

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

NOVEMBER
15¢

MARILYN
MAXWELL

EXCITING COLOR PICTURES
YOU'VE ASKED FOR

*The Romance
of Helen Trent
Lorenzo Jones*



He's far more apt to find you fair



If you have lovely, shining hair!

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

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

*Does your hair look dull,
slightly mousy?*

Maybe it's just because you're washing
it with soap or soap shampoos... letting
soap film hide the glorious natural lustre
and color brilliance. Change to Drene with
Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any
dulling film. That's why it reveals up to
33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

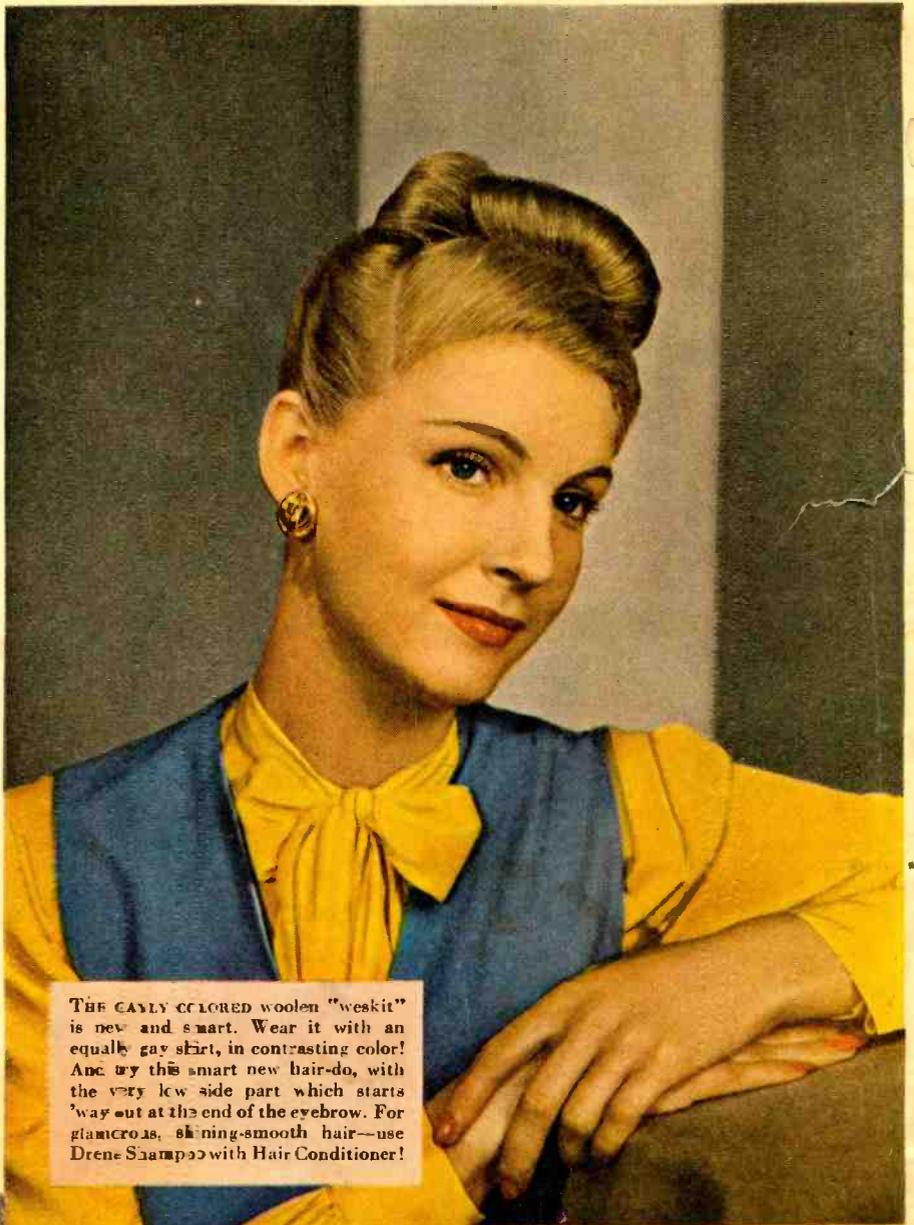
*Does your hair-do require
constant fiddling?*

Men don't like this business of running
a comb through your hair in public! Fix
your hair so it stays put! And remember
Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair
wonderfully easy to manage, right after
shampooing! No other shampoo leaves
hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssshhhhh!

But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity.
For unsightly dandruff can be easily con-
trolled if you shampoo regularly with Drene.
Drene with Hair Conditioner removes
every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff
the very first time you use it!



THE CAVY COLORED woolen "weskit"
is new and smart. Wear it with an
equally gay skirt, in contrasting color!
And try this smart new hair-do, with
the very low side part which starts
'way out at the end of the eyebrow. For
glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use
Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!



Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble



MAKE A DATE WITH

Glamour

Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the
new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner!
Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this
wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓ *Extra lustre*
... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos!
✓ *Manageable hair*... easy to comb into smooth shining
neatness! ✓ *Complete removal* of flaky dandruff!
Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.

After Hours—

all eyes admire a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE CLICKING like clock-work, helping to speed Victory on. Hard work, yes—and you love it. But after hours belong to you. For laughter. For dancing. Romancing.

So step up to your mirror and start primping. Garnish with a smile and—*hold it!* Is it bright and appealing, that smile? Dazzling enough to capture hearts?

Remember, a radiant smile holds more magic than mere beauty. You know plenty of popular girls who aren't beautiful at all. But we'll bet their smiles are lovely!

So let your smile be sparkling, irresistible. And don't forget how much a smile like that depends on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush" is a warning!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist. He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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

of your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more appealing smile.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today WITH Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

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

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

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

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

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ON THE COVER—Marilyn Maxwell—Radio and Movie Singing Star—Natural Photograph by Tom Kelley

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For IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

WEAR the season's most exciting shade, deep luscious FUCHSIA PLUM

Velvet enchantment for your lips when you wear Irresistible's most fascinating Lipstick shade FUCHSIA PLUM . . . a deep, rich plum tone, to lend that look of tender fullness that is so inviting to romance. The secret WHIP-TEXT process gives your IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK luxurious, creamy smoothness, making your lips so much lovelier longer. Try this exquisite lipstick today. Complete your make-up with Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder.

10c—25c SIZES

Irresistible

Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER . . .



LIPSTICK

S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R-I

A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME Assures Glamour



Did you know?

HIGH School enrollments have dropped off alarmingly—at a rate of 300,000 every school year since the beginning of the war, and the rate of decline is becoming greater all the time. Jobs take the largest number of youngsters away from school, the U. S. Office of Education says, and urges parents to do everything in their power to convince their children of the importance of finishing school.

Fifty-seven percent of women purchasers, says the OPA, make little effort to check ceiling prices when they are shopping. Ceiling prices have been put into effect for your protection, and it's up to you to see that they are observed. Prices are supposed to be posted in every store, available for the customer to consult. Violations should be reported.

The U. S. Public Health Service tells us that 60,000 new student nurses must be recruited by the end of June, 1945, if adequate nursing service for all of us is to be maintained. Enrollment for spring classes under the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps plan is starting right now. The Cadet Nurse Corps is the largest—although it's also the youngest—of all the women's uniformed services, with an enrollment of over 100,000 first, second, and third-year students. It offers women a chance to serve their country now, in a time of real necessity, and offers as well, training in an important profession which will stand them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

Small plants which have finished up their war orders, or are waiting for new ones, are now allowed to use up excess materials in making some of the items our homes have long needed. That's why it's a little easier, now, to buy such things as egg beaters, can openers, coat hangers, lamp shades, and such. Other items which households have had to do without remain on the "short" list, though—oil-cloth, for instance, is scarce because resins used in making it are still diverted to more important uses. Soaps and soap powders, however, are easier to come by nowadays, too, because our supply of fats, from which they're made, is better. That doesn't mean, however, that we can afford to stop salvaging waste fats in our home kitchen. No, indeed—that must go on!

Remember—you have just a few more days left to mail Christmas packages to your servicemen overseas! October 15 is the deadline. Remember, too, that these packages must weigh no more than five pounds, be no longer than fifteen inches, nor more than thirty-six inches, length and girth combined. And be sure to be careful about addressing them. Incorrect addresses may lead to a delay of ninety days or more in delivery! Here are a few figures that will make you realize why a correct address is so important—among the Navy's enlisted men alone there are 16,000 Smiths, 300 of them with the same first name and middle initial!

"I'm a crack steno— why bury me in the file room?"



Claire: "I don't get it, Nan! I start off as a stenographer—a darned good one, too! Then—they do this to me! I certainly don't belong in this file room!"

Nan: "Look, Cherub, you're too smart to stay in the background. Light up that cover-girl face—maybe I know what's got you cooped up. Listen, honey..."



Claire: "Underarm odor? Can't be, Nan! I bathe every day—and you know it!"
Nan: "But baths fade, honey! Be smart, Claire. Use Mum—and keep dainty!"



Claire: "Nan's tip hit home all right. I should have known a bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor!"



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Thousands of popular girls prefer Mum because:

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

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

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

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

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN



Judy Garland, guesting on NBC's *Everything For The Boys*, did a bit of brow-wiping for lucky vocalist Dick Haymes.

YOU won't be hearing Kate Smith singing any unfamiliar tunes this season, or experimenting with new ones. Her manager, Ted Collins, after several unhappy experiments with tunes that didn't register, has ordered his songbird to sing only the top tunes of the week or standard numbers from the vast Kate Smith library.

Dinah Shore has made a great hit with Londoners with her cool and intelligent actions. When in the British capital recently, first stop on a successful U.S.O. tour, Dinah was interviewed by London newspapermen. While Dinah was talking to reporters, several Nazi robot bombs crashed nearby. This didn't upset Dinah. She kept right on talking, without giving any indication that she was experiencing her first air raid.

Captain Glenn Miller narrowly escaped being blasted by a Nazi robot bomb when he was in London recently.

Radio pollsters predict that before 1945 the CBS songstress, Eileen Farrell, will be one of the airwaves' top performers.

Artie Shaw and Betty Kern, daughter of composer Jerome Kern, have separated and plan a divorce. They have a year-old son. Incidentally, Artie now confirms the report originally printed here that he is organizing a large dance orchestra for radio and movie work.

Although Frank Sinatra got \$4,000 a week for his recent appearances at the New York Paramount, it is doubtful if he'll play that house again. It is reported that the swooner had de-



Vivacious radio singer, Yvette, survivor of the Lisbon Clipper accident, makes her movie debut in Universal's "See My Lawyer."

manded more money. Strangely enough it was on the Paramount stage that Frank made first contact with the bobby sox brigade.

Charlie Barnet plans to add a string section to his band, a la Tommy Dorsey and Harry James.

Bea Wain, vocalist on the Alan Young show, is much happier now that her hubby, Captain Andre Baruch, ex-CBS announcer, is assigned to duty in this country.

Here's a strange team: Cab Calloway and Leopold Stokowski will collaborate and produce a new operatic farce titled "Rhapsody in Reverse." The hi-de-ho man will play the leading role.

Jerry Wayne's managers are so confident their singer will really hit the big time, via his singing on the new Ed Wynn show on the Blue network, that they've hired four sets of press agents to help insure the event.

Broadway theatrical producers are feuding with radio singers who, after gaining experience behind the footlights and winning good notices, then give their notice and return to the airwaves. Last season Kenny Baker and Frank Parker both clicked in musical comedies, and then left the shows at the peak of the engagements.



Joan Edwards, famous Hit Parade vocalist, started out on her singing career as a piano accompanist.

Everett Sloane, the radio actor, lives in the same apartment house as pianist and Information Please wit, Oscar Levant. For a week Sloane could hear Oscar practicing for his concert appearance at Lewisohn Stadium. The night of the Levant concert, Sloane's radio sponsor called excitedly and said, "Everett I have good news. I was lucky to get an extra pair of tickets for Levant's concert. I want you to be my guest. I'm sure you'd like to hear Oscar play."

HEP HIT PARADER

THE two teen age girls shook hands warmly and took their places in the dingy rehearsal hall. The girl who was to sing was visibly nervous as she placed her music on the rack. But her accompanist and best friend had an air of confidence belying her sixteen years. The bored young man listening to them in the makeshift control room was tired. Since early morning a succession of starry-eyed hopefuls, some shepherded by adoring parents, had dinned his weary ears, in the hope of getting the modest job.

"Ok, kids," he drawled, "hit it."

The girl sang and before the first few bars were released the man was scribbling an opinion next to her name on the worksheet. She was like all the rest, green as grass and amateurish. But the free and easy manner of the pianist was something else again. Even in the secondary role of accompanist, the bored young man detected a professional polish, a distinction. Now if this girl could only sing!

"Do you want to hear another song?" The singer had finished and asked the fateful question.

"No," the man replied, "but we have your name and if we want you, we'll call you again."

The two girls gathered up their music and started to leave.

"Just a minute," the man's eyes

Continued on page 6

No matter where you start to read, the answer is the same



All the facts of life but one.* Too bad Pat's Mother didn't tell her that one, too. It might have made her first party a wonder instead of a washout with all the boys giving her the "go by". We hope Pat is wise to herself by this time.

She'd rather lose her right eye than pass up those almost daily bridge parties with the gals. But that was just what was happening. Perhaps some of the gals should have told her but; after all, the subject* is too delicate even for a bridge player.



"He certainly gave us the 'brush-off'." After trying for weeks to get in to the big boss, their meeting was far from satisfactory. Every time they'd lean over to explain a point the big boss would back away. Every minute they talked they affronted him, but they didn't know why.*



It put the frost on his furlough. HOLY JOE! How he'd counted on those wonderful ten days . . . those swell gals . . . those nifty places . . . the fun he would have. And here he was—the forgotten soldier getting the silent thumbs-down. All his own fault,* too. Better smarten up, Soldier!



Heaven won't protect the Working Girl. Gert's off for the week-end with the cream of Camp Grogan to pick from . . . so she thinks. She doesn't know it, but she's going to be the dame the doughboys duck. Gert's not very bright about some things.*

***This was their trouble**

There's nothing like a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) to put you in wrong. Don't make the silly mistake of taking your breath for granted; everyone can offend some time or other *without realizing it*. Rather than gamble, so many clever people, popular people, use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It is a delightful, simple precaution that makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are of systemic origin, many noted medical authorities say the principal cause is the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation . . . quickly overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



They had to be nice to him in the office, but outside, on his own, he got the "works." Baby has seen enough of him already—good for Baby!—and the big lug doesn't even suspect the reason.*

Let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath

GUARANTEED

a lovelier
make-up...



\$1.50 • 25¢
and trial size
plus tax

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Never causes dry skin. (Not a cake; applied without water or sponge.) Helps conceal skin flaws. Keeps powder on for hours.

Try Hampden; if it does not give you a lovelier make-up, return to 251 Fifth Ave., N.Y., for full refund.

POWD'R-BASE
hamptden

Never dries your skin!



Meet Vera Deane, the Dame with Hi, Lo, Jack and The Dame, heard on Stage Door Canteen over CBS.

Continued from page 4

sought out the pianist, "you, the one with the big eyes, wait a minute. I want to talk to you alone."

The girl with the brown saucer-shaped eyes came over to him.

"Listen, kid," the man said, "you can sure bang those keys. Ever do any singing?"

"A little," the girl replied, "but look, I'm not trying to get this job. I just played as a favor for my girl friend."

"Well, never mind. Play on your own pipes. Go ahead. Sing something."

The girl went back to the piano, struck a few chords, and then sang a Gershwin tune, carelessly, charmingly. The man rushed into the room.

"You're it, sister. By the way, what's your name?"

"Joan Edwards," answered the slightly amazed high school girl.

That was the start of a professional parade for young Joan Edwards, one that started in obscure New York radio stations, kept time with Paul Whiteman, and culminated in the biggest musical parade of all, Your Hit Parade.

"You know," she told me recently as I lunched with her and her husband, network violinist Jules Schachter, "all that fuss was simply to sing in a ballroom for \$5 a night, but it was really worth a million. I didn't know till then that I could sing professionally."

Today, Joan earns \$2,000 a week.

Joan never took that first job. Her mother raised the roof.

"Joanie," her mother admonished, "we've got enough show business people in the family. Your uncle Gus is a great vaudeville star. If we want you to be a singer, he can fix it. Pappa is a music publisher. Your brother is a song writer. You keep up with your piano study and someday you'll play in Carnegie Hall."

Joanie reluctantly accepted the family's decision. After all, life in Washington Heights in those days was quite pleasant. Her piano teacher, Raphael Sarnell, had also taught George Gershwin. He was a modernist and let Joan play the new works. At the age of twelve, the girl could rattle off the Rhapsody in Blue with the éclat of an Oscar Levant.

But that first professional approval

Continued on page 104

Triple Thrill bathing with Bathasweet

1 BATHASWEET

Your bath should be a luxurious experience. Three things will make it just that:

1. *Before* bathing, add Bathasweet to your tub. Softens and perfumes the bath; gives it greater cleansing power; soothes nerves.
2. *While* bathing, use Bathasweet Soap. It gives a rich, billowy, creamy lather such as you don't get from ordinary soaps.
3. *After* the bath, use Bathasweet Talc Mitt. It's the final touch of refreshment and daintiness.

Also recommended are Bathasweet Foam and Bathasweet Shower Mitt.

2 BATHASWEET SOAP

3 BATHASWEET Talc Mitt

Your choice of these delightful Fragrances:— Garden Bouquet; Forest Pine; Spring Morning



In your heart... a love song.
In your hands... smooth feminine
magic.

Keep them lovely, all through
these busier days. Before every
household task, smooth on
Trushay.

It's a new-idea lotion. The
"beforehand" lotion. So lush... so
creamy-rich it guards soft
hands, even in hot, soapy water.

You'll love Trushay... its fragrance
...the way it helps keep your hands
romantic. Try it today.

TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion



PRODUCT OF
ERISTOL-MYERS



These cowboys are the Sons of the Pioneers, heard on the Melody Round-up on NBC.

What's New from Coast to Coast

By
DALE BANKS

Somewhere in New Guinea—film star Carole Landis, with some Fifth Air Force pilots. That's former radio star Lanny Ross on the left. Below, here she is—the new addition to Bergen's family.



WAR time slang is enriching our language by leaps and bounds. Joe E. Brown, for instance, learned a new word recently while talking to a sailor. The sailor used the word "Gismo" to describe something. Brown asked him what that word meant and found out that sailors use that word for anything they can't think of the right name for right away. Brown is finding "Gismo" very useful.

Friends of Lotte Stavisky, who were puzzled by her frequent references to "the good pictures I take," have learned by now that the Viennese-born actress is not an amateur camera fan. Lotte may be jealous or lovesick or revengeful according to daily microphone demands, but at night she's crisply efficient as an X-ray technician in a New York hospital.

To those who wonder how an actress, accomplished at radio technique, can use an X-ray machine with equal skill, Lotte explains that she got her experience in Vienna. That's where she first combined the two careers.

Her family didn't approve—indeed, was very much opposed to her being an actress, so Lotte made up her mind she'd have to be independent. Pretty soon her days in Vienna began to go something like this—working as a hospital X-ray technician in the morning, studying at Max Reinhardt's theatrical school in the afternoon and acting in the evening.

Lotte is now an American citizen. When she heard that this country was badly in need of X-ray technicians, she was among the first to volunteer her services.

We oldsters are going to have to stir ourselves to keep up with the younger generation—if we intend to keep up with them. They're coming brighter and better all the time. Add to the already large roster of the Quiz Kids, young David Davis, now eleven years old, who at the age of ten not only appeared as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, but played Paganini's "Concerto in D Major," a composition never before attempted by a child.

This youngster is an old hand at the violin, having started studying when he was four. He has that invaluable

something called absolute pitch and can distinguish eight notes at the same time. What's more—and here's the rub for us smart old guys—he's got an I.Q. of 177 (the Army considers men with an I.Q. of 130 very excellent officer material) and is especially well informed on world history. No one track mind, here.

Lovely Julie Conway is quite a charmer. She's turning more and more heads, these days. One of the features of the Finders Keepers show on which she sings, is to have a man stand near her and listen. If he can detect the mistakes she makes in her lyrics, he wins a money prize. Only so many of the G.I.s are so entranced as they watch—they forget to listen and let the money slip by.

Every day new things crop up to show that the American people are all out for their boys. Look what happened when Tom Breneman announced on one of his Breakfast at Sardi's broadcasts that 7,000 bath towels were needed for the use of servicemen at the Hollywood Guild Canteen. Already several thousand packages, containing from one to fifty-three towels apiece have been received from all parts of the country, including Alaska. Three offices are piled high with the donations and the mail is still coming in. The fifty-three towel package came from an Eastern department store—one from each employee.

WONDER IF . . . Jack Benny feels shakey about bucking Kate Smith these days? . . . Rudy Vallee feels strange on his Saturday night spot after having been a Thursday night feature for so many years? . . . Radio

listeners are going to have trouble keeping Danny Kaye and Sammy Kaye clear in their minds? The two are not related, but have been mistaken for brothers very often. In fact, the mistakes go further than that. One afternoon at a baseball game, Danny was mistaken for Sammy and spent the whole afternoon signing Sammy's name to autograph books . . . Frank Sinatra's toughest radio rival will be Dick Brown, the new singing sensation on WOR? . . . Big name movie stars will return to their radio spots, after all their complaints about poor scripts and stories? . . . We're just wondering.

One of his fans announces that Alex Dreier, NBC commentator, has made a record by being right eighty-two percent of the time in his predictions.

Long rated as a top-flight network commentator, Dreier gained his greatest celebrity when he predicted that Hitler would be the victim of an assassination attempt—and it happened less than a week later. After Dreier scored that bull's eye, the fan wrote that he had kept an accurate record of the commentator's forecasts over the last year and a half and that Dreier had called the turn eighty-two percent of the time.

Continued on page 10

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open-toed shoes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios . . . crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene —disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

19__

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered . . . perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting . . . increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!



19__

Service rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.



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

More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other napkins put together!

*"A Love Story
On Your Lips"*



Corinthia
the dramatic lipstick

CORINTHIA is "the lipstick you've dreamed of" come true! It gives your lips silken-softness, siren-smoothness and glowing color... with "stay-on-ability" such as you've never known before! All these heavenly assets... yet **CORINTHIA** is priced only 59 cents (plus tax) in its smartly modern plastic case. There is no better lipstick made! At drug and department stores.

A Flattering Shade For Every Type

Send for Booklet: "A Love-Story on Your Lips"
CORINTHIA, Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

Continued from page 8

Dreier's successes are more than a matter of luck. He makes his forecasts on the basis of long experience in gathering news in sixteen countries. As for Hitler's future—he foresees the Fuehrer as a suicide, or another attempt will be made on his life, this time without failure.

Lucy Monroe, radio and concert singing star, has a big and important job on her hands these days. Miss Monroe has been made director of Civic Affairs in the Public Service Division of the Blue Network.

The new job brings with it more than a fancy title. One of her major assignments will be a study of and the designing of programs dealing with the "reconversion" of women, both in the armed services and in war plants, to a post-war life. A lot has been said and something has been done about men in this respect, but credit the Blue Network with being wide awake enough to realize that the ladies will have some adjustments to make, too, once the war has been successfully concluded.

It will be up to Miss Monroe to find ways and means by which the Blue's programs can help women find their way back to peacetime living, how to help former stenographers who've seen service in the armed forces, traveled, studied and broadened their horizons and who won't be content to return to their old humdrum jobs, how to find new outlets for former housewives, who've had to work in factories and be independent and who won't be able to settle down to being sheltered, protected, helpless clinging vines again. Probably, most important, how to help all women to adjust themselves to their returning men—and how to help the men become adjusted to the new women they will find.

No small task and we wish Miss Monroe lots of luck with it.

Not long ago Lucille Manners had a surprise visitor. A Marine arrived at the NBC studios, loaded down with souvenirs from himself and his buddies, souvenirs which included a piece of an enemy parachute, a tropical



A hearty welcome back to Rudy Vallee! He has his own program with a new idea, Saturdays on NBC.

**"Of course you know
about MIDOL—but
HAVE YOU
TRIED IT?"**



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.



MIDOL

Used more than
all other products offered exclusively
to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

A Product of General Drug Company



Gale Page, glamorous film and radio star, appears as Your Hollywood Reporter, daily over NBC.

shrub and an enemy dagger hilt from the Marianas. The gifts were sent to her in return for the cigarettes, candy and records which Lucille has been sending to the South Pacific.

Have you recognized that voice? Doesn't Lynn Martin, vocalist on the Scramby Amby program sound familiar to you? It should. Miss Martin is the singing voice double for one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars.

Not that Lynn hasn't had plenty of radio experience on her own. She was on the Hit Parade for thirteen weeks, sang with the Merry Macs for a year and toured with Ray Noble and Glen Gray.

Lynn was born in Milwaukee and her parents were concert singers. Lynn attended Oberlin College in Ohio before she began her radio career on a variety show over Station KPO in San Francisco. She's married now to a California real estate man and they're the proud parents of a four-year-old-girl.

Franklyn MacCormack, poetry reader on Hymns of All Churches, owes more than his weekly stipend to verse. Twice, poetry got him out of bad spots.

The first was some years ago, when MacCormack lost his voice after a serious automobile accident. He couldn't speak for three years. Then, he was advised to read poetry. In the beginning, he read silently. Soon, he was able to whisper and, eventually, to read aloud.

The second time, Frank was working as pretty much everything on an Iowa radio station. Came a day when he was to announce a program and he found himself standing before the mike with no script and only a few seconds to go. He grabbed a volume of poetry and proceeded to fill in air time by reading verse. That not only got him out of a spot but put him on the way to network fame—his verse reading drew such a volume of fan mail that MacCormack (poetry reader) became a station feature.

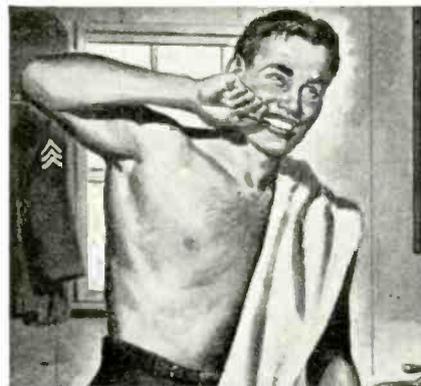
In case you're planning a trip to Chicago and in your plans is included a visit to the Breakfast Club, make note of this. For the first time in

The Word for the Sergeant is "Toothsome"!!



One look at that dazzling grin and the girls are putty in his hands. And don't think the Sarge doesn't know *why!* He writes poetry about it:

"O Pebeco, to thee I owe—my standing as a Romeo.
Wash right away? Not Pebeco. It's *super-fine* to make teeth glow!"



What he means is: Pebeco cleans teeth better because its *micro-fine* particles stick with your brush, cling to your teeth while you polish. Contains a special combination of polishing agents—cleans teeth thoroughly but gently, leaves them gleaming.

Pebeco Pete says:



60% MORE POWDER
FOR YOUR MONEY,
FOLKS, THAN AVERAGE
OF 6 OTHER
LEADING BRANDS

PEBECO TOOTH POWDER

Super-fine for Super Shine



So any Romeo (or Juliet) can have a brighter, fresher smile with *super-fine* Pebeco. See how super its flavor is, too. See what a kick you get out of that *extra* clean, polished feeling. How popular you are with that delectable Pebeco smile!



GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢
Big 10¢ size, too

Copyright 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

ALSO PEBECO TOOTH PASTE—CLEAN, REFRESHING FLAVOR—10¢, 25¢ AND 50¢



Victor Jory's romantic adventures on *Dangerously Yours* bring in the feminine sighs Sunday afternoons.

Even if *give* isn't your dish—even if you don't dance at all—you *still* have to worry about underarm perspiration and odor! If you've found that ordinary deodorant creams let you down—switch

to **FRESH!** Sets your mind at ease about moisture *and* odor—completely! Harmlessly! And **FRESH** is *pleasanter*—not gritty, greasy, or sticky. Won't dry out in the jar!

FRESH stops perspiration worries completely!

- **FRESH** contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science—in a gentle cream that *won't irritate* any normal skin!
- Using **FRESH**, you avoid stains and odor in your dresses, too.
- Smooth and creamy. Doesn't dry out in the jar. Never gets gritty. Won't rot delicate fabrics.
- "Year's-Supply-Free" Guarantee! If you don't agree **FRESH** is the best underarm cream you've ever used,

we'll give you, *free*, a year's supply of any other deodorant you name! The Pharma-Craft Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.



50¢ — 25¢ — 10¢

"Dorothy—
you're so
old-fashioned
about **CRAMPS!**"



Each month you just meekly endure pain. Why don't you try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills?

*** Yes, they really deaden simple menstrual pain. And more! One ingredient tends to relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. Chi-Ches-Ters contain iron, too. It tends to help build up your blood. You're apt to get better results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. *** No, they're not expensive. Only 50¢ a box at druggists'. *** Yes, that's the name. Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. ***

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

WAGNER

Komb-Kleaned

CARPET SWEEPER

Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if effective or not advertised within

E. E. WAGNER MFG. CO., Dept. MW2, Milwaukee 9, Wis.

eleven years, it is necessary to write in for tickets to the show. Until now, people were admitted without tickets. But a number of people have been turned away recently because there just wasn't enough room in the studio to hold them. At one broadcast, not long ago, 800 people had to be turned away. Studio officials now feel it is nothing but fair to give everyone a chance to see the show, especially those who have traveled for long distances and have only a limited stay in the Windy City, by issuing a limited number of tickets for each performance. You get the tickets by writing two weeks in advance to the ticket department of the Blue Network Co. Inc., Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Illinois.

Serious music lovers will be glad to hear that Maestro Toscanini will conduct an eight week Beethoven Festival this season.

Nobody has to urge NBC comedian Alan Young to stay off crowded trains. Young got his fill of traveling the hard way, when he was a drummer with a small orchestra barnstorming rural Canada.

The manager thought it would be a good idea for the band to get off and play on the station platform at each stop and then pass the hat. It worked fine and paid the fare to the next stop, as a rule.

Then, one day, Young wasn't fast enough getting back on the train and had to hand his drums up to other members of the band who'd made it in time, while he sprinted alongside the moving train and jumped up on the last car. The only trouble was that Young had to ride to the next stop, hanging out of a rear window, clinging to the big bass drum which was too bulky to be hauled inside.

Marion Oliver's a young lady who's packed a lot into her short years. A former Conover model and dancing star at the Chez Paris in Chicago, Marion played the first USO Camp Show at Camp Lee, Virginia, on December 2, 1941. She was a member of the first USO unit to play Alaska and the Aleutians and was also with the first unit to play Labrador and Baffin Island.

Continued on page 14

It's lusty gusty and Glorious!

GREER GARSON

as the boomtown beauty who
knew what she wanted...and got it!

WALTER PIDGEON

as the daring and devil-may-
care rogue... who loved her!

Mrs. Parkington

M-G-M's triumph that adds new
lustre to the laurels of two great
stars!



GREER GARSON · WALTER PIDGEON in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Hit
"MRS. PARKINGTON" with EDWARD ARNOLD · AGNES MOOREHEAD
CECIL KELLAWAY · GLADYS COOPER · FRANCES RAFFERTY · TOM DRAKE
PETEF LAWFORD · DAN DURYEA · EUGEN MAFLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers
Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Pety James · Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield
Directed by TAY GARNETT · Produced by LEON GORDON



*I'm going on my
Honeymoon!*

**Now I know why they say
Evening in Paris is made for Romance**

EVENING IN PARIS face powder, touching the skin with silken bloom
... faint flush of feather-light Evening in Paris rouge ... a sweet
mouth glorified by the satin flame of Evening in Paris lipstick.
Yes, truly Evening in Paris is the make-up for Romance
...the reason why it is said "to make a
lovely lady even lovelier,
Evening in Paris."

Face Powder \$1.00
Lipstick 50c
Rouge 50c
Perfume \$1.25 to \$10.00
(Plus tax)

Tune in "Here's to Romance,"
with Jim Ameche and Ray
Bloch's Orchestra, featuring
Larry Douglas with guest stars
—Thursday evenings,
Columbia Network.

Evening in Paris



DISTRIBUTED BY **BOURJOIS** NEW YORK



Proud father Roy Acuff of WSM-NBC's Grand Ole Opry, helps celebrate Roy Neill's first birthday.

Continued from page 12

The dancing star performed within sight of Cassino, Italy, shortly before the town fell, as close to the fighting front as any USO show has ever come. She is a veteran of eight air raids in Naples, where she found it difficult to dance because the ground shook during the shows. She's an ambitious girl, though. She wants to be in the first USO show to perform in Berlin.

Folk music has always been played and sung in America, but in early days it was borrowed. French, English, Spanish, Dutch settlers brought their tunes with them. Even negro music was based on the rhythms of Africa. Then, from our deserts and mountains, plains and prairies, came the first truly authentic American music—the plaintive tunes and yippee—oos of the Western and Southern cowboy. These were songs composed, strummed and sung by lonely herders as they rode the range, under the low hanging moon and stars of the dark blue Western night.

Loving exponents of these chants—usually of man's victory over, or defeat by the elements, lovely ladies, or other males—are the Sons of the Pioneers the six radio minstrels who offer their own compositions and others' on NBC's Melody Round-Up, heard Saturdays, 11:30 A.M. EWT., and on the Dr. Pepper show.

The Pioneers made their mark as musicians and actors in Republic's Western films, but radio was their first love.

It all began when Roy Rogers formed the cowboy band, "International Cowboys" which included Tim Spencer, to broadcast from a little station in Inglewood. When this failed to provide "cakes and ale" it broke up and the "Rocky Mountaineers" (which subsequently became the "O-Bar-O Boys") took its place. This time, composer Bob Nolan was engaged to sing his own songs. When Hugh Farr, the fastest fiddler in the West, and his brother Karl joined up, the group officially took the title of "Sons of the Pioneers," for the simple reason that most of them were sons of pioneers. About this time comic Pat Brady and his bass viol, and handsome tenor, Lloyd Perryman brought the group's number to six, and despite the fact that Uncle Sam recently borrowed Brady and Perryman for the armed forces, the number remains six, with Ken Carson and Shug Fisher filling in.

Handsome Bob Nolan, baritone and leader of the group, has been called

America's Number 1 Cowboy composer. He originally came from New Brunswick, Canada, and worked the silver mines of Old Mexico, but it was while riding herd at night in Arizona, that he turned his thoughts into poems which he afterwards made into songs. The popular "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" was the first of these.

Tim Spencer, the sentimental balladeer, who knows his subject when he writes of the West, since he migrated into the foothills of Colorado with his parents by covered wagon, when he was two, runs Bob a close second. He has such pieces to his credit as "They Drew My Number," "You Broke My Heart Little Darlin'," "Timber Trail."

Ken Carson, descendant of Virginians who acquired a dash of Cherokee, when they pioneered Oklahoma during land rush days, has written such well-known numbers as "New Moon Over Nevada," "Western Wonderland." Hugh Farr, the wicked fiddler and brother Karl, the boys from Texas, are the group's instrumentalists.

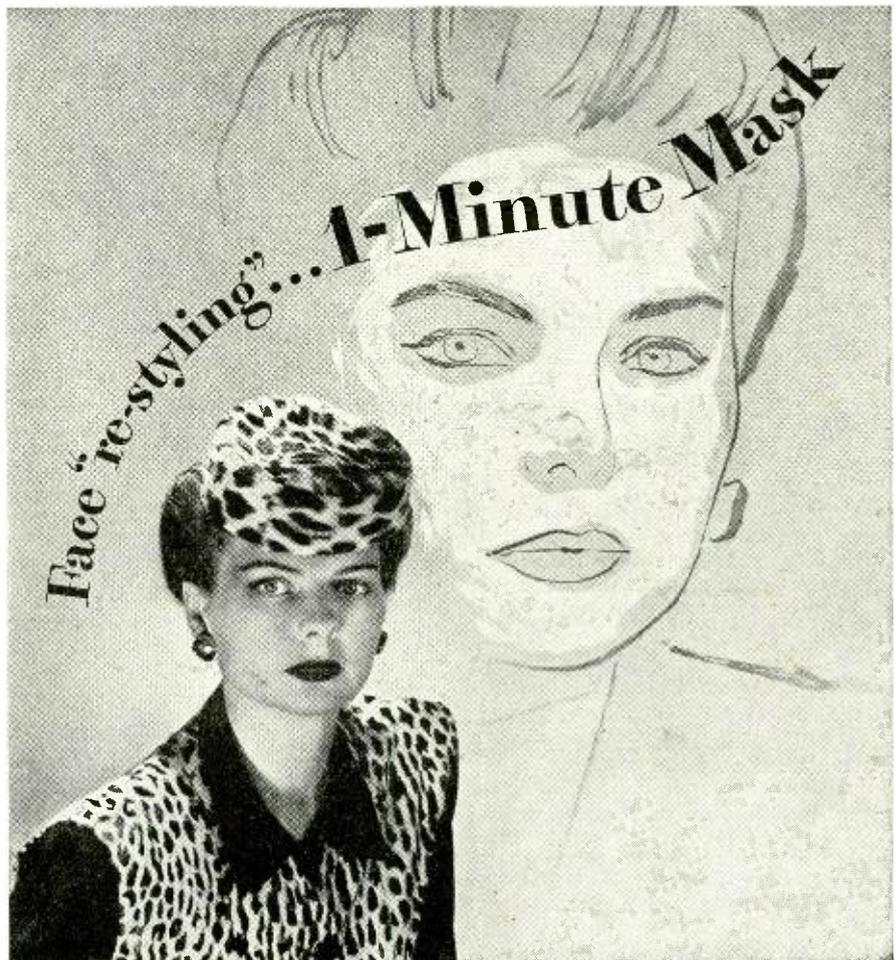
Headquarters of the "Sons" is the Sunshine Ranch, at Hollywood, California. Here, they publish their own monthly, an eight page illustrated "slick" for their radio, record and movie fans. Art and copy is contributed by both the pioneers and their audiences. The result is a harmonious relationship, which has become a Western institution.

Radio personalities have as much trouble getting to sleep as anyone else and, like everyone else, they all have their favorite sleep inducers. Ed East takes tepid showers before going to bed. Dick Brown says a glass of milk before retiring puts him to sleep anywhere, anytime. Harry Savoy drinks hot tea. Sammy Kaye takes a mystery book to bed and usually falls asleep before the second murder. Ralph Edwards reads magazines to lull him to sleep. Paul Lavalle memorizes music scores just before bedtime, says he can memorize them twice as fast late at night as any other time of the day.

GOSSIP . . . Stacy Harris, veteran radio actor who served more than a year as an ambulance driver with the American Field Services in North Africa, is back from the wars, working now in the cast of Young Widder Brown . . . Famous Jury Trials is going off the air October 31st and will be replaced by a new show . . . Sammy Kaye will have two half-hour shows on two networks for the same sponsor. The networks are the Blue and Mutual . . . Dick Brown has been screen tested by Paramount Pictures . . . Frank Morgan's still around lying through his teeth and ably assisted by Cass Daley . . . Alex Scourby of the Just Plain Bill program keeps busy between broadcasts making recordings of best selling books for "Talking Books For the Blind" . . . Donald Buka (Right to Happiness) has a strange hobby. He collects rejection slips received by famous authors . . . Opera lovers can rest easy. The Blue Network will air the Met performances for the next five years . . . Bing Crosby will be back from his trip overseas to entertain servicemen on November 2. Tune in then . . . Sports-caster Bill Stern says, "We're attacking by land, by sea and Buy Bonds." Not a bad motto to finish with, considering that the Sixth War Loan Drive is coming up . . . Good listening until next month.

Mrs. Alexander Williams Biddle

Two distinguished American families dating back to Colonial times were united when Elizabeth Onderdonck Simms married Alexander W. Biddle. There is aristocracy about Mrs. Biddle's looks, too—her complexion is so delicate, her care of it so fastidious. "I have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly—three or four times a week," she says. "The Mask has a genius for making my skin look clearer, fresher—and even lighter!"



Mrs. Biddle is devoted to the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream

**How to
make your skin
look fresher
and smoother**

First—Cover your face generously—except near the eyes—with cool, silky Pond's Vanishing Cream. Time this Mask—leaving on one minute for the cream's "keratolytic" action to work. Then tissue off. Unflattering, powder-catching little roughnesses and stubborn dirt particles are loosened and dissolved!

You can't help being impressed with this quick-time complexion re-styling! The "most perfect" skin looks even clearer, feels softer. And make-up goes on so smoothly!

Of course, you know Mrs. Biddle and other society beauties use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a make-up base, too! Just smooth a very light film over your skin—and leave it on.

IMPORTANT! Conserve glass, manpower—buy one large jar of Pond's instead of several smaller ones.



THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN!



Betty talks
to herself!

Betty: I wonder if this Tampax really is the marvelous improvement they say it is for monthly sanitary protection...

Herself: Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense... Are you hesitating only because it seems so different?

Betty: Perhaps you're right... Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

Herself: Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?

Betty: That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. Tampax is extremely compact, handy and comfortable. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no bulges or ridges under even the sheerest dress. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal... Sold in 3 sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug stores and notion counters. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



New and high colors are the vogue this Fall—but don't forget to make a complete change in your cosmetic kit, as well, warns Bernardine Flynn.

WE'RE GOING TO BE

gay!

By Pauline Swanson

THE fashion world has gone crazy this autumn of 1944.

Tossing their hats—real hats piled with flowers and feathers—into the air, the American designers have caroled:

"Down with conventional blacks and browns. Down with dreary make-dos, do overs, down with perennial classics. This year we're going to be *gay*."

This psychology which is going to change all of our lives, whether we like it or not, is easy to understand. It reflects the upsurge of hope, the heightened spirits, the new courage which comes with the certain knowledge that victory is not far off.

That knowledge didn't emerge from fashion clinics on Seventh Avenue in New York. It came from France, and Italy, and Poland, and China and Burma and Guam. It's a legitimate basis for a Victory Jubilee, which in fashion patois comes down to splash... verve... color!

Look at the shop windows. Dresses of Russian Purple. Coats of Chinese Red. Long dinner gowns—glamour girl gowns—of English Pink.

Oh, you can have your serviceable black if you insist. But you'll give in, to make up for it, to a picture hat with cabbage roses. And seventeen button pink gloves. Probably, you can still buy a brown suit if you can't live without a brown suit, but look for it under "saffron" or "copper." You can't be mousy even in brown, if the brown is cheerful in the modern manner.

But, along with this new trend, our psychology must change, too. It's time to let ourselves go and shake off the gloom the past sad years have left in their wake, and get ready for the Victory Parade.

Clothes are important once again, remember that. If you don't believe it, ask any one of those boys home now on furlough, or looking forward to coming home to stay. The more female we look the better they like it. They haven't seen any cabbage roses or feathers in the fox-holes. And for heaven's sake don't remind them of the fox-holes by wearing khaki. There is one other warning apropos

of current fashion changes, passed on to the wary by Bernardine Flynn, the feminine half of Vic and Sade, heard daily at 11:15 A.M., EWT, over NBC. Bernardine says "beware of refurbishing your wardrobe with the new colors unless your make-up kit has been refurbished too."

Last summer's fire engine red lipstick, Bernardine says, will play hob with your new purple wool. You can't dye a lipstick, so just file it for future reference—in a season when the more conventional colors sneak back.

"Don't be afraid of 'purple' lipsticks and nailpolishes if you're going in for a purple wardrobe," Bernardine advises. "The cosmetics manufacturers are as aware as you are that lips aren't purple—but red. The purple tones, or orange, or copper with which they supplement the clear red base used in all lipsticks are merely for accent, to provide a color which, while completely natural looking, will harmonize with the subtle new shades."

Miss Flynn didn't stop with lipsticks when bringing her make-up kit up to date. The yellow-ish face powders followed the fire-engine red lipstick into oblivion. Her purple wool is happier with a rosy powder, and her chalk blue coat demands a powder which is frankly, if faintly, pink. Blue mascara, rather than black or brown, is another dramatic touch, especially with her deep blue eyes.

If you are not too sure of your color sense, or if you are just too timid to trust it—spend half an hour in the public library studying a color chart.

The color wheel will tell you scientifically which shade of red lipstick will do most for your lemon yellow dress. And the chart on tints and hues will hold the key to all your questions about basic colors for powder, rouge, eye shadow.

The fashion creators aren't too proud to consult the source material before they launch a color binge of the proportions of the one this year. The cosmetics makers hire huge staffs of color-scientists to produce the clear, dramatic make-up colors to supplement your new clothes.

If we expect to live up to the new clothes and make-up available, then, we must consult the same sources for hints on living happily with color.

On the set for "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO" at M-G-M Studio

A Wac gets an intimate glimpse of this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motion picture production and visits with Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter, who play Capt. and Mrs. Ted W. Lawson, Mervyn Le Roy, the director, and Hal Rosson, the director of photography.*

*Women's Army Corps urgently needs you. Join the WAC now!



TOM KELLEY

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP originated by MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

Remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake", the original, created by *Max Factor Hollywood* for Technicolor Pictures and the Hollywood screen stars, and now the make-up fashion with millions of girls and women.

WADSWORTH PERSONALITY

COMPACTS



VERONICA LAKE

star of the new
Paramount picture,
"Bring on the Girls"

"INTRIGUE"
for the sultry sophis-
ticate with the know-
ing glance.

"BLACK MAGIC"
for the spell-binder,
the girl who causes
constant hearts to
faller.

"LIVELY LADY"
for the little lady
with the bewitch-
ing twinkle.

Just a little thing...

LIKE A COMPACT... TELLS
WHAT YOU'RE REALLY LIKE"... says Veronica Lake

The quiet elegance, the depth of design, the powder-tight construction of Wadsworth compacts have made them the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Each style is a symphony in skillfully wrought metal and is as exquisitely made as a fine watch case. Sold at department and jewelry stores, priced from two dollars to three hundred dollars.

THE *Wadsworth*

WATCH CASE COMPANY INC. • DAYTON, KENTUCKY

"Black Magic" \$7.50... "Lively Lady" \$5.00... "Intrigue" \$3.00... Others up to \$300.00

Makers of fine compacts... fine watch cases... small precise parts

Everything

HAPPENS TO HER

By Eleanor Harris

SINCE Marilyn Maxwell began singing on the Bing Crosby show, Thursday nights, everything has happened to her. Everything good. Her fan mail has doubled; her engagement to John Conte has been announced; and meanwhile she is playing the feminine lead in the MGM motion picture, *Lost in a Harem*—with Mr. Conte, Mr. Abbott, and Mr. Costello. Naturally, Miss Maxwell, with her blonde head spinning, is as happy as she is pretty... and she is very pretty indeed. If you want details, she has huge hazel eyes, beautiful golden locks, and she is five-feet-six-inches' worth of dangerous curves in any man's language—none of which is any news to moviegoers. They have already seen her playing leads in *Swing Fever*, *Dr. Gillespie's Criminal Case*, *Three Men in White*; and lesser parts in *Stand By For Action*, *Presenting Lily Mars*, *Salute to the Marines*, *As Thousands Cheer*, and *Dubarry Was a Lady*. Her next is *Ziegfeld Girl*.

Everything has always been happening to Marilyn Maxwell—ever since she herself happened, back in Iowa twenty-three years ago. She had two older brothers, a father who was an insurance man, and a mother who was a concert pianist. Marilyn began working at the ripe old age of three—purely by accident. Her mother was playing the piano at the Ruth St. Denis School in Omaha, Nebraska; and one day, in an outside hallway, small Marilyn began dancing to her mother's music. Miss St. Denis saw her tiny flying form and said emphatically, "This child can dance!" At that minute, Marilyn became a dancer.

She remained one until she was fourteen... then she began singing with the high school band as an introduction to her dance numbers—and she was so skilled at singing that she gave up dancing altogether. When she was sixteen and Buddy Rogers invited her to join his band as a singer, she accepted promptly; and off she went to tour the United States, with a tutor to take the place of her senior year at high school. After a year with Buddy Rogers, she joined Ted Weems' band for two and a half years, thus singing with his Beat the Band radio show in Chicago. Then, obviously, she had everything to make a girl happy—including a brand new pearl-gray convertible she had recently bought. But was she happy? No.

"I should really be an actress," she told her mother—so they packed their luggage into the pearl-gray car, and began driving 2,000 miles West in the direction of the Pasadena Community



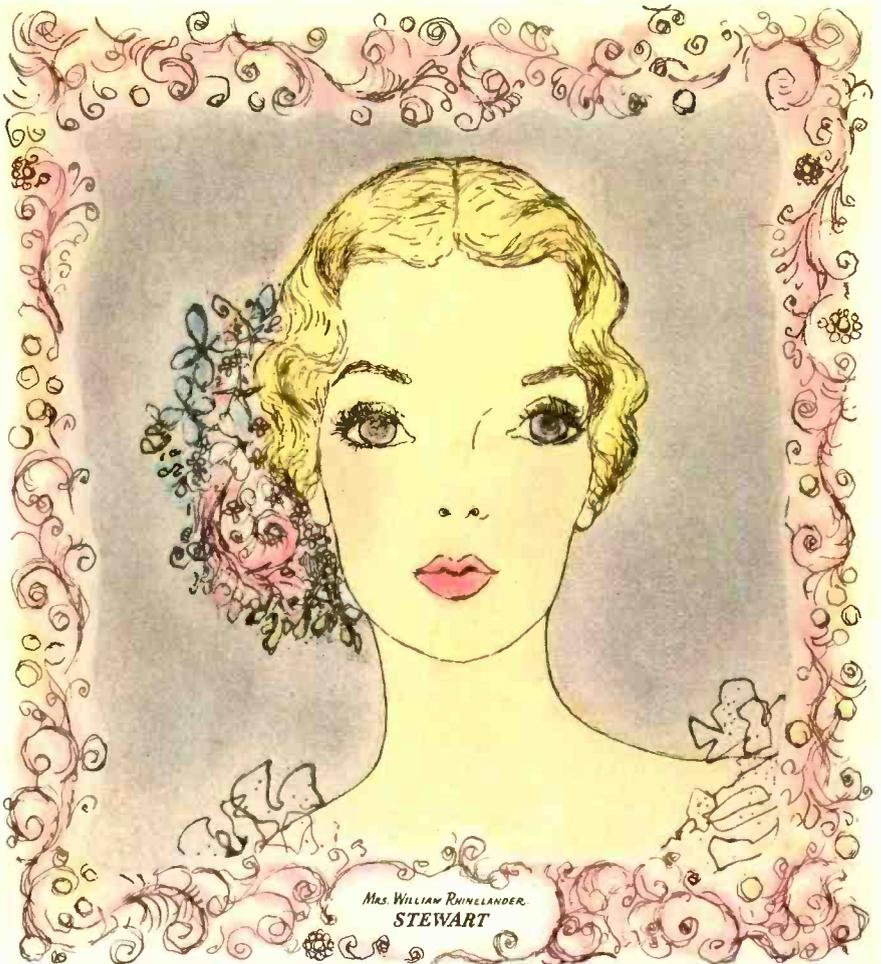
She sings on Crosby's show, is a movie star, is engaged to handsome John Conte and is Radio Mirror's cover girl—meet Marilyn Maxwell

Playhouse, where she was sure she could learn to act. Fifty miles outside of Albuquerque, a car driven by four jobless boys (also on their way to California) smashed into her shining new car and reduced it to smoking junk. But Marilyn was undaunted. She and her mother boarded a train and continued to the Pasadena Playhouse, where she acted for seven months. During those seven months she also (1) acted in two sustaining radio shows, NBC's Best of the Week, and CBS' Look Who's Here; (2) sang in eight juke-box soundies with famous bands; (3) sang in a Paramount musical short. This last gave her a screen test which resulted in a contract, and she found herself in *Stand By For Action* before you could say "Marvel Maxwell"—which was her name until MGM changed it to Marilyn.

As you can see, Marilyn has always been anything but idle. She is now living out her jam-packed days in a small house in Hollywood with her mother and a cook named Letha. Her closet is crowded with tailored clothes in every rainbow tint—she wore nothing but black while singing with bands, and in California she's gone as color-crazy as any native. Sundays she goes horseback riding all over the hills and valleys surrounding Hollywood, usually accompanied by her fiance, John Conte (their first date was a horseback ride); and evenings she goes to endless informal jam sessions at her friends' homes.

Nightclubs interest her not at all, because she grew up in them; and when she's not attending parties, she's seeing movies or reading history books.

Meanwhile, she drives daily to the studio in a small green coupe, dreaming occasionally of the distant future. Then, she hopes, people will say, "Marilyn Maxwell—singing? Why, I didn't know she sang!" Because ultimately she wants to be a fine dramatic actress, appearing in Broadway plays as well as Hollywood movies. Sitting in front row center she'd like a husband and a brood of children . . . but just for now, all she wants is to get overseas to sing her parodies of famous songs to the boys. Right now, in fact. This very minute!



Portrait of a Famous Beauty

—in Dreamflower "Natural"

Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart is one of those rare women beautiful enough to be able to ignore the changing whims of fashion. Ever since her debutante days she has worn her honey-gold hair softly knotted at the nape of her neck.

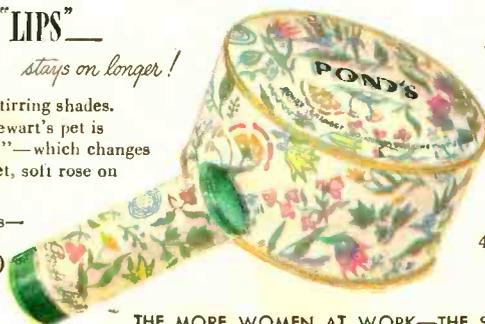
Always she dramatizes the fragile charm of her fair skin with a Natural powder shade. "Never have I tried a powder that I loved as well as Pond's Dreamflower 'Natural,'" Mrs. Stewart says. "The color is simply perfect—just enough soft pink to make a blonde complexion look very blonde, very clear, but never powdery. And the Dreamflower texture is soft as mist!" If you wear a "Natural" powder, be sure to try beautiful Mrs. Stewart's favorite—Pond's Dreamflower "Natural."

Pond's "LIPS"

stays on longer!

6 heart-stirring shades. (Mrs. Stewart's pet is "Natural"—which changes to a sweet, soft rose on her lips.)

Two sizes—
49¢, 10¢
(plus tax)



Which is your Dreamflower shade?

NATURAL—soft shell-pink
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
RACHEL—creamy ivory
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden

49¢, 25¢, 10¢ (plus tax)

THE MORE WOMEN AT WORK—THE SOONER WE WIN! TAKE A JOB!

"Hooray! My Beauty Secret worked for Betsy!"



Cousin Betsy was bored 'n' blue!

Always selling wedding presents—never getting any. Then one day Mommy 'n' me stopped in at the shop. "That baby's luscious, satiny skin puts a bee in my bonnet," sparked Cousin Betsy. "Who can I see about getting her beauty secret?" Mommy winked at me. "Try our doctor. He'll put you wise!"



So she saw the nice man who thumps my chest—my doctor. He told her to switch to regular, gentle cleansings with my pure, mild Ivory Soap. "You see," he went on, "Ivory has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might be irritating. That's why it's so safe even for baby's tender skin!"



Now see who's getting gifts... wedding gifts! Yes, Betsy has that "Ivory Look" now—that satiny, radiant skin that makes a lieutenant's heart skip a beat. They got lots of presents, but Cousin Betsy says my beauty tip is still the best gift she's had. Bet she'll always think so—if she always sticks to Ivory! 99 44/100 % pure... It floats



Look lovelier with Ivory—the soap more doctors advise than all other brands together!

Military secret! DON'T WASTE IVORY! Soap uses vital war materials. Never leave it in water. Keep it in a dry soap-dish. Use up every last sliver.



There is no yesterday

Here begins the story of a girl who feared the future, because she had no past. There was something black and bitter behind the curtain that divided yesterday from today—and Mildred Abbott was afraid to look back



I WAKENED slowly, and it was like coming back from somewhere a long way off. I was very tired and my head throbbed dully, and it took a long time to concentrate on being awake. The room I was in was small and completely unfamiliar to me. Vaguely I wondered what I was doing in it. If only my head didn't ache so, probably I could remember. But the bed was comfortable and I felt terribly tired—I really didn't care, as long as I could just lie here and rest.

Tentatively I reached up and touched the top of my head. That was where it hurt. I must have been hit with some-

thing and knocked out, I thought with a complete lack of curiosity. After a while, when I stopped feeling so fuzzy, I'd remember. Now it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except the aching and the tiredness.

The door opened softly, and a woman came in. She was middle-aged and pleasant-faced. She wore a checked gingham house dress and carried a tray with breakfast things on it. She came toward the bed.

"How're you feeling this morning, Miss Abbot? My, you look a lot better than you did yesterday. You gave me quite a turn when he brought you in

all white and limp."

I had the funniest feeling she wasn't talking to me. Abbot—was that my name? She seemed to know—but I couldn't remember ever having laid eyes on her before.

"Everything's so fuzzy," I said. "I don't seem to know where I am."

"Well, of course, honey," she said comfortingly. She had put the tray down and was thumping the pillows, propping me up on them. "That was a nasty knock on the head you got and that nice Mr. Coles was so sorry. But you're all right now—nice and safe back here in your own room. You'll be up

and around in no time at all."

Your own room. But I'd never been in it before!

I started to say so, but it seemed silly. She was so sure I belonged here. I washed my hand wearily over my forehead. "It's funny—but I can't seem to remember your name. Do I know you?"

"Listen to the poor child! Here, you drink some coffee and things will get clearer." She clucked sympathetically and poured out the coffee. "Of course you know me—Mrs. McIlvaney. I've been your landlady for a whole week, ever since you got to town. And isn't it a good thing you hadn't found a job yet? I know you were worried about it last week, but it's really lucky because now you can take your time getting over the accident."

THE accident," I repeated. Yes, I dimly remembered something happening. There'd been a confusion of sound and voices and I'd been lying on something hard, like a sidewalk, and seeing people towering over me. And a man's voice—a nice voice, I remembered—had said, "I'll get her to the hospital." And then there'd been the smell of a hospital and I'd been dimly aware I was in the emergency room, and a doctor in a white coat was doing something to my head. The nice voice had said, "I'll take her home. Here's a name and address in her bag." And that was all, until right now.

"It's beginning to come back," I said. "It was a car—"

"Yes, you got struck—you were crossing against the lights, Miss Abbot, and that's dangerous. It just brushed you, but you hit your head on the curb. Now you just lie there and eat your breakfast and don't worry. I'll look after you."

"You're being terribly sweet," I wanted to add, "to a complete stranger," but I didn't. After all, Mrs. McIlvaney seemed to know all about me so I couldn't have been a complete stranger to her even though she was to me.

"Well, all my roomers need mothering some of the time." She gave me a sweet smile and went out and closed the door.

I lay back on the pillows. I didn't want anything to eat. This was all so queer. I looked around the room again—the dresser with a few toilet articles on it, the small desk with its vase of flowers, the door standing ajar into the bathroom. I looked at each thing carefully, seeking for familiarity. My heart began to pound, as my sureness grew. Sureness that I had never been in this room before and nothing in it was mine!

Some fantastic mistake must have been made. They'd brought me to the wrong place after the accident. They thought I was somebody else—some Miss Abbot. And I wasn't. I was—I was— And then sheer terror reached out and clutched me.

I couldn't remember who I was.

I fought off the waves of nausea that threatened, and struggled out of bed. Weakly, I groped my way into the bathroom. And there, clinging to the wash basin for support, I stared at the face in the mirror above it.

It wasn't a shock to me. Somehow, I'd been half expecting to see that face as mine. It wasn't exactly familiar, but I found it no surprise that I was a brunette. Minutely, I examined the features. Hair curly, worn in a long bob. Brows dark and well-shaped, eyes dark and wide apart. A nose that turned up a little, and a wide mouth. . . . But who did that face belong to? Whose was it?

I found myself whispering desperately, over and over, "Who are you?" and trembling so that I could hardly stand. It was like being lost in a strange and unreal darkness.

Then, slowly, reason returned. After all, I told myself, I'd heard of people who lost their memories from a blow on the head. That was all that had happened. In a little while, as soon as the aching fuzziness disappeared, everything would come back. It was silly to get into a panic like this. All I had to do was to be quiet and wait.

I washed my face in cold water and held a cold compress to my head. It seemed to help the pain. There was a navy blue robe and a pair of red scuffs on the chair beside the bed. They looked no more familiar than anything else in the room, but they fitted so they must be mine. I drank some more of the coffee and then, as calmly as I could, I tried to figure things out.

If there were just some clue to who I was!

A black purse was lying on the dresser, and I seized on it. On the outside flap were neat gold initials.—M. A. Inside, there was a change purse with seventy-six cents, and bills amounting to fifty-one dollars—a lot of money to be carrying around unless it was all I had. There was a compact, a lipstick, a comb, and a white handkerchief with Mildred embroidered across one corner. Mildred. Mildred Abbot. I said it over and over. The name meant nothing.

Frantically I searched further. Tucked away in an inner pocket was a folded slip of paper and two keys. Keys to what? Certainly not to my memory! But the piece of paper—across the top was lettered Travelers Aid Society, Ansonia, Illinois. And beneath that was written in hand: "Mrs. Nora McIlvaney, 210 First St. Take Elm Street trolley to First, walk 2 blocks west."

I spread out the meager clues and studied them. Assuming I was Mildred Abbot and what the landlady had said about my coming a week before was true, then the slip of paper meant something. It meant I was a stranger in town and that the Traveler's Aid had suggested Mrs. McIlvaney's as a place to stay. Not much—but at least



And then—with the lion roaring behind us and people stopping to stare, Howard kissed me.

it was some small bulwark against the flood of terrifying blackness.

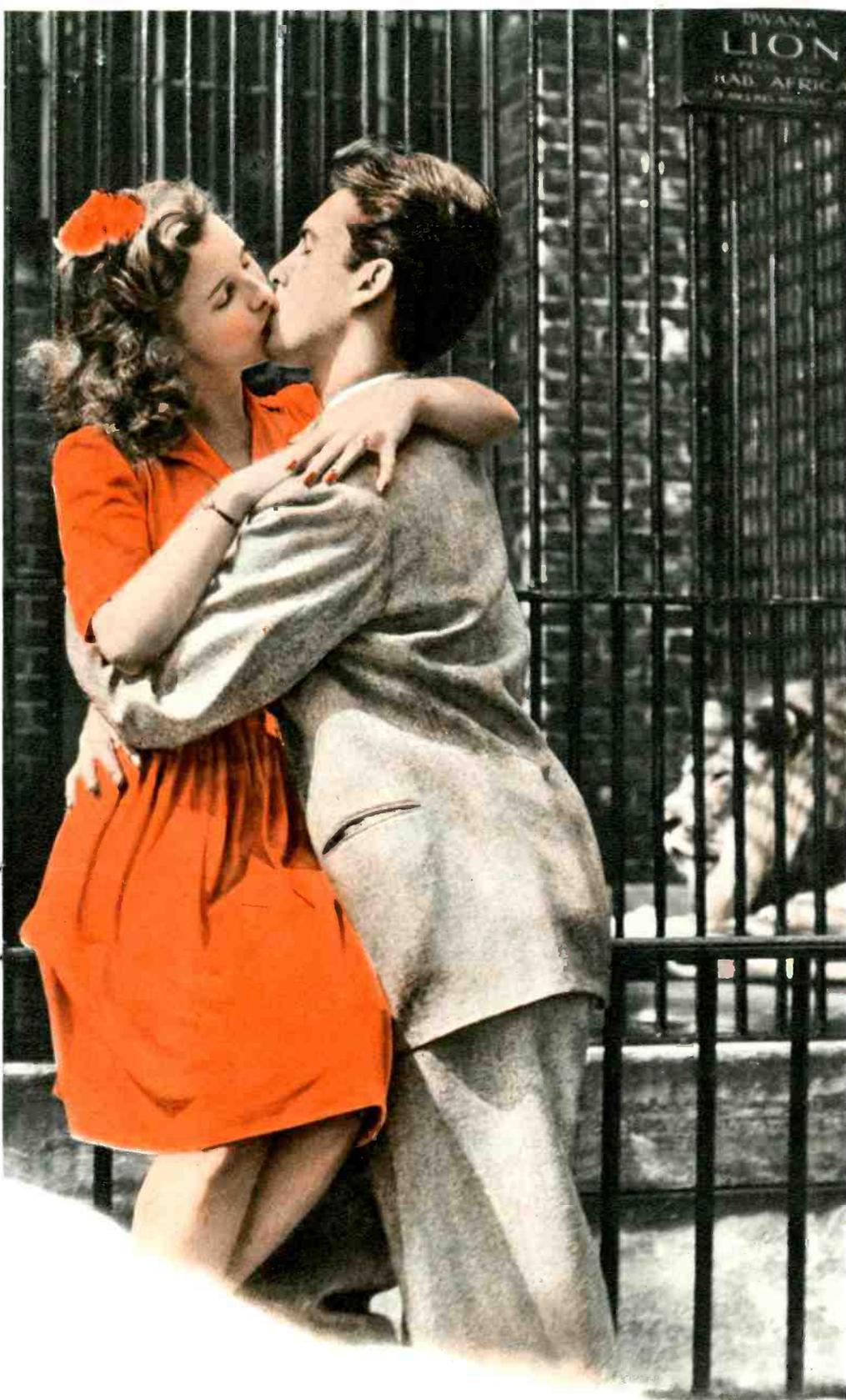
I remembered the landlady had mentioned a Mr. Coles. He was coming to see me. That meant I knew him. My heart leaped. Maybe he was an old friend. He would know all about me. When I saw him everything would be all right. . . .

My head was throbbing unmercifully and I lay back weakly on the pillows. "Everything will be all right," I kept insisting to myself. "Everything will be all right when Mr. Coles comes."

There was a soft knock at the door, and Mrs. McIlvaney came in followed by a young man. The doctor, I thought. He was tall, with thick, darkly-blond hair, and there was something about him that suggested health and strength and sun and outdoors. I liked to look at him and, instinctively, I answered his smile.

"Here," said Mrs. McIlvaney, "is Mr. Coles."

And I realized with numbing shock



that I had never seen him before in my life.

For a moment, the fear came back uncontrollably and I felt my whole body tremble. He came over to the bed and said quietly, "I know you must be feeling pretty shaky, Miss Abbot. I came by just to see if there were anything I could do and to tell you how sorry I am . . ."

His voice. It was the nice voice I remembered so dimly from yesterday. "Then it was you—"

He nodded, his eyes on my face. "You

were crossing against the light, and I had the feeling you never saw my car or the street or anything, you were so lost in thought. I jerked the wheel but the fender caught you. Lord, I can't tell you how I felt when I saw you go down. . . ."

"Please," I said. "It was my own fault. You couldn't help it. Everything's a little blurred and strange now but—it's all right, really."

"You're being swell about it," he said simply.

And then there was an odd pause.

A little silence full of words unspoken, of glances caught and held in some sure significance. I was dimly aware that Mrs. McIlvaney had picked up the tray and left the room, but mostly I was thinking, "I could trust this man with my life." And feeling a sense of high excitement, I said, "I know this must sound a little crazy but—did I know you before?"

"No." He seemed to understand why I had had to ask. "I'd never seen you before until I picked you up after the accident, and then I thought—" he broke off. "Never mind that now. I was wondering, Miss Abbot, if you'd come and work for me after you get well. My secretary left last week to join the Wacs and I need someone desperately. Mrs. McIlvaney says you told her you were an experienced stenographer and—"

"But—but you don't know anything about me!" And I don't know anything about myself, I thought wildly. "Maybe I couldn't do the work."

He smiled, unexpectedly. "I have a hunch you can. And, believe me, this is no act of charity just because I ran you down. In fact, you'd be doing me one if you accepted. The work isn't difficult. I'm manager for a mill that makes paper cartons for the Army Supply services. Here's the address—" And he gave me a card that read Howard Coles, Ansonia Paper Company.

"But—"

"Let's see, this is Sunday," he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Shall we say Thursday if you feel up to it? These head injuries can be tricky. Just take it easy and don't worry about anything. If you'll let me, I'll drop in tomorrow and see how you are."

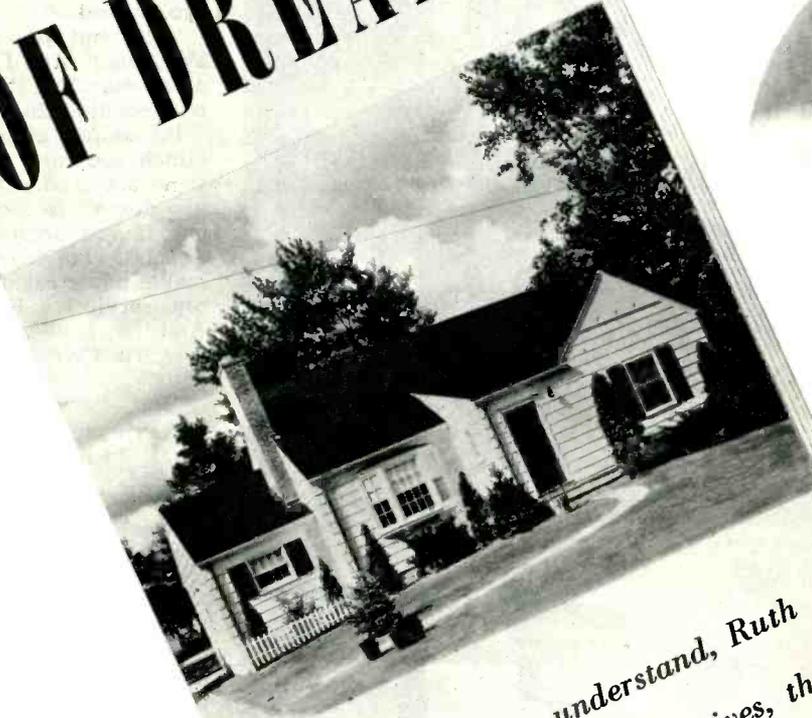
He stood looking down at me and he wasn't smiling any more. Then he reached down and took my hand. At his strong and gentle touch, something like an electric current seemed to flash between us, startling, intense, magnetic. Neither of us spoke. And after a moment, he turned and went out.

I felt breathless and shaken and yet, somehow, reassured. In all this crazy nightmare, only one thing was real and sure and safe. And that was embodied in the card I still held, the card that read Howard Coles, Ansonia Paper Company. I read the words again, seeing in them again the expression of his eyes, feeling again the touch of his hand. I was still holding the card as I fell into an exhausted sleep—and nothing was quite so frightening any more.

I woke early next morning, refreshed and with less pain. The room seemed more familiar, too, because now there was something about it I could remember. I could remember yesterday with Howard Coles sitting here in the chair beside the bed. But whenever I tried to pierce what lay behind yesterday, the terror came back. There was nothing there. Nothing! It was like being suspended in space.

Resolutely, I set myself to take stock of the present and to believe the past would fall into its proper place if I left it alone. Howard himself had said head injuries (Continued on page 97)

HOUSE OF DREAMS



Life is hard to understand, Ruth thought—the things it gives, the things it takes. How you can love a man so much, and yet not be in love with him. How a little house can be a symbol of a lifetime of seeking and never finding



Ruth Steele



Joey Steele

THERE are so many things in life that are hard to understand. For all the world—why there are wars, why there is suffering and poverty and misery and fear, and hate and corruption. And for your own self—how love dies and is born a new way, so that the man you married is like a child to you: someone you love dearly, but with whom you are no longer the least *in love*, as a woman wants love, the core of her whole being. And how God can take from you, when you have lost all else, and fear rides your heart, the one thing most dear to you—as He took my little son from me, when all the rest of our world, Joey's and mine, had collapsed about us already. And how you can want a material thing, like a house, so much that it becomes not just a house any longer, but a symbol of all the wanting in your body and your soul—all the yearning and ceaseless questing for something out of reach.

Not since little Joey died had I wanted anything as much as I wanted that house in Hillview. It was a little white house on a quiet street in a little town—the kind of house I'd always dreamed of having. It meant the end of living in hotels and furnished rooms, the end of eating in restaurants. It meant the beginning of a whole new life, friends, a place in the community. It might mean—although this hope I dared not whisper even to myself—my husband, Joey's, settling down to work like other men.

Joey brought snapshots of the house to our hotel room one evening, and tossed them on the dresser with a little grin of triumph. "There, honey," he said, "I told you your old man would be a big shot some day. Big Tim himself is beginning to take notice of me. Look at the house he told me to sell for him. It's a nice deal."

I picked up the packet gingerly. I didn't like Joey's "deals." I was used to them, after eight years of being married to Joey, but I still didn't like them. They always had an "angle"; they were always going to bring in a lot of money quickly, with practically no effort on Joey's part, and they rarely brought in any money at all. Joey called himself an insurance agent, but his commissions were surprisingly small and few for the policies Joey described, and I knew that he spent most of his time hanging around one of Big Tim's cigar stores, or at the race tracks. I knew, although Joey didn't tell me. He knew that I didn't like to hear about it.

"It's a dandy little place," said Joey, and I could tell that he wasn't talking just to me, but in his imagination, to his prospective customers. "Hardwood floors, fireplace, tiled bath, furniture—all new maple—goes with it—"

I hardly heard him. I was looking at the pictures. Intently. "I'd like to live

in it," I said. "I wish it were ours."

"Why sure!" Joey agreed enthusiastically. "Anyone would. It's only fifty miles from the city, and it's dirt cheap—" And then he stopped. "What did you say?"

"I said that I wish it belonged to us."

He looked almost indignant for a moment, and then he laughed. "You aren't serious, Ruth! Why, what would I do in a little town like Hillview? There's nothing there for me. Why there isn't even a—"

"Race track," I thought, but I didn't say it aloud.

I wasn't wholly serious about the house—then. But later that night, after we'd gone to bed, I started to think about it, and I got so excited I couldn't sleep. I thought of the tree-shaded streets I'd had a glimpse of in the pictures, and the sunny breakfast nook and the white enameled range in the kitchen. I thought of the green lawn, and the shopping center mentioned in the typed description, and the new little brick church—and all of it was within my reach. As Joey said the house was very cheap; Hillview had no war in-



Dr. John Martin

dustries, and with the calling of its men into service and the emigration of others to more industrial centers, real estate values there were temporarily down. I had money enough to buy the house. I'd saved every cent I earned at my part-time job in a department store, and everything Joey had given me. In the last couple of years the flood of war-time spending had washed some money into even Joey's pockets—which was the reason we were living at a middling-good hotel instead of in a dreary furnished room—and he always shared his fortunes with me. I put every penny in the bank, although Joey

told me to buy clothes with the money. He never asked to have it back, no matter how much he would have liked a little capital to "invest," and in the last two years, I had amassed a comfortable sum. There was something almost fanatic in my saving; I took a grim, an almost morbid satisfaction in watching the bank balance grow. I wanted never, never again to be as poor as we'd been three years ago, when our two-year-old Joey had died because we were living in a crowded slum, and there'd been a polio epidemic, and we hadn't been able to afford proper care.

I mentioned the house again to Joey in the morning, when we were finishing breakfast in the hotel coffee shop. "Joey," I said, "I'd like to buy that house. I've got money enough for it, and to keep us until you find something to do in Hillview—"

He looked up from his newspaper. "The—Honey, you're not going to start that again!"

"Yes I am. I want that house, Joey, more than anything else in the world."

He looked very sober for a moment, and then he grinned teasingly. "More than you want me?"

"Joey!" And then I said, "Besides, it would be good for you. You know what the doctor said about your heart—"

"My heart's all right," he scoffed.

"Look, sweet—" he put his hand over mine, and his voice was persuasive—"things have been pretty good for us lately, and they're going to get better.

When I'm a big shot, you'll have mink coats and pretty dresses, and we'll live in a swanky place and—You want all those things, don't you?"

I didn't want them at all, never had wanted them, I realized now. I just wanted the little house. . .

Joey rose, put his paper in his pocket, stood smiling down at me. "You look awfully pretty this morning, honey. I like your hair straight and smooth that way, like brown satin." And then, disregarding the others in the dining room, he bent and kissed my cheek. "'By, sweets. I got to run."

Disappointed as I was, I couldn't help smiling after him. And I couldn't help feeling my heart twist with sympathy over Joey's wanting to be someone important. We'd both been born in the poorest section of the city; we'd gone to the same schools, and we—and all of the children like us—knew what it was never to have new clothes, never to have a penny to spend for candy because eight pennies would buy a loaf of bread. We'd seen our parents get along on almost nothing for years, and die too early in life from the strain of overwork and of never quite being able to make ends meet. When we were married, just after we'd finished high school, we were determined to make life better than (Continued on page 71)

A Stars Over Hollywood Story

Inspired by "Hand on My Shoulder", by Paul Pierce, on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at noon, on CBS

Selfish

FOR a long time I remembered the last thing Rick said to me before he went away. He said it as he swung aboard the already moving train, raising his hand in a little half-born gesture of farewell. And this is what he said: "Try not to mind too much, honey. Sometimes I think the waiting at home must be a lot harder than going off to fight."

The words trailed back to me from the gathering speed of the train, left behind almost like a tangible part of Rick—something to cling to, something to comfort me in the little world that Rick and I had built for ourselves and in which I was now left alone. Yes, I remembered those words for a long time. And then, somehow, I forgot them, and in the forgetting I seemed to forget too the world that was just our own, to move out of it into the broader world that belonged to other people, other people and other people's loves. A different world in which I was a stranger, and where, as a stranger, I lost my way.

My husband was one of the lucky ones for whom the war—at first—brought no sacrifice, but rather more financial security than he had ever had in his life, a chance to do a job vital to his country's security without giving up his home, or his family, an opportunity, impossible in peacetime, to go to the top in his profession. A chance for the two of us to build in security the world of love and hope we shared.

He was trained to be an engineer, but when he left school he drifted from one impermanent construction job to another, never taking root, never acquiring any worldly goods. . . .

Unless you'd call a wife worldly goods. Rick acquired me when he had almost nothing else. He was between jobs, passing the time until the next offer came, making a few odd dollars acting as lifeguard on the public beach at Balboa, California. I was spending my holiday at Balboa, trying to crowd a summer's tan and a summer's fun into the two-week vacation allowed its employees by the insurance company where I worked as a secretary.

Two weeks was long enough for me to fall in love with Rick. I wasn't

the only one. Almost every girl on the beach feigned drowning that summer, to be carried into shore in Rick's strong arms. Rick is tall, with darkish curly hair and twinkling blue eyes, and a skin that the sun makes golden, instead of tan.

I met him first on the beach.

I was stretched out asleep on a big towel, my legs and bare back drinking in the sun. Rick touched me gently on the shoulder.

"You'd better turn over," he said. "This side's about done."

I would have been seriously burned if he hadn't wakened me. That night at the Rendezvous, where everyone in Balboa goes at night to dance, he came up to me again.

"How's the sunburn?" he asked.

"I'll live," I answered, laughing.

I was so happy when he asked me to dance that I didn't even mind the agony when Rick's firm arm went around my scorching back.

From that night on, I was Rick's girl—not that either of us made any vows to that effect—but we swam together on the beach every day, and danced together at night. When my two weeks were up and I had to go back to town, Rick followed. He had heard about an engineering job, he said. And a bridge did turn up.

We were married in November, 1942, too much in love to hear the rumblings all around which warned warier people that trouble was on the way.

With the first flurry of wartime activity after December 7, our stock soared. Trained engineers were invaluable then. Rick was practically drafted from his civilian job, and assigned to an important post in naval construction at a west coast harbor. His salary at the outset was three times what he had ever made before, and his responsibility was likewise tripled. The job he was doing was essential to the defense of the west coast, and he was paid accordingly. Also accordingly he was classified 2B—the rating given essential men in essential industry—by his draft board. I was secretly relieved and delighted. It was good to know that my handsome husband—after all, he'd been my husband for only two short months—wasn't going to be

snatched out of my arms and sent to some ominous island in the South Pacific.

Rick agreed with me at first. He was finally being given a chance, putting to good use the education his family had scrimped and saved to give him. He liked engineering—he liked being responsible. And he liked the things the money brought us. After a few months, we were able to buy a house on the shore only a few miles from the installation where he was working. I quit my job, and prepared joyfully to spend all of my time being Rick's wife.

But Rick was changing. He was seeing the war at first hand—he had seen the crippled men and the crippled ships come home from Pearl Harbor. He watched while hospital ships disgorged their pitiful cargoes from the first engagements in the Pacific.

"I can't stand it," he burst out one night. "They're just kids. I'm young and strong—I can kill Japs as well as they can. I've got to get in it!"

There was a pain in the pit of my stomach. The hot dinner I had just carried in from the kitchen no longer looked inviting. But I didn't argue.

"I'm going to join the Seabees. They need engineers. They're building air-strips on every godforsaken island between here and Tokyo."

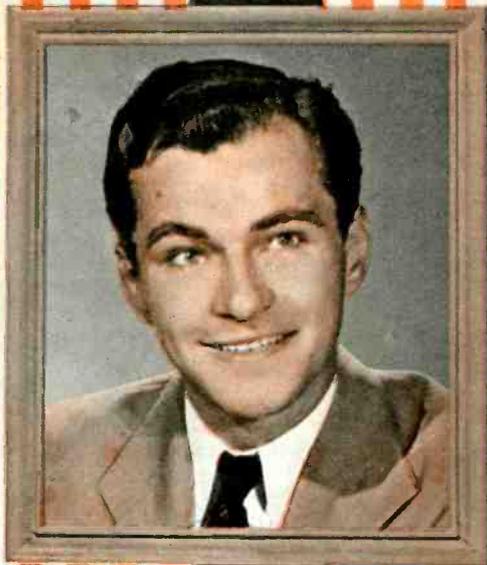
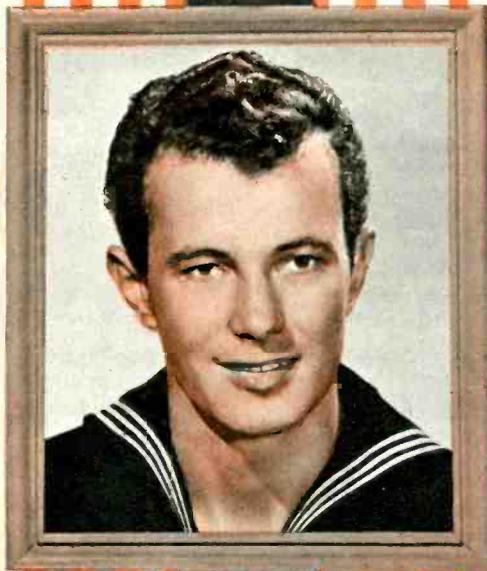
"But will your company let you go?" I asked, not really hoping, for I knew Rick wouldn't be stopped if he had made up his mind. I couldn't stop him. He'd hate me if I tried. And besides, I could see how he felt.

WE finished our dinner in silence.

Rick spoke to his boss the next day. He got his availability certificate, as I had known he would. When he came home for dinner, he was a Seabee—or would be as soon as he took the oath. He had made all the arrangements.

Without ever putting into words the resistance I felt, without ever saying "No, Rick, not yet, wait until they call you," I let him go. There are some things you can't say to a man like Rick—not and keep his love for you untouched.

Our parting was less sudden than Rick's decision. He went into "boot



If he doesn't come back, Madge thought, I will have killed him as surely as if I'd crushed out his life between my hands—as carelessly as I hurt our love!

camp" at a post not far from our home, and I could see him weekends. Meanwhile I arranged to get my old job back, locked up our beach house—selling it was out of the question; Rick had to have a home to remember, and to come back to—and found a small apartment in the city.

We spent our last night together almost gaily, with no morbid overtones of separation. Rick had gotten a minor promotion, and I sewed the new chevrons on his sleeve while he talked light-heartedly to his brother Johnny, who had dropped in to say goodbye. Altogether it was a happy evening, for the real separation was weeks behind us. I had made part of my adjustment then, and, in my mind, had already let Rick go.

Rick was filled with enthusiasm for his new task, unafraid as Rick will always be unafraid. His only concern was for me—that I would be lonely and bored while he was away. Bored! When he was going far away from everything and everyone dear to him, prepared, if necessary, to give up his life!

"You're young," he told me. "You don't want to just sit around while I'm gone. Why, it may be years. . . ."

"Years? No, Rick!" I couldn't face that.

"Well, maybe not years," he put in quickly. "But anyway, I want you to have fun."

"I won't have time to have fun," I protested, laughing. "I'm going to be busy—keeping old Mr. Hopper happy at the office—and writing to you."

"That's no life," Rick said explosively. "I won't stand for it. You'll be a hermit by the time I come back. I want you to promise me that you'll go out, see people. . . ."

"All right, darling," I answered meekly. "But have you any suggestions as to where I should go, and with whom?" I thought that would settle it, but it didn't.

"Johnny will look after you, see that you get around," he said. I smiled at that. After all, I hardly knew Rick's brother. He was nice; I liked what little I'd seen of him, but that was all. We'd only been together, Johnny and Rick and I, half a dozen times since

he had been best man at our wedding. He was handsomely dark like Rick, and to all external appearances just as physically fit, but Rick had told me that an injured vertebra, relic of a childhood accident, would keep him out of the Army permanently.

All right, I thought, I'll go to the movies with Johnny if it will make you happier, but it isn't going to work. I'll be even lonelier, trying to talk to a semi-stranger, than I would be sitting in my room writing letters to my love.

But I promised to let Johnny serve as a sort of stand-in for my husband. As if he could!

JOHNNY called me, dutifully enough, the day after Rick left, and took me out for what was probably the most melancholy evening of either of our lives. The finality of Rick's departure had suddenly become real to me, and I didn't want to talk to anybody. Johnny, doubtless thinking me ungrateful—and stupid besides—made polite conversation until he finally ran out of topics, and then both of us finished our dinner in a heavy silence, and he drove me home.

He didn't call me after that, and I couldn't blame him.

At first, I was happy enough in a passive way—living my spinster's life. Getting back into the routine at the office was tiring, and I found myself when I got home in the evening with just enough energy to open a can of something for supper, bathe, and then write a long letter to Rick before climbing gratefully into bed.

But the work at the office was too simple to tie me down forever, and after a while I found myself wide awake and restless at night, long after I had turned out the light and tried to go to sleep.

I began to miss Rick terribly. All at once he was really gone from me, and his being gone was a terrible thing to face. I think that somehow, until then, I hadn't allowed my mind to realize it—I had thought of his being away as a short, temporary thing, and now at last I knew that Rick would not be home tomorrow, nor in all the tomorrows that I dared let myself imagine. I saw the weeks stretching into the months, the months into years, and all of that dreadful time with no Rick to fill it. Soon—soon, I had thought, the empty place across the table would be filled again, the empty half of the big double bed. Soon there would be a man in the house once more, a man to fill the clothes that hung so dead and empty in the closets, to dry the dishes with me at night, to offer me the heavenly security of a shoulder to sleep upon.

I missed his companionship, but more than that I missed the grateful warmth that swept through me when I was with Rick, that made my whole being respond to him and kept the pattern of my living an easy, normal thing. I wanted him so much, wanted him there beside me, that night after night I would toss the darkness through before I fell into an exhausted sleep when dawn came.

In the mornings after nights like this I went to the office half alive, ready to snap at the first person who spoke to me, hating everyone and everything.

"This won't do," I told myself at last after a week of such black mornings. "You've got to sleep tonight—you've got to be tired enough to fall asleep the moment your head touches the pillow, and you've got to find something to fill your time so that you will be tired."

I thought of a hundred things to do and discarded them, for I knew that no mere campaign of mending, no washing of clothes, no seeing a movie with the girls, no long walk, would be an antidote for my misery.

My only hope, and I knew it, was to get so physically weary before I went to bed that my body cried for sleep enough to blank out my feverish mind.

Then I remembered my promise to Rick. I would telephone Johnny, I had told him, if ever I was lonely or bored. Well, I certainly was lonely, and if this wasn't boredom it was something even worse.

I telephoned Johnny. He didn't seem overjoyed to hear from me.

No wonder, poor boy, after the dull evening I had given him the last time he played the Good Samaritan. But he promised to pick me up at the office at closing time. We'd have dinner, he said, and then—if I weren't too tired—maybe we'd go dancing.

"I'm not at all tired," I said, and I realized my voice was shrill.

"You're not tired," I told myself after I had hung up the receiver. "You're just hysterical!"

We had a perfectly wonderful evening. I think Johnny was shocked speechless at my new animation, but it didn't matter for I talked and talked, as though I hadn't talked to anyone in a long time. (And I hadn't except for "Yes, Mr. Hopper," "Right away, Mr. Hopper.") I didn't require answers to my outburst. It was enough that Johnny was there, listening.

I told him about the little Italian restaurant Rick and I liked so much, and we went there. I went right on talking, through the antipasto and salad and Spaghetti Caruso. The wine couldn't "loosen my tongue" for it was off its hinges already, but it certainly didn't plunge me into the lugubrious silence that Johnny remembered from our first outing.

We left the restaurant very late, but I was still wide awake and assented

gratefully when Johnny suggested stopping at the Coconut Grove on the way home.

"The orchestra plays until one," he said, "we'll have time for a couple of dances anyway."

I hadn't been in a night club since Rick left, and I loved it. The soft lights, the music, the smartly dressed people just dimly visible at tables around the darkened room. . . .

Johnny was a heavenly dancer, I discovered. I relaxed in his arms and stopped talking.

One o'clock came much too soon.

I wrote to Rick that night in a new mood. "Johnny and I had the most wonderful evening," I told him. "It was almost as if you were home."

When the alarm rang at seven o'clock I awoke feeling strangely troubled, but the sensation faded quickly as I recalled the evening before. Johnny wasn't Rick, I knew, but he had made me whole again. Whatever my need of the past few tortured weeks had been, he had satisfied it—or almost.

I telephoned him later in the day to thank him for being so kind. "I guess," I told him, "I didn't realize how lonesome I've been."

"Look, Madge," his voice was softer, almost tender. "There's no need for you to be lonesome. Rick doesn't want you to be. Why don't you let me try to fill in the empty spaces while he's gone?"

He was trying to be nice, and yet I didn't quite know what to say. I couldn't tell him that he—that no one—could ever take Rick's place. But the bogey of sleepless nights was still hovering over me. Johnny was kind, and I did need someone to talk to. I found myself saying that I would be very grateful if he would . . . fill in the empty spaces . . . for a while.

AFTER that, Johnny and I spent some time together nearly every day. He fell into the habit of driving by my office at five-thirty, when I left work, then stopping by my little apartment while I changed for dinner.

Sometimes we would sit and chat a while, or listen to music on the radio, before we went out. Sometimes I would fix dinner in my crackerbox of a kitchen—but more often we went to a restaurant somewhere. It got to be a sort of game. Both of us liked strange kinds of food, so we would chase all over town looking for little hideaways where you could get good enchiladas and beans, or Russian stroganoff, or birds' nest soup. Sometimes we narrowly escaped being poisoned, I think, but usually the food was good, and the searching for it and tasting it exciting.

I still wrote every night to Rick, cheerful letters full of details about our nightly forays into strange corners of the city. It was very thoughtless of me, I realize now, to torture Rick with tales of hot pizza and cold beer when he was managing on three identical meals of cold C-rations a day. But in my newly jubilant mood, I thought Rick would be cheered by the knowl-





Johnny came in to say good-bye the night Rick got his promotion and I sewed the new chevrons on his sleeve.

edge that I was happy—and glad that I had kept my promise to get around, as he had put it, with Johnny.

Rick wrote that it was fiendishly hot in New Guinea. He yearned, he said, for just one day at our cool, wind-swept house on the shore.

His letter made me homesick for a look at our neglected beach house too. I hadn't turned the key in the lock since Rick went away, and although summers in California are heaven compared to New Guinea weather, it was beginning to be hot in the city and a weekend at the beach—now that Rick had put the idea into my mind—sounded wonderful to me.

I couldn't go alone, I thought—but there was no one to go with me. Except Johnny. I didn't know anyone—outside of the office—except Johnny. He had been taking up all of my time, of late, outside of office hours. I hadn't had a chance to meet anyone else, any girl friends, or couples, if I had wanted to.

But I had enough sense to know I couldn't go blithely off to the beach for a weekend with Johnny. Not that he would misunderstand my invitation. He was Rick's brother—and besides, we were good friends. But other people—

the neighbors at the shore, anyone who happened to bump into us—would leap to their own conclusions.

I decided upon a compromise. I would go down to the beach by train on Saturday, and spend the day opening up the house, getting it in order, getting food in. I would invite Johnny to join me on Sunday—we could swim, and have a picnic lunch on the beach, and afterwards drive back to town together.

I shouldn't have gone down alone. I shouldn't have gone down at all. I might have known what seeing that house, where Rick and I had spent our

first beautiful blazing happiness, would do to me. There was something in my throat too tight to dissolve into tears as I walked again and again through the empty, dusty room. That chair—Rick and I had bought it at an auction, had had a horrible time tying it to the back of the car and getting it out to the beach house. That bookcase—Rick had built it himself in the garage and then found it too big to bring into the house. Even the half-empty tube of toothpaste in the medicine chest—cap gone, of course—brought up a picture of Rick, who (Continued on page 56)



IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

The Romance of Helen Trent

Presenting the new cast of this famous story of love
and heartbreak in the glamorous movie town of Hollywood

HELEN TRENT, brilliant as well as beautiful, is one of Hollywood's foremost gown-designers, in charge of all costuming for Parafilm Studios. With her warmth and friendliness, she has earned for herself a host of friends in the film colony; her deep understanding often brings her friends to her with their problems. At one time Helen's whole life revolved around her career to the exclusion of Gil Whitney's love for her. Now Helen realizes she loves Gil more than anything else and would be happy to give up her career and become his wife and be mistress of his charming country estate in the San Fernando Valley.

(Played by Julie Stevens)

GIL WHITNEY is one of Los Angeles' most outstanding and successful attorneys. Temporarily invalidated by an accident, he has been confined to a wheelchair for several months. Long ago Gil fell in love with Helen Trent, but she always refused to marry him, fearing she did not love him enough. He then became engaged to Martha Carvell. However, this broke up when Helen was hurt in an accident and he realized that she had a place in his heart no other woman could fill. They plan to marry as soon as he is well. Gil's outstanding qualities are his gentleness, his fine sense of values, his loyalty and generosity.

(Played by David Gothard)

The Romance of Helen Trent, produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard daily at 12:30 P.M., EWT, over CBS.





CHERRY MARTIN is the most sensational new star in the Hollywood heavens. She is famed for her beauty and her exquisite singing voice which was discovered two years ago when she was seventeen. Cherry is sweet, wholesome and emotionally immature. It was slight wonder that she became very fond of fifty-year-old Jason Lambert who persuaded her to marry him; then cancelled her wedding plans at the last moment.
(Played by Marilyn Erskine)



MARJORIE CLAIBORNE is Gil's sister. She and her two children came from Indiana to visit Gil following the death of her husband. Gil dearly loves his niece and nephew—Nancy, six, gay and friendly, and Bud, a serious bookworm at ten. Although Marjorie causes unhappiness for Helen and Gil, she doesn't mean to be a troublemaker. She is merely self-centered. Marjorie is determined to make a wealthy marriage for the sake of her two children.

(Marjorie played by
Charlotte Manson)
(Nancy played by Patsy O'Shea)
(Bud played by George Ward)

DREW SINCLAIR was Helen's fiance a long time ago. He returned to Hollywood last winter to resume his career as a famous picture producer, following three years spent in a sanitarium. Still in love with Helen Trent, Drew hopes to win her back. He is with her daily at the Parafilm Studios, where they both work. And in order to see even more of Helen, Drew is dating Marjorie, Gil's sister.
(Played by Reese Taylor)



AGATHA ANTHONY came to Hollywood with Helen eight years ago. She has lived with her ever since, through all the ups and downs of Helen's picture career. She is a lovable sort of person who refuses to let herself be embittered, although she can walk only with the aid of canes. She advises Helen and soothes her when things go wrong at the office or in her personal life. In return, Helen supports and loves the old lady. However, if and when Helen should ever be married, Agatha insists she will return to Chicago to live.
(Played by Katherine Emmet)

Awake, my heart!

Laurie was terrified. This was what she had wanted, what she had dreamed of—to be in Hugh's arms, to know his love. But not like this—oh, not like this!

I WONDER why people always preface "sixteen" with "sweet"? There's really nothing very wonderful about being sixteen—it's a half-way, in-between sort of age, where one moment you're a woman and one moment you're a child. If you do childish things, your mother reminds you that you're a big girl now, and really shouldn't sit on the front porch with your legs up on the railing, or play baseball with your young brother on the vacant lot. If you do grown-up things, your mother tells you gently that you're really too young to use so much make-up, or to go out dancing alone with a boy instead of with the whole crowd. There's nothing sweet about being sixteen, in itself—oh, but sometimes sweetness comes to you from the outside, like the bright-white sun of a summer morning, and you find, all in one lovely moment, the meaning of life and the reason for being!

I didn't feel sixteen at all, last summer. At least, not the way mother meant it when she answered other mothers, who commented on my growing up, with a quietly reproving, "Laurie's just sixteen, after all, you know." I didn't feel *just sixteen*. I felt *imagine-it-I'm-already sixteen!* I felt old and wise, as if I had achieved a mastery of the world's wisdom, and yet still had all the years of living stretching, endless and beautiful and enticing, out before me.

That's the way it was that evening last June—a few centuries ago. Mother sat in her big rocker by the lamp, sewing, David, my thirteen-year-old brother, lay flat on his stomach on the floor, surrounded by model plane parts, and I was curled up on the window seat with a magazine I'd long since given up reading in favor of just looking out the window and dreaming vague dreams. I was happy, in a passive sort of way—happy mostly because Mother had given me her permission to work in the local war plant that summer, and I felt pleased at being able to help her out at last—with the tangible help of money every week. Mother had supported David and me with her clever needle since Dad's death, years before.

David screwed up his face in concentration as he assembled the intricate parts. Mother sighed, and re-threaded her needle. I leaned my head back against the window frame, and sighed too, although I couldn't have told you

why. And then the phone rang—and changed my whole life.

"I'll get it," I said, and scrambled to my feet. It was Victor Fleming, my foreman at the plant.

"Laurie? I'm glad I found you at home. Listen—I've been talking to Hugh Crandall. You know the big dance the plant is giving Saturday night in his honor? Well, Captain Crandall wants you for his partner."

Captain Crandall wants you for his partner. . .

I couldn't believe it—but with all my heart I wanted to. I must have said the proper things, somehow, and hung up, because the next thing I knew I was in the living room, hearing myself say "—and Mommy, can I have a new dress? I wouldn't ask you, but this is so special! It's—well, nothing like this has ever happened to me before!"

Mother put down her sewing and smiled up at me. "Of course you can, baby," she said. "Ordinarily, I wouldn't like the idea of your going to a party like that with an older man—but seeing that it's Hugh Crandall, I guess it's all right. I saw some lovely pale pink lawn in Nelson's today. We could make it like that dress you were showing me in the pattern book last night, and—" She broke off her planning abruptly, and said, in quite a different voice, "But why on earth should Hugh Crandall ask you to the dance? You were just a little girl when he went away, and besides, he could certainly have his pick of all the girls in town right now!"

"I don't know, Mom," I said, and went back to my window seat. I hoped she wouldn't talk any more right now. I didn't want to talk—I wanted to sit very still and bask in the wonder and perfection of a dream long-dreamed come true.

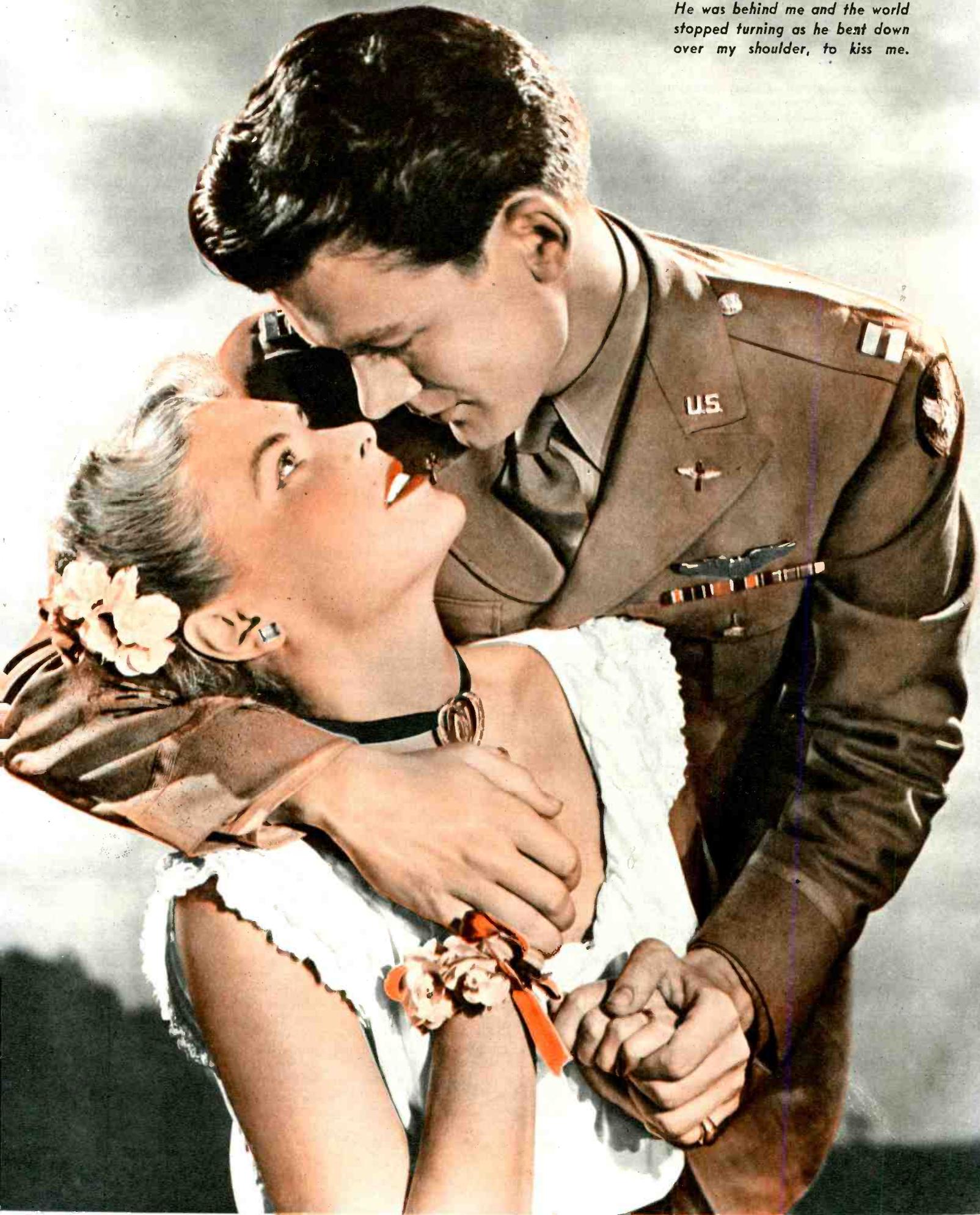
HUGH CRANDALL! There wasn't anyone in the world like Hugh Crandall, and never had been. No one so tall, so handsome. No one whose eyes lighted in quite that same way, who held himself so proudly. All my life—well, ever since I was a gangling seventh-grader and he was the high school football captain—I'd literally worshipped the ground Hugh walked on. Now he was a different kind of Captain, home on furlough after three years in the Army. He had worked at Acme before the war, and on Saturday the plant was giving a dance for him.

We would be together Saturday night—Hugh Crandall and I!

That thought was a constant singing inside me all the rest of the week. Mother dropped everything else to work on the dress for me, and that was part of the wonder, too—the fine, pale stuff, like the sheerest handkerchief, made with a low, rounded neckline softened with a double embroidered ruffle. I would wear Mother's one nice piece of jewelry—an old gold-and-pearl pin—on a narrow black velvet band at my throat. I'd put two of the small pink camellias from the bush at the end of the backyard in my hair, tie another pair of them to my wrist with black velvet. I'd be beautiful as no girl in Elmwood had ever been before, for no one could help being beautiful when she walked beside Hugh Crandall.

Before I ever met Hugh, I used to play a game of pretend with myself, at night when I lay in bed, before I went to sleep. It was like a story I told myself, or a series of stories, rather, with varying themes, but always with the same heroine. "When I am a movie star. . .", I'd tell myself, or "When I am a famous opera singer. . ." or, "When I have a million dollars. . ." But after I met Hugh, the story always began the same way—"When I'm grownup and married to Hugh Crandall. . ." and then I'd plan the wonderful thing my life would be. I'd decorate, in my fancies, the house we'd live in—a big white house on Round Hill, above Elmwood. I'd consider names for our three children—two boys and a girl. Would I like a little girl named Ethel, after my mother, or Norma, after Norma Shearer? Would I name the boys Hugh and David, after their father and mine, or would I name them Reginald and Harold, which I thought then—good heavens!—were the loveliest names in the world? I planned everything down to the smallest detail—the dinners I would cook, the all-too-fancy dresses I would buy, the innumerable lemon meringue pies I would bake, because I had gone into Granger's Lunch one noon and found Hugh eating a piece. I dreamed, and I planned—and as I grew a little older, new things were added to the dream—the touch of Hugh's hands, the feel of his lips on mine, warm and cool at once, like peppermint—so that sometimes I came to myself with a start,

*He was behind me and the world
stopped turning as he bent down
over my shoulder, to kiss me.*



my cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Yes, I dreamed—so you can see why Hugh's wanting me to go to the dance with him didn't surprise me as much as it seemed to surprise Mother and my friends. To me, it was simply the end of dreaming, the beginning of reality.

When I stood in front of the long mirror in my room that Saturday night, turning and twisting to get the full effect of my magnificence, I felt that the world of being a woman had opened its doors and beckoned me to enter.

"Don't I look beautiful?" I cried to Mother, who was standing in the doorway watching me.

"You do look lovely, Laurie." And then she added, almost fiercely, "But I'm afraid that style is too old for you. After all, you're really nothing but a little girl!"

I TURNED and put my arm around her. "Mother—you musn't mind my growing up, really you musn't. It happens to everyone—you stop being a little girl, and all at once you're a woman!"

Mother laughed, and her frown was wiped away. "Goodness, child—I guess we don't really have to worry about that for a long while yet. So run along and have a good time—and don't get home too late! You'd better get started—I heard the doorbell, and if you don't go down David will have cornered Captain Crandall and make him build airplanes!"

David had let Hugh in, and he was standing in the living room waiting for me, looking as but one man in the world could possibly look. He smiled at me, and I saw his expression change—casual interest into something that made my heart skip a beat. This was right—this was as it should be! Hugh was aware of me at last—I was no longer just a youngster with yellow pig-tails who kept turning up mysteriously wherever he happened to be, but a lovely woman in a lovely gown, poised and sure, ready to slip her arm through his and follow wherever he led.

We stood and smiled at each other for a long moment, apart from all normal concept of time . . . Then he was saying a quiet goodnight to Mother and David, promising to take good care of me and bring me home early, and we were off at last, out into a night which had unfurled its brightest canopy of stars especially for us.

As he helped me into the car, he said, "Laurie, I'll tell you a secret. It's wonderful of Acme to give this party for me, and we'll have to go to it, of course. But I wish we could just drive off somewhere ourselves. Just the two of us—I—well, I sort of dread facing all those people and being asked a lot of questions about how the weather was and whether the mud was as bad as the papers said, and how many Japs I personally accounted for, and . . ."

I put my hand over his and gave it a little squeeze. "I know—and I prom-

ise that I won't ask any questions, anyway. But you'll have to go. It won't be so bad, really—and—and I'll be right there with you."

He looked at me swiftly and strangely, and then turned quickly back to the business of starting the car. "Remember the Jinx?" he asked, after a moment. "I've had her all cleaned up for tonight—and she still runs, believe it or not!"

"Of course I remember," I told him. "You had her painted fire-engine red, once, and called her Fireball."

His laugh sounded easier. "You do remember!"

I felt my cheeks flush. Hugh was standing there with Karen on his shoulder, watching us.



"I remember a lot of things," I told him, as we drove away. "The time, for instance, that you and Jack Baines were messing around in the High School chemistry laboratory and nearly blew yourselves and the school to Kingdom Come."

"I was lucky to get off with a burned hand and singed eyebrows," Hugh agreed, chuckling.

"And I'll never forget the time you said you could play a trumpet so you could go over to the band contest in Maple Plain. Someone—probably Jack—put half a lemon in your trumpet and you never knew the difference!"

He was leaning toward me eagerly now. "That's right! I still thought I

was playing sweet music!" Suddenly the two of us were laughing so hard we couldn't stop, trading reminiscences so fast we could hardly keep from interrupting each other. By the time we got to Town Hall, where the dance was being held, all the reluctance to see his old friends had gone out of Hugh.

"You know something, Laurie?" he said. "I really feel back home now. I didn't before. Remembering all those things—but how did you know about them? You were just a little kid." He bent over me, and his eyes searched mine, so that I thought for a moment he would read in them the whole story of my years of waiting for him.

"I wasn't so little," I told him. "Not

Inspired by a true problem presented on John J. Anthony's Good Will Hour, heard every Sunday evening at 10:00 P.M., EWT, over Mutual.



so little that I didn't know."

Hugh parked the car in the lot behind the Hall, and we got out. I started toward the lighted doorway, but Hugh's hand on my shoulder stopped me. He was behind me then, and the world stopped turning and the stars flashed brighter, for he was bending down, over my shoulder, to kiss me. To kiss me gently and sweetly and briefly.

"That's thanks for remembering, and for welcoming me home," he said lightly, and he took my arm and guided me toward the Hall.

In a moment we were the center of a milling crowd—people who shook hands and asked questions and slapped Hugh on the back, and began all their sentences with "Do you remember—?" so that remembering wasn't any longer something precious that belonged just to Hugh and me, but to all

of them. I had a vague impression of flag-draped walls and the orchestra playing the Air Corps song, and a red-headed girl who clung possessively to Hugh's arm for a moment, and then the military music faded into a waltz, and Hugh and I were out of the press of people, and dancing.

Hugh's arms were heaven, and I stayed in heaven—until I learned how I happened to be there in his arms.

Natalie Drummond, the red-headed girl, had come up to claim Hugh for a dance, and I remembered her now—the girl who had followed Hugh around, even as I had, but who, because she was as old as he, had always been beside him, not behind him. My dreams had never taken her into account, and they didn't even now, as she moved off with him and I turned to Victor Fleming, my foreman, who

had come up to ask me for a dance.

Victor looked extremely pleased with himself. "Well, it worked out fine, didn't it?" he asked, as he whirled me away. "I told Hugh Crandall I'd fix up that quarrel you two had. I said I'd just telephone you, and—"

"Quarrel?" Oh—something was dreadfully wrong. I tried to think, my mind racing backward and forward.

"Sure," Victor went on. "That silly fight, whatever it was about, that you and Hugh had before he went into the Army. I asked him who he was taking to the dance, and he said he didn't know. Then he saw your picture in the plant newspaper, and he said you were his girl, but he didn't know if you were speaking to him or not. So I said I'd fix it up." He beamed happily. "And I did!"

Abruptly, my thoughts became as cold and as clear as crystal. I could see the front page of last week's plant paper as clearly as if it were spread out before me. My picture—I'd won an award for a little time-saving device I'd thought of. And, in the next column to it, Natalie Drummond's picture—she'd won a prize at an employees' benefit. Victor had simply made a mistake in identifying us—he'd called the wrong girl!

Couples waltzed around us in an ever-hastening blur of color, I lost the thread of the music, stumbled, caught myself, and stumbled again.

"You're not ill are you, Laurie?" Victor asked anxiously.

I shook my head, and tried to smile. "No—no, I'm not ill, Victor. I'm just surprised." I laughed, and found that it sounded natural enough. Yes, that was it—laugh, and pretend you thought it was funny, too. That was the thing to do! "It's so funny, Victor—you see, you've made a mistake. Natalie Drummond is Hugh's girl. She used to be with him all the time before he went away. She's the one he meant—her picture was in the paper, too."

His face went blank with astonishment. "Why—why Laurie! That can't be true. Natalie is—oh, she's not Hugh's kind of girl at all. Naturally, I thought he meant you."

Kindly, gentle Hugh! Sweet Hugh—who must have known the mistake Victor had made, and had been too decent to do anything about it. No wonder he hadn't wanted to come to the dance! I felt my cheeks burn hot. Suddenly I was no longer a fairy creature in a floating pink dress—I was a little girl, stumbling and awkward and frightened in a situation too big for her.

"I—I think I do have a headache, after all," I told Victor haltingly. "If—if you'll excuse me, I think I'd better go into the dressing room for a moment."

I turned and walked—no, ran—away from him, to the sanctuary of the bright little blue-and-peach room where I'd left my wrap. Hastily I picked it up, slung it around my shoulders, and slipped out of Town Hall. There was just fifteen cents in my small beaded bag—evening dress or not, I'd have to take the bus. But I couldn't—I'd rather walk. And I did walk—walked the long way home, on the shadowy side

of the street, my head down, looking at no one. I crept up the stairs in our silent house; I dropped the beautiful dress in a heap in the middle of the floor and crawled into bed, not daring to let myself think. And for the first time in too many years to remember, my mind did not say, as my head touched the pillow, "When I am married to Hugh Crandall. . . ." I couldn't think past this very moment, this dreadful moment, when I lay still and quiet, my whole house of dreams rocked to its foundations.

Mother came into my room early in the morning—only a moment or two after I had finally fallen asleep, it seemed to me.

"Laurie—are you awake, dear?" she said, softly. I opened my eyes. "Did you have a good time, honey?"

I MIGHT have said that I had had a good time. For a moment, I almost did. But Mother was Mother—one person at least, in all the world, I could trust. Before I knew it I was weeping out the whole story on her shoulder.

She seemed, obscurely, pleased, but her voice was kind. "Laurie—it—doesn't matter. I know you think it does now, but it really doesn't. Please believe me! Whatever you think you feel for Hugh Crandall—it isn't real, Laurie. You're too young! You'll be in and out of love a dozen times before you meet the man you'll truly love for your whole lifetime. It's hard to believe, Laurie, but it's true. Now—listen to Mother. Mrs. James just called. Her sister's sick, and she wants to run over to Maple Plain to see her. She wanted to know if you'd come out and look after the children for a while. I told her you would—but if you like, I'll call back and say you're sorry but you can't make it."

For a moment I wanted to urge her to call back. But I thought a second time. Mrs. James had a farm out in the country, and three refugee children lived with her. It would be peaceful out there. I wouldn't meet anyone who'd been at the dance, who might have heard about what happened. It would be quiet, and I wouldn't have to meet anyone's eyes.

"Yes," I said hastily—"Yes, I'll go. I'll be glad to!"

The long bus ride out to Mrs. James' was pleasant, and I looked forward to seeing the children again. Two small boys and a little girl, they were, who had been smuggled out of Norway after their parents were killed. I went out to see them as often as I could—they were such cute youngsters with their unfamiliar accent, and solemn, round, little faces. Besides, I liked Mrs. James, and my going out there enabled her to get away from the farm once in a while. I had put on my blue chambray overalls, and tied a scarf about my head, and worn my comfortable old saddle shoes. It was a long walk from the end of the bus line to the farm, but today I didn't care. Today I didn't care about anything. I didn't even hurt—but I knew the hurt was there, inside me, ready to spring into instant, intolerable pain, if I let myself think about Hugh. I mustn't think at all. I simply mustn't. I must keep

busy, playing with the children.

They saw me coming, and ran down to the gate to meet me. Their shouts of welcome eased some of the chill from my heart as nothing else could have done. Mrs. James came to the door, dressed in her best for her trip. "I declare, Laurie," she called, "in that outfit you don't look much older than the children, honestly," and she peered at me over the top of her glasses.

"You all ready to go?" I asked, "And don't worry, Mrs. James. Stay as long as you like, and have a good time. I love being here—you know that."

"You're a good child, Laurie," she said, and patted my shoulder as she passed. "There's plenty of cold fried chicken in the ice box in case I don't get home to supper."

And then she was gone, and I was alone with the children, who pulled at me from all directions, demanding that I come out to the barn to see the new calf, to the kitchen to see the kittens, to the tree-swing by the hen-house.

We duly inspected the calf and the kittens, took turns in the swing, and then organized a softball game on the grass near the house. So engrossed in the game were Emil and Nels and I, that I didn't realize that anyone was coming until I heard Karen, whom the boys decreed was too little to play, lisp a tentative, "Hello?"

I turned. And there he was. Hugh. Hugh, as wonderful to look at as even my dreams had made him, smiling at Karen, whom he'd swung on his shoulder.

I felt my cheeks flush. "Hello," I said, and to my annoyance my voice was high, so that my greeting sounded every bit as childish as Karen's.

Hugh grinned. "Hello yourself, Laurie."

"Why did you come here?" It sounded accusing, annoyed, as I certainly had not meant it to sound.

"I'm on my way to look over Dad's old farm, down the road a bit. There are tenants on it now, but I want to live there myself when I come back for good. I saw you and the kids, and I thought I'd come up."

"Oh." What on earth was the matter with me? Where was the sureness, the poise I'd had yesterday? Why did I keep saying inane things in that silly voice?

"Laurie—why did you run way from me last night?" Hugh put Karen down, and came closer to me.

"I—I didn't run away. I had a headache." The lame excuse rushed from my lips before I could stop it—the lame excuse that no one could possibly believe.

"Laurie, listen to me." He put his hand on my arm, but I moved away from him. And how could I tell him that it was not anger that made me move, but sheer desperation? That I couldn't bear the touch of him, because I knew that touch would soon be gone, that it was not something I could count on, something I could look forward to, any more?

There was hurt in his eyes, and he moved back a step. "I guess I'd better be going," he said. "But before I go, let me tell you this, anyway. Victor Fleming told you the truth—there was a mixup last night. But I was glad of it. The evening started out to be so wonderful. I'm only sorry, from the bottom of my heart, that it didn't finish that way, too."

Dear, kind Hugh—sparing my feelings, making sure that I wasn't embarrassed and hurt. "Oh," I said, and I managed to say it lightly. "It didn't matter. It was funny. It didn't matter." Oh no—it didn't matter—it had only torn a piece out of my heart, that was all.

"Laurie," he began again, and then stopped. And I could find no words to help him, or to help myself. How could I cry out to him what was in my heart—*Hugh. I love you! Take me in your arms and make the world right for me again!*

And there we stood, close enough for our hands to meet—with an acre-of silence separating us.

"I guess I'd better get along," he said at last. "Looks like rain. I'd—I'd better hurry."

Abruptly he turned and strode away, leaving my quick "goodbye" hanging in the air. At the gate he paused, and for a moment I thought he might turn back. But he didn't.

"Play ball, play ball!" That was Nels, and I don't know how long he had shrieked it at me before I heard him. "Play ball, Laurie. You're up!"

Automatically I looked at the sky. Sure enough, it did look like rain. Thunderheads were gathering low. I shivered—I hated thunderstorms, the kind we had around Elmwood, when the very earth shook as if with sobbing, and the skies opened to release the knife-like lightning which seemed to cut the world in two.

"No more games now," I said quickly, and put out my hands to the children, "It's going to rain—scoot into the house quick!"

WE stood on the porch for a moment to watch the gathering of the storm. The air was coppery, and still as death, as if the whole world held a finger to its lips, commanding quiet. The sky was an angry tumble of gray clouds that grumbled defiance to the hush below them. And then the rain came—torrents of water that beat furiously against the buildings and turned the farm yard into a huge mud puddle.

The children and I huddled in the middle of the living room. Karen was openly frightened, and the boys put on a great show of bravery to hide their own fear. As for me—I couldn't afford to be frightened. I had to take care of them.

After a while the first force of the storm abated. I gave the children a sketchy lunch, and settled down to the task of amusing them indoors. We played with the kittens for a while, and then went all through "Blind Man's Buff" and "Hide the Thimble" and "Who Am I?" After a while I told stories until (*Continued on page 82*)

What's the big idea?

*Do you know any ways to speed up Victory?
Here's a chance for you stay-at-homes to
do your part says radio's "Big Idea Man"*

By **LORENZO JONES**

LOTS of folks have laughed at my inventions. Me, I've always thought that the world would be revolutionized by big ideas. Belle, the little woman, agrees that this is the day for men and women with big ideas.

Most of the big ideas that help to win wars are the kind that show us how to do things more easily, more quickly, or more safely. And that's the kind of idea that any one of us from housewife right on up to scientist can have. I'd be willing to bet that there isn't a one of you who hasn't got someone near to you who's had a wartime "big idea." Most all the war plants these days are almost forcing their workers to have ideas—ideas about how to do their jobs better—through their systems of employee schools and training programs.

You must have heard how those work—the employees are not only trained in how to do their jobs well, but their minds are directed in such a way that they almost can't help but think of better ways to do it—shortcuts that make a big difference. Housewives and other stay-at-homes have got into the swing of the thing, too, and ideas are pouring in from everywhere. You've probably heard a lot about it from a daughter or son or husband or friend even if you haven't yet produced your own wartime idea.

When I say "big ideas," I don't mean exactly that, in the literal sense of the word. Sometimes the ideas themselves are little ones—so small, in fact, that the people who get 'em often don't think they're worth mentioning. Little ideas about how to cut a minute off production time here, how to eliminate a step or two in procedure there, for instance. But they're big ideas when you add up these steps and consider the time and money they save. Or, even if one such idea doesn't make a great saving in time or money or manpower, a number of them added together sum up to really big savings of the kind that speed us on our way to a quicker, less costly victory.

LORENZO JONES has another brilliant idea that is going to revolutionize the world. Here he is in his garage, trying to make it work. Lorenzo Jones, played by Karl Swenson, is heard at 4:30 P.M., EWT, over NBC, Monday through Friday.



Some mighty important fellows in Washington are admitting that this country of ours is winning some of its greatest victories just that way—with ideas.

I mean people like Donald Nelson, Chairman of the War Production Board, Lt. General Somervell, Commanding General of the Army Service Forces, and Jesse H. Jones, Secretary of the Department of Commerce.

Their idea is simple: Don't depend on just a few smart men and women to figure out how to run the war production program. No, the American way is to call on every last little worker who might have some invention or improvement or plan that would speed up production or improve efficiency.

THAT'S what they've done—and since I'm the fellow who's built up a reputation for spending most of his time on ideas that would change the world overnight I've been asked to tell you about it.

Ever hear of the National Inventors Council? Not much to tell about them. Only that they're tied up with the Department of Commerce and that your inventions are welcomed, are given every consideration, and if they can be used anywhere in commerce, you get paid!

Yes, sir, if you have an idea that the Council can use you get a fair share of the profits.

But even more important to inventors of new ways to do things is the suggestion program of the War Production Board.

Here's how Mr. Nelson put it when the idea started: "Our Army and Navy have systems of commending merit of high order in the line of duty. There is also merit of a high order on the production line in this war. I propose that the Production Soldier shall also be recognized for meritorious service to his country."

So, a great premium was put on suggestions. Machinery was set up to receive and consider them. This was done in industry, in the Army and in the Navy. All three worked out their own methods of paying for ideas. The Army, for instance, decided to pay up to \$250 for ideas, tries to return to the originator at least 5% of the saving his idea makes possible.

In industry this was the policy: "Grand plans alone are not going to win this war for our side. It will require also the sum of millions of one-man assignments successfully carried out by the men and women at the bench, at the machine and on the assembly line—by individual Americans each knowing the proper technique of his or her job.

"In order to mine this rich vein of the worker's specialized experience, right on the point of the job, there must be a clear channel back to the top, through which the suggestions of everyone in the plant, no matter what his or her job, can be brought quickly to the attention of those charged with the responsibility for improving quality and increasing production for the entire nation."

This led to the Suggestion Boxes you may have seen around the place where you work, or that the war workers in your family may have told you about, if you're the member of the family who gets the rest on their way, and keeps the home fires burning, yourself. The Suggestion Box plan is a simple one—just boxes at convenient points in the plant in which workers can deposit their "big ideas"—sometimes anonymously, sometimes with their names signed. It helped a lot, because it gave a chance to those workers who felt shy about going directly to their bosses with their ideas, or who were better at drawing plans and putting ideas on paper than at explaining them verbally.

Take the case of Mary Fretch from Bentleyville, Pa., who's come to be known as the "Champion Suggester." She works for the Radio Corporation of America, and her first efficiency idea concerned a low-power transmitting tube which used certain grids made in her department. I'm sure I don't understand the details of her suggestion (step into my laboratory some afternoon and we'll work it out), but it saved 2500 man-hours per year and won her an award of \$163. A second suggestion brought her \$140 and an Honorable Mention from the Board for Individual Awards. Later, that same idea brought her an additional \$50. Then came a third idea which saved 30,000 man-hours per year and won her

a \$200 award; for being one of the top suggestion winners of the year the Radio Corporation of America awarded her an additional \$250.

Now, will one of you mathematicians please add up that total and tell me if we inventors have come into our own or have we? If you're the mother of an invention, let 'em have it.

I started out to say that the world would be revolutionized by big ideas. That's exactly what's happening! It's being done by L-M committees. Translated that means: Labor-Management Committees.

The main purpose of the program has been to reward originators for their ideas and to arrange a nation-wide exchange of good production ideas.

What kind of suggestions are at a premium? Well, suggestions that improve quality and so reduce the loss of man-hours. Suggestions for changes in methods which directly boost war production. Suggestions which conserve critical war materials. Suggestions which improve safety conditions and remove accident hazards.

Whenever a Labor-Management Committee has a suggestion which has been adopted and which has proved to be of more than ordinary value in the plant, it's sent to the War Production Drive Headquarters in Washington. The Board for Individual Awards, composed of outstanding technicians in a variety of industrial fields, reviews it for possible national honors. Only a suggestion which has been proven by actual use is forwarded to Washington.

How many L-M Committees are there? More than a year ago there were 2,000. As I write this there are almost 5,000. That means over 50,000 members of the committees and more than 8,000,000 workers.

How many ideas were turned in? About one million in one year. Three types of national honors have been given: honorable mention, certificate, and citation. Any suggestion which would improve efficiency in other plants has been given wide circulation so the whole nation could benefit.

ONE airplane company showed a saving of 150,000 man-hours in a year and a half of L-M activity. That means the same as an extra crew of 100 men working 8 hours a day for 7½ months!

One L-M committee lowered unnecessary absence of workers by 40%. In one oil refinery, the L-M crusade on safety resulted in two years without a single accident that disabled a worker.

T. K. Quinn, Director General of the War Production Drive, tells about the president of a great American corporation who wrote to him and said that his company is receiving suggestions at the rate of over 70,000 a year and paying employees at the annual rate of over \$250,000 a year for those suggestions!

What's the big idea? The big idea is that *big ideas* are changing the industrial set-up of our country. Your ideas and mine.

Won't Belle be glad to find out that my inventions may pay dividends after all?

Because they can. And so can yours.



Put love away



In her mad rush for life, Helen hadn't stopped to think that you must be worthy of devotion. Now all that remained was the bitter-sweet memory of a love no longer hers

THE STORY:

ALL my life I had known Don Laurens, and when we were married it seemed wonderful and right—a perfect pattern for a perfect life ahead. But almost before I could realize the beauty of it, Don was gone. First overseas, with the Army. And then gone irrevocably, forever—the news brought me by a telegram beginning, “The War Department regrets to inform you . . .” I wanted to get far away from everything that meant such bitter memories to me, so I went to stay with my aunt and uncle and cousin Cora, in a nearby town, and went to work in Uncle Louis’ small war plant. Thought Cora I met Link Rafferty, and learned once more to enjoy life—at least I enjoyed it while I was with Link, dancing in his arms. But when I was away from him, the old hurt came back. The night before Link was transferred he told me that he loved me, but I sent him away—realizing that being with him was like a drug for my anguish and that I was not in love with him. He wrote all through the summer, and I answered him, but I was busy—busy dancing the long evenings away with other boys from the Fort

where Link had been stationed, for I had found by now that dancing and gay times made me forget. It didn't matter to me who the boys were, or how well I knew them, but only that they were someone to go out, and have a good time with. One night I had a quarrel with Uncle Louis, who told me that if I didn't stop running around with “every Tom, Dick and Harry, staying out till all hours” as he put it, I would have to leave his house. In the midst of the quarrel the doorbell rang—and there stood Link. I knew that he had overheard us. Link and I went out together and spent a beautiful, heavenly, never-to-be-forgotten evening, and I knew at last how futile my life these last few months had been—for I really loved Link, I knew now. Link had to go back to his post, but I felt differently toward the whole world now—I loved Link, and I was sure of his love. My letters followed him overseas—but there was no reply for months. And then, at last, the reply did come—in response to my messages of love and devotion came his: he felt we had made a mistake, that we should forget each other. In that same mail came another letter. What was in it? Did it promise any hope for my blasted life?

IN the brown envelope was a deed, a long form in triplicate, and a letter from my father. He had a chance to sell my cottage, he said, at a good price. The tenants who'd had it for the past year hadn't renewed their lease, and he'd found a buyer for it. He would arrange to store my furniture; all I had to do was to sign the papers where he'd checked them, and return them to him. He was sorry to hurry me, but the buyer wanted the deal closed as soon as possible, and he was sure that I wouldn't want to keep the cottage. There was no point in holding it as an investment because it would only lose value each year, and if I came back to Maplewood, I wouldn't want to live there. . . .

I read the letter over twice before I got the sense of it. Then I folded it with the other papers, put them back in the envelope, and slid the envelope into the deep pocket of the casual coat I wore to work. I would look it over at

lunch time the next day, and sign the papers and send them out with the restaurant's mail.

I burned Link's letter, wishing I could as easily burn out of my heart the memory of the sentences it contained. I watched the paper turn brown before the running flame, curl and crisp and break until it was nothing but a little heap of black ashes in the ashtray. And that, I told myself, was the end of Lincoln Rafferty so far as I was concerned. It was the end of something in me, too—the end of a childish conception in which all of life was composed of just two parts—myself and circumstances. Circumstances might be good or bad, Santa Clauses or bogeymen, and I'd thought of them only as they'd affected me.

THE war had been a bogeyman. It had killed Don, and I'd hated it for that. My thinking about it had been no more complicated than that. I'd accepted Link's love as thoughtlessly as I'd once accepted the presents left under the tree on Christmas morning. After I knew that I cared for him, I'd gone on trusting that the same benevolent providence would send him back to me, even after common sense had told me that, from his point of view, he had every reason not to want to see me again.

I couldn't blame Link for what had happened between us. He'd been in love with me, and I looked upon him as a dancing-partner. I'd answered the long letters he wrote from camp with frivolous little notes. I'd given him no chance to know me, had shown him nothing of my real self—how then could I blame him for believing what others said about me?

What it amounted to was that I hadn't deserved Link, just as I didn't deserve the good things that were still mine—the safe streets I walked on, the security of knowing that the planes that circled in the sky above Carroll were friendly planes, the rich and peaceful land in which I lived. I hadn't stopped to think that you had to be worthy of love, that you had to protect and cherish it as man cherishes all things precious to him—his home, and his country and his freedom.

Those were the thoughts that ran through my head until sleep came that night. They were hard thoughts, but they were easier by far than remembering tenderness, remembering all of the sweetness of the love that was no longer mine.

I was late, the next morning, for the first time. Always before I'd been up early, deliberately making myself dress carefully and leisurely, not wanting to seem anxious, even to myself, to be outside and opening the mailbox. Then I'd liked to linger over breakfast at the restaurant, letting my mind play with the anticipation of a letter in the afternoon mail, dreaming of the time when there would be no war, and I would be having breakfast with Link.

This morning there'd been no reason to get up. I'd lain long in bed, weighted by an inertia that had made every

move an effort. I'd had to force myself to bathe and to dress, to pay attention to details of grooming, to look in the mailbox as I left the house, because, after all, there might be other mail than from Link or from my parents. I might have a note from Cora . . . But there was nothing, and now I was late, and cross with myself for being late. It was ridiculous to have to spend the whole day amid the smells of frying food and the clatter of silver, to go home that night to a cheerless, boxlike room. The letter from my father crackled in my pocket, and I thought of Maplewood, of its quiet streets and neat little houses and of the way the trees arched protectingly above the sidewalks.

I didn't mail the papers back to my father that noon, as I had planned. It had begun to snow lightly, and the flakes rested briefly on the thin bare trees, on the black pavement and then disappeared, leaving the street outside as bleak and bare as ever. I wondered what my cottage would be like in the wintertime. Don and I had furnished it with an eye to the cold months. There were two small pines on the front lawn, and we'd planned to trim them with lights at Christmas time. The drapes were made to pull across the windows to shut out the chill of a winter night, and we'd insisted upon the old-fashioned luxury of a dining room so that we could have all the company we wanted in for dinner. . . .

I knew then that I wanted to go home—not to my parents' house, where I'd be fussed over and petted and treated like a child, but to my own home, the cottage where I'd lived with Don. But I didn't let myself decide upon it definitely for several days. I thought it over carefully, as objectively as I could. I was determined not to make the mistake I'd made too often before—the mistake of following my emotions blindly, without reason, without thinking where they might eventually lead me. I wanted to be sure in my own mind now, that in going home I wouldn't simply be running away from everything that had happened in Carroll. I wanted to be sure that in Maplewood I could create a life so full that there would be room neither for memories, nor regrets, nor for dreams of what might have been. Not that I was any longer afraid of being hurt by the memory of Don. Thoughts of him would have been pleasant now, in comparison to the recollection of a slim, dark man whose features were etched finely on my heart—etched in acid on my heart. . . .

At the end of the week I wrote to my father, telling him not to sell the cottage and that I intended to live in it myself. I took the train for Maplewood the next morning before the inevitable questions arrived by mail or by long-distance telephone. It would not be easy, I knew, to explain to my parents—to my mother, especially—why I wanted to live alone.

It was dusk when I got off the train in Maplewood. There was no one to

meet me, and I'd expected no one. My letter must have barely preceded me. On the street side of the station I could see the town's one taxi, with Joe Herlihy driving, coast slowly by. I stepped into the station before he could see me. I wasn't anxious to cheat Joe out of a fare, but my parents would be hurt if I arrived by cab, like a stranger.

I called their house, and my father answered. His voice was high and excited, and I knew that he must have been sitting on the edge of his chair, waiting for the call. "Well, Helen," he exclaimed, "you're in town! Can we come and get you?"

"You certainly can!" I laughed. "I'm loaded with bags."

"Well, we'll be right down . . . We've been expecting you since we got your letter—" Then he broke off and added worriedly, "You can't very well stay at the cottage tonight, you know. The water's been turned off since the tenants left, and it'll take a day or two—"

"I didn't expect to, Dad. There's no hurry—" and then a lump came into my throat. Dear Dad! He was still taking my side, anxious to see that everything was just as I wanted it, whether or not he knew the reason for it. He must have had a time this afternoon, calling the utilities company for service for my cottage, while Mother did her best to convince him that I ought to be persuaded to stay at home with them.

"We'll be right down," he repeated, and he hung up.

In a few minutes the familiar battered sedan pulled up in front of the station. Dad kissed me quickly, and then busied himself with my bags to hide his emotion; Mother was frankly tearful. "It's good to have you back, dear—" And then she stopped, evidently valiantly determined to say nothing about my plans until I was at home and rested. It was touching and a little pathetic that she insisted upon my getting into the front seat with Dad—a gesture intended, I knew, to re-instate me in my place as their daughter. When I'd been small, I'd regarded the seat beside the driver as one of

With sudden intuition, I knew what had halted Link—Don's picture on my dressing table.

honor and vantage, and it had been the subject of more than one skirmish with Mother, who grew tired of viewing the countryside from the tonneau and of talking to my father against a rush of air from the front windows.

Dad turned the car down Main Street, past the bank, past Ely's Department Store, and Simon's Drug, and the Central Theater. Everything was just the same, only it looked smaller. If I'd had any lingering doubts about Maplewood's power to hurt me, they were gone now. It was dear and familiar, but it looked like a toy village, and the memories each street, each building called forth were like those evoked by the sight of a long-forgotten plaything, touched with nos-

talgia, but blurred and mellowed by time. We passed the neat brick building that housed the Maplewood Ice and Fuel Company, Don's father's business. "How are the Laurenses?" I asked.

"Didn't I write you?" Mother leaned forward alertly in the back seat. "They've been away. Herb Laurens had been working too hard, and Dr. Eggerth told him he'd have to take a rest or else. So they shut up the house and went to Loon Lake and camped out for the summer. Herb came back twenty pounds heavier, and Milly was as brown as an Indian. She said that she hadn't got one meal that wasn't over an open fire, and that the trip had been almost a second honeymoon

for them. They'd wanted us to go with them, but we expected that almost any week you'd be coming home—"

I was conscious of a little shock of surprise. I'd seen Don's parents since his death, of course, but only shortly afterward, when I'd been still too numbed by my own grief to think much about them. I hadn't wanted to think about them. With Don gone, they had even less to live for than I had. He'd been their only child, and I couldn't see what was left for the two old people . . . And now Mother was talking about their having taken a camping trip, and a second honeymoon! Then I realized, for the first time, that of course the Laurenses weren't really old. Like my parents, they were still in their forties, not even middle-aged, really. From this new perspective it seemed that it was Don and I who had been terribly young.

"Long way or short way?" Dad had slowed the car at the end of the business section. That question, too, was a hangover from earlier years. The short way home was straight up the hill, where the turn took us into the street where we lived; the longer and far more interesting route was to turn into the boulevard at the foot of the hill and to approach the residential section by way of the lake. "The long way," I answered, as I always had, and Mother wailed suddenly, "Helen, what do you mean by saying you're going to live in the cottage? You—"

"Now, Mother," said Dad hastily, "it's what she wants—"

"I know, but it's so foolish! For her to be all alone in that place on the other side of town, when we have plenty of room. After all, we're her parents—"

Dad winked at me. "Maybe that's it, Mother. Helen's grown up now, and she's got a right to her own life. We've got our friends and our interests, and we can't expect her to care about them, any more than we'd expect her to be a little girl again."

I knew then that the question of where I was to live was decided, so long as Dad took my part. I squeezed his hand gratefully, and I could have wept at his trust in me. How would he feel, I wondered, if he knew what a mess I'd made of my life in Carroll, if he knew about Lincoln Rafferty? Then I checked myself sharply. Link was gone, and I was going to do my best to live as though he'd never existed. I knew already that it would be easier than learning to live without Don had been. Nothing had spoiled my memory of my husband; the very thought of Link touched unbearable depths of guilt and shame. The mind automatically veers away from the unpleasant and ignominious; now that I was back in Maplewood, I'd already put time and distance between myself and everything that spoke of Link. I held steadfast to the thought that he would become in time no more than a name, a recollection with as little substance as the dreams I'd built around him.

A few days after I arrived in Maplewood, Dad helped me to move into the cottage. The (Continued on page 90)



Someday, perhaps—

Love made Annette valiant. Sometimes it does that to a girl, even when she knows that her triumph will be bitter, that all her bravery will only go to build happiness for another woman

I HEARD Tony's footsteps as he made his way through the living room. . . . Stumbling, cautious . . . the footsteps of the unseeing. And my heart moved with a terrible pity—no, not pity! Tony would not have pity.

Curled up in the wicker armchair I waited for him to come out into the patio. How quickly, in three short days, we had fallen into this pattern! Lunch time over, Tony fumbling his way to his room for the letter that came every morning while I was out working in the orange grove; me waiting, cutting short my siesta to read that precious letter to him.

The latch clicked. I watched intently as Tony opened the door, shielding his eyes against the bright glare of the California sun. Could he—was there a fraction more strength in the way he faced that light today? I desperately hoped so—I wasn't sure.

"Annette?" he called, in my general direction. And when I'd answered and he'd found his way over the flagstones and lawn to my side, he smiled briefly. "I must be making progress—I only knocked over one chair and two lamps today. Pretty soon I'll be able to walk through your house without a single bruise to show for it."

How could he joke—how could he take it with such unconcern! But it was like Tony to put a brave front on his troubles.

I tried to match his lightness. "You're doing fine. Mother and Dad were thinking of making old Ginger into a Seeing Eye dog for you, but I don't think it will be at all necessary now." I wanted to make him laugh and I succeeded—at the spectacle of wheezing, asthmatic old Ginger, selfish and spoiled, leading him around the house. But what a joke!

While he searched for the creamy white envelope in his pocket, I realized again how different Tony was from the embittered boy we had expected, Mother and Dad and I. When Dr. Johns—Major Johns, now—had written asking if we would mind having a house guest for a while we had been very disturbed. Because Sergeant Anthony Strake was not a convalescent soldier in the usual meaning of the word. His physical wounds had healed. He was strong and healthy, Major Johns wrote. But he was blind.

And there was nothing physically wrong with his eyesight!

Something—something terrible—had happened to Tony in the battle of Cassino. Something so terrible that his unconscious being had simply refused to see it any longer, that his shocked vision, tortured and tormented, had rejected. His blindness was mental. In the last war they had called it shell-shock. Dr. Johns had new names for it: neurosis, psychic blindness. But there was no medical cure for Tony, he wrote. Only Tony's own understanding and solving his problems—and peace and happiness.

We knew better than to pry into the causes of his blindness. And there was so much sweetness, so much pathetic gratitude, under the guarded withdrawal of his nature,

that we had accepted him unquestioningly as one of us.

Tony had the letter in his hand now and gently I took it from him.

"Do you mind, Annette?" he asked anxiously. "It seems an awful imposition, to ask you to write my letters for me and to read Stella's when they come. Especially when they are—well—so, personal."

"I don't mind in the least, Tony." Only three days but already we were Tony and Annette! It seemed strange, when he was so reserved. But, then, I'd never been shy—how could I be when I'd never known an unfriendly person or heard an unkind word? "Pretty soon you'll be able to read your letters yourself and write them, too."

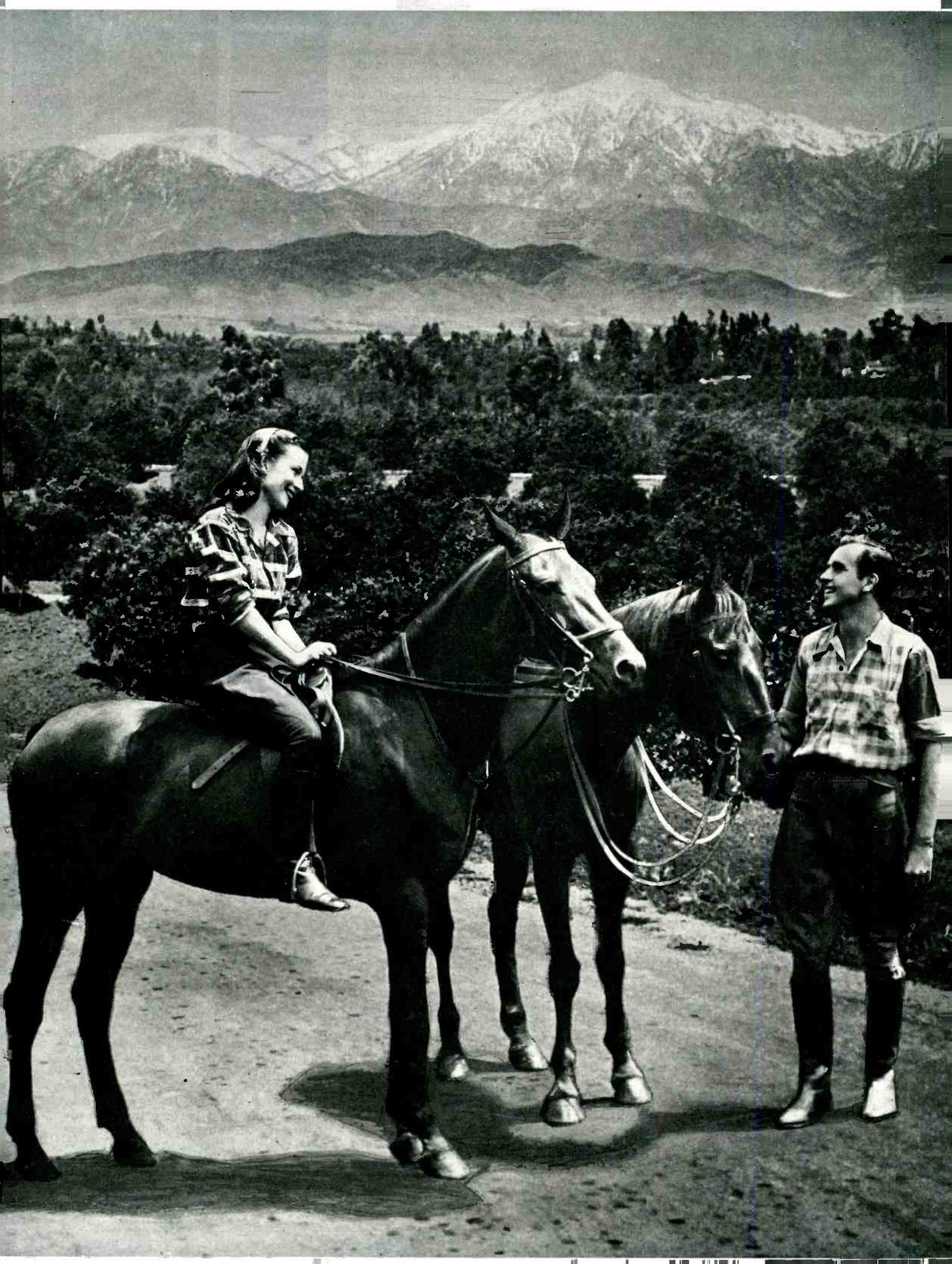
"I hope so. I *must*." Was there a note of desperation underneath the calm assurance of his words? "It's getting better all the time. I can see light and shadow and sometimes even color, now. For instance, that first day, you were just a voice to me, Annette. But now—I think you're wearing a white dress and I know your hair is red. That's how you seem to me, a slim, white, tapering candle with a glowing flame on top. I'd like to see what your face looks like in the center of that flame." Leaning back in his chair his voice had become musing and remote, almost as though he'd forgotten I was listening. "A flame for a man to warm his hands by . . ." he broke off, suddenly aware of me.

I think we were both embarrassed. Our conversation had never been personal before. And I was aware of pleasure at his words that was all out of proportion to the compliment. My hands were trembling as I smoothed out the crisp folds of Stella's letter.

Hurriedly I let my eyes run over it. Stella's scrawl was almost unintelligible so I had fallen into the habit of giving it a quick looking-over first.

"Darling Tony—" she began. "I'm snatching a moment—on the run—so forgive me if this is short. I'm so thrilled that your eyes are improving. I have uncrossed my fingers because I know you don't need my good luck. I want to say 'get well soon so we can be married' but I know you mustn't try to hurry. Get plenty of rest—what I wouldn't give for some rest right now, myself! This office is a merry-go-round, with war orders piling up, and I just hold on and try to grab the brass ring when I have the chance. Speaking of rings, you said you wanted my size so you could send me an engagement ring. But I think we should wait, dear, until we see each other again. Love, Stella."

Usually her letters were long and chatty, with, it seemed to me, just the right note of tenderness and affection. Surely nothing could be better for Tony in his frame of mind than her encouragement? But, try as I might, I could never see any change of expression in his face when I had finished reading. Eyes are so important when it comes to transmitting emotions. Now Tony's were blank and unreadable as I unscrewed the top of my fountain pen and settled down to write the letter he would dictate, using the broad



arm of my chair for a table.

"Dear Stella—" his letters always started that way and I wondered sometimes why he couldn't be more lover-like—more . . . but then I supposed he was embarrassed in front of me.

My fingers raced as I followed his words. Always the same. *What are you doing? Who are you seeing? What kind of flowers do you like? Do you like dogs? What kind of a home—or would you prefer an apartment?*

I knew a little of their story. Tony explained when I remarked at how little he knew of the girl he was going to marry. He and Stella had gone with the same crowd before he'd been shipped overseas. They'd never dated—but, suddenly, that last week when he'd had his orders, they'd begun seeing each other every evening, every minute of the day she could get away from her job. It had been a feverish, last-minute romance and they had only become engaged afterwards, through their letters.

BECAUSE I was their go-between, I knew how much Tony depended on Stella's letters. They bolstered his confidence and made him feel that someone needed him and wanted him. And I knew a growing affection for this girl who seemed to always say just the right thing to help him.

When he had finished dictating, I went to kneel by his chair so I could steady his hand as he awkwardly traced his signature at the bottom of the sheet.

His hand, so strong and burnished-brown beneath mine, finished the "Tony" and then moved to clasp my fingers, tightly.

"I haven't really thanked you, Annette—you and your folks—for your kindness in taking me in. You don't know what it's done for me to be with people like you, who are peaceful and untroubled. If there is such a thing as a sixth sense that blind people have, I think it must be what I felt when Major Johns first brought me into your house. I could feel the love that was between your Mother and your Dad and between them and you. It was like a living thing that whispered to me 'happiness lives here.'"

I was grateful he couldn't see me blush. It was silly to feel so flustered, to feel the little pulse in my wrist throbbing with exquisite joy—just because of his words. Or was it the words—so much as the *aliveness* of the touch of his strong fingers holding mine—!

"We're very glad you came, Tony." I managed to say.

"... 'Nette!" That shout was Dad calling me—and Tony and I sprang apart as if we'd been caught in a guilty act. It was time for me to go back to work.

As I walked back to the house to change into overalls and shirt, I real-

ized with a shock just *how* glad I was that Tony was here. Some vital spark, some hint of leashed-in emotions had come into our lives with his arrival. And it was a good thing, or so it seemed to me. We were such a close-knit family, so peaceful, so wrapped up in our quiet, normal struggle with the soil and our placid routine of living that the world itself seemed to by-pass our tiny valley. And lately I had been conscious of a growing restlessness. I wanted to go out, meet and embrace life, to struggle against the current instead of sweeping slowly down its quiet streams.

Not that Dad would have tried to stop me. I stole a furtive glance at him as we worked together that afternoon, cleaning the irrigation trenches between the rows of glossy-leaved orange trees. His blue eyes were slightly dimmed with age, but the stiff spikes of reddish hair that rose like a crest over the plump, ruddy little face, were as fiercely unmanageable as when he'd been a young man courting Mother. The love that existed between my parents was something that filled me with awe. It was an ever-renewing force, a lovely reality that had grown stronger through the years they'd struggled to raise these trees and to build their little Monterey-style dream house.

Dad caught me looking at him and winked back, broadly.

"I saw you out on the lawn, my girl, holding hands with young Tony. Just don't let your Mother catch you cutting up capers with another woman's man." The tone was playful, but underlying it was a warning—a reminder that the Gliddens didn't cheat. The Gliddens didn't take what didn't belong to them. You had to give, measure for measure, for what you got—that was Dad's life-long principle.

For a moment I was furiously angry. *You've no right to even suppose*—but the words checked themselves on my lips. I was trained to be honest.

I had to remember that stolen thrill I'd experienced when Tony's hand had closed over mine. And, painfully, slowly, relentlessly, I forced myself to go back over the past three days. Had I really been thinking of Tony as impersonally as I should?

Little things—the way I'd grown to watch for the quick amused smile that quirked his lips . . . for the wistful little-boy look that would steal over his face when he thought no one was watching, the look that wrung my heart with pity . . . the way my hands had taken, unthinkingly, to straightening his tie or smoothing back the soft blond curls when his comb had wavered in the straight part . . . the way I'd fallen into the habit of calling him—to myself—the *golden boy* because even the tan on his face was the gold-brown of an old coin.

I caught my breath sharply. Did you



think such things about a stranger you'd known only three days? Did you want to pillow that man's head on your shoulder to comfort his hurt—when he was another woman's fiancé?

Yes . . . I did.

In so short a time, I was shocked to realize, Tony had become more to me than a friend, someone who needed my help. I looked forward with delight to those moments each day when I read his letters to him and to those walks in the late afternoon when we strolled down to the *arroyo*, the dry river bed,

A Theater of Today Drama

Suggested by an original radio play, "Sublet", by Mann Page and Stewart Hawkins, heard on Theater of Today, Saturdays at noon, over Columbia



I unscrewed the top of my pen and settled down to write the letter he would dictate

at the end of the grove. I had to guide him, so that meant walking arm in arm. Had it been that that had betrayed me—the closeness of our physical beings along with the mental at oneness that so pleased us both?

It could be pity. I clung to that for a moment, and then ruthlessly discarded it. Whatever I felt for Tony was a bigger, more powerful an emotion than pity.

Neither was it love—yet. But unless I was careful, keeping a stern watch over my heart, it could be. And even

as I realized how careful I must be, some of the warmth of the sun seemed to disappear. A chilling sense of loss, the sad, hurting renouncing of a lovely, careless delight filled my heart.

But I was Annette Glidden.

I owed it to Mother and Dad—and to myself—not to steal even a look or a touch that wasn't rightly mine. And if I could school myself to restraint now, there wouldn't be any harm done. When Tony left there would be only happy memories and a gladness that it had been someone as fine as he who

had first touched my heart.

So my mind said in its wisdom. And I sternly resolved to follow it. Never, never again, I vowed, would I think of Tony except as a guest in our house!

The next day was Saturday and the barbecue. I explained to Tony, who understood picnics but not our Western barbecues.

"The Montellanos are giving it—'throwing a barbecue'—we call it. They've had venison stored in their locker freezer in town and now they're going to bring it out. The rest of us bring hot sauce and buns and pickles and tamales and Mexican baked beans and we all gather in the Grove at the Spur."

"Sounds swell." Tony said, slowly. "But perhaps I'd better not go. The others might wonder—and I might spoil their fun."

"Of course you'll come!" I was aghast. It wouldn't be a party without Tony! "You'll like them and they'll be glad to have you."

At the last moment the Montellanos found they could only take Mother and Dad in their crowded truck, so it was decided that Tony and I should ride over, the two of us, on horseback.

There it was again! Everything seemed to conspire to throw us together, alone!

Five minutes later my worries were forgotten. It was such pure, rapturous joy to talk and laugh with Tony, who didn't need his eyes on old Nellie who knew every turn of the road. I could never regret such moments of wonderful, precious intimacy!

The friendliness of our neighbors soon broke through Tony's reserve, and, later, when we were all gathered around the smoking pit over which the venison chunks turned slowly on their iron spit, I saw that this gathering was just what Tony needed. It was time for him to emerge from the lonely cocoon in which he had wrapped himself. These friends of ours were open-hearted, generous with their likings. Some owned great, rich acres of orange groves; others like Dad had small plots which just yielded a living. But there was no distinction. All of us wore blue jeans and shirts open at the neck, and walked in high leather boots. Ours was a simple but vigorous life. And Tony fitted in as if he'd always lived that life with us.

After the barbecue we sat around and talked. Tony finally grew restless. Night and day means little difference to a man who can't see—so I wasn't surprised when Tony asked me to guide him for a walk through the Grove.

We walked slowly, drawing in deep breaths of the night-scented air. Moonlight made the paths into silver ribbons.

"It helps me so much, Annette, just to know you're by my side." Tony's voice had taken on a deeper, warmer note. "I don't mean just steering me around like this—I mean the unquestioning way you're always where I need you and the way you help by just being yourself. So tiny a little rock—but a rock just the same." There was a

long pause and then he went on. "Would you mind—would it be a burden on you if I told you what happened to me—why I'm blind?"

That shy, touchy pride of his! I caught my breath and my pulses quickened. I'd been hoping that someday he'd tell me about it! I struggled to make my voice casual. "I'd like to know, Tony. Sometimes it's good just to talk it out."

There was a long moment before he began and I could tell he was deliberately making his voice expressionless. This, more than anything else, made me sense the terror that was behind his blindness. "He was my best friend—Stan Jewett. I think he was the only real friend I ever had. He was the bravest, the strongest man I've ever known—and yet, in civilian life, his hobby was writing poetry. I met him in camp and we were buddies there and overseas. Annette, he was killed right in front of my eyes. I was trapped, I couldn't get to him, I had to watch him die. And that was the last thing my eyes have ever seen."

THE tears were running, unchecked down my face. The agony that was in Tony's voice tore at my heart. I could see, vividly, in all its horror, the picture he was describing as his voice went on, telling me that it had been his job—Tony's—to stay in the foxhole getting the orders from headquarters over the field telephone. That he had relayed the orders that sent Stan Jewett and others forward to their death. Just as Stan had fallen, just as Tony had risen to help him, a shell had caved in the foxhole around his waist and he'd been trapped.

At first the doctors had thought his blindness had come with the wounds he, himself, had received in that battle. But weeks had gone by and then months. His wounds had healed but even when the shock had worn off, his sight didn't return.

"The Army psychiatrist said there was more to it than just seeing Stan die. He made me tell him about my childhood and somehow, it seems, it all ties in together. I was an orphan, you see. I lived with people who didn't want me and who kicked me out as soon as I was old enough to work. I didn't make friends—just acquaintances. Afraid they'd feel sorry for me, I guess. No real friends, until I met Stan. The psychiatrist said I'd lost faith in reality—that against my will, my eyes were taking revenge, refusing to have any part in a world where they saw only death and betrayal and insecurity."

Oh, Tony—darling! Why couldn't I put my arms around you and hold you and give you back your faith?

But only Stella had that right. With an effort I kept the tenderness from my voice. "You feel guilty, don't you, Tony? You can't help but feel that perhaps you could have saved him—even though you know it was impossible." The quick, astonished tightening of his hands on mine gave me courage to go on. Strange that I, who had lived such a sheltered life, should

somehow know the thoughts that haunted him! "That's the sort of futile imagining you mustn't indulge in, Tony. You had one friend. That proves you can have others. I think Stan would want you to know that life must go on, that you can't stand still at that moment—that all your useless dreams of rescuing Stan are only cheapening the glorious sacrifice he made." I broke off, shocked at the cruelty of my words.

He was furiously angry. The rigid withdrawal of his body and the clenching of the muscles around his jaw told me that. It was an intrusion into the privacy of his emotions and he resented it. But something more powerful than my own wishes goaded me on.

"You said Stan was a poet, Tony. That he was strong and fearless but at the same time he knew the beauty and the sweet living of life itself. Do you think he would admire you for this bitter self-hatred that's keeping your eyes closed to all the color and the shape and the glory he loved? No, Tony, he would want you to see that what he had seen was beautiful. He left you a legacy and you are throwing it away." I felt that Stan Jewett was very close to me, somehow, and that I was saying the things he would want me to say.

Tony was breathing hard, unevenly. The angry red still burned in his cheeks but I felt there was a difference.

Suddenly his hands were on my shoulders, shaking. "You're right, Annette. I know you're right. It hurts—having those secret thoughts of mine dragged out into the light like that—but maybe it's the shock I needed." Impulsively he gathered me to him, resting his cheek against the top of my head. "Thank you, little Annette. I think I've found another friend."

I like to think that my words had something to do with his steady improvement through the weeks that followed. Every day his vision seemed a little clearer—although there were terrible moments when he slipped back into total darkness. But there were

other times when he had momentary flashes of almost unobstructed vision.

He started helping Dad and me in the orange grove. It was seldom anymore that he crashed into tables and chairs when he walked about the house. He went on weekly shopping trips with Mother and when friends dropped in to visit he no longer retired to his own room to avoid them.

He still couldn't read his letters or write them, either. Sometimes I wondered why, if my friendship had done so much towards helping him to recover his sight, why Stella's letters hadn't worked the miracle long ago. They were such fine, inspiring letters.

These thoughts were pushed into the background by a new worry. For days now we had all been listening fearfully to the weather reports on the radio. This early sunny warmth was treacherous, as we all knew. And a frost right now might ruin our whole orange yield.

Tuesday morning we heard the warnings. And when we came in for lunch the barometer hanging outside the kitchen door was falling steadily. There would be no letter reading today. The frost would surely come that night—perhaps sooner. Tony and I got out the smudge pots while Dad went over to help the Montellanos—and bring them and other neighbors back with him to help us. The windbreak of eucalyptus trees bordering three sides of our grove would be of some help in keeping out the biting cold—but we would need the spreading warmth of the smudge pots, too.

Down the rows Tony and I worked. Our backs ached with the lifting and carrying, but I hardly noticed the pain. Tony and I—working together—working as one person—our hands touching comradesly—I worshipped the gallant, brave smile and the light self-mockery he used when once in a while he would misjudge a step and stumble slightly.

Dad and the others came and steadily we swung down the rows, lighting the fires behind us. Already we could feel the chill breath of the frost, the crispness underfoot that comes in advance.

We were racing against time and our hands worked automatically. I could sense that Tony's movements were defter, more sure of themselves. Tiredness was beginning to creep over me and a feverish light-headed feeling that the rows would never end—that we would go on and on, Tony and I, the smooth motions of our bodies working rhythmically side by side, his nearness overpowering me with a sweet, drugged languor—

A shout aroused me.

We had done it! We were through! I leaned against a rock there at the end of the row, staring down into the arroyo, letting the cold wind that whistled through the eucalyptus revive me. Tony rested beside me. Through the grove we could hear the talk and the laughter of the others as they made their way homeward. Tony's face was lifted to the white brilliance of the stars in the blackness overhead and even in (Continued on page 61)



He means everything to me



*John called her "lame-brain."
If he hadn't, Rosemary might
have married him ten years
sooner. But they finally got
together. Now there are three
of them—and happiness ahead*

HE called me "lame-brain"—that was what did it.

If it hadn't been for that, I think I would have had enough sense to fall in love with John Shidler and marry him ten years ago, instead of in 1941.

But I was a Junior in Mills College. (John was a Junior at neighboring Stanford. Our roommates were engaged, and they had introduced us.) I was majoring in drama—strictly Greek theater. I thought of myself, if no one else did, as a young actress of distinct promise. I knew what I knew, which was plenty, I thought, about literature, and the theater, and art. John had pretty violent ideas about those subjects too, though obviously unqualified—as a law student—to argue with a cultural leader like me. He liked Hemingway. And Thomas Hardy. I said they were dull. Give me Stephen Benet, I said. He said I was a "lame brain."

Naturally, a budding Bernhardt of my stature couldn't take that, and so—a little wistfully, because of the fraternity dances and parties I would be missing—I gave him up, to devote my all to my art!

I've done lots of stupid things in my life, but that was the stupidest. Fortunately nothing dire happened. Think of it! I could have fallen in love with an actor! But I did miss seven years



By **ROSEMARY deCAMP**

of being with John. Seven long years of aimless dating with the charming young men in my profession, when I could have had so much more.

At least though, when I did catch up with John again (he heard me as Judy, the nurse on Dr. Christian, and wrote a nice letter) I was wise enough to appreciate him. I told him I loved Thomas Hardy this time, and we were married a year later, June 28, 1941.

It took all the years between my leaving Mills College for New York—I thought New York was the "center of the cultural world" and the only place for a person of my talents to launch a career—and my return, sadder but

wiser to the west coast in 1937 to play Dr. Christian's nurse, to deflate the ego with which my Greek Theater days had saddled me.

I lasted only five broadcasts on my first job, One Man's Family. I was so full of myself and my art that I out-emoted the stars (although my part was just a bit) and it simply wouldn't do.

Next I wangled a post as assistant to Whitney Bolton, who was drama editor then of the New York Morning Telegraph. Determined to be a female George Jean Nathan, clever but not kind, I ripped to shreds every performance I covered. Soon I was knee deep in sad letters from actors who were out of jobs, thanks to my eloquence. When Whitney saw what was happening and (Continued on page 66)

ALL THE WORLD'S A WONDERLAND

WHEN YOU'RE IN YOUR TEENS

This is the theme song, especially composed by Jack Miller, which ushers in the Aldrich Family program every Friday at 8:00 P.M., EWT, over CBS

Music by JACK MILLER Words by NELSON COGANE

CHORUS

(TENDERLY)

ALL THE WORLD'S A WON-DER-LAND, — When you're in your teens, —

mpf

Fun and thrills at your com-mand, — That's what boy-hood means; —

Trus-ty bikes and roll-er skates, — For your so-cial whirls, — So-da treats and

mo-vie dates, — with a doz-en girls, You're like Hen-ry and Hom-er, Some things

pop-pin' day and night, — You pull man-y a bo-ner, But some-how things turn out right, —

Life's a mer-ry run a-round, — Through ex-cit-ing scenes, —

ALL THE WORLD'S A WON-DER-LAND, — When you're in your teens. — teens.

poco rit. *a tempo*





HENRY ALDRICH and HOMER are too thrilled by that feminine voice at the other end of the line. It looks like more trouble for Henry. Perhaps they're fixing up another one of those double dates—which usually don't materialize. These misadventures, created by Clifford Goldsmith, which at one time were adolescent tragedies, have now taken a comic turn, and listeners look forward every week to the antics of these lovable teen-agers.

Henry Aldrich (right) played by Dickie Jones—Homer played by Jackie Kelk

With the hot weather forgotten by now, we begin to think again about parties. In tune with the times is this delicious, rich, date and fig torte.



LET'S HAVE

a party!

COME late autumn, after we have settled down into our winter routine, most of us begin to feel the urge to give a party. Almost any excuse is a good one for entertaining—Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, when younger members of the family have a holiday from school, friends and relatives home on leave and, perhaps best of all, the warm, friendly desire to gather congenial people together for an entertaining evening. And since the best parties of all are the ones at which the hostess has a thoroughly good time, if you are going to give a party make your plans well in advance and be sure that they are simple enough so that when your guests arrive they will find you looking and feeling as fresh and gay as they do.

Probably the simplest menu for an informal gathering is varied sandwiches, a beverage and a simple dessert. If you have lots of time, you will probably want to make the sandwiches in advance, but if your time is short let your guests make their own from in-

gredients you have prepared—and if your guest list includes people who are strangers to one another this is an un-failing way to break the ice and start everyone out in a pleasant, friendly fashion. Have the bread sliced thin—for variety I suggest white, rye and raisin nut bread—cream the butter or margarine for easy spreading, and place bowls of sandwich spreads (there are recipes below) within reach, together with smaller jars of mayonnaise and



BY
KATE SMITH

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**

*Listen to Kate Smith's
daily talks at noon
and her Sunday night
Variety Show, heard
on CBS, at 7:00 EWT.*

mustard. Minced onion, sweet pickle relish and bacon crumbs (bacon cooked crisp, drained, then broken into bits with a fork) are pleasant additions, especially for those of your friends who pattern their sandwiches after *Dagwood's*. And then of course there are the other tidbits such as crisp celery and carrot strips, radishes, olives, potato chips and deviled eggs which go with sandwiches if not actually into them.

Chicken Salad Sandwich Filling

4 cups cooked chicken, in half-inch cubes
½ cup French dressing
1 cup minced celery
½ cup minced stuffed olives
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
Mayonnaise

Select a stewing chicken, have it disjointed and simmer until tender in just enough water to cover to which a small bayleaf, a small onion, a few peppercorns and salt to taste (a scant teaspoon per pound) have been added. Allow to cool before removing meat from bones (save unneeded meat and the liquid, of course, for soup or a casserole dish). Marinate cold diced chicken in French dressing for an hour. Drain and add remaining ingredients, together with salt and pepper if more are needed, and just enough mayonnaise to make spreading consistency. Veal or a combination of veal and chicken, may be substituted. This and the other recipes below may be prepared a day in advance and stored in the refrigerator until needed.

Liver Sausage Spread

½ lb. liver sausage
1 tbl. lemon juice
1 tbl. onion juice
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Mash liver sausage with fork. Combine other ingredients and add to liver sausage, blending thoroughly. Add sufficient mayonnaise to make spreading consistency.

Sardine Spread

Canned sardines
Minced green pepper
Lemon juice
Paprika

I prefer sardines in oil, rather than in tomato sauce, for sandwiches, and have found the large cans more economical. Drain off the oil, remove bones and mash sardines with a fork. To each cup of sardine pulp, add ½ cup minced green pepper, 1 tbl. lemon juice and 1 tsp. paprika.

Chili Cheese Spread

½ lb. sharp American cheese
2 tbs. French dressing
1 tbl. chili powder

Grate the cheese, or run it through a food grinder, blend in French dressing and chili powder and store until needed. If the cheese is very dry, use more French dressing to make it spread easily.

Sage Cottage Cheese Spread

1 8-oz. package creamed cottage cheese
½ tsp. powdered sage
3-4 tbs. thin cream or top milk

Break up the cream cheese with a fork, beat sage into milk or cream and combine, blending thoroughly.

For smaller groups, when you may prefer to serve a hot and cold plate, I suggest creamed oysters and peas with jellied tomato salad topped with cucumber mayonnaise. (Continued on page 103)

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
		8:00 Blue: News
		8:00 NBC: New and Organ Recital
		8:30 CBS: Columbia Ensemble
		8:30 Blue: Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: News from Europe
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15 Blue: White Rabbit Line
6:16	8:15	9:15 NBC: Commando Mary
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: NBC String Quartet
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00 Blue: Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Radio Pulpit
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Words and Music
	10:00	11:00 MBS: Pauline Alpert
8:05	10:05	11:05 Blue: AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
	10:05	11:05 CBS: Blue Jacket Choir
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
	10:45	11:45 NBC: Marlon 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 Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Transatlantic Call
	12:00	1:00 CBS: Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00 Blue: John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Josef Mardis
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30 Blue: Sammy Kay's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: Chicago Round Table
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Dangerously Yours
11:00		2:00 NBC: Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Chaplin Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: John Charles Thomas
	1:30	2:30 Blue: Sunday Vespers
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: New York Philharmonic
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Upton Close
	2:00	3:00 Blue: Listen, The Women
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Ether Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00 Blue: Al Pearce Show
	3:00	4:00 Blue: World of Song
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS: Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Music America Loves
2:00	5:00	NBC: NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: The Family Hour
	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
	4:30	5:30 Blue: Hot Copy
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Harriet Hillard and Ozzie Nelson
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 CBS: Fannie Brice
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: Kate Smith
4:15	5:15	7:15 Blue: Don Gardiner, News
4:30	6:30	7:30 MBS: Stars and Stripes in Britain
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Fitch Bandwagon
	7:45	MBS: Samuel Grafton
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: Greenfield Village Chapel Service
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Edgar Bergen
5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Blondie
	8:00	MBS: Meditation Board
	8:15	Blue: Dorothy Thompson, News
8:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Keepsakes
6:30	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 Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Old-Fashioned Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15 Blue: Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
8:15	8:30	9:45 Blue: Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Hour of Charm
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Goodwill Hour
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Jackie Glasstone-Les Tremayn
	9:30	10:30 Blue: Keeping Up With the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: We The People
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Maria Kurenko
	10:15	11:15 NBC: Cesar Saerchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Pacific Story
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: The Jack Pepper Show



FOR ART'S SAKE . . .

Probably you know him mainly as Casey, Press Photographer, the swell character on the CBS show heard every Tuesday night at 11:30 P.M., EWT. His name is Staats Cotsworth and he never meant to be an actor, at all. Not in the beginning.

Born in Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, he had his early education in Philadelphia. After graduating from high school, he entered several art schools, both in this country and in Paris.

Sales of his mural paintings were few and far between, however. Staats liked the travel and adventure connected with an art career and he loved to paint, but he liked good food and security more. Came the day when he discovered that he had exhausted the inheritance that was paying for all the good food as well as his art studies. Staats had to go to work, if he wanted to eat. Being an artist at heart, he had to find the right kind of work, of course. He turned to the stage—not always the most practical way to make a living. But for him it was a good way.

His earliest professional appearances were made with Eva Le Gallienne at her 14th Street Repertory Theater in New York. After a successful run there, it wasn't a difficult step for him to get a supporting role with Jane Cowl in the Broadway hit "Rain From Heaven."

He's also had his fling as a Shakespearean actor, having played with Philip Merivale and Gladys Cooper in "Macbeth," "Othello" and "As You Like It" and, most recently, as Banquo in the Maurice Evans production of "Macbeth." Among his most outstanding Broadway successes were the roles he played in "Stop Over" and "Pride and Prejudice."

Like many established actors of the stage, Staats believes that to really warrant the name of actor he should be able to perform in more than one medium. Consequently, he was among the first theater people to go into radio. That was more than twelve years ago. Now, while he's most familiar as Casey, he's also heard in many other shows, among them Mary Marlin, Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons and Perry Mason.

In his home life, he still lives in a show business atmosphere, for his wife, Muriel Kirkland, to whom he's been married eight years, is also an actress.

Staats likes ice skating and swimming, but his pet hobby is a very natural one for him—of course, the passion which was once to be his career. In odd moments, like those lulls during rehearsals, he keeps himself happy by making quick sketches of his fellow actors.

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	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
	8:15	9:15 CBS: "Swing Along"
	9:45	CBS: This Life is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00 Blue: Brilliant Lady
	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World
	10:15	10:30 Blue: Kay Armon, Songs
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: Air Lane Trio
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor
	10:10	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:10	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
3:30	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	12:00 Blue: Cliff Edwards
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
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
	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers
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: Backpack Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humboldt Flynn
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardino Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Klernan, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:15	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: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Horace Hildt's Life
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Tena and Tim
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	3:30	Blue: Appointment with Life
	3:30	Blue: Bob Trout, News
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 Blue: Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45 CBS: The High Places
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
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
	3:30	4:30 Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show
	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Whom 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 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
5:30	5:30	5:30 CBS: Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00 CBS: Quincy How
	5:10	6:10 CBS: Backstage
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15 Blue: Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: To Your Good Health
	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
	6:45	NBC: Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55 CBS: Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:00	10:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Horace Hildt's Orch.
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Date Line
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30 Blue: The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45 NBC: H. V. Kaltenborn
5:30	7:30	8:00 CBS: Fox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00 Blue: News
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Gay Nineties
5:30	7:30	8:30 Blue: Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30 MBS: Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00 Blue: Counter Spies
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet StoryTeller
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: Ted Malone—from England
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: The Johnny Morgan Show
	10:30	Blue: Melody in the Night
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY



PRECISELY WHY I AM HERE . . .

He's a good guy, this Alan Reed, whom you know as Falstaff Openshaw of the Fred Allen program and whose voice was familiar to you as Solomon Levy on the Abie's Irish Rose series, Clancy the Cop in Duffy's Tavern and the original Daddy to Fanny Brice's Baby Snooks—among hundreds of others. He's a guy with principles and he sticks to them. Once, for instance, he could barely restrain himself from smacking down a radio director who was heckling a young actress for nothing. He didn't bat the director down, because he was twice the director's size—as he is twice the size of practically anyone—but he never again accepted a part on any show produced by that director. That's the kind of a fellow he is.

Alan Reed was born in New York in 1907. Like many good New Yorkers, his youthful ambition was to act, but he got side tracked for a time at George Washington High School by winning the interscholastic broad-jump title and, later, at Columbia University by becoming an intercollegiate wrestler and completing a course in journalism. However, he did appear in the Varsity Show in his last year at college and that did lead to an offer to play with the Ralph Rose Stock Company in Oklahoma City.

This artistic venture cost Rose, a candy manufacturer, his shirt and he followed Reed back to New York where they started a candy business together, specializing in pecan pralines. They did all right until hot weather set in and the pralines turned a very peculiar and unsalable color.

He started in radio about 1926 and very rapidly rose to the position of Number One Stogie of the Airways. He's appeared with practically every famous comedian, and has command of twenty-two dialects.

Like many New Yorkers, Reed arrived in Hollywood rather late in life, only to become a native overnight. He went out to appear in "Days of Glory" in 1943 and set himself and his family—his wife, the former Finette Walker of "Anything Goes" and "Jubilee," and his three sons—in a home in Beverly Hills. After finishing his stint in "Days of Glory" he was offered several other inviting picture jobs, but refused them all to return to New York to be with Fred Allen. That chore completed, however, he's back in California.

Reed's interests are so varied that he can't remember ever having had a dull moment in his life. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is that he confesses never having had a real disappointment, and this in a life that has been full of ups and downs. To balance a naturally cheerful disposition, he has a deeply serious side and his greatest ambition is to contribute to a world without greed, his greatest fear is that this work might never materialize. He's a good guy.

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
6:00	8:00	Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: Sing Along
	9:45	CBS: This Life is Mine
9:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	Blue: My True Story
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:15	10:15 NBC: News of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World
	10:30	Blue: Kay Armon, Songs
7:45	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor
8:00	10:00	CBS: Honeymoon Hill
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Breakfast at Sardi's
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:15	11:15 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Cliff Edwards
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
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 CBS: Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Coast Guard on Parade
	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 Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Klerman, News
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 Blue: Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Tena and Tim
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Appointment with Life
	3:30	Blue: Bob Trout, News
	3:30	CBS: The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:35 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	5:00	Blue: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
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
5:30	5:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	5:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
9:30	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	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 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	6:55	7:55 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsh
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Land of the Lost
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: The Green Hornet
	7:30	8:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
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
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lum 'n' Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theater of Romance
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: 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: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fiber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Murder Clinic
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Great Moments in Music
	10:15	Blue: College of Musical Knowledge
	10:15	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	10:15	Blue: Ted Malone—from England
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: The Colonel
7:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Scramby-Amby Quiz
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Casey, Press Photographer

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time
	8:15	Blue: Your Life Today
	8:30	Blue: News
	9:00	CBS: News
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	9:00	NBC: Mirth and Madness
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	9:45	CBS: This Life is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
10:30	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
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	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
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8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Cliff Edwards
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
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 NBC: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Air Force Band
	11:45	12:45 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
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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 Blue: Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15 Blue: The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Klerman, News
11:15	1:15	2:15 Blue: Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
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12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15 CBS: Tena and Tim
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Appointment with Life
	3:30	Blue: Bob Trout, News
	3:30	CBS: The High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Ethel and Albert
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1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:35 CBS: The Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
	5:00	Blue: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Terry and the Pirates
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
5:30	5:30	5:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:45	5:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Front Page Farrell
	5:45	5:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
9:30	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	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 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	6:55	7:55 NBC: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	7:55 CBS: Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsh
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Land of the Lost
8:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: I Love a Mystery
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: John Nesbitt
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: The Green Hornet
	7:30	8:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Everything for the Boys
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
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: Lum 'n' Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theater of Romance
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: 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: This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fiber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Murder Clinic
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Great Moments in Music
	10:15	Blue: College of Musical Knowledge
	10:15	Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	10:15	Blue: Ted Malone—from England
10:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: The Colonel
7:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Scramby-Amby Quiz

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:15 Blue: Your Life Today
		8:30 Blue: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:30	2:30	9:15 CBS: Sing Along
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valliant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 Blue: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 NBC: Help Mate
	10:30	CBS: This Changing World
	10:30	Blue: Kay Armen
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor
3:00	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
3:15	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45 Blue: Cliff Edwards
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm and Home Makers
	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
10:40	12:45	1:45 Blue: Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, 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: Walter Kiernan, News
11:15	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 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 Blue: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	CBS: Tena and Tim
	3:30	CBS: Bob Trout, News
12:30	2:30	3:30 Blue: Appointment with Life
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
	3:45	CBS: The High Places
12:45	2:45	4:00 Blue: Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
	4:00	5:00 Blue: Terry and the Pirates
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
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
5:30	5:30	6:30 NBC: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Sea Hound
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
	5:30	6:40 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Fred Waring Show
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Chester Bowles
	7:45	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Burns
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: News
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Frank Morgan
5:09	7:00	8:00 NBC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Death Valley Sheriff
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Leah Shore
	8:55	CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corlies Arch
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	10:00	NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: From London—George Hicks
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Joe E. Brown Show
	10:30	NBC: March of Time
10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News



NIMBLE FINGERS . . .

The charming young lady with the glowing brown eyes and the curly brown hair is Joan Fields, the girl who can do some wonderful things with a bow and a violin.

Joan, who is now in her mid-twenties, started studying the violin at the age of five. That was in Long Branch, New Jersey, where she was born. Not long after she started her lessons, Victor Kolar, a famous violin coach, happened to pass her house, heard the playing and, when he asked the performer, refused at first to believe he had been listening to a child of five. Then he was enchanted. Then he offered to—and did—coach Joan for no pay.

The little girl advanced very rapidly and moved on from teacher to teacher—working with Arthur Lichstein of the New York Philharmonic and Franz Kneisel, who refused to take her as a student at first, saying he was a Doctor of Music, not a nurse and ended by being just as enchanted with her as her other teachers. Both here and abroad, she studied with Albert Spalding and Mischel Piastro.

Joan made her professional debut in this country at the age of eighteen, playing with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. A year later, she made her formal debut in a recital at Town Hall in New York and was acclaimed by the critics. She then appeared with the Ballet Russe as the first woman Concert Master in the United States. She has performed as a soloist with the New York Philharmonic, played for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House and appeared on the Music Hall of the Air program.

Aside from her phenomenal talent for the violin, Joan is a very average girl. She loves people and they are all charmed by her. She loves flowers and collects vases, frequently going broke to buy them. She likes children and has more or less adopted a little girl who lives in her present neighborhood. One day, the little girl—this could happen only in New York, where new, tall expensive apartment buildings rub shoulders with squalid tenements—ran after Joan on the street and asked her if she was the lady who played the violin so much. Joan answered that she was and the little girl said she listened to her all the time and thought it was lovely music. Joan took the child under her wing, is teaching her music, takes her to the country in the summer and hopes to help her with her future.

Word of this got around, of course, and had a rather amusing consequence. Now, every few weeks, Joan can be seen walking toward her apartment house with a host of ragged urchins at her heels. They all talk glibly about how much they like music and how they like the country, too. And Joan feeds them ice cream and cake—but they pay for it, too. They have to listen politely, while she plays for them. Joan's married to a science professor.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time
		8:15 Blue: Your Life Today
		8:30 Blue: News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
1:15	2:15	9:15 CBS: Sing Along
	8:45	9:45 CBS: This Life is Mine
6:45	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valliant Lady
9:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: My True Story
		10:00 NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
	9:30	10:30 CBS: This Changing World
	10:30	Blue: Kay Armen, Songs
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45 Blue: The Listening Post
7:45	9:45	10:45 NBC: Tommy Taylor, Baritone
8:00	10:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45 Blue: Cliff Edwards
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30 Blue: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 NBC: Farm and Home Makers
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
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, 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: Walter Kiernan, News
11:15	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 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	CBS: Tena and Tim
	3:30	Blue: Appointment with Life
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Bob Trout, News
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Right to Happiness
	3:45	NBC: The High Places
12:45	2:45	4:00 Blue: Ethel and Albert
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
1:25	3:25	4:25 CBS: News
1:30	3:30	4:30 Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
	3:45	4:45 CBS: Raymond Scott Show
	4:45	Blue: Hop Harrigan
1:25	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00 CBS: Fun with Dunn
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: We Love and Learn
2:15	4:15	5:15 Blue: Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30 CBS: Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	6:30 Blue: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45 Blue: Sea Hound
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00 CBS: World News
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Ted Husing
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Jeri Sullivan, Songs
	5:30	6:40 NBC: Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:55	CBS: Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Music Shop
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: I Love A Mystery
4:00	6:00	7:00 Blue: Fred Waring Show
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: News of the World
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC: Chester Bowles
	7:45	Blue: Mr. Keen
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Bob Burns
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: News
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Frank Morgan
5:09	7:00	8:00 NBC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:15	7:15	8:15 Blue: Death Valley Sheriff
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Leah Shore
	8:55	CBS: Bill Henry
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Corlies Arch
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55 Blue: Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00 Blue: Raymond Gram Swing
	10:00	NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15 Blue: From London—George Hicks
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30 Blue: Joe E. Brown Show
	10:30	NBC: March of Time
10:00	11:00	CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	8:00	9:00 CBS: News
	8:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Mirth and Madness
	9:15	CBS: Sing Along
	9:45	CBS: This Life is Mine
	9:45	NBC: Alice Cornell
	10:00	CBS: Valliant Lady
	10:00	11:00 Blue: My True Story
	10:00	NBC: Lora Lawton
	10:15	NBC: News of the World
	10:15	CBS: Light of the World
	10:30	CBS: This Changing World
	10:30	Blue: Kay Armen, Songs
	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
	10:45	Blue: The Listening Post
	10:45	NBC: Tommy Taylor, Baritone
	11:00	11:00 Blue: Breakfast at Sardi's
	11:00	11:00 NBC: Road of Life
	11:00	11:00 CBS: Honeymoon Hill
	11:15	11:15 CBS: Second Husband
	11:15	11:15 NBC: Vic and Sade
	11:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
	11:30	11:30 Blue: Gilbert Martyn
	11:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	11:45 Blue: Cliff Edwards
	11:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
	12:00	Blue: Glamour Manor
	12:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	12:00	12:00 NBC: Words and Music
	12:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
	12:30	12:30 NBC: U. S. Marine Band
	12:30	12:30 Blue: Romance of Helen Trent
	12:30	12:30 NBC: Farm and Home Makers
	12:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:00	1:00 Blue: Baukhage Talking
	12:15	1:15 Blue: Humbord Family
	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Bernardine Flynn, News
	12:45	1:45 CBS: The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45 NBC: Morgan Beatty, News
	1:00	2:00 CBS: Portia Faces Life
	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
	1:00	2:00 Blue: Walter Kiernan, News
	1:15	2:15 CBS: Joyce Jordan, M.D.
	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
	1:45	2:45 CBS: Perry Mason Stories
	1:45	2:45 NBC: Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00 CBS: Mary Marlin
	2:00	3:00 NBC: Morton Downey
	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
	3:15	Blue: Hollywood Star Time
	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
	3:15	CBS: Tena and Tim
	3:30	Blue: Appointment with Life
	3:30	CBS: Bob Trout, News
	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
	3:45	CBS: Right to Happiness
	3:45	NBC: The High Places
	4:00	Blue: Ethel and Albert
	4:00	CBS: Service Time
	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
	4:15	CBS: Stella Dallas
	4:15	Blue: Don Norman Show
	4:25	CBS: News
	4:30	Blue: Westbrook Van Voorhis

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time
	8:00	8:00 CBS: News of the World
	8:00	8:00 Blue: News
	8:00	8:00 NBC: News
	8:15	8:15 CBS: Music of Today
	8:15	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: Margaret Brien
	8:45	8:45 NBC: News
6:00	9:00	9:00 CBS: Press News
	9:00	9:00 Blue: Breakfast Club
	9:00	9:00 NBC: Rhythms for Saturday
	9:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
	9:45	9:45 CBS: David Sheep Orchestra
	10:00	10:00 CBS: Youth on Parade
	10:00	10:00 Blue: Emmy Hurst Presents
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Fanny' Ed McConnell
7:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30 Blue: "What's Cooking"—Variety
	9:40	10:45 NBC: Alex Drioler
	10:00	11:00 Blue: On Stage, Everybody
	10:00	11:00 NBC: Jamboree
	11:05	11:05 CBS: Let's Pretend
	10:30	11:30 CBS: Fashion in Rations
	10:30	11:30 NBC: Melody Roundup
	10:30	11:30 Blue: The Land of the Lost
	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	11:00	12:00 Blue: Blue Playhouse
	11:00	12:00 NBC: News
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
	11:30	12:30 Blue: Farm Bureau
	11:30	12:30 NBC: Antarctic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
	12:00	1:00 Blue: Report from London
	12:00	1:00 NBC: Here's to Youth
	12:15	1:15 Blue: Trans-Atlantic Quiz Between London and New York.
	1:30	1:30 Blue: Swing Shift Frolics
	1:30	1:30 NBC: Indiana Indigo
	12:00	1:30 CBS: Country Journal
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Report from Washington
	12:45	1:45 NBC: War Telescope
	2:00	2:00 Blue: Football Game
	2:00	2:00 CBS: Of Men and Books
	2:00	2:00 NBC: Air Forces Band
11:00	1:00	2:30 NBC: Grantland Rice
	1:30	2:30 CBS: Calling Pan America
	4:00	2:00 CBS: Victory F. O. B.
	12:00	3:00 NBC: Minstrel Melodies
	12:30	3:30 CBS: Visiting Hour
	12:30	3:30 NBC: Music on Display
	1:00	3:00 NBC: Rupert Hughes
	1:00	4:00 CBS: Sampson Parade
	1:15	4:15 CBS: Races
	1:35	3:35 4:30 CBS: Races—Ted Husing
	4:45	4:45 CBS: Report from London
	2:00	4:00 NBC: Your America
	2:00	4:00 Blue: Concert Orchestra
	2:30	4:30 NBC: Phil Darcy Quintet
	2:30	4:30 CBS: Mother and Dad
	3:30	4:45 NBC: Curt Massey, Vagabonds
	2:45	4:45 Blue: Hello, Sweetheart
	3:00	5:00 Blue: Service Serenade
	3:15	6:00 NBC: I Sustain the Wings
	3:15	5:00 CBS: Quincy Howe
	3:15	5:15 CBS: People's Platform
	3:15	5:15 Blue: Storyland Theater
	3:30	5:30 Blue: Harry Wismor, Sports
	3:45	5:45 CBS: The World Today
	3:45	5:45 NBC: Art of Living
	3:55	5:55 CBS: Bob Trout
	4:00	6:00 NBC: They Call Me Joe
	7:15	Blue: Leland Stowe
	5:00	7:30 CBS: Mrs. Miniver
	4:30	6:30 Blue: Sez You
	4:30	6:30 Blue: Early American Dance Music
	4:30	6:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
	5:00	7:00 CBS: The Kenny Baker Program
	5:30	7:30 Blue: Boston Pops Orchestra
	5:30	7:30 CBS: Inner Sanctum Mystery
	5:30	7:30 NBC: Cisco Kid
	5:30	7:30 NBC: Truth or Consequence
	5:55	7:55 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	9:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
	6:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
	6:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This
	6:30	9:30 Blue: Spotlight Bands
	6:45	8:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	9:55	Blue: Coronet Quiz
	10:00	Blue: Guy Lombardo
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Palmolive Party
	10:15	CBS: Correction Please
	10:30	Blue: The Man Called X—
	10:30	10:30 NBC: Herbert Marshall
	7:30	9:30 Grand Ole Opry
	11:05	9:45 10:45 CBS: Talks
	10:00	11:00 CBS: Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30 Blue: Hoosier Hop

had always found something vital to tell me when his mouth was full of foamy lather that made anything he said impossible to understand. *Oh, Rick*—Rick, mending a broken shelf in the kitchen, supervising the broiling of a steak, deeply asleep as a child sleeps when I tried to wake him in the morning, his hair tousled on the pillow.

All the yearning of my first few weeks alone, the hungry, physical crying out for Rick swept over me again. No longer did a weekend at the beach, without Rick, seem inviting.

That night was my first sleepless one since Johnny had come to my rescue. I finally threw off the bedclothes when I had heard the clock strike every hour through four, and, wrapping a blanket around my quivering shoulders, fled to the living room. There I built a roaring fire in the fireplace, curled up in the broad wing chair at the hearth, and tried to read. Ultimately, sometime around dawn, I fell asleep.

THE morning was gloriously sunny and clear. My black mood had fled with the night. I was weary when I took my breakfast coffee out onto the front porch, but I wasn't ill with loneliness any more. After a second cup of strong black coffee I was able to face the job of devilling the eggs and making the sandwiches for the picnic lunch I had promised my expected guest.

Johnny arrived in bouncing spirits, crying out a cheerful "hello," unloading mysterious packages from the back of his car. He unwrapped them proudly, expecting praise: a cake, a roast chicken, a bottle of wine.

Suddenly, I was glad he had come. I smiled at him, and told him so.

He put an arm impulsively around my shoulders. "We'd better get in the water right away, and make it splash—if we're ever going to have appetite enough to eat all this food."

"Right," I said. "You dress in the bedroom, Johnny, and I'll go down to the bathroom. See you on the beach!"

The water was wonderful. A good surf—but not too rough, and no undertow. My tired muscles relaxed in the cold salt spray and soon I was jumping over the breakers and diving under them with as much enthusiasm as Johnny.

"This is heaven," Johnny said, reaching out for my hand. "Let's never go back to town."

"Race you for shore," I said, breaking away from him.

Without further words, we plunged head downwards with the next wave, and swam with its power under our bodies swiftly in to the beach.

Panting with excitement we climbed onto the dry sand.

"I was first," I called out to Johnny, who was a few steps behind me.

"Race you to the house," was his reply, and he broke past me.

He was waiting for me when I pulled round the corner to the front porch steps, his arms outstretched. I ran straight into them, laughing.

John didn't let me go. He pulled me to him fiercely, although the laughter was still in his eyes—pulled me to him and kissed me. I tasted the salt water on his lips, and felt the quick heartbeats tearing at his chest.

It was good to be kissed again. This, too I had missed—the lack of this, the touch of a man's lips against mine, the

pressure of his arms holding me close to him—were a part of my loneliness. I hadn't known it before, but I knew it now with a great and terrible knowledge—that this, perhaps, was what I had wanted of Johnny all along. But no—not of Johnny! These were the things I had missed, but I could not ask them of Johnny, could not want them of Johnny. These were the things that a woman asks and wants only of her lover—and when her lover has gone away there can be no second-best. There can be other arms to dance in and other lips to make conversation to fill the silence, but arms for loving and lips for kissing belong to but one man in the world for me.

It was a long moment before Johnny let me go. Then, breathless and shaken, he moved a little from me.

"I knew what that could be like," he said, "but I didn't know what it would be like. That sounds foolish, doesn't it?" His laugh was shaky.

I thought I understood what he must be feeling—embarrassment, and a repudiation of the feeling there had been between us for a moment. Those were the things I felt, and I wanted to comfort him, reassure him.

"It's all right, Johnny," I said, "It just happened, that's all."

He looked at me long and hard. "I think we'd better dress," he said flatly after a moment, and walked away.

I was a little frightened as I ripped off my wet bathing suit and stood under the shower—frightened because of what I had seen in Johnny's eyes that last moment before he turned away from me. But it couldn't be, I kept telling myself. It was just that Johnny was shaken, as I was, by that unexpected kiss. We'd laugh about it a little, now, as we got lunch together.

I had expected to find Johnny in the kitchen, but he was in the living room, staring into the cold dead hearth. "Come and help with lunch, Johnny."

When he faced me, the look in his eyes was almost like a blow. "Lunch?" he repeated. "But Madge... What are we going to do?"

I tried to smile, to answer lightly. "There's nothing to do. Nothing at all, except not waste all that wonderful food—and not talk about it. Do come, Johnny."

"But we have to talk about it!" he burst out violently. "We can't just forget it. But neither can we just forget Rick."

Forget Rick? Even then I didn't quite understand. Even then I was too blind, too blithely uncaring of anything except my own peace of mind to see what I had done to Johnny.

He came closer to me. "I'm the kind of man you read about and hate," he said bitterly. "The man who steals his brother's wife. But now that I've done it I can't just 'not talk about it.' We've got to face it. We've got to tell Rick."

"Tell him what?" I asked automatically, but I knew the answer. I could read it in Johnny's eyes. He didn't mean that we should confess our momentary foolishness; he wasn't disturbed by that single kiss of ours; he was in love with me. He thought I was in love with him.

What had I done? Was I mad, stupid, to drift into a situation like this without knowing what was happening? Had I no sight or feelings but the tight

(Continued on page 58)

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little knowledge of selfish martyred self-pity inside me?

"I'll write to Rick," John said more quietly after a moment. "I'll tell him it was all my fault. Taking the blame is the least that I can do after making love to you behind his back like this."

"But Johnny—" his urgent hand on my arm cut my protest.

"No. Wait, Madge, let me finish. I've got to write to Rick. He'll be hurt at first, but we can't lie to him. Telling him now, before this goes any further, is the only decent way."

I FELT my breath come shallowly as I searched for something to say to him. Something kind, something that would make it clear to him that he was mistaken, that he had misunderstood me.

"I love Rick," I said. Just that, nothing more. I hadn't meant to say that at all. That wasn't kind. But suddenly my heart was so full of love for Rick, of shame at the thought that for even one moment I might have let the great flame of that love flicker, that I could think of nothing else, and I repeated in a low voice, "I love Rick. I've never loved anyone but Rick."

For a long time Johnny didn't say anything. He just looked at me, and there was neither pain nor anger in his look, only the deepest bewilderment. "Then why," he said at last, "why, Madge? Why have you let me fall in love with you?"

"But Johnny, I haven't. I've never said one word to you—"

He nodded. "I know. Not one word. But oh, Madge, a thousand actions, a thousand touches of your hand, and bits of laughter, and light and life in your eyes, where they hadn't been before. Madge, when you called me that first time you were terribly

depressed, remember? Depressed and bored, and hating life. And from the very moment we first went out together that all changed."

I was near tears. "Johnny, I didn't mean you to take me seriously."

He was angry now. "You didn't mean me to take you seriously. You didn't think I'd mind taking Rick's place in every way but one," he said grimly.

"I didn't think." It sounded lame—the age-old excuse a woman makes which is no excuse at all.

"There's nothing to think about, I guess, any more," Johnny said, and he sounded weary. "I'd better go." He took his hat from the table and was out of the door before I could answer

I TRIED to think, on my way home, about Johnny—tried to sort and analyze my thoughts, but somehow I couldn't be too sorry for what I had done. I wanted to be, but I couldn't. For there was room in my mind for little but relief, a great overpowering relief that at least I had done nothing to Rick. He was safe and secure in my love for him, as I was safe in his now, in the knowledge that I had been selfish and a fool and would be neither of these any longer.

I ran swiftly up the short flight of stairs to my apartment. More than anything in the world I wanted to talk to Rick right now, and the only way I could talk to him was by writing him a letter. I could hardly wait to get inside, to throw off my things and sit down at the desk.

My fumbling fingers inserted the key in the lock and I opened the door. There, where it had been slipped under the door in my absence, was a letter. A letter from Rick.

Swiftly I picked up the letter and curled up in the big chair, preparing

"IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING!"

That's the attitude a lot of us are taking nowadays. We feel that we can relax a little, and do some of the things we wouldn't have done a few months ago, or forget to do some of the things we were eager to do before.

But it's not over yet, and we haven't any right to that attitude—not one American among us. Blood is still being spilled—and that means we can't afford to forget our blood donor appointments. Guns and ammunitions are still being used, and that means we can't afford to forget that they must be paid for. Inflation still threatens us, and that means we can't afford to relax our vigil against it for a moment.

Insurance against inflation is insurance against trouble in the future—insurance against depression and bread lines and apple venders on the street corners. You remember those things—we want them to remain forever nothing but a memory of something unpleasant that never can and never will happen again here.

Here is a promise we all must make to ourselves, and to the men fighting for us, in order to keep our lovely land safe from a terror that is in some ways worse than war. We must promise to buy and keep as many war bonds as we can afford; to pay taxes willingly and not attempt to avoid our fair share—for they pay for the war now so that it will not have to be paid for later; to pay off debts and not contract new ones; to guard the future with savings and insurance; to buy rationed goods only in exchange for ration stamps, and at no more than ceiling prices; to avoid waste and buy only what we really need; to avoid profiteering on the war, and not to ask for higher wages; to do all these things to fight inflation—as insurance for the future.

to read it over and over—the next best thing to talking to Rick. But I read that letter through only once. That was all I needed—all I needed to burn the words on my mind, to engrave them on my heart:

“Your letters sound so different nowadays, Madge; so much more cheerful, so much happier. You tried your best to be gay in the ones you wrote right after I went away, but the loneliness kept creeping through the lines. That’s all over now—your last letter particularly sounded like the happy you I know so well. I’m glad that you’re having such a good time with Johnny, and that he’s being such a good substitute for me. You know I don’t want you to be lonely or unhappy. . . . I’m leaving here soon for another sector—I’m sorry I can’t tell you where, but I think it’s all right to say that the going may be very rough there. I don’t know what will happen—no one can ever tell. But if I shouldn’t come back, I want you to know that I’ll still be thinking of your happiness, and that I wouldn’t mind—well, it’s hard to say, but you know what I mean—there isn’t anyone in the world in whose care I’d rather leave you than in Johnny’s. . . .”

Rick, my husband, my love, had written this letter from the hell of the New Guinea swamplands to tell me that he understood how it was with Johnny and me.

I stared dully at the letter and I knew in that moment that if anything did happen to Rick I would have killed him, as surely as if I had crushed out his life between my hands, as carelessly as I had bruised our love.

The letter had been posted two weeks before. By now Rick had doubtless moved on to that new sector where anything might happen. Going into action in that mood, unsure—as every word of his letter showed he was unsure—that his wife would be waiting for him when and if he came back, Rick was in twice as deadly danger. Men had died miserably, needlessly, I knew, thinking that it didn’t matter, that no one cared whether they lived or died. I had heard of servicemen, broken in spirit by letters from home, who had plunged into battle with a suicidal desperation.

WHAT if my Rick, thinking that there was something between Johnny and me, thinking that he was no longer needed, wanted, at home, were to take such a fatal risk? I knew this was my punishment, not to know for weeks perhaps if Rick were safe, not to know if he lived or if he had died on some hot and bloody battlefield, more surely of a broken heart than of anything that enemy hands could do to him.

One thing I could do, and that one thing I did; I sat down at my desk and poured out my heart to Rick, in that letter I had meant to write when I came home. Desperation gave validity to my words; he would believe—believe that I loved him more than life—if only the letter reached him in time.

Shame and fear stood constantly beside me in the days that followed. The first morning I dragged myself to the office haggard and pale; I had slept three hours of the past forty-eight.

Mr. Hopper, who had never looked at me twice, blinked when I brought my notebook into his office for dictation



“So What?”

This curious character isn’t any one you know. It certainly isn’t any one *we* know. In fact we don’t believe the man exists who wouldn’t prefer a crisp, *white* shirt to one that looks dingy and gray.

But we *have* known women who acted as though their husbands couldn’t tell the difference. Not deliberately, mind you! They just didn’t know how to get *all the dirt* out of shirts—or any badly soiled garment.

We get to know these women because a lot of them write to us—when they try Fels-Naptha Soap. They say this mild, golden soap, blended with naptha, makes washing quicker and easier. That it gets things sweeter and cleaner. They say they’ll never use anything else.

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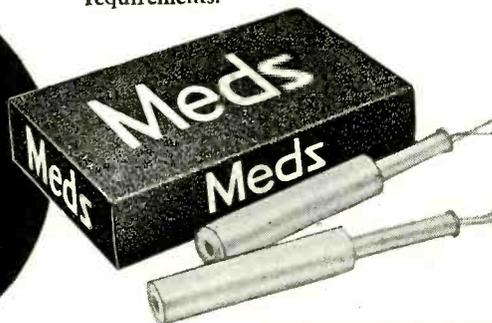
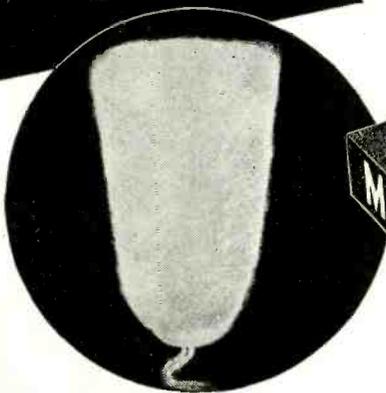
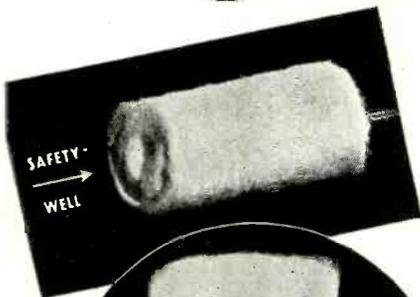
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and gasped, "Why Mrs. Nelson—have you had bad news?"

"No, no," I told him dully. There was nothing I could tell him. He didn't press me. Mr. Hopper, whom I had always considered a gruff and efficient automaton, suddenly was a person, who sensed that I was suffering and sympathized.

"You'd better run on home," he said, "we can do this when you feel better."

I was so grateful and so tired. I fell across the bed in all of my clothes, once I reached the apartment, and slept. It was dusk when I awoke, and strangely, when I did, it was Johnny I remembered first. I understood at last what I had done to him. I had treated him as though he were not a man, not flesh and blood at all, but a diversion—like the movies, or a game—placed at my disposal to amuse me until the man I loved came home.

I was alone now, and I was frightened, but at least I was no longer hysterical and tired. Somehow, overnight, I had grown up. I had learned to face a woman's fears and a woman's griefs. There would be a long time now before Rick received my letter, a longer time before I could receive an answer, if I did. I could not weep that time away; I had to fill it—fill it with work and courageous waiting.

For Johnny, too, I had to wait. I had tried to telephone him at his office, only to be told that "Mr. Nelson isn't with us any more," and at his hotel where I learned he had checked out.

Somehow the days limped by. After a time I had a card from Johnny. It said simply that he had finally talked his draft board into giving him limited service, and asking me to tell Rick. He had no words for me. Johnny was deeply, perhaps incurably hurt, and it was my fault.

AND so I went on, getting up in the morning and going to the office to work myself into weariness, coming home to eat because I had to, to pray for Rick because that was my only comfort, to sleep because that was oblivion.

And then at last, when it seemed to me that I had lived forever in this bitter emptiness, that it would extend beyond me into limitless time, I found once more a letter under my door.

The first reading of it meant nothing to me. It was enough to have the letter like Rick's hand in mine. But at last I forced meaning into the words.

"I wrote you a kind of foolish letter, I guess, Madge; I think I must have been crazy to read meanings into your words that weren't there. But your last letter couldn't have had any meaning but the one I read there. It was almost like seeing you, like hearing you say those words, instead of just reading them. How could I help but come home safe to you now? Today I watched an American flag, pulled down almost three years ago by the dirty hands of the Japs, unfurled once more on an American flagpost. It meant a lot to me. We are winning this war faster than any of us had dared to hope. So I am looking ahead today, darling; I am looking ahead to the time, not too far off, when we can live in our house by the sea again, safe and unafraid. And I'll know until then, wherever I go and whatever I do, that you'll be waiting for me."

I am waiting, my darling!

Someday Perhaps—

Continued from page 48

my weary state I could feel something different, something odd, in the way he stared around him.

He lowered his head to look at me. "Here, little one. We'd better be going before you catch a cold. You're too tired to walk—I'll carry you." And in a second he had swung me up into his arms, cradling my head against his shoulder.

"Tony—put me down. You're just as tired as I am and I'm more used to it. Besides—you won't be able to see where we're going without my guiding you." I hated to bring that up but I couldn't have him walk into a tree.

There was radiance in the way he smiled down at me. "Tired? Annette, I'm walking on air. I could carry you forever. Can't you tell—haven't you noticed? *I can see again!*"

My heart almost stopped beating. We'd hoped and hoped for so long—could this be really true? He was talking now in a rush, too excited to wait for me to speak.

"I can see almost perfectly—there's just a slight blur now and then. I forgot all about myself tonight and in the work and the concentration I suddenly found that I was seeing—everything. Not just for a moment but steadily. The trees and the ground and the sky and faces. I could see your face, Annette, and it's just the way I pictured it. Slim and tanned and heart-in-the-flame."

HE was walking towards the house now, still carrying me, and in his joy he pressed me to him, tightly. I couldn't restrain the unconscious, instinctive response I made. My head buried itself in the curve of his arm and my arms went around his neck.

"Tony—I'm so glad—so glad for you." My voice was muffled as I tried to keep the weak, grateful tears from coming. Tony could see! He was well again! I raised my face, the tears wet on my cheeks and looked directly into his eyes, so close to mine. "Tell me," I begged. "Tell me what you can see. Can you see the freckles on my nose?"

His laugh was tender and warm. "Not when it's this dark. But I can see by the moonlight that you are fair to look upon, my little Annette. You know, that's the way it seems to me—as though some power had turned you from a Voice into a very lovely girl."

He walked on and we were silent. Silent in a world that held a breathless beauty in its patterns of moonlight gleaming on the waxy leaves of the orange trees, in lights that were like a thousand fireflies dancing in the groves that stretched from valley to hills. Even those lights coming as they did from the smudge pots, had a beauty for me tonight. Because in this silent world there were only the two of us, alone, wrapped in a magic that took its song from the beating of our hearts so close together.

If I stirred in his arms he would bend his head and whisper. And I would murmur back—so as not to disturb the spell that held us both enchanted.

He found me lovely! He had thought about me and wondered what I looked like! I held his words close to my heart, hardly daring to think what they could mean. Through my veins ran a throbbing, tremulous wonder, perilous

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I'll never be lonely again

To think—I was afraid to meet you, my darling!

Ted and Laura said you were so attractive; all the girls were excited about you.

And I—well, I was a shy kind of person. I couldn't see why you'd like me.

But—"You have such darling hands," you said. "Feminine; soft. I love your hands." I was so proud, darling, so happy.

Now the thought of you is always with me. My hands work hard to help win this war. But what if the work does take the natural softeners from my skin? I use Jergens Lotion. And I can count on Jergens to help keep my hands nice and soft, dear, for you to come home to.



College girls know the smart hand care. They use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1. Next thing to professional care. Treats your hands with 2 ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough skin become attractive, desirable. No sticky feeling. Easy to use! To be sure . . . always use Jergens Lotion.

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and very, very sweet.

We were at the house now and I slipped from his arms to the ground. But still he held my arms in his tight clasp.

"Thank you for everything, Annette. For being so sweet and dear and understanding. There aren't words for the way I feel." *There are words, Tony, my heart was whispering.* But he went on. "I'm too excited to sleep. I'm going in and write Stella the news. I can't wait to let her know I'm well enough to go to her."

I'll never know what strength, what deep inner resources of pride I drew upon then to hold my head straight and my face from showing what I felt. But I did it. And in my heart little fragile dreams lay crushed into a thousand pieces—poor little dreams, springing to life without seed and budding without a chance for blossom! Tony and Stella—of course! I had forgotten Stella. How could I have, forgotten for even a moment?

Somehow I managed to say a steady goodnight to Tony.

But when I had reached my own room and shut the door behind me the tearing pain of heartbreak brought me to my knees beside the window. I couldn't cry. This was too big for tears.

I had tried so hard to keep from falling in love with Tony. But unseen, unknown, that love must have been slowly growing, fed by a word, a laugh, the pressure of Tony's arm in mine. Fed by all the agony he and I had faced together that night in the Grove when he'd told me about Stan Jewett—and by the intimate way we'd shared our dreams and our hopes and our troubles. We'd been so close. But what for me had turned into love, for Tony was still just friendship.

I PRESSED my forehead in torment against the cold, comfortless windowpane. I hadn't known that love could be so treacherous! That it could sweep over me in such a tide that I could have forgotten Stella while Tony carried me in his arms—and could have believed, then, that he loved me, too. I could still feel it—the warmth of his arms around me and the way his shoulder had made a hollow to fit the curve of my cheek.

Would it always be like that? Would I never be free of Tony—even after he was gone, even if I never saw him again. Tears burned behind my eyelids and my whole body felt numb and hollow with misery.

Even if I'd known that being with Tony would surely mean coming to love him—what else could I have done? He'd needed me. And wasn't that the better part of loving, to give generously of yourself without counting the cost, even if it meant nothing but a thank-you and a smile in return? I was glad—glad—that I'd been able to help him, even if it meant this heartache and pain.

But he was well now. He didn't need me anymore. I knew that my heart was too impetuous; it would betray me if I were ever alone again with him. I would have to keep away from Tony for the few days that remained before he would leave.

It was dawn before I finally found my way to bed and to sleep.

The next three days were awkward and unnatural. When I hurried through meals and escaped to hastily-invented errands, there was no mistaking the bewilderment in Tony's eyes. I knew

he was terribly hurt because I avoided him. I knew the laughing words with which I shook off his hand on my arm were falsely brittle—but I couldn't help it. I couldn't risk being alone with him. I pleaded headaches. I walked miles—alone—after dinner, coming back only when I saw the light go on in his bedroom and knew he had given up waiting for me.

Mother was an unexpected ally. Not really unexpected—I should have known that her keen eyes would see what was happening to me. Without a word spoken she quietly took my part. Tony found himself tied to her apron-string, fetching and carrying for her. It was "Tony, would you mind helping me with the garden today?" and "Tony, could you write your letter this afternoon? I need someone to go for the roaster I loaned Mrs. Wright," "Tony, will you drive me to the Red Cross this evening?" Other evenings he held skeins for her while she wound endless balls of yarn. Whenever Tony found his way to my side, Mother's slim figure was sure to put in an appearance not a second later.

The morning of the fourth day I awoke with a heavy feeling of foreboding. Then I remembered. This was the day that Stella's letter would come. Her answer—telling him when and where she would meet him. This was Tony's last day at the ranch. This was the day I would have to say good-bye to him.

He didn't appear for breakfast. I should have been grateful, but because I knew he was probably in his room packing to go away, there was a soreness in my heart that told me he was really already gone . . . even though his body remained in the house, his spirit and his heart had already flown away to the Tony-Stella world.

NEITHER was he there at lunch. I had put on the little white dress I knew he liked so well and I had hoped to say goodbye to him there in front of Mother and Dad.

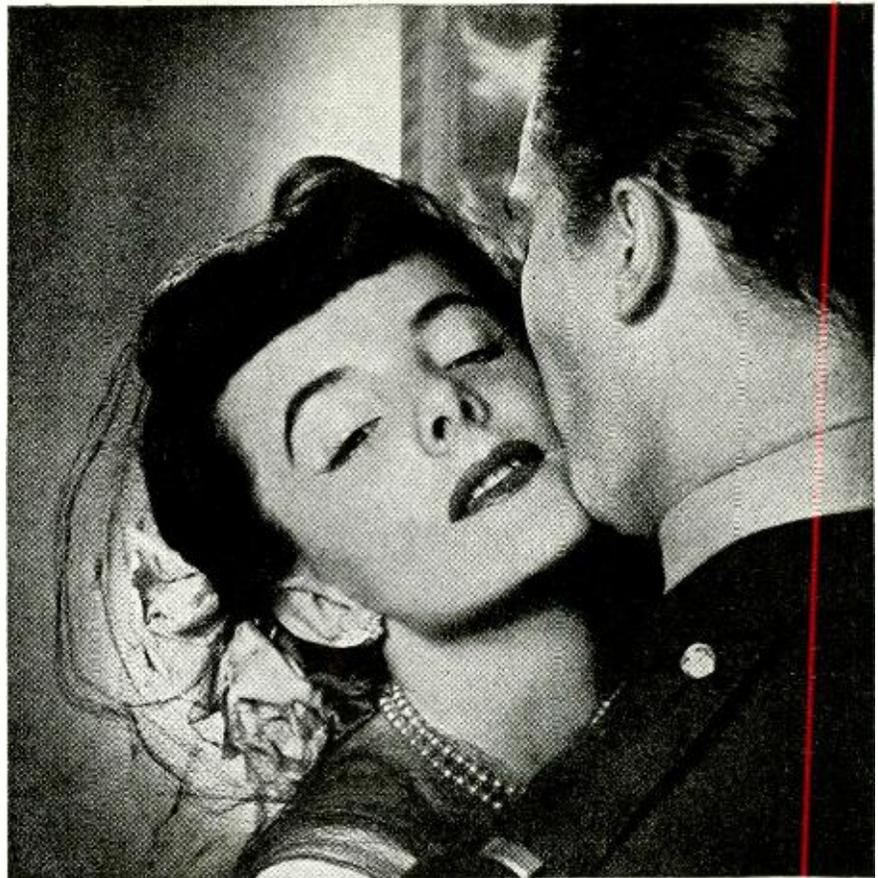
But, after waiting for a while, they went to their room for their usual siesta. This after-lunch nap was a fiction invented by Mother to get Dad to rest a little each day. We were actually too far north for the real tropical-siesta country. But it was a habit they never broke.

Once again I waited in the patio for Tony. But this time it was to say farewell. The sun was warm on my head and, gradually, I felt the exhaustion of the last few days drain out of my body, leaving me relaxed and confident. I could carry this off. I could let Tony go with only the best of memories of a lovely friendship.

I heard him walking through the living room . . . towards the open patio door. *My heart suddenly seemed to stop beating. His footsteps!* There was something wrong, something so horribly wrong that my languid mind refused to grasp it at first. *Those footsteps!* Why was he walking that way—why should there flash into my mind the sound of Tony's footsteps of those first awful days? Why—

Stumbling, cautious—the steps of the unseeing! What had happened? Was Tony mocking himself, playing a ghastly joke? My hands gripped the arms of the chair so tightly I could feel, through my shocked daze, the wicker strands cutting into the flesh. *No . . . no, Tony . . . please God . . . !*

He lurched out onto the flagstones, like a man stricken by some unseen,



*"Kissing You
is a lovely habit," you said*



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malevolent force. He was fighting for control, but I could see that all the color had ebbed from underneath the golden tan of his face. It was true—sickeningly, horribly true! Tony was blind again!

I forgot the role I was playing. My hands on his arm as I guided him to his chair were frankly caressing. All defenses were submerged in his terrible need.

"Tony . . . what happened?" I begged, not afraid to let him hear the tender yearning in my voice.

"I don't know." Impossible to describe the suffering in his voice. "One moment I was all right and the next I couldn't see a thing. It was just when I got Stella's letter. I was holding it in my hand and it suddenly blurred and then I couldn't see a thing." He gripped my arm. "Would you think it strange if I told you that it had something to do with the letter? That I couldn't read it? That I knew something was wrong in it? It's bad news, Annette, I know it."

It was tragedy that had sealed Tony's eyes once. If he'd had a premonition that Stella's letter was a further blow, it was quite possible that his vision had retreated again. But I couldn't conceive of bad news from Stella, the girl who had been so steadfast, who had written such warm, affectionate letters.

"It couldn't be that, Tony. She loves you. That sixth sense of yours is playing you false. You can depend on her." I withdrew the crumpled envelope from between his clenched fingers and ripped it open.

Hastily I skimmed through it.

EVEN though Tony's fears had warned me, I still wasn't prepared. It was still a shock—a cruel shock.

"Dear Tony . . ." it read . . . "I am so glad you are completely well at last. You write that you are coming home to me at once, so I think I should be honest with you and prepare you before you see me. If I've lied to you, Tony, in saying that I loved you please believe that I did it for your sake and because Major Johns wrote and asked me to. At first I thought I did, but gradually I've realized that we know practically nothing about each other. I'm not sure and I want us just to be friends until I find out. It will be better for us both . . ." There was more, all in the same vein. Stella had been pretending—and in spite of my angry resentment, I could still find it in my heart to thank her for her gallant pretense that meant so much to Tony. And I had to admit that Stella believed Tony fully recovered and capable of standing up under the blow. She knew he was no weakling—but she had underestimated the nature of his sickness.

"What does it say?" There was barely-controlled impatience in his voice. "Read it, Annette!"

If I read it—what then? No more Tony-Stella world, nothing to keep him from seeking the comfort and the love I could give him. Or would it so destroy his faith so completely that nothing could make it right again? It was Stella he loved.

The blood beat hard in my temples, and my voice was thick in my throat as I started to read.

"She says, 'Dear—Dearest Tony: . . .'" The words stumbled, said themselves. I couldn't think. Although my eyes were fixed on the paper in my hand, tears blurred the writing. I went on. "Dearest Tony: I am happier than I

can ever put into words to know that you are completely well once more. Now nothing separates us but the miles between us, and those are easy to bridge . . . Then I'll be in your arms and you in mine, and we'll know the safety and security of love so deep, so abiding, that nothing will ever tear us apart again . . . I—I've dreamed of that moment for so long that I can hardly believe that it is only a matter of a few short days until we will be together, and know what real happiness is, and build a perfect life for ourselves . . . Every breath I draw is a prayer for the golden boy who is coming to make me his wife . . ."

I went on talking, saying things of the sort I had never said before, but somehow knew instinctively how to say, making up the letter I knew Tony wanted to hear, substituting warmth for coldness, pleasure for pain. And every word was the lash of a whip across my sore heart, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was giving Tony back his confidence—giving him back his eyes!

When I finished, there wasn't a sound. When I finally dared to look at him I saw that Tony's head was tipped back, resting against the cushion. The color was slowly returning to his face, and something of the awful tension had left his body. He looked at peace once more.

I knew that I had done the only thing I could do. Later I would write to Stella and explain, and tell her that she must pretend for a while longer—and I was sure that if she did, if she pretended until she saw Tony again, she would come to love him as much as—as much as I did.

STILL trembling, I let my eyes search the strong, motionless face across from me. This might be the last time I would see him and I must store up memories to cling to after he was gone—memories of sun-burnished strength, of muscular hands lying stilled on the arms of his chair, of thick blond lashes tipped at the ends with a deeper brown. I caught my breath in. No—no, I mustn't remember. I wouldn't be able to stand remembering. I must learn to forget instead.

Tony stirred, and smiled a little. I hadn't realized that our chairs were so close, or that I was leaning tensely forward to look at him, until his eyes opened. And I found myself looking straight into them. Straight into the depths of his eyes. No shallow glancing—no unreadable barriers. I saw myself mirrored there, the tiny lights glowed far down, behind the picture I made.

"Tony—!" I scarcely breathed the name.

His hands moved to cover mine. "I can see you, Annette. Really see you. You are always the first person I see—and that's right, too, for you are the one who gives me back my sight. And this time you've given it back to me for good. Because I'm seeing right—and because I'll never let you out of my sight again."

He was on his feet then, and pulling me up with him. His hands were firm on my shoulders, pulling me gently, irresistibly to his heart. This was a dream I was dreaming, a bitter-sweet dream, and there would be an end to the sweetness of it!

Then he bent his head and kissed me. And that was not a thing of which dreams are made. That was reality. Stella, the world, everything, drifted

Bonita Granville

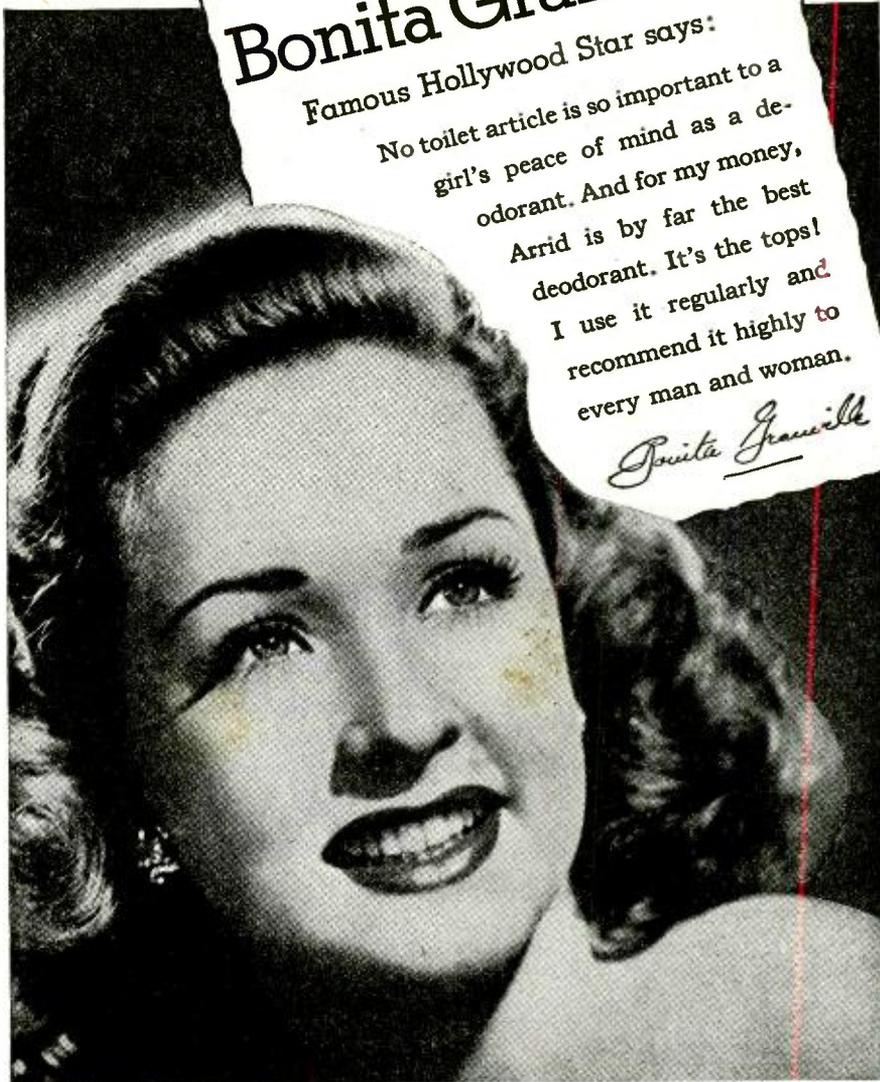
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away, and all that there was left was the knowledge of his mouth on mine, and my heart's instinctive knowing that this could not be denied, that somehow this was meant to be. Tony couldn't kiss me like that, again and again, couldn't hold my lips to his with such wanting—if he didn't love me. This was not a farewell kiss—this was the beginning of living.

"Don't you know," he said at last, "don't you know that you couldn't fool me? Did you think I couldn't tell a love letter from you? Those words—those could have come only from *your* heart, Annette, when you spoke them the way you did."

So he had known! All my fears, all my valiant effort had been in vain. But that—all of it—didn't matter now. Now, Tony had kissed me, as a man kisses only the woman he loves above all else. And that was enough for me. That was all I needed of knowledge now.

"It was strange," he said, gently, "knowing suddenly that I didn't care. Knowing that there was something so unpleasant in that letter that you had to make up another in its place. But I found myself listening to the words I knew were yours, and loving them, and loving you for your warm and generous heart, for loving me all the while, when I was stupid and blind in another way, not to know.

"That's why I couldn't see again, I think, when Stella's letter came. Because I didn't want to leave you. I knew somehow that I was making a mistake, but I didn't clearly understand it, even then."

"But—even feeling that it wasn't right, that it wasn't love you felt for Stella—you would have gone to her anyway?" That I had to know.

He nodded slowly. "I've learned things from you, Annette. One is that you can't take what you want—and as long as I owed Stella so much, I couldn't hurt her. Now I owe her more—she has set me free!"

Then I knew all that I had to know . . . all that I would need to know as a foundation for a lifetime of living in happiness. Tony loved me. Tony wanted me. We were together.

He Means Everything To Me

Continued from page 49

tried to soften my prose with his editor's blue pencil, I wrote him a scathing demand that he refrain from cutting my stuff. So I was fired again.

After that I tackled radio once more, and managed to hang on. I had a few good jobs, a lot of seedy ones, and I met—without fatal injury—a lot of charming young men.

In 1937, Joan Cannon, producer of Dr. Christian, sent for me and I came West. I have been Judy ever since—she was my lucky star.

By the time John's letter came, I had made a fairly satisfactory start, as well, in motion pictures. When I first saw John again I was playing the pregnant Austrian woman in "Hold Back the Dawn." My ego now, had dwindled sufficiently not to be a handicap.

The minute I saw my old friend and opponent on matters literary, I realized that here was a very real person. I was sure of it when he told me what he'd been doing since he left Stanford.

His brand new diploma in his hand, John had gone back to Torrance, California, the little town where he had been born and brought up, to start his law practice. His father was a doctor—the sort of country doctor who has helped every family in his district through one crisis or another—and was a beloved community figure. When Dr. Shidler died, John and his brother Frederick, who had studied medicine, found their father's old friends turning to them for the same sort of help and leadership.

Both boys had been equal to their respect. Frederick was following in his father's footsteps as the community doctor. John already was a judge, and was planning to run for Congress.

He told me all about it. The Congressman from the Torrance district, Representative Lee Geyer, had been John's idol. He died fighting the poll tax. John wanted to take up the fight where Geyer left it, and consequently had filed noticed of intention to run on the Democratic ticket.

This all seemed refreshingly real and important to me after my years of undiluted make-believe. And John seemed real and solid in comparison with the people with whom I had been surrounded. When he asked to see me again, I feared I was crowding my luck.

But there were no disagreements this time. Our divergent opinions on art and the theater were overwhelmed by our common interest in more important questions. Soon, although John never formally proposed to me, we were talking about a date for our wedding.

We were married in the Beverly Hills Community church at six o'clock on the evening of June 28, with just our two families present. My brother, Jerry, gave me away; Joan Cannon was my maid of honor and Frederick was best man for his brother.

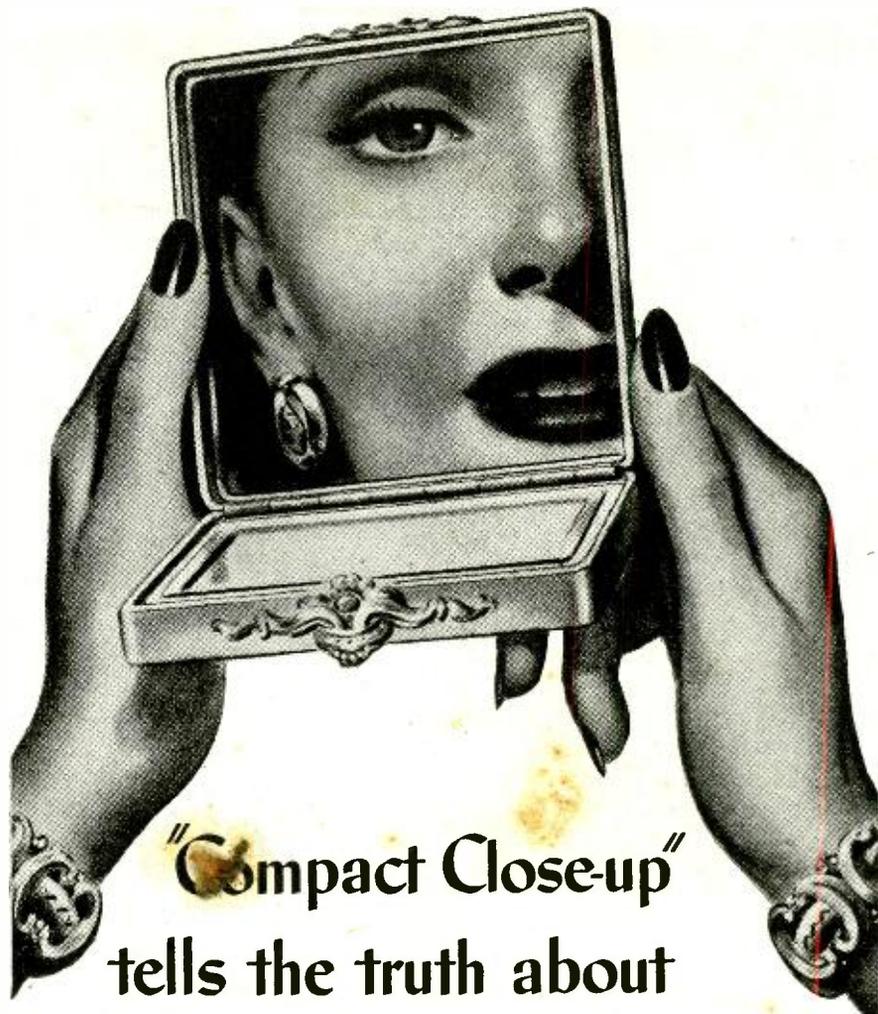
MY mother had made my wedding dress, and it was really beautiful. Pale rose mousseline de soie, with a jacket of real lace, it was applied by hand. Mother had rolled the ten yards of hem all by hand. Trying hard not to cry and spoil my pretty wedding, Mother watched that hem all the way down the aisle and hoped I wouldn't step on it.

John had ordered the bouquet, and both of us agreed that it looked appallingly like a funeral piece. Stiffly wired, it rattled in my nervous hands like a brace of castenets, and provided an erratic, inappropriately Spanish background for the Reverend John Stuart's solemn words.

We got through it without a major disaster, and afterwards met all of our friends at a reception over which Mother, proud and smiling in her handsome creme de cacao lace dress, presided.

We had only five days to be together before I had to report on location for "Jungle Book." We made the most of our five days. Almost alone in the out-of-season desertion of Del Mar, we found that we could enjoy many things together—swimming, badminton and fishing. We even read and enjoyed the same books.

After that auspicious start, marriage for John and me was just one long fight to see one another. Our jobs didn't mix very well. John came to see me at the "Jungle Book" location, but it didn't work. He could take the animals—and the odors!—and the noise and lack of privacy. He didn't mind sleeping in a tent. But when the third



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person called him Mr. de Camp he decided to go back to Torrance. You couldn't blame him.

After nine weeks of that I went back to be Mrs. Shidler in earnest at our home in Torrance. I must have been a shock to most of John's friends. When they had met me I had been a blonde. Now, thanks to "Jungle Book," my hair was pitch black. That they were so kind, and liked me unquestioningly was proof—if I needed it—that anyone John Shidler married was good enough for his friends and his father's friends in Torrance.

By this time, John had obtained the 15,000 signatures prerequisite for his campaign for Congress, and we plunged into the campaign enthusiastically. John raised every nickle of his campaign fund himself, without making one post-election promise. He did most of the work himself, ringing door bells, talking to organizations.

I HELPED all I could. Each of us made from two to four speeches a day. We had discovered soon after the campaign began that we were going to have a baby, a fact which made John's future even more important. We worked harder than ever.

I had just finished my wonderful part in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the motion picture of the life of George M. Cohan, and found myself suddenly in demand for a dozen good roles. During the months my baby was on the way, I made five pictures—and sandwiched campaign speeches between them.

John put up a good fight. He didn't win—because of a combination of circumstances which we try to believe was accidental.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor John had tried to enlist in the Army, and was turned down because of near-sightedness. When he decided to run for Congress, consequently, he felt justified in asking his draft board to postpone any reclassification of his draft status until after the election. This they agreed to do. However, five weeks before election date, John was notified that he had been placed in 1-A. Three weeks later he was inducted at Ft. MacArthur.

The result was that he was kept out of active participation in the vital last two weeks of the campaign—and his opponent, who had been mysteriously silent before, opened all guns those last two weeks. John didn't have a chance.

I had kept in touch with these dismaying developments by wire and

telephone from Victoria, Canada, where I was wading around in ice cold water, jumping on and off landing barges for "The Commandos Strike at Dawn." I was frantic for fear John would be sent off to a distant training camp without even a goodbye.

I saw him again—and this was a coincidence—because of his big feet! The Army, unable to fit John with regulation shoes, kept him on at Ft. MacArthur while special sizes were rushed out from Philadelphia. I beat the size twelves to Fort MacArthur.

It was not a gay meeting. John and I had been married for a year and a half, and we had scarcely seen one another. The election was lost. John hadn't even been allowed to listen to the returns. And both of us were sure that John could not be with me when our baby arrived two months later.

John tried to see me when Nana was born.

Equipped with a twelve-hour pass, he hitch-hiked to Los Angeles on the day we had been told was to be the red-letter one. He arrived at eleven o'clock that night. Nana had been born at five, and I was still asleep.

My mother told me next morning, when I awoke, that John had been there. I couldn't believe it—it was so far from his post in Northern California to Los Angeles.

"But he was," she said, and showed me what he had left for me—his infantry ring.

"He had to hurry back," Mother said quickly, when she saw tears start up in my eyes.

"I know," I said, but I buried my face in the pillow.

JOHN has been in the Army for two years now, and is a sergeant in the air force, attached to the Judge Advocate's office. He still dreams of going to Congress when the war is over. The next time he tries, I know he will make it.

We had a second honeymoon last summer, when John wangled a furlough on the 28th of June, our third anniversary. We went to Big Bear Lake and fished for trout, reveling in old clothes and sunburn. I fished in a long camel's hair coat (to protect my blazing shoulders) and a hat made of a rolled up newspaper. Baby Nana was amazed at the utter lack of dignity displayed by her fond mother and father.

The three of us have a lot of living to do when the war is over. I hope it won't be long.

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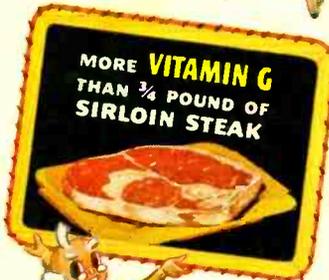
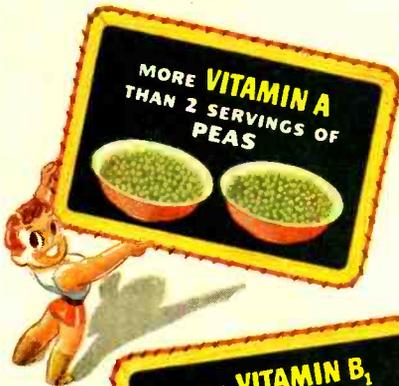
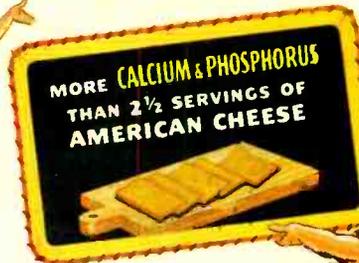
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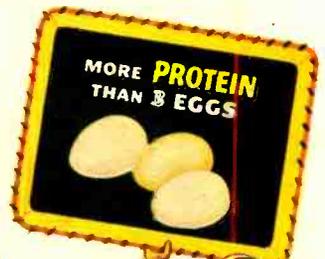
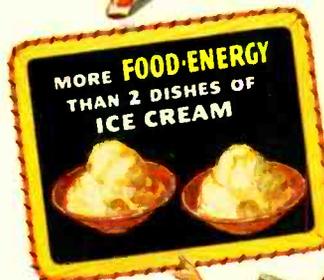
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House of Dreams

Continued from page 25

they had found it. Only we had different ideas of how to go about it. I believed in planning and hard work. Joey believed in luck.

It was hopeless to try to talk to him about the house. But I didn't stop thinking about it. Joey left the snapshots on the dresser in our room, and every afternoon when I came home from the store I looked at them, dreamed over them.

And then one day the snapshots were gone. I looked through the bureau drawers, in the desk, even—foolishly—under the bed, and I couldn't find them. And then I realized what had happened. Joey had sold the house. Our house—

JOEY came in a few minutes later and found me crying. He'd never before seen me cry—not when we'd been actually hungry, not when we'd been put out of a miserable room because we couldn't pay the rent, not even when the baby had died. That had been beyond tears for me. I had sat numb and dry-eyed, and it had been Joey who had cried—a great, shaken, man-weeping that had been terrible to hear—and I had put my arms around him, almost as if he were taking the place of the child I'd lost.

He was horrified to see me cry now. "Ruthie!" he cried. "Ruthie, what—" "You sold the house—"

For a moment he didn't understand, and then he looked staggered. "I didn't sell it, Ruthie. I just took the pictures to show a fellow. Sweet, look—if it means that much to you, we'll take it. We'll try it for a while, anyway. Only stop crying, Ruthie—"

And that was how we got the house in Hillview.

When we first moved in, I was wonderfully, deliriously happy. I cleaned and scrubbed as if the tasks were a privilege; I put up curtains and took them down again, and washed them and ironed them—and scorched them, sometimes, because I wasn't used to pressing more than a skirt. I bought a cookbook and tried every dish I fancied—and spoiled most of them, too, because the only cooking I'd done in years had been over an electric plate. I spent money I'd refused to spend on clothes recklessly on bedspreads and lamp shades and linens and silverware.

Joey tried to be pleased for my sake, and I think he really tried to find work at first. At least, he disappeared toward the business section every day and came home hours later, muttering about "small towns" and "funny characters." The time he spent around the house he actually seemed to enjoy. He mowed the lawn and watered it in the evenings, and went shopping with me in the morning, and he even, one Sunday, came with me to church. We went to the movies occasionally, and we went bowling, and met our neighbors at the bowling alley and chatted with them. We liked them, and they seemed to like us—although I don't know what Mr. Mullet thought when Joey told him that his lawn looked very sharp. Mr. Mullet couldn't know that everything pleasing was sharp to Joey, and everything unpleasant was dim.

Gradually I began to realize that Joey was humoring me, and that he didn't intend to get work in Hillview



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at all. It was all settled in his mind that we would stay perhaps for the summer, but no longer. Knowing that my happiness couldn't last, I tried to enjoy it the more, and I hoped desperately that something would happen to make Joey want to stay.

And then something did happen.

We were in town shopping one morning, and we stopped at the busy corner of Main Street to wait for the traffic light. That is, I stopped, but Joey, who was contemptuous of what Hillview called traffic, stepped boldly off the curb. I saw the speeding car coming toward him, and I think I cried out—I'm not sure, because it was all over in a second. A man's hand reached out, caught Joey's shoulder and snatched him back to the curb. Joey tripped and fell to his knees. The man helped him up, and Joey rose to stare at his rescuer.

I stared, too. He was a tall young man, a little too thin. His hair was ruffled as if he had made one pass at it with a comb and had then forgotten it, and his tie looked as if it had been tied hastily and without benefit of mirror. His clean collar was frayed, and his suit was worn shapeless. Even so, something about him made Joey's expensive new suit look cheap, and Joey himself a little too dapper. And he had the kindest face I'd ever seen, although the smile he gave Joey was a touch exasperated. "You ought to watch those lights, my friend," he said. "They're there for your protection. It takes time and trouble to set broken bones—"

JOEY shook his head blankly. "Great snakes! If you hadn't grabbed me—" Then he looked down at his hands. They were dusty and scraped from the sidewalk, and in one of them was a five dollar bill. His jaw dropped. "Where'd this come from? Is it yours?" "No," said the tall man, and it struck me that his smile was rueful. "Isn't it yours?"

Joey's other hand plunged into his pocket, came out with a few bills. He counted them, looked at me. "Ruthie?"

I shook my head. I knew that I hadn't taken a five that morning.

"A fin!" Joey marvelled. "Just like that—" and then he looked up at the other. "Say, who are you, anyway?"

"My name's John Martin. And if you'll excuse me—"

"No, wait! I got a hunch—"

"I can't wait. I'm a doctor, and I'm in a hurry." He started to move away, but Joey seized his sleeve.

"Wait a minute, Doc. Don't you see what it means? You put your hand on my shoulder, and saved me from getting knocked off by a car. Then I fall, and you take my shoulder again and help me up—and I got a five-spot in my hand. It's hot luck—"

"Joey!" I wanted only to make him let the doctor go, but my cry had the effect of reminding him of his manners.

"I'm sorry, Ruthie. This is Doctor Martin, and Doc, this is my wife, Ruth. I'm Joey Steele. As I was saying—"

Dr. Martin was laughing so hard he barely managed to acknowledge the introductions. "It was just a coincidence. It wouldn't happen again in a hundred years."

"Coincidence nothing! I've been playing the horses too long not to know a hunch when I get one. Give me five minutes, and I'll prove it—"

Continued on page 74

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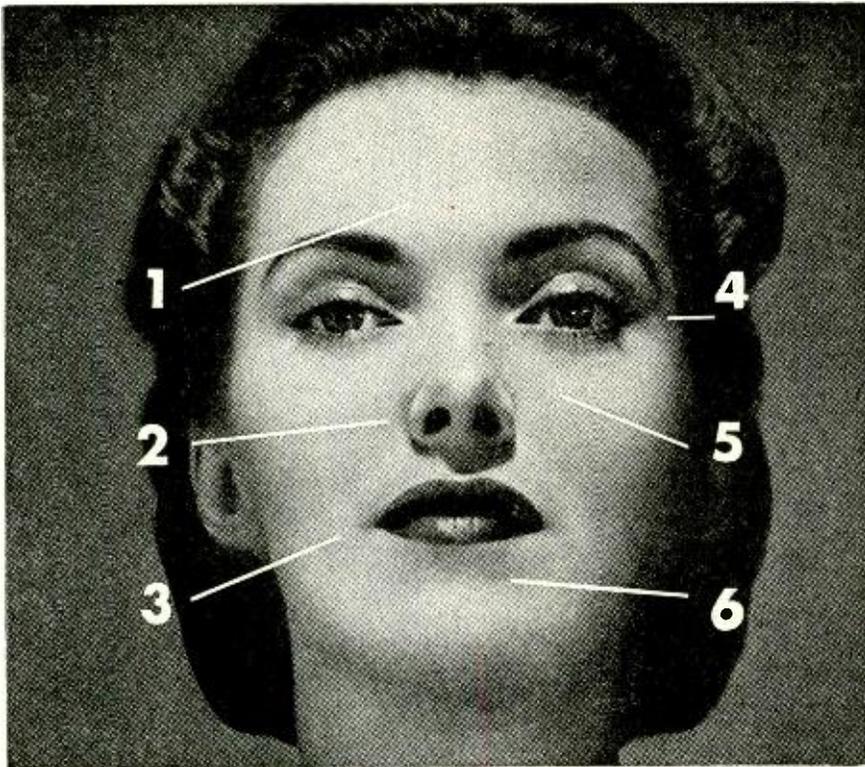
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this way. It was better that I was going away from Hillview, better that there would be no chance of seeing each other on the street, no chance, ever again, of our eyes meeting in an unguarded instant like this one.

I was conscious suddenly of the thin stuff of my robe, of the chill night air pressing around us, and I drew back a little. His lips tightened oddly—*ruefully*; slowly, as if he weren't quite aware of doing it, he raised his hat and put it on his head. "Good-night," he said, and I heard my own voice echoing faintly, "Goodnight."

And that was all. But after I'd closed the door I had to lean against it for support, and my body was weak and my heart was pounding as Joey's must have pounded earlier.

FOR the first time, I was sorry we'd come to Hillview. Even when I had first known that we would have to leave, I'd been glad that we'd lived there a little while; it would be something to remember and to cherish always. But this—this feeling John Martin stirred in me—this wasn't just a lovely thing, something to look back upon with gladness even when I was no longer near the source of it. No this was something sweeter and stronger and more compelling than I'd ever known before, something that would remain with me all of the rest of my life, disturbing me, reminding me of all I couldn't have.

I didn't want to see him again. Those two brief meetings had given me more than I could ever forget. I didn't want to go with Joey when, a week or so later, he went to pay Dr. Martin and to thank him for his visit. "Why don't you send a check?" I suggested.

Joey shook his head. "None of that check stuff! Don't you see, Ruthie, this is my chance to really talk to the guy? Maybe he'll figure he knows me a little better now, and he'll listen—"

I put on my coat and went with him. Perhaps, I thought, I could help edge him out when he became too insistent about his lucky hunch.

Dr. Martin's office wasn't on East Avenue, where most of the doctors and dentists in Hillview were located, but across town in a plain, square building with "Hillview Clinic" over the door. The waiting room was bare and poorly furnished with a bench and a few straight chairs. A tall, thin, gray-haired woman behind the desk told us that Dr. Martin was very busy.

"I won't take a minute," Joey assured her. "I just want to pay him for fixing me up—"

"I'm Miss Kelly, his secretary. You can pay me. Have you a bill?"

Of course Joey hadn't waited to receive the bill.

"You can look it up," he was saying, and then he spun around as Dr. Martin came out through a door on the other side of the room. "Doc!" he cried. "I want to thank you, Doc, and talk to you for just a minute. It's about that luck of ours—"

John Martin's eyes rested briefly on me and then, with a mixture of kindness and exasperation, on Joey. "I told you how I felt—"

"But Doc, look—this is the chance of a lifetime! Luck like we got when you put your hand on my shoulder only happens once, and you got to use it while it's hot. I got that lucky five we found the other day, and if you take off that nightshirt and come out to the track with me, we'll run that five up to a fortune. We'll go up

there tomorrow, Doc—”

Dr. Martin was laughing now. “I think you really believe that I—”

“Tomorrow,” Joey insisted. “I’ll pick you up at nine—”

“But I’m not going.”

“Huh? Aw, now, Doc, you can’t— Look, I got that lucky five right here.”

“I don’t care anything about that. I have a clinic to take care of and a lot of sick children—”

“Joey!” I said sharply, but I might as well have talked to the wind.

“Doc, you got to believe me. I’m on the level, and I tell you that in just one day at the track we can make thousands. We’ll split—everything fifty-fifty—and you’ll be rolling in dough—”

“I don’t want any part of it,” said John Martin impatiently. “That’s final.”

HE turned away abruptly, and Joey’s temper flared. “You mean,” he cried, “you’d rather tramp around a broken-down joint like this when you could be living in real class—”

I gasped. John Martin’s muscles bulged under the white coat, but he didn’t turn around. The door to the other room slammed behind him.

Joey stared at the closed door; then he turned indignantly. “Now how do you like that guy—”

Miss Kelly’s thin nostrils were pinched with anger. “You should be ashamed. If I’d been in Dr. Martin’s place, I’d have punched you right in the nose.”

“Me? What did I do?”

My cheeks were burning. “Joey!” I said again, but neither of them paid any attention to me.

“It wasn’t anything you did,” said Miss Kelly. “It’s what you said about the hospital. This place is his life’s work.”

“His life’s work, huh? And what’s he going to have when he’s finished? He’s wasting his time.”

Miss Kelly stood up suddenly. “Perhaps you’d like to judge for yourself. Would you like to see the hospital?”

Joey’s chin went up. “Sure,” he said. “Show me.”

I went with them. I was terribly ashamed and embarrassed, and I wanted desperately to get Joey out of there, but even more, I wanted to see John Martin’s hospital. We went up a flight of steps, into a long room lined with beds. In the beds were small—pathetically small—figures.

“There are fifty beds in this ward,” Miss Kelly was saying softly. “Fifty children depending upon Dr. Martin to make them normal and healthy again.”

“Kids!” Joey exclaimed. “What’s the matter with them?”

“Paralysis.”

“Paralysis,” Joey repeated, and my heart contracted. Little Joey had died of paralysis.

“If it hadn’t been for the clinic and Dr. Martin,” Miss Kelly said, “none of these children would have had a chance to walk or to live like normal human beings again. Some of them wouldn’t be alive.”

Joey swallowed, and tried bravado. “Well—Doc must have a good racket at that. I guess the kids’ folks pay plenty to get them fixed up.”

“Most of them pay nothing.”

“Are you kidding?”

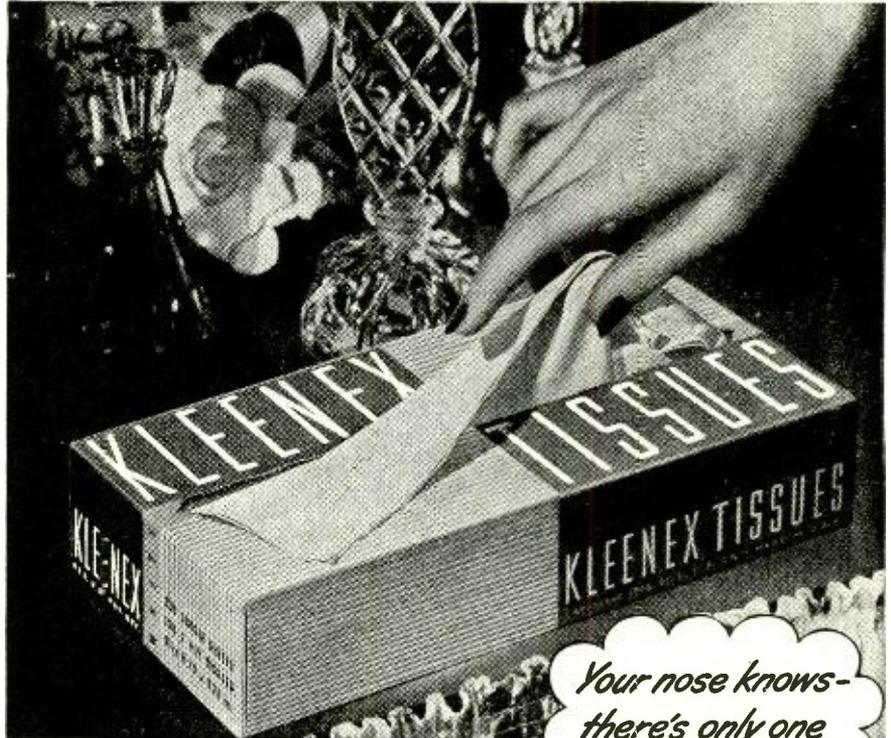
“No, I’m not kidding. Children of families who can afford to pay go to the big hospitals. Those that you see here are orphans, and from poor homes—from miles around.”

Joey was thunderstruck. “You mean

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the Doc keeps these kids here, works on them, patches them up—and he don't get any money for it?"

"Just about."

"The guy must be nuts. How does he do it?"

"Well—the clinic gets a little from the city every month, but it's not enough to even cover expenses. Dr. Martin's been using his own money."

Joey shook his head. "That's daffy. Why don't he get some of the rich guys in this town to put in some dough."

Miss Kelly sighed. "He's tried hard enough. But no one will do it. No one has faith enough in the clinic, and all of those who could help want to see someone else make a donation first. If one person would start it, the rest would follow."

"The big cheapskates!" Joey exclaimed. "What's the Doc going to do?"

"I'm afraid," said Miss Kelly, "there's just one thing he can do—give up the clinic. Now you know the story, and I think we'd better go back."

SHE turned to go, but I didn't follow her. Several beds down, I'd caught sight of a small dark head, heart-breakingly familiar in outline, and I was moving toward it as if magnets drew me. Joey followed me. I came to the bed, and knew that I hadn't been mistaken. The little boy was sleeping, but his thin, pointed face was very like Joey's. Black hair, cut short, curled aggressively over his forehead, and even in sleep one small fist was defiantly clenched.

I drew a deep, wavering breath, and Joey's eyes met mine. The same shaken thought was in both of us—he might have been our little boy. Miss Kelly caught up with us. "You musn't talk," she warned in a whisper. "Danny's very sick."

"We're not talkin'," Joey whispered back, huskily. "We're just lookin'." And then he turned very quickly and went out ahead of us.

Downstairs, Dr. Martin was standing at Miss Kelly's desk, looking over a report. He frowned when he saw Joey, and the determination in Joey's face. "I'm getting a little tired of this—"

"You got to listen to me now, Doc," said Joey desperately. "Everything's different now."

"You still want to talk me into going out to the track, don't you?"

"Yes, but not to make dough for myself. I don't want a dime of it now."

Dr. Martin looked at him searchingly. Then he asked quietly, "Why?"

"I saw those kids upstairs—" For a moment he couldn't go on. "I—You need to keep this place going, Doc—to help those kids who never had a chance. Let me try to help you, Doc—the only way I know."

Dr. Martin looked at him for a long time, and then at me. And I—well, I was so moved by Joey's sincerity that I wanted the doctor to say yes. Miss Kelly said softly, "Why don't you go? You need a day off anyway, and I can look after things here—"

"It still seems an awful waste of time—"

Joey didn't let him finish. "It won't be, Doc," he cried jubilantly. "You'll see. We'll pick you up at nine tomorrow."

The next day began like a picnic. I'd packed a basket of lunch, and we opened it on the train going up to the city. John—we'd dropped formality before we were out of Hillview, and we were John and Joey and Ruth to each other now—was like a boy on a

Beech-Nut Gum

The yellow package . . . with the red oval

holiday, once he'd made up his mind to forget responsibility for a few hours. He joked and told stories and complimented me on my sandwiches, and I was so wonderfully happy that I had to remind myself once in a while, just to keep in touch with reality, that my happiness couldn't last. Joey was too excited to eat. He kept looking out the window, as if peering ahead would bring the city closer; from time to time he looked at his watch, and he fingered the lucky five-dollar bill.

At the station he insisted upon the luxury of a cab to the race track, and we were no sooner inside the gates than he dashed off to place his bet. John guided me toward the stands.

"But Joey—" I protested. "How will he find us?"

"We've a box—and he has his ticket. Haven't you ever seen a horse race?"

"Not a real one," I said, "only in the movies."

HE looked down at me oddly for a second, and then the crowd drove us forward.

It's hard to remember the afternoon clearly. The noise of the crowd, the blare of the loudspeaker, the unfamiliar surroundings, all blurred in my mind, like a moving picture which began slowly enough, and then speeded up gradually until it was almost impossible to distinguish the action. I remember the first race, when Joey found our box and told John he'd put the lucky five on a horse called Easy Go, and John asked him if ten to one wasn't rather a long shot, and Joey said what with their system, that was what they wanted. Then the loudspeaker blared, "There they go!" and the crowd roared, and Joey cried, "Put your hand on my shoulder, Doc!"

John laughed, and Joey picked up his hand and clapped it on his shoulder and held it there. Easy Go started slowly. He was third, and he dropped to fourth place, and only when my heart sank to my shoes did I realize how much faith I'd come to have in Joey's hunch. Then at the far turn Easy Go began to move up, and I found myself leaning out of the box, pounding on the wooden railing, screaming at the top of my lungs, trying to keep Easy Go in sight and to hear the loudspeaker at the same time. Even John was shouting, and when he forgot and took his hand from Joey's shoulder, Joey clapped it back again.

The loudspeaker thundered, "Down the stretch it's Lady's Day in front with Easy Go moving up fast . . . It's Lady's Day in front . . . It's Lady's Day and Easy Go head and head as they come to the wire . . . It's Lady's Day and Easy . . . and the winner—Easy Go! Lady's Day is second by half a length, and Pony Boy is third."

At the end of the second race we had four hundred and ninety-five dollars.

I could hardly believe it, and neither could John, but Joey was beside himself. "Five dollars at ten to one," he chanted, counting, "paid fifty plus the original five—that's fifty-five. Second race, fifty-five on Rock'n Rye at eight to one paid four hundred and forty plus the fifty-five, and that's four hundred and ninety five—and that ain't all. We're just getting started."

John shook his head. "You're not going to bet all of it again, Joey?"

"Every dollar of it!"

"Wait a minute, Joey. It's foolhardy! Why, with that much money—"

"What're you talking about, Doc?"

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Five hundred ain't a drop in the bucket. I thought you needed a big contribution for your clinic—so the big guys in town would contribute, too. All right—what d'you call a big contribution?"

"Probably ten thousand dollars," said John, "but—"

"So it's ten thousand," said Joey. "Now here's a horse called Blackjack at twenty to one—"

I **HARDLY** saw the third race. I was worn out with excitement, and in its place came a kind of apathy and hopelessness. It was hard to believe that any of it was real—the crowd, the blaring speaker, and John and Joey and I together in that box. It was hard to believe that the flying dark shapes on the track had anything to do with us, and that there was a chance that one of them could bring us ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand dollars—I couldn't imagine what that much money would be like. Of course we couldn't win it—

Then the crowd was roaring madly, hysterically, and John was saying in a dazed voice, "We got it. We've won again—"

Joey didn't say anything at all. His face was white, and his eyes were enormous, and he stood staring speechlessly down at the track. Then he turned and darted out of the box.

John caught my arm, pulling me up. "Ruth, come on! We've got to stay with him—"

But we lost him. The aisles were choked with people, and it was minutes before we were outside the stand. That space, too, was crowded, and John stopped dead still, his face nearly as white as Joey's had been. "I'll never forgive myself," he said. "I might have known it would be too much for him. Only I didn't think we had a chance to win so much—"

Until then, it hadn't occurred to me to worry about the effect on Joey's heart. I started to run in the direction where he'd gone off to place the first bet, and John followed me. Then we saw Joey coming toward us. He was holding his coat closely, protectingly around him, and his face—his face looked as it had looked once, years ago, when he'd seen his first Christmas tree at a settlement party. He saw us and waved, and in a moment we'd caught up with him. John put his arm around him. "Joey, take it easy for a minute. You've got to rest—"

Joey seemed not to hear. He smiled, a strange and beatific smile, and tapped his pocket. "In here, Doc. Ten thousand and three hundred and ninety-five beautiful bucks for those kids in your hospital—"

"I can't take it, Joey. I won't hold you to your bargain."

"You got to, Doc. Ruthie wants it that way, too. Tell me what you're going to do with it."

"That doesn't matter now, Joey. What matters is that you have to rest—"

"Tell me, Doc."

"Well, Joey, first we'll call a meeting of the board of directors. Then I'll make a speech and announce that a very prominent citizen has donated over ten thousand dollars to the Hill-view Clinic. Then I'll tell them that the man who made the generous contribution is Joey Steele."

Joey sagged a little against John's arm, but he shook his head vigorously. "Oh, no! Don't do that, Doc. Just leave it 'a very prominent citizen'—that

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sounds better. Leave the name out."

"All right, Joey, it'll be that way. Now just take it easy, and lean on me while we walk to that bench, right over there—"

Joey nodded obediently. He took a step, and then he slid smoothly, almost purposefully, it seemed, to the ground.

John and I were kneeling beside him, and a crowd gathered, their voices sounding low and queerly far away, like the distant hum of bees. John pulled Joey's coat open, and his shirt, and wrote something hurriedly on a slip of paper. He handed the paper to a policeman. "I'm a doctor, officer. Will you have this filled right away—"

BUT it wasn't any use. I knew it wasn't any use. Joey'd had more than the excitement of winning ten thousand dollars in the last few minutes. For Joey, the failures of years had been erased, and the dream of a lifetime had come true.

Joey knew that it wasn't any use, too. The knowledge of it was in his eyes as he turned them to me. "I told you—I'd be a big shot someday, sweetheart. But this is a dim thing to do, just when—"

He never finished the sentence. He turned his eyes and saw John's hand on his shoulder, and as his head fell back against John's supporting arm, he smiled.

That was over a year ago. My throat still tightens when I think of Joey, and I still feel a stab in my heart that is both pain and pride when I remember him as he was at the last. I shouldn't grieve for him I know. Because Joey died knowing happiness as it is given to few men to know it. In the space of a few hours he'd become everything he'd wished to be all of his life, everything he'd dreamed of being, and more. I still don't believe that luck did it. I think that what Joey called luck was really love, unselfish love for one's fellow-man, the kind of love John has, the kind of unselfish love Joey at last found.

I have reason for believing it. John and I have been married for several months now, and his love has worked a miracle in my own life, made it bigger, more useful, more worthwhile than I ever dreamed it could be. And, in sharing his work, in seeing the clinic grow under our efforts and the donations Joey's gift started, I have seen more miracles of love and service come to pass.

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*According to recent surveys

Awake, My Heart!

Continued from page 38

my mind seemed empty.

It was still raining at five-thirty, when the telephone rang. It was Mrs. James, breathless-sounding.

"Laurie? How's the storm over that way? It's simply terrible here!"

"It's not so bad now," I assured her. "We're all right."

"Laurie, do you suppose you could stay all night with the children? My sister's not well at all, and besides, they say the Elmwood road is washed out, and I can't get a bus. Do you suppose you could?"

I didn't like the idea too much, but what could I say? "Of course I will, Mrs. James. Don't you worry about us—we'll be fine."

Sounding relieved, she reminded me once again of the cold fried chicken in the ice box, and rang off. I went back to my story telling.

It was interrupted again, a few minutes later, this time by a knock at the door. I went to open it, feeling a little frightened.

And there he stood—wet and bedraggled, shaking himself like a puppy and grinning at me. Hugh, again.

"Can I come in?"

I STEPPED hastily back from the door. "Of course. You—you're wet." There I went again, saying those silly, obvious things! Why on earth did Hugh affect me this way?

But he didn't seem to notice. He stepped into the room and began stripping off his coat, turning his engaging smile on the children. "I'll bet you kids were scared to death. That was a rip-snorter, all right, wasn't it?" It was a moment before I realized that I had been included in that "you kids."

Hugh moved across to the empty fireplace. "I started back when it let up a little," he explained, "and then it began to pour again, so I thought perhaps you'd be kind enough to give me shelter for a while. How about a fire—it's getting cool. Is there any dry wood?"

"There's plenty in the kitchen," Emil volunteered, and scampered to get it. Nels continued to sit and stare solemnly at Hugh with obvious hero-worship dawning in his eyes, and Karen in a sudden excess of shyness popped her finger into her mouth and buried her face in a pillow. The silence was unbearable. I had to say something, but I simply couldn't trust myself today.

"We're glad of company." There—I'd said it, and it wasn't so bad.

"Thought you might be," Hugh answered, and busied himself laying a fire with the wood Emil had brought.

All of a sudden things fell into focus, as if I'd been looking at the world through heavy veiling and the veil had been torn away. Hugh looked so—so right, kneeling there on the hearth, his wide shoulders moving in an easy rhythm of muscle. It was almost as if—as if we lived here, he and I, and he had just come home from work. As if these were our children. And in a minute, when the storm let up again, he'd be on his way. I wanted to delay him, to prolong the precious minutes of half-pain, half-pleasure that being with him gave me.

"Won't—won't you stay for dinner?" I asked abruptly. "We'd love to have company, and it'll give you time to dry your clothes."

He was silent a minute, as if thinking it over. Then he said, "Yes—I'd like to."

"You get Captain Crandall a blanket, Nels," I instructed, "so he can dry his uniform in front of the fire. And I—I'll go get our dinner!" I almost sang those last words.

Hugh and I—having dinner together, sitting together in front of the fire. It would be like—like all the dreams that I had dreamed. And once again, as I hurried about the kitchen, I was back in my game of pretend. It didn't matter what happened later. Later, Hugh would be gone, and my reason for living with him. But now he was here, with me and I'd be happy with that, and not think about the time ahead until it came. Here, cut off by the storm, it was almost as if we were alone in a separate little world of our own, Hugh and the children and I. Well, I was going to enjoy it—every minute of it. I deserved that much, didn't I?

There was the fried chicken, and the early carrots the children and I had pulled in the garden. Creamed potatoes, I decided, and a salad, and some hot biscuits—Mrs. James had plenty of her good raspberry jam left from last year, I knew. There wouldn't be time for a lemon meringue pie but I could make some packaged pudding and serve it with chocolate sauce—and the cooky jar was sure to be full if I knew Mrs. James. There I was—getting dinner for my husband, who had just come home from work, and who was playing with the children in the living room so they wouldn't get under foot while I was working. This was the way it would be when I am married to Hugh Crandall . . .

THERE it was again—the old dream. The dream that couldn't be a reality for all time, but could be just for tonight. One night, snatched out of all the years—and I would make it one to remember, one to keep me company in my dreams during all the long time ahead when Hugh would be gone!

Dinner was a huge success. Hugh kept the children in stitches with his comments on his costume, which consisted of a light blanket tied shirt-wise about his waist, and an old sweater of Mrs. James' which did, as he said, fit him altogether too soon across the shoulders.

After we were finished, Hugh asked suddenly, "Have you told your mother you're staying all night?"

"Oh heavens—I forgot," I gasped. "She'll be worried to death!"

"Let me," Hugh said, and got to his feet. In a moment I could hear his side of the conversation with Mother—his voice assured and reassuring. "Yes, I'm sure she'll be perfectly all right. . . . No, of course she can't just leave the children alone . . . no, as a matter of fact I haven't . . . I hadn't thought of that . . . Why, I'd be glad to, Mrs. Ames. No, it's no trouble. . . . Of course, the first thing . . ."

He was back in a moment. "I—I'm going to stay all night," he said. "It didn't occur to me, until your mother reminded me, Laurie, but of course she's right. You kids would be frightened to death to stay out here alone, especially if the storm gets worse."

There it was again, *you kids*. But I wouldn't let it spoil things for me. I was still Mrs. Hugh Crandall. I'd had dinner with my family, and ahead of me were dishes to be washed, and a long, lovely evening with my husband, in front of the fire. Those I would

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have, and no one could take them away from me.

Hugh, beginning to gather up dishes, smiled down at me. "You're only shoulder-high, Laurie," he chuckled, "and in those overall things you look about ten years old. What was I thinking of to be willing to let you stay out here all alone?"

"I'm not a child, my heart protested. I don't feel like a child. No child could feel the way I feel toward you, Hugh! I'm a woman, and every fiber of my being is filled with a woman's love for a man, my love for you! But how could I say that to him? How could I say anything just then—do anything, but pick up dishes and hurry out to the kitchen with them?"

As a special treat we let the children stay up and help with the dishes—and managed with their assistance to break a plate—but immediately the last pan was dried and put away Hugh began herding them up to bed.

It gave me a strange feeling, a sort of peaceful stillness inside, to be doing this with Hugh—helping with recalcitrant shoelaces, buttoning the back buttons of Karen's sleepers, supervising the scrubbing of teeth, sitting quietly, side by side with him, on the edge of Nels' bed while we listened to three childish voices pipe their way through a swift, unpunctuated prayer which ended with, "and God please watch over the people at home and make the war end soon. And God bless Mother James and—" this an improvisation by Emil—"and Laurie and Captain Hugh. Amen."

WHEN we were downstairs once more, Hugh stretched himself lazily out in a chair before the fire. "You ought to get to bed yourself, Laurie," he said. "You need sleep—it's been a hard day."

I wanted to protest hotly that I never went to bed before ten-thirty, even on evenings when I stayed home. I might have done it, but Karen's voice from upstairs saved me. "Laurie—I want a drink of water. Laurie!"

Hugh jumped to his feet. "I'll get it for her," he said, and ran lightly up the stairs.

This was the way it should be. After dinner was over, you put the children to bed, and one of them always wanted a drink of water, and the man of the house would go get it because he understood that his wife was tired after a long day with the children. It was so *right*, so perfectly the way our life should be. Why couldn't Hugh see it? Why couldn't he see that this was just a sort of foretaste of the life we ought to have together, he and I? Why couldn't he stop treating me as if I were a child—why couldn't he see that I was a woman, awake and aware and ready for love, with a woman's lips eager to press his, with a woman's body anxious to find a perpetual haven in his arms?

The room was warm with the fire. I snapped off the lights, and went to open the door and stand there, looking out into the night. It was still raining, but the rain was soft and gentle now, like a blessing, full of the sweet scent of wet grass and flowers.

Hugh and I—*Hugh and I!* In a moment he would come downstairs, and we would be alone together, in the midst of all this magic. And suddenly another thought came to me. For the first time I realized that Hugh and I were virtually alone here—that we would be here all night. Mother

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thought it was all right—she had actually thanked Hugh for staying with me. But the rest of the people in Elmwood—what would they think when they heard that Hugh and I had been out here together? A delicious little thrill of excitement coursed up my spine. Then—then, when people began to whisper—wouldn't Hugh at last wake up? Wouldn't he realize that if I were grown-up enough to be talked about, I was grown-up?

"Laurie? Oh—there you are!"

Hugh had come downstairs. Now he came across the dim room and stood with me in the doorway.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"It's lovely, Hugh. The whole world is—clean!"

We stood in silence for a moment, lost in the magic of the night. Then Hugh's voice came again—but infinitely different this time, as if it had caught some of the wonder.

"Laurie—you're beautiful, standing there. You don't look like a little girl now. You look like a fairy princess with the pale light on your hair, and your flower-face tipped up to mine, and the shadows all around you. I—Laurie, kiss me." He said it very gently. I moved closer to him, turning my lips to his, in complete surrender to all I had wanted for so long.

SUDDENLY his hand was hard on my wrist, pulling me urgently to him. His lips pressed questingly on my eyes, my throat, my temples, demandingly on my mouth. It was like being swept away by a breaker, tossed and buffeted—so wonderful, so exhilarating, so removed from anything else in the world that you didn't remember that you could drown in it. For a moment I yielded to a feeling I had never experienced before, meeting his kisses with kisses, returning the fierce pressure of his arms.

And then—I was frightened. I was terrified as I had never been before—as if I had never known before in my life what fear was. This was what I had wanted, what I had dreamed of, what I had set the whole course of my life toward. To be in Hugh's arms, to know his love. But not like this—Oh, not like this!

I pulled away and stood, sick and confused, a little apart from him. My body felt limp and useless, as if that breaker of a moment before had tossed me violently up on the shore.

Hugh leaned against the door frame, and his face was queer and still and dazed looking. After a long moment that seemed a lifetime of silence, he spoke.

"Laurie—I shouldn't have done that. I—I'm terribly ashamed. Oh, Laurie—forgive me! You looked so different, just for a moment—I forgot. I must have been out of my mind."

I had no words to say to him. I could only stand and stare, my fingers pulling nervously together and apart at my sides.

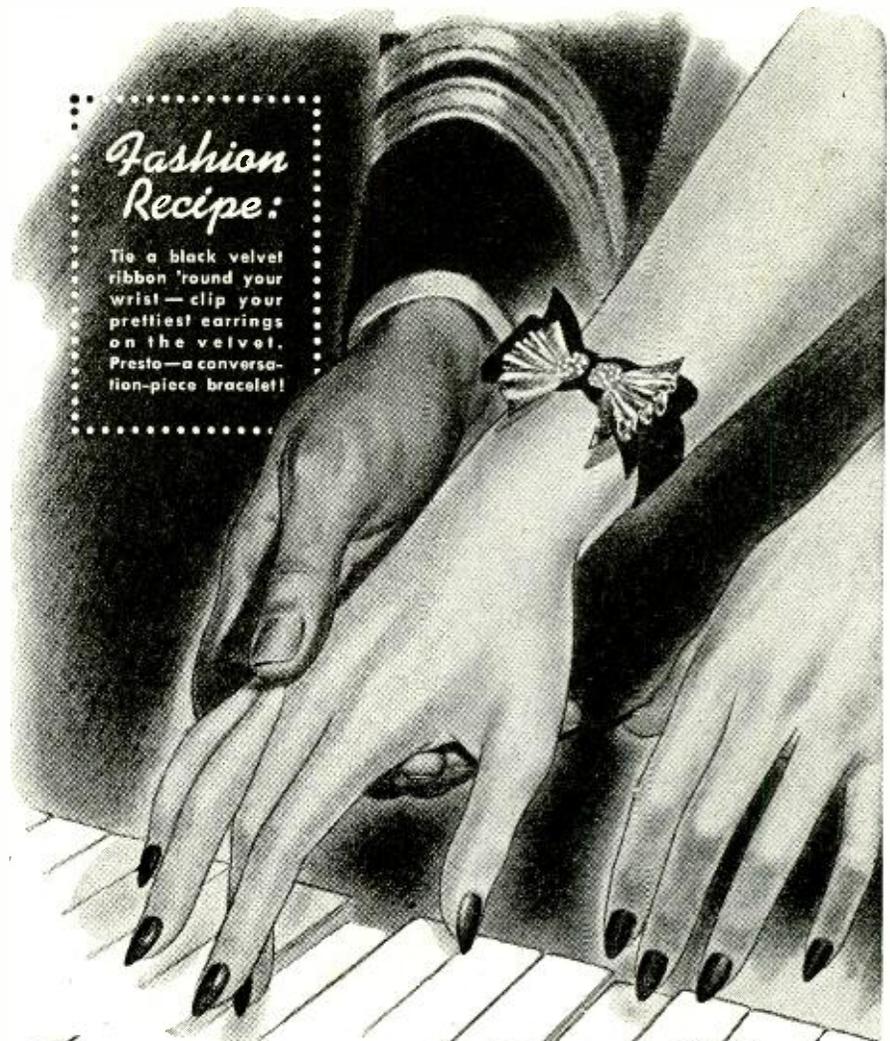
Very softly then he said, "You'd better go to bed, Laurie, and get some sleep. It's getting late. Goodnight."

I couldn't even find a simple "good-night" to return to him. Instead, I turned and fled up the stairs, running away like a punished child.

In Mrs. James' room I slammed the door shut behind me and began automatically to get out of my clothes. I found one of Mrs. James' nightgowns in a drawer and put it on, feeling suddenly small and ridiculous in its full folds.

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I remembered, as I climbed into bed, that I had made no provision for Hugh to sleep. Well, let him find blankets for himself. I wouldn't get up again. I didn't want to see him. I didn't want to see him again, as long as I lived!

I lay still in the darkness, but my mind raced furiously and my heart beat hard against my ribs. There was no *When I am married to Hugh Crandall* to dream of tonight. That dream was dead and its ashes scattered. I hated him with a fierce and burning hate. Oh, I had wanted him to think of me as a woman, treat me as a woman—but not like that!

OUTSIDE, the rain was still gentle, but it wasn't sweet to me now, and the room felt hot and close. It ran like tears down the window, it sighed like the sighs for an almost-forgotten love in the trees outside. I hated it, too. I hated the whole world, framed my hatred into bitterness at the rain. "Oh, stop it—storm—storm hard, or stop entirely, but don't cry like that!"

Almost as if it had heard, thunder rumbled a little, low and far away. A remote flash of lightning, hardly brighter than the night sky, shown for a second and was gone, and the thunder rolled again, a little nearer.

Suddenly it burst in all its fury, ripping at the branches of the trees, shaking the house as if a huge hand were on its roof, spattering in wildly through the open window. Lightning made the night as bright as noon, flashed off, plunged it into blackness.

I sat up straight in bed. It was as if the rain, which had swept in a moment the stuffiness away from the room had swept my mind clean, too. My thoughts no longer raced madly. They were cool and clear, and orderly.

Why on earth had I been lying here hating Hugh, blaming him? There was no one in the world but myself to blame. Hugh was home from the war, tired, eager for all the things that home means to a soldier—eager for someone to love him. And there was I, wishing passionately that he would look on me as a woman, a desirable woman, yet behaving like a child—fumbling, awkward, finding only stiff, silly things to say, running away from the dance last night, reveling a little in the thought that there might be a scandal, like any giggling school girl. He had looked on me as a child, because I had been a child! The one time, there in the doorway, when he had thought of me as a woman, when I had responded as a woman, turning to him to surrender my love into his arms, I had reverted at once to childishness again, and ran from him, taking refuge in hate, as a child does when his toys break, smashing back at the thing I had loved so dearly a moment before. I had asked something of him, there in the doorway, and I had received exactly what I had asked for—and been angry because I had! Oh—I had been so young!

I WOULD never be young, in that way, again. Now, in the lightning and the thunder and the cleansing force of the rain, I had grown up, at last. I could think and reason as a woman should. Only now had I the right to demand that I be treated as a woman.

There was a sound outside the door, and automatically I slipped back down under the covers. A moment's silence, and then the doorknob turned slowly, and Hugh stood there, framed for a second in a burst of white light. He

Continued on page 89

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Continued from page 86

moved across the room when the darkness came again—I couldn't see him, but I could hear him—moving not stealthily, but only quietly, softly. A moment later I felt his hand—he was pulling the covers up about my shoulders, tucking me in against the chill which had come again with the storm.

"Hugh!"
He moved back sharply, and his voice was a husky whisper—"Are you awake, Laurie? I came up because I thought you might be frightened by the storm."

I put out my hand to him. "I'm not frightened, Hugh. I'm not afraid of anything—not anything."

He took my hand and held it lightly, and somehow I knew that he would understand.

"The storm is lovely, Hugh—it cleans the world and refreshes it, and makes everything more wonderful than ever, next day. I don't see how I could ever have been afraid of storms."

HIS hand pressed mine, and he sat down beside me on the edge of the bed. He *did* understand—and of course he would! Couldn't I trust him—Hugh, whom I loved so dearly—to understand at last what was in my heart, now that I understood myself?

His voice, when he spoke, was as near to tears as I've ever heard a man's voice. "Laurie—I think I know what is in your mind. But I'm afraid—I'm afraid that I'll do the wrong thing again, and spoil forever all that's precious between us. Say it, Laurie—say what's in your heart. Let me know it, so I'll be sure!"

It wasn't hard to say. The words sounded like a song so old and familiar that it is a part of your life. I had said them so often before, in the far-off time when I could only dream my love, before I could face the reality of it. "Hugh, I love you!"

"I love you, too, Laurie. I guess I've loved you right along, but I didn't know it until you ran away from me, downstairs. And I felt as if I'd literally hurt you—as if I'd beaten and kicked and made ugly the one thing I wanted most in the world. Can you forget that, Laurie? Can you start again with me now, and we'll do it all the right way? In the morning we'll go into town and tell your mother about it, and that we want to be married as soon as I come home. And will you wait for me, and wear my wings, and keep your heart full of love for me till I can come back and claim it?"

I nodded, forgetting that he couldn't see me. I felt utterly, completely at peace. "Of course, Hugh. I want to wear your wings, and I want you to come and tell Mother about us, with me in the morning. But Mother will have a hard time understanding—she thinks I'm still a child!"

He caught me in his arms, and we laughed together—laughed at the foolishness, the absurdity of that.

John J. Anthony symbolizes to those who have problems which seem too great for solution, a kindly, intelligent, sympathetic listener. That is the purpose of the Good Will Hour. Mr. Anthony is an able domestic relations counsellor as well as a humanitarian, so that his advice combines authenticity with common sense. For drama that is exciting and heart-warming because it is true, listen to the Good Will Hour, Sundays at 10:00 P. M. EWT, over Mutual.

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"So I was thrilled when I found a deodorant that really did keep my underarms dry—Odorono Cream! I can trust it under the most trying conditions. It's a wonderful way to keep freshness from wilting—and a perfect safeguard for the expensive dresses and furs I model.

"Every girl will like the things I like about Odorono Cream. First, it contains a really effective perspiration stopper that closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed up to 3 days! That's why it ends perspiration nuisance so satisfactorily.

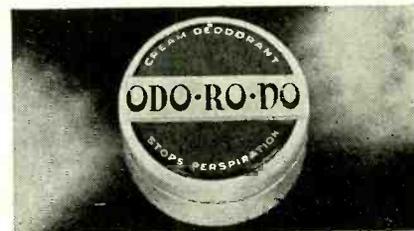
"It's safe for fabrics too—just follow directions. And you can tell it contains soothing emollients because it's non-irritating even after shaving.

"Another thing—each jar gives you up to 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants—a war stamp saving.

"Won't you try velvety, fragrant Odorono Cream—see if you don't agree with me and other Cover Girls that it's a marvelous help in guarding precious glamour!"
(Price 39c plus 20% Federal Tax)



Lovely Dana Jenney



Odo-ro-no Cream — petal-soft to the last application because it's packed in new air-tight jars!

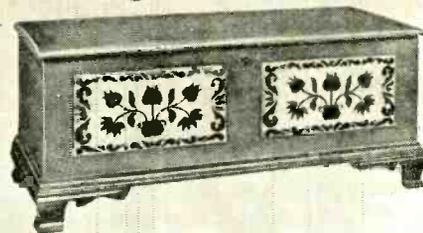
Treasure Chests of Romance!



No. 9395 (left). Colonial low-boy in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.

No. 4905 (below). Early American chest in maple—plain or with Pennsylvania Dutch painted decorations (shown).

"The Present with a Future"... a West Branch Cedar Hope Chest... is treasured for the memories it keeps alive... for the prized possessions it protects... as well as for its own beauty. Styled for women who appreciate fine design, it's the gift of sentiment and good taste. West Branch Chests, Milton, Pa.

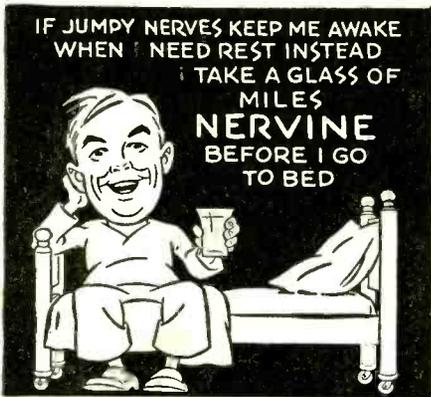


WEST BRANCH Cedar Hope Chests

The Present with a Future



NIX CREAM DEODORANT **STOPS**
BODY ODDOR IN 1 MINUTE!
 FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS . . . THOUSANDS USE NIX
 AT 10c STORES LARGE JAR 10c



DR. MILES NERVINE
 (Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)
 Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. 35c and 75c; Liquid, 25c and \$1.00. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

TRY DR. MILES NERVINE

Put Love Away

Continued from page 43

tenants had left it spotlessly clean; it was almost exactly as I'd last seen it. The drapes and slip covers were a little faded, the rugs marked slightly where furniture had been shifted, but I welcomed even these signs of wear. They made the cottage look lived in, not a place where memories had been locked to smother and die. There were dozens of odd things to do, from setting the refrigerator to adjusting the radio aerial, and Dad went whistling about these tasks while I unpacked and pressed and sorted and put away. In the attic I found a box of oddments—things that had been overlooked when I'd moved out—an old bathing suit, a worn but still serviceable leather jacket of Don's, a framed picture of Don in uniform, a pipe rack holding two inexpensive pipes. The pipes and the rack, I recalled, had been bought jokingly and solely for effect because Don never smoked, and with much pseudo-serious discussion over the homey touch they gave the living room, we'd put them on the sidetable that flanked his chair. Now, because I didn't know quite what else to do with them, I put them back on the table. Curiously, they still did give a homey touch to the room.

I TRIED on the jacket, and when I found that it would stay on comfortably with the belt tightly buckled, I abandoned my first half-formed notion of giving it to Dad. I hung it where it had hung before, in the kitchen closet by the back door, easily accessible for a trip to the garage, or for any in-

formal errands in the neighborhood. I looked at the picture for a long time. Even in the shaded grays of the photograph, Don's hair looked bright gold below his cap; his smile was the same open, inerasable smile that I'd seen muddied after football games, dripping wet from the lake, clean shaven and shining over a starchy-fresh collar at dances. . . . For the first time I had a feeling that Don couldn't be dead. There had been a quality in him, a frankness and fearlessness and a kind of unassailable innocence that belonged not just to him but to all youth, and surely, somewhere, it must still exist, in a kind of Never-never land that was as special and as eternal as youth itself.

THE picture, too, I put where it had been before, on my dressing table in the bedroom. I could look at it now without feeling again the tearing pain I'd known on the day the telegram had come from the War Department. That night after my father had left and I was alone in the cottage, I knew the first taste of contentment since—well, perhaps the first real contentment I'd ever known. Always before I'd been waiting for something, eager for the next day, the next month, the next year, impatient—to grow up, to be married to Don, for Don to come home, impatient, later, after the division his death had made in my life, for Lincoln Rafferty to come back to me. Now, snug in my cottage, with my possessions around me, with a light snow falling like a blessing on the

dark earth of winter, I knew in a measure what peace was—the peace of resignation, of acceptance, of knowing that nothing ever again can hurt as much as the things that have been. . . .

For a while, the house was enough. The house, and seeing my old friends again, and slipping back into the pleasant, small-town life of Maplewood gave me enough to do. Then there was Christmas, and the busy week before the New Year—more crowded than ever, this year, with all of the extra benefit parties. And then, when the life of the town settled down to its usual uneventful calm after the turn of the year, I found the work I wanted to do almost before I realized that I needed to go to work.

IT happened this way. Early in January I paid a visit to Don's parents. I'd seen them often, of course—on the street and at the holiday gatherings—but this was a call on them alone. I went reluctantly, uncertain of what to say to the two people whose loss had, after all, been greater than mine. And I stayed because I enjoyed myself. They spoke seldom of Don, and then it was naturally, almost as if he'd just stepped out on an errand and would be back at any moment. Mother Laurens and I spent part of the evening poring over a book of fabric samples, choosing materials for the drapes she intended to make. Father Laurens disappeared for a while, and there were muffled sounds of hammering from the basement. Later, when I was almost ready to leave, he reappeared, smiling a little mysteriously. "Helen," he asked, "do you want to come downstairs for a minute? I've got something to show you."

Mother Laurens shook her head a

little and said, "Now, Herb—" and then stopped. I followed Father Laurens down to the basement. There, in the clear space beyond the laundry tubs and the furnace, was a sailboat shell, complete except for the mast, resting lightly on two wooden horses. Proudly Father Laurens led me to it. "Well, what do you think of her?"

"It's—it's beautiful—" I could scarcely keep the amazement out of my voice. This was the boat Don and his father had been planning to build, literally for years. Something had always intervened. Don had gone to scout camp one year; another time they'd forgotten the sailboat in favor of an outboard motor; they hadn't actually got started on it until the year Don had enlisted. And now it was finished—

"I figure I'll take it down to the lake next summer," he said, "and maybe even learn to skipper it myself. Or maybe I'll turn it over to Coach Wilson at the high school. Anyway, I kind of felt that the boy would be pleased to know that it's finished. And—I think maybe he does know."

INODDED, unable to speak for the swelling in my throat. A year ago, I'd have pitied Don's father for talking this way. In my own bitter certainty, I'd been sure that death was the end of everything, and that those who thought differently were only trying to assuage their own loneliness. Now I thought of the bright-haired boy in the photograph on my dresser, and I wasn't so sure. Maybe Don did know that his boat was built.

"I was across in the last war," he went on, "and I guess maybe that's why I feel the way I do. Why, that was twenty-five years ago, and I remember

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some of those fellows as clearly as if it were yesterday. I remember what they looked like, what they talked about, the things they planned to do when they got back home. There's not much I've forgotten, and I can't help feeling that those who didn't come back still know what goes on after them. Don and I talked it over before he left, and he felt the same way—"He stopped suddenly, looking abashed, looking as if he'd betrayed a confidence. I understood.

"Anyway," he finished determinedly, "Don left feeling—well, right about everything. His mind was easy about things here at home, and he knew we'd get along even if he shouldn't be here to see it. He told me about the work you wanted to do, and he said he thought you'd make a fine nurse—"

For a moment I didn't have the slightest idea of what he was talking about, and then I remembered. . . A long, long time ago, when Don and I had been doing home work at our living room table . . . And Don's asking what I intended to be when I grew up, and my snatching at the first thing that came into my head because I couldn't very well tell him that I intended to be his wife. . .

I left the Laurenses that night with a new respect for the man who'd been my husband. I couldn't be hurt because Don had talked to his father—as he hadn't talked to me—about the possibility of his not coming back. If he'd treated me as a child who had to be shielded from hurt, it was because I had been a child, and when the blow actually fell, I'd reacted very badly. But he had tried to plan ahead for me, and he couldn't have known that I hadn't thought twice of becoming a nurse since the night I'd mentioned it years before. . . I'd known for some time that I hadn't measured up to Lincoln Rafferty; now it occurred to me for the first time that I hadn't measured up to Don, either.

THE idea of nursing stayed in my mind, and the more I thought about it, the stronger it grew, until finally I knew it was the answer I'd sought. Nursing—there was work for my heart and my head and my hands, work that was never ending, work that would grow big enough to fill my whole life.

On a snowy day in January I went out to Maplewood's new red brick hospital, and made inquiries, and filled out questionnaires. And from the day I was admitted to training, I found a whole new world opened to me, a world with a life of its own and with strict rules of its own, and yet a world that was terribly necessary to the world outside. I liked the quiet busy-ness of corridors, the drama of the battle for human life and health that went on unceasingly within the walls, and I was proud of my small part in it. I liked the discipline. There was a right way and a wrong way of carrying out the simplest order, and I was terribly anxious to do everything just right.

I won't pretend that I was wholly contented. There were times when a drift of music from a radio, a man's low laughter, a twilight hour when the town dreamed in the soft blues of a winter evening would recall a self-assured young man with features as clearly defined as a pen-ink drawing, and my heart would pause for a moment in its beating. There were letters from Cora, in which she always inquired about Link. I answered evasively, and I was glad when her letters

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NONCHALANT
(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-Care Perfume



FOLLOW ME
(Suivez Moi)
The Perfume That Leads and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

began to be full of her plans to marry Tom in May, and she forgot to ask about Link and me. There was a young intern at the hospital, who was about Link's height and who looked—a very little—as I imagined Link might look some day in an intern's coat. He asked me out one night, and I accepted. It was the first date I'd had since I'd come back to Maplewood, the first, really, since I'd last seen Link—and yet before the evening was half over, I knew it wasn't any use to pretend I was enjoying myself. There just wouldn't be anyone else for me, ever. After that, even though I knew that my work wasn't as yet all-absorbing, I was determined to make it so.

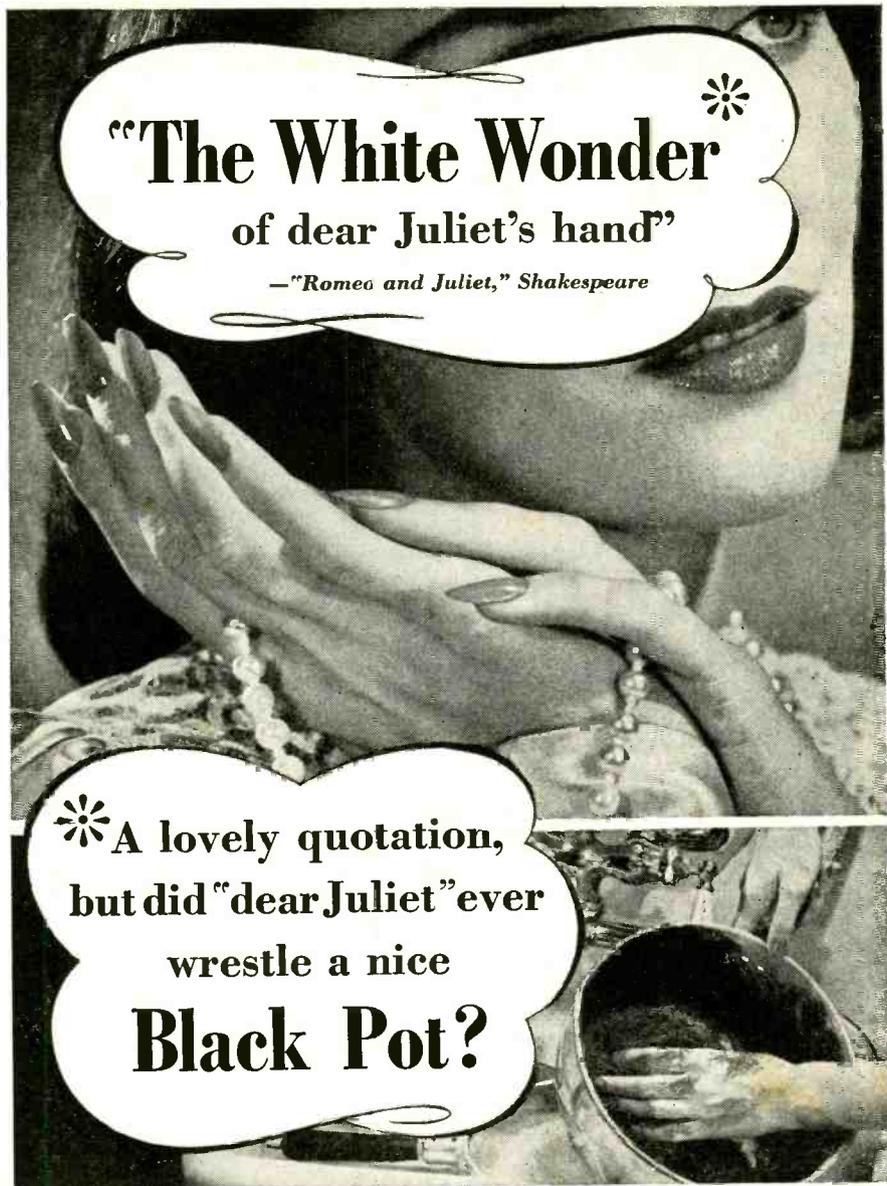
IN the spring, I started a Victory garden. I still lived at the cottage, for Maplewood's tiny hospital didn't have living quarters for nurses. Between the house and the hospital I really didn't have time for the garden, but last year's tenants had ploughed up the farther end of the back yard for a vegetable patch, and in March, when the snow left the ground, the dark, rough earth was an eyesore. With Dad's help I planted it in carrots and a variety of stringless bean which the vegetable manuals assured me would grow with little attention. I watched with pride and satisfaction when a warm week in April brought out even rows of feathery green shoots, and I could have wept one morning when the rain came down so hard that it bounced off the window panes like hail. I was through at the hospital at noon that day, and as soon as I reached home I put on an old skirt and Don's leather jacket and went out to the back yard. Even though the rain had stopped, the wind was raw and chilly, but once I'd settled down to work, I forgot the discomfort of the weather. The garden was a hodge-podge. Nearly all of the seedlings had been washed up, and carrots and beans were indiscriminately mixed. It was late when I'd patted the last seedling into place. The sun was low, and my back ached, and in spite of the canvas gloves I wore, my hands were chapped and cold. I straightened my protesting back, hunched my shoulders and turned my neck to relieve the stiffness—and stopped, frozen in that twisted, ridiculous position, staring at the man on the walk beside the house. Staring at Lincoln Rafferty.

He stood facing me with the light behind him, and his features were indistinct. He looked taller and thinner, and he leaned, just a little, on a cane. Nevertheless, it was unmistakably Link.

At first I simply didn't believe it. He didn't move for a moment, and I had the feeling that he was an illusion, and that if I shut my eyes for a moment, he would be gone when I opened them. Then he said, "Hello, Helen," and I couldn't disbelieve my ears.

I rose as if in a trance, walked slowly toward him. There was scarcely twenty feet between us; yet it seemed to take years to cover that distance. My limbs seemed weighted, and I was conscious only of an overwhelming desire to run in the opposite direction. Why had he come? Why now, when I had my life so nicely arranged without him?

"Link," I said, "I—" And I couldn't finish. I couldn't tell him that I was glad to see him, and I couldn't find the presence of mind for polite phrases. He didn't help me. He stood looking down at me silently, gravely, carefully, as if the smallest detail about



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—*"Romeo and Juliet," Shakespeare*

* A lovely quotation,
but did "dear Juliet" ever
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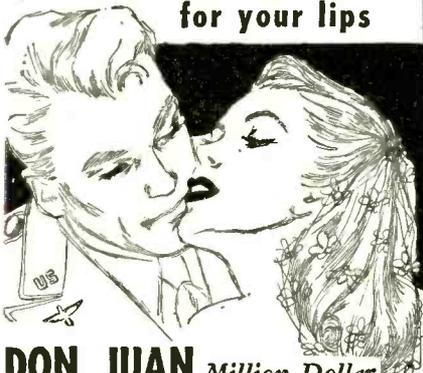
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me was important. I remembered my peculiar and unflattering costume, and I knew I must be covered with mud.

"Shall we—don't you want to come inside?" I asked.

He nodded. "Thank you." It was like a play, I thought, in which the lines were being read badly, awkwardly. It was a relief to break the scene, to lead the way around to the front of the house. Link limped rather noticeably, and inside, when I invited him to sit down, he did so with a look of obvious relief.

I slipped out of the heavy jacket. The sweater underneath was hardly an improvement, and self-consciously I rolled up the sleeves to hide the patched elbows. "You've been hurt," I said.

IT'S not bad. I'm going back. I was sent home for a rest." He seemed hardly aware of what he was saying. He was looking at the room, and the gaily printed draperies and slipcovers, at the furniture that was still new enough to have a clean, high polish. I couldn't read his face, but I imagined that there was a wistfulness in it, and I remembered that he lived in a furnished room while he was going to school, and after that there'd been only Army quarters. . . .

His gaze fastened on the mantel, on the pictures of Mother and Dad there. "They're your parents?"

"Yes." I sensed the next question, but I sat tongue-tied, struggling with an all-important question of my own. "Where—They're not here now?"

"No. They're at home." He looked puzzled. "But I thought that this was your home town—and Cora gave me this address—"

"That's right," I said. "My parents live across town. This is my house."

"But—" He stopped, frowning, and then I found that I could ask what I so desperately had to know.

"Why did you come to see me, Link?" He got up and began to move restlessly, if haltingly around the room. "Why?" he repeated. "I don't know how to tell you, except—well, maybe the simplest thing is to say that I came because I didn't want there to be any bitterness over—what happened back there in Carroll."

My breath stopped in my throat, and I stood up. I couldn't bear to hear any more. "Link, please—"

He rushed on, as if he were afraid that the words would never be said if he didn't get them out now. "I spent

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some time in the hospital, and I had a lot of time to think. And everything I thought about came back to this: that if the bullet that got my leg had been a little better aimed, I wouldn't have been satisfied to bow out leaving things as they were between us. I thought about you. I started remembering little things about you, and I couldn't believe—

"Link!"

But he wouldn't stop. He came quite close to me, and his arms went out as if to draw me to him, and then dropped to his sides. "Besides," he said huskily, "I couldn't forget you, Helen. God knows I tried hard enough at first, but everywhere I went, you were with me. I had to see you again, had to understand—"

I stood like stone, remembering the letter in which Link had asked me not to write to him again. This was a thousand-fold worse than reading that letter had been. This was sheer torture—knowing that he still loved me, that he wanted to believe in me, and that he couldn't let himself believe. Somehow I managed to wrench myself away. "Do we have to talk about it?"

His face changed, and he straightened, and in a moment he was himself again, self-controlled again. "No, I suppose we don't. I'm sorry."

"It's late," I said stiffly. "I have to start dinner. Will you stay?"

HE was going to refuse. Then he said formally, "Thank you."

I escaped by way of the bedroom, where I slipped out of my rough clothes and into a fresh housedress, brushed my hair and freshened my face with liquid cleanser and a hasty make-up. In the kitchen I doggedly kept my mind on my tasks. Wash the potatoes. Light the oven. Thank heaven for the butcher's sending two chops. I could stretch them with dressing—

Then the kitchen door opened, and Link poked his head through. "I'm a little dusty from the trip. If you'll show me where I can wash—"

"Of course." I showed him where the bathroom was, and then I went back to the kitchen. The sounds of splashing were clearly audible, and Link's footsteps as he started back down the hall toward the living room—and stopped. My heart stopped, too, with a sudden intuitive knowledge. As surely as if I'd been with him I knew what had halted Link—Don's picture on my dressing table, easily visible from the hall. I knew, too, the addition his mind must be doing—the masculine jacket I'd worn, that ridiculous pipe rack, so close beside his chair that his sleeve had touched it, and now, the picture. . . .

After an eternity, it seemed, the footsteps went on, and then there was a silence, so thick, so final, that for one wild moment I thought that he must have quietly left the house.

Then he came into the kitchen. He didn't say anything—just crossed over to me, put his arm around me, and with his free hand tilted my face to the light. There was no escaping the question in his eyes.

"I was married," I heard myself saying. "This was our home for two weeks before he went away—" In a queer, far-off voice I heard myself telling him all about Don, about how we'd bought the cottage and furnished it because it was to be our home for always and about the telegram.

Link was silent when I'd finished,

The advertisement features four perfume sets in their original boxes, arranged on a light green background decorated with white holly leaves and berries. Each set is labeled with its name in a stylized font:

- Beau Ros**: A set with three bottles and a round tin.
- Spruce**: A set with two bottles and a round tin.
- Gold Tassel**: A set with two bottles and a round tin.
- Pink Coral**: A set with two bottles and a round tin.

In the center, a white banner with a scalloped edge contains the text: "For Christmas— BY Wrisley".

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It doesn't pay to dose yourself with harsh, bad-tasting laxatives!

A medicine that's *too strong* can often leave you feeling worse than before!



Others are Too Mild-

And it's unwise to take something that's *too mild* to give you

the relief you need! A good laxative should be gentle, yet should work thoroughly!



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EX-LAX The Original **Chocolated Laxative**

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but his arm tightened around me—painfully tight. Then he said roughly, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I didn't want to talk about it, at first. And then I didn't think it mattered—"

"No," he said oddly, "maybe it didn't matter, really. Only I'd have understood a lot of things that didn't add up."

"There wasn't time to tell you the night you came back to Carroll," I interrupted timidly, "and afterward—"

"There wasn't time!" He jerked the words out. "I wouldn't have listened, you mean. I was too busy thinking about things other people had said, things I was fool enough to believe—"

I tried to cover his lips with my fingers, but he shook them away. "You know about that, don't you, Helen? Can you ever forgive me—"

"There's nothing to forgive you for, Link. It's I who—" And then it was Link's turn to stop my lips.

THIS is July, 1944. Link and I were married, very quietly in Maplewood in April, and we went to spend our honeymoon at his parents' home. There aren't words to describe our happiness. When I try to tell about it, the wonder of it rushes over me all at once, and I don't know where to begin. In all the bright glory of it I can single out only foolish, irrelevant little things, like Link's forgetting the lemonade on a picnic, and his mother's showing me how he liked his eggs poached . . .

July, 1944. And this month, as in another July, I said goodbye to a soldier who was going to join the millions of other young men who are fighting for their country. But this time it is different. This time I'm not left at home only to wait and to wonder and to pray for the day he returns. This time I'm fighting, too. My hours are crowded with work, the service of healing which is the finest kind of service I've ever known. My sleep at night is sweet with the memory of my husband's arms, and dreamless—because I need every moment of rest for my duties at the hospital, for my garden, for the bond selling and the khaki sweaters I've been knitting in my spare time. This time it's my war, too.

THE END



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. . . For our boys overseas—that's what the Red Cross is planning. Christmas boxes and decorations are being prepared for holiday activities in Red Cross clubs and other installations abroad, getting ready for Christmas programs in far places. You can help—get in touch with your local chapter of the American Red Cross and see what you have to offer that they can use—whether it be the things your attic holds in the way of decorations, costumes, etc., or extra assistance from you in getting boxes ready to ship.

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**HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLES
NIPPLES AND
"STERI-SEAL" CAPS**

There Is No Yesterday

Continued from page 23

were tricky. As mine got better, I would get better. I must believe that. To keep myself from being drawn back against that wall of darkness I tried to make a kind of game of figuring out what kind of person Mildred Abbot was—like a detective running down clues.

Already, I'd gleaned something from the purse. Surely the clothes would tell me more. I opened the closet door. A winter coat, new and smart-looking but not expensive, the label in it—Claridge, Ready to Wear—suggested nothing at all. Next to it hung a well-worn suit and several blouses—two tailored, one dressy, none expensive but all well-cared for. Two woolen dresses, one black silk. A felt hat to wear with the suit, a perky black one for the dress. Three pairs of shoes. That was all.

All right, let's see, I thought. The girl who wore these clothes liked nice things and bought for quality, but she didn't have much money to spend. She probably worked for a living. And in an office, as I'd told Mrs. McIlvaney I was a stenographer. The underwear in the dresser drawers was pretty but not extravagant. And it was neatly kept, too, mended when it should have been. That was good. I wouldn't have wanted Mildred Abbot to be sloppy. There was a little costume jewelry—a lapel pin for the suit, a couple of necklaces and a bracelet. Attractive but not gaudy.

I BEGAN to be rather pleased with the picture I was piecing together. A girl who worked in an office, wore attractive clothes, and lived—

The old trembling came back. Where had I lived? Did I have a family? Were there parents, brothers, and sisters somewhere, perhaps worrying about me? And if there were, *why had I left home?* Why had I come to Ansonia looking for a job?

I jerked open the desk drawers. Surely if I had a family, there would be letters from them, pictures, something . . . There was nothing in the desk at all.

I sank down on the bed, filled with that dreadful sense of nothingness. It was like finding yourself in a tunnel with no beginning and no end, only darkness that enclosed you.

I found myself wishing desperately for Howard Coles. Tonight when he came, I would tell him the truth and he would know how to help me.

But when Howard came that evening, I didn't tell him. I found I couldn't. For trying to remember was a frightening thing. If I told Howard, he would ask me questions, prod my memory. And the very thought of that threw me into a panic.

And so, instead, we talked of him. He told me how he'd tried to get into service but had been turned down because of an old football injury, how he'd reconciled himself to working for the service instead of in it. He'd come to Ansonia from a small town when his parents died and he'd been manager of the mill for over a year. He told me of the things he liked to do, the dream he had of some day owning his own paper mill.

Finally he said, "Look here, I've been doing all the talking. Let's hear about you now."

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I said hastily. "I mean, I just came to Ansonia to get a job and—and—" "And got run over instead." He grinned. "And instead of having me put in jail or something, you're generous enough to come work for me." "It's you who are generous. Offering me a job when you know nothing at all about me."

"I know enough." He spoke with a grave kind of intensity. "You don't always have to know where a person comes from or what they've done, to know about them. It's a funny thing—but when I picked you up from the sidewalk, all white and unconscious, and drove you to the hospital I kept thinking all the time, 'Here's a girl I want to know'."

I tried to laugh. "I couldn't have been a very pretty sight." "You were lovely," he said.

I kept thinking of that as I went to bed that night, and my heart sang. Howard made the present so real, so important, that the blackness of the past somehow didn't matter so much. He gave me strength and faith to go on just living in the present. "You don't always have to know where a person comes from or what they've done," he'd said.

During the next few days I kept reminding myself of that. As I rested and let my body heal, I tried not to let my mind force itself to penetrate the past. Trying to remember always brought panic. Instead, I turned all my energies into building up the picture of the kind of person Mildred Abbot had been.

MRS. McILVANEY was a sweet, motherly soul but kept so busy with her house full of war workers all working on different shifts, that she had little time for talking or for idle curiosity about any of them. I gathered, by carefully casual questioning, that I'd told her nothing of myself when I'd come, not even where I came from. She'd asked no questions then and she asked none now.

"References don't mean a thing," she said once. "I've learned to size people up when they apply for a room, and if I don't like the look of 'em I send 'em away. And I must say, I seldom make a mistake."

That was fine, but it didn't help me much. Apparently I'd known no one in Ansonia and, aside from a "Good morning" or "Good night" to the other roomers, had kept to myself since I'd been there. That seemed curious. Why had I come to Ansonia if I knew nobody?

It was on Wednesday night that I found the photograph.

I'd been going over the things in the bureau drawers again in the hope of finding a further clue. I knew that if I were to discover anything more about Mildred Abbot, it would be from something in this room. No one outside could help me.

I emptied the bottom drawer—the one with sweaters and bags and gloves in it. And there tucked away under the paper at the very back of the drawer, I found a leather-framed picture.

With a thudding heart, I pulled it out. The face was that of a young man—about twenty-five or six, I judged—with dark hair and eyes, not quite smiling. Eyes that seemed to say—"I am part of your life. You know me well."

Only I didn't. Who was he and why had the picture been put out of sight—almost as if hidden? And then as I



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sat there holding it, one thing came clear. That was the feeling, strong as instinct, that somehow, somewhere, I had known this man and he had been important in my life.

I put it down. I was trembling again, and all the countless questions raced once more through my mind.

For a moment I felt on the verge of hysteria. Not to know anything . . . not to know if I had no right to think of Howard Coles as I had been thinking . . . Dear God . . .

I could go to a doctor. I could seek medical help in recovering my memory. That would be the sensible thing to do. But I felt an odd resistance to telling anyone, even a physician, that the past was a blank; and an odd sureness that if I left it alone, not probing or prodding too deeply, it would come back of itself. After all, whatever the past held or did not hold, I was building up a life for the present. I had a new job, which was what I had apparently come there to find. And I had Howard.

I got up and put the picture back in the drawer. Instead of torturing myself with it, I would think only that, beginning tomorrow, I would be Howard Coles' secretary and seeing him every day.

FOR the next week, I concentrated most of my thoughts and energies on my new work. I had been terribly nervous at first, but reassurance came when I found that taking dictation and typing were quite natural to me. That strengthened my conviction that I had worked in an office at a similar job before, and my faith that Fate was gently and inevitably leading me along the right track.

The work was interesting, and Howard was a considerate boss. I had a tiny private office—no more than a cubbyhole, really—next to his, and I was grateful for that. It kept me from having to mingle too much with other clerical workers who might ask unanswerable questions. The mill was small, but working at full capacity, and I was fascinated in seeing how raw paper was converted into sturdy cartons that would carry supplies to our men in the field.

Howard was completely impersonal in the office. It was "Mr. Coles" and "Miss Abbot" and never by word or gesture did either of us reveal any hint of the magnetism that flowed from one to the other whenever we were together. After work, he usually drove me home unless he was kept late at the office working on new orders; and three times he took me to dinner. Those hours alone together were lit with a kind of radiance that made life incredibly wonderful.

We talked of everything in the world—everything except Mildred Abbot. Whenever the conversation seemed to turn in that direction, I veered away. "Oh, there's nothing to tell about me," I'd always say.

I told him I came from a small town upstate and that my parents were dead. (After all, there had been no mail for me since I'd come to Mrs. McIlvaney's. That certainty was proof enough that I had no family.) I'd lived alone and worked as a stenographer. (That *must* be true!) And I'd come to Ansonia because it seemed to offer more opportunities than the town where I was born. (What other reason could I have had for coming that would fit in with the girl I wanted myself to have been?) And if I seemed

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You've got the answer to jobs after the war. Yes, you and every other American worker.

Believe it? Listen. Right now you're welding steel for tanks. A good job. Plenty of overtime when you want it—and sometimes when you don't. You're good at your job. You earn what you're paid. But you've *got* that job because someone wants what you can make...wants it bad enough to pay cold cash for it.

Trouble is—that someone is WAR. And maybe some day quick—if we're lucky, if we sweat and fight plenty—there'll be no war. *And no war jobs either.*

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bosses could buy wouldn't keep a factory running a week. But the cars and washers *you* and millions like you could buy would keep factories roaring from Pittsburgh to Portland.

Today you're making good money. Dig down and *buy War Bonds!*

For every three dollars you put into War Bonds now you'll get back three dollars *plus*. You'll spend those three dollars plus interest for things you want. And as men get paid for making things you *want* they will have money to buy what you *make*. Then you will get paid. You can keep the ball rolling.

Yes, that's how war dollars today go to work in peacetime making jobs for you and your neighbors. The more dollars you save now to spend later—the longer will be the peace-

time payrolls and the fatter the peacetime pay envelopes.

Think it over! Sure it's tough to go without—especially now when you've got it to spend. But going without—to buy Bonds—is the one sure way—not only to win the war—but to win the things we want afterwards...the homes we want...the America we want. —RADIO MIRROR

I felt as if there were a light burning inside me—one that would never go out as long as Howard were near.

"What are your folks going to say about it?" she asked. "You going to take him home to meet them?"

"I haven't any folks," I said. "I'm alone. But if I did, I bet they'd like him, don't you?"

"They'd ought to—he's a fine boy," she said. "Well, if you haven't any folks, we'll just have to have the wedding, here, that's all."

"Mrs. McIlvaney! It's *much* too soon to talk about *that*." But the very word "wedding" made my heart stop short.

Then one night something happened that brought all of my fears to the front of my consciousness, made them alive and menacing. It was only a dream, but so real that I felt when I woke cold and trembling, as if the dream were something that had happened over and over again in the reality that was the life I had forgotten, and which might happen over and over again in the fearful future when at last I found out what that life was.

I don't remember where I was in the dream, or whether it was day or night. All I know was that the man I had studied so often in the photograph had now become a living person—a body wrapped in shadows, with that face, luminous and compelling, above them.

HE held out his hand to me, beckoned me to him. His voice was deep, and there was a darkness in it, almost as if I could see the voice rather than hear it. "Come here, Mildred." It was not a command, but an invitation, an invitation that I had accepted before and would accept again all my life. And that all my life I would fear and welcome it once, as I feared and welcomed it now.

"Come here to me, Mildred," he said again, and though I shrank back I felt myself moving slowly and steadily toward him, as if that voice of his were a noose tied securely about me, so that he could pull me to him.

There was shame in what I felt toward him, but there was elation in it too. There was terror and there was joy. But most of all there was a feeling of brooding inevitability. This was meant to be, and no power on earth could keep me from moving into the arms he held out to receive me.

I was half awake, I think, when I began to scream, but the face was still before me. "No!" I cried, over and over again, as if that were the only word left in the world. "No—no—no—no!"

Then at last I was fully awake, but the face was in the room with me, as real as in my dream. I shook with an incredible shame and loathing, as if I had touched something unclean.

Now I knew a little bit more about Mildred Abbot. Now I knew that there was something black and bitter behind the curtain that divided yesterday from today. She was not the girl I had tried to make myself believe in. Mildred Abbot had a secret. Mildred Abbot might be anything.

What lies behind the dark curtain which clouds Mildred's mind? There are so many things she could have been, so many things she could have done—no wonder fear is with her always now, and will be until the secret is unfolded. Be sure to read the fast-moving, exciting second chapter of "There Is No Yesterday" in December RADIO MIRROR, on sale November 10th.

**PAZO WILL RELIEVE
THOSE PAINFUL SIMPLE PILES**



LATER
**MOTHER, PAZO CERTAINLY
BROUGHT PROMPT RELIEF**



Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

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Let's Have a Party!

Continued from page 52

Creamed Oysters and Peas

- 36 small oysters
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 10 1/2 oz. can peas
- 1 small jar pimiento, minced

Add peas and minced pimiento to white sauce (mushroom or asparagus soup thinned to the desired consistency with blended liquids from oysters and peas may be used instead of white sauce) and heat to boiling point in top of double boiler. Add oysters, place over boiling water and cook until oysters curl at the edges (about 5 minutes). Serve on bed of Chinese noodles which have been heated in oven.

Jellied Tomato Salad

- 1 package lemon flavored gelatin
- 1 pt. tomato juice
- Salt to taste
- 1 small onion, grated
- 3 stalks celery, grated

Heat tomato juice, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add minced onion and celery. Pour into muffin tin which has been rinsed in cold water and chill until firm. Unmold on shredded lettuce leaves and top with cucumber mayonnaise—1/2 cup minced cucumber to 1 cup mayonnaise with a few drops of lemon juice for additional tang. Hot corn muffins (use one of the packaged muffin mixtures) and a tart jelly go well with this combination.

And now for our party dessert. In tune with the times is this rich Date and Fig Torte with a gay crown of meringue.

Date and Fig Torte

- 1/4 cup fortified margarine
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1 cup nut meats, coarsely chopped
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3 tbs. flour 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1 cup dates and figs, chopped together
- 1/2 cup milk

Cream the margarine, add the sugar gradually and mix well. Add the egg yolks, well beaten. Mix nuts, bread crumbs, baking powder, flour, salt, allspice. Then add the chopped figs and dates and again mix well. Add the first mixture along with the milk. Mix well. Pour into fluted pie plate. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Top with meringue and bake an additional 20 minutes.

Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites with rotary beater until they begin to fluff. Then begin to add 4 tablespoons of confectioner's sugar, a little at a time, continuing to beat with rotary beater. When all sugar is added and whites stand high, pile lightly on the torte, either as a rim around the edge or all over the top. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6.

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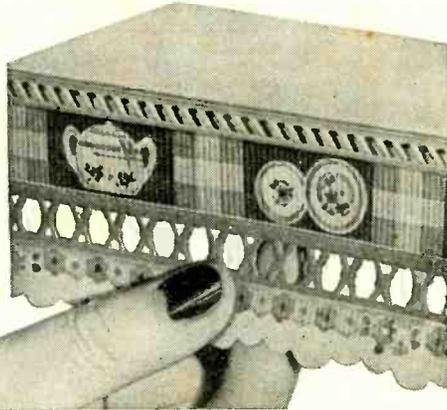


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Facing the Music

Continued from page 6

set Joan's thinking cap working overtime. A friend of her father's tipped her off that radio station WOV was looking for a girl singer who could also play the piano.

"You can get the job, Joanie," he said, "but for heaven's sake don't tell your father I helped."

Down at WOV, Joan found thirty other aspirants ahead of her, but when the long day had run its course, it was Joan who won the job of singing commercially for a local furniture store at \$2.50 a broadcast.

"Because I could do the program and still go to school, my parents consented," recalled Joan, "even though my father objected strenuously when he saw my picture in the furniture store windows surrounded by a nice bridal bedroom suite."

When the furniture store went off the air for the summer, Joan got a job as music counsellor in a girls' camp. But her work on WOV attracted the attention of Rudy Vallee and he hired the eighteen-year-old singer for \$150 a week. Then NBC's John Royal was similarly impressed and gave the youngster her own sustaining show.

In 1938 Joan joined Paul Whiteman and the modern day music master helped Joan in two directions.

"First he told me to stop playing my own accompaniment and get a voice coach. Secondly, it was in his band that I met my husband."

Joan has the longest run of any singer on the Hit Parade, three years, interrupted only when Joan had her baby, blonde, blue-eyed Judy Ann, now eight months old. Although Joan had to undergo a Caesarian operation to deliver the child, she wants three more babies.

Joan, Jules and the baby live in New York's swank Parc Vendome apartments.

"But I'll kill you if you print that. All the Sinatra fans will be ringing my door bell to get tickets to the broadcast," she told me.



This is Elaine Vito, Blonde harpist in Paul Baron's all-star orchestra on the Mildred Bailey show.

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