these are just a few of America's servicemen who appear each Sunday on *This Is Fort Dix*, a program by and for the men of the U. S. Army. It has no fixed formula other than to report to America on the activities of our boys in service.

"I guess you could sum up the program by saying it's a show for G. I. Joe, his family and friends," says Tom Slater, who originated this first of Army camp shows, and who now serves as producer-director and master of ceremonies.

"No matter what a man used to be in civilian life—butterer boy, shoe clerk or president of the New York Stock Exchange—when he steps to the microphone, he's just another serviceman reporting to the folks back home. Only when some important issue on government procedure has been occupying a spot in the news, do we have an officer on the show, and no man ever receives a bigger build-up than any other."

It wasn't too unusual to have a man on the show give his name as William McChesney Martin and describe his pre-war job as president of the New York Stock Exchange. For perhaps a split second, the audience was thrilled, but the thrill passed, because at Fort Dix William McChesney Martin was just plain Private Martin.

While the program has a tendency to democratically level social position, it also gives boys an opportunity to fulfill their ambitions. The butcher boy who had entertained New York housewives by giving them a song with every pound of steak, did so well on *This Is Fort Dix* that he was invited to appear on the program again and again—perhaps he has a radio career to look for-

Tom Slater interviews army men and women at Fort Dix Sundays at 3:00 P.M., EWT. on Mutual. With him is Corporal Alice Haglund.



Fort Dix

ward to after the war.

Because the programs are prepared after casual conversations with the boys and are completely unrehearsed, there is very little nervousness on the part of the performers. But once, a young fellow who told Tom Slater he had worked as a lion tamer with Frank Buck, became so terrified by the microphone that he had to be held up all during his part of the broadcast. The sight delighted the men in the audience, particularly those who were mere onlookers. Another young man, who was to be married immediately after the program and had his fiancée sitting out front, had such a bad case of the jitters that Slater had to take his script away from him to prevent the radio audience from assuming that the place was on fire. Unencumbered by the crackling paper, the young fellow managed to get through his portion of the interview. Tom Slater says he never did find out whether the lad was suffering from mike fright or from "groom fright."

Slater feels a kinship with the boys and tries, whenever possible, to give them a helping hand. A private told such a stirring tale of action overseas and bravery that Tom Slater spoke to the boy's Commanding Officer in an effort to have him promoted. The Commanding Officer investigated; the FBI investigated; the Medical Corps investigated and pronounced the boy a sufferer from delusions of grandeur. The boy was hospitalized and that was the last Tom Slater ever heard of the guest with the Napoleonic complex.

This Is Fort Dix is comedy, tragedy, pathos and pleasure, because This Is Fort Dix is an Army show and the United States Army is made up of all those things.

"I'll never go back to him ... never!"



Mother: There, there, what's Fred done to my little girl?

Wife: *Nothing*—that's the worst of it. He ignores me—treats me as if I weren't his wife—as if we'd never been in love. I can't stand it another day!



Mother: My darling, from all you've told me, I think it's *my* fault. There's something I should have explained. You know, a wife can often lose her husband's love because of one neglect. Most men can't forgive carelessness—or ignorance—about feminine hygiene.

Wife: You mean—I could have avoided all this?



Mother: Yes, dear. Now listen to me. My doctor always advises Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. It cleanses so thoroughly, and deodorizes. It won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either—just follow the directions. You'll find Lysol is easy and inexpensive to use.



Husband (sometime later): How's about a kiss, dream girl...

Wife (to herself): Umm, everything's wonderful again—thanks to Mother's advice. She was right about Lysol—I use it *always* now!



Check this with your Doctor

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

Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE

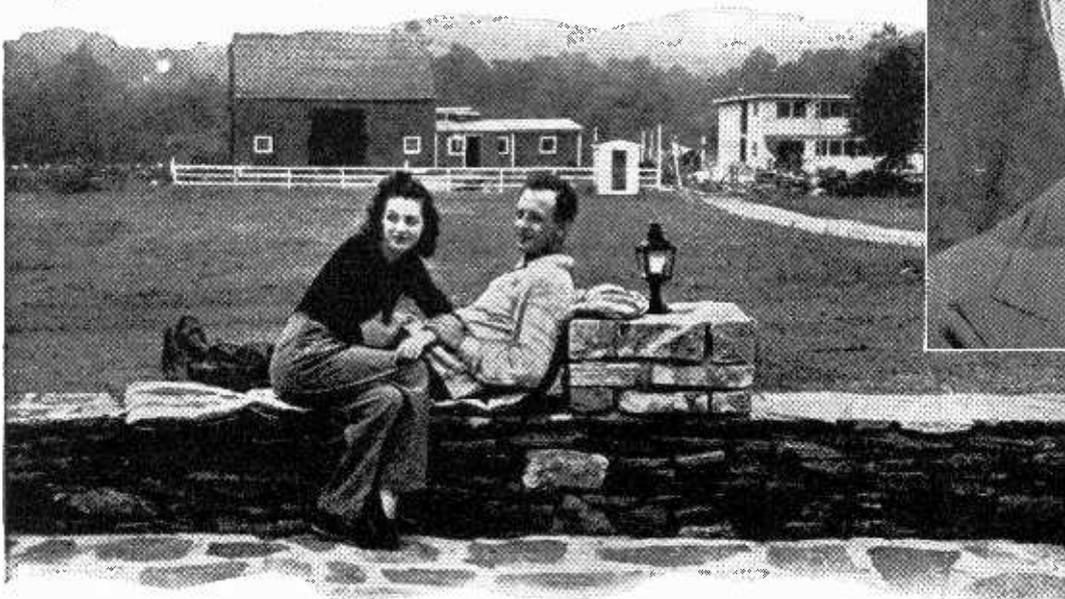


Copy., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For new **FREE** booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet R.M. - 644. Address: Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Facing the Music



Barry Wood, who handed out diamond rings on his Million Dollar Band show, had to buy a dime-store one for his bride. Left, Mr. & Mrs. Barry Wood on their Connecticut farm.

DON'T look for Frank Sinatra to spin any more records without instrumental accompaniment. He doesn't like 'em that way.

Incidentally the swooner got \$4,500 a week when he returned to play the New York Paramount, scene of his original triumph.

Joe Louis' handsome wife Marva is breaking into night clubs, fashioning a career as a torch singer.

MGM has shelved its film version of Uncle Tom's Cabin which was to star Lena Horne, due to objections from the Negro press.

Joe McMichael, one of the merrier of The Merry Macs died suddenly at the age of 27. Joe was in an Army field hospital in California stricken from an overdose of sulfa drugs he took to cure a cold. Only the week before, the singer had married composer Inez James.

Another radio favorite to pass away was boogie-woogie pianist Bob Zurke, 33-year-old soloist who was a great hit with Bob Crosby's old band. He's survived by his wife, children, and mother.

Now that Artie Shaw is definitely out of the Navy he is deciding whether to reorganize his famous band or go into film work.

Dick Kuhn, the bandleader, is the proud papa of a baby boy. So is swooner Phil Brito. . . . Harry James and Betty Grable have a daughter. . . . Ditto for Teddy Powell's vocalist, Skip Nelson.

Lawrence Tibbett's former wife, Grace, has re-married.

By KEN ALDEN

Add 4-F's: Charlie Spivak and Raymond Scott.

Frank Forest, Double or Nothing quiz tenor, inked by Paramount pictures to play a Marine in a new musical film. Forest is reported to have the inside track for Dennis Day's chore on the Jack Benny show if and when Dennis is inducted.

When Mitchell Ayres is Army-bound this month the boys in his band resolved to keep the orchestra intact.

Dolly Dawn makes her film debut for Universal this Spring.

Charlie Barnet got so worried over his rejection by the armed forces that he spent a month in a New York hospital for a complete physical check-up.

Friends of burly baritone Barry Wood call him Tarzan and Barry winces.

Woody Herman, whose theme song "Blue Flame," is RADIO MIRROR's song hit of the month, on page 41, in this issue, will soon be seen in his third Hollywood film, "Sensations of 1944," a United Artists release. For Herman fans—and they are legion—the film will prove to be somewhat of a sensation. Not only does the bandleader appear in a musical role, singing, playing, and leading the Herd, but he'll also amaze both fans and critics alike with his terpsichorean skill. He's featured in a modern ballet with the David Lichine group and also gives out with some expert solo hoofing.

CBS concert pianist Vera Brodsky was married recently to Ted Lawrence.

Hal McIntyre currently on a nation wide theater tour lost the score of one of his specially orchestrated numbers and had it returned to him a few hours before going on stage by a young lady who had found it near the stage door. Hal thanked the girl and told her: "If there's anything I can do for you, please let me know." The fan promised she would. Last week Hal found a special delivery letter from the finder. "My fiance is coming on furlough. Have you got an extra shoe coupon?"

Wini Johnson, a miniature Lena Horne, is Duke Ellington's newest vocalist, joining Betty Roche on the bandstand.

KNOCK ON WOOD

BARRY WOOD, the big-chested, handsome baritone who is singing master of ceremonies on NBC's successful Palmolive Party show heard on Saturday nights at 10 p.m. EWT, bought the wedding band for his own wife in a five-and-dime store.

"I had fallen madly in love with one of the Gale Quadruplets," recalls Barry. "These four San Francisco sisters were stars in George White's Scandals revues. I didn't have any dough. As a matter of fact I didn't even have a job. But Jane promised to marry me once I got a connection playing my saxophone."

Buddy Rogers inadvertently played Cupid. He came east, rounded up a dance band and found the husky New Haven youngster in his rhythm section. "By that time Jane was playing in Washington. I called her, reversing the charges, and over the weekend she came to New York, true to her word."

Continued on page 93

The girl who rates the smoothest dates  *Has shining hair that captivates!*

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

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

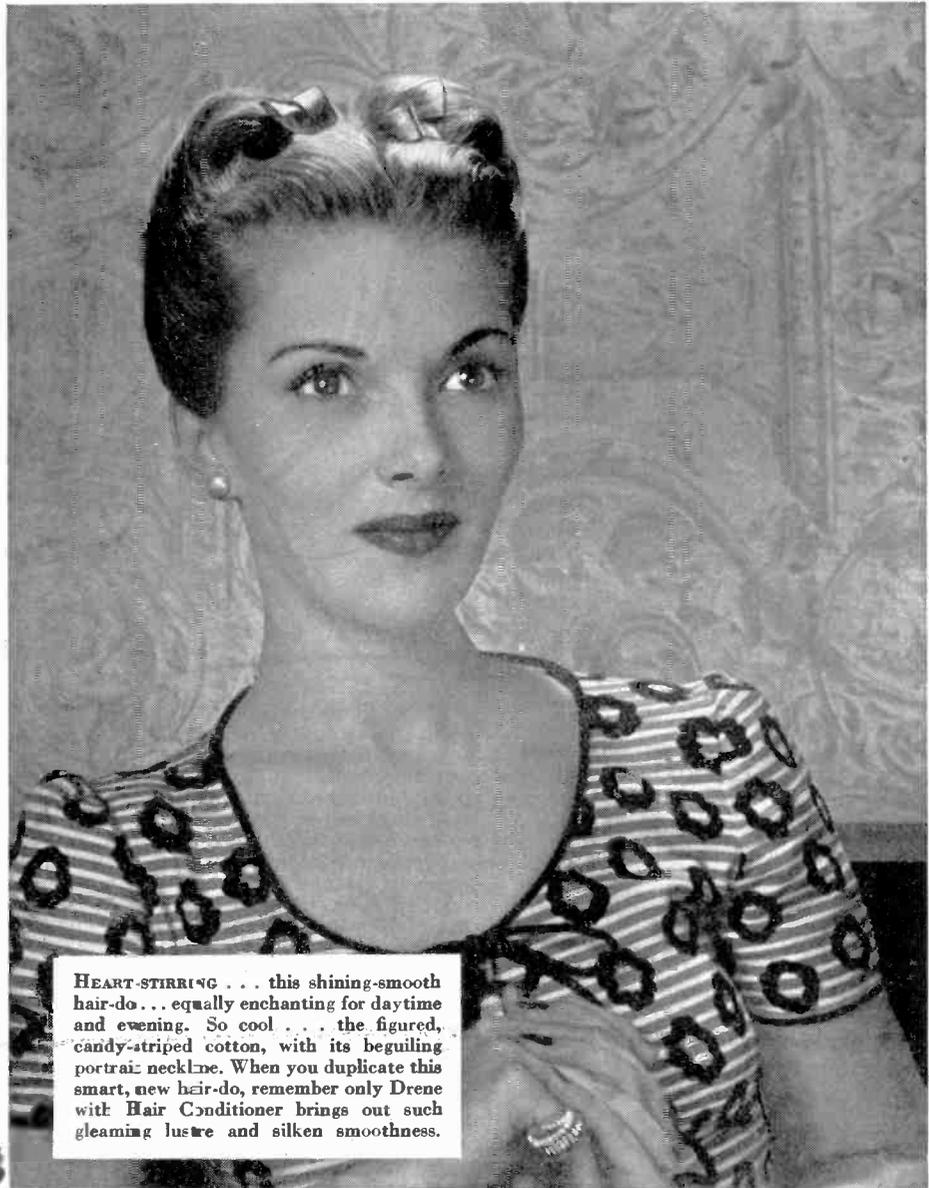
Summer Romance isn't apt to wane
for the girl with lovely, shining hair! So
don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the
lustrous beauty men adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene
Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the
dramatic difference after your very first
shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals
all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the
natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene
containing hair conditioner now leaves
hair far silkier, smoother, easier to man-
age ... right after shampooing! Easier
to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop
to use it.

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



HEART-STIRRING ... this shining-smooth
hair-do ... equally enchanting for daytime
and evening. So cool ... the figured,
candy-striped cotton, with its beguiling
portrait neckline. When you duplicate this
smart, new hair-do, remember only Drene
with Hair Conditioner brings out such
gleaming lustre and silken smoothness.



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

**Soap film dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!**
All cake soaps and liquid soap sham-
poos leave a dulling film on hair.
Drene never leaves any dulling film.
That's why Drene reveals up to
33% more lustre!





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

THE good word about Tampax spreads quite rapidly among the members of the Modern Set . . . Not only do these young women want to be up to date but they are particularly interested in clothes and style and "costume silhouette." And Tampax comes to their aid in a timely way, for this form of monthly sanitary protection is worn *internally* and *cannot* cause a single bulge, ridge or wrinkle!

Tampax is dainty, convenient, doctor-invented. Made of pure absorbent cotton, compressed into neat patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads—and no odor. It comes in 3 different absorbencies to meet varying needs: Regular, Super and Junior. It may be changed in a jiffy without any embarrassing disposal problem.

Discover Tampax for yourself; that's the only way! So dainty your hands needn't touch it at all. And so comfortable it isn't felt while worn! . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Average supply for one month, 29¢. Economy package for 98¢ provides 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

RECOMMENDED BY A BOARD OF EXPERTS
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
a certificate of
merit in domestic appliances

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Radio's new and lovely bride, Dinah Shore, gives you pointers on making your wedding day a memorable one.



Lovely as a Bride

By Roberta Ormiston

HERE'S to the greatest day in your life—your wedding day!

On this day you want to look your loveliest. To this end you choose your wedding-gown and veil with the greatest care. A day or two before you go down the aisle have a session with hairdresser. In spite of this planning, however, last minute developments—strained eyes, pimples, tired skin, general fatigue—sometimes arise to cloud your brightest beauty.

Usually there is no need for a wedding-day to be obscured by these things. Simply and quickly such nuisances may be removed.

If you aren't sure how the wine raised in toasts will affect you, give a thought to olive oil. Drink it—two tablespoons preceding every party. Also, before retiring and again in the morning drink half a pint of cold milk.

To insure a beautiful sense of well-being on your wedding-day, take a warm bath the night before. Follow this with another bath in the morning. Have the water warm at first and let it run until it is just as cold as you can stand it. Then have a good brisk rub.

Guard against all the happy tasks which precede a wedding taking toll of your skin, so it has a tired look. Spread a cloth that has been dipped in icy cold water on your face and neck as if it were a mask. Then, with an ice cube, always moving away from the center of your face, work around your eyes, over your eyelids. Move the ice down your nostrils and across your

lips and down to your neck. Start this treatment a week or ten days before your wedding. It requires only ten minutes a day and brings your skin glowingly alive.

Should any discoloration appear around your eyes—lack of sufficient sleep causes such discoloration—massage is again what you need. Press your finger against the bone that surrounds your eyes, beginning where this bone curves to the temples. With a circular massage work your way up and around to the end of your eyebrows. Do this over and over. Then close your eyes for a few minutes.

A tendency to bags under the eyes is greatly helped by the application of cold and warm cloths. Alternate, using two or three cold cloths to one warm cloth. While these cloths cover your eyes, massage the bagged area gently.

If a pimple raises its ugly head, reach for towels dipped in hot water. After applying these towels have a cold cream massage. Remove the cold cream first with cleansing tissues and finally by applying more hot towels. Next use skin tonic. And last, apply a slightly heavier make-up base over the pimple.

May your wedding-day be forever a beautiful memory—because you were a beautiful bride!

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



Anita Colby, Columbia Pictures "Cover Girl" — Ensemble by Bergdorf-Goodman

Helene Curtis Cold Wave

...the Permanent of Professional Beauties — Acclaimed as the "possessor of the most beautiful face in the last 2,500 years," Anita Colby, featured in the Columbia picture "Cover Girl," makes beauty her career. To this exquisite Cover Girl, soft, easy-to-manage, hair that looks *natura*lly lovely is a must. Small wonder she treasures the perfection of her HELENE CURTIS Cold Wave Permanent.

HELENE CURTIS COLD WAVES: DUCHESS • EMPRESS • VICTORIA • VICTORIA GRAND PRIZE



Only the most skillful hairdressers are privileged to become members of the HELENE CURTIS GUILD of Professional Beauticians. Look for this emblem.

Why Veronica Lake likes Woodbury Natural



VERONICA LAKE, STARRING IN "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN,"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

✓... it gives angelic fairness ...
lends lovely flower-fresh clearness
brings a satin-smooth texture!

Girls! For the love-lure of lovelier skin, wear your exquisite shade of Woodbury Powder—there's one to glamorize EACH complexion type . . . The Color Control process blends Woodbury Powder color-even—makes it stay color-fresh *always* as you wear it . . . gives it clinging, smoothest texture, that helps hide tiny blemishes, lines . . . Choose yours today from the 8 bewitching Woodbury Powder shades.

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder

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

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



The cover girl



SHARON DOUGLAS

RADIANT and lovely as the roses she's holding, our cover girl this month is Sharon Douglas, one of the prettiest girls ever to stand before a microphone. She portrays the role of Penny Cartwright on the Joan Davis show, Thursday nights, over NBC. Sharon is tall, her oval face and hazel eyes framed in soft, blonde hair.

Sharon has never wanted to do anything but act. Born in Oklahoma City in 1920, she began her career as a toddler in a Tom Thumb wedding, and began taking courses in the drama while she was still in elementary school.

Late in 1939, after her graduation from high school in Las Cruces, New Mexico, Sharon and her mother moved to Hollywood, where one of Sharon's brothers, William Rader, was a movie cameraman. Not feeling herself quite ready to plunge into the heavy competition in Hollywood, Sharon attended classes at Madame Sara Kapelle's "Drawing Room Theatre."

One year with Madame Kapelle and Sharon felt ready to try her wings and succeeded in getting an audition at a local radio station. Quite by chance, her audition was caught by Bob Longnecker—now an Army Lieutenant and the husband of actress Ruth Hussey. Then Bob was connected with the Myron Selznick Agency and, before she knew it, Sharon was signed up as one of the agency's actresses and in a short time had won the leading role in *The Second Mrs. Burton*, a serial originating in the cinema capital. Sharon is by no means limited to microphone work, however. She has appeared in plays and she made her movie debut in the Pine-Thomas production, "The Navy Way."

Aside from all her work in radio and pictures, Sharon lives a very quiet, normal life. She and her mother have a small, attractive apartment in the heart of Hollywood and that's where Sharon spends most of her spare time away from the studios.

Certainly possessing all the attributes of a pin-up girl, Sharon's interested, vitally and personally, in really only three members of our Armed Forces. They are her brothers, William, who is now a petty officer overseas, Robert N. Rader, a chief warrant officer in the Air Forces, and her younger brother, Paul, who is an air cadet. She spends a lot of her free time writing to her brothers, to the two older of whom she credits her success as an actress, who gave her every possible opportunity to further her career.

Sharon is grateful to them and proving it in the best possible manner, by being the success they thought she could be.

First Love



I knew that I ought to go inside and let Tom go back to his car.

"I never want to see you again," she told Tom and sent him away. But it was only her lips that spoke these words—her heart knew that she lied

WORDS are like people, in a way—you can think you know them, know what they mean to you, and then find out that you've had only a nodding acquaintance with them, after all. Ever since I could remember I'd heard words like decision and will, and I'd thought I knew what they meant, while what I knew, actually, was their definitions. From the time I'd learned the Salute to the Flag in kindergarten I'd heard the word lib-

erty—and I didn't know what that really meant, either.

I had always realized, in a way, that my father dominated me, that in a sense he ran my life according to his own plan, and that I had little or nothing to say about it; but the domination had always been so gentle and persuasive—the leading, not the pushing kind—that it hadn't really mattered. It hadn't mattered at all—until that June morning when Dad

and I drove out to the Garis farm.

Dad owned a seed and farm supply business in the little town where we lived, and I sometimes went with him when he delivered orders or checked equipment. But this morning, when he suggested the drive to the Garises, I hesitated. "There are the breakfast dishes," I demurred, "and I planned to put up rhubarb, and to go to market—"

Although I was only seventeen that

A First Nighter Drama



Tom handed the rod to me politely. "Want to try it, Pat?"

spring I was both mother and daughter in Dad's house, for my mother had died when I was born. I remember Dad telling me long ago, when I was just a little girl, that sometimes when that happens—when a wife dies in childbirth, and leaves the child behind—the father's grief over the loss of his wife sometimes turns into hatred for the child she left behind. "That's not true with us, honey," Dad told me then. "With me—well, there's nothing but love in my heart for you, Patty. We're going to be the best companions in the world, you and I—always. In that way, you'll take your mother's place, and I won't miss her so terribly."

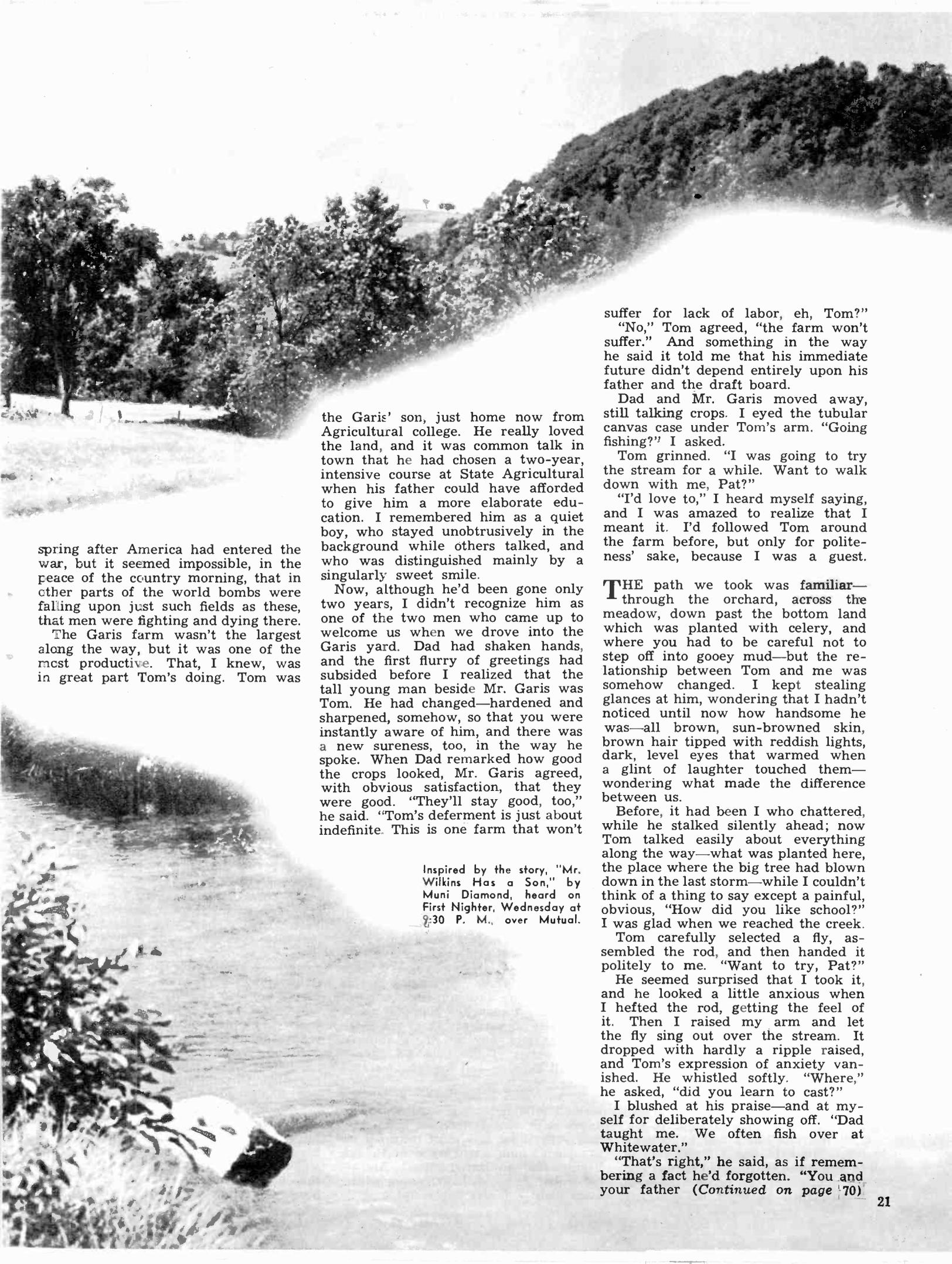
"Of course, Daddy, of course," I'd cried. "I'll always stay right here with you, and I'll always take care of you," I added importantly.

I REMEMBERED that again this morning, as I so often did, and that made me forget the rhubarb and the dishes and the marketing. "If you really want me to go along, Dad—"

"Sure I do. I like to have my best girl with me wherever I go."

I laughed at that; I couldn't refuse Dad. I never could. I adored him—a jolly little man, with a round, pink face and white hair that stood up in a ridiculous kewpie-peak—and I knew how much my company meant to him. Underneath all of his jollity, in spite of his host of friends, my father was a lonely man—had been since my mother's death.

It was a beautiful day, still spicy with spring, rich with the fuller sweetness of summer. On either side of the highway the fields rolled deeply green, seeming to sag under their heavy burden of growing things. It was the



spring after America had entered the war, but it seemed impossible, in the peace of the country morning, that in other parts of the world bombs were falling upon just such fields as these, that men were fighting and dying there.

The Garis farm wasn't the largest along the way, but it was one of the most productive. That, I knew, was in great part Tom's doing. Tom was

the Garis' son, just home now from Agricultural college. He really loved the land, and it was common talk in town that he had chosen a two-year, intensive course at State Agricultural when his father could have afforded to give him a more elaborate education. I remembered him as a quiet boy, who stayed unobtrusively in the background while others talked, and who was distinguished mainly by a singularly sweet smile.

Now, although he'd been gone only two years, I didn't recognize him as one of the two men who came up to welcome us when we drove into the Garis yard. Dad had shaken hands, and the first flurry of greetings had subsided before I realized that the tall young man beside Mr. Garis was Tom. He had changed—hardened and sharpened, somehow, so that you were instantly aware of him, and there was a new sureness, too, in the way he spoke. When Dad remarked how good the crops looked, Mr. Garis agreed, with obvious satisfaction, that they were good. "They'll stay good, too," he said. "Tom's deferment is just about indefinite. This is one farm that won't

Inspired by the story, "Mr. Wilkins Has a Son," by Muni Diamond, heard on First Nighter, Wednesday at 9:30 P. M., over Mutual.

suffer for lack of labor, eh, Tom?"

"No," Tom agreed, "the farm won't suffer." And something in the way he said it told me that his immediate future didn't depend entirely upon his father and the draft board.

Dad and Mr. Garis moved away, still talking crops. I eyed the tubular canvas case under Tom's arm. "Going fishing?" I asked.

Tom grinned. "I was going to try the stream for a while. Want to walk down with me, Pat?"

"I'd love to," I heard myself saying, and I was amazed to realize that I meant it. I'd followed Tom around the farm before, but only for politeness' sake, because I was a guest.

THE path we took was familiar—through the orchard, across the meadow, down past the bottom land which was planted with celery, and where you had to be careful not to step off into gooey mud—but the relationship between Tom and me was somehow changed. I kept stealing glances at him, wondering that I hadn't noticed until now how handsome he was—all brown, sun-browned skin, brown hair tipped with reddish lights, dark, level eyes that warmed when a glint of laughter touched them—wondering what made the difference between us.

Before, it had been I who chattered, while he stalked silently ahead; now Tom talked easily about everything along the way—what was planted here, the place where the big tree had blown down in the last storm—while I couldn't think of a thing to say except a painful, obvious, "How did you like school?" I was glad when we reached the creek.

Tom carefully selected a fly, assembled the rod, and then handed it politely to me. "Want to try, Pat?"

He seemed surprised that I took it, and he looked a little anxious when I hefted the rod, getting the feel of it. Then I raised my arm and let the fly sing out over the stream. It dropped with hardly a ripple raised, and Tom's expression of anxiety vanished. He whistled softly. "Where," he asked, "did you learn to cast?"

I blushed at his praise—and at myself for deliberately showing off. "Dad taught me. We often fish over at Whitewater."

"That's right," he said, as if remembering a fact he'd forgotten. "You and your father (Continued on page 70)



I'll bring you sorrow

Elisabeth knew that she had never danced with anyone like him in all her life—but why was all of Barville looking on and whispering so strangely?

ABOVE the strong beat of the drums, the crooning of the saxophones, I heard him say, "May I dance this with you?" And I thought swiftly, "I knew his voice would sound like this."

Deep, musical with a soft and faintly melancholy music—that was his voice, and it fitted his dark bigness. His slight accent, too, and the quaint, old-fashioned way he arranged his words, went naturally with his air of not at all belonging to the jolly informality of a Barville Community Chest dance.

I had no idea who he was. I'd noticed him, half an hour earlier, standing inside the entrance of the hall, watching the couples circling around the floor. Of course, I'd noticed him—how could anyone help it? He was as conspicuous, with his alien good looks, as a peacock would have been in my Uncle Ray's chicken yard.

He had watched us, and finally, as the orchestra began a new set, he had left his post and come straight to me.

I am tall too, but I had to look up to him. His skin was a clear, smooth olive, shadowed on the lean cheeks and square chin with the heavier dusk of a beard which he must be endlessly

laboring at to keep close-shaven. Against this darkness, his lips were full and red, but firm, as if to show that strength of will tempered their sensuality; and his eyes were brown and clear, but they held a hint of the sadness that was in his voice.

Silently, I stepped into his waiting arms, and knew before we had gone a half-dozen steps that I had never danced with anyone like him in all my life.

Oddly, he wasn't a good dancer, at least not by Barville standards. He had no ease. He held me as if I were something precious and fragile, and as if dancing were a solemn rite. And yet there was a romance, a glamour, about his precise movements that was more exciting than any of the bubbling, joyous antics of the boys I'd danced with all evening—all my life, for that matter.

"I am glad," he said, "that you weren't offended when I asked you to dance with me. I watched, and I saw that everything was most informal, so to myself I said, 'I will try, even though I have had no introduction.' And—" he smiled down at me, showing white, even teeth—"I was successful."

"Oh, yes," I said. "There's nothing stuffy about a dance like this. Everybody comes and has a good time—and in Barville we all know each other anyway."

"I hope I can say that too, soon," he told me. "You see, I've been here only a week. I should introduce myself. My name is Julian Weber."

We turned, and against the wall I saw Mrs. Allenby and her sister, Mrs. Frank Brill. They were watching us, and their eyes were wide with shocked delight, and Mrs. Allenby was saying something under her breath to Mrs. Brill. I was glad when we had completed the step and my back was once more toward them—because otherwise they must have seen the slow reddening of my face.

Julian Weber—of course that was his name, and I had been stupid not to realize it from the start! A stranger, and young—who else could he be?

I heard again Daddy's voice, rough with venom. "It's all Staines' doing. I'm sure of that. For thirty years I've been the only doctor Barville needed, and now suddenly the League permits this new man, this Weber, to come here and start a practice! It was



I am tall, but I had to look up to him. His eyes were brown and clear, his skin was smooth.

Staines who engineered it; that's perfectly obvious; he's never liked me since I . . . I'll write a letter of protest, I'll tell them . . ."

He couldn't go on. His lips and hands were trembling, from anger I would have thought, except for the fear in his tired blue eyes.

I had tried to pretend the fear wasn't there. In pity and in love, I'd said:

"Daddy, what do you care? You've been here so long—why, you brought

half of Barville into the world! You don't suppose for a single minute that people like the Saylor and the Thompsons would even consider going to another man, do you?"

"Well—yes, that's true." He didn't want to be too eager to believe me, yet he was pathetically anxious to believe. "I suppose the—the best people will stick to me. The people that really count. It isn't easy, you know, Bet, to come in and buck an old established practice like mine." He pondered a moment, biting his lips as he always did when he was upset. Suddenly he added in satisfaction, "And, of course, he's Jewish."

All this had been a week ago, when Dr. Julian Weber first moved into the old Parker place and inserted a modest card in the *Barville Leader*. Daddy had mentioned him several times since.

"That Weber fellow hasn't even got a car. I don't see how he thinks he's going to answer night calls in the country—even if he gets any!" he'd said once, and another time: "Fred Black was telling me Weber's mother lives with him, but nobody ever sees her. He does all the marketing."

And now this very same Julian Weber—this outsider—was holding me in his arms and leading me around the dance floor, while all of Barville looked on and commented.

I forced a laugh. I tilted my head back and said, "And do you know who I am?"

"No," he said, smiling. "Only that you, with your coronet of golden hair and your way of laughing with your heart, are the one I wanted most to ask to dance."

My glance fell away from the admiration in his. "I—I'm Elisabeth Marion," I said. "My father is Dr. Marion."

"Ah!" he said delightedly. "But that is wonderful! You see, we doctors have a sixth sense. Instinctively, we are drawn to our colleagues, or their daughters if they themselves are not present."

I found myself joining his infectious laughter.

"I haven't yet met your father," he went on. "But I hope to, very soon. I have heard people speak highly of him."

If you knew, I thought, how he speaks of you, you wouldn't be so anxious to meet him. And abruptly all my amusement was gone. It had been only a reflection of Dr. Weber's, anyway. I had put myself into a ridiculously uncomfortable position by dancing with him; Daddy would hear of it and be hurt, and people would talk.

When the music stopped, we stood

alone, in a corner of the hall, and no one came near us. Dr. Weber talked, in that deep, accented voice of his, about Barville and how much he liked it, and how pleasant it was to be in a small town after New York, where he had studied and been an interne; and I could imagine him holding me there until the music started again, and quite calmly suggesting another dance. And if he did, somehow I had a premonition that I would drift once more into his embrace.

At last, in desperation, I said, "If you'll excuse me—" and made a move to go.

"I may see you again?" he said quickly. "Another dance?"

"Why, I—" I glanced around the crowded room. "It's getting late, and we may be going soon."

"Another time, then? Will you let me call?"

I didn't know what he meant. His strange way of talking made it impossible to decide whether he meant he wanted to come to my house or call me on the telephone. I knew I'd have to settle the matter beyond any doubt, because I certainly didn't want him coming to the house and meeting Daddy there.

"Yes, of course," I said—not too cordially, just cordially enough, I thought. "Call me on the telephone—any time."

"I will," he said, and I smiled, and gave him my hand, and walked away.

HALFWAY across the floor I found Randy Thompson, who'd brought me to the dance, and Nora Allen. "How'd you enjoy your dance with Barville's new doctor?" Randy asked ironically.

"Very much," I said. "He's nice." Sometimes Randy's sense of humor grated on my nerves.

"Did you know who it was when you started dancing with him?" Nora asked, and I lied.

"Certainly," I said.

Nora shrugged her shoulders, as if to indicate that there was no accounting for tastes. She was one of my oldest friends, but just then I wanted to slap her pretty face. I wanted—

I caught myself up sharply. What in the world was happening to me? Why should I care what people thought about Dr. Julian Weber? Indeed, I ought to be happy over any proof of the town's loyalty to Daddy. But in the next instant I knew that this hostility to Dr. Weber was nothing of the sort. It was only clannish, narrow hatred of the outsider, the alien, the . . .

The hall was hot, but I shuddered. "Let's dance," I said to Randy.

Not long after, Randy and I left. He had his car, and he wanted to drive out into the country. When I objected that it would be wasting gasoline, he grinned. "I've got a full tank," he said, "and by the time I've used it all up, the car'll be ready for dead storage. Besides, I want to talk to you."

I sighed inwardly. The one thing I didn't want was to talk to Randy, because I knew very well the subject he intended to discuss. I'd known him all



my life, and most of the time I'd been fond of him. He played a good game of tennis, he was fun to go out with, and he was my own age, twenty-one. We'd been friends. But now Randy was about to go into the Army, and he'd suddenly decided to be in love with me.

He tried to kiss me when he'd driven a few miles into the country and parked the car, and when I asked him please not to, he was, as usual, hurt.

WHAT'S the matter?" he demanded. "You used to like me, Bet."

"I still do," I said miserably. "I just don't love you—and I don't think you love me either, really. You're going away, and you want a girl at home to write love letters to. Well, I'll write, Randy, but they won't be love letters, because it wouldn't be fair to either of us. You—you just can't take a nice, pleasant friendship of the sort we've had, and blow it up into a grand passion, on the strength of a uniform."

"What's the matter with a uniform?" he asked sullenly. "I suppose you'd like me better if I dodged the draft!"

"Randy Thompson, you're being childish!" I flared—and as I spoke I

realized that that was exactly why I couldn't love him. He was childish, immature. It was only immaturity that could let him talk so freely of dodging the draft, completely ignoring the fact that he'd already done all he could to stay out of the Army by leaving college and getting a war-plant job. His plan hadn't worked, and now he chose to pretend he'd never tried it. Instead, like a little boy playing at war, he wanted an admiring female to tell him how wonderful he was.

"Childish, am I?" he muttered. "I'll show you how childish I am!" He leaned over and swept me into his arms and held me there—and Randy was strong—and bunglingly tried to find my lips while I twisted my head away from him. It was all pretty degrading, and I felt sick—sick because he had so little dignity of his own, and cared so little for mine.

With a tremendous effort, I freed myself. "Take me home, Randy," I said furiously. "Right away. And I don't want to see you again until you learn how to behave!"

There was a moment of silence. "That'll be never!" he said, and stabbed with his foot at the starter. We didn't speak until he stopped in front of my house, and then he only muttered a sulky "Good night."

He'd get over it, I thought—or if he didn't, I wouldn't care so very much. But I went upstairs and to bed feeling weary and depressed. The evening hadn't been pleasant, to say the least. The quarrel with Randy, the embarrassment of dancing with Dr. Weber before I knew who he was— But, looking back, that seemed now to have lost its distressing quality, to have become the one bright spot of the last few hours.

At breakfast, next morning, I told Daddy that I'd met Dr. Weber—wanting him to know it from me before he learned it from anyone else. I made a funny story of it, hoping he'd laugh. He didn't.

"And you thought he didn't know you?" he said, setting his coffee cup down so that it clattered in the saucer. "Don't be so easily taken in, Bet! Of course he knew, and he deliberately set out to strike up an acquaintance. Pushing, climbing—"

"Oh, no!" I protested. "He's not like that, Daddy. He's really very nice. He's anxious to meet you—he says everyone speaks so highly of you."

"Yes?" Daddy said dryly. "Well, I think I can get along without meeting him."

"But why not?" I asked. "Why shouldn't you be friends? After all, dear, you work harder than you should. And Barville's larger than it used to be. There's enough practice here for two doctors—"

"Not enough good practice," Daddy interrupted. "And he'll want the best." He shook his head impatiently. "You don't know, Bet, what those people are like. We've never had any of them here—oh, an old-clothes man or two; a pants-presser; they don't count. But this is an American community, and we're going to keep it that way! I've

been in New York—I've seen how it is there. Thousands of them, running things. Once they start—"

His voice had risen, and two bright spots of pink glowed in his cheeks, and his hands played shakily with the china on the table before him. I stared, fascinated, wanting to look away but unable to do so. *He hates Julian Weber*, I thought. *He hates him, and he doesn't even know him.*

He went on talking. I can't remember all he said. It was incoherent, disconnected, but it was also, somehow, pat—like something that has been said before.

"Daddy!" I said suddenly, in new horror. "Have you been talking like this around town? About another doctor?"

He stopped, and the two spots of pink spread and grew darker. "Around town? Why—certainly not. It isn't—there'd be no need for me to, even if I wished. Plenty of other people are saying the same things."

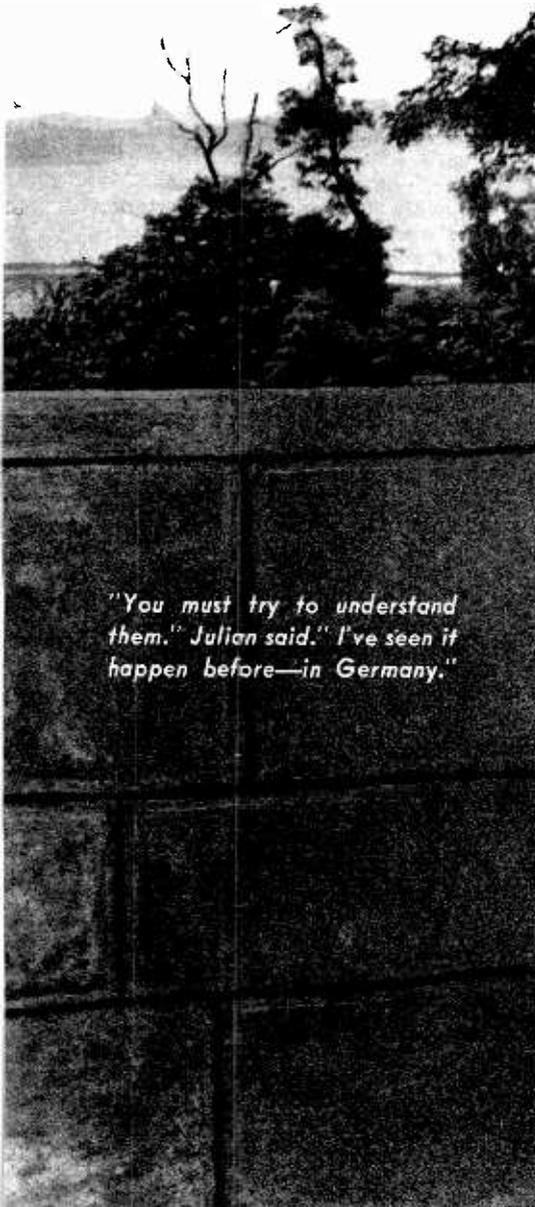
I stood up. "Then you *have* discussed him," I said quietly, and picked up some soiled dishes and took them into the kitchen. I couldn't trust myself to say anything more. I knew as well as Daddy that medical ethics should have forbidden him to criticize Dr. Weber or even listen while others criticized him. I had never known him to do such a thing before. I was ashamed of him. I felt as if I, personally, owed Dr. Weber an apology.

"You don't understand," I would have liked to say to him. "My father is a good man, but all his life he has been disappointed. He began by being full of hope and ambition, but then he met my mother and fell in love, and for her sake he gave up his dreams of devoting himself to research, and settled down in Barville. He has been as good a doctor as anyone could be who wanted to spend his life in a laboratory; and I suppose that means he was not very good, but he did his best. Now Mother has been dead for ten years, and he hasn't much of anything to live for except his security. If he seems cruel to you, it is because he is afraid that you will take this away from him."

I stood in the kitchen, hearing Daddy moving about in the front of the house, getting ready to make his morning calls, and all at once the memory of the few brief moments I'd spent with Julian Weber was more vivid than the morning sunshine. I heard his velvet-textured voice, saw his lustrous eyes, felt the courtly gentleness with which he'd held me; and I knew I wanted to see him again—and again and again, until I had learned the reason for the sadness I'd sensed in him, and had learned, too, how to banish it. I wanted to see him laugh as he said I laughed—with the heart.

If he called me—and he'd said he would—I would see him. No matter what Daddy thought or said or did, I would see him.

There are things which are so terrible that we don't believe in their reality, even when they are spotlighted before our very eyes, shouted into our



"You must try to understand them," Julian said. "I've seen it happen before—in Germany."

ears. That is the only explanation I can offer for deciding so lightly to defy my father. Daddy was worried and afraid, and so he didn't like Dr. Weber. That was all. In time, he'd get over it.

That afternoon, Dr. Weber telephoned me and invited me to have dinner with him. When I'd accepted, he promised to call for me at seven, and I hung up, the palms of my hands suddenly cold. Daddy would be home at seven.

SEVERAL times, in the next few hours, I was tempted to call him back and break the engagement. I didn't, of course—it would have been a confession of my own weakness. At six-thirty, when Daddy came home, I had his dinner all cooked and ready to serve.

"Going out gadding?" he asked good-humoredly as he sat down, and I smiled an assent. "With Randy?"

"No, not tonight." My voice sounded thin in my ears. "I'm having dinner with Dr. Weber."

Daddy sat perfectly still. "Are you trying deliberately to make me angry, Elisabeth?" he asked. "Knowing how I feel—"

"But Daddy, it's so silly!" I exclaimed. "What possible difference does it make if I'm a little friendly to him? He's practically a stranger in town—he's pleasant and entertaining, and I like him. But you—why, you don't even know him!"

"I don't need to. I know his kind." Something seemed to click in my mind—something like the shutter of a camera—and for the fraction of a second I looked upon stark horror. Then the sensation was gone, so completely that I could not even be sure it had ever existed. But I knew I had to see Dr. Weber, or face shame in myself for the rest of my life.

"His kind!" I said. "What a hateful thing to say. I'm sorry you feel like this. But I'm going out with him."

Leaving him alone in the dining room, I went out onto the porch to wait for Julian. Yes—Julian. Just then, in my mind, I called him that for the first time.

He drove up in a battered gray coupe, and never did a car look more beautiful to me, because he was so enthusiastic over it that he didn't even notice my failure to invite him into the house.

"I bought it only this afternoon," he explained delightedly. "To myself I said, 'Julian, you will have to own a car anyway, and it is impossible to take the most beautiful girl in Barville to dinner on foot or in what passes itself for a taxi.' So I went out and negotiated with Mr. Farinelli at the garage, and this is what I bought. Isn't it luxurious?" A wave of his brown, scrubbed-clean hand managed to underline the incongruity of the last word by indicating the threadbare upholstery, the scarred dashboard, the crack zig-zagging through the windshield.

"I feel like Cinderella in her pumpkin coach," I said, and again we laughed. But still there was reservation in his laughter; something in him which

stood aside and watched, having itself forgotten how to laugh.

It stayed apart, all that evening—heartbreakingly apart, rather like an adult who has known tragedy watching a child happily at play and knowing that its happiness cannot last. He could tell me entertainingly of his internship in a New York hospital, of his unhandiness at hanging curtains and laying rugs in the old Parker house (he mentioned that his mother lived with him, but that was all the reference he made to her), of people he'd known; but always I was aware that he could have told me other things too, not so pleasant nor gay.

Most Barville people eat at home, so there is only one place to go for dinner—the Royal Cafe, where booths run along one wall and a counter fills the other. We took one of the booths.



and had veal cutlets with tomato sauce and mashed potatoes and string beans, and ice cream for dessert—not an exciting meal, certainly, but being with him made it so. And afterward we walked along the street to the square and stayed there, under the dreaming elms, talking, until the Town Hall clock told us, in its old-man's cracked voice, that it was eleven.

And when he took me home, I don't know exactly how it happened, but we both somehow assumed that we'd meet again the next night.

I've read, often, of how alone it is possible to feel in a great city. In the days that followed I learned that you can have that same sensation in a small town, surrounded by people you've known all your life. You can have it even in your own home.

There was no open break between Daddy and me. In a way, I think it would have been better than the strained, silent discord, compounded of his disapproval and my stubborn determination to wear that disapproval down. We did not mention Julian Weber. We talked of small things—the first peas from the garden, the suit that Daddy wanted sent to the cleaner's, the sudden spell of heat that descended on the town—and everything we said was only a mask of our conflicting thoughts. Silently, he was accusing me of disloyalty. Just as si-

lently, I was begging him to stop being so foolishly blind—to meet Julian and judge him as a man, fairly, without prejudice.

"I know his kind." I remembered those words of Daddy's—but some defensive barrier in my own mind had sealed off their dreadful meaning. I think that I managed almost to believe, for a while, that they hadn't been spoken. Instinctively, I wouldn't face so ugly a fact.

Julian and I went together to the movies, and to a little tavern on the edge of town, where we danced to the noisy music of a phonograph; and one afternoon he took me out into the country with him on a call.

I knew the people, by reputation—the Peters', farmers who wrested a scanty living out of a patch of poor soil north of Barville. They'd always been Daddy's patients until now, of course, but I reflected wryly that he wouldn't be sorry to lose them, since one or the other of them was always ailing and they never had money to pay their bills.

Waiting in the car, I looked at the Peters' dusty, sun-baked front yard, their mournful chickens scratching languidly, as if they knew already that whatever they might find to eat would hardly be worth the effort, the unpainted house—and I knew that Julian wouldn't be paid either. Yet when he came out he was smiling and carrying a parcel neatly done up in newspaper, which he deposited on the shelf back of the car's seat.

"My fee," he said. "A chicken."

There was amusement in his tone, but there was tenderness too—the tenderness of someone who lives close to realities, who knows that a scrawny chicken can represent gratitude, and respect, and friendship.

Mr. Peters would never have dared, I realized, to offer my father such a fee. Instead, they had given him nothing, not even their liking.

"Have you many patients, Julian?" I asked abruptly, without stopping to think that it wasn't a particularly tactful question, coming from me.

He glanced sidewise at me, then quickly back to the road. "Not so very many—yet," he said. "It takes time, you know, to establish a practice. And your father is—very well thought of."

I WONDERED if that was true. I wondered even if it was what he might have said if I hadn't been my father's daughter.

"I'm glad," he went on after a moment, "that you don't feel I'm competing with Dr. Marion. I am not, you see, at all. I would never have come here to Barville without making certain beforehand that there was enough practice for two doctors. And I—it costs me little to live, since I maintain my office in my home. . . ."

He's telling me, I thought, that he doesn't expect to take Daddy's "good" patients away from him—doesn't want or need them. He's telling me that all he hopes for, here in Barville, is a chance to be a doctor, to lessen pain and save lives. (Continued on page 87)

*I'll love
you
forever*



FATE deals us the cards, and then it depends on us how well we play the hand," was the way my grandfather used to put it.

It frightens me now to think how I nearly lost in that strange game. How close I came to throwing away my chance for happiness . . .

That warm July evening when I returned to Los Angeles I had only one thought in mind: to be with Dick as quickly as possible. I had decided to surprise him by taking an earlier train and I had arrived four hours ahead of time. It was Saturday and that meant we could have most of the weekend together.

Dick. It was ten days since I had seen him. Arr eternity. Only my aunt's serious illness could have kept me away just then. Aunt Mary and grandfather had brought me up, after the death of my parents, on their little prune ranch in central California. They were all I had in the way of a family. I adored Aunt Mary. But I'd been much too excited at the thought of seeing Dick again to pay attention to her warning just before I left.

She had said, sitting there in her

"You're the best wife a man ever had. I'll always treasure these wonderful days together." Later Toni remembered those words—in the arms of another man

rocking chair by the kitchen window where she spent most of the time now that she was better. "Toni, you're walking around with your head in the clouds. And for a Marlow woman that's dangerous. We're too impulsive a lot, too strongly emotional, to go about in a dream as you're doing. I'm afraid, child, you're going to be hurt."

I had merely patted her shoulder and gone on with my secret thoughts. But she had grasped my hand and said earnestly: "You're grown into an at-

tractive girl, Toni. You've got your mother's beautiful copper-red hair and green eyes—and her eagerness for life. *But oh my dear, don't follow your heart too blindly.*"

I promised and kissed her lightly. She had never met Dick. I would have to bring him to the ranch sometime, I thought.

The ride from the station seemed endless. In anticipation, I saw the door of Dick's little hillside cottage open, felt his arms go around me. I could almost hear his voice whispering,

"Toni, sweetheart!" and all the tender implications he gave to the words. He was dark and intent, with deep-set eyes that had a mysterious brooding quality which fascinated me. "Heathcliffe," I called him laughingly, but he'd always say there was nothing of Wuthering Heights about the Cottage! And he was right. It was small and cheery and very masculine. In the six months I had known him, we'd had some wonderful dinners there, chaperoned by Mr. Jones, his English bulldog. From the very beginning there had been something magnetic between Dick and me. A two-against-the-world feeling. I felt that he needed me, all the laughter and gayety of which I was capable to offset the dark streak in him.

FROM the bus stop I walked up into the canyon. Soon, around a bend in the road I saw the Cottage. In another moment I was flying up the stone steps.

Just as I had imagined it, the door opened and a man's tall figure stood outlined there by the soft yellow lights from inside. With a little cry of sheer joy I threw myself into his arms. My kiss was an acknowledgment of all that was in my heart.

He held me briefly. Then I was pushing away from him in an agony of embarrassment. This was not Dick. This was a stranger, someone I had never seen before in my life!

"Oh, I'm sorry!" I gasped.

"I'm not! But," he smiled ruefully, "I was afraid that was not included in my lease on the Cottage!" He stood back to let me enter.

"But where's—where's Dick?"

"Dick?"

"Yes. Richard Harding. He lives here." Panic was growing in me every moment.

"Not any more, I'm afraid. Sorry to disappoint you," said the stranger. "You see, I rented the house from an agency and I don't know where Harding went to."

Dick—gone. And without sending me word. What could have happened? I felt cold bands tightening around my heart.

"Here, sit down, won't you? You look ill," the man said anxiously.

I sank into one of the big, easy chairs and tried to think things out. Why had Dick sub-let the Cottage and left so abruptly? Perhaps the oil company he worked for had sent him on a business trip. And there might be a letter explaining everything waiting for me this very minute at my apartment. I started hurriedly to get up, but Mr. Jones waddled in from the kitchen just then and discovered my presence. With a bound he was in my lap, lavishing affection and welcome. I put my arms around him and glanced at the stranger. "Dick left Mr. Jones behind for you to take care of?"

"Well, the agent asked if I'd object to keeping the dog and I said no, because I've only taken this place for a month anyhow. After that I go into the Army."

"Oh," Dick, I was remembering thankfully, was out of the draft. He

was older and anyway a spinal injury would have kept him out. He'd told me about it when we first met and I'd been so sorry for him, although he showed no effects of it.

"By the way, my name is John Bradley," the stranger was saying. "Up to now I've been a kind of roving sports reporter for a couple of smalltown newspapers."

"I'm Toni Marlow and I'm a secretary at the Aero Parts plant."

He grinned disarmingly. "Now that we're properly introduced, won't you have a cup of coffee? It will do you good."

"Oh no, thanks," I said quickly. I was sure that letter from Dick was waiting for me and I wanted to get home as fast as I could.

But it wasn't. There was no word of any kind.

Alone in my tiny apartment, worry settled on me like a heavy weight. I could call Dick's friends, of course, and they might know where he was. The Westons, for instance. We often went there. Pride made me hesitate only a second because the Westons knew we were practically engaged and they might think Dick had jilted me. Well, let them! I thought fiercely. Let them think anything they wanted to. I had to find him.

But the Westons did not know where he was. And Pete Carson, who worked in the same office with him, said he hadn't been around in six days. No, he had not gone on a business trip. "Pete," I said wildly, "do you suppose he is ill somewhere?"

Pete laughed. "Not that man. Take it easy, Toni, and he'll be back. No need to get excited."

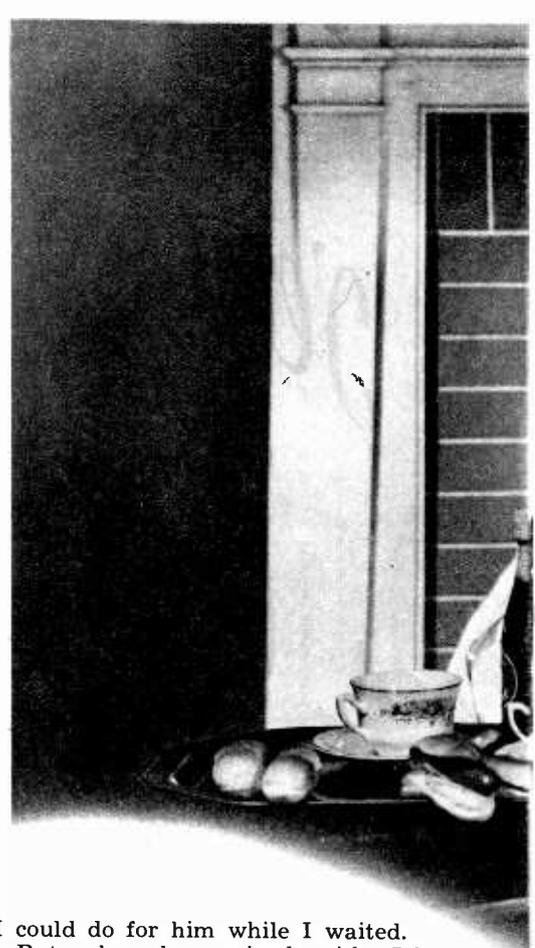
I lay on my bed there in the darkness, wide-eyed with misery. What if Dick had stopped caring for me? The thought sent a cold tremor through my body. His love was the all-important part of my life. Everything about him spelled romance. His dark, sultry good looks, the appeal in his voice. He knew so well how to fill a woman's heart . . .

Morning came at last and even at an early hour it was stifling hot. The day stretched ahead, long and empty. If only it wasn't Sunday. At the office I could have buried myself in work so that these black thoughts would not have haunted me so. I was listlessly reading the paper when the telephone rang. It was John Bradley. "Thank heavens your number is in the telephone book," he said. "It's about Mr. Jones I'm calling . . . He's moping, won't eat a thing. Do you mind if I bring him around to see if you can do anything with him?"

"Why no," I said. Poor old Mr. Jones. He was lonesome for his master just as I was. I put on a cool green linen dress, and tried to think up things



Suggested by an original radio drama by Amzie Strickland and Robert Arthur, heard on Just Five Lines over Mutual.



I could do for him while I waited.

But when he arrived with John Bradley he greeted me in his usual effusive manner and seemed quite normal. "But he just won't eat," the man protested, frowning. "I thought if we'd take him to the beach to cool off he'd feel better."

I started to refuse and then it seemed foolish to; perhaps it would make me feel better too. An hour later the three of us were sitting on the shore, watching the heavy pounding of the surf. John and I had changed into bathing suits and it was heavenly cool. After a while he brushed off the sand and stood up. He was as tall as Dick but thinner. He had the hard, flexible body of an athlete and he was so tanned he might have been one of the life guards. There was something vividly alive about him, almost boyish, as he bent over and playfully boxed Mr. Jones' ears. Mr. Jones loved it. He backed away, pretending to growl. Then he pounced. They rolled over together in the sand and I couldn't help laughing. I had never seen Dick play with the dog like that; he was much too sophisticated.

John untangled himself and ran a hand through his thick, stubborn brown hair. His blue eyes were snapping with fun. "You have a wonderful laugh, Toni! . . . In fact, if I were this Harding fellow I'd never let you out of my sight again as long as I lived."

He handed me a cigarette, took one himself. "I think I'll get another package up at the roadstand before we go in for a swim. Won't be a minute," he said. And he went off along the beach.

I sat staring at the water. The cold fear I had been trying to hide took shape and became a hideous, nagging torment. *Dick wanted to be rid of me. He was tired of my youthful*



Sometimes we'd have dinner, picnic-fashion, before the fireplace in the Cottage.

adoration, my complete and artless devotion. Suddenly, I could not stand it any longer. I got up and ran into the swirling water, wanting to blot out that fear in vigorous action. Since childhood I had been a strong swimmer and soon I was outside the breaker line. Alone in that wide space of blue my thoughts grew clearer. I was remembering my aunt's words: "We're too impulsive a lot, too emotional, to go about in a dream." Well, I had lost my dream. I was down out of the clouds—and this time I would stay down.

Every stroke carried me farther out to sea. A gull dipped low over my head and uttered a piercing cry. Choppy little waves slapped at me. Then something reached up like a giant hand and drew me under. I fought up and out again, splashing wildly. *The rip tide!* I had forgotten about it. It swung me half way around and once more the waters closed over my head. This time I came up gasping for breath, more terrified than I had ever been in my whole life. And at that moment a

quiet voice beside me said, "Going my way?" And there was John. I could have sobbed with relief. I threw my arms around his neck and he held me high in the water so that I would not be submerged again. "Don't be afraid. We'll make it all right," he said. "Get going now. Paddle along with the current. Don't fight it. I'll do the rest."

Obediently I slipped my arms from around his neck and started swimming southward with the current. There was a spot farther on, I knew, where it would sweep sharply out to sea. Just before we reached it, John slipped a hand under my shoulder. "All right, we'll head in now—and we've got to really swim."

We faced the shore and began the fight, tossed and whirled about by a sea which seemed to run at all angles at once. Every little while John would seize my upper arm and add his drive

to mine. I lost track of time. My body felt as if it had been torn apart. We would never escape the rip tide. Never... "John," I cried, "I can't make it." He swept me close to him and his own face was white and exhausted. He kissed me as you would kiss a frightened child to reassure and comfort it. "Close your eyes now, Toni. I'm going to take you through."

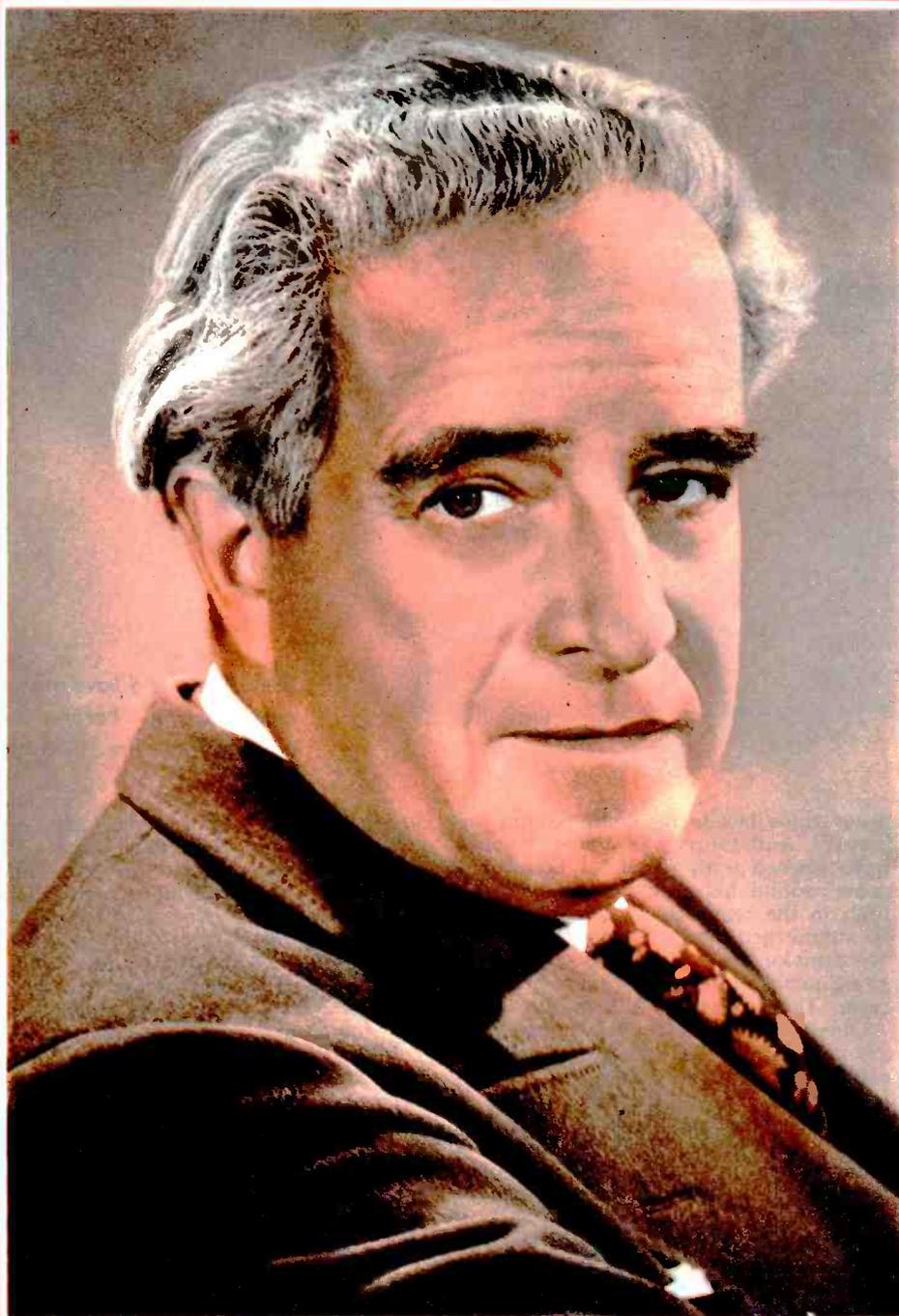
I don't know what happened after that. I must have lost all consciousness because the next thing I knew we were lying on the sand and John's arm was still around me. He was breathing with great agonizing gasps. We lay there for a long time, utterly spent, while the evening breeze came up and the world steadied.

There is a curious bond between people who face death together. After our experiences of that Sunday, I felt as if I had (Continued on page 54)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

One Man's Family

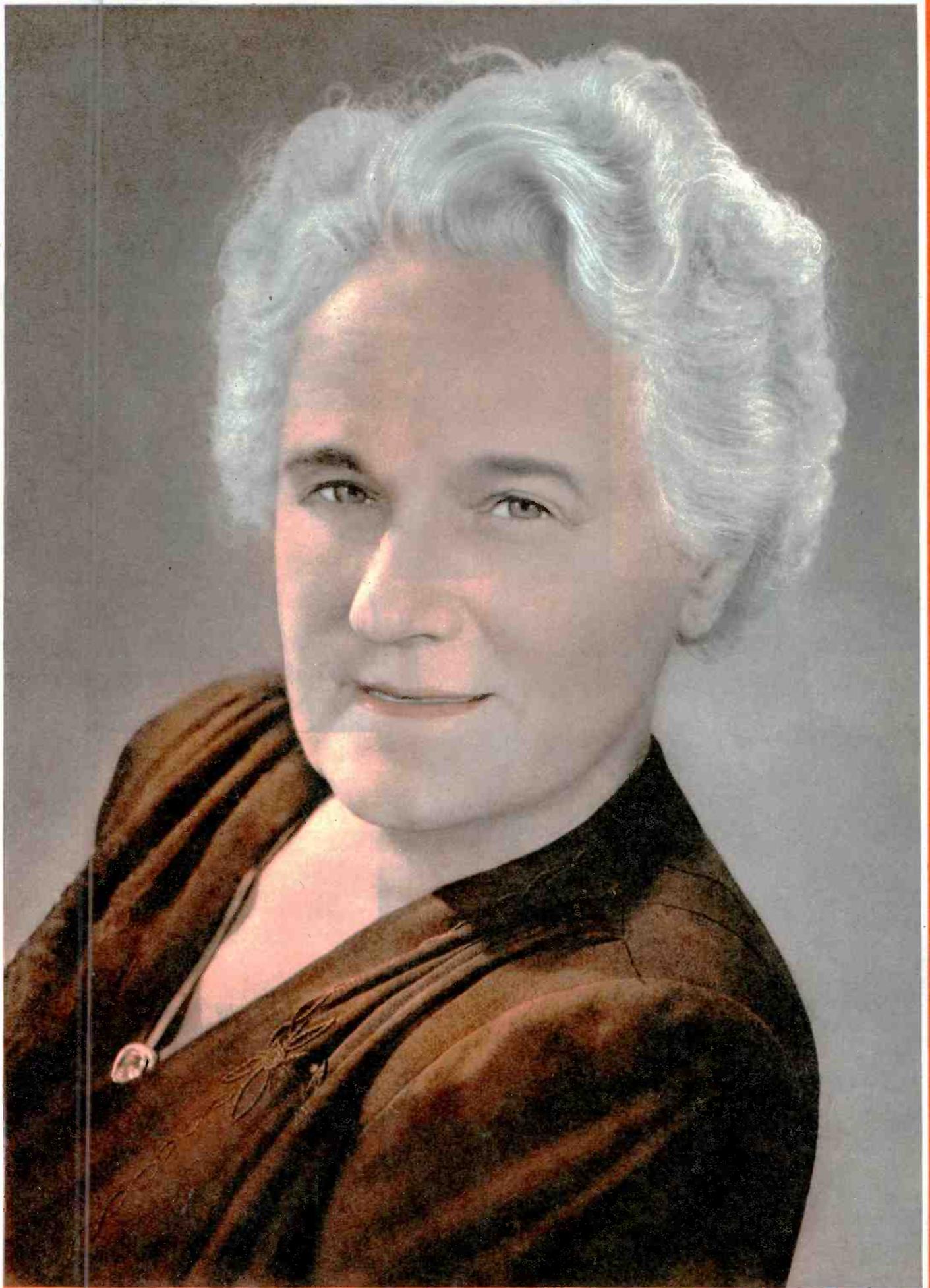
Here are your good friends the Barbours, a real life American family, as familiar to radio listeners as the people next door



HENRY BARBOUR, a Bay City stockbroker, fell in love with Fanny Barbour many years ago. They were married in 1896—and there the story of One Man's Family began. The Barbours had five children: Paul, born in 1897, Hazel, in 1900, the twins, Clifford and Claudia, in 1912, and Jack in 1917. The Barbours have spent many years together, in happiness and sorrow, proud in the knowledge they have raised a wonderful family. (Played by J. Anthony Smythe)

FANNY BARBOUR is the mother of One Man's Family, and it is the record of her life with her husband, her children and her grandchildren, which goes to make up this everyday story. Fanny Barbour has kept the love and respect of her children through all the problems which face any mother, and it is these things which make this story of the Barbour family typical of thousands like it throughout America. (Played by Minetta Ellen)

The radio story, One Man's Family, written by Carlton E. Morse, is heard every Sunday, 8:30 P.M., EWT, on NBC.



HAZEL, oldest daughter of the Barbour family, was of an in-between generation, and always considered herself something of a misfit. It wasn't until she took a trip to Honolulu in 1932 that a shipboard romance led to a new outlook on life for her—and that same year she married William Herbert, dairy rancher, and an old friend of her brother, Paul's. Hazel's married life was cut short three years ago when her husband was killed by a hit-and-run driver.
(Played by Bernice Berwin)



JACK, youngest of the Barbour family, had a normal, happy boyhood. He was too young to experience the trials and disappointments of the depression years. While attending Stanford University he married his childhood sweetheart, Betty Carter. Father Barbour was willing to support them until Jack could finish his legal training. Elizabeth and Baby Janie are their children. Jack's now serving with the Marines.
(Played by Page Gilman and Jean Rouverol)



PAUL, the eldest of the Barbour children, represents the generation of veterans of World War I. He was shot down in an air battle over France two weeks after he had married an army nurse. His bride died shortly after, and Paul returned to America sick in mind and body. He opened a school for pilots and led a normal life, but it was many years before he was able to overcome his mental depression. A leg injury makes it necessary for him to walk with a cane.
(Played by Michael Raffetto)



CLIFFORD is the twin brother of Claudia, who was lost on a torpedoed ship bound for England. Cliff has spent most of his life searching for happiness—and seldom finding it. His first wife, Anne, died in childbirth, and their baby has been brought up by Mother and Father Barbur. With him are TEDDY, Paul's adopted daughter, and Hazel's twin boys, HANK and PINKY.
(Played by Barton Yarborough; Tedcy, Winifred Wolfe; Hank, Conrad Binyon; Pinky, Dix Davis)



IRENE is Clifford's second wife. Cliff found his first real happiness in working on a ranch after Anne died, but with his marriage to Irene he returned to the city. After weeks of mental torture there, he and Irene returned once more to the country—this time to the Sky Ranch, which formerly belonged to Claudia—and once again Cliff is leading the outdoor life he loves. (Played by Janet Waldo)



MARGARET, Hazel's seven-year-old daughter, likes to help Father Barbour and Betty in the yard, especially now that spring is here. All of the Barbours take interest and pride in the family home and its upkeep and take particular enjoyment in the garden, which is the family gathering place during the warmer months of the year. (Played by Dawn Bender)

PICTURE OF

Happiness

By Wilbur Morse, Jr.

WHEN the movies or the magazines unfold a love story in New York, the romance is usually set against such colorful backgrounds as a moon-splashed bench in Central Park, a glittering night club or a bus ride up Riverside Drive, with the lights of the river ferries flickering like fireflies.

This is the story of a courtship in Gotham that began in a prosaic rehearsal hall of a radio station, reached its climax in a sound control booth and held up its honeymoon while the bride and groom kept a rendezvous with a jealous microphone.

It is the story of golden haired Alice Frost and big, laughing Bill Tuttle, who philosophically worked out so many domestic problems together as the star and director, respectively, of a daytime serial, they decided they could safely entrust their personal happiness to one another.

If you can work in happy accord five days a week, fifty weeks a year on a big network program, where almost every breath must be timed to a split second, and the very demand for discipline grinds nerves and temperaments to a sharp edge, then you can be pretty sure of sharing a mutual respect and admiration outside the studio.

But for the first several months of their association, Alice and Bill seldom saw one another except at rehearsals and in the crowded quarter of an hour each day they were on the air, in the CBS serial, *Big Sister*, in which Alice then was starred in the title role, under Bill's direction.

They were, though, they both realize looking back now to the time three years ago when their careers crossed, acutely aware of one another, apart from their relationship as director and actress.

Bill sensed that in Alice's own make-up there were the same rich qualities of understanding and tolerance and warm affection with which she vested the character of Ruth Evans in their script. And certainly of all the eager, ambitious young actresses he had met in New York, none could compare in



People seeing them together would smile and say: "What a happy, handsome couple—they should be married!" And so lovely Alice Frost and big Bill Tuttle made it come true

personal charm to this trim, willowy blonde, whose big, deep-set eyes were now gray, now blue, depending upon her mood or the color of her dress.

Alice, too, began to look on Bill with a more intimate regard than merely the man who held script on her serial. Each day, as she stood beside the microphone in those suspenseful seconds just before the red light signalled she was on the air, Alice would glance across the room to where Bill was standing, and smilingly he would hold up one hand, with thumb and forefinger forming a circle, radio's silent symbol that all is "O.K."

She came to look for that reassuring gesture, and even more for the nod of confidence and encouragement that lay behind the tall young director's amiable grin. And when, as the months passed, there was added to that daily flash between them, a new, more personal note of approval, Alice found herself happily looking for that lift, too.

It was all very well to please your

boss as an actress. But when that boss also was just about the handsomest young man in radio circles, it was an added thrill to know you intrigued him as a woman, too.

Alice began to wonder about this Willson Masters Tuttle, who quickly became "Bill" to everyone with whom he worked at Columbia, but about whom no one seemed to know much more than that he was a former stage actor, and a darn good golf player.

Her unspoken questions were answered one day, a few weeks before Christmas. Bill, who up until now had confined his conversation to dialogue from their script, asked Alice to lunch with him one afternoon after the broadcast.

They went to "21" for luncheon, stayed for dinner and then, still engrossed, a late supper.

The hours fly by like seconds when two people are catching up on a whole lifetime. Alice and Bill swapped the stories of their lives up to this very precious (Continued on page 90)

Listen to your heart

The long night hours dragged by as Jean questioned her troubled heart. What was the answer to those tormenting thoughts? How could she hurt Joe—dare she accept Dan's love?

A DAY, with the air like wine, sharp, clear, wonderful to feel against one's face, to breathe into one's lungs! I leaned from my bedroom window, watching the sun touch the eastern hills, rise above them, and slowly, slowly fill the valley and the meadows with light. From the kitchen below rose muted sounds, the voices and movements of Mother and of Martha, the hired girl, as they prepared breakfast and set the table. The day starts early on a farm. And, yet, I waited, unwilling to leave my place of vantage where I could see the path running up from the big red barns. Any minute, now, Father and Dan would come through the open barn door, and walk up that path which the sun's first rays were turning gold, milk pails clattering in their hands.

It was the way to start a new day, to see light glinting on Dan's curly black hair, to have him, as he stopped at the kitchen steps, glance up at me, at my window, his brilliant, blue eyes smiling, his firm, wide mouth a gay, laughing grin. I had never gotten over my surprise and delight at the contrast of those blue eyes, and black hair; I had said once:

"Dan, wherever did you get that coloring?"

That had been down by the stream that runs through the far meadows; that had been one hot Sunday afternoon in August, and the shadows of the big willows had been pleasant, and the murmur of the stream soothing. Dan, stretched full length on the ground beside me, had turned his head and grinned.

"Black hair from a gypsy father, blue eyes from a little Irish girl."

"Dan, is that true?" He was always teasing me.

"Well, didn't I come wandering up to this farm, six weeks ago, in a ramshackle car, like a gypsy, asking for work?" he had asked.

"Gypsies don't ask for work."

"I don't mind work, if I can only cut away again. There's so much to see, places, people. I've worked in dock yards, I've sold all sorts of things over the country—"

"But—" Why had there been a funny little pain in my heart that day, that hot, bright day? Why was there always a queer tightening around my heart whenever Dan spoke of his travels? For he meant nothing to me, really; he couldn't. It was with Joe, Joe Benson, whose farm lay next to ours, that my heart and my happiness lay—my future, filled with contentment.

"You'd like me to be respectable, would you, Jean?" Dan had sat up; his blue eyes narrowed as he looked at me. "I am, really. I was brought up in a small country town, up in the Vermont hills, by an aunt—she's dead, now. I have no ties. I don't want any—" Almost angrily, he had picked up a stone, and thrown it into the stream. And he had jumped to his feet, as Joe had come toward us across the meadow. "Here's your beau," he had said; and had left Joe to take his place beside me, striding into the beech woods beyond, a clear, sweet whistle on his lips.

There was the clatter of pails, the sound of footsteps below me; there was sunlight driving the shadows back, and touching Dan's black hair. How easily, steadily, he carried the brimming pails, as if they were feather weight.

I smiled and turned from the window. But I walked down stairs very slowly, stopping between steps, staring



A Theater of Today Drama

Inspired by the radio play, "No Date For The Wedding," by Doris Halman, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays at noon, over CBS.



*"Let's get out for a while,"
Dan said. "It's hot in here.
Or, maybe," he grinned, "I've
had a little too much cider."*

ahead, a strange, vague trouble somewhere deep within me. The day had started as I had hoped, but, I all but wished for the sweet, tranquil months—and years—before Dan had come to the farm; when there had been no troubling excitement flowing through me, nothing to disturb my companionship with Joe, for he was dear, so dear to me, just part of me. I couldn't imagine life without him, anymore than I could think of being without the sight of the distant hills, or far from the great meadows of wheat and corn. Then I laughed at myself, standing still on the stairs, the hall dusky below me, and cheerful voices coming from the kitchen; I was making mountains out of mole hills, for Dan would go again, at any time he might go; I must take him as lightly as he took everything, including me.

BUT did he? I was surprised at the quick turn of his head toward me, when Mother said, as we ate breakfast: "Better hurry, Jean, if you're to be ready when Joe gets here."
"Oh," I said, "it will take him some time to get things into his truck."
"Dan and I stacked the pumpkins and the bags of apples and turnips on the porch late last night," Father remarked. "It won't take Joe long."
"Oh, the Harvest Home Festival—"
That was Dan speaking.

I nodded.
"But it isn't till tonight—what on earth do you and Joe do, starting off so early?" That was Dan still speaking, looking at me with a question in his blue eyes.

"Didn't you know? Oh, you wouldn't, you're a stranger in these parts." I met his gaze, my eyes just a little mocking. Put him in his place, I thought, he's so sure of himself, so cocky. "Joe and I always decorate the Grange Hall—Joe's wonderful at it."

"Is that so?" There was more between us than our mere words; a sort of desire to dominate the other.

Mother rose from the table. "We've a lot to be thankful for in this country; all the fruits of the earth for which to thank God. When I think of Europe—"

"And what we have to face, if we get into the war—" Father pushed back his chair—"yes, we'd better make the most of this Harvest Home—Come on, Dan, we've a full day before us."

I was hardly listening; there was the sound of a truck stopping before the house, and I was running through the hall. "Joe, Joe," I called.

He was already on the porch, the great, golden pumpkins at his feet; he smiled, and touched my arm with strong fingers, strangely gentle.

"Ready, Jean?"

"By the time you are." This was what life really meant: Joe and I doing things together, happy in doing them. I ran back into the house, pretty sure Martha would have the lunch basket ready for me; I had only to get the dress I'd wear that evening, for I'd change down at the Grange Hall as I always had. And, in the hall, which the sun was now flooding with color, I

ran straight into Dan.

"Jean," he said, and caught hold of my arm.

"Yes?" I glanced up at him, to find his face intent, earnest.

"You'll go with me to the dance tonight—say you will."

"But I can't. I won't even be back home for dinner. And, I always go with Joe. Didn't you know that?"

His fingers tightened. "I guess I didn't know anything. I just took it for granted—I hoped we'd ride down together." Something, eager, compelling, was flowing from his touch along my nerves. "But, you will drive home with me, Jean—there'll be a full moon tonight—it will be beautiful."

A white road winding in the moonlight, and tall trees whispering along its sides, and Dan and I beside the other in his old car, a white road, magic-filled in the moonlight. That was it—magic—and I was afraid of magic. I shook my head. "No, Dan; Joe brings me home, as he has done for years—"

"Oh, Lord—everything the same; don't you want something different? I'd go crazy in such a rut."

"I guess you would. You'd tire of people as quickly as you do of places." I pulled my arm from his clasp, and pushed by him to the stairs.

Dan called after me, his face uplifted, and his eyes bright: "We'll see; I don't take no, easily."

Yes, you'll see, Daniel Drummond, you can't always get your way, my thoughts kept time to the turning wheels of the truck, as high on the seat beside Joe, we drove into town. You'll see, just you wait and see. Joe glanced at me, smiling.

"You look awfully pretty this morning, Jean; but then you always look

pretty to me."

Once he had said that my eyes were like gray pools in a wood, that dreams shadowed them, as the trees threw shadows across their still waters. It started a little song in my heart when he looked at me as he was looking now, and, when he told me I was pretty, as he was telling me, now. I forgot Dan, and the strange quiver of my nerves when he was near, and the way I liked to watch him, and how quickly he could make me angry. Yes, I forgot Dan, for Joe was saying:

"I wonder if we'll be doing this next year, Jean? Driving into town for the Harvest Dance?"

"Why not, Joe—why not?"

"I'm afraid war may hit us. It's like a forest fire, spreading, and we may be called on to help put it out."

"Oh, Joe—" My hand went out and caught his arm.



He slowed down the truck, and looked from one side of the road to the other, at the meadows, at fields where the corn was stacked, at farm houses tucked away among the hills. "It's worth fighting for," he said, "this land—and the way we live."

My throat tight, I stared around, and suddenly there was pride in my heart. "You'd go." It wasn't a question.

He nodded. He turned and looked at me, his brown eyes deep and tender. "And, if that comes, I'd feel better if I knew you were waiting for me—that we'd run the farm together as soon as

I got back—"

"Why, Joe, you know I'd be waiting— We've sort of—"

"Taken it for granted, sure we have." He had stopped the truck, and his hands reached for mine. "Ever since we coasted on these hills together, ever since I used to wait after school for you—I just wanted to hear you say it in words— You're so young, Jean, I'd thought there'd be plenty of time, but, somehow, I feel—well—as if that fire is coming close— Here, here, don't look so frightened—" He pulled me to him, and kissed me quickly, holding me

close. "I'm sorry if I scared you; I didn't mean to. Maybe, it won't happen—any war."

Frightened, why had I been so frightened? It hadn't been the thought of America at war; that seemed too far off to be real. I had told Joe I'd wait; I had spoken before I could even think, from the long years of our affection, from the certainty of the past few years when I was sure I loved him. And, I did love him; why should I be frightened? Why should I think of brilliant blue eyes, and gypsy black curls, of a wanderer who swaggered through life, who wanted neither home nor wife?

But war, or worries of any kind seemed very far away, as that evening the old Grange Hall echoed to laughter, and the sound of feet swinging over the floor to the tunes the fiddlers played. We only danced the old barn dances, for on this night we kept to the traditions of our grandparents, and their parents. In the town there were other halls, with their juke boxes, and radios, bringing to the young people, swing when we wished, but swing didn't fit with the sheaves of corn and winter wheat filling the corners, with strings of red peppers and herbs hanging from the low rafters, and great jugs of hard and soft cider surrounded by home made cakes and cookies, boiled hams and roasted chickens. I saw Dan back of the trestle tables helping Mother, and saw him dancing on feet that seemed winged, and I, also, saw him standing quiet in the far shadows, watching, a queer, wondering look on his face. He found me, once, just as a square dance was forming, and his arm around me, whirled me toward a side door.

"Let's get out for a little," he said, "it's hot in here. Or, maybe," he grinned, "I've had too much cider."

My face was flushed, I was a little breathless, and the cool air of the yard was refreshing.

I dropped down on a bench under a large maple. A leaf came fluttering down, and I picked it up. In the bright moonlight, flooding over the top of the building, I saw its crimson turned to a delicate rose. "It's nice to keep up the old customs—"

"I don't know." He flung himself down beside me.

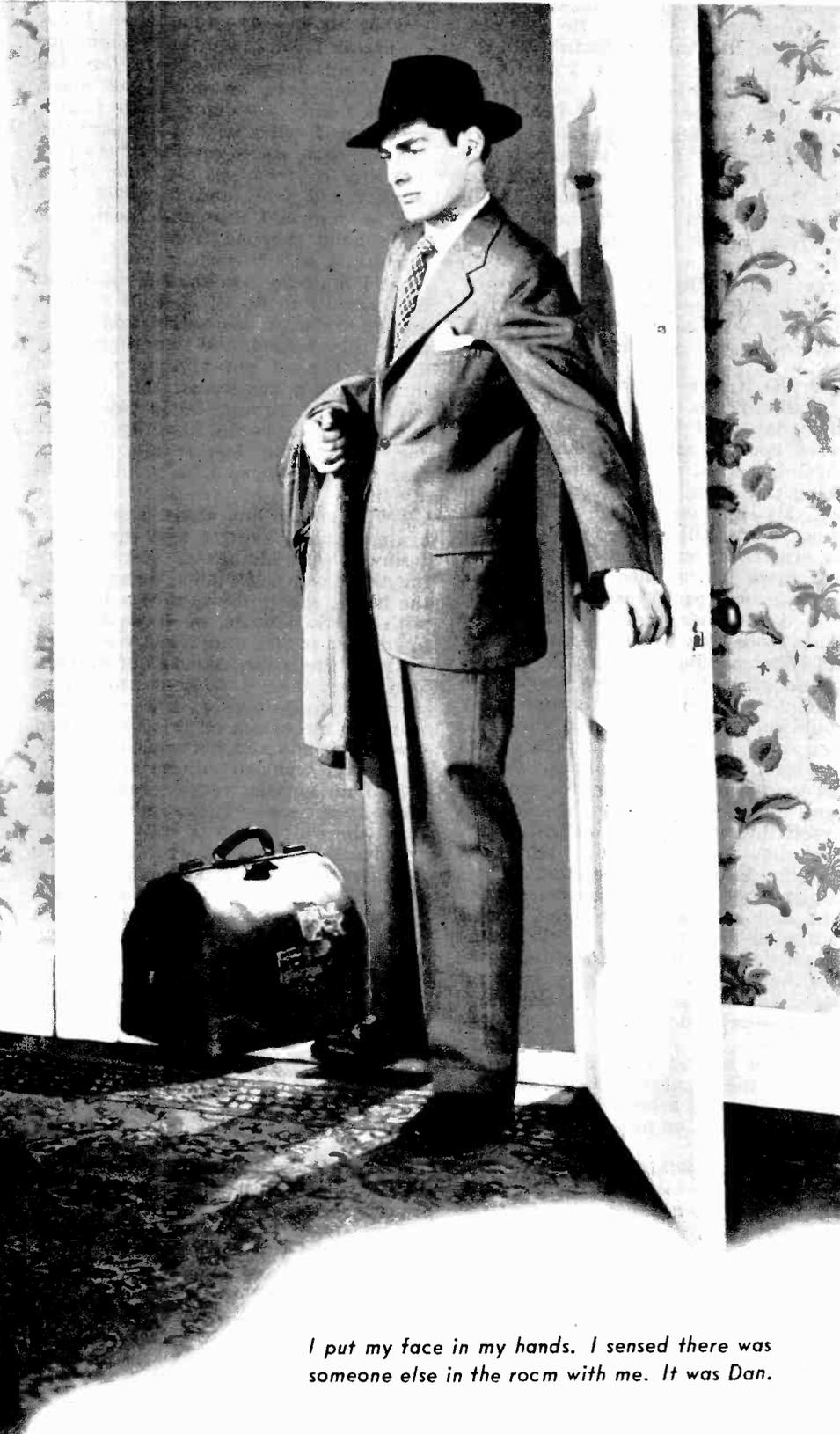
"Oh, you—" I laughed, "you'd change everything—there'd be nothing settled in your world—or safe—" I added.

He leaned forward, his hands clasped between his knees. And, without warning, I felt again that tiny quiver of my nerves when he was close; I felt his strength. My eyes shifted from his bent dark head to his broad shoulders.

"I'm funny," he said, "maybe I don't want my world safe, only exciting." He straightened up, and smiled. "But, I wouldn't want you any different. That long bob of yours, touching your shoulders—it's soft gold." He put up one hand as if to touch it, and I moved back. His smile deepened. "Changed your mind, Jean, about riding home with me?"

"No."

"Why not?" Now he was teasing me,



I put my face in my hands. I sensed there was someone else in the room with me. It was Dan.

and the little quiver of my nerves had turned to anger.

"Because I've promised Joe to drive with him."

And promised him more, Dan, than just a drive. I didn't say, in so many words, I'd be his wife, but it's the same, and I want it to be a promise.

For Dan will soon see that Joe and I really love each other, I thought, as I drove home with Joe along the moon white road, and told myself that, over and over as the fields and the trees flamed in color, and, then, turned gray and brown, lifting their bare branches against a cold November sky. For Joe came over to my home, much more often than he had, and evening after evening we sat together in the sitting room before the open fire, listening to the radio, and talking quietly. Mother and Father left us alone. I knew they were glad that our young love was growing deeper, and that, in a year or so—maybe sooner—I would be his wife, and settled on the farm next to them. Oh, yes, war clouds were gathering, creeping nearer, but, we, in our youthful happiness, and, they, in their desire for our happiness, pushed them back, tried not to see them. Joe's arm around me, and my head on his shoulder, as we sat on the old fashioned sofa, bright flames dancing before us, a cold wind at the windows, was all I wished, brought contentment in a world familiar, sweet.

All? Yes, I told myself. I never waited at the window of a morning to watch Dan come up from the barns. He stopped me once, as I passed him in the hall and asked:

"Say, Jean, why don't you call good morning to me any more from your room, as you used to do?"

"Too dark, now—too cold—" I laughed.

"It isn't." His blue eyes narrowed. "You looked so lovely—a golden haired fairy leaning from a magic casement."

"You've been reading poetry—" "Maybe. Does it surprise you that I do read poetry?"

"I haven't really thought about it; why should I?" Silly words to keep him far from me; any words, so the charm of his presence shouldn't reach

me. That's all it is, my heart whispered, for Joe is dear, so dear to me.

"I see," he said, and one eyebrow went up in a funny little quirk, "if you want it that way. I can take a hint. I suppose it's Joe?"

"Yes," I said, "it is."

Dan straightened, his head went up. "I shouldn't be surprised—you and he evening after evening in the sitting room—he coming over on all sorts of excuses—but, what you see in him—"

"He's wonderful," I cried, my heart hot with anger.

"He's fine—yes—steady, has all the virtues. But, there's quicksilver in you, Jean, and fire—" He stopped. "I'd better stop talking, hadn't I?" His blue eyes mocked, and I suddenly longed to slap him.

"It really doesn't matter," I said, and turned and walked away; quite slowly and deliberately I went upstairs to my room. I closed the door behind me, and leaned against it. I hope Dan'll go away, I told myself; then I'll be utterly at peace; he calls to something wild and free in me, and I want to forget that call—as I will when he goes. For I love Joe; it's love to feel so happy with another, to have such friendship and such companionship—

NO, NO, it isn't—my heart was crying, and my lips were trembling. Another day, and I leaned against the closed door of my room, hearing the November wind moan at the windows, seeing the thick, white flakes of snow fall. My lips were hot, as if Dan's mouth were still pressed on mine, as his arms had caught and held me to him, there in the shadows of the big barn. I had been restless after our noon day dinner, and as soon as the dishes were done, had pulled on a coat, and wandered out of doors. The snow had not started, though the gray clouds were heavy with the burden they would soon let fall. But the wind had been cold, and the mid day news broadcast had been ominous. Father had looked grave, Mother worried, and Dan's face had been set; I had told myself that it was the mournful day, and the world's sorrow that was troubling me, for I had no other reason, surely, I had no other reason, for the ache and sadness which filled me. I had stolen into the barn to find comfort in the sight of the contented cows, the shuffling of the horses in their stalls, and the scents of stacked hay. Dan's voice had called:

"Jean—"

We had moved toward each other through the shadowy space dividing us, and, then his arms had been around me, and his lips on mine. "I love you—love you—"

Fire, wonder—this is that for which my heart has cried—this is the meaning of life which I have tried to put from me—

Held against him I had not moved.

Then, his voice saying: "You love me—you must—you do—" And I pulled from his arms, staring at him, shaking my head, remembering Joe.

"Little fairy, little golden haired fairy—" How strong his fingers had been on my shoulders, how brilliant

the blue of his eyes, eager, demanding, calling to my heart. "We belong to each other—I never loved before— Oh, Jean, wake up, wake up—listen to your heart, my darling, my dear."

"No, you're wrong." Had that been I, saying those words? Yes, because I could see Joe's face, and how it would grow white, and the pain in his brown eyes, if I failed him, if I ruined his dreams. And, because I dared not stay, I had hurried away; not quite running, because I did not want Dan to see me run, for then he might guess. So, one hand on my lips, I leaned against the door, my heart crying: this, this is love—what shall I do—what shall I do?

Surely, I have always known, for love brings magic, and with Dan the world has been an enchanted place, though I dared not admit it. He frightened me, I, who wished for security and the same, sweet routine of my former life. He frightens me, now, for he is wild and free—and I cannot hurt Joe, so fine and true and loyal.

My hand dropped from lips, where Dan's kiss still burned. I was sure of what I must do; somehow I must find the courage to do it. I built reasons around my heart, as a shield, and sometimes they helped, and sometimes they didn't. I must not give way before this pleading sweetness, this longing which was so strong. I had two things to keep me firm—the inability to hurt Joe, for so long dear to me, and my fear of what Dan's love would do to my life.

I will not see him alone, I said, ever again. And, I kept to that resolution; I stayed with Mother or Martha during the days, never once going out to the barns, and in the evenings Joe was with me. Sometimes, we drove down to town for a movie, and, if not we stayed in the sitting room, as was our custom. Dan didn't take it without protest; as we ate our meals his eyes were always watching me. Once or twice, he leaned toward me, and said, his voice low:

"Jean, I want to talk to you."

And, my answer was—he couldn't see what it cost me—"There isn't any use, Dan—there's nothing to say—"

A week of this; and one evening, he found me on the back porch. It was a clear, cold night, and I had stepped out for a breath of air. I thought he had gone to his room, but he hadn't. He was beside me, closing the door behind him.

"Jean," he said, "why do you run away from me?"

"Because—" I hesitated.

"Because you're afraid to be with me? That's the reason, Jean."

"Certainly not." *Don't touch me, Dan; don't, don't kiss me.* "You took too much for granted that day in the barn. I didn't like it, and I don't want to see you—that's all." I was holding myself stiffly, and my voice was hard.

Dan stared at me. The moon was silvering the yard, searching with long cold fingers the shadows of the porch. "Jean," he said, softly, "somehow, I can't believe it. There's something between us, real and true and big. I've felt it—the truest thing I've ever felt—" One hand touched my arm; I held myself *(Continued on page 59)*



BLUE FLAME

Here is the theme song of the Band That Plays The Blues
—the tune that tells you that Woody Herman is on the air

Lyric by
LEO CORDAY, ASCAP

Music by
JAMES NOBLE
JOE BISHOP, ASCAP

Slow Blues

Blue flame lonely mem'ries. Light-ing my heart. Blue flame-on-ly mem'ries,
p-mf

Why did we part? Ever burn-ing. Ev-er yearning. Blu-

flame. Blue flame burning sorrow — deep in my heart.

Blue flame will to-mor-row bring a new start. Ever

glow-ing. Ev-er grow-ing — Blue — flame. flame.

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RADIO MIRROR'S
HIT OF THE MONTH

“ THE LAND WE BELONG TO IS ”

Grand!

Food fights for freedom! All over America this summer women will be fighting with this most powerful of all weapons in the winning of this war. Will you do your part?

By JOAN SCOTT

ALL over America there are women, eighteen or older, who are volunteering for service of at least one month on the farm front—members of the Women's Land Army (the WLA)—and every time I hear about them it makes me think of that wonderful line from the “Oklahoma” song: “And the land we belong to is grand!”

That's the way they feel about it, too, those women who know that, like others who work in bomber plants and munitions factories, they are sending ammunition to the front.

Let me tell you the story of one woman who volunteered for WLA work last fall. Mrs. Alice Davis, from Lovely, Kentucky, went last fall from her home to Aroostook County, Maine, to help harvest 71 million bushels of potatoes, many of which would reach field kitchens in foreign lands. Along with Mrs. Davis came over 1500 neighbors of her from Kentucky, West Virginia, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Soldiers, Boys Scouts, farm and city workers from Maine, Canadians and Jamaicans joined the Southerners to help save this all-time record crop.

Mrs. Davis's work was outstanding. She averaged 55 barrels of potatoes each day she worked. One day she picked 63 barrels.

What interests me most about Mrs. Alice Davis is that she is 71 years old!

Pine River, where I was born, didn't give me much of an idea of life in the country. But I used to visit the farm of an uncle on summer vacations—and I remember those days as some of the happiest of my life. Over here, in Africa, I remember them often. It's good to think about sometimes when things are hard, and I dream of the “land we belong to” which now is so very far away.

There's just nothing in the world like that cold, crisp air, early in the morning, with the sun coming up like a big pumpkin out of the ground—and the birds singing so enthusiastically—the dew over everything, glistening

like little jewels on the grass. You're happy, maybe happier than you've ever been, for no reason at all in the world except that you're glad to be awake, to be ready for good, healthy work, to be alive.

Of course, everybody gets up early and everybody pitches into work, one way or another. The stock has to be fed and turned out to pasture. In the spring you have to feed the baby chicks; there are chicken coops all over the yard. And have you ever seen an egg begin to “pip?” There's a little tiny point in the shell as it starts to crack, and then you watch the shaky little chick break out of its prison.

The men, I remember, worked twelve to fourteen hours in the tractor. After all day of planting they'd go on after supper, planting in the moonlight. I remember them starting out in the morning, with the old brown jug of water hung on the horse's harness; later they'd find a cool spot for it. . . .

The women folk? Well, sometimes we'd take the men their dinner in baskets or boxes, sometimes even hot food which we'd carry to them in the car. Sometimes we'd just stay near the house, weeding the garden, watching the turkeys to keep them from roaming, tending the chickens. . . .

And at dusk, when the shadows of the trees across the field were long we'd drive the cows home to be milked—and later we'd gather the eggs from the coops and bring them to the refrigerator.

Year round, there's a rhythm about farm life that you come to know like the beating of your own heart. In the spring the corn is planted. In the summer the corn is plowed when it comes up. Toward July the hay is cut. Preserving, jelly making, canning of fruits and vegetables go on continuously. You churn the butter, wash the separator, and gather the eggs each day, putting twelve dozen in a case, so that they

may be brought to market for candling and selling. In August the wheat is harvested, cut with the binders, tied into bundles and dropped in the field to be stood up into shocks. Later, the threshing machine comes with its large crew that has to be fed at noon (the owner and fireman stay at night in your house, the rest go to their homes). For these hungry men you must get ready that great long table out of doors, load it with ham or roast beef or fried chicken, cole slaw and vegetables, bowls of potato salad, sliced tomatoes, cucumbers and onions, bread, butter and jam, hot rolls—and for dessert, two or three different kinds of home made pie and cake. A nice little meal!

In the fall, if there's an orchard, you pick the fruit. The fences may be down, so new ones have to be put up, especially around the corn and wheat fields where stock can break through and spoil the grain. In that season when the first chill is on the meadow you haul up wood for the winter and cut up corn for silage. Soon the men start taking cattle to market, where they exchange them for the cash that starts the cycle all over again!

BUT there's more to farm life than work. After all, only certain seasons mean long hours of work. At night you'd sit around on the porch swapping stories, unimportant little experiences, perhaps, but they always seem important and colorful when you heard them, or told them, out there with no light except the stars. Somebody could always play the mouth organ or jew's-harp—and Nature had its own orchestra of katydids and crickets, cows mooing in the distance, or a dog barking, or a horse neighing pettishly in the barn.

And I can't forget the ice cream suppers or the Sunday picnics, the fishing on our time off, or the fish fries, or the wading in the creek at dusk when your feet were so tired and hot!

Those are the things I remembered when I learned (*Continued on page 92*)



JOAN SCOTT is the valiant lady of the exciting daytime serial of that name. Although she is now in Africa doing war research, she is greatly interested in the wonderful work of the Land Army, for she knows, being so close to the battle area, how vitally important food is to the men who are fighting for world freedom. Valiant Lady is heard daily at 10:00 A.M., EWT, on CBS.
(Played by Joan Blaine)

Let no man put

Sally knew her plan was sheer bluff—it might result in tragedy. Yet she must steel herself to take that chance, to gamble for the sake of the man she loved

THE STORY:



FROM the first moment I saw him, I knew that Dwight was the man who, of all the world, was meant for me. But he was engaged to marry my cousin Coralie—the date for the wedding was set. We knew that it was wrong, but we couldn't help ourselves, Dwight and I—our love grew and flowered, until we knew that we must tell Coralie. It was on the way home from a party that Dwight told her, and that I, ahead in another car with Kevin McDonald, saw Dwight's car turn crazily on the road, crash through a retaining wall. Later, at the hospital, Dwight explained that he had told Coralie, and that she had hysterically grabbed at the wheel, causing the accident. Then the doctor came to tell us that Coralie would live—but that she was unable to walk, unable to remember anything that had happened. Of course, Dwight and I could never tell Coralie, now, of our love, and we decided that Dwight must go through with the marriage, give Coralie some happiness, even though he and I would never find ours. And so Dwight and Coralie were married. I felt, at first, that I could not bear to see them, but I had to. And finally, feeling that there was no hope for us, I decided to say yes to Kevin McDonald's repeated proposals of marriage. I told Coralie and Dwight about it, and that night I could not help thinking that Coralie suspected the love between Dwight and me. Indeed, I thought for one wild moment that perhaps she knew, that she *did* remember that Dwight had told her that night in the car, perhaps, even, that she was not chained to her wheelchair, as we all believed. But I dismissed those thoughts as unworthy, and fell into a troubled sleep, in which I dreamed that Dwight was calling to me, and that Coralie, beside me, held me—kept me from going to him.

DWIGHT'S voice over the telephone next morning seemed part of my nightmare. The crazy pattern of the dream kept repeating itself in his words, that were so carefully emptied of emotion, and again I knew that desperation of running, running endlessly, trying to reach him, and always Coralie clutching at me,

holding me back.

Now suddenly, in what he had to tell me, the dream became reality. He and Coralie were leaving day after tomorrow for California—for good.

For good. Two words that meant the end of the world. We had said our final goodbye already; I had told Kevin MacDonald I would marry him. But even in the finality of that goodbye had run the bright thread of knowing that at least I would see Dwight, and be sustained by the courage that only he could give me.

"But *why*?" I kept saying. "Why is Uncle Tom transferring you to the plant out there? And for always—"

"Because," that carefully expressionless voice went on, "Dr. Frick says she will never get well here. You see, Sally—last night after you left, Coralie got hysterical. She often gets despondent about her—lameness, saying that she is just a burden to us all. But last night was the worst. She even talked of suicide. I called the doctor, and he said her only chance was to get away completely from old associations. He's been baffled by the case for some time—why she can't walk when physically she's perfectly able to. Mr. Hollins is opening a new plant out there to handle war orders anyway and I'm to manage it for him. And so—that's the way it is. I just wanted you to know . . ."

Memory of last night washed back so vividly that I seemed to be standing on that dark porch again, in Dwight's arms, seeing that curtain dimly move. "Coralie must have seen us," I said feverishly. "That's the only explanation why last night of all nights—"

"But how could she, Sally?" he interrupted. "And even if, by some miracle, she did—"

I knew the rest of that unfinished sentence. Yes, even if she did, she was still Dwight's wife, still his charge in life. What else was there for him to do?

I hung up. My whole body felt hot, as if with fever. Day after tomorrow they would leave. Time was so short, so very short. And if my suspicions were true—

I called Mr. Caswell. I said I wasn't feeling well, could I have the day off? He was sympathetic as always, and told me to take today and tomorrow too, if

I didn't improve.

I needed a chance to think, to sort out all my strange and troubling doubts. For the rest of the morning, I paced my small room seeking frantically for a solution. Things that had happened during the last months kept coming before me, forcing me to look at them—things that now came clearer, more significant. Coralie's air of triumph the night she was married, the way she would never allow Dwight and me a moment alone, the way I kept feeling her watching me with a look I couldn't define. I seemed to feel her watching me now, following every move I made—and suddenly I recognized that look in her eyes. It was hate.

I flung on my coat and hat. I knew at last what I must do.



"She surprised me, all right," Dwight said grimly. "How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

asunder

What we suffered has only made our love the greater for it—no matter what the future holds.



Trembling, I pulled a chair to the closet. The lacquered box was where it had always been.

It was horribly dangerous. For if I were wrong, I would wreck a girl's life. Already I had had a hand in bringing tragedy to Coralie. If I were wrong, it would be the cruellest act anyone could commit and I would never be able to live with myself again with the knowledge in my heart. But I steeled myself to take the chance, gambling with another's health and happiness for the sake of the man I loved. It was for Dwight, even more than myself, that I was doing this. I kept seeing him as he had been when he first walked through the door of the bookstore and into my life—strong,

eager, alive with the vitality that was so much part of him. And seeing the change since the night of the accident—the strength still there but the eagerness blotted out like a light switched off, the vitality somehow stilled. It was only by thinking of that, that I forced myself to go the long way to the big old house where I had known so much kindness and so much pain.

Aunt Ethel and the maid were downstairs in a flurry of packing. Aunt Ethel put her arms around me. "You've got to be my daughter now, even more than before," she said brokenly. "I just don't see how I can stand having my baby so far away—and yet, I know it's for her good. Dr. Frick says it's imperative, the only chance she has. He's been so worried by her not improving when we all know she could walk if only this dreadful, subconscious thing weren't holding her back. And of course Dwight can run the new plant, and all. But—oh, Sally, she's so young, so helpless. Seeing her last night threatening all sorts of desperate things because she felt she was a

burden—it nearly killed me."

It was nearly killing me, too. But I made myself say quietly, "Where is she now?"

"In her room, resting. Go on up, dear. You always do her good—she loves you so."

I walked up the broad stairs I had climbed so many times before. I knew how a prisoner felt, marching to execution. Only there was a difference. A condemned man's crime lies behind him and he knows that only he must die. Mine still lay ahead, waiting for me in the room that was Coralie's and Dwight's—and I knew I might better carry a knife in my hand than say what I was going to say—if I were wrong.

I stood in the doorway. Coralie was sitting on the chaise longue, a blanket over her legs. She was busily making lists for the things that were to be packed and she looked—she looked as victorious as she had the night of her wedding.

Then she saw me. She sank back weakly on the (Continued on page 81)



All

*With her son's very life at
to humbling herself before*

I choked back a sob. It was all I could afford to buy to amuse him during the long days—big, colored pictures that he could still see.

I'D LIKE to see Mrs. Peter Manning, please."

The doorman looked down at me in a superior fashion. It was a big, expensive looking apartment house, and he looked big and expensive too. I felt him glance at my shabby suit and the cheap little hat.

"Who shall I say is calling?" he asked. "Mrs. Peter Manning."

There was just the beginning of a supercilious smile on his broad face. "I'll—telephone upstairs. Just be seated, please."

I sank down on one of the big couches. My nerves felt like taut wire, brittle and ready to snap. I shouldn't have been angry with him but it was bad enough to have to come here and see that woman in the first place. I never would have if desperation hadn't driven me to it—desperation not for myself but for my child, my darling, five-year-old Bobbie. With his happiness, his very life, at stake I'd have done anything!

The doorman was getting a busy signal on the house phone and I was glad. It gave me a chance to steel myself for what lay ahead—the pain-

ful humiliation of having to ask help from a woman I'd resented for years. I'd never seen Miriam Manning. But I knew her. I knew exactly what she was like from what Peter had told me.

"Miriam's always had money," he'd said, "and she's always possessed whatever she's wanted. She thinks she can own people, just as she owns her car or her clothes or her fine furniture. She's tried to own me, Lucille . . . I don't know if I can make you understand."

That was what he'd told me seven years ago when we'd first met. And of course I understood. One look at Peter Manning and I thought I could see how any woman would want him. He was the most attractive man I'd ever seen, and when he walked into the office that day to sell my boss insurance, I'd hardly been able to transcribe my dictation for looking at him. He'd looked at me too. And when I got up to leave the office, our glances crossed for the first time and something seemed to click between us, to fall into place.

He'd come back several times to see Mr. Shuman, and he'd stopped at my desk to talk. The talks got longer and

longer, and then one day he asked me out to lunch. I knew he was married. I said I couldn't go.

"Please," he said, very serious, "I know what you're thinking. But you're wrong, Miss Harvey. I'm not a married man paying attention to a pretty young girl. I—I want to talk to you. I need to talk to you . . ."

Nobody had ever needed me before. I looked up into that handsome face with the appealing dark eyes, the long straight nose, the mouth that held humor and charm and sweetness—and I couldn't resist. "All right," I said. "Just this once."

But I knew then, instinctively, that it wasn't going to be just this once. And Peter knew it too. I was doing something dangerous, giving rein to vaguely stirring emotions that had no right to run free, but I couldn't help it. The emotions—and Peter—were stronger than I.

Because Peter and I were in love. After that lunch, we both knew it. He told me a lot about himself during that hour. He'd been a poor boy in a large city with no one to help him. He'd worked hard at selling insurance and he was successful, but there was never quite enough money for the good things in life he wanted.

"It was what most of us want, I suppose," he said. "Good times while I was young enough to enjoy them, a home, love, all the rest of it. I met Miriam eight years ago when I went to the house to sell her father a policy. She—well, she knocked me off my feet. She was lovely to look at and she represented all the things I'd never had—glamour and gaiety. She—liked me from the start and it sort of dazzled me, I guess. It's hard to explain without sounding like—like—" He hesitated, the right word eluding him.

"I know," I said impulsively. "I've been poor and alone, too. And I've wanted some of the glamour and gaiety."

He leaned across the table and put his hand on mine. "You do know," he said softly. "I knew you would. I knew from the minute I saw you in Shuman's office with your pretty little head bent over that notebook, and

the world to me

stake, Lucille would have done anything—even the first Mrs. Manning, the woman she hated

when you looked up and I saw your eyes—well, I knew, that's all," he finished simply.

The words brought a sort of terror to my heart . . . a sweet terror. We had no right to them—he a married man of thirty and I ten years younger, when we hardly knew each other. And yet— "Are you sure you want to tell me all this?" I said, almost trembling. "I mean, your wife—"

"Miriam never was my wife in the real sense! We never should have been married at all. We were infatuated, nothing more. But I was young, and she was beautiful and possessive and—we got married. It's been hell, ever since. Because she had more money than I was making, she thought she could run my life. And when Peter, our son, was born, he was hers, too, more than mine. He wasn't well for a while—he developed an eye trouble that threatened his sight—and she seemed to use even that to turn him more away from me. Oh, she's a fine person in her way," he went on hurriedly. "Just say that we were bad for each other and let it go at that."

It was generous of him to put it that way, I thought. I could picture that awful marriage—a rich, demanding woman taking even the affection of his child away from him. "It's horrible!" I cried. "Horrible that such a thing could happen to a man—like you."

He smiled then, a boyish, charming smile. "There's been no one I could ever talk to before. But now—there's you. It's like a ray of sunshine in the darkness of my life, Lucille. I've got to see you again—you're the only one who understands."

How could I have helped it? How could any girl? Peter with his sweetness and his charm and, most of all, his need for me, swept me off my feet. Within two months he was asking me to marry him.

"But there's Miriam," I protested. "And little Peter. I couldn't wreck another woman's home, darling. I couldn't! I love you more than life itself but there are some things a girl *can't* do . . ."

"It's never been a home. Only a farce of one. And Miriam, after the first shock



of losing something that's been hers, won't care," he said bitterly. "She's got her child. And he won't miss me—she's seen to that. Why, even when he had the eye operation—it had to be done by an Austrian specialist—it was she who took him there and stayed with him. She cut me out of his life. You've got to marry me, darling. Before you came, I was just jogging along trying to make the best of things, with everything meaningless and miserable. But now—"

He took me in his arms, and with his kisses on my lips, my protests were stilled. My very heart was stilled, except for its tumultuous longing for Peter.

And so we were married. There was no trouble about the divorce after Miriam's first unbelieving outburst. I would have felt sorry for her if Peter hadn't explained. "It's just that she can't stand losing anything that once was hers. It isn't that she loves me."

From then on, I almost hated her. Trying to cling to a man who wanted to be free, not out of love, but possessiveness. Poor Peter!

I was resolved that he should find happiness for the first time in his life. I gave up my job and we took a small apartment that we could afford on his rather uncertain income. It was to be a real home, the first each of us had ever had. I would make him forget Miriam and the child that had never been really his. And at first we were passionately happy. His need for me seemed to grow as time went on, and he absorbed my life. Everything, for me, was Peter and what he wanted to make him happy.

WHEN I learned we were to have a child, my own happiness soared. Now I could give him what *she* never had—real fatherhood.

"But it's so soon," he said when I told him. "We've only been married a year. And there's so darned little money!"

He only felt that way because he'd been so deeply hurt, I told myself. "We'll save what we have," I assured him. "I'll do without things. I'm strong and healthy—oh, darling, we'll be so happy! You'll see."

But we weren't. When our darling boy was born, it seemed to change things between us. Even a good baby like Bobbie is a lot of trouble. Peter began to resent the fact we couldn't do all the things we'd done before, that we couldn't go out as much, that we weren't as free. And he never seemed as interested in Bobbie as a father should.

"I don't believe you really love him!" I burst out once, after a particularly tiring day when Peter wanted to go out dancing and there was no one to leave the baby with. "If you did, you wouldn't care if we had to give up some of the things we had before."

"Sure I love him. He's okay. But a man likes to have some relaxation



Suggested by the drama, "Peter's Wives," by Elinor Abbey, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays on CBS.

when he comes home instead of bottles and diapers and a tired wife. You've changed since the baby came. All you think about is him. We never should have had a child so soon. I told you that from the beginning."

"But I wanted him for you, as much as for myself. I wanted you to have the child Miriam took from you—"

"Oh, don't let's talk about it," he said impatiently. "You don't understand. Maybe you never did!"

That hurt me as nothing ever had. I had never understood! I, who wanted only his happiness, only what he wanted. That hurt never quite healed. Although I still loved him passionately and we made up that quarrel, I began to realize that Peter was a deeply selfish man, a weak man. And when he didn't get his own way, his sweetness and his charm dropped from him. Peter could wound me cruelly. I found that out.

Slowly, imperceptibly, the breach widened. Peter was discontented. I could never make him laugh any more. He seemed shut up in a shell, away from me, and when I tried to break that shell, to reach him, he accused me of nagging at him. I was wretched.

And then—well, he started having business engagements down town in the evenings. He had to take a client to dinner and a show. He had to see a man about a policy. I believed him at first, because I wanted to believe him so desperately. I fought away from the instinct that told me he lied. "He loves me—I know he loves me. He must!" I told myself, over and over.

One night I found out my instinct had been right. I found it out with brutal, bitter brevity—in just six words. "I want you to divorce me," he said.

That moment of stunned shock is with me yet. The words falling into the silence, into *me*. I couldn't move or speak. I only stared at him.

Defensively, he went on, hurrying it out. "You must know in your heart our marriage was a mistake. I was bitterly unhappy, you were lonely. We met and we mistook what we felt for love. But it was just an infatuation. You never really understood—"

"That's what you said about Miriam! And now it's I who don't understand. I suppose there is a girl and you've told her about me just as you told me about Miriam—"

"Yes, there is a girl!" He was defiant now. "We love each other and we want to get married. This is a farce of a marriage you and I are living—you care more for Bobbie than you ever did for me. I want to be free to find the happiness I've never had! I'll always look after Bobbie and you—"

He had thrust in the knife and now he was turning it. "I don't want your money!" I cried. "I don't want anything from you. Just get out—get out!" Anything to escape from the unendurable pain. . . .

There's no use in going over the

next few months of my life—the deadness in me where nothing lived. There was only Bobbie, only my child, and it was for his sake that I seemed to live at all. I didn't fight the divorce. Why should I? The man I loved no longer loved me—if he had ever been capable of love as I knew it. Why humble my bruised pride any more by trying to keep him?

I moved to a smaller apartment, away from associations, from anything that had ever been Peter. I put him out of my life. I did let him send me a little money each month for Bobbie. Otherwise I would have had to take a job, and I wanted to take care of my son, who was all that was left to me. To augment that small income, I took in typing. I typed legal briefs, manuscripts, speeches, anything and everything. It was piece work, tiring, back-breaking piece work. But I could do it at home, with my baby. I'd get along, I'd manage, if I could just keep *him*.

And then—Bobbie began having trouble with his eyes.

I took him to the best doctor I knew of. The examination was a long one.



"Retinitis pigmentosa," the doctor said. It meant nothing to me. "It's inheritable, Mrs. Manning—probably from the boy's father, as you do not have it yourself. Hereditary and—incurable. It nearly always results in blindness."

"You mean my baby will be blind?" I screamed it. Dear God, anything but this! "But he can't be. You've got to do something—"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Manning," the doctor said gently. "There's nothing I can do. European physicians were working on this before the war but now—I doubt if there's a man in the world today who could save him. Believe me; I'd do anything if it were any use. But—it's hopeless."

I took him to another specialist. And another. "Incurable—hopeless—sorry, Mrs. Manning." The words became like separate hammer blows, building a sepulcher for me and my son.

I went back to work at a fulltime office job. I had to, for the money. Little Bobbie was in the children's ward of the best hospital in the city. At least there they could do what little could be done. So little . . . to save my baby from a life of darkness. And now I had come—

"Mrs. Manning will see you now."

The doorman's voice brought me back to the present. Back to reality and the interview I had to face as the last desperate hope.

The elevator took me up to the

With a sharp and terrible clarity, I realized I was depriving Bobbie of things I could never give him.

eighteenth floor. A neatly uniformed maid opened the door of the apartment. It was huge, as big as a house. My eye caught glimpses of antique furniture, a rich tapestry on the wall, some Chinese vases, as I followed her into the living room.

"You wanted to see me?" It was a cool voice that greeted me, cool and tinkly.

I saw that she was tall as she got up from the sofa in front of the fire and took a few steps toward me. Tall, and slim, and fair. There was just the faintest touch of gray in her beautifully done hair, and the firelight caught the sheen of her satin teagown in a soft shade of old blue. Everything about her looked rich and self-possessed and cool. So this was Miriam Manning, Peter's first wife.

YES," I blurted. I was more than ever conscious of my shabby suit and the hurt my pride had suffered in coming here in the first place. "I had to come—"

"Did Peter send you?"

"No! He doesn't even know. Peter and I were divorced over a year ago, Mrs. Manning. He's—married again."

She was silent just for a moment but her smooth face showed nothing. "I didn't know. I supposed when I—gave him his freedom six years ago, that his love for you was of the beautiful ideal variety that would last forever. If you've come here for sympathy—"

"Well, I haven't!" The words stung. "And believe me, I'd never have come at all except that there was no other place to go for help. It's my child, Mrs. Manning—my Bobbie. He's nearly five and he's—he's got that eye trouble that your son had. The doctors say it's incurable—" I stumbled over the

last word, then hurried on—"but I know your boy was cured and you've got to tell me who did it and how (I'll pay anything, I'll do anything, to save my baby from being blind. You've got to help me!"

"I'm afraid," Miriam Manning said slowly, "that that is impossible. You see—"

"You're just saying that because you hate me, because you think I took Peter away from you! He said you were selfish. He said—"

"Please!"

Cold and authoritative, her voice cut off my rising hysteria. I'd felt an instant antagonism to this woman and it had grown with every word she'd said, but I couldn't let myself go like this. I bit my lip and turned away from her, fumbling for my handkerchief.

She went on. "It doesn't matter what Peter said now, does it? Or what we think of each other. Not when your child's eyes are at stake. . . . Yes, Peter was cured. He's away at school now, strong and healthy . . . it was a miracle! And there was only one man in the world who could have done it, Dr. Rheinberg of Vienna. I took him there for the operation—"

"This doctor—where is he? Where can I find him?"

"That's just it, my dear," she said gently. "You see—Dr. Rheinberg was Jewish. Since Hitler came in, he's probably either dead or in a concentration camp. There's no way of finding out, of getting in touch with him—"

"Oh, my God—the war—I never thought— But there must be someone else, Mrs. Manning! There must be—don't you understand, my baby will go blind!"

"There's no one else. I know. I went to doctor after doctor with Peter. They all said it was hopeless." She came over to me and her voice was no longer cool. It was full of pity. "I'm terribly, terribly sorry. I know, believe me, how you feel. And if there were anything I could do—" She broke off and stood silent a moment.

I was sobbing now, wildly, hopelessly. I felt her hand on my arm. "I wish you'd let me help you—in other ways, Mrs. Manning," she said. "Treatments, hospitals, are expensive. I happen to have some money. For the sake of the man we both once loved, for the sake of his son—your son—I wish you'd let me give you some of it to help out—"

I shook free of that pitying hand and turned to face her. "I don't want money," I cried. "Money won't do any good. And I don't want your pity, or— or anything! All I wanted from you was the name of the doctor and—and you can't help me. Don't you see—I don't want charity—I—" My voice choked, and I turned and ran out of the room.

I was shaking when I reached the street—shaking with a horrible feeling of powerlessness. It was as if I had just been told that the end of the world had come. And then rage swept over me, too, mercifully helping me to forget my hopelessness for a moment. Charity! Money! No—I didn't need that. Not (Continued on page 63)



If you're tired of cooking vegetables in the usual way, try serving them in the form of soups. Potato soup, for instance, makes a nourishing meal.



Vegetable Variations

EVERY once in a while I have to stop to pat everyone of us on the back for the increased ingenuity we are bringing to our cooking these days. We have learned to prepare new cuts of meat and different types of dessert and we have familiarized ourselves with food which probably we would never even have thought about during peacetime, and we are rightly proud of the results. And since I believe in carrying on good things, this month I want to talk about new ways of giving a lift to our everyday vegetables. Vegetables can be pretty monotonous, you know, if they are always served the same way, so if you have gotten into a rut about them, now is the time to get out of it.

Consider leeks, for instance. You probably use them in soup, but have you ever served them with hot lemon flavored sauce?

Leeks

- 2 bunches leeks
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup milk
- Juice of 1 lemon
- ½ tsp. paprika

Clean leeks as you clean scallions. Cut in small pieces. Cook covered in enough boiling salted water to cover, until tender. Drain. Combine mayonnaise, milk and lemon juice and bring to boiling point but don't boil. Stir in paprika and pour over leeks. Celery is good prepared this way, and the sauce may be used for other vegetables such as broccoli.

Savoy Cabbage

The greener the cabbage is, the better it will be. Cook until tender in enough boiling salted water to cover, then drain thoroughly and chop fine, keeping very hot. There should be 2 to 3 cups. For every cup of chopped cabbage stir in:

- 1 tbl. butter or margarine
- ¼ tsp. salt
- Pinch pepper
- Pinch mace

For variation, omit mace, turn seasoned cabbage into greased casserole, sprinkle with grated cheese and place under broiler flame until cheese browns.

Scalloped Cabbage

- 1 head cabbage, shredded
- Bread Crumbs
- Milk
- Meat Jelly

Meat jelly is made from the drippings in the pan in which you have cooked a roast or baked a ham. Pour off this

liquid and allow it to cool, then remove the fat and use the jelly in this and other recipes. Ham jelly usually does not need additional salt and pepper.

In buttered baking dish place alternate layers of shredded cabbage and bread crumbs, dotting each crumb layer with jelly. Add milk and bake in 350 degree oven until tender (about 40 minutes). The proportions are ½ cup crumbs, ¼ cup milk and 2 tbs. jelly, but older cabbage may need more milk so watch carefully during cooking to prevent its getting too dry. Carrots and turnips may be scalloped in this same way; they should be cut thin and will require a little longer cooking time than cabbage, and if old they should first be parboiled.

Acorn Squash

Allow half a squash per serving. Fill each half with diced apple, sprinkle with sugar, dot with margarine and bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. For variation, instead of apple, stuff squash with your favorite bread and onion and sage dressing, top with a slice of bacon or with a parboiled pork sausage, or sausage pattie.

Wax Beans

- 1 lb. wax beans
- 1 tbl. margarine
- 1 tbl. flour
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbs. vinegar
- 2 tbs. sugar

Slice beans and cook until tender in boiling salted (Continued on page 80)

**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	NBC: News from Europe	
8:00	9:00	Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad	
8:15	9:15	CBS: E. Power Biggs	
8:15	9:15	Blue: White Rabbit Line	
8:15	9:15	NBC: Commando Mary	
8:30	9:30	NBC: NBC String Quartet	
8:45	9:45	CBS: God's Country—Milton Bacon	
9:00	10:00	CBS: Church of the Air	
9:00	10:00	Blue: Message of Israel	
9:00	10:00	NBC: Highlights of the Bib's	
9:30	10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
9:30	10:30	Blue: Southernaires	
10:00	11:00	MBS: Pauline Alpert	
10:00	11:00	Blue: Lionel Hampton's Orch.	
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: Egan Petri, Pianist
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Invitation to Learning
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: NBC Orchestra
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Josephine Houston, Soprano
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: Stradivari Orch., Paul Vallejo
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: John B. Kennedy
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC: Labor for Victory
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Josef Marais
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Edward J. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: Chicago Round Table
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Starring Curt Massey
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue: Chaplin 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
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue: National Vespers
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: New York Philharmonic
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue: The Life of Riley
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue: Hot Copy
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue: Al Pearce Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lands of the Free
		5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony—Frank Black
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: The Family Hour
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Mary Small Revue
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	Blue: America in the Air
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: William L. Shirer
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS: Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Jack Benny
4:15	6:15	7:15	Blue: Dorothy Thompson
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: Perry Como
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: We, the People
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC: Fitch Sandwagon
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: Samuel Grafton
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel Service
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Edgar Bergen—Charlie McCarthy
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Goodyear Show
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: Meditation Board
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Kepsakes
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 Listeners' Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue: Texaco Star Theater, Fred Allen
8:15	8:30	9:30	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue: Listen, The Women
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Hour of Charm
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Bob Crosby
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue: Guy Lombardo
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: The Thin Man
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Bill Costello
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: Everett Hollis
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Olga Cocho & El Charro
8:15	10:15	11:15	Blue: Gil Trio
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC: John W. Vandercook
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: Pacific Story



CEILING UNLIMITED...

Joseph Cotten insists that if he keeps up his present schedule, he'll probably be taken in his cues from the inmates of a nut house soon. He has his picture commitments to fulfill. He does more than his share of performances for the servicemen. He's before the CBS microphone on Sunday afternoons at 2:00 P.M., EWT., the genial host of the variety show, America, Ceiling Unlimited. No mean program for anyone, even if he is six feet two inches tall and weighs 185 pounds.

Petersburg, Virginia—that's where Cotten was born—couldn't hold him very long. He went to Washington to enter a dramatic school. But he was a bit impatient and, after only a year he headed for Broadway. By various means, he ended up in Miami, as a salesman. He sold everything, he says, including ads for the *Miami Herald*. And, in his spare time he took part in many Civic Theater plays.

The next time he tried Broadway, he was spotted by David Belasco and landed a job with that producer. It wasn't until he got the job of understudy to Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never" that the theater really opened up for him, however. During the Boston tryout run of that play, Cotten got a chance to play the Douglas part and clicked in it.

Back in New York again, he combined radio work and appearances in stock companies. Then came his meeting with Orson Welles, a meeting which resulted in their both losing their jobs at the same time. Their sense of humor ran away with them, when a member of the cast with whom they were rehearsing made a mistake in reading which set the two—Cotten and Welles—off into hoots of laughter. They were fired on the spot, which was probably a good thing for both of them, because Orson Welles was soon producing on his own and Cotten was proving to be one of his chief assets.

By 1939, after playing the lead opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story," Hollywood beckoned. You've seen him in "Citizen Kane," "Lydia," "Journey Into Fear," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Shadow of a Doubt," "Hers to Hold," and "Gaslight."

In his spare time—huh!—Cotten likes to play badminton. When he's tired of that, he builds things, mostly bookshelves, which latter hobby, has become quite a test for Mrs. Cotten's ingenuity. "Sorry girls—that's not his mother, but his wife, the former Lenore Kipp, who used to be on the editorial staff of *Harper's Bazaar*. Joe builds the bookshelves and his wife has to figure out what to do with them.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
8:15	9:15	CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	9:45	NBC: Stories by Olmsted
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	10:15	Blue: My True Story
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Air Lane Trio
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
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 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
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: Baukage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbold Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernadine Flynn, News
	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Pantry Party
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Rodriguez & Sutherland, News
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 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	4:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
	3:00	4:00 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
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	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
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun With Dunder
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: We Love and Learn
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: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Capt. Mike
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Quincy Howe
3:10	5:10	6:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: To Your Good Health
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Horace Heidt's Orch.
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Ed Sullivan
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Blondie
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: The One Ranger
5:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Vox Pop
5:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
5:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum'n' Abner
5:30	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
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Contented Program
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Top of the Evening
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Broadway Showtime
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Melody in the Night
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



NICE KEEPSAKE...

Dorothy Kirsten, whom you hear on the Keepsakes show Sunday evenings at 8:30 P.M., EWT., over the Blue network, could no more help growing into the lovely, tall, titian blonde she is. For all scoffers at heredity, here's proof that there must be something in it.

Her grandfather, James J. Begg, was one of the founders and president of the American Federation of Musicians, and travelled all over the world as the conductor of Buffalo Bill's Band. A great aunt, Catherine Hayes, was also a soprano opera singer and starred at Covent Gardens, in London, and appeared in concerts on the Continent. Her mother was an organist and music teacher. Her brother, George William Kirsten, Jr., is a professor of music at Lenoir, North Carolina. And her sister, Mrs. Walter Anderson, teaches the piano.

Dorothy Kirsten belongs in the roster of singers like Grace Moore, Rose Bampton and Helen Traubel—all American born shatters of the old idea that only foreigners could sing. Dorothy was born in Livingston, New Jersey, in 1917 and completed both her primary and high school education there. After that came special instruction in singing, esthetic dancing and dramatics.

In a short while, she attracted the attention of Grace Moore and, as her protegee, was sent abroad to study. Some of Dorothy's fondest memories are of the time she spent in Capri and Italy proper, getting the training that prepared her for her debut with the Chicago Opera Company in 1940. She spent two seasons with the Chicago Opera Company, then made appearances with the Operas and in concerts in the principal cities in the country.

Radio is no new medium for Dorothy Kirsten. Her poise and confidence before the microphone has been earned with plenty of experience. Her first radio job was as the star on a telegraph company broadcast. Since that time, she has appeared as the singing star on many of the biggest shows on the air, among them, the Contented Hour, The Pause that Refreshes on the Air, and the Telephone and Prudential shows.

Although Miss Kirsten's voice and talent make it unnecessary for her to use her looks to get along, she could very easily do just that. At one time, she did. That was back in the very early days of her career, when slack periods had a way of coming along. In those lean times, Dorothy did very well as a professional model. Now, there are no slack periods in Dorothy's career. When she does get a little spare time, she spends it in studying, concentrating on vocal lessons and languages.

Besides, she has a home and a husband to take up her time, too. She was married a year ago to Edward MacKay Oates, a radio engineer, whom she met in the course of her work at the studio.

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: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	9:45	NBC: Stories by Olmsted
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sada
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	11:15 12:15 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade
	9:45	11:45 12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:55	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
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
12:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Back Little
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Now and Forever
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Right to Be Fairness
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Little Jack Little
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Ozark Ramblers
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun With Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Serenade to America
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Bright Eyes Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
3:00	5:00	6:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Bill Stern
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jack Smith, Songs
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News, Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Let Yourself Go—Milton Berle
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Lady Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: Ronald Colman Show
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:30	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Judy Canova Show
9:00	7:30	8:30 Blue: Duffy's Tavern
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: 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: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: "Creeps by Night"

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Texas Jim
	8:30	Blue: News
8:00	9:00	CBS: News
8:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
8:00	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:10 CBS: School of the Air
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life Is Mine
8:30	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
	9:45	NBC: Stories by Olmsted
	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:00	Blue: Sweet River, Drama
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story
9:00	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Rose 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 Sada
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Words and Music
	9:15	11:15 12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
	9:30	11:30 12:30 Blue: 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: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Three Planes
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
12:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
12:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Back Little
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
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Good Neighbors
	3:00	3:00 CBS: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Elizabeth Bemis
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Now and Forever
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Be Fairness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Ozark Ramblers
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 MBS: True Detective Mysteries
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	4:45	5:45 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: Fun With Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 CBS: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Serenade to America
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: American Women
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Bright Eyes 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: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Henry J. Taylor, News
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Meaning of the News
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Conner Gower Show
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Easy Aces
4:45	6:45	7:45 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. Hitenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Sammy Kaye, Orch.
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
9:15	7:00	8:00 MBS: Cal Tinney
8:15	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
8:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: My Best Girls, Drama
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Beat the Band—Hildegard
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Joseph Anninger
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Jack Carson
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Top of the Evening
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Cresta Bianca Carnival
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Soldiers With Wings

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: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	NBC: Stoies by Olmsted
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Music Room
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:20	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Robert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
11:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbord Family
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 Blue: Josef Stopak's Orch.
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
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: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
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: Good Neighbors
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Elizabeth Bemis
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
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Your Home Front Reporter
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	3:30	4:30 Blue: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Lorenzo Jones
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: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: We Love and Learn
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Superman
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: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: 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
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jerl Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:00	7:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Love a Mystery
	6:00	7:00 NBC: Finders Keepers—Musical Quiz
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: European News
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Maxwell House Coffee Time
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
5:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Aldrich Family
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Dinah Shore
6:55	8:55	9:55 CBS: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: Out of the Shadows
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: March of Time
7:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Stop or Go
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News



BUSY ALL THE TIME . . .

Jackson Beck, who plays the swash-buckling Cisco Kid, heard over Mutual on Saturday nights at 8:30, EWT., is never satisfied. This show by no means covers all his work. He is in constant demand to do voices in animated cartoons. He does transcriptions, one of which, "Todd Grant Gets the Story," is now appearing on over 200 stations. He just signed to work on Deadline Drama and A Woman of America. He's a fine photographer, an excellent bowler and swimmer. He's written a play which may be produced on Broadway soon. But he's not satisfied. His one, big, burning ambition is to appear on Broadway in a musical comedy as a comedian.

Jackson is one of those rare individuals, a native New Yorker. His father, Max Beck, is probably responsible for Jackson's interest in the theater, being a character actor of no mean ability himself. Jackson attended public schools in New York and, after he got his first job as a runner on Wall Street, he went for a while to the New York Stock Exchange Educational Institute. The market collapse in 1929 took care of that, as well as his job. For a time, after that, Jackson worked for a leather goods firm.

He earned his first money in show business in an anonymous role. He impersonated Fredric March in "Dark Angel" on records which were sent out and used as a sound track for advance trailers on the film. He did very well and later imitated Joel McCrea and other stars.

Radio seemed like a likely field to young Jackson and, of all things, he answered one of those "Do You Want to be in Radio" ads. He went through the rigamarole of an audition, which those so-called schools give, and then found out that the course cost \$50, which he didn't have. He was a good talker, however, and the incident ended by their hiring him as an instructor.

In the next few years he worked over every small station in New York, doing practically every kind of job in radio. Then he got the idea that making commercial transcriptions should be pretty lucrative. He went to work on that angle, writing, acting, and announcing in this medium—and he was right.

Today, apart from his acknowledged ability as a character actor, he is recognized as one of the best narrators in radio. His fine work as a narrator has won him choice narrating assignments in films like The "North African Album," a Pathe short, and the official United States Coast Guard picture, "Task Force."

Like many other stars, he's been busy selling War Bonds. But this isn't the first war for which he's made this patriotic contribution. During World War I, when he was all of six years old, he staged pageants with other kids in his neighborhood to sell Liberty Bonds. Looks as though he's always been busy—and not satisfied.

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: Mirth and Madness
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: School of the Air
8:45	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:45	NBC: Stoies by Olmsted
8:30	9:00	10:00 CBS: Vallant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Sweet River, Drama
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:45	9:15	10:15 CBS: Kitty Foyle
	9:15	10:15 Blue: My True Story
	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Open Door
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor, Baritone
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
8:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:15	10:15	11:15 Blue: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
8:30	10:15	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Robert Martyn
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Brave Tomorrow
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Living Should Be Fun
	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	12:30	NBC: U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbord Family
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Ted Malone
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC: Carey Longmire, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
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: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Light of the World
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Good Neighbors
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: A Woman of America
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Elizabeth Bemis
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 CBS: Little Jack Little
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: This Life Is Mine
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Broadway Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Blue Frolics
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:25	5:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Perry Como
	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: We Love and Learn
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Sing Along
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Superman
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: Capt. Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: 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
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jerl Sullivan, Songs
3:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Henry J. Taylor, News
	6:00	7:00 CBS: Meaning of the News
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Fred Waring's Gang
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Love a Mystery
	6:00	7:00 NBC: Finders Keepers—Musical Quiz
4:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
4:45	6:45	7:45 CBS: Maxwell House Coffee Time
4:45	6:45	7:45 Blue: News
4:50	7:00	8:00 CBS: Astor, Ruggles and Auer
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cal Tinney
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: City's Service Concert
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Parker Family
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Meet Your Navy
	7:30	8:30 NBC: All Time Hit Parade
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Philip Morris Playhouse
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Double or Nothing
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: People Are Funny
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Coronet Story Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Amos n' Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Durante and Moore
7:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Top of the Evening
	10:30	11:30 Blue: Stage Door Canteen
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Concert Orch.
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bill Stern

SATURDAY

I'll Love You Forever

Continued from page 29

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time	Program	Station
	8:00	8:00	CBS: News of the World	
	8:00	8:00	Blue: News	
	8:00	8:00	NBC: News	
	8:15	8:15	CBS: Music of Today	
	8:15	8:15	NBC: Ralph Dumke	
	8:30	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping	
	8:30	8:30	Blue: United Nations, News, Review	
	8:45	8:45	CBS: Women's Page of the Air	
	8:45	8:45	NBC: News	
	9:00	9:00	CBS: Press News	
	9:00	9:00	Blue: Breakfast Club	
	9:00	9:00	NBC: Music from Manhattan	
	9:15	9:15	CBS: Red Cross Reporter	
	9:30	9:30	CBS: Garden Gate	
	9:45	9:45	CBS: Isabel Manning Hewson	
	9:00	10:00	CBS: Youth on Parade	
	9:00	10:00	Blue: Yankee Doodle Quiz	
	9:00	10:00	NBC: Road to Danger	
	9:30	10:30	CBS: U. S. Navy Band	
	9:30	10:30	Blue: Green Hornet	
	9:30	10:30	NBC: Betty Moore Talk	
	9:40	10:45	NBC: Bob Becker's Pet Parade	
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue: On Stage, Everybody	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Hook 'n' Ladder Follies	
	11:05		CBS: Let's Pretend	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Fashion in Rations	
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC: Lighted Windows	
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue: The Land of the Lost	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Theater of Today	
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue: Blue Playhouse	
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC: News	
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC: Consumer Time	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Stars Over Hollywood	
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue: Farm Bureau	
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC: International Exchange Program	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Grand Central Station	
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue: Popular Music	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC: Here's to Youth	
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue: Trans-Atlantic Quiz Between London and New York	
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC: The Baxters	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Country Journal	
10:15	12:45	1:45	CBS: Report from Washington	
10:15	12:45	1:45	NBC: War Telescope	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: Of Man and Books	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: Musicana	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Grantland Rice	
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Calling Pan America	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: First Piano Quartet	
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: Victory F.O.B.	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: News	
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Rupert Hughes	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Doctors at War	
1:35	3:35	4:35	CBS: The Colonel	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Corliss Archer	
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: Your America	
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue: Popular Music	
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Caesar Saerchinger	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Mother and Dad	
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds	
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue: Hello, Sweetheart	
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue: Service Serenade	
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC: I Sustain the Wings	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe	
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: People's Platform	
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue: Storyland Theater	
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue: Ink Spots	
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC: Three Suns Trio	
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue: Leon Henderson	
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: The World Today	
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC: Religion in the News	
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS: Rob Trout	
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue: Money-Go-Round	
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: American Story	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Mayor of the Town	
5:00	7:00	7:30	CBS: Thanks to the Yanks	
5:00	7:00	7:30	NBC: Ellery Queen	
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue: RCA Program	
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue: News	
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC: Abie's Irish Rose	
5:00	7:00	8:00	Blue: Blue Ribbon Town	
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue: Edward Tomlinson	
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue: Boston Pops Orchestra	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Truth or Consequences	
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery	
8:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Cisco Kid	
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: Ned Calmer, News	
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Your Hit Parade	
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: National Barn Dance	
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Can You Top This?	
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue: Spotlight Bands	
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade	
	9:55		Blue: Coronet Quiz	
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Million Dollar Band	
	10:15		Blue: Army Service Forces Present	
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Grand Ole Opry	
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Talks	
	10:45		Blue: Harry Wismer, Sports	
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News	

known John always. And, I had to admit, he provided an escape from my thoughts, from that terrible void Dick had left in my life which was worse than loneliness. But, I thought bitterly, *I'm through with love. I'll never trust my heart again.*

As if he sensed how I felt, John was careful to maintain a big-brother attitude that was comforting as a shield. In the four weeks he had left before he went into the Army he wanted to play with a capital P, and I tried to play along with him as best I could. It grew to be a habit for him to meet me when I finished work at night. We'd go bowling, or dancing at a little Mexican place down near the old Plaza, or to the movies, or have dinner, picnic fashion, before the fireplace in the Cottage. Week-ends we hiked an incredible number of miles over the hills, and once we rode bicycles up along the Los Angeles forest road, carrying a picnic lunch on our handlebars. As we sat watching the sunset from a high crest he asked, "Has it been fun, Toni?"

"Real fun, John," I said and meant it. But when I was alone at night in my little apartment, thoughts of Dick overpowered me. The memory of his lips on mine, his tender caresses. There had been a thrill in his touch I could not deny, and the longing for him would not be stilled.

TWO days before John was to be inducted into the service, we sat in our favorite little hideaway just off Sunset Strip listening to recordings. I was idly watching the shadows cast by the lighted candle on our table when John reached for my hand. He had offered no sign of caress before. Our relationship had been strictly of the good-pal type so that now, startled, I looked at him quickly. And what I saw made me catch my breath. "Toni," he said quickly, "let's get married." Tonight I mean. We could go to Las Vegas . . . Oh Toni, I thought I could leave you without saying anything. But I can't. . . . Wherever I'm sent, I want to think of you as belonging to me, as being my wife . . ."

He must have seen the complete sur-

prise in my face, because he added gently, "Didn't you know I loved you, Toni?"

I had been so engrossed in my own problems that it had never occurred to me. But I could not have John hurt, especially when he was leaving to face heaven knew what trials ahead. I tried to be frank. "It's been wonderful, John, these last few weeks together. But I am not yet sure of myself emotionally. You know that. You are the best friend I've ever had. That's the way I feel about it. We seem to think the same thoughts, have the same views. I've never had so much fun as when I'm with you . . . Is that enough, John?"

His clasp on my hand tightened, and at the glow in his face some of the numbness around my own heart lifted. At least I could give happiness to another. "It's enough for me, darling! Let's get out of here quick before I start kissing you in front of all these customers!"

WE were married a little after midnight at a parsonage in Las Vegas. A friend of John's who worked on the newspaper there helped with the arrangements. I even had a bridal bouquet. Every part of that ceremony is stamped on my mind, the minister and his wife, smiling and gracious, John's friend handing him the ring . . .

But I experienced no feeling at all. It seemed a perfectly natural thing to be standing there beside John Bradley, saying the words that made us man and wife. Almost a routine matter. There was no thrill about it, no nervous tension such as every bride is supposed to feel. Perhaps it was because I had come to depend on John so entirely that I took everything as a matter of course.

I do remember thinking, fleetingly, that this would prove to Dick Harding once and for all that his hold on me was broken.

We spent our wedding night in a motel bungalow that was slightly on the run-down side. It was the only place we could find. But John's high spirits made a lark of everything. He had me laughing until the tears rolled



How about you?

Have you found your place in the war effort? You will be proud to wear the Coast Guard's silver shield, to serve your country in the SPARS, by releasing a man for duty at sea. There's a job for you to do in the SPARS if you're an American citizen between 20 and 36, physically fit, with at least two years of business school or high school. For information, mail the coupon to RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

down my cheeks at his summary of our "colossal honeymoon hut." Then he turned out the lights and took me in his arms. I went into them as if I had found a haven at last.

It was not so bad while John was stationed close by at Ft. MacArthur. He could come home occasionally on a twenty-four-hour pass—"home" being my tiny apartment. Then John was sent to a camp in Texas and I had only his letters to buoy me up. But they were beautiful letters. He had a knack of expressing himself even better on paper than he did in words. "Darling," he wrote in one of them, "I'm the wealthiest man on earth because I've got you. I own the stars and all the land and a whole flock of dreams that we'll make a reality as soon as I'm home for good . . . Toni, don't count on it too much, but I'm hoping to get a furlough in another week . . ."

Soon afterwards I received a wire that he definitely was coming. When I saw him striding up the ramp at the station I felt a warm glow of pride. He looked every inch a soldier, clean-cut, fine. At the eager expectancy in his eyes I made a mental promise to him: *I'm going to try to make these three days at home something you'll remember forever, John.*

I WAS glad of that promise later on. So glad, particularly when he whispered to me that last night as he gathered me close in his arms, "Sweetheart, you're the best wife a man ever had. I'll keep these last days together locked up in my heart when we push off . . ."

"But you're not going so soon!"

"Very soon, sweet. I'm afraid I won't be home again for a while." We clung together for a moment, wordless. He brushed my cheek with his and kissed my throat. (Later, much later, I tried to recapture the poignancy of that hour in all its intimate detail. In a sense, I think it saved me . . .)

John settled back and drew my head on his shoulder. "You know what I'd like when this mess is over?" he said, striving for a lighter note. "I'd like a small chicken ranch near town."

"With a few fruit trees and a vegetable garden, and a row of calla lilies along the north side of the house."

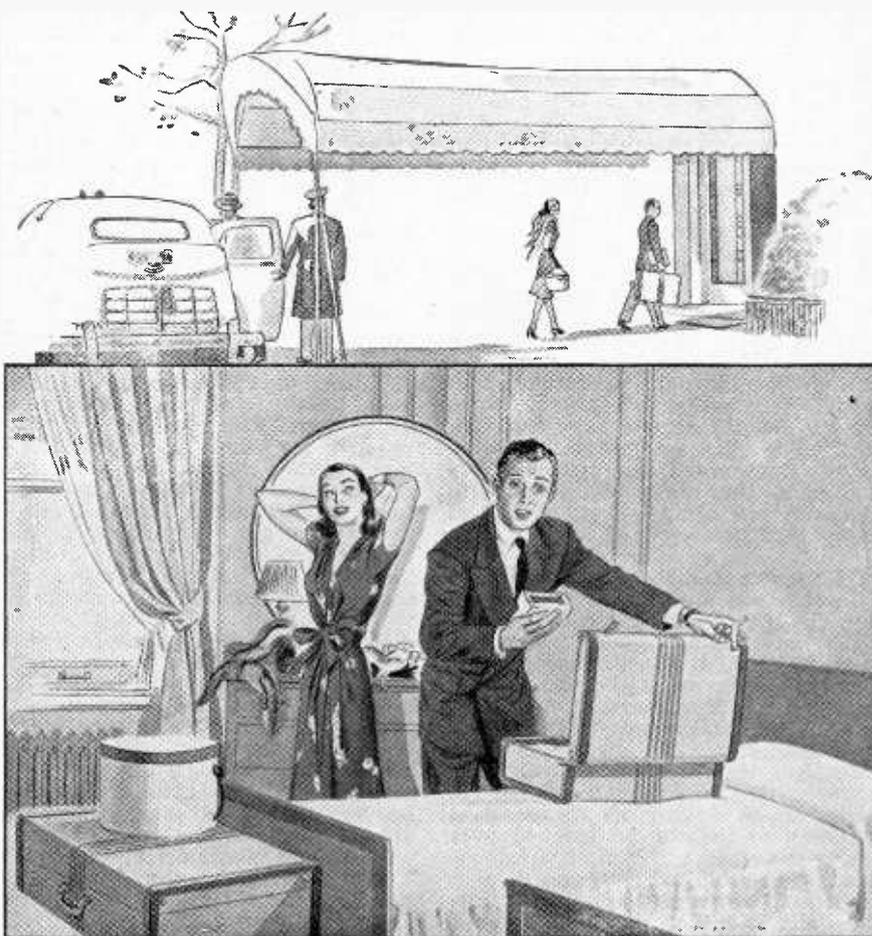
"Right!" he chuckled. "And a red-headed gal waiting for me with a kiss—like this . . ."

Yes, I honestly tried to be the kind of wife John deserved during that brief furlough. He was like a bulwark, sturdy and dependable, between me and the dangerous wayward forces that were part of my own creation.

To keep myself more occupied, I took on extra work at the office. It was work that had to do entirely with the war effort and I enjoyed it. But when you are young it's hard to pass up all the fun, as every girl knows who has said goodbye to her soldier. You have a sense of being pushed into the background, waiting, waiting . . .

And then, on the day I received the notice that my husband had arrived overseas, Dick Harding walked back into my life.

I was sitting in a lunchroom near our airplane-parts factory when he came in and saw me. "I thought perhaps I'd find you here," he said easily. As if he had never been away at all. As if he could take up exactly where he left off. I wanted desperately to match his poise, to keep my voice calm and impersonal as I said, "Hello." Per-



"I don't understand women"

"Darling, you're taking in a lot of territory. Remember, you're a married man."

"Never mind the gags, Sister. Just tell me why you put soap in my bag. This is a first-class hotel. They supply soap, I'm sure!"

"No wonder you don't understand women—I doubt if you even recognize them. That isn't just 'soap' you have in your hand. It's a bar of Fels-Naptha—the only soap that ever touches the gorgeous lingerie you blushing bought me last Christmas.

"We'll be here a week and before we leave I'll have to do a little make-shift laundering. So just to be sure—that my favorite 'undies' get their usual beauty bath—I brought the Fels-Naptha Soap along!"

"And what's more, my ambitious Casanova, I don't care whether you understand women or not—so long as you appreciate me!"



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

haps I succeeded because his eyes lit up with something like new interest. "Toni, you're lovelier than ever."

"Thank you," I said. "You're looking very well too." It was an odd thing—he was the stranger now, this man who had once claimed all my love, who had caused me so much heartache. His glance slid to my wedding ring. "Toni," he said softly, "why did you do it? You might have known I would come back."

No word of explanation as to why he had gone. Only that injured look as if I had been the one to hurt him. That was typical of Dick. I could have laughed. But there was something tight in my throat, something that ached. With effort I kept my voice cool, "It doesn't matter now, does it, Dick?" The clock on the wall pointed to one o'clock and I rose hastily. "I've got to be getting back to work. Nice to have seen you again." I put a note of finality into the words.

BUT somehow in the weeks that followed I ran into him everywhere I went. On the street, at a corner drug-store where I was buying magazines, at a party given at a girl friend's house. (I did not even know she was having a mixed group that evening.) And always his old charm was there—and a new consideration for me too, so that gradually I let down my guard in his presence. One time during a rainstorm he insisted on driving me home. As I was about to get out, he reached over to kiss me. For an instant all those months were blotted out and it was almost as if we were back in the Cottage again. Then I straightened quickly. "Don't be silly, Dick," I said. And I was proud of the touch of amusement in my voice.

After that I refused invitations out anywhere in order to avoid him.

I did not mind being alone except on weekends. They were the worst. I made a little habit of reading all of John's letters over again on Sunday morning. Somehow, that kept me closer to him. They had so much humor and sparkle in them, those letters "from somewhere in the South Pacific." I came to know well the men of his company through his eyes. And I had a surging pride in the way they took the hardships that were only hinted at between the lines in John's letters. For instance, "We rigged up a very artistic shower today," he wrote once. "All we needed, darling, were those honeysuckle bath salts of yours! Bill located a five-gallon gasoline can and punched holes in it. By using the Rube Goldberg-like attachment to it, you can actually get a few drops of water out of the doggone thing!"

One Sunday morning when I was feeling especially lonely, I had an idea. With the money I had saved up, I could make a down-payment on a very small chicken ranch and have it all ready when John came back. The monthly allotment I received from his pay would just about carry it. All enthusiasm, I began a search for the place—and within three weeks I had found just the thing. It was only a short distance from Los Angeles, nestled in a valley near the foothills. True, the four-room house on it was little more than a shack, but I could fix that up. From then on my weekends were more than full. I tinted the walls, sandpapered and varnished the floors. I found some natural wood furniture at a reasonable price and painted it. Pretty soon the little house

blossomed out as gay as a picnic, with the living room done in the colors John loved—green and bronze and gold—and the kitchen all red and white. I even pruned the fruit trees that were on the place and planted calla lilies along the north side of the house! And I was happier than I had been in a long time.

But something began happening to John's letters. They sounded stilted, with none of the old sparkle in them. They came farther and farther apart.

I was worried and tired and nervous. One night after I had been working late at the plant, I got caught in a torrential downpour. A traffic accident had held up the buses and it was an hour before I reached home, soaked to the skin. The next morning I woke up with my whole body wracked with fever. When the doctor came he didn't mince words. "It's pneumonia," he said, "and I might as well tell you that you've got a fight on your hands. You're run down physically and much too thin. But we'll get you through all right if you'll help." I was too spent to care.

Shadowy white figures in the hospital . . . days of lying under an oxygen tent . . . white walls to stare at. It seemed as if I had been there forever. I did not want to send for Aunt Mary because she was not very strong. Besides, she had grandfather to look after. But it's a little frightening to be very ill in a strange place without any of your own around. I was not only sick, I was horribly blue.

Probably that's why I was so delighted when I heard Dick Harding's voice and looked up to see him standing beside my bed. He had an enormous bunch of roses and he was smiling that little secret smile of his that used to make my heart quicken. "I came as soon as I heard, Toni," he said tenderly. "I'm terribly sorry, dear. I think from now on I'd better look after you!"

After that, Dick was a daily visitor at the hospital. He brought fruit and books, and was his most charming self. When I was permitted to go home, he gave me all those thoughtful attentions which mean so much to a convalescent. I was too weak to protest even if I had wanted to. I was starved for friendship and sympathy. Yes—and for affection.

NEITHER of us mentioned the past. He never gave me the slightest hint of why he had acted the way he did, and I could not question him. It was as if the past had never been, or was a dream, not to be spoken of in the now of reality.

The day I sat up for the first time, Dick brought me some recordings for my small phonograph. We were listening to a warm, throbbing voice, a voice that mourned, *When I lost you*—and suddenly Dick crossed the room to my side. He stood there a moment, looking down at me, while the very heart of the world seemed to stop beating, while all the things in the world, the good things and the bad things, seemed to go out of focus and lose their places, and then he dropped to his knees.

"Oh, Toni, darling—I want you so, I want you so," he murmured, and he kissed me as if he would never let me go.

I felt safe, secure in his arms—safe as I had not felt in so long—not since John went away. The security a woman finds in the arms of a man who loves her . . . But I couldn't think, now. I tried to push Dick away, but

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he only held me tighter. "We belong together, Toni," he cried. "You know that. My dearest, there is nothing that matters except having your love . . ."

Long after he had gone, I sat there in the gathering darkness, trying to fit my whirling thoughts into a logical pattern. I knew that I was by nature impetuous—perhaps I had been as impetuous about condemning Dick as I had been about marrying John. Perhaps I should have trusted him more, and waited. Perhaps—and this tore at me—my marriage to John was a terrible mistake. It had been so long since I had heard from him . . .

When I was well enough to go back to work, my mind was still a confusion of thoughts and desires and decisions that seemed to pull me apart. Only one thing was clear. "I will not decide anything until John comes back," I told Dick.

"But Toni, that may be a year, or two!" he protested.

"It will be just as long for him," I said firmly, and he had no answer.

THEN, with breath-taking suddenness, John was back.

His wire came while I was at the office. It was from San Diego, and he asked me to meet him at our favorite corner hideaway near the Strip.

John. Home again. It seemed impossible to believe.

Dick called to ask me to go to dinner with him, and I told him. "Where are you going to meet him?" he asked.

"Barney's, at five-thirty."

"Oh," he said. "Well—keep your chin up, Toni."

At five-thirty Barney's was crowded—it always was at that going-home hour. There were a good many uniforms, but I saw John almost at once. And suddenly, I was afraid. He was sitting at the same table where he had proposed to me. Tears came into my eyes at something strange and remote in his face. I brushed them away hurriedly and willed a smile on my lips.

Neither of us spoke as I stood there by the table, and I felt that his eyes were searching for something in me—something he was afraid might not be there. Then he drew me down beside him.

"Toni—we're here. It's almost as if I'd never been away, and—"

Just then a shadow fell across the table, and someone slipped into the seat across from us. Dick!

"Waiter," he called. "Waiter—! We want to toast a returned hero!"

It mustn't be this way, I thought. Whatever I decide, I mustn't let John know this way—Whatever possessed Dick to come here?

Swiftly I leaned over to John, and spoke softly into his ear. "John—let's go home."

He paid no attention to me, and his smile was as vague and far-off as the moon. Suddenly I felt as if this were some sort of nightmare, the kind in which people go about talking, no one paying any attention to anyone else—the kind of dream that is like a satire on reality. There was John, looking exactly as if he didn't hear a word that Dick was saying, and there was Dick, saying things that made me sick to hear them, deliberately baiting John.

I looked across at Dick, and for the first time, I really saw him. I saw him clearly, as he was—a man who could put on or take off his emotions as easily as you or I could slip in or out of a coat, the kind of man who wanted things only if they belonged to some-

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one else, so that he could feel the glorious power of taking away, of hurting. He had never really loved me—his interest in me had been renewed only when he discovered that I belonged to someone else.

HIS voice went on and on, but the strangest part was that John sat there, listening but not answering.

Dick was leaning across the table now, lightly, as if it were some bit of small talk, offering the insult that no man can take. "You've been away too long, soldier. You haven't been around to keep an eye on your property. You've lost your wife—and she's mine."

The sound I heard was the toppling of my chair as I sprang to my feet, the voice I heard was my own, through this nightmare, crying, "No—no, John, it isn't true. It isn't—"

And then sanity came to break through the strangeness—sanity in the form of a tall soldier, his face furious, his voice cold with anger, as he put his huge hand on Dick's shoulder.

"That will be about enough of that," he said, levelly. "You're talking to a buddy of mine. And if he could hear, he'd do the same thing I'm going to do to you. *But he can't hear, do you understand?* He lost his hearing fighting for you and other fellows like you, who haven't anything better to do than prey on soldiers' wives when they're not around to protect them!"

We left Dick lying there, where the soldier's swift blow had sent him sprawling. I took John's arm, and we made our way out to the car. The soldier helped us get through the gathering crowd, and as he opened the car door for me, he said, "He'll be all right—don't worry about him. Just get him home, where he belongs. But take care of him—he's the best there is."

Only one thing broke the dreadful silence as I started the car. John's hand gently, almost shyly, on my arm, and his, "Toni—don't worry—"

Don't worry! Oh, how could I make John understand how I felt? How could I erase that bleakness that had been in his eyes since Dick had come to our table at Barney's?

We were almost to the apartment when I knew. The ranch, of course! I would take him there!

A full yellow moon hung high in the sky, blessing the little house and the grounds around it, as we drove up. It looked so beautiful and peaceful that it almost hurt to see it. I looked up and saw John's eyes questioningly on me. *Home.* I framed the word with my lips as carefully as I could, and I watched him as he looked about, wanting with

all my heart to cradle his dear, injured head against my breast, to tell him what a fool, what an utter, blind fool I'd been, and ask him to forgive me, if he could. For I knew, now, what love was. It was something so much finer and bigger than anything I had ever experienced before that it left me mute and humble.

After a moment, John and I got out, and together we went up the path to the house. I turned on the lights, set a match to the logs already laid on the hearth, while John watched me, still with that vague, detached, dream-like quality about him. I knew that I must do something—and quickly.

In the kitchen I found a scratch pad. I went back to the living room and seated myself on the arm of John's chair, a pencil in my hand. And I prayed, then, hardly knowing that I was doing it—*God, help me to write the right words!*

AND then we began the question and answer game on paper that held my happiness, my future, in the balance.

"Do you like it, John?" I wrote. "This is the chicken ranch we planned, remember?"

His eyes came alive then, and he smiled. "I—it's—Toni, let me write, too. It's so strange, not being able to hear my voice. It chokes the words up inside me."

And so he took the pad, and underneath my question, he wrote, "It's unbelievable, Toni. Maybe I'll wake up any minute and find that I'm back in the jungle. I used to dream of a place like this, back there—a place like this, with you in it. But I've got to ask you—I've got to know. Do you really want to live here with me, especially now that I'm like this?"

He looked up, and for a moment our eyes clung together, and we saw into each other's hearts.

"More than anything else in the world I want to," I wrote, and the tears spilled over my cheeks. "But do you?"

"Do I?" He was writing rapidly now, and all the bleakness was gone from him. "Darling, I lay in the hospital, going through hell wondering how I could come back to you, and knowing I would die if I couldn't. I love you so much—I'll love you forever . . ."

All my life, I'm going to keep that old kitchen scratch pad, because our very lives, John's and mine, are written there—written with our hearts. Those last words danced up at me from the page, and I dropped the pencil as he pulled me down, into his arms. I knew at last that I could trust my heart. It was home, in his.

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE—

"Preserve the carcass"—that's what your garageman will tell you, and he's talking about your tires. Of course, none of us are going to do any unnecessary driving this summer, but for the driving that you have to do—how are your tires? Do they need recapping? Be sure to have it done before the carcass of the tire is damaged, for there aren't going to be new tires for civilian use. The 820,000 tons of synthetic rubber that American science and industry will produce this year sounds like a lot—but the Army needs it, and the Army comes first! If your tires are worn, now's the time to preserve them with a recapping job.



Listen To Your Heart

(Continued from page 40)

even more rigid. "Don't deny it, dear—" Remember Joe, a voice within me whispered; remember Dan would take you into an insecure, uncertain existence. "I do deny it—you've made a mistake, Dan."

And, then his arms were around me, and he had found my lips. He lifted his head. "Say that, now, Jean—I dare you to say that, again."

And, somehow I did, clinging wildly to my resolve, desperately, fiercely to what I had resolved was right. I pushed against him, crying, with anger in my voice—for I was hurt, I was in pain—"This is why I didn't want to see you again—I thought you'd act like this—I'm going to marry Joe—and, you, you think all you have to do is say you love me, and I'll be yours— You're conceited, Dan—" How tight his hands were on my arms, how white his face in the moonlight! "Do you think I'd follow you like a gypsy wife over the world—you can't give me a home—you can't give me anything, but yourself—and you think that's enough—even if I did love you—"

"You've got it wrong." I had never heard Dan's voice so quiet, or so full of pain. "My love's so big, I didn't think of all these little things—"

"Little—they're not, and I'm not petty, either—"

Anger flamed between us, hot, furious anger. Because we might not kiss and love, we struck out at the other, wounding, bruising.

"You are," Dan said.

"I'm not. Just because I don't love you, you call me petty—"

"Just because you don't dare let yourself love—"

That was a hit, too close to the truth. I jerked from Dan's hold, and turned to the door. "You're petty yourself, if you think it's so easy to fall in love with you—" I swung wide the door, and ran into the hall, slamming it behind me. Then, I stopped, fighting tears and choking sobs.

LYING on my bed, as the long hours dragged by that night, I knew nothing would ever be all right again. Dan had been right; there was something between us, big and fine and real, as he had said. But I couldn't take it and I couldn't live without it. Beyond tears, I faced the darkness, as I struggled with myself, as I continued to struggle with my pleading heart during the next few days. I kept to my bed, most of that time, so white and listless that mother believed I was ill. There was no answer to be found to those two tormenting questions: how can I hurt Joe—dare I accept Dan's love!

The answer came, clear, definite; but, not from my heart, or from any part of young Jean Stanley, torn between an old, deep tender affection, and a new love of wonder and desire. It came from the great world outside, from the bombs falling in the far Pacific, from America thrown into war. This was no time for a girl to lie in bed, eating out her heart. I dressed and went down stairs for I knew Joe would be over. Joe would have things to say to me, and I must be ready to stand beside him, to give him all I could, for he would go. I knew that even before he stood in our sitting room, and taking my hands, looked down into my face.



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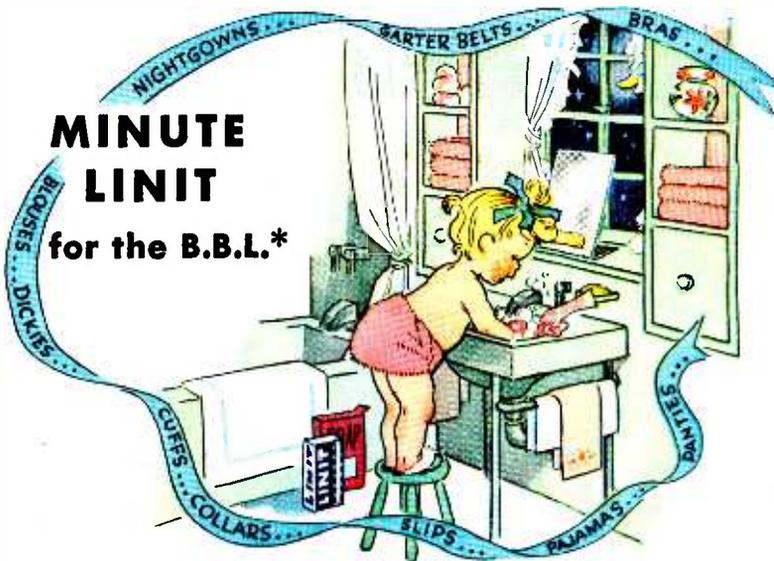
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"It's come," he said, "I thought it would. My plans have been made, Jean, for some time—in case this happened. Dad knows, and he and the hired men can carry on."

"How soon?" I whispered, clinging to his fingers.

"Right away, dear. Tomorrow. I'll enlist in the Navy."

"I've always liked the sea." He smiled a little, and the tears came into my eyes at that slow smile. He was going, going, the boy with whom I had coasted in winter, the boy with whom I had gone to country dances, the man who loved me. "Don't cry, Jean. You wouldn't want me to stay."

"No, no—"

He put his arms around me, and drew me over to the old sofa before the fire. "I'm fighting for you, dear," he said, "and for these farms. I've got a very personal stake in all this, you see." My head was on his shoulder, and his lips touched my hair. "And, you'll be waiting for me—that will keep me safe, until I come back to you."

Of course, I'll be waiting, Joe; there is nothing else I can do, or would do, if I could. There's something bigger than a crying heart; duty is bigger—and loyalty—and kindness—Oh, Joe, don't let anything happen to you.

Yes, I prayed that, and said it, when he kissed me goodbye.

Strong arms pressing me close, strong arms letting me go, and a last, long, tender kiss. He was gone, running down the steps, waving to me from the window of his car. I went back into the house. I went into the sitting room, and dropped down on the old sofa. The fire was dying on the hearth, and I stared and stared into the red embers.

"God keep you safe, Joe—Oh, I'm glad I never told you—I'll be grateful all my life I didn't tell you."

I PUT my face in my hands, and, then I sensed there was someone in the room with me. When I turned, I saw Dan in the doorway.

"I just stopped to say, goodbye—too. I talked to your father this afternoon, and told him I had to go at once. You don't mind wishing me good luck, do you, Jean?"

Dan was leaving—of course, he would. *He is leaving, leaving—and I can't make him happy—I can't say to him, I love you—or let him know there is someone waiting and praying for him.* My hands shut tight.

"I'm glad to wish you good luck, Dan. I do, the best in the world—"

"That makes me feel better." He turned away, and turned back. "Don't worry about Joe. He'll be all right; he'll come back to you. And, Jean, if I seemed fresh, or if—forget me, if you wish, but don't forget I love you."

Quick steps in the hall and he was gone. I buried my face on the arm of the sofa, and the sobs came thick and choking. I would never see Dan again, or hear his voice, and his gay laughter; never in all this world would he know I loved him, would be willing to follow him the wide earth over, living the vagabond life he wished.

It seemed strange to me, as summer turned toward autumn, that there could be so much beauty in the world, when there was so much misery, so much hardship and suffering and loneliness, so much bloodshed and hatred, too. It seemed almost wicked to see the trees flaunt their gold and crimson against a blue, blue sky, almost wrong to wander the hills and forget, for a

little while, everything in the world but the world's beauty.

There seemed no place for death in all this flame-like color, in this air that was like wine. And yet death came—came when the leaves began to fall, when the setting of the sun brought a chill into the air that sent you hurrying home. Death came one afternoon—Mr. Benson had telephoned Mother, and the news was waiting for me when I came in from rambling through the hills.

Joe was dead. . . . Somewhere, in those ugly waters I had feared so when he first told me that he was going to join the Navy, Joe had died.

I knelt by my bedroom window, looking out at the beautiful world, wondering, amazed, that the beauty was still there, that it was unchanged. And I couldn't accept it—I couldn't believe that Joe was no longer a part of this world, that never again would he whistle to me from the top of the hill, never again sit with me on the porch in the softness of a spring night, never, never again. . . .

If it's true, I told myself then, and I suppose it will seem true, sometime, I'm glad, so glad, that he thought I loved him, that he—went away—remembering how I'd promised to be here, waiting for him. Oh, thank God I had the courage to keep faith with Joe. . . .

Thankfulness that I had done all in my power, and realization of how I would have felt if I hadn't acted as I had, helped me through that hour and through the days to come.

I felt very grateful and humble because he had cared for me, and I felt, too—I couldn't help it—fear, nagging fear that Dan, wherever he was, might go the way that Joe had gone. Whether Dan lived or died, I kept telling myself, it would make no difference in my life, here on the farm. He would never come back, and I had no way of reaching him; I did not know where he was fighting, not even whether it was on land, on the sea, or in the air. But in my dreams I saw his face. I would not forget Joe—I did not wish to—but my thoughts were free at last for the one I loved so much. It did no harm to the valiant dead to think of Dan—and my heart refused to forget.

ONE late fall day I sat on the bank of the stream in the far meadows, alone with all that I had to think about—too alone, for at last I could stand it no longer and I jumped restlessly to my feet, eager to get home and busy my hands and my mind with helping Mother to get dinner. I walked along almost without seeing, my feet were so accustomed to travel this way by now. And then, suddenly, I did see—and what I saw froze me into stillness. I put one hand on the trunk of a tree by the path to steady myself, and I heard my own voice saying, clearly, "It isn't so!"

But it was so. Across the meadow grass a tall, dearly-remembered figure was coming toward me.

Dan . . .

Nearer and nearer he came, and when he spoke to me, it was Dan's voice, and I had to believe.

"Your mother said you'd most likely be down here, Jean."

Is it you, Dan? my heart cried. Is it you—how much older you look, how much thinner—you're different, somehow and yet—

"You've come back!" It was all I could say.

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He gave me a queer little smile. "I came back for a reason, Jean—to give you this, from Joe."

And in his outstretched hand I saw the ring that Joe had always worn. My hand reached out for it, my fingers closed over it automatically, as I asked. "But you—how—?"

The whole world seemed quiet around us, and only the pounding beat of my heart broke the stillness, while I waited for him to answer.

"It's not so strange, when you come to think of it, Jean. I—I was with Joe. I'm in the Navy, too, and we both enlisted at the same time, the same place—so it's not so strange that we were together. Both our ships were in the same convoy. When his went down, we picked up some wounded survivors. Joe was among them. He—he asked me to bring you and his mother—"

Still I could find nothing to say, looking down at the ring in my hand.

"Jean—I'm sorry. I wish—it sounds crazy, but I mean it—I wish it had been me, not Joe, so you two could have been happy. He—he had so much to come home to."

I FOUND, at last, what I wanted to say to Dan. "You've changed." I was trembling, not daring to look at him.

"That's true." He was very still as he spoke; the trees murmured above our heads, sighing and whispering an accompaniment to the softness, the new gentleness, of his voice. "You learn things out there, Jean. What's worth while—and what isn't. The things you had already learned to value—the things I laughed at. And—but that doesn't matter, I guess. I just came to give you this, and—"

"It does matter." I found his eyes with mine, and held them.

He looked steadily back at me; he moved a step closer, and his face was white under its tan. I knew in that moment that he had changed, that if the words were to be said now, I would have to say them. And I was not ashamed—I was proud.

"You told me when you left, Dan—you said you would always love me—"

He took another step; he was beside me—his eyes were on my face. "Jean—" Wonder, changing to certainty, wrung the words from him then, quickly, happily, tumbling over in the effort to get themselves said. "Oh, my dear—my little dear! You've always loved me. I was right—I was right." His voice slowed, deepened. "We belong to each other."

It was wonderful, it was heaven—it was more beautiful, even, than the beautiful autumn world, for there was no pain in this beauty—to be held close to him, to feel his arms around me again, after so long a time.

"Oh, yes—I've always loved you, Dan—always. But I couldn't tell Joe. I couldn't tell him, and let him go away—and I'm glad, I'm glad I didn't—"

He held me close, soothing me as one soothes a child. "Hush, darling—hush, Jean. It's all over now—all the waiting, all the uncertainty."

I was content just to cling to him, feeling the rough cloth of his uniform against my face, listening to the song that the world was singing. Dan is home. My heart cried it, and the stream made laughter of the words; the wind in the tree tops caught the song and flung it back joyously. Dan is home, Dan is home! But we did not speak. It was enough to be close together, our lips finding kisses sweeter than any talk could be.

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

All the World to Me

Continued from page 49

from Miriam Manning nor from anyone else. I'd kill myself first—myself and Bobbie, too, if that were the only way to save him from his horrible, inevitable fate!

But I was quieter by the time I got home. The poor little two rooms I lived in were so empty, so still, with Bobbie gone. I'd wanted to go back to the hospital after I left Miriam Manning, just to see him and hold him in my arms. But it was too late. I'd had supper with him there, earlier; I couldn't go back again. He'd be asleep.

I slowly got undressed and sat by the window. There was no use thinking of Miriam Manning now, of turning over in my mind that scene in her lovely living room. She couldn't help me find Dr. Rheinberg. And that was all that counted now. Bobbie was all I had, and doubly precious, doubly dear because he was the only love I knew in my starved and bitter life.

I WENT to bed but I tossed and turned until nearly morning. Then I fell into a heavy, unrestful sleep—and awoke too late to get to the hospital before I went to work. I called there, asking the nurse to tell Bobbie I'd come over right after work.

I went to the office. It was a large wholesale house, employing a good many stenographers. The work wasn't too hard and it paid well—only there was never enough money for what I needed for Bobbie, of course. That morning I hated it. I heard the other girls around me chattering of dates, of movies, of where they got their hair done. What did they know of life? Of my kind of suffering?

A couple of them asked me out to lunch with them. Curtly, I refused. They felt sorry for me because I was divorced and had a child with an incurable disease. That couldn't help me. Nothing could.

My boss asked me to do a letter over because I'd made a mistake. "Better watch that, Mrs. Manning," he said. "This is the third letter in the last two days I've had to ask you to do over. Are you ill?"

"No. I'm sorry." I went back to my desk. What did he know of how I felt, how my thoughts were always with Bobbie there in the hospital until it was impossible to concentrate on empty things like orders and re-orders? I did the letter over, defiantly, and then a lot more. When the day was done, I was bone-achingly tired. There was only Bobbie to comfort me. With him in my arms, for a little while some of my care would fall away because for a little while—just the tiniest fraction of time—I could pretend that he was all right. I could pretend there was no doom hanging over his head. His eyes looked all right, and when they laughed into mine and his arms went around my neck, I could have the illusion. . . .

I stopped at the ten-cent store on the way and bought a picture book. It was all I could afford and he needed things to amuse him during the long days. Big, colored pictures that he could still see. How long before even the biggest, the most brightly colored would be swallowed up in the permanent darkness soon to envelop him?

I choked back a sob and hurried on. When I got to the ward, the children were just having their suppers. There were mothers and fathers with them—

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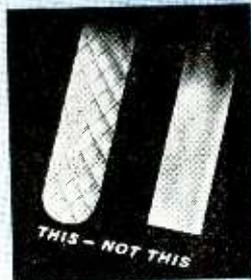


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poor people, like myself, but together. Oh, Peter, I thought, Oh, Peter. I went down between the two long rows of beds to Bobbie's, close to the window. A few feet from it I stopped short.

It was empty! It was neatly re-made, waiting for the next small occupant.

Cold terror seized my heart. My baby! My baby was gone! Panic seized me, drowning out all reason. It could mean only disaster—he was worse, they had taken him away—

I ran up to the head nurse. "Bobbie!" I cried. "My little boy—where is he?"

"Oh—Mrs. Manning," she said calmly. "I didn't see you when you came in. Why, Bobbie was removed today up to the fifth floor, room 520. Just go on up there. . . . No, I don't know why; we just got instructions he was to go."

I hurried out and stood waiting for the elevator in a frenzy of impatience. What did it mean? Perhaps it was a good sign. He was better and they'd taken him to a different ward. Or the blindness had struck swiftly and he was up there waiting for me in the perpetual dark. . . .

The elevator came and left me at the fifth floor. Still clutching the cheap little picture book, I raced down the hall to room 520.

IT was a private room. Bobbie was sitting up in bed, happily engrossed with a new toy. I ran over to him. His eyes. . . They were still blue and unclouded when he looked up and saw me. "Mummy!" he cried, his little face lighting up. "Look—a teddy-bear. His name is Ozzie—"

I grabbed him in my arms; I almost shook him with relief, with joy. "Bobbie! Darling, are you all right? What are you doing up here? Why did they move you?"

A nurse, a new one, was standing beside me. "Mrs. Manning? I'm Miss MacBride. Bobbie was moved up here today; he's to have private care from now on. And will you please try not to excite him? He's had an exciting enough day as it is, being moved, and with the new toys the other Mrs. Manning—your sister-in-law?—brought him. I'll leave you now, but please

don't stay long. We have to keep him quiet."

She left before I could ask the questions tumbling in my mind. "The other Mrs. Manning—" That could mean only Miriam. What was she doing here? What right had she to come? I felt bewildered, and through the bewilderment ran a new strong thread of anger.

"Mummy," Bobbie was saying insistently. "Look at Ozzie. Aunt Miriam brought him. She brought all those things, too, but I like Ozzie best. We named him. Why didn't you tell me I had an Aunt Miriam, mummy? She's Ozzie's aunt, too."

SO it was Miriam Manning! I looked around at the well-fitted room. At the new toys—a big picture book with colored crayons to paint the animals, Ozzie, a mechanical duck that waddled comically across the bed. Expensive toys from an expensive store. I could never have afforded them in a hundred years. I put my ten-cent book on the dresser.

"Mummy forgot to tell you, I guess. What did—Aunt Miriam say when she came?"

"She said I was a good boy. She said I was going to be up here now, and not with the other children. I like it up here—I like Ozzie. I like Aunt Miriam, too. She's pretty. She smells good—like flowers."

Yes, at twenty dollars an ounce! I bit back the words as the stab of jealousy went through me. What was she up to, buying my child's affection, luring him away from me? Peter had said she was possessive, wanting to own everything and everybody.

"She's not pretty as you, Mummy," Bobbie went on. "You're the prettiest. Mummy, look at Ozzie. Look. You're not looking . . ."

I grabbed him in my arms. I was the "prettiest" now. But how long would I be, with her there to bring him things I couldn't, to be with him when I was working, to—to take my place? "I'm looking at you now, darling. Leave Ozzie alone for a minute—he's tired. Tell Mummy how you feel? How does

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your head feel? Your—eyes?"

He leaned back wearily against me. He was a very tired little boy. "My head feels funny," he said sleepily. "Like it had fuzz in it—"

Fuzz. Things were beginning to get blurry to him. The disease was getting worse. The blindness was coming nearer and nearer. I choked down the cry of protest I felt rising in my throat. I put him gently down on the pillow and took the toys off the bed.

"Take a little nap now, dear. Try to go to sleep."

His little hand clutched mine. "Aw right. But don't go away. Stay here, Mummy. Stay here and sing to me like you used to."

"Mummy'll stay here," I said brokenly. "She'll be right here when you wake up . . ." And holding his hand, I started to sing the lullaby I'd always hushed him with since he'd been a tiny baby. But I couldn't—my voice broke. I sat in numbed silence, with the anger—the helpless, unutterable anger—mounting in me. Bobbie was all I had—the only thing in my world on which I could lavish the love in my heart. Miriam Manning couldn't help me—and she mustn't have any of Bobbie's love. She mustn't! She had so much—I had nothing but Bobbie!

THE door opened silently. I looked up. Miriam Manning was standing there, lovely, smartly dressed, her arms full of bundles. More toys for my child. I got up quickly and crossed the room. I almost pushed her out into the corridor as I closed the door behind us.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded. "What are you doing with Bobbie?"

"Please, Mrs. Manning. Please don't be upset. Believe me—you must believe me—I'm not trying to interfere. You see, after you left last night, I kept thinking about you and Bobbie. I couldn't help you find Dr. Rheinberg, but I had to help in whatever way I could. This morning I came to the hospital and talked to the doctors—"

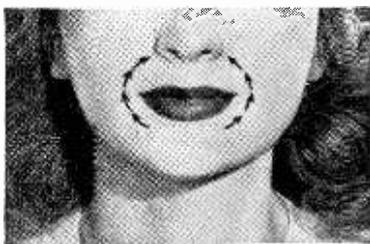
"And had my child moved without my knowledge! And gave him things, tried to win his affection away from me! Why, he already loves that teddy-bear you gave him better than anything I could ever give him. And he already talks about how 'pretty' you are and calls you his aunt Miriam. You got him to do that! You're—"

"Oh, no!" Distress made her voice sharp. She put her hand on my arm. "Try to understand," she pleaded. "Let's be frank with each other. I know your circumstances. I know you work hard and that such things as Bobbie's illness are expensive. I know better than anybody because of what I went through with little Peter when he had the same thing. Only—I had money, enough to give him the little things that can make a child happy. Even when we thought Peter's case was hopeless, I felt I could ease the way for him, make him as comfortable and happy as possible. Well, I still have money. I can ease your child's way a little. And if private care and a few toys will help him—"

"The only way you could help me is to find Dr. Rheinberg and you can't do that," I burst out, harshly. "I don't want any other help. We were getting along all right. I made enough to see that Bobbie went to the best doctors there were. And if they say it's hopeless, then it's hopeless! You're just trying to possess him, too—as you have tried to possess everything. Peter told me—you think with your money you



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can buy anything, even children's affection!"

"So Peter told you that!"

She was silent a moment, and then she gave a bitter smile. "Yes, he would, I suppose. Well, it's time you knew the truth. I wanted a child—Peter's child—desperately, passionately—because it would be the tangible fruition of our love that seemed so great and strong. Peter—didn't want that child. I found that out. It gave him responsibility he didn't want to accept, and he never acted as a father should. When we learned that little Peter had this awful disease—the taint that his father had passed on to him—it was as if the guilt was more than he could bear. He shied away from it. When we heard of Dr. Rheinberg in Vienna, our last hope, it was I who took the baby there—alone. It was I who stayed with him through it all and saw him back to health and vision. If Peter told you our son was more mine than his, it's true. But not because I wanted it that way. Oh, you must know him well enough by now to realize that Peter can twist the truth to justify himself. He can lie—perhaps without really knowing he's lying—to cover up his weakness."

I didn't answer. I couldn't. What she said about the man we both had loved was true. He could do that. In my heart, I knew it. And I remembered—how bitterly!—that he hadn't wanted Bobbie and he'd shied away from that responsibility, too. But all that didn't change anything now.

MAYBE that's true," I told her. "But it doesn't matter any more. Peter's over and done with as far as you and I are concerned. What does matter is your trying to come between my child and me when he's all I've got to live for!"

"Oh, my dear." There was pity in her voice. "I'm only trying to help." Oh, I know how you feel," she said hurriedly, "how it's hard for you to trust me, but I'm speaking now as one mother to another.

"I've talked to the doctors. They agree there's no real use in keeping Bobbie in the hospital any longer if he can get efficient care somewhere else. And so—I want to take him home with me . . . No, wait, hear me out . . . I want to give him what you, through no fault of your own, can't afford—a home with constant care and attention. A home where we—all of us—can hope and pray for a miracle that might save his sight. Mrs. Manning, let me do this. For his sake—"

I stared at her. A wave of hopeless, helpless anger washed over me. All the anguish, the anxiety and heart-break, the sleeplessness, of the last months welled up, driving away the last shreds of control.

After all I'd been through, this woman wanted to take my Bobbie away from me! I was trembling so I could hardly stand.

"I'd see him dead first!" I screamed it at her, forgetful of everything except trying to hurt her as she was hurting me. "I'd see us both dead. One child of Peter's is not enough—you have to have them both. You're not doing it to help him but because you hate me—"

"Mrs. Manning! Please. I'm not. I swear I'm not. I can just make him more comfortable than you can. You'll admit, he's already better off up here than down in that crowded—"

"He was better off before he ever laid eyes on you. I don't have your kind of money, but we were getting along all right. There are plenty of refugee

children if you've got to have another woman's child. Make them comfortable and happy. *But leave mine alone!*"

I whirled and left her standing there. I pushed open the door of Bobbie's room, shaking all over. I rushed over to the bed where he was sleeping and jerked him into my arms. Nobody was going to take him from me!

He awakened, startled, and began to cry. I strained him to me. "My baby, my baby!" I cried. "She's not going to have you, do you hear. You're mine!" Frightened, his little body tensed and he struggled to get away from me. I held him more fiercely. Already Miriam Manning had come between us. Already my baby was frightened of me—his own mother! It was like a knife going through me.

BOBBIE'S cries grew shrill and his struggles increased. "You hurt," he was sobbing. "I wanna get down. . ."

I hardly heard him. I was oblivious to the fact I'd waked him too suddenly and held him too tightly. I was like an animal mother, aroused, possessive, demanding.

He was screaming hysterically now, his little face contorted with fear.

"Mrs. Manning! What are you doing?" It was the nurse.

"Go away, go away," I cried at her. "Leave us alone."

"Give me that child," she demanded. "Can't you see you're frightening him into hysterics?" She almost snatched him from my arms and laid him on the bed, murmuring soothingly, "There, there, darling. It's all right now."

"But I'm his mother—" "I don't care if you are," she said coldly. "Being upset like this is the worst thing in the world for him. I'm afraid you'd better leave, Mrs. Manning."

"Leave! But—but I'm his mother." She straightened up from the bed and turned to face me. Her face was stern. "You are not acting like his mother. Or any mother. You're acting like a crazy woman. You may have done him irreparable harm. Now please go." And she turned back to Bobbie again.

I stood perfectly still, stunned. Only one thing was clear and that was vivid as a streak of lightning: I was bad for Bobbie. I might have done him irreparable harm.

Without a word I turned and walked, unseeing, from the room.

How long I walked that night I'll never know. Or where I went. When I came to myself again, when I became conscious of my surroundings, I found myself in a dark and dreary part of the city I'd never seen before. I didn't know how I got there, except that my bones ached with weariness and each foot felt as if it would drop off with sheer heaviness.

I turned into an all-night cafe. "A cup of coffee," I said to the counterman.

He stared at me curiously as he brought it. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, over his shoulder. I didn't blame him for staring. My face was dead white, my hair was disheveled. I looked drunk.

I had been drunk, I thought as I sipped the steaming coffee—drunk with hate and rage and fear. I'd been, in the truest sense of the word, "beside" myself, out of control either of body or of mind. The scene with Miriam Manning seemed years ago and dim, like a half-forgotten dream. But those moments in Bobbie's room were clear—etched with acid. *You're not acting like his mother. Or any mother. . . You may have done him irreparable harm.*



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I shuddered away from it and buried my face in my hands. I didn't care about the stares of the counterman or the other lone customer, a truckdriver, who looked at me and talked in an undertone to each other. I didn't care about anything except the vision of myself in Bobbie's room. The woman who had become bad for her own child. Hate had done that to me. Hate and fear. It had distorted my emotions, warped my mind. It always does.

IT had made me see only evil selfishness in Miriam Manning when she had made a sincere effort to help my son. I had been the too-possessive one, not she. It had twisted my daily life until I found no good in anything. And it had, finally and inevitably, hurt Bobbie. For children are sensitive, like little animals. He had sensed the thing in me that was there to fear. And blindly, instinctively, he had turned away and fought to be free of me. Bobbie, who had never known anything but love and gentleness, had been frightened away from his mother who loved him more than life itself.

With a sharp and terrible clarity, I saw my future. The hate would grow, festering, until it colored my whole life. Worse, it would taint Bobbie's even more than the diseased inheritance from his father. Hate would be my heritage to him, as blindness had been Peter's. Because it would deprive him of whatever I could not give him, cutting him off from help from any other. And he would bear the burden of it in my overmastering love for him in which I sought to tie him, hand and foot, only to me. There was no room in my life for love toward anyone but him.

That is what I saw as I sat there in the shabby little cafe, drinking my coffee.

My cup was empty. I rose, paid the check, and walked slowly out. I no longer felt the shattering weariness, only a tired peace. I waited for the all-night car that would take me home. And when I got there, I slept for the first time in weeks.

When I woke, I lay awhile and found I was thinking of Bobbie, of Peter and my life with him, of Miriam Manning, in a new way. I was like a swimmer who has battled a heavy and destructive surf, and now lies, spent and exhausted on the shore, gathering the strength to battle in a new way—for health, for sun, for life itself.

I got up, dressed, and called the office. I said I was ill and would not be in. Then I took the bus and went to Miriam Manning's apartment.

Miriam was waiting for me in the same room in which I'd seen her before. She came toward me with a sort of tentative eagerness as if she were

still afraid of what I might say or do. "Oh, my dear," she said. "I've been trying to telephone you. I'm so glad you've come. I've something to tell you—"

"Wait," I said gently. "I've something to tell you first. I've got to tell you." I paused and took a deep breath. "I hated you yesterday. I guess I've hated everything and everybody for a long time until I couldn't see things clearly any more. For that, I want to ask your pardon. But I want to ask you something else, too . . . Will you take Bobbie?" I rushed on as she would have spoken. "I want you to. You can do things for him that I can't, and I've no right to keep him with me as long as someone as fine and generous as you can help him so much. Only—only let me see him often." Almost angrily, I brushed the tears from my eyes and fought to keep my voice steady. "I want him to love you—it's right that he should. I'm not jealous of that love any longer. But I just want him to—to go on loving me, too—to have room for both of us and to know—I'm his mother . . ."

SHE didn't answer. She only came and stood before me, with her hands on my shoulders, looking deeply into my eyes. Her own were wet. "Lucille, I—I don't know what to say. I know what this is costing you—believe me, I do! Yesterday I might not have realized but—I've changed since yesterday, too. I feel humbled and—and grateful—" She turned away suddenly then and dabbed at her eyes. When she turned back her face was radiant. "You see, my dear—I've located Dr. Rheinberg!"

"You've—what?" The words came out stiffly.

"Yes! That's what I've been trying to tell you. And you did it, Lucille—you gave me the idea. Yesterday, in your anger and pain you said there were plenty of refugee children for me to take if I had to have another woman's child. That word 'refugee' stayed in my mind long after the other—the bitter part—had faded. I thought perhaps Rheinberg isn't dead or in a concentration camp, perhaps he is a refugee. So—I telephoned, all over the country, to refugee committees in New York, San Francisco, Detroit. Even Canada. And there it was I found him, Lucille. In Canada. I've already talked to him and explained Bobbie's case and he—he's flying here today. He thinks he can cure your child, Lucille!"

I sank down on the couch. "Oh, thank God—thank God." I heard myself murmuring it over and over as if I could never stop, as if that prayer of thankfulness would always from now on be ever on my lips.

And then Miriam was beside me, her



Our boys and girls are pitching in and doing their part! The Children's Bureau says that last year five million youngsters were at work during the summer on farms, in factories, stores and in service occupations—that means that one out of every two boys and girls between fourteen and seventeen rolled up their sleeves and went to work. This summer there will be even more, because our youngsters really want to have a hand in the winning of this war. It's up to us to see that they get suitable jobs, with proper health protection. Let your children work if they want to, but make sure that they're doing a job that won't hurt them!

arms holding me close, and we were weeping together.

Finally she sat up, laughing a little. "Aren't we silly—when we ought to be screaming with joy?" she said tremulously. "And there's something else I must tell you, too. I still want Bobbie here—but I want you, too, Lucille. Now wait—I did a lot of thinking after I left the hospital yesterday. It was as if I were seeing myself and my life for the first time in years. You see—when Peter left me, the world stopped dead in its tracks and I stopped with it. I felt shattered and broken because my love—and the hurt he inflicted—had gone deep. Yesterday I realized how useless and how selfish that pain had made me. I was living only for little Peter—and myself. I made no use of the money I'm blessed with, other than to give Peter—and myself—the things I thought would make us happy. When you came and told me about Bobbie, that was the first rift, when I first began to realize. And when I saw him, so sweet and helpless, then I *knew*."

I sat without answering for a long time. At last I looked up and said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. But I couldn't, Miriam. For Bobbie, yes. But I couldn't accept—charity, ever, for myself."

"Of course you couldn't! I wouldn't ask you to. I'm offering you a job and a place here in my home with me, to keep me company and help me in my new work. Because I'm starting a refugee committee here. It was locating Dr. Rheinberg that gave me the idea. Why can't we help locate other poor, lost people and save them for themselves and for the world—men of talent that the Nazis have tried to crush, men separated from their homes and their families? Oh, I want to do it more than anything in the world! And that's where you come in—with your secretarial experience, you'd be invaluable to the committee. You've got to take it, Lucille. You've got to help me. And you and Bobbie have got to come and live with Peter and me..."

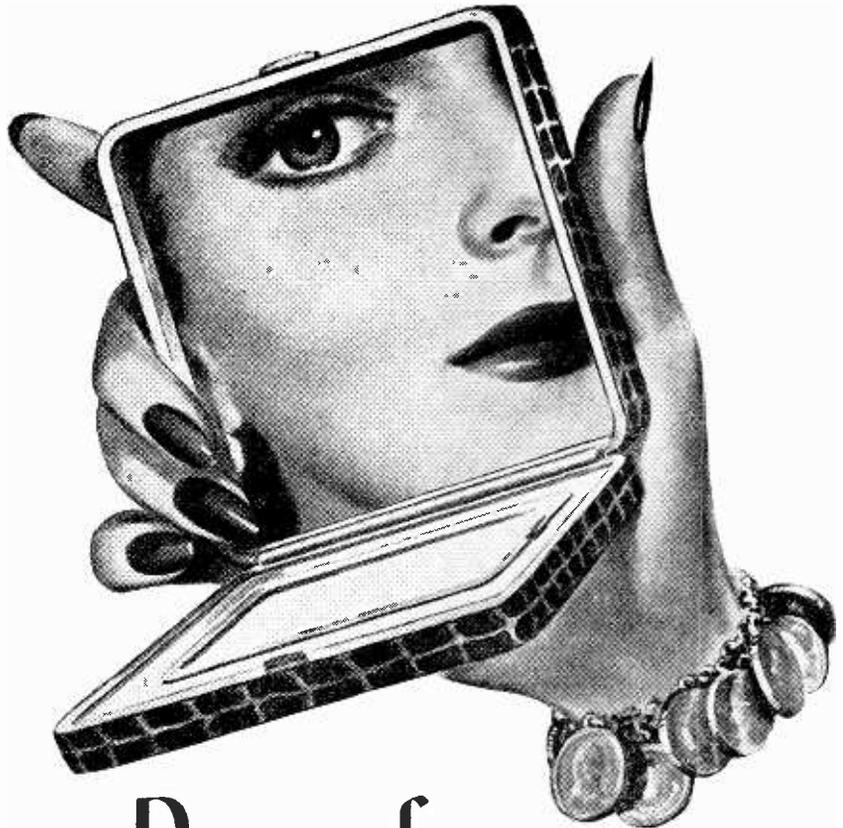
I sat perfectly still. *A home where we, all of us, can hope and pray for a miracle...* That's what Miriam had said yesterday when I was deaf to her words, when I'd hated her and everything. And now—by casting out the hate—a miracle had been wrought. Two miracles. My baby would see—and he and I would have a home, together.

"Of course I'll come," I said simply. I was too choked. There was no room in my heart to say more.

BOBBIE and I have lived with Miriam Manning for a year now. Bobbie is well and strong and growing like a beanstalk. He sees as well as I. He loves his Aunt Miriam and his big brother, Peter, who has the same fine, clean-cut features of his mother and is becoming more like her every day. And I love them, too—like a sister and a beloved nephew.

We work hard with the committee. Dr. Rheinberg has helped us enormously, as have others who are interested. And we feel useful and happy, helping to undo, in our own small way, some of the gigantic and terrible harm the hate let loose on the world by the Nazis has forged.

And for Peter—the man we both have loved and found wanting—Miriam and I have talked about it and we agree. For Peter we feel only pity and a sort of gratitude for our sons and for each other. We can find no space in our lives for anything else.



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First Love

Continued from page 21

pal around together a lot, don't you? It must be nice—"

"It is—" I busied myself with winding the reel. For the first time in my life I was wishing that I'd spent less time with Dad and more with people of my own age.

Ever since I could remember, my father had been my confidante, my companion, my one close friend. I'd never missed not having any other. When I was little, a walk downtown with him in the evening, with a treat at the town confectionery, took the place of playing run-sheep-run with the other children under the arc light. In high school everyone had seemed to like me well enough, but I hadn't had time to go out a lot. Just about the time that the other girls began to go to the movies on Saturday night with the boys, my father's need for me became greater—and my need, in my own mind, to spend all my time with him had become greater, too. For he had talked very seriously and solemnly to me one lovely spring night, when I came home after spending an evening studying at one of the girls' houses.

"Patty," he'd said. "I'm going to tell you something. I've known it for a long time, but—well, I didn't want to tell you about it. I thought you'd worry, and—well, youth is the time for fun, and I didn't want to spoil your fun. But you're getting to be quite a young lady, and as long as you're growing up I don't think you'd want me to deprive you of a grown-up's responsibilities. You see, Patty—I'm sick. Now—don't get excited. It's not terribly serious. Doc Bender says that if I take care of myself I may have a number of good years ahead of me. But it's my heart, and hearts are tricky. It's only fair to warn you honey that you may not have your old Dad to depend on too much longer. . . ."

AND so, after that, I had spent more time than ever at home, and never once had I felt cheated. I was Dad's life, and he was mine, and I was happy being with him and taking care of him. I came home right after school, always, so that the housework would be done before Dad got home from the store, so that the evening would be free to spend with him. We used to drive out into the country to make business calls, on those evenings, or go to see some of Dad's friends, or go down to the Palace to the movies. In the truest sense of the word Dad was my com-

panion, and I never missed the things that the other girls did. And so I'd never had a real date. I'd dreamed, of course, as every girl does, of falling in love—but vaguely, as a child plans what he will do when he grows up. Perhaps all along I was waiting, whether I knew it or not, for someone to come along and make the dream concrete.

And now it—or something very like it—had happened. The old, casual relationship between Tom and me was gone, and in its place was something new and strangely compelling, at once exciting and deliciously frightening. And I didn't know how to act.

Tom took the rod I held out to him. "Of course," he was saying, "My Dad and I've got a kick out of working together, and I'm glad we've had that, at least. You never can tell when things will end—"

"What do you mean?" The question slipped out, sharply, as if I had a right to know.

FOR a moment his eyes met mine, held them, measuring what he saw. "Can you keep a secret, Pat?"

"Oh, yes—"

"I'm going to enlist as soon as I can get a man to replace me here. I've been talking to Art Norton, who worked here years ago, before he bought a gas station over in Sydham. His business is pretty well shot, and I think he might be glad to come back for a while. I haven't told the folks yet, because of Mom. She'd be upset, of course—"

It was unreasonable—the sharp disappointment I felt at the thought of his going. I covered it the only way I knew. Half-teasingly I asked, "Can't you wait to be drafted?"

"No." It was a flat statement. He was very sober suddenly, almost grim. "I kept thinking about it while I was still in school. I knew I was needed here, knew I wouldn't have to go—not for a long time, anyway—if I didn't want to, and I argued both sides. And when I finally got the answer—well, waiting was only taking a step backward. Everyone has to make up his mind about something sometime—or spend the rest of his life regretting it."

I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying—but then, I'd never had to make up my mind about anything. Only one fact was overwhelmingly clear—Tom might be going away, just when I'd discovered that he was someone I very much wanted to know better.

Don't wrap it, please—

That's the patriotic American shopper's by-word nowadays. When Mrs. America goes shopping she takes the small things she purchases, unwrapped, in her purse, and carries a shopping bag to accommodate the larger ones. That's because Uncle Sam needs paper, and the supplies for civilian use are running low—sixty percent or more under 1943! That means that not only must we accept our packages unwrapped whenever possible, but that we must save wrapping paper that we do have for re-use—just as we save all kinds—magazines, newspaper, waste paper—for salvage.



He detached the fly and the reel, knelt to put the rod in its case. "Aren't you going to fish any more?" I asked.

"Nope." He smiled up at me, and his eyes asked pardon for his peremptoriness. "I'm going to take you back to the house. Your father will be waiting."

"But I don't want to spoil your morning—"

"Don't worry; you haven't—"

My heart began to pound at the meaning he put into the words. Still I protested, "I can go back by myself. I intended to."

"I know you did, but you aren't."

He rose, took my arm firmly. "It's not like when you used to come out here, Pat—"

I walked beside him, not on earth, but on clouds of airy lightness. I wasn't uncertain of myself any more, nor afraid. There was one breathless moment when we reached the meadow gate. I was nearer to the latch, and I reached over to unfasten it. Tom was quicker, and for a moment we were very close, our hands touching, his cheek almost brushing mine. As one person we straightened, seemed actually to sway together, and inside me I felt all of the quivering loveliness of the summer day.

Then Tom drew back, and I sensed that he was looking out for me again. "I'll see you soon, Pat? Perhaps we could go to a show tonight—"

FROM the barnyard I could hear Dad calling—"Pat—Pat, where are you?" For the first time in my life I paid no attention.

I nodded, my heart too full for words. It was too much, that this bright new wonder should be real after all, that it would go on into the future. . . .

Dad was waiting when we reached the yard—he was already in the car, talking to Mr. Garis and keeping an eye on the gate for me. I remember now that he glanced rather sharply at me, at my flushed and shining face, when I got into the car, but at the time my attention was upon Tom, who was waving after me, calling out that he'd see me that night. I didn't notice either, that Dad didn't say anything until we'd gone some distance. Then he asked, "What's this about tonight?"

"Tom and I are going to the movies—" I stopped, realizing suddenly that Dad sounded—and looked—disapproving.

"Just the two of you?"

"Yes." I felt a chill of uneasiness; then I shook it off and added boldly, "Isn't it all right?"

He was silent for a moment. "Ordinarily, I'd say yes, Pat. It wouldn't hurt you to get out a little. But this is different. Tom's—well, he's a good deal older than you are, honey. He's been away to college, and—well, his viewpoint is different from yours. You're still hardly more than a little girl, and he's—well, he's a man. And besides, I don't very much like the Garises, Patty."

"Why, Dad— I always thought that you and Mr. Garis—"

Dad patted my hand. "Of course I like Garis," he said, "as far as business goes. But this is different, honey. I—well, I don't want my little girl going out with Tom Garis, and that's all there is to it. After all, honey, I've lived a lot longer than you have, and know a lot more about the world. Just take Dad's word for it—it's better if you don't see any more of Tom Garis. So



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just you telephone him when you get home and tell him that you won't be able to see him tonight, and we'll say no more about it. All right?"

I couldn't say anything just then. I hated, above all else, to quarrel with Dad—in fact we never had, because there had seldom been anything so important that I wasn't willing to give in at once. But this was different. I'd never felt about anyone as I felt now about Tom. What harm could there be in going to the movies with him?

After a moment, Dad repeated, "You'll call when we get home, Pat?" I nodded. I couldn't say a word.

WHEN we got home, Dad waited, instead of going on to the store, and I knew that he was waiting for me to call Tom. And so I put through the call. But Tom was out in the barns, Mrs. Garis said, and wouldn't be in for a while. Should she ask him to call me?

"No thanks," I told her. "I—it's not important. I'll call again."

"You could have left the message with Mrs. Garis," Dad said as I hung up the phone, and I saw that his lips were a tight, thin line.

I felt miserable, but defiant. I couldn't, I couldn't just leave a message for Tom, like that. Not after this morning. The very least I could do would be to talk to him, to explain.

"I'll call him again," I said, and turned to the kitchen. After a moment I heard the front screen slam, and knew that Dad had gone to the store.

What was wrong, I thought helplessly, as I started to wash the rhubarb that was waiting to be put up. Dad had never acted like this before. At any other time, I would have taken his word implicitly—I wouldn't even

have given going out with Tom another thought. But this was different. Never, in all of my seventeen years, had I wanted anything so much as I wanted this simple thing of going to the movies with Tom Garis. It took on, suddenly, an importance out of all proportion; it seemed to be the very focal point of my life. I wanted to go so badly—I had to go!

I put off calling the Garis farm as long as I dared, but at last I took down the receiver. Dad would be home in a few minutes, and it would be better to get it over before he came. At least, then, I could make some excuse, I could—yes, I told myself defiantly, I could leave the door open for seeing Tom at some future time.

But Tom was milking, Mrs. Garis told me. "You seem to call at just the wrong times, Patty. Anyway, it'll keep, won't it? He tells me he'll be seeing you tonight."

It was only a moment after I hung up that the telephone rang. It was Dad, to say that one of the farmers on the North Road had called and wanted a separator part in a hurry. "I'm going to run it out to him, Patty," he said. "That means I won't be able to get back for dinner. They'll feed me out there, so don't worry. I'll be back by nine or so. I'd ask you to drive along, but Jones and his son want to catch a ride out with me, and the car'll be full. You'll be all right, Pat?"

"Of course, Daddy."

"And Pat—?"

Now it was coming. I swallowed the obstruction that seemed to rise in my throat.

"Yes, Dad?"

"Did you call Tom Garis again?"

The moment that I hesitated seemed



Vera Massey, star of the Blue's *Girl Back Home*, knows the value of V Mail in writing to her husband overseas—it saves precious cargo space and assures the writer that the letter will really get there!

to me like an hour. "I—ye-yes, I did." Well, that was the truth—I had called again!

Warmly, Dad's voice came back to me. "That's my girl! Don't feel bad about it honey—your old Dad knows best. Why don't you call up Jane or Dorothy to come over for dinner, so you won't be lonesome?"

"I—I'll see."

I dropped the receiver onto the hook swiftly, as if it were the phone itself that had betrayed me. Never, never in my life had I even thought of deceiving Daddy before. And now, even if just by inference, I had. Of course, when Tom Garis came I'd explain that I couldn't go with him. Yes—that would be better. He wouldn't mind coming in for nothing—it wasn't far—and it would be so much better to explain in person. And—I'd see him again, even if only for a moment.

A little before seven, Tom's old car stopped before the gate, and he came whistling up the front walk.

"Ready, Pat?"

The words didn't want to come out—they choked in my throat, but I managed to say them. "I—I don't think I'll be able to go, Tom. Dad said—"

TOM'S face fell. "Oh, Pat—that's a shame." Then, after a moment, he brightened again. "Listen—it's not late. We can make the first show, and you'll be home by nine o'clock. It's not like staying out on a date, really. And I'll be terribly disappointed if you don't."

I wanted to go with him. I wanted it more than I'd ever wanted anything before. I had to go.

"I—all right, Tom," I said, and the words came out in a rush. "If you'll promise we'll be back by nine—let's go." It was as if another girl were saying those words, and not me at all—not the me who had never disobeyed Dad before in her life.

It was a wonderful evening. I thought, for a moment as we went down to the car, that I wouldn't really enjoy myself, because I'd keep remembering how I'd deceived Dad. But it wasn't that way at all. I forgot everything, at once, but the heavenly wonder of being out with Tom. We didn't do anything very exciting—certainly not anything I hadn't done a hundred times with Dad, or with some of the girls—but it was infinitely different, this time. We saw the show at the Palace, and then, because it was just ten minutes of nine when we got out, we stopped long enough to have a soda at the Sweet Shoppe. There were other boys and girls there—Jane Dowling with Johnny Heaslip, Ann Rudge with Martin Lock, and a lot of others. For the first time, I realized that I had envied them before, when Dad and I had stopped in here after the movies. At last I was one of them—I belonged. I had a boy friend, too.

When we left the Sweet Shoppe, and drove along the shadowy streets toward home, I felt as if nothing in the world would ever be the same for me again. I was over my head in the sweet waters of enchantment, and I was willing to drown in them, to stay there forever, and never, never return to reality. But I had to. I remembered, then, for a moment, that Dad was waiting at home. Perhaps—perhaps he'd have something to say to Tom, when we got there. And I knew that I'd better warn him.

"Dad wasn't awfully pleased at the idea of my going out with you tonight," I began. "It isn't that he doesn't

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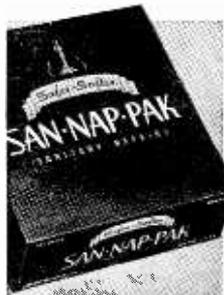
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like you, but—" I left the sentence hanging, blushing in the dark at what an understatement that was.

Tom laughed. "I know how he feels—maybe better than you do. Of course he wants you to have a good time—but parents aren't blind. It's a different matter when they think someone's seriously interested in you—"

Seriously interested—I had never in my life been so happy. I'd never thought it would come this way, so suddenly, so soon! Perhaps I shouldn't have tried to make it last. I should have known that such moments, like happiness itself, can be held too tightly, and stay with you only if you are willing to relinquish them.

But I couldn't let Tom go. When Tom stopped the car in front of my house, and walked with me to the porch steps, he said goodnight and told me that he would call me tomorrow. The house was dark except for one dim light in the living room, which meant that father had given up waiting for me and had gone to bed. I knew that I ought to go inside, that I ought to turn to the door and let Tom go back to his car. But the lawn was an enchanted place in the moonlight, the night soft and close around us—and I didn't want it to end.

There was a stillness, a waiting, that grew tense, almost awkward. Then—"It's late," Tom reminded me.

"I know," I said dismally. "Oh, Tom—" And in my voice was all of the anguish that comes of being seventeen, and in love, and of feeling that tomorrow is very far away.

Tom said nothing—I still don't know what it was—half a word, a broken bit of sound. And the next minute I was in his arms, held hurtlingly hard against him, and his mouth on mine was hard, too, and painfully, piercingly sweet. When he let me go, we were both shaking. Tom tried to grin. "Now see what you've done," he accused un-

steadily. "You've made me say that I love you—"

"Didn't you want to?" I asked boldly. Oh, yes, I could be bold, now that his lips and his arms had told me all that I needed to know.

He held me off a bit, looked gravely, searchingly into my eyes. "No—I didn't, Pat. Not yet. I'd like to be sure first that you really know what you want. And, honey, you've got to realize that by this time next week I may have nothing in the world but a G.I. suit and a duffle bag. Now—" his hands tightened firmly on my shoulders, he turned me away from him—"you march straight up those steps and into that house, before I—"

I marched. I knew instinctively that when Tom talked like that, one had to do exactly as he said. Inside, I leaned against the door for a moment, listening to his car drive away, remembering, re-tasting the wonderful thing that had happened, thinking how very, very much I loved him.

"Pat—" I jumped, and my heart began to beat a tattoo of fear. Which was foolish, of course, because it was Dad's voice I heard. He hadn't gone to bed as I thought, but was waiting for me in the living room.

"Yes, Dad—"

"Come in here. I want to talk to you." He must have seen Tom and me—I knew it now from his tone, knew, from the slow congealing of my blood that something was somehow more terribly wrong than I had imagined. As I went into the living room my hand covered lips that still tingled from Tom's kisses.

Dad wasn't angry. It would have been easier if he had been. Anything would have been easier to bear than the disappointment that sat like a weight upon him, the scorn in his eyes. "I saw you," he said bluntly. "Pat, haven't you any sense, or any pride at all? To let a man hold you



Say Hello To-

HUGH DOUGLAS, the man who is the genial host to thousands of First Nighter listeners who each week accompany him to the Little Theater Off Times Square.

Hugh Douglas' insatiable curiosity almost turned his radio career to ashes. When he went to a steel plant in Riverdale, Illinois, in following the course of melted ingots he found himself on the receiving dock, standing within three inches of the white hot steel heated to 1,800 degrees. He remained there broadcasting until his trousers were smouldering and the mike cord was melting.

On another occasion his assignment was to go to an ice-cream factory in Chicago. Through his enthusiasm and curiosity he was almost frozen to his job. For he accidentally walked into the freezing vault where the temperature was 40 below zero.

Douglas got into radio quite by accident. Born and reared in Chicago, he graduated from Lane Technical High School right into a lawyer's office as a clerk. At night he attended the Central YMCA College where he studied law. But being of a sociable nature and having a desire to be in business for himself he formed his own insurance company, The Steel & Iron Mutual Casualty Company, in 1935. This was highly successful until one of the officers absconded with a large share of the profits. In 1940, undaunted, he opened an insurance brokerage office.

It was in this business that he became acquainted with a chap who conducted a radio school. When Hugh was asked to replace a man who was reading commercials, he accepted. He became so interested in radio that one day he made a bet that he could take a mike, walk through a factory and describe the work being done, interview employees and make the program the most interesting of its kind. As a result of this venture he spent the next two years broadcasting from factories, steel mills and war plants.

Besides his First Nighter program Douglas does newscasting, announcing and commentaries. He spends at least six hours a day reading history and studying economics.

He is married to the former Juliette Drake, who was a professional stage and radio actress. First Nighter is heard over Mutual every Wednesday night at 9:30 P.M., EWT.



and kiss you like that—"

My stomach jolted, and I fought for equilibrium, for the defense that must certainly exist. My protest came feebly from a strangled throat. "Tom and I—" I couldn't finish, couldn't say right out, "Tom and I are in love with each other." Love was such a big word, and I couldn't use it easily.

"Love!" Dad's tone made it an ugly word, an almost-evil little word. "In love with him! Pat, I don't blame Tom Garis for this—this unspeakable way you've behaved tonight. I blame you. You know better than this. I've brought you up to be fine and decent—"

"Stop it!" I cried. "There wasn't anything that wasn't fine and clean and decent about tonight. We just—"

Dad got to his feet, slowly, waveringly, supporting himself against the back of the chair. "Pat—stop yelling! If you can't remember anything else, at least remember my heart. Do you want me to have an attack?"

Even that, now, seemed not as important as Tom. "I—I'm sorry, Dad."

"I should think you would be. Now listen to me, Pat." His voice was calmer now, more reasonable. "Perhaps this is partly my fault. Perhaps I've sheltered you too much, kept you too much from knowing what the world is like. But I tell you this, Pat, and you must believe me. No man who's good, and decent, would let a girl sneak out to meet him, behind her father's back."

"But Dad—"

BE quiet, Patricia, and listen to me. No decent girl would do a thing like that, either. I can only forgive you because you're so young, because you simply don't know that there are some things no nice girl can do. And one of those things, Pat, is to let a man kiss her as I saw Tom Garis kissing you tonight. If you went on like that, no nice man would want anything to do with you, in a short time. It was your body, not your mind or your heart, Pat, that led you to let Tom make advances like that to you.

"Now—go to bed, and put this out of your mind. But remember this—I forbid you ever to see Tom Garis again. Believe me, Pat—it's for your own good." He paused a moment, and then he said, almost to himself, "I wouldn't have believed that you could cheapen yourself so, Pat. But—we'll consider the matter closed. Go to bed."

I ran upstairs to my room and locked the door, trying to lock out also the memory of my father's words. I didn't sleep much that night. Desperately I tried to sleep, tried to forget all that had happened—all of the loveliness that had become suddenly ugly, the bright wonder that had turned into something sordid.

You see, I knew that I must believe my father and not the small, insistent voice in my heart. I had nothing to go by, no basis for judging. I hadn't known any boys except as friends, and, for that matter, I didn't know Tom very well, either.

In the morning nothing was changed. I was tired, nervous from lack of sleep, and still nothing was settled in my mind. I hesitated to face Dad, but at the breakfast table he was almost himself—genial, even joking a little—and I knew that it was his way of telling me that the incident was past and that he would say no more about it. All morning, after he'd gone to the store, I dreaded the ringing of the 'phone and when Tom did call, I answered fearfully, not knowing what to say to him. He gave me no time to think. "Pat,"

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"MARRIAGE IS A
PRIVATE AFFAIR"

a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture

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So busy with war work, film-making—yet always so lovely!

... She's found that Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream gives complete skin care—in just 3 minutes!

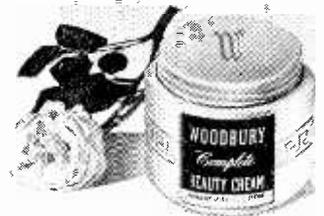
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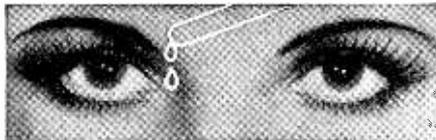
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he said hurriedly, "I'm on my way to Sydham, and I'd like to see you. Can I stop by for a few minutes when I get in town—"

I knew that I would have to get it over at once. I knew—I had proved it to myself last night—that I was weak, that just the sound of Tom's voice could make me forget myself, and all that was right and good.

"I can't see you," I said, making my voice hard and cold, "now, or ever again. Last night was a mistake, Tom—please believe me. I don't want to see you, now or ever. Please don't—don't bother me any more."

And that was all. I hung up, feeling sick. This was final, irrevocable. I had put him out of my life forever.

IT was a week before I understood just how final it was. A week of dullness, of feeling nothing, neither pleasure nor pain. And then, at the market, I ran into Mrs. Garis.

"Tom is in the army," she said, without preamble. "He left last Saturday—a week ago."

"I—I didn't know," I said. And then something prompted me to add, "Will he be coming home soon—on leave, I mean?"

"I don't think so." Tom's mother sounded grim, but a little proud, too. "Tom's after some kind of special training, and quick shipment into action—"

That, then, was why Tom had sounded so insistent when he had called, saying he was on his way to Sydham. He had been on his way to war, too. He had wanted to say goodbye . . . perhaps he had wanted to ask me to wait for him. . . . Suddenly, standing there at the meat counter of Sanderson's market, I felt as if my whole life were over, as if all I would ever know of living were behind me. I wanted to hide

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Tom



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myself away from the world, and forget that I had ever been alive at all. Because I knew, in that moment, with a powerful, undeniable insight, that I had been right, that Dad had been wrong. That kiss, that night with Tom—it hadn't been wrong. It had been right. The rightest thing in the world for me. It had been awakening, and promise of new wonders ahead.

I turned without a word, and walked away. Still, I didn't blame Dad. He had done what he thought was right. And I remembered what Tom had said that day at the stream, words that seemed almost prophetic now—"Everyone has to make up his mind about something sometime, or spend the rest of his life regretting it."

I don't like to think of myself as I was in the months that followed. The weeks went by sluggishly, and I lived them sluggishly, of little good to myself or to anyone else. I worked for the Red Cross four afternoons a week; otherwise, I drifted through the days, at once listless and dissatisfied.

When fall came, the crispness in the air stirred a keener restlessness. I begged Dad to let me go to Sydhams, to do nurses' aide work in the hospital there. "I feel that I should be doing something," I told him. "I'd be home every weekend—they let you arrange your hours that way, you know—and you could have dinner weekdays at Mrs. Johnson's boardinghouse."

DAD shook his head. "I don't think you'd better, Pat. I haven't been feeling so well lately, and—well, I know how you'd feel if anything happened and you were away. You'd better stay here with your old Dad. Your Red Cross work is enough, anyway," he went on. "You're young, Pat, and you ought to be having a good time—"

Later that evening, I remembered what he said. John Morrisey, whom I'd known all my life, telephoned right after dinner. I hadn't seen him for a long time—he'd gone in the Army when selective service was first begun.

"How about driving out to Patterson's with me, Pat?" he asked.

Behind me, Dad was asking, "Who's that on the phone, Pat?"

"Just a second—hold the line, Johnny," I said, and, turning to Dad, I reported—"It's Johnny Morrisey. He wants me to drive out to Patterson's."

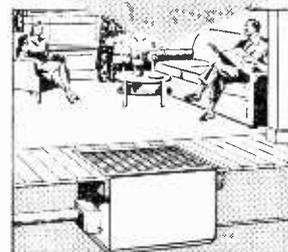
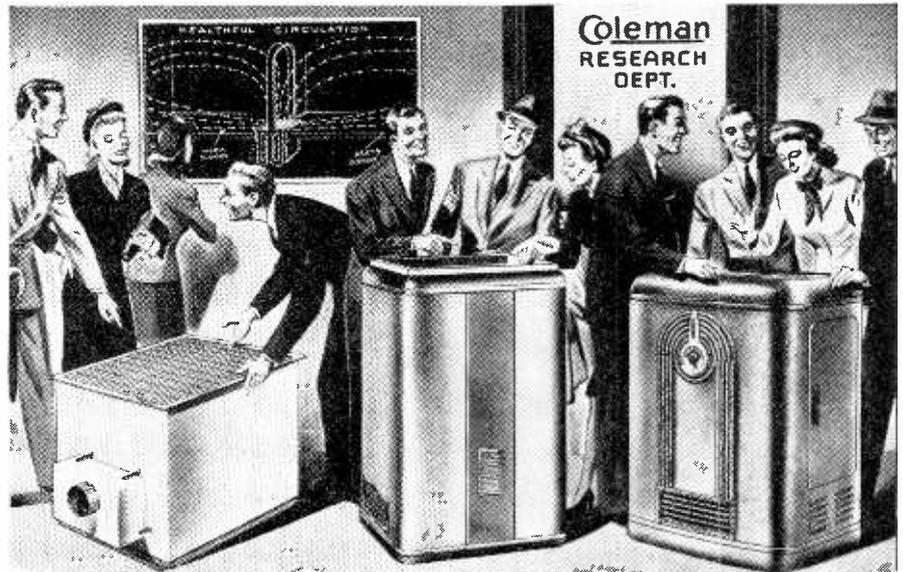
Dad shook his head. "I wouldn't if I were you, Pat. After all, he's not one of the boys your age. He's a lot older than you are. He's been away, and—well, his viewpoint is different from yours. You're still hardly more than a little girl, and he's—well, he's a man. Besides, I don't very much like the Morriseys, Pat."

It didn't matter. I made some excuse to Johnny, and hung up the phone, but later, after I'd dried the dishes and gone to sit on the porch, the words came back to me with startling clarity. Why, that was just exactly, almost word for word, what Dad had said to me about Tom! And suddenly I remembered that he'd said the same thing about other boys, too, when they'd called to ask me out. Always—always when some boy called for a date—a specific date, not just a crowd of young people all going out together somewhere—Dad had found some reason for my not going.

I sat for a long time in the glider that night, wrapped in my coat, with an auto robe thrown over my legs against the autumn chill, thinking. Thinking of how different my life might have been—should have been. I was

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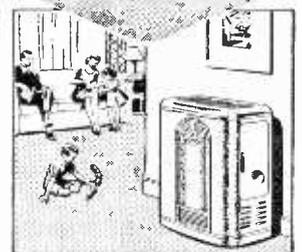
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•“Well, the Army hasn’t changed you any.”

no different from anyone else. I had as much right to good times as the other girls. And I knew, then, that there had been no reason to be ashamed of Tom’s kisses, of the way I had felt that night in his arms—

“Hi, Patsy!”

It was Johnny Morrisey, coming up the front walk. He must be back from the Patterson’s—I hadn’t realized it was so late.

“Hello, Johnny,” I called. “Come on up.”

“I can’t stay but a second Pat. I was on my way home, and I thought it was you, sitting there in the glider in the moonlight, so I thought I’d stop and say goodbye. This’ll probably be the last time I’ll be home before I’m shipped off, so—”

I HELD out my hand to him. “The best of luck in the world, Johnny.” He looked very young, very gallant, standing there in his uniform, and suddenly I thought of Tom, and how he would look. . . . Swiftly I raised my face, and kissed Johnny lightly on the cheek. “That’s for luck,” I said. “Goodbye, Johnny.”

He grinned and turned. “Goodbye, Patsy,” and he strode off down the walk. I turned to go in, and then I heard Dad’s voice.

“Patricia—come in here!”

For a moment I thought he was ill, and then I realized that it was anger that made his voice sound so strained.

“Patricia—I saw you. I’ve been standing here watching you and that Morrisey boy! Sneaking out on the porch to meet him—cheapening yourself, kissing him there on your own front porch, like any—”

“Dad!” It hardly sounded like my

voice. “Dad—I don’t like to be lied to. You couldn’t have been listening or watching, or you couldn’t possibly have misinterpreted what you saw. I think you see only what you want to see, believe only what you want to believe, and—”

SUDDENLY I could say no more. I turned swiftly and ran up the stairs, feeling as if the whole solid earth had been cut away from beneath my feet. I knew now, and I was sick with knowing, just what sort of hold Dad had on me. It wasn’t love, or regard for my welfare, that made him hold me so fast to him—it was selfishness. Oh, love, perhaps—but a jealous, selfish, possessive love. And I knew at last, surely, deeply that there had been nothing wrong in that night with Tom Garis. The only wrong was in Dad’s mind, in his heart.

The next morning, I was up and out of the house before Dad was, determined not to see him. For I had a plan in mind, now. I knew just what I wanted to do, and I knew that I was going to do it. I was going to cut myself free of this life-sapping way of living. I was going to be my own self, at last. I’d go away—somewhere, anywhere—and get a job, and wait for Tom Garis to get home. And then, if he’d have me . . .

But first, I had two things to do. I wanted to ask Dr. Bender a question, and I wanted to go out to the Garis farm and get Tom’s address.

The answer to my question was the one I half-hoped it would be.

“Your father’s heart?” old Dr. Bender asked me. “Sound as a dollar, so far’s I know—and I examined him for insurance just a couple of months ago, so

I ought to know.”

Sick with fury at the waste, the terrible waste, my life might have been, I stumbled out of his office. On the porch I met Mrs. Bender, coming in. “Hello, Patricia,” she greeted me. “I’ve just seen Mrs. Garis. Have you heard? Isn’t it dreadful? Honestly, when I heard it, I said to myself that—”

I stood very still, and it seemed to me that above Mrs. Bender’s chattering old voice I could hear time beating, and life ebbing away.

“What?” I cried, clutching at her arm. “What? What’s dreadful?”

ABOUT Tom. Mrs. Garis just told me. He’s reported missing and— I didn’t wait to hear more. I drove out to the Garis’ that afternoon. Mrs. Garis met me at the door, and her eyes, steady eyes, like Tom’s were burning-bright. “I haven’t cried,” she said, “and I’m not going to. And don’t you dare cry, either. Crying’s as bad as admitting there’s no hope.”

“I won’t,” I promised, and then my strength gave way before the determined courage of the older woman. I crumpled up in a chair, while Tom’s mother bent over me, soothing me as if I were a child. “Pat,” she said, “don’t take it that way—Tom wouldn’t like it. He’d want us to go on just as usual, to pretend he’s coming back—until we know for sure.”

But Mrs. Garis was wrong about that. I knew, as clearly as if he had told me himself, that Tom wouldn’t want me to go on as usual. He would hate me for a coward if he knew that I didn’t care enough, didn’t dare enough, to break away from Dad. There was a reason to leave Dad, still, even if Tom was gone. It would be

almost like keeping faith with Tom—almost like making up, a little, for that morning when I had sent him away.

I wasn't afraid now, that Dad would try to stop me from going to work in the Sydam hospital. Not only was I eighteen, and legally free to act, but my will was free, too.

It wasn't easy—exchanging my pleasant, sheltered life for a tiny, bare room in a boardinghouse, for long hours of hard, often dirty work, long hours of loneliness that no amount of reading and walking could fill. But I was contented as I never had been.

I DIDN'T think about Tom much, partly because there wasn't time, partly because the thought of him woke a longing that was better left sleeping, partly because the boy I'd known and loved was, in a way, a part of the past, too, and there was no one in the present to take his place. It was enough, for the time being, to be close to him in spirit, to be doing what he'd want me to do.

Dad came to see me once in a while on Sundays, but not often. I was glad that he didn't—Tom's shadow lay heavily between us, and we had little to say to each other. I felt awkward with him, somehow, and terribly sorry for him, too—for he had explained to me one Sunday, shortly after I left home, something of how he had felt about me.

"I know, Pat," he'd said, "that you must hate me—or very nearly hate me, anyway. But I'd like you to try to understand, if you can—understand now, and perhaps, someday, you can forgive. You see, Patsy, I love you more than most fathers love their chil-

dren, because you mean more than most daughters mean to their parents. In a sense, you were like a wife to me—you kept my home and gave me the companionship that a man who has a wife expects from her. And so my love for you was jealous and possessive—you can understand, can't you, why I hated to see you fall in love? It meant losing you—and I was jealous."

That, too, you see, stood between Dad and me, so that I was glad that he didn't come to see me too often. Mostly I worked, as hard as I knew how, so that when the time came to sleep I

boardinghouse, there was a note in the mail from Mrs. Garis. "Would you come out and spend Sunday with us?" she asked. "It's terribly lonesome for us, and we'd like to see you. If I don't hear from you to the contrary, I'll get Mr. Garis to drive in for you Sunday, about eleven."

I didn't want to go, and yet I felt that I must. And in a way I *did* want to—they, of all the people in the world, were closest to what I felt, understood best the emptiness of my heart, because their hearts were empty, too. And so I didn't reply to the note, letting Mrs. Garis understand that I would come on Sunday if Mr. Garis came for me.

Sunday morning I was ready when the landlady called upstairs to me, "There's a Mr. Garis here to see you."

I picked up my coat and hat, and went slowly out of the room and down the stairs.

HE was waiting for me at the foot of them. Tom.

I would have fallen, I think, if he hadn't come up to meet me, if he hadn't caught me in his arms—and held me as I remembered being held.

There was nothing I could say, but his name—his dear name, over and over, and I touched him, moving my hands over him, as if I couldn't yet be sure that it was true.

"I want to ask you one thing," he said. "Pat—it wasn't a mistake, was it—that night? You didn't mean it?"

There is a limit to the power of words—to the mischief they can make and the good they can accomplish. My arms, reaching out to Tom, bridging the time and the miles we'd been separated, my lips, raised to his, told him the answer he wanted.

**THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES
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<i>True Romances</i>	<i>Radio Mirror</i>
<i>True Experiences</i>	<i>True Detective</i>
<i>True Love and Romance</i>	<i>Master Detective</i>

could sleep. And when I wasn't working I read, and took long walks, and tried very hard not to remember.

The winter passed that way, and warmed sweetly and heart-breakingly into spring. And with the coming of spring the deadness, the dull ache in me, sharpened and stirred, until I felt that I could hardly bear the poignant loveliness of a world that was coming alive when there could never be a coming-alive for me, again.

That evening, when I got back to the

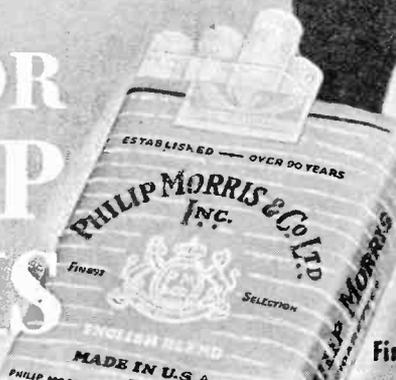
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Vegetable Variations

Continued from page 50

water. Drain and reserve liquid. Melt margarine, rub in flour and stir in 1 cup of liquid from beans. Add pepper, sugar and vinegar (vary the proportions to make a sweeter or sourer mixture) and cook over low heat until sauce is thick and smooth. Add beans, heat thoroughly together and serve.

Another way to ring changes on vegetables is to serve them in the form of thick soups and if you will make them with meat jelly, stock or canned bouillon you will need only bread (garlic bread is good), salad and dessert for a nourishing and satisfying meal.

Potato Soup

- 2 lbs. potatoes
- 2 cups boiling water
- ½ cup meat jelly
- 1 to 2 cups milk

Peel and dice potatoes and cook in boiling water. When tender, add meat jelly. When potatoes are soft, mash (or partly mash, leaving some of the cubes whole). Add milk to bring soup to the consistency you wish it and heat through, but do not allow to boil. Garnish with chopped parsley or dill or with lemon slices.

Beet Soup

- 1 tbl. drippings
- 2 onions, sliced thin
- 1 can beef bouillon
- 6 medium beets
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Sour Cream

Saute onions in drippings until clear. Add bouillon, thinned as directed on can, and bring to boil. Add beets which have been peeled and cut into thin strips and simmer for 10 minutes. Add lemon juice and simmer 5 minutes longer. Garnish with sour cream. This soup may also be served cold.

Garlic Bread

Use French or Italian bread, white or whole wheat. Slice partway through. Rub crust with a cut nub of garlic, then with butter or margarine. Place in 350 degree oven until piping hot.

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Wednesday, June 9th



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Let No Man Put Asunder

Continued from page 45

pillows but I sensed the wariness in her manner. "Hello, honey," she said in a low voice. "You were sweet to come. You know—that I have to leave here?" She dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Yes. Dwight told me." We looked at each other and suddenly it was like two fencers, waiting for a chance to thrust. Then I made myself say the words that were the hardest to say of any in my whole life. "It's about Dwight I've come, although he doesn't know it. This is going to be hard, Coralie, but you've got to know. We love each other. We have for a long time. I've come to ask you to—release him."

SHE went so white that for a second my heart failed me. I thought she was going to faint. Then I realized it wasn't shock; it was rage. Her voice was choked with it when she answered. "You dare to stand there and say that to me, a helpless cripple? Haven't I suffered enough—without your stealing my husband? That's what you've done—deliberately stolen him behind my back while I'm chained here like this. While I've trusted you and loved you—"

Somehow it wasn't natural. "No," I said, "you've known for a long time. And you forced me to come here through my pity for you, forced me to see you together so you could gloat. You thought you could hold him forever because of your helplessness, and that his love for me would die. But you were wrong. Our love didn't die. And last night when you saw us on the porch, you realized it and got scared. So you put on your hysterical act—"

"Are you crazy?" she burst out. "How could I see you on the porch? You know my wheelchair—"

"Yes, I know the wheelchair won't go through the door. But you saw us." I was guessing now, guessing desperately. On this hung all my chance, the terrible risk I was taking. "I know. There is only one way you could have, and that is by walking. You've held him all this time by pretending, so well you even fooled the doctor, but I know better. You can walk, Coralie."

She laughed then, but there was fear in it. "That's fantastic! You don't know what you're saying, coming here accusing me like this."

"I do know what I'm saying. And when Dwight knows, he'll ask you for a divorce."

There. It was out. I'd said it. I was still only guessing, but I'd grown surer I was right as I went on. Only, how to prove it?

All pretense had fallen away from Coralie. She was no longer sweet, lovely, helpless. "I'll never divorce him!" she screamed at me, naked fury contorting her face. "Never!"

"You'll have to. What you've done gives him the grounds."

"Oh does it? All right, then listen to this. I've got proof you and Dwight tried to kill me the night of the accident. It wasn't an accident at all. It was planned! That letter he wrote you proves it—and I'll show it to any lawyer who tries to get a divorce for him. You did it to get me out of the way so

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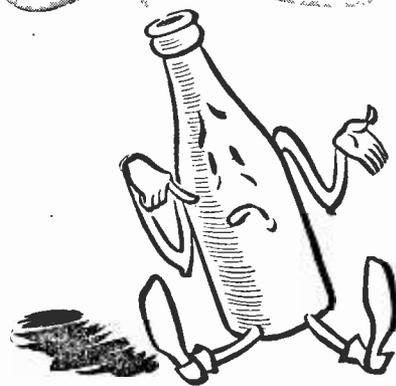
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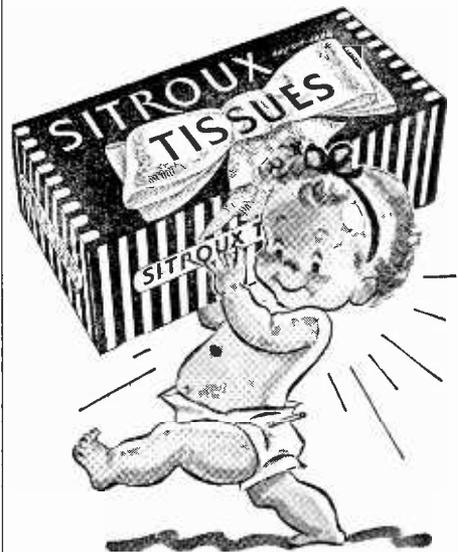


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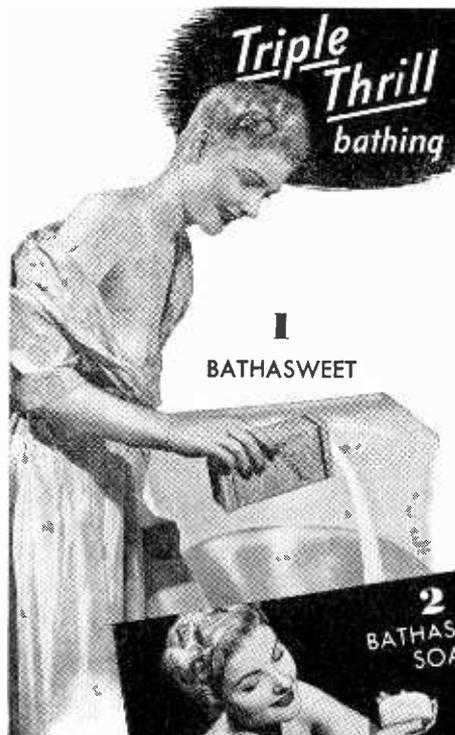
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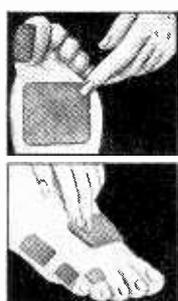
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you two could marry—"

I was stunned. "What letter?"

"You know very well what letter."

And then slowly, triumphantly, she repeated word for word that letter Dwight had written me so long ago. "We must be strong—for what we have to do may be wrong in the eyes of the world, but I know it is right for us. Love like ours cannot be denied. I think I know a way so that no one will suspect and will be the least dangerous for all of us. Tonight, after the dance." Her voice mocked the lovely sentences.

"Coralie! Where did you get that letter?"

Only then did she falter. She had been so intent on following up her advantage that she failed to see where it might lead her. But she gathered herself and rushed on, the words pouring out. "It fell out of your purse one night when you were here. I didn't know what it was till I picked it up and read it. And then I knew you'd been trying to take him from me all the time, even before we were married!"

"You're lying," I cried. "That letter has never been out of my room."

"I tell you I found it here! And now I've got it—safely locked away so you'll never be able to get it and destroy it. I've read it over and over till I know it by heart. And you'll never get Dwight while I have it, you scheming—"

I turned and ran from the room, away from that shrill, venomous voice with all its sweetness sheared away, bared now to the vindictive hate that must have been hidden all this time.

I FELT shattered as I rushed home. The whole thing was impossible. Incredible. It was as if since last night I'd been living in a nightmare that grew uglier with every passing moment. The letter . . . how could Coralie have known about the letter? I tried to think when I had last seen it. Weeks ago. It was too painful to read, bringing to life as it did the things that might have been; I had kept it only because it was the one token of our love. No one could have come across it by accident—it lay in a box on a closet shelf so high I had to use a chair to reach it.

I pulled a chair to the closet now. The lacquered box was where it had always been. I climbed down and, with trembling hands, put it on the desk and opened it. Its hoard of small treasures was so precious, so pathetic—my father's watch, a picture of my mother on her wedding day, a baby picture of Coralie and me with our parents smiling proudly in the background. I took them all out, picked up the box and turned it upside down. There was no doubt. The letter was gone.

I ran out into the hall and called my landlady. Of course nobody ever came into my room when I wasn't there, she assured me indignantly. Except that once when Mr. MacDonald had brought Miss Coralie by to get the measurements of an old sweater of mine so she could knit me one for a surprise. He'd carried her in, poor child, and she'd sworn them both to secrecy so I shouldn't suspect what my gift was to be. Such a sweet, brave girl Miss Coralie was—always thinking of others when she herself must be in such pain. I thanked her, and went back in my room and closed the door. Coralie, and Kevin, the man I'd promised to marry and whom I hadn't even thought of since last night which seemed years ago now! Coralie and Kevin. . . .

Suddenly all the chaos fell away, and I was thinking calmly and coldly. If Coralie herself had taken that letter, then her very possession of it would prove that she could walk. But she of course would deny it. She would stick to her story of my having dropped it at her house. How could I *prove* she was lying? Now that I knew at last the true color of my adversary, I knew too the bitterness of the battle I would have to fight. I was fighting for my love, my very life, against a foe who would stoop to any weapon; and I was fighting alone. I could not bring Dwight into this until I had proof that my suspicions were facts.

THE telephone jangled sharply. It was Kevin and he sounded worried. "What goes on?" he said. "I called you at the store and Mr. Caswell said you were ill. Then when I called you at home, you were out. Aunt Ethel said you'd been there but had gone—I've been worried to death about you."

"Something came up. I'm sorry, Kevin. Could you come over right now?"

"You bet I'm coming! And bringing you the most gorgeous ring you ever saw in your life."

It was strange how the words meant nothing to me at all. I was as detached from Kevin as I was from everything else—save for the one burning desire that consumed all thought, all feeling. When he came, it was like looking at a stranger.

He tried to take me in his arms but I stopped him. "What's the matter with you, Sally?" he said, almost angrily.

"Something's happened, something that may change everything. Kevin—

has it ever occurred to you that Coralie can walk?"

"Walk!" I was watching him, and I saw the sudden flicker in his eyes. Then his face closed tight as if it were suddenly shattered against me. "Whatever gave you that idea? Why, Dr. Frick himself says—"

"I know what Dr. Frick says. I know what we all have thought. But it may not necessarily be the truth. Kevin, I've got to know the truth!"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said impatiently. "Why, Dwight is taking her to California because the case seems so hopeless. Why in the world would she stay in that wheelchair if she can walk?"

It was all wrong, somehow. I had the feeling he was acting—but not well enough. I thought of how sure he had always been, how ruthless in getting what he wanted. He wanted me. Well—I took a deep breath—it looked as if I were going to fight Kevin, too, as well as Coralie. There was no help here in the lonely, dangerous battle I was waging against the terrible thing that had held Dwight and me prisoner for so long.

I DON'T know but I'm going to find out," I said. "I'm going to Coralie now and you're going with me. Here—will you take this please?" And I picked up the box and handed it to him.

Again there was that hint of knowledge in his eyes and again it was as quickly concealed. Rather sullenly, he took the box and followed me. There was nothing else he could do.

In the car, he tried again. "I don't know what you're up to, but it's crazy. Coralie's upset enough as it

is. You're going to make it worse. For Lord's sake, Sally, tell me what it's all about."

He hammered at me all the way to the Hollins' house. "I don't know what it's all about," I kept repeating stubbornly. "That's what we're going to find out."

A vague, desperate plan was forming in my mind. Somehow I had to force Coralie into admitting what I suspected. My plan was sheer bluff, and bluffing was dangerous. But if it worked—

AUNT ETHEL met us at the front door. "I'm so glad you've come," she said anxiously, drawing me into the vestibule. "I don't know what's the matter, but something terrible is! Dwight came home early and ever since, he and Coralie have been—have been quarreling. I could hear their voices way down here. And she's locked the door of her room and won't let me in—and, oh, Sally, see what you can do! She can't be upset now, of all times."

I hurried up the stairs. Kevin followed, carrying the box.

I knocked at the closed door. The voices inside, muffled by the thick walls of the old house, ceased abruptly. "It's Sally," I called. "Let me in!"

There was a moment's silence, then footsteps, and the key turned in the lock. "Wait here," I whispered to Kevin. "I'll call you in a minute. . . ."

Then the door swung open, and Dwight stood there. My heart tightened. He looked like a man driven beyond endurance. He was at the breaking point.

He stepped aside for me to enter, and then closed the door behind me.

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"You've told her," he said almost accusingly. "After all this time. For God's sake, why?"

From the chaise longue, Coralie faced us both with shrill, ugly defiance. No longer was she gay and lovely and childlike. "Yes, she told me!" she cried. "To torture me, to make me more miserable than I already am. But she won't get away with it! I'll expose you both, I'll prove you tried to kill me—"

"That isn't true." I broke in. "I told her because she's played her horrible game too long. She's given herself away. I told her, Dwight, because I know that Coralie can walk!"

"Can walk!" The words seemed wrenched out of him. He was staring at her and I saw a slowly growing awareness as the idea took hold.

She saw it too. "She's lying! Don't pay any attention to her—she's jealous and wants you herself." Then she went on pleadingly, helplessly, with the gentle martyrdom that had wrung our hearts all these months. "Darling, surely you believe me. Would I have been a cripple all this time, a burden unable to be a real wife to you, if there were any way in the world I could have helped it? I've tried—God knows I've tried to walk. You've seen me—"

"Stop pretending, Coralie," I said coldly. "I know you've been able to walk for weeks. Dwight will soon know, too. Wait—" I walked to the door, threw it open. "Come in, Kevin," I said clearly.

HE stood in the doorway, holding the box where the letter had been hidden. I was watching Coralie. Her eyes widened as she saw the box—first with shock, then with fear, then with sheer, uncontrollable rage.

"You fool!" she screamed at him. "You swore you wouldn't tell..."

Unutterable relief flooded through me. I leaned back against the wall, fighting off weakness, struggling against the dizzying joy that threatened. It had worked! My bluff, that had been so full of danger, had worked. Dimly, from a great distance, Kevin's voice cut through sharp and contemptuous.

"You're the fool, Coralie. I didn't tell anything. Sally's bluffed you and bluffed you good. Why, you little—"

"Tell what?" Dwight shouted. His hands reached for Coralie as if he would shake the truth out of her. Then he pulled himself back and whirled on Kevin. "You're going to talk, and talk now if I have to half kill you."

He meant it. Instinctively, I went to him and took his arm. "Wait, darling," I whispered. "Wait—"

"Okay, I'll talk," Kevin said wearily, like a man who knows he's beaten.

"Now that Coralie's given the show away, it may as well come out. I don't know what she did, or what she took out of this box. But I do know that one day when I was taking her for a drive, she asked me to stop by your house, Sally. She said she wanted to get a measurement or something. I carried her in, and then she asked me to get something for her at the drug-store and come back and pick her up. I got back sooner than she expected I guess. Anyway—when I opened the door, I found her standing on a chair in front of your closet, putting this box back on the shelf. She made me promise not to tell. She said she was practicing walking but she didn't want anybody to know yet—not until she was completely well. She wanted to surprise you, Dwight."

Dwight drowned out Coralie's hys-

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terical protest. "She surprised me, all right," he said grimly. "How long has this been going on?" he demanded.

"I don't know, but I'd guess, from the way she handled herself that day, that she'd been able to get around from about the time she came home from the hospital."

There was a moment's silence. Coralie seemed to cower back as we all looked at her. "Is that true?" Dwight said, and I have never heard such simple words hold such scorn.

She roused herself then. She threw back the blanket that covered her legs. She stood up and faced us. "Yes, it's true!" she burst out spitefully. "It's all true. And I remembered what Dwight told me coming home the night of the accident, too—I remembered as soon as I remembered anything that he was going to throw me over, at the last minute, for Sally. For Sally! Who has been trying to get him away from me from the minute she first met him. Ask Kevin. He knows it's true!"

I turned to stare at Kevin. The full implication of what he had told us was just beginning to hit me. "You knew," I said unbelievably. "You've known all along I loved Dwight—and that Coralie was pretending."

He shrugged. "Sure I knew. A blind man could have told, from the way you two looked at each other. But Coralie wanted Dwight—and I wanted you. If she wanted to play it that way, I was willing to string along—as long as Dwight was ready to be so damned noble. The longer he was noble, the easier it made it for me—"

DWIGHT did move then. His right arm thrust out, there was a sharp impact of bone on flesh, and then Kevin was staggering back and going down, hard. I think I screamed.

Coralie's shrillness drowned it out. "I've still got that letter, and I'm going to use it! I'll make you sorry—"

"Use it all you want to." Dwight looked from Kevin, beginning to sit up, to his wife. "It will never stand up in court, but you can make a nasty scandal with it if you want. But nothing to the scandal it will make for you—the very fact you have that letter proves what you've done. You overplayed your hand, Coralie. Lord knows, I ought to hate you, for the hell you've made me suffer. But I'm not being noble, as our good friend Kevin would say, if I don't hate you. I just feel sorry for you, having to live with your conscience for the rest of your life. . . . Come on, Sally, let's get out of here. . . ."

We passed Aunt Ethel huddled in the hall. She looked sick, and her face had suddenly aged. "I heard," she whispered. "I heard—"

I took her in my arms, trying to lessen the blow from which she would never recover. "Don't," I said. "Don't. I'm just sorry that you had to know—like this."

"But my own child. That she could do this to Dwight, to you, to all of us—"

"Coralie's sick," Dwight said simply. "Sick inside, I mean. She's full of hate at losing what she wanted and it's warped her. I've known for a long time she didn't love me, didn't love anybody but herself, but—there didn't seem to be anything to do about it."

Aunt Ethel pulled herself together. "Well, there is now," she said firmly. "You'll get your divorce, Dwight. Right away and as quietly as possible. Her father and I will see to that, and I can only pray that this—this horrible thing will not have blighted your lives for

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good. Oh, my dear—" She threw her arms around me and held me close. Then she let me go. "Go now. Both of you. I'll do what has to be done."

And with her head held high, she walked into that room and closed the door.

That was nearly three years ago.

Aunt Ethel kept her word, and I'm sure that no one but Dwight and I will ever know what she and Uncle Tom suffered. Dwight resigned his job and went on to the West Coast, not to Uncle Tom's plant, but to another. Coralie quietly divorced him, and as soon as he was free, I followed. We were married the day I got there.

When the war came, he joined a chemical warfare unit and will soon, I think, be overseas. I am keeping our little apartment, living quietly, making a home for him to come back to and for our year-old daughter, Ethel Hollins Emery.

I NEVER hear from Coralie. I know now that Dwight was right—she was sick with a soul sickness and I don't know if she can ever be cured. Spoiled all her life, her frustration over Dwight festered into hate for us both, for everything, until she lived only by that hate. Grabbing the wheel that night in a frenzy at having what she wanted taken from her, was only the beginning. No one could have foreseen the accident, of course. It just happened. But having happened, she used it to get what she wanted.

Dwight never speaks of it now, but he told me enough so that I know how cruelly—and needlessly—she made him suffer through the brief span of that marriage that was never a marriage at all. At first, I felt only bitterness for her and the pain she inflicted. Now I don't. There is enough bitterness in the world without my share.

And my love has crowded it out of my life. For the love that sprang into being that morning when the door opened to bring Dwight into my life, has only grown stronger with time. He is not with me now—but he is in my heart as I am in his, unalterably, forever.

Perhaps what we suffered was only a test, and that love is only the greater for it. For I know it is great enough, no matter what the future holds, that it will never die.

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I'll Bring You Sorrow

Continued from page 26

Such a clean, shining, simple ambition! And I could not say with any certainty that he would be allowed to realize it.

For Daddy wasn't the only person in town who would not accept him. Against my will, I was beginning to realize that. The evening before, while we sat over ice-cream sodas in Barnett's drugstore, some of my friends had come in. I'd seen their quickly exchanged glances, heard the murmur of their laughter after they'd passed us.

But perhaps I was being over-sensitive. After all, it was natural. They all knew, in the way small-town people know such things, that Randy and I had stopped seeing each other, even if they didn't know why; and they were interested when they saw me with someone else—particularly when that someone else happened to be the only other doctor in town besides my father. None of this meant, really, that they wouldn't be Julian's friends if they had a chance.

THEN I would give them their chance! Nora Allen's brother Ted was in town, on leave from his Army training camp, and she was giving a party for him Friday night. She'd spoken to me about it at the Community Chest dance, and as far as I knew I was still invited. Nora and I were old friends; she wouldn't mind if I asked permission to bring Julian.

I called her on the telephone the next morning, and at the moment I heard her voice I was suddenly afraid. I had to force myself to go on with what I'd planned.

"Bet!" she said. "I've been meaning to call you. What in the world has happened with you and Randy?"

"Nothing that I know of," I said smoothly. "Why?"

"I thought of course you and he would come to my party together—but he's been running around all week with that little Cecilia Smith, and yesterday he asked if he could bring her to the party, and I hardly knew what to say!"

"Then I hope you said yes," I told her, knowing perfectly well that she had. "Randy and I have no strings tied to each other, Nora. As a matter of fact—" My hand, holding the receiver to my ear, was trembling. I threw my shoulders back impatiently. It was shameful that I should be afraid to do something as simple, as everyday, as this—it was a measure of how subtly the poison had crept into my own veins.

"As a matter of fact," I said clearly, "I called to ask if I could bring a friend—Dr. Weber."

The silence at the other end of the wire was so brief I couldn't be quite sure it had ever existed. "Why—of course," Nora said. Perhaps irrelevantly, perhaps not, she added, "Naturally, I haven't met him, but—I'd love to have him come."

See how easy it was? I said to myself as I hung up. And it will be just as easy tomorrow night.

But it was not.

At first, I was glad I had come and brought Julian. The Allens' big screened-in porch, with the phonograph playing and couples dancing, and at the other end a ping-pong game in progress—this was something I liked

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to show Julian, as if by doing so I were saying, "See, this is what Barville is like; a town of neighbors, who know how to live together without wrangling." I was triumphantly happy when Nora fluttered up to us and said polite hostess' words to Julian, and when he stood talking to some other people and everyone laughed at one of Julian's remarks. They were ready to like him—they *did* like him! I'd been afraid of a ghost, a mirage.

I'm terribly happy, I thought idly, as we danced. *Terribly happy. Dancing with Julian is like floating on air.* Suddenly I had a strange feeling of lightness—so swift, so heady, that I thought for a moment I was going to be ill. Because my thoughts had gone on—I *love Julian*. It was almost as if a part of me had stepped aside in my mind to tell me that, or as if another person entirely had said it for me. For I had never thought of love before in connection with Julian. He had been—why, he had been more of a symbol to me, than a man, really. A symbol of the kind of feeling I found in my father and in other people in Barville—the feeling I knew instinctively was wrong, and must be fought against. And now—now Julian was a person, a warm, living lovable person. I was in love with him—and never, anywhere in the world, had anything been so wonderful, so beautiful, so *right*. I danced on and on, as if in a dream, hoping the dream would never end.

RANDY had been drinking. That was the first thing I saw. The second was that wherever he was standing, whatever he was doing, his eyes had a way of finding me, and then slipping past me as if I weren't there. He was constantly touching Cecilia—laying his hand on her shoulder or putting his arm around her waist—arrogantly, possessively, daring me to see. Again, the only word I could apply to him was "childish," but it was frightening to see a grown man behaving that way.

I was about to suggest leaving, but I hated to give Randy such a cheap satisfaction. Instead, I said hastily, "Let's go inside and sit down for a while. I'm a little tired of dancing."

"All right," Julian agreed, and we went into the living room. Half a dozen people were there already, talking to Mr. Allen, Nora's father.

It was a wartime conversation, and I suppose it could have been duplicated in almost any town or city in the country. "England . . . Russia . . . what we're fighting for . . . foxholes . . . Atlantic Charter . . . Fascists . . . Stalin . . ." The familiar words and phrases came faintly to my ears. I had no desire to add any of my own. It was enough to sit there, quietly, watching Julian—who, incidentally, seemed also content to listen. He'd taken out his pipe and was puffing it, his eyes shifting alertly from one speaker to another.

I don't know when Randy came in. I only know that I looked up and saw him standing there, at the edge of the group, smiling unpleasantly.

As if he'd been waiting for me to see him, he spoke. "What is this," he said, "a gathering of armchair generals?"

Mr. Allen turned. "Oh, hello, Randy. Yes, I suppose you might call it that, although—" he gestured at Ray Ather-ton and Phil Green, who were in uniform—"you see we have a private and a corporal here too. And I understand

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you're going in the Army yourself."
"Yes," Randy said, looking at me.
"Yes, I am. But I'll leave the strategy to you folks at home. All I want to do is get the job over."

Ray chuckled. "You and me both!"
"All I hope," Randy went on, "is that I get sent to the Pacific. I'm all for chasing the Japs straight into the ocean, but the way I figure it, I don't want any part of that fight in Europe. We never had any business declaring war on Germany in the first place."

There was a subdued murmur of protest. "Oh, now wait," Phil Green objected. "You mustn't feel that way, Randy. In the first place, Germany declared war on us. And after all—"

Randy shook his head. "That's not true. Just because Hitler's supposed to have kicked a few Jews around—"

Someone gasped, and the sound was followed by a shocked silence. Slowly, Julian took his pipe from his mouth. "I am a Jew," he said quietly. "And I know that Hitler did more to the Jews than kick them around. Also, that he did things to others who were not Jewish—"

Randy interrupted, and because he interrupted I knew with deadly certainty that he had followed us in here hoping to say just what he said now. "Then it's really *your* fight, isn't it? But I notice you're not in uniform."

Julian surged to his feet. I caught a glimpse of his face, filled with blind, murderous rage. I snatched his arm, crying, "Julian—don't!" Under my fingers it was like rock. A second passed—and then the knotted muscles relaxed, and Julian said hoarsely:

"Elisabeth, I must get out of here." Not a word was spoken as we left the room. Behind me, I felt the others knotted together in a solid group. What Randy had said was unforgivable.

Very tall and erect, Julian went with me out of the house. We got into his car, but he'd driven it only a few feet when he pulled in to the curb.

"I can't drive," he said. "Let's walk for a while, unless—" he sighed bitterly—"unless you want to go home, where you need not be with me."

"No," I whispered. "I don't want to go home. And I do want to stay with you. Right now, I feel as if you're the only decent person in this town." We stopped, in the shadows of an old stone wall, while Julian answered me.

"You must not feel that way," he said. "You must try to understand them. I've seen it all before. . . ."

"In Germany," I said. "You're from Germany, aren't you?"

"Yes. From Germany." Lights shone in the houses across the park, snatches of radio music and talk came from open windows, and peace was all around. He might almost have said, "I come from hell."

Is there hope of happiness for Elisabeth in a world which suddenly seems filled with hatred and bitterness? Read the concluding instalment of this heart-touching story in July RADIO MIRROR, on sale June 9.

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Picture of Happiness

Continued from page 35

minute, this minute from which they both sensed their paths would now go on together.

Those paths, they found, had almost crossed before, in the years preceding the May morning in 1939 when Bill took over the direction of Big Sister.

Back in 1922, when they were both twelve years old, their families used to summer at Solon Springs, Wisconsin. Alice was the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman with a church in Mora, Minnesota; Bill the son of an investment banker in Chicago.

Alice remembered that her brother Carl had mentioned his boyish respect for a Bill Tuttle, the first baseman of the Solon Springs "Wildcats," but she had been too preoccupied that summer with her dramatic debut as the witch in "Hansel and Gretel" to be much interested in boys.

AT high school in Mora, Alice made dramatics her chief interest and later she enrolled in the MacPhail School of Music, in Minneapolis.

During her first fall in Minneapolis, Alice's father died and, the family funds being curtailed, Alice shifted to night classes at MacPhail's and worked during the day in the credit department of the Dayton Company, Minneapolis' leading department store. After two years of studying financial notes in the daytime, musical ones at night, the girl was given her first professional opportunity. She was engaged for the role of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," on a Chautauqua circuit.

The road from Chautauqua to Broadway had several detours. The first came when the company reached Chicago and eighteen-year-old Alice was offered a job in a stock company, being organized to play the winter season in Miami. When the stock company went broke, and the cast was stranded, Alice wired home for help.

Funds were speedily forthcoming. Her Uncle Carl had just died, leaving Alice a small legacy, enough money for a six months' siege of Broadway. But her tiny inheritance was exhausted before the actress managed to land any kind of a stage part. She modeled clothes in order to stay within daily reach of the managers' offices in Times Square.

Her persistence was rewarded. At the end of her first year in New York, she was given her first part in a Broadway play, opposite Franchot Tone in "Green Grow the Lilacs." Several other Broadway engagements followed and then, with Walter O'Keefe's Camel Caravan, Alice entered radio.

Bill's career had somewhat paralyzed hers.

After leaving college, he served an apprenticeship at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, did a few bits in pictures in Hollywood, was featured for two seasons with the Goodman Players in Chicago, and then at the invitation of a Paramount talent scout, came to New York for a screen test and a talk about a long-term movie contract. The motion picture bid did not eventuate and Bill took a role in the New York production of "Let Freedom Ring," and then, like Alice, joined the ranks of radio players, from which he soon was elevated to a director.

When they left "21" that night, Alice and Bill not only knew all about each



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other's pasts, they had a fairly good idea of what their futures promised.

The little girl with the blonde pig-tails down her back, the star of "Hansel and Gretel," had finally met the first baseman of the Solon Springs "Wild-cats," and this time she was definitely interested.

The next year was a happy one of close companionship for Bill and Alice. Drawn together in their daily work, they were just as congenial in their tastes outside the studio. They shared a love of the theater, of concerts, of long sunny days on the golf course. They hunted out odd, interesting little places to eat. They made the rounds of antique shops to splurge on their mutual hobby of unusual furniture.

They were young and gay and very, very much in love. People seeing them together on the street, paused to look back at them and smile and say: "What a happy, handsome couple!"

FINALLY one April day, Bill entered the rehearsal studio a little late. There was a mysterious, excited smile on his face as he beckoned Alice to join him in the sound booth.

As she entered, Alice saw Bill reach into the pocket of his tweed coat and pull out a small, round topped jeweler's box. In it was an antique gold ring, set with a crown of diamonds.

"It was my great-grandmother's engagement ring," Bill said. "And somehow it seemed right that I should ask you to wear it here in the studio where I saw you for the first time."

Alice Frost and Bill Tuttle were married quietly on June 27th, 1941, at the home of Alice's friend, Janet Cohn, at Edbury Farm near Bedford Village, New York. Only their immediate families were present; Alice's mother and Bill's mother and father and sister Gretchen from Chicago.

The schedules of their radio programs allowed them only a weekend honeymoon in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, following the ceremony. But ten days later, they were able to get away for a two-week wedding trip. And because they'd first been drawn together by their recitals of their childhood backgrounds, Alice and Bill decided to spend their honeymoon motoring to the scenes of their youth.

In Chicago, Bill proudly introduced Alice to the cronies of his boyhood. In Minneapolis, Alice recalled to her brother, Carl, his erstwhile baseball hero.

It was in Mora, Minnesota, however that the honeymooners found the past meeting the present. After a turn around the pretty little country town, Bill exclaimed to Alice: "Why, it's just like Glen Falls, the locale of Big Sister!"

"There's one big difference, though," added Alice. "Ruth Evans, nice as she is, could never be as happy as I am. And hasn't got as handsome a husband."

Bill Tuttle didn't answer. He just grinned. There are times when a good director knows enough not to spoil a certain speech.

Alice Frost and Bill Tuttle have left the Big Sister program now. Alice is heard every Wednesday in NBC's Mr. and Mrs. North at 8 P.M., EWT. Bill is a radio producer with an advertising agency. Their married life has continued in the same simplicity of interests and tastes that marked their courtship; roaming the antique shops, eating at as many strange, exotic restaurants as they can find; golf and the movies, and Alice now works with the Theater Wing's Stage Door Canteen.



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RESINOL OINTMENT and SOAP

"The Land We Belong To Is Grand!"

Continued from page 42

about the 200,000 or so women who went to work on farms during the last six months of 1943 harvesting beans, tomatoes, lettuce and other vegetables, assisting in planting and hoeing.

Our real problem, right now, is to get those millions of men, women, boys and girls who don't ordinarily work on farms to bring in Uncle Sam's food crops in 1944. If they'll only work weekends—one or two days a week—it will help tremendously. Two or three weeks at a time—even better! Full time—the country needs them!

FOOD production records have been broken by American farmers during the past seven years, I've been told. During 1943 they produced more food than ever before and Victory gardeners added to that record crop eight million tons of food in twenty million gardens. During 1944, farmers must plant sixteen million more acres and they must increase livestock production greatly. Four million people have left the farms since 1940, a million of whom are soldiers, sailors, or marines.

Seasonal workers always used to help the farmer out, especially at harvest time. Migratory workers used to help, too. But today there are far fewer such workers available, many have gone into war work, others can't get gasoline to migrate.

It's not just work on farms that's needed. Work in food plants is also of vital importance. Uncle Sam needs housewives, office workers, high school and college girls, and school teachers for both these jobs.

I was interested in finding out if the Women's Land Army has a uniform. And the answer is—yes: overalls, shirt, cap bearing the insignia of the WLA, skirt and jacket. It's a practical but attractive work uniform, not expensive or fancy. All women who join the WLA, part of the U. S. Crop Corps, are eligible to wear the uniform.

If you have a lot of time, go to the nearest U. S. Employment Service office to enroll. If you have only a few days, watch for local calls for volunteers.

Remember, you get paid according to standard rates. But remember also that if you do work on a farm or in a food-processing plant you are making a vital contribution of which you can be proud in later years.

You've heard the phrase: Food Fights For Freedom. What does it really mean? It means that you and I, who have always taken food for granted, suddenly realize that our lives and the lives of our allies depend upon what we do about food.

The land we belong to is grand, all right. Let's help make it fruitful. Because if we do, this grand land will be ours forever, to be run the way we want it run, for free men and women. The work you and I do today on the home front is the only guarantee we have that later, when the war is over, we shall have won life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—which, after all, includes enough to eat!

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



WHEN you are suffering from Headache, Simple Neuralgia, Muscular Pains or Functional Monthly Pains, you not only feel uncomfortable—you look uncomfortable. Why don't you try **Dr. MILES ANTI-PAIN PILLS** for prompt relief? Regular package 25c. Economy package \$1.00. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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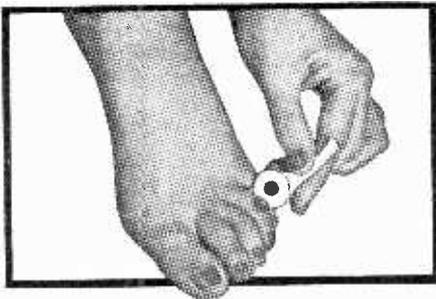
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Look Your Loveliest... safeguard romance... don't let superfluous hair blight your love and cause others to whisper behind your back! Amazing hair remover, made of pure vegetable ingredients, takes out unsightly, superfluous hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat—and makes your skin clean, smooth, velvety—so you can wear the filmiest gown, the scantiest bathing suit, the sheerest stockings... or no stockings at all! You say ADIEU cold, right from the jar, in few seconds all the unsightly hair is out, not off!

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Yes, the hair comes OUT—not merely off! ADIEU removes the entire hair with the bulb commonly known as the "root." New hair must grow before it reappears. Remember ADIEU—not a bleach or an abrasive. No painful plucking or tweezing. Not a razor or clipper. No ugly razor nicks; no stubby regrowth; results more lasting.

ADIEU Hair Remover is made with pure, safe, vegetable ingredients. No smelly, dangerous sulphides or chemicals. No unpleasant odor. No messy preparation or heating. Absolutely SAFE! Positively Non-Irritating. Recommended by doctors; used by exclusive Hollywood

beauty salons catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how ADIEU takes out (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from face, arms, legs, lips, back of neck, eyebrows.

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 ADIEU Hair Remover is obtainable only from us

Facing the Music

Continued from page 14

Barry and Jane were wed by a sleepy justice of the peace in New Jersey. The couple stopped off at Woolworth's for the ring. Barry figured he had enough left over for the license and tip. But after performing the marriage vows, the justice told the astonished benedict that it would cost ten dollars.

"So I borrowed a ten spot from Jane."

Although Barry is today one of the most prosperous and popular singers on the air, earning about \$60,000 a year, Jane Wood still wears the Hutton-heiress store trinket.

"It's our good luck ring," explains Barry. "Incidentally, I still haven't paid Jane back the ten bucks though it's twelve years we've been married."

Barry was recently classified 4-F due to a chronic kidney ailment. Both his mother and older brother died from causes resulting from the same condition. The brother, a successful doctor, was Barry's hero. In fact, Barry wanted to follow in his brother's footsteps, even though his dad urged him to sing for his supper. Barry's father, a merchant tailor, used to sing in Russia in the Czar's choir.

"When I was ten I used to sing in kiddie shows and my father used to put me in the darndest sissy outfits, complete with a Buster Brown collar."

At Yale, Barry sang and played sax in the band. One of his fellow musicians was a nasal-voiced lad from Maine, Rudy Vallee. After graduation Barry tried to go to Yale's post-graduate medical school but was unable to gain admittance. Disheartened but determined to make his own living, the six-foot-one, brown-haired, gray-eyed youngster came to New York in 1922. He found girls plentiful but jobs few and far between.

"In those days I had more of a crush on June Gale than her twin Jane," he says.

But Barry eventually straightened the romance out. Later on, June married pianist Oscar Levant of Information Please.

Barry left Buddy Rogers' band and joined Vincent Lopez and Abe Lyman.



Woody Herman, popular dance-band leader, will be seen in United Artists' "Sensations of 1944."



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IF YOU wake up tired and listless—if your freshness and "sparkle" are slipping away in the stress of these strenuous times—you should know this!

Thousands are drinking a cup of Ovaltine night and morning—for radiant morning freshness and vigorous days.

For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it fosters sound sleep, without drugs. Second, it helps to build you up while you sleep. According to experts, two glasses daily, made with milk as directed, supply all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for utmost vitality—provided you just eat 3 average-good meals a day, including citrus fruit or tomatoes. In addition Ovaltine also provides the basic food elements absolutely necessary to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells, and for vitality and endurance.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight, for better sleep and for morning freshness?

OVALTINE



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You know telltale gray hair kills romance, causes a hundred little heartbreaks, yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed?

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Mary T. Goldman Co., 18 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.
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Meet Dorothy Shay, Cresta Blanca Carnival's charming vocalist on Wednesday evenings over CBS.

In 1936 Barry knew he had reached the ceiling as a saxophonist and occasional singer. He was making about \$200 a week at the time.

"I decided it was time to take a big chance. The kids were coming along and Jane and I wanted to have our own farm."

Barry got a job as a singer on WNEW, New York. His work there got attention and he beat out swooner Perry Como for a shampoo sponsor on NBC. Then Barry tried his luck as a bandleader. But it was when he made some trade recordings for Lucky Strike that the big break put him in the chips. The cigaret company had singers make special recordings which were shipped to tobacco dealers. Enthusiastic letters about Barry's warbling reached tycoon George Washington Hill and the singer won the coveted spot on Your Hit Parade.

Wood held down that spot for three years. Then he was forced to make a second major decision.

"Mr. Hill wanted to switch me to the All-Time Hit Parade show. I decided that this new show was not a suitable vehicle for me."

Frank Sinatra got Barry's old spot and the latter won stardom on NBC's Million Dollar Band show. This program has been on the air nearly a year and has just been renewed again by a satisfied sponsor. The All-Time Hit Parade formula didn't click and is still being repaired.

Barry, Jane, and the kids, Bonnie, 8, and Beverly, 5, live on a beautiful farm in East Haddam, Connecticut. Barry is knee-deep in chickens. He has 2,000 layers and 2,000 chicks plus a regulation amount of other barnyard familiars.

"It's the kind of place we had dreamed about," Barry says enthusiastically, "It's called Woodhaven. And I'm no gentleman farmer. I really do the work."

Barry is up on the farm about four or five days a week. Weekends he stays in New York's swank Hotel St. Regis. Sometimes these business weekends are extended ones, for the singer is one of the entertainment world's most industrious war effort volunteers. He has been titled the official U.S. Treasury troubadour and has sung "Any Bonds Today" as often as Lucy Monroe warbles the National Anthem.

Barry may soon be forced to make a third decision. That's when Hollywood calls. He has attempted every other phase of show business and is eager for a film chore.

Barry has two sisters and another brother, bandleader Barney Rapp. His dad lives with Barry on the farm. And Barry reluctantly admits that his parent is a one-man rooting section.

"It's kind of embarrassing. Dad gets in a subway or trolley car and the next thing you know he's telling total strangers about me. His pockets are always filled with autographed pictures and tickets to the broadcast. I guess if I had been a doctor he would have been filling my prescriptions."

* * *

"Once everybody stay seated when we play ze rhoomba, but now eet eez so popular zat even ze Lateens are doing eet," says Xavier Cugat, whose sultry arrangements of Latin-American rhythms are heard Wednesdays, 8:30-9:00 p.m., EWT, over Mutual.

"I used a technique to make zees happen," Cugat continued. "I knew Americans would not get up to danz eef I start with ze rhoomba, so I would take a popular number, play a couple of choruses as a fox trot and zen—so gently zat people could not tell—introduce ze Latin instruments one by one. Soon people are danzing ze rhoomba wizout knowing ze are doing something new."

Wise man Cugat had timed his dance sensation just right. When the ASCAP-BMI feud started, radio advertisers anticipated being forced to take all dance bands off the air, because most of their tunes were in the forbidden ASCAP territory. But there was Maestro Cugat with a tremendous repertoire—all non-ASCAP and all-Latin. At the same time travel in Europe was virtually out, because of the war, so vacationers cruised to Brazil and Argentina and before they knew it, had succumbed to the enchantment of the rumba beat. After New Yorkers had taken the rumba to their hearts the craze followed Horace Greeley's advice and went westward to Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and thousands of hamlets in between. Detroit, especially, is rumba mad.



She's from Memphis—Janette sings on CBS' Petrillo, Janette and McCormick musical Wednesday nights.

Maria Montez

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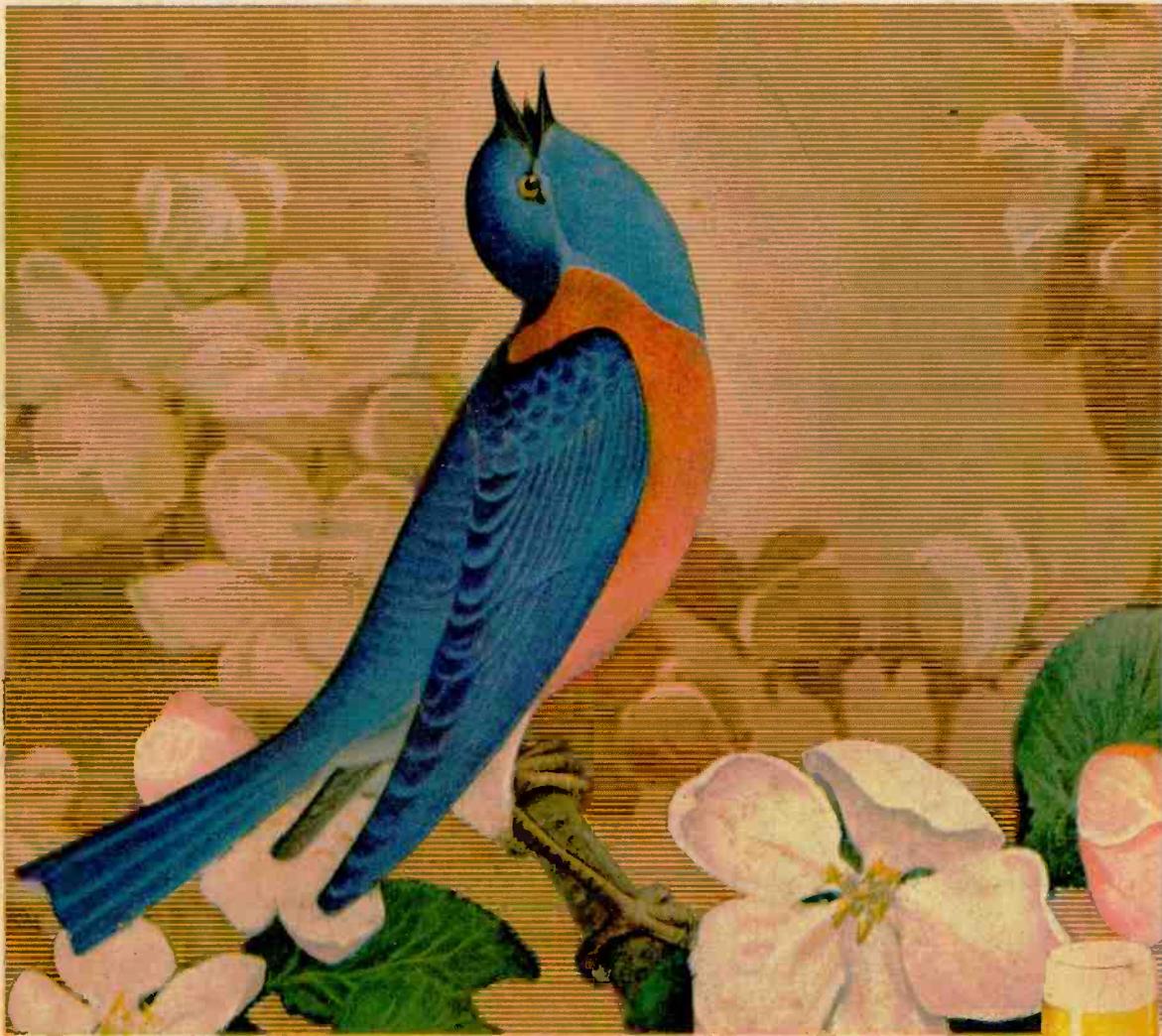
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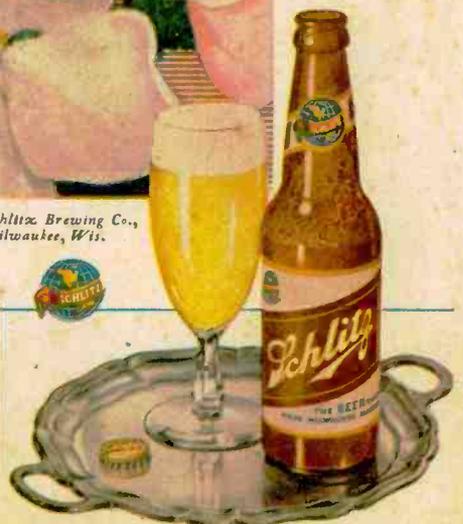
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JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

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the bitterness



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